

## Full Text For Farwanderer:

### Voice-over:

“When difficult questions, questions of the real surface, I...travel. There is no better place to see where your “there” is, than from “away”. How long must one be away to see perfectly clearly where one is supposed to be? A request first, and then I will tell you everything – the where, the when, the why I've been for so long. Perhaps I presume too much to think it interests you...but I think I know you too well. A postcard then: write what you like, but the Flatiron building is what I need; that one from a distance with the snow falling. I'll explain...just please, right away.

“I arrived here three weeks ago. A guide from my last hotel mentioned this was a promising place to try next for what I'm after. In other bus stations and airports you'll be hit by the clamor as you step off – the “Hello!”'s and barked offers for a taxi, or a bed, or a show, all jumbled up so you can't bring yourself to really want any of it. You just walk out to the curb...you walk out to try to shake off this new place.

“But here in this new town, the plane settles down into a layer of brown desert dust. And that is all there is to meet you in the terminal, or on the roads, or at the hotel. A warm wind carries silt into your nose and your throat. This place in the slow process of burial, layer by layer...and I'm calling it home. Can you believe it?

“It was a recommendation. Known for its Site: an unearthed ancient city that now dwarfs the living town next door. The one is slowly uncovered by a fevered band of archaeology students, while the other is gently buried by the desert. Everyone is eager for the city that is no more: It's a marvel I'm told; only half discovered they say; a jewel of both religious and historical significance, redefining scholarship in the area, quotes the books... It's a pit. And we all throw ourselves right in.

“Thankyou for the return postcard. Just the shot I was looking for. And perfectly weatherbeaten by the journey through the mail. Next time though, you should write something on it, really. Most perfect of all is the way it hangs now in my room. By moving the bed I've been able to hang the postcard beside the window, facing out toward the Site, its ruined streets reaching up like tentacles toward the town here. And now at this angle, sitting here, the photocard extends my view, becomes part of the window. Through my new double panes, the ditches of the Site curve up to meet Broadway. The Flatiron building no longer drives its wedge through the intersection, but it sews midtown together with the crumbling blocks. Suddenly I feel truly at home. More later, I promise. And a favor, again, if you would oblige me: I can't help but think how the Washington Arch would make the perfect entry to the Night Market at the center of town here, as I see it now from my writing table. Please, forward when you can...

“No one on the streets now when I poke my head out. Busy markets have retreated before the sun and the wind-driven sand. The Site is drawing nearer, or so it appears. It’s larger in the window now, reaching out for the parts of New York that are hanging in my room. From here it seems only natural that the fissures between the two should be mended; that the whole should be restored; the real City remembered. From here it seems that the distance between me and you is just some forgetful accident. Oh, and the Daily News building this time. Can’t recollect a postcard that does it justice, so perhaps a snapshot if it’s not altogether too much trouble. As always, thanks...

“Practically under my window now, the Site. This morning’s early wind drives its sand up to the sill, leaves a crust at the bottom of the wash basin. Has it always been so close? Or rather I think it’s drifted with the sand. I can’t bring myself to go and look. I spend the day with my Atlas, figuring how many blocks you walked from your doorstep in order to take the snapshot that I’m holding in my hand. Another skyline blurring toward the same horizon...our horizons joining, my friend. How far away you are, and how long you’ve been away. I envy you the places you’ve seen on your long travels, as I sit at home amid the familiar landscapes, the old places. I only wish you would return from your long travels so that I would not have to miss you so dearly. But enough of this. I will always be here for you when you return, never fear. Waiting, as the dust creeps along the avenues, for you to come home. Until then, Yours.... A.”