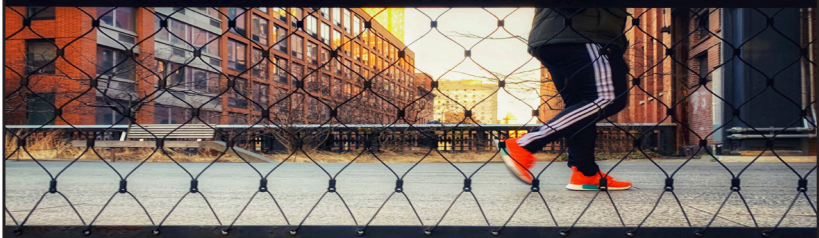




I,
The
Wanderer



a retrospective of

The Highline



I, the Wanderer,
enter this place
knowing...



...what has come
before.

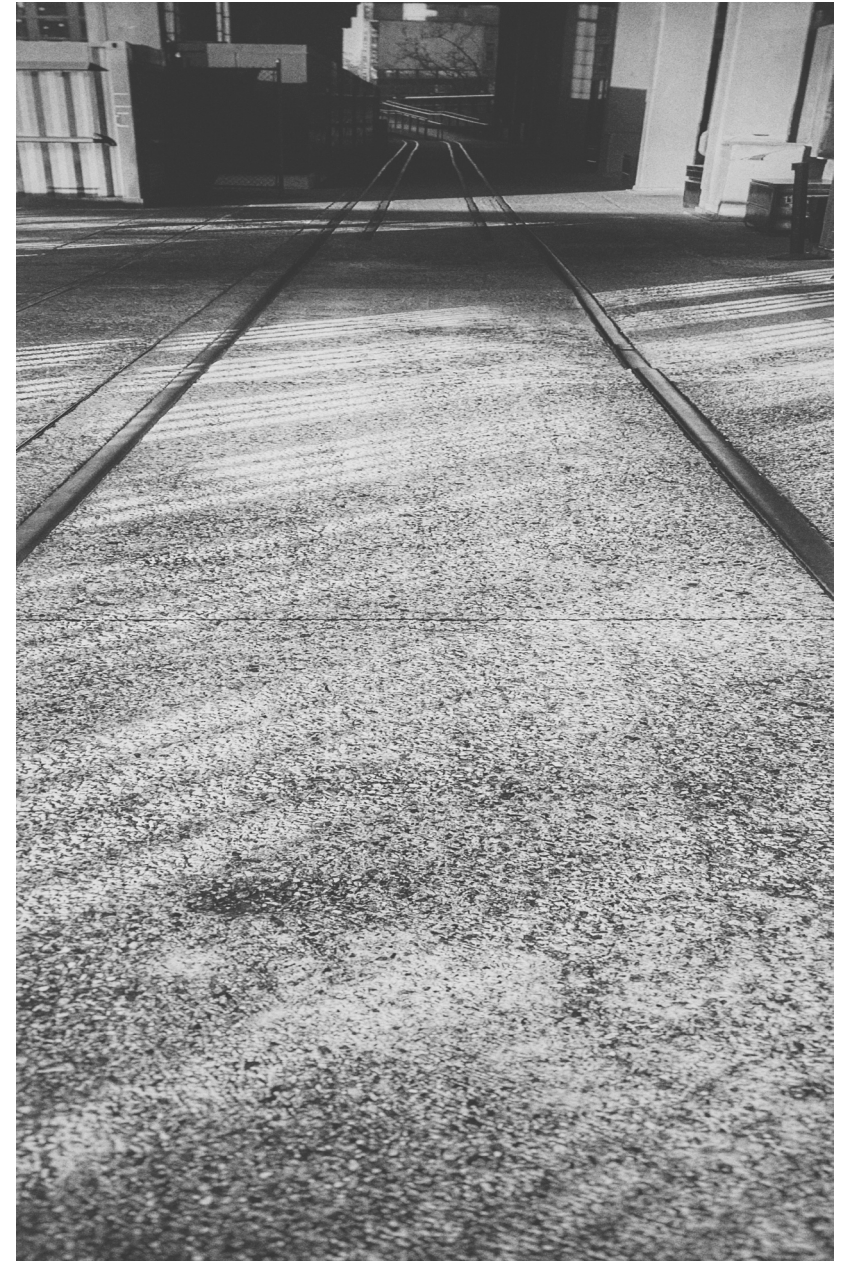




My visions of the Highline
began in the mid 1930s



When it was simply a railroad;
amongst **New York's** first



Then...



It was utility.

Now...



it is art.





I wander,



taking in the beauty,



around me.



But,
I can't help noticing...

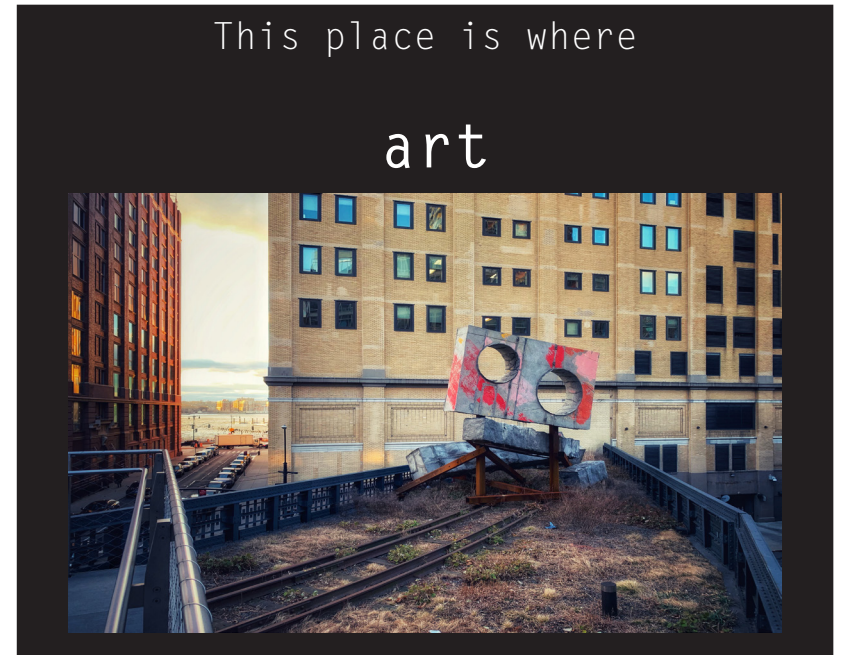


the
ugly.



The Wanderer must





meets



history