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DOCUMENT A

Paper was flying down the hallway, rattling in a wind that seemed to wash down from above.

There were dead, faintly seen, in offices to either side.

He climbed out over a fallen wall and made his way slowly toward the voices.

5 In the stairwell, in near dark, a woman carried a small tricycle tight to her chest, a thing for a three-year-old, handlebars framing her ribs.

They walked down, thousands, and he was in there with them. He walked in a long sleep, one step and then the next.

10 There was water running somewhere and voices in an odd distance, coming from another stairwell or an elevator bank, out in the dark somewhere.

It was hot and crowded and the pain in his face seemed to shrink his head. He thought his eyes and mouth were sinking into his skin.

15 Things came back to him in hazy visions, like half an eye staring. These were moments he'd lost as they were happening and he had to stop walking in order to stop seeing them. He stood looking into nothing. The woman with the tricycle, alongside, spoke to him, going past.

20 He smelled something dismal and understood it was him, things sticking to his skin, dust particles, smoke, some kind of oily grit on his face and hands mixing with the body slop, pastelike, with the blood and saliva and cold sweat, and it was himself he smelled, and Rumsey.

The size of it, the sheer physical dimensions, and he saw himself in it, the mass and scale, and the way the thing swayed, the slow and ghostly lean.

25 Someone took his arm and led him forward for a few steps and then he walked on his own, in his sleep, and for an instant he saw it again, going past the window, and this time he thought it was Rumsey. He confused it with Rumsey, the man falling sideways, arm out and up, like pointed up, like why am I here instead of there.

30 They had to wait at times, long stalled moments, and he looked straight ahead. When the line moved again he took a step down and then another. They talked to him several times, different people, and when this happened he closed his eyes, maybe because it meant he didn't have to reply.

There was a man on the landing ahead, old man, smallish, sitting in shadow, knees up, resting. Some people spoke and he nodded his head okay, he waved them on nodding.

35 There was a woman's shoe nearby, upside down. There was a briefcase on its side and the man had to lean to reach it. He extended a hand and pushed it with some effort toward the advancing line.

He said, "I don't know what I'm supposed to do with this. She fell and left it." People didn't hear this or retain it or want to and they moved past, Keith moved past, the line beginning to wind down toward an area of some light.

40 It did not seem forever to him, the passage down. He had no sense of pace or rate. There was a glow stripe on the stairs that he hadn't seen before and someone praying back in the line somewhere, in Spanish.

A man came up, moving quickly, in a hard hat, and they cleared a space, and then there were firemen, in full bulk, and they cleared a space.

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45 Rumsey was the one in the chair. He understood that now. He had set him back
down in the chair and they would find him and bring him down, and others.
There were voices up behind him, back on the stairs, one and then another in near echo,
fugue voices, song voices in the rhythms of natural speech.

This goes down.

50 This goes gown.

Pass it down.

He stopped again, second time or third, and people pushed around him and looked at
him and told him to move. A woman took his arm to help and he didn't move and she
went on.

55 Pass it down.

This goes down.

This goes down.

The briefcase came down and around the stairwell, hand to hand, somebody left
this, somebody lost this, this goes down, and he stood looking straight ahead and when
60 the briefcase came to him, he reached his right hand across his body to take it, blankly,
and then started down the stairs again.

There were long waits and others not so long and in time they were led down to
the concourse level, beneath the plaza, and they moved past empty shops, locked shops,
and they were running now, some of them, with water pouring in from somewhere. They
65 came out onto the street, looking back, both towers burning, and soon they heard a high
drumming rumble and saw smoke rolling down from the top of one tower, billowing out
and down, methodically, floor to floor, and the tower falling, the south tower diving into
the smoke, and they were running again.

The windblast sent people to the ground. A thunderhead of smoke and ash came
70 moving toward them. The light drained dead away, bright day gone. They ran and fell
and tried to get up, men with toweled heads, a woman blinded by debris, a woman
calling someone's name. The only light was vestigial now, the light of what comes after,
carried in the residue of smashed matter, in the ash ruins of what was various and
human, hovering in the air above.

75 He took one step and then the next, smoke blowing over him. He felt rubble
underfoot and there was motion everywhere, people running, things flying past. He
walked by the Easy Park sign, the Breakfast Special and Three Suits Cheap, and they
went running past, losing shoes and money. He saw a woman with her hand in the air,
like running to catch a bus.

80 He went past a line of fire trucks and they stood empty now, headlights flashing.
He could not find himself in the things he saw and heard. Two men ran by with a
stretcher, someone facedown, smoke seeping out of his hair and clothes. He watched
them move into the stunned distance. That's where everything was, all around him,
falling away, street signs, people, things he could not name.

85 Then he saw a shirt come down out of the sky. He walked and saw it fall, arms
waving like nothing in this life.

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DOCUMENT B

The disconnect between last Tuesday's monstrous dose of reality and the self-righteous
drivel and outright deceptions being peddled by public figures and TV commentators is startling,
depressing. The voices licensed to follow the event seem to have joined together in a campaign to
infantilize the public. Where is the acknowledgment that this was not a "cowardly" attack on
5 "civilization" or "liberty" or "humanity" or "the free world" but an attack on the world's self-
proclaimed superpower, undertaken as a consequence of specific American alliances and actions?
How many citizens are aware of the ongoing American bombing of Iraq? And if the word "cowardly"
is to be used, it might be more aptly applied to those who kill from beyond the range of retaliation,
high in the sky, than to those willing to die themselves in order to kill others. In the matter of courage
10 (a morally neutral virtue): whatever may be said of the perpetrators of Tuesday's slaughter, they
were not cowards.

Our leaders are bent on convincing us that everything is O.K. America is not afraid. Our spirit
is unbroken, although this was a day that will live in infamy and America is now at war. But
everything is not O.K. And this was not Pearl Harbor. We have a robotic President who assures us
15 that America still stands tall. A wide spectrum of public figures, in and out of office, who are strongly
opposed to the policies being pursued abroad by this Administration apparently feel free to say
nothing more than that they stand united behind President Bush. A lot of thinking needs to be done,
and perhaps is being done in Washington and elsewhere, about the ineptitude of American
intelligence and counter-intelligence, about options available to American foreign policy, particularly
20 in the Middle East, and about what constitutes a smart program of military defense. But the public is
not being asked to bear much of the burden of reality. The unanimously applauded, self-
congratulatory bromides of a Soviet Party Congress seemed contemptible. The unanimity of the
sanctimonious, reality-concealing rhetoric spouted by American officials and media commentators in
recent days seems, well, unworthy of a mature democracy.

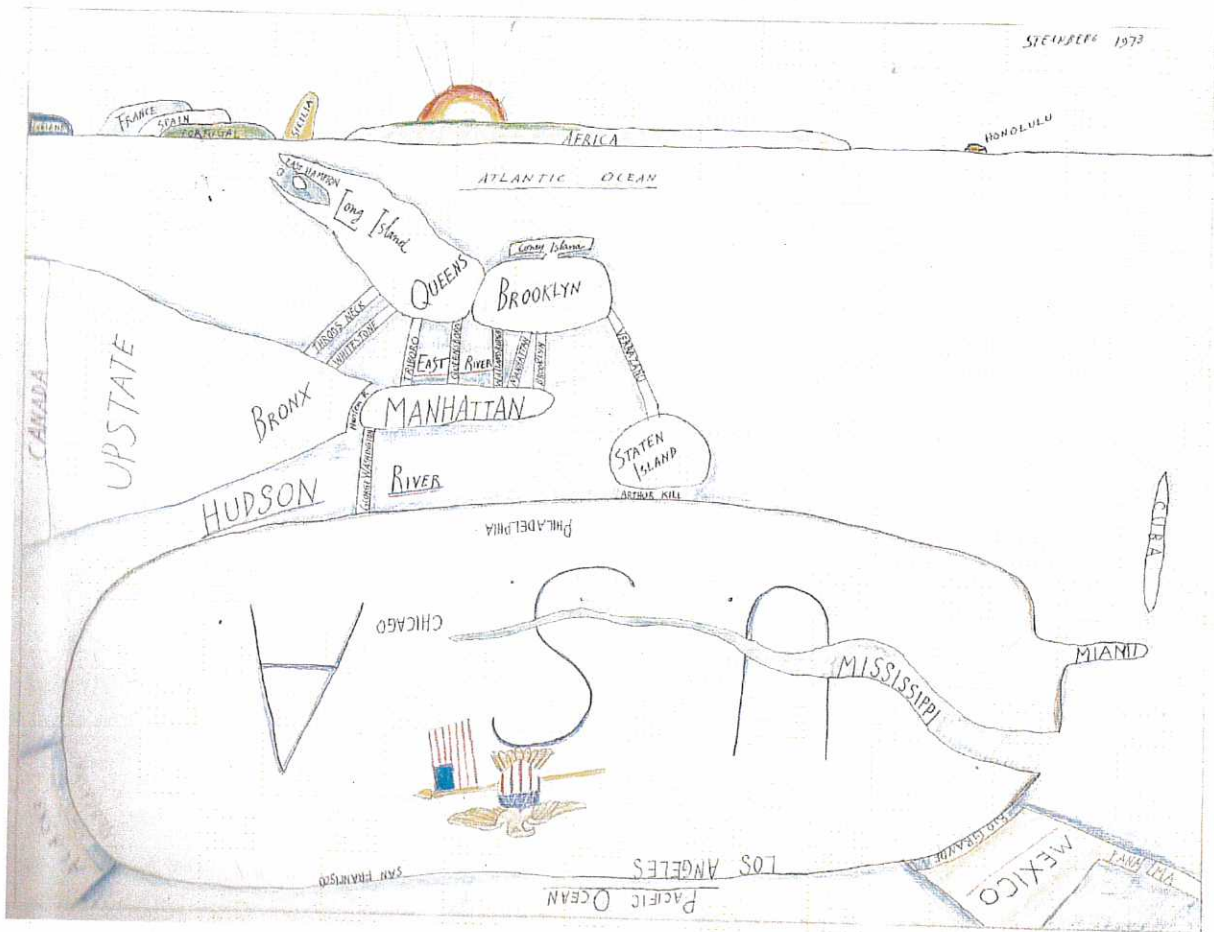
Those in public office have let us know that they consider their task to be a manipulative one:
25 confidence-building and grief management. Politics, the politics of a democracy—which entails
disagreement, which promotes candor—has been replaced by psychotherapy. Let's by all means
grieve together. But let's not be stupid together. A few shreds of historical awareness might help us
understand what has just happened, and what may continue to happen. "Our country is strong," we
30 are told again and again. I for one don't find this entirely consoling. Who doubts that America is
strong? But that's not all America has to be.

Susan Sontag, Talk of the Town, in « Tuesday, and After, »

The New Yorker, September 24, 2001.

<http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2001/09/24/tuesday-and-after-talk-of-the-town>

DOCUMENT C



Saul Steinberg, *The West Side*, 1973, Ink and colored pencil on paper, 19X25 inc. (48,3X63,5 cm.), The Saul Steinberg Foundation, New York, SSF 6506.