

AMERICAN

January 2002
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PHOTO ONCAMPUS



**Photojournalism
Special**

SEPTEMBER 11

**The True Stories
of the Photographers
Who Were There**

The camera
of photographer
Bill Biggart,
killed at the World
Trade Center.

SPECIAL REPORT



AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO COVERED THE TERRORIST ATTACK ON THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.

You'll find fewer photographs than usual in this issue of *American Photo On Campus*. Words, not pictures, are the focus of our special feature on photojournalism and the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center (page 12). The ten-page story presents first-person accounts of eight photographers who rushed to Ground Zero on September 11. Why so many words, given that these photographers say the event was the most important news story they've ever covered? Because their widely seen images, as gut-wrenching as they are, can't fully convey how deeply emotional and physical the experience was for them. Their accounts are based on interviews that were prepared in cooperation with The Digital Journalist, an influential Website created by photographer Dirck Halstead.

(Halstead covered the White House for *Time* magazine for many years and is a member of Canon's elite Explorers of Light group.) Visit digitaljournalist.org to see more photographs, and other photographers' accounts, of that black fall day.

The war on terrorism and the impact of September 11 have understandably become a national obsession. But as a reminder that we shouldn't sideline other important issues, our Master profile (page 22) features the work of Robert Glenn Ketchum, perhaps America's leading environmental photographer. Like his previous projects, Ketchum's new Aperture Book, *Rivers of Life: Southwest Alaska, the Last Great Salmon Fishery*, shows that human destructiveness can take subtler but no less insidious forms than it did on September 11.

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AMERICAN PHOTO ON CAMPUS IS PUBLISHED BY HACHETTE FILIPACCHI MEDIA U.S., INC. (HFM U.S.)



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THE FACTS ON THE GROUND

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

On a clear fall morning, as America's preconceptions of security vanished in thick brown clouds over lower Manhattan, photographers rushed in from every direction. Many had witnessed destruction and death in the farthest corners of the globe, but none of them had ever recorded anything like what they were about to see. A few would barely escape with their lives. And when the long day was over they would all know why, exactly, they do their job and what, exactly, that job can ask of someone. Here are the stories of eight photojournalists who saw the world change.

James Nachtwey

"My instinct was to go to where the tower had fallen."

A contract photographer with Time magazine and a member of the VII photo agency, Nachtwey, 53, has been photographing conflicts throughout the world since 1981.

When the attack first started, I was in my own apartment near the South Street Seaport, directly across lower Manhattan. I heard a sound that was out of the ordinary. I was far enough away so that the sound wasn't alarming, but it was definitely out of the ordinary.

When I saw the towers burning, my first reaction was to take a camera, to load it with film, go up on my roof, where I had a clear view, and photograph the first tower burning. Then I wanted to go directly to the site. I went back down and loaded my gear and went over. It was a ten-minute walk.

When I got there, people were being evacuated from both towers. In the interim, the plane had hit the second tower. Medical treatment centers were being set up on the sidewalks. It wasn't as chaotic as you might think. On the street, the people coming out initially were not seriously wounded. They were frightened, some were hurt in a minor way. I think that the real chaos was happening up inside the towers with the people who were trapped.

When the first tower fell, people ran in panic. They ran from the falling debris, girders that were falling down in an avalanche in the thick smoke and dust. Documenting a crisis situation that's clearly out of control is always very instinctual. There's no road map. No ground rules. It's all improvisations. My instinct initially, in this case, was to photograph the human situation. But once the tower fell, the people really all disappeared. They either ran away or were trapped. So my instinct then was to go to where the tower had fallen. It seemed to me absolutely unbelievable that the World Trade Center could be lying in the street, and I felt compelled to make an image of this. I made my

way there through the smoke. The area was virtually deserted. It seemed like a movie set from a science-fiction film. Very apocalyptic—sunlight filtering through the dust and the destroyed wreckage of the buildings lying in the street.

As I was photographing the destruction of the first tower, the second tower fell, and I was standing right under it, literally right under it. Fortunately for me, and unfortunately for people on the west side of the building, it listed to the west. But I was still underneath this avalanche of falling debris—structural steel and aluminum siding, glass, just tons of material falling directly down onto me. I realized that I had a few seconds to find cover or else I'd be killed. I dashed into the lobby of the Millennium Hilton hotel, directly across the street from the North Tower, and I realized instantly that this hotel lobby was going to be taken out, that the debris would come flying through the plate glass and there would be no protection at all. There was no other place to turn, certainly no more time.

I saw an open elevator and dashed inside. I put my back against the wall, and about a second later the lobby was taken out. There was a construction worker who dashed inside there with me just as the debris swept through the lobby. It instantly became pitch black, just as if you were in a closet with the light out and a blindfold on. You could not see anything. It was very difficult to breathe. My nose, my mouth, my eyes were filled with ash. I had a hat on, so I put it over my face and began to breathe through it. And together, this other man and I crawled, groping, trying to find our way out. I initially thought that the building had fallen on us and that we were in a pocket, because it was so dark. We just continued to crawl, and I began to see small blinking lights, and I real-



Above: James Nachtwey's shot of Ground Zero in *Rolling Stone*.

Left: Carolina Salguero shot the World Trade Center cataclysm from her own powerboat.

ized that these were the turn signals of cars that had been destroyed and the signals were still on. At that point I realized that we were in the street, although it was just as black in the street as it was in the hotel lobby, and that we would be able to find our way out.

My experiences photographing combat and being in life-threatening situations played a very important part in my being able to survive this and continue to work. It was, as I said, all instinct. I was making fast decisions with very little time to spare. And I guess that I made the right decisions, because I'm still here. I was lucky, too. I don't fold up in these situations. I've been in them enough times to somehow have developed the capacity to continue to do my job. On my way out of the smoke and ash, I was actually photographing searchers coming in. Once I got clear, I tried to clear my eyes as best I could and catch my breath.



Above: James Nachtwey's instinct for composition is apparent in this shot for *Time*.

I realized I had to make my way toward what has now become known as Ground Zero. It took a while to make my way there. I spent the day there, photographing the firemen searching for people who had been trapped.

If I had been needed to help someone, I

certainly would have done it, as I have many times in the past. I would have put down my camera to lend a hand, as I think anyone would have. The place was filled with firemen and rescue workers and police, and I was not needed to play that role. I realized that very clearly and therefore went about doing my job.

When I'm photographing I don't censor myself, or second-guess myself. I try to be aware of my own inner voice, my own instincts, as much as I can, and I try to follow them.

The level of dust and ash in the air was so intense that it was impossible to protect myself or my camera or my film. I've never had negatives that were so scratched and filled with marks as these. It looks like there are railroad tracks across my negatives. Every time you opened your camera back, there was no time even to dust it off, because more ash would fall in.

I worked all day until night, at which point I felt that it was time to leave. I was exhausted; I felt rather sick from all the smoke and ash that I had inhaled—not only initially, but all day long. The scene was burning and filled with acrid smoke; my lungs had burned all day long. The next day I was quite sick, almost incapacitated. Feeling dizzy, exhausted. Quite out of it.

After the buildings fell, there wasn't really any more danger, as long as you watched your footing. It wasn't as if people were shooting at us or we were being shelled or there were land mines there.

The frontline troops in this particular battle were firemen, and they put themselves in jeopardy. A lot of them lost their lives. They were frontline troops [who] didn't kill anyone; they were there to save people. That made this story very different from the wars I've covered.

The rescue workers were generally too busy to pay us

[photographers] much mind. And because we weren't in the way they didn't have to pay us much mind, unless they felt like it, for whatever personal reason they might have had. The police were another matter. They instinctively try to keep us away from anything. I think that it's just the nature of the relationship, unfortunately. But there was so much chaos at the beginning that it was easy to elude the police, and once you were with the rescue workers, they didn't seem to mind at all.

I didn't see the dead. They were underneath, and it wasn't clear how many were under there at that moment. I didn't witness people suffering, because they were invisible. I didn't feel it as strongly as when I witnessed people starving to death or when I've seen innocent people cut down by sniper fire. I haven't completely processed this event.

For me personally, the worst moment was when I was underneath the second tower as it fell and this tidal wave of deadly debris was about to fall on me. When I saw Ground Zero I was in a state of disbelief. It was disturbing to see this massive destruction in my own city, in my own country. I was in Grozny when it was being pulverized by Russian artillery and aircraft. I spent a couple of years in Beirut during various sieges and bombardments. But now it was literally in my own backyard, and I think one thing Americans are learning from this is that now we are a part of the world in a way we never have been before.

The first day that *Time.com* had my essay on their Website, at least 600,000 people had a look at it. To me, as a communicator, that's very gratifying. I hope publishers and editors are paying attention to this. There is power in the still image that doesn't exist in other forms. I think that there even is a necessity for it, because that many people wouldn't be looking at still pictures unless they needed to do that. I know that 600,000 people looking at a Website is small compared to a typical TV audience, but it is [nonetheless] a sizable number of people, and the fact that people are turning to the Internet instead of television is significant. This is sort of a test case of mass appeal.

To me it's quite obvious that a tremendous crime against humanity—a barbaric act—has been perpetrated on innocent civilians. There's nothing that can justify that act.

Many years ago, I felt that I had seen too much [violence], that I didn't want to see any more tragedies in this world. But unfortunately history continues to produce tragedies, and it is very important that they be documented with compassion and in a compelling way. I feel a responsibility to continue. But believe me when I say that I would much rather these things never happen [so that] I could either photograph something entirely different or not be a photographer at all. But that's not the way the world is.

Richard Drew

“It wasn't just a building falling down.”

Drew, an Associated Press photographer for 31 years, shared the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for feature photography.

I was covering a maternity fashion show. It was a 9 A.M. show at Bryant Park [in midtown Manhattan], and I went early to do some backstage work. Then I was going to stake out my real estate in the front of the runway. I was chatting with a CNN cameraman, who was talking with his office, and he broke into our conversation and said



RICHARD DREW/AP

A person jumps from the North Tower of the World Trade Center.
By Richard Drew

there had been an explosion at the World Trade Center. I said, "We've heard lots of that." There have been lots of reports of those things over the years since the bomb attack [on the World Trade Center] in 1993. A few seconds later he said, "No, a plane has hit the World Trade Center." My cell phone went off at the same time, and the office said we were going to can this fashion show.

I put my stuff back in my bag and walked to Seventh Avenue, just a block away, and caught the number 2 or number 3 express subway train and got out at the Chambers Street stop, which is just before the World Trade Center. By that time, the second airplane had hit.

The first thing I saw when I came up the stairs was the top of the World Trade Center on fire. I had no idea if it was a small plane or an accident. People were crying, holding each other, walking around stunned. Many of them were looking up at the wreckage. I came around a corner, and there was a policeman taking [out] some of that fancy yellow tape they always use. There was a big hunk of metal on the street, and he was trying to preserve this as part of the scene, in the middle of all this chaos. The street was covered with glass and debris, and I photographed as I went along, photographing people bleeding, pieces of rubble, crashed-out windows.

I worked my way west, because I wanted to be away from the smoke, upwind from the smoke and fire, avoiding whatever blockades the police put up. I didn't even pull out my press card; I just wandered with the rest of the crowd. There were three policemen with the hard hats on, and they were trying to get me out of the street. They said, "You have to go to the other side of West Street," and I

said that's fine—it gave me a better vantage point. I was standing next to the ambulances, the triage unit, where all the rescue people were. I figured if there were people hurt, they were going to come there, and usually I find that the ambulance people and the rescue people don't care if you're there. So I hung with them, and I was standing next to a very nice policeman from the 13th precinct, and all of a sudden he said, "Oh, my gosh, look at that!" I looked up, and there were people coming out of the building.

I was photographing them as they were coming down. We were watching one guy who was actually clinging to the outside of the building. He had a white shirt on. We were watching him for the longest time while all these other people were falling. Then there was the huge rumbling sound, and this rubble just starts to fall down. I had no idea it was the building falling. I thought maybe it was part of the roof or the facade.

I was at the northwest corner of the North Tower. It was the South Tower that was coming down. I made six or eight frames of that before I was yanked by some rescue person yelling, "We've got to get out of here!" and I was being pulled up Vesey Street. We've all seen the clouds; we were all caught up in that. It was really tough to see [and] tough to work, because you couldn't breathe. I managed to get to an ambulance and to get a surgical mask.

I went over to the spot where they were moving all the ambulances, about a block and a half from [my] original location, and I was photographing people walking out, covered with ash. Then a police officer in a white shirt came running up the street, yelling, "We all have to get out of here!" I was thinking, "They are just trying to clear the area."

I changed lenses, to a medium telephoto lens, and thought, "If they are going to kick me out, I am going to make some more pictures of this building on fire, then leave." As I picked my camera up to do this, the top of the second tower poofed out. I held my finger on the trigger and made nine frames of this building—the North Tower—cascading down. Nine frames is the most the camera can shoot in a single burst. I said, "I've got to get out of here," and I ran a block and a half north to Stuyvesant High School.

The students were being evacuated. They were all in the lobby; I was in with them. They went out of the north end of the school, as I did—north on West Street. I went back around to where all the people were, covered with dust and debris.

[Shooting digitally] was an advantage. After the second building came down, I could review my pictures right there and say, "Yes, I have it," or "No, I don't have it."

A couple of days later I had to take the camera apart, because so much dust had gotten inside. There were dust spots all over my photographs. I took out the anti-aliasing filter and followed Kodak's instructions on how to clean the imaging chip. It seems to be working okay now.

I went home about nine o'clock that night, and then turned around the next morning and got up early to be down at Ground Zero.

At first, the day of the explosion, [authorities] were more concerned about saving the people and making sure everything was safe than restricting [photographers]. The police took us in for a quick shot and [then] took us back out.

The third day is when it got to me emotionally. You know, you build up adrenaline. The camera is a real filter. The camera separates you from reality, but this time it really got to me. I decided I wanted to go someplace else to try another part of the story, and I went to where the families were trying to find the lost. There were not a lot of people

there. I went around the corner to get a cup of coffee, and my phone rang. It was my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. She says, "Daddy, I just want to tell you that I love you," and I guess that really got to me, because I realized there are lots of people out there who are not going to hear their three-and-a-half-year-olds say, "Daddy, I love you" any more. I had to take two days off after that.

The one image that's been causing a lot of discussion is one I shot of a man falling headfirst from the building, before the buildings fell down. There are two newspapers that have had their ombudsmen write stories about the picture, explaining why they used the photograph: the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* and the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. They received a lot of complaints [from readers]. Our readers e-mailed and phoned and complained that they didn't want to see this over their morning cornflakes. I think [the picture] disturbed readers the way that Nick Ut's picture of the little girl burned by napalm in Vietnam did or [that] Eddie Adam's shot of the police chief executing the guy in Saigon did or John Filo's picture of the girl bending over

the student killed at Kent State. These were all images that had disturbed people along the way.

[The picture represents] a very important part of this story. It wasn't just a building falling down; there were people involved in this—this is how it affected people's lives at that time, and I think that is why that is an important picture.

Ruth Fremson

"I thought,
'No way, I'm not going to
get buried.'"

A staff photographer for the New York Times, Fremson has worked in the Middle East and elsewhere. She is now based in New York City.

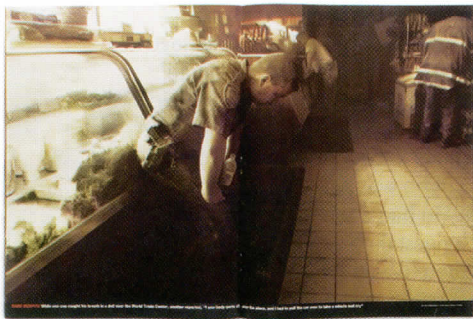
When the attack happened, I was at a polling place in Flushing, Queens, [covering] the mayoral primary. My cell phone went off. It was my sister calling from Washington, asking me if I was at the World Trade Center. I said, "No, why?" She said that a plane had just hit it. I hung up and started running out the door. My pager went off, and that was the office calling to tell me that a plane had hit the World Trade Center and to start heading over there. It was rush hour. I was never going to get there on time, but I was [near] LaGuardia Airport. I called the office and said, "Why don't we arrange a helicopter and do aeri-als?" They said okay and to head to the airport. I got there in about five minutes, but by this time I heard on the radio that the airspace had been sealed. I could see the skyline from the road, so I pulled over to take a picture and called the office, told them the airspace was sealed, and asked what I should do. So they said go to Brooklyn and see the view.

At this point I saw a caravan of police vehicles and ambulances [going toward Manhattan], and I attached myself to it. I was listening to the radio. There was an eyewitness talking about how he saw the first plane hit, and as he's talking he says, "Here comes another plane—here comes another plane!" So I'm following the caravan, and as the [police] start to close the bridges [from Queens into Manhattan], they flagged the [caravan] through. I just followed and waved my press badge, for what it was worth, so they didn't think I was something I wasn't.

We went straight down to the corner of Vesey and Church Streets. There were cops directing the traffic, and they told me to park on Church [Street] so there was room for emergency vehicles. So I parked and saw the two buildings on fire. People were evacuating them, and police were escorting wounded people. That's when I started shooting.

There were ambulances parked everywhere, bloody people everywhere. There was a woman who was sitting on a curb, breathing through an inhaler. And there was a nurse, crouched down behind her, hugging her, and every five feet there was somebody sitting there, head in their hands or looking up petrified at the building. There was a man in a suit on a stretcher, covered in dust and blood. There was a little tiny woman shaking, sitting on the curb completely covered in blood, being evaluated by emergency workers.

I saw firemen carrying people out, police with people over their shoulders. People running, people screaming, people looking up in the air, and people walking like it was any other day. I was concentrating on shooting the people being helped. It must have been five minutes later when the building collapsed. I heard this rumbling, which I



Above: Ruth Fremson shot a cop trapped with her in a deli. The photo appeared in *Time*.

thought was a third plane, because it sounded like it. So I looked through the viewfinder to see the plane, but instead I saw the building coming apart.

I took away the camera and saw people running and screaming and panicking. I thought, "Okay, let's try and stay calm," but then I saw the police and emergency workers running, and I started running too.

Some people were running into the subway station right there, and I thought, "No way, I'm not going to get buried alive." I thought, "Mailbox...not big enough, fire hydrant...not big enough." And I could just feel this tidal wave behind me. As I turned the corner there was a bookstore. I saw something—it registered that it was a police officer, and he rolled under a van, so I went under it with him, and at that moment the cloud came over us. It was black, and you couldn't see and you couldn't breathe. I held on to his arm or leg, I don't know. But I thought we would just get crushed under there with all the stuff blowing around. But then it got quieter, and he started talking, so I said hello and told him who I was. At that point I realized that even though I was breathing all this crap, I was still breathing and moving and that I was fine.

We heard glass breaking and then someone saying hello, and I don't know if it was because I had so much soot in my ears, but it was quiet. I thought, "Someone needs help, and we'll never be able to find them," because you couldn't see anything; it was still all black. There was a deli across the street. Inside there was a handful of people, some firemen and cops, everyone covered head to toe in white dust, soot. Miraculously, everyone seemed okay—physically okay, but shocked. We started taking the water from the deli to wipe our faces and clean our eyes, helping each other. Wiping the cameras off—that was amazing, just to get the cameras clean.

I started taking pictures of everyone in the deli with me. The cop catching his breath, a young woman who was petrified, trying to call her parents because the phones still worked. The phone was ringing, and it was someone looking for the owner, who wasn't there. I called the office and told them I was okay, that I took some pictures, and that the first building had come down. I said, "I'm here, we'll see what happens with the next one." But I couldn't go outside because it was still black.

Then it started to get lighter, so I went outside, and it was like it was covered with snow. I mean everything was covered in ash and debris and paper. I started taking pictures of cops coming in, going out. Police had shotguns.

And the rumbling started again. It was the second building, and everyone went running and screaming back into the deli. I hadn't gone far, because a cop had said the other building would fall. We ran to the back of the deli, toward the basement, and it just got black again outside. You couldn't see inside the deli, except for the glow of the bologna case. Smoke was coming from the basement as well. I don't know if something was burning down there, but it was coming from the vents.

One of the cops said we had to get out of there, and he called someone on the radio and said he had eight people with him and they needed to be evacuated. But we couldn't wait for someone to come because it seemed way too unsteady in there. We got rags and we poured water on [them] and we held hands. We all started heading out toward Broadway. And at that point I took some photographs as

the dust settled. I was just shooting the scene on Broadway, the people walking around, the exodus of people walking across the Brooklyn Bridge.

I ran into another photographer and said I would go look at City Hall and she would stay there. I took some pictures and started walking around to my car, but they wouldn't let me get it because it was too close [to Ground Zero]. Then I started walking back to the office. The streets were just full of people, and no cars. I got to Times Square and then came into the office.

I [used to be] based in Jerusalem. I've covered bombings, but they were suicide bombers blowing themselves up in a market. This [story] is bigger than anything that I've ever covered. To see destruction on a massive scale isn't shocking to me, but to be right there at the moment when so many people were destroyed....

The people that I was in the deli with, that period of time when the buildings came down, and the policeman that was under the van with me will always be with me. The wife of the policeman in the picture I took, bending over, she e-mailed me and told me that he was fine. That was an incredible feeling for me to know that he was okay.

David Handschuh

"In the back of
my mind, I heard a voice
that said,
'Run, run, run, run.'"

A photographer for the New York Daily News, Handschuh lives in New Jersey, where, days after the attack, he greeted visitors with his broken right leg propped on a couch.

September 11, I got to sleep in. It was the first day of my graduate class of photojournalism at New York University, so I was scheduled to teach in the morning and work at night—election-day evening, starting at 5 P.M. I was minding my own business on Tuesday morning, listening to the radio on my way to school, when I saw this large column of smoke over lower Manhattan. I was around 14th Street or 23rd Street, something like that. I always have the police and fire radios on in the car, and all of a sudden the people on Manhattan fire [radio] start screaming, "Send every piece of apparatus that you have, an airplane just crashed into the World Trade Center." I had absolutely no idea that it was a terrorist attack, or that it was going to be the tragedy that it turned out to be. All I know is I was pretty damn close to the scene. [On my cell phone] I called the *Daily News* desk and said, "I'm right downtown if you want me to go," and they said go. So I called NYU and said, "A plane just crashed into the World Trade Center—I think we are going to have to cancel class today."

As I was driving down the West Side Highway, a fire department rescue company came rushing past on the southbound side. I swerved over and followed them down. The back doors were open, and you could see the guys throwing on their oxygen packs, putting tools in their bags, and getting ready to go to work. In the midst of all the insanity a couple of guys waved out the back door to me. That entire company, I believe, is gone; there is not a guy who's left.

I made some [pictures] right out of the front window of my car, with the rescue company in the foreground and the smoke on the horizon. They led me down to the scene;

I couldn't have been any closer. I parked my car on West Street and popped the trunk. I have a pretty good collection of stuff there for most emergencies. I have a bullet-proof vest; I have fire boots; I even have a hard helmet.

I focused originally on the buildings when I got there, took a look to make a few establishing shots. There was only one tower on fire when I got there. We had no idea it was a terrorist attack; it was just some god-awful accident. But looking up and seeing eight or nine floors of the tower on fire, with the fire apparatus responding, I knew it was probably the biggest challenge the firefighters were ever going to face. I was there to document it. There was no doubt in my mind that the fire would be extinguished and the people would be saved. I had absolutely no idea what this would turn into an hour and a half later.

There was nobody coming out of the North Tower—the first to be hit. The people that I saw out on the street were running out of the South Tower, or the Marriott hotel, covering their heads with briefcases, newspapers. There were a couple of people who had a serving tray and were running with that over their heads. It was bizarre: The North Tower was on fire, and people were starting to evacuate the South Tower, and there were vehicles a block and a half away that were on fire. And then when you started looking closely at the debris in the streets, it was not just building parts but [also] body parts. There were arms and hands lying in the street that did not look

real. They looked like plastic. Then the people started jumping. I guess they [had] the choice of falling to their death or burning to death. The sounds of the bodies hitting the sidewalk will never leave my mind.

When a body hit the ground on West Street, there were four cops who were not wearing helmets, no protective gear, who started running up thinking that maybe they could help this person. I thought, "He's dead, there is nothing you can do. Don't get yourself hurt."

Then this noise filled the air that sounded like a high-pressure gas line had been ruptured.

It seemed to come from all over, not one direction. Everyone was looking around thinking, "What was that?" And the second tower explodes. That was the second aircraft, plowing into the South Tower. At that point it became obvious that this wasn't an unfortunate accident.

I don't even recall making the picture that wound up

in the paper the next day. Just after we started seeing the flames come out of the South Tower, I pulled the camera and started shooting.

I went north on West Street, and then I heard another noise. The [South Tower] was disintegrating. The whole building was starting to come down. My initial reaction was to grab my camera, hold it up, and start taking pictures. But in the back of my mind, I heard a voice that said, "Run, run, run, run." I've been doing this for 20 years, and I never run. But there is no doubt that if I hadn't listened to the voice, I would not be here today.

I was running as fast as my little legs could carry me. And all of a sudden the wind picked me up. It was like getting hit in the back by a wave at the beach—[a wave] that was made out of hot, black gravel. Maybe it was like getting picked up by a tornado. All of a sudden I was flying. I had absolutely no control over what direction I was going.

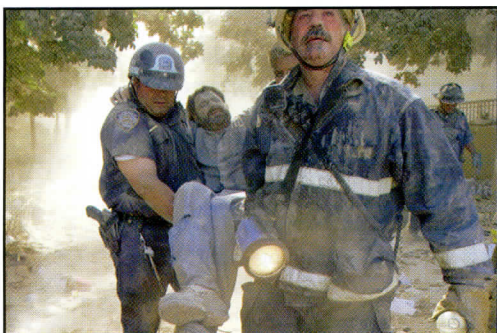
I didn't lose consciousness. I lost my pager; I lost my cell phone; I lost my glasses. I didn't lose my cameras. I wound up under a vehicle. I don't know if it was a truck [or a car]. I couldn't breathe. I was positive that I was going to die in the gutter of the streets of New York. I tried reaching for my cell phone, but that wasn't there. I just wanted to call home and tell everybody that I loved them.

At some point, I realized that my right leg wasn't working. I couldn't get up. I was trapped under debris. I don't know what was on top of me. I didn't know how [deeply] buried I was. So I started calling for help, after I cleared all kinds of debris out of my mouth and my nose and realized I could breathe. I don't know how long I was calling for help, but after a while I heard, "Don't worry, brother—we will get you out." It was three firefighters who were just walking through. They picked me up and carried me out of harm's way.

We all wound up in a delicatessen about a block away from Battery Park City. A lot of people were seeking shelter there. There was a lot of debris coming down. I was lying on the floor; the place is packed like an A train; I'm trying not to get my legs stepped on; and all of a sudden the [North] Tower comes down.

Debris just starts flying again, and I guess the facade of the building we were in came down. It turned dark outside again, and a bunch of grown men inside were holding onto each other for their lives. Some were calm, some were screaming, and someone said we had to get out of there. Just with the desire to live, they pushed their way out of the debris and opened the front door. Someone says, "We're getting you out of here." They weren't leaving me there. So these three guys—a cop, a firefighter, and a paramedic—were carrying me, [with] my arms around their shoulders and their arms around my thighs, my legs dangling in front of me. Every bump was like white light; the pain was just amazing. They carried me down to the Hudson River, and there was a police boat there. They put me on [a] backboard and they put me on the deck of the boat. Then they took us by boat to Ellis Island. And there we were, under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, huddled masses yearning to breathe free, and a symbol of New York, a symbol of the United States, a symbol of the American economic system, was lying in ruins. We got some medical attention there [and were] taken by ambulance to a hospital in Bayonne [New Jersey].

A photographer's job is to take pictures, but that's only



Todd Maisel

Staff photographer, New York *Daily News*

"I heard on the police radio that the Trade Center had been hit by a plane. I latched onto Brooklyn's ESU 2, heading south on the West Side Highway. As I approached the Trade Center, I saw a second plane strike. Large pieces of debris were falling. A firefighter hit by concrete lay dying. At that moment there was a rumble, and the second tower began to collapse before my eyes. We ran for our lives. When I looked out into the street, overturned ambulances and fire trucks were burning. I came upon fellow *Daily News* photographer David Hand-schuh, who was being aided by police and firefighters [above]. We carried him to a deli. Moments later, firefighters and police officers dived into the store and we were struck by the second collapse."



ANGEL FRANCO/NEW YORK TIMES

Witnesses react as the first building collapses.

By Angel Franco

half of it. The remainder of the job is to take those images and share them with readers. I could have had the most amazing pictures in the world; I could've had the buildings falling down; I could've had the planes crashing into the buildings; but if my camera hadn't gotten up to the paper there wouldn't have been completion of my job. I knew I had to hand my camera to a coworker and to the newspaper so [my pictures] would get edited and be given a fair shake through the process of editing. I had no qualms of handing over my camera.

The public needs to know that there are people behind the pictures—that there are men and women out there working 18- or 20-hour days, continuously going down to the World Trade Center [to photograph sights] they don't ever want to see again. [These photographers didn't] get the time to take a deep breath and think about their lives. They didn't have the time to sit down with their families and their kids. They [were] doing this out of a sense of responsibility as journalists.

Angel Franco

"I heard people yelling on the police radios."

Franco has been a staff photographer for the New York Times for 15 years.

I was following [New York City mayoral candidate] Freddy [Ferrer], and I had a 7:30 A.M. assignment. I was in the Riverdale section of the Bronx. We were coming into

Manhattan on the east side on 109th Street. We got on the highway, and we saw these emergency units rushing to Manhattan. And I saw this huge cloud of brown smoke.

I heard on the radio that a second plane had hit the World Trade Center. [When I got to the scene], it looked like paper was flying out of the building, but I realized what it was—that people were jumping. I put my camera down and continued walking.

I remember people running and running and running. And people coming up, and all these burned papers. And then I began to shoot these police officers arriving. The next thing I know, this plume of smoke—like if you were to strike a match, and how it goes *poof*—and the building started to come down. I kept shooting. We hauled ass and started running north, and this store was open, and as this stuff was coming we all rushed in there. We pulled this lady inside the store, told her to get behind the counter. I didn't know if the glass there was just going to explode. Thank God it didn't. Then we left the store. I went down to the West Side Highway and arrived at West Street, I think. There were all the fire trucks [covered in dust] and parts of the—what was left of the World Trade Center. I'm taking this picture and I'm thinking, "My God, this looks like I'm standing in [the desert]." It looked like a nuclear bomb had gone off. Papers had melted onto trees. It was like a desert with all this paper and cement.

I started photographing at Ground Zero. One cop told me to watch out because they had caught a terrorist who had planted devices. [There were] these four firefighters, [and] they were in shock. They looked like zombies because

of the experience they just had 10 or 15 minutes prior.

When the buildings collapsed, I did a sign of the cross, and I'm not a religious guy. My mind cleared, and as my friend who is a psychologist says, I went into a combat mode: My head got clear, my body was tight.

I walked around taking pictures. Then I proceeded uptown because of the deadline—I figured I'd better get into the home base.

I [saw some] photographers dressed like construction workers or rescue workers, so they could sneak into the place. I am ashamed of the fact that [they were] playing these games. I'm not going to dress up as a construction worker or a rescue worker. I'm not going to misrepresent myself. [Some photographers] are already talking about how much money they made or are going to make, and Pulitzers, and that's the other sad part. There are a lot of people buried in there, and [these photographers are] just worried about how [their] papers are going to look or Pulitzers. I am ashamed of how people talk about that.

Hopefully we won't have to experience anything like this in the world again. Unfortunately it looks like the mind-set is that we have to prepare for battle, and as a guy that has a 23-year-old son, I'm concerned about

that. He worries about me when I go off to do things, and now it's my turn to worry about our sons and daughters.

My wife and I are trying to have a baby. I know that she's worried about all these things, and it makes life tense for her.

How has it affected

me? I can't remember things. I'm busy thinking about a lot of other things. I keep thinking about [my friend] Louis, who thinks his wife is still alive, and I hope that she is. Last Friday he called me up to say he had to tell his eight-year-old daughter that her mom's missing.

My wife is trying to get [me to] think of other things. I went to Jewish services with her. That sort of helped. I've been to church, and that's helped. I went to a police officer's funeral, and that didn't help.

I heard the people yelling on the police radios. That's how I saw it. Visually, in my head. It wasn't until I saw some of the pictures—the people jumping, [the people] I saw when I first came into the scene...

It looked like it would be a good campaign day—and then madness. Madness.

Carolina Salguero

"My antenna had gone off, and it had saved me before."

Carolina Salguero, a freelance photographer, lives in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn.

I was writing at my computer, and I heard this "whomp." I went to my back window, thinking it was something in my neighborhood, and I saw the two towers on fire. This was about 9:15. I flipped on the radio and heard that two planes had hit the towers. I packed my cameras. I first

set out by bike, thinking that would be fast. I made one picture from the piers. Then I thought about my boat.

I have a 26-foot Shamrock powerboat [docked at a marina in Brooklyn] because I do a lot of waterfront photography. So I went back to my apartment to get some boat gear. [I called] a friend, Debbie Romano, and she joined me. We got in and set out for North Cove, a Manhattan marina just west of the World Trade Center.

You couldn't even see lower Manhattan. There was black smoke with just a tinge of rust color. I swung west and motored around Governor's Island, and we neared lower Manhattan. When we got past the smoke, we were just slightly south and west of the twin towers. I said, "Debbie, I think there used to be another tower there, but maybe it's behind the other one, I don't see..." In the smoke, we didn't know it was gone. Then I was turning the boat around, and Debbie said, "Oh my God, Carolina, turn around!" and I turned around and the second building started to go, and I photographed that.

There were people all along the shore. The seawall was ringed with people, and we were in the boat trying to make pictures of that. Some security vessels [were] arriving—Coast Guard boats, small boats from the fire department, police boats whizzing by.

I made a few pictures, waited for [the police and fire boats] to clear from the entrance to North Cove, then we took the boat in. A couple of fellows came down to the dock [with an injured woman] and they said, "Would you take this woman out of here?" I said, "I don't really want to go to Jersey, but if that's the brief, that's what I will do." But when I started to pull away, [the woman] said she didn't want to go, and I wasn't in a position where I could physically abduct someone, so we turned around and got her back off. I gave brief instructions to Debbie about docking a boat, told her to go west to Jersey, then to go home. [Then I got off the boat] and walked to Ground Zero.

Once you got to Ground Zero, it was possible to operate, but always in a very circumspect fashion. I photographed from on top of the piles of rubble, but I did not go down with any of the search-and-rescue people. I didn't push the envelope.

I had gone in completely on spec, [but] I had the good fortune to run into Kathy Ryan—the picture editor of *The New York Times Magazine*—at my lab on the afternoon of September 11. And that's how she saw my work. Then I was sent out on assignment for her for the next four days.

By day three, I realized that the media wasn't wanted, so I came dressed as a construction worker. In order to continue [taking pictures] I volunteered to work on [the] bucket brigades [sifting through the rubble].

The first time I was on [a] bucket brigade was at night, and the first bucket I tried to fill was, I realized, in [what had once been] a tourist shop. I was filling up buckets with postcards of the twin towers, kitchen mitts, and baby bibs. [It] was a really weird combination.

I don't think there has ever been anything like this before. I have spent a lot of time in Peru, which is a country wracked by terrorism, and my mother and I were injured by a car bomb there. I went to Bosnia twice and worked in South Africa in 1994. I was car-jacked at machine-gun-point there. So I have been in violent situations before. But the fact that those two [buildings] were attacked by



CAROLINA SALGUERO

Above: Carolina Salguero got to Ground Zero via the North Cove marina in Manhattan.

planes, and then fell down—it's really beyond what you see in those exaggerated horror movies.

My neighborhood in Brooklyn lost, I think, 15 firemen, and that was one of the things that made covering this different from covering other situations. On September 11, as I was leaving Ground Zero, I had some bad vibes. My antenna had gone off, and my antenna had saved me before. I was concerned that something was going to happen—a gas main blowing—and I thought it was time to go. As I was backing out, there was this scene—a fire truck, and all these firemen, dark silhouettes and all that ash, with a strange yellow light behind it and this unattended fire hose shooting off from atop the truck. And then I read the name [on the fire truck], "The Happy Hookers." And I said, "That's my neighborhood fire truck." So I went up to the truck and asked, "Are any of you guys from Red Hook?" And they all said no. The equipment [was still there], but nobody from Red Hook. They are all gone. They are all gone.

Jonathan Torgovnik

"My first reaction was how little is left."

A freelance photographer, Torgovnik, 32, has worked for Newsweek and other magazines. On the Sunday before the attack he returned from the Visa Pour l'Image photo-journalism festival in Perpignan, France, where some of his photos were featured.

I didn't have any assignments lined up for that week; I was planning to work at home, make a few phone calls. I got out of the shower at about nine on Tuesday morning. My wife had already left for school—her classes at [the Fashion Institute of Technology] start at 8:30. Then a call came in from my father-in-law. I didn't pick up; I heard it coming in on the answering machine. [He was saying] a plane had hit the World Trade Center.

I looked out the kitchen window—we live on Houston Street, downtown—and I could see smoke coming out from one of the towers. And then I see something—the edge of a wing with an engine, coming from south to north, and it didn't look real—[it was] too close. I didn't see the body of the plane. This all happened in about four seconds. It hit just as I looked. My first instinct was: Run, get your camera. But I was shaking. Literally. I remember thinking, "I should shoot at a high speed because I can't hold my camera still."

When I left my apartment, I didn't take my bag—I knew I had to be mobile and ready to run. I took my two Canons with three lenses—a 70-200mm, a 17-35mm, and a 28-70mm—and a Hasselblad XPan 35mm panoramic camera. I took as much film as possible in my vest. I had a whole shelf full of film in my refrigerator, and when I pulled it out, film canisters spilled all over the floor. Later, my wife's school sent her home, and she saw the floor covered with film and my equipment bag thrown on the floor. She realized then that I was down there.

I grabbed my bicycle and went down to the World Trade Center. I noticed the people around me looking up with these very desperate looks in their eyes. People were starting to jump from the buildings. This was the first time I really understood what was happening, and it really got to me. I used my 200mm lens to capture what I was seeing.

It never crossed my mind that these buildings would fall.

So I said to myself, "Okay, I'm going to stay here a little bit, take pictures of this happening, because it will take hours for the firemen and the rescue people to bring these people down from the 100th floor—there will be time later to go inside the building to make some shots."

About ten minutes later, the first building fell. At first, I didn't know. I thought a third plane had hit the building. I heard this real loud noise of a jet engine. It didn't sound like things breaking and falling apart. I feel lucky I made the decision to stay where I was, because otherwise I would probably have been under the building taking pictures of the crews coming in.

Then this huge cloud of smoke started coming. I said to myself, "Okay, I'm going to go to the West Side Highway and go in from the river," around Battery Park. I took my bicycle there. And then, as I look up while I'm taking pictures, I see the second tower starting to fall apart, in front of me. I made about three or four pictures, and said to myself, "Run—this picture is not important enough to risk my life for." I ran away. I left my bicycle there somewhere. I went back to look for it later, but it's gone. I got this adrenaline rush. I had superhuman powers.

I grew up in Israel and was a combat photographer in the Israeli Army for three-and-a-half years. But this was the first time I was really scared. This was more like the Gulf War, when the Scud missiles started falling on Tel Aviv, when I was out of the army. You couldn't do anything. You don't have a gun and the duty to go out and confront the enemy. You're in your home, this place where you're supposed to be safe, with your mother and your father, your grandmother and your sister, and you need to put on a gas mask. That's the way I felt [after the attack on the Trade Center]. This is New York! This is home!

After the second tower collapsed, I went up to Chambers Street, to a high school, and at that point I'm questioning myself. My journalistic instincts [were] telling me I should go back, but I think I went through something

that made me not want to go back. I went ahead and processed my film and got it to *Newsweek*.

At about 4 A.M. the next day, I went back, on assignment for *Newsweek*. This time I took my wife's bicycle. I just started making pictures. There were one or two other photographers there. And it was still dark. My first reaction when I got there was how little was left. I thought, "There [aren't] going to be [any] survivors here." I wanted to get a better view, because from Ground Zero you couldn't see anything. I went into One Liberty Plaza, a building nearby that was damaged but still standing, and went upstairs into some offices. It was eerie. The people, I'm sure they left before it happened, but maybe they didn't.

There was one scene I shot that day that for me was symbolic. I saw about 20 firefighters trying to cut this one piece of metal. And I thought, "You're trying to cut this one piece with 20 men, and there are tens of millions of pieces just like it all over." I thought, "How do you even start?" ■

Below:
Jonathan
Torgovnik
shot emptied
offices at
One Liberty
Plaza for
Newsweek.

