

TTW091101

(TTW: "TWIN TOWERS" 091101)

By Charles Anzalone
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IT was September 11, 2001. Eight a.m. was coming around. People were out in the streets going to their stores to be open for the nine o'clock rush. Then eight forty-five a.m. came. Suddenly pedestrians looked up. Catastrophe --- that is what it was and still is. I'm still in denial. It looked like a movie --- like *Independence Day* which was only props that were toppled by miniature aircraft --- small ones. It was the introduction to the mystery of a major plot of espionage --- a "James Bond," ready-to-come-to-the-rescue movie. I watched it on my laptop. All I could think of was that Osama Bin Laden was behind this horror movie.

It's now two and one half weeks later and I'm just beginning to have tears in my eyes. One might say that I'm in mourning, a quiet type of crying. That's the way I am; a few tears were shed for dad, and I mourned quietly for mom. They were up in years, but this was ten thousand times worse than that. My anger is so great that I need to feel hate before I can cry. I do hope that I don't cry at some innocuous moment unrelated to the incident in New York City. No! I hope, if I cry, it will have some relation to the dastardly deed, the deliberate unabashed action to destroy a not-only cherished edifice, but, more importantly, the six thousand lives and the many more who will suffer any post mortem results of the rescuers and the families involved. (A correction later affirmed that it was more or near to three thousand lives.)

I keep playing the movie over and over again. In my reverie and in my dreams I rewind and review the catastrophe. It just repeats and repeats in my mind's eyes. It's like the *Longest Day* -- the movie, not real, only actors and props and camera crew. Maybe some people were bruised in the process, but it was not real. None of it was. Not one scene of this movie was true. And that's the crux of it all. People today have been anesthetized to real death, real screams, real smell of burning flesh ---real cries of agony.

It's a real temptation to go to one of my old haunts in the Twin Towers when I worked there in the summer of "76." The roof had not yet been prepared for visitors yet. But, there was a thrill to be had when one went from the ground floor to the eighty-sixth floor, express. It was such a thrill. Going down was even scarier. It was an almost free fall, the floor dropping from under you. When it slowed before the ground floor, it was like jumping up and you would bend your knees for balance. Today, one calls it a "rush." Then, "rush" had not yet entered the lexicon of English terminology.

It's now a month and a day later and much has happened since. There was a week of bombing, targeting El Qaeda. At the same time, we were dropping food to needy families in the hinterlands of the northern rebels and of the Mujahedeen. But it seems to me it might be purely a civil war --- one perhaps within the Afghans themselves or a religious civil war within the Islamic faithful. It appears to be between Zuni and Shiite groups. But it doesn't exonerate the self-immolation and all those TTW091101 victims; it doesn't clean the slate and say, "We're

even; let's quit." Bin Laden has been at this since 1984. He probably has a martyr complex, hoping to go to Valhala where he might tend to perpetual harems. Of course, I *josh*. What I don't know is how their women handle these desires? What do they get out of this concept? What is their *bag*? It seems that the men have heaven and earth and the women have earth in heaven. To reiterate, this doesn't concern the average working Islamic family. They are just trying to survive. It's a specific group who is fighting. The goal is said to be to work to reach a higher level of the religion of Islam. What is strikingly ironic is that Islam translated means PEACE.

May peace follow the Muslims who truly believe in true Islam.



In the year of our lord, MMI. Na Maste'