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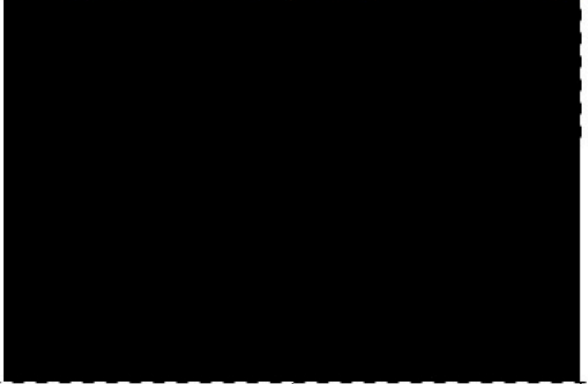
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September 11th Flipbook

~ Do It Yourself Download Kit ~

1. Download jpegs from website: www.barcodeart.com
2. Print sheets on letter size paper (8.5 x 11 inches).
3. Cut out individual frames along dotted lines.
4. Put solid black on front and back covers.
5. Secure book with small binder clip.

1. The very first essay

I think your idea is provocative and I think you should do it. I haven't seen the footage from 9/11 since the day or so after the event, and I remember reading or hearing somewhere that the networks made a specific decision across the board to take it off the television so children and people wouldn't have to relive it, and at the time, I remember that in some weird way, I wanted to see it and, in the same way now, I want to see it. To me, it seemed so quintessentially "American" for our networks to take that image away from us -- it was literally blinding us to what had happened, something that in this country happens so much and so often that we don't even realize it. So since the attacks, I haven't seen much art regarding the event that, to me, in some way, hasn't mirrored the sort of display that was in New York at the time, with the banners and the signs looking for the people. That or the art is splashed with American flags and pictures of firefighters and policemen, etc. etc. That feels false and somehow wrong to me -- it's not an honest memorial, it's an easy one. It's like those ribbons people magnet on their cars or mudflaps with American flags that say we will never forget. How is that remembering anything?

Consequently, something like this is going to be hard for people to swallow and is going to piss people off and make them think you are an asshole, etc. etc, but I don't think that should matter. What matters is that what you are doing is real and raw, and what happened, though most of us would like to remember it as a nice American flag lapel pin and a firefighter helping a person out of a burning building was actually much more than that, and we just tend to wipe that away, the same way we wiped away the image of the buildings exploding and toppling down and replaced it with merchandise.

I think forcing someone to verbalize in some way how they feel about the events of that day is worthy. I guess I'd do it to see the flipbook but also because there haven't been very many -- if any -- chances for people, just normal people who don't have a husband or daughter who died in the attacks and live in Podunk, Nebraska -- to verbalize how they feel about what happened. And in some way, also, I want to be able to have this piece of art that allows me to relive the image in a way that would be private and that I could look at when I wanted on my terms and think about it when I wanted, you know? On my own level and not with a bunch of news commentary and other people's opinions. For you to make this doesn't seem cheap to me -- it seems honest and a real reaction to something that we all felt, no matter where we were or are even now in our lives. Something that is and was so fucked up that it's hard to wrap the head around. We all feel safe and comfortable now and back to normal, and even though we don't have to think about it and look about it every day, I bet a lot of people do. It seems like this is a time when maybe people, instead of all of them getting really pissed off, would welcome the chance to have someone listen to them and read what they have to say.

I think you are right when you say there is good in everything, even stuff that is really bad. I think this project could be an example of that.

I can imagine kids looking at the flipbook and I can imagine that, if their parents explained to them how they got it, presumably they'd have written something to you to get it, and explained what it was, it'd be in a format they could handle and understand, and maybe it would help them in some way to understand. I don't know if that'd happen, but I'd like to think it would.

I don't see this project as you producing something at the expense of mass death and destruction -- granted, I'm an eternal optimist, often times to my own demise, so take what I say for what you will. But I think that, like you said, good can come out of bad. You aren't profiting from this idea. You're forcing people to think. Whether they agree or disagree with you or whether they want to have a flipbook so they can relive that moment or whether they never want to see it again and think you are terrible, they're thinking, and that's more than they would have been doing before.

It makes me feel better to have written what I wrote, even at this moment when I don't know if you'll go on with this project or not, because no one up to this point has ever given me a chance, after the initial moment when the attacks happened, to ever talk about how I feel about any of it now, in hindsight or otherwise. I think it's admirable that you are willing to give anyone who wants to take it that chance. I don't think this sort of inspiration is wrong -- I think it's honest and real and not fueled by money, greed, consumerism, false American pride or any other bullshit. And I don't know if Osama would sit in a cave and laugh at your art -- I think he would -- but I also think he'd get it in a way that

the naysayers wouldn't. Not in a good way, in a really sick and fucked up way, because he'd probably get some satisfaction of how normal people were affected by him since he's a real psycho, but I think that aside, because we really shouldn't let him affect us, it can do a lot of good if we are honest with ourselves.

Sarah Baker
Omaha, Nebraska
March 12, 2006

2. Tactical application of slowness

It is important that we understand 9/11 as a tactical application of slowness in an accelerated culture.

Paul Virilio discusses a mutation in warfare, driven in part by technology, that vectors us towards a theoretical end-point of "ONE MAN = A TOTAL WAR".

Note by way of provisional conclusion that the [1993] attack on the World Trade Centre is testimony to the clever combination of a strong symbolic dimension and an urban demolition capability implicating only a small number of individuals who used a delivery van to deliver terror. In the days of cruise missiles and the most sophisticated nuclear weapons carriers, you have to admit that this is a striking example of political economy!

The 1993 attack was a failure, however. It wasn't until the September 11, 2001 attacks on the WTC that the terrorists showed evidence of a lesson learned, ironically enough, from the Americans in the First Gulf War. The lesson? The use of camera-equipped smart bombs, which, while zeroing in on their destructive paths, transmitted images to CNN of their approaching targets before vanishing to static—a unique merging of medium and message, or weapon and reality TV.

In a more poignant example of Virilio's new political economy, a similar effect was achieved by the terrorists on 9/11.

It was the slowness of the planes that made them a particularly useful weapon that day. As opposed to the bombs used in 1993, which exploded so fast that television was only able to capture the damage done, the slowness of the airliners allowed the audience to get their camcorders around in time to view the plane striking the tower—in other words, to witness the actual event taking place.

And following the logic of televisual society, in case one missed the "live" action, an instant replay occurred 17 minutes later.

It was only at this point of critical mass that speed accelerated to the absolute real-time of the global media image, delivering an experience far more tactile and visceral to the networked millions than seeing the rubble after the fact in 1993.

I asked Sean, "Why are you writing about such a tragic event?"

1. To understand better.
2. To try and figure out what is next.

I also think it is important that this story gets told in as many ways as possible, not solely through the filter of the mainstream media.

Sean Smith
Toronto, Canada
<http://www.sportswebconsulting.ca/sportsbabel>
May 10, 2006

3. My birthday is September 11

My birthday is September eleventh. Yes, that's definitely a part of it. I turned thirty-three years old that year. An age when anyone might start having visions of mortality on their birthday. Mine were perhaps more graphic than most. Brilliantly exploding office complexes. Plummeting bodies. On my thirty-third birthday, a cell of the Al Qaeda terrorist organization hijacked three passenger jets with the intent of using them as bombs. They were mostly, and horribly, successful. For most of that day, I completely forgot it was my birthday. I'd enrolled in a continuing education course for that week. Rather than further educate myself on the functioning of my industry, as had been the plan, I spent the day reading headlines on my cell phone - to the tune of \$200 in additional charges. I was a wreck. I couldn't think; I couldn't watch the news. The skies were empty. I planted a viburnum trilobum in the front yard. I exhaled a zepelin of sighs.

The anniversary of 9-11 wasn't much better. My stress levels climbed as the day approached. I couldn't sleep, couldn't concentrate. The nation remembered, so did I. I feared another attack. I wanted revenge. The nation sought vengeance of those who had wronged us. More anniversaries passed. But, as they passed, the images disappeared from the news, replaced by new ones. And the message changed... twisted. Suddenly, Iraq was somehow involved. Or was it only Saddam Hussein? The connection was mentioned as if we'd all agreed to it yesterday, in some conversation I'd missed. And the actual events of 9-11 faded further from view. It left me feeling confused, powerless, and angry. The two wars became conflated in the minds of the populace. No one spoke of what had actually happened on 9-11. It's time we started talking about it again, time we started drawing distinctions between fighting back against those who attacked us and lashing out against our recent enemies who happen to live in the same neighborhood. Maybe this project will help to bring 9-11 back to our attention. Maybe we'll be able to start on sorting this out, deciding if what we're doing is what we really want to do. If it helps us to do that, I want to be a part of it.

Did you know on September 11, 1941, ground was broken for the construction of The Pentagon! September 11 is also the first day of the Coptic calender? Check out Wikipedia to see a bunch of interesting info on September 11 throughout history. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/September_11

I asked Mike, "Have you ever thought about celebrating your birthday on a different day?"

Yes, I'd thought about it. I even had a day picked out (September 24). But it would've seemed like sticking my head in the sand.... I'd just feel like I was faking it all through the day, which I would have been. I hate that feeling.

Mike Fischer

Racine, Wisconsin

<http://thefishmongersplace.blogspot.com>

May 17, 2006

4. 9-11 FLIP OUT

At first chance, I described your 9-11 flip-book as: "an easy on the eyes, graphic, attention-getting-device, designed to bypass every bit of my earth-grounded logic, and manipulate whichever pavlovian / malthusian / newtonian / darwinian (pmnd) emotional response button (or button combination) that it was engineered to catalyze with...all the while capturing my psychological needs."

Now, I want to know: Is it ART or is it a GAME?

What you have created is an ongoing series of complementary ulterior transactions progressing to a well-defined, predictable outcome. Descriptively it is a recurring set of transactions, often repetitious, superficially plausible, with a concealed motivation; a series of moves with a snare, or, a "gimmick."

It is clearly differentiated from procedures, rituals, and pastimes (ART) by two chief characteristics: (1) it's ulterior quality and (2) the "payoff".

Procedures may be successful, rituals effective, and pastimes profitable, but ALL of them are by definition candid; they may involve contest, but no conflict, and the ending may be sensational, but it is not dramatic.

EVERY GAME, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS BASICALLY DISHONEST, AND THE OUTCOME HAS A DRAMATIC, AS DISTINCT FROM MERELY EXCITING, QUALITY.

It is an illusion of perception, and a consideration of it leads me to believe that this NEW EXPERIENCE IS IMMEDIATELY CLASSIFIED TOGETHER WITH RECORDS OF FORMER SIMILAR EXPERIENCE SO THAT JUDGEMENT OF DIFFERENCES AND SIMILARITIES IS POSSIBLE.

Pat Riot

Los Angeles, California

<http://www.popularvulture.com>

May 23, 2006

5. Desperate grab for attention

I still cannot watch the video - do you realize it is a 3000 + plus snuff film?

I like your work but what the fuck is your point?

There are boundaries sometimes. Replaying real deaths is one of them.

Your explanation is incoherent regarding why you think it is important to minimize the deaths of 3000 people in a flip book from which you are attempting to profit.

You obviously have more concern for you self promotion than for the dignity of those who died and for the feelings of all those who lived through this experience in real time in NYC. I seriously doubt that anyone who experienced this tragedy in NYC will buy you gross trivialization of one of the most horrible days in American history. Your flip book is a craven, desperate grab for attention.

I asked Julian, "Do you think keychains and t-shirt are more appropriate way of dealing with the problem? How about those magnetic ribbons on cars?"

I disagree with all packaging of 9/11 - flags, "Bring em' on," nationalist/patriotic bumper stickers, t-shirts etc. What would have been appropriate? A bunch of men and women dressed in black screaming and beating their chests on the edge of the smoking pit that was the Trade Centers. There is no easy suffering and you cannot put a Band-Aid on a wound that is hemorrhaging. Packaging of pain is abhorrent in any form. Yellow ribbons mean nothing to me. The names and faces of the newly dead that are shown on the NewsHour every night are heartbreaking. A flip book of the Trade Centers being attacked is a puerile grab for attention on the misery of others.

Julian Miller

New York, New York

May 31, 2006

6. I wished I didn't own a television

I was at work in a photo laboratory, producing peoples "art," or at least, in the main, their mundane holiday photographs.

The first we new about it all was from a text message, to my assistant, from her friend in New York.

"a plane has hit one of the twin towers,"
That was the only info we got, and we thought it must have been an accident, perhaps a light aircraft gone off course.

So, we switched on the radio, and listened to the story unfold.
As time went by the story got more and more shocking, and my assistant remembered that one of her friends worked opposite the twin towers.

With the news telling us that the towers had gone down, we were all shocked.

Due to us listening to the news, the lab machines became still, customers came in, expecting their precious snaps, a couple got enraged that their photos weren't on time.
I told them that the twin towers had just had a plane fly into them, they shut up quick, they'd been there the week before and some of their snaps were of the towers.

I closed the lab and we carried on listening to the radio.

The customers waited and queued, all to be told that some events were bigger and more incredible than their holiday photos, and to come back in the morning.

I left work and went home to see the appalling images on TV, and I wished I didn't own a television.

Scott Grant
Bristol, United Kingdom
June 5, 2006

7. Media Monotony

I would like to own a flipbook of this nature because of what it represents for me. All weepy messages about the sadness of the event aside, I would like to share an entirely different viewpoint. To me, this flipbook represents the tedious sameness that occurred across America on September Eleventh and the days proceeding. The same thing was played with religious continuity, over and over again. Their antennas pointed at the sky to transmit the blood to televisions across the nation. "The plane strikes the tower, and there, look, there is the exact point of impact. Rewind that. Play it again in slow motion." (It's like a surprise bag every time) Sadly, with the continuous exposure I began to grow numb of the image. The lives lost were cheapened by the American media by their senseless exploitation of the same few seconds of footage. When a new angle was discovered, it was like another flavor of ice cream had been unearthed. Everyone clamored to see it. And this continued. Over and over again. Those people hanging from windows, huge on the screen. Letting go, screaming for the last time; while a newsman in a little box in the corner said to us that this was "something we needed to see."

The media channels could have cared less about the lives lost. For literally days afterwards the footage played. "For those of you who didn't see it yesterday, watch it a few times." (Till you're numb) Televisions stayed on that week. No one would dare miss a breaking update, or some breaking news, or whatever the news channel you chose called them. Ultimately, they made more money. Viewers and advertising. Catastrophes and commercial breaks.

The media made millions off of these flipbooks. They manufactured them by the trillions. Every television set, every 5 second loop, every pair of eyes staring, growing cold and numb, every hand that changed the channel to see it. A media obsessed with its money generating monotony.

Daniel Clark
Henderson, Nevada
June 6, 2006

8. Concise yet massive story

I want this piece of art because it's an amazing object. It tells a concise yet massive story of the most horrific event in my memory, and I think it's genius. To hold in ones hands the devastation and horror of that moment is akin to playing God, and deciding when to flip, how to flip (forward or backwards), and maybe NOT to flip is all part of the interactive nature of the object. It also feels like a time capsule of sorts, an incredibly low-tech, non-battery operated device, no fossil fuels or electricity of any kind are needed to activate the device, only a desire to visit the moment again, to remember the past, which very often can become almost dream like, especially as mass media has a propensity towards the truth according to whomever owns and operates the news agency, which comes as know surprise, but should be noted. How do we know what really came before, in this age of digital re-touching and special effects, when everything is slightly modified in magazines, the skies a little bluer, the faces a little less wrinkled. This object is so simple and old-school it MUST be telling the truth, or so it appears. That is part of it's charm. It seems to me that it is what it is, no pretense or bullshit, and that's very refreshing, in this over-saturated, over-marketed, overweight, overcrowded and please pull the covers over our heads we need to take our medicine and sleep.

Damon Lawner

Los Angeles, California

<http://www.damonlawner.com>

June 10, 2006

9. American student in Italy

Before my departure, in August, 2001, I expected my nationality to affect my experience as an exchange student in Italy. I couldn't have expected how the nationality, which I barely recognized or claimed, as a Californian college student, would have more significance to me when I returned home, than it ever had in my life.

On September 11, just three weeks into my stay in beautiful Siena, Italy, I returned to my adopted home, after an afternoon in Florence. The woman I was boarding with, who spoke only Italian, did her best to explain this incomprehensible event to me in clearly spoken, simple Italian. She used the universal language of pantomime to recreate an airplane flying into a large building and quoted the estimated number of deaths, in an attempt to inform her American student on the news. As I tried to understand what this woman was saying to me in a language I hardly spoke, I realized it was not so much the words I was having a hard time understanding, as it was the events that had occurred on that tragic day.

I repeatedly watched the collapse of the symbol of American ingenuity and consumerism on television, as I would have, had I been back home. It is possible that I watched it more than I would have, had I been in California, because my host was glued to the television coverage and there was a television on at all times in the kitchen, where we shared our dinners. She probably thought she was doing it for my benefit, as I needed to be informed of the events that had just occurred in my home land. Watching the once-startling footage over and over, and having easily memorized the Italian words for "terrorist" and "September 11th," I began to become familiar with the sight of the massive towers collapsing, as if their destruction was routine. After some time, Italian television broadcasters discontinued the showing of the footage as U.S. broadcasters did the same, but the images become a permanent of my memory, accompanying the fear and uncertainty that accompanied the horrid attacks.

As a group, we, the American exchange students, were advised by our cautious advisors, to conceal our nationality. I was far from home, experiencing a national tragedy in another nation, and like the rest of my fellow citizens, I had no idea of what to expect. But, I experienced absolutely no anti-Americanism, perhaps even less than I would have if it had not been for the attacks. The Italians citizens were extremely sympathetic, offering their condolences to all Americans and holding candle-light vigils outside of their Gothic Cathedrals for the lives lost. As I am partially of Italian decent, it was easy enough for me to blend in when I wanted to, but as soon as I opened my mouth, or opted to wear my tennis shoes, I was unmistakable, but I never felt ostracized because of it. While it was difficult to comprehend these tragic events as I was trying to adjust to a foreign culture, the European familiarity with loss as a result of attack, was comforting to an American student, who had no idea how to process such an event. It is a shame that the sympathy we once had was gambled away by the way our country responded to the events of that day with

the wars we are still fighting as a result of the images that littered not only our own airwaves, but the airwaves of so many other nations around the world.

Natalie Conforti
San Francisco, California
June 12, 2006

10. Incomprehensible accessible

On the first anniversary of September 11th, the Chicago Tribune released a commemorative CD-ROM encapsulating the tragedies of that day. For many Chicagoans, I imagine that the information on that disc was a welcome aid with the potential to draw out a coherent yet concise synopsis of that week's events. It contained diagrams and interactive graphics of the felled towers and their surrounding buildings, layouts of the planes and the subway underground. In short, it endeavored to make the incomprehensible accessible.

While I appreciate the need for understanding and also for closure, particularly for those who did lose relatives and friends, the topical collection of photographs and timelines, blueprints and material analyses contained in that CD-ROM too tidily stitched up the biggest rend to ever occur in the American collective consciousness. The disc, like most media surrounding the event, was placating in its blind patriotism and moreover, it dispensed a story to tell ourselves as we fall asleep: this is what happened.

I feel that that story shouldn't be handed to you in such a way that a conglomeration of information can pass for understanding without provoking thought in the user, viewer, reader. So many accounts or portrayals of September 11th neglect to even address what could possibly inspire such an act while filling in every other imaginable blank.

I want the flipbook because it lacks the very commentary I seek. In acquiring it, I am forced to question a desire for an object that will sometimes evoke feeling from me and at other times will not. I want the responsibility of its narration for myself. Culpability does not fall solely on those that organized the attacks, we shoulder a certain responsibility in living the American lifestyle without questioning those elements that make our privileges possible.

Katie Torpy
Omaha, Nebraska
June 13, 2006

11. I also was born on Sept. 11th

Believe it or not, I also was born on Sept. 11th and watched this LIVE on tv.

The day the planes flew into the buildings I was home, I took a day off of work (which I normally don't do at my birthday) and was watching TV (which I normally also don't do at day) but it felt afterwards it was my destiny to actually witness this, also because it was my birthday.

I watched the live report on CNN when the second plane fly into the building. I was watching the reporter explaining the first one at the scene when behind his back the second flew into the second building. I was shocked and couldn't believe what I saw. My emotions went from "am I dreaming - is this a movie - is this a sick joke - is this real ??".

So I (and a lot of others from my family) will never will forget my birthday again and it has now 2 meanings; the joy of the day I was born and the sadness for the marker the terrorists made to show the world how far humans have become. I am a very emotioned man, I was before and am now even more since Sept. 11th. ... People should be remembered what happened that day and that's exactly what you do with this art.

You would do me a GREAT favor if you could send me one of the flipbooks you made because that day means since 2001 a lot more than before.

Pierre Ernest
Borsbeek, Belgium
<http://www.ezprezzo.com>
June 18, 2006

12. Lesson in commerce and tragedy

PLEASE, I would like you to very much send me the 9/11 flipbook to add to my collection of historical mass-death (and/or torture) novelties and party favors. Recently I've collected the Floating Citronella Garden Party Hindenberg, the Abu Ghraib Joy Buzzer and matching dog collar, and the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Inferno (self-igniting! Complete with 500 exploited garment-worker figures that fling themselves from the windows of the burning building with battery-operated SPRING-SHOT ACTION ®).

Please send me the 9/11 flipbook so that I may remind myself that the 21st century is already THE WORST CENTURY OF ALL TIME, even worse than the SHOCKING 20th century. And as everyone knows, things can only get worse!! (I've enclosed an additional \$4.95 shipping and handling so that you can RUSH ME my 9/11 flipbook... before it's too late!)

When I receive my 9/11 flipbook, I will lie, telling people it was manufactured in the troubled days immediately following the attack, in the DAYS WITHOUT IRONY, when many artists and writers and journalists were afraid to represent the events in any way that could be conceived as unpatriotic, inappropriate, or, even, disrespectful of a befuddled American president. I will flip the flipbook for friends and neighbors, fraudulently, allowing them to marvel at it, this relic of subversion, an underground expression available from a time when only weeping and gnashing and war and souvenir T-shirts and faux-bronze replicas of the World Trade Towers were deemed acceptable modes of grief, and grief and anger were the only acceptable modes of HUMAN RESPONSE. In my hands, the flipbook will become an expression of great quizzicality. At cocktail parties (I'm FAMOUS for my cocktail parties), I will stop the book mid-flip and say, "the world was one way here," then I will flip the book forward, fluttering the paper plane into the building, "and it became something else in this instant," but will I be being only melodramatic? Or did what they were saying back then turn out to be true, that the world really did warp, our rose-colored glasses tinting eternally into a definite, queasy shade of Pepto? Irony, as it turned out, did not die, it barely even catnapped, and though now it seems we went weeks and weeks without a Letterman monologue, we didn't, it was merely days, time all accordion-like in our recall, events flipping forward and back, in fast-forward and slo-mo.

PLEASE send me a 9/11 flipbook so that I can sell it on eBay, along with the page reserved for my essay, to any interested parties. Perhaps a corporation would like to place an ad on my page (most likely one of the pre-explosion pages, a happier time, when the plane had not yet hit the tower, and the possibility of such things never happening still existed, a time more appropriate to enjoying a Bud or to buying the world a Coke, the advertiser sublimely and subliminally coaxing you to indulge in its products by tapping into those neurons that still retain the spark of that moment, the milliseconds before the plane crashed, when we thought, if we squinted hard enough, or watched the horror through our fingers, that what was certain to happen wouldn't really happen, no matter how many times we had already witnessed the collision). The transaction will then become MY 9/11 art, a conceptual lesson in commerce and tragedy, in art and irony, the artist as both merry court jester and moral scold, all in one easy-to-interpret package.

Or I might prefer to keep my 9/11 flipbook entirely unflipped, or someday I might flip it and never stop, watching and re-watching, sickened and confused, unspeakably mesmerized; with each and every flip, it'll feel like it always feels, every time I see the images, the shock never deadening, not even with repetition. It'll feel like those moments when mortality sometimes asserts itself, a reminder of the presence of death like a dip-in-the-road rush in your gut, those moments when our comforting unconscious relinquishes its death-grip on our self-defense mechanisms, silencing the

lullaby that trills perpetually in our skulls, and for that moment we feel that unsalvageable fear, well-aware of our brains and other feeble organs all housed in a fragile cage of deteriorating bone and thin skin. But then one day when I flip the flipbook forward, the plane will miss its target, and the tower will stand defiantly, the building's good ol' American stick-to-itiveness on full display, all lives saved, our worst fears yet again, miraculously, for the millionth time, unrealized.

Timothy Schaffert

Omaha, Nebraska

<http://www.timothyschaffert.com>

June 18, 2006

13. i could give a fuck less

personally, i could give a fuck less about september 11th. does that make me a bad person?? or i guess, i just really dont have anything to say about it at all. i mean i see so much in different areas of art/writing/etc. dealing with bush/911... i just dont have any opinion.

for me personally, i woke up that morning, and had a friend from new york in town, who was supposed to play a show that night. he went out for breakfast, and came back, and was all fucked up cause he knows folks that were working there. i personally, just sat and watched it with him, and bought a case of red, white, and blue... you know PBR...didn't really have any input. haven't really since.

i think the images from the attack, are spectacular. i mean it was fucked up, and uncool and all, but it's not every day you get to see a plane smash into a big building. i personally would probably turn the plane in the flip book into a big wiener or something if i got one.

Chris Fischer

Landisville, Pennsylvania

<http://www.geocities.com/unreadrecords>

June 18, 2006

14. Hold the moment in my hand

First of all, I collect flipbooks. I am fascinated by the moving image. I'm also interested in being a part of anything you are doing ever since we collaborated on "Streak".

But more specifically, why would I want a flipbook of one of the planes crashing into the World Trade Center?

On that morning, along with everyone else, I woke up to the news that a plane had crashed into a skyscraper in New York. I woke up with a nasty hangover on a friend's couch after an all night drink and drug binge. At first I wasn't aware of how serious or bad it really was. The TV was turned on and there was the Trade Center with smoke pouring out of one of the buildings.

Then I watched in total disbelief as the second plane hit.

My reaction? I went back to sleep. I figured it was a bad chemical induced dream, and when I woke up everything would be back to normal. I honestly and truly did not think it was real.

When I woke up it was still on the news. I was still not real for me. Then it was announced that the Pentagon was also attacked in the same way. They were calling it a terrorist attack.

I made my way home and all I could do was get back in bed.

Every time I woke up things were worse and worse. The towers had fallen.

America had been attacked.

I remember my roommate, a young innocent man from Mexico, his first time away from home, telling me very simply, like a child would say it: "So, I guess there will be a war now."

"Yeah", I told him. "I guess so." Although it wasn't really clear (and still isn't) where and with who. Like everyone else on that day- the image of the planes slamming into the buildings played over and over in my head. Partly because the Networks kept running the footage over and over again incessantly, as if to verify that it really happened, and partly because I kept trying to sort it out in my own mind. And now comes the opportunity to have a flip book of this moment. I can hold the moment in my hand, in a small little packet. I can play it again and again, or even reverse it if I want. Re-winding time. After I am old and dead- the book will belong to my children, then my children's children. By that time the image would have faded into a distant memory, or a page from a history book. But by holding this book and flipping it again and again, they might get a small sense of what it felt like to be alive and witness this event on the day it occurred.

Aaron Norhanian
Brooklyn, New York
<http://www.screamingskullproductions.com>
June 19, 2006

15. i think that Bush planned it

i think that bush planned it. i really do. its so obvious. it was so much part of his campaign. it made him some sort of protector and heroe. (and coincidentally right after that, the whole anthrax scare, what the hell was that) It gave way for his evil plan to counter attack because he had revenge in store for so long, thats the only reason he wanted to be president, to lash out on the arabs even if it cost thousands of deaths. he obviously doesnt give a shit about his people, (you know all his young american soldiers destined to die) as long as he gets his fathers name cleared and his companies money secure, and all his interests in oil, and of course he humiliates whoever he needs to humiliate along the way to make himself feel better. p.s. I have no clue how the Americans reelected such a psycho while it was so obvious that he was one.

People might think that a conspiracy theory is wacky but it was a very long term elaborate plan. and it worked.

When the towers went down, me being a very emotional person, I cry at weddings and that type of crap, movies and such, I had no feeling. I saw it all as the fucked up movie it was. i doubted every radio trasmitted testimony I would hear on national public radio. It was all so fake. There was great media coverage of this random incident happening at the specific moment. It was all too weird. Yes it is sad that those people died, but i think its sadder that it happens in a nation that pretends to have freedom and is living away from dictatorships but all in all this whole incident was the beginning of the most subtle and undercover dictatorship in the U.S. I wonder who's gonna be president next? Which Bush?

Anonymous
June 19, 2006

16. Respecting each other's visions

Having a flip-book of the 911 tragedy would be a curious treasure, at best, and a morbid one to say the worst. I guess it could just as easily depict the Hindenburg disaster, or maybe, the beheading of Daniel Pearle. But something about the 911 terror strike sends us into a surreal world where we stand transfixed at the sight... it transports us into a world where reality becomes a bit blurred. We have all watched the Hollywood action movies, where Arnold and Clint take on the bad guys telling us "I'll be back," and "Make my day." There is, however, no script when watching anything that depicts the 911 attack; there are only the memories of newscaster chatter and words of wonder uttered by neighbors that echo in our heads. Does a flip book trivialize such a gut-wrenching event in American history? No, probably not. In some odd way, it's like looking through a key-hole at a shocking and bizarre scene. The size of the frame gazed through does not lessen the impact of the vision spied upon. And the image of the planes striking the

Twin Towers still awakens in me a twisted ball of feelings regardless of the media through which that visualization is conveyed. Even today, as the big silver planes flying over me I am at times still be reminded that not all is right in the world. So what should I say about a 911 flip-book? Well, as strange as it may be, a flip-book may be ideal for depicting the 911 tragedy; for like a silent picture with no subtitles, we are free to insert our own words, and to draw our own feelings from what we see. And as every frame advances the picture, we can, for a brief instant, listen to the seconds tick by as the cards rustle together, and be caught in the moment again.

Steve Chudomelka
Omaha, Nebraska
June 19, 2006

17. Caught in the moment again

The wind is currently blowing through the trees, leaves are showing both sides in a wonderfully cool manner. It's as if i am witnessing a trusting exchange of life. Or rather flux. Of course, the awareness of all things being renewed is present, in these eyes it seems like it has reached it's peak. The sun is bright as it should be. The wind, well, no doubt here that it brushed through an early morning seamist, in turn spritzing everything it faces. Our paths are made for us as silent witnesses, as we are essentially proprietors of an ever-treating isness. Don't say it, you may spoil it.

Shhhh.....it's nobody's business.

I remember Sept. 11th with this attitude. Please understand that about 15 days before, something in the air touched down within me, in tune liberating a joyfulness i knew was forever there. I was conscious. Life proved itself exciting (not like doubt is a godly avenue). There is nothing, nor will there ever be that's as powerful as a sacred relationship. I mean, you can embrace it around any corner.

Ffwd, sept. 11, when i left the house, there was a surreality of cautious action. It was going around. I felt like touching everyone i came across, as well as anyone within shouting distance. Thinking back, there was a "dem bastards get you?" muse-ness that lifted a group. If you didn't already learn of the events, than you were in for something.

Understand that a low percentage of mankind came into the unforgiven position where it was thought that an attack on a population would benefit some.

It's been almost 5 full years! Still, no one has come up with an explanation of remorseful nature. That'd be almost like finding a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, however, let's dream it could happen. why? Imagine. Our collective hearts are fervently at work, busy like bees, working on the foundation that will house tomorrow's earthly dreams. All that is required is an open willingness on living in accordance with the changing conditonal requisites of the community. Now think, what fun would it be without the people around you? The ones who give your ideas room for growth. Accept community as a just cause forever.

In closing, an intense time was had. We did well respecting each other's visions of highest life by sharing with each other. through the most seemingly unimportant glancings at other people's feelings, our own were easily accepted as vital. As hard as it was essaying what i collect from that time, the reward is there when respect for humanity overwhelms.

Adam Arsenault
Prince Edward Island, Canada
June 19, 2006

18. I collect folioscopes

First of all, I would like to get the 9/11 flipbook because I collect folioscopes and this one is a terrible memory of the century... (* In French language, the word for flipbook is "folioscope" or "feuilletoscope")

And I'm also a flipbook seller in France. Recently one of my customers was flipping through books of the Eiffel Tower and Empire State Building being erected. They flipped the construction backwards and had feeling of destruction. He spoke immediately of The World Trade Center on 11 September.

All persons in the shop agreed that NEVER a flipbook about this tragedy could appear one day. I was thinking like them.....

I asked Pierre, "Would you ever consider selling September 11th flipbook in your store?"

Yes.

Pierre-François Maquaire
Paris, France
<http://www.heeza.fr>
June 19, 2006

19. My life is now richer

On That morning I was sleeping in when my wife came home from work and told me what had happened.

I turned on CNN and sat there all day wondering what the world was coming to.

Because of this event I started to read both the Bible and the Koran to find out why anyone of any religion would do such a thing.

After several years of reading and internet research I am still puzzled.

This search has led me to many contacts in the Middle East and in the US.

We share our views often and are open in our views. I am learning so much about other cultures and their beliefs that my life is now richer.

There are actually people from all religions that are bent on making the world in their view to be just like they envision it.

The reason that I would like your flipbook is that this would be a reminder that everyone who is trying to mold the world into their beliefs should be stopped.

Both books are very supportive of caring of everyone. Respect is also very important. Hatred is also evil.

This brings me to the point that we should not blame a religion for a few extremists viewpoints.

One rotten apple does not destroy the whole cart.

A different view does not lead to an argument. It leads to a discussion of understanding, which leads to mutual respect.

On many sites I have visited I have stated that I am a non-believer.

The christian sites usually attacked me or told me to become a Christian.

On Muslim sites they asked me for my views and how I felt about their views. I was welcomed and felt very comfortable.

Makes me wonder who is really following their religion?

After re-reading this I really wonder if the flipbook is important or that the acceptance of other views is more.

P.S.

It still would be a great reminder of what others can do against humanity.

Kim Lyvang
Ontario, Canada
June 20, 2006

20. Listen to *me*

I can find a video clip online of Pearl Harbor, the detonation of the first atomic bomb, anarchists throwing Molotov cocktails in Athens, tanks in Tiananmen Square, oil wells burning in Iraq, and people beating up strangers and posting it online as "art."

Your flipbook is a physical reminder that September 11, 2001 is, truly, no different than any other historical event, regardless of my own presence in New York on that day. Hopefully, owning a tiny corporeal "video" that I can play for myself with or without an Internet connection, no matter where I am in the world, will remind me of my place, or lack thereof, in history.

I wrote to Alexis "I am asking for a short essay, around 500 words. I promise to send you my art in exchange for more of your words. Please continue on with what you were saying. Where you in New York city on 9-11-2001?"

I don't have any more words concerning September 11. More than enough have already been spoken about it, when in truth the day was no more important or significant than any other. Nor, of course, was it less so. Should it matter to me only because I was there? Does that make the Vietnam war less meaningful as an event - the fact that I wasn't alive yet and thus could not experience it? Or should I consider all events that happened in/to my country be important...thus giving Vietnam its due, but leaving out, say, Rwandan genocides? If I lived in Washington DC when the sniper shootings were happening, and, yes, even laughed at the worry of my family or the presence of the Guardian Angels, does that event deserve more reflection than November 17, 1973? April 26? Should I force the world to listen to *me* because *I* was briefly touched by a tragedy, and damn them their own?

Alexis Turner
Portland, Oregon
<http://www.redheadedstepchild.org>
June 20, 2006

21. I would not like a 9-11 flipbook

I would not like a 9-11 flipbook. I'm not interested in artistic interpretations or other depictions of the collapse of the World Trade Center. I'm not interested in other people's emotional or intellectual responses to the collapse, or to the other events of that day that resulted in the loss of human life. I'm not interested in personal, artistic, intellectual or political attempts to filter or reshape these events. I'm not interested in people who use these events to advance a political stance or conspiracy theory. I'm not interested in joking about it. I'm not interested in people who try to appropriate pieces of it to inflate their opinions or art or commercial work in order to try and make these things seem important. I'm not interested in coping mechanisms or distancing devices. I'm not interested in judging anyone involved in any of the above. I'm not interested in debating anything. I'm not interested in discussing it. Any of it.

I wrote to Pat, "I have to ask, because you wrote an essay, would you like me to send you the 9/11 flipbook?"

I'll pass on the 9-11 book.

Patrick Hughes
Gainesville, Florida
<http://badnewshughes.blogspot.com>
June 21, 2006

22. Sensational effects of this game

I do really like the way you're showing what we've been fed up with since You-Know-When. You chose a flipbook and I'd say your choice is not only interesting but reveals the reality of human relationships.

Your flipbook is a toy and I think the war we're all living on Earth (even if we're not feeling it as strong as the ones who live under the bombs) is like a big endless game in a schoolyard. We're all like children: there is the strong guy, some who dare attack the strong guy but keep hiding not to be destroyed, and the others who jump on the sensational effects of this game (I think you and me and loads of Euro-Americans belong to the third part). And finally, in middle position there is the big candy packs we're all fighting for.

We're all weak children in this large schoolyard and we're killing each other for a candy packs. Your flipbook will help me and my friends to live again the turn of the game.

How would you feel if I started selling September 11th Flipbooks for money and profit?

I think that big channels like CNN, FOX or TF1 (French) are using terrorism in a quite more critical way than you could do by selling it for profit. Iraq war (1991) has been lived in direct by the Americans. Media wanted the audience to watch it like a series... for entertainment. But now their point of view is not only biased but calculated to feed the fear in the western populations and therefore to keep people under domination. Because Terrorism can touch everywhere. I think Michael Moore (whom I do not like so much) is showing it well in Fahrenheit and Bowling for Columbine.

If you sell your flipbooks I'm sure you'll give people the opportunity to think. They'll see that scene without any comments from journalists. They'll feel it in their own way...I did study art a bit this year and the main question we had to think about was the presentation of art... the link between the object and the viewer. We do not care if it's politically correct or not.. But the fact that 9/11 is still in the memory and that we do not know how another people could react seeing that scene on a flipbook help me to say that your flipbook could never be a stupid gift we exchange with friends.. You cannot get it without glancing oddly at the one who did offer it to you.

But to speak once more about presentation, I think it's the first time an artist is using the Internet to collect reactions. I think what we call art is not the flipbook itself, but the way you're introducing it to the spectators. D'you remember the museum where you cannot touch anything, where you must stay behind the red line.... it's over... Let's exchange, Let's poke our noses into everything...

Philippe Dubost
Chamalières, France
June 26, 2006

23. I could smile about your question

I'm just a flipbook crazy collector; I want all of them, like a DOM JUAN wants all the women, with the risk of loving one.

But not only...

I could go on a big gold horse and declaim:

“That Art is the check-point between an emotional shock and a truth that opens on the future”;

“That playing adolf hitler is not Nazi propaganda”;

“That Andy Warhol, in depicting Mao Tse Tung, is not responsible for the massacres of the Cultural Revolution”;

But not only...

I too can remember 11.09. This day, actor, I was in rehearsal for “The Road of the Orange Tree Grove” which speaks of a man who doesn’t understand his son and goes to die alone... We were having a pause, the television was on in the Green Room, and the first images mixed themselves up in my head with the text I was studying. Where was the fiction? Where was the truth?

Then the nightmare confirmed itself as being Life. I was so moved, so shocked, I couldn’t react. I just said: “World War III has just begun today”. My anger was stronger than my despair, I didn’t cry, I howled.

I could remember the days after, huge memories and shameful memories: the pictures of New-York firemen, heroic in their sacrifice... the pictures of young Muslims in certain French suburbs, proudly wearing tee-shirts at my enemy’s effigy, Bin Laden; cynic provocation from lost kids, killers for tomorrow.

I asked Jean-Pierre, "How would you feel if I started selling September 11th Flipbooks for money and profit in stores like HEEZA? Or how about the in The Pompidou Center?"

I could smile about your question (“can we sell this flipbook in today’s world, in Paris, in the Georges Pompidou Centre?”), but I don’t smile... This artistic modesty that refuses to enrich itself on dung, that refuses to be the dealer of a purulent temple, touches me because I discover that this feeling exists in the USA too. But I do not think it is right: a photograph is to an action it depicts what grass is to Attila. If the MGM and fellow members could not show on screens “sensitive” subjects we’d eternally see “The Little House on the Prairie”, or “Heidi”! We would then be the bemused spectators of a collective cultural suicide, and at the best, for the most resistant among us, of suffocating boredom.

I could also think that a little book is an act of resistance, a little flower hanging on the guns of Intolerance, the minimal answer to the world’s maximum cruelty, a kid’s smile to the face of a nightmare; for this, “Thank you”.

And so, and again, and mostly, a flipbook, this particular flipbook can be manipulated in two directions. Hold it firmly from the back; turn the pages backwards, fanning it from the end to the beginning: you will see a building on fire being built again, anew, a plane receding in the sky, disappearing far away, out of New-York. Do the exercise several times.

Again.

Again.

And again.

Jean-Pierre Becker
Paris, France
June 27, 2006

24. Hold a piece of history

What tangible items do we have of the attacks on September 11, 2001? Many of us have a broken heart, an uneraseable picture in our brains of burning skyscrapers. Some of those images we can remember from the television screen. I replay those memories often. I watched the twin towers smoldering from the hilltop of my small New Jersey town. The smoke could be seen in my bedroom community about a dozen miles away from what became known as Ground Zero. Friends and strangers got out of their cars on that hilltop and stood in small clusters and looked without speaking. There was silence.

Many commuters from Bergen County did not make it home that day. Some never made it home again. The following weeks were filled with sorrow and pain. Suddenly people seemed kinder to each other. More people became religious and patriotic. Flags flew from little cape-cods, split-levels and McMansions. More hugging was seen on the streets. Evenings were spent in schools, churches, and ball fields singing "America the Beautiful" and "God Bless America."

Everyone in my neighborhood knew someone, or someone who knew someone who died that day. People had a need to connect or reconnect with friends and relatives. Phone calls to long lost buddies were made. Old enemies reconciled. Everyone had a story that he needed to tell.

Some local towns erected memorials to the dead. Money was easily raised. It was easy to be generous when your family was safe. It was much better to give dollars and not the lives of family members. My teenage son, a member of the local volunteer fire department, joined in the efforts on September 12 in New York City. He was very upset when he arrived home and would not tell me what he saw or did at Ground Zero. Later that week he joined the U.S. Navy. I was so proud of him, but I would have gladly given more dollars to keep him near home and out of harm's way. He is safely home now after spending time in the Persian Gulf.

What tangible evidence do we have of what happened on that unbelievable sunny day in September? Our evidence is of the negative kind. The lack of the towers, the change in the skyline, the empty, holy land in the financial district yells to us of our loss. Thousands of people are no longer with us. Their bodies could not be found. But we must remember them and what happened that day. We must remember how we felt when our country was violated. We must remember how united we became.

How will my granddaughter and future grandchildren remember this event? Will it be just another date to memorize from a history textbook? Will it be an ancient happening with no meaning or emotion attached to it? How do we remember the life defining events of our parents and grandparents?

When we can hold a piece of history in our hands it makes it come alive. When a child can get involved in an interactive device learning is more likely to happen. Scott, please send me your artwork so I can remind my grandchildren what happened in our time and how fortunate we were to survive.

Jayne Sonshine
Twp. of Washington, New Jersey
June 28, 2006

25. Selfish American

Americans are capitalistic, we do everything for money. I am sure that it pisses people off in other countries where we wage war in order to gain capital. This was their response. Fuck you America! As much as 9/11 was a very tragic event that I would never wish upon anyone, it was a bit of a wake up call. I am a self centered, money hungry and selfish American. Sometimes I sit back and think about all the opportunities life has given me and how I have taken advantage of most of them. Then I think about what would have to get inside someone's head to make them fly a plane into a large building. Did they not have the same opportunities that I have had? Sometimes I forget because I am emerged in this little world I call my life. I work, I shop, I play sports on the weekends, I take trips to fun and exotic places and I work some more. Throw in some equally selfish friends and that's my life. Sure I recycle, I donate to charities and open doors for old people but I have never really suffered. I have never been hungry. I have never watched fighter jets fly over my country and drop bombs. I have watched a plane fly into one of the Twin Towers. Before 9/11 I was never political. I was in college when it happened and the extent of my political knowledge at the time was what I learned in Political Science 101, a required course. Now I try to be a little more political, but as a gay woman most of my efforts are thrown into the homosexuals for equal rights arena. That's me being selfish again, only political because it's affecting me. 9/11 did open my eyes to a lot of issues but since the only way it has actually changed my life is higher gas prices and taking my shoes off at the airport, I really don't understand what I could be

doing to make it better. Do I stop driving my new car and save gas? Do I stop shopping for new clothes and stimulating the capitalistic economy? Do I protest President Bush and his personal oil crusade? No. I don't want to.

Tabitha Straws
Seattle, Washington
June 28, 2006

26. Everyone wants to be right

September 11th is a day that we will never forget.

It started out as any other ordinary day...my husband went to work, I hugged my kids and got them on the school bus. I came inside and turned on the television...I almost couldn't comprehend what I was watching.

If you ask someone what they were doing at that precise moment that our Country fell under attack....everyone will have an answer.

The time seemed to stand still as we all watched those horrific images on our TV screens, and the people that eyewitnessed these events can still hear the sounds and smell the smoke as if it was yesterday.

I can still remember how odd it was not seeing any aircraft in the sky in the days following the attack, and the news coverage was ongoing as the death toll constantly rose.

We were all on those planes and we were all jumping from those burning buildings, we all felt the pain, despair, hatred, frustration, confusion, and uncertainty. We wanted someone to pay for what had been done and the sad fact is, is we are the ones paying daily with our lives. We watch the continued horrific scenes being played out daily... the kidnappings, car bombings, suicide bombers and the slaughtering of our troops seems to never end.

We sadly live in a world where no one can get along. Everyone wants to be right whether that be with religion, politics or who ate the last piece of cake. In the ideal world, we would have respect for each other and their ideas, thoughts etc. We would support and embrace all religions, races and individuality.

Hopefully, our children and our children's children will have a safer world than we live in now. Today, we have thousands of our men and women dying as they try to regain a strong and safe Nation.

In the meantime, find peace and comfort in your family and friends. Give to the poor, ask a homeless man or woman their name. Say hello to your neighbor. Hug your children, tell them you love them. When the grocery store clerk asks if you need assistance give them a polite answer. Say please and thank you and teach your children to do the same. Smile at the person in line next to you at the bank. Hold the door open for the next person. Go to a nursing home and listen to our elders tell stories of their youth. Volunteer at a shelter.

Although we have daily reminders of a world filled with hate, you can make your life and the lives around you better by doing good around you. And yes, it is contagious.

The flip book that you see is a reminder that we need to drastically improve the way we live and the way we treat others. Changing the world for the better begins with yourself...imagine if we all felt that way....

K. Verbonus
Steilacoom, Washington
June 28, 2006

27. Another frantic day

Just seen the September 11th flip art books. I feel really sad and angry all over again. I was working at home that day and the sheer unbelievable scene of the plane hitting the building is still hard to grasp. A beautiful sunny day, people going about their lives and in an instant of pure hatred the world changed.

For me it was a long time (even here in England) before a plane going over didnt make me worry. It affected how we view each other and why we couldnt trust each other.

I cannot comprehend what happened not only to those people but to humanity in general, that people could do this. It became an event that mostly people store now in their memory and dont think about.

We had the bombing on the 07/07/2005 here in London, another frantic day for me as my parents and sister live there and trying to get hold of them was impossible. My sister is a policewoman and the danger for her that day was so immense, when she finished her shift we all blew a sigh of relief. My friend and neighbour didn't come home that night he was discovered to be one of the last bodies pulled from the underground and again its hard to fathom. Its a year next week for us remebering a good man lost to a war that he did not agree with.

People forget so easily and for me seeing the flipbook, brought back the sadness and horror and a sense of futility at what was a senseless act that acheived nothing. For me it is although horrible, a reminder of what we should never see again.

Jo Bryan
Cambs, United Kingdom
June 28, 2006

28. Not just about the victims

September 11th was a frightful shock for everyone. America stood tall after the attacks and vowed to catch whoever responsible. The whole country was backing this as they wanted something/someone to be caught for all the lives lost that day. Not only did innocent people die, fire fighters who were only doing their day to day job lost their lives too. Families lost their husbands, wives, parents, brothers, sisters and children to some ruthless attack.

The book would commemorate the thousands of people that died on that very sad day. It would also show that it wasn't just the people in the towers that lost their lives there were many other civilians on the planes that flew into the towers as well.

9/11 was not just about the victims it is also about the terrorists. Are they terrorists or are they standing up in what they believe in. I know what they did was wrong but maybe we are all wrapped up in our worlds that we don't have time to listen to what other people have to say. So they take matters into there own hands. I don't know why they did it but it has made me more aware of the fact that there are people out there willing to give up their on lives to tell/show people what they believe in. I know some people are just out there to make others scared but they have to have some reason for that as well. I think that the terrorists out there doing what they did were not going about it the right way. Surely someone not directly involved knew that this attack was going to happen and that thousands would die and many more suffer from the torment and nightmares of that day. Because it,s not just that day that will be sad, people will think of it everyday and ask themselves what if. What if I had helped that person or had a day of work I wouldn't have witnessed my colleagues dying or laying dead on the floor. All these horrifying events are for some to much to handle and they fly off the rails often needing psychiatric help or in extreme cases commit suicide. I watched a program about the decisions you would have make about how you would like to die and that you could have jumped out a window and within 10 seconds be dead or whether you wanted to burn alive or crushed by the towers falling. It was such a sad documentary and I really felt for the people trapped in there on the top floors above where the plane hit they had no chance of survival.

Everyone has heard of 9/11 and prays that nothing like that will ever happen again. The pictures of the attack are unreal and how someone could deliberately fly into them is almost too hard to even think about. Why would people want to do that? For what purpose has it done? Cause yet another war.

September 11th will be a day everyone remembers and never forgets about. It will stay in the heart of many and someone's story of the planes and towers falling will touch everyone.

Hayley Gardiner
Northampton, United Kingdom
June 28, 2006

29. Feelings and emotions of others

Originality. This flip book is just a first of its kind, most people have trouble finding out a broad variety of feelings that people have about 9/11 and also have them in the same place in print, not on a TV special from some biased media format or a website that only the true bloggers will sit there and read for hours on a computer screen. So many people have had feeling regarding this subject. Mine alone were a variety of fear for WWII to a government controlled police state instead of the liberties we get to enjoy still to this date. I saw the second plane live on TV when I worked for K-Mart all those years ago, and all I could think of was to keep watching and wait to see if something got close to my own home in the Midwest before I would go running off the job and gather the wife and kid and some supplies and head out to the country with the guns just in case. After all, I grew up with movies like Red Dawn and the whole Cold War when we waited for some big army to come rolling in to take us over, not attack us with a strike here and a strike there, only pissing off a lot of people more and more, unless you had a bleeding heart like some of my neighbors, who tried to understand the "WHY" they would do this, and had no care to stop it from happening again, which thankfully many have been stopped and what has gotten through has been small. After all, 9/11 wouldn't have happened if the terrorist groups or insurgents or Muslim extremists or whatever you call them had succeeded the first time they attacked the twin towers with the van bombings in the basement back in February of 1993. But back then we treated them like criminals and not enemies of the US. That of course is for other discussions. This unique flip book gives, lets people read the feelings and emotions of others, and if all you want to do is flip through the pages, you'll at least have a way to see what they're talking about.

David Vogt
Rockford, Illinois
June 28, 2006

30. Made from suffering

Since I first discovered your art, I have been amazed by all the things you have done. Another thing that also shocked and amazed me was 9/11. I can still remember that day. I was a freshman in high school sitting in biology class. School had just started. Halfway through first period, I could hear people yelling in the hallways. After a few minutes of this commotion, a teacher went to find out what was going on. Not ten minutes later, the entire school was crowded into the lobby watching in shock as a news anchor told the world how two planes had been hijacked earlier that morning. Even though I had no relatives in danger, I stood in awe as the world started to fall apart. All day, we would move back and forth from class to the lobby whenever something interesting came up. There was so much frustration; no one could concentrate on school. Not even the teachers. 8:46 a.m. - American Flight 11 crashes into the North tower. I never thought in my wildest dreams that I would witness something this horrific. Soon after, teachers started to motion kids back into classrooms. As I walked the hallways back to my class, I could hear people crying; people who might have had family in danger. Maybe they were just upset, who knows. I know I was pretty upset. Half the students didn't even make it back to their respective classes before the second plane struck. "The world is coming to an end" I thought. For the remainder of the day, we all watched as the other two flights crashed. It seemed that this

day would go on forever. After school was dismissed I went to a friend's house that lived down the block from me. We decided to call a few friends whom we hadn't talked to in a while. We discussed the events of the day and watched the news at the same time for any other news. The videos of the planes crashing into the Trade Center towers were played over and over. I can see them in the back of my mind as clear as that day. I discovered that my friend had an aunt who lived not two blocks away from the Trade Centers. Luckily, she wasn't harmed and got out just fine. But the terror that creeps up your spine when you know a loved one is in danger is just agonizing. Day turned into night and we discussed the topic of war. It seemed everyone was scared that the world would turn to war after this event and I'm halfway surprised it didn't turn to all-out war. It was a tragic day in history and should be remembered for all the brave people who fought to save those in the World Trade Center. For all the innocent people who died. There is a saying I've heard... "All great art is made from suffering". If you look at all the great artists throughout history, this rings true. I would love to have one of your flipbooks to hold as a piece of history. And to remember the day of September 11th...

Nick Jugovics
Paxton, Illinois
June 28, 2006

31. Ten and a half year old

It was September, 11. I was a young boy, aged ten and a half year old, studying at a primary school in The Netherlands. It was half past three PM and I cycled to my home. When I came home I sat down on a chair in the living room. Suddenly the phone rang. I picked up the phone and I heard the voice of my grandmother: "Quick! Turn the TV on at "Nederland 2"! A plane had flown into the one of the Twin Towers". As fast as I could, I turned the TV on and I saw something I have never seen before: A second plane flown into the second tower. First I thought it was a mistake but after that I was sure it wasn't an accident. The whole afternoon I've looked to the TV and that evening at six o'clock and at eight o'clock I watched the Dutch news and between that I watched CNN with only one thing that I was thinking at: How could someone do things like this!!!

And still today, almost five years later, I'm thinking that. But deep inside I know that there are people that are completely against the United States or against President Bush. Self I am sometimes against President Bush but I think there are better ways, in stead of flying a plane in a building and killing innocent people. I hope they will catch Bin Laden as soon as possible, so he cannot do anything bad anymore. But I think the network of Bin Laden (Al Qaida) will search for a new leader.

I think the thing that makes the most impression to me was seeing that some people jumped out of the windows without a parachute or something like that. They knew that they haven't got a chance to survive when they stay into the building and knew too that they haven't got a chance when they jump out of the building, but they are looking a way to end their life.

Some days ago I saw on the television a program about 9 ^ 11. Some people who had survived it told about it. Someone said that he had got a broken arm caused by some stuff that flew around after the plane has flown into the tower. At the level he was, there was smoke everywhere. He could not see anything around himself. The elevator didn't work anymore. There was no electricity. As low to the ground could, he walked to the stars where many people where trying to get to the lowest level and get out of the building. It was a complete chaos he tolled. When he reached the 3rd level he jumped out of the building... Approximately a half minute after he jumped out of the building, it collapsed. An ambulance brought him to a hospital with one lag broken on two places, the other lag on one place and with a broken arm.

Now five years later he is again doing his job, but thousands of people weren't so 'lucky'...

Lennaert Bosch
Cuijk, The Netherlands

June 28, 2006

32. Trivializing those events

Wow! I don't know how to feel about this. It's shocking really. So many people have capitalized on 9/11 including "our" government and so much bad "art" has been created about this event. The stark reality of seeing this scene depicted in a flipbook with no commentary, just a "take it or leave it" attitude, I think it's brilliant. To me a flipbook is fun and it's unsettling to see this format used to depict this, probably the biggest event of our lifetimes (so far *insert worried face here*). I have a hard time separating the way I feel about this flipbook as a work of art, and my feelings about the fact that it exists at all. I'm sorry, I don't know if I am making sense. I don't want to say this makes me feel the way I felt following the events of September 11th; that would be trivializing those events. And yet depicting them in this way does exactly that, doesn't it? Doesn't this at least open the suggestion that these events are being trivialized? This flipbook creates a small version of a very large truth for me. I don't want to say microcosm, but yes, it really is that. The shock, the sense of conspiracy, of unknown motives, the crass and disgusting way that this real event was used as a manipulative tool, these are reflected for me in this flipbook and I think your work is incredibly stimulating and thought-provoking and I admire the fact that you are willing to create such a really horrific item in such a casual way.

David LaBrue
Marysville, California
June 29, 2006

33. Slap in the face

the american people where lied to

i believe your flip book project is a slap in the face to Al Qaeda and all the other extremist pussy's out there who think that bombing and borderline genocide will scare the world when in fact its just making us as a collective stronger and more determinant to seem them hang BUT how ironic it is that a terrorist organization who the US openly Financed and Armed against the Russians in Afghanistan in the 80s should 10 years later openly attack the country who gave them life but did Al Qaeda really plan it all or where they just pawns in a very big game of chess controlled by the bush administration power hungry for oil and money but they had no grounds to openly attack Iraqi so planned the World Trade centre attacks thus framing Al Qaeda thus being able to "free" Afghanistan but realising If the US People is this easy to manipulate that maybe they could Magically Dream Up Saddam Hussain Having WMD and thus creating a US Controlled Client State with an abundance of oil and wealth But America Being Power Hungry cant and wont stop There they are now after Iran and there supposed creation of WMD and if people fall for that WHO'S NEXT? Jordan Saudi Arabia North Korea??

David Pitman
South Wales, United Kingdom
July 1, 2006

34. Agree with it or not

I would like one of your September 11th art flip books because it is documenting an important piece of world history and is an event that has changed the world forever regardless of where in the world you live or which 'side' you support.

I am an art teacher and always try to open my students eyes to the world of art and all of the possibilities within it. Art does not have to be nice, or pretty or even socially acceptable. It can document peoples opinions and awful events in a way that is often not acceptable in any form other than art.

September 11th is an event that many people are afraid to have an opinion about for fear of upsetting or offending someone. By creating a piece of art about September 11th, you are giving people the means to express themselves through their discussion about it and also to remember of the people whose lives were effected by that terrible day.

Everyone has a story to tell about September 11th and everyone has different opinions. Some are going to be incredibly angry that this art was created, they will say that it is cashing in on the deaths of hundreds of people and are glamourising the terrorists, while others, like me, will be touched by it. They will see the art and remember that awful day and the many lives lost. They will remember the families and friends of the people who died and they will be pleased that at least some people will never forget.

Art is a form of expression and whether you agree with it or not, it is still an important part of our society. Art captures our imaginations and helps to free our emotions - Without it our lives would be expressionless and dull.

Tracy Cowell
Somerset, United Kingdom
July 1, 2006

35. This happened to everyone

Yes I would like a flip book. My son is a fireman and this would be a small memorial for him. What fireman in the United States will forget 9/11? I didn't personally know anyone who lost there life on 9/11 but felt the loss of every person who died that day.

I was glued to the TV that day and the next few days and suddenly they would no longer show the towers being hit or going down. I want to remember it, I want to be able to see it, I want to be angry at the people who did this. Why shouldn't we see what terrorists are capable of doing to our country? I feel this happened to everyone, not just the people who were in the buildings and their families.

In our small town, the schools would not show the events unfolding on their televisions. They did announce what happened and left it at that. In my opinion the high school and middle school students should have been able to see what was happening. I believe they were old enough to see what terrorists had done to their country. I will agree that for the very young students it should have been left up to the parents, probably to watch with them and talk about it and how they feel. I heard some older students asking why they could not watch and were quite angry about it. They said if there were students who didn't want to watch, they would have understood. There could have been certain rooms with TVs on.

I was at work on 9/11 and someone called us to let us know what happened. We had a TV that was hooked up to a security system so we could watch the store but we could switch to regular TV. That of course is what we did as soon as we heard. Every customer we had that day and the next few days stood and watched our TV. Our boss even called and said "Are you watching?", and we usually knew better than to mess with the TV. Now someone please tell me why we could not see the planes hit the towers or the towers coming down after a few days of coverage. I think a lot of Americans wanted to see it while it was being covered.

My son belongs to small volunteer fire department but they were able to send a few members to help with first aid for the searchers. I know they were all proud to help and would do it again in a minute. My son was not one of the members to go but would have if needed. The people returning from ground zero said that they could never describe the sight, it was something you would have had to see for yourself. The people of New York City were unbelievable because they were all ready and willing to do what ever needed to be done to help the victims.

Candy VanOcker
Springville, New York

July 1, 2006

36. What the news can do

I woke up one morning and turned on the television and watched this 'boring movie' of a building on fire because apparently a plane just hit it. I was a sophomore in high-school and just getting ready to go to class. As I sat there eating my oatmeal, barely paying attention, my father woke up and looked at the television.

Another airplane just hit the second tower. He said 'oh my God what's going on?!' and I responded 'oh, I dunno what the movie's called' I clicked the VIEW button on the Satellite remote so I could see the title, it said 'Pokemon' although it obviously wasn't. I flipped the channels... almost every channel was showing the same footage. I coughed and spit out oatmeal.

My father looked horror-stricken. He told me to go to school today, not to change anything about what I usually do. I asked him why... he just responded 'They're going to blame us.'

And they did. Every day of my life I heard something new about the arab world. The generalization that all arabs were Muslim and that all Muslims were terrorists. I'm not even a Muslim, I'm Greek Orthodox Christian, but because I was arabic I'm 'supposed to be' a Muslim and a terrorist.

I decided to rant. I asked for an essay to be published in the school newspaper. I bitched and ranted and cleared a lot of stuff up. The next day when the paper came out I was surprised that people read it. Everybody shut up and if anybody got out of line the other kids would shut him or her up. I finally got them back on my side.

Going to Loyola University was another leap of faith. It seems that everyone smart enough to go to college after they graduated from high-school was a well-educated liberal or conservative who was not racist and knew well enough. The news on television about the September 11th attacks finally settled down. When I say finally, I mean FINALLY. Because of all the repeated drama it felt like the attacks were a little less than a year before... but they were really 4 or 5 years ago. Amazing what the news can do.

Fadel Haowat
Chicago, Illinois
July 1, 2006

37. Light against Hate and Ignorance

My first response is “why we dredging that up again?!” But the reality is that it never left, only my own ignorant mind letting the painful thoughts regress, and therefore rendering me useless and unremorseful.

September Eleven Two Thousand One, shortly after Eight am... A man comes running in the Deli I am working in since Six am, serving coffee and bagels for the morning rush in Hackensack, NJ.

He says “DO YOU HAVE A TV IN HERE?! A PLANE JUST HIT THE TWIN TOWERS!!!” To which my response was. “YEAH RIGHT, EVEN WITH NO RADAR AN IDIOT COULDN'T MISS A BUILDING OF THAT SIZE” (as I kinda rolled my eyes at him)

Well, we did have a TV, and I saw the terrible truth. As the Second plane hit, I knew from that moment, this was not some irresponsible pilot making a fool of his airline.

To this day, since this event, the reception on my TV has never been back to normal, and neither have I. The thought of someone jumping from a building to “save themselves from a worse fate of burning” makes me sick to my stomach! It’s almost like a decision from the movie “Saw” Where people are put in horrific and painful situations, and if they don’t pass the test of horror number one, than horror number two comes at them full swing!

I have friends where two years later are getting phone calls because a family members DNA tested body part was found.

What is this garbage?

WHERE WAS GOD, WAS HE OUT GOLFING ON JUPITER THAT TUESDAY MORNING?!

Well I do know one thing, I can’t explain the grand scheme of things, and I don’t wanna try and figure it out!
“He makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the just and the unjust” (Matt five)

I can’t leave my house now with a gun and cap Osama-b-l in the head, and even if I could, there is something bigger than me, bigger than the total Two Thousand Nine Hundred Ninety Six Lives Extinguished so quickly.

Vengeance will be paid in full when this is all laid to rest. I may not see this in my lifetime, but I’m ok with that. I’m only one man of almost Six point Seven Billion people here on Planet Earth, but my FAITH & TRUST is in GOD who is control ultimately through all! Without that Peace of Mind and ability to release the Anger and Responsibility to him, my life would be a train wreck.

NINE ELEVEN IS THIS GENERATIONS “JFK”

Some things we have to realize that we have ZERO PERSONAL CONTROL over and that’s where HOPE and FAITH IN JESUS comes from!

My heart is torn from this, and nothing like it before or after has affected me so deeply. I remember this story a friend passed on to me.

While standing next to a woman at the bus stop in North Bergen NJ, a woman weeping as SHE WATCHED ACROSS THE RIVER the first Tower falling, because her daughter worked there. I can never erase that mental image from my mind, nor would I want to! But all I can do in moving forward, is daily show my LOVE, PATIENCE and TOLERANCE TO EVERY PERSON I MEET.

At its roots, THIS WAS A HATE CRIME, and I will not forget that every RACE, RELIGION, SEXUAL ORIENTATION, & POINT OF VIEW comes from an individual that deserves nothing but the respect and personal attention we would want ourselves.

HATE is bred, learned and taught us by association, and we can all stop that by standing up for those who are afraid to stand for themselves, and HONOR THOSE INNOCENT VICTIMS AND HEROES THAT DIED THAT DAY BY SPREADING PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING!

I will use this beautiful and accurate art as A REMINDER TO DO MY PART in this world as a light against Hate and Ignorance.

Daniel Sahagian
North Arlington, New Jersey
July 1, 2006

38. Little effect on my life

In 2001 I was living in the centre of town as a Student. I also worked in a call centre for a company selling tickets for music events. The crash(es) happend on the morning of September 11th (US time), I found out about them in the evening of September 11th (UK time) when I got to work.

I remember the moment. I turned up to work and my workmate asked if I'd been watching the TV. I said of course not it was early evening, daytime TV sucks. He said, and I quote: "The worlds gone mad, terrorists have blown up New York." then I had to get on the phone and answer calls.

I managed to catch a bit of TV that evening and someone I worked with said "I bet it's that Bin Laden bloke". I said "Bin Who?" and sure enough the TV reported he was number one suspect.

Since then it's had little effect on my life. Well the event has but some actions following have (2 wars etc....). The message that the terrorists were sending through 9/11, although powerful, has not been heeded by those in positions of power in the US and its messed up.

Whilst we're on the subject I should add that the over-the-top public greaving following the events of 9/11 and also the Diana death (UK) have made me more sickened by society than anything else. Sure its nice to show you care but get a grip, ffs.

As fucked up as it was the images from 9/11 will continue to be some of the most fascinating of all time (much like the Kennedy assassination footage). I think turning it into "art" is as valid a statement as any in the history of free expression.

Plus I wanna show it to all my mates!

Sam Brobvision
Nottingham, United Kingdom
July 1, 2006

39. Through tragedy life goes on

Sept 11 was the day I was scheduled to travel back to Australia.

I had been in Canada for a whole year and was looking forward to seeing my family and friends again. I woke early to the sound of the TV blaring away, just the news, I thought nothing of it. The image that was being broadcast from the TV was incomprehensible. Was it real? I had to satisfy my curiosity so I just sat and watched it unfold. What the hell...My first thoughts were of my family in Australia. Are they watching this? Who would do this? Why would anyone want to do something so devastating? It is 10 days after the tragedy, the world is still reeling, accusations fly, the airports are finally open to all traffic again. I am boarding a plane to Australia, there is nothing, no one is talking, everyone is suspicious of everyone else. The slightest turbulence in the flight is met with terror, a look that is displayed on the faces of every passenger. Can't this thing go any faster? I have to see my family. Touchdown...The relief from disembarking that flight was satisfying in an strange but reassuring way. My family, they were as happy to see me as I were of them...

I asked Cain, "Why do you want the flipbook?"

I would like to own the flipbook to serve as a reminder of the event and the feelings I still hold. It reminds me that through tragedy life goes on.

Through the 9/11 tragedy and the great work of the Fire Brigades, Police and EMT, I became aware of what I was destined to do in life, protect and save lives. I have since joined the NSW Fire Brigade and now it is my job to protect others.

Cain Radford
Broken Hill, Australia
July 1, 2006

40. I might as well have been there

I know a lot people will look at my title and disagree. And more that likely they will protest and disagree loudly, and with harsh words.

We are a lost generation named X. Ironically; our drug of choice has also been abbreviated to E. So it is only appropriate, that our most significant day of our generation is 911.

This war was a fight between persons of the same culture, religion, ideals. Friends and family still disagree with the finer details. This has become a virtual war based on ideas, not land or money but people fighting for or against subjective opinions.

I look at the pictures from that day and the days the followed and I remember everything I remember what the voice-over sounded like when the second plane hit. I remember the article I read explaining how people went back into the buildings because they thought it was safe.

I was thousands of miles away when the second plane hit and the building eventually collapsed but I was there watching it live as people jumped and ran and cried. I might as well have been there in this “real time” generation.

But the most beautiful thing I saw that day... was for a short time everyone was the same. Everyone was an ashy grey colour on the screen – emergency personnel, women, men and children.

We were all the same despite our subjective opinions, even if it was just until we washed the dust off.

Susan Rabka
Johannesburg, South Africa
July 1, 2006

41. Arbiter of the act

The 9/11 flipbook seduces the flipper to send the plane into the tower over and over again. The flipper becomes the arbiter of the act, or at least the visual of the act, which is of course a main reason everyone can get so upset about 9/11. If it had just been a story you had heard or read about—no color, no smoke, no grimaced faces, no undone newscasters, no show—we may have not gotten behind a war. How many people died on September 11th? about 3000 American civilian deaths. How many people have died since? over 2500 American military deaths which we don't really see and around 40,000 Iraqi deaths we don't see. I don't really want to see, but I did see 9/11. I stayed home from work. I cried. I would flip this book as well, and show the flipbook to friends, maybe to my students. It's a conversation. It's a child's toy. I've got the whole world in my hands. And perhaps with that power I will flip it backwards and undo the death and war, and the numbers will drain from the tally cup. And then I will put it on my bookshelf next to flipbook Elvis.

Nicole Brodsky
San Francisco, California
July 1, 2006

42. Uncomfortable sharing

This is a particularly thought-provoking piece. Depictions of the 9/11 attack in art, in movies or on TV have drawn some level of criticism. The use of television footage in the remake of 'The Omen' drew some negative, even angry, responses in the test viewing audience.

The event is obviously still painfully raw in the minds of most people, even those like myself, from other countries. I admit my own initial reaction was one of slight shock - which my logical side then proceeded to observe and analyse! Was this subject suitable for such a seemingly 'trivial' medium as a flip book?

I suppose that's a question for the individual. 20th century art, since Dada-ism and Surrealism, has mined contemporary experiences for sources of inspiration. Pastoral scenes and portraits are passe - much modern art is intended, I believe, to provoke some emotional response from the viewer. This little item certainly achieves that purpose.

I asked Julie, "Is there anybody you would feel uncomfortable sharing the flipbook with?"

After considering for a moment, I realised I would probably be uncomfortable sharing this with most of my friends - then proceeded to do just that! I sent out the web link to friends, asking if they found either the subject or the medium unacceptable. Not surprisingly, there were vastly mixed reactions; more surprising was the depth of emotion in most of the feedback I received. I thank all of my friends for taking the time to consider this question so deeply and providing me with such well thought out replies.

Some of their comments included:

"...the misery behind what happened is not a subject for art in the context of the flip book, but ... if it isn't spoken about we could easily become complacent and forget to be aware ... of what is going on and to be grateful (for) how good our lives are in comparison to others' loss and grief." - Heidi.

"Definitely unacceptable. Why glorify and profit from tragedy? Found the flipbook totally abhorrent." - Elizabeth.

"I quite enjoyed seeing that, perhaps because I am looking at it as a piece of artwork and have been able to disconnect from the reality it is linked with. This is a difficult topic, quite simply as some people will be unable to "dis-connect" from the reality." - Wade.

"After viewing the Flipbook I felt compelled to look up the definition of art. Some of the definitions were (1) the products of human creativity; (2) the creation of beautiful or significant things; (3) a superior skill that you can learn by study and practice and observation; (4) the expression of creativity or imagination. This flipbook is the product of human creativity ... showing the creation of a significant thing although ... not a beautiful thing; it ... is the artists expression of creativity. My first reaction to seeing this flipbook was wrong, it is art... by definition at least. (However) ... to me the subject matter is not art - history yes, but not art. To me, art is something beautiful, it is thought provoking and something that I want to keep and look at every day. This subject is all things ugly to me ... it is something that causes me distress on many levels and I struggle with my own feelings ... because it reminds me that I witnessed this event as it happened. My 'art' doesn't force me to re-live negative emotions over and over - that's what my "life" does; my "art" is there to sooth, comfort, restore and uplift. This is not art imitating life - it's a very bad attempt at life trying to be passed off as art. The (flipbook) forces the viewer's attention within a very ... confined boundary ... it takes away from the enormity (of) this event (and its) impact on our world ... This one event has changed daily life for me and everyone I know. To present it in a flipbook is in my opinion an attempt to trivialise and dismiss the huge loss of life... and the impact on the world on a daily basis. So yes, I do think it is unacceptable." - Helen.

"...I am old fashioned when it comes to art and do not believe what this "Artist" does is real art... I would not buy something like this or even consider it art and it is really on the crass side. But isn't that what some artists want? To be recognised no matter what?" Marlisa.

"Wow.... Mixed emotions. Whilst cleverly done ... the family and friends of lost loved ones would be quite distraught at turning the incident into a flip card show. Whilst september 11 will never be forgotten the image(s) probably will and ... in the future one would probably think (this is) a green-screen image, not an actual event. Art assimilates emotions in varying different forms but this one is too real." - Janine.

Julie Gormly
Brisbane, Australia
July 2, 2006

43. Seize the day

September 11th 2001 or 9/11 as its more commonly referred to these days was a day that everybody can say where they were when they heard. Although I'm from England a massive distance away from the horror that happened that day I can tell you exactly how I saw it unfold.

I was on holiday at a seaside village that wasn't particularly exciting with some mates and a guy who eventually became the first man to break my heart! We were playing Playstation as it was a pretty wet day (holidaying in September in England not advised!!) my friend came running in saying to put the news on as something terrible had happened... we switched on the news and saw the events unfold.

I should get the flip book because I think no-matter how far away something like 9/11 should not be forgotten like all of the world wars it shows that just living life might never be what you expect. Paths can be blocked and cut off in life but you have to make every moment count, as one day there will be no more moments. Hopefully such terror will one day be past the human race and will live in harmony with one another-maybe an impossible dream, but remembering what has happened and knowing how fortunate you are is a precious thing and something to be valued. Therefore I think I should have a copy of the flip book to show future generations here in the UK that life is precious and to seize the day.

Nicola Dingle
Somerset, United Kingdom
July 3, 2006

44. Far more shocking

I know that my story might not be as significant as most but thought it may provide a different point of view. I am Australian and have no relatives in America but on the night I remember being overwhelmed with grief, I'd never felt so much pain for complete strangers. As I sat in my safe Australian country town and the images began to pour onto the screen, I began to think that the special effects on the apparent movie were spectacular, so life like. It was a while before I realised that this indeed was no Hollywood film but in fact New York at that very moment. My heart broke as the second plane flew into the second tower. I was thinking about the people inside and every family member and friend's fear as they looked on in the streets of New York and televisions throughout America. I knew they must have been in complete shock and confusion as they watched on helpless to stop or do anything. A few months later in Sydney I was able to view the World Media Photographic Awards, and it was there that I had to face these images again. They were enlarged to almost 5 meters in colour and I was unable to avoid them. They were by far more shocking than I witnessed in my home. Almost lifesize with close ups on the people jumping to their death. I stood there silent with a handful of other Australians tears rolling down my face. We all stared at the photographs in shock unable to comprehend what our fellow Americans were faced with on that fateful day of September 11.

Scott I would be more than honoured to be the owner of one of your flip books not only as a reminder of these events but to also show others and maybe one day my grandchildren the day that tore the world apart. The image you have chosen is etched in my memory and your book is something I would treasure for many years to come.

Tarryn Bow
Broken Hill, Australia
July 3, 2006

45. World is full of lost words

‘Turn Over’

“World is full of lost words. People are often empty inside their minds. Time seems running out to nowhere. Incredible, but we are stepping not forward. Mankind is very complex and confuse. However, it simply keeps believin’ in words, minds, time and itself.

At the core of a cromosome, we can see how close are men and women to each other. However, the poor physiological adaptation by deficiencie of melanocytes makes the paradox of superiority.

Light shines in different time at different places over this whole galaxy... even at the dark side of the Earth moon... but some people believe their star is the only one and at least more brilliant than “others”.

Every bright, short, tall, thin or large building makes shadow. Different and dark, but the same shadow.

So why others could not have their own skin, light or shadow?

Indeed, we will experiment many universes, dimensions, with uncountable things and unbelievable beings... forever and ever.

Languages, countries, clocks, numbers, people, wings, iron, rubber, screws, bricks, cement, cells, molecules, atoms, everything is photomagnetic illusion. All we see is pure condensed etheric energy. Everything is different and equal at the same time. Everything is other things every time. Time is no time anywhere.

So, why cannot others live their lives, stay at their places, say what they want, think what they want, feel their faith, breath their air if everyone is everything and everything is nothing... nothing else than ether?”

Ricardo dC Russo
Manaus, Brazil
July 3, 2006

46. How people can see it

There is a flip book with Adolf Hitler (see http://www.flipbook.info/blog_fiche.php?id=1820) who is talking to people with a microphone ; there is a flip book with General Franco (see http://www.flipbook.info/blog_fiche.php?id=3071) while he raised the arm to greet ; there is also one showing Stukas destroying English war boats (see http://www.flipbook.info/blog_fiche.php?id=464).

All of them were made to glorify men or actions there are showing as propaganda.

If a flip book about September 11th was published to glorify this action, it is not a good idea ! If it is a testimony to remember and show what happens to tell people “don’t forget the cruelty and those who are missing us”, it can be a good idea. But who can assure us how people can see it ?

Pascal Fouché
Paris, France
<http://www.flipbook.info>
July 4, 2006

47. ALL humans strive for freedom

As a 20+ year Reservist in the US Air Force, I WILL NOT RETIRE until those responsible for this attack on our soil pay for their crimes.

Our fight is for human dignity. Those wishing US harm fight the belief that ALL humans strive for freedom, freedom from oppression, dominance, and the God given right to pursue happiness for themselves and create a better world for their children.

I asked Tony to read comments made by those who found the flipbook unacceptable and abhorrent.

I fear that the American public is forgetting this tragedy. How many of your negative respondents have ever watched a war movie, or considered the re-telling of the Nazi dominance in Germany in the 1940's, or the Pol Pot regime as history? Those who forget past aggressions are destined to let it happen again.

In response to you, I don't consider this piece of your work as art, but more as a remembrance of the actions of our enemy, and their ability to inflict harm on our people.

History is reality. My feelings are strong for the families that suffered losses, but why let their memory fade? I would rather remember them!

Anthony Mack
Lacey, Washington
July 4, 2006

48. Deepest sympathies

Sept 11th was such a monumental day in history. That was the day that America realized, maybe for the first time, that we are not infallible... that we are not as safe as we thought we were. What we saw on that day, was what so many in the world see on a daily basis. Just think, we send our kids out to school, and, for the most part, do not have to worry about them being blown to smithereens on the way there. A lot of people in the world are not so lucky. They see such devastation daily. For them, this is the norm. They become desensitized to mass murders and atrocious acts of brutality, where there is no justice for the common man. They are born into such chaos, through no fault of their own, and must endure, never knowing there is a different way of life. Our veterans came home from war, and were treated for post traumatic stress disorder, some for only witnessing. Grown men, who cannot emotionally deal with what they saw. Yet the children who are born in these countries, witness everyday. How can we expect any different from them, when they reach maturity? I am no way justifying what happened that fateful day, I am in no way justifying what those terrorists did. But how were these people raised? America sends troops to many countries, as peace keepers, but as the news can attest, they are not all so righteous. I believe a sense of one for all, all for one mind set takes place when these young boys and men are sent to hostile areas, and sometimes, yes, force is necessary, but no, not always. Who am I to say or discern, since it is not my life on the line. But... I can only imagine, if it were 'my' country, and people from another land were coming in, and hurting my family or loved ones, or telling me what I could or couldn't no longer do, be they just or not, that yes I too, would be resentful.

Sept 11th, was a wake-up call to all Americans. We take for granted our freedom, our right to free speech. We take for granted the very fact we are able to walk down the street wearing whatever we choose. That we are free, to say, think, wear and express ourselves in any manner we choose. The fact that president Bush, was warned years ago, of this terrorist group and yet did nothing to dispel the threats, clearly indicates, not just a naive false sense of safety, but that we have become, in our own minds, larger than life, impenetrable, when this is just not so. My sincerest prayers go to the families who lost their loved ones on that horrible day of reckoning. My deepest sympathies, that 'they' had to pay such a great price, for the awakening of our great and noble, but naive country. May the lost rest in peace, and their families find comfort, in the fact, that no... we are no longer in a fog, we are no longer unaware. Thank You for the great sacrifice your loved ones have made for us all.

Teri Jenkins
Ontario, Canada

July 6, 2006

49. Internationnal langage

I do animation movies like a hobby (cartoon,motion capture,flipbook,clay,etc..)

And I think it an interesting way of communication...

It can be art or just message to other people.

It can shock them but the picture captive all the people.

This flipbook is very interesting because the men who use it, do the action (movie animation) if you dont want to see the future you can stop , if you want you can flip in reverse side to erase the past or you can see the picture one at one...

The user of this flipbook is implicated in the action...

he can play it speed,slow;one time,many time a, he can be finding amusement in it or desinterest...

When the 11th is arrived the TV channel was playing this video picture in loop (in France too we receive CNN)

all the human people are impressed by TV picture (internationnal langage),it was horrible but we can't stop to see this video pictures.

Now because of the censure we don't see anymore this pictures (I think the american people will forget them)

And I think its very important to see them for the future generation because it a very important history date on this earth with many and many change of the world...

many libertes have disappared because of new laws to (protect) people and i think the democratic system has failed because of the 11th.

The flipbook can be considered like an art object and will stay in the future museum an also(not like the tv picture who are "ephemere")

it like a book it can be read in 10000 year but the picture and it more explicative than a text..

Alexandre Noyer
Annecy, France
July 6, 2006

50. It tell us to remember something

I'm gland to hear from you.I've watch your Flipbooks,I think you did a really good job.

I'm from China.When I kewn The 911 ,I was shocked.I'm so sorry for the lost.

I want this piece of art because it mean something to people alive,it tell us to remember something.

If I can have this ,I'll be very happy!

I asked Yolanda, "Can you remember more about what happened on 9-11-2001 in China?"

I showed your Flipbooks to my friend ,they all think it's amazing! In my opinion ,it's a kind of commemorator .It's not disrespectful.

On 11th,Sep,2001 I was in the school and had classes.And there was a political class ,and on that class I knew about 911.My teacher told us in a sad tougue that there was an terrible thing happened in the United States.And then she turned on Tv on news channel to show us .

Not long ago,a friend of my introduced a song to me,named <hero>.I don't know if you have heard it.It's sung by ENRIQUE IGLESIAS.It commemorates the911 too.

I think terrorism is the worst thing in the world .I hope it never happen again.

Yolanda
Chengdu, China
July 6, 2006

51. Are we better for our learning

The evil of the 9-11 events is surpassed easily by that of many others in the history of our nation. However, they now represent part of the zeitgeist of this generation, part of what has shaped the way our people view the world. These events have both unified and divided, depending on how far out one takes one's objectivity. And, blinded as I am by the tinted lenses of my culture, my upbringing, my beliefs, I am not fit to say whether or not these events were a true evil.

I believe them to be one, of course, but I cannot render judgment on them, blinded as I am by who I am. And where I come from.

On 9-11, I was not particularly aware of what had happened until several hours afterward. Even then, they were unreal, distant, removed from me, and only recently have they registered as a distinct, concrete, immovable, unchangeable part of my experience.

And now that I can finally look back and say, Yes, this happened, Yes, this is where and when and what and.... Why.

One can easily glance at atrocities and label them atrocities, and one can easily leave it at that. But also one can step back a little further, or a little closer, and realize that there might be more.

Faith is such an enigma now, with science explaining the old tenets of spirituality. Belief isn't exactly the best substitute for hard evidence. I assume that religion had more meaning when there was nothing to refute it. There was a perfectly logical backing behind it. Religion provided meaning, provided truth, provided all the things men live for.

And still does. Maybe religion means more today than ever. Maybe it's not quite as inherent a part of life, maybe there are no more crusades, or maybe we pretend there aren't. Maybe dogma means more when there is something to fight, someone that doesn't agree with you. I hate to quote, and I hate it even more when I can't recall who said it, but I must, for there are no better words than those which I have read.

"One man's terrorism is another man's heroism."

We cannot label any acts such as these, at all.

For "Al Qaeda offers everything an ambitious, passionate young man in the 21st century could want. A higher moral purpose; a reason for living, a reason for dying, fame, love and lasting memory. And if I was a young Westerner living in an alternate reality where Islamic fundamentalism has the same grip on the world that Western capitalism does here, and I had to fight for my right to get off my head, see girls in short skirts, and prance around to electronic music, then whoever took Al Qaeda's place in that dimension would certainly be able to sign me up straight away.

“Deus magnificatī (Latin for “God is great, like the fundamentalists say “Allah Akbarī) we’d proudly declare as we blew ourselves up in flip-flop stores.”

A bit off yes, a bit confused, contradictory, a bit extreme.
A bit true.

But then, if we can look at it this way, so can they.
They being anyone outside of our circle.

The all inherent “They,” with capital letters, which either denotes those who tell us what has happened, or those who committed the act we are just being told about.

“I always thought it was those that didn’t care - the corporate sharks or corrupt politicians who fucked it up for everyone else. But I’m starting to think it’s those of us who care a little bit too much who really do the damage.”

But who am I talking about, I have forgotten. Us or Them.
They cared to much, more than we did.
But maybe that’s just me, born and raised caring more than They do.

I can't answer any queries, just present the fallacies.
And leave the rest of these old questions up to you-

We can't start from a beginning that was lost so far before,
Nor end without repenting for our sins,
But let there be a broken standard, let there be a quest to seek,
Will the lightness be but brighter for the dark?
For the lives of countless millions,
few would trade the blood of God,
And discover where our steps have carried us.
Do we blindly follow through with,
What we scorn and show detest for?
We shall fall, we've lost our way, we'll never know.

Through the endless ending aeons there has been an untold story,
Repeated by the tongue of every man.
Shouted from the heavens and resounding from the darkness,
The abyss can tell a story if a person's there to hear.
So we listen without action and we practice, I mean preach,
The proverbs and the fables and the ancient monomyth.
Are we better for our learning?
Can you see a different man?
Is the tempting all the same for all our strife?
There is still a tree to take from and there's still a life eternal,
Or so we tell ourselves so we can eat.

But if we have tasted knowledge and if we have known the darkness,
Then where can we go now aside from here?
Continue down a pathway made of stone and rent of meaning,
While we search and strive for all the things we've lost?
If there is or was an after, if there was something before,
Then why do we live only here and now?
And if there isn't, if we're all, if life's only what we're living,
We can make from all the ether of the world,
Some strange purpose, men to serve us, gods to give us depth and power,

We can shape the answer as to what we choose.
Or so we think until the end comes,
So believe the son's of Adam,
So we think and so we act so far we live.

And do we live as so we think, or are others living for us,
But then again, what is a man without his men?
What is this world around us but what we see and long and hope for,
And fail to see and fail to ever know?
I suppose that something else lies sleeping dormant 'neath the surface,
But I doubt that it will ever see the light,
If things continue as they are, and if mankind continues living,
And if it wakes, and if it lives, we'll never see.

But then again, who understands?
Who can lead us from our prison?
And who can find a piper who will play a lilting tune?
Now the island's full of rats that only look to one another,
And the mirror's cracked and broken, who will lead us to the truth?

You're a liar and you know it, but do those around you see?
Or, are they enchanted by the spell?
You speak in rhymes and riddles, and they love you all the more,
For understanding leads to choices, leads to strife.
We are trapped inside our minds and we refuse to use the keys,
Or should I say that we're fearful of the light,
Of the fire we could use so far to forge away our bondage,
But we're locked inside these chains until we burn ourselves of flesh.
These imperfect realms of matter in which all is but the same,
Just in a different place, a different form,
But as long as we can find forms that are pleasing to the eye,
We're content to spend our time in slight denial.

But since we all are guilty, there are none to render judgment,
There are no perfect men to cast the stones.
Wallow in the subtle hints and clues that somehow reach us,
And smile and nod and move along your way.
Content with discontentment, pleased with your displeasure,
You measure life by pain and suffering.
So you assume that there is meaning, and the meaning must be grand,
It is pleasure, It's the moment, It is boundless happiness.
And that is what you hope to find and work for in your lifetime,
A utopia of soma and manufactured happiness.
Such a Brave New World is out there,
Full of all the things desired,
Well, actually, we'll desire what they give,
But what would be the difference!
We'll still be happy (won't we?)
I can't see why we shouldn't just continue on our way!
And if you can't see the subtle irony, the sarcasm and the point,
Or if that really isn't much of a dilemma or a choice,
Well, I can't answer any queries, just present the fallacies,
And leave the rest of these old questions up to you.

And in case my midnight ramblings missed it, and I'm fairly sure that they did, my desire for this piece of art stems from the fact that it concisely, distinctly, and in carry-it-in-your-pocket-style ease, captures an event that means so many things to so many people, an event that one might be able to say changed the course of history forever because of the reactions of its victims, and the nation of its victims. An event that was glorious to some and atrocious to some, and invisible to others. Any moment that has the effect that these events have had, any event that can pack such potent and powerful acts and emotions into a time frame small enough that you can play it back in the palm of your hand... Any event such as that deserves to be captured in such a way, and people deserve to see it in such a way. In this piece of art.

Craig Park
Rocky Mount, North Carolina
July 7, 2006

52. Small matchbox diorama

I would like one of your flip books because I have been trying to find some way to put that day into some kind of graphic perspective.

I grew up near an airport and my dad still lives in my childhood home. On the night of 9/11 I dreamt that planes were crashing into his backyard.

I keep coming back to an idea of illustrating 9/11 in a small matchbox diorama. I think that by making the event smaller and smaller I might be able to get my mind around it. I don't know. I am still stunned by the day's events. In fact, I was thinking about 9/11 today and then this evening I came across your flipbook.

Kell Black
Clarksville, Tennessee
July 11, 2006

53. Sophisticated visual humor

There is something so compelling about this image. We have seen it hundreds of times by now, and I, for one, continue to wince. And be fascinated. Not in the same way that flipbooks normally fascinate me. I've always related to others my appreciation that I can experience sophisticated visual humor or clever social or political messages conveyed through the flip of a few pages. This book is in such opposition to all I believe or want from a flipbook I'm repelled by it, yet I'm compelled to have it. There is certainly no humor. But there are messages. Hatred, hopelessness, fear, death, destruction. All in a brief moment for thousands of people. All as a reminder to me in the flip of a few pages.

Anonymous
United States
July 12, 2006

54. Less than a mile from the Towers

My parents once told me that they, and every other American from their generation, will remember always exactly where they were and what they were doing at the exact moment they received the news that President Kennedy had been shot. My paramount moment in history, where all time and movement seemed to stop, was the

moment the Towers fell. I will always remember that day in a heightened clarity that is absent from any other memory I have from my first twenty-one years of life, and probably any memories to come as well. Every moment is etched in to my mind, every detail of chaos and disorder. I'll never forget where I was when I first heard that two planes had crashed into the Twin Towers, a New York landmark that I had previously been rather indifferent towards. I've lived in downtown Manhattan, less than a mile from the Towers my entire life. The World Trade Center, along with most other New York City landmarks, had absolutely no personal significance to me. It was something I passed on occasion, hung out in surrounding areas, but was mostly just for hordes of tourists to ogle. That was before September 11, a day I'll not soon forget.

It was my junior year of high school and I was on my way to my third period English class when a friend stopped me in the hallway. She revealed that she had just heard on the radio that a plane had crashed into the Trade Center with a slight giggle. At that time, that was all we knew, just that a plane and one of the Twin Towers had collided. It sounded so ridiculous that it almost seemed like a joke and I remember thinking to myself, "Wow. How does a pilot miss something that big and smash into it?" I thought it was simply a pilot's carelessness, a miscalculation or some sort of mistake. I had no idea that it was a deliberate attack and could not possibly have imagined the amount of destruction and pain that the city's populous would soon come to know. A group of teenagers bewildered and confused, my English class that day consisted of sitting in a circle and reciting Native American chants of prayer. None of us knew what was going on or what to do, so we chanted.

When I think of that day, the word that comes to mind is terror. The Trade Center is located less than a mile from my family's downtown apartment and I remember my mom had business to attend to in that neighborhood. That day, I experience fear and panic and confusion that I had never known before. The city dissolved into mass pandemonium. The public transportation was shut down. Cell phones had no service and even land lines proved useless. I heard that parts of downtown were barricaded and worried if and when I might see my home again. Classmates were being retrieved by frantic parents to trek home to safety, where they would likely remain fixated on the news for the next two days. My parents did not show up to find me, nor did either of my two sisters. Newscasts revealed that parts of downtown were closed off entirely, and it was most likely that my home was outside the boundaries of accessible terrain. I cannot explain the fear I felt that night. I was stranded at school, with no way to get home, or even if I could manage to get downtown, I had no idea if I could even get into my building. I couldn't reach my parents, so I ended up staying at friend's house near my school. At moments like these, the presence of family is the most important thing. I had no idea where mine was or when I might see them. That afternoon, I saw people bloody and covered in rubble—those that were at the Trade Center, and managed to get away—walking down the city streets. Staring down Park Avenue, we could see the cloud of smoke and debris mushrooming into the sky. The rest of the night was spent fixated on the television, watching every news channel. Hourly, the estimated death toll rose and the likelihood of finding survivors plummeted. Frantic family members of the missing sobbed in front of television screens, begging for any information regarding their loved ones. The final count was 2,752 fatalities that resulted from the attacks on New York that day. For each of those 2,752 people, there is a family, friends, sisters, and brothers, who suffered incomparable and wholly unjust losses that day. Perhaps the hardest part for any of them was the waiting for news, and, finally knowing that they might never see their loved one again, not even for the sake of a proper burial.

A fledgling photographer at the time of the attacks, I took my camera with me to visit the numerous heart-breaking memorials being set up around the downtown area. These informal impromptu memorials were the most raw, honest expression of love and loss I've ever seen. At one, I remember seeing a single shoe belonging to a woman who was missing. Like a horribly morbid version of Cinderella, her shoe was all that remained.

New Yorkers are infamous for their cold, unfriendly nature. New York is a city where people go to be lost in a crowd, to maintain anonymity and privacy. Ask a stranger for directions or a spare cigarette and you're likely to be snubbed. It's a protective instinct in this city. It's necessary for survival. Head down, keep walking. In the days following September 11, I saw New Yorkers band together for the first time in my relatively short life. Everyone felt the pain of the attacks. As the Trade Center was such a business megalith, it seemed everyone knew someone who was there when the towers fell. Everyone wanted to help. Nightly vigils were held. I remember attending them with my mother, and I saw a side of her that was entirely new to me. I've always been an irrationally empathetic person. I feel immensely for other people. The TWA flight 800 disaster occurred when I was 10 years old. I sat glued to the television, in horror and utter heartbreak. I cried for days because, even at 10, I understood the immense and

irreparable loss of the families and friends of those onboard. That, like the Trade Center, was an incident that created such needless loss and suffering, which no one deserves.

At a vigil we attended on September 13, my mom, peace candle in hand, whispered to me, "This feels like I'm back in the 60s. It feels like Vietnam."

The first photograph I ever printed still hangs on my wall. It's a black and white shot of my mother at a vigil, taken two days after the attack. She is seated, head bowed, with a sign on her back: "No More Killing."

I believe life is ultimately the culmination of moments and experiences. The day to day ebb and flow of life is important, but every so often, we experience something that blows us away and changes our whole paradigm. These monumental moments shape us. One of the most monumental experiences of my life took place on that fateful September day. Fifteen years old is quite a young age to be faced with that much destruction and human heartlessness. Although, it is far from comparable, but on that day, I got a glimpse of what the people at Nagasaki or Hiroshima experienced when they were attacked. There's a famous Kurosawa quote from his film *Rhapsody in August* that deals with some of the issues concerning the aftermath of the bombing of Nagasaki. This simple idea is so completely true and universal, but remains a concept people too often forget.

"War is to blame....in the end, it will destroy us all."

I will never forget September 11. How could I when I was there, experiencing it firsthand? I hope I will always remember it and remember it accurately. In the five years since the attacks, the phrase "9-11" has grown to disgust me. People have perverted the events of that day and twisted them for their own propaganda and self-interest. With the dawning of Bush's "war on terror" and racial profiling becoming the norm, the attacks seem to have given people a right to be openly racist. I think this war we are now involved in is nonsense. You can't force people to accept us and our way of life. This "war on terror" is like fighting a ghost. You can't declare war on an idea, on a feeling. More killing just can't be the answer.

I want to remember September 11, but not the way the media wants me to. I don't want to remember it as the day that started another war. I don't want to remember it the way George W. Bush talks about it. He wasn't there. He hesitated to even react, so how much could he possibly understand about that day? The people who were there, who saw the towers in flames firsthand, the people who still remember the stench of fumes that permeated the air of Lower Manhattan for months. I want to remember it the way that it really happened, the way that I experienced it, and not as the propaganda-laden, capitalistic thing that it has become for most Americans. For the life of me, I cannot understand why people decided they would take this gruesome event and decide to profit off of it. Within days there were "Remember 9-11" t-shirts, coffee mugs, paper weights, snow globes, ear warmers, whatever you could think of, they made it to peddle to tourists.

I believe that your book is the first true memorial item I have yet to see. More so than the various statues that have been erected around the nation. More so than any t-shirt or 9-11 playing cards. It is raw and pure, the way it really happened. It perfectly captures that single devastating moment. That climax. My life is a series of moments, this being one of the most revolutionary. You captured it perfectly and made it into something tangible, something I can hold in my hand, put in my pocket, go back to, and remember how it was for me.

Lauren De Luca
New York, New York
July 12, 2006

55. Intimate translations

The events of 9/11 devoured the innocence, of people around the world. Though it is not wise or healthy to dwell on events, it is important to document the devastating repercussions of 9/11, in order to create a more secure

future. Scott Blake's use of bar code art, in the September 11th flip book, is as unique and diverse as the emotions it elicits, from those who view it. Blake's art honors the fallen heroes of 9/11 and others, who continue to protect our country. The flip book evokes intimate translations, to commemorate the tragedies of 9/11, and demonstrates America's courage and strength to survive and persevere.

Your artwork truly honors the heroes and survivors, of that historical and devastating day.

Nanette Allen
Las Vegas, Nevada
July 12, 2006

56. Flash animation

My intention was, to make a view inside the cockpit. Everytimes you can only have a look when the airplanes crash in to the towers, but no people have see the view inside the airplane. My intention was, make a film whith no comments, with my own tools, phantasy, pencils and flash macromedia. The first view by this animation is for many people: "you cannot make a film about the 11.9., like a comic strip." But when you make a second view, you understand, it is not a positive comment about the terrorists. It is only a documentation like "fiction -art-"

The Film the sound is listening the first "Sure" of the holy Koran. You can hear also the sound of the Jetengines and the demoliation crash when the airplane crashed into the first tower of the world trade center.

Manfred Reichert
Visselhoevede, Germany
<http://www.kuenstlernet.com>
July 21, 2006

57. It deserves our irreverence

I want the flipbook so I can simulate the event in my hand. It is made little. Divided into thirty-two segments. Well, that depends on what's on the first and last pages...it might be thirty segments. A single second of television is divided into thirty segments, moving forward in transparent succession, absorbing us in its illusory power. (In a movie theatre, it's usually twenty-four per second.) I will hold the little book upside down and flip backwards. I will watch the airplane fly in reverse, upside-down from out of the fiery wreckage. Not so I can pretend to be able to control and reverse the collision. But so I can attempt to display and mourn what has become of September 11, 2001 by all of the bullshit and injustice it has been used to justify.

I want the flipbook because I like the irreverence it emanates. In fact, September 11, 2001 deserves to be made small. It deserves to be flipped and bent with dirty fingers. This is not because I think for some reason that the attacks were justified. They were not. They were truly tragic and reprehensible. But whenever I hear the phrase 'the war on terrorism' I want to set myself on fire and jump out of a window. The war has no limit, we are told. There is no limit to its possible duration and, more dangerously, there is no limit to its social-political theater. Everything and every place are eligible to be called a front of 'the war on terror'. Thus the meaning of September 11 is not what it was before it became the backdrop for all of this violence, suffering and oppression. It deserves our irreverence.

B Rouse
Paris, France
July 22, 2006

58. Of course you gain on it

Flipbook as an idea is excellent! You worked with that idea in a interesting way, and took it one step further, almost making it into a movie: only on paper. I wouldn't think that's possible if I wouldn't have seen it with my own eyes. The subject in this project was strong, and something people not easily will forget. That makes this historicaly and politicaly interesting as well. It would be interesting to see you make more of these flipbooks with different subjects! I hope you will.

It's not the easiest thing to get noticed as an artist these days. People, because of today's technology as one reason, are getting more restless and in a way always being in a hurry. We don't have many seconds to catch attention of our audience. Even harder is to make that kind of impression that your work gets a part of the viewers memory. The way you, Scott, use today's media and internet to get in contact with people around the world and by that getting your work showed and you yourself getting heard as an artist, is great! You also have a good way of getting your audience involved with your projects: isn't it funny how people immediatly are more cooperative when you offer them something in exchange? But of course you gain on it. This is a great way of using the today's medias and internet for publishing yourself and your projects!

I myself work, besides painting and drawing, much with artistbooks, and also postcards, this maybe explanes abit why I show interest in your work and projects, art.

Charlotta Bjorkskog
Kokkola, Finland
July 22, 2006

59. Better view on the TV

The 911 flip book looks great. Quiet mesmerizing actually. There is something very interesting about seeing such a historic incident, that we all know so well, perhaps too well and have experienced it on such a personal level...but to see it several times removed puts a new perspective on it. Seeing the impact via the flip book allows for some distance from the actual experience, and in a strange way enables us to appreciate it on a very different level. Rather then something we saw on the news, or something we saw from our rooftop, it becomes something nostalgic, fascinating, and beautiful in its own right. Viewing this momentous event via a flip book gives permission to experience it in a new way, a more innocent perspective - a perspective which encourages us to see this event as a small part of the unfolding of the universe.

I asked Stuart and Tara, "Where you living in New York on 9-11-2001?"

Yes, we where living in NY at the time of 911.
We could literally see the towers from our roof top. Although we had a better view on the TV.
What a strange experience.

Stuart and Tara
Brooklyn, New York
July 24, 2006