



The Spectator

The Stuyvesant High School Newspaper

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I felt guilty for days after running from the dust cloud of the second World Trade Center tower collapsing, guilty that on top of being so lucky as to escape with my life, I had the nerve to shoot pictures of the demise of thousands. I spoke with my father's friend from Bronx Science who is now a photographer for ConEd. Both of us, like many others who photographed the collapse of the WTC, did so with tears in our eyes. I told him that I was ashamed to be taking pictures, but he said that it was our responsibility. He told me that through our photographs, even more than our writing, the world would remember what happened on September 11, 2001.

I told my father that I would venture out with my camera to take pictures. I felt sorry that I had moped around the house and wandered Lower Manhattan for the last four days, without taking any pictures. I felt guilty that I had let the sorrow of my fellow New Yorkers, as well as my family, go unrecorded. I felt a responsibility to take pictures because I was there, I ran from the debris cloud, and even more horribly, thought my father, mother, and many family friends were inside or in adjacent buildings. I told my father that for the sake of my children, and my children's children, he should do the same and go help to record history.

He said that he had been in bed crying for the past two days. He couldn't watch the news, and couldn't look at the pictures. I've always known he wasn't able to look at pictures of the Holocaust or of the Vietnam War without wincing and turning away. This is because he saw the pictures of Vietnam and World War II. They conveyed to him at least a little of the trauma that those who were there lived through. The reason we should be taking pictures is so that thirty or sixty years from now, people will see them and have to turn away.

To all of you, if you can bring yourself to do it, please take some pictures that will capture the present suffering, and unity in America. Write about it. Make sure no one ever forgets.

—Ethan Moses

All photos in this issue are by senior Ethan Moses.

The Spectator

The Stuyvesant High School Newspaper

"The pulse of the student body"

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From the Editors

There have been a lot of thankless tasks to perform over these past few weeks, and everyone from the Stuyvesant administration to city officials has risen to the occasion. While rescue workers, fire fighters and policemen deservedly may come first in our thoughts, we at *The Spectator* want to thank those in their shadows. They have done the myriad things necessary to ensure that both Stuyvesant and the city return to normal as soon as possible. And they have done it all under the most stressful of circumstances.

Thanks first of all to Principal Stanley Teitel, Assistant Principal of Organization Steven Satin, Assistant Principal of Student Services Eugene Blaufarb and to all the supervisory assistant principals, teachers and staff at Stuyvesant, who helped us to evacuate the school quickly and safely on the day of the tragedy. Their leadership helped to ensure that all students at Stuyvesant reached areas of safety as soon as possible. Teachers helped students in many ways: walking them over bridges and for miles to their neighborhoods, giving out their phone numbers, and staying with them until they reached their families.

Thank you to the Program Office staff, led by Eddie Wong and Steve Kramer, who stayed up nights to create and print new programs for all the students for our time at Brooklyn Tech.

Thanks to the schools across the country who have rallied and raised money for the Stuyvesant community.

Thanks to the counselors who have come to school to provide help in getting everyone through this difficult and emotionally trying time, and to the School Safety Officers of the NYPD, who risked their own safety to protect ours.

And thank you, too, to the custodial staff, who spent hundreds of hours working beyond the call of duty taking care of our building for the rescue workers and for us.

Close to home there is the Parents' Association, whose efforts have helped us not only to keep the same schedules and teachers while at Brooklyn Tech, but also to expedite our safe return to Stuyvesant. In addition, Deputy Chancellor David Klasfeld told the Stuyvesant community that it would be his main job to make sure that we get back to our building as soon as possible. Without their aid, it might have been considerably later than October 9 that we returned to our building.

With so many things happening at once, it would be disastrous if information were not relayed to all the students and teachers. Stuyvesant Network Administrator Michael Zamansky kept everyone in touch and up to date by recreating the Stuyvesant website, which he did with the help of graduate Charles Knipe, who was able to get him access to a server, memory, and Stuy's mailing lists. He has also sent e-mails that have informed, comforted, and united the Stuyvesant community. Students Gary He and David Blackman have also helped to keep everyone updated through the the website stuy.net and the Student Union website, respectively.

And finally to Eden Marx, who organized the mural painting that brought the Stuyvesant community together.

Thank you all.

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R.R. Donnelley, one of the largest printers in the U.S., is proud to bring this work to life at its own expense. The paper was furnished by **Stora Enso North America**.

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We could not have done it without you, and we are grateful.

Spectator staff members collected scores of personal accounts from Stuyvesant students and faculty members. These anecdotes describe their experiences before, during, and after Tuesday's attack as they remember them.

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I watched in horror as I saw what I first thought was rubble, but then realized was people jumping from the building. People stood in the gash in the building waving jackets and shirts, trying to catch the attention of the people below. I looked up at the TV in the room and noticed debris was beginning to fall rapidly from the upper floors. I looked out the window and saw the thousands of people on the street screaming and running northward and ambulances and fire engines below the building begin to be engulfed in a pile of debris and ash. I was motionless as I realized the cloud was moving towards the school and the lights flickered and the building shook.... When I finally got onto West Street I turned around and looked at the place that the Twin Towers once stood and looked to my left, where I noticed that a man was walking, shell shocked, covered in white dust. All I could think of was the resemblance to a ghost this man had. He eerily walked forward because that was the only thing that he could do, he just kept walking. It was almost like walking alongside a man who wasn't there. You got the feeling that he understood just how close he came to death.
—Sasha Gsovski, senior

An Administration in Crisis

Abigail Deutsch

They were told the towers wouldn't fall.

Principal Stanley Teitel was sitting at his desk at 8:48 A.M. on Tuesday, September 11, when he heard a bang and felt the school tremble. He saw that the north tower of the World Trade Center was in flames and called the superintendent's office.

"[The deputy superintendent] said, 'Is anyone in danger?' and I said, '[There's] no danger to us,'" Teitel said. "She said, 'Then keep everyone in the building and they'll be safe.' And that's what we did. Until about ten minutes later."

The second plane struck the south tower at 9:03 A.M., jamming communications and leaving the administration without further guidance from the Board of Education. But the F.B.I. and Secret Service agents who appeared in Teitel's office on the first floor wanting to use it as a command center had some information to offer, the principal said.

"I looked over to [the agent in charge], and all I said was, 'I have just one question. What are the chances of those towers coming down?' He looked at me and said, 'No chance.' Based on that, I made my decision."

Teitel announced that students were to stay in the building.

"You need to understand at this moment that there are no trains and no buses in Lower Manhattan," Teitel said over the loudspeaker. "So leaving the building, you can't go home. There's nowhere to go, and I think it's dangerous in the street because of falling debris. Stay in the building. Stay away from the windows on the south side of the building. Those are the windows near the Statue of Liberty."

"We have security in the building, and federal agents," Teitel continued. "If anyone asks for ID, please, just present your ID or your program card so we know you belong in the building. Whatever you do, just stay calm. Try to go to class. If you stay in the hallways we just don't have enough room for walking. If you have a free period and you want to sit quietly, you're welcome to come to the theater. I will try to come on the PA before 10:30 and give you more information. Thank you."

Several days later Teitel said he could not recall making the announcement.

A little while later, Assistant Principal of Student Services Eugene Blaufarb announced

over the loudspeaker that students were to report to homeroom; he soon announced he was extending homeroom until further notice.

"The federal officials were talking around me, saying they didn't know whether the planes were part of an overall plot," said Blaufarb in a later interview. "It could have been a larger plot, with people on the ground, coming out of covert places. One of my concerns was closing the perimeters, keeping the students inside the building; that's why everyone was sent to homeroom."

They were told the towers wouldn't fall. But they did. At 9:50 A.M. the south tower collapsed, sounding a great boom and sending a shock wave through the school.

"And we realized the guy who told me we were safe had no clue," Teitel said. "No clue."

"A federal official came to me and told me the north building was in danger of falling, and it could hit us—which it couldn't," Blaufarb said. "But the shock wave, if it came at us, could bring our building down."

Teitel huddled with other members of the administration and after "just a few minutes" they devised a new plan. Blaufarb announced over the loudspeaker that students were to evacuate the building from the north side, slowly and calmly.

"My main concern was panic," Blaufarb said. "Many students were crying and getting scared, and for good reason. I wanted everyone out of the building as quickly as possible, but as safely as possible."

To that end, Blaufarb said, he had to appear calm. "It was important to say, 'Okay, there's no danger,' even though the danger was tremendous."

He added, "It's my job even when I'm scared. I have to keep in mind what my duty is."

Teitel and Blaufarb positioned themselves in the lobby, Teitel near the security desk, Blaufarb standing on a chair, instructing students "to keep moving slowly, exit the building, and move north towards Chelsea Piers," Teitel said. "We just wanted to get you north."

"We were trying to evacuate 3,500 people through two doors," Blaufarb said. "I'd let 200 through the door, wait 15 seconds, and let the next 200 through."

Teitel said he thought the evacuation went

While both towers were still standing, people started making their way north. Here, they pass under the TriBeCa bridge, which leads into Stuyvesant.

very smoothly: the student body was quieter than he'd ever heard it.

At 10:30 A.M., as students were filing out, the north tower came down.

After the students left, Teitel went into I.S. 89, the intermediate school across Chambers Street from Stuyvesant, to see if he could help them evacuate safely.

But I.S. 89 had already been evacuated, so Teitel re-entered Stuyvesant to make sure it was empty too. Then he walked north to Chelsea Piers, where he and several teachers organized younger students into groups for transportation home. Other teachers came upon students walking home and took them under their wing, helping them find their way.

"Teachers walked students across the Brooklyn Bridge, the 59th Street Bridge; others went up to the East Side, the West Side," Teitel said. "Another teacher gave students his home phone number in case there were any problems."

Teitel then proceeded north to Superintendent Tony Sawyer's office, located in Martin Luther King, Jr. High School on 66th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

The superintendent was waiting to hear from Teitel "so he could tell the Board what the status was of student safety in all the schools of that area," Teitel said. "Much earlier, his deputy had told me to sit tight. He had no way of knowing what had ensued from that point. As soon as I got there I went right into his office.

"So I gave him the report; I said as far as I knew, Stuyvesant High School was evacuated, that no one had been hurt in any way—physically, of course—that everyone was now being



walked by faculty members to other boroughs."

And now that it's over, how do the administrators feel? "I'm still very affected, still very troubled by what happened," Blaufarb said.

Teitel's take was slightly different. "I think having the responsibility of 3,000 students, 200-plus adults, everything I've had to do in the last eight, nine days, I haven't had time to sit down and think about what I've witnessed as an individual," Teitel said. "I've just been too busy."

If this were a movie evacuation it would have been fun; my friends wouldn't be crying; I wouldn't be crying. If this were a movie my legs wouldn't be sore from walking from Stuy to Lexington Avenue, and dummies would fall from the buildings, not people; the Twin Towers would not be scattered across Lower Manhattan and that dark cloud would have not caught in my throat as I walked away as fast as I could. But this isn't a movie. It's the scariest day of my life.
—Lu Han, sophomore

These things happen in the world. The only way it's different from other events like this is that this happened in the U.S. You don't see the other people in other countries be as crazy as we are—most of those people don't realize that it's perfectly fair to have an attack on our soil, considering the political stands we have all around the world.
—Brian Chu, sophomore

I saw people jumping and they looked like debris. I didn't know people would jump.
—Marisa Ip, sophomore

I had been called to the office immediately following the first plane crash, so I didn't get to see much of my teacher's reaction, because a friend's dad was there to get me.... Some of my friends were crying, others were trying to make jokes, because that was how they dealt with it.... I can't watch the news anymore, so I have been helping at fundraisers and clothing/food drives. I went to a candle lighting ceremony in the park, and it made me feel a lot better.
—Erica Meyer, freshman



Union Square, September 16, 2001

Amid Chaos, Custodians Lend Helping Hands

John Lee

Oct. 24—Tuesday, September 11, started off as a normal day for Stuyvesant's custodial staff. The morning shift began at 6:00 A.M. It seemed that the only thing that would pose a major problem that day was a malfunctioning passenger elevator.

But when word got out that planes had struck the World Trade Center, that day became the beginning of a three-week restoration effort on the part of our school janitors.

From the day of the attacks until October 1, Stuyvesant's 30 custodians worked 24-hour shifts for the first week, followed by 12-hour shifts.

"After the first day, I left here Wednesday, 9:00 at night, and I was back here at 6:00 the next morning," said Chief Engineer Thomas Bulger, who is part of the morning staff and was among the seven custodians who had been in the building as the disaster unfolded.

According to Bulger, the first order of business as the towers began to collapse had been to make sure that everybody got out of the building during the evacuation. From then on, the custodians worked to secure the building until they were advised by the police to evacuate the building as well. According to Custodial Engineer Peter Lopa, the police were taking precautions against neighboring gas mains that had suffered structural damage and posed a possible hazard. "We left the building and we were walking up the West Side like everybody else was," Bulger said.

The custodians managed to get back into the school with the help of Custodial Supervisor Jerry Berke, who had stayed in the building the whole time. The custodians immediately offered their services.

"The first thing was to get to the bathrooms," said custodian Kyle Hogan. "Because we didn't have any electricity in the building, none of the toilets could flush."

"All the firemen and cops were coming in to use the bathrooms, and guys had to come in to clean," said custodian Michael Scoma. "I can't begin to describe the filth."

The building's electricity, as well as all the power, had been cut once 7 World Trade Center fell, leaving much of the school without power until an emergency generator was turned on. But even with backup power on, many of the school's services remained off, including the water pumps.

"The emergency generators only provide power for the elevators, corridor lights, and stairway lights," explained Bulger. "They're not designed to run the building, per se, but rather [are designed to] help with evacuations and other emergency situations, which we had."

Without water, and with little food and rest, the custodial staff worked under what they describe as "extreme conditions." Some worked two to three days straight without going home. Later that week, with the help of the police, another generator was set up outside the school,

which finally allowed the water pumps to be turned on.

From that point on, everybody, according to Hogan, simply "made themselves useful."

"We basically had to do anything we could do," he said. "There was too much to do at all times, so there was never any reason to not be busy."

In addition to mopping behind other emergency workers and making sure everything was clean, the custodians set up numerous tables on the stage of the theater, which served as a temporary headquarters for the fire and police forces.

The custodians were quick to mention that while they worked, humanitarian groups like the American Red Cross helped them out.

"The first day, we didn't have enough supplies, but a couple of days later, we had too much of everything," said Bulger. "The Church of Scientology was absolutely outstanding. They were giving massages, they had chiropractors here, they were giving out toothpaste, toothbrushes, towels, you name it."

But despite all their work, a number of custodians were saddened by the fact that certain New York City newspapers had referred to Stuyvesant as being "closed."

"This building wasn't closed at all, just off-limits to the students and teachers," said Hogan. "There were still people inside this building, working hard to make everything clean."

"The papers should have gotten their facts straight," added Bulger. "This building was designated by the OEM [Office of Emergency Management] back in '96 or '97 as an emergency building during the whole Y2K situation. So it wasn't actually closed."

As the relief efforts and the cleaning process finally came to an end on October 1, the custodians were pleased with the amount of work that they had put in.

"What we did for these people, I feel very good about it," said Bulger. "We did a good job."

However, the effects of remaining in the neighborhood for an extended period of time have become evident, as many members of the custodial staff suffer from residual symptoms such as headaches, sore throats, and nausea upon smelling the air.

"I'm no expert, but when you come home and your nose is bleeding and your head is pounding, that ain't psychosomatic," said Bulger. "There's something wrong."

But despite the chaos, the illness, and the lack of recognition, the custodians have managed to see the whole situation in a positive light.

"The camaraderie was just amazing," said Hogan. "People pulled together like you wouldn't believe."

Scoma agreed. "We did what we had to do," he said. "We worked out hearts out, and we're happy with what we did."

As I reached the senior bar, my friend JoJo told me that the crowd of people gathered in front of her had all entered the building bearing reports of a plane that had hit the

World Trade Center. I thought it was a joke. Or a little plane, one of those tiny things that carry maybe seven people. I thought it would have bounced right off the tower.... More crying now. My best friend's dad is

in the building. We don't know where. The phones are down. I have no idea what to do so I actually go to my next class. We were able to watch the news there. There was a live setup, a woman describing what she had seen as she escaped from Tower One. Bloody people. She screams. The camera pans towards the tower and something happens. The TV goes off, the lights go off, the floor shakes.

I grabbed onto my friend's hand and started crying again.... I just remember, as we were running up West Street, I turned back, expecting to see one burning tower, and all I could see was smoke and dust.

Every night, though, I make myself stay up as late as I can in order to avoid any difficulty in falling asleep or any nightmares. I am scared to be alone. I try to see my friends and do fun, "normal" things to get my mind off of what happened. It works temporarily. I am no stranger to grief, as my mother died when I was eleven. Yet each day I think "OK, I've passed that stage where it upsets me so much. I won't cry anymore."

And each day I'm wrong. Each day I have cried just a little bit more.

—Jessica Copperman, senior

We need to take action; this isn't a time to sit back and see what happens. Enough is enough.

—Tal Itzkovich, senior

An "A" for Air Quality

Laura Krug

With additional reporting by Abigail Deutsch

I couldn't think anything, I was so upset. I saw red. My friends couldn't calm me down, I wasn't crying like most, I was enraged. The anger came from the helplessness—I was so close, but I couldn't do ANYTHING. And no matter how strong I thought I was...I still found myself running away from where I had close friends and family.

—Meg Kuczynski, junior

It all seemed to be a blur; the only vivid images I remember is when I was on the marble staircase. I saw the cloud of smoke and dust rush the school. You could not see out the windows. All the teachers I interacted with were calm and tried to console the students as best as they could.... I feel homesick. I think it makes all of us appreciate our school much more than we did.

—Jukay Hsu, senior

I yelled to my class "the Twin Towers just blew up. There's a big hole in it." Then everyone went to the windows and people were like, "cool" and stuff.... I felt really guilty after because I shouldn't be so intrigued by this tragedy. The shock died down and I got the picture later on...and it wasn't pretty.

—Lindsay Kim, sophomore

It was a scary experience. The scariest part was when we were being evacuated and we heard a crash. Everyone went running in all directions and there was total panic. I have never felt so scared in my life.

—Ernest Baskin, sophomore

We sat there and I was talking to my friend who was talking about the logistics of the whole thing and what he would have done with the Pentagon instead.

—Hamilton Davis, sophomore

Oct. 24—Even if you've suffered from headaches, bloody noses or watery eyes, you have little to worry about, maintained Board of Education, city and private officials last week in spite of concerns that air quality is less than perfect.

"The tests so far have really scientifically proven that everything is all right," said Howard Bader of H.A. Bader Consultants, Inc., a firm of environmental consulting engineers, "It's good data. There really was minimal contamination of the school." The Parents' Association enlisted Bader Associates to review the test results compiled by ATC Associates, Inc., the air testing company hired by the Board of Education.

According to both Bader and Nancy Orr, manager of safety and industrial hygiene at Beckton-Dickinson, a company that manufactures medical equipment, the testing done by ATC was thorough and the instruments used in the testing were appropriate and sensitive enough to detect any substances in the air, most particularly asbestos, that might be harmful to the health of the school community.

Orr expressed confidence in the accuracy of the test results gathered by ATC, which she referred to as a "quality firm."

"ATC would have calibrated the pumps, procedures would have been followed, and results would have been read by an accredited lab," she said.

The air quality testing has been rigorous, according to Bader and Orr. In fact, Bader said that when the Board of Education declared Stuyvesant ready for reoccupancy, he was not immediately satisfied. Because the initial testing had been conducted without the school's ventilation system on, it was only after a procedure called "Aggressive Air Testing"—which involves agitating any settled dust in order to inspect it more closely for asbestos and other contaminants—had been done that he felt thoroughly confident that classes should resume at Stuy.

Bader said that 53 air samples taken from the school were found to be "perfectly clean," and Orr added that the danger threshold for asbestos is 0.1 fibers per cubic centimeter, while the air samples for the school were found to contain 0.0046 fibers per cubic centimeter.

"If you don't even reach 50 percent of the threshold danger level," said Orr, "there's no real danger."

In addition to asbestos, the air in the school has also been scrutinized for substances such as fiberglass, silica, lead and other particulate matter. Fiberglass is found mostly in insulation and sound systems, as well as ceiling tiles, said Bader. Fiberglass can be "very itchy and it's a respiratory irritant," but its levels at Stuy, as well as those for silica, are "way below levels of concern." He added that no lead has been detected in the air at all, and that since lead paint and other products containing lead have been illegal since 1961—well before the World Trade Center complex was built—none is expected to be found. Also, although levels of certain potentially hazardous materials, such as dioxins and PCB's, have been found to be elevated at the actual World Trade Center disaster site, the levels of those substances in the school building are normal.

Orr also noted that the rains since the disaster have brought down many of the particulates that

might have been suspended in the air. She also cites the street cleanings performed by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration as well as the Environmental Protection Agency as instrumental in the cleanup effort.

Still, students report that they are suffering from symptoms that they fear may be caused by the air quality inside the building.

"A lot of my friends have been getting sick," said freshman Amar Doshi. "We've been taking polls ... teachers have been curious and they ask their classes about it and a lot of students raise their hands."

However, "Schools in general are lacking when it comes to really good air quality," said Bader. "I think right now everybody is really focusing on it. Something that might not be an object of concern normally suddenly is."

It is not just the air quality directly inside the school that is worrying the parents of Stuyvesant students, according to Parents' Association President Marilena Christodoulou. The barges directly north of school, into which loads of debris from the disaster site are being transferred before being hauled to Staten Island, have also become a source of concern because of the dust that the activity is disseminating into the air. During the October 16 PA meeting, which Christodoulou estimated was attended by about 1,000 parents, many voiced a desire to see the barge removed.

"The motion was passed by a large percentage of the parent body to work with the community to attempt to have the barge moved to another location," said Christodoulou in a later interview.

The high incidence of reported health problems also sent worry rippling through the audience.

"One parent mentioned that her child had broken out into hives," said Christodoulou, "and then somebody asked for a show of hands of whose kids had displayed any symptoms. I would say that 20% of the audience raised their hands."

Christodoulou said that the PA had requested that eight more air testing locations be set up around the school, to supplement the single one that had originally been established.

"I'm very concerned that we continue to monitor [the air quality]," said Donovan Moore, a Stuyvesant parent and treasurer of the PA. "As long as we continue to monitor, we shouldn't get too concerned over whether it's healthy."

Regarding the health issues reported by Doshi and others, Bader suggested that many symptoms that members of the school community are experiencing may be psychosomatic or induced by the stress of returning to the building for the first time since the September 11 tragedy.

"The foul odor comes from the barge area, and I can only speculate that the odor leads to headaches, teary eyes," said Deputy Press Secretary for the United Federation of Teachers Ron Davis. "It appears that the Board of Education officials are taking all the proper precautions they can take. The only other thing would be to somehow encase the barge area so that particles don't become airborne and drift toward Stuy. But that's a judgment call for city officials."

Moore added that, although there is no data to warrant it, "Sometimes the most dangerous thing in the air is hysteria. And [hysteria] has been happening at Stuy."

A Different World

On Saturday, September 22, Laura Krug and Ben Magarik went to Stuyvesant to survey the scene. These are their stories.

Stuy Reinvented

Laura Krug

A poster hangs on the wall of the second-floor entrance hall, right off the bridge. It announces, in bold black capital letters: CLUB/PUB INTEREST MEETING 9/20. It's a typical sight in the halls of Stuyvesant—except for the row of army cots set up on the floor below it.

The Stuyvesant building has been transformed into a sanctuary for the rescue personnel working at Ground Zero, according to military police. And it shows. Almost every floor of the building has been affected in some way, from the lobby to the tenth floor.

It wasn't easy getting into the building in the first place. We were denied access by three groups of police officers in rapid succession. I was ready to leave, but Ben wouldn't give up. We next tried West Street, where a friendly group of officers stopped us and asked our business. After a whole lot of kibbitzing, and showing them every piece of identification in our wallets, they allowed us to pass. I'll never forget what one of the officers told me before we left them.

"Smile!" he said, laughing at my serious face. "It's going to be a beautiful day."

It was comforting to know that despite the tension that rides the dust clouds all over Lower Manhattan, some people have retained humor enough to cheer up those who might be unhappy. I silently wished him every good thing I could think of as we walked away.

After talking our way through at least five other checkpoints, surer each time that we would never get through, we find ourselves in the first-floor lobby of the school. Sensory overload rushes over me as I survey the building where I've gone to school for more than three years. Right away, I notice the loud, insistent barking of a dog, the strange mustiness of the air, and the crates stacked in piles—far taller than I am—leaning against the lockers past the security desk.

I notice, as we run up the stairs to the second floor, that the steps are half-covered with dust. The custodial staff will have a fit, I think, as we race toward the even-floor escalators.

The fourth floor is littered with boxes, but the strangest thing is the yards and yards of electric wires, draped like cobwebs from outlets to lights, taped to walls, floors and columns. Generator power, I conclude silently. We also notice that the elevator banks are festooned with signs reading "Hot Food 2nd Floor," "Bedding 3rd Floor" and "Showers 5th Floor."

The sixth floor is dead silent. I've never seen or heard it that way before.

Finally, panting, we run into a teacher outside her classroom. She's shocked to see us, and asks how we managed to get in. We don't really know.

We collapse into chairs inside the room and start commenting on the things we've seen. She says the first thing she'd noticed was a pile

A Glimmer of Hope

Ben Magarik

The train doors open at Franklin Street, and we step out onto the platform. The first thing that hits us is the air. It's sharp and piercing, and full of sour pain. We walk out to a deserted street, a Saturday morning ghost town. In the distance, there's fog, or is it smoke?

Walking to the first checkpoint, we encounter jittery policy officers guarding the street. I'm not sure who's more nervous, us or them. They deny entrance, telling us to go to the next block, where the story's the same: keep walking.

We reach the BMCC park, where a man stands near the checkpoint, furiously videotaping. For the first time, I see Stuyvesant, and for some reason, a glimmer of hope strikes me. Here the officers radio their commander and we're told to walk back to the sergeant, a man in a white shirt.

He's a tall, stern fellow, full of harsh assurance. There's no way the two of us are getting in. Looking for "the command post" where we can get mayor's passes, the two of us ramble around the BMCC area, being turned away by more cops. Laura despairs, she's sick of walking around, she wants to go to work. I insistently question her about her job, all the time leading us toward West Street. We finally reach some sheriffs from Suffolk County, and I talk to the first genuinely friendly person in Lower Manhattan. He smiles and points to a group of cops milling on the corner. Taking out our school I.D. cards, we walk up to them, and the negotiation begins.

I introduce myself in a firm, steady voice—in stark contrast to the timid, scared tone I'd used earlier. We show them the cards, and they note, in somber jest, that they could be fake. I take out my wallet, handing over my program, Jewish Theological Seminary I.D., Ultimate frisbee membership card, video rental pass, and my student MetroCard. I pass them over swiftly and with phony confidence. Suddenly, the key turns in the lock, and the officers start laughing. They give us our cards back, saying it's all right, we can go in. Stay to the left as long as possible, there's heavy machinery on the right. I look back at the chuckling officers, noticing one in particular. As we walk away, I'm hoping he lives for another hundred years.

We're in.

After walking on the left side of the highway alongside emergency vehicles, buses and barricades, we have to climb over flowerbeds to cross the street. My heart is pounding. There are soldiers at a command post on our left, heavily armed cops on our right, and everywhere, construction workers. And at the corner of Chambers and West, yet another officer, after yet another explanation, smiles and lets us through. We thankfully tell him to have a nice day.

Into the school we walk, triumphantly holding our I.D. cards high, through the forbidden front entrance. As we enter, there's a crowd of cops, rescue workers, and National Guardsmen milling around. They don't look at us, and we don't look at them.

It's a different world down here. You breathe different air, the people move differently, and everywhere there is a quiet sense of urgency. Round here, there's no time for politics, despair, or flag-waving. As we walk away from the school, I see the site—the twisted skeleton of a dead animal, a giant whale. We hike through the empty streets, carrying philosophy textbooks.

I saw a lot of people crying around me and on me, and I couldn't figure out how it helps ease any pain that they were having by crying.
—Levon McMullen, sophomore

The first one I thought was an accident, the second I thought was terrorists. When I heard the Pentagon had been done in too I thought I was gonna die. One kid walked into our class late and said that they were making a movie outside; we all laughed at the time because we hadn't realized what had happened.
—Rene Kessler, sophomore

Most people who experienced the atrocity on TV said they were terrified immediately. However, from a first-person perspective, watching a World Trade Center tower collapse from the 8th floor, I can honestly say I was not in the least bit afraid. It was a feeling of great excitement instead, as if it was *Die Hard 4* or *Godzilla 2* or something. I was just thinking of how insane it was, not how many thousands of people were dying as I was watching.
—Paul Banec, freshman

I got uptown, and I was trying to find a way to get downtown, because I was thinking, 'I need to get to work! I'll miss my classes!' That's all I was thinking. Then I sat down and listened to the news. At that point I thought, "Okay, something's wrong. Forget about going to work; worry about what's going on here. Worry about finding your family, worry about getting home. I never made it downtown."
—Jennie Chan, English teacher

My mom, who works on Canal Street, had gotten an urgent call from my dad telling her that one of the World Trade Center buildings had been accidentally hit by a small plane.... Her first thoughts were immediately of me. She ran down to Stuy in under four minutes flat.
—Manny Bierman, freshman

continued on page 21

Painting for Peace

A Community United by Tragedy

Jane Pae

My teachers listened to all the announcements and followed orders. It was weird because I was with a teacher who was extremely confused and none of us understood him. I was mostly concerned about everyone in Stuy, including my brother.... I remember being in the lobby as the second tower came down and being really scared; all of the emergency vehicles and workers came rushing towards us and everyone started pushing to go out the other way.

—Jeremy Wooster, freshman

Walking closer to the World Trade Center complex, we were searching for a better view. We found, literally, more than we could handle. Standing on the corner of Chambers Street and Greenwich Street, time stood still. For what seemed like an eternity, I stood there, clutching my best friend, and stared.... Then the tower fell. Scared out of my mind, I dragged my friend back towards our school, hoping to find my brother and run away. To the south, a dust cloud was going west and north—towards where we were standing. A mass of people moved, becoming at once a single, frightened organism and several chaotic parts. Finally in school, I couldn't hold it in anymore.... For the first time since I found out my mom was sick, I cried.

—Laurence Wooster, senior

As New York City reeled from the shock of the World Trade Center tragedy, hundreds of Stuyvesant students gathered in Greenwich Village on Sunday, September 16, to paint two giant murals commemorating the previous Tuesday's destruction and the lives it claimed.

At a time when volunteers and donations of food and clothing overwhelmed relief organizations around the city, Stuyvesant senior Eden Marx organized an outlet for students, and encouraged everyone from freshmen to seniors to participate in painting.

"It just struck me as a good idea," said Marx. "I wanted to help out in some way." By bringing Stuy students together to express themselves in a creative project, Marx hoped to help by both "getting people's feelings out and doing something nice."

Marx estimated that over 400 students gathered in Washington Square Village in Manhattan between 10 A.M. and 9:30 P.M. to sketch and paint the two 12-by-80-foot pieces of tarp. The first mural, designed by John Headley, a graduate of Teachers College at Columbia University, depicted a tree growing out of rubble with "Tree of Life" written in over 35 languages. Senior Alzaber Rubayet designed the second mural on the spot. It was a montage of a city skyline, an American flag, a police badge, a Red Cross arm band, and an upside-down fire helmet with a sapling growing out of it. At the bottom was a partially destroyed brick wall spray-painted with the words, "New York Thanks Its Heroes."

Although mostly Stuyvesant students participated in the project, the school's name was not included in the murals because, according to senior Danny Garwood, to do so would have been "selfish."

Nonetheless, Marx said he wants the murals to hang on Stuyvesant's walls. "We need somebody to physically put it up," he said. For now, the murals are sitting in Marx's apartment.

In addition to valuing the murals as artwork, many students said they enjoyed how students of all grades and circles cooperated in the face of adversity. "The mural painting was an embodiment of the positive results of this tragedy, in that Stuyvesant students had a chance to reach out to one another and partake in a collective event that I believe gave the school a greater sense of community," said senior Alice Cao. "I went to the mural painting because I felt that we would be creating a project that represented the togetherness present at Stuy. It was great to see the large turnout and everyone so eager to lend a hand."

"I really felt we as a school came together," said senior Ethan Glasser-Camp. "I wanted to come because it was a chance to do something important."

Marx said he chose the 12-by-80-foot pieces of tarp because he wanted "the dimensions of the murals [to] reflect the image of the two towers and serve as a precious reminder of the immense loss of human life."

Despite the size of the murals, there wasn't always enough space to accommodate all the students at once. Marx said he was surprised by the "incredible" turnout, considering the fact that all the information was sent out the night before, primarily by e-mail. Even Principal Stanley Teitel, Stuyvesant Network Administrator Michael Zamansky, and Stuyvesant father and U.S. Senator Chuck Schumer stopped by in the early afternoon to observe the progress.

Marx's mother, Madeleine, purchased all the supplies, making the event possible. Participants were asked to contribute ten dollars to help finance the

project. The profits will be donated to a charity to be selected.

Photos of the murals can be seen at www.stuy.edu/mural. Marx was very pleased with how the project ran. "Everything went so smoothly," he said. "Everyone totally cooperated and were very spirited about the whole thing."

Mrs. Marx, who also created the Richard Rothenberg Memorial on the fourth floor of Stuyvesant, agreed. "It was a very important day for kids to get together and do something constructive and wonderful," she said. "And I think they accomplished that."

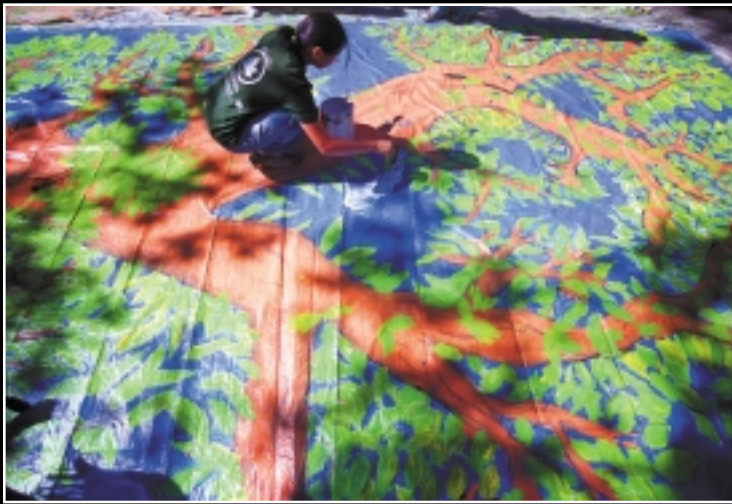
Note: The Tree of Life mural was displayed on the eastern side of Stuyvesant. The mural was unable to withstand the wind, and was therefore removed. The second mural was cut in half and bordered the United States flag for the senior photo, and will be used for the Graduation Ceremony in June.



ENDINGS by Alison Shapiro

The plane has gouged a mouth into the side of the building.
The mouth exhales tidal waves of deep gray smoke
that curl around the building's sharp steel angles
like the way the smoke from the heroine's cigarette
always curls perfectly around her face in old movies.
People fall like meteors alongside the debris.
The first guy I ever really loved somehow ends up holding me.
It is the first time we have touched in over a year.

I am no heroine. I walk uptown chain-smoking while downtown
people are dying from breathing smoke. I hear a mother singing
the end of the song: Life is but a dream. Her daughter cries.
I think about the things I never told people.
I think about the horrible beauty in the collapse of a mountain,
and how graceful some things can be, falling apart.



Mural painting on Sunday, September 16, brings the Stuy community together.

Opposite page: Kara Benson and Nina Townsend lift spirits with a squint and a smile.

Clockwise from top left:

Finishing touches.

SooChong Kim and Eunsu Chang put their SING! art crew experience to good use.

What's more American than blue jeans and the flag?

It ain't easy being green, but Laurence and Jeremy Wooster, Carolyn Soroka and Kate McCormick have each other.

A tree grows in Manhattan.







Hundreds of Stuyvesant students gathered in Greenwich Village on Sunday, September 16, to paint two murals. Here, they take time out to celebrate their expression of hope and unity. See article on page 11.



Greenwich Street, September 11, 2001

As Smoke Descended, Truth Blurred

Patrick Mangan

Are Stuyvesant students missing? Are the school's windows blown out? Was the tragedy of September 11 predicted hundreds of years ago?

These are just some of the questions being asked, as rumors fly and confusion abounds in the wake of the terrorist attacks. *The Spectator* has compiled a list of seven myths that have been circulating. While occasionally rooted in truth, the rumors generally prove to be outlandish exaggerations or falsifications.

Rumor: *Two Stuyvesant students are missing.*

Truth: "Each and every one of the Stuyvesant students was brought to a place of safety," said Deputy Superintendent of Manhattan High Schools, Joan Perez, in her address to the Stuyvesant community at Brooklyn Tech on September 20.

In Principal Stanley Teitel's letter to students and parents on September 16, he commended students for their mature and responsible behavior, allowing a "successful evacuation."

Assistant Principal Eugene Blaufarb also gave credit to faculty members for walking "with kids for miles. Our staff was there for the kids." The administration has not received any reports of missing students or faculty members, so all those who were not in school at the time of the evacuation are also presumed safe, according to Blaufarb.

Rumor: *Physical Education teacher William Clemmons is missing.*

Truth: Clemmons explained how this rumor may have started as he sat outside of Brooklyn Tech on Friday afternoon. His first class is not until third period, but he usually gets off of his express bus around 8:45 in close proximity to the World Trade Center. However, "it just so happens that I was running a little late that morning," said Clemmons. He missed his usual bus that would have just arrived in Manhattan at the time of the attack. Clemmons' express bus came to a halt in the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel as traffic was stopped after the first tower was struck. Students and faculty aware of his daily commute worried that he might have gotten caught at Ground Zero as the tragedy unfolded, but "I never made it in," he said.

Rumor: *Stuyvesant has been used as a military base and a morgue since the time of the attack.*

Truth: According to *The New York Times* (9/12), emergency management officials originally intended to use Stuyvesant as a triage center. Trauma surgeons were on hand, and a makeshift hospital had been set up. However, many doctors waited in vain, as they had only rescue workers with minor injuries to treat.

When asked if any deceased victims of the disaster had been moved to Stuyvesant, Teitel said, "No way. Never." He and Assistant Principal Steven Satin reentered the building within 48 hours of the attack and verified its use.

Stuyvesant was later used to house emergency workers and was one of the area's three command centers, according to an e-mail from the office of Chancellor Harold O. Levy. The building was under the auspices of the City's Emergency Management Office, not the U.S. military.

As reported in the Newark *Star Ledger* (9/17), a team of nearly 100 volunteers have worked around the clock to provide rescue workers, police officers, and fire fighters with gourmet meals, hot showers, sleeping cots and both mental and physical therapy. Some of New York City's top chefs serve nearly 1,000 meals per day, which

are cooked in the cafeteria and served on the second floor. The first floor and theater are used as meeting places and information centers, while hallways upstairs are stocked with donated goods.

Rumor: *Stuyvesant and the TriBeCa Bridge, which crosses West Street, suffered structural damage during the terrorist attack.*

Truth: Teitel and head custodian Peter Lopa have both confirmed that Stuyvesant has not suffered any structural damage. In addition, both city engineers and the PA's own engineers analyzed the building and found it structurally sound. Photos do show that the area is littered with dust and debris, but the school has suffered no broken windows or other damage. Rumors that the TriBeCa Bridge has been damaged and even collapsed may stem from confusion with other collapsed pedestrian bridges that once spanned the West Side Highway, further south.

Rumor: *Sixteenth-century French philosopher, Michel de Notre-dame, or Nostradamus, predicted the September 11 tragedy.*

Truth: Numerous Stuyvesant students received an e-mail that read: "In the year of the new century and nine months/ From the sky will come a great King of Terror/ The sky will burn at forty-five degrees. Fire approaches the great new city/ In the city of York, there will be a great collapse/ Two twin brothers torn apart by chaos/ while the fortress falls the great leader will succumb/ third big war will begin when the big city is burning."

Ever play the game 'Telephone'? —Principal Stanley Teitel

According to *The New York Times* (9/18), this message combines sentence fragments from various passages by Nostradamus with words that he did not write, creating a provocative but phony prediction.

Rumor: *Since the attack on The World Trade Center, Arab-Americans have been murdered in the streets.*

Truth: In his speech to the packed Brooklyn Tech auditorium of Stuyvesant students and faculty members on Thursday, September 20, Student Union Vice President Himanshu Suri said that Arab-Americans have been the targets of hate and violence following the attack on the World Trade Center. In many instances, this has been true. *The New York Times* (9/17) reported that a Sikh gas station owner was shot to death in Arizona. The F.B.I. is also investigating two other shootings as possible hate crimes.

However, Suri went on to say that "a man was beaten to death in public," and "two women in Flushing, Queens were killed," in connection to the tragedy. Suri said that he got this information from friends, but a reporter at the *Daily News City* Desk said that there have been no reports of such retaliatory murders.

Rumor: *Stuyvesant received a bomb threat shortly after the attack on the World Trade Center. Some say that a bomb was detonated outside of the school.*

Truth: Teitel said that Stuyvesant did not receive a bomb threat and that a bomb definitely never exploded near the school. However, "down the street, a pipe had been ruptured," he said. "Somebody heard about a gas leak a few blocks away, and now we have a 'bomb threat'." Teitel asked, "Ever play the game 'Telephone'?"

I first found out a plane hit when Teitel made the announcement that "a small plane has crashed into the World Trade Center," but the way he said it he made it sound like some moron in a 2-person charter plane forgot to pull up on his stick and it was a complete accident, so everyone started laughing and we thought nothing of it.
—Rocksheng Zhong, sophomore

We walked briskly in the halls, looking for people we knew to walk with, watching all the people in hysterics holding each other, everyone was terrified, a lot of people had family in those buildings. God. My friends had family in there.

And we're all ready to burst and cry and we all are running into each other, and we're scrunched up against the whole world, and everyone's wanting to get out! It's a terrible situation, everyone is talking about everything, my friends are making pages for the students to post messages about what we think and what's going on now. After it happened we're all realizing all the things we liked about that area.

Everyone had their special spots. We loved to go to the "faraway deli," as we called it, for lunch. We loved to go to the "Cinderella stairs" and walk across the mirrored bridge, and we'd see the orchid show, and hang out in the bookstores, and there were just so many things that we will miss...
—Meghan O'Halloran, junior

I really didn't expect all that to happen.... I didn't expect the buildings to fall down. I think it's too hard to comprehend. Seeing it on TV is just not the same, I can't understand the magnitude of it.
—John Mui, guidance counselor

Pressure from Parents, Change of Plans

Abigail Deutsch

It was shocking. It made you realize how vulnerable we are as a country, how unprepared. It was so easy to do what they did. The scariest part of it, for me, is that we're fighting an unconventional war. It's not like fighting against Iraq. There's no military base to bomb, no country to target.... I'm very doubtful of our ability to eliminate terrorism. Politicians keep making promises that they can't keep. The terrorists have guerilla fighters, they're on strange terrain, much of Pakistan is sympathetic to their cause. It'll be very difficult.

—Robert Sandler, social studies teacher

We heard this screeching noise and then a real loud boom. It was so loud it shook all the desks, and our desks are fastened to the floor; it was a lab room. We thought it was just a car accident, but the kid next to me was sure it was something more—he thought it was a plane crash. About five minutes later, we see the second plane just crash into the second building, and we're in hysterics. We think the debris has just become immense, until we look closer and realize that it's actually people jumping from the WTC.... A few minutes later, we see the second building crumble. They eventually evacuate us and we're running outside. And then people are just screaming that the other building had crumbled as well, so they rush us back in the building, but most of us are already out, and the police push us out, but then we hear gunshots, and there's chaos everywhere. People start firing guns, and the police tell us to stay low and run for our lives, so five miles later, we look back, and see everything in smoke. Today is entirely different in New York. The once bustling city is silent with tears.

—Jeng Tyng Hong, junior

After selecting Brooklyn Technical High School as Stuyvesant's foster home late in the week of the World Trade Center tragedy, the Board of Education decided to start our school day at 11:00 A.M., stick to 40-minute classes, and reshuffle programs. But protests from the Parents' Association helped lead to a change of plans, according to Parents' Association President Marilena Christodoulou.

In order for the original plan to work, the Stuyvesant community would share the building with Brooklyn Tech students and faculty for four periods in the middle of the day.

"It was hoped that we could give as much of an original instructional day as possible," said Principal Stanley Teitel. "During the overlap periods, we were going to program lunch for our students. That was the reason for the reprogramming. I needed us to have lunch earlier in the day because they didn't have enough classrooms."

But the plan had flaws, according to Teitel and Christodoulou. For one of the overlap periods, only 10% of Stuyvesant's classes would be in classrooms, Christodoulou said, and "up to 40 classes—1,400 kids—would be in the theater being taught by 40 teachers using portable chalkboards. The PA felt no meaningful instruction would take place under the circumstances, with 40 teachers talking at once." In addition, students were upset at the prospect of changing programs, which would probably mean switching teachers.

Teitel said he directed Assistant Principal of Technology Steve Kramer to program classes for the auditorium and planned, during class time, to walk around the building with Brooklyn Tech principal Dr. Lee McCaskill and try to identify safe areas where classes could meet.

"We'll identify spaces, then move them from the auditorium, [one] class at a time," Teitel said. "But somewhere along the way we came to realize that the number of spaces was not going to be enough."

Overcrowding brought not only space problems but also safety problems, Christodoulou said. There would be over 7,000 people in a building that, she said, is suited for closer to 6,000. The PA asked Chancellor Harold O. Levy for a certificate of occupancy and evacuation plans and requested that Teitel ask Manhattan Superintendent Tony Sawyer and McCaskill for the same information, which was never supplied, she said.

Another concern was that going back to Stuyvesant as soon as possible would be best for the students, Christodoulou said—students had been traumatized enough and needed a return to normalcy.

For one of the overlap periods ... up to 40 classes—1,400 kids—would be in the theater being taught by 40 teachers using portable chalkboards.

To those ends, the PA began e-mailing Levy "big time," said Teitel.

According to Christodoulou, on the weekend of September 15, the PA tried to call every Stuyvesant family to inform them that Stuyvesant classes would resume at Brooklyn Tech the next Thursday, and to ask them to go online and read the PA's mission statement on its website. On Monday, September 17, the PA held an emergency board meeting and posted a statement on the site asking parents to e-mail the Chancellor.

"We didn't tell them what to say," Christodoulou said. "We wanted the parents to say how they felt. We gave the facts and our concerns, and if the parents felt the same way, we gave the Chancellor's e-mail."

"By Wednesday morning, the Chancellor had received hundreds of e-mails asking for

the immediate return of kids to Stuy," Christodoulou said. The parents also requested a split schedule—in which the Brooklyn Tech and Stuyvesant communities would never be in the building at the same time—and 30-minute periods.

Levy requested on Wednesday, according to Teitel and Christodoulou, that parents stop flooding his inbox because the deluge had made it difficult to conduct business, and fax him instead. Christodoulou said she told Levy her safety and academic concerns, and he said he'd look into it. Later that day Teitel and Deputy Chancellor David Klasfeld informed her that students would be on a split schedule. Instead of the 30-minute periods the PA had requested, 26-minute periods were implemented. Brooklyn Tech students had 37-minute periods, down from 42. They arrived for school at 7:15 A.M. and left by 1:15 P.M. First period for Stuyvesant began at 1:30 P.M. and the school day ended at 6:23 P.M. According to Teitel, because Stuyvesant students will no longer be in the building at the same time as Tech students, we won't need lunch early in the day to ease crowding, thus reprogramming was unnecessary.

Christodoulou said she was promised that the Stuyvesant building would be under Stuyvesant's control by October 1. A 24-hour cleanup crew is standing by; it will take between two and five days after the volunteers now using the building leave to clean it, Christodoulou said. Both city engineers and the PA's own engineers analyzed the building and found it structurally sound.

"I know from experience that in the Board of Ed, when parents unite as ours did and e-mail the Chancellor big time, he'd [have] to realize he had to reconsider the program he had put forward," Teitel said.

For now, Christodoulou said, her main concern is seeing that the October 1 deadline is kept.

"It is very important to have the most continuity and the least disruption," she said.

Students Are Outwardly Calm

Abbie Zamcheck

Additional reporting by Patrick Mangan

Several white flakes of paint fell on junior David Pagano as he sat in the stuffy Brooklyn Tech auditorium. He quickly assured his classmates that this debris did not remind him of the towers' collapse.

The planes hit, the tower smoked, our city changed, our world changed; and it all happened in front of our eyes. As students returned to school at Brooklyn Tech Thursday, September 20, these images were still fresh in our minds.

Some students said the emotions of their classmates were affected by how much of the disaster they viewed. And fewer students than expected availed themselves of the counseling provided by the school.

Assistant Principal Gene Blaufarb said the staff of 12 professionals received only a "trickle" of students on the first Monday after the attack, a day students were informed via the Internet that they could receive counseling at Brooklyn Tech. After Friday's full cycle of classes, guidance counselor Eleanor Archie had not seen the number of students that she expected. "We've been reaching out to kids," she said.

However, some sought relief from other sources.

According to senior Gary He, the World Trade

Center Disaster discussion board on his website received over 3,000 'hits.'

Senior Ruby Jong said that discussing the event with her friends helped to get it out of her system. On September 11, Jong and most of her friends felt safe the entire day. She said only when she got home did she realize the magnitude of the event, though it never seemed to "directly affect" her.

But junior Matt Zeidel said there was a marked difference between those who witnessed the flailing limbs of workers falling from the World Trade Center and those who did not. "A lot of people saw more than I did," he said. "These people have been a lot more hesitant to talk about things."

Although Zeidel didn't see the jumpers, another image dominated his mind. "I saw the bridge being completely covered in a cloud of dust," said Zeidel. "At that point I thought this is going to affect us big time, this isn't something we can just get past."

But Pagano wishes he could just forget.

He said, "Safe is still a place in my home, in my bed, where I can pretend none of this ever happened."

"Everyone's in denial," said Archie.

Frazzled Freshman Class Gains Bearings

Jenny Lin

Additional reporting by Abbie Zamcheck

After barely four days at Stuyvesant, freshmen were abruptly driven out of their new school when two planes crashed into the World Trade Center on September 11. The freshmen, barely accustomed to travelling to and from Stuy, were forced to find their way home, some equipped only with the basic survival information they had acquired from their Big Sibs during orientation.

Freshman Hannah Pinski said, "I thought that my dad was in the building, or near it, and I thought that he was dead. When I saw the first tower falling from biology class, I thought that it was all over and that I was going to die that day." Pinski later found out her dad had changed his plans that morning, and had not gone downtown.

In the hallway, Pinski met a friend who had just seen people jump from the Twin Towers. Perhaps from shock, the friend "suddenly went from laughing and broke down crying hysterically." When the building shook slightly and the lights flickered, freshman Alex Zedlozich said he became scared because he thought a part of the plane had hit the school. Freshman Theresa Langschultz said she feared that the towers would fall, like a tree, onto the school. Langschultz said later that before the attacks, her greatest worry had been remembering her locker combination.

As they evacuated Stuyvesant, the 800-plus class of freshmen clustered in groups for support. They stumbled out onto the sidewalk where they encountered a cloud of smoke and ash moving towards them. "A man told us the smoke was about two minutes behind," said freshman Rachel Glicksman, "and at that point we knew we had to run." In a state of confusion and fear, the freshmen, along with older students more familiar with the area, made their way up West Street and to Chelsea Piers.

As they headed up the Hudson, many tried in vain to get in touch with their friends and families,

their cell phones useless. Since they had attended orientation and the first couple of days of classes, some said they had a good understanding of the school and its location by that time.

Other freshmen were perplexed about to what to do next. One wandered a bit too far uptown and ended up lost at 82nd Street. Luckily, he was assisted by sophomore Elisa Lau and her friends who directed him home. Freshman Nick Mroz never made it to school—he was turned away from the entrance by police just after the second plane hit. He was told to walk up the West Side Highway, where he met up with senior Suzanne Grandt, who was in an identical plight. Glad to see each other, the two "decided to stick together," according to Grandt. They walked to Grandt's mother's office on 53rd Street and waited for train service to resume. At around 4:00 P.M. they took the 4 train to Queens, where Grandt lives. She told Mroz how to get home to Staten Island from there.

Meanwhile, unable to make contact with their children, many mothers and fathers had to wait for hours until they received word. "When I finally called my mom she broke down in tears," said Pinski. "When my dad came home, I cried for the first time all day," said Glicksman.

A few of the freshmen interviewed said they had given serious thought to transferring out of Stuy. "Although my parents never thought of it," said Silvia Ferreira, "I can't say it didn't cross my mind a couple of times. I realized, though, that it would be unreasonable." Glicksman said that her father "wants me to be back in school, returning to normal as soon as possible."

The next task for the freshmen will be reacquainting themselves with Stuy. Freshman Sophie Pollit-Cohen said she had just started to feel at home at Stuyvesant. "I had just figured out where the bathrooms are," she said.

I thought it must have been an accident and I stood and watched. I saw people jumping out of windows. That's when I realized people were dying.

—Annie Thoms, English teacher

So this was terrorism. But it's happened before, right?

Oklahoma City in 1998, the Tokyo subways in 1995, WTC in 1993, for goodness' sake. I spent all summer learning about how rare terrorism was and how exaggerated the fear of it was. It wasn't something we hadn't dealt with before, right? Things like this have happened. The country knows how to deal with this.... This was how I consoled myself against the nagging voice that told me something was really wrong....

Then I listened to the news. They talked about how it was an unprecedented shutdown of the city. The attacks on America were unprecedented.... We had never entered a territory so dangerous. We had never been this threatened. Things never looked like it could go so wrong. From here, things could go so wrong we can't even imagine it.

—Michelle Chu, junior

It was frightening and horrific. My seniors were terrified because we were up on the tenth floor and we had seen this catastrophe next door.... I think our main concern was being evacuated to a lower floor because from our vantage point, we could see hordes and streams of people fleeing north. But we waited very patiently until we received word to evacuate....

The students behaved very responsibly. The courage and strength of our students when it comes to adversity was amazing. It was just beautiful to see how brilliantly they responded to this crisis.

—Fee Soohoo, art teacher

As Etiquette Slips, Patriotism Flies High

Patrick Mangan

During homeroom, we were told to evacuate the school. We followed the general mass of students onto the second floor. Suddenly, a loud rumble could be heard and people rushed in from the first floor. Chaos erupted. I was standing on the stairs that led to the first floor with my friend Wendy at the time. Both of us stood frozen in confusion until a man yelled at us to get down. At that, I grabbed hold of Wendy and together we ran down the stairs.
—Jerry Wei, sophomore

While everybody else was walking up the West Side highway, I roamed downtown trying to find a place where I could be put to use. I found the volunteer triage center in the square at Center and Worth. In the square, the wounded were being seen to while volunteers were asked to give their blood, clothing and assistance in any way possible. I gave my shirt to be used as a tourniquet. The whole experience felt surreal, the dust blocking out the sun and the sound of buildings collapsing in the distance. We rode into the choking smoke, only to be turned away because air conditions were not safe. I stayed around anyway through the night as they trained me in rescue procedures. We never ended up going in. However, I will always remember the moment I mentally prepared myself to write the word "DEAD" legibly on foreheads of the victims I would find in black marker.
—Anonymous Stuyvesant student

No one I knew personally was working there, but I saw a man falling ... and that's someone's father or husband or friend. And he had a suit on.
—Anonymous Stuyvesant student

The grammatically incorrect "America Under Attack: I Survive the Attack," is just one of the slogans printed on a cheap white T-shirt depicting the World Trade Center with the American flag in the background. Street vendors all over the city are cashing in on any item—from belt buckles to camouflage hats—that incorporates America's Stars and Stripes.

The flag waves from car antennae, offices, and houses, and is proudly worn by New Yorkers across the city. While our newfound sense of patriotism may be considered admirable, many are unaware of, and may be breaking, the flag's rules and regulations.

Title Four, Chapter One, Sections One through Eight of U.S. Code and Executive Order 10834 clearly define proper "flag etiquette" to the slightest detail. For example, "The flag should not be draped over the hood, top, sides, or back of a vehicle."

Do not expect to be approached by one of New York's Finest for covering the hood of your car with the Stars and Stripes, because the rules of flag etiquette are not actual statutes. However, protocol says that "when the flag is displayed on a motorcar, the staff shall be fixed firmly to the chassis or clamped to the right fender."

When the flag is folded, a particular method should be followed that involves folding it into triangles.

Furthermore, "The flag should never be used

as wearing apparel, bedding, or drapery." Yet some New Yorkers have been spotted attending vigils or just walking the streets with a flag flapping in the breeze behind them, as they wear it as a cape.

Old Glory should also never be used in any form of advertising. A number of Stuyvesant students who wore Polo Jeans Company and Old Navy T-shirts emblazoned with the flag on the school's first day at Brooklyn Tech should consider themselves warned.

Senior Gary He has used the American flag as wearing apparel by fastening one to his backpack. He also admitted that the flag probably touches the ground when he sets his bag down. When informed that he broke two rules of proper flag etiquette, He said, "I will remove it if it's disrespectful," as he improperly folded it, and placed it in the outside pocket of his bag.

A street vendor named Thomas, who works at the corner of East 56th Street and Lexington Avenue, sells anything from pins to hats decorated with the American flag from a collapsible table. The Vietnam War veteran looked past the flag's many technicalities to the larger picture of patriotism. "United we stand," he said.

But according to U.S. Code, if you were planning on covering your ceilings, decorating your car, or setting your dinner table with the American flag, think again.



The Minds of the "Mindless"

Jeff Delauter

Newspapers have described the September 11 attacks on America as "mindless" terrorism, and President Bush has referred to the perpetrators as "evil doers." "Mindless evil," a faceless enemy, is something everyone can rally against. But the coming "crusade" (again Bush's description) must be more than a simple rallying of American forces to support the cause.

Not all Arabs are terrorists just as not all white Southern Americans were in the KKK. Yet millions in the Arab world hate the United States and what they feel it stands for: modernization and cultural incursions into the Arab world. Islamic religious extremists have threatened their own governments long before they turned their hate toward the U.S. Syria, Egypt, Algeria and Tunisia have all faced and mercilessly crushed extremist groups. Many Arab regimes, controlled by corrupt dictators, have deliberately deflected domestic criticism from themselves onto America by allowing their press to freely criticize America.

Although Bush directly addressed Arabs and Muslims in his September 20 speech before Congress, great care must be taken to avoid widening the gap that already separates the U.S. from the Arab people.

Osama bin Laden is a Muslim extremist who believes in a pan-Islamic need to overthrow secular regimes and install purely Islamic governments. He, and those like him, are committed to exterminating "infidels" in Islamic lands. They see the U.S. as an infidel because of its continued financial support of Israel, a nation that he, like many Muslims, regards as an alien presence in Islamic land. They resent American support for the Shah of Iran, American presence in the Arab holy land of Saudi Arabia during the Gulf War, U.S. sanctions against Iraq, and that the support America gave to Afghanistan against the Soviet Union was withdrawn when the conflict ended.

Hatred for the West among Arabs began long before bin Laden took up his battle against America. In his 1973 book, *The Arab Mind*, Raphael Patai devotes an entire chapter to "Why the Arabs Hate the West." Professor Patai, who taught at Princeton and Columbia, suggests that because Arabs were at one time superior to the West culturally and militarily, there is a resentment of modern Western superiority. In the past thirty years American influence has multiplied,

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"So what did you learn in school today?" On September 11, I gave a horribly truthful answer to this familiar question: "I learned that it is easy to tell a falling body from a falling piece of debris because bodies fall much faster." We stood in the ninth floor chemistry lab for almost an hour, shocked by the sight of men and women in expensive clothes glancing back into what was once their office, before throwing themselves toward the chaotic sidewalk hundreds of feet below. Some appeared to have had a running start while others stood at the edge until the flames licked their skin and pushed them off into the endless cloud of smoke. Some held hands, while others preferred to dive alone into whatever fate followed that smoke.

At one point, two teachers noticed us in the vacant lab, and began to reprimand us for

being in an unsupervised room. Without a word, we pointed to the window, and the teachers' authority disappeared as each burst into hysterical tears. By ten o'clock, there were six teachers lined up next to the four of us, crying on each others' shoulders just like we were.

When I had heard that a

I learned that it is easy to tell a falling body from a piece of debris because bodies fall much faster.

small commuter plane had accidentally crashed into the North Tower, I had rushed into the dark unoccupied chemistry lab on the south side of the building to see for myself.

the diary of a mad senior

The Diary of a Mad Senior is a regular column.

Dear Diary,

I want to explain to everyone I know why I've been out of sorts recently. There are two reasons. The first is that I, like everyone else, am struggling to deal with what happened, and it's a very hard thing to do. Everything has an association. I stare out the window of my Poetry class and remember what I saw there over a month ago, the towers smoking like chimneys—and I see now the obscene amount of sky, the sun that was never there before, the odd rectangular outline in the architecture. I want to walk out of my classes and into the hallway and out into the street and wander TriBeCa and walk uptown or maybe across the Brooklyn Bridge or take a ferry to Hoboken.

I want to get out. I am so happy to be here but I want to get out. I'm so happy that I'm being forced to handle it but I can't handle it. And I must say I wish everyone talked about it more.

That's the first reason I've been out of sorts. The second reason is the work. Yes, you've

heard this before. Your classmates, your students have written tons of essays about work and how it's doing away with them. There is a difference now. The difference is that the world we knew slipped out of existence on September 11 and we now face a new, less certain world. We watched the news about the worst terrorist attack in history and we saw the bridge to Stuyvesant. We were close. We were too close and we are trying to handle it. And yes, we are here because we like and are good at Spanish and history and precalculus and English. But we are not here, not now, to focus on making up for lost time. We are here to focus on the world we lost, how we lost it, and how we can begin to regain some semblance of what we once took for granted. And yes, school is important. It is key to get back into a routine, to think

When I saw that giant black gash in the North Tower, I felt a pain in my heart from which I shall never recover.

Soon after the second plane hurtled into the South Tower, we were ordered to evacuate the school. FBI agents and National Guard soldiers swarmed about the school lobby and then led us on our exodus up West Street as both towers collapsed.

As we marched north, the Orpheus in me periodically glanced back over my shoulder to behold the smoky void where ninety minutes prior the Twin Towers had soared invincibly. Likewise, the Israelite in me prayed that someone would step out from the fleeing mass of people, part the Hudson, and lead us away from that chaotic hell and into the promised land of New Jersey.

—Dylan Tatz
October 2, 2001

about limits and James Joyce and biochemistry once more.

But teachers, please think about what we students are trying to handle. You're probably trying to handle the same stuff. And it's hard, isn't it?

I've stayed up past 1:00 A.M. finishing homework too many times. I'm exhausted and stressed and we were too close. We were too close and we need some kind of break. On the subway today I stopped doing homework and closed my eyes because I wanted to sleep, and I thought about what I'd been through and I couldn't believe how much work I had, how little sleep I would get again tonight, how little time I've had to think about what happened and what it means.

We care more about regaining some kind of peace than rushing so we'll finish the curriculum in time. Please respect that.

It is now 12:30 A.M., and I'm going to bed.

Good night all, and get some rest.

—Abigail Deutsch
October 24, 2001

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and consequently so has Arab anti-Americanism.

It has been suggested that terrorist targets have been military ones (the Al-Khobar barracks in Saudi Arabia, the warship U.S.S. Cole, the Pentagon) and cultural/economic ones (dis-

cotheques, Sbarro pizza shops, the World Trade Center) rather than "traditional" institutions such as schools and churches, because the target is the U.S. military and cultural expansion into the traditional Arab world.

America never succeeded in winning the "hearts and minds of the people" in Vietnam. American attempts to change the Arab extremists' minds will be just as difficult.

The explosion, the image of the first building crumbling in on itself, I can't forget that.

And the image of all those people on the ground running as the smoke covers them. You could see an emptiness in everyone's eyes, like no one really knew what was going on. They were all looking for some explanation, and yes, some girls started to cry. Then their friends started to comfort them. I had tears in my eyes.

—Vlad Isakov, senior

I saw people running toward the bridge, and when I looked out the window, I saw a hole in the World Trade Center. I ran and got my camera, and I decided just to leave it on. I tried to get a little bit of the commotion surrounding the events.... When the second blast happened, I tried to run back into the building. I was scared to death. They wouldn't let me back in, though.

Senior pictures were being taken, and I was banging on the door for them to open it, and the people inside just [shrugged apologetically]. I crawled back to the front of the building and ran up the stairs. Everything was calm inside.... The next day I hurt—the experience had been physically draining. It was painful to me that someone would hurt us like that.

I've always considered America as very innocent, a very innocent society. I think this was our loss of innocence.

—Elka Gould, technology teacher

Every day since that happened, I've cried at least once a day. I don't really know why. After all, I'm one of the lucky ones. I wasn't hurt, my family wasn't hurt and my friends weren't hurt.

—Gabriela Magda, sophomore

Diverse Friends Unite Against Racist Backlash

Abbie Zamcheck

I was a little excited and curious at the fact that our boring normal school day had been interrupted. I didn't realize how serious it was when I saw the towers on TV during 3rd period.

I think the most vivid image I had was before the towers collapsed and still had a thick stream of smoke coming out. It was just so amazing to see something so grand and magnificent just go up in smoke like that.

There was definitely a lot of excitement among the classes, although most people were quiet as they were staring at the TV, shocked and not knowing what to say.

—Justin Ma, junior

When I got into room 407 for math, I saw a lot of people walking away from the Twin Towers. One guy said it looked like a "parade."...

Then Mr. Teitel gave us the horrific news that two planes crashed into the towers and another in Washington....

Everyone was trying to reach their family via cell phones. I tried to reach my dad because he worked a few buildings away, but all the cells were down. It seems like they never work when you need them to.... We finally got to a payphone at West 23rd and 11th to call our parents. All the lines were really long and people talked forever. But I reached my mom and told her I was OK. She told me my dad's office was evacuated and he's all right.

—Erin Jou, sophomore

Oct. 2—Junior Himanshu Suri wanted to volunteer downtown, but his mother wouldn't let him step out the door. "My parents were scared," he said. "People don't see a difference between Sikhs and Muslims."

Suri, who is Hindu, was referring to the Americans who have directed their anger towards people they perceive—because of skin-color or garb—to be representative of the terrorists in this attack.

Suri is part of a clique of about 40 juniors and seniors who often congregated behind Stuy's fourth floor escalator. While the bunch is also made up of Jewish, Christian, Sikh, and Jain students, the majority of its members are Hindu or Muslim. Despite historical tension between these peoples, they have been friends since their freshman years. And following the September 11 attack, in the face of shared persecution, they have become even closer.

Senior Mudassir Khan, Vice President of the Muslim Student Association, said about 15 members of the group managed to walk together as they evacuated the Stuy building. The bunch trudged to 23rd Street, where they ate, and waited several hours until train service resumed.

"When we were walking there was no arguing," said Suri. "We just valued each other's company. You could see this among much of the school as well."

The students said that while they haven't been harassed by members of the Stuy community, they have experienced bigotry throughout the city.

According to senior Naazia Husain, a pedestrian who passed her group of diverse Stuyvesant students dining at 23rd Street said, "Look at the Palestinians celebrating." Husain wears a hijab, the traditional garment worn by certain Muslim women. She said that because it distinguishes her as a Muslim, she is more susceptible to prejudice. But despite this incident, she said that her friends at Stuy have been very supportive of her, especially since the attack.

Senior Tahmeed Ahmad said, "People tried to scare me by calling me a 'stupid terrorist,'" and told me to "go home," he said.

Senior Mohammad Alam, who worked under the supervision of a man now buried under the rubble of the North Tower, said in the days following the evacuation, he has been "approached" by strangers, who give him cold stares. But this hasn't prevented him from playing basketball most days. Alam said people need to understand that "I didn't do it, I'm not responsible for this, the people who [carried out this attack] are representing their own group, not Islam."

Ahmad said he believed that the backlash against the Arab and Indian communities consisted of isolated incidents mostly far from New York, though he mentioned several hate crimes reported nearby.

Through group e-mails, these friends were

able to discuss their experiences. They spoke of the hate crimes they had heard of on the media, and what they had seen on the streets.

The first Tuesday after the attack, the group got together again, this time just to enjoy each other's company.

During last Thursday's student assembly, Suri, who is Vice President of the Student Union, made a speech in which tolerance among the Stuy community was the major theme. Suri said, "I hope that we, as Stuyvesant students ... work at educating others who have been blinded by anger."

Alam said the group had discussed most of the statements in Suri's speech beforehand online.

"We stuck together, and [the non-Muslim students in our group really supported us in this time of hardship," said Alam. "We are definitely closer now."

by Elizabeth O'Callahan

Always wear your walking shoes
'cause you never know how far
you may have to walk.

They told me to
go North but
They didn't tell me when to stop.

So I kept walking.

Everyone flees.
The World has come crashing down
leaving a gaping hole where I stood
Yesterday.

But I'm wearing
Comfortable shoes.
I'm ready to walk away
away from the ash
that falls like snow in winter
and my feet will carry me
Home.

Always Wear Your Walking Shoes

'Normal' Redefined for Students

Daniel Vizzini

Oct. 2—Leaders on all levels, from President George W. Bush to Student Union President Yukay Hsu, have preached the importance of a return to normalcy, exalting the productive and therapeutic benefits of routine. But for Stuyvesant students, displaced from school and unable to attend classes for nearly two weeks after the tragedy, life is anything but normal. "Right now we need time to adjust from the terrorist attack and also from the return to school," said junior Nick Kasatkin.

So for the time being, something almost as unprecedented as the terrorist attack itself has happened to the student body: grade-driven attitudes have been suspended indefinitely. Instead of afternoons filled with club meetings, evenings with homework, and sleepless nights with essay writing, Stuyvesant students largely spent the past few weeks with family and friends, trying to reflect on what happened and also divert their attention from the devastation. Many think the attack put their scholastic pursuits in perspective. "It seems meaningless," said junior Benjamin Sarlin, who said he has absolutely no regrets that he didn't look at a textbook during his time off from Stuy. Instead, Sarlin volunteered at Ground Zero for the Red Cross, which he called "extremely rewarding." While junior Alex Dergachev is happy that he studied modestly for the SATs, he found more solace in seeing friends and working out.

Still, while students are not rushing back into the normal school routine, most believe its sleep-depriving daily grind will return. For freshmen who had only experienced four days

of school, juniors who are starting what is traditionally the hardest year in high school, and seniors beginning the college application process, the realities of competitive academia should eventually set in. Many agree that the return to the familiar confines of 345 Chambers Street will bring a sense of normalcy and comfort. "The normal setting should bring back the normal routine," acknowledged Dergachev.

But a quick recovery is not guaranteed. The psychological distress of witnessing the attack may hinder Stuy students academically. *The Wall Street Journal* estimates that a third of the witnesses to the Oklahoma City bombing suffered and in some cases continue to suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder. This means that hundreds of Stuyvesant students may experience such symptoms as loss of appetite, insomnia, poor concentration, and irritability.

Students are not the only ones faced with special challenges. Stuyvesant teachers must find ways of dealing with the conflicting demands of understandably distracted students and a dramatically shortened schedule. Advanced algebra and precalculus teacher John Pratt, known for his substantial nightly homework, said he will assign a lighter workload. Still, he will take a no-nonsense approach to teaching, he said, as he believes there is no other way to get through the curriculum he still has to tackle.

Students who have trouble concentrating on academics will be referred to counselors, according to Pratt. "We hope to intervene early," said Pratt.

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of shovels in the lobby's foyer. Neither Ben nor I had seen them. We had also missed the camouflage-clad National Guardsmen sleeping outside on "the Wall" and cops eating fare from a McDonald's food tent on the corner of Chambers and Greenwich.

She points out the little details that show that her room's been used: a flashlight sits on her desk, papers have been ripped in half in her drawers, a set of numbers is written on the chalkboard: 31, 3, 29, 49, 8, 30, 52 with the 52 circled. Powerball numbers? Stationed fire fighters? It's a mystery.

We offer to help her carry her bags of books and ride the elevator to the fifth floor. The doors to the locker room are propped open and crates are piled against the walls, as on other floors. A big guy, a fire fighter perhaps, gets into the elevator with us. I realize that he's wearing a blue Stuyvesant Peglegs T-shirt and shorts. Maybe they raided the Student Store, the teacher suggests after he leaves.

Back on the first floor, the teacher asks us to wait while she makes a trip to the library. We sit side by side on the steps, taking in the scene. The

dog's barking grates on my nerves until I remember what it's being used for. If I were crawling over piles of buckled steel and shattered concrete looking for bodies all day, I'd demand some attention too.

Tables are set up all over the lobby with packaged snacks and medical supplies like bandages and saline solution. Over near the pool entrance are more stacks of cardboard boxes, marked things like "New Socks" and "Underwear." Some of the boxes are open and are filled with food, tissues and protective face masks, all of which, I realize, came from donors.

On the second floor behind the escalators, we see a hot bar set up. Firemen walk around with trays of French toast and bacon, and cots are set up everywhere. Inside the SU are more cots and boots, and there is even a cot set up inside *The Spectator* office. It is covered with a red sheet and a pink towel; a box of Epsom salts sits next to it. But other than that, the office looks the same.

Leaving, we had just enough time to notice a sign hanging on ropes in front of the senior bar: "Chiropractor, Will Lift Your Spirits."

They'll need it. The rubble outside is the saddest thing I've ever seen.

After the North Tower was hit, I was sitting in my second period class and it dawned on me that my brother worked in that building, so I left the classroom to try and call someone.... I soon found out that my cell phone wasn't working. I ran into two of my closest friends, and I was so frantic that they had to lead me to the phones on the first floor. The lines were long and I couldn't get through when it got to be my turn. We heard about how some students were using Ms. Levine's office to make calls. So we rushed up, and eventually I got in touch with him, and the second I started to cry from joy, they all did the same. It made me appreciate how much they helped. It turns out my brother decided to just stay home that day for no good reason.

Some luck.

—Kristin Loughran, senior

I felt the building shake, but I couldn't tell if it was the building shaking because I was shaking.

—Kameli Chow, senior

I really kept my head in the sand. I tried not to look out the windows. I went outside and had a cigarette. I could see the whole tower set against the deep blue sky. It was stunning to see the holes and the fire against such a rich blue background. It was incongruous, almost like it wasn't real. It was actually beautiful. I had a hard time coping with my initial reaction. I felt guilty about it, smoking my cigarette in awe of this spectacle while people were dying. I went back into the building, and I finally went to look out the window ... and saw this dark, roiling cloud of smoke and debris coming at us. We'd been waiting for further instructions, but it seemed that there wouldn't be any further instructions. My thought was just, 'Let's get the hell out of here.'

—Robert Floersch, social studies teacher

Teams Bond as Schedules Fall Apart

Josh Ross and Arthur Tebbel

Nov. 13—Stuyvesant's proximity to the World Trade Center has had a devastating impact on the psyche of the student body. Nonetheless, Stuyvesant's athletic community has turned this terrible tragedy into a source of motivation. Mirroring the nation's newfound unity, Stuyvesant's teams have bonded as never before.

This struggle for unity has not been without its obstacles. Since September 11, most teams were not able to practice at normal times, nor at familiar locations. Furthermore, the New York Public School Athletic League (PSAL) shuffled game schedules to accommodate Stuyvesant's awkward situation.

The boys' soccer schedule has been among the most affected by the tragedy. Over a period of 11 days, October 22 to November 2, they had nine games, including one on a Saturday. Brooklyn Tech graciously let the soccer team practice on its field during Stuy's time there, giving them a chance to prepare for the onslaught of games to come.

The varsity baseball team, which doesn't play its first game until April, was also affected by the disaster. Tryouts, which are usually held from September 15 to October 15, had to be rescheduled and condensed, as well as moved from the East River fields in Manhattan to Bay 8th Street in Brooklyn. "Every year I feel as if I'm able to reach out to every kid that wants to play baseball," said baseball coach Matt Hahn. "This year I

don't know if I've done that."

The girls' volleyball team also had scheduling problems. Because of time constraints, they were forced to play a double-header on October 22, that included a 4:00 game against High School of Humanities and a 5:00 game against Washington Irving. According to PSAL regulations, teams must have at least a 24 hour rest between events. Further, the volleyball team did not have access to Brooklyn Tech's gym, forcing them to practice before school at the St. Francis College gym from 9-11 A.M. just to stay sharp.

"We lost about 15 practices," said coach Phil Fisher. "I'm not able to spend the time I want to with the veterans or the rookies. This will probably prevent us from reaching our full potential."

While having to practice early may have seemed like an inconvenience, the volleyball team made the best of the situation. According to co-captain Amanda Zifchak, the volleyball team went out for lunch together after practices, using the time to bond. "We talked things over," said Zifchak. "I feel like we definitely became a closer-knit team, and it helps to talk things over, especially now." The volleyball team is undefeated so far this season.

Senior Thomas Kunjappu, a boys' soccer co-captain, said his team is bonding in the same way. "There's always a bond between team members, just because teams spend so much time together," said

Kunjappu. "But now we're seeing each other every day. The tragedy has definitely brought us closer together." As of now, the boys' soccer team is 5-2.

In a gesture of good sportsmanship, Hunter College High School's girls' cross-country team presented the Stuyvesant team with cupcakes before a meet on October 10. According to co-captain Michele Hirsch, Hunter, a chief rival of Stuyvesant, is usually the one "glaring at us before meets. It's amazing, because what has happened has allowed us to put our differences aside and come together."

Not all teams have been that supportive. During the Stuyvesant football homecoming game on October 7, Boys and Girls taunted them from the other sideline. After a sack, a Boys and Girls defensive lineman shouted, "A quarterback is gonna get hurt today, boy!"

The football team, however, was able to receive professional help—literally. On October 23, New York Giants wide receiver Amani Toomer came to a Peglegs practice to speak to and instruct the wide receivers. Further, on November 7, the Peglegs will head to Hofstra University to attend a New York Jets practice. These gestures were in response to the amount of public sympathy Stuyvesant has received in recent weeks.

Martha Singer, Assistant Principal of Physical Education, said, "Just as we've united as a country, Stuyvesant's athletes are bonding together as teams."

Stuy Students Support Stunned City

Adina David

Among the hordes of volunteers donating time, goods, and their very blood after the September 11 tragedy were dozens of Stuyvesant students.

Despite having been so close to the horror, many Stuy students were eager to return to the area to help. Others served food, organized supplies, or just cheered on rescue workers.

SU President and Chairman of the American Red Cross Queens Chapter Youth Group, Jukay Hsu, began working at his branch that very afternoon. He fielded phone calls about donations, helped establish a shelter at Shea Stadium with supplies and a rest area for workers, and took part in fundraisers at Queens Center.

On Thursday, September 13, Hsu visited Ground Zero with other Red Cross volunteers. "Our main purpose there was to get the rescue workers to come to Shea Stadium and rest, since many of them worked 20 hours a day and got very little sleep," he said.

On Friday, junior Max Mecklenburg, energized by five cans of Red Bull energy drink, worked from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. at Lower Manhattan's P.S. 234. He was able to catch an emergency rescue vehicle (ERV) to Ground Zero. Mecklenburg went back for two consecutive days, eventually being turned away by the Red Cross because of his age.

Sunpei Okochi, a sophomore, also got

close to the wreckage by going to the 66th Street Red Cross four days in a row. On the third day, Saturday, September 15, an ERV driver allowed him to come along and help hand out supplies to the "very tired, dust-covered, rescue workers," according to Okochi. At the end of the day, "I was tired, but content at being able to have helped out," said Okochi.

Stuyvesant football players, many in jerseys, donated their time at the Salvation Army and helped out on a boat called "Chefs with Spirit," which was stationed at Chelsea Piers. Seven members, including seniors Nick Oxenhorn and Sergey Weinstein, were on the boat from midnight to 8 A.M. on the morning of Sunday, September 16. According to Oxenhorn, "Three of us served food, and four of us did blue collar-like chores to help on the boat." According to Oxenhorn, the dinner guests included emergency workers and officers, many "traumatized by the way in which they found people in the wreckage."

Many students wanted to assist in some way, but organizations were overwhelmed with volunteers.

Sophomore Rebecca Fisher went with Collegiate School, a private school on the Upper West Side, to a Clarkson Street supply center near the West Side Highway to distribute food, clothes, buckets and other supplies. The center had so many volunteers that the Collegiate School was turned

away. However, Fisher and other students were not discouraged and went back with signs to cheer on the rescue workers. "My sign said 'Help make the world a better place' and had pictures of fire trucks and American flags on it," she said.

With significant time away from school, many students needed a distraction from the tragedy. Those who couldn't get to Manhattan helped out local organizations.

Senior Lawrence Bianco assisted with food donations at Zion Lutheran Church on Staten Island on Saturday, September 15. "The sandwiches we made got sent to the work site along with bottled water, socks, and other goods." He continued, "It wasn't much, but if everyone does a little, it adds up."

Stuyvesant lost over \$1 million worth of equipment and other materials during the recovery effort. To donate to the Stuyvesant Recovery Fund, please contact:

**Stuyvesant High School
PA Recovery Fund
P.O. Box 3531
Church Street Station
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This page and back: Union Square, September 16, 2001

To Our Readers:

Maybe it's strange or terrible that the most professional-looking edition of *The Spectator* is dedicated to one of the worst days in history. Covering these stories was different from anything we'd ever done, and we did it under circumstances vastly different from any we'd ever faced. There had been difficult issues in the past. But we could always go back to our office, we could always complain in Spec class, we could always fall back on something. On September 11, we couldn't go back to our office and sit down to put together the newspaper. We stuck together anyway.

We didn't produce this issue to be sensational or to wallow in what a mess our city has been plunged into. We wrote because of who we are—students who happened to be sitting extremely close

to a pair of falling giants. We printed beautiful color photos of heartbreakingly ugly, twisted things to ensure that, as Ethan says, "no one ever forgets." We wanted to give everyone a view of Lower Manhattan that they might not get from the news or from front pages on newsstands. We want you to hear the voice of youth in our own voice and images.

Putting together the special edition of the paper also brought us together—as friends, as a team. We are no longer the same people as we were before. On September 11, we and America lost our sense of innocence and of invincibility. But we also gained a sense of unity that will last far longer than it will take to clean up and rebuild Lower Manhattan.

—The Editors of *The Spectator*



We must love one another or die.

W. H. Auden

“September 1st, 1939”