

A video in the corner of the room demonstrates how these enormous photographs were made. Using a souped-up version of a common instant-camera, we see “instant” pictures of “instant” heroes: everyday people brought to remarkable stature through remarkable events. Viewers can celebrate the common hero by sharing in the common grief, and by feeling the swell of pride that these were New Yorkers like them-

selves who earned greatness by rising to the challenge of the moment. As former New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani said, “We have met the worst of humanity with the best of humanity.”

During my visit to New York in January, I saw the swell in American patriotism that followed September 11 reflected in other exhibitions in the city. At the Ariel Meyerowitz Gallery, photos taken from 1981–2001 by Meyerowitz’

father, Joel, showed the New York skyline, the World Trade Center a prominent feature. *Star Spangled Spirit* at the Bonni Benrubi Gallery showed images of the American flag taken by photographers as diverse as Diane Arbus and Robert Frank. And an eight-minute film by Jason Klot at the International Center of Photography recorded close-up images of people’s faces as they look at Ground Zero, the catastrophic scene sometimes reflected in their glasses.

But the huge portraits at Grand Central Station are a more direct reminder of the events of that day. And while this show has not created images that redirect the future path of photography, it is difficult not to feel a chill of remembrance when viewing them. These photographs jab at some still-raw emotion.

Some of the photos are included in the *Life* magazine book, *ONE NATION: America Remembers September 11, 2001*. The exhibit will be touring to London, England, San Francisco, Chicago and Los Angeles in the coming months.

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Joe McNally, *Faces of Ground Zero*, Grand Central Station, New York, NY

*Illness and metaphor*

## Tobacco for distempers

June 27th —The ague again so violent that I lay abed all day, and neither eat nor drank. I was ready to perish for thirst; but so weak, I had not strength to stand up, or to get myself any water to drink. ...

June 28th — . . . Now, as the apprehension of the return of my distemper terrified me very much, it occurred to my thought that the Brazilians take no physic but their tobacco for almost all distempers; and I had a piece of a roll of tobacco in one of the chests, which was quite cured, and some also that was green, and not quite cured. ...

What use to make of the tobacco I knew not, as to my distemper, or whether it was

good for it or no; but I tried several experiments with it, as if I was resolved it should hit one way or other. I first took a piece of a leaf, and chewed it in my mouth, which indeed at first almost stupefied my brain, the tobacco being green and strong, and that I had not been much used to it. Then I took some and steeped it an hour or two in some rum, and resolved to take a dose of it when I lay down. And lastly, I burnt some upon a pan of coals, and held my nose close over the smoke of it, as long as I could bear it, as well for the heat, as almost for suffocation. ...

After my broken and imperfect prayer was over, I drank the rum in which I had steeped the tobacco, which was so strong

and rank of the tobacco, that indeed I could scarce get it down. ... I found presently it flew up in my head violently; but I fell into a sound sleep, and waked no more til... in the afternoon the next day. ...

Be that, however, one way or the other, when I awaked I found myself exceedingly refreshed, and my spirits lively and cheerful. When I got up, I was stronger than I was the day before, and my stomach better, for I was hungry; and, in short, I had no fit for the next day, but continued much altered for the better. This was the 29th.

From Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719)