



A
Week in
September
2001

REINHARD KARGER



A Week in September 2001



September 11th 2001, a day that everybody remembers, a Tuesday. And everybody knows where they were, when hearing about the attacks in the USA.

I was in New York on my brother's yacht, looking forward to spending a late summer day in Manhattan, but it never happened.

It was morning in America,
when the World Trade Center collapsed.



The disaster began on a picturesque morning with magical photos of a still intact silhouette.

The last sunrise between the twin towers shows an innocent late summer morning - the first sunset shows clueless despair.

The World Trade Center collapses, bringing the 20th century to a close, leaving a painful fracture.



***„This book is dedicated
to the victims and survivors
of September 11th.“***

CHAPTER 1

September 8th, 2001

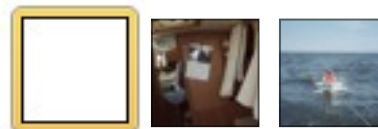


During that time my brother lived on a boat in the harbor of New York. It was moored to Liberty Landing Marina, on the other side of the Hudson River opposite the World Financial Center, Downtown Manhattan.



Friday, late afternoon, Joachim met me at Newark airport. September 7th 2001.
I wanted to spend a week with him. We were going to sail. I wanted to go shopping in Manhattan, enjoy the time, the good weather and late summer.

Gallery 1.1 September 8th, 2001, Saturday



The plan was fantastic - the prospects were bright. On the weekend we went sailing. Past Manhattan and the Statue of Liberty, right underneath the Verrazano Bridge, onto the open ocean. Then up to Ambrose Lighthouse, which was the point where Atlantic crossings used to be timed, on the American side for purposes of judging "Blue Ribbon" awards for the fastest ocean liners.

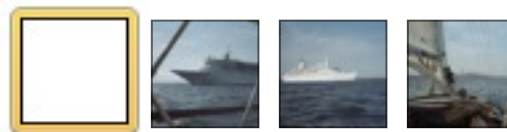
CHAPTER 2

September 9th, 2001



On our way back we met cruise liners launching for the Bermudas. We sailed past Manhattan, the illuminated skyscrapers, past the World Financial District and its matching marina. Elegant boats, some with helicopters on the quarterdeck.

Gallery 2.1 September 9th, 2001, Sunday



CHAPTER 3

September 10th, 2001



We had breakfast, then my brother went off to work. Monday, September, 10th. I spent the whole day on the boat, lying in the hammock between mast and fore sail. Cooking, eating, relaxing below deck. A day of leisure, recovering from work, a break in life.



The Towers above the clouds



In retrospect the clouds appear threatening.
On September 10th they were simply a picturesque scene.

Just the ordinary
start of a week.

A quiet afternoon.

The last Monday.
September 10th, 2001



CHAPTER 4

September 11th, 2001



I woke up early on Tuesday - before seven o'clock. My brother and I had breakfast in the stern of the boat. Viewing Manhattan. The morning was calm, the day promised to be hot and the weather excellent.



I wanted to
meet my
step-brother
Steve,
in Manhattan.
We had not
agreed
on a time
and place yet,
but had an
arrangement
to call by
10.00 a.m.





The sun rising between the World Trade Center towers.



The final image
of the twentieth
century.



Joachim went to work. I sat down with a book on deck until the sun was too hot. Then I went into the cabin, maybe around a quarter past eight. Lying down with the my book so that I could see the blue sky through the top hatch. The boat was rocking gently.

I read for a little while and fell asleep for a short time. The phone rang. Steve and I had a chat about the plans for the day. We discussed where we could meet and which subway I should take. I wanted to smoke a cigarette. With the phone in my hand, I climbed onto deck.





First I saw a cloud in the south, shaped like a cigar. Turning my head I saw that the cloud ended at the World Trade Center and realized that it had started there.

“The Towers are burning.”





The people on the surrounding boats were looking towards Manhattan. The couple on the nearby boat had a television. They said, it was terrorists with airplanes, both towers had been hit, no accident - an attack.

Steve was ok but we didn't meet up this summer.

Galerie 4.1 September 11th, 2001, Tuesday



The towers smoldered, behind some of the windows it seemed to be burning.
Parts of the facade were falling off. The sky was bright blue.



The
most evil
sound
I've
ever
heard in
my
life.











The South Tower collapsed with a dark rumbling sound. The collapse continued. When it died down, a cloud spread out the streets, covering the surrounding houses, covered the lower part of Manhattan.

Radiating stunned disbelief.









The South Tower was gone. The North Tower stood alone in a cloud of dust, steel and smoke. The North Tower stood smoldering.

The situation seemed to ease.





Dull and
grinding the
North Tower
collapsed.

A column of
smoke formed
the silhouette in
the sky.

Then the cloud
swallowed
Manhattan.



























Manhattan disappeared in an apocalyptic cloud
and took the 20th century with it.







A steady fresh breeze
pushed dust and
smoke from the
streets to the south
into the port of New
York. Gradually the
skyline showed its
new contours.

The twin towers had
dominated the
skyline. The other
buildings are high,
but there is no
comparison,
none scrape the sky.

The sky was cloudless. The sun set, painting Manhattan in a golden and
reddish light, leaving a deep exhausted perplexity, anger, grief and despair.















My brother returned late, the streets still blocked, traffic jams and street controls.

Continuing reports, pictures, interviews on TV. Soon they were talking about the names of suspects, speculating on their motives, numbers of victims and possible consequences.

Something had come to an end,
no one knew what had begun
or what would happen.

CHAPTER 5

September 12th, 2001



On September 12th the sky was cloudless. Smoke and fumes settled on the city and darkened the rising sun. Wednesday. I stayed on the boat the whole day - lethargic, dizzy and looking across mesmerized.

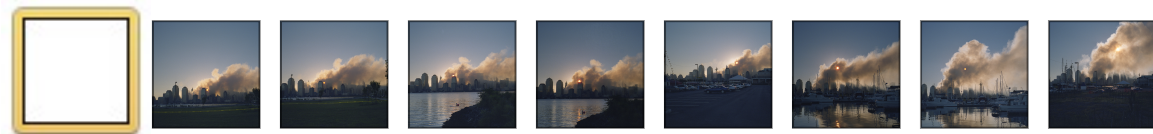




Gallery 5.1 September 12th, 2001, Wednesday



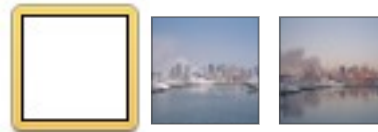
The first sunrise.



Gallery 5.2 September 12th, 2001, Wednesday



At noon the wind shifted, blowing a smell of burned cables, plastic and concrete across the water. Below deck the TV was on. I had a word with some other people on the surrounding boats. The world was in a coma. I sat on the boat and hardly moved.





CHAPTER 6

September 13th, 2001



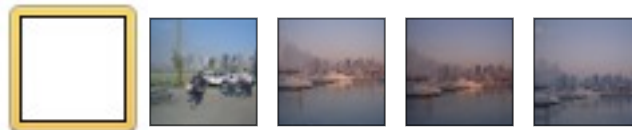
Late summer blue sky on Thursday. The cloud of dust moved uptown. Disbelief remained. At the stop for the watertaxi to Manhattan I saw firefighters with dusty uniforms and grey shoes. Liberty State Park was closed off. Transporter in a row, soldiers with helicopters, ambulances, which had not been needed the whole time, dozens. No airplane in the air, only military jets from time to time, that circulated senselessly over Manhattan.







Gallery 6.1 September 13th, 2001, Thursday



CHAPTER 7

September 14th, 2001



The sky was dull, grey, misty on Friday morning. The air was cold.
The water of the harbour black. It was raining. Still clouds of dust arose.
The world was almost without color.





Gallery 7.1 September 14th, 2001, Friday



Later it cleared up. The city appeared red and golden during sunset.



CHAPTER 8

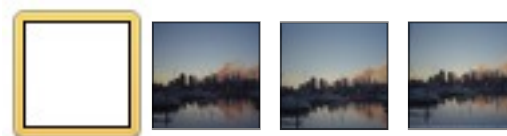
September 15th, 2001



Saturday was a warm fall day. I spoke to the airline, they confirmed my flight for Sunday. Everything booked and confirmed. They asked me to get to the airport a little earlier.



Gallery 8.1 September 15th, 2001, Saturday





In the afternoon we visited a friend of my brother's, had a walk by the Atlantic shore and dinner in the evening. Many cars flew the American flag on the Garden State Parkway. At night I saw bright lights at the club opposite the marina, music echoed across the water.





CHAPTER 9

September 16th, 2001



Sunday. Around lunchtime my brother took me to Newark Airport.







September 16th, 2001.

On the plane there were
plastic spoons, plastic knives.

The forks were still made of
metal.

The next morning the plane
landed almost in time
in Frankfurt.

CHAPTER 10

Appendix



The initial reason behind “A week in September 2001 / september-2001.net” are photos of New York, which I took during the period between September 8th and September 16th, 2001, a total of over 200 shots. All photos were exposed on negative film then scanned and shown to the public for the first time in 2011 in the context of an [exhibition in cooperation with the Patton Stiftung: Sustainable Trust](#) in Saarbruecken from [August 13th - October 3rd, 2011](#).

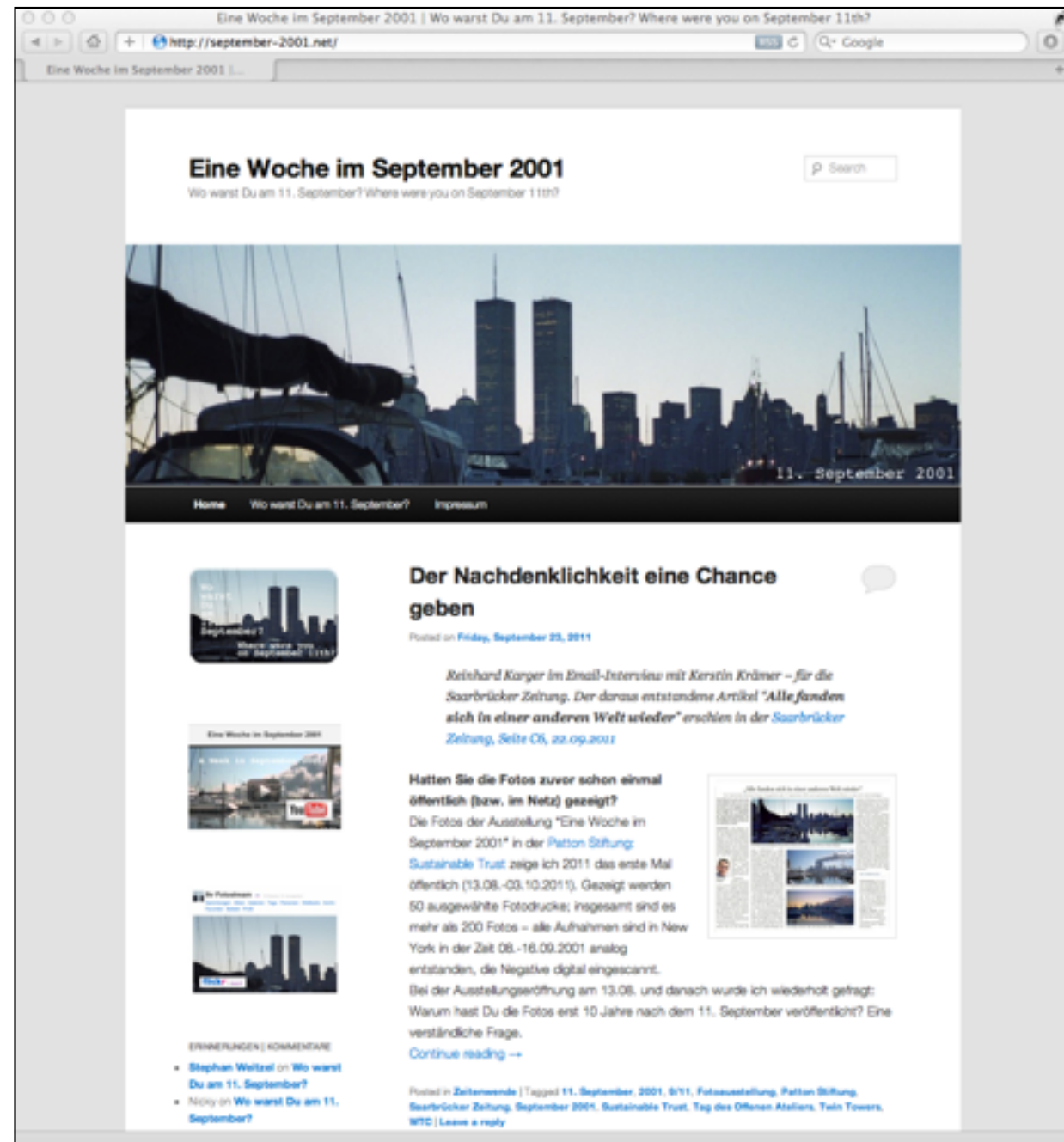
Website

[Eine Woche im September 2001 | Wo warst Du am 11. September? Where were you on September 11th?](http://september-2001.net/)

september-2001.net provides access to photos, shares pictures, reports, memories.

The disaster began on a picturesque morning with magical photos of a still intact silhouette.

september-2001.net



Where were you on September 11th?

Personal memories of September 11th are being collected on the website [Where were you on September 11th?](#) Eyewitness reports stand next to stories of tourists whose flights were diverted, experiences of honeymooners confronted with an overdose of reality, heavily pregnant women, who heard about the events days later. Others remember the birth of their first child or their final oral exam.



In Europe it was afternoon. Many came home from work or school, most thought of a bad science fiction movie or a candid camera media experiment. Again and again reports of children who were amazed that their parents allowed them to watch television. All were taken out of their daily routine, many felt the need to share their memories, all have found themselves in another world again.

All photos are on Flickr



[flickr.com/photos/september-2001/](https://www.flickr.com/photos/september-2001/)

All photos as a movie are on YouTube



Eine Woche im September 2001
A week in September 2001

Photos & Music:
Reinhard Karger (Garage Band Loops)

[As a video on YouTube](#)



[Exhibition](#) in Saarbruecken from [August 13th - October 3rd, 2011.](#)

[Download PDF of the poster](#)



[Patton Stiftung:](#)
[Sustainable Trust](#)

Saargemuender Straße 70
66119 Saarbruecken

Germany





**Eine Woche
im September**

Foto: Reinhard Karger
Vernissage: 13.09.2011, 18:00 Uhr
Ausstellungsdauer: bis 03.10.2011
www.september-2001.net

Öffnungszeiten:
Mi.-Fr.: 10:00 - 18:00
Sa.: 14:00 - 18:00
und nach Vereinbarung

Patton Stiftung: Sustainable Trust
Saargemünder Straße 70
66119 Saarbrücken
www.patton-trust.org



september-2001.net/wo-warst-du-am-11-september/

Wo warst Du
am 11. September?

Where were you
on September 11th?

Der 11. September 2001, ein Dienstag, ist ein Tag, an den sich jeder erinnert. Und jeder weiß, was er in dem Augenblick gemacht hat, wo er gewesen ist, jeder weiß, wie er von den Anschlägen in den USA erfahren hat.

Wo warst Du
am 11. September 2001?

Bitte schreibt Eure Erinnerungen auf:
september-2001.net/wo-warst-du-am-11-september/

„Wo warst Du am 11. September?“ begleitet die
Fotoausstellung „Eine Woche im September“
Foto: Reinhard Karger
Vernissage: 13.09.2011, 18:00 Uhr
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Selected press reports

A selection of photos were published in SPIEGELOnline, in „Augenblicke“, a photo magazine of t-online, in „stern“ und „stern.de“. „Berliner Zeitung“, „dapd“, „rRépublicain Lorrain“, „Saarbrücker Zeitung“, „SR 1“ and „SR 2 KulturRadio“, „Aktueller Bericht des Saarländischen Rundfunks“, „WDR2“ or „HR2“ reported:

„Der letzte Aufgang zwischen den Türmen“, [einestages, Spiegel, 12.8.2011](#)

„Ausstellung zum 11. September“, [SR 2 KulturRadio, 16.08.2011](#)

„Fotos aus New York im September 2001“, [Aktueller Bericht, Saarländischer Rundfunk, SR, 24.08.2011](#)

„The Last Sunrise Between the Twin Towers“, [SpiegelOnline International, 02.09.2011](#)

„Terroranschläge am 11. September in New York – Eine Woche im September 2001“, [„Augenblicke“, das Fotomagazin von t-online, 02.09.2011](#)

„Das böseste Geräusch, das ich jemals gehört habe“, [AD HOC NEWS, dapd, 03.09.11](#)

„Der 11. September 2001 – Der Tag, der unsere Welt veränderte“, [stern.de, 05.09.2011](#)

„Reinhard Karger über das Fotografieren vor New York am 11. und 12. September 2001“, [Hessischer Rundfunk, hr1, 09.09.2011](#)

„Zehnter Jahrestag der Anschläge – Bilder von Reinhard Karger – Hoffnung auf Dialog“, [WDR2, 11.09.2011](#)

„ATTENTAT DU 11 SEPTEMBRE 2001 À NEW-YORK, Reinhard Karger: « Le bruit le plus effroyable de ma vie ! », [Républicain Lorrain, publié le 11/09/2011](#)

„Der 11. September – 10 Jahre danach“, [SR 1, 11.09.2011](#)

„Alle fanden sich in einer anderen Welt wieder“, [Saarbrücker Zeitung, 22.09.2011](#)

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All photographs were taken in the period of September 8th - September 16th, 2001 with an analog camera ([Contax T2](#)). Most of them were shot aboard the sailboat „[Manitou](#)“, which at that time was moored to „[Liberty Landing Marina](#)“ ([Google Maps](#)).

All images are protected by copyright.
Photographs & text & concept: Reinhard Karger
Scans: Heinz Olson, [informDTP](#)

Internet: [september-2001.net](#)

[9/11 Chronology, Wikipedia](#)

English translation by Andrew Wakeford
[WakefordPhotos](#)

Ich bedanke mich für die vielen Gespräche!

© Reinhard Karger, [Contact](#)
Saarbruecken, February 2012





Photographer & Author

Reinhard Karger, M.A., born 1961, lives in Saarbruecken, Germany. He studied theoretical Linguistics at the University of Wuppertal.

As a student he worked for IBM in 1989, then 1991 as a researcher at the chair for Computational Linguistics at the University of Saarland, since 1993 for the German Research Center for Artificial Intelligence / Deutsches Forschungszentrum für Künstliche Intelligenz (DFKI) in Saarbruecken.

Reinhard Karger was Project- and Presentation-Manager, Head of Corporate Communications. Since 2011 he is the Corporate Spokesperson of [DFKI](#).

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