TIMOTHY COLLINS

There are times when we are reminded of the very real presence of what we build. With the destruction of the World Trade towers, we came to face what our edifices might mean to us. The devastation wrought on lower Manhattan revealed the endemic conditions of fragility and mortality possessed by all cities.

Ineluctably present at that dreadful time, I was confronted by a disaster that completely overwhelmed my faculties. Immediately, I raced to obtain paper and drawing supplies from the local art store, returning to record the event that was unfolding in front of me. I could provide no other service but to document—to serve as a witness.

MERSIHA VELEDAR

I am a Bosnian New Yorker. This is the city where my family and I remade our home. On September 11, 2001, the very idea of home was again attacked. It is difficult to make what people call art out of an event so raw and personal. Drawing from the event was both my escape and my dialogue with the horror of it. The attack transformed New York into a groundless city—my drawings document that internal perception.