

When the twin towers were destroyed on September 11th Damien Hirst commented that 'it was the greatest piece of art ever.' I'm not too sure what he meant by this other than proclaiming he had no faith in his own ability. Personally I think such a comment was misguided; the greatest piece of art ever was performed by Philippe Petit in 1974, when he walked between the twin towers on an inch thick steel cable proving freedom exists when you reject fear.

One of my first reactions was why couldn't they have attacked when it was night, so that the offices were closed and there would have been less death. But I suppose this contradicts the job title. My second reaction was resentment towards the media and the way the loss of human life was exchanged for the more exciting quest to find out whodunit. This reminded me of a recent documentary I had seen on Hitler which claimed he was gay. Humanity desperately tries to rationalise irrational acts. It tries to justify evil by compartmentalising human defects into logical and explainable traits. Perhaps the folly of the enlightenment is the belief that we can understand everything. It is perhaps worth remembering we are a species with only 10,000 more genes than a flower and are yet to bloom.

Perhaps the thing that saddened me most about Sept 11th was how little humanity has evolved. As the hunt began for the killers I realised that consciousness has made us more primitive, we have become sub-nature. In the jungle you wouldn't see one tiger attacking another tiger because it had killed its mate. It would just slope off into the woods and find another one. I wouldn't like to imagine how many tigers are going to pay for this part of the forest being burnt down. It made me think of school and how when someone punches you, you tell your mate who hits them back, until that person calls in their mates...

What worried me was where this playground mentality would end. Just because we can stand upright doesn't mean we have evolved, it means we have merely learnt to perform a trick no different to a circus elephant. It is a deceptive illusion which illustrates we are incapable of learning. I'm not saying that such acts should go unpunished I'm just saying when does the punishment end?

I couldn't understand why The Sun did not adopt its usual titillating rhyming slang with head lines such as 'Penta-Gone' or 'I'm a stockbroker get me out of here.' What brings about this sudden change in attitude? I don't understand why only Michael Barrymore is an accepted prejudice to vent frustration on or is it because he's tall, like the towers, and so an easy target. I sense my logic may appear offensive but then logic usually is. It's a lot easier to be emotive and not dwell on things.

When friends asked me what I thought I never got to finish my sentence. It is not like them to be so eager to talk and so I was happy to engage them with their enthusiasm. About a year later when the scenes had become so familiar that it no longer had any emotional impact I brought up the subject, but they just wanted to talk about football. I waited patiently, and when they had finished I got to speak. I talked to them about a chemical disaster that happened in Bhopal in 1984 and about how there was three times the amount of death, yet the bodies have still not been cleared up. They said it wasn't the same thing and that they hadn't even heard of Bhopal and that I sounded like a student who had overdosed on Michael Moore. They could quite conceivably be right.

Now we are fighting a 'war on terrorism'. This concerns me because 'terror' is not a tangible object like chemicals, it is an emotion. How can there be a war on emotions and not a war on chemical leaks? But when you consider history every war has been based on emotions ranging from jealousy to hatred. Perhaps we should renounce our feelings and discard the 10,000 extra genes and go back to being flowers, letting nature decide when we lose our petals.

We all deal with pain in our own way; it's how we come to terms with situations we couldn't possibly imagine. But no matter how many times we revisit events or consider variables it's impossible to make any sense. As a vegetarian I imagine myself driving the plane and know that my own incompetence would have resulted in me missing the towers and crashing in to a nearby field and killing a herd of cows, knowing I couldn't even perform my last ever task right. I'm not being insensitive it's the only way that I can come to terms with such things. Similarly I wonder what was it that drove the pilots to take their own lives. Why did they need to make such a grand gesture instead of using, like me, words?

I always think of what you would say in a last minute phone call to a loved one and perhaps just as hard, how would they listen? What words could possibly encompass that range of emotions? Then I think of that couple who jumped out the top floor preferring suicide over fire or being crushed. They weren't even in love; they were just work colleagues who by chance shared the most intimate and intense part of their lives together. When they fell what went through their minds; was it all floating and over in a second or back to when it was kiss chase in the playground?

Perhaps the only truth to come out of such a tragedy is not who was right and who was wrong but that death will come to us all, just in a different form, a different 'plane', a different 'cause.'