

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK



LARRY TOWELL/MAGNUM



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Businessmen make their way past emergency vehicles to shelter. 'Civilians were coming out one at a time,' says Towell. 'Everything was burning. The sky was black, just black like night. People were coming out coated in dust, I don't know how dangerous it was, ash, soot, maybe asbestos in the air. But people were bringing their dogs out with kerchiefs over the dogs' noses, kids coming out on their skateboards with masks. It was certainly very strange.'



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'The firemen are going in, riding the back of a truck,' says Towell. 'The air is so thick you see the light on in the stop sign; it looks like night, but it's afternoon. Some of these firemen could be dead by now. I was talking to a fireman later who lost six of his men — he saw debris falling down, and then realized it had arms and legs. At every fire station in New York City there's a little shrine, because every fire station has lost people. It's not an eight-hour job anymore. They're volunteers. They don't stop. Until they fall from exhaustion.'