

**MAYBE OSAMA BIN LADEN
MAKES BEAUTIFUL ART**

Amy Pederson

Hong Kong, Thursday, September 11, 2001 9:06 PM:

Having taken the red line Metro from Central, I alight at the Causeway Bay stop and make my way through a maze of underground tunnels until I get to the Times Square shopping complex entrance. I'm meeting my friend Lily and her girlfriend Janice, but I'm early.

The mall's passageways are clogged with fashionable teens and generic chain stores, so I get on the escalator and go up to the surface. There, gathered in a brick plaza, are maybe 1,000 Hong Kongese, their faces tilted upwards towards the Jumbotron above. I stand and watch with them. It appears that a plane has crashed into the World Trade Center—fucking apocalyptic. All the on-screen text is in Chinese, but I can tell from the logo in the right hand-corner that this is a live-feed from CNN. The audio track is Cantonese, but the voice of someone speaking excitedly in English—bystander? hysterical reporter?—cuts in and out, weaving a ribbon of coherency I try frantically to follow. I hear this: the fuselage of the jet seems to have detached and fallen sideways into the second tower, making it burst into flames. But how do things fall sideways? Some top floors are gone and there are huge, black, ragged holes in both buildings' façades. The Jumbotron cuts to commercials for the autumn crab festival and complimentary car washes and doesn't return.

Begun in 1966 and demolished on September 11, 2001, the World Trade Center is provided with the following statistical entry by the website great-buildings.com:

Architect: Minoru Yamasaki

Location: New York, New York

Building type: skyscraper, commercial office tower

Construction System: steel frame, glass, concrete slabs on steel truss joists

Climate: temperate

Context: urban

Style: modern¹

What is omitted is the site's doubled nature, its twin towers that for some three decades lent such a characteristic shape to the skyline of lower Manhattan, both in actuality and representation. For Jean Baudrillard, the towers were,

“precisely because of their identity, the perfect incarnation of absolute order,” of absolute power, to which the world is universally allergic.² For Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, self-identity is innate within the arborescent model of state philosophy and representational thought. Self-resemblance is at the basis of all hegemonic constructs of identity, with being and representation forced into a binary correspondence: $x = x$ and NOT y .

For some 25 years, the towers’ 110 x 2 floors housed the branch offices or headquarters of multinationals, investment firms, international banking consortiums, and sundry other cogs of the global late capitalist machine from which traveled vectors and concepts, lines of articulation and lines of flight. But over the course of this period and this century, the real locations of capital exchange, from the nineteenth-century bourses of Europe to the modern day NYSE, Hang Seng, Nikkei, etc., have been displaced by more ephemeral electronic and digital sites. These hollow and decentered edifices, increasingly marginalized relics of the analog past, have supplemented their lack of functionality by taking on new symbolic meanings. In the move from ticker-tape to e-commerce, new globalized centers have coalesced in the same locales as their antecedents. But the sheen of new media and the nomadic nature of power within the present social condition cloak an analog core: state philosophy, in its desire to establish correspondences between artificially distinct and symmetrically structured domains through self-resemblance, is inherently analogical.

From 1973 to 1975, the towers were the world’s two tallest buildings, but beyond this brief moment in time, the WTC grew ever larger as an assemblage. Assemblage, according to Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, is a two-sided machine; one side faces a determined subject, the other an unstable circulation of signifying particles, a Body without Organs. Situated at the intersection of the black hole of subjectivity and the white wall of signification, the machine produces a face, “a broad face with white cheeks, a chalk face with eyes cut in for a black hole. Clown head, white clown, moon-white mime, angel of death, holy shroud.”³ The machine functions in two ways: through elements and choices. In the first, the black hole functions as a “computer of normalities,” constituting concrete, individualized facial units regardless of content. *Either x or y*. In the second, the assemblage acts as a “deviance detector” and assumes a role of selective response. *x or y, but never z*.

The face is pre-linguistic, but also indexes language. The face manufactures a dominant reality for subjectivity, but is in turn manufactured by this reality. The face is a concept, a specific idea that acquires and exercises the function of binarization:

A concept is a brick. It can be used to build the courthouse of reason. Or it can be thrown through the window. What is the subject of the brick? The arm that throws it? The body connected to the arm? The brain encased in the body? The situation that brought brain and body to such a juncture. All and none of the above. What is its object? The window? The edifice? The laws the edifice shelters? The class and other power relations encrusted in the laws? All and none of the above.⁴

Later Thursday, September 11, 2001

An hour after the second tower is hit, Lily, Janice, Elaine, and I are driving around the red light district in Tsim Sha Tsui. Legal brothels are indicated with rainbow neon vectors but the streets teem with prostitutes as well—some as old as 55 or 60, some obviously drug addicted and mostly not Hong Kongese. I see Thai women, Filipinas, Southeast Asians, and mainland Chinese on the stroll or guarding their corners. All the while we are listening to BBC World News on the radio. The towers collapse, the Pentagon is hit, another plane has crashed outside Pittsburgh, and three of the four planes were bound for Los Angeles, the place where I now live.

The car, the radio, and the sex trade give me an intense feeling of claustrophobia so we go to a dingy gay-friendly bar. Inside, we drink beer, smoke cigarettes, and watch more Cantonese CNN. A woman who worked in the towers is interviewed, covered in dust, talking about the crush of the stairwells. Footage shows debris drifting from the impact holes and people flinging themselves from the top floors. One body careens again and again into the exterior glass wall. Later I heard that the noise of these collisions was sudden and sharp in the muffled silence caused by the settling dust.

The face takes its shape *on* the white wall and *in* the black hole. It is a cinematic close-up, either bathed in light or engulfed in shadows. It constitutes the wall of the signifier, the frame, or the screen; it is a surface and a map. Produced in humanity when the body and head are decoded and recoded under its authority, the face is also the inhuman in human beings. But the face does not engender or explain social power; “certain assemblages of power require the production of a face, others do not.”⁵

For Deleuze and Guattari, the “primitive” social semiotic is nonsignifying, nonsubjective, collective, polyvocal, corporeal, and operates through the multidimensionality of bodies, not faces. This is because the face is not universal, it is the face of Christ, of the average, ordinary White Man himself: “Jesus Christ Superstar: he invented the facialization of the entire body and spread it everywhere.”⁶ Centering not on ideology but on economics and the organization of power, the face as “deviance detector” discerns non-White humans not as Others, but by a determination of other races’ divergence from the White Man face. There is no exterior; “Racism

never detects the particles of the Other; it propagates waves of sameness until those who resist identification have been wiped out.”⁷

Shanghai, Thursday, September 20, 2001

Still drunk and reeking from the previous night's debauchery, I take the elevator to the hotel gym and try to sweat out a half-dozen or so Tsing Tao on the Stairmaster. A large blond man comes in and flips the TV from Chinese soccer to CNN. Great. He starts a conversation by asking if I'm from the U.S. I answer "yes" rather than trying to explain the vagaries of my national status. He wants to talk about the "upcoming" war, and says to me: "I know you're here on business otherwise you'd be at home." It turns out this guy is a hard-line Republican from Arizona whose uncle was Assistant Secretary of State under Reagan. He dismisses my concerns about the damage U.S. air strikes will cause to Afghan civilians, saying, "It's collateral damage," "They deserve everything they're going to get," and "We're going to bomb them back to the Stone Age." A few days later, my friend Stewie sent me this email from Vancouver: "From our perspective, it appears the Americans have gone insane. I read a newsgroup saying that 50% of Americans favour mandatory ID cards for all Arab non-residents. This doesn't sound that bad until you read that another 35% favour internment."

Inherently despotic and authoritarian formations, faces "give the new semiotic system the means of its imperialism, in other words, the means both to crush the other semiotics and protect itself against any threat from outside."⁸ There must not be any exterior. But threats can also come from within: specific faciality traits occur inside the homogenous unit of the face, and each trait is a potential rhizome containing its own imagined centre from which lines of articulation can flow. If the rhizome of the faciality trait is germinated, and lines of flight attempt to spring forth, the face will clamp down, exercising its tyranny through language; language becomes a form of exclusive expression that "now flattens out all volumes and subordinates all lines."⁹ Translatability of any kind requires a single substance of expression.¹⁰ The face takes hold of each errant trait, blocking its escape and reimposing its frame, as each trait is a potential cause of the face's undoing or deterritorialization.

The first theorem of deterritorialization is: "one never deterritorializes alone; there are always at least two terms, hand-use object, mouth-breast, face-landscape. And each of these two terms reterritorializes the other."¹¹ In cinematic close-up, the face becomes monumental and alien, distorted by scale and circumstance into a strange landscape. Correspondingly, architecture positions "its ensembles—houses, towns or cities, monuments or factories—to function like faces in the landscape they transform."¹²

On September 11, the face of the towers was violently deterritorialized. Its traits became tics, its frame was blown apart into faciality fragments,

decimated, collapsed into rubble, and then reverberated across the world in a rhizomatic explosion of media. The transfer of electronic funds capable of surmounting any geographical obstacle; the relaying of information, bounced, received or erased in a split second—all ceased. Among those traits unleashed were the viscerality, corporeality, and polyvocality staved off by the face's need for single substance, revealing themselves during the towers' collapse from one landscape into another.

In turn this new landscape reterritorialized its first term; out of the fraught landscape of the Middle East emerges the face of the Islamic Terrorist, or Osama bin Laden, or Saddam Hussein, or ...? Faces are always a multiplicity, and the surface of this despotic one, endlessly proliferated through news media and popular culture, becomes more enclosed the more it expands. The despot is everywhere and nowhere. Bring me the head of Osama bin Laden! One-time Saudi royalty, businessman and CIA-funded guerilla, he is now indivisibly linked with religious fundamentalism, cave-dwellers and shrouded women. Bin Laden is the enemy of all civilization.

The second theorem of deterritorialization is: "the fastest of two elements of movements of deterritorialization is not necessarily the most intense or most deterritorialized."¹³ Intensity has little to do with speed. The face is a slow, intense and absolute deterritorialization. Removing the head and body and submitting them to the face, to language and to subjectivity creates Organs without a Body, whereas, Deleuze and Guattari reiterate, humanity's salvation lies in the reverse.

In two hours on September 11, four planes fell from the sky. One in Washington, two in New York, one in Pennsylvania. During this time, bin Laden, the Taliban, al Qaeda, and Afghanistan were facialized. In the days after the attacks, President George W. Bush warned the world, "You're either with us, or you're with the terrorists." Anticipating future xenophobic foreign policy and couched in evangelical language, Bush's ultimatum marked a further splitting between the East and the West, Judeo-Christianity and Islam. Against the decline of nation-states and new trans-national forms of sovereignty promised by theorists of globalization, 9/11 and the ensuing conflicts in Afghanistan, Iraq and wherever may follow have engendered the re-entrenchment and re-inscription of nationalist boundaries and ideologies, as well as a shift in their respective semiotic systems of meaning which produce and interpret culture, society and identity.

In December of 2001, bombs fell on Afghanistan every day. "*Let's Roll, America!*" "*Piss on Afghanistan!*" At the conflict's conclusion, Laura Bush addressed the nation, choking up with emotion as she announced that Afghani women were now free to wear make-up and nail polish without fear of reprisal. Two years later, Afghanistan lies ruined, overrun by warlords

and largely forgotten, while Americans and Iraqis die every day.

Since this time, the United States has witnessed a massive rearticulation of nationalist identity at home and abroad. The rights of individuals, including U.S. citizens, have been suspended or obliterated in the name of security. Preemptive war was declared on a sovereign nation against the Geneva Convention and with little international support apart from client states, recalling the war in Vietnam. But these actions, committed in the name of the face, have a doubled effect. While claimed in the name of Iraqi liberation and American freedom, these facializations have seemingly deterritorialized the Constitution and Bill of Rights, as well as positioning America as a new imperial power.

The third theorem states: “It can even be concluded from this that the least deterritorialized reterritorializes on the most deterritorialized.”¹⁴ As a general rule, Deleuze and Guattari write, “relative deterritorializations (transcoding) reterritorialize on a deterritorialization that is in certain respects absolute (overcoding).”¹⁵ But when bodies, heads and buildings are made into faces, the deterritorializations occurring are negative, passing from the stratum of corporeality to that of language.

In the aftermath of the Soviet occupation of the 1970s, a million Afghani lay dead, three million were disabled, and five million made refugees. Jockeying for position against the aberrant abuse of power displayed by the Mujahideen after the departure of Soviet and American forces, in the early 1990s the Taliban emerged from Quaranic schools to claim victory and the right to rule under strict Islamic law. Situating themselves in strategic geographical strongholds in the south’s mountainous regions and employing four-wheel-drive vehicles and satellite phones, the Taliban quickly gained control of the majority of the country. Into this fold bin Laden brought with him powerful international connections, the clout of his family’s petroleum-based wealth, and the expertise he gained from his training under the CIA, as well as that acquired through years of dealing with Western economic and political consortiums.

On September 11, these figures underwent facialization through the assignation of evil: Islamic fundamentalist terrorists, bent on holy war and caring nothing for their own self-preservation, wielded flimsy boxcutters in order to hi-jack commercial flights which were then used as bombs and dropped directly into the faces of global capital, American militarism, and, presumably, with the third unsuccessful target, the ultimate interpenetration of the two—the black holes and the white wall of the White House. The terrorists employed every modern means, but ultimately analog weapons—boxcutters and their own deaths—were used to unmake an analog system, and waves of corporeality were unleashed. Through what he termed “an

immoral act in response to an immoral situation,” Baudrillard argues that terrorism restored an irreducible singularity to a generalized system of exchange:

Terrorists, like viruses, are everywhere. There is no longer a boundary that can hem terrorism in; it is at the heart of the very culture it’s fighting with, and the visible fracture (and the hatred) that pits the exploited and underdeveloped nations of the world against the West masks the dominant system’s internal fractures. *It is as if every means of domination secreted its own antidote.*¹⁶

The fourth theorem of deterritorialization states: “the abstract machine is therefore effectuated not only in the faces that produce it but also to varying degrees in body parts, clothes, and objects that it facializes following an order of reasons.”¹⁷ The faces of the towers, the Pentagon, Bush, and bin Laden have taken on new kinds of deterritorializations, revealed different faciality traits through their continual reproduction and propagation in the media. Satellite TV, cable news and the internet have become weapons of both the terrorists and their target, the instantaneity of images absorbing the event, multiplying it, and taking it hostage.¹⁸

Minutes after they collapsed, images of the falling towers were permanently looped—buildings upright, then damaged, then decimated—on almost every media outlet worldwide. Avalanches of speculative examination and commemoration followed. Replicated into infinity and gradually leached of any meaning, the events of September 11 are both excessively real and almost obliterated by clichéd iconography. At home, among the seas of American flags plastered on every conceivable public and private surface, an Osama bin Laden cottage industry has sprung up, most noticeably at Ground Zero; products include Osama-themed mudflaps, murals, car decals (now, instead of pissing on Ford, Chevy, or the INS, the cartoon character Calvin pisses on bin Laden), snowglobes, and toilet paper: “Let’s wipe this sucker & flush him down the toilet.” “So he likes bombs, let’s drop a few on him.”¹⁹ Souvenirs of catastrophe turn terrorism into entertainment, and the American public’s appetite for the spectacle of violence, both real and imaginary, has been whetted, not lessened.

Shanghai, Saturday, September 22, 2001

Tonight I meet Shen Fan, the abstract painter, along with a winner of the Uli Sigg-sponsored Chinese Contemporary Art Award and his Swiss girlfriend at the home of Yang Qing, a young woman artist recommended to me as a translator and guide. After coffee, we drive to a fish market located near seafood restaurants willing to cook and serve your purchases for a fee. I’m definitely apprehensive; the heat and

flies give the shellfish a seriously unsafe appearance and I have no health insurance but I steel my resolve—fuck it. Fish is probably fine. We tour the streets on foot for 45 minutes before entering a restaurant located above a market. The men hand the hostess our wet and smelly bags of stuff and we are soon installed in a private room with beer, cigarettes, and snacks. We eat and drink and smoke and gradually the climate eases and the talk drifts to art.

Shen Fan denounces the uselessness of art, maybe his in particular, arguing that a real artist cannot be paid for their art, and that some art must be made in China that will reach the Chinese people instead of being consumed by the West. I tell him that searching for transcendental universalities is a self-defeating prospect and that self-loathing is not a new characteristic of artistic persona. The prize-winner asks me who I like in Chinese art, but dismisses my choices, demanding to know why and what makes these artists good and, indeed, what makes any art good. I try to explain that for me the notion of quality in art is not necessarily something that has an aesthetic basis but, rather, is something connected to affect and memory. I tell him about seeing a Rudolf Schwarzkogler exhibit when I was 16, being in a tiny basement gallery in Vancouver and seeing these horrific images of blood and bodies, wounds and castration. I had no clue what I was looking at, but I remember these things so vividly. Time passed, I took classes, read books and learned the historicity behind this movement and artist. But I REMEMBER THE ART, it lingers in my mind, resurfacing occasionally. It caused a desire for more knowledge, therefore I think it is good.

The prize-winner says, "Then maybe Osama bin Laden makes beautiful art, more than 20,000 CIA or Hollywood could make?" Silence falls at the table and everyone looks very worried. I think back to Hong Kong and giant projections of buildings with small black ragged holes torn in them, plumes of smoke curling up to the sky. Bodies like leaves float gently down glass walls, bouncing and twirling like a plastic bag caught in a gust of wind. Of buildings accordioneing into themselves, hundreds of thousands of tons of weight made graceful in a moment of collapse. Maybe then this is beautiful art. Certainly it is something that no one who saw it will ever forget.

For Deleuze and Guattari, the destruction of the face carries a positive possibility, but, they warn, "dismantling the face is no mean affair. Madness is a definite danger."²⁰ This undoing requires all the resources of art, but:

art is never an end in itself; it is only a tool for blazing life lines, in other words, all of those real becomings that are not produced only in art, and all of those active escapes that do not consist in fleeing into art, taking refuge in art, and all of those positive deterritorializations that never reterritorialize on art, but instead sweep it away with them toward the realms of the asignifying, asubjective and faceless.²¹

In the days after September 11, German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, best known for his experimental compositions of serial, concrete, and electronic music, positioned the WTC bombings as just such an operation. The *New York Times* reported on September 19 that during a Hamburg press conference,

according to the news agency DPA, Mr. Stockhausen responded to a question about the attacks on the United States by saying: 'What happened there is—they all have to rearrange their brains now—is the greatest work of art ever. That characters can bring about in one act what we in music cannot dream of, that people practice madly for ten years, completely, fanatically for a concert and then die. That is the greatest work of art for the whole cosmos. I could not do that. Against that, we, composers, are nothing.'²²

Insisting he had been misquoted, Stockhausen was immediately shunned by the international community and his upcoming concerts in Hamburg and New York were cancelled. In an op-ed piece published in the *Times* some ten days later, Anthony Tommasini passionately contested Stockhausen's categorization, writing:

Art may be hard to define, but whatever art is, it's a step removed from reality. A theatrical depiction of suffering may be art; real suffering is not. Because the art of photography often blurs this distinction, it can make us uncomfortable. Real people, sometimes suffering people, have been photography's unwitting subjects. That's why we have photojournalism, to keep things clearer. The image of a naked, fleeing, napalm-burned Vietnamese girl is truth, not art. Images of the blazing twin towers, however horrifically compelling, are not art.²³

Minimalist sculptor Richard Serra concurred in an October 21 letter to the editor:

Why is Mr. Stockhausen postulating an equation between an art performance and mass murder, thereby transforming mass murder into an art spectacle? What mind-set does it take to completely lose the distinction between art and reality, leading to the preposterous and hypertrophic competition between an art performance and the annihilation of thousands of people? Mr. Stockhausen made us see the extreme of a not uncommon attitude, the aestheticization of reality; in this instance the aestheticization of terror.²⁴

But what of the pornography of the real and the kitschification of terror that have overtaken the event itself? In another letter to the editor from the week before, Christopher Connery of Santa Cruz, quoting Bill, the protagonist from Don DeLillo's 1991 novel *Mao II*, writes:

What terrorists gain, novelists lose. The degree to which they influence mass consciousness is the extent of our decline as shapers of sensibility and thought. The danger they represent equals our own failure to be dangerous. Beckett is the last writer to shape the way we think and see. After him, the major work involves midair explosions and crumbled buildings. This is the new tragic narrative.²⁵

What terrorists gain, novelists lose; what terrorists gain, composers lose; what terrorists gain, artists lose. The more we see terror, the less impact we feel for art. If the terrorist is the new artist, then how can the World Trade Center bombings be considered anything other than art?

"*Fiat ars—pereat mundus*' says Fascism," Walter Benjamin wrote in the concluding paragraph of "The Work of Art in the Mechanical Age of Reproduction":

Mankind, which in Homer's time was an object of contemplation for the Olympian gods, now is one for itself. Its self-alienation has reached such a degree that it can experience its own destruction as an aesthetic pleasure of the first order.²⁶

While Stockhausen can be accused of aligning himself with this formulation, Serra implicates himself in a no less totalitarian model. In 1990, Anna Chave made the argument that Minimalism generally, "might well be described as perpetrating a kind of cultural terrorism, forcing viewers into the role of victim."²⁷ While vehemently opposed to the aestheticization of reality, it can be said that Serra aestheticizes, or reterritorializes, a second term. Chave writes; "With closer scrutiny . . . the blank face of Minimalism may come into focus as the face of capital, the face of authority, the face of the father."²⁸ What terrorists gain, the face loses.

In Serra's letter, and in his work, a position is constructed which must necessarily be controlled and marked out from any kind of re-aestheticization. Chave states: "Received art-historical wisdom about what makes works of art 'powerful' is a quality of unity, with effects of dissonance and difference successfully effaced or overmastered such that an object's or image's composite parts are maneuvered into a single, coherent totality."²⁹ In art as in any other face, translatability of any kind requires a single substance of expression.

For Benjamin, authenticity is outside reproducibility: “even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art is lacking in one element its presence in time and space, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be.”³⁰ Viewed in this manner, and despite the dangers of a Fascist construction, perhaps conceiving of the events of 9/11 as a work of art can liberate the Act from the neutralization caused by its endless reproduction. Perhaps it can be reinscribed in time and space as a specific performance and allow for synchronic, multilayered meaning to be unpacked at a near or far future date. While September 11 can never be eradicated from representation, positioning it as art fixes the event as a signifier, lifting it above the conventional treachery of images. The labeling of September 11 as art will undoubtedly anger and disgust many people, but may also illuminate the economies of desire, the movements of facialization and deterritorialization underlying the screen or face masking the reality of the event and of our present condition.

The machine of faciality can bring about relative deterritorializations; it can perform absolute but negative deterritorializations; it can flow into “knots of arborescence” and “holes of abolition”; or, and most productively, as Deleuze and Guattari write:

sometimes, to the extent that it performs a veritable ‘defacialization,’ it frees something like *têtes-chercheuses* (guidance devices) that dismantle the strata in their wake, break through the walls of signifiante, pour out of the holes of subjectivity, fell trees in favour of veritable rhizomes, and steer the flows down lines of positive deterritorialization or creative flight.³¹

Beyond the face, these theorists argue for the possibility of a different kind of inhumanity, a place where “cutting edges of deterritorialization become operative and lines of deterritorialization positive and absolute, forming strange new polyvocalities.” However, this location, akin to the absolutely deterritorialized face, or the absolutely deterritorialized artwork, or any other utopia, seems an impossible object.

But like the black hole and the white wall, the act of the bombing is the ground on which the faciality traits of images are inscribed, and it is from this locus that tics attempt to escape along rhizomatic lines. Between the frame and its traits, between lines of flight and rates of flow, between the face and the landscape there exists a gap, an interruption, like static or atmospheric weather, or a letter which never reaches its destination. The residue of the fragmentary, the corporeal, the individual narrative of suffering will always exist, and particularly so if any of the site’s potential developers are successful in their proposed designs, all of which include a plan to make

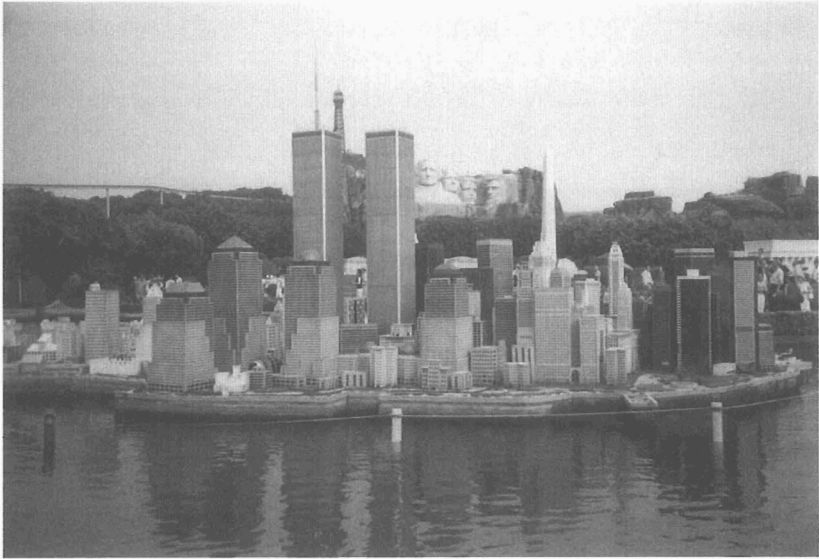
the new WTC, once again, the tallest buildings in the world, the largest face of their kind. More traces can be detected in the proliferation of discourses emerging from the Act itself—"The War on Terror," "Homeland Security," the dissipation of the dream of a Palestinian state, Operation Iraqi Freedom. In a sense, nothing could accomplish an erasure, as the towers will continue to manifest their visual and facial traits by the residue of their articulations, through thought and recollection, and within reproductive images and models.

September 16, Shenzhen, China

Today I go to "Window of the World," one of three theme parks in Shenzhen. It's a trip:

This is one of the largest popular tourist attractions across the country. Exceptionally assembled in the 480,000 square-meter theme park will be the marvelous sights of the world, natural landscapes, even folklore and social fantastic world where tourists can find much pleasure.

Miniature palaces are juxtaposed with real trees with fake flowers on them. Mt. Fuji is a panoramic movie theatre and the Sydney Opera House stands next to "Maori" huts that proclaim "ALOHA" in plastic blossoms. A small Manhattan is placed in a pond next to the White House, Easter Island, and Mount Rushmore. Here, the World Trade Center still stands.



Top: World Trade Center Towers, "Window of the World" theme park, Shenzhen, China, September, 2001. Photo: Amy Pederson.

Bottom: World Trade Center Towers lighters. Collection: Phillip McCrum.

Notes

- 1 <<http://www.greatbuildings.com>>.
- 2 Jean Baudrillard, "L'Esprit du Terrorisme," *Harper's* 304: 1821 (February, 2002), pages 13-18.
- 3 Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, "Year Zero: Faciality," *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), page 167.
- 4 Brian Massumi, "Translator's Foreword," *A Thousand Plateaus*, pages xii-xiii.
- 5 Deleuze and Guattari, page 175.
- 6 Deleuze and Guattari, page 176.
- 7 Deleuze and Guattari, page 178.
- 8 Deleuze and Guattari, pages 180-181.
- 9 Deleuze and Guattari, page 180.
- 10 Deleuze and Guattari, page 179.
- 11 Deleuze and Guattari, page 174.
- 12 Deleuze and Guattari, page 172.
- 13 Deleuze and Guattari, page 174.
- 14 Deleuze and Guattari, page 174.
- 15 Deleuze and Guattari, page 175.
- 16 Baudrillard, page 14.
- 17 Deleuze and Guattari, pages 174-175.
- 18 Baudrillard, pages 17-18.
- 19 Michelle Goldberg, "Flag-draped Voyeurism," *Salon.com*, July 9, 2002.
- 20 <http://www.salon.com/mwt/feature/2002/07/09/ground_zero/print.html>.
- 21 Deleuze and Guattari, page 188.
- 22 Deleuze and Guattari, page 187.
- 23 *New York Times*, Wednesday, September 19, 2001, page E-3.

- 24 Anthony Tommasini, "The Devil Made Him Do It," *New York Times Arts and Leisure Desk*, Sunday, September 30, 2001, page AR-28.
- 25 Richard Serra, "Letters: Stockhausen; Aestheticizing Terror," *New York Times Arts and Leisure Desk*, Sunday, October 21, 2001, page AR-2.
- 26 Christopher Connery, "Letters: Climate of Fear," *New York Times Arts and Leisure Desk*, Sunday, October 14, 2001, page AR-6.
- 27 Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Mechanical Age of Reproduction," *Illuminations* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World 1968), page 242.
- 28 Anna Chave, "Minimalism and the Rhetoric of Power," *Arts Magazine* 64:5 (January 1990), page 49.
- 29 Chave, page 51.
- 30 Chave, page 56.
- 31 Benjamin, page 220.
- 32 Deleuze and Guattari, page 190.