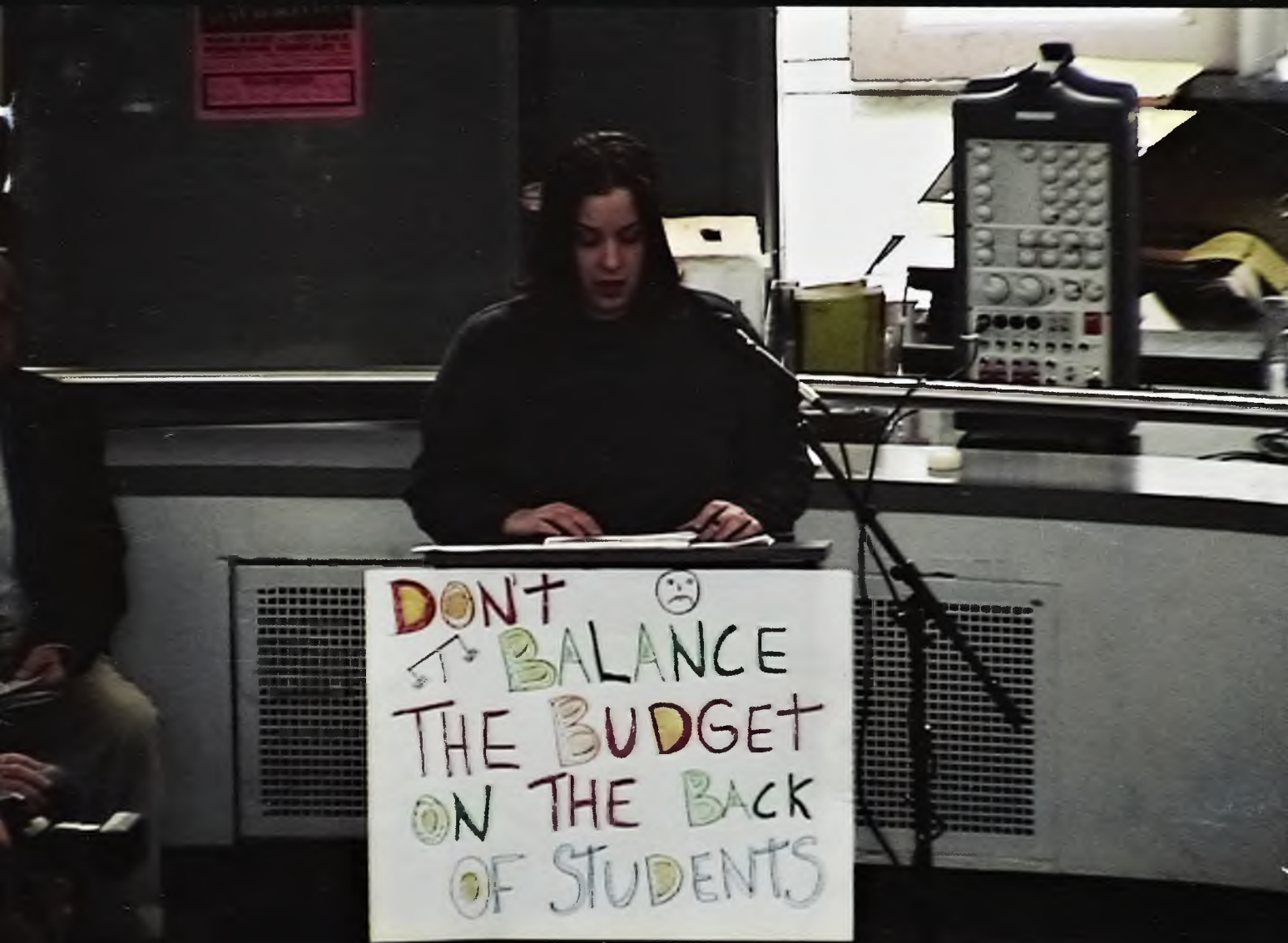


Third Rail

The Political Arts Magazine of the College of Staten Island/CUNY - FALL 2003



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Rhymes & Remembrance

By Ari Levine

Staten Island's Own

Wu-Tang affiliate Remedy builds a Holocaust memorial in verse

Forget chicken soup, the Jews have a new Remedy—29-year-old Wu-Tang Clan affiliate Ross Filler a.k.a. Remedy Ross. What distinguishes Remedy from other rappers is his decision to make his Jewish identity central to his music and his rap persona.

Although not all of his songs deal specifically with Judaism, Remedy's connection to his people and identity is clear throughout his debut album *The Genuine Article*, released last spring. The album features the song "Reuven Ben Menachum" (Filler's Hebrew name) and his best-known song, the Holocaust memorial "Never Again."

But Judaism wasn't always a central part of Filler's life. Like many other young Jews, Filler wasn't interested in the lessons of Sunday school. It wasn't until he got older that he began to get back to his roots and heritage.

Filler was born and raised in Staten Island, New York City's fifth borough, made famous in the world of hip-hop by the Wu-Tang Clan. Influenced by the likes of Run DMC and the Beastie Boys, he became immersed in the world of hip-hop. His association with the Wu-Tang Clan began as a teen at Staten Island's New Dorp High School, where he befriended original clansmen Methodman, Inspectah Deck, and Raekwon the Chef.

REMEDY





Early on, Remedy's rhymes were filled with his thoughts on the world around him from his perspective as a street hustler trying to get by. Remedy's early re-release "Seen It All/ Everything Is Real,"

which was re-released as a single, received warm responses.

Remedy also began to gradually reconnect with his Jewish heritage. "I started learning about Judaism and customs, and all the good stuff as I got older. I just started investigating on my own over the last seven years," he says. "As you get older you're like, 'What is all this Judaism stuff they don't teach in school?' I just wanted to know more, and began reading the Tanakh [the Jewish Bible]."

Remedy's own search for meaning in Judaism eventually led him to pen the powerful lyrics that became "Never Again," his breakthrough hit. Over samples that include the Friday night Kiddush taken from Schindler's List, and portions of the Israeli national anthem, Hatikvah, Remedy weaves a tale of suffering and ultimate survival. "Never Again/shall we walk like sheep to the slaughter/ Never Again/shall we sit and take orders/stripped of our culture/robbed of our names/raped of our freedom/and thrown into the flames/forced from our families/taken from our homes/pulled from our God/then burned of our bones."

The song is deeply personal. It is based on his grandmother's stories of surviving the Holocaust. "My great uncle got shot in the back," says Remedy. "His family was taken to the camps, never to be seen again. My own blood went through this. Who made it. Who immigrated. Who didn't."

In 1997, "Never Again" appeared on *The Swarm*, a compilation album featuring up-and-coming soldiers from the ranks of the Wu-Tang army. The song is viewed by many as the album's highlight.

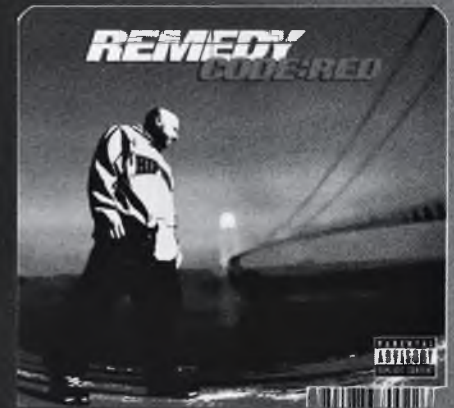
Since the release of *The Swarm*, Remedy has been embraced by Jewish communities around the world. On a now regular basis, Remedy travels to Hebrew schools, colleges, and even synagogues to perform his music and deliver his message of tolerance and remembrance. "I'm representing humanity," he says.

"So even though I'm telling it through what happened to the Jews and our perspective, it happened to the blacks, it happened to every people. Everybody went through some type of struggle, slavery, or holocaust."

Remedy is now hard at work cultivating artists for his own label, Fifth Angel. His newest track, a work in progress, is entitled "Exodus" and begins with music from the soundtrack of the epic film of the same name commemorating the birth of the State of Israel. This spring, he is planning a trip to Israel in conjunction with the film's re-release.

While "Exodus" continues with Jewish themes, Remedy is not trying to recreate "Never Again." What he does hope to continue doing, however, is to keep creating music that is meaningful to him and his listeners: "I made a song that made people cry. That's better than making them jump in the stands and go nuts for you, if you can touch somebody's heart and make them cry."


Ari Levine is a senior at the College of Staten Island/CUNY.



Shaolin Original





	⚡	☯
I	INTRO	
		

FEEL THIS

To all those races, colors, and creeds,
 every man bleeds
 for the countless victims and all their
 families
 of the murdered, tortured and slaved,
 raped,
 robbed and persecuted - Never Again!
 To the men, women, and children
 Who died and struggled to live, never to
 be forgotten

	⚡	☯	☸
F	FIRST VERSE		
			

YO MY BLOOD

Dragged through the mud
 Perished in my heart still cherished and
 loved
 Stripped of our pride, everything we
 lived for
 Families cried
 There's no where to run to, no where to
 hide
 Tossed to the side
 Access denied
 6 million died for what?
 Yo a man shot dead in his back
 Helpless women and children under
 constant attack
 For no reason
 Till the next season
 And we still bleeding
 Yo it's freezing
 And men burn in hell, some for squeezing
 No hope for a remedy, nothing to believe
 Moving targets who walk with the star
 in their sleeve
 Forever marked wit a number, tattooed
 to your body
 Late night, eyes closed, clutched to my
 shotty
 Having visions, flashes of death camps
 and prisons no provisions
 Deceived by the devils decisions
 Forced into a slave
 Death before dishonor for those men
 who were brave
 Shot and sent to their grave
 Can't awaken, it's too late
 Everything's been taken
 I'm shaken, family, history, the making

**NEVER AGAIN
 NEVER AGAIN
 The final solution
 Is now retribution
 Remedy, Wu-Tang**

**NEVER AGAIN
 REMEDY ROSS**



	⚡	☯	☸
C	CHORUS		
			

**NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE
MARCH LIKE SHEEP TO THE
SLAUGHTER**

Never again shall we sit and take orders
 Stripped of our culture
 Robbed of our name (never again)
 Raped of our freedom and thrown into
 the flames (never again)
 Forced from our families, taken from our
 homes
 Moved from our God then burned of our
 bones
 Never again, never again
 Shall we march like sheep to the
 slaughter (never again)
 Leave our sons and daughters
 Stripped of our culture
 Robbed of our name (never again)
 Raped of our freedom and thrown into
 the flames (never again)
 Forced from our families, taken from our
 homes
 Moved from our God and everything we
 own
 (never again)

	⚡	☯	☸
S	SECOND VERSE		
			

**SOME FLED THROUGH THE
RUMORS OF WARS**

But most left were dead, few escaped to
 the shores
 With just 1 loaf of bread
 Banished, hold in for questioning
 And vanished
 Never to be seen again
 I can't express the pain
 That was felt on the train
 To Auschwitz, tears poured down like rain
 Naked face to face
 With the master race
 Hatred blood of David
 My heart belongs to God and stay sacred
 Rabbi's and priests
 Disabled individuals
 The poor, the scholars all labeled common
 criminals
 Mass extermination
 Total annihilation
 Shipped into the ghetto and prepared for
 liquidation
 Tortured and starved
 Innocent experiments
 Stripped down and carved up or gassed
 to death
 The last hour, I smelled the flowers
 Flashbacks of family then sent to the
 showers
 Powerless undressed
 Women with babies clumped tight to
 their chest
 Crying
 Who would've guessed dying
 Another life lost
 Count the cost
 Another body gas burned and tossed in
 the holo
 caust (never again)





Should I pose like this? Move ass? No, I don't do that. At least, not with you. not yet!



Clearly, I'm not Cosmopolitan material. Your way too kind. Really.



So what college do you go to. And where is that exactly? I love NYC!



Are you a professional photographer? Didn't think so.



No, I'm not really religious at all. I'm not sure why - but I am very very spiritual.



I suppose to be impressed with your title? Who really cares about your magazine. I plan on doing some post-doctoral work.

This is our very own secret - dreamy green eyes. You can stop the ass licking...the answer is yes. The semester is over so get ready!



No, I don't really read fiction. . . and I really don't follow fashion at all. There are more important things to read.



Not at all. I'm getting my Ph.D. What? You don't even have your B.A. yet? But how can that be? How can I have more degrees than you? I guess you're right.

Why did the music stop? I'm too tired for this.



It's just get drunk for our last night together.



You really said that! U cumming to the beach later?

me? I can never talk with you. I love the way you challenges that way you making fun of.



No, I don't really read fiction. . . and I really don't follow fashion at all. There are more important things to read.

This is my first time overseas. I'm not afraid of terrorism.



Uh huh. This is fucking corny. I can't believe you really said that! U cumming to the beach later?

You, like, really know your gonimism? Is that what you say?



Why do I get the feeling your so much more intelligent than me? Your so fucking conceited. Yes you R.



me? I can never talk with you. I love the way you challenges that way you making fun of.

ILLEGAL DISTURBING IMMORAL UNETHICAL
 protest boycott demonstrates shut down de-fund close up censor
 pedophilia **PORNOGRAPHY** exploitive **MANIPULATIVE**
 ART photography tasteful innocent **WELL COMPOSED** good lighting interesting perspective
titilating sexualsick anti-Christian exotic
SHAMEFUL SLUTTY CRUDE REPREHENSIBLE **LEWD OFFENSIVE SINFUL VILE NAUSEATING**
DISSENT shun **EMBARGO** reject **ESCHEW** ban **DISALLOW** avoid
 unthinkable **TABOO** wrong scandalous **absurd vulgar UNSCRUPULOUS**
attractive STIMULATING exciting stirring **THRILLING**
PETITION Censor expurgate **LOBBY gag** repress **purge** calculating
 objectionable **repugnant** corrupt **REVOLTING** intolerable **SHOCKING** disgraceful **indecent**
FORBID OUTLAW proscribe **inhibit cruel**
 censor protest demonstrates de-fund shut down close up boycott
REFINE DELEGANT CLASSY SOPHISTICATED CHIC
WELL COMPOSED photography **ART** tasteful interesting perspective good lighting innocent
CRIMINAL unlawful illicit **WRONG** prohibited **BANNEDEVIL**
CULTURED SHAMEFUL GRACEFUL **CIVILIZED** DISTASTEFUL POLISHED CHARMING
anti-Jewish sexual titilating sick exotic **wicked**
EMBARGO DISSENT avoid reject **DISALLOW** **ESCHEW** shun **BAN**
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 outlawed **barred** depraved **WICKED** naive
gag calculating **PETITION** repress expurgate **LOBBY** **purge** Censor
 good lighting **ART** photography tasteful **WELL COMPOSED** interesting perspective innocent
indecent objectionable corrupt **REVOLTING** repugnant **SHOCKING** disgraceful intolerable
 stirring **exciting** **attractive** **STIMULATING** **THRILLING**
 protest boycott demonstrates shut down de-fund close up censor
 pedophilia **PORNOGRAPHY** exploitive **MANIPULATIVE**
 ART photography tasteful innocent **WELL COMPOSED** good lighting interesting perspective
garbage sexualsick anti-Islamic trash
 scandalous **TABOO** wrong **absurd** **unthinkable** vulgar **UNSCRUPULOUS**
THRILLING **attractive** **STIMULATING** **exciting** stirring
purge **PETITION** **LOBBY** expurgate **Censor** **gag** repress calculating
SHOCKING objectionable corrupt **REVOLTING** intolerable **repugnant** disgraceful **indecent**
SINFUL **GARBAGE** pornography **LUST**
 protest boycott demonstrates shut down de-fund close up censor
PORNOGRAPHY pedophilia **MANIPULATIVE** exploitive
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 unthinkable **TABOO** wrong scandalous **absurd vulgar UNSCRUPULOUS**
SHUT DOWN **BOYCOTT** **PROTEST** **DEMONSTRATE** **DE-FUND**



...and those expressions were just the beginning!

It began with an innocent photo of a nude mother and daughter with a quote from noted sociologist, Raoul Vaneigem. But soon after the publication of our Fall 2002 issue, we began discovering issues of *Third Rail* in trash cans all over campus. Next, we began receiving email and snail mail referring to our issue as "pornographic" and accusing our editors of being "pedophiles". Soon, the editor of the CSI Yearbook and member of Student Government, Yaniv Amar, began inquiring about ways to de-fund and de-charter *Third Rail*. When the CSI Office of Student Life educated him on the basics of the First Amendment, he switched tactics and initiated a petition against *Third Rail* which allegedly acquired the signatures of 400 students. Soon after, we began receiving queries from the CSI Office of the Vice President for Student Affairs. And finally, over very own Queen of CSI, Marlene Springer (President of the College of Staten Island) referred to our issue as "slutty" at a recent CSI alumni gathering.

So what was all the "controversy" about? The picture in question (partially displayed to the left), was by internationally renown photographer, Jock Sturges. With his photography among the permanent collections of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, MOMA, and the Paris Biblioteque, one would think that allegations of pedophilia and pornography would be dismissed. Not so at the College of Staten Island/CUNY.

Interview with
JOCK STURGES

Jock Sturges has long been a lightning rod for controversy for his distinctive brand of nude photography. Sturges shoots much of his work around nudist beaches in France and northern California, and his most frequent subjects have been adolescent girls. The photos have an undeniably erotic quality, unlike some types of nude photography that treat the human body more as abstract form. However, Sturges aims to draw out the models' own sense of burgeoning sexuality in a straightforward, personal, non-voyeuristic way. Sturges uses a large-format camera to create extremely detailed, fine-grained images, while his strong feel for sunlight bathes his models and settings with a shimmering quality. In his writings, Sturges prides himself on the bonds of trust, friendship and collaboration between the photographer, the models and their families. Many of his photographs depict several generations naked together.

Some critics have condemned his work as thinly disguised underage pornography hiding behind the mantle of fine art. To be fair, the market for Sturges's books certainly includes a great many adult males who like looking at naked teenage girls and who have little use for the photographs' artistic qualities. Sturges and his defenders sometimes disingenuously proclaim the "innocence" of his pictures of nude adolescents. In a more legitimate line of argument, Sturges criticizes the arbitrary division of people and their bodies into sexualized adults (over 18) and supposedly asexual children (under 18). The question really is: Should taste-

ful, non-exploitative erotic photography of adolescents be allowed? Is such a thing even possible? The photography of Jock Sturges presents a powerful case for the affirmative.

Not surprisingly, Sturges has faced legal threats throughout his career. In April 1990, FBI agents raided his studio, confiscated his equipment and work, and charged him with child pornography. Both the art world and the naturist communities publicly came to his defense. After more than a year of investigation, a grand jury threw out the case against Sturges. An expensive lawsuit eventually got Sturges his work and equipment back, though some had been damaged beyond repair.

In the mid 1990s, his work came under attack again, this time from christian conservatives led by *Operation Rescue* (led by Randall Terry, best known for anti-abortion protests) and *Focus on the Family* (led by James Dobson). Protesters picketed major bookstores around the country for carrying books by Jock Sturges, David Hamilton and others which included photographs of nude adolescents. At some stores, protesters committed civil disobedience by openly vandalizing the books. And in two cases (both in the South), they managed to convince prosecutors to indict Barnes & Noble bookstores on child pornography and obscenity charges. Again, Sturges received strong public support from artistic and civil libertarian organizations. Sturges himself aggressively defended his work in a series of talks and interviews.

Jock Sturges received a BA in Perceptual Psychology and Photography from Marlboro College, and an MFA from the San Francisco Art Institute. His published collections include: *The Last Day of Summer* (1991), *Radiant Identities* (1994), *Jock Sturges* (1996), and *Jock Sturges: New Work 1997-2000* (2000).



Frederique et Adrien; Montalivet, France, 1990

The following interview was conducted by David Steinberg

How is the legal situation that you are facing affecting you and your work right now?

The problem with being investigated as invasively as I was is that you run the risk of having that episode be the defining event in your life, and I have no desire to be defined by such assholes, period. What I'm good at is making art. I became good at defending myself, but as far as I was concerned, that was a transient skill. It was an occasion I had to rise to. I'd rather get back to making art than talk about it. It's no small irony that the government inevitably and invariably ends up promoting precisely that which they would most like to repress.

Has that, in fact, happened to you?

Well, yes and no. My work was doing pretty well, and now it is doing dramatically better. Is that because people are collecting the pictures because of their notoriety? Or is that simply because people are more aware of the work, and like it, having become aware of it? I don't know. I'll never get to know.

It's really, really hard to make it as a fine-art photographer exclusively. Now that I am, I'm permanently deprived of the pleasure of knowing whether that's based entirely on my work's merit or whether that's based on amplitudes lent by notoriety. That's something that's been stolen from me that I don't get back.

I've been taken to task by some critics for exploiting the whole situation. Those same critics never think to mention that it was something I would never have chosen to have happen to me.

All my life I've taken photographs of people who are completely at peace being what they were in the situations I photographed them in. In very many cases that was without clothes, and it simply was not an issue. They were without clothes before I got there, and they were without clothes when I left. That was just a choice that they had made, and one they didn't even think about; they were simply more comfort-

able that way. It never occurred to me that anybody could find anything about that perverse. It was a total surprise to me, which is obviously evidence of my having been pretty profoundly naive about the American context. But over the course of my life I've spent so much time in this context that I'd forgotten that Homo sapiens isn't always like that, which is indeed naive of me. I'm guilty of extraordinary naiveté, I suppose. But it's a naiveté that I really don't want to abandon, not even now.

Having been through all that you've been through, I can't imagine how you can take photographs now without having legal concerns somewhere in your mind.

There are photographs that I don't take now that I previously would have taken without any thought at all as to any misinterpretations. The truth is that people who are naturists, who are used to being without clothes, are unself-conscious about how they sit around, how they throw themselves down on the ground, how they sit in a chair, how they stand. They don't think about it; it's not an issue. There's nothing obscene about them. Before, I'd photograph anything. I didn't think there was anything more or less obscene about any part of the body. Now, I recognize that there are certain postures and angles that make people see red, which are evidence of original sin or something, and I avoid that. I don't shoot that any more. But it's difficult. At one point, [my wife] Maia found me crossing legs, or avoiding angles, or giving instructions which inadvertently were instructing young people that some aspect of what they were doing was inherently profane, some aspect of who they were inherently were profane. I've had to relearn how I work with people so that if and when I do avoid different things I don't send any messages in doing so. I'm the last person who has any desire to instruct anybody in shame. That's no errand for me.

The semantics are tricky here, but I'm interested in whether you see your work as erotic. I don't mean erotic as sexual and I don't mean erotic as intending that people who look at your photos become



Sheri; Montalivet, Block Island, Rhode Island, 1985

Block Island Evening; Block Island, Rhode Island, 1986





Famille de Saxe; Montalivet, France, 1989

Julie; Montalivet, France, 1990



aroused. But certainly, when I look at many of your photos, when I look at many of Sally Mann's photos, what I see is the natural eroticism of children, or preteens, or teens. Now I don't want to grab that and use it for adult sexual purposes, but I don't want to deny that this is often what that age is about.

Western civilization insists on these concrete demarcations. Before 18, physically you don't exist; after 18, you exist like crazy.

Sexually.

Sexually. Before 18, nobody has anything in their pants; after 18, they have everything in their pants. It's ridiculous. The truth is that from birth on we are, to one extent or another, a fairly sensual species. There isn't a person alive who doesn't like being caressed. Children masturbate as early as 1 1/2 or 1 year old. They do it spontaneously and without any thought that there's anything evil about making themselves feel good. That's a sensual experience in their lives, one that should remain entirely the property of the child, as it were. Nobody is going to argue, last of all myself, that it should become involved to any extent in any adult experience of sexuality. But the truth is that *Homo sapiens* is a sensual species. I think all species are, to one degree or another.

Very naturally, the ages of consent in Europe are vastly lower than they are here, in recognition of the fact that when you have people involved with sexuality, you may as well make it legal so that you can deal with them better about it, so that they'll talk to you and you can educate them.

We're really blind in this country. People don't see the extraordinary inconsistencies. I think the average age for the loss of virginity for female children in this country now is like 14 1/2 or 15. There's this vast epidemic of unwed mothers and teenage mothers, and yet we have an 18-year-old age of consent which makes them all felons. If the age of consent were lower, and you could talk to these chil-

dren intelligently and not have to worry about school boards and PTAs going apoplectic if you mention the word condom, let alone sex and making people intelligent about it, probably we'd have a whole lot more intelligent take on the whole thing. As soon as you forbid something, you make it extraordinarily appealing. You also bring shame in as a phenomenon.

In our society there's so much shame attached to sexuality in a lot of social milieus that sexual abusers here on the average have had something like 70 or 100 victims before they're finally caught. In Holland where the age of sexual consent is, I think, 13, the average is vastly lower--it's like three or four. That's because people tell much sooner, because shame is absent.

So when moral crusaders raise limits, create still higher barriers, they're getting the opposite of what they want. It's very shortsighted, I think, to not understand better how the species works psychodynamically.

Focus a little on how that affects how you see your work. Isn't what you're calling the sensuality of children or pubescent teenagers a major part of what you go for, of what makes a photo of yours work?

I'm an artist that's attracted to a specific way of seeing and a way of being. Any artist that's involved in their work is inevitably going to have a focus in what they do. I am fascinated by the human body and all its evolutions. The images I like best are parts of series that I've started, in some cases, with the pregnancies of the mothers of the children in question, and I continue that series right on through the birth of children to the child that resulted from that first pregnancy. I have series that are 25 years long. I just yesterday returned from a trip where I photographed a woman with two children whom I photographed first when she was the age of the older of the two children.

I have this naive and quixotic hope that in seeing the physical progress from start to no finish, from the beginning on, and looking at the body in all its different changes, looking at the fat-bellied babies turning into thinner children--they get straight, they get long, they become sticks, they begin to develop, their hips

go, the whole process matures--that people understand that the person occupying that body is more than just a physical object. The pictures don't objectify: they're about the evolution of personality and self as much as they are about the evolution of the body, more than they're about the evolution of the body, because what stays the same is not the body. What stays the same is character, personality. It evolves and matures too, but there are certain ways of standing, there are certain sets to the eyes, there are certain behavioral consistencies, which from the very youngest photographs you can see. It's just always there. It's fascinating to see what stays the same and what changes.

My hope is that the work is in some way counter-pinup. A pinup asks you to suspend interest in who the person is and occupy yourself entirely with looking at the body and fantasizing about what you could do with that body, completely ignoring how the person might feel about it. That's of no interest to people who make pinup photography. They don't care who the woman is, what tragedies or triumphs that person's life might encompass. That's of absolutely no relevance.

My work hopefully works exactly counter to that. That's my ambition: that you look at the pictures and realize what complex, fascinating, interesting people every single one of my subjects is. They're all different. I don't photograph any two people who are remotely the same.

Are you surprised when people find your photos erotic?

No. Not at all.

It seems to me that you go out of your way to deny that they're erotic, to disassociate from collections of photos that are erotic. I understand that politically you're in a tricky position.

Let me make an important distinction here. I will always admit immediately to what's obvious, which is that Homo sapiens is inherently erotic or inherently sensual from birth. But, by the same token, that remains the property of the individual in question until the point where they become sexually of age, as it were, and it's arguable as to what that age is. If I said for attribution that it was before 18 years old, I'd be hung, drawn, quartered,

the whole thing, in American society. In Europe it would raise no eyebrows at all.

But there's something else that functions. As soon as the system, or an individual in the system, accuses another individual--as I was implicitly accused, because there were never any charges brought against me--the accused is forced into artificial polarities of political posture. As soon as somebody says that you might be X, you have to immediately say, 'Oh no, I'm Y,' even if in fact the truth is probably somewhere in the middle. I found myself serving a sentence of public denial from the very second the raid on my apartment happened. I had to pretend to be something that, quite frankly, I'm probably not, which is a lily white, absolutely artistically pure human being. In fact, I don't believe I'm guilty of any crimes, but I've always been drawn to and fascinated by physical, sexual and psychological change, and there's an erotic aspect to that. It would be disingenuous of me to say there wasn't. There it is; so what? That fascination pervades the species from the beginning of time; people just admit to it to varying degrees.

One of the fun things, or fascinating things, for me has been to look at who the accusers are, because invariably, when somebody becomes interested in your sexuality, in your moral life, what they're very often manifesting is an attempt to disguise from others, and perhaps even in many cases from themselves, disrepair in their own personal sexual life or morality. It's what I call the trembling finger syndrome. If somebody's pointing a trembling finger at your pants and saying you shouldn't be doing that, follow that finger back, go up the arm and look at the head that's behind it, because there's almost always something fairly woolly in there.



"La Marmaille"; Montalivet, France, 1989

Nicholas et Christophe; Montalivet, France, 1989





Misty Daughter; Northern California, 1989

Misty Daughter; Northern California, 1989



Let me ask you this: How do you work with models, particularly young models, in a way that does not appropriate their sexuality, their eroticism, their sensuality, for adult purposes?

There's two levels. The transactions between me and the people that I photograph are very, very collaborative. I know the families that I photograph extremely well, and I've known them for a very long time. The kids really enjoy what they do. I check with them constantly to make sure that they're really happy to be there. I give them lots of outs so that the pressure of my personality, which children find charming as a rule, does not force them into doing things that they don't want to do.

How do you do that?

Sturges: I'm always saying, 'Are you cold?' 'Do you want to stop?' 'Have you had enough?' 'I don't want you just to be here; I want you to be really glad to be here.' Language like that all the time. With some kids, it isn't necessary anymore because we know each other so well. It's just not a problem.

Do they like posing?

They adore it. Are you kidding?

What do they like about it?

They like being taken seriously as people. After they've been in the process for a while they realize they get all the pictures that we do--the families get a copy of every photograph that I take--and they begin to

really enjoy being thought of as beautiful. We live in an age where anonymity is growing in magnitude like a bomb going off. The media stars are becoming more and more powerful, and as they are increasingly powerful, we are increasingly ciphers. The distance between their lives and our lives is growing all the time. Children feel absolutely invisible in this, unnoticed, and as if they can make no difference. The world is shrinking as we see more and more of it in the media, and the more we see of the world, the smaller we are, the more aware we are of how insignificant any one of us is.

Kids feel this, even if they can't articulate it in quite that way. Time and again, when interviewed about being photographed, they talk about the photography as a way of becoming less anonymous. They like the admiration; they like the thought that somebody thinks that they can be art.

So the kids really enjoy the process. It's a collaborative process, very much so.

Now, on the second level, there's what happens after the photographs are made. But I no longer control that. It's not at all hard for me to imagine that there are some aspects of society that will buy my book, buy my photographs, who will look at them and have 'impure thoughts.' There are also people out there who buy shoe ads and Saran Wrap and all manner of things, who have impure thoughts. I can't really do anything about those people, except hope that, if they attend to my work closely enough, that ultimately they'll come to realize that these are real people.

What pedophiles and people who have sexual desires on children lose sight of to a terrible, terrible degree--a devastating degree--is that their victims are real people who will suffer forever whatever abuses are perpetrated on them. If I'm able to make pictures of children that are so real, as you follow the children over the years in any given book, and in subsequent books they get older and older and grow up, perhaps there might be something cautionary in that visual example, because the truth is that every pedophile's victims eventually grow up and become adults who are willing to turn around, and that's when they get caught. Every child is going to grow up.

You can see it happen in the books: They get older and older and belong to themselves to a greater and greater extent.

That dichotomy between the public consumption of the work and my intent and practice in making it is an uneasy one for me, on occasion.

How does that work for the models? I know that you give them ongoing control over their images.

Right. They control their photographs because I don't let them sign model releases. I urge them never to sign a model release for anybody unless they have been paid specifically to do a specific job on a contractual basis, for an advertising agency or something. Who knows how they're going to change? I don't want to ever be guilty of making assumptions about those changes. They might marry a Methodist minister from Minnesota and have a very conservative life. It's not inconceivable that at some point in the future they might decide that these pictures embarrass them. That's never happened to me, but the control, the power to decide whether that happens or not, shouldn't be mine--it should be the kids', and that's where it stays. It creates a very complex life for me, I promise you. When I want to use a picture in a book, I have got to call foreign countries, find people, explain the context. My phone bills are astronomical sometimes.

Have you ever had people who have wanted you to pull pictures?

I've had a number of American adolescents who, when they hit high school, said, "I really don't want to see these pictures published right now," and they were immediately pulled. I took them out of the galleries. They completely ceased to exist as far as the public perception of the images went. But when the kids were finished with high school they said, "Don't worry about that; I just went through a stage, and it's fine now."

When I started doing my work years ago, I had doubts as to whether the informed-consent question was answerable. But empirically I've come to understand that my photographs really don't do any harm. And the way I found that out is by virtue of the fact that a

huge number of people that I've photographed over the years have now come of age and are able to speak in adult voices about the process. What they're saying is unanimous--I don't have any dissenting voices--which is that they love the pictures. They're really pleased that they exist, and they want me to photograph their kids. If these people had felt the least bit victimized by what I was up to they wouldn't be having me do the same thing to their own kids. I think it's just wonderful that they're so generous. I feel so lucky to know them.

Some of these people were bugged by the FBI in the worst imaginable way. They were interviewed very, very aggressively. They're all still willing to let me take their pictures; they think the FBI was completely full of it.

Another photographer I know who has worked with teenagers and young women says that sometimes he's concerned that he may be leading these people in a difficult direction because they get so much into how they look that then they get into the whole glamour/model thing.

I've only once had a model go in that direction, and she was on her way there before I met her. A remarkably narcissistic human being. The principal way that I work is that I tell people not to move when they're doing something that I like. It's almost always something relatively improbable, which is to say, not a glamour pose, not the arms behind the head, not that kind of thing. The message is that who you are naturally is what I like the best. Virtually always I get my best pictures when



Danielle; Montalivet, France, 1989

Marie; Last Day of Summer #2; Montalivet, France, 1989





Marine at Maia; Arles, Plage du Beau Duc, France, 1990

everybody thinks the shoot's done. I'll go to do a shoot, I'll spend five or six hours at the beach with people, and when people think I'm all out of film, then they really relax and I get my good pictures. Hopefully the message is that you don't have to pose and put on makeup and be glamorous to be admirable. You're most admirable when you're the most human. I hope that's the message that my work delivers.

No two people take on the information of being admirable and being admired in the same way. I can't begin to know the psychological ramifications of what I do in the long run. I don't live long enough. It may be that the most important ramifications of what I do will come on my models in their 60s and 70s, when they look very different than they do in

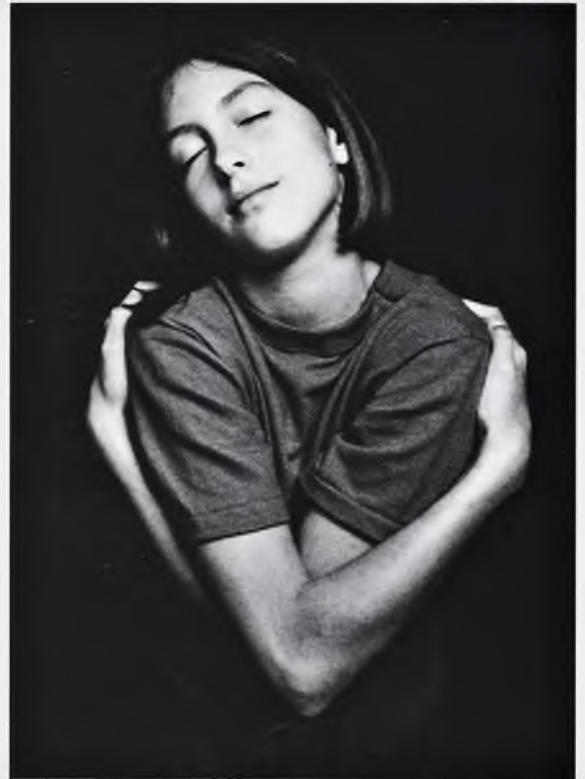
the pictures now, and when they will have the photographs as a reminder. It may be that reminder is painful. I hope not. I hope that they can continue to accept themselves and their bodies as they change and grow, as continuously beautiful. I can't answer that question with any kind of certainty; I just don't get to know.

Some of the people that I photographed as sticks became much more voluptuous, much rounder, in some cases dramatically so, and I think they're even more beautiful. Some of them are in their 30s now, and their bodies are beginning to obey gravity's halcyon call, and I think they're still more beautiful because now they're the origins of other people, of children themselves. That beauty is flowing back into their own

children. To me that illuminates them and it illuminates the children as well. It's just all part of the same circle.

Physical beauty is such a strange thing. Homo sapiens happens to think that certain things are beautiful. Different members of different cultures will think that some things are beautiful. The Japanese used to paint their teeth black. There's no end to the variations on what it is we find aesthetically appealing, and there never will be any end to it. But the truth is that the fact that we have an aesthetic sense is part of what separates us out from the lower animals. There's no particular evidence that any of the lower mammals or any of the other animals have any interest in aesthetics at all. But Homo sapiens does, always has and always will.

Mima; Northern California, 1980



Marie-Claude at Valentin; Montalivet, France, 1987 (Opposite page)



The following is an uncensored interview conducted by THE Banner with members of the Third Rail. It refers to our Fall 2002 issue.

1. How do you feel about the negative reactions you are getting from the students because of the explicit photographs and some of the poems published.

Within your question you state - "the students," thus implying that students as a whole have had negative reactions towards our content. We have experienced the antithesis of this - many students, faculty, and staff, have given us a great amount of support. Students from prominent organizations such as Student Government, *The Banner*, NYPIRG, the *College Voice*, various active clubs as well as CSI Alumni have all voiced compelling support for our artistic endeavors. On the other hand, there seems to be a minority opinion that finds some of our content to be objectionable; though we have yet to see a group of students enunciate a coherent, cogent, or rational criticism of *Third Rail's* content. Instead, we have heard of a group of students stealing and disposing of large volumes of our magazine. This is not only a blatant violation of the CUNY bylaws and the Henderson Rules, but most importantly the First Amendment. Additionally, this is a theft of the Student Activity Fee (which funds all student publications) because CSI students have the legal right to read publications paid for by their Student Activity Fee. As such, CSI student should demand that this travesty

be dealt with in a serious fashion by the CSI Vice President of Student Affairs, Carol Jackson. According to our legal advisors at the CUNY Student Legal Defense Project and the Student Press Law Center, there may also be justification for criminal prosecution for those students stealing *Third Rail* and violating our First Amendment rights and the rights of all students to read all the publications paid for by their Student Activity Fee.

2. How do you feel about the fact that the cover and the articles are CSI President Springer upset many of the faculty and especially the President of the school?

For the record, *Third Rail* has received an overwhelmingly positive response to our exposé on CSI President Springer's denial of tenure to Philosophy Professor Chalmers Clark. From non-tenured faculty to Department heads to faculty union representatives - we have received a tremendous amount of support and good wishes. Faculty have complemented *Third Rail* for its artistic, literary and political vibrancy, as well as for our investigative reporting and the overall excellence of our publication. In fact, CSI faculty were so upset at Springer's atrocious decision to deny tenure to Professor Clark, that many distinguished professors contributed letters expressing their distaste for President

Springer's actions. Out of the numerous letters submitted, *Third Rail* published four, including the Chairperson of the Education Department, the Director of the Philosophy program and the Coordinator of CSI's Master of Liberal Studies Program.

To date, *Third Rail* has heard of only one faculty member who was upset about some of our content. He is a conservative Political Science professor who reportable complained about *Third Rail* to his students during one of his classes. This should not be surprising considering that the right wing in America has attacked the artistic community for the last decade. They have attempted to withdraw funds from museums that display controversial art like "Cross & Urine" to the "Sensation" exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. This is really no different than the book banning and burning campaign that took place in this country and also in Nazi Germany. What is at issue is the freedom to freely express concepts and ideas that are contrary to the social mores and norms of this society and that threaten the existing cultural hegemony of society. Ideas that differ from the cultural norms of our society, be them musical, literary, philosophical, or part of the visual arts, are a challenge to the current trends of thought and are an opening to new paradigms

of thinking. The very nature of a conservative is to conserve their values and mores and not to be open to new ways of thinking. Ironically, it can be argued that true conservatives should defend this art on constitutional grounds because a more libertarian minded conservative would not attempt to stop people from viewing art even if they personally found it objectionable. Fortunately, the right wingers have lost most of the court battles but have unfortunately won many of the funding battles. For example, after former US President Reagan substantially defunded the National Endowment of the Arts, the city of Paris now annually spends more money on art than the National Endowment spends for the entire United States.

As to the latter portion of your question, President Springer's displeasure with *Third Rail* manifested itself on Alumni Day when she categorized our issue as "slutty." This comment didn't offend us in any way. On the contrary, we were offended when she abused her monarchal-like power and denied tenure to Philosophy Professor Chalmers Clark, despite the fact that two democratic bodies of faculty, administration and staff had recommended tenure. Should students and faculty refrain from criticizing our college president to avoid Queen Springer's contempt? This is a ridiculous question. Just as the corporate press does not refrain from criticizing our pea-brained U.S. President, CSI student journalists should not refrain from criticizing our col-

lege president.

3. You don't care to have a lot of the administration not on your side?

Third Rail has never and will never refrain from investigating corruption and abuses of power within the CSI Administration. We do not require the explicit or back door support of the Administration (though we would never refuse it). We only require the support of students, faculty and staff. Once again, we characterize the question as irrelevant. For the record, there are numerous Administrators that have complemented *Third Rail*, though they wish to remain anonymous for fear of retaliation from President Marlene Springer. In fact, our Fall 2002 "controversial" issue contains a letter from an Administrator who reveals how President Springer abused her power for personal reasons. The truth is that we welcome any and all support from Administration. But we are not going to refrain from investigating corruption within the Administration for fear of retaliation or loss of support from Administration. What kind of corrupt student journalists would we be?

4. Are you going to respond to the negative vibe you are getting from the students?

As we previously mentioned in response to your first question, we do not find that there is an overwhelming negative vibe amongst the majority of CSI students, but rather strong support

for *Third Rail*. We will be publishing some letters we have received as well as our responses to them in the next issue of *Third Rail Magazine*. We welcome all comments from students, faculty, staff and administration; both positive and negative (just send them to mail@thirdrailmag.com).

5. Why did you publish what you did? What editorial considerations went into your decisions?

We publish material based on the decisions reached by *Third Rail's* Editorial Collective – a non-hierarchical editorial board. We welcome submissions from students, faculty, staff and every citizen of the planet – which relate to art, essays, photography, literature, poetry, letters – pretty much everything. Much to our consternation, rather than having our featured cover story, "Tenure Denied" garner attention and outrage at the college president's actions, much discussion has centered around a poem and also around a photograph featuring a mother and daughter. The photograph was taken by Jock Sturges, a celebrated, world-renown photographer who specializes in family nudes. His nude photography can be found in the collections of the world's most famous museums including the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, the Frankfurt Museum of Modern Art in Germany, among others. In our next issue [the one in your hands], *Third Rail* will be publishing more content on Jock Sturges' work and methodology.

LEAP OF FAITH

JULIENNE WAS HER NAME, BUT I CALLED HER JEWEL FOR SHORT. WE WERE BEST FRIENDS.

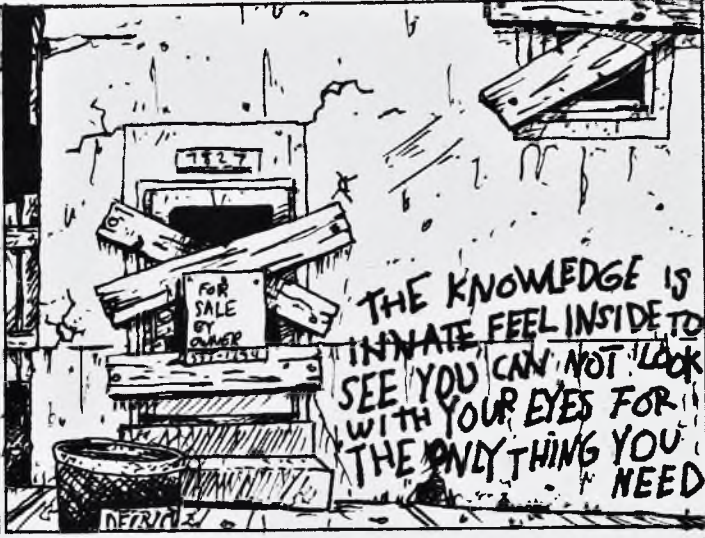


I MUST'VE KNOWN HER SINCE WE WERE TODDLERS AND, IN THAT TIME, I'D SEEN HER SUFFER SILENTLY. SHE CAME FROM A DEPRIVED HOME. HER MOTHER WAS A LETHARGIC DRUNKARD, AND THE FATHER BEAT AND SEXUALLY MOLESTED HER. I WAS THE SOLE PERSON JEWEL EVER CONFIDED TO ABOUT HER ABUSE BUT ONLY BECAUSE I PROMISED NEVER TO UTTER A WORD TO ANYBODY. SHE FEARED OF WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED IF THE AUTHORITIES FOUND OUT. JEWEL'S FATHER STRESSED MANY TIMES THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO HURT HER SEVERELY IF THE WORLD WAS EVER ENLIGHTENED TO WHAT HE DID. FORTUNATELY FOR HIM NO ONE DID FIND OUT SO HIS PERVERSION CONTINUED.



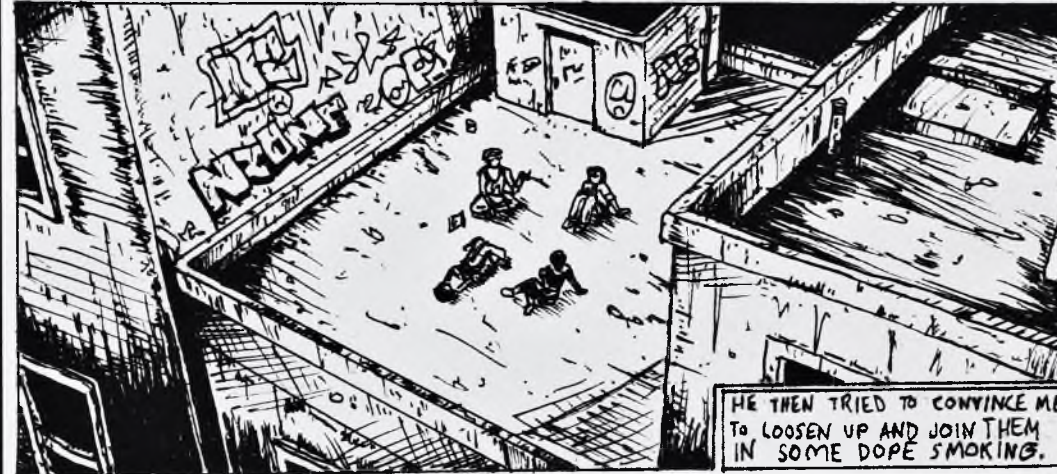
JEWEL GREW UP WITH A LOT OF EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS. LIVING IN A HOME WHERE SHE WAS CONSTANTLY BEATEN AND VIOLATED DAMAGED HER SELF-ESTEEM. AS TIME PASSED, JEWEL BEGAN TO LEAD A SELF-DESTRUCTIVE LIFE. SHE FOUND ACCEPTANCE IN THE LOCAL RAVE SCENE, AND ASSOCIATED HERSELF WITH SOME SHADY CHARACTERS. SHE ALSO FREQUENTED RAVES, AND EXPERIMENTED WITH THE USUAL ASSORTMENT OF CLUB DRUGS. IT BECAME APPARENT TO HER THAT THE MORE DOPE SHE DID, THE EASIER IT WAS TO FORGET HER PROBLEMS. NEEDLESS TO SAY, SHE DID DRUGS OFTEN, DESPITE THE FACT I WASN'T A RAYER, JEWEL AND I CONTINUED TO BE CLOSE FRIENDS. I WAS HER CONFIDANT, AND SHE WAS MINE. THROUGH OUR CONVERSATIONS, I BECAME AWARE SHE HAD DEVELOPED SUICIDAL TENDENCIES.

JUST WHEN HER LIFE SEEMED COMPLETELY HOPELESS, SOMETHING UNEXPECTED OCCURRED. WHILE STONED OUT AT A RAVE, JEWEL MET A GUY THAT WOULD LATER BECOME HER BOYFRIEND. THEIR AFFECTIONS THEN BLOSSOMED INTO A LOVE THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO OUTLIVE THE STARS. SHE LOVED HIM, AND BEING WITH HIM MADE HER GENUINELY HAPPY. THE WORLD DIDN'T SEEM SO CALLOUS WHEN THEY WERE TOGETHER. THEIR RELATIONSHIP APPEARED SOLID ENOUGH SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN JEWEL CALLED TO TELL ME SHE WAS DUMPED. SHE WAS SOBBING AND PLEADED WITH ME TO MEET HER SO SHE COULD THOROUGHLY EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED. I AGREED.

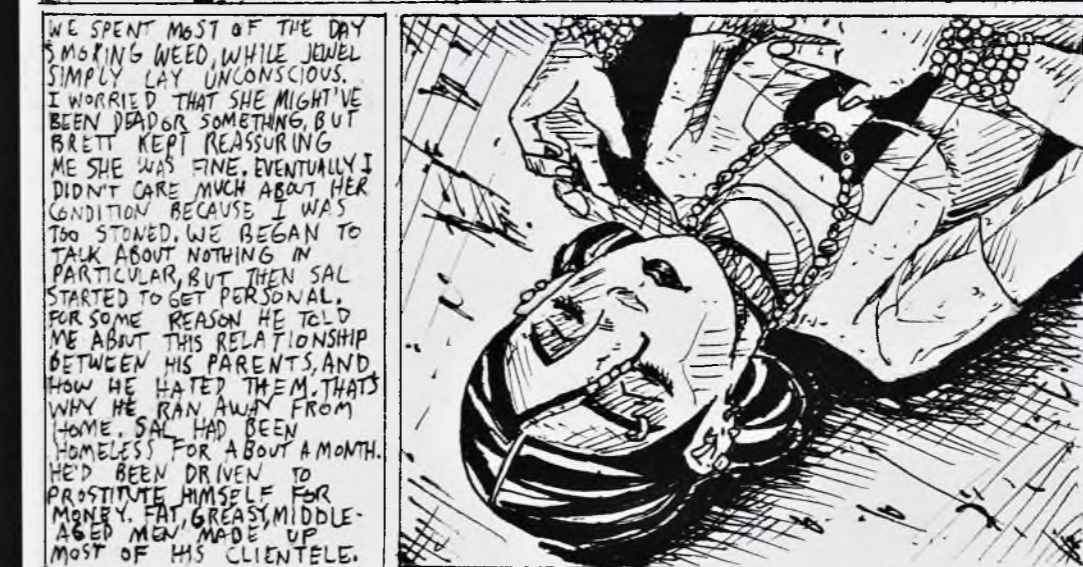


ODDLY ENOUGH, SHE WANTED TO RENDEZVOUS AT AN ABANDONED BUILDING IN THE DESERTED SECTION OF TOWN, TO SAY THE BUILDING WAS DILAPIDATED WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT. THE HOMELESS USED IT FOR SQUATTING AND SHOOTING UP DOPE. THE SQUATTERS WERE MOSTLY RUNAWAY TEENS. THEY WERE DESPERATE TO ESCAPE THE HORRORS OF AN UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBAN LIFE, AND PARENTS THAT JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THEM. DISEASE CRAWLED THROUGHOUT THE WALLS AND FLOORBOARDS. THE AIR WAS SO THICK WITH THE STENCH OF VOMIT AND URINE THAT I COULD ALMOST TASTE THE FILTH. JEWEL KNEW MOST OF THE SQUATTERS, AND THEY WERE EVEN GENEROUS ENOUGH TO SHARE SOME OF THEIR DRUGS. NEVER ONE TO PASS A GOOD DEAL, JEWEL WAS A LL TOO EAGER FOR A TRIP.

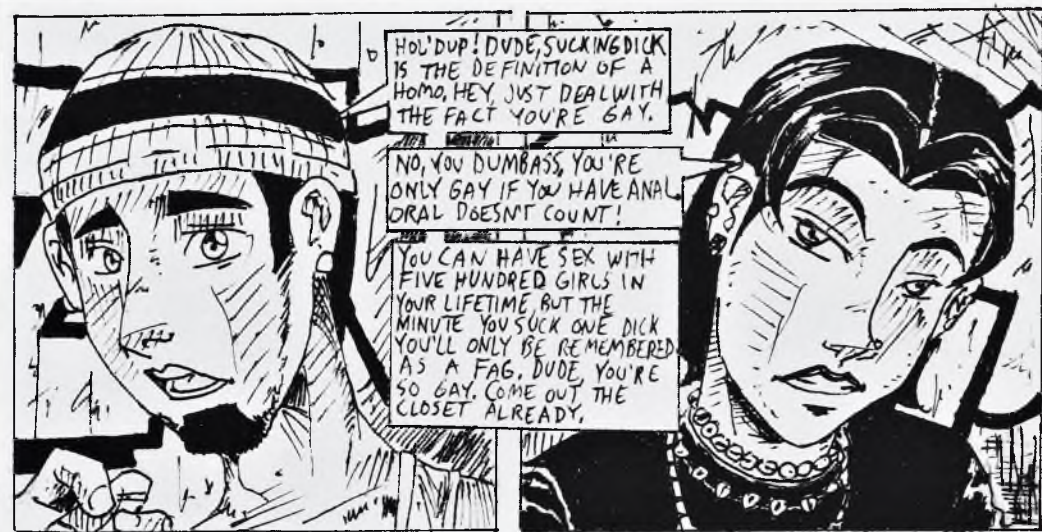
JEWEL LED ME TO THE ROOF. WE WERE ACCOMPANIED BY HER TWO FRIENDS, BRETT AND SAL. SHE DID SOME ACID AND ECSTASY AND IMMEDIATELY PASSED OUT. BRETT TOLD ME NOT TO WORRY, BECAUSE JEWEL USUALLY RESTED AS THE DRUGS CIRCULATED THROUGH HER BLOODSTREAM.



HE THEN TRIED TO CONVINCE ME TO LOOSEN UP AND JOIN THEM IN SOME DOPE SMOKING.



LEAF OF CANNIBALS



LEAP OF FAITH





BUT STILL, JULIE, THERE WERE SIX PILLS IN THE BAGGIE, YOU TOOK ALL OF THEM? GEEZ, TAKIN' THAT MUCH COULD KILL YA!



WHATEVER. WE ALL GOTTA DIE SOMEDAY.

IT BEGAN RAINING AS SOON AS JEWEL WOKE, BRETT AND SAL FLED IN DOORS TO ESCAPE FROM THE DOWNPOUR. I WAS ABOUT TO FOLLOW THEM IN UNTIL JEWEL URGED ME TO STAY BEHIND. SHE SAID SHE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME. WHY SHE WANTED TO TALK IN ALL THAT RAIN WAS A MYSTERY TO ME.



SO THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME GETTIN' HIGH? HOW NOSTALGIC IT FEELS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY I TOOK MY FIRST HIT FROM A CRACKPIPE. SO TELL ME, HOW DO YOU FEEL, BIG BOY? SEEING PINK ELEPHANTS YET?



NAH, NOT YET. BUT I'M KINDA TIRED, AND A LITTLE HUNGRY.

OH, DON'T WORRY, THAT'S JUST CALLED THE MUNCHIES.

LEAF OF FAITH



HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT? I GOT ONE ACID TAB LEFT. HOW 'BOUT I SHARE IT WITH YOU, HUH?



DON'T BE SHY. TAKE IT.

THANKS FOR THE OFFER BUT I DOUBT I'M READY FOR THAT. I'M STILL A LITTLE NEW TO THIS DRUG STUFF.

WARG
SUF KID



FOR CHRISSAKE, IT AIN'T GONNA KILL YA, WELL, NOT RIGHT AWAY. IT KINDA KILLS YOU SLOWLY, BUT YOU PROBABLY WON'T EVEN GIVE A DAMN ANYWAY 'CAUSE YOUR MIND'S GONNA BE TOO FUCKED UP TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING HAPPY AND BEING DEAD.



ABOUT THE ONLY THING YOU CAN HOPE FOR THEN IS TO DIE WITH SOME DIGNITY, OVERDOSING WHILE TAKING A DUMP IN THE TOILET CAN REALLY BRING DOWN YOUR DAY.

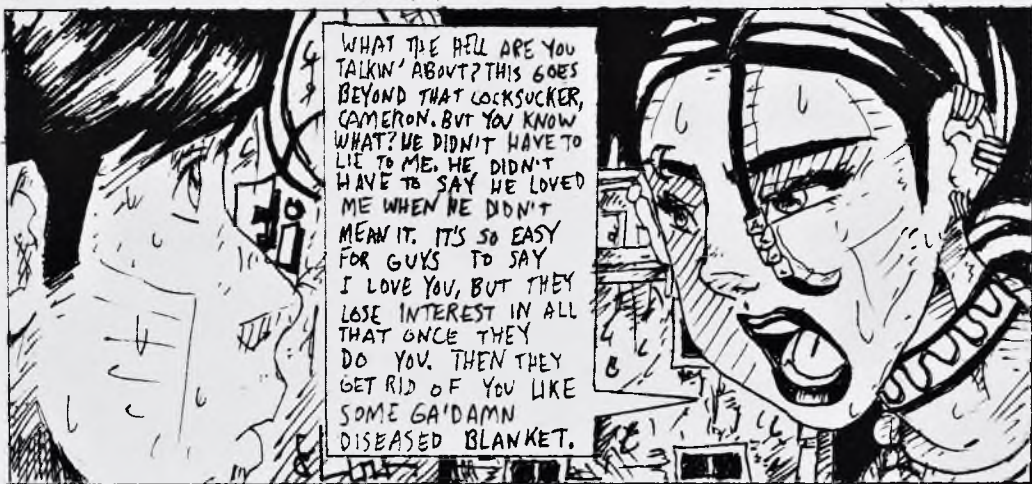
BUT LIFE IS FUNNY THAT WHY, RIGHT? KINDA MAKES YOU WONDER WHAT'S GONNA BE IN STORE FOR US IN TWO YEARS WHEN WE START COLLEGE. WELL, I GUESS WE'LL GO THERE AND FUCK AROUND FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS TO LEARN SOME SHIT SO WE CAN BE A BENEFIT TO SOCIETY. THEN WE'LL GET MARRIED TO SOME PERSON SINCE THAT'S WHAT'S EXPECTED OF US. SOON KIDS WILL FOLLOW, AND THEN WE'LL RAISE 'EM AN' SHIP 'EM OFF TO COLLEGE WHERE THE CYCLE CONTINUES FROM THERE.



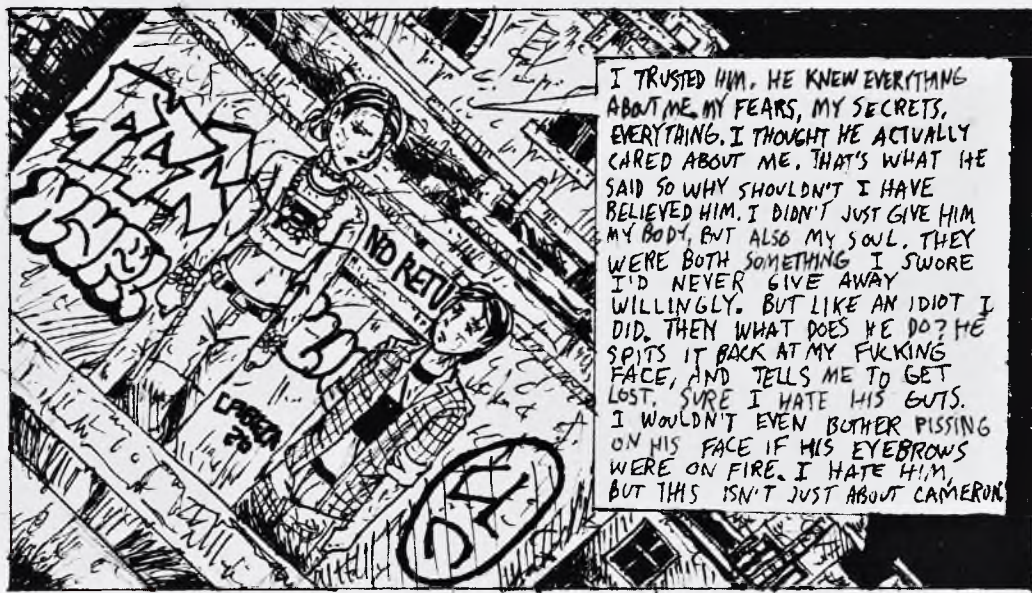


I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE AN IDEAL LIFE FOR ANYONE, AT LEAST, IT WOULD BE IF YOU'RE REALLY LUCKY TO FIND SOMEONE LOVING ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT ALL WITH, THEN AGAIN, YOU COULD GET STUCK WITH SOMEONE WHO MAY VERY WELL DESTROY YOUR LIFE COMPLETELY.

THIS'S ABOUT YOUR BREAK UP WITH CAMERON, ISN'T IT? C'MON, HE'S NOT WORTH EVEN A SINGLE TEAR, TO BE HONEST, I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A PRICK.

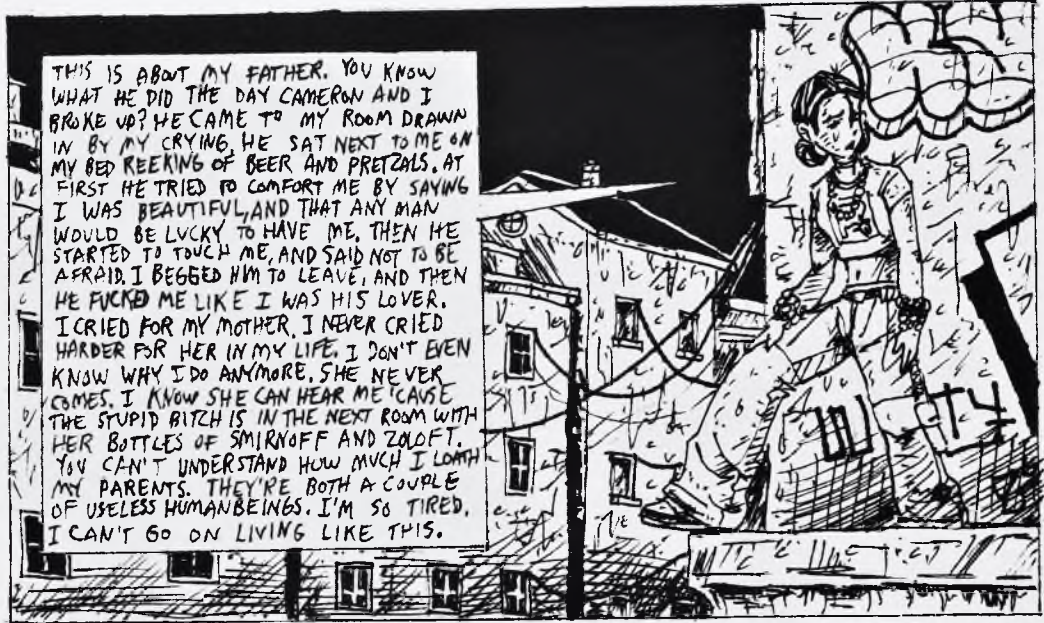


WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? THIS GOES BEYOND THAT LOCKSUCKER, CAMERON. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? HE DIDN'T HAVE TO LIE TO ME. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO SAY HE LOVED ME WHEN HE DIDN'T MEAN IT. IT'S SO EASY FOR GUYS TO SAY I LOVE YOU, BUT THEY LOSE INTEREST IN ALL THAT ONCE THEY DO YOU. THEN THEY GET RID OF YOU LIKE SOME GA'DAMN DISEASED BLANKET.



I TRUSTED HIM. HE KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME, MY FEARS, MY SECRETS, EVERYTHING. I THOUGHT HE ACTUALLY CARED ABOUT ME. THAT'S WHAT HE SAID SO WHY SHOULDN'T I HAVE BELIEVED HIM. I DIDN'T JUST GIVE HIM MY BODY, BUT ALSO MY SOUL. THEY WERE BOTH SOMETHING I SWORE I'D NEVER GIVE AWAY WILLINGLY. BUT LIKE AN IDIOT I DID. THEN WHAT DOES HE DO? HE SPITS IT BACK AT MY FUKING FACE, AND TELLS ME TO GET LOST. SURE I HATE HIS GUTS. I WOULDN'T EVEN BOTHER PISSING ON HIS FACE IF HIS EYEBROWS WERE ON FIRE. I HATE HIM, BUT THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT CAMERON.

LET'S GO



THIS IS ABOUT MY FATHER. YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID THE DAY CAMERON AND I BROKE UP? HE CAME TO MY ROOM DRAWN IN BY MY CRYING. HE SAT NEXT TO ME ON MY BED REERING OF BEER AND PRETZELS. AT FIRST HE TRIED TO COMFORT ME BY SAYING I WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND THAT ANY MAN WOULD BE LUCKY TO HAVE ME. THEN HE STARTED TO TOUCH ME, AND SAID NOT TO BE AFRAID. I BEGGED HIM TO LEAVE, AND THEN HE FUCKED ME LIKE I WAS HIS LOVER. I CRIED FOR MY MOTHER, I NEVER CRIED HARDER FOR HER IN MY LIFE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I DO ANYMORE. SHE NEVER COMES. I KNOW SHE CAN HEAR ME 'CAUSE THE STUPID BITCH IS IN THE NEXT ROOM WITH HER BOTTLES OF SMIRNOFF AND ZLOFT. YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I LOATH MY PARENTS. THEY'RE BOTH A COUPLE OF USELESS HUMANBEINGS. I'M SO TIRED. I CAN'T GO ON LIVING LIKE THIS.



BUT AS SCREWED UP AS MY LIFE IS, I HAVEN'T BEEN MORE HAPPY THAN I AM RIGHT NOW. I FEEL SO AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD, IT'S EERIE. I CAN LITERALLY FEEL THE ACID AND ECSTASY RUSH THROUGH MY VEINS. IT'S A SENSATION NO SOBER MIND CAN EXPERIENCE. IT'S ALMOST SPIRITUAL.

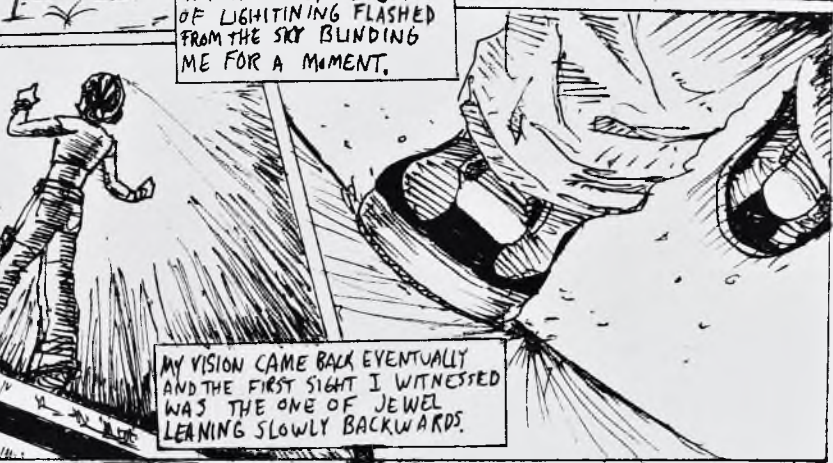
HER GLASSY, AUBURN EYES MARVELED AT THE THUNDEROUS BLACK SKIES UP ABOVE. JEWEL DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO BE AWARE OF HER OWN MORTALITY BY THE WAY SHE STOOD AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOF. HER MORBID WORDS AND ACTIONS HINTED THAT AN ILL-FATED INCIDENT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS IN NO FRAME OF MIND TO DEAL WITH IT BECAUSE I BEGAN TO FEEL PECULIAR. THE WORLD BECAME ALIEN TO ME AS I SAW ALL SORTS OF VIVID LIGHTS AND HUES EMIT FROM THIN AIR. MY SENSES WERE ACUTE AND I SWORE I COULD SEE SOUND AND HEAR COLORS. ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, I WOULD LATER FIND OUT THAT THE PAPER USED TO ROLL UP THAT JOINT I SMOKED EARLIER WAS SOAKED WITH A POTENT AMOUNT OF LSD.





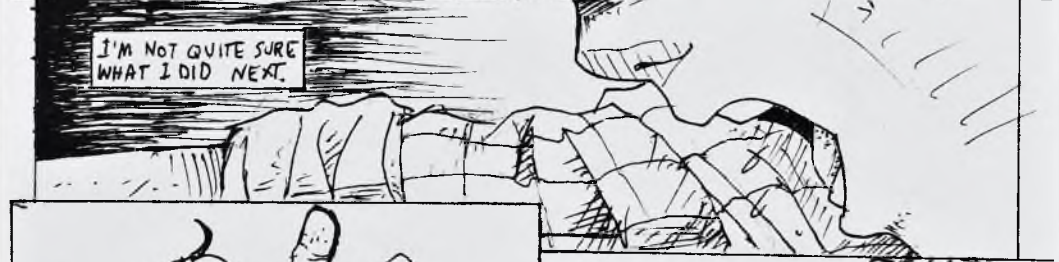
THUNDER ECHOED THROUGH THE STILL NEIGHBORHOOD.

AS MORE SORROWFUL WORDS SPEWED FROM HER LIPS, SHE ABRUPTLY TURNED TO ME WITH HER HEELS JUST OVER THE EDGE. I WAS SUDDENLY OVERCOME WITH AN UNSETTLING DREAD.



A FURIOUS WHITE BLAZE OF LIGHTNING FLASHED FROM THE SKY BLINDING ME FOR A MOMENT.

MY VISION CAME BACK EVENTUALLY AND THE FIRST SIGHT I WITNESSED WAS THE ONE OF JEWEL LEARNING SLOWLY BACKWARDS.



I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT I DID NEXT.



BY THE TIME MY MIND CAUGHT UP TO WHAT MY BODY HAD DONE, I WAS STANDING THERE BESIDE JEWEL. I HELD TIGHTLY TO THE BEADS AROUND HER WRIST. THEY WERE THE ONLY THING PRESERVING HER LIFE.



LEAF OF PARADISE



DAMMIT, JEWEL, GIVE ME YOUR OTHER HAND!



KEEP IT REAL.

THE LSD IN MY BLOOD WORKED ITS WAY UP TO MY BRAIN. EVERYTHING AROUND ME WAS SO BRILLIANT AND COLORFUL. I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE HOW SEXUALLY ATTRACTIVE JEWEL WAS. MY MIND RACED WITH ALL SORTS OF INDESCRIBABLE EMOTIONS, BUT PANIC WAS ABOUT THE ONLY ONE I COULD PROPERLY DISCERN.

JEWEL, IN CONTRAST, TOOK TO THE DRUGS DIFFERENTLY. SHE WAS OBLIVIOUS OF HER EXTREME, DIRE PERDICAMENT. SHE WAS EUPHORIC AND TOOK THE MATTER LIGHTLY.



ISN'T THIS JUST THE BIGGEST, GA'DAMN RUSH YOU EVER HAD.



A SHARP PAIN SHOT THROUGH MY ARM AS MY MUSCLES STRAINED FROM JEWEL'S TREMENDOUS RESISTANCE.

WHAT LOT OF STRENGTH I HAD FINALLY LEFT ME, AND IT BECAME APPARENT THAT I WOULD NO LONGER BE ABLE TO KEEP HER FROM FALLING.

SHE WAS GOING TO DIE, AND THERE WASN'T A DAMN THING I COULD DO ABOUT IT. ALL I COULD DO WAS PRAY FOR HER.

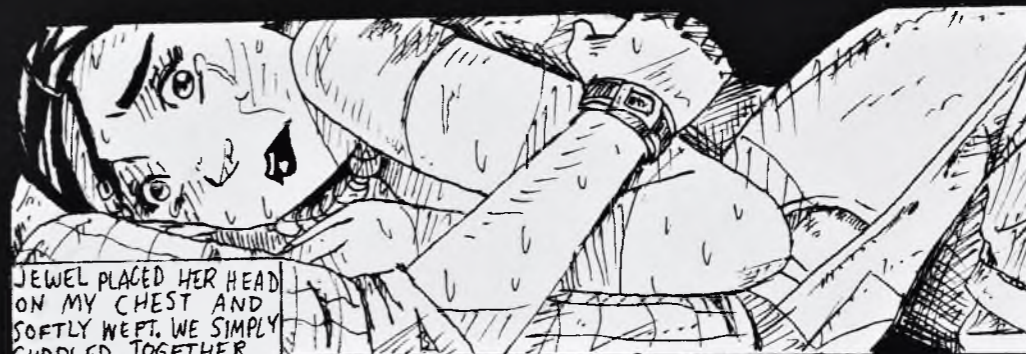


AS HER BRACLET FELL TO PEICES, A STRONG GUST OF AIR BLEW AGAINST US WHICH AIDED ME IN REELING HER IN.



WE COLLAPSED VIOLENTLY TO THE GROUND.

LEAP OF FAITH



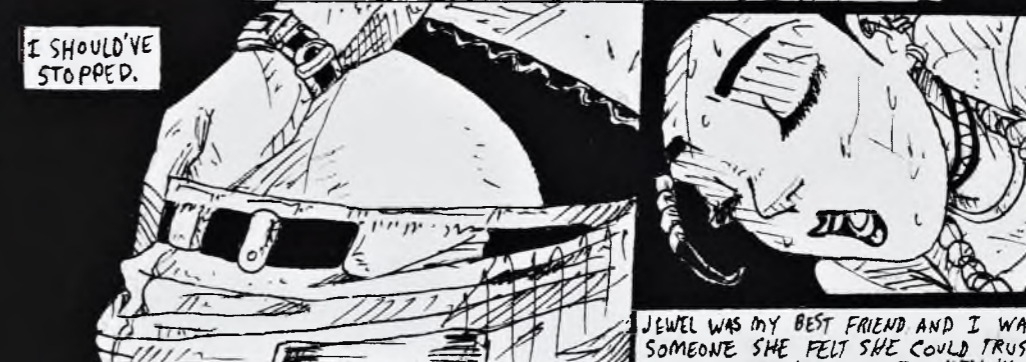
JEWEL PLACED HER HEAD ON MY CHEST AND SOFTLY WEPT. WE SIMPLY CUDDLED TOGETHER AND DIDN'T SPEAK A WORD. I TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF WHAT TRANSPIRED, BUT I WAS TOO STONED. IT ALL FELT LIKE SOME EROTIC DREAM.



AND THEN SHE KISSED ME.



HER LIPS WERE BITTERLY COLD WHICH LEFT MINE LINGERING WITH A NUMB SENSATION. A KISS WAS NEVER THIS AWKWARD, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP ME.



I SHOULD'VE STOPPED.



JEWEL WAS MY BEST FRIEND AND I WAS SOMEONE SHE FELT SHE COULD TRUST UNCONDITIONALLY. ALL THE MEN IN HER LIFE HAD ABUSED HER IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER, BUT WAS I ANY BETTER? SURE I WAS STONED, BUT I WAS FULLY CONSCIOUS OF WHAT I WAS DOING. JEWEL'S BLOOD WAS SATURATED WITH ACID AND ECSTASY. SHE LACKED ALL INHIBITION. MY PERVERSE DESIRES CLOUDED ANY COMMON SENSE THAT MAY HAVE STOPPED ME FROM TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HER...

BREAKING NEWS

\$1600 More For CSI?

By Third Rail Staff

Something has changed at CSI this school year! Is it more bureaucracy? More security guards? More Administrators? Well . . . maybe. But what's really different about CSI is the feeling of my wallet applying less pressure against my leg due to a tuition increase of \$1600 per year!

Oftentimes when prices increase, consumers expect more for their money. But not at CSI and the City University of New York (CUNY). Nope. Here we usually get the same old product.

Did you notice any brand new huge parking lots? No. Is there a noticeable increase in the

amount of courses being offered this semester? Not really. Have the library hours been expanded? Nyet. Has the CSI Administration restored 24 hour student access? Keep dreaming!

No, this year at the College of Staten Island, students are expected to be treated to an \$800 increase in tuition (\$1600 per year increase) and will receive the same quality education students received in the early '70s for free, or last year for 25% less!

“Whatup wit dat shit,” you may ask? Well, it seems that our wonderful State of New York is in the midst of a massive budget deficit. Why do we have a massive budget deficit after years of huge surpluses?

Well, there are a number of reasons. Firstly, we are in a recession that was exacerbated by the 9/11 disaster. But more significantly, King George - errrrrr, we mean, NY State Governor, George Pataki decided to cut the taxes of the wealthiest citizens of New York in the late '90s. This predictably resulted in working class New Yorkers (like you and me) having to pick up a disproportionate amount of the burden of supporting New York's public services. So, instead of raising taxes on the wealthiest of New Yorkers, Governor Pataki decided to tax students like you and me through tuition increases and bus and subway fare hikes to close the budget gap.

Pissed? You should be! Even in

the doldrums of the Great Depression, when budget deficits were far worse, politicians never dared touch public higher education – and that was when CUNY was free! What? You say you never knew that CUNY and CSI (and its predecessors) were free?

But it's not just King, err, Governor Pataki that's guilty of betraying CSI and CUNY students. Originally, Governor Pataki proposed a tuition increase of at least \$1200 per year. This increase was tempered by the NYS Assembly Republicans and Democrats which countered with a \$950 per semester increase. CUNY Chancellor, Matthew Goldstein slightly decreased the tuition increase to a still unbearable \$800.

BREAKING NEWS

How did Staten Island politicians react to such huge increases in tuition? With little or no fanfare. Staten Island Democrats virtually ignored the issue, giving mild and tepid criticism to the tuition increase. Staten Island Republicans were even worse, with some Republicans offering no comment. Only Republican John Marchi, voiced strong opposing to any tuition increase — though, in the end, he settled for the Assembly's \$950 increase. Even the progressive, working class oriented Staten Island Greens totally ignored the issue, producing no press releases, press conferences or position papers. This, despite the fact that the Staten Island Greens has several CSI alumni among its membership and

even some current CSI professors among its ranks. No, they were too busy organizing with the more upper-middle class students of the private Wagner College (located in one of Staten Island's top income tax-bracket neighborhoods).

Did the CSI Administration seem to really care? Not really. In the midst of such a crisis, one would expect the college president to at least hold a press conference for the local Staten Island Advance community newspaper, or to hold a town hall meeting at the college to rally students, faculty and staff against the budget cuts and tuition increase. Maybe that's how things work at other public colleges (like UC Berkeley or the CUNY of yesteryear), but not today's

CSI or CUNY. No, our very own Queen of CSI, President Marlene Springer, held not a single press conference or town hall meeting; nor did she ever issue any press releases. Instead, she just sat on her throne doing what she does best - denying tenure to qualified professors.

Outraged yet? You should be!

CSI and CUNY are already one of the most expensive public colleges in the United States. According to NYPIRG (The New York Public Interest Research Group), "The average cost of public higher education in New York is \$556 higher than the national average. New York's average tuition charges are also over \$1,000 more than the annual

tuition and fees in Texas, California, and Florida, other comparably large states with large public higher education systems. Specifically, New York's public four-year undergraduate tuition and fees are 59% more than California tuition and fees."

With the implementation of an \$800 increase in tuition, New York public colleges should become the fourth most expensive public college tuition in the 50 states. What's more, the cost of living is by far higher for New York college students than compared to students from other states.

Equally infuriating is the fact that New York State has seen its public college tuition grow at a faster rate than the national

average over the last decade. Between 1990 and 2000, the national average tuition (and fees) increased by 86%, while New York State's average public college tuition and fees rose a remarkable 156%. If adjusted for inflation, New York's tuition fees still rose a whopping 97%.

While the tuition at New York's public colleges grew by huge percentages, the median household income increased by a mere 9.2%. As a result, college tuition has eaten up an even larger portion of working families' budgets. For instance, in 1990, the average New York family spent 4% of their household income on public college tuition. That portion grew over the last decade to 6% - and will continue to grow based on the current plans to increase tuition. All this took place while state support for public

higher education dropped by 22% (if adjusted for inflation)!

Being as there is probably nothing more to do about this problem - I guess we're screwed!



