



God's Nursing Home Attendant Tells All!

"It's cold... and there are wolves after me."

Do you think it's a mistake that the Bible stopped adding books to its collection? No mistake. Christians don't really want you to find out what became of God. By the time the Koran was being written, God was starting to get a bit wiggy.[£] Now-a-days, Heaven is like an assisted living environment for God.

Kind of makes you want to go out and do a little carnal sinning(TM), huh?

Sure, God is still writing books, (Kids: Stephen King!) but few ever believe them. Here's an example that one of the field agents for a subsidiary of Hell Inc. managed to pick up while visiting Baltimore, Maryland:

The Book of Haim Meshuggina

1. And lo, this is the WORD and RANTING of the LORD, for He is old and cranky and often forgets the point of his stories.

2. In the beginning there was nothing, for the LORD was a true neat freak and ran a tight ship.

3. But then He got BORED and so He made friends who came over and slobbered the place about.[¢]



4. And the mess DID become the universe and all the stars, and the waters were the spilled drinks.
5. For Bounty(TM) can not expunge fifty billion year old stains from the polyester fabric of the multiverse.[∞]
6. So sayeth the LORD: You youngins are just spoiled WITH all your suns and planets and organized matter. Why I remember a time when I could be entertained for hours by just watching quarks and baryons.
7. We didn't have TV or radio. All we had was electromagnetic waves. We'd sit and listen to static for hours on end. And we enjoyed it. It's amazing the content you get

[£] Nahnana nah na na...

[¢] And lo, the LORD created fraternity brothers and kegs of cheap domestic beer.

[∞] Nor can any other home remedy: seltzer water, hairspray, Michael Collins, or John Waters.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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©1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre. All rights reserved. Somethings, like Gar, are twisted but we are still accountable for them. Don't steal. It's BAD. And we will come to your house and stuff rats in your sister's dead body. Come for tea sometime?

out of nothing. Σ

8. Back in my day, we didn't have schools. We had to go outside and MAKE the laws of nature. And let me tell you, that's a lot harder. All we had was hydrogen[†], and you don't know how that mucks up your complexion.

9. And that Mary Magdalene. Wow, what a looker she was. She was so flexible. I remember one time out behind the temple with Mary, Mary, quite contrary...but once I told her who I was she started having fun... we even invented something new^π... now what was that called?

10. And the angel Gabriel did smile and patronize the LORD saying: "Ah, God, that never happened."

11. "What are you talking about?" snappeth the LORD. I'm God, if I said it happened, it happened. You youngins don't know how to respect your Creators anymore.

12. You... you creatures of the universe take LIGHT for granted. Well I came up with that all by myself, it was easy. I created everything. Why I came up with WAR and thought it was a DAMN fine idea, by Me.

13. But I want to tell you the story about the last time I saw Lucifer. It was shortly after I'd gone and made a garden for Adam and Uh, what's her name. Not Eve, but his first wife.... You know, the one with the great ass. You know, SARAH McLachlan. Back when Adam still had his whatsit.

14. Anyway, I was so pleased with how everything had turned out that I invited all of the angels to a dinner party. There were chips and pickles and all kinds of new stuff I'd created. Deep fat frying was going over pretty well.

15. Well, here comes Lucifer, and he was always such a brown-noser. Always had to wear his wings the same way I did and his PANTS half-way down his ass. Anyway, he had gone out and tried to make something on his own to give to me and Adam and whatshername. I don't remember exactly what it was supposed to do, but it was this huge shiny copper thingy

Σ Such as that quality network programming, TGIF (TM).

[†] "Oh, the humanity"

^π Our overqualified staff religion experts disagree about exactly what God is referring to here. Popular theories include; the Kama Sutra/Tantric Buddhism, John "The Wad" Holmes, Ben Wah balls, or the Hoover Wet-Dry Vac.

with all these moving parts. ^Ω

16. He was so excited about showing it off that he wasn't paying attention to where he was going and tripped. Well, that there THINGY went up into the air just as pretty as can be. Everyone stopped talking and watched as this monstrous contraption flew over their heads. ≈

17. And poor Lucifer was sprawled out on the ground, his mouth OPEN, just looking on in horror. Finally it hit the railing of the balcony overlooking the multi-verse and the whole thing tipped over the side, spilling all the glinty things out into the vacuum of space.

18. They spread out just as pretty as could be, making this band of glinty LIGHTS in the universe that Man calls the Milky Way. ^ς Well, at the time, no one knew what to say, except Michael ^Δ, who was always the joker.

19. Way to go, light bringer.

20. Well everyone started laughing at that and Lucifer was so embarrassed, he ran out of the hall. I haven't seen him since that night, but I hear he's doing rather well for himself, though he's a little

preoccupied with things he's calling GOOD and EVIL and something connected called sin. I think it's a kind of engine, but I don't know.

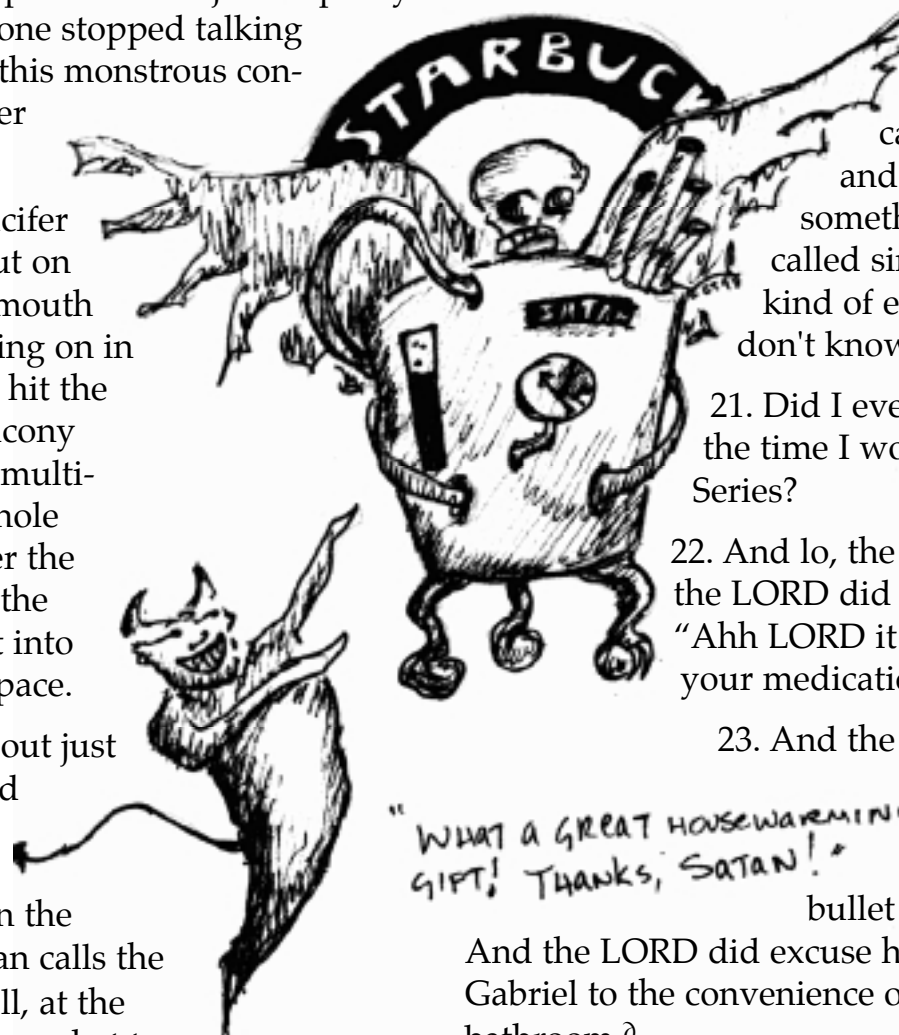
21. Did I ever tell you about the time I won the World Series?

22. And lo, the great angel of the LORD did rise up and say, "Ahh LORD it is time for your medication"

23. And the angel Gabriel did present a holy waxy-white bullet to the LORD.

And the LORD did excuse himself and Gabriel to the convenience of the bathroom.[∂]

24. And from within that sacred room, the LORD's great suffering was heard: "Ow, my ass!"



"WHAT A GREAT HOUSEWARMING GIFT! THANKS, SATAN!"

^Ω Here, again, we are uncertain what the Lord is referring to. An espresso machine is the consensus. "What a great housewarming gift! Thanks, Satan!"

≈ Never mind, we don't get it either.

^ς See- steamed milk!

^Δ Not to be confused with Michael Collins. Or Michael Knight.

"Kitt, is that God up ahead?"

"No Michael, that's Johnny Depp. Now, gird your loins!"

[∂] Not to be confused with W.S. Burrough's patented suppository. "Bill, could you put a little powder on my lips?"



Shirk'n'Shout

This Week - More Rants from Work by Eric Thomas

Ignorant Punks - Guaranteed To Break The Ice At Parties

August 1, 1998

We heard the shouting from the kitchen, and went to see what the argument was about. The young punks didn't notice John and I enter.

"Me and Dave used to chase that kid around the skate park all day, trying to get him to lift up his shirt so we could see his fuckin' tits. Two months, we did that. And he never did it. He just said, 'No!'" - a high falsetto, meant to sound effeminate - "and ran away. I respect that kid for that." The kid in the Guttermouth T-shirt was almost screaming, and punctuated his sentences by pointing at the others.

Billy, who was sprawled across the couch with his hat on sideways and a Red Stripe in his hand, came to life. "He has a Sellouts patch on his fuckin' jacket! What kinda..."

Guttermouth cut him off. "He's just fuckin' fat..."

Billy cut Guttermouth off. "Fat doesn't mean anything, but that patch..."

I cut Billy off. "It doesn't matter that he's fat, but because he has one patch on his jacket, he's a big asshole."

Billy, suddenly noticing me, and then John, was dumbfounded for a second. He sat up from the couch, spread his arms wide, and karate-chopped at me with both hands (one hand dangerously close to spilling 'The Taste of Jamaica' on the carpet) as he spoke.

"Brian Brimmer!" He looked at me, then at John, then back at me, waiting for some sign of recognition. "Brian Brimmer!"

John, in a loud, whiny voice: "Oh, yeah!

I saw him on the cover of Loser Magazine!"

Me, following suit: "No, it was Fatboy Loser magazine!" We both started to laugh. "Fatboy Loser With A Sellouts Patch What An Asshole Magazine!"

John and I walked out to the porch. The commotion over Brian Brimmer had calmed. Soft-core porn was showing on Showtime, and the punks were yelling at the television.

"The funny thing about the situation in there is that they're all making fun of the porno, but all the guys..."

John finished for me. "...are holding their beers over their crotches?"

November, 1997

"Eric, this is Jeremy. He used to live down the hall from me."

We shook hands. Jeremy had to switch his flask of Captain Morgan into his other hand.

They started talking about Jeremy's roommate from the year before. I got bored. "Hey, Max! I'm going outside for a smoke."

Usually, at a party like that one, I'll go outside to have a cigarette, even if everyone else is smoking inside. I need frequent breaks from bad dance music and loud boys with identical wardrobes and too much grease in their hair.

Max and Jeremy followed me outside. Max asked me for a smoke; Jeremy kept talking.

"...so you know where it's at, man. You wanna know what I'm gonna do for a job?"

"What, man?" Max had a Heineken in his hand and a big smile on his face.

"I'm gonna be a fuckin' lawyer, and I'm gonna steal money from old people."

Max laughed.

"Cause you can fuck shit up when you're a lawyer, man. I'm gonna get what's mine. I got a lot comin' to me, too, the shit I been through."

I was interested. "What shit have you been through?"

"I'm not your average college kid, mommy and daddy takin' care of everything. My mom and dad don't give me shit. I gotta survive."

"That's great, but what sort of shit have you been through?"

"I don't think I have to talk about that with you, man." He was getting angry. I think my questions were too hard for him. I shut up.

Jeremy turned back to Max. "Yo, you

remember we used to roll up mad blunts in my room? Just sittin' there with a blunt and a fuckin'... forty of O.E. with the TV on. There is so much CUNT at this party!" Back to me. "Yo, you gonna hit any of this cunt tonight?"

I answered slowly. "No."

To Max. "Who the fuck is this kid?" To me. "Look around you. Look at all the pussy at this... fuckin'... party. You're telling me you're not out for cunt tonight?"

Again, slowly. "No, I am not out for cunt tonight."

To Max. "Yo, this kid's a fuckin' limp-wrist, man. I gotta piss. Gimme one of your beers, man. There is so much CUNT here..."

Max was still laughing when Jeremy walked away. He looked at me. "You just gotta take Jeremy for what he is, man. He's an asshole, but he's a good kid."

Notes on Yearbook Superlatives

Next time you meet the handsome, athletic, red-blooded American boy that won "Best All-Around," tell him you're not surprised because you always knew he'd make an excellent gymnast.

The "Best Eyes" winners always look demonic.

I once wasted ten minutes conversing with the "Most Intellectual" from the year after I graduated. We were at a party. He was drunk.

"...so one of those hippie chicks asked me to host a room for the Round Robin. And I was like, 'Whatever.' So we had, like, vodka and cranberry juice or somethin'... And me and Frank were up there makin' drinks, and Frank had some... uh, you know Ritalin?"

"Yeah. Methylphenidate. Stimulant. Usually prescribed for Attention Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder, but also for obesity and narcolepsy."

"Yeah, yeah... so Frank had some Ritties in, like, a cigarette pack. And we were just doin' that shit up, you know..."

"It's also used as a recreational drug when crushed and snorted."

"And somebody's poundin' on the door. So I get up and open it, and it's the fuckin' cops, man. Everybody freaks. Half the people in the room just got up and ran out and me and Frank were just standing there, and Frank gets up to talk and fuckin' dumps the Ritalin all over the floor. And the cops ask what it is and he tells 'em 'Ritalin' and he's supposed to take it for ADD. They ask us if we've been drinkin' and we tell 'em 'No' and they tell us they're not gonna bust our balls for partying 'cause they did the same thing and we should try to keep it down 'cause it's three o'clock in the morning. That was _fucked_ up. Were you at that Round Robin?"

"No. Round Robins in Baker usually

come down to one girl with a wad of money asking everyone if they've paid."

"Do you know Vicki?"

"Yeah, Vicki and I go way back. I met her at the beginning of my freshman year."

"Is it just me, or is she the hottest black girl you've ever seen?"

"Vicki's beautiful, yes."

"I mean, I've never been hot for a black girl before. Vicki turned me around."

"How wonderful for you."

Your challenge: guess which of the speakers was me, and which was "Most Intellectual."

I'm not saying I deserve any awards. I just think saying (in all honesty) that a girl of another race "turned you around" is not the mark of an intellectual.

Only vote for a "Class Couple" if you want to break up a relationship.

I had the dubious honor of being voted "Most Sassy" (read as: "What an Asshole") for my High School yearbook. My female counterpart was a heartless wench with venomous eyes and a steel vagina.

I was absent for my coronation at the school's annual Pep Rally - my sassy self was skipping class to smoke cigarettes at a doughnut shop.

Suggested Superlatives:

- Most Likely To Have "Needed The Money"
- Class Curmudgeon
- Braless Wonder/Sweatpants King
- Most Likely To Be Dull
- Easiest/Sleaziest
- Doomed Couple
- Closet Dyke/Closet Fag
- Miss/Mister Scatology
- Spineless Toady
- Most Likely To Kill The Yearbook Committee

Amputees should get severance pay.

Oopeses!

Nobody noticed, but last week we fucked up.

"Nebreska"? What's up with "Nebreska"?

"Shirk and...." Last week we cut off a line of Eric's column. Our bad.



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24 July, 1998

To Whom it may Concern:

This is an official notice that as of 7 August 1998 I resign my position as a lab tech in Dr. Alan Senior's lab. No longer will I be oppressed by the forces of Capitalism. Instead, I will begin preparing for the glorious Revolution of the People. Workers of the lab Unite! We have nothing to lose but our pipettes!

Please note that I have several vacation and floating holidays which I'd like to be paid for in my final paycheck.

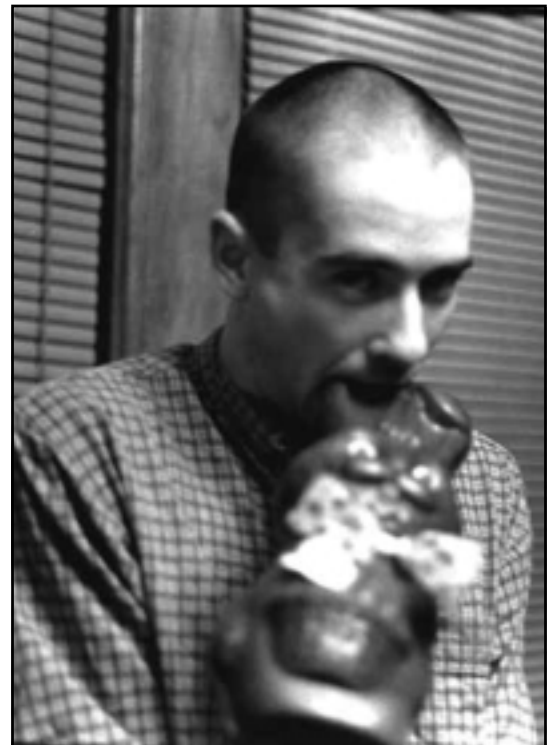
Any future correspondence should be sent to:

The People's Glorious Permanent
Address:

care of
109 Grand Army Road
Whitefield, ME 04353

Thank you.

Sean Hammond



Above: Author



Sir Snack "Oh well.... It'll do."

by Brian Barrett

Many people who have viewed noon-day news shows across the country are familiar with a syndicated two minute cooking segment called Mr. Food. You know him. He's the antithesis of Julia Child and Martha Steward, providing recipes that sometimes have as few as two ingredients. One fine example that comes to mind is Chex Mix coated with a mixture of Hidden Valley Ranch Dressing Seasonings and butter, put in the oven at 350 Fahrenheit for 15 minutes and "Ooh, it's sooo good!"™. Another is the Super Bowl meal special where he showed viewers how to make a Turkey Sub.

Over the years, due to my income bracket and lack of appropriate food preparation time, I have discovered similar "recipes." However, I prefer to call them tricks to spice up boring everyday cheap food.

Now, like Mr. Food, I have a short, descriptive title and a catchy tag line to let the viewers (in this case the readers) know that the segment is over..

This first recipe is going to be the most complex one I will EVER present. I call it Tuna

fish Spread.

Italics indicate ingredient is optional, but keep in mind: the more you use, the better it'll taste.

- 2 cans of tuna
- Mayonnaise
- *Ranch or Italian Dressing (to taste)*
- *Goya Hot Sauce or Tabasco Sauce*
- *1/2 cup chopped peppers (any variety)*
- *1/4 - 1/2 a chopped tomato*
- *1/4 cup chopped onion*
- *1/4 cup Celery*
- *1/8 cup grated orange rind*
- *2 Tablespoons of Sour Cream or Yogurt (Plain, Lemon, Peach, Raspberry work)*
- *2 Tablespoons Ketchup*
- *2 Tablespoons of Sweet Relish*
- *1 Tablespoon of Lemon Juice*
- *2 Teaspoons Dill Weed*
- *2 Teaspoons Oregano*
- *2 Teaspoons Paprika*
- *2 Teaspoons Garlic Powder (or 1 actual garlic clove)*
- *A Dash of black pepper*
- *1/2 A Clove Cigarette (filter and paper removed)*
- *Burgundy Wine (to taste)*

Dump the tuna in a bowl. Add whatever optional ingredients you can. Slowly mix in Mayonnaise until you reach a pleasant consistency and this could be used for a sandwich or mixed in with any type of noodle.



Special Feature: Rush Week

The return to campus also means the return of rush week. In honor of this tradition, GDT has decided to publish a guide to the typical greek events.

GW student to Sue Boston U., Fraternities in Rape Suit

By Matt Berger and Becky Neilson

The Hatchet (George Washington U.)

(U-WIRE) WASHINGTON, D.C. -- A GW student will file suit later this month against Boston University and three fraternities there, in connection with an alleged rape at a rush party during her freshman year at BU.

Jessica Smithers, who transferred to GW last fall, claims BU and the two fraternities where she drank alcohol earlier on the evening of the incident are partially responsible for the assault in October 1995. She also is suing the alleged rapist and his fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon.

"I want schools to take responsibility and concern for their students," Smithers said. "Especially when they advertise the advantages of Greek life but don't monitor fraternities."

The lawsuit comes after a year of settlement negotiations between Smithers and BU fell through. Originally, she sought \$3 million from the parties, but BU officials claim she lowered that demand to \$450,000. Smithers said BU offered her \$50,000 if she agreed not to tell her story. Neither party would confirm the other's account.

Smithers said she had the choice to file the suit as "Jane Doe," but chose to use her name in her statement of demands and in the media to humanize her story.

"I decided it was important enough to have a personal message stand out so people

would really notice it," Smithers said.

Sigma Phi Epsilon is unrecognized by the BU administration, and BU Associate Vice President and Dean of Students Herbert Ross said Lambda Chi Alpha and Chi Phi, where Smithers was served alcohol at rush parties that evening, also were unrecognized by the university at the time.

"I had concerns with the way the university polices fraternities," Smithers said. "I don't think there is a warning system out there for freshmen."

She said the confusion about which fraternities are recognized by the BU administration shows the lack of control the university has over its Greek-letter system.

"They can't even tell a few people the correct information," Smithers said of the conflicting reports in the media about Lambda Chi Alpha and Chi Phi's status.

"There's only so much (the university) can do," Ross said. "The No. 1 key thing is that if you have been drinking, you put yourself at risk."

Smithers said she is filing the suit because she wants to encourage BU to take a proactive role in protecting students and warning them of the dangers fraternities represent.

"If BU had sent out a warning saying these fraternities were 'off campus,' maybe when the guy told me which one he was in, and invited me into his house, I wouldn't have done that," Smithers said.

Smithers said BU also is responsible because it did not provide adequate services to keep her safe. BU's escort service stopped

running at 1 a.m." she said.

Smithers claims the two fraternities where she drank earlier in the night also are partially responsible for the assault because they served her alcohol without asking for age ID. She was 17 at the time of the alleged assault.

"We educate our members that in any event they hold, they are responsible for the actions that occur afterwards," said Jason Pearce, director of communications for the Lambda Chi Alpha International Fraternity.

Chi Phi representatives had no comment on the case. A Sigma Phi Epsilon official said he was unaware of the incident.

"Sigma Phi Epsilon is not aware of any incident of any sort at Boston University," said Jacques Vauclain, executive director of Sigma Phi Epsilon. "Our policy is always to cooperate with the authorities and the University officials when something occurs."

Smithers and four friends set out for a night of fraternity rush parties on BU's urban campus in October of her freshman year. Smithers said it was her first experience with the Greek-letter system, and she said she "is not a big drinker."

Smithers said she and her friends stopped at the Sigma Phi Epsilon house to ask directions to Lambda Chi Alpha, where a rush party was being held that night. The Sigma Phi Epsilon member who gave the group directions, who Smithers said eventually assaulted her, invited them to an "after-hours" party hosted by brothers of the Chi Phi fraternity.

Smithers said she had two beers and a cup of spiked punch at the Lambda Chi Alpha party, where neither she nor her friends were asked for age ID.

The group decided to go to the Chi Phi party but were turned away at the door by a Chi Phi member who told them it was a pri-

vate party, Smithers said. But she asked if she could enter the house to use the bathroom, and ran into the Sigma Phi Epsilon member who gave her directions earlier. He arranged for her and her friends to enter the party, she said.

"I thought it was great," Smithers said. "He was nice, really charming. He never left my side except to get me some punch."

Smithers said she thinks the punch she drank at the after-hours party contained drugs that made her feel "very sick and really strange," but a letter from her attorneys to BU said "the chemical analyses necessary to prove such ingestion were not conducted at the time."

After the party, Smithers said the alleged rapist walked her and her friends to a nearby intersection to help them find a cab. But she said her friends got in a cab without her, and she was left standing on the street with him. She said she began to feel sicker as the night went on.

"It was really strange. It wasn't a drunk feeling - it was getting worse," Smithers said.

She said he wrote his name and number on the back of a bank statement, and kept telling her "it's okay."

"I didn't have any money, the (subway) had stopped running and the (BU) escort service had stopped," Smithers said. "I remember when I was little and I was lost in a department store - that was what it felt like."

Smithers said he walked her back to his fraternity house, promising her that one of his brothers would drive her home. But she said when they got back to the Sigma Phi Epsilon house, he told her all his brothers were asleep or passed out.

"He said I should just stay in the house - he was very accommodating," Smithers

said. "I didn't want to insult him by letting him know I was scared."

Smithers said he brought her to a spare room furnished with a dresser and a futon. When he left the room, she immediately fell asleep. She said she woke up in the middle of the night to find he had entered the room, removed her clothes and was raping her.

"I felt so incapacitated, but I tried to fight him off," Smithers said. She said she was afraid to scream for fear he would turn violent or other brothers would join him in the rape.

Smithers said she spent the rest of the weekend at her parents' home in the Boston suburb of Braintree.

After several weeks of deep depression, Smithers said she visited a counselor at her mother's urging. Eventually, she said she reported the rape to BU's judicial director at the beginning of November.

Ross said BU held judicial hearings and decided in August, 1996 that the Sigma Phi Epsilon brother was "definitely responsible" for the rape, indefinitely suspending him from BU.

In an appeal hearing the next spring, the school again found him guilty and upheld his suspension from the university, Ross said.

He never was brought up on criminal charges, but Smithers notes the statute of limitations on filing charges is not up.

"There is nothing more I would love than to have him put away," she said. "The general consensus is that (a criminal trial) is a very difficult process to go through."

Smithers said no physical evidence of the alleged rape exists because she threw away the clothes she wore that night.

"This really showed me what little understanding I had of sexual assault," Smithers said. "It changed the way I see the world. I will never ever be the same."

Smithers said many people are to blame for what happened to her that night, including herself.

"I definitely have a responsibility because I did go and did drink," Smithers said. "But I was 17 and the reason we have a drinking age is because minors are not held responsible for their actions."

Ross said Smithers should have taken responsibility for her actions that evening.

"She chose to violate the law and be risky," Ross said. "But then when things got out of hand, it's the university's fault."

Smithers said the reason she is asking for so much money is because she believes it is the only way to "make the university feel the sting."

"A settlement means agreeing to take responsibility and have warnings," she said. "Part of the whole settlement issue is that I want to be a volunteer contractor for the university to improve safety."

Smithers now lives in an apartment in Virginia, which she said is partly because of her hesitance to "be a part of the college scene" at GW.

"I don't even know where the fraternities are here and I'll certainly never go to one again," she said.

RUSH HELL'S KITCHEN!

Submit your articles to diablo@csh.rit.edu

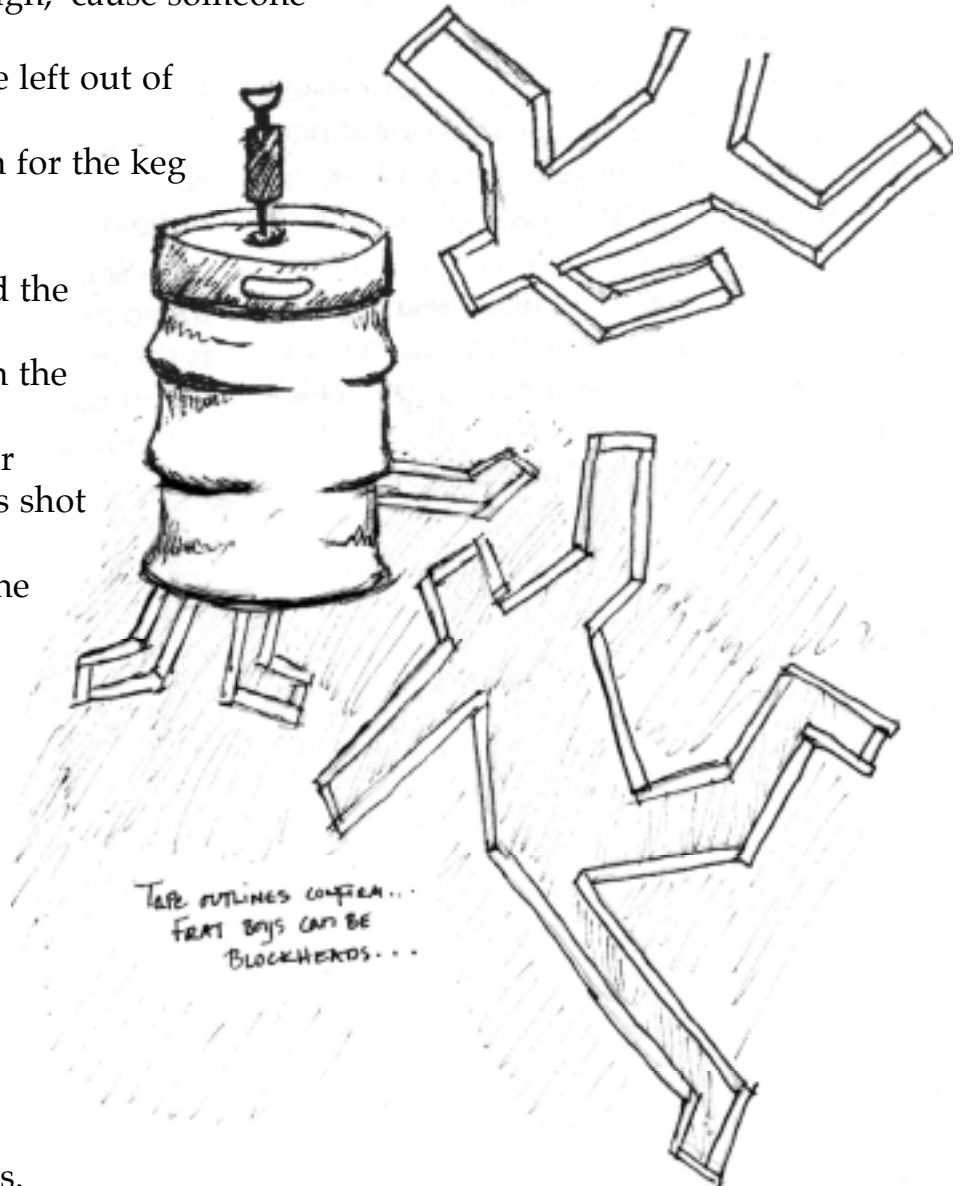
12 Comatose Brothers on the Floor

by Clare Terni and Staff

"Don't leave 12 comatose brothers on the floor of a fraternity house unattended, because the consequences are terrible," Jenkins said. - U-Wire article

Before you consider joining a fraternity, you should be aware of some of the terrible consequences Jenkins is referring to:

1. Dirty carpet.
2. No one to stand in line for Dave Matthews tickets.
3. A smaller ratio of frat. brothers to old people at philanthropies.
4. Sleeping on the floor ruins the bend in the dirty white hat, leaving it simply dirty.
5. 12 other brothers feel left out.
6. Unconscious people miss pizza delivery.
7. Unconscious people miss the sounds of Eddie "going at it" with Miss Smithers. (This will probably be okay, though, 'cause someone will tape it.)
8. Unconscious brothers will be left out of the poker tournament.
9. Twelve less people to chip in for the keg of cheap domestic beer.
10. No one to buy more GHB.
11. Twelve less brothers to hold the little sisters down.
12. Twelve less naked bodies in the Quad.
13. Grading curve in "Rocks for Jocks" (Intro. to Geology) is shot to hell.
14. Twelve less people to run the grill.
15. Twelve less fathers to pump for cash from the trust fund.
16. Hazing isn't as much fun when they're unconscious.
17. Twelve unused stomach pumps at the hospital.
18. Security is left to harassing motorists.
19. Twelve unpenetrated underage girls.
20. The delicately balanced Hooter's economy collapses.



Apples and Oranges

by Jeremiah Parry-Hill

I guess I knew it was inevitable, but I was expecting it to be more subtle than when David[¢] picked up a copy of Hell's Kitchen and barked, "you do -not- want to write for this. This is unprofessional."

It was a typical Friday afternoon at the Reporter office, a place I had started to regard as a sort of home. Since it was the first meeting of the year, the editors had been asked to say a few words about each of their sections. I was all too familiar with David, the sports editor. I had quickly learned that he was a man to whom the phrase "I don't write sports" is completely alien, and subsequently avoided him at every interval. I expected him to highlight the main points involved in sportswriting at RIT. Instead, everyone present was treated to his brief diatribe against the free expression embodied in Hell's Kitchen.

All I could really do was blink. Whenever I hear someone say something that's clearly wrong, I can't help but replay it in my head a few times until I'm absolutely sure that that's what they really meant to say. Case in point: my entire Marriage class in high school thought they heard the teacher say he would slug his daughter's hypothetical boyfriend "if she came home with a black guy". He had said "with a black eye", of course.

Sometimes a few moments of clarification can make all the difference.

In light of that, I dissected what David had said. "Unprofessional"? Of course Hell's Kitchen doesn't pay its writers...but I don't imagine that's what he meant. Professionalism, I suppose, involves carefully censoring

your personal feelings from everything you write. There's nothing wrong with that; it's called newswriting. He just shouldn't have said "it's unprofessional" when he meant "its newswriting isn't as hardcore as ours".

As for whether anyone wanted to write for Hell's Kitchen, I hardly feel David was qualified to make that judgement for so many people at one time.

Trying to compare the Reporter and Hell's Kitchen is like comparing apples and oranges; the former is a news magazine, the latter is a creative outlet. One is blessed with donated paper, a paid staff, and high production values, and the other makes up for the lack of same through sheer heart alone.

Steve[¢], another editor, quickly tried to smooth things over for the new blood. "Hell's Kitchen is another publication on campus, kids. We've sort of always had this rivalry." This is where it all fell apart for me. From indiscriminate bigotry to meaningless old rivalries, it all had to go. It was all wrong.

See, I've always been cursed with an unhealthy dose of idealism. I love the written word; it's the closest thing I've ever had to a religion. In committing myself to taking as many opportunities as possible to practice and improve my craft, I was undoubtedly being naive when I tried to work for two vastly different publications.

No matter your ideals, it's impossible to live in a world untouched by people picking the scabs of disputes so old that all of the original players have packed up and gone home. There are always going to be people with a sick need to instigate conflict.

Not only do I fail to comprehend the notion of war for tradition's sake: I defy it.

[¢] Names have been changed.

White to play and win.

by Adam Fletcher

Aaron Nimzowitsch, like most Grandmasters, was a weird guy with a funny writing style. But he helped invent hypermodern chess and wrote a great book entitled "My System" about the importance of the center, the 7th rank, pawn blockading and positional chess.

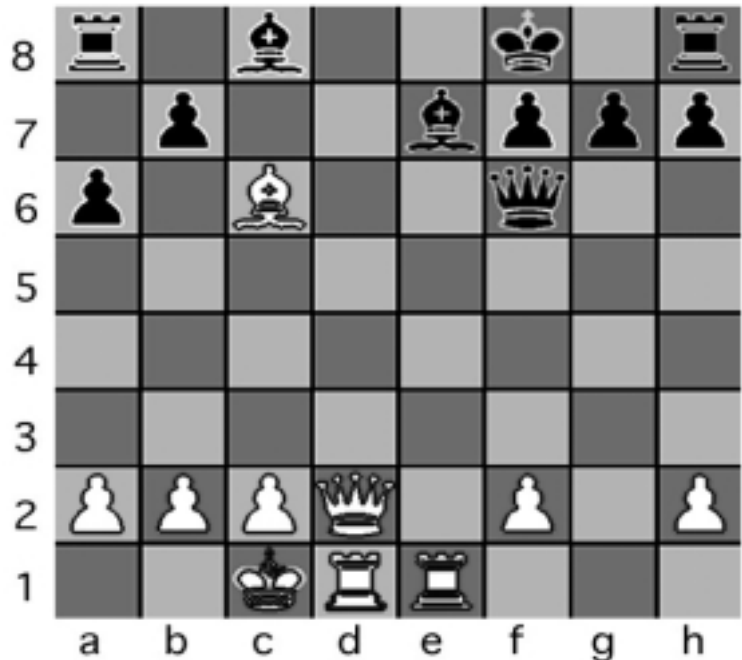
This position comes from the first illustrative game in "My System", between Nimzowitsch and Alapin, played in 1911 at Carlsbad.

The key is not to be afraid of giving up your queen to mate. Many beginning players are (rightfully) reluctant to sacrifice their queen - but the game is won by mate not by who keeps their queen longest.

1. Qd8+
2. ... Bxd8
3. Re8 mate.

Adam's recommended chess reading:

"My System: 21st Century Edition" by Aaron Nimzowitsch; Hays Publishing; ISBN: 1880673851



Nimzowitsch vs. Alapin, 1911, Carlsbad

"How to Reassess Your Chess : The Complete Chess-Mastery Course" by Jeremy Silman; Siles Press; ISBN: 1890085006

"Cjs Purdy : The Search for Chess Perfection (Purdy Series)"; by Hammond, Jamieson, C. J. S. Purdy; Thinkers Press; ISBN: 0938650785

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