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The

Advocate

Marshall-Wythe School of Law

AMERICA'S OLDEST LAW SCHOOL



Volume XVI, Number Seven

Thursday, November 8, 1984

Four Pages

Mondale Takes M-W

Reagan Re-Elected in Landslide

Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro were Winners of Marshall-Wythe's SBA mock presidential election held on October 30. The mock election, however, proved to be less than determinative of the actual election's outcome, as President Ronald Reagan and Vice-President George Bush were overwhelmingly re-elected for a second term this past Tuesday.

The Reagan/Bush ticket received not only an electoral vote landslide but also a popular vote landslide. Reagan won every state except Minnesota and the District of Columbia. In doing so, he amassed an electoral vote total of 525 as compared to Mondale's 13 electoral votes.

This electoral victory was even more substantial than that of the 1980 election which saw President Jimmy Carter collect 49 electoral votes. Republican leaders consider the substantial margin as a mandate from the people for a continuation and completion of

the Reagan/Bush policies implemented four years ago.

Reagan/Bush received 59% of the popular vote while Mondale/Ferraro received only 41%. The outcome at Marshall-Wythe's mock election, however, was totally reversed. Mondale/Ferraro received 161 of the 312 votes case, 53% of the voting student population. Reagan/Bush received 133 of the 312 votes to gain 42%. The Mondale/Ferraro Marshall-Wythe victory, however, gave them no electoral votes nor indicated the tide of the country.

The Reagan/Bush support came from a variety of groups. The Republican team received a majority of votes from senior citizens, young people ages 18-24 and women. They also received greater support from union members and Catholics than they did in 1980.

Carrying these groups was particularly significant to the outcome since Walter Mondale's

campaign strategy was to paint Reagan as unconcerned about senior citizens and their monthly income from Social Security; because the young have traditionally voted Democratic; and because of the presence of a woman on the Democratic ticket. The presence of these traditionally Democratic strongholds in the Reagan/Bush column underscored the magnitude of the 1984 landslide.

On the state and local level, Virginia's incumbent Republican Senator John Warner soundly defeated Democratic challenger Edith Harrison. Also, in the 1st Congressional district, Republican incumbent Herb Bateman easily defeated Democratic challenger and William and Mary professor John McGlennon.



Federalists gathered on Tuesday night to watch the Republicans maintain their hold on the White House.

Evangelist Robertson to Speak

By LIZBETH KAUFFMAN '87
Television evangelist Reverend Pat Robertson will talk about his views on the role of religion and the first Amendment in American politics next, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 3 p.m. in Room 119.

Rev. Robertson strongly opposed the 1973 Supreme Court decision supporting freedom of choice for abortion as well as the 1962 decision banning prayer in public schools. He appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee on behalf of the recently defeated school prayer amendment, and served as a member of President Reagan's abortion taskforce in 1982.

A graduate of Yale Law School, Robertson is the President of Christian Broadcast Network and co-hosts the Christian talk show "The 700 Club". An astute businessman, Robertson founded CBN in 1960 with \$70 cash, one camera and a 1000-watt station.

Gradually expanding with stations in Dallas and Atlanta, by 1980 CBN became the world's largest supplier in the budding cable programming business with an estimated 3 million viewers. By 1981, CBN was generating annual revenues of \$68 million.

This remarkable rise in influence has not been without controversy. Critics point out that CBN and similar groups have had trouble satisfying the Better Business Bureau and IRS standards for the reporting of income from fundraising. Many of Robertson's predictions are also controversial. He explains to viewers of his "700 Club" that a new Roman empire will rise, "quite likely the European Common Market headed by a dictator who, after seven years, will reveal himself to be the Anti-Christ." He goes on to predict that this dictator will ultimately fail in the final battle of Armageddon, which Robertson says is likely to occur before the year 2000.

SBA Approves Speaker's Committee

By GARY CLOSE '87

SBA members, after nearly an hour of debate over the wording in a committee-drafted proposal, formally approved the creation of a speaker's committee Thursday. Under the guidelines proposed by the committee and approved by the SBA, the new speaker's committee is charged with coordinating funding requests from law school organizations for speakers. The document also charges the committee with independently seeking out speakers for the law school.

The new policy follows nearly six weeks of debate sparked by a student's request for the SBA to invite CBN founder Pat Robertson to speak here Nov. 15. Robertson accepted the invitation last week.

John Wesley submitted the committee proposal: a five point plan outlining the committee's

coordinating function, its membership and its need to be impartial.

Debate centered on the extent to which the committee would be obligated to solicit speakers. Wesley argued that the committee should not be bound to find speakers.

"I just don't think the SBA should be in the business of bringing in speakers," he told the student government. "The purpose of the SBA should not be just to act as grease to help other organizations bring in speakers. It should take a more affirmative role," a visiting student replied.

Wesley argued for the final fifth section of the committee proposal that read: "Nothing should prevent the committee from bringing in speakers on its own—nothing should require the committee to select or seek out speakers."

SBA members rejected the final paragraph and inserted a clause into the draft that suggests the committee will actively seek out speakers. The motion to do both passed 6-0-1. Wesley abstained.

The next step for the SBA is to appoint a chairman for the committee and solicit committee members. Membership on the committee is unlimited.

In other SBA business, the student government approved a resolution calling on the administration to crack down on food and poster violations in the law school.

Of particular concern to several SBA members is food taken into classrooms.

One student warned the SBA that the law school could "turn into a real dump" if food and poster restrictions are not enforced.

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The Advocate

Marshall-Wythe School of Law

A student-edited newspaper, founded in 1969 as successor to the *Amicus Curiae*, serving the students, faculty and staff of the Marshall-Wythe School of Law.

The Library: How About Some Consideration?

Now that the election's over and we can all be friends again, it's time to discuss everyone's favorite problem. As regularly as ducks migrate and tulips bloom, this issue arises. Yet every year nothing is accomplished. We feel obligated to repeat the hallowed tradition of griping about this recurring problem:

What are we going to do about the library?

It's the first full week of November, and both undergraduate finals and law school examinations are still a month away. But have you tried to find a carrel at night lately? There aren't many available. And the odds are that you'll see as many English composition, organic chemistry, or introductory German books as texts for Torts, Virginia Procedure, or Trusts and Estates.

We are not advocating barring undergraduates from the library at all times. If there's not much demand for library space, undergraduates should be free to study here. But at a time like finals, law students need access to this vital information center. They have nowhere else in town to check out reserve reading, examine case law, or refer to a hornbook without buying their own copy.

Swem Library is supposed to undergo some remodeling soon. Perhaps that will create enough new studying space to alleviate the migration - if lack of study space is the reason for the influx of undergraduates. (When we visited the upper floors of Swem a couple of times this semester, we saw many empty desks and heard no distracting conversation. Perhaps we were there on the wrong nights.)

Posting a student worker at the library door with a Gatling gun, a la Funky Winkerbean, seems a little extreme. A little consideration from the undergraduates would better solve the problem. If you're an undergraduate reading this, although we mean no offense, we would appreciate it very much if you would avoid studying in the law library after Thanksgiving. There's simply not enough space there to accomodate everyone who'd like to use it. Earlier in the semester, when there's plenty of room, feel welcome to use the Marshall-Wythe library. But when the final crunch comes, we would deeply appreciate it if you stayed on the main campus.

Thank you very much.

(J.O.A.)

Write a Letter to the Editor!

Viewpoint

Scott Sheets

Well, the 1984 Presidential campaign is over. As expected, President Reagan won a landslide victory over former Vice-President Walter Mondale. At the time of this writing, President Reagan had won 49 states with Minnesota undecided. Mondale clearly won only the traditional Democratic stronghold, the District of Columbia. With such a Republican landslide, what effect did the President's coattails have?

The other results of the national election show the President's coattails to be mixed. The surprise of the night for the GOP was the upset of Kentucky's incumbent Democratic senator Walter Huddleston by Republican Mitch McConnell. North Carolina's Republican Senator Jesse Helms tied himself securely to the President and managed to turn back his Democratic challenger, Jim Hunt. The Democrats, however, managed to snatch the Senate seat in Iowa from the Republican incumbent and picked up the vacated Republican Senate seat in Tennessee. As of this writing, the Democrats stand to obtain a net gain of one or two senators, leaving the Senate with a 53-47 Republican majority.

In the House of Representatives, the Republican Party is projected as having gained approximately 17 seats, thus decreasing the Democratic majority to 250-185. The GOP did not, however, make the gains that it had expected in the House. The Virginia Congressional delegation is an appropriate illustration. In the 9th and 6th Congressional districts, the Democratic incumbents managed to stave off strong challenges by Republican hopefuls. Republican incumbents were likewise successful in their re-election bids. The President's coattails appeared minimal in House races.

Turning to the 13 governorships up for grabs, we find that the Republican Party was more successful in some respects. The GOP captured formerly Democratic governorships in the traditionally Democratic states of West Virginia, Rhode Island, and North Carolina while retaining control of Republican governorships in Missouri, Indiana, New Hampshire, and Delaware. It is unclear, however, how many of these new Republican governors rode into office because of the President's coattails. For example, in West Virginia, popular Republican Arch Moore gained the governor's mansion and in so doing probably provided coattails of his own for the President to carry this very Democratic state. The President's gubernatorial coattails, therefore, were not necessarily long either.

What then, did the 1984 Reagan landslide mean in terms of a coattail effect? To put it simply, there appears to have been very little coattail effect in this year's national election. The Republicans who won Senate seats, House seats, and governorships did so largely on their own merits. That is not necessarily bad for the Republican Party, however, for it demonstrated that Democrats are willing to cross over and elect worthy Republicans. Also, the

fact that there was so little change in the Congress (which has largely followed the Reagan administration's lead), combined with the fact of a massive popular and electoral vote landslide for

table showing in the House and Senate races, as well as state races. The Democratic party should be concerned, however, by recent polls suggesting that the younger voters are becoming

"... perhaps the Democrats should re-evaluate the goals of their party or risk more than a landslide loss in the next Presidential election."

the President demonstrated a consensus among the American people that they are satisfied with the stance of the national government currently.

Is the Democratic Party on its way out? Hardly. Although the Democrats suffered a huge defeat in the Presidential contest, they can take comfort in their respec-

more conservative and more favorable to the Republican Party. If the second Reagan term is perceived to be as beneficial to Americans in general as the first Reagan term was, perhaps the Democrats should re-evaluate the goals of their party or risk more than a landslide loss in the next Presidential election.



The Advocate

Marshall-Wythe School of Law

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Toxic Torts

The Saga of Sid Granite: Legal Spy

By DOUG KLEIN '87

(Author's Note: Last week, I saw "The Little Drummer Girl," and I've been in a particularly subversive mood ever since then.)

Our story begins in the jungle foothills of Papua, New Guinea. Sid Granite, Legal Spy, awakes and grunts, like all tough spies in movies. He checks his briefcase for booby-traps and heads off in search of his quarry. His mission is to eliminate (preferably with extreme prejudice) a renegade American gunrunner and tortfeasor named Murray Feldspar, otherwise known as Chuckles. Chuckles was the recording secretary of the diabolical SCHLEP, the Society of Criminals Hating the Legal Profession. Granite had uncovered a SCHLEP plot to undermine the American legal establishment by building a laser satellite designed to destroy pinstripe suits. If SCHLEP succeeded, it would mean the end of civilization as we now know it.

Granite had the odds against him. They were a million to one (or two million to two), because Chuckles wasn't in Papua, New Guinea; in fact he'd never even been to Papua, New Guinea. True, he had read a National Geographic article several years earlier about northern Australia, but that's beside the point. No, Chuckles was in the garment district of New York meeting with none other than Brian Dailey Blofeld, the head of SCHLEP. Brian was worried.

"Granite's hot on our trail," Brian said, "He's going to catch us and tell my parents."

"Look, kid," Chuckles said, "Don't be a schmuck—Granite's in New Guinea. He can't get good jurisdiction over us, already."

But Granite did get good jurisdiction, and there was nothing SCHLEP could do about it, because Granite used the sophisticated legal gadgetry that Professor Corr had given him at the beginning of the semester.

"Alright, Chuckles," Granite

said, "The game's up. Drop the countersuit and kick it over here."

Chuckles complied with the instructions and placed the countersuit on the floor and kicked in Granite's direction.

"Now, up against the wall, Chuckles."

"You're too late, Granite. The satellite's already up in the air. We're going to knock off one top 10 law school a week until you give in to our demands."

"No, you can't do it. What about all the innocent first years and the slugs who study in the library?"

"You can't stop us, Granite."

UVA law school is the first to go."

Granite breathed a sign of relief. At least he had another week.

Stay tuned for the exciting conclusion of "Sid Granite: Legal Spy."

What a Relief:

No More Brief!

Time to . . .

Rise and Shine!

By DANA CORNET '85

Once upon a time there was a law student who, in a weak moment, uttered these fateful words to his roommate: "Be sure to wake me up before you leave in the morning." He was never heard from again.

Now, maybe you have a roommate who resents the fact that she has to get up for a 9:00 class while you can sleep peacefully until 10:30. Or perhaps you have a spouse who had trouble sleeping last night because you were frantically typing the final pages of your appellate brief in the next room until 3 A.M. A rude awakening after these slight provocations, while unexpected, can be rationalized. However, there are those among us who, when faced with the prospect of a defenseless, prostrate body, are overcome with an urge to vent their sadistic whims thereupon. Could your easy-going roomie or adoring mate be one of these closet sadists? In order to help you discover the truth, I've listed psychological profiles of the most notorious types. Look these over carefully to see that your surrogate alarm clock doesn't display any of the traits associated with these types:

The Audio Eardrummer: To begin with, this friend will stare blankly at his clanging alarm clock until it runs itself down. He will then get up and turn the stereo up to hog-calling volume, blow-dry his hair for a full twenty minutes, type the footnotes of his seminar paper, and chomp down a few Doritos for breakfast. Then, just before he leaves, he will shake you gently by the shoulder and whisper, "Are you awake yet? It's time to

get up."

The Wolf-Faced Crier: This one loves to make sure that you really are asleep before yelling, "Oh, no! We've overslept and it's almost noon!" "Hey, why are all those police cars and ambulances parked in front of our apartment?" "Omigod, the toilet's running over onto the floor!" or something equally unfunny while your brain is still too sleep-fogged to realize that he's pulling an early April's Fool.

The Arctic Snatcher: He wastes no time. He simply grabs the covers and gives them a yank, freeze-drying the unfortunate sleeper underneath. His victims have been found with the remains of their last meal intact in their frozen stomachs.

The Everblaster: This one likes to use you for a punching bag under the guise of waking you up. He will shake you, throw things at you, and pummel you with a pillow until you get up. (The danger here is that he might knock you unconscious with the first blow and then mistakenly assume that you are just being stubborn about getting up.)

The Saccharin Slayer: This pervert is the worst. Rather than bringing her cruelty out into the open (and I say she because this type is invariably female), she will waltz into the room, throw open the blinds to let the "beautiful" sunshine in, and begin singing, "Good morning to you, good morning to you . . ."

Now, if you have read this list and gasped aloud because one of the descriptions fits someone you know, don't panic. There is help. Simply call 1-800-BED-1234. No, it's not a free mental health clinic. It's a toll-free reservation number for a very good hotel!



Randy Singer submits his freshly typed brief with one minute left before the deadline.



"I guess this will do, although you really shouldn't refer to Nolde as 'the slime' in your brief."



Those who turned their briefs in early gathered in the lobby to cheer on the procrastinators.

THE COFFEEHOUSE

Marshall-Wythe's Talent Show

Campus Center Ballroom

Sunday, November 11, 1984

7:00 P.M.

Peter van Bergen

Sports Profile: The Marathon Man

By MICHAEL MORONEY '86

Few people really ever push themselves to the limit. Peter van Bergen is one person who does. Running a road marathon is certainly one of the most demanding and grueling of all athletic challenges. Thousands of competitors run over all imaginable terrain for 26.2 miles in all types of weather conditions. No marathon is more world-renowned than the New York City Marathon. Peter recently ran in and finished the 1984 edition of the Marathon, labeling it "the most diverse thing I've ever done." Peter finished the Marathon competitively in 3:35, hours ahead of the casual runners and in front of the vast majority of the 18,000 other competitors.

Cutting the 80° heat and the extreme humidity as the biggest

obstacles, Peter described the 17th - 23rd miles as the hardest to push himself. "At that point, I began to sporadically consider walking, but the crowd wouldn't let me." If he started to slow the cheering masses urged him on, providing the extra adrenalin necessary to cover the remaining miles. Peter found it easier going the last few miles. "After the 23rd we went into the shade, and there was a bit of a breeze. After getting that far I knew I couldn't quit."

"The most amazing thing was the crowd. They were incredible. Going through Central Park was like running through a huge stadium. The City had put bleachers up all along the course; people were screaming and cheering you on from everywhere. They made you feel really good, like a champion. I

don't know why - I was behind the leaders. It really makes you feel good, though. Unforgettable."

Peter began planning for the big event early this summer as he prepared to leave for England and the Exeter program. There are 18,000 available entry spots for the New York City Marathon. Peter's entry was one of 7,000 that go out on a first-come, first-serve basis. 7,000 others go to mailed-in entries. Peter has of course run in other marathons; his best time so far was 3:05 in last year's Shamrock Marathon in Virginia Beach. When asked about the dif-

ference in his times he honestly quipped, "About 40 degrees."

Peter lined up approximately 200 feet from the starting line within about the first 1,000 runners. He explained that the race actually has two different starting points - one on each of the two sections of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. The women and inexperienced men occupy one bridge (going to Staten Island) and the competitive men race across the bridge coming from Staten Island. Of course the bridges are closed to traffic and the runners all head in the same direction.

The two sets of runners then actually run separate courses for the first 8 miles. The Verrazano Narrows is a suspension bridge, and Peter described how it was "moving" under him, going down and coming back up to meet his feet. "When you came down off a step you didn't think it was there."

Peter is already making plans for next year's race. He feels he'll be faster, stronger and closer to the first-place finisher. We think he will be too, and wish him the best of luck.

Intramural Football

By MICHAEL MORONEY '86

The William and Mary Intramural Football season is well underway and the action is certainly heating up. Once again the law school fields a very strong and competitive league. The Incarcerators and Malicious Intent, two third-year teams, sit atop the standings at 3-0 and are headed for a showdown. The Incarcerators are led by the big play combo of Tim Jenkins and John Jarosek, while Mayes Marks, Woody Anderson, and second-year phenom Jeff Barnes lead the balanced attack of Malicious Intent.

Air Nebraska is a very tough and talented first year team at 3-1 whose last game was a 33-6 romp over the Cunning Litigants. In a

hotly contested game between two of the better teams, the Incarcerators edged Air Nebraska 7-6. Gino "The Mayor" Williams loves his Cunning Litigants and boasts of a speedy pair of outside men who go deep, Doug Newcome and Donnie Moore. The effective combinations sparked a 25-0 romp over the Vermin White. The Vermin White, at 2-2, are led by Fritz Donner and Jim Strum. The pair hooked up for a touchdown bomb late in their 14-0 victory over Vermin Blue, who had come from behind on the arm of Herbie Hecht.

The final confrontations are set to begin. Come out and catch some of the action, root for friends and foe alike. Join in the fun of America's favorite fall pastime.

Women's Football

Class Action: Class Act

By MICHAEL HOLLERAN '86

Evoking memories of the powerful 1977 Super Bowl Champion Dallas Cowboys, Class Action has stormed to a 2-0 record in the women's intramural football league. Like their Cowboy predecessors, the team combines an aggressive, opportunistic defense with a multiple shifting high-powered offense. This powerful combination has put fear into the hearts of the opposition and vaulted Class Action to the top of the standings.

The team practiced diligently prior to the season and although some members complained of the "police state" training methods, the practice paid off. In the season opener against Kappa Kappa Gamma, Class Action shut

out the ladies in blue 7-0. Class Action's touchdown came on a perfectly executed double reverse which Kathleen Smith took 60 yards for a touchdown. The defense was outstanding and held Kappa in check the entire game.

The Sophomore Slammers put up a gallant effort before falling to Class Action 13-12 in game two. Once again the double reverse led to one touchdown and Erin Sheehy ran back an interception for the other touchdown. The key in this game appeared to be the superior conditioning of Class Action, which wore down the Slammers in the final quarter.

Because of the superior performance, it is definitely possible that these ladies could bring yet another intramural title to the law school.

By MICHAEL MORONEY '86

He comes to Marshall-Wythe cloaked in obscurity and feigned innocence. Not at all what he appears to be. A brooding figure, seemingly happy, friendly, and outgoing, but inwardly troubled. A blend of sarcasm and chauvinism, devoid of restraint or remorse. Not an evil figure, for he possesses no malicious intent. Not entirely good either, however, for his callousness allows him the freedom of conscience necessary for his work. He is instead something of an enigma, between the extremes, exuding confidence but someone you are wary of trusting. Devoting his worldly existence to combating the evil forces of bad taste, he immersed himself in the absorption of it. The monopoly or poor journalistic judgment riddled his temporal body with its cancerous black qualities, as he became the focal point of bad taste and all that was wrong in the law school. Using his own soul as the method of catharsis for the community of his peers, the journalistic exorcist cornered the market on offensive writing thereby permitting all those around him to write uninhibitedly, confident that anything they could write would look good in comparison. The object of everyone's anger, the literary scapegoat embodied the personification of the anxiety and insecurity that besieged the "innocents," those blissfully unaware of their own shortcomings who become vehemently hostile when made aware of them.

A little mud was slung at this great historical hot bed of culture, Williamsburg. Hey, if you don't like it, leave. No one's begging you to stay. The journalist actually thinks New York City has more to offer in the way of hedonism. Well, listen pal, we all don't crave cheap thrills. Maybe if this guy developed any taste for art, history, or the finer things in life he would be able to amuse himself. Just goes to show you what an adolescent weaned on alcohol and Clint Eastwood movies will deteriorate to.

In an effort to rekindle his good spirit he attempted to rise up and strike a blow for an oppressed minority. However, in defending the slugs, the nubile and sweet young objects of legal affections, he again opened old wounds and poured the salt in. Seems he offended those who felt their marketability was the object of some snide insinuation. This

guy's incredible. Imagine alienating the educated and mature in favor of the empty-headed but visually stimulating nymphets who offer nothing but "good times" and shallow emotions. C'mon loser, don't you realize these pleasures of the flesh can't satisfy you forever?

Of course, this jerk has no business writing about women in the first place. What does he know about being a woman? A two-time loser, he is a bachelor not by choice but the condition has been imposed upon him by society, although he would lead you to believe otherwise. His most recent foray into the world of heterosexual relationships again left him in a familiar state of disappointment and depression, with an ever-sinking self-image that only Rodney Dangerfield could appreciate.

No ground is taboo for this misguided and heartless youth. The antagonistic and confrontational cancer perverts even his already distorted sense of values. It invades the softball field, that sacred and hallowed temple for which even this disrespectful and crude journalist once held the utmost pride and reverence. Blasphemy. Taking no prisoners, he again embodies all the animosity that radiates from those around him and personalizes it for them, taking it upon himself to absorb the tactlessness and channel it through his own soul, bearing the brunt of the backlash. Is this guy a jackass or just a plain fool? He set himself up for the fall, and he took it. On his face.

Can you believe how this frustrated childhood athlete sacrifices law school for softball? You'll never see him in the library, and rarely even in school. But go out to the softball field and you'll find him. Playing, practicing, scouting for God's sake. The biggest thing about it is he enjoys it! Sacrifice! This buffoon enjoys something not found in a West reporter or a law review article. How did he get accepted here anyway? Yeah, well look at his grades. There is some justice. Way to go, buddy, way to set those priorities straight. Perhaps there's a career for you coaching a women's softball team, if you can get beyond your insecurity-based chauvinism to admit such a thing exists. Maybe even commissioner of your hometown little league.

A helpless, pathetic figure,

chastised by his peers, ostracized by his former friends, he finds himself alone. He remains undaunted, however, cognizant only of the mission at hand, he is fueled by his searing need to cleanse the community in a masochistic way which renders him weak, exposed, and vulnerable, a wretched figure disgusting even to himself. But he cannot stop it. A victim of his own insatiable thirst for controversy, the cancer he fights by consuming becomes the dominant part of himself. In a semi-comatose state his alter ego begins to awaken. The forces of good and evil tear at his soul. The "conscience of a shooter" which allows to take so many unabashed shots fades for just a moment, allowing for a very brief introspective: "And I ask myself, was I right? Was I wrong? Oh my God, what have I done! And the days go by..." The look in the mirror produces a hideous vision, repulsive even to himself. It is then that he knows what he must do at last. Turning the acid pen toward the last bastion of bad taste, there is only one hatchet job left to be done. In a final perverted bent of self destruction, he turns on himself. There is no one and nothing left to attack - all the bad taste has been absorbed from the community and ingested into his own being. However, he has become addicted; he cannot stop himself. In a suicidal cannibalistic frenzy, he tries to destroy what he himself has become. The dual personalities have at each other, transforming and regenerating in an endless and hopeless battle. An evil and vicious cycle revolves with ever-increasing speed until the raging horror of the black energy consumes itself in a blinding and deafening roar of evil fury until...

Epilogue: Marshall-Wythe is now a peaceful and quiet community. A centerpiece of taste and decorum, a haven for all that is beautiful, righteous, and serene. The horror that struck this town years ago is gone forever. Though not forgotten, it is never mentioned by the town elders. The legacy lives on, and all journalism is subjected to the strictest scrutiny and censorship. No one is offended; everyone loves each other. And no one reads *The Advocate* anymore either.

So come on, write something. Get the blood flowing.

**Talking Heads, "Once in a Lifetime"

Fair Notice

The latest edition of the William and Mary Law Review has a special addition, a dedication to Dean Richard "The Colonel" Walck. The Colonel's beaming face highlights a tribute to a man who remains a friend to every Marshall-Wythe student. As the dedication notes, "whether you had to stay in the building after midnight to finish a brief, or needed to reschedule an exam, or wanted to start a new organization, the Colonel was the man to see. Best of all, when you needed some sound advice, a 'curbstone opinion', as he called it, the Colonel was your man". Copies of this edition (Volume 26, number 1) are available in the Law Review Office.