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SEXY, SUCCESSFUL, AND SPEAKING AT RICHMOND: The Mary Sue Terry Interview

BUSHROD WASHINGTON'S HOT NEW LP

"BIGFOOT WAS MY LAWYER," LITIGANT CLAIMS

LAUPER AND REHNQUIST'S DUET ALBUM
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THE ROLLING ADVOCATE.

Surf Punk and Dude-in-Charge ............ Dugmel Morgencline
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Backing Vocals ............................. Lizzie Coughdrop
Person in Charge of Silly Noises .......... Slim
Line of Death Manager ..................... George Specklin
Columbian Connection ..................... Juan Valdez
Passive Sentence Editor ................... Dweebus Anonymous
Toune Bureau Chief ....................... Sue-Ann Who-bone-ah
American in Paris ........................ Gene Kelly.

letters

Dear Editor,
What is the Elvis Presley stuff? How, in your right mind, can you endorse naming the school after such a drug-addicted, overweight child molester? If anything, why not the Marshall-Lewis School of Law? Now, Jerry Lewis is one that we should reverse. The way he carries himself on stage, and all of those great pratfalls; now, that's entertainment. As you probably know, Jerry Lewis is considered a genius in France. Let's give him his proper due in Williamsburg.
Sincerely,
Associate Dean Martin

Dear Editor,
I go to a medium-sized, state supported liberal arts college. I was always skeptical of letters printed in this magazine in the past, until last Thursday when I had an experience I must share with you. I had just finished working out at the gym, so I was hot and sweaty and wearing very little. I took a wrong turn going downstairs in the gymnasium, when I walked in these two—
(EDITOR'S NOTE: Please excuse the unfortunate typesetting error)
Name and Address withheld

Dear Editor,
I am just writing to say that I think your publication is great. I really do. I mean, your articles are simply fantastic. More words cannot describe the joy I experience each time I open the front cover of your paper. Your writers are brilliant, inciteful, and don't use too many consonants. I cannot think of a more important paper to the future of mankind and Western Civilization as we now know of it. Your photos are breathtaking, a masterpiece above each caption. Your features keep me abreast of all the latest fashion and musical trends. Your recent series on tort liabilities help my husband and I through a difficult period. Thanks to your editorial staff, my knowledge of the law and other jurisprudential matters is utterly unparalleled. I cannot imagine a better way to spend my time than reading and rereading the articles, letters, cartoons, editorials, and, yes, even the advertisements in your paper. All-in-all, I think you people are indescribably fantastic and should all be made saints.
Sincerely,
Madonna, MLAT '82

You've read the book. Now you can see the movie!

Palsgraf
THE MOVIE
AMA ACCREDITORS VISIT M-P

School in Danger of Losing Accreditation

The yearly visit of the American Music Association accreditation committee brought some seriously bummed-out vibes to the normally mellow and totally cool halls of Marshall-Presley. The committee determined that the library was, you know, completely inadequate and really just not together at all. They were aghast at the paucity of good metal, old Rolling Stones, and Jimi Hendrix. One member noted disgustedly, "There ain't a Jack Kerouac novel in the whole--joint, man."

The committee was not like at all impressed with our extensive collection of Bee Gees and Cassidy albums and memorabilia. In fact, they recommended checking the whole mess and starting over again, retaining only the Janis Joplin and Beatles Reporters and the one scratched Vanilla Fudge LP. "This school is great as far as, like, early stuff--from like 1955 to early '60's," one accreditor named Bruno observed. "But man, it's like the flower scene didn't even happen here, man. Like to 12th Floor Elevators, ne Chocolate Watchband, nothing, man."

The administration has already taken steps to remedy the situation. The Library staff will be sent to a really intense Psychodelic music camp in San Francisco, and the school is like on the same wavelength with Grace Slick in an effort to get her to be our special consultant for acquisitions. like.

SITE FOR ROCK-AND-LAW HALL OF FAME

"Bye, bye Miss American Tort, drove my Chevy to the levee. I got hit by a truck.

Driven by young men
Drinking whiskey and rye,
Singing "This'll be the day we get sued, This'll be the day we get sued, This'll be the day we get sued, This'll be the day we get sued."

When Emric "Great Balls of Fire" Presley penned those fateful words in 1955, Rock-and-Law was on the verge of sweeping the nation. Now, thirty-one years after Emric unbuttoned his shirt and ductees is not yet complete, it is expected that Marshall-Presley will have a prominent place in the plans. Additional memorabilia include current M-P Dean and former Beatle, Tim Sullivan ("Your Lovin' gives me a thrill, but you Lovin' don't pay my bills") and Rockin' Ron Rosenberg, the first to truly integrate disco and future interests; and Prince, who before devoting full attention to his music career, taught civil procedure and guitar feedback at M-P. Former Student Hand Association President Cat Scratch Nugent has also been supported as a candidate.

The exact karma of the museum has not been decided; however, tentative plans call for the raising of the law library. In its place, a multi-level, soundproof museum will be built, housing three sound stages, a Moot Court Room equipped with Dolby and Sensoround, and the famed missing Mojo of Spiri T. Agnew. The administration of M-P feels that the student use of the facility will be greatly improved... Continued on Page Ten

The Tenth Annual

ROLLING ADVOCATE LEGAL PHOTO-JOURNALISM COMPETITION

The Rolling Advocate is pleased to present The 10th Annual Legal Photo-journalism Contest. Entrants will be judged on both composition and controversality. Entries are limited to 17 persons and must be published somewhere, sometime.

Send entries, ready for framing, to: The Rolling Advocate, Marshall-Presley School of Law, 77 Sunset Strip, Venice, California.

Here are some winners from previous years:

Composition winner, 1989. Photographer used a Kodak Disc Camera in the pocket of his jeans jacket to snap this illicit photo of the Office of Unconstitutional Research.

Controversiality Winner, 1977. This was the photo that proved that several 3L's at M-P were actually creme-filled Boopers who had successfully posed as law students for 2½ years. Photographer used a 35-mm Brownie hidden in a bag of Doritos, which served as an infrared filter to reveal this Booper as it relaxed on the patio.
The Review picks up abit with "The Duty to Rescue: A Reexamination and Proposal," which is spaciously laid out, evoking a sense of togetherness with the material world. Ginger Baker helped with the drum work on this number, and Potter Stewart's chromatism on the electric guitar is unmistakable. The song drags a bit near the beginning, and the listener is lulled into a hypnotic sense of depression at continued existence.

Side One closes with a cut adapted from monoline Buddhist chants. The song, entitled "Punitive Damages for Wrongful Discharge of at Will Employees," is spaciously laid out, evoking a sense of togetherness with the material world. Ginger Baker helped with the drum work on this number, and Potter Stewart's chromatism on the electric guitar is unmistakable. The song drags a bit near the beginning, and the listener is lulled into a hypnotic sense of depression at continued existence.

Side Two drives home the Review's leaping of shallow creativity with two covers of old favorites: "A Suggested Remedy for Toxic Injury: Class Actions, Epidemiology, and Economic Efficiency" and "Workers' Rights Against a Bankrupt Employer." Both songs are spaciously laid out, evoking a sense of togetherness with the material world. Ginger Baker helped out with the drum work on both of these numbers, and Potter Stewart's inability to play an undistorted note is plainly evident in both songs. The songs drag a bit near the end of their run, and the listener is forced into a sense of utter despair at the prospect of having to read the liner notes.

The William & Mary Law Review contains graphic legal jargon, obscenity punctuation, droll situations, mature themes, and a passive sentence on page 463.

(**The Colonial Lawyer**) From the opening credits, one word floats into this reviewer's mind about the Colonial Lawyer—restraint. The Lawyer, as we legal/literary wags refer to it, offers the reader restraint in almost every aspect. Unlike other publications, like the New York Times and the New Republic, the Lawyer is restrained in its comment about society and politics. The reader of the Lawyer is not subjected to reeking inane articles about the famine in Africa, the Presidential election campaign, or analyses of the latest Supreme Court decisions. The reader is not bombarded by idiotic advertisements for everything from artificial furniture polish to Calvin Klein gym socks. The reader is not pampered by overly-clever layout and splashouts of color like the typical USA Today in which content is sacrificed for the sake of eye-catching frivolity. The Colonial Lawyer, rather, is a publication that dares to say, "No." The lawyers rejects bourgeois, pedantic notions of traditional journalism. Meaningless journalistic cliches such as putting out regular issues and writing articles are put in their rightful place at the Lawyer—in the wastebasket. The Lawyer adheres to a radical party line which serves to push to the frontiers of the literary avant-garde. The Colonial Lawyer contains conventionality with both barrels blazing.

The Lawyer, though many critics claim it has its head in the clouds, still has its feet on the ground. It has rejected much of conventional and banal style and form, but it still holds true to one ancient journalistic credo. That one maxim, which the Colonial Lawyer editorial staff lives and breathes like their very existence, is "Stop The Presses." The Lawyer, though, oftentimes isn't even comfortable with this dictum, and sometimes the presses don't even start.

7. Wanton and Willful Negligence — Union Carbide

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**THE ADVOCATE**

Once again, Slim and the Gang have put together a publication that sends the critics back to their thensauruses to seek out new superlatives. Every-other-week after every-other-week, they produce a gripping, thought-provoking masterpiece of which Continued as Page Ten

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**THE DOCKET**

"I don't know what art is, but I know what I like," a famous person once said. It is hard not to like the Docket, providing just enough shadowy group known as the Administration, which refuses to tour and works completely out of the studio, the Docket is a minimalist smorgasbord. Katherine Heyburn is wonderfully cast, although she never appears in the first two pages of the publication.

The stark contrast of the black letters amidst the white backdrop of the Docket serve to emphasize the inherent dichotomy of modern living. Some critics have attributed the choices of coloration to the Administration's tortured world view and perception that life is only worth living if it is structured into neat little rows of paragraphs. The reader can only marvel at the wonder of it all.

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**TOP OF THE CHARTS**

**TOP 10 US TORTS**

1. Intentional Infliction of Emotional Distress — Ron & Nancy
2. Wrongful Death — The Grim Reapers
3. False Imprisonment — Selective Service
4. Defamation — Accuracy in Cadenza
5. Libel & Slander — Larry and the Flynstones
6. Just Plain Negligence — The Illinois Electorate
7. Wanton and Willful Negligence — Union Carbide
8. Assault and Battery — Sean Penn
9. Mismanufacture — A.H. Robbins
10. Trespass (Over the Line of Death) — The Sixth Fleet

**DANCE CASES**

1. Reasonably Forseeable — Hildley & the Baxendales
2. You Pulled the Chair On Our Love — Edith Garrett
3. Jammin' the River — The Wagon Mound Gang
4. Shelly's Case — The Rule
5. I'm Warning You — Carmen Miranda

**TOP BRITISH TORTS**

1. Sneezing — The Polloheads
2. Rudeness — The Young Americans
3. Tacky Clothes — The Young Americans
4. Poor Grammar — Cockney Punks
5. Unkempt Fingernails — The Schoolboys

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**THE DOCKET**

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