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The Amicus Curiae

VOLUME XI, ISSUE TEN

WILLIAM & MARY SCHOOL OF LAW

In the Wake of Tragedy

By Eric Nakano

Like the rest of the nation, the College and the Law School came to a halt following the Tuesday morning terrorist attacks on New York and Washington DC. Students, faculty, and staff waited tensely watching CNN in the library, lobby, and classrooms, the silence of their stunned disbelief overwhelmed by the voices of newscasters, and the sounds of the attack and its aftermath. Classes resumed on Wednesday for therapeutic value, providing an optional, and sometimes-welcome return to normalcy, if only for an hour and fifteen minutes.

It is now Friday. In the wake of the attacks, many of us are still awaiting word

from family or friends in New York and Washington DC. Some of us have already been greeted with good news, while others have been less fortunate. Regardless, the effect on all of us is unforeseeable and profound. One of my college friends who worked across the street from the towers summed it up best: "I saw some awful things."

Meanwhile, our many reserve soldiers at the law school, and nationwide, are preparing for the likelihood that they will be called into active duty in the next few days.

We at the *Amicus* wish for the safety of all of your family, friends, and loved ones, and offer our deepest sympathy for those most directly affected. We pray for a speedy and safe return to our classmates

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called to duty. Finally, we hope that our publication offers a temporary reprieve from the unspeakable, and provides a few moments of amusement during your day.

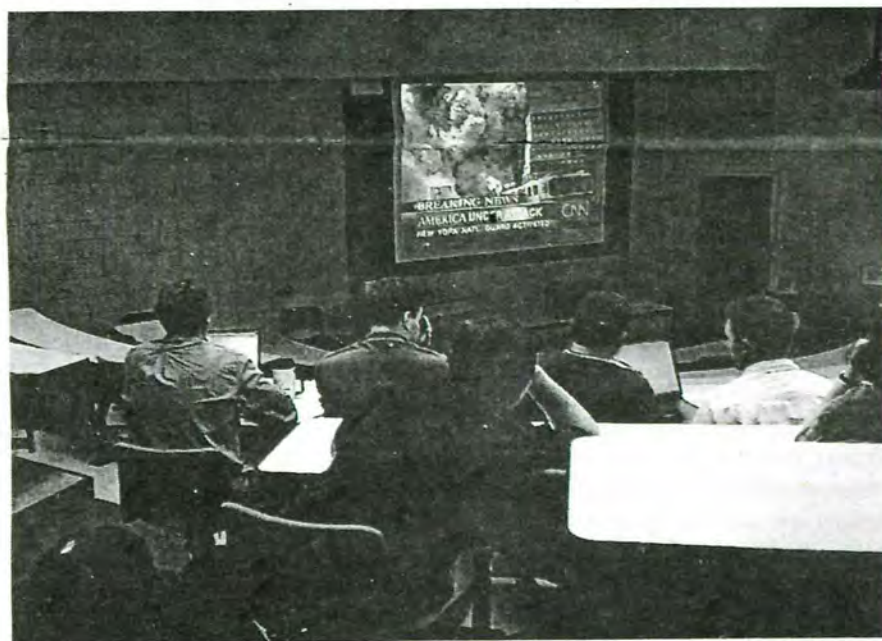
Support Groups

The Counseling Center on the main campus in Blow Hall is hosting support group meetings this week on Monday the 17th from 3:15-5:00 p.m. and Thursday the 20th

from 3:30-5:00 p.m.

Blood Drive

A Red Cross Blood drive will be held on Tuesday, September 18 at the College Recreation Center (near W&M Hall) from 2:00-8:00 p.m. The College is also seeking volunteers. Please contact Linda Knight at x13312 to volunteer. An e-mail concerning a Red Cross fund drive will be sent by the college soon.



From the Editor:

By Katie Riley

I hope you enjoy our first issue of the *Amicus* this year. We have a new office, several new writers, and a lot of new ideas for our law school newspaper. But the *Amicus* won't quite be the same without our recently-graduated, long term editor Bob Ford. It's a new era for the *Amicus*.

As always, the *Amicus* is constantly in need of more writers. If you are interested in writing, or merely contributing a one-time article, please contact me at kbrile@wm.edu. The *Amicus* welcomes all sorts of articles. In this issue, we have a fiction story, poetry, opinion pieces, and news. Additionally, we would like to begin an announcements section. If you've recently gotten married or engaged, had a baby, or got a great job offer, feel free to write up a little announcement and submit it for publication. You could even include a personal photo. We also offer free advertisements of law school events.

I envision the *Amicus* as a public forum for the law school community. Students, faculty and staff can use the *Amicus* to share their thoughts and feelings about a wide variety of topics (not just law). The *Amicus* publishes every two to three weeks, on Fridays, so submissions are due by Thursday, the day before publication. Publication dates for this semester are 9/28, 10/19, 11/9, and 11/30. I look forward to reading your submissions.

The Convocation from a 1L's Perspective: August 31, 2001

By Dale O. Mobley

The Convocation takes place in the courtyard of the Wren Building. The rows of folding chairs fill up on both sides of the picket fence with the students and graduate students who are formally invited into the College. The Wren Building, somewhat stoic, symmetrical, sparsely ornamented, stands as backdrop to the podium where the FCC Chairman and the President of the College will speak. To the left the choir sings:

O thou our guardian and our guide,
Renew our courage every hour...

The officers and faculty of the university process up, orderly in colored robes and caps and gowns and hoods and stoles. There are Maces and Provosts and Marshalls, and the President and Mr. Powell, the FCC Chairman. A guide on the program shows how to identify a college's representative according to his uniform. The choir sings:

...Throughout all our lives,
Dear William and Mary
We pledge our loyalty...

Michael Powell will speak about honesty in school, the history of telecommunications, and about the advantage of a

liberal arts education in that field. The viewer notices that he tends to stand apart within the ceremony: a black man, the son of Colin Powell, and the youngest Chairman of the FCC, the agency having everything to do with, brash, intellectual innovation. The President will speak too, but about virtue and responsibility and the entitlement brought about by a William & Mary education. Their words won't meet. They'll act like words from Property and words from Torts, going to different parts of the brain, and waiting to integrate until long, long after the choir starts up and the bell tolls, and we march through the Wren Building to get our buttons and picnic sandwiches.

Who Says the Law is Fair?

By Todd Muldrew

Professor Peter A. Alces addressed a full house of colleagues and students at Marshall-Wythe Law School on Wednesday September 5, for the St. George Tucker Lecture with a discussion of "Fairness as Heuristic."

Alces's presentation was a response to an article in the *Harvard Law Review*,

"Fairness Versus Welfare," by Professors Louis Kaplow and Steven Shavell. Alces argued that Kaplow and Shavell attempt to clarify the concept of "well-being" (or "welfare"). They contrast well-being with what they consider its polar opposite, "fairness," and they argue that well-being is a better means by which to evaluate legal rules. For example, to determine what damages to award in a breach of contract dispute, a well-being approach would evaluate each award based on the amount of well-being the award creates for all parties who have entered (or will enter) into such a contract. A fairness approach would simply consider what is "fair" for the parties directly involved in the dispute. Fairness, for Kaplow and Shavell, would be any principle that does not exclusively consider the well-being of individuals. They argue that to utilize fairness necessarily diminishes well-being.

Alces believes that Kaplow and Shavell are comparing apples and oranges. He argued that if Kaplow and Shavell are correct, one might apply Arrow's Impossibility Theorem to their model. (Arrow's Impossibility Theorem states that decision-making processes, such as voting, do not necessarily reflect the will of those making the decisions, but may be attributed to outside factors, such as the order in which choices are presented). Were they correct, the theorem would allow one to identify and eliminate principles of fairness in the decision-making process. This is because those principles would be "exogenous" to a decision based on the principles of well-being. It is impossible to isolate such factors. Thus fairness must be something other than the polar opposite of well-being. Alces concluded that fairness is a principle we discover after a decision, not a guiding principle by which we make a decision, as Kaplow and Shavell believe well-being to be.

The audience asked Alces a number of questions, the majority of which attempted to clarify the position taken by Kaplow and Shavell. Afterwards, a reception was held in the Law School lobby, where Alces accepted congratulations and more questions.

Prior to the lecture, the Dean of the Law School, Taylor Reveley, introduced Alces, who is the Rollins Professor of Law at the College of William & Mary. Alces received his A.B. from Lafayette College and his J.D. from the University of Illinois, and afterwards became the John S. Stone Faculty Fellow at the University of Alabama School of Law. In 1991, Alces joined the faculty at William & Mary. He has been a visiting professor at Washington & Lee, Washington University, and the University of Texas law schools. In addition, Alces has a number of books and articles to his credit.

After the lecture, Reveley presented Alces with the St. George Tucker Award. Reveley explained that Tucker followed George Wythe as Chair of Law at William & Mary, and was arguably one of the most distinguished legal scholars of his time. The St. George Tucker Lecture Series was established in 1996 "to recognize the scholarly achievements of a senior member of the William & Mary Law School faculty each year." The series is supported by alumni contributions.

Alces said he was originally asked to participate two years ago, but was away as a visiting professor that year, and last year he was on sabbatical. His presentation was based on a commentary he wrote in response to the Kaplow and Shavell article. Alces hopes to be able to expand his article into a stand-alone conceptualization of fairness. Kaplow and Shavell will release their article as a book in February 2002 entitled *Fairness Versus Welfare*.

THE AMICUS CURIAE

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Editorial Policy

The letters and opinion pages of *The Amicus* are dedicated to all student opinion regardless of form or content. *The Amicus* reserves the right to edit for spelling and grammar, but not content.

Letters to the Editor may not necessarily reflect the opinion of the newspaper or its staff. All letters to the Editor should be submitted by 5 p.m. on the Thursday prior to publication. *The Amicus* will not print a letter without confirmation of the author's name. We may, however, withhold the name on request. Letters over 500 words may be returned to the writer with a request that the letter be edited for the sake of space.

Journal Ran

Joint Write-On Relatively

Competition Smoothly

By Katie Riley

Last spring, the law school's three specialty journals (Bill of Rights Journal, Journal of Women and the Law, and Environmental Law and Policy Review) teamed up with the William & Mary Law Review to host a joint write-on competition to choose new members. But how did it work? Obviously, it was easier for the students to turn in one sample note and cite check than going through four separate competitions. On the other hand, it was the week after spring finals, which couldn't have been fun for the participants.

The competition packet consisted of three parts: a writing portion (sample note), a five page bluebooking exercise, and one page of additional footnotes (two specially written by each journal). The competition followed the typical style of a Law Review competition, being held the week after spring finals. Law Review did a majority of the prep work by creating the writing portion and bluebooking exercise.

Judging the packets was much more complicated. The competitors were asked to rank the four journals in order of preference. Then, they were asked whether they were willing to receive offers from any of the journals (in order of preference) or if they only wanted offers from their top two

choices. Competitors were also asked if they wanted to work on either one or two journals. One of the original motivating concerns for the joint competition was to prevent students from accidentally joining more journals than they could handle, usually two or three. Because the specialty journals' competitions historically occurred in the fall, and all at the same time, students were trying out for all three journals (hoping to get on any one of them) and ending up being accepted to multiple journals. Then, in the spring, they would try out for the prestigious law review, ending up adding yet another journal to their already full plates.

Competitors were asked to make several photocopies of their packets for distribution amongst the journals, and the various editors within each journal. But even with all that effort, the journals ended up making additional copies. The journals each developed their own systems of grading, each weighing the three portions of the competition packet differently. The journals individually graded all of the packets of students interested in their journal, but in order to ensure impartiality, the journals did not look at the competitors' preference rankings of the journals while grading. The whole process took a majority of the summer.

The Journals all seem to think the process ran smoothly, and will likely try it again next year. Additionally, the joint write-on achieved its goal of allowing students to limit their participation in multiple journals. Of the approximately 98 competitors, only nine people indicated that they wanted to work on two journals, the rest wanting to work only on one. This may be partially explained by the fact some of the competitors were already members of other journals, having tried out and been accepted that past fall.

There were a few problems as well. There were some general coordination problems, one being the failure to notify all the new members on the same day. Additionally, the two smaller journals, Women and the Law and Environmental Law and Policy Review, found it difficult to choose amongst the remaining competitors after Law Review and Bill of Rights Journal selected their new members. Unfortunately, these two smaller journals generally ended up last in the preference rankings of the competitors. One possible solution for next year would be to limit the numbers of new members Law Review and the Bill of Rights Journal select. In approximate numbers, Law Review has 36 new members, Bill of Rights Journal has 25, Environmental Law and Policy Review has 17, and Women

and the Law has nine.

Whatever the case, the journals would like to see more competitors try out next spring. There were approximately 98 competitors last spring. Although this may seem like a lot, spread amongst the four journals there was barely enough to go around. The journals would also like to encourage questions from 1L's interested in learning more about the journals. In fact, 1L's can volunteer to work with the journals on planning events, like their annual spring symposiums, to learn more about the journals and their respective topics.

For now, nothing is set for next spring's journal selection. The four journals will have to get together and discuss whether they will continue with the joint write-on competition.

The Jewish Law Students Association

Wishes all Jewish students, faculty and administration

A happy Rosh Hashanah

And a good Yom Kippur!

Rosh Hashanah begins at sundown on Monday, September 17th

Yom Kippur begins at sundown on Wednesday, September 26th

May you have an easy fast and be inscribed in the Book of Life!

Marshall-Wythe's

By Seth Rundle

In 1949 Firestone, GM, Standard Oil, and Phillips Petroleum each paid the Feds \$5,000 fines for collusion and anti-competitive activity. These companies had created a holding company in 1936, National City Lines, that bought dozens of electric trolley lines and converted them to buses. Whether this led indirectly to every American man, woman, and child owning a car is debatable. Students arriving at 10:00 a.m. for class, however, know the important thing is there are more cars than places to store them.

There are 566 law students, 114 who live in the Grad Plex, so theoretically 452 commute. There are 323 day student/permitslots. However, 121 GradPlex students (if all 240 have cars) must park in "Permit Parking Only". 202 spots, 452 commuters. Since many non-law grads leave during the day, the asphalt deficit is smaller than it could be.

Dean Liz Jackson says that the closest to overflow the lots have actually come (as of 9/7) was when a woman reported park-

ing in "the last spot". Jackson predicts the situation will worsen in winter, when bicycles hibernate. Mark Getty, Associate Director of Auxiliary Services, reported no plans to add parking spaces. He hopes future 1L class size will be nearer the 175 mark.

It would be nice to have a solution to the parking problem here, in this instance. But parking problems in general provide many benefits. For example, cruising around the lot for hours while waiting for a spot gives you a chance to read the nifty bumper stickers and license plate frames, offering a window into the souls of strangers. Why is the owner of that car in grad school? "My job sucks ass."

Also, the annual, nationwide blitz of peevish letters-to-the-editor would stop if supply outstripped demand for parking. Locally, the *Flat Hat* archives hold 176 columns mentioning parking. Undergrads, free from the tyranny of parental supervision, need someone to hate for making life miserable; the administrations that allegedly cause parking problems fit perfectly.

Take fun people such as Luke Thomas

Parking

(W&M '02), outraged enough about parking on the main campus to pen 1,000 words berating the administration, specifically President Timothy Sullivan, for "corrupt principles". "Parking services," Thomas says, "is a legalized mafia. They consign you to their rules and when the rules, which are illogical and unjust, are broken, stand by because the fine will assuredly be steep." (Getty says a directive to expand parking at Marshall-Wythe must come from Sullivan.)

Now that's not fair. I mean, I saw *The Godfather*. The rules seemed logical and just to me. Maybe not your typical Judeo-Christian just, but just. And Don Corleone never fined anybody for snitching.

Parking lots get press at all colleges and universities. In 1999 the *Chronicle of Higher Education* ran two scholarly pieces about parking: "Professors at the University of Mississippi are writing \$25 parking tickets against students who are gobbling up faculty parking spaces" and "Study on the stress of parking-ticket writers in New York City".

Tickets, more so than parking short-

Problem

ages, invite the vehement flare-ups. "Dartmouth's Extortion Racket," from that college's weekly, illustrates the heights of emotion involved: "The people who run the show at this school are such greedy, repugnant, filthy pigs that they put the nation's worst loan sharks and junk bond traders to shame." Those sharks and Michael Millikenses will just have to work harder.

We have mathematically discovered a huge parking shortage. At least reality isn't so bad. Shakespeare knew how to say grab your ankles and "Squeeze!" We cannot but obey the powers above us. Could I rage and roar as doth the sea she lies in, yet the end must be as 'tis.

Professor Kades Joins Marshall-Wythe

By Rebecca Goodgame Ebinger

Professor Eric Kades joins the faculty of the law school as an Associate Professor for the 2001-2002 school year. He is visiting from Wayne State University in Detroit, where he was the recipient of numerous teaching awards: first-year students elected him Teacher of the Year in 1996, and upper-level students granted him the same recognition in 1997. Professor Kades also received the Wayne State Law School Dean's Award for Excellence in Teaching for the 1996-1997 school year.

At William & Mary, Professor Kades is currently teaching Property and Economic Analysis of Law. In the spring, he will be leading a seminar on Takings and Just Compensation. His research interests include the economics of land law and property rights, as well as corporate finance. Besides teaching, his current projects range from an article exploring the market and regulatory shortcomings that may lead to insufficient development of new antibiotics, to a book review on a book discussing the anti-rent movement in Upstate New York in the 1830s.

Matt Allen, a former student of Professor Kades at Wayne State and Law Clerk to the Honorable Lawrence P. Zatkoff, Chief Judge, United States District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan, states, "Professor Kades is an outstanding professor and scholar. I am sure the students at William & Mary will appreciate him as much as the students at Wayne State."

So far, Professor Kades has been im-



pressed by the collegial atmosphere at Marshall-Wythe. "The students seem supportive of one another in class. There hasn't been any snickering while other students are talking," he said.

"My goal for this year is to maintain a high standard of teaching. My top priority, like many other professors, is class preparation, although students may not believe that."

Professor Kades and his family were drawn to William & Mary by the high quality of life in Williamsburg. He is enjoying both the pleasant surroundings of the William and Mary campus, as well as the friendly people.

Professor Kades received both his Bachelors of Arts degree in Economics and Mathematics and his J.D. from Yale.

PSF SPONSORS SCREENING OF THE PAPER CHASE; 1L's Not Too Frightened

By Adrienne Griffin

On Saturday, September 1st, the Public Service Fund sponsored a screening of the 1973 film *The Paper Chase*. The film features the stories of several first year law students at Harvard Law School. The film focuses primarily on a student named Hart and his relationship with one of his professors, Kingsley. Professor Kingsley conducts his class using a strict Socratic method and manages to make Hart ill on the very first day of school. While the film is widely heralded as an inside look at law school life, William & Mary students who viewed it expressed great relief that it does not accurately reflect the learning environment at our school.

The Public Service Fund presented the movie not only to give students a break after the first week of classes, but also to raise awareness about the organization. It is a student-run group that raises funds in order to give stipends to William & Mary Law students who accept unpaid summer employment in the area of public service. According to Holly Shaver Bryant, Co-Chair of the PSF Board of Directors, "PSF exists to make public service possible by providing support for important, but unpaid public interest work. We enable people

to eat and do worthwhile work." The next fund-raising opportunity will be The Paper Chase 5K on Saturday, September 23rd. It will begin at 10 AM at the William & Mary Rec Center. Please watch for signs to learn how you can register to participate or volunteer for this event.

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Reflections on the Job Search Process

By James Parrett

It seems I've been talking with a lot of people this semester about the job search process. I remember the process wasn't easy, but it can be done successfully. As I keep sharing the same advice, I thought I'd share some of what I did to get a job last fall. This is mostly geared to average people who aren't lucky enough to be on law review or in the top 10% of the class. If employers aren't knocking at your door now (and they weren't at mine), here are some tips that might help change that.

Drop for Every Employer

This bit of advice is based on statistics. You are likely to get more interviews if you drop for more employers. After all, if you don't drop for them, I assure you that you won't get an on-campus interview with that employer.

This is not the time to pick and choose who you want to work for, your focus needs to be on getting interviews and as many as possible. If you're not in the top 10% of the class or on law review (preferably both), then you're not in a position to be selective at this point. The more you limit your search initially, the harder it will be. If you're open to going to new places, however, you maximize your options. The bottom line is that you need an interview to get a job, so don't hurt your chances by only dropping for a few employers.

Write Cover Letters for Every Employer You Drop For

I know people disagree with me on this point, but this is another way to distinguish yourself from the other applicants. Consider what a resume is. It's essentially a list of your achievements and honors. That's important for an employer, but remember that it is still just a list of things. It doesn't say why you want to work for the employer or what you can do for them.

On the other hand, a cover letter is your chance to tell the employer exactly why they should hire you. Cover letters are also presented in prose format, as opposed to a resume which is simply a list. That makes it easier to highlight exactly what you want the employer to know about you. Cover letters are also the place to tell employers things you really can't in the resume. Good examples of these are things like you're from the employer's city, or you want to practice in the area they specialize in.

So given these good reasons, why would you not give every employer a cover letter? Well it is a lot of work but there are ways to make it easier. For one thing, you could use a mail merge. I thought that was overly complicated and more work than necessary so I didn't do that. Instead, I wrote about four different cover letters each of which made a different point. Depending on what point I wanted to make to an employer, I then took one of the cover letters and inserted the firm's name where

necessary. So after writing those four cover letters, it wasn't much work to customize the letters for each employer. So is there really any good reason why you shouldn't give them a cover letter?

Don't Waste Interviews on Employers You Don't Think Will Hire You

At first glance, I realize this may run contrary to my advice to drop for every employer. Why should you drop for them if you know you're not going to interview with them? The answer simply is that this is a later stage in the job search process. When dropping for employers, you simply want interviews. Any interviews. Especially if you were not a stellar applicant (which I wasn't). But if you've dropped for everyone and have written tailored cover letters to distinguish yourself, then hopefully you've gotten lots of interviews despite your grades and being screwed by law review.

So now that you've got all these interviews, what do you do? I haven't checked for this year, but last year we were limited to twenty-five on-campus interviews. I was fortunate and received ten interviews off the first drop. At that pace I would quickly hit the interview limit. So I had to pick and choose which employers I actually thought might hire me, because I know there are employers who select people simply to fill up their interview schedule for the day. So my point is that at this stage, when you've got all the interviews, it's

time to pick and choose which interviews you want. But with a limit on how many you can have, it makes sense to not waste your slots on places you know you don't have much chance with.

Write Thank You Letters to Every Employer You Interview With

This again is a lot of work, but it's well worth your time. Surprisingly, few students write thank you notes after interviews. That makes no sense to me, but you can certainly use it to your advantage. A thank you letter is your last chance to make an impression on a prospective employer. These notes should be short so just mention something memorable from the interview and thank the employer for their time. Writing a thank you note, though, shows that you are still interested in the employer even after they've left town. Even better, with no one else writing thank you notes, you appear that much more interested.

Conclusion

The job search is a lot of work. It's even more work if you're towards the bottom of your class. That doesn't mean you can't get a sexy firm job, it just means you'll have to work harder for it. I don't promise that what worked for me will work for everyone, but I hope it helps. But I will say that patience and hard work pay off.

Save Me from Myself, Forthwith

By Rebecca Goodgame Ebinger

They warned us it would happen. I just didn't think I would succumb so quickly.

All during the first week of legal skills, the instructors warned that we would start to talk differently. They said we would try to apply our new knowledge of the law to our regular lives. We would annoy the people around us.

It was the Friday of the "law camp" week. My new desk was to be delivered and I was very excited. I called to confirm that my used schoolteacher's desk would arrive during the time I had arranged to have a friend at the house. I was late to two classes as I called to track the progress of my desk.

When I got home I found my desk, but something was missing. It was supposed to come with a glass top. The sheet of glass was probably worth more than the desk. I specifically recalled asking the vendor if the glass was included in the price. There

had been a breach of our oral contract. My trust had been violated. My expectations were not met. I needed to address the issue immediately.

I called the same woman I had been calling all day about the desk's arrival time. Having worked in the service industry in the past, I typically try to be very courteous to those who are trying to help me. I wasn't trying to be mean, but I knew my rights. I had been to a week of law camp!

First, I inquired as to whether or not the salesperson I worked with recalled our conversation regarding the glass. Once the grounds of our agreement were confirmed, I informed her of the breach.

The glass was missing. I had been expecting glass to cover and protect the wood. The words just started pouring out of my mouth: inconvenience, expectation, remedies, obligations, etc. Any word I had heard in any lecture during the week seemed to fit into the circumstances.

The salesperson could not have been

more accommodating. She agreed that something terribly wrong had occurred and agreed to try to remedy the situation. I thanked her and informed her that this error needed to be corrected, "forthwith."

Having successfully utilized my one week of legal education, I went outside to tell my husband about the returns we were already reaping from our investment in my education. He spoke before I could.

"I broke the glass," he said slowly.

I immediately began to apply my recent training in client interviewing, albeit poorly. There were few open ended questions asked. "Why were you carrying the glass? Did the delivery people ask you to carry the glass, or did you volunteer? Were you carrying the glass by yourself, or was someone helping you?"

He just stared at me with that "who are you and what have you done with my wife" look. I suddenly realized what had happened and started to laugh. I apologized

for interrogating him. I told him about my phone call to the furniture store. I told him about my attempts to integrate my extensive knowledge of legal jargon into my conversation.

We laughed and agreed that I needed to get a grip. Then he said, "You need to call back and apologize, forthwith." And I did.

FROM AMTRAK WITH LOVE

MY SUMMER SUCKED WORSE THAN YOURS

By Tim Kollas

Actually, summer was terrific. I worked for a small environmental whistleblower organization in Washington, did some very interesting work with really fantastic people, came out of it with a gargantuan writing sample, and still had time to visit friends and family back in Oregon. Terrific.

But not perfect. A few unpleasanties marked the adventure. I'm not going to bore you with the details of the chiropractic cataclysm called skydiving, or the joys of driving across the country and back in a rental car with two dogs and a cat. Only one element of the dark side of summer warrants boring you with the details: the commute.

Although I worked in Washington, my wife and I live in Richmond, in a big house, with the same two dogs and cat, and the ton of crap we've managed to accumulate in our eight years together. Moving to Washington was out of the question. I explored the possibility of staying with DC-area friends during the week, but ultimately decided that it would be least traumatic for everyone (dogs, wife, me) if I came home every night.

I tried driving for a couple of weeks--at first, all the way into the city. I parked about a mile from the office and avoided a ticket the first day, but got one in the same spot the next day. \$20. So Park-n-Ride and I became new friends. I still had to drive all the way to Springfield though, and the last ten miles usually took almost as long as the first eighty, so I swallowed hard and forked over for an Amtrak pass. Exorbitant, but one of the best expenditures of my life. I could work or sleep on the train for 2 1/2 hours each way instead of trying not to fall asleep behind the wheel for three or four.

Or so I thought. As summer wore on, my romance with Amtrak grew strained. On days when it was good, it was great. Quiet. Comfy seats. Plenty of leg room. But on days when it was bad, it was awful. Trainloads of screaming children. Snotty conductors. Two hour delays.

I think Amtrak must have a quota system in their hiring policy. If you aren't discourteous, your chances of getting a job are weak. Of all the employees I encountered, about twenty percent were quite pleasant, forty percent were at best indifferent, and forty percent were downright rude.

Things came to head one fateful Wednesday evening at Union Station. What follows is the story I wrote the next morning and later emailed to a couple of

nice people. If it sounds a little venomous, well, I was still under the influence of emotional trauma and sleep deprivation.

The Story

There are three trains running from Washington to Richmond every evening. I usually catch the 6:20. Wednesday I stayed late at work helping my boss and the other intern finish an appellate brief for the First Circuit that had to get to FedEx by midnight. We got done around 8:30, so I not only missed my train, I missed the 7:50 backup. No worries, though, right? There's still the 11:00.

I should mention that I was up the whole night before working on my own petition [my major project for the summer], which still had considerable work to be done. So I was operating Wednesday on about 45 minutes of sleep. [I later added up my hours on the informal timesheet I kept. The seven days leading up to and including Thursday totaled an even hundred hours.]

I got to Union Station around 9, screwed around on ye olde laptop (working, of course) until 11:00 something, when they called boarding for #97 to Miami, stopping in Richmond. I got in line. When I got to the gate and showed the conductor my pass, he gazed at it for a moment, then looked up with a thin, smug smile and said, "First of all, you've got the wrong ticket. This goes from Richmond to Washington." Now, I bought the ticket in Richmond, so it does in fact say Richmond to Washington. I was too stunned to get out the obvious: how good is a one-way monthly pass? Yep, luckily I have a whole fleet of cars in DC, so I can drive home in the evening after riding the train to work in the morning using my one-way pass.

If I could show you a picture of this man, it would be worth a thousand words, all of which would be "moron." Opening his mouth only confirmed the obvious.

I pointed out to him that I ride the train every day, and, yes, it does actually go both ways.

"Not on this train. This train is reserved only, and your pass is unreserved." True, it does say "Unreserved" in large letters, but it also says, "Valid on some reserved trains" in slightly smaller letters. I pointed that out, and told him that I specifically asked when I bought the ticket if it was good on this train. I also pulled out the envelope on which the ticket lady had written the numbers of trains that I could ride with the pass, and steered his attention to the handwritten 97. (I later learned that the list was for some of the trains I can't ride, but I didn't know that at the

time.)

"I don't know who she is. I don't know what she told you. This train's reserved." At that point he turned to his buddy, handed him my ticket and asked him to straighten it out.

"Straighten what out? This ticket is unreserved." Buddy was slightly more intelligent, but equally unsympathetic. I repeated my points, but to no avail. One of them muttered to the other that my pass looked like a VRE ticket. (Virginia Rail Express doesn't go anywhere near Richmond.) I finally said in exasperation, "You guys can't just leave me here!"

Buddy threw up his hands and said, "I'm not on this train." I guess that absolved him of any responsibility, not to mention common courtesy.

I waited around until all the other tickets were taken and they called last call. I went back to Ape #1. "You can't just leave me here."

He said some jackass thing like, "I can't help it if you bought a VRE ticket."

I practically shouted, "It's not a VRE ticket! It's an Amtrak ticket," so he switched back to, "This train is reserved." I even offered to stand the whole way to Richmond, but he was clearly enjoying the power he held over me.

Needless to say, I was in a very good mood. I walked over to the ticket counter just in time for the last person there to pick up her purse, head for the door, glare at me, and snap, "We're closed." I sat there and stewed for a little while, mentally composing my letter to Amtrak HQ.

Finally, I moved to the most secluded, dark, and quiet set of seats I could find (that is to say, out in the open, under the array of streetlights they have in there, and greeted every half hour by a loudspeaker recording delivering important safety messages and concluding with "Thank you for traveling Amtrak, where your satisfaction is guaranteed.") and settled in for a little nap. I was just starting to relax a little, eyes closed, when I was approached by.... you guessed it, security.

I explained my situation to Mr. Rent-a-cop and his toady. They explained to me that "Valid on certain reserved trains" means "at the discretion of the conductor." How a security guard knew this, when no one at Amtrak knows it, is beyond me. (It's also not true, I later learned.) But, at the very least, this was the first and only person to utter the words "I'm sorry." He

said I'd have to wait for the next train.

When I pointed out that there were no more until morning, he graciously told me I was welcome to stay there at the station until the next train came. I didn't bother noting that I needed to be back at work in the morning. He did, however, ask me to move down to the end of the station, "Down by the McDonald's," muttering some gibberish about them having "accommodations" down there.

I picked up my stuff and went down there, only to find that they have the exact same sets of hard plastic seats (with slightly less hard pads in the middle, so they aren't even smooth), only these all have armrests, so lying down is impossible. I walked back over near where I had been, glared at Officer I-couldn't-get-into-the-police-academy, and laid back down.

Four or so glorious hours later, the air conditioning came on, blowing an Arctic breeze directly on me. I'm wearing my usual winter-worthy outfit of shorts and a T-shirt, no socks, and only a long-sleeved cotton shirt for a blanket. It was almost 4:30, when I usually wake up anyway, so I got up and wandered around until the subway opened. I saw my good friend Buddy. With great purpose, he was looking everywhere but at me. I could see myself being hauled in for involuntary manslaughter, so I repressed the urge to go have a little chat about manners with him.

I wrote the above when I ended up at a Starbucks near my office around 6:30, getting blasted with their obnoxious salsa/jazz, waiting for a co-worker with a key to the office (the first usually showed up around 8:30). I had that freshly slept-in look, fur growing in my mouth, an 85-page petition to finish by 5, my laptop battery was about to run out, I hadn't eaten since day before yesterday except for a handful of crackers, and I had previously agreed to meet Carly for drinks after work (my first social call of the summer, which I had been looking forward to). It wasn't shaping up to be a fun day.

I felt, and no doubt looked, like a zombie all day. But in the end, everything worked out fine. I finished the petition with three hours to spare, delivered it myself, finally ate something, and did make it for drinks. They were some of the most delicious beers of my life, although nearly falling asleep at the table was a little embarrassing.

I caught the 7:50 train home. And they gave me no grief whatsoever about my one-way VRE ticket.

Need to Know, A Serial Novel

By Michael R. Thompson

PART I

Scott woke up in a sweat. The smell of the dew on the grass and the red clay in the open grave still lingered in his nostrils. He remembered his father's funeral as if it were yesterday. Heart pounding, he glanced at his clock radio. Three forty five.

Lumbering into the bathroom, Scott splashed cold water on his face a few times and stared into the mirror. His eyes were still dilated from the dark when his dream came flashing back to him through the handfuls of cold water. He stared back into the cold glass of the mirror and into his own green eyes. He remembered giving that same glazed stare to the buttons on the Army greens worn by the stranger at his father's funeral. Who was that man? A Colonel stood in front of Scott, directly across the open grave. The officer stood for only a few moments and left without saying hello or goodbye to any of the mourners. He was a tall man with a thick bushy mustache.

The water splashed against his face and he was back in the bathroom. Got to get some rest. Got to go to sleep. Class tomorrow morning.

Scott used the towel on his face and turned off the bathroom light, stumbling back to his room in the darkness. Another fitful few hours greeted him as he lay back down for a little while before sunup.

At 6:30 the alarm radio sounded its dreadful wake-up call, pulling Scott out of his temporary coma. He slid out of bed and into his running shoes. Tying up the laces, he then threw on a t-shirt and his favorite running hat, a black baseball cap with an embroidered emblem of a sun and a moon on the front. Stumbling into the bathroom to brush his teeth, he thought that he must be the only runner who finds running with bad breath worse than running with shin splints.

Stretching briefly before shooting out of the door and down the steps, Scott was ready for his morning jog, if for no other reason than that it gave a small measure of consistency to his mixed up world after his dad's suicide a year ago.

After his run, a quick shower, and a bowl of Cheerios, Scott strolled up the walk from the graduate complex to the law school. A few hours of reading and then Torts class. After Torts, he had Civil Procedure, and then the afternoon off until Legal Skills at five o'clock. He spent the afternoon reading for class and looking up auctions on the internet. His first few weeks of law school were not the trial he was expecting, but Scott was sure the weeks to follow would be more intense.

After Legal Skills, he walked back to his room at the Graduate Complex, only to find a large manila envelope on the doorstep labeled "Scott," in bold black magic-marked manuscript. Wary of the ever possible practical joke, he picked up the envelope, examining it carefully for signs of mischief. So far so good. No flash powder or flaming manure in this prank. Slowly opening the envelope, Scott pulled out the folder it contained, which was blank and full of documents of one sort or another.

Putting his bookbag on the floor just outside his door, he opened the folder with a little apprehension. Who would bother to hand deliver a package but yet leave it on a doorstep for anyone to steal? Just then a sedan started and sped away in the parking lot below. He turned his head in an attempt to identify the reckless driver, but to no avail. The man had sped off, leaving no impression on Scott's memory.

Turning his eyes back to the folder, Scott opened the manila flap and gasped at the top sheet. It was a black and white photograph of his father, just after the suicide. His dad was sitting in his favorite chair in a slump, right hand extended almost to the floor, over a .45 pistol below. Scott

had been the first one there. The thick smell of dried blood and grey matter had not caught his attention until he had come eight or ten feet into the room, thinking for an instant that his father had fallen asleep in the "magic chair" again.

Tears welled up in Scott's eyes as he stared, glass eyed, at the photograph. What sick person would send this to him? Turning the photograph over, he saw a scribbled note, in manuscript, which read "Agent John Allen."

Scott felt lightheaded for an instant, almost to the point of fainting. He sat down on the steps next to his door. He put the folder down beside him, noticing only for the moment the other typed pages in the folder because they looked official.

No. This can't be Dad. Dad was Dennis Markham. Dennis Markham who worked in a computer software firm in D.C. Dennis Markham, a normal guy who couldn't take the stress of work and one day blew his brains out with a .45.

Putting his head in his hands, Scott wept silently as he tried to put the pieces together. He had just gotten past the suicide, after a year of working sixteen hour days to keep the nightmares away. After weekends spent in bottles and weekdays spent in A.A., he was just getting his head back on straight. A fresh start in law school and now this: "Agent John Allen."

A tear hit the picture as Scott heard his neighbor ascending the stairs below. Wiping his eyes quickly and grabbing the file, he unlocked the door to his apartment. Throwing the book bag in his room, he put the file on the kitchen table and found his bottle of bourbon. Pouring a shot in a glass, he swallowed half, sat down with the file, and began reading.

(For a continuation of the story, please see the next issue of the Amicus Curiae.)

Who We Are, A Poetry Essay

By Suzanna Henshon

There are no words
that can describe us as we really are.
We are always defined
as others see us,
not as we see ourselves.
We are categorized
by how we look
by what we do for money.
No one can feel our heartbeat
for the world is too busy
and too loud
and too fast
for anyone to listen to such
a small but insignificant sound.
So we walk through life alone
even in a crowd of people
And even those who should be closest to us
are almost strangers to our inner worlds.
And as we pass through life
and try to feel the earth spinning
beneath our feet,
sometimes we wonder how well
we even know ourselves.

As I sit down to write, I feel overwhelmed by the blank page and what I can say with it. However, there are moments when I feel a sense of frustration over what I cannot do with it, over the lack of originality of my work. I always feel like I cannot fully express myself, that there are gaps between how I feel and how I express my thoughts.

When I think back to books I have read yesterday and many years ago, I sometimes feel like all the possible emotions have been discovered, explored, and described in impeccable detail. When I read a particularly wonderful description of a common emotion, I can feel that I too have felt that way, that differences in context and historical eras do not limit the impact of the words. I even turn to fiction for a better description of how I feel than to my own words. Sometimes this is because I feel limited by the language, and other times this is because the feeling is with me, perhaps too strongly, and the intensity of it makes it impossible for me to say how I truly feel on paper. Perhaps I need perspective, and the passing of time, to describe my emotions.

Whether I feel happy or sad, excited or delighted, or a thousand variations of these emotions, reading about people who have had the exact, or nearly synoptic feelings, has made me feel more authentically human. For while my feelings can never be exactly the same, due to different life experiences, it always helps to read another account, to know that you are not alone in your thoughts. But I have also been frustrated to discover that my own experiences of certain emotions, my own versions of happiness, sadness, love, and pain, are different than others and yet the same. I was frustrated to learn that my feelings were not the definitive versions of any of these emotions, but simply another version. We are together in our sadness and happiness, in our frustration and exhilaration, and yet we are separate simultaneously.

Then and Now -- Colonial Williamsburg Still Making Its Riches on the Backs of the Oppressed

By Tim Emry

Colonial Williamsburg. It seems that there is not a place in town where the presence of CW is not felt. However, Colonial Williamsburg still is scarred with a shameful history in several respects. While some will stop reading now, or simply develop anger toward my words, I ask that you read the following with an open mind before jumping to conclusions.

For years, Colonial Williamsburg has been under attack by various groups for their treatment of slavery in their depiction of life in early Virginia. Many years ago, they ignored the subject altogether. Now, they deal with the issue of slavery, but only in a rudimentary or Disney fashion. Regrettably, to get a real feel for the horrors of the institution of slavery in Colonial Virginia, one would need to locate one of the true slave tours in the area. These tours are not promoted in the AAA Guidebook, and you cannot find glossy brochures about them at your local hotel or tourist restaurant. This is likely no accident. Make no mistake about it, CW has massive pull in this town and they can be very territorial of their ownership of the colonial experience.

Some may argue that we should accept that slavery, unfortunately, was a reality during the colonial period and we cannot fault the great leaders of the time for their narrow views. I repudiate that point. A close study of history will tell us that on the Eastern Shore of Virginia in the mid to late 1600's, hundreds, if not thousands, of free blacks were able to come and go as they pleased, many of them owning plantations themselves. It was only as the government of Virginia came to form, particularly in Williamsburg, that freed blacks slowly lost their freedoms and many were returned to slavery. So let us not be apologists, let us realize that the founders we celebrate, including George Wythe, were actually part of a system that promoted the increase of slavery.

As we fast-forward to current day, it seems that Williamsburg is very much a construction of two separate societies. While we consider this town to be rather financially accelerated, there are quite frankly some rather depressed neighborhoods and communities in the immediate area. Perhaps we do not notice these areas, or perhaps we do not want to notice these areas. Some of these communities

are very tucked away, perhaps intentionally. It actually seems that some of the routes marked by CW for tourists to drive to various locations are devised in order to divert them from less desirable areas. The message seems rather clear: there is a Williamsburg that is meant to be seen by the scores of tourists and another part of Williamsburg that is to go unseen.

Furthermore, the mega-corporation that is CW seems to be in a rather strong financial position. Unfortunately, these profits are not seen by many of the employees that ensure the pleasant experience that is CW. Just last spring, many CW employees went on strike to protest their low wages. These employees, primarily African-Americans who were employed by the Williamsburg Lodge and Inn, were demanding to be treated with more dignity and to be paid a living wage. It is troubling that a hotel which charges its guests upwards of 300 dollars a night, cannot provide adequate compensation to their valuable employees. Again, CW seemed noticeably silent on the living wage campaign that took place near the entrance to D.O.G. Street this past semester. Perhaps they were irritated that people would dare disturb the noise level of their treasured

cash cow. As an amusing aside, I also find it fascinating that the street in Williamsburg named for Harriet Tubman is seemingly the shortest street in town!

"So what?" may be a common reaction to the above. Why is it I am presenting this information? What do I expect people to do? Well, in short, I ask that people become more aware and sensitive to the fact that there are some rather impoverished neighborhoods in town. To understand that it is not all rich retirees living in our city limits. To be sensitive to the fact that there are families struggling to make that paycheck stretch. Awareness, compassion and sensitivity to these issues are the keystones of further progress. I would also hope that some individuals can provide active forms of support. Donating to related causes as they come to your attention. Volunteering your time to after-school programs or at community centers. It is these small sacrifices that can turn a fragmented community into a united and proud one.

What Some of Us Did Over the Summer: Spain Photos



Upper Left: Ross Fulton, Ricky Wu, Colin Thakkar, Charles Gray, Josh Snyder. Lower Left: Charles Gray, Matt McKay, Ross Fulton, Jason Fabbriante, Ricky Wu, Emma Zitter-Smith, and Scott Weber. Right: Charles Gray and Darren Creasy.



Congratulations to all of the New Journal Members

William & Mary Bill of Rights Law Review Journal

Paul Ainsworth	Brian McCann
Jeff Boerger	Amy McMaster
David Browne	Colin Miller
Darren Creasy	Curtis Miller
Andrea D'Ambra	Tom Miller
Paul Dame	Jaime Orye
Lauren Fassler	Robin Perrin
Robert Foley	Bradley Pratt
Charles Gray	Shane Reeves
Ward Griffin	D.J. Reynolds
Nikki Humphrey	Carl Ross
Brian Kelly	Holly Tahvonen
Alicia Kelly	Scott Weber
Matthew Kemkes	Keith Wesolowski
Kendra Langlois	Elizabeth Wickerham
Walter Latham	Ragan Willis
Shanell Manning	Andrew Youhas
Ann Mason	Richard Zimmer

Wyndham Murray	Megan Gillespie
Keanin Loomis	Meredith Awad
Ian Conner	Jennifer Lee Cross
Lauren Baddar	
Michael Harris	
Shawn Alan Gobble	
Robert Davis	
Anthony Mingione	
Amber Weaver	
Kelly Farnan	
Michael Kiffney	
Andrew Riley	
David Browne	
Barrett Thies	
Tim Peltier	
Trisha Monroe	
Zach DeVore	
Katie Brewer	

Journal of Women Environmental Law and the Law & Policy Review

Mara Schulzetenberg
 Ashley Moore
 Ansley Peacock
 Monique Anikwue
 Jason Everett
 Katherine Brewer
 Nicole Spain
 Shanell Manning
 Alexandra Mackowich

Brian Athey
 Daniel Barnes
 William Bowen
 Lauren Coapstick
 Jennifer Eastman
 Paul T. Eubanks
 Jason G. Everett
 Peter Flanigan
 Matthew Gernstein
 Emily Harwood
 Alexandra Mankowich
 Derek Redmond
 Nicole Spain
 Laurina Spolidoro
 Julianne Thomas
 Melissa Winn
 Ricky Wu

Preview of the Supreme Court Preview

By Katie Riley

Supreme Court Preview Schedule

Who's Who on the Panels

This Institute of Bill of Rights Law Supreme Court Preview is this upcoming weekend, Friday, September 21st through Saturday, September 22nd. In all honesty, the Supreme Court Preview is probably the biggest and most interesting academic event of the entire school year, and as a 3L who has attended the last two Previews, I highly encourage everyone to attend. (Of course, I might be considered a little biased.) For 1Ls, it's your only opportunity to learn some constitutional law before the spring semester. For 2L members of journals, the Supreme Court Preview is a great resource for finding a note topic. All the topics discussed are at the cutting edge of constitutional law and ripe for discussion in a law review article. Of course, you probably shouldn't choose to write on a specific case scheduled before the Supreme Court for fear that your note will be preempted come May. For 3Ls, it's our opportunity to access how much we've really learned at law school. If we can follow Professor Duffy's "Non-Delegation Clause is like a Loch Ness Monster" analogy, we know that we're ready to graduate. For students of all years interested in oral advocacy, trying out for the Bushrod Tournament, or are members of the Moot Court team, the moot court argument held on Friday evening is typically a stunning display of oral advocacy. This year's case, *Adarand Constructors v. Mineta*, is about a federal affirmative action program.

To the right are a schedule of events and a list of the panelists. Although visitors to the law school must pay a \$60 registration fee, William & Mary students, staff, and faculty may attend for free. Be sure to get there early Friday night because the Courtroom tends to fill up quickly.

Friday, September 21, 2001

5:30 PM - Registration (for visitors to the law school)

6:10 PM - Welcome

6:15 PM - Moot Court Argument:
Adarand Constructors v. Mineta

7:50 PM - The Rehnquist Court at Fifteen Years
(panel discussion)

8:30 PM - The Legacy of Bush v. Gore

Saturday, September 22, 2001

9:00 AM - Civil Rights (panel discussion)

10:00 AM - Criminal Law & Procedure (panel discussion)

11:00 AM - First Amendment (panel discussion)

12:00 PM - Lunch (on your own)

1:30 PM - Employment Law (panel discussion)

2:30 PM - Business Law (panel discussion)

3:30 PM - Looking Ahead: Upcoming Issues in the Court (panel discussion)

4:30 PM - Recess

Joan Biskupic - *USA Today*

Erwin Chemerinsky - University of Southern California Law School

Marcia Coyle - *National Law Journal*

Lyle Denniston - *Boston Globe*

Neal Devins - William & Mary Law School

Davison Douglas - William & Mary Law School

John Duffy - William & Mary Law School

Michael Gerhardt - William & Mary Law School

Tom Goldstein - Attorney in Private Practice, Washington, DC

Linda Greenhouse - *New York Times*

Phoebe Haddon - Temple University School of Law

Charles Lane - *Washington Post*

Paul Marcus - William & Mary School of Law

Tony Mauro - *Legal Times*

Alan Meese - William & Mary School of Law

Jeffrey Rosen - George Washington Law School & *The New Republic*

David Savage - *Los Angeles Times*

Kathryn Urbonya - William & Mary School of Law

Steve Wermeil - American University College of Law

See these sparse pages?

We need you to write for the Amicus.

We accept submissions of all sorts: news, sports, travel, movie and music reviews, opinion, fiction, poetry, etc.

Please contact Katie Riley, kbrile@wm.edu, for more information.

Future Publications Dates: September 28, October 19, November 9, November 30

Calendar of Events

THE AMICUS CURIAE

Tuesday Sept. 18th

Red Cross Blood Drive

From 2:00 – 8:00 p.m. at the Rec Center on Campus.

Thursday, Sept. 20th

Moot Court Pack Distribution – Room 119 at 7:45 p.m. (Date and time not confirmed)

Friday, Sept. 21st

Supreme Court Preview

Begins at 6:10 p.m. with a Welcome. The Moot Court Argument featuring the case of *Adarand Constructors v. Mineta* begins at 6:15 p.m. in the courtroom. Other programs Friday night include: "The Rehnquist Court at Fifteen Years" and "The Legacy of Bush v. Gore."

Saturday, Sept. 22nd

Supreme Court Preview

Saturday's program begins at 9:00 a.m. and features programs on Civil Rights, Criminal Law and Procedure, the First Amendment, Employment Law, Business Law, and upcoming issues in the Court.

Wednesday, Sept 26th

CIA Informational Session

Sponsored by OCPP. This informational program will begin at 9:00 a.m. in Room 127.

Friday, Sept. 28th

Intra-school Negotiation Competition.

First two rounds will be held Friday afternoon. The third round will be on Saturday. Intent-to-Compete forms must be signed by Friday, September 21st. Contact Jason Halliburton, Steve Carling or Amy Demski for information.

Saturday, Sept. 29th

In Honor of His Honor

A celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the appointment of John Marshall as the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The program begins at 12:30 p.m. and will be held at the John Marshall House in Richmond. Call (804)648-7998 for more information.

Saturday, October 6th

Variety Show

Sponsored by the PDP to benefit PSF.

Bushrod Moot Court Tournament (dates not confirmed)

Tuesday, October 9th

"America Becoming"

Co-sponsored by IBRL, this conference deals with race in contemporary America. It will be held in the University Center from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Monday, October 15th

FALL BREAK

Tuesday, October 16th

FALL BREAK

Friday, October 19th

Fall From Grace

This year the annual fall dance will be held at the Holiday Inn 1776 on Bypass Road.

Thursday, October 25th

"Guerilla Tactics for Getting the Legal Job of Your Dreams"

Sponsored by OCPP. Scheduled to be held from 3:00 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. in Room 119 and the Courtroom.

October 26&27

NAPIL Public Interest Job Fair

At the American University in Washington, DC. Students interested in one-on-one interviews with participating employers should send resumes directly to employers so that they receive it by September 24th.

Disability Law Conference

Please submit your entries for the Amicus Events Calendar to Katie Riley (3L), Deborah Siegel (3L), or the Amicus hanging file. Entries may include activities sponsored by law school organizations, main campus or community events.

W&M Holds Ecumenical Prayer Service for Attack

by Sarah Kinsman

For the fourth time in the class of 2002's law school career, classes were cancelled Fri., Sept. 14. This cancellation, though, was tragically more significant than the previous years' cancellations for weather. The Provost of the College ordered classes cancelled in observance of the national day of prayer designated by President George W. Bush. Students were encouraged to attend any of several prayer or worship services held in the Williamsburg area.

The College held an ecumenical service in the Wren Courtyard at noon on Sept. 14. Several law school students, faculty, and staff attended the service with a large crowd of members of the College community as well as Colonial Williamsburg tourists and local residents. At noon, the bells of Wren Chapel pealed, and the William and Mary Singers began

a hymn.

The service was truly ecumenical, as students and faculty from various faiths led the group in prayers. A representative of the Hindu Students' Association chanted a Hindu prayer, then translated the words into English. Representatives of the Jewish faith, both students and faculty, appeared three times. A student read from Psalm 25, and later, in a moving experience for many, a professor in the Department of English said Kaddish, which is a traditional Hebrew prayer said by mourners in honor of the dead. The last representative of the Jewish faith read a Psalm, then sang it, after describing how the moment was meaningful to him because his grandfather had led similar prayers for soldiers in World War I. Representatives of the Christian faith read the Sermon on the Mount from New Testament and recited prayers that had been submitted by visitors to Wren Chapel this

week. The College left blank paper in the Chapel for visitors to submit prayers after Tuesday. Many of the prayers were to the nation, to rescue workers, to specific families with loved ones lost in the wake of the tragedy, and to the college and local communities. Representatives of the staff and faculty read similar prayers, and Sam Sadler, Vice-President for Student Affairs, read the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi.

In one of the more poignant moments for many at the ceremony, two representatives of the Islamic faith read from the Koran. One student sang the verses in Arabic, and the second student translated in spoken English. The content of their selection dealt with looking to Allah and coping with times of adversity.

"It was very brave of the Muslim students to get up in front of everyone and do that," commented Melissa Newton (3L), who attended the ceremony. "Given the feelings some people may have, it was a

good thing for them to do."

A lasting reminder for many of the efforts of relief workers will be the fire and police sirens heard toward the end of the ceremony on Richmond Road, as emergency workers responded to a call in town.