1995

Amicus Curiae (Vol. 5, Issue 12)

Repository Citation


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Tuition costs to rise 5.4 percent for in-state students

By Shelley Evans
A new fee structure was approved on Friday, April 7 by the College's Board of Visitors for the College and M-W. The cost of attending M-W for Virginia residents will increase by 5.4 percent for in-state students and 7.3 percent for out-of-state students.

The cost per year for tuition only will now be $4,152 for in-state students and $14,400 for out-of-state students. The general fee, which includes costs for counseling, student health and athletic costs, will rise from $1,748 to $1,848 for both in-state and out-of-state students.

Associate Dean Connie Galloway said that the increase was determined by Dean Thomas Krattenmaker, the Vice President for Budget and Planning and the Provost. The new fees were “driven by needs to create revenue.” The increases will cover improvements at M-W, such as local area network and new faculty positions. Further scholarship aid will also be a direct result. Using tuition revenues and other support will allow the College to implement some of the major components of its Strategic Plan, said Sam Jones, Vice President for Planning and Budget.

Proposed tuition increases are within
See TUITION on 17

Party for the next century kicks off at W&M

By Doug S. Onley
PAC 20/20, a bipartisan lobbying group dedicated to Social Security reform, has a dire warning for future wage earners: early in the next century, the system will “quite simply” collapse.

“It’s a fake pyramid scam,” Christian Klein, executive director of the new group, told a group of students at an April 5 fundraiser at University Center. “Essentially, what [retired persons] are getting back is three times what they put in. Like any pyramid scheme, eventually it will collapse.”

But Klein, a third year law student at Catholic University, said the time wasn’t right to challenge the American Association of Retired Persons, one of the most powerful lobbying groups on Capitol Hill.

“It is hard to maintain intensity among the college crowd, he admitted. But “it’s going to affect every person, regardless of your political affiliation.”

The event, co-sponsored by the M-W Democrats and the Law School Republicans, drew about 100 students, nearly all undergraduates. It also attracted the attention of The New York Times, which is planning a story on generational politics.

“I think [Social Security] is one of the looming issues of our time,” said Betsy Kolbert, the Times reporter who covered the fundraiser. “Older people are aware of it, but younger people are less interested.”

Kolbert, who recently attended the AARP’s annual convention, said senior citizens are not opposed to reforming the Social Security system, but become suspicious when groups like PAC 20/20 begin proposing reforms such as means testing or beginning benefits at age 70 (the current age is 67).

“They also care about their grandchildren,” she said. “But when you get down to specifics, they’re very, very wary about any kind of changes.”

Tim Singhel (3L), outgoing chair of the Law School Republicans, feared PAC 20/20 “might be a little too focused on generational warfare.”

“It’s not in our best interest to declare war on those over 65,” agreed Christian Mastondrea (3L), the new secretary for the M-W Democrats. “They didn’t get themselves into this mess.”

See PAC 20/20 on 19

Class of '95 ten years from now, page 8
From the Editor’s Desk...

Memories have a way of becoming more precious as time passes. We say in song and conversation that nothing can take them away from us. But time also gives us a perspective on the past.

I realize now that a large part of my law school career has been defined by my work on the Amicus, especially as a 3L. It was my wish to fill the paper with more diversity, opinion and fiction than in the past. And if at times the tone seemed a little harsh, just remember that it was written by your fellow students and reflects a point of view at M-W held by many to be true.

Many thanks to the production and managerial staff, Vice Dean Barnard for her story suggestions (save for the Ambulance Chaser), and the core of writers that were always dependable, regardless of the subject matter. Of these, I will embarrass the girls on Tanyard, “the boys,” Jason, Joe, Susan, Peter and all the Crossfire and Featured Commentary writers who had no idea what I had on my mind when I stopped them in the hallway to chat.

In retrospect, the three years have flown by, although while in the midst of things, that did not seem to be the case. I hope students will continue to read and discuss the Amicus and that it continues to have an impact on this small, insular community.

Finally, I wish Stephen and the staff the best of luck. I remain in a New York state of mind.

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The Amicus Curiae

Marshall-Wythe School of Law
P.O. Box 8795
Williamsburg, Virginia 23187
(804) 221-2379

"Dedicated to the complete and objective reporting of student news and opinion"

Editor: Shelley Evans
Managing Editor: Stephen T. King
Production Editor: John Crouch
Assistant Managing Editor: Mike Grable
Business Manager: Nicole Dumangane

News Reporters:
- Jason Aldrich
- John Crouch
- Stephen T. King
- Ruthie Livin
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Sports Gurus: Alan Duckworth, Neil Lewis

Fiction: Michael Maschio

Poetry: John Crouch

Opinion: J.C. Thieme, Rich Roston, Jonathan Keenig

Photographers: Peter Owen, Angel Lyon, Natalie Hawthorne, John Crouch

Production Assistants: Joni McCray, Monica Thurmond, Steven Youngkin

Cartoonist: Jack Mackeral

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To the Editor:

The Journal of Women and the Law appreciates the commitment of the Amicus to reporting issues surrounding the law and reviews and journals here at M-W. However, in the both of the past two issues, the Amicus has reported that the need for the Law Review Committee arose last year when the Journal of Women and the Law and the Journal of Environmental Law and Policy both applied for academic credit and received it. By way of correction, the Journal of Women and the Law has never applied for academic credit. Members of the Journal do not receive academic credit for their work; the hard work they do comes from their commitment to women’s equality.

Thank you,

J. Connell
Editor-in-Chief, Journal of Women and the Law

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Letters

Dear Editor,

I was deeply disturbed by the many items contained in the Ambulance Chaser. I have always valued the collegiality and good will that permeate the Marshall-Wythe community. Unfortunately, neither of these qualities was evident in this year’s issue. The vitriolic and personal nature of several of the passages was deeply disturbing. Clearly, the authors did not take a moment to think about how the victims of their jabs — their fellow classmates — would feel.

Evidently the authors of the Ambulance Chaser think they can print anything, no matter how hurtful, no matter how hateful, so long as they cloak it in the guise of satire. Much of what was written was satire; much of it was not.

What the authors tried to pass off as humor and good natured fun was both cruel and insensitively and achievable at someone else’s expense. I hope the next time the authors put pen to paper and try their hands at humor they will bear in mind that the person they are writing about is a human being, not a cartoon.

Nicole H. Fradette (3L)

To the Editor:

The Amicus appears as a hostile to the Journal of Women and the Law’s purpose. The Journal seeks to assist in making the legal community aware of women’s issues, a need for which the Amicus exhibits little respect. The Ambulance Chaser is an attempt at a humorous interplay, however, the sting may be stronger than the laughter. The comments about the Journal are exemplary of humor that preys on ignorance and stereotype, not humor that imparts legitimate enlightenment to the community through pun, caricature, or satire.

The Journal is not about hair or asexuality; it is about rape, sexual harassment, child support, equal pay, and other important concerns. However, female members of the journal may seek to change the status quo here at the law school and in the legal profession as a whole without sacrificing their femininity, and maybe even having time to find a non “visually-impaired hair stylist.” It’s unfair to assume that the only ones involved in women’s rights are those who

See LETTERS on 5
Amicus beer tasting dissolves in a musty brew as McNerney takes the prize

By Stephen T. King

When the beer had settled, and it was rather unsettling considering the quality of some that had been ingested, 2L Dan McNerney’s “Gras Kurbis Bran” (more popularly known as “Pumpkin Beer”) emerged as Premium Beer of the 1st Annual Amicus Home Brew Contest. Jared Carlson (2L) came in second with his no-namer.

The contest, which was sponsored by the Amicus, attracted nineteen different samples. Two of the beers passing the lips of the judges, however, were commercial beers slipped into the lineup so as to give the contestants some sense of how the amateur efforts matched up against the professionals. The temporarily sober judges and anxious contestants gathered at 1L John Crouch and Jon Sheldon’s apartment. Crouch noted before the contest began that he had already drunk all of Sheldon’s best batch. This may have simply been an effort at damage control, however.

Mike Homan (3L), Shelley Evans (3L), Paula Hannaford (3L) and Stephen King (2L) were the judges, sitting facing one another at a round table, surrounded by sausage pizza potato chips and chocolate chip cookies to clean the palate after each sample. Walt Benziia (3L) was supposed to judge, but arrived late, leaving him with no task other than that of general antagonist. The contestants sat apart from the proceedings “like expectant fathers,” according to McNerney. The brewers included McNerney, Carlson, Crouch, Sheldon and Bitys Hawes. Shameless efforts at influencing the judges were quickly squelched by the iron ethics of Judge King.

After two or three hours of sampling, the judges rendered their semi-coherent results. Each judge had a very different judging personality. Evans tended to shout out “yuck!” or “good!” after each taste. Homans pointed out that she was the “first one to wuss out and have to go to the men’s room.”

On Saturday, April 17, the Phi Alpha Delta sponsored Easter Egg hunt at Quarterpath Park on April 8.

Newly admitted students appear harmless — so far

By Mary Beth Dingeldy

On Friday, April 7, M-W’s newest inductees descended on the law school for the Spring Welcome Weekend for Admitted Applicants. This annual event, started over ten years ago, was coordinated by a joint effort between the SBA and the Admissions department. Dean of Admissions Faye Shealy stated that the event is scheduled for what the office hopes will be the “most beautiful Saturday in spring, when the azaleas in the courtyard are in bloom.”

One hundred sixty-three accepted students officially signed in for the weekend, but more may have arrived later, according to Shealy. Thirty-five people accepted the SBA’s offer to house prospective with current M-W students, up from ten last year. SBA Admissions Committee co-chair Jon Mahan (2L) attributed this increase to the fact that the housing option was more publicized this year. While not all who accepted ultimately made it down to the ‘Burg, housing was found for the more than twenty-five people who did appear, as well as for five others who materialized at the ‘Leaf in need of a place to sleep.

On Friday, no formal events were scheduled during the day, but accepted students were encouraged to attend classes. That evening, the SBA held a Bar Review at the Green Leafe which drew a large crowd of approximately 135 people. Half of those in attendance were law students, and the other half were perspectives. Mahan was extremely pleased to note that the admitted students mingled with both law students and other accepted students instead of hiding in dark corners.

Saturday morning started with group tours for those who managed to make it to the library by 9 a.m., and was followed an hour later with a general orientation. Dean Shelly gave the “Welcome and Introductions,” then turned the podium over for speeches by Dean Krattenmaker and SBA president Julie Patterson. Next, Vice Dean Barnard spoke about “Issues to Consider in Choosing a Law School,” Professor Moliterno covered the topic of skills training, Professor Grover talked about life as a first year and becoming part of a larger community, and Professor Bhala spoke on international legal education.

Dean Kaplan addressed issues that he suggests prospective students think about from a career standpoint. First, he stressed that when comparing numbers and statistics, prospective should make sure they are comparing comparable numbers, as there is no standardized method by which law schools report career placement statistics. For example, some schools report placement rates as a percentage of the class as a whole, while others count only the people who respond.

Second, he spoke about the importance of the placement office in terms of access, resources, and people. He listed the kinds of resources available to M-W students and stressed the school’s impressive ratio of staff to students. Finally, he talked about summer public interest funding as an alternative for people not interested in working for law firms. Kaplan’s topic was followed up later in the program with a presentation by Monica Taylor, a 1991 M-W graduate who works for Getty, Locke, Rakes & Moore.
Open the window! Chili cookoff brings out the best

By Michael Homans
Whoo, Mama!

Those crazy law students added a healthy dose of spice to their lives last Thursday, with a tillitling tastebud extravaganza of hot chili and cold beer, courtesy of the Public Service Fund’s annual Chili Cookoff.

“I am going to need another bottle of Maaxol,” was all that 3L Jon Sheldon could say, after engulfing a bowl of homemade chili. His eyes glistened, but he did not cry.

The master-chefed judge, Dean Jayne Barnard, was less impressed with the dozen-plus pots of steaming, bubbling chili. “I find these chilis lacking in the incendiary category,” Barnard said, her steely eyes softening as she recalled (we imagine) the glory days of 1994’s “Kevorkian” recipe.

Winners of the coveted “hottest chili” this year were 1Ls Paul Davis and Matt Johnston, with their unnamed concoction. “Best Chili” awards went to 2Ls Jeff Lamontagne and Steve Clarke, with their “Molasses Esophagus Estoppel.”

Much of the law school was stunned that anyone from the catatonic Class of 1996 had actually competed and won in a law school extracurricular activity. Clarke credited the victory to divine intervention.

“Our chili was a product of God’s grace, Jeff’s cooking, and my kitchen. It’s the most exciting thing since Cor Flakes,” Clarke said. Kellogg’s Corp could not be reached for a response.

Lamontagne said he would not siesta on his Mexican laurels after Thursday’s victory. “Right now, we’re just enjoying the victory, but we can’t afford to enjoy it for long. We’ll probably be back in the film room again next week to see what we can learn from the cookoff video about our opponents’ tactics and recipes. We’re already extremely hungry for another championship,” he said.

Perhaps the most bitterly contested event of the day was the battle for “Best Name” awards. Many 3Ls had considered classmate Nina Hval’s “Silence of the Lambs,” brimming with dead sheep parts, a shoo-in. But the judges revealed their fondness for sophomoric references to sexual activity, and voted 2L Jim Cady and 11. Mike Grable’s “Chili Con Camal Knowledge” the best moniker.

A stunned Hval, who had to settle for second place in the category, bit her tongue and refused to comment on the decision. Rumors of a late-night brawl after the awards could not be verified. However, a confrontation on the patio between two golden retrievers (owned by 3Ls Mary Beth Dingledy and Joe Guarino) did follow the announcement. It was not clear at press time whether that scuffle was related to the “Best Name” decision, but the two dogs did settle their differences, and marked the M-W lawn. 1L Mike Friedman’s puppy, “Boo,” stayed out of the fray.

“Laugh Now, Cry Later” by L Chuck Sweedler was also considered a contender for best game, but came up empty in the contest. Sweedler could not be reached for comment later, and was believed to be off crying somewhere.

Consolatory pots on the back were awarded to 2L Chris Miller for his “Black Bird Chili,” second place for “Best Chili,” and to 3L Doug Steinberg, for his “Unnum

3L’s parting advice includes numerous references to underwear

By Michael Homans

Well, this long strange trip is about over, and as my eyes gloss over with tears and I look back on the past three years, I want to poke.

But seriously, for law school it’s been all right. Before we, the Class of 1995, pass the reins of power to the pantywaists in the Class of 1996, I thought I would share a few parting words of unsolicited advice. I have followed few of these ten recommendations religiously, but as an uncompromised and devout hypocrite, I feel free to share them with you:

* Do not write on the bathroom walls. I thought we had the problem licked, but this spring the graffiti bloomed anew in our men’s rooms. Please, vent your frustrations -- literary and otherwise -- somewhere else, such as here in the Amicus.
* Get involved in something outside of law school. The City of Williamsburg is constantly recruiting volunteers for its various boards and activities. Big Brothers is activehere, as is Habitat for Humanity, and countless other worthwhile projects. Instead of wasting your weekends, make a commitment to do something for somebody besides yourself. If you don’t start now, you probably won’t do it as a lawyer, either. Think about it.
* Loosen those tight undies. Too many people in this law school have their boxers/panties in a bunch about everything. You cannot control other people. If you disagree with their ideas and actions, calmly share your concerns with them, but then drop it. Enjoy life. You be you, let me be me.
* Take a professor out to lunch. Dutch. It’s easy to do, just ask! You gain a new perspective on them, and they on you. It closes the often distant relationship between students and professors here. If anyone’s concerned about conflicts of interest, then do it after you complete a class with him or her.
* Squeal on a professor. I was amazed to learn earlier this year that the faculty almost NEVER receives critical comments from students during tenure/faculty review processes. Instead of just bitching and moaning about professors, let your input be heard during these formal reviews. You can do so by name with written input, or anonymously by talking with a faculty member on the review team.
* Get politically involved. Even if you reject the Republican/Democratic dichotomy of U.S. politics, there are still opportunities out there. Revive the local community party! Start an “Impeach Newt” club. Work for the ACLU or Sierra Club. Go to local public hearings. Just do something.

See ADVICE on 19

Ravenous students stand before the chili feast not knowing which chili to try first

On the ladder, Rich and Free: That’s the Life for rebel against the PF’s control squad, and nosh the chili tables.

“Less analysis, more eating!” 3L Jack Van Pelt demanded.

Then, seconds before a mob riot ensued, the PF allowed the students to eat. They devoured the vats of pinto beans, peppers, meat and miscellaneous ingredi ents within minutes, but enjoyed for hours the gastronomic delight of digesting chili. For those who want to relive the glory of the Chili Cookoff, Clarke and Lamontagne generously provided their winning “Molasses Esophagus Estoppel”

See CHILI on 20

SBA Bulletin
Graduation News

Tickets for the Graduation BBQ and the Graduation Breakfast are on sale now in the lobby. The BBQ will be held on Saturday, May 13 from noon until 4:00 pm. Families are welcome. The $7 Pre-Sale admission includes lunch, beer, music, and fun. The Breakfast will be held on Sunday, May 14 at the Fort Magruder Inn from 9:00 until 11:30 am. Tickets are $7 in advance. Also available are tickets for the rain location for the Law School Diploma Ceremony ($4 per person). Tickets for the College Commencement will be distributed later. Also available are tickets for the Bookstore beginning Monday, April 24.

A “non-SBA” party is being planned for Saturday night, May 13, at the Steepleshead party room. Family members are invited. If you will be attending, please drop $5 in Mike Cox’s hanging file before exams so that the party can be funded by the class!

Beach Week is almost here. For those of you heading down to Nag’s Head, watch the SBA window for details regarding Bar Reviews and M-W parties.

Also, Beach Olympics will be held on Tuesday, May 9 - beginning at Noon. The Nag’s Head milepost is to be announced. The day will include a BBQ, Beer, Games, Prizes, and Fun. The SBA will be sponsoring and funding the event; however, we need some $5 for beer. If you will be attending, please drop $5 in Rick Cross’s (2L) or Carey Lee’s (2L) hanging file before exams.

Good luck on exams and watch for SBA study breaks to be held in the lobby (food, cofee, etc.).
How your SBA works — Judicial Council appointments

By Neil Lewis

They told me I was crazy to let all the students know how the election process for the Judicial Council works. But the SBA is yours as well as mine and I don’t want you to be anything behind closed doors.

In order to shed some light on the sometimes “murky” going-ons within the SBA, I will attempt to explain here how the Chief Justice, Associate Justices and School Attorney of the Judicial Council are selected.

Applications were first solicited by hanging file drop and everyone was given more than enough time to respond. The applications were collected and separated into rising 2Ls, 3Ls, and 1Ls, and the process began.

The Chief Justice is the first person to be selected, and he or she is selected from the applications submitted by rising 3Ls. It is true that it is a major advantage for an applicant to have been on the Judicial Council previously, because the Chief Justice will be running the Council next year.

The experience one gains while on the Council is irreplaceable. That is even true this year, because although we haven’t had a trial, there have been elections (for which the Judicial Council is responsible) and there are responsibilities that must be met for the Judicial Council to function that a past member would have had an easier time handling than would a new person going into “cold turkey.”

The nominee for Chief Justice is selected by the SBA President in consultation with the vice-president, and is submitted to the SBA Executive Board for approval. A majority vote is sufficient to appoint the new Chief Justice.

Then the hard work starts. The SBA President in consultation with the Chief Justice (pursuant to Article VI, §3 of the Constitution) must pore over all applications submitted by rising 2Ls and 3Ls. Comments are solicited during this time from SBA officers and class representatives prior to any nomination for Associate Justice or School Attorney of the Council.

An important item to remember about this nomination process is that it is not about who is the most honorable, who is the most honest, or who the SBA President and Chief Justice determine to be “best qualified.”

There is a base level for honesty and responsibility and devotion to the school’s honor code that is hard to do so when the tone of the application is mean-spirited and meant to disparage, rather than simply poke fun at, specific individuals. This line is a delicate one; however, in the Letter to the Editor and portions of the “Open Letter” regarding “Spring Rush,” the attempt at satire seemed to cross the line and became clearly hostile (for instance, “I think I speak for all of us when I say, ‘Goodbye to the psycho garbageman’).”

I was disheartened to read portions of the Amicus’ Ambulance Chaser issue on April 3, 1995. While the Ambulance Chaser is clearly a spoof and certainly is to be taken lightly, it is hard to do so when the tone of some of the articles is mean-spirited and meant to disparage, rather than simply poke fun at, specific individuals. This line is a delicate one; however, in the Letter to the Editor and portions of the “Open Letter” regarding “Spring Rush,” the attempt at satire seemed to cross the line and became clearly hostile (for instance, “I think I speak for all of us when I say, ‘Goodbye to the psycho garbageman’).”

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I provided the editors of this paper a release that allowed and encouraged my defamation.

There is simply nothing better than seeing my name in print, no matter how much I get ripped into. The only thing that upsets me is that they didn’t defame me enough. Where’s the real dirt? I don’t know why I like it, I just do.

Joe Woitko (3L)

Frank Ferguson, counsel to the Attorney General’s Office in Richmond, denies that habeas review is in a “crisis” stage in the United States.

Procedural bars keep a lot of habeas cases out of the federal courts. For example, Virginia contains the contempo­ raneous objection rule strictly. If an objection is not timely made at trial, the issue is waived on appeal and in habeas.

The United States Supreme Court does not provide much guidance for the lower courts, as the Court’s habeas jurisprudence focuses on death penalty cases, leaving lower courts to wonder if the rules

LETTERS FROM 2

are afraid or unable to be women, or men for that matter. The only other journal that endured such abuse was the well established Law Review, by far the biggest kid on the block. What purpose does it serve to keep bearing the little kid, before she even has a chance to grow?

The Amicus made such references to “skew lady flashcards” and “scantily clad assistants” at a critical time on the Marshall-Wythe Law School calendar. Last weekend, prospective first-years visited William and Mary to help them decide whether they want to attend our school. Publications are a good way to get a sense of the law school community. If a prospective picked up a copy of the Amicus what would he or she conclude about how women are perceived at this school?

Laura Sullivan, Katherine Chen, Vickie Tyler (1Ls)

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Law Watch

By Jon Sheldon

Take Back The Night

The W & M police were out on Sunday, April 9, that a female was arrested on campus for assault and battery when she was “observed with her hands locked around a male’s head while sitting on him and shouting obscenities.” (The Flat Hat, April 14).

Punching Out Rooster “Predictable”

All late employees at the New River Valley, Va., Volvo plant were greeted by a man dressed in a rooster uniform who crowded and flapped his wings at the late crews. An employee, who was late for medical reasons, was being chided by the rooster when he lost his patience and punched the bird. The employee was fired. The Virginia Employment Commission denied benefits based on misconduct. Circuit Judge Colin R. Gibson reversed, however, stating that “while the response of the petitioner violated his employer’s rules, it certainly should not have been unexpected.” (Virginia Lawyers Weekly; Lineberry v. Va. Employers’ Comm’n).

McDonald’s Rewriting Personal Injury Law

Last year McDonald’s was liable for a $64,000 coffee spill; now it must pay $375,000 for an auto crash injury caused by an employee who worked too many hours at the restaurant. (USA Today).

Assault via Hot-Sauce

Michael Towne, a cook in Denny’s in Lebanon, VT, will be on trial June 6 for assaulting two Vermont state troopers. Towne allegedly put tabasco sauce on their eggs out of animosity; he said it was an accident. (USA Today).

Drunk Driving

Suspected drunk driving who refuse to allow a medical technician to draw blood can now be charged with “resisting an officer” under Michigan Appeals Court ruled. (USA Today).

Saying No But Meaning Yes

49 percent of men and 42 percent of women reported that “they had at least once initially said no to sex although they had wanted to engage in sexual intercourse.” (Susan Sprecher, “Token Resistance” V.31 N.2 Journal of Sex Research (1994)).

Law World

By John Croucher

Judicial Rape

Iranian executioners rape their unmarried female victims as a matter of official policy, because Islamic judges have ruled that virgins who go to heaven automatically, even if executed, according to reports collected by the Parliamentary Human Rights Group. Firing squad members draw lots to see who rapes which virgin; then an Islamic judge performs a marriage. The woman is then sterilized, raped and shot. The next day the judge signs her the marriage certificate and a box of candy. (London Times).

Fake Sex Pix Not Defamation

A tabloid picture of soap stars having kinky sex was not defamatory, because it was expressly faked, the Lords said. (London Times).

User-Funded Courts

Lord Woolf will propose charging corporate litigants $300 to $750 a day for long trials, instead of one-time filing fees. Most of his proposals are likely to be adopted. (London Times).

It Couldn’t Happen Here

Prodded by a Parliamentary committee, Britain’s Child Support Agency said it would pay reparations to men it wrongly accused of being deadbeat dads, and to others who suffered great distress from its mistakes, in addition to paying damages for the financial harm it has caused. (London Times).

Meet Professor Sheri Johnson

By Raths Litvin

“The students here [at Marshall-Wythe] are more polite, more differential,” says Sheri Johnson, this year’s Lee Distinguished Professor. “I don’t notice any difference in the quality of response and preparation...I find most students are prepared most of the time.” Visiting from Cornell University where she has taught for 14 years, Johnson adds that she is used to more combative students. “I wouldn’t be surprised if people here thought I was more combative.”

At Cornell, Johnson teaches Constitutional Law, Criminal Procedure, and a Death Penalty Clinic using cases of death row inmates from South Carolina. She is a graduate of the University of Minnesota with a degree in Sociology and Economics, and Yale where she received her J.D.

Prior to her academic work, she worked as a public defender in New York for two years, primarily with criminal appeals. She continues to take death penalty cases on a pro bono basis. Her early experiences as a public defender clearly shaped her teaching and scholarly work.

It began when a Latina client who was wheeling a T.V. in a shopping cart through a neighborhood was immediately arrested for theft. “I thought...he done the same thing I did (wheeling a T.V. in a shopping cart)”. But Johnson’s actions were not deemed suspicious.

Johnson, who is teaching Constitutional Law this semester, focuses much of her professional energy on the area of equal protection, more specifically the function of race in the criminal justice system. She has researched and written about such issues as race as a justification for detaining suspects, cross-race identification and racial composition of juries. “I believe that any defendant is entitled to at least three jurors of his own race,” Johnson says noting that she is definitely a minority when it comes to that viewpoint.

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Meet Professor Sheri Johnson

By Raths Litvin

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News Briefs

Amicus Staff Selections for 1995-96
Congratulations to the new staff selections for 1995-96 on the Amicus. Editor-in-Chief, Stephen King; Production Manager, Monica Thrumond; Managing Editor, Mike Grable; Business Manager, Martha Mensoian.

Legal Skills Most Professional Awarded
Legal Skills senior partners designated M-W Gambrell Professionalism Awards for this year. The awards will be given at the luncheon with the Law School Foundation Trustees.

Receiving this award also makes these individuals eligible to receive the Spong Professionalism Award, a small cash award given by the W&M Society of the Alumni.

The recipients are Sheilla Brooks, Courtney Collins, Laura Conner, Kimberly Dustin, Thomas Estes, Amy Fedok, Ryan McDougle, Dawn Raisters, Jill Ryan, M. Andrew Sway, and Wendy Vann.

Bright Lecture
Steve Bright, Director of the Southern Center for Human Rights in Atlanta, law professor at both Harvard and Yale, and author of law review articles on the death penalty and criminal procedure will speak on the crime debate and implications for the constitutional rights of criminal defendants in Room 127 at 12:30 p.m., Wednesday, April 19. Reception to follow.

Brown Bag Lunch on Counseling
The issue of how to deal with clients, loved ones, and friends who have been victims of sexual harassment, assault, abuse, or domestic violence will be discussed at a brown bag luncheon on Wednesday, April 19 at 12:30 p.m. in Room 239.

Scheduled speakers Cathy Clemens ('94) of the Commonwealth Victims Assistance Office and Kate McLeod, Education Coordinator of Avalon: A Center for Women and Children will address counseling techniques for attorneys and society's views. Questions are encouraged after their presentation.

Professor Susan Grover and "Women in the Law" is sponsoring the event.

Order of the Barristers Announced
The M-W chapter of the Order of the Barristers announced the following individuals have been selected for induction as Members of the Order of the Barristers for having exhibited excellence and attaining high honor through the art of courtroom advocacy: Carla N. Archie, Theodore William Atkinson, Walter Benja, Bryan Alan Fratkin, Charlie Johnson, Douglas Miller, William Pines, Jonathan Charles Rotter, and Joshua Sacks.

W&M Choir and Chorus Present Spring Concerts
The College will present its Spring Concerts Friday, April 21, and Saturday, April 22, at 8 p.m. in Phi Beta Kappa Memorial Hall on Jamestown Road. Tickets are $4 and can be purchased before the concerts at the Campus Center main desk and the PBK box office beginning today. The box office will be open from 1 p.m. and the phone number is 221-2674.

W&M Botetourt Singers Spring Concert
The Botetourt Chamber Singers will present its annual Spring Concert at 3 p.m. Sunday, April 23, in the Great Hall of the Sir Christopher Wren Building. Admission is free.

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra to Perform
The Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, with classical guitarist Pepe Romero as guest artist, will hold two performances at W&M on Monday and Tuesday, April 24 and 25. Both performances will be held at 8 p.m. at PBK hall on Jamestown Road. General admission tickets are $20 each and can be reserved by calling 221-3276. If tickets are available, students with a valid ID will be able to purchase one ticket for $10 at the door the evening of the performance.

National Trial Team Board Announced
Serving as National Trial Team Board for 1995-96 next year will be Chief Counsel, Krista A. Griffith; Finance Counsel, Alisa L. Pittman; Selection Counsel, Dave Dawson; Vice-Selection Counsel, Rhonda Rivas; Administrative Counsel, Shawn Overby; Developmental Counsel, Travis Farris.

Style Finally Arrives at W&M
Thom Mallon, literary editor of GQ (Gentlemen's Quarterly), will be the keynote speaker at the 10th anniversary dinner of the Friends of the Library at the College of William and Mary at 6 p.m. Friday, April 28 in the Chesapeake Room A of the University Center.

The event is open to the public and the cost is $35 per person. Reservations and payment must be made by Friday April 21. Send checks payable to the Friends of the Library to John Haskell, Associate Dean, Earl Gregg Swem Library, P.O. Box 8794, College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, 23187-8794. Call 221-3050 for more information.

Phi Alpha Delta Service Fraternity Officers Elected
Congratulations to the officers elected as P.A.D. officers for the 1995-96 school year:
Chief Justice, Derek Dickinson; Vice Justice, Jan Starkweather; Treasurer, Angel Lyon; Clerk, Valerie Renick; Marshall, Calvin Anderson; Historians, Laura Feltman and Rebecca Shinick.

Bushrod Washington Moot Court Tournament Dates Set for 2Ls
The 1995 Bushrod Tournament will be held from Friday, September 15 through Saturday, September 30.

In Defense of the First-Year Men
Now, we understand that some of the student body are a bit miffed at the first year guys' comments about their female counterparts, who can blame these men when their myriad of charming attributes are so often overlooked? What woman wouldn't want one of these shining beacons of legal manhood for her very own?

Why, just marvel at their heightened level of discourse, known as Greenspeak, which is unfettered by the weighty constraints of logic and sequential thought. And who could ever tire of listening to their glorifying praise of the object of their sexual desires: Grocki's hair? Who wouldn't want a man who weighs less than his cat, or drinks his own urine while standing on his head naked? Who wasn't beside herself with desire when Rose's little friend emerged from the James River?

And wouldn't it be nice to have a boy­­friend, like Boak, who will not only dazzle you with his uncanny resemblance to Shaggy, but will share your baby doll dresses, too? Bravo. And imagine how handy it would be when you run out of Velveeta to have the master of cheese himself, Mr. Trent T. Williams, in the kitchen. Too much tequila in the house? Never fear, Rose will be glad to rid you of that pesky problem. Forget about men who use up all of your soap. Greenspan won't touch the stuff. Talk about low maintenance!

Think how comforting it would be to have one of these gems of your own very own during finals, you could rub his beer belly and hold spot for good luck! And wouldn't it be great to take one of these studs to Beach Week? You could put sunscreen on his scalp and help him affix the touppee on his inflatable Grocki-doll.

And if you're worried that you've missed your chance at these sexpots, take heart: the undergraduate women were equally blind to their charms, which means if you act fast, you may still be able to snag one for summer! Even the men with girlfriends are still available. And if you're lucky enough to grab one of these treasures, you won't have to worry about him sleeping with your friends, as each is unable to maintain the turgid state in the presence of intelligent women. Which may put a damper on your sex life, but watching them pass around staid copies of Penthouse andTonya Harding videos may prove even more fulfilling.

With all this going for them, it's understandable why it's so hard for these men to humiliate. That's why we love you guys!

Jen and Anne
Tony Aguado—Currently living under the old Boston Garden with the leprechaun.

Renee Albritt—Hawking "Official Presidential Pins" and "Secret Service Napkins" on QVC.

Rodney Archer—Managing his theme park which he opened for his own amusement called "Rodney’s World."


Steve Arne—the first American League Umpire to be thrown out of a game for drinking.

John Ashley—Makes up with Al, breaks up with Ali.

Ted Atkinson—Hosting his own variety show with Ali.

Drinking.

Umpire to be thrown out of a game for drinking.

Park which he opened for his own amusement called "Rodney’s World."

Century "throw-down,

Century "playoff.

Chris Boynton—Still living in one of ian’s motels.

Motel opens his own dance club. Bouncers are doing nothing under his kilt. '"

Ivan Bates—President and CEO of the newly merged Bates-Motel 6.

Walt Benzija—Leaves the law to head band that covers Bruce Springsteen songs. Winds up in bankruptcy court anyway.

Paul Benzoni—Stung by the National Guard.

Scott Dobbsenstahl—Now dons a cape and protects the liberals of everywhere under the leadership of Captain Lefty.

Alan Duckworth—Spontaneously combusts.

Lizelle Duggar—Like the Southpuggles, Lizelle’s husband finally becomes real. He moves in with her and they have four kids.

Nicole Damangane—Living in a glass bubble, phone number unlisted, gives an alias on her answering machine.

Robin Denis—Rains a mystery. Reportedly lost in space.

Edward Etkenman—Per order of the Virginia Governor, forcibly removed from the Law Review office by the Virginia National Guard.

John Fantuzzi—Has to pay for his daughter’s wedding. Repeatedly bitten.

Shelley Evans—Editor of N.Y. magazine entitled ‘I’m Shelley, and You’re Not’.

John Fantuzzi—Last seen doing the Fantuzzi strut into Medical Examiner’s Office.

Chris Fields—Plans overthrow of Jim Heller’s office and eliminate library orientation.

Dennis Foley—Gives up on the Blue Devil.

Rus Foster—Finally does burn 302 Grif-fin down with the pizza in the oven.

Bryan Fratkin—Coches his son, Theodore Fratkin, in the state swimming finals; officially changes name to Bryan Alan Godwin.

Tony Friess—Leaves the firm of Hunton, Williams & Fratkin for a few days and pilots a Harley down to Daytona for Bike Week; dons leather and instigates a lot of bar fights.

Kerri Gilmore—Shocked and horrified when she finds strangers in her closet who say, "He’s the only man I’ve ever loved!"

Bryan Fratkin—Coches his son, Theodore Fratkin, in the state swimming finals; officially changes name to Bryan Alan Godwin.

Tom Godwin—Does anyone know where he is? Please call 999-CRIME.

Megan Kelly—Tans successfully.

Bill Kennedy—Does anyone know where he is? Please call 999-CRIME.

Lori Kerber—Conquers classroom agora-phobia.

Erich Kimbrough—Declares himself Dictator for Life. Orders death to all other journal editors.

Jean King—Starts yet another goddamn journal.

Aaron Kline—New head writer for Aaron Spelling hit Williamsburg-21318.

Brian Knight—Finally found by Liz Jackson.

Want to know what happens next? Subscribe to the Amicus Curiae.

Gretchen Knoblauch—Rents out a room to Professor Lee, reports him to EPA, goes insane.

Jake Koenig—Gets a tattoo, shaves his chest and hits the open road; constantly complains about how "The Man’s" keeping him down.

Scott Layman—President, American Association of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences; routinely riggs the awards so he can win the pool. Finally gives Kevin Bacon the Oscar he deserves.

Tom Leighton—Wins every case he tries.

Center, when he finds strangers in her closet who say, "He’s the only man I’ve ever loved!"

Dawn Leporati—Arrested for abusing the child he fathered.

Gre’g Blackman—First non-English citizen of the Philippines to be naturalized.
Can the New Congress survive the old media?

Jonathan Koenig

First Amendment scholar Zechariah Chafee, Jr. once referred to the press as a "wild animal in our midst - restless, gigantic, always seeking new ways to use its strength." For years, that gigantic animal has used its strength to support the steady expansion of government and the steady erosion of traditional values. Today, however, the survival of that animal could be in peril.

Technological innovations and the emergence of talk radio as a powerful political force have undermined the role of the traditional or "Old Media." No longer must citizens rely on the likes of Dan Rather and the editorial board of The Washington Post for political news and analysis. Alternative sources, ranging from cable television to the Internet and Rush Limbaugh, have broadened the marketplace of ideas. The "new media" serve a useful watchdog function by calling attention to the biases of the old. Anyone who has listened to Rush Limbaugh's program, for example, knows that he spends a good portion of his show de-constructing news coverage of national politics.

In light of these developments, are longstanding conservative fears of "liberal bias" in the media any longer warranted? Forbes Media Critic, an excellent new publication that surveys the best and worst of America's journalism," enlists its Spring issue "Can the Old Media Survive the New Congress - and the New Media?" A thoughtful and well-documented lead article by Terry Eastland argues that the Old Media's patently biased coverage of the 104th Congress will backfire, resulting in a public that is even more distrustful of the media than it is of politicians. Combined with the emergence of alternative or "new" media, this could mean that the days of Old Media hegemony are over. According to Eastland, the Old Media is self-destructing and will, in the process, do more harm than good for the liberal agenda.

Unfortunately, I cannot join in this sanguine view. The Old Media remains a powerful institution. The test question is "Can the New Congress Survive the Old Media?" and the answer depends partly on how Republicans decide to respond to the Old Media's persistent bias. To continue the Chafee metaphor, if an animal, even in its death throes, can still inflict a great deal of harm. Nothing demonstrates the destructive power of the Old Media more clearly than its rejection of the 1994 elections and its biased coverage of the Contract with America.

At Christmas, predictably, the covers of national news magazines portrayed Speaker Gingrich as the Grinch and as Scrooge. The negative coverage of Gingrich has continued, with a measurable effect on public perceptions of the man. Worse, the networks and major newspapers uncritically repeat the views (or at least, the soundbites) of those who oppose the Contract. They simply do not subject critics of the Contract to the same kind of scrutiny applied to the new Republican majority, even though the burden of persuasion should be on liberals, whose solutions to crime, welfare, and the economy have been tried and found wanting.

As an example, take the debate over "cuts" in the federal school lunch program. The GOP wants to slow the growth of this program and shift control over spending to the states. If you live on a steady diet of Old Media news coverage, you may not realize that the Republicans actually want to increase - not decrease - funding for the program. Because Republicans want a smaller increase (4.5 percent) than Democrats, however, their opponents have been able to characterize them as heartless budget cutters.

Minority Leader Gephardt (following a photo op with students eating subsidized Sloppy Joes) declared that "we should not be funding tax cuts for the wealthiest Americans by cutting school lunches for kids." Aided Gephardt, "It's a dumb, stupid, bad idea." In a floor speech in March, Congressman John Lewis of Georgia went even further. He admonished his colleagues: "Read the Republican contract. They are coming for the poor. They are coming for the sick, the elderly and the disabled." Lewis then accused Republicans of trying to create conditions as bad as West Germany. These sound bites are misleading and, at best, it is irresponsible of the media to air them without exploring their underlying substance (or lack thereof).

As a whole, by accepting the attacks of congressional Democrats at face value, the Old Media engages in what Speaker Gingrich has called "despicable demagogy." Is it the Republican "Contract demagogy" having an effect on public opinion? According to a Washington Post/ABC News poll released in March, most Americans now believe that "Republican lawmakers are going too far in cutting federal social programs that benefit children, the elderly, the poor and the middle class." Respondents were asked a number of neutral, open-ended questions such as "Do you agree or disagree that Republicans will go too far in helping the rich and cutting needed government services that benefit average Americans as well as the poor?" (59 percent agreed). A majority also agreed with the statement "the more I hear about what Republicans do in Congress, the less I like it." Could this be because what Americans hear about the Contract (from ABC and The Washington Post).

See CONGRESS on 20

LAW POETRY on 14

Related commentary

Theonus

Featured Commentary

Life after law school: Writing law poetry pays off

By Sean Sell ('93)

"This is Jeopardy!" I said, waving a dollar bill of Marshall-Wythe. For those of you who do not know me, or whose efforts to forget me have been successful, I am a '93 grad. I recently had my fifteenth minutes of fame on the above-referenced game show.

I thought it was my destiny. In college, my friends would keep score as we watched. I almost always won. People told me I had to get on this show. So while home in San Diego I found out the test date, went up to L.A. and tried out. I failed.

That was in 1990. I failed again in 1991. The Jeopardy! test has 50 questions in 5 different categories. You sit in a big studio with about 60 other people. The questions appear on three TV screens with the familiar blue background and white letters, read by Alex Trebek. You have ten seconds for each and aren't yet required to answer in the form of a question.

The show coordinators don't tell you how many you need to get right, and they don't tell you afterwards how many you got wrong. It's the number of questions that is necessary to pass. After the Jeopardy! elves have a chance to grade the tests, they announce the names of the fortunate few who passed.

So the third time was the charm. It was April of '94. Graduation from law school must have started my lucky streak although I was sure I had failed again. I know I missed at least 10 questions. Hearing my name as one who had passed was as surprising as acting a law school final.

Or so I imagined.

I was on the eligible list for a year. I received a call Oct. 18 announcing the taping on Nov. 30. Of course I had been studying for months: Shakespeare, presidents, the Bible, movies, foods starting with "F." I bought a map of the world for my bedroom. I got a library card and checked out all nine volumes of The Civil War. So I was ready.

Wednesday, Nov. 18 at 10 a.m., I arrived at the studio to meet the other contestants. Five shows were taped on that day. Everyone was required to bring three different outfits, in case they won and advanced to the next taping. We were all very friendly and civil; we were all expecting to go home rich.

The first show's winner was present, acting quiet and unimposing. After three hours of preliminaries, taping of the first show finally began. The other two contestants were out-of-towners there for the taping the day before, but they didn't get on.

The rest of us were seated in the audience. We were told these shows would not air until the week of March 13. When Alex Trebek appeared, he looked dapper as always in his Perry Ellis attire. He's good at what he does, but he's not someone you'd want to go to Paul's with. In fact, Alex is a schmuck. During breaks he spouted off about any number of things that were on his mind. No one on the crew paid any attention to him.

The first show was not noteworthy. The second show, however, featured the first appearance of Jonathan Groff. Look for him in the "Tournament of Champions." Not only did he seem to know all the answers, but he always seemed to ring in first.

When the time came for Final Jeopardy!, the other two contestants scored less than half of what Jonathan scored. Those of us remaining in the audience were loudly awakened from our dreams of fortune. We all hoped not to face this day.

The two not called could return on a later day. On the one hand, if I came back, it might not be against Jonathan. On the other hand, I really wanted to go that day.

Sure enough my name was called. You might have seen the show which aired on Friday, March 17th. That's right, St. Patrick's Day. When I found out the date, I switched to my green tie. The luck of the Irish was not with me. Or maybe it was, considering Ireland's history.

All the time I was studying I should have been playing Nintendo to improve my thumb reflexes. That's what it comes down to. I knew a lot of the answers (or should I say questions), but I had a hell of a time sounding that buzzer. Going into Final Jeopardy!, I was in second place with $3,300 and the other challenger had $2,000. Jonathan had $12,800.

The second and third prizes were announced. Second place won a trip to someplace in Florida I had never heard of. Third place won three nights in Palm Springs. The category was philanthropists. I think it was..."
America the Accused! The anti-intellectual or the beautiful?

Can America survive growing “Dumb and Dumber?”

Rich Roston

The Fool

The fool, dressed in ragged clothes, stands dangerously near the edge of an abyss. On his head are four feathers: white for the suit of swords, red for wands, aqua for cups and gold for coins. He carries a rough stick over his left shoulder. On the end of the stick is a pig’s bladder symbolizing Saint Roch, a victim of the plague who wandered in the wilderness as an outcast. In the fool’s right hand is a stick. A small lion leaps forward on his leg and a wizened flower with brown petals, no choice at all, a crocodile lurks in the abyss among pieces of a broken obelisk.

Divinatory Meaning
An awakening, Enthusiasm, Initiative, Unlimited possibilities, Pleasure.


Indiscr etion. Tendency to start a project without carefully considering all the details.

Rebuttal to listen to advice from other people.

The message of the fool is that every so often we all need the courage to be dumb. In an age where our most taxing decisions concern which channel to watch, what pair of shoes to wear, and which 99¢ salad dressing to buy, we need to realize that the things that keep us away from the abyss are often the simplest, most humble things.

Failing a student is virtually out of the question, since it might make them feel bad. No consideration can even be given to the possibility that “bad” feeling might motivate the student to work harder to master difficult material, or at least to acquire basic skills. This should be of concern to all of us, since this is the group from which the social, political, and business leaders of the next century will emerge. Can this nation afford to have leaders who have been taught to settle for average?

Another danger of the dumbing down of America is the gradual breakdown of our political system. Fewer and fewer people even bother to keep up with current developments in this nation, and political discussions turn more on innuendo and generalizations than on serious points of policy. Rush Limbaugh garners a huge following by speaking as an ideologue; there is no need to intellectually analyze ideas or talk to someone when you can simply

See DUMB on 20

J.C. Thieme

Message to America: Everybody plays the Fool, or should

“By asking less of ourselves, we are no longer reaching for the achievement which this nation needs to survive... the diversity of ideas which has served this country well has deteriorated into a pestilence of platitudes.”

producers just supply what the viewers demand. There doesn’t seem to be quite as much prime-time demand for Ted Koppel’s persiflage analysis as there is for current Hardcopy affair. There is nothing wrong with mindless entertainment (especially after a law exam) but it would be refreshing if people occasionally demanded some substance.

There are incredible dangers inherent in the dumbing down of America. For one thing, “achievement” is becoming a dirty word. Look at the public school systems; there is more concern about finding ways to keep kids from feeling inadequate than there is about encouraging them to strive for excellence. Is it any surprise that SAT scores are falling? It is increasingly difficult for conscientious teachers to set even minimal acceptable standards, since the pressure to inflate grades and promote students requires that even mediocre students pass classes if at all possible. The net result is that the minimal performance which used to be considered average is now something to which the next generation aspires. Of course, we know from a lack of incentive that our students keep falling as standards go even lower, which lowers the average, ad infinitum.

Failing a student is virtually out of the question, since it might make them feel bad. No consideration can even be given to the possibility that “bad” feeling might motivate the student to work harder to master difficult material, or at least to acquire basic skills. This should be of concern to all of us, since this is the group from which the social, political, and business leaders of the next century will emerge. Can this nation afford to have leaders who have been taught to settle for average?

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See THE FOOL on 20
Monday, April 17, 1995 THE AMICUS CURIÆ

Ask Mr. Smart Guy

Dear Mr. Smart Guy:

We are writing because we were deeply disturbed by many of the items contained in the Ambulance Chaser a couple of weeks ago, especially items that picked on the Journal of Women and the Law. It seems the Amicus appears a tad hostile to the Journal of Women and the Law's purpose. I understand that the comment was an attempt at humorous interplay; but evidently the authors think they can print anything no matter how hurtful, no matter how hateful, so long as they cloak it in the guise of satire. I hope the next time they put their pen to paper and try their hands at humor, they will bear in mind that the person they are writing about is a human being, not a cartoon.

— Nicole, Laura, Katherine & Vickie

Dear Furious Four:

With regard to the Ambulance Chaser, some might indeed write to us that “the sting may be a little stronger than the laughter,” but those words were so goddamn trite when we read them that the staff laughed out loud instead of being touched and humbled by your deeply-felt, finely honed sense of personal anguish over the injustice done to you. Frankly, as we sat wiping tears of laughter off our face, mocking letters so blatantly maudlin as to verge on absurdity, we couldn’t help but think that you’d have that whole angry-in-the-cause-of-righteousness thing nailed down to a science by the time you four wound up alone and embittered on your local school board, fighting hard to get The Wizard of Oz out of school libraries because it refers to ‘munchkins’ instead of the ‘length-impaired.’ One tip: next time you’ll find you can boost your credibility if you try not to sound like you’ve endured more suffering than survivors of the Holocaust because of something somebody wrote in a fucking humor piece.

Okay, okay, so maybe we went a little bit overboard on the whole letter to the editor about Courtoom 21. And maybe, just maybe, there were some things said in the “11. Rush” article that I’m sure Neil Lewis regrets having written. Perhaps if we’d known then what we know now we might think about changing it a little. That’s fine and I’ve got no problem with toning things down. Just the other day Steve Chin and Doug Onley came in, huddling together like Hansel & Gretel, sniffing back tears about what I’d written in my column last week. I sat them down and told them that I’d try not to be so hard on them in the future. Then I gave them a cookie and sent them back to the library before the Ramsey-Sharifmahadian carrot-lamp cat fight could escalate, engulfing their carrels, too.

But come on! Nicole! Babe! Not only should you not complain, but you should thank your lucky stars! We didn’t even touch you in this year’s edition of the Chaser, an event made possible only because you ran to Public Policy, switching identities like some bizarre Dr. Richard Kimball so that we couldn’t hunt you down and take advantage of the well-spring of material you’ve given us over the years with which to mock you senselessly. You can run, but, dammit girl, you can’t hide.

As for the 11. Weird Sisters over at the Journal of Women and the Law, conjuring up their incantations to ward off evil bad people who (shudder!) dare to poke fun at a bunch of upright, humorless reactionaries by suggesting (the mind boggles!) that Journal staffers take themselves and their rag a little too seriously—girl, don’t even get me started. I will say this much: we’ve beaten up on the Law Review pretty hard over the years, calling them lamp-bearing geeks and socially inept misfits, but not once have we ever received a letter of complaint. I’ve said some cruel things about them, but they’ve earned my sincere respect because at least they don’t go running to their word processors with their tails between their unshaven, field hockey stick-bruised legs every time some clown says something about them they don’t like.

Dear MSG:
The autumn of your career is upon you. Who takes over? --Devoted Reader

Dear Devoted Reader:

It is indeed true that the twilight of my day as a writer and student here is upon me. And soon, a new bard will take over to try to bring a smile to your face and a tear to your eye. As I prepare to move ahead, I can only hope that the new advice columnist will keep true to the spirit of the column and remember the advice my dear ma gave me after I was caught giving a compliment to a playmate as a young boy: “Master Smart Boy, always remember: It’s easy to laugh at yourself. What’s hard is laughing at others.” I’ve never forgotten those nuggets of wisdom, and can only hope that I’ve lived up to them.

I’ve seen the future, and it is promising. Some bright lad or lass will come forth from the placid second year class, or perhaps from the chain smoking, drug-altered first year class and perform the honor-bound duty of hurling scatological insults at their so-called friends and classmates.

Maybe he or she will even maintain anonymity, as I have tired of fan mail tied to bricks and hurled through my unopened windows. I’ve done my part, and perhaps I’ve even had some small impact. I hope that people now see their hidden flaws and embarrassing personal problems, as I have tried my damnest to ferret them out and display them proudly for all to see. I hope professors realize that their unfortunate sense of style or enormously entertaining tics and habits have only endeared their students to them. And finally, I hope that in the years to come, my fellow law students and my friends on the faculty and in the Administration reflect and see what it is that I have truly accomplished here: avoiding, through the grace of God, defamation suits and beatings I so richly deserve.

Dear Mr. Smart Guy:

One final question. Do you really think that wherever you go and whatever you do, I’m not going to track you down and rip out the beating heart that haunts me every night in my sleep and stuff it into your fat mouth and watch you slowly die at my hands?

-- Jim Pennell

Dear Jim: Uh...
**TRADING CARDS: EDITORS OF MARSHALL-WYTHE CULTURAL PHENOMENA**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>KEVIN MINER</th>
<th>JEAN KING</th>
<th>JEFF REGNER</th>
<th>STEPHEN KING</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Too bad this picture is not in color.</strong> On the other hand, it's not like other students have not noticed Kevin's infamous one-of-a-kind (we hope) magenta shirts. With only another week left of classes, it appears that Kevin's planned coup to oust the Dictator Koch as Editor of the Administrative Law Review Journal has been unsuccessful. The 2L staff of Law Review hired the attack ninjas last fall.</td>
<td><strong>It was difficult taking this picture of Jean.</strong> True to form, she could not stop jiggling her leg during the photo shoot although she made the staff sign a release not to be too sexist on her Trading Card. Jean has always yearned to combine her law career with her love of sports. Lucky Jean snagged a clerkship with Bora Multinovich in New Jersey and so has been forced to leave the Without Baile team.</td>
<td><strong>Advocating the cleanup of the environment isn't easy.</strong> Now if Jeff and the staff at the Journal formerly known as Prince would just clean up the hazardous waste dump site that they share with the Amicus, then Jeff's pregnant wife would be able to visit her husband's M-W work environment in safety. We would also like to mention the back wall of the office that is crumbling as a result of toxic penumbral emanations.</td>
<td><strong>Uh oh. How did this happen?</strong> Stephen is Editor of the Amicus next year, not a journal. Is he planning to turn the newspaper into a journal for academic credit? Well, good luck. Since this issue marks a transitional stage, maybe Stephen just wanted his picture in the paper, since it will never happen on the Sports page. (Who said that...Neill?)</td>
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**'95 CLASS from 8 astronomical phone bills.**

Vanessa Peterson—Leaves law practice to become a hand model. Linda Brown—theIRR's discovers care for the common cold while on a wild shopping spree at Victoria's Secret.

Jeremy Phillips—Rots to death in Moort Courtroom jail.

William Pincus—WWF champ. David Pinkowitz—Proprietor of the "Pinky's" Palace Bordello and Casino in Atlantic City. Theresa Pulley—Finally gets used to being called Mrs. Atkinson. cate in law.

Manesh Rath—Told by Chief Justice O'Connor, "Shut the fuck up, Manesh." Beverly Rebar—First in class to be re-barred. Jeff Regner—Homeless. Living with his in-laws in a trailer by the river.

Doug Reinhart—Manager at Governor's Square. Andrew Richardson—Married, five kids, white picket fence and a brand new black leather interior Mustang station wagon. Amy Rollins—Finds out Dave Dawson's really worth... very little.

Jonathan Rotter—Buys a real tie in celebration of completion of his Bill of Rights Journal note. Tony Russo—Losses mud wrestling, gridge match to Shelley Evans.

Josh Sacks—Killed by Postmaster Doug Onley. Carter Santos—Finally loses his buzz.

Bill Schulz—Whereabouts Unknown. Jon Sheldon—Extradited to Kenya, where they're still a little peeved over the goat-flinging incident.

Kimberly Tolhurst—Starts dressing and acting like someone half her age. Jennifer Tosini—Copyrights the term "Toxins." King Tower—Starts his own monarchy.

Greg Turpin—Leading a crusade to abolish the Fourth Amendment.

Tim Vanderwerp—Divulges the Coca-Cola recipe. Stock plummets.

Jason Van Pelt—Continues to be excited while judging wet T-shirt contests.

Lara Viskelie—Crowned Queen of Croatia. Brad Wagshul—Completes his Florida bar application.

Michelle Walsh—Starts her own perfume dynasty. Amy Waskowiak—Runs a government-funded orphanage with Neeti Gingrich. Raises everyone's Awareness, then brings them to the floor.

Brenda Wolf—President of Bar/ Bri branch in Pennsylvania. Steven Youngkin—Becomes first lawyer to conduct his law practices solely over the Internet. Brenda Zwilling—Marries a hot blond W&M undergraduate at age 40.

---

**Farewell from Smart Guy**

This is the time when I say thanks and discuss how I feel about graduating. I'm going to do that, but I want to make it perfectly clear how I feel, and do that I have to tell you a little tale.

True story: right before we came to law school, each of us had to have a physical examination. Blood tests, shots, the whole nine yards. When I got my examination form from W&M I went to one of those urgent or first care places that have popped up like six-Elevens. I told them I needed to have a physical. They took my information and sent me to one of those little rooms where you're forced to sit on a cold table for fifteen minutes staring at jars of cotton and gauze until the doctor or nurse comes in.

A young female nurse started to go over the form. She was very nice, and very sweet, but seemed intent on just getting my information and moving on. She looked over my immunization card and told me, to my dismay, that I had to have three shots. She asked the usual questions, stuff like that.

Then she took a vial of my blood, and said, "Alright, I'm going to put this in the centrifuge, and spin it around for a few minutes." She placed the vial in the centrifuge, reached up and grabbed a small plastic cup. "While I'm doing that," she said, "I want you to take this cup into the bathroom and give me a sperm sample. Inside there's a little window off to the side. When you're finished, just slide the little door open and put the cup in the window. Then comeback and we'll finish..." I had stopped understanding her because my mind was too busy dealing with the fact she just said sperm sample. I've never been one to question doctors or nurses. I did what I was told. Let me paint you a picture of this bathroom: eight feet by six feet, a sink, a mirror, a toilet, and hundreds of little white tiles. Not your most stimulating of environments.

So I'm following healthcare provider's orders, and concentrating really hard because it is, in fact, 30 degrees in this little ceramic room. After a couple of minutes there's a loud knock at the door.

"What are you doing in there?" asks the nurse, and all of a sudden my concentration's broken like glass. "I'll be out in a minute," my voice cracks, and she went away.

After I finish, I put the little cup in the window, clean up, and sheepishly shuffle back to the examination room.

"There you are," she says, and tells me to sit while she finishes up. She's taken the vial out of the centrifuge, and is doing something with it. To tell you the truth, I'm not really paying attention. Anyway, she's talking to me, and grabs my cup. She swills around in her chair to write on her form, notices the cup, and what's inside, and pauses. Then she looks up at me and says, "I'm sorry. I meant a urine sample."

Upshot: I go back into the bathroom, feeling like Ned Beaty after the pig incident in Deliverance, and give her the proper sample. I pray for her to finish. When she does, I grab the form and beat a hasty retreat. And not once does she say...
Music for the Masses

More of the same from Shaw Blades and Cinderella

By Scott Layman

Shaw Blades

Hallucination

With Ted Nugent working on a solo project, the remaining principals from Damn Yankees, Tommy Shaw and Jack Blades, decided not to sit around idly and teamed up for this collaborative effort. Blades and Shaw, playing bass and guitar respectively, share vocals on this CD as they do on their Damn Yankees projects. The biggest difference between Hallucination and their previous work together is that the absence of Nugent.

Both Shaw and Blades have decent voices and impressive credentials. Blades was a driving force behind Night Ranger in the 80s. Shaw was responsible for many of Styx's best songs, like "Renegade" and "Too Much Time on My Hands." Granted, neither of these bands were musical geniuses, but both groups created solid pop and rock songs. The duo bring some of their pop sensibilities to Hallucination, a CD filled with equal parts of ballads and mid-tempo rockers.

"My Hallucination," the first single, is one of the best songs. "Down that Highway" is a fun tune that starts out slow and picks up to a foot-stomping tempo. Acoustic guitars play an important role on the ballads "The Night Goes On" and "I Can't Live Without You." Both are basically carbon-copies of the Damn Yankees-style ballads. These guys are not breaking any new ground musically or lyrically, but for the most part this is a decent CD. Blades and Shaw sprinkle the tracks with many vocal harmonies. The listener can sing along to most of the songs without getting a headache.

Cinderella

Still Climbing

Although the heyday of glam metal is gone, Cinderella is still rocking ahead in the unfamiliar territory of the grunge-filled 90s. This is probably appropriate since this band has more talent than most of the big-haired bands of the late 80s. Cinderella always infused their music with a taste of blues and emotion. Vocalist Tom Keifer still has an easily recognizable voice that is very distinctive.

On their fifth release, Cinderella does not break from their formula, but they still put out a solid effort. If you can handle the screeching voice of Keifer, you may enjoy the CD. Most of the songs are full throttle. Some of the standouts are "Talk is Cheap," "Freethehills," and the title track. The band does slow down for the ballads "Hard to Find the Words" and "Through the Rain," both of which are very effective.

The lyrics are standard fare, with most songs talking about a woman or the hardships of life. On the cliché-ridden "The Road's Still Long," Keifer comments "Now I see where I come from/Now I see where I am." Now I see that you never really know! So you just gotta do the best you can.

While there is nothing really exciting on this CD, one can do far worse when it comes to a hard rock/metal selection. Cinderella mixes enough keyboard and strings with the tough attitude to keep things interesting. But the discriminating buyer would be better off waiting for something else.

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Joys of Basset's hailed; Jazzy and Tango unveiled

By Kim Tolhurst and Lori Petruzzelli

After a semester of near hits and a lot of misses, eating where few dare to go, we say goodbye to the dining community of M-W. Wouldn't it make sense that as our entree we would order our burgers with cheddar cheese and bacon. Kim, however, made her mark by ordering the barbecue sauce as a topping.

The menu offered a wide variety of luncheon values, from quiche to sandwiches. Of special mention was the build your own burger or grilled chicken sandwich. This selection ran under $5 and for an additional $4 per item, you could create a delicacy of your choice from onions to bacon, mushrooms to barbecue sauce.

We both ordered the burgers, and took advantage of the occasion to express our individuality. Ok, if the truth be told, peer pressure set in, and we ordered our burgers with cheddar cheese and bacon. Kim, however, made her mark by ordering the barbecue sauce as a topping.

While waiting to be served, a strange thing happened. Kim got curious and peeked behind the curtain, which sections off the restaurant from the bar. "Jazzy! Tango!" Kim exclaimed. "I thought you were dead!"

"Where have you guys been?" Lori demanded. "You have a lot of explaining to do. We had to write your stupid column the whole semester!"

Then Tango explained the sad truth. "We weren't dead—we've just been hiding out. It's a real scary world these days." Jazzy continued the thought, "You know, Newt, Kato, Mr. SmartGuy... Then there was that little problem we caused at Nick's Pewter Plate." Alas, the truth.

Recommendation: for casual dining at good prices, bring your appetite and choose from our many options. Bring your Visa because at Basset's they don't take American Express (seriously); 207 Bypass Rd.

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Diane Bobby Annis

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SMH Bar Review course and the Public Service Fund provide chili, beer and entertainment from 11 Tom Church at the PSF Chili Cookoff
Rob Roy elicits praise for a sumptuous production

By Steven Youngkin

"Sumptuous." While I was sitting in the theater watching Rob Roy, the word that kept on coming back to me was "sumptuous." I’m not sure whether it was the green fields, the costumes, the Scot- that kept on coming back to me was "sumptuous."

ish music, the performances, the sword fights or what. All I do know is that Rob Roy is sumptuous.

But, more on that in a moment. This is my final review of the semester, of the year and of my law school career. I've been writing reviews now for three years and it's a little saddening to think that I'm going to have go back to boring much smaller audience with my opinions and biases on movies. I just want to comment that it has been a pleasure and an honor serving as your movie reviewer. Granted, the job was not always a pleasant one (I still suffer cold chills from seeing The Real McCoy with Kim Basinger), but the joys of seeing through films like Schindler's List, Pulp Fiction and Age of Innocence have more than outweighed the many unpleasant aspects.

Which brings me to my final column. My first column reviewed the movie Rob Roy, I was impressed but not thrilled. Of course I recited the following excerpt from my Senior Law essay:

All of the performances are superlative. Neeson brings the same skill and professionalism that he exhibited in Schindler's List. Like Oskar Schindler, Robert McGregor is not a saint. This is a man who just wants to make a little bit of money and lead a quiet life with his wife and kids. Unfortunately, forces unknown to him, force him to become a braver and stronger man than he might have been otherwise.

Further, his and Lange's relationship is more than believable. Watching these characters play off of each other, it becomes easy to accept that Robert would do anything for his wife and that his wife would stand by Robert no matter what the cost.

Special mention has to be made of Tim Roth. In the two movies he did with Quentin Tarantino (Reservoir Dogs, Pulp Fiction), I was impressed but not thrilled. He was good but his acting didn't make him stand out in my mind. In Rob Roy, though, that has changed. The man is pure, sadistic evil. He arrives on McGregor's shore, shoots the dog, casually walks up to Mary McGregor, punches her hard, and then drags her into the house and casually rapes her. There is no warmth, compassion, or guilt in any of his actions. He is also disarmingly dangerous. When you first meet him, he is so effemi-

A not inexplicable tragedy

Keith Richards had this to say about Kurt Cobain: "What's so tough about being lead singer in one of the biggest rock 'n' roll bands in the world?" After the cat tried to off himself in Rome, I was surprised that the people who were supposed to love him for his skill let him buy a shotgun and mope around for days. (USA Today)

This is where it all leads

Harvard students protested the university's rejection of an applicant who beat her mother's head to a pulp, tried to make it look like suicide, and lied about it on her application. To editorialize a bit, I'll just point out that these kids really are the leaders of tomorrow. They are the ones who will be making sure our country lends an understanding, gentle, helping hand to ethnic cleaners, communist China, and Nazi skinheads. They will soon be in charge of the institutions that are supposed to conserve our civilization's values - schools, churches, libraries and courts. The schools have told them to do what feels good and not to make value-judgements or impose their morality, and given them brownie points for subverting anything we take for granted - especially when they find taboo so basic that they have been questioned before. So none of the atrocities in Outer Limits should surprise anyone. And it's just going to get worse. Enjoy! (USA Today)

Cinema Cynicism

Rob Roy

A not inexplicable tragedy

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LAW POETRY from 9

were interested in one of these he had en-

dowed." Is it me or was that the Final Jeopardy! equivalent of a Butler exam? I missed it, but didn't really care, because I really wanted that Palm Springs trip. The question was, "what is an observatory?" If you're from northern California or an astronomy buff, you might have heard of the Lick Observatory in San Jose. I hadn't. I guessed a cathedral. The other chal-

lenger was an astronomy buff. He's go-

ning to Florida. Jonathan risked $6,000. He guessed a statue, but he still won.

Despite my loss, two wonderful things came out of it. The first occurred during the time Alex chatted with the contest-

tants. Someone may remember that in

law school I wrote poems based on fa-

mous cases. (After receiving a recent Amicus in the mail I see I'm not the only one. Maybe John Crouch should go on Jeopardy!.) I told the Jeopardy! people about this distinction and, thus prompted, I recited the following excerpt from my Palsgraf poem on national television:

The proximate cause sets a sequence in place,
And so we must pause to inspect the proximate cause.

Should a cause intervene to affect the result,
It would probably mean a reduction in fault.

The other wonderful thing was that since the show was televised Friday, St. Patrick's Day, it was a great excuse for a party. I invited lots of people. Everyone had a great time. Especially fun were the final credits where the parting gifts were announced. That was my first time hear-

ing them. The entire party crowd cheered when the announcer's voice boomed that one of the gifts was Fruit of the Loom women's panties.
Monday, April 17, 1995
Blood Drive: Sponsored by Alpha Phi Omega. Trinkle Hall in the Campus Center, 1 p.m.

Tuesday, April 18, 1995
Movie: See Captain Kirk’s final showdown in “Star Trek: Generations,” UC Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Chamber Concert: The Chamber Music Society of Williamsburg presents the Aeolian Chamber Players. Arts Auditorium, Williamsburg Regional Library, 8 p.m.
Baseball: vs. Virginia Wesleyan, Cary Field, 3 p.m.
Men’s Tennis: vs. Richmond, 3 p.m.

Wednesday, April 19, 1995
Speaker: Steve Bright, Director of the Southern Center for Human Rights in Atlanta will speak on the crime debate and implication for the constitutional rights of criminal defendants. Room 124, 12:30 p.m.
Speaker: Learn about your body’s performance when you work out in the heat. Kent B. Pandolf, director, U.S. Army Research Institute of Environmental Medicine will address this timely subject in Andrews Hall, 7 p.m.

Thursday, April 20, 1995
Town & Gown Luncheon: Our own Kay Kindred addresses the subject of “A Response to Domestic Violence in Virginia,” University Center, Chesapeake Room, 12:15 p.m.

Friday, April 21, 1995
Movie: “Exotica,” a “two thumbs up” Canadian movie that will have you slightly confused until the very end. Takes place in an upscale strip club.

FAREWELL from 12
ever mention what had happened. And this very nice, very sweet young nurse is probably still telling this story at Christmas parties.

Now, how does this all tie in to saying goodbye and all that? I don’t really know, but I think it has something to do with this: I wanted to give those people I’ve made fun of ammunition that they can use against me if they want. But it’s more than that. I also know that I have friends who will read it and appreciate it. If there are those who would prefer to use it as ammunition, well, they’re just like that nurse whom I’ll probably never see again but probably tells that story every now and then. I think maybe it means that I’ve enjoyed time at M-W so much and feel that I have been blessed with such good friends that I feel comfortable telling this little story. Or maybe it’s just that I would do damn near anything for a laugh, and this is my last shot (so to speak.) Whatever the reason, I hope it’s enriched your lives and touched your hearts.

I want to thank Shelley Evans for her confidence and understanding, and for having the trust in me to push the line in some of the things I have written, and for believing that I would never cross it intentionally. I’d also like to thank Dean Krattenmaker, who wrote to Mr. Smart Guy three times this year, a dean record, I believe. You’ve been like a father to the little humanistic child inside me. When you see the test results I just got back from the fertility lab, I think you’ll be stunned. I want to thank for being a sport about the stuff tossed your way. To Neil Lewis: I think you owe me some money, pal. Finally, a word to my successor: good luck to you, my friend, and try to keep your anonymity.

There’s nothing like having someone from the Journal of Women and the Law sneer at you as you walk by to give you a sense that you’re doing all right.

Edited by Stan Chess
Puzzle Created by Richard Silvestri

THE AMICUS CURiae
Monday, April 17, 1995

CROSSW RD® Crossword

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Sabrina’s Lover

By Michael Maschio

Sabrina thanks God for Aaron’s love. She is standing in the doorway of Aaron’s office, her heart racing, her legs locked and her breath held as she raises her hand to press her knuckles against her chest. She concludes that Aaron’s face is beautiful and easily feels beautiful herself. She exhales. “Did you finish reading it?”

The week before she gave Aaron a copy of the New Testament. He hasn’t read it, but says, “Yeah, I did,” and notices that her blue eyes are smaller and darker than usual and that her eyelids and cheek-crests are puffy. Aaron is a legal temp. Minutes before he was let go by a junior partner. Now, thinking less about his future than about the moment, he gestures to Sabrina’s Bible. “I understand what you were saying.”

She steps over to him and lets him hold her hips. It’s nine p.m. and they’re late for the law firm’s Christmas party. Through Sabrina’s blouse Aaron kisses her stomach. He mentions, “But the woman at the cave…”

“Mary Magdalene.”

“She saw the stone was moved and Jesus’ body was gone.”

“That’s right.”

“And everyone said it was stolen.”

“They did.”

“But Mary has a vision.”

“She sees Jesus rise. That’s crucial.”

Aaron understands. “And no one believed her, because she was a whore.”

“What do you mean ‘whore’?”

“I mean they think she made it all up because Jesus was the only one who loved her.”

“Aaron, that’s not what it means.”

Aaron stands slowly and kisses Sabrina’s neck. He steps behind her, closes the door, stacks two Redweld files on a bookshelf behind the woman at the door, chair against the door and then turns off the light. Sabrina doesn’t move until Aaron places his hands around her waist and pulls her backside against his groin. She bows her head, letting him kiss the back of her neck while he kisses her thighs through her skirt. She wants to say something, something like, “Oh God,” or “That feels good,” but she ends up saying, “Oh, good…Oh,” and turns and kisses Aaron. She looks past his belt buckle, unzips his zipper, places her hand inside his pants, moves his underwear down and holds him, rubs him and then holds him as she kisses him rapidly, then slowly.

“We have to hurry up,” she says, steps back, quickly steps out of her shoes, takes down her stockings, which she balls and puts into a drawer of Aaron’s desk, and then pulls down her underwear, which she balls as well and places into an inter-office envelope.

Aaron’s pants are down. He watches Sabrina sit on his desk. He stands in between her legs, moves her skirt back and places himself inside her. She says something which he doesn’t understand, then sits back and lets him move while she looks down at what he’s doing and thinks he’s so beautiful — she takes his arms and gently pulls him down. He unbuttons her blouse, unfastens her bra and kisses her neck, her nipples and her stomach. She rests her head upon some papers, closes her mouth and looks up. Then, when their lovemaking is over, she sits up, cleans herself with tissue, crosses her legs and finally tells Aaron, “All right, go ahead, and waits for him to turn on the lights. They notice how un­kempt they are. They smile. Then Sabrina stands, feeling embarrassed or at ease to be happy, shakes out her hair, which falls on one side to her shoulder, and then exhales. “I have to get dressed for the party.”

Aaron slides the chair away from the door. “I really liked that.”

“Shh,” she says. “I really did. You just, you make me feel so…so good.” She kisses him — mpa! Then she leaves with her interoffice envelope, rushes back to her office, closes her door — bduum! and quickly takes off her skirt, only to stop abruptly as she sees the ghost of her brother. He’s sitting in her hat. His eyes are dark and his face is blank. Sabrina raises her skirt. Johnny stands. He is her twin: size, as slight as she is, wearing black sneakers and jeans, a purple T-shirt and a black overcoat. Twenty-three years before he and Sabrina were born, only Johnny was still-born. Sabrina first saw his ghost after she first saw Jesus, when she was seven years-old and her father left home for the last time. She told her mother that she’d seen both Jesus and Johnny, and her mother responded that she’d seen them both as well many times before.

Now Johnny steps out from behind Sabrina’s desk. “You’ve been with him. Don’t you know why he loves you? Because he hates this place. If he touches you…”

“He won’t.”

“If he touches you, then you won’t see me again.”

“I can make him be just like us.”

Johnny shakes his head no, no, no. Then he tells her, “Close your eyes.” Sabrina does so.

“Who do you see?”

“You.”

“Do you see Aaron?”

“No.”

He knows she’s lying and that she made love to Aaron. “Open your eyes.” Sabrina looks at him blankly.

“I have a present for you.” From behind his back he shows her a book, which is wrapped in rose paper pattern. She takes it and slowly unwraps it. “Sabrina, have you ever seen such a beautiful book?”

“I have a Bible.”

“Not this one.”


“Open it.”

Slowly Sabrina opens it and sees that every page has an X over it. Revoluted, she turns from Johnny and holds out the Bible. “I don’t want it.”

Johnny takes the Bible. “It’s Aaron’s. I found it in his office. You were just there, weren’t you?”

Sabrina bows her head. Her eyes become tearful.

“Did you let him raise your skirt?”

“I didn’t make love to him.”

“Oh yes you did.”

“But he’s just like me, Johnny. He’s the…”

“No one’s like you!” Johnny shouts. Then he lowers his voice. “Look at you — You don’t even know how to take care of yourself.”

“You don’t know him,” she says weakly.

“You can’t replace me.”

Sabrina cries. Awkwardly her neck turns as she presses her knockers against her cheek. “Why…can’t I…love him?”

Johnny says nothing, places the Bible on her desk and leaves. For five minutes Sabrina remains motion­less in the corner of her office. Then she decides that Aaron will explain why hechas dis­figured her Bible. She grips the Bible fiercely and storms out, only to find herself seconds later in the doorway of Aaron’s office, sur­prised to see him wear­ing his overcoat.

“Where are you going?”

“They let me go…”

I didn’t want to tell you before and upset you. I’m leaving, but I’m not leaving you.”

“You’re not leaving.”

“I’m going home.”

“I’m going to talk to a partner.”

“They’re all at the party.”

“You’re not leaving.”

“Sabrina, I’m not going to their party.”

“It’s a Christmas party. The whole firm’s there.”

“This place is more like a whore house…”

“I’m talking to a partner.”

“No!” Aaron shouts. Then he pauses. “I’m sorry, but I need this job and they knew that and…Look, just don’t think they’ve been very nice to me.”

Bduum! — Sabrina slams the door. Her body shakes. “I knew it… I knew…”

“You that shouldn’t have made love to me? Why? It was good. I liked it, and you liked it, and you said you did. I’m leaving here, not you. Do you understand that?”

Johnny loves me,” Sabrina shakes her head, her eyes tearful, her face red.

“No you.”

Aaron knows that Johnny is dead and that Sabrina is ill. Looking at her sadly, he tells himself, “She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever…” but then reminds himself that she has tried to talk to him about Johnny and that, against his better judgement, he has tried to listen. Now he places his hands on her hips. “Don’t do this to yourself. You don’t have to…”

“You think you’re better than Johnny.”

“No.” Aaron pauses. He wants to help her, he wants to say what she wants to hear. But he says, “Johnny’s dead.”

“He’s mad at me,” she says.

Aaron bows his head and lets his eyes close for a moment. “I can’t help you if you won’t let me help you.”

“Aaron, do you believe that Jesus is the Son of God?”

Aaron sighs, raises his head and opens

See LOVER on 17
LOVER from 16

his eyes, takes the Bible, opens it and shows her a page. “I believe this says is true, in a way I didn’t understand before I met you.”

There are no Xs on the pages. Suddenly Sabrina’s eyes light up. She feels half her age. Nothing that happened in the past few seconds really happened. Rather, she believes, it was all a trick – a wicked trick. She hugs Aaron. Then she sizes up her outfit. “I can’t wear purple to the party,” Mpal! she kisses him. Her face bends into a wide smile. “Wait for me here!” she tells him and then runs out, rushes back to her office, closes her door – binned! and quickly takes off her skirt and her blouse, retrieves her underwear from the interoffice envelope, puts it on, removes a black dress from a hanger, steps in to it and finally steps in to black high heels.

Exhilarated, she returns to Aaron’s office, only to stop abruptly in the doorway when she sees that the lights are off. Tikl! – she turns them on. But Aaron isn’t there. His Bible is on his desk. Confused, Sabrina opens his Bible and finds a blue letter. She reads: Dear Sabrina, I’m sitting here thinking about you and all I can do is think about myself. I don’t really love you, Aaron. The words stop her heart with a thudt! But before she can drop the Bible, or the letter, her heart begins to race – tdf-tdf-tdf! She loses her breath, rushes back to her office and sees that Johnny is waiting for her. “Close the door,” he tells her. But Sabrina can do nothing. She feels dead or worse than dead: worthless. She shakes in place spasmodically, until Johnny

TUITION from 1

the tuition caps recommended by Governor George Allen and the 1995 General Assembly.

“We are the only [graduate] school

BEER from 3

bathroom.” Evans also had the first spill of the evening. She preferred guiping her beer rather than savoring either taste or flavor. Finally in exasperation she said, “I guess I just like Bud.” Evans remarked Jared’s lager’s great strength.

Hannaford had the oddest tastes. She gave high marks to Hawes’s “Cary Weizen,” which to the other judges tasted more like iced tea. She also sang praises for Bitsy’s “Ginger Root Beer,” which to Judge King tasted more like a spice rack than beer. According to Hawes, the recipe came from an eighteenth century cookbook. To Hawes’s credit, however, Hannaford ranked her “Estrogynger Lager” as tied for first of the show with McInerney’s pumpkin brow.

Homans gave McInerney’s beer the thumbs up, followed closely by “Bitsy’s Valentine Shootout.” John Crouch made a rare top five appearance in Homans’s list with his “Marshall-Wythe Honey Porter.” “These chocolate chip cookies are good too,” said Homans with an air of satisfaction, revealing perhaps a lack of seriousness with which he took the procedings.

King ranked McInerney’s pumpkin beer third behind one of the impostor professional beers (“Brewwski”), and behind “Dan’s Buck Brown Ale," also from the McInerney brewery. King felt the pumpkin beer was more like a soft drink, that “dissolves quickly and sweetly in the mouth.” Although very tasty, it did not have the traditional qualities of beer that King so desperately prefers.

Other notable beers from the evening included Crouch’s “Marshall-Wythe Honey Porter” which was made from juniper berries picked just outside of the McInerney brewery. King felt the brew was scooped out of a spring at Crouch’s Loudoun County cabin. According to King, the “Honey Porter” had “a soil flavor, very heavy, but it doesn’t knock you over. Excellent repeat on the dark beer; it reminds me of a comfortable musty tavern.”

Crouch also passed out a bottle of his father’s wine, made from wild grapes picked by “nature boy” Jon Sheldon. Some commented that the wine tasted something like a cross between grape juice and vinegar. As he passed the bottle Crouch spoke affectionately of his tobaguen table and of his Czecho-Choctaw heritage. Sheldon was obviously distraught at the poor showing of his dark bitters. “The judges are clearly ignorant,” he announced after the results. “Sheldon’s Brown Ale” did make it into King’s top five and finished second on Evans’s scorecard. King said it had a “good earthy flavor,” reminding him of home. As the laurels of Dioniysus were placed on McInerney’s brow, the crowd clamored, “Give me a ‘beer!’”

Interestingly, the figures are applicable only to in-coming and rising 2L students. 3Ls will pay at a different and lower level, as yet to be determined. The discrepancy is because 3Ls came in last year at a higher rate. Eventually, all law students will pay the same rate.

But even with the tuition increases, Krattenmaker believes some victories were won. “We were successful in arguing that our out-of-state students be on the same level as other W&M graduate students. We were closer to losing our competitive advantage for out-of-state than for in-state students.”

Tuition and fees will also increase for W&M undergraduate students who will receive a 2.9 percent increase in the second year in a row. The average cost of a full year at the College is now $8,854 for Virginians; the cost will rise to $9,110 in the coming year. The figures include tuition, fees and average room and board costs.

FOSTER from 1


Commenting on the judges that had preceded her, Judge Foster remarked, “I felt humbled and very pleased I was considered to have something to say of the caliber of the other judges in the Forum.”

Given the range and significance of her responsibilities, Judge Foster had little difficulty in matching the talents of the previous speakers. She has served in her present position as judge on the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court since 1991. Previously, she served seven years as a prosecutor in Newport News, and worked as an advocate for the domestic violence intervention program, PRIDE.

For the M-W community, though, Judge Foster receives her greatest credit for being a 1982 graduate of M-W and her extensive support of the Law Alumni Association, for which she received the Citizen Lawyer Award in 1994.

John Crouch’s Outer Limits

Uh huh

President Clinton let the IRA raise money in the U.S., but said they couldn’t use the money on war- ongery. (NPR)

Dial-a-Pope

A Montreal DJ prank called the Pope and got him on the air for 15 minutes by pretending to be the Prime Minister Jean Chretien (USA Today).

Utah gets funky

The Ogden, Utah city fathers tried to discourage teens and transients from hang- ing out at a bus stop by blasting Bach and Beethoven at them. Unfortunately, the culturally deprived youths liked it, and said they had no idea it was meant as an inhospitable gesture. (USA Today).

Rotten sneaker champion

Michael Moore of New Mexico travel- ed all the way to Montpelier, Vt. to win the 20th Annual Rotten Sneaker Contest. "Even his dog runs from him," his mother said. (USA Today).
Amicus computer-like rankings

The best and not-so-best of IM sports '94-'95

By Neil Lewis

Hey Kids! It's an end-of-semester award time. It's time to re-

ward those great teams, individuals, plays and players

that made this semester in intramurals one of the best ever.

No offense was intended and no pouting will be tolerated.

Best Columnist: 2L Neil "what a surprise" Lewis; runner-up 3L


Best Basketball Team: Men's B-2 champs 3L's 50%; runner-

up co-rec B champs Co-Dreamers.

Best Floor Hockey Team: Men's B1 Finalists IL's Hansen

Brothers; runner-up Women's Finalists 1L's Gimpettes.

Best Soccer Team: Co-Rec Champs to be Daisies, runner-

up Women's champsto be Without Balls.

Best Male Basketball Player: 3L Russ "Jiffy" Foster; runner-up

1L "Jazzy" Jeff Almeida.

Best Female Basketball Player: 3L Erica "Cashmere" Swecker;

runner-up 1L Amy Mang "the drum slowly."

Best Male Hockey Player: 2L Dan Mc "truck" Inerny; run-

ner-up 1L David Hausman "Dressing."

Best Female Hockey Player: 2L Amy "the shoe" Fitzpatrick;

runner-up 3L Carla "Simon" Blake.

Best Male Soccer Player: 3L "E-Z" Blake "Oven" Guy; run-

ner-up 3L Andy Ollis "fair in love and war."

Best Female Soccer Player: 3L Wendy Hahn "solo;" runner-up

3L Sam Stecker "for details."

Best Passer--basketball: 2L quick 2L Darren "100 yards"

Rushing.

Best Passer--soccer: 3L Wendy Hahn.

Best Passer--floor hockey: 2L Fred "Twinkle Toe" Gerson.

Best Offense--basketball: 3L Russ Foster.

Best Offense--soccer: 3L Blake Guy.

Best Offense--floor hockey: 1L Dan McNerney.

Best Defender--basketball: 2L Darren Rushing.

Best Defender--soccer: ???

Best Defender--floor hockey: 2L Dan McNerney.

Most Likely to Commit an Offensive Foul in Basketball (or

in any other sport): 1L Justin "case" Gillman.

Most Likely to Head The Ball With his Nose: 2L Mark "H." 

Ross "Perot."

Best Temper Fit: 3L King Tower "of babble;" for getting

tossed out of the first game of the b-ball season with a full

eight minutes left in the first half. His team only had five

guys to start with.

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eight minutes left in the first half. His team only had five

guys to start with.

Most Likely to Pass Out During an Athletic Contest: 1L

Scott "three packs of Camel no-

fillers a day" Boak.

Most Likely to have Zeus Tattooed on His Chest Upside

Down: 1L Jeff Almeida.

Best Stick Fight: 3L Mary Beth "talkin' about me" Dingledy vs.

Brian Peco, after Peco had swung his stick at her face as she was

covering up a pack. Luckily for Peco, Mary Beth was held back.

Most likely to be caught "in flagrante delicto" in a tumble

bee outfit: 1L Ken "Deficit Green" Rosenstengel.

Ugliest Shoes: 3L Russ Foster's "vomited colored Nike Outlet

specials."

Worst Haircut: 2L "On the-

Jon Mahan and his Capt. Kirk

retro-cut (with pointy sideburns) in February.

Best Thrown Game: 3L Steve "Pop" Arner swallowing his

whistle and giving a hockey play-

off game to his boss Joe Tighe "one on one" and his Cal-Gary Isles

over the obviously superior Ice

Monkeys.

Most likely to Not Play Floor Hockey Because of a "Phan-

ton Injury": 1L Yvonne "Bask-

ketballs."

Least Likely to Wear E-Z: 3L Jim "Jim" Kerri Gilmore deciding to forego

the women's basketball dynasty 3-

peats with hoops because she was

nine months pregnant, and then
giving birth to a beautiful, healthy

child.

Best Basketball Wife: Helen "Mrs." Foster. I'm telling you it's
can't be easy.

Best Choice in not Playing Any Sports At All: 3L Ted Atkinson

"of Sam." He probably just 

would have been hurt.

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Monday, April 17, 1995
THE ALLIGATOR
A Duck out of Water

Baseball's back, but Duckworth's in denial

By Alan Duckworth

This is Duck's favorite time of the year. There are lots of professional sports to follow and no silly amateurs to rob the big boys of the attention that they deserve. The NFL draft is coming up on April 22 and 23. (Exams? What? Me?) The NBA preliminaries (called the regular season) are rapidly coming to an end. A bunch of bums are finally coming back to work. Let's address those issues in reverse order.

Baseball

The unthinkable has happened. The players have won. As I said in my last issue, U.S. District Judge Sonia Solomayer ruled in favor of the players, granting an injunction returning the game to the same rules it had last year. Then the players returned and the owners were forced to accept them, or risk massive daily losses. Now, everyone out there is thinking, why is Duck complaining? He, like almost everyone else, is already talking about 1996. If the owners don't cave into the players, then the players, under Don Fehr, are likely to walk out again. Particularly now that the owners are showing a little fiscal responsibility, which is driving mediocre players' salaries dramatically downward. With until the players file collusion charges against the owners. Three cheers to the NLRGB and Judge Sonia Solomayer for bringing up to a minimum amount of time respectably to baseball.

Now, at this point, I would provide a preview of how coming baseball season. However, I am on strike from baseball until a labor agreement is reached. I refuse to invest emotionally in the game again while there is still a good chance that the players will walk out. Because I have seen the film collusion charges against the owners. Three cheers to the NLRGB and Judge Sonia Solomayer for bringing up to a minimum amount of time respectably to baseball.

College Basketball

I had to quickly mention the biggest basketball return of the year. Yes, that right. Jerry Tarkanian is back. He is now coaching Fresno State. Actually, any program with Tarkanian coaching probably qualifies as a professional program anyway, so I am not really discussing amateur athletics.

Pro Basketball

The West is just getting wilder. The Suns and Sonics are battling tooth and nail for the Pacific division title. The Jazz are playing a lousy run by run and are looking for the Midwest division title. Any one of the four teams could still end up with the best record in the NBA. This was the year of West Coast basketball in the college ranks. Can up-tempo basketball win the NBA title as well? Both the Suns and the Sonics play versions of an up-tempo offense. Even the Spurs and the Jazz like to run the fast break. Well, with David Robinson and Karl Malone as finishers, who can blame them.

There are three worthy candidates for MVP this year. Shaq, Pippen, and the Mailman all deserve consideration. My vote (as if I had one) goes to Karl Malone. He wins over the other two contenders of seniority. I couldn't find another good factor to separate the three contenders and Malone, after eight straight MVP-caliber seasons in a row without a win. finally, deserves the award. Besides, he deserves praises on a couple of other grounds as well. First, he is one of the most durable players in the game, having missed four games in his career. Second, he is one of the classiest players in the game. Every night he simply plays the game as hard as he can. Even earlier this season, when Derrick Coleman was mak-

ing nasty comments about Malone in the press, Malone simply went out on the court and dominated Coleman. What better way to show up a loud-mouth? Robinson and Shaq can get their trophies later. Now, the award should be delivered to the Mailman.

Pro Football

The NFL draft is rapidly approaching. Fortunately, once again, my beloved Redskins have a high pick. Unfortunately, the reason for the high pick is that the Redskins sucked last year. Now the Redskins have the fourth pick in the draft. If they don't trade the pick, the most likely selection is Miami defensive tackle Warren Sapp. Norv Turner, however, covets Penn State running back Ki-Jana Carter and is trying to trade up to the top spot so that the Redskins can draft him. While I love Carter's all-around talent, running back is not a great area of need.

One look at the defensive line, and the need for Sapp is apparent. He can provide the defensive anchor for the Redskins for the next decade. Besides, the Redskins have very little that they can afford to give up to trade up the team. The needs as many draft picks as can get to rebuild. But, then again, Norv Turner and Charlie Casserly are paid a lot more for their opinions than I am for mine. And yet, Casserly did trade up to draft Desmond Howard. Goodbye, Farewell and Amen.

PAC 20/20 from 1

Brady Gintert, a senior at W&M and the regional director for the new youth group, was more causid about the possibility of twenty-somethings and sixtysomethings coming to political blows over the issue.

"Either tell me this is a young person's tax or that this is a system in which everybody's going to get something back," Gintert said. He added that many college students are "blinded by the idea that we're going to get everything back."

The numbers are hard to dismiss. According to a recent article in The Economist, the average recipient receives 50 percent more in benefits than he or she contributes in a lifetime, even factoring in a two percent interest rate.

"I see my role as creating political will for change, to let politicians know Social Security is not the political third rail,"

INTERNET from 3

footnotes more than most law review articles. Also Hardy explained that he wants JOL to be accessible and understandable to as many people as possible. Articles will not be written in highly technical language, and will not necessarily be written exclusively by law professors. The first issue of JOL is due to arrive this May.

ADMITTEES from 3

After the general orientation, admitted students were invited to partake of small group questions and answer sessions with law school students and alumni. Christian O'Connor hosted one group, and he commented on his diversity and wide range of interests.

Prospective students were given a break for a lunch buffet on the patio, and then were introduced to prospective students in room 215 of the school. They were offered tours of the main campus and the grounds of the law school.

All those who helped with the weekend received positive feedback. Dean Shealy noted that while the real work of welcoming accepted students, M-W's weekend offering is better organized to give information.

While most of those who attended were from Virginia, Shealy also met people from California, New Jersey, and New York. She estimates that more than one-half of those who attend the admitted students weekend enrollment at M-W.

The event was "terrific success" according to SBA Admissions Committee chair Jon Mahan, opinion shared by Dean Shealy.

Shealy would like to express her thanks to Amy Fedok and Jon Mahan (2Ls), co-chairs of the SBA Admissions Committee, for hosting students from the University of Virginia, and to all the students who helped make the event possible.

She also thanks the Deans, the faculty, alumni affairs, and the entire W&M community for welcoming and hosting the accepted students.

ADVICE from 4

Cynicism aside, we really can make a difference, and if we don't, then why are we here on this earth, just taking up space?

* Take undergraduate classes
* Get involved in law school activities

I deeply regret that I waited until my third year to take a class on the main campus. It's mind-expanding, refreshing, and usually easy! You must meet new, interesting people. You get law school credit for the classes, which go down on your transcript as a

PASS. I recommend the American Studies department for anyone seeking a complete break from legal education. I hear that drama, literature, business, and language courses are good, too.

Get involved in law school activities. Too often, especially if you are trapped here will pass. As I look back on my 1,000 days here, the best and most satisfying memories—my with my years on—are from extracurricular events. I regret that I did not get more involved.

* Read the Tao Te Ching. This is more on the personal side, but I recommend it to everyone. It's no cure-all, but it is a source of wisdom and peace, separate from the common philosophies of the Judeo-Christian world.

* Get drunk. The 1Ls, apparently, don't try to head this, but the 2Ls do. It's a great stress reliever. To me, it's a greater sin to go through life stressed-out and unhappy with tight undies, than to get hammered every now and then.

* Read the Tao Te Ching. This is more on the personal side, but I recommend it to everyone. It's no cure-all, but it is a source of wisdom and peace, separate from the common philosophies of the Judeo-Christian world.
Among others) is distorted and unfair? In fairness, Republicans themselves are partly to blame for the fact that they are now on the defensive. Republicans have never been adept at cultivating contacts in the Old Media to advance their own arguments. Instead, they have tended to blame liberal bias and engage the debate on terms set by the other side. Speaker Gingrich’s attacks on the media are illustrative. He recently condemned the press for its coverage of the school lunch issue, saying that the Washington press corps, lobbyists and liberals have been “shamelessly lying and exploiting children” to save bureaucrats’ jobs.

Old Media bias remains a legitimate concern. But no amount of shill condemnation will make it go away. Gingrich should use his fifteen minutes of fame— not to whine about liberal bias— but to challenge the assumptions of his opponents and to set the terms of debate. After all, given the magnitude of their victory in November and the manifest failure of various Great Society programs, Republicans do have the moral high ground.

Instead of responding defensively to the “Gingrich as Scrooge” theme, the Speaker should assert the practical virtues of shifting control over programs to the states. On the school lunch issue and welfare reform, the Republicans ought to point out that state and local control over spending will likely result in more efficient targeting of aid to the “truly needy” (they should argue, for example, that the federally-sponsored school lunch program is inefficient because it artificially lowers the price of all school lunches and gratuitously subsidizes lunches for wealthy and middle class children).

More than the success of the Contract is at stake. When President Clinton runs for re-election in 1996, he will be able to argue that he is a compassionate and reasonable counter-weight to the “mean-spirited” Republicans in Congress.

There is every reason to believe that his allies in the Old Media will reinforce this message without inquiring too deeply into its substance. Voters who want to be more fully informed will have to turn to the alternative or “new” media. But will they?

The great mass of Americans find it easier to tune in to the network news every night than to take three hours out of their afternoon to listen to Limbaugh. One network proudly proclaims that more Americans “get” their news from it than from any other source.

Even discounting for advertising hype, it is probably true that most Americans still turn for news and analysis to the gigantic, powerful animal that is the Old Media. This ponderous creature may yet crush the fledgling GOP Revolution, unless the Republicans adopt some new strategies for dealing with the media. Republicans should not dismiss the power of the Old Media as Eastland does, nor should they convey the impression that they are afraid of it (as Gingrich implicitly does). A more subtle approach is called for; one that will tame the beast and allow Republicans to drive the agenda.

Brand democrats with the scarlet “L” of liberal and embazon Republicans with the shining “C” of conservative.

Political campaigns rarely address the issues, and almost never with any specifics, since they receive greater impact from negative advertisements calling their opponents whatever derogatory name happens to be in vogue at the time. Voters remember these accusations, whether supported or not, since that is easier than actually learning about the background and intentions of a candidate. The candidates respond by keeping their speeches and statement issues as simple as possible, which might not be so bad except that the resulting policy discussions are like a Porsche with no gas; it looks great and costs a lot, but it won’t get you to work.

Every candidate jumps on easily identifiable bandwagons with popular names such as “deficit reduction,” “tax cuts,” “welfare reform,” and others, which allow them to speak in broad platitudes about what should be done without having to show how it can be done. As a result, government does less and less with more and more, and, because so few people are willing to learn about and understand the issues, elected officials fail to seriously address the nation’s problems.

Few Americans even take the time to understand how our government works. How many people (besides, of course, the law students) understand the role and (theoretically, at least) apolitical functioning of the Supreme Court? Groups often demonstrate at the Supreme Court on volatile issues such as abortion and, while their feelings are undoubtedly sincere, it is impossible not to wonder whether they know that the Supreme Court makes decisions based on constitutional interpretation rather than public sentiment or personal feelings (okay all you IL’s, you can stop chuckling now). How can our society continue to uphold this American form of government when so few of its members really understand it?

America has thrived since its inception by stimulating and re-awakening and encouraging participation in and understanding of the political process. The dumbing down of America threatens both these. By asking less of ourselves, we are no longer reaching for the achievement which this nation needs to survive. And because no people make the effort to participate in the political process, the diversity of ideas which has sustained this country well has deteriorated into a pestilence of platitudes. Unless there is a change, the dumbing down of America may lead to the despair of America.

The creative name team MBA torched the hapless Jake 2-0 in the final and squashed their dream of Co-Rec glory. Better luck next year guys and girls. At least you have a next year. Poor Steve Arner is going to have to live with his defeat in the first round for the rest of his life.

Writing this column this year was a pain—and a joy—thanks to all those who made my life easier notably Andy Ollis and Brad Wagasul of Men’s C. Don’t worry Brad, although I probably won’t write this column next year, I will keep the legend of Men’s C alive by telling horror stories about game this and the upcoming first years. And if anyone ever asks me, “what’s the worst basketball team you’ve ever seen?” There will be but one answer. Men’s C forever!