

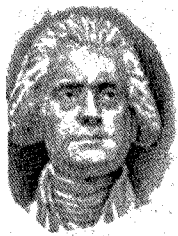
Virginia Law Weekly

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"Freedom of religion, freedom of the press; freedom of persons under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revelation and reformation."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Around North Grounds



Congratulations to 3L Bob West and his wife, Dr. Sara West, who welcomed their first child, Nicholas Alexander West, on September 23.

Congratulations to 3L Karen Pape, who said yes to 3L Scott Luftglass' request for her lovely hand in marriage.

Thumbs down to having to listen to the Windows startup chime in class. It's called "mute," people!

Congratulations to Sergey Peremyslov (LL.M. Class of 2003) and his wife Tatiana, who had their second child, Martha Virginia, on September 24.

A tardiness update: Glen O. Robinson lets his class out late. Real late.

Thumbs up to the BLT Turkey Wrap that they sell at the SFC. Bacon and birds never got along so well.

Thumbs down to people who can't manage to flush. There's really no excuse for not taking advantage of the miracle known as indoor plumbing.

Thumbs down to people who can't accept "okay" as an adequate answer to the question of "how are you doing?" Not all of us are on happy pills, you know.

Thumbs down to the boneheads who not only let their phones ring in class but leave them on so we can hear the call-waiting alert too.

Thumbs up to Zeta Tau. Those kids do a lot of good public service.

Sam says:
SURRENDER DOROTHY!

In this issue:

Stu Fights the Storm p. 2

McGriddle Glory p. 5

Women Discuss Their Role in the Judiciary

by Leah Edmunds '06

When Judge Diana Motz '68 entered U.Va. Law School, she was one of only two women in her class. Thirty-odd years later, women make up approximately half of the class at most law schools, and are well represented in the legal profession. At this point, are female judges simply "male judges with accessories?" That was the initial question posed by moderator Dahlia Lithwick at a panel on "Women in the Judiciary" co-sponsored by the Student Legal Forum, Virginia Law Women, and Women of Color in Caplin Pavilion on September 25.

In addition to Lithwick, who is the legal and Supreme Court correspondent for the online magazine *Slate*, the panelists were Motz, who serves on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit and whose smiling face was immediately familiar from the photograph that hangs in the Alumnae Lobby; Judge Julia Smith Gibbons of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit and a 1975 graduate of the Law School; and Justice Elizabeth Lacy of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Virginia, who received an L.L.M. from the Law School in 1992.

The panelists found few or no major differences between male and female judges, but each offered observations on subtle contrasts between the two. According to Judge Motz, women judges will listen more closely to their colleagues than men,

although their written opinions aren't discernibly different. Judge Gibbons commented that as a judge, she is dispassionate, but in the process of hiring law clerks she finds herself preoccupied with the candidates' feelings. Justice Lacy, who was the first woman justice on the

to be a woman." Justice Lacy concurred. "Getting a job was easy. I can't say I suffered employment-wise in any way."

Nevertheless, the panelists faced sacrifices and challenges, including sheer ignorance of their capabilities on the part of their new



photo courtesy law.virginia.edu

Justices Lacy, Gibbons, and Motz

Virginia Supreme Court, emphasized the value of varied life experiences to a judicial body, pointing out that differences in age can be as significant as differences in gender in influencing outlook.

Asked to describe their own experiences and the obstacles they had encountered early in their judicial careers, the judges described an era of social change in which government agencies and many law firms, eager to keep up with the times and improve the diversity of their staff, began actively recruiting qualified women. When she graduated from law school, Judge Motz recounted, "it was exactly the right moment. It was an advantage

colleagues. "When I started," Judge Motz remarked, "they were looking to see if the dog could talk." Judge Gibbons was appointed to a state court in 1980 and had to run for election the following year, soon after her daughter was born. Although she didn't conceal her status as a mother, she described "hiding the baby" throughout the campaign so that voters' perceptions of her wouldn't be adversely affected.

When Lithwick asked whether women are adequately represented in the judiciary today, Judge Gibbons responded that she hoped for a correspondence between the number of women in the legal profession and the number of women on the

bench. Justice Lacy felt that numbers aside, it was simply important for women to be visible at all levels in order to achieve a public perception of fair representation. Pointing out that most district judges are elected, however, she questioned whether women might be dissuaded from running for election by the current unpleasant tenor of political races and the fact that they tend to be "expensive, thankless, and poorly remunerated." Judge Motz drew laughter from the audience with her concise take on the issue: "I believe judges should be picked on merit ... but they aren't."

Addressing the female law students before them in the audience, the panelists concluded with reflections and advice on what it means for a woman to enter the legal profession now. There have certainly been gains in how women are viewed by the establishment, said Judge Motz, but she pointed out that she knows few women who are currently managing partners at law firms. Judge Gibbons and Justice Lacy added that the demands of private practice today make it harder to balance work and family life than it might have been thirty years ago. Nonetheless, the panelists expressed satisfaction with their work, and the ways they approach it as women. Said Judge Gibbons, "you don't give up leadership within a court because you adopt a style that seeks to find common ground."

Foxfield Memorable

Alison Haddock '05

I might have been the only person who saw the jockey hobble over. He asked for a beer, which I gladly gave him, and he reported that it would help him ride on his broken knee. This one moment, shared with a slight man risking his health — and legs — for the sake of his sport, made me feel like a character from *Seabiscuit*, or perhaps an onlooker at the Belmont Stakes. Everything else about this fall's Foxfield Races, however, made me feel like a participant at a fraternity tailgate.

As usual, the party planning for Foxfield was conducted by the First Year Council and undertaken by the first-year sections, and this year's setup showed a surprising amount of spirit and ingenuity. Yes, the plots were populated with the standard pick-ups and SUVs, but this year the food and alcohol choices evidenced clear forethought. There were mixings for mimosas, Bloody Marys, and Mint Juleps. Card tables were weighted down with barbeque, vegetables, dips, and salads. Chris Calsyn '05 noted, "I enjoyed the wide array of recreational beverages provided by the first-year class." The first-years could only have done better if they had brought tents and chairs.

Lee Kolber '06 may have summed up the spirit of the entire event with

his comment, "I had a great time. I heard there were horses." Mary Stone '05 seconded, "Foxfield was a blast, I just wish I could remember it." The inability to recall the events of this sunny Sunday had a clear and identifiable origin. Cheryl Hogan '04 noted, "I had my first beer on the 11 o'clock bus."



photo courtesy Lee Kolber

At least he respects himself.

The race itself has history beyond the Law School's partying tradition. Foxfield was created in memory of Grover Vandevender, a Virginia horseman, huntsman, and teacher. Mariann de Tejada, who purchased property Vandevender had once owned, constructed the steeplechase course. The first race on this course was held in the Spring of 1978. The purses for the Spring and Fall runnings average \$60,000 per year.

The Foxfield Races not only serve to line the pockets of distinguished equines and riders, but also of chari-

see FOXFIELD page 6

Fake Society Drug Bust Nabs Undergrads

Michael Spitzer '04

University Police and local law enforcement officials recently arrested current U.Va. undergraduates for selling narcotics. The arrests resulted from a 15-month undercover investigation titled "Operation Spring Break Down" that seized more than \$20,000 worth of drugs, including marijuana, cocaine, opium, and ecstasy. Suspects were sent letters inviting them to join a secret society, "Zeta Tau," and instructed to meet near the Rotunda Thursday evening. Five students responded to the letter and were escorted to a van decorated with insignia for the supposed soci-

ety. Police then took the suspects to City Hall and arrested them. Other suspects were arrested in bars along the Corner and in residence halls. Police indicated that the name of the secret society stood for "Zero Tolerance."

Although several members of the alleged drug ring are members of fraternities, Police officials indicated that the actions of those arrested were those of individuals. The drug bust is not apparently as large as the 1991 University drug raid known as "Operation Equinox," which resulted in federal law enforcement officials seizing three fraternity houses.

Neuhaus Speaks on Religion, Public Life

by Gretchen Agee '04

"You cannot exclude religion without excluding the very heart of politics," stated Father Richard J. Neuhaus on Tuesday to a group of students gathered in Caplin Pavilion. Fr. Neuhaus, editor of *First Things: The Journal of Religion and Public Life*, is widely recognized as a thinker on church and state. Twenty years ago, he authored the controversial *The Naked Public Square*, which served as the theme for his address to the Law School. Using Aristotle's definition of politics as "free persons deliberating the question of how we ought to

order ourselves," Fr. Neuhaus asserted that politics is fundamentally a moral exercise. Since "at the heart of morality is religion," religion must inform democracy. Fr. Neuhaus expressed concern over the Supreme Court's assault on religion in public life, particularly through its Establishment Clause jurisprudence, because such action is fundamentally dangerous and inconsistent with the Framers' intent. The St. Anselm Institute for Catholic Thought, the St. Thomas Moore Society, Law Christian Fellowship, and the Federalist Society co-sponsored the event.

Fourth Circuit Hears Arguments at U.Va.

Michael Spitzer '04

A three-judge panel of the Fourth Circuit heard oral arguments in Caplin Auditorium two Thursdays ago. Judges William B. Traxler, Roger L. Gregory, and Chief Judge J. Harvie Wilkinson heard cases involving the United States Postal Service, a contract dispute, and a criminal fraud case.

A Fourth Circuit Panel hears oral arguments at the Law School every three years. Before oral arguments began, Chief Judge Wilkinson said

that he was "proud to have a school of this caliber in this Circuit."

After hearing arguments, the judges took time to take questions from the audience. Responding to one question, Judge Gregory stated that the judges usually confer immediately following oral arguments. That way, the judges can give impressions of the cases while information from oral arguments is still fresh in their minds. Discussions continue as draft opinions are developed and circulated.

Litigation is Activist's "Revolutionary" Tool

by Lee Kolber '06

Litigation has become one of the most "exciting and revolutionary" areas in human rights law," said Tara Melish in a discussion with students at the Law School on Monday, September 29. The event was sponsored by the Human Rights Program, Voz Latina, the J.B. Moore Society, and the Human Rights Study Project. Melish specializes in litigating human rights cases as an attorney at the Center for Justice and International Law (CEJIL) in Washington, D.C. Over 85 percent of CEJIL cases are brought to the Inter-American Commission, a body of the Organization of American States (OAS). Melish focused her discussion on providing an overview of the structure and strategies of litigating human rights in the Inter-American legal system.

The idea of bringing claims in international courts for social, economic, and cultural rights violations has just emerged in the last few years, and the use of litigation as a tool for human rights claims is still developing. Melish describes the legal strategy as "revolutionary" because of the "dramatic potential [of litigation] for forcing governments to deal with the most pressing issues of our time." She identified "pressing issues" as the "absolute essential" rights of human dig-

nity and liberty. Declaring the practical boundaries of these rights can be a difficult task, however, and Melish identified the project of defining state obligations towards "essential" rights as a crucial objective in the effort to protect human rights.

The OAS, through the Inter-American Commission, offers a legal mechanism for the relief of human rights claims — if one can figure out how to work it. In an overview of how the system functions, Melish started with a look into the history and structure of the OAS. Several international treaties, such as the American Declaration of Human Rights, combine to give the OAS its

authority. Vague writing and the complex relationships between the treaties have led to jurisdictional oddities and procedural ambiguity. Finding one's way through the maze of interconnecting statutes is the first obstacle in bringing a human rights case to the Commission, but Melish showed how the language and organization of the treaties can be used to the advantage of those pursuing claims. With the use of litigation growing, CEJIL's work in the Inter-American system is a continuing example to the international community that litigation can be effective in protecting and advancing human rights.



photo courtesy law.virginia.edu

Tara Melish

On the Morality of Hurricane Season in Virginia Beach

By Stu Shapley '03

Around noon on Thursday, September 18, 2003, Hurricane Isabel, by then only a Category Two, as opposed to a Category Five, storm, struck land near the Outer Banks and began her north-northwesterly rampage through the Tidewater and Chesapeake Bay sections of Virginia. Acting on my vow to avoid, on pain of torture and mayhem, the time-intensive mindlessness of legal employment, I had relocated after the bar to Virginia Beach to write the great American short story. That I might remain close to my two newest hobbies, surfing and raw bars, I, along with two other unmotivated members of the class of 2003, moved into a house a few blocks from the beach, and all of nine feet above sea level. After only a few weeks down at the beach, I had drowned all of my bar-induced woes in warm, three-to-four foot-late season surf and drowned enough clam shooters to get the bitter taste of National Security Law out of my mouth. Gibbon's claims regarding Claudian Rome be damned, history had never seen a greater concentration of human happiness in any one time and place than August and early September in Virginia Beach.

Despite a still-Category Five hurricane slowly closing in on my beachfront community, I rode my wave of law-free bliss to almost the very end. To call my storm preparations meager would be a grievous understatement. Short of sawing my toilet seat in two, I could not have prepared more half-assedly. With the storm 36 hours away, I learned of the existence of something called "Renter's Insurance"

and my total lack thereof. At T minus 30 hours, I gave up on trying to caulk the low-lying back door of the house with dirty laundry and laid out a strip of wimpy little sandbags and a birthday candle as an offering to Our Lady of Sliding Mud,

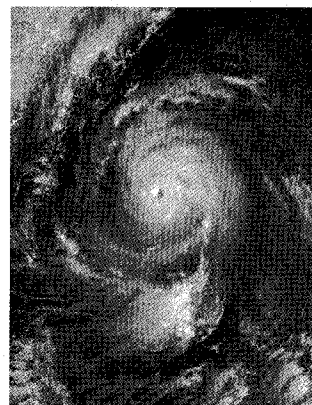


photo courtesy NASA
Stu fought a mighty wind.

the patron saint of flood prevention. With 18 hours to go, it finally occurred to me to stock up on water and basic foodstuffs — a brilliant idea about seven days too late. Unsurprisingly, the supermarket had been picked over completely, including the magazine rack and greeting card stands. However, resolved not to leave the Teet without some "necessities," however unnecessary they might actually be, I scored a couple cans of Beanie Weenies and a pack of menthol Swisher Sweets with which to ride out the storm. With some, but not all my uninsured, hydrophobic valuables packed into my truck, I evacuated Virginia Beach about four hours ahead of the storm. The totality of my circumstances suggested I should have been in full blown panic mode by the time Isabel

reached C'Ville around that afternoon. Instead, I was gloriously hammered at a hurricane party on Fontaine Avenue — one of the few to have electricity throughout the entire hurricane period.

Reports of the storm's damage began trickling in over the next couple days. All the first-year gunners in Ivy Gardens had their electricity and water knocked out. Pea Ridge and other hotbeds of nanocontraction and intense legal scholarship had been sent back to the stone age, their utilities down and not expected to be restored anytime soon. The B+ alums in Richmond got hit fairly hard, with widespread power outages and a lavish dose of property damage, while the die-hard D.C. firm kids, the ones who kept on gunning through third year, found themselves underwater in Alexandria and Reston. Several days later, I returned to what I imagined to be my submerged wreck of a home. The drive proved particularly unnerving, as all the radio stations kept mentioning widespread damage in the Va. Beach area, and large sections of I-64 resembled a logging camp. Only after I emerged from the Hampton Roads tunnel to find, against all odds, my legally-underachieving housemates standing before our completely intact — though without electricity — house, did I see the larger pattern and realize the method behind Isabel's madness. It was as if mother nature had come in to clip the wings of all the overachieving legal Icaruses out there. Thus, while some consider the so-called "storm of a generation" as a Category Two hurricane, I'll always remember it as a Category Five morality tale.

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A Modest Proposal

Here's the thing...I wasn't in a frat. Sure, I went to a few parties when I was an undergrad, but I didn't really get the full experience. How many days did I stare at the empty seats in my astronomy class and wonder which lawn the frat boy that occupied that seat was passed out on? How many times did I catch a snippet of a conversation about making a pledge do WHAT with a goat? Yes, I feel I missed my calling... and that, my friends, is a crying shame. I think I could have done well as the Bluto Blutarski of my frat. Or the maybe the D-Day.



Chris Calsyn, a second-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

It isn't the partying that I really feel I would have excelled at, but the hazing. And don't tell me hazing doesn't have its place. The bond formed during the yearlong ritual that these people go through is like something you see only between men who have been in combat together. Or a Turkish bath. It brings a class together.

Unfortunately, the time machine I've been building out of Q-Tips and silly putty is experiencing all sorts of budgetary problems, so I fear that I may never get to go back in time and do the frat thing. Those of you who did experience Greek life know how great it was, and those of you who didn't; you and I will always wonder what we missed.

To fill the gigantic void I feel having missed out on Greek life, I propose we bring it here, by changing the Peer Advisor program into a fraternity/sorority rush.

As a Peer Advisor for Section I (big ups, section I! Holla!), I have

determined that the one thing missing from an outstanding Peer Advisor program is the ability to paddle my advisees for no apparent reason other than to hear them say "thank you sir, may I have another" as they bend over in their skivvies and take it like a man. I want a paddle that says Soul Pole on it, damn it!! We need to make this happen.

Think about it. I am a second-year. These are stressful times for second-years, what with interviewing and Moot Court with a tax problem (you have to be sh*tting me with that! A tax problem! I am doing everything I can to not OD on black tar heroin as I read through this canned research). We need some stress relief. Why not allow us to take out some frustration on the first-years? My high school football coach always used to say it builds character to have the snot beaten out of you. He was a man who wore his polyester shorts so high that they touched the bottom of his nipples. He obviously knew what he was talking about.

I feel it is only fair that we should be allowed to look at the first-years as pledges, given the amount of time and energy we devote to socializing them into our cozy little home here at U.Va. Law. For instance, in the first two weeks of school, I hosted two rather large parties at my house simply for these kids — or pipsqueaks, as my girl J-Bo calls them — to get to know each other and figure out whom they want to hook up with, who is smarter than they are, and who they can beat in softball. Now granted, I had a great time at said soirees, but it would have been nice to have a few of them back the next morning to clean my house from top to bottom, scrubbing the floor on

their hands and knees and the like. Maybe even do a little landscaping, since my landlord can't seem to get around to doing it. I am sure my roommates would have appreciated it considering I never really got around to cleaning and the weeds are about three feet high right now. Sorry, guys.

But, as those of you who were in fraternities and sororities know, it isn't all about the drinking and the hazing (or is it? I really have no friggin' clue what I am talking about... if that wasn't evident already). There is a good deal of community service, which is why I suggest keeping the current first-year service project. I think that is a great idea and fits well within the confines of my fraternity rush idea. (Sorry, for that gratuitous plug for the community service project, but I needed to right the ship before I suggested tying a cinderblock to the first-year men's testicles and having them toss it off the roof of Hunton & Williams Hall... hmmm... on second thought...)

Although I have many more ideas, including expanding Dandelion into a full week of festivities similar to Greek Week, leaving a dead horse in Dean Jeffries' office, working with the folks at Ivy Gardens to move people into the same building as their section mates, etc., I have run out of space. However, I will leave you with this thought, supplied by my Little E lovin' friend: sure, we may lose a few of the weaker students each year to alcohol poisoning or arrest, but in my view it would be worth it to provide the really important members of the academic community with some much needed entertainment. And if you don't like it, blame the new Dean Jeffries computer policy. Peace, I'm out!



Editorial Policy

The *Virginia Law Weekly* publishes letters and columns of interest to the Law School and the legal community at large. Views expressed in such submissions are those of the author(s) and not necessarily those of the Law Weekly or the Editorial Board. Letters from organizations must bear the name, signature, and title of the person authorizing the submission. All letters and columns must either be submitted in hardcopy bearing a handwritten signature along with a disk containing the file, or be mailed from the author's email account. Submissions must be received by 5 p.m. the Monday before publication and must be in accordance with the submission guidelines posted on the door to the Law Weekly office in Rooms SL277 & SL279. Letters over 500 words and columns over 700 words may not be accepted. The Editorial Board reserves the right to edit all submissions for length, grammar, and clarity. Although every effort is made to publish all materials meeting our guidelines, we regret that not all submissions received can be published.

Letters to the Editor: Race, Setear

To the Editor:

In the last issue, there was a small sidebar regarding the SBA Diversity Panel two weeks ago. Unfortunately, it did little to report on the heated discussion that actually occurred there, which more closely resembled the dialogue on race reflected in the letters to the editor on the opposite page.

I had written a letter that week as well, but it didn't make it in before the deadline. However, with a controversy over Rush Limbaugh encroaching on my football coverage and Californians voting on the issue of colorblindness this week, it still seems relevant to revise my letter and resubmit my thoughts.

The letters in response to Eric Wang's article were all heartfelt defenses for the existence of ethnic clubs, but they didn't really address the real question raised by Mr. Wang: Do ethnic clubs help or hurt the pursuit of a colorblind society?

Mr. Wang's arguments closely mirror those of the proponents of California Proposition 54, who believe that blindness is a requisite step to colorblindness. However, I think this belief confuses the end with the means.

In a truly colorblind world, nobody would treat you differently because of your race, and minorities wouldn't think to congregate in clubs. This doesn't mean that getting rid of ethnic clubs is a solution to the problem. It's like a simple LSAT question: Given that there would be no ethnic clubs in a colorblind world, does the absence of ethnic clubs necessarily mean we are in a colorblind world?

Logic games aside, I would argue

ence of the SBA Diversity Panel two weeks ago could be a good representative sample.

There was a discussion at that panel about how non-minorities often don't think they can come to events put on by ethnic clubs, exacerbating the self-segregation problem. However, the Diversity Panel was sponsored by the SBA and an effort was made to address aspects of diversity other than race. Despite this attempt to appeal to a broader public, a quick look around the room revealed an audience that was predominantly racial minorities.

This bit of empirical evidence reflects the simple fact that racial minorities generally care more about diversity and race issues. That's not because minorities are more virtuous individuals, but simply because for them, the issues are more personal; the pursuit of a colorblind society will affect their families and their children.

The Civil Rights movement was led by African-Americans. Women's Suffrage was led by women. Our present-day goals are more mundane, but if we want to make progress as fast as possible, bringing people together who share an idiosyncratic incentive has proven to be a successful strategy.

Although it's not the primary goal of APALSA or BLSA, ethnic clubs are a good basis for getting together people who care about race (which is actually the primary goal of SUPRA). Criticizing these clubs is criticizing the very people who are willing to do the most for the cause that Mr. Wang is promoting.

Ted Jou '06

To the Editor:

Let me take this opportunity to apologize to students for making ANG's "Late" list on page 1 of your 9/26/03 issue. But, in my quasi-defense and also in quasi-defense of the similarly categorized Professor Schragger, please note that the "Late" list provided Faculty Quotes with a full 100% of the quotations from all 11 listed professors. (Indeed, the dynamically late duo provided nearly 64% of ALL quotations in Faculty Quotes for the week in question.) Let me also apologize for my association with a quotation in which I implied that Captain Kirk says "Make It So" and sings to children.

I don't know whether I was misquoted or whether I misspoke, but I have some friends who most definitely know that it is Captain Picard, not Captain Kirk, who says "Make It So" and sings to children. (I also predict that, of my friends who know it and who see the quotation, a full 100% will tell me that they know it.)

Professor John Setear

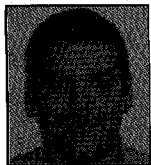
"I would argue that ethnic clubs are actually a great asset towards achieving a colorblind society and that getting rid of them would be a critical mistake if colorblindness is the goal."

that ethnic clubs are actually a great asset towards achieving a colorblind society and that getting rid of them would be a critical mistake if colorblindness is the goal.

Progress on social issues is often accomplished by groups of people who care about those issues coming together for a common cause. If we were going to look for people at the Law School who care about diversity and colorblindness, the audi-

SBA Notebook: Shout at the Devil!

Greetings from the Vice-President. Sarah has absconded with all of SBA's funds and bought some white tigers cheap to open her own petting zoo. So today you get me.



J.D. Thomas, a third-year law student, is SBA Vice-President.

I'm going to go ahead and take this opportunity to give you an idea about what the various SBA committees are doing so far this year and encourage everyone to get involved with them. So far this year all the SBA committees have been very active. The **SBA Diversity Committee** has hosted a panel of students to discuss issues of diversity confronting the Law School community. The **Career Services Committee** has been working closely with Career Services to try to respond to student

concerns and improve the information available to students on the Web. In addition, the Career Services Committee was very active in promoting events for U.Va. Law students in various markets during the summer. The **Programming Committee**—otherwise known as Elissa Port—has done yeoman's duty in planning the SBA Fall Picnic. While writing this, I don't know if the weather will cooperate—hopefully it has, and all of us have enjoyed some fine Barbecue and a little Hung Jury. Speaking of the SBA Picnic, the **Fundraising Committee**, headed by John Naumovski, has been active in trying to secure sponsorship of various events by Bar-Bri, Westlaw, LEXIS and others—thank god, 'cause without John, Sarah's white tiger fetish would ruin us all. By far one of the most enthusiastic committees thus far this year has been the **Admissions Committee**. Under the

leadership of Brent Olsen and Colin Vandell, the Admissions Committee has been working hard to see that all prospective students get a chance to meet with, and receive a tour from, a member of the Admissions Committee. They are also working hard with head of Admissions, Susan Palmer, to overhaul Admitted Students weekend, both to make it a better experience and ensure that more students will be able to attend. The **Barrister's Ball Committee**, headed by Megan Davidson, and Liz Castellani are also working hard to make sure we all have a great experience at this year's "Law School prom." This year, it may be a bit different, but it looks like its going to be a great time for all. On the subject of making sure we all have fun events to go to, the **Grad School Interaction Committee** has a lot of big plans. Hopefully everything will work out and all of us will be able

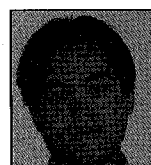
to hang out with a bunch of History Majors and Nurses. Nurses. Woo!

Finally, we have a death to report—the **Website Committee** has expired after a checkered past. We all figured that since the Law School's exemplary site pretty much duplicated everything we had on our site that it wasn't worth the time. But, we're flexible. If anyone out there has an interest in reviving the website, shoot me an e-mail, maybe we can work something out. After all, this is the people's government.

I have about 20 words left. The *Law Weekly* is a harsh master, so I must meet my word limits. Let me just encourage you all to get involved with SBA committees. If you're interested in any of the committees, e-mail me. The more viewpoints we have, the stronger the committees become.

"Diversity" and its Discontents

In my last column, I lambasted the phenomenon of students who cluster around campus with others of their own skin color. In a letter to the editor, members of BLSA, Women of Color, and APALSA, without offering a better euphemism of their own, objected to my characterization of this peculiar practice as "racial



Eric Wang, a first-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

separatism." For lack of a better term, let us call this—"diversity," which seems to be the fashionable catchword of the politically correct class. It would still be the most facetious misnomer since Yankee Doodle stuck a feather in his hat and called it "macaroni." To say that diversity exists where there is really *de facto* self-segregation is only slightly more accurate than saying diversity existed under *de jure* segregation. The only improve-

ment is that now, people "of color" may enter certain places where they were previously excluded. But the separation is still palpable, even if mitigated.

While I would like to say that my disagreement with race-based student interest groups is merely over the means we use to break down these barriers, I'm not so sure that I'm convinced of their commitment to the cause.

In her letter responding to my column, the APALSA representative asserted the purpose of her group is to "provide a forum for issues relevant to Asian Pacific Americans...." However, it does not make any logical sense, *a priori*, to claim that those of a particular "race" have any inherent substantive shared interests other than their race itself. The claim about relevant interests or issues only makes sense in the context of historical practices that have divided individuals into racial categories and discriminated on that basis, thus causing individuals to have interests that align with race. Where my critics and I diverge is whether we should resign

ourselves to accepting the *status quo* as a *fait accompli*, or whether we should strive for a fairer and more rational approach.

Perhaps the issue of race is so entangled with emotions that we cannot disregard it in a world where human beings are often irrational, even if we can understand in the abstract the existence of race as an intangible social construct. But if we were content to subvert rationality to emotions, the Civil Rights Movement would likely never have succeeded. Aside from the sheer immorality of segregation, the struggle for equality was also premised on the utter irrationality of segregation. It was not out of some rational basis that African Americans were banished to the back of the bus, the "colored section" at restaurants, or to separate and unequal schools. Such abominations were manifestations of the rawest emotions.

Having come so far in treating racial minorities fairly, equally, and rationally, we should take this historic fight to its rational conclusion by abolishing the socially corrosive

correlation between interests—both cultural and material—and race. In this respect, race-based student interest groups are hindering the cause. My claim is not that "students of color perpetuate racial stereotypes by joining ethnic/cultural groups," as another letter writer put it. Rather, the perpetuation is incident to the act of joining. The joining itself results from an internalization of those racial stereotypes. "Minority" students who group together do so because they have internalized the shared interests that history and society have arbitrarily and unjustly imposed on them. But the appropriate response to injustice is not internalization, but resistance.

There is no question self-segregation exists. I was at a recent SBA forum on "diversity" when a woman walked into the room and remarked, "Are we self-segregating?" She then proceeded to take a seat in the last two rows on the left side of the classroom, which, not coincidentally, were occupied exclusively by students of the same "race." No one can say with a straight face that

this state of affairs is healthy. Yet, instead of outrage, the most common response from race-based student interest groups is either that this phenomenon does not exist or that, even if it does, it is not minorities who are responsible. The latter may be partly true, but if we are genuinely interested in reducing racial tensions and building a more integrated society, we need to stop playing the blame game. "Minorities" who are in a position to integrate themselves with their Caucasian counterparts should take the initiative to do so.

Perhaps I am deluded about the desirability or feasibility of a society in which individuals can form associations based on legitimate shared interests like tastes, preferences, philosophies, ideologies, and even material interests that arise without regard to skin color. The letter writer in the last issue who deemed himself a "pessimistic realist" dismissed this dream. But it was a dream that carried us this far in the fight for racial justice, and now is not the time to turn our backs on that dream.

Faculty Quotes

R. Verkerke: "Remember this case is about K-Mart again. This time we have a locker search, and before it was a strip search. They may not be the kind of employer you would like in the future. My hope is that this interview season goes better than that and that you don't have to work at K-Mart."

J. Jeffries: "Out with a buzz on and a weapon... always a bad beginning to an evening."

J. Harrison: "We could sit in the dark and talk about civil procedure, which metaphorically is what we do anyway."

R. Verkerke: "With these dating cases, there is virtually no protection. So if you walk in on the boss having... uh... having... lunch with his secretary, you can still be fired."

J. Manning: "At the time, everybody had an independent counsel. Meese had three of them. It was almost like a status symbol."

P. Stephan: "I would suggest that if you're in a property dispute with Michael Jordan, you do not resolve it by playing Horse."

J. Kraus: "...Cries? Of course she cries! I don't care if she cries. She promises! That's contract law!"

J. Harrison: "You could have a misdemeanor crimen falsi crime. Which is really just sad, I think, because you aren't even really benefitting from it. It's just contemptible. Go set fires, I say."

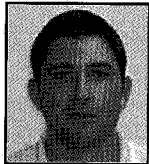
T. Nachbar: "We'll save that for Monday, when I know you'll be particularly fresh and excited."

T. Wu: "Have any of you ever seen this movie about shrimp farmers, uh, *Forrest Gump*? *Forrest Gump* was essentially a cultural battle, but with shrimp farmers and hippies."

J. Harrison: "Why is it that random words come out of my mouth? Obviously lack of hydration."

Ten Things I Hate About You (And Yes, I Mean You)

This column may seem as if I'm randomly ranting about stuff that happened to me in the last week. This is true. Interviewing has added my normally unfunny mind even more. I've been hopping around busier than a one-legged guy in an ass-kicking contest. For anyone who takes offense, well, anything I say, just remember I kid, I kid — I kid because I love.



Tom Windom, a second-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

1. Ultimate Fighting Championship I — Ultimate Bar Fighting. Joe Rogan, of *Fear Factor* fame, explains that Ultimate Fighting is the purest form of actual fighting that we puny humans will ever witness. But I know how real fights work. It's not two extremely fit guys beating the hell out of each other for profit — it's a bunch of extremely drunk, portly, husky, uncoordinated guys fighting over a girl whose already spo-

ken for. If anyone wants to start up Ultimate Bar Fighting Championship, I'm in for pay-per-view.

2. Ultimate Fighting Championship II — Fighting Styles. The match-ups used to have karate and jujitsu experts, but now it's just a bunch of man-handlers doing what they can to crunch the other guy. The announcers try to dignify it by calling it "dirty boxing" or "mixed fighting," but it's all the same thing and just like the arcade game: street fighting.

3. Ultimate Fighting Championship III — Terminology. When one guy keeps pounding another guy in the face, can the announcers please just stop talking? I certainly didn't pay \$30 to hear it. Please let us enjoy our mind-numbing violence in peace. Maybe get the Discovery Channel soundtrack from *When Lions Attack*. Alternately, get the audio of the latest Siegfried & Roy show... (oh that was bad).

4. Interviews I — You. Why must you leave class, fully suited, at 10:40, ten minutes before class ends, for an interview that starts

at 11 a.m., ten minutes after class ends? Is there a traffic jam or some sort of obstacle course you must complete on the way from Withers-Brown to Slaughter's second floor? Is the interviewer working so efficiently that he is ahead of schedule? Or do you just like being there obnoxiously early so you can check out the competition on all the schedules on the hall billboard? Punk. This is U.Va., not Harvard.

5. Interviews II — Boring Interviewers. Listen up, firms. You really need to send your varsity squad to interview at U.Va., not the chumps I've sometimes run across. I mean, at least send someone who has a more original question than "What was your LSAT score?" I took the LSAT five years ago — If I, er, I mean my roommate can't even remember the name of the girl he met at Kaplan's sorority mixer last week, why should he remember something as inconsequential as his LSAT score?

6. Interviews III — Reception Flirters. Way, way worse than podium rushers. I boycott

receptions because of you. You turn the reception into a classic scan-and-scam scene, worse than Biltmore on a Saturday night, more like a Speed Dating event — not that I've ever been to one of those. Okay, maybe just one. Anyway, socializing with interviewers is inherently horrendously boring, but you wear professional-yet-just-revealing-enough clothing, stick out your chest, and flirt maliciously because "OH MY GOD! That's SO funny how you closed that deal! You are SO smart!" And don't even get me started on the women.

7. Landlords. Ivy Gardens was a godsend compared to some of the horror stories I've heard about other people's landlords not doing anything to fix up their houses. And by "other people," I mean me. The hurricane flooded our ground floor. The doorknob fell off the front door yesterday. The furnace room — I'm not kidding — doesn't actually have a floor to it, it's just dirt — and they wonder how water and bugs get

into our house... We're forced to turn to the bottle to continue living there. Party at Lower Cabell, Wednesday, 10 p.m.

8. Softball Injuries. Just from the No Talent Assclowns team, we have a deep D.L. Broken arm: C.W. Dislocated finger: C.B.T. Very, very skewed vision: G.W. Male-pattern baldness: J.M. Busted grill: S.C. Oh sorry S.C., that's your normal face (see #10).

9. Cell Phone Companies. If competition is increasing, and fixed costs are going down, and none of the companies actually have employees on the other end of the "Customer Service" line, how come calling plan prices increase daily? If Suncom was bought by AT&T two years ago, how come I still get crappy Suncom rate plans and reception, and have to pay extra for AT&T when I go up the road to D.C.? Professor Kitch, please explain this shell game.

10. Scott Cullen. A startling answer to the question "Boxers, briefs, or... thongs?"

And You Thought Your Life Was a Mess...

So my roommate and I went over for dinner at a friend's house when one of the guys there made a comment about our jackets. Apparently, to him, we were wearing the equivalent of five sheep. "Those are the biggest [beeping] jackets I've ever seen!" he yelled.



Irene Noguchi, a first-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

This guy — let's just call him "Shirt Man" — doesn't wear jackets. Shirt Man is from Nebraska. He is from a town that is known for two things: (1) hosting the NCAA baseball championships, and (2) interbreeding its population with reptiles so they can withstand sub-Arctic temperatures. (Shirt Man can also drive cross-country without stopping to pee, but that's a whole other story.)

Yes, we were wearing big jackets. (I'll admit I resembled a giant blueberry, and that my roommate

looked like she'd been hog-tied inside a mattress.) But people, let's be honest. It's getting cold. In a few months time, you'll be chipping ice off your windshield with your wireless card. (You knew it was for something.)

But my wool-packed roommate and I are just being prepared. Instead of aspiring to higher domestic things like matching china and making frou-frou soufflés, we are like cavewomen, concerned more with our own survival. My Texas-bred roommate has a heating blanket. And she just bought a humidifier. It sits in her room, puffing steam like a train engine and giving off enough heat that she shrinks two pants sizes every time she goes in. She's not worried about mildew and, heck, neither am I. There won't be room for mildew. By the time it's December, she's going to have a full-grown botanical garden covering her walls. Her room will be lush and green and verdant. And my room and the rest of the apartment will be... blank. Because, literally, we have

nothing on the walls. Nothing.

There may have been one or two smashed bugs, but that's about it. (My roommate kills them with this battery-powered fly zapper that she found in a 99-cent store, which quite honestly, is the greatest thing ever if you have mammoth-sized bugs left over from the Mesozoic age flying around your living room as well. It takes AA batteries. When you accidentally zap yourself, you can see every bone in your hand.)

We haven't quite gotten around to decorating. Or getting furniture. (Our living room has enough space for an Olympic gymnastics routine.) We admire other people's apartments. Other people have photos on the wall, forks in the drawers, and coffee table books on the coffee table. We have forks.

But to be honest, we live sparsely because, well, we aren't the most domestic women alive. The closest I've gotten to Martha Stewart was matching my tablecloth with the napkins. (This was actually an accident — I washed

my reds with whites.) And I don't have that tablecloth anymore. After an incident involving some Wesson Oil and other flammable liquids, that poor thing has gone to a better place.

I wish we could be more domestic, but, between the two of us — one bred in Houston, the other raised by wolves — I don't see much chance of that happening. (I think this is why we are going to law school. So neither of us will have to cook or clean or burn down a husband's house making dinner. We can burn down our own.)

Even the pair of guys living below us are cleaner. They watch baseball 24-7 and eat burgers, but their stovetop is gleaming white. Their counters are clean. They have a *tablecloth*.

Instead of cleanliness, we have a giant spider. This thing is huge. It started off as a dust speck living next to the front door, and is now a beast with pincers. (Who knows why we didn't smash it back then? We were on a Sanctity-of-Life kick, and now Life is a tarantula on

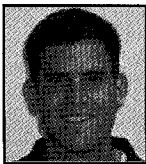
steroids.)

With Spidey nearby, my roommate wears gloves to open the door. One of my friends says she can bring her bug-munching cat over, but I don't know. This thing could take out Fluffy. We could smash this spider with a frying pan and it would probably re-inflate and grow five more legs. Even the electric zapper would only make it stronger. We're hoping one day it will suffocate inside its own bug-clogged nest, or will suffer heat stroke from the humidifier.

We used to feel ashamed about our apartment. About not having furniture. Everyone else's apartment looked like a "home," and we were sitting inside white walls wearing padded jackets. But as we get more settled in the place, we find we don't need much. We have a humidifier, our Ethernet, our fire extinguishers, our Doberman-sized tarantula and each other's company. Aside from not suffocating inside five layers of fleece, what more can you really ask for?

Cullen Left Some Early Fall Brain Droppings

Foolish reader. If you have come to the *Law Weekly* seeking wise and erudite comment, you deserve what you get. And if you have come to this column seeking 700 to 850 words worth of thematically consistent expository writing, you ask too much on a Sunday night at the culmination of a break. Today I offer you scattered musings — simple ruminations about several things that bear little or no relation to each other, but are relatively current and may perhaps garner a chuckle from you.



Scott Cullen, a second-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

Interviewing as Column Fodder: If you are a first-year, firm interviews couldn't be more irrelevant to your current existence, as they have nothing to do with civil procedure and Prof. Kraus is not going to spend twenty-five to fifty minutes of class asking you obtuse questions about them. If you're a third-year, interviews are an uncomfortable memory that likely resides in what's left of the brain cells you've attacked over the course of the last ten to twelve months with an onslaught of beer and, come the summer, wine over free lunch.

And if you're a beleaguered second-year, there's no way in hell you could honestly want to hear more about the self-abuse that is exposing your résumé and very existence to the hostile scrutiny of on-Grounds interviewing. And yet, interviewing occupies a sanctified role as one of the three or four things people actually write about in these pages, and week after week, we get columns, articles and various assorted references to the interview process.

Indeed, it would take a remarkably vapid and banal scribe to choose interviews as the focus of his or her work this deep into the October rotation. Fortunately, *Law Weekly* columnist Thomas P. Windom is a living, drinking monument to banality and vapidness. It must be noted, however, that Twindom manages to make up for this crippling death of creativity with both his boyish yet prosecutor-

like good looks and his unimpeachable, ironclad record of never, ever passing out in the arms of one of his housemates in a drunken spooning position... oh wait ... never mind... Let's move on.

Atlanta: Some of you are from there, some of you are going there. My exposure to this Southern metropolis has been limited to a handful of hours in transition at Hartsfield Airport, but seeing as I'm hurting for material this week, I'm going to malign the hell out of it anyway. The Chicago Cubs won a victory in the name of good karma this evening taking game five



photo courtesy hollywood.com
The Blue Light Grill gets dull on Tuesday nights.

from the Atlanta Braves — a team that has been as constant a presence in the baseball playoffs over the last decade as bad music is at a John Mayer concert. Like the post-nuclear cockroach, the Braves simply would not die — until this evening, when they dropped a decisive game at home in front of a stadium which, for the third time in

this series, was about one-third full of Chicago fans. A team and a city that owe much of their identities to Ted Turner and cannot sell out their playoff games are fully worthy of my unrelenting scorn.

Bill Murray: If you haven't gotten on your horse and high-tailed it down to the Regal to see *Lost in Translation*, by all means do so at your earliest convenience, for it is an excellent film. More fundamentally, it does the soul

good to see Bill Murray receiving and capitalizing on good and hilarious work this deep into his career (see also RUSHMORE).

It is particularly satisfying given the tragic career trajectory of some of his founding SNL brethren, those who have fallen off the funny train and become pathetic husks of their formerly comedic selves (Dan Akroyd and Chevy Chase, I'm looking in your general, unfortunate directions).

The Poster Advertising Professor Scott's Talk on Contract Law: In answer to the unasked

question, "how creepy can we make an endowed lecture seem?" we get this widely-displayed advert which makes me uncomfortable every time I walk past it. It has the internal proportions and color scheme of 1960s Maoist propaganda and

somehow manages to make one of the living gurus of contract law look like a local news anchor or a Tony Robbins-like motivational speaker.

What's worse is the fact that in person, Prof.

Scott appears to be a very affable and not-unsettling faculty member. (The painting of him in our Hall of Past Deans makes him look eminently chill — a tough act to pull off in scholarly robes.) He is not done justice by the public relations office. To be fair, this advertisement is still leaps and bounds ahead of the poster from last spring promoting Chief Justice Rehnquist's talk, featuring a picture of the legendary jurist that, so help me, made it appear as if he had expired sometime during the middle-Reagan years.

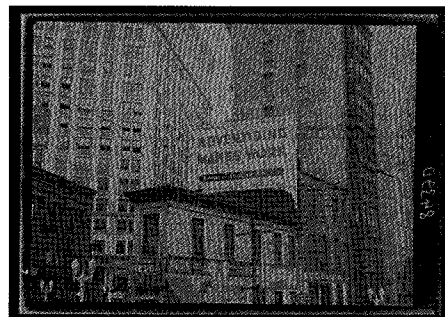


photo by John Vachon

They call it "Hotlanta."

Chain Gang Of Love? It's Not an Oz Episode, but an Album

First of all, let me start with a question, which, due to the inherent constraints of written media, must remain rhetorical. Although if you have an answer, please do not hesitate to convey it to me, because I am much confused, not to say annoyed! Why is it that when you buy a CD, it has a small sticker with a bar code that makes it damn near impossible to open? After I had removed this infamous bar-code sticker from my newly acquired CD, something that took me roughly the same time as it took Odysseus to get back home, I could finally pop my CD into the stereo and listen to some tunes.

The Raveonettes play semi-loud garage rock, which fuses heavy influences from the Jesus & Mary Chain with punk and '60s pop sound: twangy guitars, lots of white noise, rattling chains and aggressive percussion, and downplayed, quiet vocals.

The Raveonettes are a duo comprised of singer/guitarist Sune Rose Wagner — who also writes all the songs — and singer/bassist Sharin Foo. While on this record they are backed by a guitarist and a drummer, the Raveonettes are still very much Wagner and Foo's show — for this is what the record is, a *show*. From the cover to the liner notes, the pictures, and, of course, the music, *Chain Gang* is a fusion of '50s and '60s picture shows and avant-garde garage rock. The leather and rock 'n roll outfits Wagner and Foo have donned for the cover photos remind you in an eerie but at the same time *tres cool* way of motorcycle movies and Dr. Frank N. Furter from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Think all of

the American teenage movies, with their stories of broken hearts, love, fights, and then add a zesty layer of sex, leather, and chains... Now who wouldn't like that?

Chain Gang represents an evolution in the group's sound. As op-

complexity definitely suits the group.

The smooth and melodious "Remember" kicks off the album, and it's a great opener — my personal favorite — with a good steady beat and a catchy chorus. Although its unsettling lyrics hint at the tone of the album early on: "And I never think you'll get it/Tonight you're doing something/This fix is more important than you are." Other highlights include the melancholy "Love Can Destroy Everything" and the title track "Chain Gang Of Love" — a depressing dirge about unhappy love sung to the grunts of a chain gang in the background. "That Great Love Sound" deals with much the same theme, and if you can catch the video for that

Raveonettes' sound. The white noise is simply too much sometimes, occasionally bordering on the painful. The vocals are downplayed as the style dictates, but sometimes it's very difficult to even hear their singing, let alone understand the lyrics. This is a shame, because both Foo and Wagner have good singing voices and the melodies are rather catching. The album is also short, only 33 minutes, which disappoints somewhat. Although, compared to the price — about \$11 — it isn't that bad.

Overall I can strongly recommend this album from a group that I foresee will make it big. The album is littered with songs sporting droll rhymes that belong in any slightly eclectic record collection; here's an example that should appeal to Crim Law buffs: "Here comes the love gang/Two delinquents in love."

In short, get this album, get on your bike, and cruise down memory lane with James Dean's ghost breathing down your neck. This is, as the Raveonettes aptly say, whip-lash rock 'n' roll!



photo courtesy raveonettes.com

No, they did not go to Oberlin.

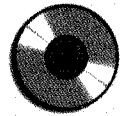
posed to their first album, which was recorded exclusively in B minor and centered around three chords, *Chain Gang* is recorded in B-flat major and carries a significantly more complex sound layer and song structure. This added

song online, I strongly suggest that you do. It's a grotesque little piece in which the two Raveonettes try to kill each other in many amusing fashions.

The only problem with this album is one that is inherent in the

Lose Yourself

by Peter Kaas



I guess by now it's time to explain what tunes I was listening to. The Raveonettes are a Danish band — no, they don't sing about pastry! — that released their sophomore CD, *Chain Gang of Love*, on August 25.

Behold, Sinners... The Heavenly Glory of the McGriddle!

It is widely known that a healthy dose of grease will do wonders to cure even the worst of hangovers. After a particularly ambitious beginning to last Spring Break, I was introduced to what is now my favorite vehicle for conveying large amounts of grease into my system on such occasions: McDonald's McGriddle.

I rolled up to the drive-through and ordered a large fries. It was 7:50 a.m. Apparently, the temperature of the deep fryers in all McDonald's are set by computer, and are suitable only for making hash browns until 10:30 a.m. when the lunch menu becomes available. Thus, no fries. I was being called upon to make a game-time decision, and I simply lacked the mental capacity. I surveyed the drive-through menu in search of my answer and came across a glossy, overblown photo of the McGriddle. Confident that, given my current condition, whatever I put in my stomach was most likely coming back up, I figured I couldn't go wrong and ordered a sausage, egg, and cheese McGriddle.

The taste experience that followed is still difficult for me to put into words. The McGriddle has been advertised as an "innovative way for customers to eat warm golden griddle cakes — with the sweet taste of maple syrup baked right in — and different combina-

tions of savory sausage, crispy bacon, fluffy eggs, and melted cheese in a convenient sandwich."

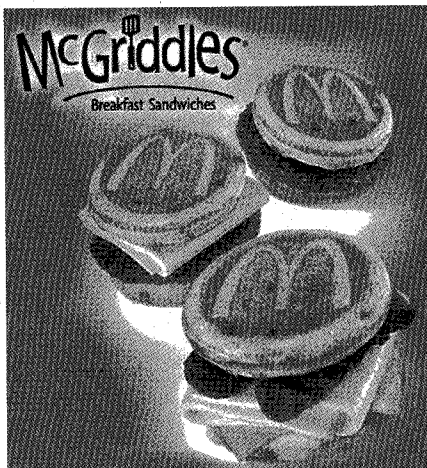


photo courtesy mcdonalds.com

They came from the future to save the past.

This description does not do it justice.

The "griddle cakes" that form the outer part of the McGriddle are like two little silver-dollar pancakes that taste as if they have syrup on them, but are not sticky to the touch. The

filling is your classic McDonald's seasoned sausage patty, combined with one of those folded egg things and a slice of slightly melted American cheese. The finished product is simply delicious. The first thing you taste is the subtle sweetness of the griddle cakes, followed swiftly by the spices of the sausage. The egg and cheese don't really make a separate taste impression, but I think their presence in the sandwich improves the overall texture and taste experience.

The McGriddle tastes almost too good to be true, as was revealed when I looked into the nutritional information. One sausage, egg, and cheese McGriddle contains 550 calories and 33 grams of fat. That adds up to 51% of your daily fat allowance based on a 2000 calorie per day diet. The healthier option can be found in the bacon, egg and cheese McGriddle, which contains 450 calories, 23 grams of fat, and makes up a mere 36% of your daily fat intake. The bacon McGriddle is also a good choice, but as one might suspect,

less fat equals less taste, and it doesn't stack up to its sausage counterpart.

The effect of the McGriddle on the leftover alcohol in my stomach was miraculous. It was just greasy enough to soak everything up, and not so greasy as to cause immediate booting. For \$2.48, including tax, the sausage McGriddle is the best hangover cure available before 10:30 a.m. I realize there are some who might enjoy starting their day with a McGriddle for reasons other than absorbing alcohol, and I can assure you that the McGriddle tastes just as heavenly to the sober palette. Be forewarned: it is easy to become enamored of the glory of the McGriddle, but more than three of these bad boys in one week is a bad idea!

For those of you timid folk who refuse to stray from the established McMuffin or sausage biscuit, break out of your comfort zone and experiment with the McGriddle. Once you sample the sweet love of the griddle cakes, you won't be going back to the old boring breakfast sandwiches anytime soon.

SHE Goes Solo

by Cheryl Hogan



Recently, I was awakened early one morning after an egregious display of drinking prowess. It was 7:30 a.m. on a Saturday, and under normal circumstances I would never have entertained the idea of rising from my bed, but the pounding in my head and the heaving in my stomach had alternate plans. This was a hangover that demanded to be dealt with.

I pulled on my sweats, climbed into my car, and drove very slowly to the Barracks Road McDonald's.

Keg Pumping 101, the UPC can also help you prepare for your post-U.Va. experience with a short course in bartending, for example. Alternatively, you might opt for the massage class in an attempt to turn your short-term relationship into something more permanent. Who would turn away a trained masseuse? I, on the other hand, chose to spend my Sunday evenings learning the hip-sway of salsa. Classes are an hour long and cost \$40 per couple for the semester. For those mathematically challenged, that's \$2.50 per person per hour. I challenge you to come up with a more economical entertainment in Charlottesville. That doesn't even include the free passes to Salsa Club, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Although the 8 p.m. class has more than a dozen couples, our 9 p.m. class only has five. For the ladies, this means a greater chance of dancing with Edwin. Edwin is the instructor. Edwin always wears all black. Edwin's shirts are skin-tight. Edwin works out. Edwin can dance.

Class began with an introduction to the music and the dance, a brief history, if you will. Looking back, thank goodness we started with history. There's one thing to learn about salsa dancing — endurance. By the end of the hour, my legs were ready for the massage class.

Edwin's teaching method is relatively simple. Have fun and repeat. Do the steps so often that you're not thinking about the steps, just moving your body. This is key. Braniacs will never master salsa dancing because they concentrate too much on making sure that each foot is always in the right place at the precise moment. You must concentrate less on where your feet are going and more on getting her phone number. Most of all, salsa dancing is about pleasure. Enjoy the music, the company, and the moves. Edwin and his partner, Veronica, definitely enjoy all three. The two smiled the entire hour and you couldn't help but enjoy yourself.

Our class consisted of learning the basic steps and internalizing the rhythm and movement. Although this could have been as dry as square dancing in seventh-grade P.E., Edwin and Veronica introduced enough advanced — but doable — steps to keep us interested and excited about what was coming next. One of the most difficult things for our class of non-Latinos to learn is that salsa dancing is all in the hips downward. Any man who

thinks shaking his hips is for girls should talk to any woman watching a Latin man dance. Shaking his hips is definitely for the ladies. Fixing some of these stylistic and other potentially disastrous habits is what impressed me most about Edwin's class. He gave us little tips and explained the moves in a simple and understandable way that made them feel natural, as if we were born in Caracas and grew up listening to Willie Colón.

As if the classes weren't fun

enough, every Sunday night, the Outback Lodge hosts the Salsa Club. Edwin has been integral in bringing dancing aficionados together for an evening of dynamic excitement. Who said there's no dancing in Charlottesville? For \$5, you can witness first-hand some of the best hip shaking in town. This is one of the little extras that the class provides: free passes to the Sunday night action. Men and women alike, I promise you won't be disappointed, unless of course, you don't get up and dance!

Gee Learns the Forbidden Dance from UPC

In the 1970s, salsa music flourished. You may think this evocative movement emanated from Cuba, Mexico, or Puerto Rico. But, you'd be wrong. No, salsa music and salsa dancing originated in the good ol' U.S. of A. So, along with jazz and hip-hop, you can add this sexy style to our list of contributions to the music world. Salsa is just another fine example of what great things the American melting pot produces. Back in the day in Harlem, Latinos from numerous countries would gather together for one of their favorite hobbies — fiestas. Although they spoke the same language, culturally, they were different and they all had their own music and dance styles. Skipping to the end of the story, the many influences combined

GEE...

Emancipated

by Claudia Vassar



for a spicy mixture, or salsa.

If you've never discovered them, the University Program Council puts on some great non-credit courses, and one of them is on salsa dancing. Although all you really need for law school is

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

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George's Insomniac Dreamland Theater

Insomnia is a medical condition — the chronic inability to sleep for an adequate amount of time. It's also the title of a recent movie about a police officer who travels to Alaska and cannot sleep because the summer days there are virtually twenty-four hours long. I haven't seen this movie. But I have some experience with the medical condition. As I write this sentence, it's three o'clock on a Monday morning. There's no one stirring in my house except for me, of course, and my roommate, who is mumbling incoherently on his way to the bathroom.



George Pence, a second-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

Truth be told, there's probably a few mice stirring in my house, too. I'm not fond of mice, and frankly, I'm not all that fond of this house

either. It's the neighborhood that really chafes me, especially at three o'clock in the morning when I'm suffering from insomnia. Calling it a "parking fee," the local "children" frequently request five dollars from visitors for the privilege of leaving their cars at the curb. I imagine that someday, some sucker friend of mine will fail to fork over this protection money and will subsequently find his car keyed. Then there'll be a melee, but with dancing, like in *West Side Story*.

I wish I were a better dancer. I have three "moves," all of which involve some combination of the fist pump and the knee jerk. These relatively simple actions provide a multiplicity of choreographic combinations. And, honestly, they seem to impress — that is, as long as I don't have to dance with the same girl for more than one song. After that, my moves get a little boring. At least they would bore me if I were the girl dancing with me. Often I wonder

what it would be like to dance with me; likewise, I often wonder what it would be like to be a girl. Life is a garden of mysteries, isn't it?

Speaking of gardens, my bed has floral sheets. This isn't a decorative decision I plan on making permanent. Yesterday I just felt that it was time to "get clean" — so the sheets, along with my clothes, went into the washing machine. Floral sheets aren't terribly manly, but as I said before, I often wonder what it would be like to be a girl. Sometimes I feel like a sculptor chiseling away at the marble of life, searching for its form. Maybe that form is female.

Anyway, I was lying alone atop a two dimensional garden tonight when I began to contemplate the cause of my sleeplessness. There are three possibilities. Possibility One: the fact that my bed slants down toward my bedroom wall. Even when I do find rest there, I invariably awake with my cheek

pressed precariously against the surface of this wall. Also, I'm sure that "Shady Shaw," my landlord, covered the interior of our place with lead paint. Why? Because that's just the way Shady Shaw — who would sacrifice a newborn babe at the altar of his economic prosperity — operates.

Possibility Two: the now-banned-in-37-states weightlifting supplement that I ingested earlier in the day. Why, you might ask, do I risk my health for big muscles? And furthermore, if I'm willing to risk my health for big muscles, why is it that I don't have big muscles? I don't have a good answer to the first question. Boredom, perhaps. Or perhaps, it's because I feel a deep need increase my chest size. As for the second question, I've already written the Nutrasport Corporation to complain about my failure to "get huge." I've yet to receive a reply.

Possibility Three: I really can't think of a third explanation for my

insomnia. I anticipated being able to come up with something by the time I reached this paragraph, but sadly I have not. I could go back and change the earlier sentence where I suggested there were three possibilities. But I feel as if that would be asking a lot of me, especially at three o'clock in the morning.

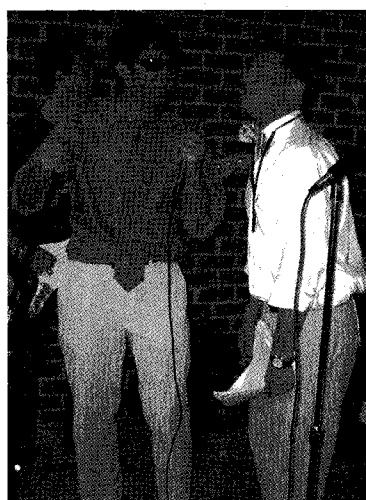
FOXFIELD

continued from page 1
table organizations. There is a designated corporate charity selected for each race, to which part of the proceeds of the event are contributed. The designated beneficiary for this fall's race was the Wildlife Center of Virginia.

In case you missed it, the fall running of the Foxfield Races is also Family Day. In addition to the steeplechase races, Jack Russell Terrier races, a mule race, and pony rides were available for children. One Law School spectator who actually watched the terrier races, Columbia Warren '05, couldn't stop exclaiming about a terrier that flipped over while jumping a hurdle on the course.

The post-Foxfield festivities at Pea Ridge lived up to their usual level of raucousness. The hamburgers were cooking, a new band was playing, and Jay Levin was spinning until late in the evening. The new band was lovingly christened by an anonymous third-year "Small Dick Jury," implying that they are somehow jealous of Hung Jury's massive fan base. There were no reported casualties, but one anonymous first-year was picked up by a friendly passerby along Garth Road attempting to take a leisurely walk back to Ivy Gardens and was forced to ride in the with the dog. Besides this small incident, a fun time was had by all, perhaps particularly if they don't remember it. Except maybe that terrier. And that jockey.

PHOTO GALLERY

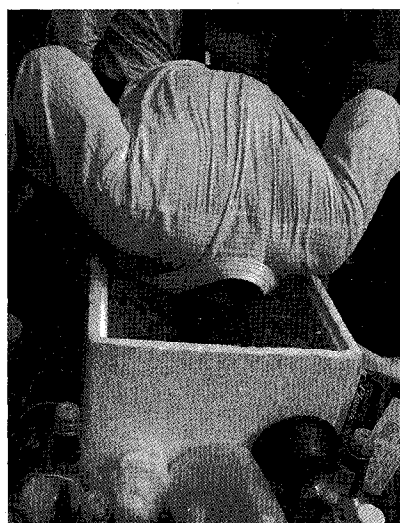


"Adam, it used to be about the MUSIC!"



"I want to suffer for my art."

photos courtesy Scott Pluta



Bobbing for Longnecks

The Weekly Crossword

Edited by Wayne Robert Williams

FINDERS KEEPERS

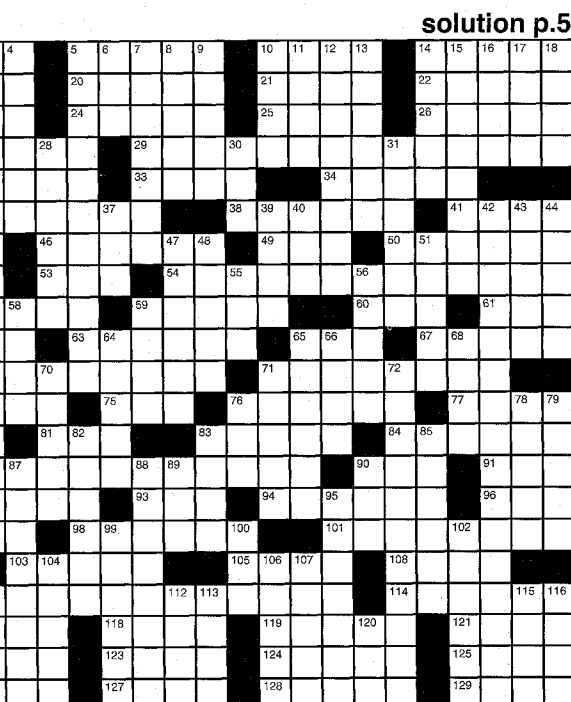
By James E. Buell, Edgewater, Florida

- ACROSS
- Thunder sound
 - "Easter 1916" poet
 - Door hardware
 - Tackled a trail
 - Actress Anderson
 - Nancy of "Pollyanna"
 - Der ___ (Adenauer)
 - Soulful Baker
 - Cruising
 - Extreme
 - Serengeti sprinter
 - Soft palate
 - More hateful
 - KEEP cool
 - Howard and Wood
 - Mies van der ___
 - Sully
 - I've been better
 - Put back in the granary
 - Deep chasm
 - One in Toledo
 - Tendons
 - Gloomy fellow?
 - Harvesting machine
 - Salt Lake City hrs.
 - Wrath
 - KEEP safe
 - Command
 - Perseveres
 - Egyptian god of the earth
 - Now ___ seen everything!
 - Leave text in!
 - Brunch order
 - Part of HMS
 - Aromatic compound
 - Hand-launched bombs
 - Read up on
 - Had the nerve
 - X rating?
 - Sneaky type
 - Shoshones
 - Pizarro's quest
 - Letters on candies?
 - Spreadsheet user's shortcut
 - Parentless child
 - KEEP quiet
 - Amazement
 - Radio static letters
 - One-dimensional
 - Regret
 - Dull blows
 - Iota
 - Icelandic literary work
 - Per unit
 - Models of perfection

- Purple shade
- Avails oneself of
- "The Good Earth" heroine
- KEEP secret
- Elevated temperatures
- Make merry
- Hare's tail
- Video game pioneer
- Twin of Jacob
- Reagan's attorney general
- Lohengrin's love
- Fit for a king
- Advance
- Store up
- Green of "Austin Powers" films
- Goddess of peace
- Fast jets, for short

DOWN

- Quahog
- Go down in defeat
- KEEP listening
- Keyboard instruments
- KEEP waiting
- Hospital wing
- Semitic fertility goddess
- Body trunk
- Scythe handle
- Fifty percent
- First Arabic letter
- Somewhat fat
- Childhood correspondent
- Port in a storm
- Neon or radon
- Start of joy?
- Sewing case
- Clammy
- Union of Greece and Cyprus
- Last of cash?
- Capital of South Dakota
- Makes insensitive
- Beginning



solution p.5

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- Individual
- Ids' companions
- Word extension: abbr.
- KEEP pace
- Go
- Chicken purchase
- Made from a fleece
- Extras in a theater production
- Campfire remnant
- Hanoi holiday
- Come to terms
- Tours "to be"
- Surrender formally
- Taiwan Strait island
- Fireside
- Exxon, once
- Brown-and-white porgy
- Plant swelling
- Slice again
- KEEP private
- Popeye of "The French Connection"
- Arum family plant
- Crying sound

- DeValera of Ireland
- Agitated states
- Team spirit
- Tiny bit of time: abbr.
- House on the market
- Authenticity
- Wheels for tots or seniors
- Color property
- Docs' group
- Steal the show
- Analyzes a sentence
- Continental abbr.
- Court mallets
- Runs in neutral
- Lambchop's Lewis
- Diner
- "The Joy of Cooking" author Rombauer
- Abound (with)
- Eye part
- Send packing
- Osmonds' state
- Talk wildly
- Brewskie
- Managed

Top Ten Things in the News I Don't Understand.

by Alison Haddock '05

- Neighbors who fail to notice or report that their cotenant is keeping wild gar in his apartment.
- People who voted for Arnold over Gary Coleman — he may be short, but at least he can speak English.
- Why no one besides myself has noticed that Maria Shriver is a man.
- Why the FBI is spending their resources tapping the Philadelphia Mayor's office rather than figuring out why the power in Charlottesville goes out every time it rains.
- Why all the sports news now is about baseball.
- Why we still don't know what is going on with Ben and J. Lo.
- Siegfried: Roy :: Bert: Ernie. Does anyone else wonder about these ambiguously gay couples?
- Even if the risk of getting bitten by a tiger you raised from birth is small, why would someone want to play Russian Roulette with a giant feline?
- How did the guy who mailed himself go to the bathroom?
- How did drug-dealing U.Va. undergrads get foiled by a secret society that doesn't exist?

Send a Top Ten List to va-law-weekly@virginia.edu.

HUNGRY?

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