

"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

The Public Interest Job Fair is coming soon. Check CASE during Winter Break to sign up for interview slots.



Thumbs up to the 130 student volunteers and coordinator Sarah Hobeika '05 for the LSF's very successful Young Alumni Phonathon last week. Sarah donated her student coordinator earnings to Law Christian Fellowship. The phonathon raised \$36,000 and earned 254 new pledges for the Law School. The LSF will donate \$1,440 to student organizations.



Congratulations to James Whitehead on his engagement to U.Va. alumna DelY'vonne Chrisp.



Thumbs up to Beth Anderson '05. A selection from her poem, "A Locked Room," appears in the 2003 edition of *The Best American Poetry*.



Thumbs up to those hardy third-year students Fern Mechlowitz and Michael Passaportis, who dug in and cleaned the Scott Commons Refrigerators beyond belief on November 21.



Thumbs up to all of the awesome participants in the BLSA Talent Show. ANG thinks you rock!



Thumbs up to the professors who respect students' time by allowing students to complete their online evaluations in class.



Thumbs down once again to P&T. Said one disgruntled ANG fan, "I didn't pay \$200 for the privilege and convenience of parking in U-Hall and I don't appreciate having to line up outside the D3 lot to wait and pray for people to leave school."

Good luck on exams! ANG reminds you to bring two diskettes and save often. ANG hates exam-related heartache. Come to think of it, ANG hates exams. Why must we always test ourselves? Why can't we leave ourselves be?

And while we're at it, ANG wishes you a great Winter Break. Remember to bathe regularly and treat the elderly with kindness.

In this issue:

BarExams Loom p. 2

The Meatman visits the Fatherland p. X

Virginia Law Weekly

The Newspaper of the University of Virginia School of Law Since 1948

Vol. 56, No. 12

Friday, December 5, 2003

Subscriptions Available

Seznec Gives Ideas for Democracy in the Middle East

by Lee Kolber '06

The American-led war in Iraq might not be the catalyst for democracy in the Middle East that many officials in the Bush Administration predicted, according to Columbia University professor Jean-Francois Seznec. In a discussion titled "Can Democracy Spread in the Persian Gulf?", Seznec, an expert in international affairs who has lived and worked in the region, provided some answers to the topic question by arguing that the move toward democracy had already begun as early as 1991 in some Middle-Eastern countries and that the present war in Iraq will likely not lead to an acceleration of democratic change.

Groups in favor of democracy have been slowly organizing over the last decade, and there have been successful efforts to infuse democratic principles into the governing philosophy of Middle-Eastern nations. Seznec performed a brief case-study of several countries beginning with Qatar, a tiny but extremely wealthy nation that has allowed women to vote in recent elections. Bahrain in 1998 ratified a constitution that protected principles such as free speech and women's suffrage. Seznec also pointed to efforts by the Saudi Arabian royal family to give a greater share in the government to its people. However, the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, the ruling royal member, is in a diffi-

cult position because any effort to give power to the people takes power away from the ruling class. Without the ruling class' support and continued favor, the Prince will not stay in power — but neither will he retain control if the population rises up against him and the royal family. Seznec called the Prince's situation "precarious" at best.

Seznec proposed that these countries don't perceive the present affairs in Iraq as likely to incite instant democracy in the region; instead, they are more worried about an "unstabilizing" effect that could occur if the United States fails to help Iraq rebuild successfully. A breaking apart of Iraq could cause violence and strife to spill over into over countries, and the resulting other conflict could topple regimes that would likely be replaced by Islamic-fundamentalist rather than democratic governments. Seznec identified the danger that civil strife may spread into the populations of neighboring countries that would realize their potential for sudden move-

ments of political activism.

Oil money has allowed these countries to build a well-developed infrastructure. In particular, good health care systems have led to population growth, up to four percent per year in some places. Access to educational systems is also provided to a majority of the populations, but Seznec argued that the quality of education is limited. Unfortunately, the number of jobs available to this marginally-educated expanding population is completely inadequate. A potential 40 percent of young men in the region are unemployed — a situation Seznec described as a "time bomb" because of the potential of this listless group to rise up against their governments. The danger, Seznec pointed out, is that a sudden change in government these countries would not lead to instant democracy but, rather, to a power vacuum filled by the powerful and well-organized fundamentalist Islamic political groups. Instead of external forces, Seznec argues that democracy must come

from political movements within countries; indeed he points out that "the essence of democracy is that it cannot be imposed, but most come from within." He granted that the change of governments has been a "slow process" in the region, but the best avenue for democratic advancement must come from the population's desire for such change.

Ultimately, the conflict in Iraq is not the best way for America to advance democracy in the region, but Seznec stated that "frankly, before 9/11, the U.S. had no interest in promoting democracy in the region."

Seznec highlighted two key measures for America to follow if it is serious about promoting democracy. The first step is to help countries diversify their economies to allow for a wide range of employment opportunities beyond the oil industry and lessen these countries' economic dependence on the resource. Second, the U.S. can help improve the overall quality and variety of educational programs offered. Seznec contrasted the abundance of courses in Islamic history with the lack of practical programs such as engineering. According to Seznec's position, the war in Iraq must be supplemented with some supporting strategies in surrounding nations if the U.S. is to achieve the broad goal of accelerating the Middle-East's faltering movement toward democracy.

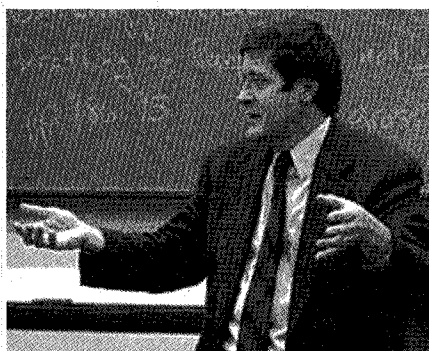


photo courtesy law.virginia.edu

Professor Jean-François Seznec

Professors Speak on Women in Academia

by Mary Lindsay Weatherly '04

On Wednesday, Nov. 19th, Professors Lillian BeVier, Mildred Robinson, and Barbara Armacost reflected on their careers and shared their thoughts on "Women in Academia." The Federalist Society and Virginia Law Women co-sponsored the panel, which was moderated by third-year and Federalist Society president Lillian Omand. In the course of an informative and candid discussion, the professors talked about their career paths, work and family issues, and ways students can enhance their résumés for academic careers.

Each of the panelists took a different path to teaching law. BeVier spent several years in private practice and did not consider teaching until one of her former Stanford Law professors suggested the idea. Armacost worked in the nursing profession, earned a Master's in Theology, and worked as a paralegal before entering law school at U.Va. After graduation, she clerked on the Fourth Circuit and was working at the Department of Justice when the Law School offered her a fellowship that resulted in a permanent position. Robinson was the only one of the three who went directly into academia, even though, growing up as the daughter of two teachers, she had never wanted to teach. That changed, Robinson recollected, when she was sitting in class one day at Howard and realized, "I can do this and I think this is something I'd like to do." Upon receiving her LL.M. from Harvard, she spent twelve years on the faculty at Florida State before coming to the Law School in 1984.

Balancing work and family re-

sponsibilities has been trying at times for the panelists, just as it is for all career women — even if professors do enjoy an extended summer vacation. When asked how they balance work and family, the panelists agreed it was a constant challenge, one that BeVier felt was especially hard during her first few years of teaching and Robinson described as a process of continually establishing and adjusting priorities. Robinson recalled that she taught a class the day before she had her second child and returned to school ten days later. Now law schools provide more generous leave for their faculty, and U.Va., like many schools, allows faculty members to extend their tenure clocks in the event of children or family illnesses.

For students interested in pursuing careers in academia, the panelists stressed the importance of writing and publishing. Armacost encouraged students to seek out opportunities to write by "finding an area they know about and finding a puzzle in there" and discussing their ideas with professors. Armacost felt that she benefited from getting to know her professors in law school, but recognized that the fact that she was an older student might have made her less intimidated to speak than many students. BeVier also encouraged students to discuss their ideas with professors, but noted that students should take time to develop those ideas first.

The number of female law students is on the rise — women now make up 50 percent of the

see WOMEN page 2

Second-Year Summer Job Placement Strong

by James Tysse, '06

Have no fear, Cavaliers. The second-year job market this year was extremely successful, according to the Career Service Center. Although no hard statistics will be compiled until the hiring season is over and second-years won't be surveyed until February, the job market is "at least as strong as last year, and might be a little stronger," Associate Director of Career Services Counseling and Programs Polly Lawson said.

"I thought this year went very well," noted Senior Assistant Dean for Career Services Steve Hopson. "There is no question that there are fewer people looking than there were at this time last year. It looks like there are less people still in the market at this point than we've had in a while."

Students tend to agree: "It seems the vast majority of people I know who wanted firm jobs have them by now — and a lot of my friends who went to bigger markets actually received multiple offers," second-year Chris Calsyn said.

The number of firms conducting on-Grounds interviewing remained strong. "We had a very busy on-Grounds interviewing season, like last year," Lawson emphasized. "We are in a very fortunate position because we have great relationships with a lot of employers who really like hiring our students."

And although the number of the firms remained steady this year, it seems that firm interest appears to have risen. "I was struck by the number of callbacks" for second-years, Dean Hopson said. "In terms of the number of positions offered per firm, it seems that more firms grew than cut back this year, con-

tributing to the large number of callbacks. It looks like most of their cutbacks took place a few years ago."

The number of students seeking firm jobs remained close to last year's numbers, Lawson said, but it seems that more people were heading to big markets. "The most popular markets were about the same as in past years, such as New York and California — but it did seem that fewer students seemed to be interested in the smaller markets like Texas and North Carolina."

Yet although the big markets remained as competitive as ever — notably D.C., New York, Boston, Chicago, and Northern California — most of those who persevered in their job searches ended up getting some offers, even if they weren't a top choice, according to Hopson. "There's no way D.C. is any harder than it has been in recent years, and in New York, people actually had an easier time because there are as many opportunities as D.C., but with less student demand for placement there."

The recently resurgent economy may be beginning to have an effect on job hiring. While salaries and the number of positions did not fluctuate much from last year, "the job market is showing signs that it is picking up," Lawson said, and Hopson agreed: "It was a combination of litigation staying strong and corporate law picking back up."

Another indication of the strengthening job market, according to Hopson, was the increase in second-chance hiring: "After the on-Grounds interview-

see JOBS page 2

DIABLO: Soccer for Sinners

by Sam Young '05

While their classmates quietly slept off the effects of the previous night's recreation, the intrepid men and women of the Law School's DIABLO soccer team braved several cold, muddy Sunday mornings just for a chance to run around outside and forget about law school for a while. And despite sprained ankles, capricious refereeing, and vengeful opponents — including some who made death threats — they kept coming back.

The history of DIABLO is largely unknown, but the team goes back to at least 1999. At the time, DIABLO was the more competitive of two teams at the Law School, but since then has become a more casual group. Second-year Deb Bander took over as team captain last spring for Kate Brennan '03 to "send the e-mails and rally the troops."

This fall, the team finished the season with a 5-2-1 record in the SOCA league, discounting a forfeit taken due to conflict with the Foxfield races. Seemingly impervious to the hazards of co-rec soccer, DIABLO went undefeated for its first five games, including a hard-won 3-1 victory over the ill-mannered Real Fred, a shutout of Rif Raf, and a 5-1 shellacking of Horde. The consensus was that the most valuable player throughout the season was goalkeeper Tony Ross, who held the opposition to only seven goals in his six appearances.

DIABLO's first loss came against the Blues. Down to nine players and forced to relegate one

of its best field players to goalkeeper, the team maintained a 1-1 tie until halftime, but eventually succumbed to fatigue and the determined offense of the Blues. The second loss came on a treacherously muddy field at Darden Towe against Darden United, whom DIABLO had defeated in its first match. The team's lone tie came in a frustrating 2-2 match against Crutchfield.



photo courtesy Sam Young

"Football" Hooliganism Must be Stopped.

The players differed in their reasons for joining DIABLO. Some expressed a desire to compete in a sport other than softball, or to get more exercise than they could motivate themselves to get otherwise. Second-year Jen Holden just wanted to add one more sport to her busy schedule of water polo and basketball. Only second-year Chris Caslyn was willing to admit that part of the reason for his participation was that "it is nice to get cute girls out in short shorts." (The women of the team declined to comment.) Kurt Zimmerman, a student at the Darden School, joined in order to get away from small-side pickup games on "the cratered

moonscape of Carr's Hill Field" and to play organized soccer. Bizarrely, Zimmerman and Ross, who is the husband of a Darden student, had never heard of Darden United, allowing team captain Bander to recruit them for DIABLO instead.

Most of DIABLO's players are first- or second-year students, but Darden students, an LL.M. and even a professor have had an impact as well. Play experience varies from college varsity to second-string youth league, but most players have played in high school. And while some of the team members knew each other already from classes at the Law School or Wednesday pickup games on Copeley Field, for the most part they were introduced to each other hurriedly during pre-game warmups or between gulps of water at halftime.

With the diversity of the squad, Bander says, "It's kind of amazing how the team comes together out there even though we don't have any formal practices. I'm always really impressed with our teamwork; it's a great group and we've been playing really well this season." DIABLO's players are very willing to spread the ball around, and when asked which position they prefer to play, more often than not the response is "wherever."

The fall season ended on November 23, but DIABLO plans to return for the indoor and spring seasons. Other soccer teams at the Law School include Lex United, which plays in the Premier division of SOCA, and CWFS, which plays in the Unlimited division.

Bar Exams Coming Soon

by Alison Haddock '05

If you are a third-year, you may or may not be studying for your final exams right now. Regardless, you probably don't need one more thing to be worried about in the coming weeks and over the holidays. But unlike finals, your bar exam is really important, because it actually determines whether or not you will be able to practice law. And in order to sit for the bar in the state of your choice, you often have to fill out a bar application far in advance.

If you are clueless about bar application requirements, you should first visit the website of the National Conference of Bar Examiners at www.ncbex.org/offices.htm. You will find listed the most current contact information for each jurisdiction. The information may advise you to contact the state directly to obtain its own set of rules for admission, deadlines, fees, character and fitness, and MPRE and MBE requirements, among other things. The NCBE website also provides helpful MPRE information and registration forms, MBE information, and a guide to bar admissions. Dean Cary Bennett of the Student Records Office notes that "[e]ven first-year students can benefit as a handful of jurisdictions offer reduced fees to students who register with them soon after enrolling in law school. For those first-years who know where they intend to practice, this can save money and allow them plenty of time to plan." If you lose this *Law Weekly* issue, just remember that there is a direct link to the Conference's website on the Student Records Office homepage. Or you can consult the bar info packet that the Office distributed in November, since that has contact information for over 50

jurisdictions. So you really have NO excuse for not knowing what your state requires.

Knowing when the bar application is due in your state is important so that you can be sure to give yourself plenty of time to collect all the information the particular jurisdiction requires. Dean Bennett notes that the process of filling out a bar application can be very time-consuming, and that "[m]any students have said that finding information requested such as the address of every employer one has ever worked for, all addresses lived at, etc. can be quite daunting."

Some bar applications may also have special requirements and conditions that students should look out for. For example, Dean Bennett notes that the New York bar application requires a handwriting sample that must be witnessed by an official. Fortunately, the Student Records Office can stand in as such an official. Some states require fingerprint cards. Students can be fingerprinted at police stations, including the U.Va. Police Department, and the SRO can provide cards on which these fingerprints can be recorded. Lest you are thinking of changing the jurisdiction in which you plan to practice based on the application, however, Dean Bennett notes that the Records Office has not heard that any one jurisdiction is more difficult than another.

Finally, as his top three tips for students going into the bar application process, Dean Bennett cautions: "1) Contact each jurisdiction directly for the most current and accurate information. 2) Start early — some jurisdictions will not accept late submissions. 3) If a form requires a notarized signature, do not sign the form unless you are in the presence of a notary public."

Virginia Law Weekly

Scott Meacham
Editor-in-Chief

Christopher Colby
Executive Editor

Victor Kao
Production Editor

Mike Spitzer
Managing Editor

Gretchen Agee
News Editor

Drew Larsen
Columns Editor

Lorre Luther
Features Editor

Claudia Sue Gee Vassar
Reviews Editor

Sam Young
Photo Editor & DICTA Editor

Scott Pluta
Treasurer

Associate Editors

Tom O'Grady
Associate Columns Editor

Laurie Ripper
Associate News Editor

Brian Green
Illustrator

Paula Ro & A.J. Stephens
Associate Production Editors

Nick Benjamin
Associate Reviews Editor

Alison Haddock
Associate Features Editor

COLUMNISTS: Nick Benjamin, Steve Kaplan, Irene Noguchi, and SBA Notebook.

CONTRIBUTORS: Lee Kolber.

REVIEWERS: Scott Cullen, Ed Maginnis, Dan Murphy, and Thomas Windom.

Published weekly on Friday except during holiday and examination periods and serving the Law School community at the University of Virginia, the *Virginia Law Weekly* (ISSN 0042-661X) is not an official publication of the University and does not necessarily express the views of the University.

Any article appearing herein may be reproduced provided that credit is given to both the *Virginia Law Weekly* and the author of the article. Advanced written permission of the *Virginia Law Weekly* is also required for reproduction of any cartoon or illustration.

One year subscriptions are available for \$25.00. Subscriptions are automatically renewed unless cancelled. Address all business communications to the Managing Editor. Subscribers are requested to inform the Managing Editor of change of address at least three weeks in advance to ensure prompt delivery.

Mailing Address: *Virginia Law Weekly*, 580 Massie Rd., University of Virginia School of Law,
Charlottesville, Virginia 22903-1789
Phone: (434) 924-3070 Fax: (434) 924-7536

E-mail Address: va-law-weekly@virginia.edu Website: <http://www.student.virginia.edu/~law-wkly/>
Printed on recycled paper by the University of Virginia Printing Office.
© 2003-2004 *Virginia Law Weekly*

the beet

The Unluckiest Student

by Scott Pluta '05

Like many of her classmates, second-year Suzie Dumass finally decided on Monday which law firm she'd be working for this summer. Suzie's interview season was rather typical. She dropped her resume in seven different cities, even those she didn't anticipate working in. "I knew I didn't want to be in Los Angeles for the summer but you never know, right? Plus who doesn't want a free trip to L.A.? Cali, baby!"

Suzie did better than she expected with on-campus interviews. "I know you're only supposed to max out at 25 interviews, but without even asking Career Services automatically raised my ceiling to 50, which was cool." Suzie ending up taking 45 on-campus interviews, even with firms she had no interest in within cities there was no chance of her going to. "I figured it would be good practice to interview a bunch. Plus, a lot of the firms had these reception things at Blue Light and Bang, two places I just love. Can someone say *free apple martinis*?"

Getting callbacks didn't seem to be a problem either for Ms. Dumass. "I guess in total I had 15 callbacks. The callback process was cool but exhausting. But I learned a lot. Like when I flew to Dallas. It was my first time there and after this one cab driver looked at me funny, I was like, ugh — there's no way I'm working here." Despite the NALP recommendations that a candidate drop the number of of-

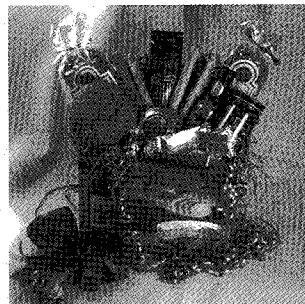
fers she holds by given dates, Suzie didn't think it would be good "strategy" to drop any of her 10 offers. "All of the firms were sending me cool stuff like cookies and leather daily organizers. Attorneys were calling and e-mailing me, trying to get me to work at their firm. And I love free cookies."

Lest the obvious upsides of so many offers cloud the picture, Suzie is quick to point out that there are huge downsides to having so many offers. "It totally sucks

having to call a firm and be like, ah, I'm not going to accept my offer." Suzie is of the opinion that people who only had one offer or none at all were lucky because they could avoid having to make this dreaded phone call.

"I waited until the final deadline on Monday to accept my offer at XYZ in The City, then I just e-mailed the rest of the firms the bad news. I pretty much have known I was going to XYZ since about a month ago but I just loved being able to talk about all my offers and how stressed out I was trying to choose between them."

In the end, Suzie made her decision after weighing several important factors. "It was a really tough decision but XYZ firm definitely had the best views from their offices. Plus, they took me to the most expensive lunch spot in town and put me up in the most expensive hotel. That has to mean something, right?"



courtesy
giftbasketsupplyvendors.com
Firm to Student: Enjoy!

JOB

continued from page 1

ing season was over, I recommended that students try to e-mail firms they hadn't had a chance to interview with, and we actually had a few people succeed in getting jobs that way."

But while the job market might have been slightly stronger this year, it was not exactly a cakewalk. "In the end, I got my top choice, so the job search went well for me," Calsyn said. "However, I felt that the market was pretty tight for those of us in the middle of the pack. It was a long, draining process that I hope I don't have to go through again next year."

"Certainly, summer placement is still more difficult than it was in the late nineties, but I think our students did quite well," Lawson said. Perhaps the second-year summer job market can best be summed up by Ben Stiller in *Meet the Parents*: "I'd say it's strong...to very strong." How's your portfolio?

WOMEN

continued from page 1

student body at some schools — and the hiring committees of many institutions, including U.Va.'s, are making concerted efforts to recruit more female faculty members. Despite these trends, though, women are not pursuing teaching positions in numbers equal to men. The panelists were not certain as to what accounts for this lack of applicants and do not expect to see parity in their lifetimes. Even though the outlook for women in academia is disheartening from this perspective, these three are not going anywhere — as Robinson said, "I feel like I'm growing and learning and I still have a lot to give." Panels such as this one may encourage more women to join their ranks.

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 School 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 an electronic version, or be mailed from the author's e-mail account. Submissions must be received by 10 a.m. the Tuesday before publication and must be in accordance with the submission guidelines posted on the Law Weekly's website. 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.

Letter to the Editor: Terrorism — Why Turkey?

To the Editor:

Over the past few weeks, we have had the opportunity to talk to members of the Law School community about the recent terrorist attacks in Istanbul. All of our friends and family members are safe and well. Many thanks to everyone who expressed their concerns and sympathies — your support is very much appreciated. The reactions we encountered centered around a single question: “Why Turkey?” It is the same question Turks have asked as well. We have had our fair share of terrorism over the decades, but the manner in which these attacks were carried out is entirely new to the Turkish people, reminiscent of September 11. The first of the twin attacks in Istanbul was on two synagogues on November 15. The second set came on November 20, targeting the British Consulate and the Turkish headquarters of the London-based HSBC bank, in all killing over 50 people and wounding hundreds. Looking at the immediate targets, some commentators have suggested that the attacks were directed at Jews (and in turn Israel) and the U.K. and that Turkey

was simply a proxy. Nothing could be further away from the truth.

Upon reflection, Turks and informed observers know the answer to the question “Why Turkey?”: The attacks target the functioning of a Western-style democracy in a predominantly Muslim country. These terrorists believe that by inflicting fear into the population, they can destabilize and eventually overthrow the democratic system. The Turkish model stands against everything that the terrorists believe in. While its population is predominantly Muslim, Turkey has been a republic since 1923 and constitutionally secular since 1928; it gave its women the right to vote in 1930 and is the most liberal democracy in the Muslim world. Turkey also infuriates the likes of Bin Ladin because it has strong economic, political, and military ties with Israel. Furthermore, unlike its European allies, there is no history of anti-Semitism in Turkey, where hundreds of thousands of Jews fleeing the Spanish Inquisition found refuge in 1492 and a second wave of immigrants was welcomed during World War II. Turkey is also a member of NATO and seeks Euro-

pean Union membership. In short, Turkey is the model of modernity for 1.3 billion Muslims worldwide. It is a model that proves there is no inherent conflict between Islam and a Western-style democracy. It is this model that the Bin Ladins of the world want to see fail.

Turkey is where the East and the West meet geographically and culturally, where both live in harmony. So is Istanbul. “What did they do to my beautiful city?” cried one too many people captured by TV cameras. Istanbul is a symbolic target for terrorists. It is a city where centuries-old mosques, churches, and synagogues stand side by side against a backdrop of 60-story skyscrapers. It is a city where you can roll out of a club in your tank top as the call to morning prayer is heard from the minarets of the neighboring mosque. It is the diversity, modernity, and the freedom of our beautiful city and country that terrorists want to destroy.

Will they succeed? Absolutely not. Turkey and Istanbul remain very safe for their inhabitants and visitors. The already-robust Turkish security apparatus will quickly adapt itself to effectively deal with

this new type of terrorism. As far as Turkish secularism and democracy are concerned, fear not. The Turkish people have enjoyed both for too long to let them go. But we need help. Similar to September 11, the threat comes from a vast and highly organized global network of terrorists. It has been established that the people who carried out the attacks received their training in terrorist camps around the Middle East and Afghanistan and funding from international terrorist groups.

Turkey needs cooperation from all countries of the free world, especially the European Union. The E.U., just weeks before the attacks, refused to place the terrorist group that claimed responsibility for the bombings on their terrorist list due to “human rights” concerns, whereas the same list names several non-violent organizations in Europe. If we want democracy and human rights in the Middle East and the Muslim world, as well as security around the globe, the civilized world needs to help Turkey’s efforts to become a model for those countries.

Eda Cerrahoglu '05

Suzan Sandikcioglu '05

Kerem Turunc '05

“Santa Goes Sadistic” and Other Holiday Tales

Christmas is a time when you find out just how sadistic your parents are. Take, for example, Christmas sweaters. Mom always bought me one. I was that kid wearing the sweater with teddy bears, the one that jingled because giant bells were attached. You remember that kid. You pegged me with the dodgeball.

But this Christmas, my parents have something else in mind. In the

throwing their firstborn child (me) to the wolves (my little cousins) and seeing how I survive. “Oh, it’s just a few hours,” Mom said.

Just a few hours. So were those BarBri videos. (Exam Question #1: Can Student A sue for lost sensation in both legs?)

But here’s the thing: I have enough cousins to fill a Toys-R-Us. They run around singing Rudolph songs and leave MicroMachines in my toilet. When they see me at the airport they scream and suck onto my legs like 70-pound leeches. And now I hold the sanctity of their childhoods in my hands. If I mess up, I will be stoned by Tonka trucks.

Don’t get me wrong. I love kids. I used to work at Disneyland, which has the highest kid density per square foot in the world, aside from that other Neverland (the Ranch). I sold glow-in-the-dark jewelry and light swords. (This was in high school, when I really had ambition.) We wore 50 pounds of frozen glow necklaces and had to sell them all before we got frostbite. Every night we looked like we either had neck rashes or had made out with Stephen Tyler. But the kids would go wild. It was like being some radioactive Pied Piper — so many swarmed around you, you had to

beat them off with plastic Star Wars sabers.

These cousins are cute, and I have all 83 wallet shots to prove it. My parents actually think I’m getting off easy with the Santa job. I never, ever help with Christmas dinner. Dad taught me how to cook, which means I mac-and-cheese it like a bachelor. (I can also make Ramen using my car’s cigarette lighter. If I am ever trapped in the middle of a freezing blizzard or L.A. traffic, I will survive, thanks to my Dad.)

But deep down, I’m worried.

To be a real Santa, you need a heart of gold. You’ve got to be like my friend, Eric*. Eric, who is so modest I had to give him a pseudonym, donated his car to a charity for sick children. Eric’s car also doesn’t work. It was rejected by the junkyard. It killed two transmissions and once dumped him between here and N.Y.C., so he had to Windex people’s windshields to get rides back.

But my point is that the holiday spirit is alive. There are plenty of Santas and Erics out there, people with kind souls who fly from house to house all endless night without even a spiked eggnog to keep warm, or who give away large scraps of

metal for the betterment of humankind.

Me? I get cranky standing in long lines.

I’m more like the Grinch. Yes, he could be nasty. Bagging all the gifts like that. (Imagine if the Law School woke up on Christmas morn’ and all the pink polo shirts were gone? That’s what I thought.)

But you gotta feel for the Grinch. Isolated up in that cave. Forced to listen to all the Who villagers sing and eat giant hams and not invite him. And the green shag rug he wore? Christmas sweater.

But the Grinch turned out to be a good guy. Deep down, I think Dr. Seuss and Universal Studios were saying it’s more about the holiday spirit than anything else. It’s about the tinsel and corny music and seven-foot candy canes and mistletoe and plastic lawn deer and giving a little something back to those who love you. And I gotta admit, I’m a sucker for that kind of stuff. So sign me up, I’ll be Santa. Hey, even Eric’s good deed paid off. His family sent him a car. It’s a 1984 Pontiac.

If you’re feeling saintly, drive to where 29N meets 66. He’ll Windex your windows when you get there.



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

holiday spirit — and since natural selection didn’t knock me off on the playground — they want me to help with the most time-honored tradition of all: They want me to be Santa.

Turns out all the adults are going to some over-45-and-act-25 party. I am not invited. I will be left at home with a truckload of Barbies and wrapping paper. (Grandpa will also be here, but Grandpa also chain-smokes and is not allowed near the tree.) So it’s my duty to make sure the deed gets done.

In short, my parents are handing me to the firing squad. They are

SBA Notebook: Holiday Cheer, Mr. Bond

Since this time last year, I have fantasized about bursting into the library the night before the initial first-year exam singing, “It’s the Most Wonderful Time of the Year” as joyfully as I can at the top of my lungs. I hatched the plan first year but did not discuss it until last year. I don’t think I have ever seen Sarah Hobeika as excited as when I told her about it. If there had been a booster club for the “It’s the Most Wonderful Time of the Year” plan, she would have been president. I will always appreciate her support.



Sarah Baker, a third-year law student, is SBA president.

Anyway, after telling folks about it, a few took it upon themselves to start a collection to pay me to do it. I was getting all geared up, and just when I was feeling mentally prepared, the money got diverted to the Ed Maginnis scurvy fund. Apparently, going a few months without Vitamin C goes for a lot more on the Law School black market than pub-

lic humiliation. This year, hopefully Ed can forget about becoming a sailor and I can finally live out my dream.

I do love the holiday season. Things are sparkly and when you go to the doctor to get the flu vaccine, the nurses are wearing Santa hats. I went to the Elson Student Health Center today. I love it there. Seriously, I do. When I was at Rutgers, students went to Hurtado Health Center and it was terrible. About the only thing that was good about growing up a mile away from where I went to college was that I had my own doctors in the area, so I never had to go to Hurtado. I heard many horror stories. It is in places like that that people go to get their tonsils out and emerge with an appendectomy. And to make things even worse, a bunch of the Rutgers pharmacy students interned there and used to look through the files and tell their friends who had what diseases. Now, I don’t know anything about whether there is a professional responsibility equivalent in pharmacy school, but I know that that sort of behavior wouldn’t fly for a lawyer. Professor Balnave has

taught me better. Anyway, Elson is great. Aside from not worrying that pharmacy students will tell others about my medical history, I feel like I am in good hands there. I suggest that everyone go to Elson and get a **flu vaccination**. They are free if you are on the U.Va. Insurance Plan. I heard on the Richmond news last night that the hospitals in Fredericksburg are filled to capacity with people with the flu. If you are going to get the vaccination, you should go soon, because what with its arrival in Fredericksburg, the flu is knocking on our doors and the vaccination takes two weeks to kick in.

Anyway, once you go get your vaccine, you should swing by Main Grounds for a couple of great events going on tonight and tomorrow night. Tonight, Friday, Dec. 5, at 9:30 p.m. the **Virginia Gentlemen** will be performing their annual **Holiday Concert** at Old Cabell Hall, which is on the end of the Lawn opposite the Rotunda. Also, the **Virginia Glee Club** will be holding its **Holiday Concerts** tonight, Friday, Dec. 5 at 7 p.m., as well as tomorrow, Saturday, Dec. 6

at 7 and 9 p.m., also at Old Cabell. You can reserve tickets over the phone by calling the Box Office right now at 924-3984 or just go on over tonight and hope that they are not sold out. Tickets for both concerts are only \$5.00. How often does good cheer come that cheap — especially around exams? I went to the Glee

Faculty Quotes

J. Harrison: “What the court does here is open door number three, and it’s saying, ‘behind door number three is a goat, so you go to jail.’ They are telling people that the goat was always there, and now they’re just opening the door and showing it to us.”

A. Coughlin: “She gets on the stand and says she said no, and he gets on the stand and says they’re passionate murmuring nos.”

Student: “How does that sound?”

A. Coughlin: “Everyone watches pornography — I heard it on Fox News — so I’m not going to go there.”

J. Harrison: “Baseball players make a lot of money each year. Manny Ramirez — this guy makes \$20 million a year. He is a tremendous offensive player. But he is an example of one of those \$500 million airports with a \$50 control tower.”

A. Coughlin: “Defense attorneys in white-collar cases are going to go out and try to find witnesses and immediately get them to sign an affidavit. You want to nail the story down so that when the government gets to them, you have their story first. When I did this work, I was pregnant with my daughter. The witnesses would come in and go, ‘ohhh...the poor pregnant woman.’ Those people would just sign anything.”

J. Jeffries: “Let me tell you what RICO basically says: You are guilty, and you are going to jail FOREVER.”

G. Lilly: “So the witness responds that he had never seen cocaine except on TV commercials... I guess he’s been watching some channels I haven’t found yet.”

J. O’Connell: “I was told once that the way to clear out an audience and have them running for the doors is to mention one of two topics to them: 1) Canada 2) Worker’s Compensation. I was painfully aware of this a few years ago when I went to speak about Canadian worker’s compensation. I was nearly trampled to death.”

J. Manning: “You just need to say the word ‘Chevette’ and people laugh. That’s partly why I like this case.”

Club and Virginia Gentlemen Holiday Concerts both first and second years and they really do make for great study breaks before exams. Whether you do go or not, enjoy the rest of your semester, good luck on finals, and have a great break. After all, it is the most wonderful time of the year.

Students Show Their Soul

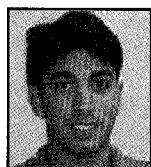
by Gretchen Agee '04

On Thursday, Nov. 20, the Law School showed its Soul in the Black Law Student Association’s new talent extravaganza. Before the show, audience members weaved through art created by law students, including third-years Tiger Wells and A.J. Fershleiser, and second-year Laurence Grimaldi. Third-year Nicole Davis and Professor Jody Kraus hosted the live program, while third-year Jay Levin deejayed. Two students performed original spoken-word poetry: third-year Karen Francis and first-year Adria Bullock. Others added vocal talents, including third-year Summer Scott, who sang gospel music; second-year Tim Clinton, and third-year Brian

Green — who also displayed his art. Two LL.M. students taking the stage were Jonathan Ooi on piano and David Yang, singing in Spanish and English. Two group acts also played: Portrait of Another, featuring second-year Alex Mejias, and Becky What’s Her Face, featuring Adam Greene, Scott Colton, Chris Termini, John Hyman, and “Kush.” Beyond hosting, Professor Kraus reprised his rendition of “Amazing Grace” on saxophone. The audience appreciated the unique talents on display; third-year Maruti Racherla said, “In class, we get to see one side of our classmates, but this was a wonderful opportunity to see a different side of them. I was really impressed!”

How Virginia Tech Sucks, and Why

If there is one absolute truth in the world, and I believe there is, it is most certainly the undeniable fact that Virginia Tech sucks.



Steve Kaplan, a second-year law student, is a Law Weekly columnist.

The evidence of their suckiness is as plentiful as it is incontestable. In comparison with Thomas Jefferson's University here in Charlottesville, it is brutally obvious that Tech students are dumber, smellier, less stylish, more flatulent, can't drink nearly as much booze, and are less attractive. The women are trashier—not in that endearing way that a U.Va. first-year undergrad is trashy, but the way that a slutty actress would dress in a movie if she were trying to steal Vin Diesel from his likeable-but-sexy girlfriend—and the men are all hung like mice, small mice. Clearly, it is not just the students who are so inferior; the campus is far uglier; the weather is always worse, and worst of all, the Tech football team only beats U.Va. about half the time because they are a bunch of untalented, despicable cheaters.

There are other subtle differences between Hokies and Cavaliers that make the latter far superior. Cavaliers all wear the same color pants (khaki); Hokies all wear the same words across their chests (Team Abercrombie XXL). Cavaliers drink a fourth-year fifth of bourbon to celebrate their last home game as students; Hokies drink a sixth- or seventh-year bottle of Boone's Farm

Apple wine. Hokies are castrated turkeys; Cavaliers have giant swords to cut off a turkey's nuts.

In truth, about half of my high school friends went to Virginia Tech, and while they are pretty dumb and mouse-like in the crotch, they are still some of my best friends. But irrational hatred of your college's rival is the way of the world, and no number of contradictory examples will ever make me think anything good about Virginia Tech. Such is rivalry.

Most college rivalries are based



photo courtesy crawley-creatures.com

The Hokies went on a quest for fire.

on geography, with schools being either in the same or neighboring states. But rivalries also form for other reasons, such as whose priests can molest the cutest little boys (Notre Dame v. Boston College), whose students can grow up to kill the most non-Americans (Army v. Navy), or the fact that all of one school's students are egotistical pricks (Harvard v. every other school). No matter how the rivalry started, there are some things that are true in almost every rivalry. First, a bunch of your high school friends will go to your rival, except for Harvard students, who didn't have high school friends. It is this

fact that keeps rivalries going, because there would be no reason to hate a school unless you knew people who went there. And while it may be true, as the old saying goes, that "you went to [insert rival here], you'll work for me some day," your friends who went to your rival school will likely also vacation with you, celebrate milestones with you, and watch their kids beat up your wussy lawyer's kids as they try to settle playground brawls with sound legal reasoning.

The second thing that is normally true with rivalries is that the two colleges are likely competitive with each other in terms of quality of school. There is, after all, a reason why Duke students hate U.N.C. and not Eastern Carolina University. This also explains why nobody is willing to admit to being University of Maryland's rival—no true fan would ever want to lower his or her own school to that level.

A final thing that is true about every rivalry is that some time in November the football teams of the two schools will meet in a classic battle for bragging rights. Every year at this game, you'll return to your alma mater to relieve your glory days as a student. You will walk the campus as memories of your youth flood back, you will drink like you did when you were 21 and puke like when you were 16, and, just like when you were in school, your sexual advances toward healthy, youthful 20-year-olds will be rejected.

In sum, cherish these rivalries; they are the easiest way to make thousands of new enemies with every graduating class. DUKE BASKETBALL SUCKS.

When Nick Was Heavier

When I was 11, I looked like Rosie O'Donnell. My hair was probably a little bit shorter, and so was I, but the rest was pretty damned similar. I was a fat bastard. In some ways, this was a good thing. Being fat means you have a big stomach, which means you can eat a lot. So I ate a lot. That was fun, especially since my mom was an excellent cook and made a mean crepe souzette. In other ways, however, being fat was hard for the little Nickster. Let me tell you about it.



Nick Benjamin, a second-year law student, is Law Weekly Associate Reviews Editor.

The first downside to being fat was clothes shopping. My mom and I would go to Gap Kids together. She'd pick out some colored shirts that made me look like "Le Petit Nicolas" and then we'd start thinking about pants. Pants were a problem. You see, 11 year-old Nicky wasn't very tall, nor did he have very long legs. This meant that he needed to wear short pants. Unfortunately, short pants came with small waists at the time. Eleven year-old Nicky, since he was girthful, did not have a small waist. So he would try on some Gap Kids pants, and they'd be too tight. He'd fight with them, pull at the seams, creatively visualize, come out to model them for mom with the zipper down and the button unbuttoned, but mom always knew. She was wily. So 11 year-old Nicky and his mom would head next door to the Gap, where Nicky would feel out of place because everyone was taller than he. Nicky would hide in a corner, pretending that he had accidentally wandered into the Gap, avoiding

eye contact like the plague, while Mom would go up to a salesperson and ask an embarrassingly specific question. "My son Nicky, you see him over there? He is a very special boy, but he drinks too much soda like the rest of these Americans, and his stomach is very swollen. It is full of air. He cannot fit into the pants at Gap Kids. But he is not very tall. Do you have any special pants for him?" Invariably, the Gap lady would have nothing for me. So we'd head to the department store where you can find the world under one roof and I'd find some 34-22 Levi's Jeans.

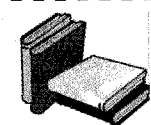
Now, for most fat kids like me, this was probably the end of the story. Not a lot of fun, but nothing that the sweet oblivion of a Big Mac or banana nut muffin couldn't solve. For me, however, the Gap experience was really only the beginning. Say I went to the Gap with mom on Saturday. Monday would roll around, and I'd wear my new jeans to school. I'd feel pretty cool, have a good day in "Science," avoid tight spaces, and everything was great. Usually Tuesday and Wednesday would be alright too. Then Thursday would roll around and we'd be playing football at recess. I'd be performing okay, make a couple of catches, smother some poor unsuspecting skinny kid in my Jabba-the-Hutt-like midsection, and then, invariably, in full waddle, my jeans would rip. In the crotch. I'd fall from the shock of it all, and everyone would see my purple underwear (Benjamin tradition.) I'd have to walk inside, holding my pants together, and call Mom, tell her there had been an accident, and could she please bring some new jeans to school ASAP. She would usually ask me if I'd soiled myself and say something

see OVERWEIGHT page 6

Book Reviews from the Future: Histories of Competing Downfalls

There Is No Team in "I"

Rarely in literature does a reader find a biography so starkly vivid in its descriptions of the pitiable attributes of an individual so reviled by his hometown and not be able to feel true sorrow or lamenting endearment. Scott Cullen was a popular man, a man of silk and grace, a man destined to do famous things. But the sought-after fame, of course, metamorphosed into infamy, as thoughtfully detailed in *Entirely Deserved: The Inept Life and Questionable Times of Scott M. Cullen, Ousted G.M. of the Boston Red Sox*. This worthy read, penned of course by Scott D. Pluta, persistent author of *When Donkeys Attack*, and *Other Farm Animal Horror Stories*, comes at a time when the Boston Red Sox are finally again a competitive team in professional baseball. With their psyches padded by three consecutive World Series—not to mention many aggregate years of professional counseling—Sox fans are finally beginning to overcome the four sad seasons wherein Scott Cullen, General Manager of the Red Sox, tanked their hopes for a generation.



Bookworms
by Thomas
Windom and Scott
Cullen

The biography begins, oddly, not at the beginning, but rather three months into Cullen's reign as G.M.. High—and justified—hopes were all anyone had for the Sox after twenty years of Theo Epstein's remarkable stewardship. Epstein managed to retain not only Curt Schilling, but also Curt Schilling, Jr., ten years later, the same year the club signed "Pedro II," the pre-tentious and wholly-unrelated-to-

the-original-Pedro southpaw from Dubuque. When Cullen took over the storied ball club, the Sox had beaten the Yankees in four of the last seven AL Championship Series, and it finally looked like their betters, the indomitable Chicago Cubs, were going to relinquish the ring once and for all.

The NGSL, owners of the BoSox after a daring LBO using proceeds from the particularly well-received 2010 Softball Invitational, hired Cullen to "shake things up." Conventional wisdom said the team had the best talent in the Show, but not the heart. So Cullen brought in an old semi-pro, Grady Little, to take over day-to-day player management. Apparently, the autarchic Cullen unilaterally altered his mandate to "f@!# things up," because hiring Little—a move the sports beat at the time foolishly described as "strong to very strong"—sadly was his best decision as G.M.. This, even though history has equated the decision to that of Caesar hiring Brutus to watch over his house, Dennis Quaid blindly not objecting when Meg Ryan set up another movie with her "friend" Russell Crowe, and the United States' electorate re-electing George W. Bush.

Pluta's writing style, while admittedly childish, accurately conveys the sense that Cullen was a sinking ship from the very start, even from his nascent fandom, developed at U.Va. under the tutelage of Red Sox Nation South. But despite his many managerial failings and personal faults, Cullen is not a liar: he undoubtedly fulfilled his pledge to give the Sox a reason to forget Game Six.

A Life Unhinged

Americans have a peculiar love affair with a small but well-worn handful of human paradigms—the dead rock star, the martyr of unful-

filled potential, and perhaps most voyeuristically, the undignified fall from grace. The latter is the purring engine that drives Grant D. Wiens' second true crime/biography, *Unprincipled Rat Bastard: The Felonious Life and Despicable Times of Former Alabama Supreme Court Justice Thomas P. Windom*. This tome has been the most hotly-anticipated offering around these parts since Dean John Jeffries hit the shelves with his 874 page opus *Wedgie!: J. Harvie Wilkinson's Unhappy American Childhood*, and members of the Law School community will find their every expectation fulfilled.

There's no mistaking Windom for Wilkinson—while the latter has been known to periodically pen a bit of jurisprudence that actually bears on the lives of those under his jurisdiction, Windom's tumultuous eleven years on the Alabama Supreme "Court" were marked by the conspicuous dearth of a single instance of memorable service to the state bar. Compiled here is a collection of the disgraced former jurist's most egregious transgressions against the judicial craft, including one dissenting opinion in which he quotes liberally from King Lear, taking care to lace several soliloquies with imaginative and previously nonexistent profanity; and another wherein he apparently merely signed his name to the playbill of an off-Broadway production of *Rent*. In telling such a tale, a democracy junkie of Wiens' stature is really screaming between the lines to us about a few reservations he's developed regarding such notions as "advise and consent." Reservations indeed.

But it is in the formative years, plumbed deftly by the veteran wordsmith from St. Louis, that

the genuine pathos underlying Windom's meteoric crash are truly illuminated. Indeed, while U.Va. Law has churned out more than its share of regrettable characters over the years, few have been so passionately self-interested and gracelessly self-indulgent as former Justice Windom. In a trajectory that has become all too familiar around the intellectual killing fields of North Grounds, the Crimson promise of Windom's Harvard youth came cascading into a train wreck of mid-twenties mediocrity and chemical experimentation in the Shenandoah. What to say about a man who actually sent a clerkship application to Judge Mills Lane without a hint of irony? No doubt a Faustian tale we can all benefit from hearing.

Wiens' approach is creative throughout. In chapter 32, titled "Uncomfortable in Robes," he simply but brilliantly presents the transcripts of all twenty-seven 9-1-1 calls stemming from Windom's

1998 public intoxication and breach-of-peace episode in Mobile, letting partially redacted police records tell a story no one else wants to. The shocking day in 1995 when he hurled an overflowing snifter of brandy at unsuspecting counsel from the bench in the midst of oral argument is told cleverly from the perspective of the sacrificed cordial. The spiral of public degradation reaches its apex shortly before his forced removal from the service of the state. Indeed, the mugshot from his arrest for gun-running and llama-trafficking violations reminds us that even the separation of powers has its limits.

What then are we to make, at the end of the day, of the short and repugnant life of Justice Windom? Herein lies the irony that makes Wiens' book just postmodern enough for literary critics and indie rockers alike. The life of Thomas P. Windom—for all of the sound and fury attendant to it—was ultimately meaningless.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

A	S	S	O	R	T	S	T	A	M	P	S	S	N	A	F	F	L	E
S	E	A	A	I	R	T	A	V	E	R	N	S	U	B	A	R	E	A
H	A	L	F	B	A	K	E	D	I	D	E	A	A	M	E	L	I	A
E	T	E	S	V	I	E	S	I	L	I	A	A	T	L	A	S	T	
R	O	M	S	E	N	D	S	C	A	L	P	S	T	O	R	T	S	
			S	M	I	L	E	B	R	A	T	P	I	T	O	N	S	
A	L	L	A	N	S	B	O	I	L	E	D	O	V	E	R	R	A	N
R	O	O	D	S	H	O	W	S	I	S	A	L	D	O	D	O		
C	U	T	E	A	E	N	E	I	D	E	E	N	T	O	A	D	Y	
			S	I	M	M	E	R	D	O	W	N	F	O	C	S	L	E
F	A	C	E	L	E	S	S	E	L	I	S	T	A	T	U	T	E	S
A	D	O	N	I	S	G	E	T	S	T	E	A	M	E	D			
T	H	O	S	E	S	I	R	S	C	R	I	B	E	R	I	F	E	
W	O	K	E	M	A	N	A	S	I	N	S	C	A	N	E	S		
A	C	E	W	A	R	M	U	P	G	A	M	E	R	A	M	S	E	S
			D	A	H	L	I	A	E	O	N	S	S	E	N	A	T	
B	U	G	L	E	S	T	A	C	E	Y	C	O	P	S	I	R	A	
A	N	O	D	E	S	E	S	T	S	B	A	L	L	T	G	I	F	
S	P	O	I	L	E	D	P	R	O	P	O	S	E	A	T	O	A	S
S	E	S	S	I	L	E	C	A	U	G	H	T	N	E	U	T	E	R
O	N	E	S	E	L	F	A	L	T	A	R	S	S	E	R	E	N	A

(C) 2003 Tribune Media Services, Inc.
All rights reserved.

Meatman Takes on Bavaria

The meatman's summer job took me to Hamburg, Germany, where I thought the streets would be paved with 80% lean ground chuck, wind chimes would be made of sausage, and the daily news would be printed on finely-sliced Black Forest ham.



The Meatman by Dan Murphy

Much like the sinking feeling experienced on arrival in Inter-course, Pennsylvania, hopes were dashed when a quick look to the Lonely Planet guidebook explained that the hamburger is actually native to the United States and merely named after the hometown of its immigrant inventor. Instead of being surrounded by legions of portly Üter clones, I felt like an escaped Oompaloompa in a world filled with Geordie Zugs. It seems that smoking and decades of wearing horribly-tight black turtle-necks has turned a once-proud meat-eating culture into towering, thin, Sprockets dancers.

Despair set in and I resigned myself to spending a summer in a twisted German postmodern reality TV show in which I could only eat nicotine sandwiches with a single plum floating in a bowler hat filled with perfume for dessert. But as I sat weeping through a botched translation of *Spies Like Us* — there is just no German word for "soulfinger" — I found the VIVA television network, home of the animated call-in talk show *Fleischmann TV*.

Fleischmann is the literal German translation for meatman, and seeing the rotund host struggle for breath gave hope that somewhere in the German consciousness the ancestral love for meat lives on. Fleischmann looks like King Kong Bundy in a ribbed cotton tank top undershirt — wife-beater or Frauschläger — and he speaks in a digitally distorted tone. Just imagine Jabba the Hut saying "it puts the lotion in the basket, or it gets the hose again" in a German accent.

Discovering the bizarre German meatman inspired an outing to sample meat dishes at the finest German restaurant in central Vir-

deep-fry them with a flour/butter coating.

The Bavarian Chef serves a world-class Schnitzel that would make Fleischman proud, if the part of his brain that produces the neurochemical reaction experienced as pride had not already been rendered useless by multiple strokes.

Sausage Platter — The Bavarian Chef serves a sausage platter (Wurstteller) containing three massive types of wurst. The sausage is so massive and pumped full of quivering juicy lard that its serving plates were produced by structural engineers and contain cross-woven titanium re-bar to prevent flatware collapse.

According to the Fleischmann's biography on his homepage (www.fleischmann.tv), his favorite dish is a Wurstteller. The Bavarian Chef's sausage platter is especially delicious when accompanied by more sausage, or with a two-liter beer — that's 64 ounces to you and me, Rusty.

Jägerschnitzel — The name of this common German dish means "hunter schnitzel," and it is made of pork cutlets served in creamy sauce with onions and mushrooms. Hunting

swine can be exhausting, especially if years of sedentary living have made you virtually immobile like the Fleischmann. Thus, the hearty Jägerschnitzel, which calls for several cups of heavy cream, is just the type of sloth-inducing food one needs to reaccustom the body to inactivity after bagging a big game pig.

Once again, the Bavarian Chef delivered a four-star version of a German favorite. Try this dish with one of the restaurant's smaller one-liter beers to allow room for the thick, creamy Schnitzel taste.



photo courtesy fleishmann.tv

The Love of Meat Persists in Deutschland.

ginia, The Bavarian Chef, to see exactly what sort of diet would be required to produce a heroic glut-ton like the Fleischmann.

Wiener Schnitzel — Wiener means Viennese, Schnitzel means cutlet, and eating Wiener Schnitzel means you should have the number of a good cardiologist on speed-dial. The traditional Schnitzel is made of veal, and based on the theory that it is tasty if you kill a calf, slice it into cutlets, pound them mercilessly with a claw-toothed hammer, then

Elf Review

Elf is one of those rare Christmas comedies that has a heart, a brain, and a wicked sense of humor, and it charms the socks right off the mantelpiece. Alright, I'm going to be honest, I just used the first sentence of Roger Ebert's review of *Elf*. I, um, uh, this is sort of embarrassing, haven't actually seen the movie. But if I have an article due, am I going to just throw together a ridiculous list of questions and lie about whether I party harder and stay out later than someone? Of course not. Do you think that someone with the illustrious history of reviewing *Leprechaun in Space* and *Juwanna Mann* would just throw away his journalistic integrity? I know what makes a good movie, and I know what's going to be in this movie, and like the great Tony Pepitone of covers.com, I can handicap events well in advance. I have no problem telling you readers without even seeing *Elf* that it is pretty good, that it could have been better, but that I can safely recommend it.



Ed Love Movies by Ed Maginnis

Elf, first of all, has Will Ferrell in it, and there are a couple of staples that must, must be there. There will be a scene where he appears to be very calm, where a normal person would be very calm, and then he will go ballistic, usually ending in some sort of violence

on someone or something. We'll call this the "Angry Nate McGovern" scene. If *Elf* doesn't have anything where Will Ferrell gets furious, starts yelling, and then starts pounding, I will demand my money back. Because as everyone knows, mild-mannered people getting furious and tackling others is comedy gold. Wouldn't it be funny if Tom Nachbar leapt out of his seat and just speared some Internet-surfing Copyright student right out of his chair, possibly while yelling "No, Colonel Sanders, you're wrong"? I think we all know the answer to that question. Chris Farley knew it, Adam Sandler knows it, and so does Will Ferrell. Now, GET OFF THE DAMN SHED!!!!

For every yin, there is a yang. For every positive, there is a negative. For example, when I had to retake my driver's test last week and I was worried that I would fail — ten out of ten on the street-signs portion just to pass, Jesus!! — the first question was "how many ounces

of beer equal one shot of hard liquor?" This was a positive. But then the next question was "How many times more likely are you to get in an accident if you've had even one drink of alcohol?" For some reason, this question confused and bewildered me, and this was a negative. So you see how these things work. If Will Ferrell is going to do something destructive to others, he will also have something destructive done to himself. Maybe he'll get thrown off a cliff, not to die, but only to be very badly hurt; or maybe his beating will be the psychological one of his watching his good friend Blue die far too young. But there will be a heart-wrenching, possibly tear-jerking, moment for all you sensitivos out there.

I can also tell you the entire plot is going to be simple and almost childlike. Let's look at the plots of some of the movies that Will Ferrell has been in. Play along if you like. Two guys dance to "What is Love" and try to hook up; one evil villain tries to brainwash a non-ambiturning model in his quest for world domination; one group of angry men whose wives have cheated on them form an organization designed to Greco-Roman wrestle the man who has hooked up with all of their wives; one man and his friend

Lil' Sis attempt to convince a news reporter of the decorative and alarm clock features of whistle tips. All good plots, good and terrible. But also simple, so that slow-witted people like myself can follow along. And *Elf* will have a simple, basic

plot. Whether you like that or not is really up to you.

Sadly, *Elf* will come up short in a way that most movies do. It is fairly likely that this movie will just not have enough cowbell, as the director is Mikey from *Swingers* and not the great Bruce Dickinson. We want MORE COWBELL and not less. It's strange that even the greatest movies, *Casablanca*, *Super Troopers*, even *Brianna Loves Jenna* all have the same problem — failure to explore the studio space, the key to generating sufficient cowbell. We gotta have that cowbell. And as genius as Will Ferrell is, his percentage of having enough cowbell in his work is fairly low, though not zero.

But that shouldn't detract from your enjoyment of *Elf*. It will be funny, entertaining, and will probably have some lines that are quotable. And if you don't take my word for it, take Roger Ebert's. He gave it three stars. And if you f*ck with Ebert, you're f*cking with a P-I-M-P.



A Comic Use of Homoerotic Subtext

WEBLAND PARK



One of the newest townhome developments in Charlottesville, which we feel confident you'll come home to after comparing us with the other fine properties in the area.

LEASED AND MANAGED BY REAL PROPERTY INC.

REAL PROPERTY INC.
1500 AMHERST STREET
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA 22903

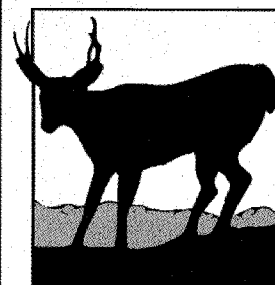
PHONE: 434-971-1600, EXT. 15
FAX: 434-971-5514
WEBSITE: WWW.REALPROPERTYINC.COM

*3 Bedroom Townhomes from \$900 per month.

*Full sized Washer & Dryer in every Townhouse.

*Country-like setting in a convenient Hydraulic Road location, close to North Grounds schools.

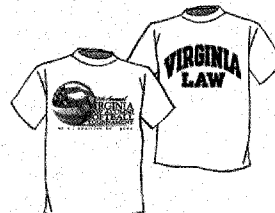
*Open, airy floor plans with 9 foot ceilings, patios, Berber carpet, fully equipped kitchens with dishwasher and built-in microwave, security systems, Category 5 cable/phone jacks, 3 level units with basements also available.



BLUE RIDGE GRAPHICS

QUALITY PRINTING and EMBROIDERY SINCE 1979

T-SHIRTS • SPORTSWEAR • HATS
CUPS • STICKERS • BANNERS
QUICK TURNAROUND • ANY QUANTITY



Call or e-mail today for a FREE quote

296-9746
Charlottesville, Virginia
brc@rlc.net

SOFTBALL TEES & JERSEYS • CLUBS • SPECIAL EVENTS
View our catalog online at www.brgtshirts.com

Monocles, T.B.D.. and GUS, All Allegedly Winners

My eighth-grade Drama teacher stressed to the class that no matter how much you want to manage your audience's expectations downward, i.e. "this is boring and I suck," that is the last thing you should do. Well, on the other hand, I'm not going to lie to you either and tell you this is my best stuff: this is boring and I suck.



Scott Pluta, a second-year law student, is NGSL Columnist.

There are three times that I really like playing softball here at U.Va. One is on any given sunny Friday afternoon with a free keg in the dugout and nothing to do but jack up my socks and play ball. The second is during the law school softball tournament the NGSL hosts in the spring. We get cool jerseys and the chance to knock around some second-tier schools like Michigan

on the diamond — by the way, if any of your summer firms want to be tournament sponsors, e-mail mwd5f@virginia.edu. The third is during the playoffs, because there are no forfeits and everyone comes to play. And with that thinly-veiled lead-in, I get to the substance of this little chat: the U.Va. Law softball playoffs. First however, a disclaimer: since I didn't get to see all that many games other than my own, this is actually less of an overview of the playoffs and more of an article on the teams that I played on and how each was ultimately cheated out of victory by various evildoers, terrorists, and assassins.

Regular League — In our first game, I.R.A. was pitted against the crybabies from Section L, a.k.a. the L-Raisers. Though the L-Raisers were stacked with what I suspect was an illegal first-year and two, at least on paper, talented peer advisors, Chris Donaghy and James "soft as baby poo" Wynn — coincidentally the scandalous duo on the back of

last week's *Law Weekly* — they were no match for the Irish Republicans All-Stars. I.R.A. won by 10. Later that day, and in another blatant example of the racial self-segregation that's been running rampant though the halls of the Law School, I.R.A. took on a team that represents themselves as being all-Italian. (Matt Oberman is a lot of things; Italian is not one of them.) Between the "Italians" peppering the left-field trees with deep balls and Billy Bey shamelessly — as always — hitting opposite field, the Irish found themselves at the losing end of the scoreboard. In the final, Italia was shown its ass by Charles Moore and the rest of T.B.D. thanks to an 11-run explosion of runs in the seventh inning. Congrats to T.B.D. — you truly are regular.

Co-Rec League — In Co-Rec action, Monkey Knife Fight took on the Double Poos, led by Steve Kaplan, Adam Greene, and Megan Davidson. After an hour of play, those people I just named were all crying in their milk after getting shivved by M.K.F., 16-7. M.K.F. went down swinging in the second game to the decidedly more-talented and less-lacking-our-pitcher-Jake-Olcott-who-got-shelled team by the name of GUS Karen Pogonowski and the rest of GUS went on to pound their opponents into submission to win the Co-Rec crown and all the adoration of their peers.

Macho League — The D-Punch All Stars took on all that the first-year class has to offer in the Western Division Quarterfinals of the Macho league tournament. While This Monkey's Bound for Glory (that's their name) has some talent on the roster — i.e., K.D., J.M.G., and one of the Olsen twins — monkey or no monkey, the first-years went lights-out with one mighty blow and D.P.A. walked away with a win. In the subsequent battle of

acronyms, D.P.A. faced their traditional rival, third-year juggernaut, R.P.A. in the semifinals. Because this was a ridiculous moment, I'll mention it: in the third inning when R.P.A. S.S. Matt Dudley seemingly left second early on a pop-fly tag up but insisted that he hadn't; the umpire called him safe, citing the maxim, "dude, he's Mormon, they don't lie." After a seven-inning heavyweight fight, D.P.A. ended the game with a few more runs than R.P.A., thus therefore ergo advancing to the finals against the Monocles. Tired and worn out from three consecutive games (excuse #1) DPA on a rainy, gusty, and uphill field (excuses #2, 3, and 4) lost in a not-so-close game to the Monocles. Congratulations to the ambiguously John Tesh-like Monocle team led by Justin Dobbie, Mike Autuoro, Nate McGovern, and Gabriel Galletti.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to making this yet another successful softball semester. I also want to encourage the first-years to break the bonds of section servitude next semester and put together the next generation of playoff contenders so that you may one day carry the torch of U.Va.. beer and softball.

OVERWEIGHT- continued from page 4

about the family honor and why couldn't she have had a daughter, and then she'd tell me that I didn't have any other pants because the department store only had one pair of 34-22 Levi's Jeans. So she'd bring sweatpants. This whole process happened four or five times that year, and then I started wearing sweatpants all the time. Which, in a way, was nice. Sweatpants, as I've mentioned before, are soft, and they come in a surprising number of stylish colors. The only problem was that everyone knew why I was wearing sweatpants and that I'd aspired to jeans, including my teacher, Mrs. Maldonado, and I think they laughed at me a lot. Behind my back, that is, since I used to threaten to sit on people a lot back then.

So what I'm trying to say, I guess, is that being fat isn't everything it's cut out to be. If I were you, I'd think a little bit before I commit, and maybe try walking around with a pillow tucked in your pants for a couple of weeks first. I say one thumb up for sweatpants and eating, one thumb down for ripped jeans and everyone seeing your underwear.

PHOTO GALLERY



photo courtesy Lee Kolber

Lex United, representing the Law School in the Charlottesville Adult Soccer League, won the SOCA unrestricted division.

The Weekly Crossword

Edited by Wayne Robert Williams

KITCHEN KINKS

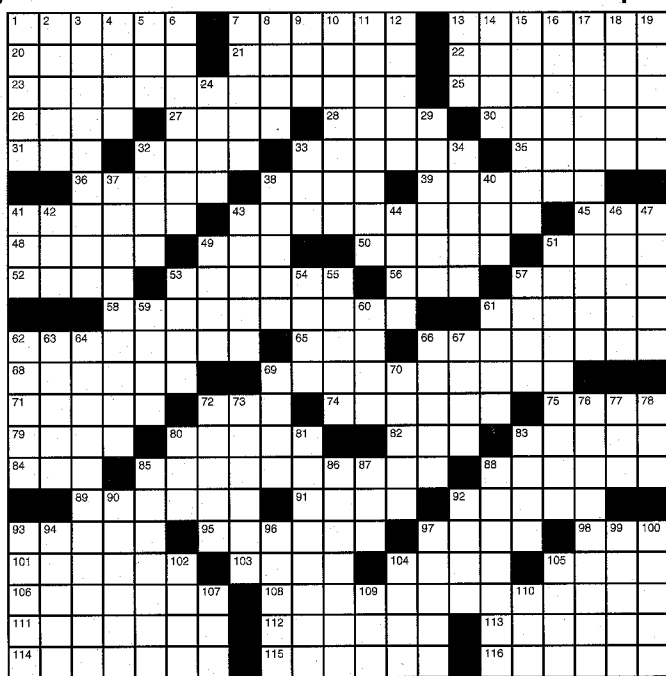
By Josiah Breward, Scranton, Pennsylvania

- ACROSS**
- 1 Categorize
 - 7 Postal requirements
 - 13 Bit for a horse
 - 20 Surfer's breaths
 - 21 Drinking spot
 - 22 Section within a section
 - 23 Immature thought?
 - 25 Earhart and Bloomer
 - 26 Summers in Provence
 - 27 Contends
 - 28 Pieces of pelvises
 - 30 Finally!
 - 31 CD add-on?
 - 32 Dispatch
 - 33 Skins on skulls
 - 35 Wrongful acts
 - 36 Say cheese!
 - 38 Irritating child
 - 39 Climber's spikes
 - 41 Ramsay and Pinkerton
 - 43 Lost one's cool
 - 45 Took off
 - 48 Crude crosses
 - 49 In what way?
 - 50 Rope fiber
 - 51 Long-gone bird
 - 52 Winsome
 - 53 Virgil's epic
 - 56 Back of car?
 - 57 Sycophant
 - 58 Become calm
 - 61 Seamen's quarters
 - 62 Anonymous, in a way
 - 65 Wallach or Whitney
 - 66 Laws
 - 68 Hunk
 - 69 Blow a gasket
 - 71 "Were the Days"
 - 72 Polite address
 - 74 Professional copyist
 - 75 Overabundant
 - 79 Left dreamland
 - 80 River of Bhutan
 - 82 Green-card org.
 - 83 Bamboo stems
 - 84 Marksman
 - 85 Match preparation
 - 88 Exodus pharaoh
 - 89 Alan Ladd movie, "The Blue"
 - 91 Ages and ages and ages
 - 92 French legislative body
 - 93 Taps horn
 - 95 Augmon of the NBA
 - 97 Men in blue

- 98 "The Stepford Wives" author Levin
- 101 Some battery terminals
- 103 Guessed figs.
- 104 Formal dance
- 105 Wage-slave's refrain
- 106 Ruined
- 108 Lift one's glass first
- 111 Stalkless, in botany
- 112 Came down with
- 113 Intransitive
- 114 First person reflexively
- 115 Tabernacle tables
- 116 Sister of Venus

DOWN

- 1 "My Name Is Lev"
- 2 Pac. pact
- 3 King novel
- 4 Clumsy clods
- 5 Chest bone
- 6 Journeys
- 7 Mrs. Peel's pal
- 8 Small boys
- 9 Fauna starter?
- 10 Physical exam
- 11 Bishops
- 12 Slow-mover
- 13 Retirement grp.
- 14 Romulus' successor
- 15 Wrongdoer's assistant
- 16 Beset
- 17 Club's mock lambasting
- 18 Smallest
- 19 Map rights
- 24 Cows
- 29 Place side by side
- 32 Moral misdeeds
- 33 Indian honorific
- 34 Jewish month
- 37 Stood to reason
- 38 Leafy shelter
- 40 AT&T part
- 41 Trajectory



(C) 2003 Tribune Media Services, Inc. All rights reserved.

- 42 Comic Costello
- 43 Tibia and femur
- 44 Bien Phu
- 46 Make confused
- 47 "The Highwayman" poet
- 49 Skirt edges
- 51 Fictionalized program
- 53 Iowa State site
- 54 ___ fixe
- 55 Blockheads
- 57 Handy bag
- 59 Nastase of tennis
- 60 Ill. neighbor
- 61 Notoriety
- 62 Muslim scholar's opinion
- 63 For a specific purpose
- 64 Ruined chance
- 66 Rouen's river
- 67 File flaps
- 69 Writer Shirley Ann
- 70 Removes fat
- 72 Ranis' wraps
- 73 Fellow prisoner
- 76 Foment

- 77 Service charge
- 78 Superman's letter
- 80 ___ de mer
- 81 Ghostly
- 83 Metal containers
- 85 Bicycle stunt
- 86 Becomes extinguished
- 87 Even one
- 88 Develops a new strategy
- 90 "Frankenstein Unbound" writer
- 92 Fish from Dover?
- 93 Operatic singer
- 94 Free from a sty
- 96 Source of the fam. mutt
- 97 Chooses actors
- 99 Up and about
- 100 Broadcast talent org.
- 102 Find a buyer
- 104 Quantum theorist Niels
- 105 ___ de force
- 107 Dict. entry
- 109 Org. of Woods
- 110 Golfer's gadget

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

SUBLET my 1BR Barclay Place apt June 1-Aug 15 (with option to renew) and I'll give you a free queen-sized bed. \$700/mo OBO. Kate at kbs4s.

FOR SALE: 95 Dodge Dakota, 2WD, manual transmission. 94k miles, runs very well. Email Matt at mvv6b.

FOR SALE: Cream-colored COUCH. Seats 4. Currently located in the PILA office. Must go, so make us an offer! Email Carmen at cle5h.

Send your ad to va-law-weekly@virginia.edu by Tuesday morning. Ads cost \$5 and will be edited. Next ads run Jan. 24.

The Top Ten Lowbrow Comedies of the 1990s by Drew Larson

10. American Pie
9. Don't Be a Menace to South Central While Drinking Your Juice in the Hood
8. Happy Gilmore
7. Dumb and Dumber
6. Tommy Boy
5. Naked Gun 2 1/2 — The Smell of Fear
4. Wayne's World
3. Booty Call
2. Billy Madison
1. Something About Mary

You should know by now that if you have a Top Ten list of your own, you can submit it to va-law-weekly@virginia.edu.

HUNGRY?

Call: 977-UVA1



**LARGE
ONE TOPPING PIZZA
\$7.99**

No Coupon Necessary!