

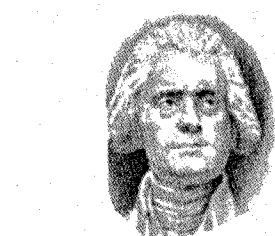
Virginia Law Weekly

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

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Subscriptions Available



"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 1L Eric G. Lee, who got engaged over the break to Sophia Chai.



Thumbs down to the Russian virus-makers for delaying our e-mail, causing SRO's e-mail alerting students of the cancellation of Walt's 11 a.m. Secured Transactions class to arrive at 1:04 p.m.

Libel Show auditions are Feb. 2, 3, and 4 from 7 to 10 p.m. in WB 154. Come and dance, sing, or act!



Thumbs way up to the faculty secretaries who face the insurmountable task of keeping the faculty-student educational engine well-oiled.



Thumbs up to 1L Roy Litland for cleaning the SBA refrigerators.



Thumbs down to the University for saving a buck by using muddy-shoe-creating and non-snow-melting red clay in lieu of actual salt. ANG's boots are muddy, ANG's sweet pad is muddy, and worst of all (at least until ANG slips on muddy ice and breaks a hip), ANG's Law School is muddy.



Thumbs up to the people who leave misplaced valuables where they are, or bring them to Dean Harmon.

The Virginia Democratic Primary is coming Feb. 10. Vote Harrison for President!

Register for the Feb. 7 *pro bono* workshops in H&W Hall — practitioners will give hand-on training for various projects including setting up a non-profit organization or a community development project. Contact Sarah Morgan (skm9j) or Claudia Vassar (csg4w).

Trains on time: "Professor Merrill's Administrative Law class runs over very late every, and I mean every, day."

The Dillard Fellow tryout may be completed during any consecutive three-day period between Friday, Jan. 30 and Monday, Mar. 1. The tryout packet may be picked up from Phyllis Harris in room WB348a. The tryout is open to first-year and second-year students.

Correction: Last week's Battle of the Bands review misidentified 3L Hung Jury drummer Steve Haas as a second-year student. He's actually quite old.

In this issue:

Feb Club 2004 Preview p. 5

Nick Benjamin Climbs Cold Mountain p. 7

Law Students Campaign for Favorite Democrats

by Gretchen Agee '04

While many have been watching the crowded race for the Democratic Presidential nomination with interest, several law students have decided to actively take part in various campaigns this winter. The Law School has proven to be a hotbed of activity; students not only have been volunteering locally, but many decided to take their enthusiasm to New Hampshire. As President of the Law Democrats Scott Thompson said, "I guess I got involved in all this because I just think it matters too much not to."

At the beginning of the school year, the Law Democrats started interest lists for the various campaigns, which has helped facilitate the growth of student groups interested in the various candidates. Thompson reports that there are active groups supporting former General Wesley Clark, North Carolina Senator John Edwards, former Vermont Governor Howard Dean, and Massachusetts Senator John Kerry. According to Thompson, Connecticut Senator Joe Lieberman, Ohio Representative Dennis Kucinich, and the Reverend Al Sharpton have had "a lot less support at the Law School."

Students organizing local chapters in support of their candidate of choice emphasized the belief that

their candidate is the only Democrat who can successfully "take back the White House" from President George W. Bush.



photo courtesy npr.org

Some also indicated that personal interactions with candidates or other members of their team led them to get involved in the campaigning. Second-year Jeff Meagher, who organized a group called Law Students for Edwards, wanted to get involved in Senator Edwards' campaign because he met the Senator while working for Senator Daschle before coming to law school. Meagher was impressed by Edwards, noting that Edwards reminds him of "Bill Clinton, but without the personal baggage." Third-year Billy Wynne, who has founded a Generation Dean chapter at the Law School, has been active in the Dean campaign ever since he went to see Don Beyer, former Lieutenant Governor of Virginia and National Treasurer of Howard Dean's campaign,

speak last fall on Main Grounds. This interaction led him and other law students to learn more about Dean and to begin disseminating information to the rest of the Law School.

Since the Law School groups formed, they have been active locally in getting information about their candidates out to the voters. Third-year Jon Altschul, who started Cavs for Clark, has been working with local and state campaign organizations and local volunteers to organize events, phone-banking drives, and canvassing drives. Meagher will be similarly active for Edwards in the coming weeks leading up to the Virginia

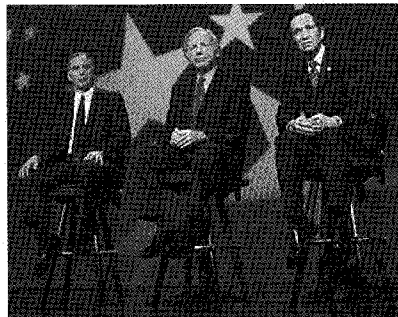


photo courtesy dartmouth.edu

primary. The biggest campaign activity his group has had this year was bringing Senator Edwards' wife, Elizabeth Edwards, to the Law School in the fall to talk about her

husband's campaign. Wynne continues his efforts on behalf of Dean in Charlottesville, working a table on the Downtown Mall and working with campaign leaders to bring a Dean surrogate to the Law School.

While some students have concentrated on local campaigning efforts, other students decided to participate in the unique political experience of campaigning in the first primary in the nation. Third-year Bill Abely has been working for the Kerry campaign in Manchester, New Hampshire for almost two months as a Surrogate Scheduler. He said in addition to supporting John Kerry, he was "excited about the prospect of working another New Hampshire primary — it is a political environment like none other." Third-year Tyler Chance, campaigning for John Edwards in the Dover field office, agreed. She wanted to work in New Hampshire because, as she learned during 1999 and 2000 while working in New Hampshire for former Vice President Al Gore, the first primary in the nation "is incredibly exciting and so unique in that the candidates really get to know all the voters of this small state." Her husband, third-year Jeff Yarbro, has also been volunteering for Edwards, organizing campaign stops during the final week of campaigning in New Hampshire. Even though they have had to miss classes during these days of campaigning, Chance

see DEMOCRATS page 3

News Briefs

Law Student Running for Congress

by Gretchen Agee '04

As a result of the 2000 Census, Florida gained two seats in the U.S. House of Representatives and the Republican-controlled state legislature reapportioned several of its other seats, making Florida's 18th District, recently dominated by Republicans, a more competitive district. All of this matters to third-year Sam Sheldon, who has decided to seek the Democratic nomination for U.S. Representative for his district. The reapportionment means that the Republican margin in Sheldon's district has been cut in half, creating a potential vulnerability for incumbent Representative Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, which Sheldon hopes to exploit.

Sheldon, who is the fourth generation of his family to live in South Florida, decided to seek the nomination after being repeatedly disappointed by the policies and voting record of Rep. Ros-Lehtinen.

In addition, Sheldon believes that "the policies of the Bush regime are bad for my district, and for the nation as a whole." Sheldon, who expresses deep concern for his community, has begun a campaign that focuses on the five issues that he believes are especially important to the people living in Miami-Dade County: (1) the environment, including preservation of Biscayne Bay, the Florida Everglades, and endangered species in the area; (2) gay rights; (3) women's reproductive rights; (4) Social Security; and (5) balancing the budget. He notes that he fundamentally disagrees with his opponent, Rep. Ros-Lehtinen, on all of these issues.

Sheldon officially began his campaign this Monday. His campaign is unconventional in that he does not plan to take contributions or to make significant expenditures. Sheldon plans to use

see SHELDON page 8

Coughlin Discusses Kobe Bryant Case

by Laurie Ripper '05

Professor Anne Coughlin spoke on the Kobe Bryant case and the complexities of rape law on Monday as part of the American Constitution Society's Brown Bag Lunch Series. Virginia Law Women and Rape Crisis Advocacy Project co-sponsored the event. The talk was so well attended that the group was required to move from the scheduled meeting room of WB 105 into the much larger WB 101, which was still packed with attendees.

Professor Coughlin began by encouraging students to speak their minds, aiming to facilitate a brown-bag "conversation" rather than a lecture. She discussed the history of rape law and the traditional defini-

tion of rape, which required a showing of physical resistance as a woman's defense to a charge of adultery or fornication. Kobe Bryant was willing to admit that he was guilty of the sin of adultery, which is no longer considered a crime — except in some places, including Virginia — but not rape.

She pointed out that the Kobe Bryant case involves not only "traditional sexism" regarding rape, but also racism. African-American men, she noted, have in the past been identified as the "typical rapist," while African-American women suffer too, since they were once not considered credible rape complainants. This case, involving a white

see BRYANT page 3

A Tour of the New Art

by Leah Edmunds '06

According to Emerson, "Art should exhilarate, and throw down the walls of circumstance on every side." Given your current circumstances — nasty weather, hundreds of pages of reading, and noth-

wild ponies got to Assateague is lost to history, but once a year, Chincoteague's "saltwater cowboys" round up a hundred-odd ponies, swim them across the Assateague Channel, and auction the foals, with proceeds going to Chincoteague's Volunteer Fire Company. The next day, the full-grown ponies are escorted back to their wild pastures.

Second is "The View from Pollack," which depicts Virginia Commonwealth University's School of the Arts. The painting is a tribute to the late Theresa Pollack, a pioneering Virginia artist and art educator who established the art department at VCU and for whom the arts building is named. The title, says Bality, "is kind of a metaphor, because she had a vision to have an arts school." Depicted in the foreground, in a contemplative pose,



photo by Sam Young

"Chincoteague to Assateague"

ing fun to look forward to until, uh, tonight — you might as well take a moment to enjoy the new paintings hanging in Withers-Brown. To aid you in your exhilarating contemplation is a guided tour:

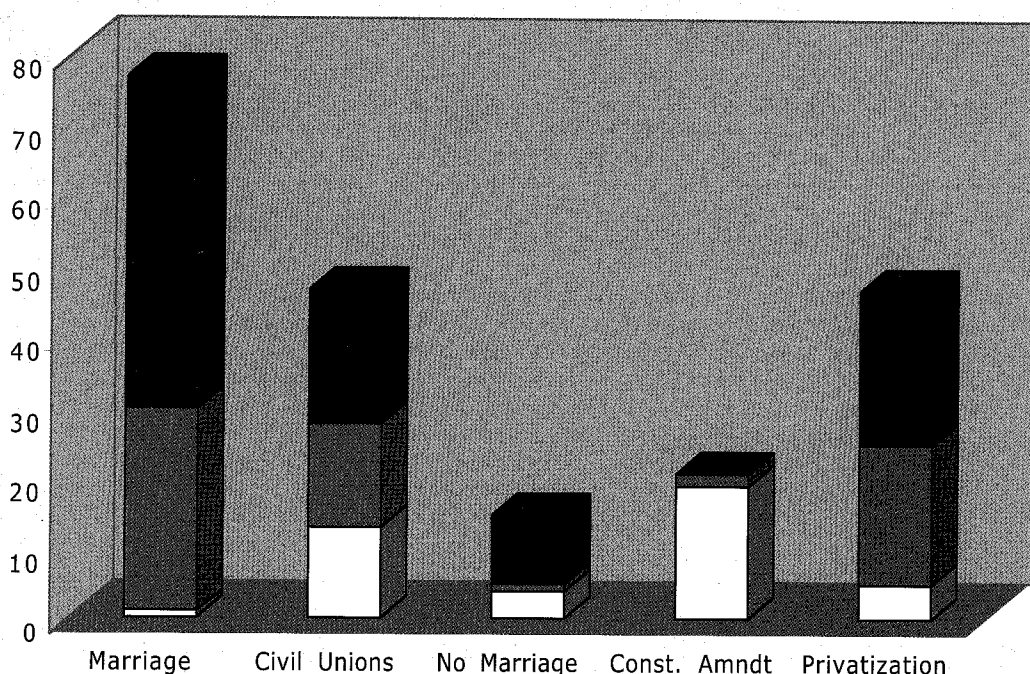
As you walk from Slaughter to the library, the first piece you'll encounter, by Richmond-based artist Andras Bality, is "Chincoteague to Assateague," a semi-abstract representation of the famous pony swim between the two islands off the coast of Maryland and Virginia. How the

is the current dean of the School of the Arts.

Finally, enjoy the colorful "North Grounds Sunburst." The artist, Telsa Leon, is the wife of an alumnus. According to Assistant Dean for Administrative Services Bill Bergen, Leon "generously donated her time to come up with an original work for the School of Law to celebrate our completion of the 1995-1997 Law Grounds Project," which may account for the painting's festive air.

Now you've reached the library. Get back to work.

Gay Marriage Survey



The top (black) bars are Democrats, the middle (gray) bars are Independents and the bottom (white) bars are Republicans.

Gay Marriage Survey Results Released

by David Laibstain '05

In a survey preceding last week's debate on gay marriage, Lambda Law asked law students to select one of five positions on the topic. Like the panel, the Law School itself holds a diversity of viewpoints on gay marriage.

A significant minority of the survey responses sided with traditional values: 7.2% of respondents believed that the federal government should not recognize gay and lesbian unions in any form, while 10.1% believed that a federal constitutional amendment was needed to stop

some states from recognizing gay unions in various forms, generally ranking the issue as a significant priority in their selection of political candidates. Ninety-two percent of the responses sharing traditionalist views were from men, and 66% identified themselves as Republicans.

A second significant minority (22.7%) supported the libertarian notion that private customizable contracts recognizing a variety of arrangements should remove government from any discussion of the notion of marriage.

Meanwhile, a majority of the sample, as well as majorities of independents, Democrats, and women, believed either that "the government should recognize gay and lesbian unions as marriages" (37.2% of all respondents) or that gays and lesbians should receive the rights and responsibilities of marriage through "civil unions" (22.8%).

Aside from the privatization element, which has lacked for effective advocacy on a national scale, Lambda reported that the results generally reflect national demographic trends, weighted for age and education.

the beet

Student Believes Friend Asking about His Break

by Scott Pluta '05

"It's a time-honored tradition," explains 2L Jake Olcott. "When you return from law break, and see everyone from law school again, instead of a simple 'hi' or a head nod, you offer a pleasant 'hey, how was your break?' to everyone you recognize in the halls. They reply with a cordial, 'fine,' 'good,' 'great,' or my favorite 'way too short,' and then both parties go on their merry way."

However, every year, and this year is no different, unknowing first-years have been taking queries about their breaks at face value. "I heard that someone asked Matt Eagan how his break was and he started sobbing on the spot," first-year class president Hill Hardman recounted. "Apparently his car had gotten broken into over break and all his New Kids on the Block CDs got stolen. The guy that asked him ended up having to hold Eagan for like 20 minutes while he wailed about the 'emptiness' he felt inside and the folly of mankind. The whole episode was really quite sad."

Usually it is the job of the peer advisors to send out an e-mail about this issue, but some first-years claimed to have never gotten anything from their advisors. According to first-year Dan Reign, "In not breaking precedent, my lazy-ass peer advisors never let our section know. So of course, when I saw Chris Hayes in the library he didn't know that I actu-

ally had no interest in hearing about how he and his 17-year old girlfriend had broken up over break."

By the time students reach their second year, they typically know how the game is played. Second-year Thad Glowacki explains, "If I'm interested in how your break was I will have talked to you over break. So, if I ask you how your break was, that means I actually don't care that much. This tradition extends to other times of the year as well, including but not limited to, after Summer, Spring, and to a lesser extent Thanksgiving Breaks."

Some objective observers see this Law School tradition as a symptom of the shallow, self-centric malaise that pervades the John Harrison III Law Grounds and its student body. When asked to comment about that assessment, second-year Tom Window replied with the barbaric yawp of "suck it" combined with an around-the-world windmill motion ending at his crotch.

Other students take a lighter approach to the whole thing. Third-year Ed Maginnis boasted that, "I say something different to everyone who asks me how my break was. Sometimes I'll be like, 'I spent winter break as a pro jock in Tibet.' Other times it will be more personal like, 'I worked as a fluffer in Los Angeles for part of break' or 'I lived on top of a shed for three weeks.'

Virginia Law Weekly

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O'Grady to Enter WNBA Draft

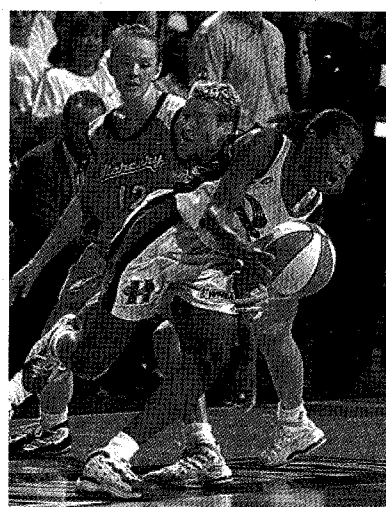
by Thomas O'Grady '04

Former high school junior varsity twelfth man Thomas O'Grady has announced his intention to forego his final semester of law school and NCAA athletic eligibility and enter the WNBA draft. At his press conference, the former U.Va. Law third-year seemed confident in his ability to excel in the top professional women's league. "Obviously, the league represents the most finely-conditioned, highly-skilled and competitive women ballers in the world. I figure as an average man off the street I should be able to average a solid eight points and 11 rebounds per game." He continued, "As an added benefit, with a chance that I may actually be on TV, I will no longer be infuriated watching real *SportsCenter* highlights interrupted by Mystics-Sparks updates."

The wiry five-foot-ten, 148-pound third-year, projected to be a mid-to-late first-rounder, fancies himself an old-school rugged power forward along the lines of Charles Oakley or Xavier McDaniel. "I see myself as kind of an athletic bruiser type — kind of in the Charles Oakley and X-Man mold, but a touch more athletic. I think I can provide a nice spark off the bench. I'm gonna play hard and I'm gonna play clean, but let it be known I'm not afraid to get dirty. If one of these ladies tries to get cute, they gonna meet Mr. Elbow, and there's two where that came from."

O'Grady's announcement comes as a shock to family and friends who cannot recall the twenty-six-year-old being particularly impressive or even passable in any aspect of the game. Third-year Scott Levin, an acquaintance of the would-be power forward, did note that he saw some poten-

tial. "He definitely knows how to play like a girl. One time while playing pickup at the fitness center I set a pick on him and he went down like a sack of potatoes. He had to leave the game immediately — something about sprain-



courtesy augustachronicle.com

O'Grady offers a taste of his game.

ing his uterus." Law School reaction was mixed. A confused third-year Tom Waskom inquired, "There's a professional women's basketball league? Does Rosie O'Donnell have anything to do with this?" When asked for comment, Ms. O'Donnell nearly choked on the ham sandwich she was eating.

After investing over \$100,000 in law school, it seems an odd time for the third-year to abandon his legal career in pursuit of hoop dreams. Nevertheless, O'Grady appears resolute in his decision. "Working 2000 hours a year so that I can make enough money to buy myself new business-casual shirts and pants sounds cool and all, but I just realized that making it in the WNBA is something I really want to do. Plus, as a professional bas-

ketball player I'll be able to pursue my real dream of getting tattoos and fathering illegitimate children. I just wouldn't be doing myself justice if I didn't follow my dreams." The clearly-excited O'Grady displayed the tattoo he got after deciding to enter the draft. "When I made this decision, I got my first tattoo to signify the commitment I'm going to make to the league. I'm a very spiritual person, so I wanted it to say a lot about who I am and what I am all about." Displaying the symbol on his bicep he noted proudly, "This says 'G's up, Ho's down' in Japanese Kanji characters."

Any words for the rest of the league? "Oh yeah, I want them on notice. Listen girls, I'm a bring the ruckus. You hear that Lobo? I'm a bust yo' ass girl. You better buy yourself a mouthpiece. I'm a take it right to yo' grill. I want you Lobo. You hear that? I want you!" In a separate tirade, O'Grady mentioned he wanted Lisa Leslie's heart and wanted to eat her children.

And what is in store for O'Grady as he prepares for the draft in Spring '04? "Well nothing much is going to change, I'm going to just keep working on my game and keep being me. It's not going to be all about groupies and substance abuse policy violations from the start, there will be plenty of time for that once I get established in the league. In the meantime I plan on staying in Charlottesville and keeping it low-key. There are some things I want to accomplish here before I take off anyway. For example, I always wanted to date a nerdy girl, make her popular, then tell her I did it all for a bet, and not feel guilty about it. And I definitely plan to continue writing fake articles about myself for the *Law Weekly*. Yeah I got plenty of things to keep me busy."



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 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.

BRYANT

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woman and a black man, in the past would have been decided summarily for the accuser. Here, Professor Coughlin fears that in a battle of "he-said/she-said," racism may be the tiebreaker. Issues of class and celebrity — think O.J. Simpson — also appeared in Coughlin's talk..

Coughlin followed with a discussion of the double standard of male and female sexuality that makes rape law so difficult to develop. Sex is stigmatized for women, but not for men, leading to a confusing issue of whose definition of consent the courts should employ. Students weighed in on the subject and it was clear that the question is one on which reasonable minds are apt to disagree.

DEMOCRATS

continued from page 1

notes that her professors have been "understanding" and all of them "seemed to be quite supportive."

From New Hampshire, the Democratic candidates will be heading to South Carolina, where third-year Wyeth Ruthven has been preparing for that state's Feb. 3 primary. Ruthven has been doing legal research on a number of issues including ballot access and compliance with the Voting Rights Act. Proving that what students learn in law school has practical relevance, Ruthven notes that he has been citing precedents from the casebook for "Regulation of the Political Process," a class he took last year with visiting Professor Pam Karlan. On election night, Ruthven will be in charge of the "boiler room" — a call center of fifty people manning the phones as precincts call in the election results. He is also in charge of compiling those returns and releasing them to the media.

With the Virginia primary coming on Feb. 10, other students are encouraged to learn more about the candidates and get involved if they have the interest. To that end, the Law Democrats are planning a forum on Feb. 5 at the Law School, with school or other local representatives from all the campaigns available to answer questions and debate with each other.

It is not too late to get involved; as Wynne notes, the campaigns "are desperate for volunteers and support." The Law Democrats Vice President for Political Outreach Theresa Sirois (tbs8d) and the students who have organized groups at the Law School encourage others to join a campaign.

To the Editor:

I think we would all be wise to heed Eric Wang's suggestion, made in last week's column, "Sectionalism at U.Va. Law," that we remember the difference between "I" and "we." But Mr. Wang also made some very wrong-headed observations that evince a lack of empathy for all of the rest of us.

I don't see the connection between the fact that we ruthlessly organize our time and the conclusion that we don't respect individual initiative. It seems that our "elitist" institutions, designed generally to make available a world of intellectual constructs, have failed; apparently we're so busy learning to be open-minded that we don't have time to have open minds. And yet, Mr. Wang is missing the point of the story: those Princeton kids all made choices about their priorities, about how they should organize their time. Whatever else those students might have thought or felt, they assuredly weren't forced to schedule themselves so tightly. Princeton doesn't make its students into automatons, or at least it didn't when I graduated from there in 1999.

What's missing from Mr. Wang's column is an understanding of the

role communities play in helping each of us make choices about our individual priorities. Group identification is vital because it gives each of us a firm foundation on which to build our respective senses of self, a safe community where we can grow

What's missing from Mr. Wang's column is an understanding of the role communities play in helping each of us make choices about our individual priorities.

and change with tolerable levels of anxiety. That doesn't mean we're fixed in our group identifications. It does mean, though, that for each of us group identification is viscerally important, and when we don't have it we feel vaguely unsafe. Without a group that helps assure me of who I am, I have a much harder time understanding who I want to be, or how I get from here to there.

As a 1L, during the fall semester my section was the only group with

which I could identify closely enough to be helpful. Those people shared my experiences more closely than any other group in the Law School, and I didn't have time to cultivate similar connections elsewhere. Drawing a line between "work" and "play" doesn't make much sense to me; I live and work with these people, and if I couldn't do both with them I probably wouldn't be able to do either. That my section started as "randomly assigned groupings" was crucial to its success as a community. It seems unlikely that a student wouldn't be able to find anyone at all who shares his or her interests, or whom he/she can respect, in a random group numbering 10% of this immensely talented body of people.

Sections play a very important role. With them, we have communities that help us decide how we want to fit into our new worlds. Without them, we have a much harder time growing. Failure to understand that is failure to see how others are feeling and to respond appropriately. Law school, as I understand it, is designed to teach us to see just that.

Robert Weiss '06

ard Cohen as "Brooklyn Bridge Syndrome") helps no one. If elected President, clearly Dean will have to seek common ground.

To that end, those who are interested in legitimate information about Howard Dean's record, most

If elected President, clearly Dean will have to seek common ground.

especially, his relationship with the Vermont legislature, should consult "Howard Dean: A Citizen's Guide to the Man Who Would Be President" (Steerforth Press), a collection of essays by various Vermont journalists who followed Dean's ten-

ure as Governor. See <http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A14498-2004Jan13.html>. If you read the book, you'll immediately recognize that accusations of bias are implausible. As a Dean supporter, I almost hesitate to advertise it. I am compelled to do so, however, because it delivers an historical account of Dean's disciplined managerial style that won him the devotion of Vermont moderates. Many would be surprised to hear that Dean's most vocal opposition came primarily from the far left and, less surprisingly, from the far right — rarely the center. Since Congressional Republicans have become so fiscally reckless and socially disingenuous, most will assuredly oppose efforts to balance the budget and, of course, any program that gives more than lip service to our nation's education woes. We need a leader who, while attracting moderates, will have the courage to do what is right for our country — as Governor Dean did for the state of Vermont.

Billy Wynne '04

This Is Radio SBA

A belated welcome back and Happy New Year to everyone. Is the year too old already to wish people a Happy New Year? If yrs were a word, would it be pronounced like Mrs.? Or would it sound more like yers? I just don't know. But I must dispense with these thoughts because there is a lot going on in the world of SBA, so I must dive right in.



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

First, thanks to everyone who donated to the SBA Clothing Drive. As any of you who walked down Hunton & Williams Hall last week saw, it was an enormous success. It seems that a lot of us are not the same size as we used to be. It is funny how my clothes shrink when they are under my bed in the off-season. Every spring, when I take out my warm-weather clothes from under my bed, they have shrunk. And darned if the same thing doesn't happen when I take my winter clothes out when the weather turns warmer. I don't know what goes on

underneath my bed, but it must be pretty intense to make my clothes shrink that much. For whatever reason you chose to select, we were extremely pleased with and proud of the participation and I hope that it continues as an annual SBA-sponsored event. Thanks to everyone who donated.

Speaking of the people who have the ability to continue the clothing drive next year, a reminder that SBA elections are upon us. By 5 p.m. today, all students running for school-wide office (i.e., non-class representative positions) must file their Declaration of Intent forms. If you are still thinking of running and have not picked up a Declaration of Intent form, you can still get one on the bulletin board outside the SBA Office (SL 196e). Starting next week, the folks running for school-wide offices can begin cam-

paingn. If you have any questions about what you can and cannot do during campaign week, please refer to Section III of the Election By-laws, which are available when you pick up your Declaration of Intent form.

Also next week is the Candidate Debate, Tuesday, February 3 at 4:30 p.m. in Caplin Pavilion. I urge everyone to go. Contrary to what you might think, who gets elected can make a pretty big difference in your experience at the Law School. The debate is a great opportunity to get to know the candidates beyond what they put on their

fliers. If you had gone solely by my flier last year, you would have thought I was a lot better looking than I am (I ask you: why would I put an ugly picture of myself on 1000 fliers?) Perhaps no one recognized me, but I say, all the better. Better for people to think I am hot.



Be beautiful. Buy Barristers' tickets.

But, I, of course, digress. For those of you running for class representative positions, you can wait just a teeny bit longer. You need not file your Declaration of Intent form until 5 p.m. on Friday, February 13. More information regarding elections can be found outside the SBA Office and on the SBA Bulletin Board in Hunton & Williams Hall.

Finally, today is the last day to buy tickets for Barristers' Ball which will be tomorrow (Saturday) night at 8 p.m. at Alumni Hall. We will not be selling tickets at the door. This year's Ball will be better than ever. We are very excited about this year's new and improved ball and a lot of hard work has gone into its planning. An enormous thank you goes to Megan Davidson and Liz Castellani, the Ball's co-chairs, as well as to Hillary Brickey for all their hard work. Alumni Hall is all dressed up in white lights and ready for your arrival. We have a superb band in store for you, as well as some tasty food and drink, and of course, good company. So, unless you donated your prom dress to the clothing drive, pull it out, dust it off, and if it has been under your bed, let it out, and join us at the ball.

Faculty Quotes

E. Kitch: "The estate tax is scheduled to expire in 2010. Many people are planning to die then; it's going to be a busy year."

G. Rutherglen: "New federal judges who haven't taken Admiralty would just go speak to one of their older colleagues if they got one of these cases. They wouldn't try to reconstruct all of Admiralty Law. Maybe we should make Admiralty Law a required course in law school. I'm sure it would have all the popularity of Professional Responsibility."

J. Cannon: "Screw you, Federal Government!"

K. Abraham: "If they charged a hemophiliac higher rates for insurance, he would get ticked off because it might be causal, but it's not controllable. He would say, 'Look, I'm a careful guy. I watch out for myself, and I don't use sandpaper.' Isn't that persuasive?"

J. Harrison: "If you are paying a lot of excise taxes, it means that you are probably running a legal and taxed still. I'm not going to ask you if you're running a still, but if you are, please talk to me after class."

S. Smith: "You should think of Congress as less attractive versions of Luke Duke [of *The Dukes of Hazzard*], because that's what they are."

T. Wu: "I think it reflects something deeper about our psyche. I mean, if you truly did not fear death, then driving your car really fast on snow and black ice would be as much fun as skiing in the same conditions."

G. Rutherglen: "The admiralty people loved this case because Scalia wrote a decision, as always, embracing tradition. Admiralty people love tradition. Isn't there some song about that in *Fiddler on the Roof*? I think there is... you can just imagine the Court singing this in unison."

L. Walker: "So there's an injunction here. Now how do you enforce it? Come on, somebody. How do you enforce it? You. How would you enforce this injunction?"

Student, quietly: "Ah, troops?"

Walker: "I'm sorry... what?"

Student: "You call in the troops?"

Walker: "Did you say, 'call in the troops?'"

Student: "Yes."

Walker: "No."

K. Abraham: "This guy Rosenfeld read my textbook — he's Ralph Nader's nephew, by the way — and he writes me a letter. [Reading letter:] 'I've enclosed some materials because it seems to me that you haven't done your homework, professor.' It keeps going, as you can imagine: 'Blah, blah, blah.'"

L. Walker: "Okay, so imagine that aside from Pawtucket, some other clerk in Rhode Island decides not to enforce this injunction. It happens somewhere else in Rhode Island. I don't know of a lot of other places in Rhode Island... Anyone know another place in Rhode Island?"

Student: "Woonsocket!"

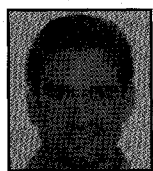
Walker: "Woonsocket. Yeah, good. Okay. Is it a real place?"

Student: "Yes."

Walker: "Fine. Woonsocket."

A 3L's Guide to Walker: Texas Ranger

Professor Jody Kraus once offered his contracts class some advice about final exams: "Prepare like Rambo and executelike James Bond."



John Schochet,
a third-year law
student, is a Law
Weekly columnist.

Kraus explained that Rambo movies invariably include a scene in which Stallone straps on dozens of weapons and then uses them all in the course of a battle scene. In contrast, James Bond often has only one small weapon — such as, for example, a "stun pen" — which he uses in a very precise manner to do the minimum necessary to extricate himself from a particular situation. While they both ultimately succeed in what they're trying to do, James Bond is somewhat less gratuitous in his use of weaponry — and violence — than is Rambo.

I will leave it to you to figure out how this advice is supposed to apply to taking a law school final for fear of violating Kraus's strictest of Honor Code policies ("Do not even talk to your dog about this exam!"). The true subject of this column lies not in the jungles of 'Nam, the covert world of British intelligence, or a lecture hall in Withers-Brown Hall. For this column we must travel to a state with which we must all learn not to mess: Texas.

While Kraus compared and contrasted the "James Bond" and "Rambo" methods of exam-taking, he ignored the third key method widely favored by third-years everywhere: the *Walker: Texas Ranger* Method.

For those who have never been blessed with the opportunity to watch a full episode, I'll provide a brief summary of the show. First, understand that the Texas

Rangers are a real-life law enforcement agency. Although they trace their roots to the Wild West, the Texas Rangers now function as sort of a specialty state law enforcement agency that covers the "big cases." (Think of the Texas Rangers as Detectives Lennie Briscoe and Ed Green and the Texas Highway Patrol as the rest of the NYPD.)

(I realize that the Texas Rangers are also a baseball team, but my column about "A-Rod: Texas Ranger" — or, depending on any re-opening of negotiations, "Manny: Texas Ranger" — will have to wait for another week.)

Ranger Cordell Walker (Chuck Norris) is the protagonist. In addition to being a Ranger, Walker likes to help out troubled youth, sometimes goes to get in touch with his spiritual side on the Indian reservation where he was raised by Uncle Ray (on the reservation, Walker goes by "Washoe," his Native American name), dates — and later marries — assistant D.A. Alex Cahill, and eventually turns to selling ab machines on late-night infomercials. Ranger Jimmy Trivette is Walker's sidekick.

While Ranger Walker tends towards kicking bad guys' asses with martial arts, Ranger Trivette (a former Dallas Cowboy) is computer-literate and frequently uses his technological skills to help track down the bad guys whose asses Walker then proceeds to kick. I don't mean to imply that Trivette, being a computer nerd, is incapable of holding his own in a fight or, for that matter, that Walker is computer illiterate. Neither is the case. But when push comes to shove, Ranger Walker is the better fighter and Ranger Trivette is better with technology.

(It's probably worth clarifying that, while the Texas Rangers are both a baseball team and a

law enforcement agency, the Dallas Cowboys are only a football team. To the best of my knowledge, there is no special branch of the Dallas Police Department called the Dallas Cowboys. Although, if it turns out that there is, I'm sure there will be a television show about it someday, quite possibly starring Jean-Claude Van Dam, Steven Segal, Vin Diesel, The Rock, or Donald Rumsfeld.)

What inspired me to write about *Walker* — I admit that I have not watched the show in years — was the recent death of Noble Willingham, the actor who played the show's fourth major character: C.D. Parker. C.D., himself a former Texas Ranger, owned the bar where Walker, Trivette, and Cahill went after work. C.D. was sort of a wise grandfatherly figure. (Picture a combination of Frasier's dad, Coach (from *Cheers*), not Craig T. Nelson), Obi-Wan Kenobi, Yoda, Moe, and Patrick Swayze from *Road House*.)

The thing about *Walker* that made every episode worth watching was that Walker and Trivette would invariably charge into the bad guys' hideout with nothing more than six-shooters and their martial arts skills, while the bad guys were usually armed with automatic weapons. Walker almost never had any bullets left for the number one bad guy, whose ass he would necessarily have to kick by hand. Despite being woefully outgunned in every fight scene, Walker and Trivette always won — except at the end of a "to be continued" episode, in which case they had to wait a week to win.

So the *Walker: Texas Ranger* Method of exam-taking that Jody Kraus failed to mention involves going into an exam woefully underprepared and hoping that luck and guile will pull you through relatively unscathed. As I said, perfect for third-years.

Sex and C'Ville

by Sarah Geddes '05

After all of the hoopla — by law school standards — over male U.Va. law students organizing sorority mixers last year, I feel I must call attention to the subtler (and more effective?) forays by several female law students into the undergraduate pool of talent for romance. We meet them in Corner bars and coffee shops (Java Java is a favorite), on our running routes (adding convenient detours through Main Grounds), and of course in the undergraduate libraries.

If you're anything like me, about six months into life in C'ville you begin to feel your romantic social circle constrict. I'm going to let you in on some things it took me too long to discover: undergrads and townies. So-called "townie" men are fascinating individuals with manly, calloused hands who will chop wood for your Ivy fireplaces with an ax...with their shirts off. They know their way around these mountains like the backs of their hands. They hunt and fish. They wear rough Carhartt jackets and drive big American trucks not because they're insecure — see last week's New Yorker article by Malcolm Gladwell, "Big and Bad" — but because they need them to carry their tool boxes and deer carcasses. They have sexy, twangy, soft, Southern accents. They seem to emerge as naturally from the Virginia landscape as the mist and fog that roll softly over the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Undergraduate men are as fresh and unspoiled as the morning dew. They are eager to learn, and they take instructions well. There's no quarter-life crisis to deal with, and they have not yet been tainted by their exes.

What's more, these two groups of

men will never tell you on a Saturday night that they have to stay in and read for Federal Courts on Monday. And what's even more, if you say you have reading to do on a Saturday night, they'll look at you



courtesy capitolbookcafe.com
It's raining men in C'Ville.

like you have two heads. And suddenly you'll realize you do have two heads... And you'll chop the nasty lawyer one off before it kills the good head.

After giving my phone number to a handsome undergrad last week at Bar Review, I was accosted by a male law student whom I didn't even know who warned me that he had overheard my suitor say in the men's bathroom, "She's a law student; too smart. I can't be with that smart of a woman." Rather than concern for me, I think this warning manifested a bizarre proprietorship on behalf of this third-year law student over the seemingly-shrinking pool of law women. Note the logical extension of this male law student's warning: that only men as smart as law school women (i.e., law school men) will want to date me. Men, we understand your fear, but I am here

to tell you it is unnecessary.

I am reminded of a warning I received from my tour guide when I was hiking through the Pampas of Bolivia a few summers ago. The only dangerous water is the stagnant water that has shrunk down and has no inlets or outlets. Piranhas and anacondas switch to panic mode in such water, and if you enter it they will converge upon you and eat you. (First-years, I know this image resonates with you... And you have yet to experience Feb Club...) So think inlets and outlets! Men, remember the sororities! And perhaps townie women are as fascinating as townie men. I haven't thought this through, but the symmetry of the argument is appealing. (Everlast sings a song called "White Trash Beautiful" you may find inspiring. Or maybe Neil Young's "Unknown Legend.")

To the men: let us go as we let you go to the sorority sirens. You cannot succeed for long in making us think that there are only law school men to hook up with in this town.

To the women: judge not lest ye be judged. When we approach the Barrister's ticket sales table and ask whether there will be a problem if our guest is under 21, don't look shocked or cluck your tongues in disapproval. "Do we find happiness so often that we should turn it off the box when it happens to sit there?" (That's a quote from E.M. Forster's *A Room With a View*.) And no double standards, please! Where is it written, other than in Social Darwinism and the Bible — need I say, two very contentious sources for ethics — that women can't date younger (even significantly younger) men?

Open your minds. Take a second look. It ain't happenin' just in New York, people.

Coming Soon? Highly Unlikely.

It all began in 1988 with dough, a kettle, a dream, and possibly heroin. The original Bodo's Bagel Bakery first opened down Rt. 29 and a storied history of being the biggest tease ever began. The kettle- or "New York"-style bagels made fresh daily and sold at prices so low you'd be stupid not to buy them became a Charlottesville tradition. I still hate my dad for making me leave U.Va. football games early, even if the game was close, so we could "beat the lines" to get a dozen cinnamon raisin bagels to take home, I don't even like raisins. From 1988 until 1995 the legend of Bodo's Bagels grew.



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

Then, at the end of August 1995, while moving my older sister into her first-year dorm room, I saw the *Cavalier Daily's* lead headline "Bodo's Bagels to Open Store on the Corner Next Year." The student body was abuzz with talk of the bagel giant moving into the heart of U.Va. and a delicious-looking plastic and metal bagel was affixed above a large sign announcing the restaurant was "coming soon."

Three years later, as I was eagerly anticipating the start of my own collegiate career, I received the summer edition of the *Cavalier Daily* and this time the headline confidently claimed "New Bodo's to open... Soon." BULL MALARKEY. Bodo's is never coming to the Corner, not soon, not eventually, not ever, and this makes me very angry.

At first, I bought the excuse that it was just taking a while to make the finishing touches and finalize all the plans, but it has been eight years since the Bodo's sign was first raised on the Corner. In those eight years, Maccadoo's become O'Neil's, Greenskeeper became Jaberwoke, Jerry's became Amigos, The CRAB opened and failed twice, and Coupe's stopped serving alcohol to anyone over 21. In eight freakin' years, I can build a bagel store from popsicle sticks and the delicious pasty glue we used to use in art class.

Something is foul here, and I, your faithful investigatory columnist, will attempt to get to the bottom of this, although without ever doing any actual investigatorying. Keep in mind that while at least two of these theories were reported to me by quasi-reliable sources, the major-

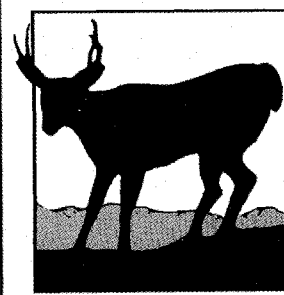
ity are a product of a thorough investigation I never actually did:

The Divorce Theory — Mr. Bodo, if that really is his name — which it isn't, it's actually Mr. Fox, but I'm using Bodo to protect him — is rumored to have gone through a messy divorce between the time he began working on the new Bodo's and the time it was scheduled to open. As this theory goes, the divorce settlement provided that the ex-Mrs. Bodo was to receive a substantial amount of the profits derived from the new Bodo's. Mr. Bodo responded in the way any ex-husband would, with malicious spite, and decided he'd rather lose money than give another dime to his ex.

The Heroin Theory — It has long been suspected that the key to Bodo's success was something addictive in the bagels, which has lead some to theorize the following: During the major heroin bust entitled Operation Shooting Down, the police uncovered that, for years, Mr. Bodo had been adding Mexican Black Tar heroin to his bagel batter. In an attempt to prevent the ruin of his name and keep the smack in his bagels, Mr. Bodo struck a deal with Charlottesville's finest. In exchange for the police department's "forgetfulness," Mr. Bodo turned the kettles in the Corner location into fryers and now produces mountains of decadent deep-fried doughnuts, enough to keep all of the Charlottesville cops content.

The Competition-Collusion Theory — The masterminds in operation for this theory is a group known as VELCRO (Virginia Enterprise of Local Corner Restaurant Owners) who allegedly are so afraid of the effects the new Bodo's would have on their own businesses that they came together and paid Mr. Bodo to keep his doors closed.

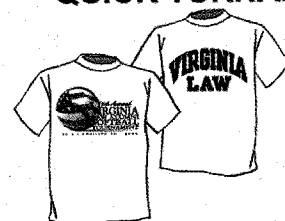
The Revelation Theory — According to this theory, Mr. Bodo was visited by God, who took the form of a talking Bud Light can during one of Mr. Bodo's numerous peyote-induced visions. The beer can spoke of the treacherous sin and debauchery behavior that takes place in the fraternity and sorority houses that surround the Corner, comparing them to Sodom and Gomorrah. The frothy deity further revealed to Mr. Bodo that a business serving such people would be punished through plagues brought on him and those he loves. To avoid plagues, Mr. Bodo vowed to never open the Corner Bodo's, but to leave the sign hanging to remind the infidel students of their greatest sin: temptation.



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An Open Letter to the School on Feb Club

Dear U.Va. Law Students,

Once again we are heading towards February and, more importantly, the greatest event of your entire U.Va. Law career. No, it's not Journal Tryouts, but good guess. It's Feb Club. Until you experience Feb Club, it may be hard for you to understand the greatness of Feb Club. For those of you who have already experienced Feb Club, this article is moot. You know the amazingness which is Feb Club. And let me say that it was the greatest honor of my entire law school career to run Feb Club last year. That and winning several beer pong games with Ed McGinnis as my partner. Those two things are really it.

And, as such, I was not the slightest bit put out when the *Law Weekly* pawned its work off on me. (Okay, I was slightly elated to do something I actually had a clue how to do and didn't involve discovery first.) However, I'm not going to go into too much of the basics of Feb Club because if you haven't figured it out by now, you, well, probably aren't that cool. It's 29 (leap year rules!) days of par-

ties. There are themes. You dress up. You don't dress up. You host. You don't host. You attend all 29 and attain Feb Club greatness. You go to just one and become somewhat dull to talk to during the entire month of February. That's really it.

So enough of the boring details. I bill eight hours of boring details a day. Let me tell you about the greatness that is Feb Club. Now, I don't know how things are now, but last year there was some talk of trying to foster a more academic image at U.Va. Law. I understand that, but I must extol the understated virtues of Feb Club. Feb Club profoundly contributes to the outstanding atmosphere and quality of life of U.Va. students by providing a host of diverse quality experiences while fostering meaningful life-long friendships.

First, Feb Club showcases the

innate ingenuity of our fellow classmates at U.Va. Law. My first year at the "Beta Rush Party," there was a shot luge that ran from the third to the first floor. If that's not pure genius, I don't know



The air was as humid as your average swimming pool.

what is. Stu Shapley's small room and a 40 oz. party, while simpler in design, was genius nonetheless. Further, the themes of Feb Club display amazing creativity within the class. "Hugh Hefner's House of Hustlers, Hos, and Harlots?" It all starts with the letter "h"! "It's Just a Keg Race"? It re-

ally was just a keg race!

Second, Feb Club allows you, the student of U.Va. Law, to experience new things. A classmate of mine made out with Billy Bass. For a dollar. Another classmate gave a lap dance. For a dollar. I know a now third-year female soccer superstar from the best school on the planet who got a little ingenious with whipped cream her first-year. For a dollar. I know a very tall now third-year who wore a dog collar and was walked like a dog. For a dollar. Catherine and Edyn made out for a long time. For several dollars. (They asked me to put that in by the way.)

Another great thing is that you really get to know your classmates. It's hard to forget a large guy bobbing around trying to eat a donut off a string. Or someone who dressed up as one of the deadly sins (I'll let you guess which one) by pinning 100 or so condoms to his clothes. Or

the SBA President slurring as he read the results of the Homecoming Queen race at "Eighties Prom." And the girl who made 200 really fantastic Jell-O shots, I sure remember her. Sort of.

But the very best thing about Feb Club is that you will never get to be so darn irresponsible - and, dare I say, completely reckless - for 29 straight days again. So far I have found that no one has quite taken to the idea of a month of parties yet at the firm. While you may have more luck if you're going the *pro bono* or clerking route, I'm gonna be bold here and guess the odds are against you. So, while this is not exactly a virtue, it sure is fun and fun is good. Thus, I command you to forget responsibility for one month! Dress like you're in Ibiza! Drink like there's a national shortage on beer! And be sure to thank your lucky stars you didn't go to Harvard. Remember, responsibility is for losers and law school graduates: Don't let it happen to you!

Sincerely, jj

Julie Jordan '03 is an associate at Burr & Forman in Birmingham, Alabama.

Feb Club 2004

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
Waiting...						
26 Wild Wild West	27 Madrid Makes Me...	28 Spotlight on Beerpong	29	30 New Year's Luau '04	31 Barristers' Ball	1 Wilson
2 Playing Doctor	3 Dress Up Your Roommate	4 40's in a Small Room	5 Animal House	6 Ski Lodge Party	7 REVENGE of the NERDS	8 Dazed 'n Confused
9 Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum	10 St. Patrick's Day	11 The Great Depression	12 Pajama Party	13 Rock Stars & Groupies	14 Red Party	15 Beer Olympics
16	17 ...in February?	18 Edward	19 Wild on Fontaine	20 Heaven 'N' Hell	21 Alderman High Prom	22 Studio 54
23 O.C'ville	24 Golf Clubbin'	25 40-Hands	26	27	28	29 WALK OF SHAME

Expanding on Slick Rick's *The Art of Storytelling*

After three long years of trying to wring enjoyment out of law school parties, I finally feel comfortable saying that my disappointments are not just unlucky coincidences where I happened to miss that one Bar Review where Cher dropped by and passed out free 40s of Hurricane because she just happened to be passing through. Simply put, law school social events aren't very fun. The music's never loud or fast enough and everybody has the same damn second-year summer law firm hijinks story that gets retold over and over again.



Victor Kao, a third-year law student, is Law Weekly Production Editor.

For some reason, despite my growing antisocial tendencies, people tend to view me as fun to be around and ask me why I'm so so popular despite many of my obvious mental defects. I see two

causes. First, I get desperate for something to do when trapped without a designated driver, which is depressingly often. Since I have to stick around and sober up, I try to make the best of the time I'm wasting while I'm there. It makes me a much better listener and you know how people love to hear themselves talk and trick themselves into thinking that they have an audience.

Second, I can tell a good party story. Among my arsenal of tales are the "Liberian security guard accusing me of homosexually propositioning him" story; "The time I got mugged and the courtroom drama that ensued"; *Evan Dando Once Told Me To F*ck Off: A Micronovella*; "the girl in the devil costume who prodded her roommate with a pitchfork" tale; and many others that can wile away the tedium of listening to "Ms. Jackson" and "Ain't No Fun

put on infinite repeat for the benefit of Feb Club latecomers. In



photo courtesy ideageneration.co.uk

The author can only wish he was this cool.

fact, most of my friends who are fun people to be around are fun

because of the stories they can tell. If I ever hear a story better than Brian Vasandani's epic "Knife Fight Outside of Hooters," I think I'll be able to die a happy man.

So I really hope that you don't get cagey like me, but I find constructing a good tale to be fairly simple due to my built-in weirdness magnet. First, you need to go out a bit and bump into interesting characters. Back in New Haven, there was a preacher who'd accuse all the Theta girls of being harlots who smelled like "penis sweat."

My friends and I would hang out with her and egg her on. That's the kind of person you need to see more often. Due to the Godsend known as mental dysfunction, these people do say interesting things in a

theatrical manner made for drunken storytelling. In fact, the more you embellish, the closer to the truth you probably get. That's useful. That person in your section who asks questions all the time? He's useless and will even-

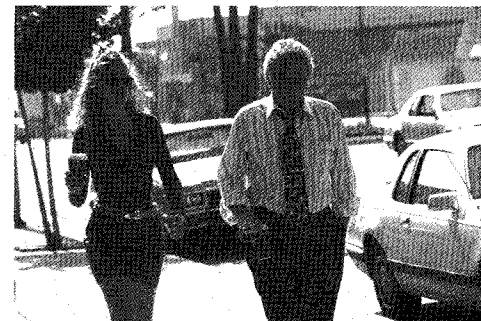


photo courtesy Universal Pictures

This scene is awesome. Mr. Masry is right about to throw hot coffee in her face.

tually be ground up into bonemeal for impoverished livestock farmers. Do you really want the cast of characters in your life to be made up entirely of ex-auditors and former Phish groupies looking to sell out? Please say no.

Also, good characters are nothing without drama. Adversity makes for good tales. When was the last time you genuinely enjoyed a romantic comedy more than *The Wages of Fear*? Actually, scratch that question. When was the last time you saw a romantic comedy and wished that Julia Roberts would fall into a rusty bear trap instead of meeting her boyfriend and falling in love—or some garbage like that? If you deserve to live, then that happens pretty damn often. That's why you need struggle and drama. Otherwise, you're just retelling a course of events that's rote and predictable, just like that big-lipped fiend getting together with some closet date-rapist at the end of the 90 minutes.

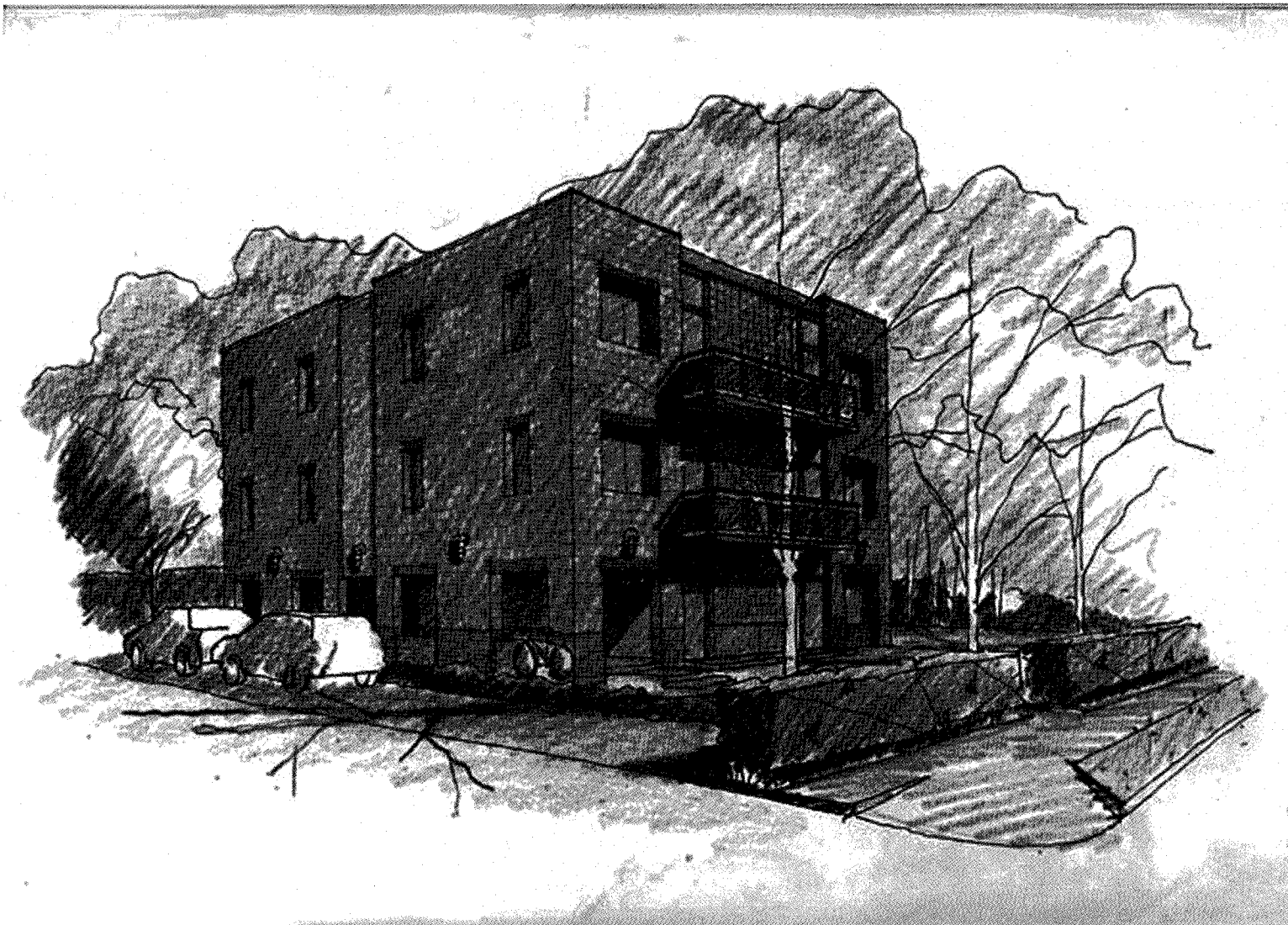
That's why I don't like most drunk stories. People end up telling these stories as if something special's going to happen when I know nothing besides vomit, coitus, or both, lies at the end. Come on, they're still standing there telling you their tale of frat woe and they don't even have any visible facial scars or children to hint at interesting accidents in store.

But I must stress that the most important element in good storytelling is delivery. Charisma is key. This is why someone like Kim Jong Il can award a national medal to an air hammer and still be leader of a nuclear power. Aside from looking for a cheesy excuse to bring up "Dear Leader," my point is that if you can pull off some kind of compelling delivery that fits your story and what you want to get across, you can hold people completely enrapt in your little fairy tale without being beautiful or smart. People will follow a consistent, exciting speaker to their gulag doom. You just need to give them a hook. I mean, come on, you can argue that Stalin was hot in a cromagnon, Russell Crowe-kind of way, and that Castro's got that coffee-shop charm, but look at Kim Jong-Il. Talk about Bryllcream fever. However, reports do say that he can win over people like Madeleine Albright and Kim Dae-Jung, neither of whom is an intellectual slouch, by sheer force of personality. And if that worked for him, why can't it work for you?

So take a cue from communists. Try gesticulating a lot. Make lots of impersonations. Even if they're bad, at least make them funny to look at. Really get into your story and play to its strengths — remember the first two rules. If the story is unusually interesting and you make yourself unusually interesting, people really eat it up. If worse comes to worst, kidnap someone.

My final piece of advice: if you can't pull any of these things off, shut the hell up or at least tell me when I seem good enough to drive.

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Cold Mountain is Chilly

There were a couple of days in December when I was pretty excited about seeing *Cold Mountain*. I like Nicole Kidman even though I don't trust people who get naked in movies as much as she does. Jude Law seems like a good guy and Renée Zellweger really spoke to me as Bridget Jones. I also noticed that there was an acrobatic albino bad guy in the preview and that seemed like it might add to the overall believability of the movie. Albinos are bad and strangely athletic. During those few days I occasionally found myself saying "I'm looking forward to Christmas, because on that day *Cold Mountain* will come out in a nearby theater."

Deep Nick by Nick Benjamin

My excitement faded pretty quickly. I bought the book version in the airport on the way to Miami for break and started reading it on

the plane. It made me very uncomfortable. So many long love letters written with a Southern accent. So many descriptions of fields and picket fences. So serious. I got through fifty pages, knew what was going to happen at the end, and sold it to an old woman with purple hair in 24D for 10 bucks. She told me I was a sweetie.

So, by the time I got to Miami, my enthusiasm for Christmas and *Cold Mountain* was gone and had been replaced by something less pleasant. After four nights in Miami and four movies, I knew it was only a matter of time before I'd be spending three hours in a theater watching Nicole and Jude and their protracted dance with destiny, death, and an evil albino. Which are really just three ways of saying the same thing.

On the fifth night of my stay in Miami, the night after Christmas, my half-birthday, I went with my mom, dad, and brother to a town called Lake Worth to visit my grandfather, Joe. Lake Worth is a strange town, populated mostly by the eld-

erly. Street signs are much bigger and there are at least five Arby's. Old people seem to like processed



photo courtesy miramax.com
Nick cried at the end.

meat, maybe because it reminds them of the Depression, when they drove better.

There is also a "Lord's Gym" in Lake Worth. The "Lord's Gym" is like most gyms, except that it is very scary and covered-wall to wall

with paintings of Jesus on steroids and Biblical captions about weightlifting. Most of them are pretty liberally paraphrased, like "the road to Heaven is paved with iron." I don't think Jesus said that.

Anyway, we picked Joe up at his house and took him to a local restaurant called Lynora's. According to the article framed in Lynora's vestibule, it is one of the ten best Italian restaurants in South Florida. That seemed encouraging, and so I thought to myself "Yes, there are a number of very old people in this restaurant, and the décor is somewhat outdated, but I bet the food is excellent. Maybe I'll order some calamari and the chicken parmigiana."

My confidence started to fade when I took a quick bathroom break after making my order. There was someone in the stall having a lot of trouble. He was being coached by his fifty-year-old son, who kept saying "should I go get some help, daddy?" I offered to help, but they just told me to get out while I still had the chance. I tried when I got

back to the table, but my dad told me to be a man and eat my chicken.

So I guess the point is that I wasn't feeling so good when I got to the Lake Worth theater to see *Cold Mountain* that night. Maybe I wasn't ready to embrace the movie with open arms. Whatever the reasons, I thought it was pretty bad. I think it's really rare for a serious movie to avoid being pretentious and heavy-handed, and, not surprisingly given the book, this was no exception. It's all melodrama without any interesting characters or dialogue. Jude Law is more of an idea than a person. Nicole Kidman is totally unbelievable. Way too pretty. The only part of the movie that works well is its brutal depiction of the corrosive tentacles of the Civil War (strange word choice, huh? — war as rusty octopus) but even that is neither original nor enough to cover for the absence of anything else worth \$8.75. And what kind of a name is "Cold Mountain" anyway? Are there any warm mountains out there? You climb high, it gets cold, right?

Chubby People, Run For Your Lives!

The movie *So I Married an Axe Murderer* taught us one important thing. There's a secret society of the five wealthiest people in the world, known as the Pentavirate, who run everything in the world, including the newspapers; who meet tri-annually at a secret country mansion in Colorado, known as The Meadows; and this group consists of the Queen, the Vatican, the Gettys, the Rothschilds, and Colonel Sanders.

Maginnis Eats by Ed Maaginnis

Mike Myers was on to something, but his insight into the world of geopolitics now seems dated in this, the twenty-first century. For there is a new unholy alliance, a new scourge brought in by the most dastardly villain of the Pentavirate, the Colonel. A villain so vile that he has had to convince the world that he died, that he doesn't exist, like Keyser Söze. That new enemy, perhaps the

most evil of them all, is Dr. Atkins.

This is not so much a review of the Atkins diet as it is a warning. There is a strange chemical being placed into meat, eggs, and cheese that makes you crave them not just fortnightly, but all the time. For what, you ask. For weight loss!!!! Since when has anyone cared about health and physical fitness around here? As I write this on the eve of the Law School's finest creation, Feb Club, I can tell you 29 straight days of binge drinking is not good for health and physical fitness. In fact, some "doctors" might tell you it is bad for health and physical fitness. No, this diet is nothing more than an Atkins/Sanders alliance with a goal of brainwashing the finest beer guts in America. Gardiner? Wynne? Autuoro? Dobbie? Professor Stephen Smith????? Yes, first-years, your favorite professor was not always this thin. And that his weight loss coincided with the weight loss of a certain Virginia basketball center with an uncanny resemblance to Smith cannot be denied, but that is the subject of another article en-

tirely.

Walking down the hall the other day, I happened upon a conversation between a prospective Atkinser and an Atkins user who has been

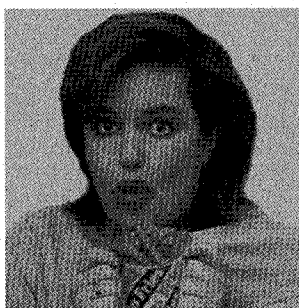


illustration by Sam Young
Starch kills you slowly.

described previously in this hallowed publication as "soft as poo." I swear this is not an exaggeration of the conversation: "Everybody's doing it, man. You've got to get on Atkins. In fact, it's a lot easier, if you do it with somebody. Get someone else to do it with you." Substitute for "Atkins": "murder yourself in order to catch a secret spaceship that trails Halley's Comet." Now don't you

think this is a cult??

Dr. Atkins is probably in Cuba right now, with the Colonel and Tupac, pretending to be dead, planning what the next step toward world domination should be. And I shudder to think what those guys could come up with. It's like Joker, Penguin, Catwoman, and the Riddler coming together. Oh wait, they already did, it was the Batman TV movie and it's no exaggeration to think that their evil plan could happen today if masterminded by Atkins. And if you think it would be a good thing to have all the world leaders shot by a dehydration gun and turned into powder, then you go ahead and stay on Atkins. There's no Adam West to protect us here with his re-hydration gun.

But there is hope out there, a few brave, disgusting slobes who fight back against this disgusting trend of shrinking waistlines. I refer to an heroic third-year only by a pseudonym in order to protect him from peer pressure. We will simply call him "The Governor" (alternate nicknames include "Gambler" and "I lost \$1,500 in three days in Vegas").

The Governor is a champion of all things vice: gluttony, gambling, booze, cigarettes, all of the good ones. But even he nearly fell victim to the Atkins curse. He is a brave example to us all: he was on that diet and he fought the urges and turned away from the dark side, an Anakin Skywalker of our time. Never mind that he only was on Atkins for two hours, and that as soon as he found out that he couldn't drink during the first two weeks he quit and got obliterated that very night. The Governor is an example that we should all follow. He stared down the barrel of the Atkins Diet, and said, "No way, I like booze and coffee and bagels!" I just felt a little tear typing that sentence. God bless you, Governor. Fight the power.

So Virginia Law, I implore you. Brush your teeth with milkshakes. Use the Weight Gain 4000. Attend as many Feb Clubs as you can. Fat guys are funnier, and you guys know that. I leave you with a credo you should be repeating to yourselves right now: "Like Gansner, if I could be like Gansner." Atkins Diet Grade: F-Minus.

Trainspotting with *The Station Agent*

We would first like to state that it is our mission to impart our love of independent movies to the Law School before leaving these hallowed halls in four months — not that we are counting days or anything. Anyone can sit through the latest Jerry Bruckheimer and go "ooh" and "ahhh" at explosion after explosion and the CGI monkey knife fights, but we prefer the small screens of Vinegar Hill and the Downtown Mall movie theater — the only theaters in Charlottesville to offer a constant supply of independent movies. So to those who yearn for subtitles, lesser-known actors, and anything involving Parker Posey, this Bud's for you.

Waldorf & Statler Go Independent by Sarah Lewis and Wendy Williams

The Station Agent — A journey of one dwarf's self-discovery in the Garden State. Peter Dinklage, last seen as the ill-tempered children's-book author in *Elf* who kicked Will Ferrell's ass, portrays Finn McBride, train aficionado and bearer of a chip on his shoulder due to his permanent status as the butt of every leprechaun and "zee plane! zee plane!" joke in Hoboken. Finn seizes the opportunity to flee

Hoboken upon the sudden death of his boss, the owner of the train collectors' store at which Finn works. Finn makes his way to Newfoundland, N.J., the site of an abandoned train depot and a plot of land that his dearly departed boss has bequeathed to him.

Finn hates people. Hates them so much that Finn utters perhaps 20 lines during the entire course of the movie. However, in the scenic hamlet of Newfoundland — arguably chosen by the producers to provide evidence that Jersey truly is the Garden State and not one giant Bon-Jovi-loving mall in Paramus — people are the one thing that Finn cannot escape.

There's Joe, played amiably by Bobby Cannavale of *Third Watch* fame, who has been banished to the land of Tony Soprano due to the poor health of his father. Joe is running a hot dog stand during dad's convalescence, and said stand is parked directly in front of Finn's door. Next up is Olivia, portrayed by Patricia Clarkson, whom some will recognize from *Six Feet Under* as Ruth's crazy hippie sister, but whom these critics recall from her memorable performance in the Sarah Michelle Gellar masterpiece, *Simply Irresistible*. Olivia is seeking solace in Newfoundland as her marriage breaks down after the loss of her son. Finn becomes en-

tangled in the life of the lovely Olivia after she nearly mows him down with her car. Twice. Three main characters established, the plot is on course to re-create *The Three Musketeers*... or "The Three Stooges" (Weepy, Mouthy, and Finn).

On the periphery, Finn becomes the object of the young town librarian's affections, with the appearance of Michelle Williams as Emily. Those of you who are die-hard *Dawson's Creek* fans will be pleased to know that Michelle — who has been busy shedding about 100 pounds since the plug was pulled on *Dawson's* — has not deviated far from the character of Jen, as it is revealed that Emily has been impregnated by the town redneck. Production sidenote: it's a little hard to accept that beleaguered Jersey girl Emily drives a red Subaru Outback. We think a metallic blue Chevette would have been a more appropriate choice. But we digress...

Finn also becomes an object of interest for young train enthusiast Cleo (Raven Goodwin). Cleo serves as the plot device for the film's climax, when Finn casts aside his fears of being the constant subject of public ridicule by delivering a speech about trains to Cleo's elementary school class; poetic justice is served when the

class idiot is sent to the principal for asking about Finn's height.

We all learn that no man is an island, especially when you have a loud-mouthed Jersey boy parked in your front lawn and the manic driver of a Grand Cherokee trying to run you down. The film moves from subtle hilarity, e.g., anything that comes out of Joe's constantly moving mouth, to tender poignancy, e.g., any scene between Finn and Olivia. As saccharine as this sounds, the actors turn in such winning performances that

both of these critics left the movie wondering when last they had seen a movie with such likeable characters. In the tradition of another independent movie these critics worship — *Lost in Translation* — character development is the focus of the movie, with a "less is more" approach to dialogue. Kudos to *The Station Agent*, well-deserving of its many SAG award nominations and critical salivation. And more praise to be heaped on Peter Dinklage, with whom both critics are now in love.

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Answer This Game's Call of Duty

Today, I take a look at a venerable addition to the World War II niche of the first-person shooter (FPS) genre. For the uninitiated, an FPS is a 3D action videogame where you see through the eyes of the main character and wreak havoc with a small arsenal of weapons. Usually, this involves running to an objective and blowing up an enemy position, but only after dishing out some lead-based punishment to the enemies encountered along the way.



Game Review
by Justin C. Miller

This tried-and-true genre continues to produce winners such as *Half-life* and *Halo*, but the appeal now comes from the storyline and wow-factor rather than any innovative change from the basic run and shoot formula.

Call of Duty is Activision's take on the simple, objective-based WWII FPS that has proven successful with Electronic Arts' *Medal of Honor* series. What can *Call of Duty* add to a niche that has spanned the very first FPS, *Wolfenstein 3D*, to the sinfully fun *Battlefield 1942* multiplayer? Quite a bit, actually, and the experience is very entertaining if you like the FPS and WWII movies.

At first glance, *Call of Duty* looks nearly identical to *Medal of Honor* from the main menu to the in-game screen layout. However, the comparison begins and ends with the basic look and the WWII premise. Where *Medal of Honor* was the first truly immersive gaming experience in WWII battles à la *Saving Private Ryan*, in *Call of Duty* the immersion is near complete, as you become a cog in the machine of war. From the bullets whizzing by your head as

you take cover to the incoming artillery strikes, a surround-sound setup complements *Call of Duty* very well. Just so you know, the level of sound in the heat of battle also induces your roommates to give you nasty

looks and slam their doors a lot. Three separate story lines let you play as a member of the American 101st jumping prior to the D-Day invasion, as a member of the British Sixth Airborne gliding in, and as a poor Russian infantryman getting his first taste of combat retaking Stalingrad. A lot of the wow-factor comes during the Russian storyline. Borrowing liberally from *Enemy at the Gates*, the opening scene crossing the Volga is impres-

sive. Something about being handed a clip of bullets with no gun and having to run toward German machinegun emplacements while Kommissars shoot stragglers makes the game for me.

call it a day. When you move from behind cover, a German MG42 will train on your position and turn a bad day into a worse one. Of course, there are a few one-man commando missions later in the game. There are also the required vehicle chase missions. In the vein of *Halo*, you can only carry two rifles or machineguns in addition to your never-used pistol and your exceedingly dangerous grenades.

The only major criticism I can level at *Call of Duty* is game length. Like most current action games, just when it gets going, the entire experience is over. One day's worth of hardcore playing finishes the game. I estimate the single-player game sits at around six hours for the average player. The multiplayer adds a little more, but my money is still with

Battlefield 1942 on that one.

With *Medal of Honor*, *Call of Duty*, and *Battlefield 1942*, I wonder what is left to cover in the WWII arena. *Return to Castle Wolfenstein* even covered the seemingly inappropriate horror angle. Who knew the Nazis were experimenting with zombies? The History Channel never told me that. Nearly every WWII game has stolen the best scenes from WWII movies. With *Saving Private Ryan*, *Band of Broth-*

ers, *Force 10 from Navarone*, *The Dirty Dozen*, *A Bridge Too Far*, *Pearl Harbor*, and *Enemy at the Gates* all covered, I am guessing that these games will soon run out of movie material to recreate. Maybe that is why EA is moving on to *Battlefield Vietnam* in March. Now I wonder how well they can recreate the horror, the horror... *Call of Duty* is available now on the PC.

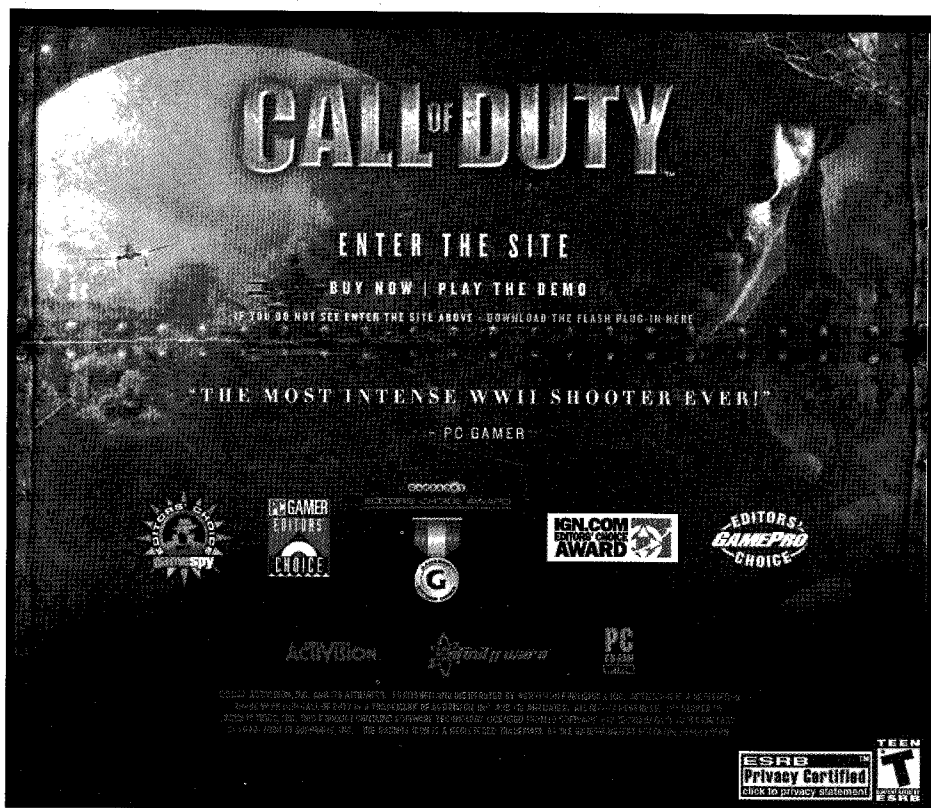
SHELDON

continued from page 1

the Internet, which he predicts will become "the backbone of representative government," to get his message out to voters. Specifically, he plans to use e-mail, Friendster, and the World Wide Web to collect the signatures needed to qualify for the nomination. To that end, Sheldon will need to collect the signatures of 2,887 of his district's registered voters by April 12.

At present, Sheldon is unopposed for the Democratic nomination. Assuming Sheldon qualifies for the nomination via the petition method, that no other candidates enter the field for the Democratic nomination (Rep. Ros-Lehtinen has run unopposed for four of her previous seven terms), and that Sheldon receives his firm's blessing, then he will have all of August, September, and October — after he takes the bar — to campaign in his district. He plans to focus specifically on younger voters, many of whom are not yet registered.

In 1998, Sheldon graduated from New York University, where he double-majored in politics and economics. Although he has never run for political office, including student council, Sheldon is enthusiastic about his first foray into politics.



War is a lot of fun when you're not actually fighting.

Illustration courtesy Activision

The Weekly Crossword

Edited by Wayne Robert Williams

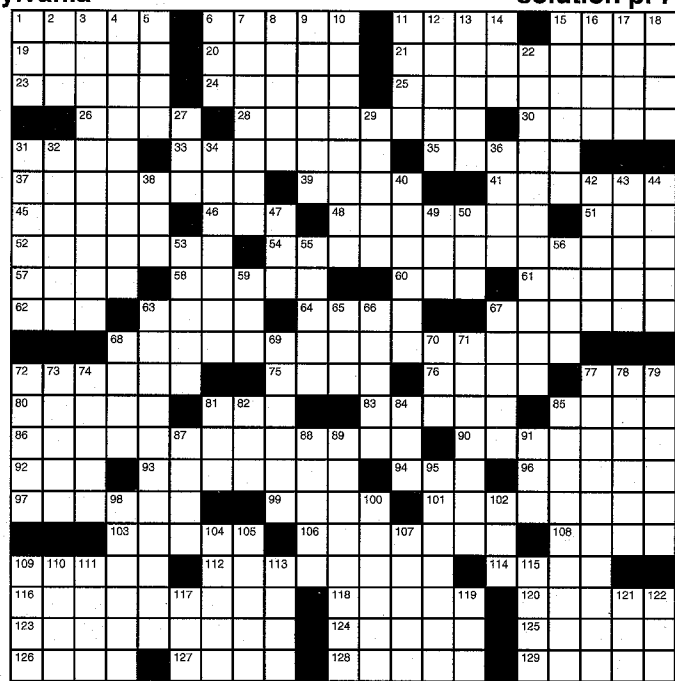
DRESSED IN LONDON

By Josiah Breward, Scranton, Pennsylvania

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33 Moody meditator
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37 Code of correct conduct
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51 Worn-out piece of cloth
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83 Flaxlike fiber
85 ___-en-scene
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90 Moderate in tempo
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93 Like a monarch
94 IBM units
96 Shakespearean forest
97 40th president
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101 Somewhat stocky
103 Extreme
106 Long-winded
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109 Of a unit of resistance

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22 Sturdy lace-ups
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38 Andes tuber
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105 Direction symbol
107 Lures
109 Elevator man
110 Goose cry
111 A post-millennium year
113 Actress Daly
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117 Ultimate degree
119 Eur. carrier
121 Neighbor of Syr.
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Top Ten Reasons to be Your Own Best Friend

by Meredith Stevenson '05

10. I am the same size as me so I can wear all of my clothes.
9. I never mind sharing the last piece of pizza with me.
8. I always agree with me on what movie to see.
7. I never forget my birthday.
6. I will never leave me to join a religious cult.
5. I trust me to keep secret all stories of my drunken escapades.
4. I always think my jokes are funny.
3. I will never steal my boyfriend.
2. I always agree with me on how fabulous I am.
1. I will not die before me and leave me alone to be an old spinster with many, many cats.

Be like Meredith. Win friends and influence people by submitting your list to editor@lawweekly.org.

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