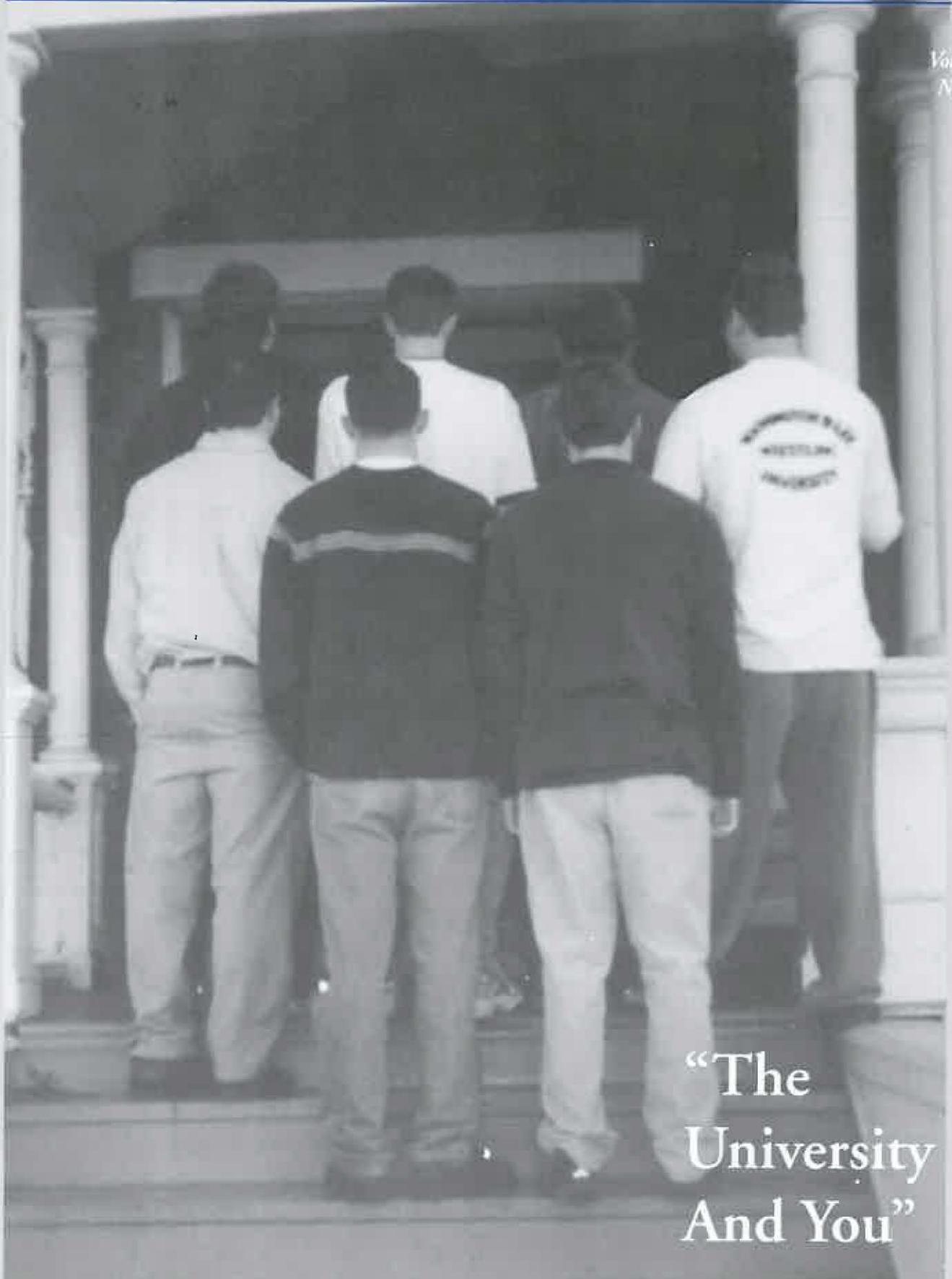


WASHINGTON AND LEE  
**SPECTATOR**

*Winner of the 1999 PIVA Graphic Communications Competition Award*

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Number 1



“The  
University  
And You”

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## *A word from the Editor-in-Chief*

Normal, self-respecting people have call to celebrate. The mighty Spectator returns, jam packed with anti-commie and pro-fun material. Common sense and levelheadedness is a trait not commonly found in most publications. Lucky for you, we have returned. While the University busies itself with the laborious task of finding new scapegoats for alleged acts of racism, alcoholism, and sexism, we will entertain and enlighten you.

Our year long sabbatical has given the Spectator staff time to reflect on our personal accomplishments. Among those accomplishments, I consider graduating paramount on my list. Not because I have great grades, a job, or life long friends; but because the university hasn't found a way to throw me out yet.

Going to college is a fairly simple task. You go to class, you do your homework, and on weekends you snort Ritalin, drink all night, and engage in assorted forms of debauchery. Four years of that hardly warrants a diploma. So why would I count this as a major accomplishment? After four years of some of the fiercest partying ever recorded, the University hasn't managed to convict me of

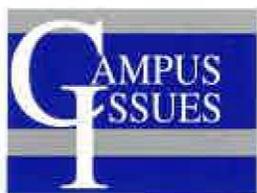
some trumped up charges stemming from one of my many and frequent celebrations. Unfortunately, a lot of you will not be as fortunate as I. The University has a track record of cracking down on fun and you can expect it to continue. As you

grow older, many of the seemingly innocent and non-offensive things you are doing now will become criminalized. Then, the university and its cadre of sycophantic organizations like the SFHB, the IFC, the EC, and the SJC will gladly convict you of having fun and throw you out of school. Then, the University will decide that in order to prevent any such fun from being repeated it will tighten its strangle hold on its

increasingly pathetic, loser students. My advice to you is get as much fun in as you can before the University henchmen make you sign a consent waiver before intercourse.



Greg Valentine



# Public Enemy Number One?

By Publius

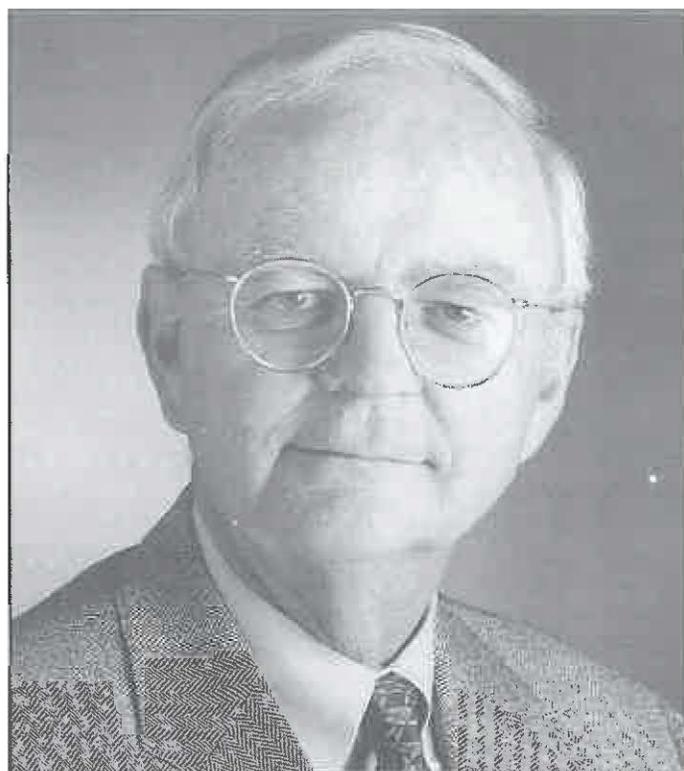
John W. Elrod

Elrod's crusade to deprive Washington and Lee of both its tradition and identity has gained momentum this year. Let us examine the tyrannical methods he has used to rob our institution of its 250 years of tradition. First, he has successfully strong-armed the student body into passing a new alcohol policy through his abuse of the IFC, thereby circumventing the prized tradition of student self-government. Next, he suspended SAE, another task that is constitutionally under the jurisdiction of the IFC, in an obvious effort to weaken the Greek system at large. All this despite the obligatory whining protests of the Napoleonic Grand Wizard of

SAE, Leroy 'Buddy' Atkins. Even now he pores over the final recommendations of the farcical Alcohol Task Force, conjuring up new ways to strengthen his autocratic monopoly of University policy.

The most troubling is his subversion of student self-governance through the ATF and his

molestation of the IFC. This is troubling because, like the Honor Code, student self-governance is what makes Washington and Lee such a unique institution. His flagrant abandonment of the principles and traditions that we hold dear is equivalent to Ted Kennedy trading in his scotch for soda.



**John W. Elrod**

By Staff

The Alcohol Task Force (ATF) has generously issued its 'Initial Recommendations' as a knee jerk reaction to the tragic deaths of two students last year. We at the Spectator have taken a critical eye to these recommendations to identify their merit, if any.

First, the ATF laughably

aims to remove alcohol from all situations where it isn't 'necessary or prudent.' When, pray tell, has alcohol consumption been necessary and prudent? Perhaps before medieval surgery or while awaiting the firing squad, but otherwise it is never necessary and prudent. Western culture has picked alcohol as its drug of choice and trying to

limit its use to practical purposes is idiotic. Drinking is a leisure-time activity not a vehicle for the University to punish and extort its students. But, the new ATF recommendations do just that.

One of the pillars of their recommendations is a 'parallel set of sanctions for individuals, Greek organizations, and other student organizations.' Does this mean that if a student drinks too much his/her organization should bear some onus of responsibility simply because of its affiliation with the offender? Another idea the ATF promotes is increased education concerning alcohol. This is desperately needed because of the complex relationship that exists between consumption and getting drunk. We'll attempt to break it down for you: the more you drink, the drunker you get. If that is too tough to understand, have no



fear, the University will probably force you to attend classes that explain this to you in more detail.

The ATF also feels that tailgating is becoming too popular, so they want to take away the alcohol. Another fine idea. Imagine the lawn in front of the sorority house teeming with people who do not drink, yet want to watch the football game. That scenario seems as likely as the SFHB declaring someone innocent.

One of the more intrusive recommendations is that the University will work with the local landlords to enforce its meddlesome policies. When did the University get permission to enforce its will on private citizens living on private property? We don't recall giving the University our landlords' names or offer to follow University guidelines within the privacy of our own homes. Perhaps, to insure that everyone obeys their oppressive rules, the Administration will send out snoops

like the East German Stasi or the IFC.

The only recommendation that makes any sense is the one concerning increasing Live Drive. This really makes sense. If you don't want people to drive around town drunk, then offer to drive for them. Punishing the place where they bought the drinks, the people they were with, and the organization to which they belong fosters animosity rather than caution. The University can spend a

million dollars 'educating' students on the evils of alcohol, but, in the end, if students want it they can get it. Making alcohol illegal won't work. The US government tried that once, and the only thing that came of it was organized crime. What will come of the University's prohibition style of governance?



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# Campaign

During a widely celebrated vacation from academics, former Editor-in-Chief Zeke Roeser served as Deputy Political Director of a successful congressional campaign in a large, northeastern state. These are some of his notes:

September 29, 2000

I hit a cat on the way to work yesterday. It darted into the road from under a parked car, and clung to my undercarriage with a sick, wet rattle. I dragged it for half a block before it was finally scraped free.

I went to a meeting of the Million Moms March, a group of malevolent suburban harpies who agitate for gun control. The Candidate, local college professor Jack Hanson, sent me to do advance at the event and carry out some black-ops, and so I sauntered into the meeting armed with only some Hanson literature and a pants-load of rakish charm.

I walked up to a gaggle of young women, nubile and bursting with pissed-off sexual potential, and handed them a brochure. One looked puzzled, gestured at Hanson's mug, and asked, "Who is this guy?" The other replied with a thin smile, "He's the one who doesn't care if a girl gets raped."

The icy fingers of fear were gripping my heart when I heard the Candidate and his family enter the adjacent hallway.

"How's the scene?" he whispered as I greeted them. I made a grimace and drew my index finger across my throat emphatically.

"It's an ambush!" I hissed. "They're sharpening their teeth with emory boards."

"Nonsense," he said.

The tone of discussion in the next room had reached a feverish pitch. We could hear forceful female voices over a cheap public address system and frenzied applause. The founder of the Million Moms March came into the hallway and coldly embraced Hanson.

"Listen, Danielle, I want to thank you so much for the endorsement," he said, clasping her arm affectionately. She squinted back at him and smiled.

"I'm getting a lot of complaints from our members about your staffers putting lawn signs on their property without permission." She dropped his hand.

Hanson froze, still smiling. At that moment, the Political Director leaned over to me. 'Beat it.' Grateful, I retreated into the cool night and drove to HQ, where I regaled my comrades with tales of the Candidate's daring-do.

October 9, 2000

The McCain event went well, considering the fact that

the Senator was an hour and a half late and I was dressed down for smoking cigarettes in the parking lot with Bob Franks' campaign manager.

"There is the general perception that you folks have a better chance of winning than we do," he had said, smiling sadly. I shrugged and said "balls." He nodded solemnly.

A huge, black Mercedes-Benz oozed into the parking lot and out lurched Pat O'Connell.

"Mr. Roeser, Mr. Wycoff," he said in greeting, just as news of McCain's arrival hit the crowd. We all piled inside to stand with the 350 veterans, mothers, children, and hired political hacks who had turned out to hear

America's most respected pol endorse Jack Hanson. After the rally, the campaign staff went to Cioffi's in Union to celebrate a successful event. The others ate, while I decided to skip dinner and start drinking. I was cocked by the time I found my car and drove to Princeton. By the end of an evening at the eating clubs, my eyes were refusing to focus and I was describing my deep, emotional affection for Pat Buchanan to a slightly disgusted co-ed. She never came back from the bathroom, so I retreated to my best friend's suite, ate some beef jerky, and passed out.

The campaign continues on at breakneck speed. I drink at least five cups of coffee a day to keep awake. I also smoke a pack of cigarettes every day, either Camel Lights, Marlboro Mediums, Winston Regulars, or Kools, depending on my mood. I've also come to appreciate the bouquet of a fresh bottle of Advil. Whatever it takes to kill the constant throbbing behind my temples.

In the meantime, Bush is up in the polls, the Middle East is collapsing, and I haven't had a sexual thought in weeks. But none of that matters. I'm working for a political campaign. And there are 29 days left until I am released from this delicious torture.

October 19, 2000

I had stuck about thirty lawn signs into the ground outside of the synagogue where our leader was to debate the opponent, former small town Mayor and councilwoman Kathleen Michaels. When I returned to the street from my car, I saw the two slim teens standing on the sidewalk, Michaels signs in hand, purple shirts glaring in the artificial light. I saw that they had placed their signs directly in



Mr. Roeser offers campaign tip Pataki and New Jersey Congre

# Diary 2000:

front of ours, so that they obscured the bold lettering. I walked up to them, looking sharp in a dark blue blazer, khakis, and gold tie. The one on the cell phone looked at me salaciously. They were both obvious homosexuals.

"I have an idea," I began, smiling amicably. "Why don't we not cover each other's signs? I don't want to walk up and down this street for the rest of the night moving signs around and risking the spread of GRID. I don't think you do either."

The two men merely gawked.

After the debate, I went outside to find that the two lads had again covered our signs. I was depressed; the roomful of dutiful Jews had turned their historic rage upon the Candidate. We all went home, knowing that somewhere, under cruel fluorescent lights, an evil cabal of environmentalists, abortion enthusiasts, common brigands, and Michaels herself were toasting each other with glasses of chilled bile and smacking their lips like satiated wolves.

November 23, 2000: The Anatomy of a Perfect Fundraiser: A Post-Election Reflection



Ups to NY Governor George Pataki and Congressman Mike Ferguson.

"The Ayatollah is in the coffin. Repeat: the Ayatollah is in the coffin," I said into the walkie-talkie as the

Governor's motorcade pulled into the alley behind the Westfield mansion of Jason Card.

"You're fired," came the Finance Director's reply.

"Never mind that," I said. "The Governor looks hungry," and he did; Pataki, appearing to stand about seven feet tall, lumbered from the back seat of the SUV and began to shake hands with the local police who were there to guard him. I approached him, feeling like a circus dwarf, and introduced myself. "Come with me," I said as we sneaked into the house through the back door.

The house was splendid: twenty foot ceilings, crystal chandeliers, subtle fireplaces worked into the walls of lavishly decorated rooms. After delivering the Governor to the Senate President, I dashed to the shrimp cocktail that waited in the other room.

Card was there, as was a coven of youngish blonde women who seemed to take the man seriously. He was an Irish immigrant, 28 years old, who had made a fortune renovating cracked-out tenements and renting them in exchange for a percentage of the tenants' income. The women looked like the sort who would hang on the arms

of post-communist Russian gangsters. They were slutty, and I stared at them.

"Get that ass in here," hissed the Campaign Manager who happened to be walking by, so I followed him into the living room. The Candidate was yucking it up with Senator Franco and Governor Pataki in the center of the room, as their wives watched on obligingly. I walked by them and found a group of Hanson people huddled in the corner.

"What's that ugly bastard doing here? I thought we told them no press," I said, indicating a squat troll who had just walked in and was skulking uncomfortably by the bookcase. This man was Jacob Farquhar, reporter for the Westfield Standard. He looked like he had just crawled out from under a stool in the Star Wars bar scene.

I could see him hungrily eyeing the Candidate, so I sauntered up to Hanson and stood there silently. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Farquhar screwing up his courage.

He made a move to join us, but I caught him.

"Back off, goofytooth," I growled. "This is no place for your kind." He gave me a wounded look and backed away, and as he left, I became aware of the odor of flatus.

Suddenly the tapping of metal on crystal, and Franco was clearing his throat: "I'd like to say a few words..."

The presumptive Republican nominee for Governor began his spiel, taking pot shots at Jon Corzine and Kathleen Michaels, and later launching into a genuinely affectionate endorsement of the Candidate. As he spoke, my eyes wandered over the room. The Candidate was nearby, beaming and holding his wife's hand. She looked radiant and beautiful.

My eyes continued to wander. I noted that Franco's wife was one hell of a fox, even in middle age. I looked at her again and realized that, instead of watching her husband deliver this speech before a crowd of important and influential people, she was staring at me.

I held her gaze, which some might have considered rude had it not come from a woman like Mrs. Franco. Aw hell, I thought, raising one eyebrow and smiling mischievously. She beamed back. I must've blushed, because my face got hot and I looked away.

Later, as I drove Jack Hanson home, I remarked that Mrs. Franco must have been a looker in her day.

"Christ, Zeke," he chuckled. "You must be out of your mind."

I was silent for the rest of the trip home.

Editor's Note: Some names have been changed where appropriate.

*“Spectator  
Wants  
You!”*



# Parody

## Question and answer with Leroy "Buddy" Atkins



**Who is your favorite historical figure?**

*Hmm, . . . Caesar Borgia, no, . . . Janet Reno, no definitely Borgia.*

**What is your idea of happiness?**

*Lazy afternoons spent sipping a malted beverage and intimidating bovines.*

**What do you regret most about childhood?**

*My two summers in the circus.*

**What is your crowning achievement at Washington and Lee?**

*Saving that bush behind Newcomb.*

**What really makes you angry?**

*Thinking, . . . and big people.*

**What is your favorite book?**

*Little Black Sambo or Mein Kampf, it's a toss up.*

**Does your physical appearance bother you?**

*No, in fact, I found that preschoolers fear me.*

**What is your favorite feature on a woman?**

*Seriously overdeveloped calves and a foreboding chin.*

**How do you spend you free time?**

*Stepping on kittens.*

**What is your favorite memory from childhood?**

*Introducing classmates to my neighbor, Mr. Gacy.*

**Do you have any words of wisdom for our readers?**

*Stay away from me.*

# Double Jeopardy

By Staff

Each year, without fail, Washington and Lee adds to its extensive roster of rules and regulations.

With each new rule the University steals away another of our freedoms. The emphasis seems to be on limiting personal responsibility.

This year's regulations seek to monitor our every move. The Hill believes that our personal, off-campus lives are somehow their concern. Two University initiatives are of particular concern to the freedom loving staff of the Spectator: the new alcohol policies and the new Dorm policies. Although both are terrible in their own unique way, they share a common theme. This theme can be summed up in two words, loathed by the Founding Fathers, Double Jeopardy.

The constitution clearly states in Amendment V: "nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb." The administration's holier than thou attitude coupled with their

Napoleonic thirst for power has allowed them to throw reason and justice by the wayside. They have (oh so conveniently) placed their iron fist around their property, University housing. The outlandish rule they have implemented is that if a student housed in University housing gets in trouble with the police, there are repercussions and consequences with the University. The first offense with the police results in D-hall hours and a monetary fine in addition to your punishment with the law. The second offense entails more D-hall hours, a heavier monetary fine AND your punishment with the law. Third offense, you're homeless (with a forty in your hand. But oh no wait, that would violate the University alcohol policy). You have done nothing wrong in your own room, no destruction to University housing, and you have done nothing even related to University housing, yet you get saddled with two punishments. This, my friends, is double jeopardy.

## *Top Ten Good Things About WTO Protestors*

10. Femme-nazis and Rastifarians unite at last.
9. They justify police requests for tear gas in the annual budget.
8. Explosive tie-dye sales in host city.
7. Their body odor forces stray dogs in the host city to turn themselves into the pound for extermination.
6. Protesters aid multi-national corporations like Delta and British Petroleum getting to the conference site.
5. Instead of drinking java and writing school newspapers, socialist college students spend their time picking broken glass out of their eyes.
4. Police get to test out their batons on dumb white kids for a change.
3. Bio-diversity increased through lice transmission.
2. They managed to make French Canadians look reasonable.
1. The age-old debate over Birkenstocks versus steel-toed boots is finally laid to rest.

## *Top Ten Bad Things About the Women's Studies Program*

10. Aesthetically unpleasant Eleanor Roosevelt replaces George Washington on the one dollar bill, and the use of fives increases exponentially.
9. Women begin to believe they can drive as well as men.
8. Campus Fro-Yo machines break down from overuse.
7. Lady Gillette sales plummet as hair growth on females reaches cro-magnon proportions.
6. FD 2002: Sadie Hawkins Revenge!
5. Females' increasing self-respect leads to rampant outbreak of 'blue balls.'
4. Due to Title 9, men's Lacrosse is canceled in favor of women's Speed Knitting Team.
3. Doors to low paying jobs for women open all over the nation.
2. Fat chicks recognize their inner beauty and continue their outrageous eating habits, to the D-hall staff's delight.
1. Femme-mullet...we smell a comeback.



## ***ABORT MY CRIMINAL!***

According to a new Harvard University study, conducted by John Donohue and Steve Levitt, the legalization of abortion in 1973 has helped bring down the murder and crime rate in America. The theory is based on the fact that roughly 18 years after *Roe v. Wade*, murder rates began to drop quickly. The authors speculate that up to 50% of the crime reduction is attributable directly to terminated pregnancies. It would seem that many future criminals were stopped in their tracks by clever mothers. The Spectator believes that many mothers decided to abort simply because they couldn't afford the future legal fees.

## ***CHINESE CHECKERS***

The Chinese state-controlled media puts a lot of effort into duping its citizens, and we, as journalists, could learn a few valuable lessons from them. Lesson number one: lie. Lesson number two: continue to lie. And so forth and so on. For the average Chinese laymen to realize that they are being duped is quite difficult. But it isn't impossible; if they could manage to take a break from making firecrackers and pirating CD's, then they might have the opportunity to peruse alternative sources of information. In America this means watching Fox News. However, in China, this means spending the rest of your life subsisting on toenail clippings in a submersible tiger cage. Curiously, most Chinese opt for their health, and with it an endless stream of drivel from Beijing.

## ***I WANT MY NTV***

Vladimir Gusinky's media empire is being systematically deconstructed by the Russian government for criticizing President Vladimir Putin and the war in Chechnya. NTV, the only remaining independent TV station and Gusinky's brain child, has seen its regular staff replaced with more government-friendly individuals. Gusinky's news magazine, *Itogi*, has suffered a similar fate. Who could have foreseen an ex-KGB agent acting in such a heavy handed and despotic man-

ner? Stifling free speech is a proud Soviet tradition that Putin felt deserved reviving. The Spectator suggests reviving another age-old Soviet tradition: political assassination.

## ***THAT'S NOT PHYSICAL EDUCATION!***

In the words of my hero and yours, Johnnie Cochrane, "it does not make sense!" As part of its continuing effort to stonewall common sense, the Administration has kept its policy of denying third and fourth year athletes credit for their hard work and dedication. The current indefensible policy allows students to get P.E. credits for only the first two years of athletic participation. Maybe they believe that football, wrestling, basketball, track, swimming and lacrosse become easier as you age. It's curious that a student can be awarded a P.E. credit for a bi-weekly bowling/drinking expedition yet denied credit for sacrificing him/herself six days a week. Perhaps this disincentive policy contributes to the mass exodus of upper-class athletes from sports at W&L. See also Men's Basketball.

## ***WELCOME TO THE DALHOUSE***

We at the Spectator would like to applaud Dean Dalhouse on his decision to leave Washington and Lee for greener pastures. As the former and only 'Enemy of the Month,' his presence on campus will be missed by Communists and the Journalism department alike. We hope that St. Alban's enjoys living under his iron thumb as much as we did.

## ***ALL'S WELL IN CINCINNATI***

Following the April 7th shooting of Timothy Thomas, the mainstream media would have you believe that the recent 'incidents' in Cincinnati were somehow racially justified and have helped the city to grow. The idea that attacking innocent people, including an unfortunate Albino black woman, somehow helped the city grow is on par with the idea that 'rebirthing' aids in respiration. While the death of Timmy Thomas is saddening and can easily inspire feelings of severe distress, it does not warrant looting, vandalism, arson, and physical assault. In point of fact, the number of blacks versus whites shot at by the Cincinnati police dept. mirrors almost exactly the participation of blacks in violent crimes, 78%. In addition, the percentage of these shootings committed by black cops mirrors almost exactly their makeup on the police force, 25%. If that doesn't smack of a racist conspiracy, what does?

*Just so readers will not think The W&L Spectator to be an intolerant rag that presents only one side of every issue, we have decided to show how open-minded we can be.*

## THE WRONG VIEW:

George W. Bush's recent statement that he would defend Taiwan at all costs was a reckless departure from years of delicate rhetorical balance. Bush needlessly antagonized our trading partners in China and offered a promise to Taiwan that even the most conservative president in recent memory, Ronald Reagan, refused to entertain. His subsequent decision to sell an array of advanced submarine technologies only compounds the error, and it will likely provoke China to retaliate by furthering its arms buildup and reestablishing its rightful ownership of the island of Taiwan. Actions like this indicate to all Americans why Bush should never have been allowed to take this country's helm, especially in the area of foreign relations.

## THE RIGHT VIEW:

After eight years of an administration that sold missile technologies to China in exchange for illegal campaign contributions, Bush would need to declare war on Canada to seem more reckless than his predecessor. In reality, Bush's statements concerning China and Taiwan were far too conciliatory. Consider the facts: one country harvests bodily organs from political prisoners; the other respects human life. One country chooses its leaders from a slate of stale, Communist bootlickers; the other elects them democratically. One country has nuclear missiles pointed at your bedroom; the other merely gives you advice about where to place your furniture. If you haven't guessed already, China is the country that deals in human pite, and the left should be glad that Bush's tough stance will help to keep Taiwanese blood off American hands.



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# Out Loud

“Be wary of strong drink. It can make you shoot at tax collectors— and miss.” - Robert Heinlein

“We’re the only nation in the world where most of our poor people are fat.” - Phil Gramm

“Of all tyrannies, a tyranny exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive. It may be better to live under robber barons than under omnipotent moral busy bodies. The robber baron’s cruelty may sometimes sleep, his cupidity may at some point be satiated; but those who torment us for our own good will torment us without end, for they do so with the approval of their consciences.”  
- C.S. Lewis, *God in the Dock*

“The only persuasive reason to be sure Hillary will run in 2004 is that she swears not to. Ergo...”  
- JDF III

“I could have ended the war in a month. I could have made North Vietnam look like a mud puddle.”  
- Barry Goldwater

“Outside of the killings, Washington has one of the lowest crime rates in the country.” -Mayor Marion Barry, Washington, DC

“I’m not going to have some reporters pawing through our papers. We are the president.” - Hillary Clinton.

“Politics is a pendulum whose swings between anarchy and tyranny are fueled by perpetually rejuvenated illusions. - Albert Einstein

“Fear the government that fears your gun” - Thomas Jefferson

“People keep insisting that the idiotic dispatch of the U.S. troops to the Balkans has been necessitated by the “powder keg” metaphor of 1914. How Goofy! This is just one more case of Uncle Sam- or rather Aunt Nanny- hot and crazy to run other people’s affairs.” - JDF III

“Capitalism is the worst system out there..except for all the other ones.” - Winston Churchill

“Just because we are born equal doesn’t mean that we have to stay that way” - Rush Limbaugh

“People say “don’t judge a book by it’s cover” as if this is the wisest thing in the world. But the truth is, short of reading a book, looking at the cover is the best way to judge it. The cover tells you what the author and the publisher want you to know.” - Jonah Goldberg