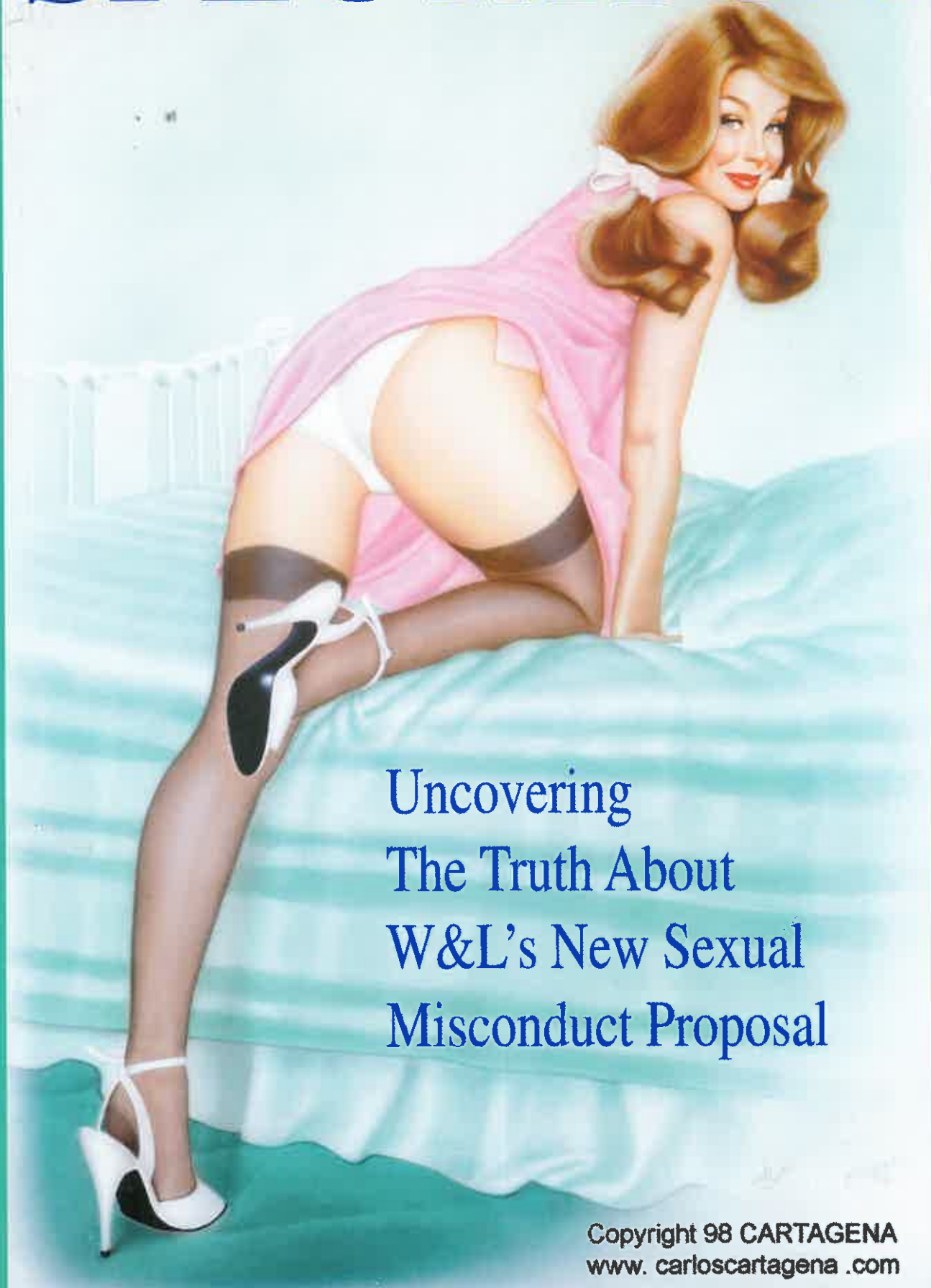


WASHINGTON AND LEE

SPECTATOR

Spring
1999

Vol. 10
No. 2



Uncovering
The Truth About
W&L's New Sexual
Misconduct Proposal

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WASHINGTON AND LEE SPECTATOR

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...And here's a shout out to all of Stan Ridgely's dead homies...

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*Cover artwork courtesy of Carlos Cartagena.
Other images by the artist may be seen at
www.carloscartagena.com.*



A Solemn Farewell, and Other Thoughts from the Commander-in-Chief

The Bacchanalian fantasy that is Spring Term is here again, and with it came the first Spectator of the year. While the issue warranted no formal comments from the University's administration, it was heralded in a subdued manner by students and alumni alike.

And so it seems that a few thanks are in order. M. Truitt Cooper, who is graduating this year, brought the Spectator out of the disorganization of last year's Glenn F. Miller regime and into the brilliant light that we witness today. Patrick O'Connell, also graduating in June, took the reins for the last issue and poured into it his very essence, which is actually a heady mixture of stale malt liquor and Ralph Lauren Chaps. Truitt and the Chig will be gone soon, and we'll miss them.

As the new editor of the Spectator, I hope to continue the legacy that Mr. O'Connell lovingly birthed, taking the magazine places where more timid editors feared to tread. Hence, the lovely cover illustration, which we thought might be in poor taste, but printed anyway. Isn't she cute?

The fundamental problem that a conservative publication has at a school like Washington and Lee is

that it will rarely be controversial. Few students want to read articles with which they wholeheartedly agree, whereas they will glance curiously through an issue of The Marxist Sojourner if one fell into their hands. While we at the Spectator are unwilling to compromise our

ideals in order to pander to public interest, we will do our best to make the magazine as humorous and interesting as possible. Once again, I will refer you to the cover.

So, as I have little else to say right now, I will bid you all farewell. Enjoy the last few days of school, as well as the summer vacation that is just around the corner. We'll be back in September, as will most of you, ready to tackle another academic year. Signing off

from the Spectator office, the last refuge of the truly damned.

Sincerely,

Zeke J. Roeser





Tent City

By Bryan Petrilla

Last week, we celebrated the 250th anniversary of Washington and Lee University. Managing to scrounge up \$30, I made the pilgrimage to tent city, trying to avoid the perverted catcalls of the locals as I walked downtown in my tuxedo. Arriving at the gala, I paid the bandits behind the table, received my program, and went on in search of the well-touted ostrich meat and profound sense of awe inspired by the fact that this school is really old.

At first, I was very impressed, if not a little excited. A sea of people, of all ages, all very well dressed, gathered before giant television screens. Strange words like "pastabilities" and "napkin" jumped out at me as I entered the food court, and I soon found myself holding a plate stacked high with gourmet food and fortune cookies. Seated behind an elderly man who smelled of whiskey and flanked by my fraternity brothers, I stared wide-eyed as the broadcast from the Lenfest Center began. Overall, it was not bad, and I congratulate those who included a two-second clip of myself reading e-mail in the library. However, the more I watched, the more I realized something was awry. For one thing, the film never mentioned alcohol. I think that being ranked No. 1 in hard liquor consumption per capita and No. 2 in beer is worth something, but the current generation of students didn't even procure a nod in their direction. Even a subtle wink from the man would have

helped ease our conscience. This was an especially glaring absence since alumni were handing out drink tickets left and right, and the lines at the bars were bigger than those at the food court.

Moving on, I found myself booing openly at the segment depicting the honor system. Instead of reviewing the intangible ideals of honor, civility, and gentlemanly conduct, they should have summarized the EC's decisions over this past year. Perhaps they could have contrasted the fact that one student was kicked out for "stealing" eggs from his girlfriend's plate while, a short while later, several students were cleared of all guilt for stealing both private and public property over an entire weekend. Of course, I don't know all the facts, but that's the price of student autonomy and, I'm told, protection. Idiocy and tyranny would be better words, but contradiction and hypocrisy were never favorite topics of the elite; the more glaring the evidence, the more vehement the denial. So, I contented myself by straightening my tuxedo and admiring the chandeliers on the ceilings.

Once the self-aggrandizing masquerade was over, I made my way back to the food, but found that the tables had been picked clean. Only a few slices of cheese and a kiwi fruit found their way to my pockets, which had already been stuffed full of more cookie-coated Asian wisdom. It was in this pivotal moment, amidst the confusing sounds of drunken laughter and band music, that I realized what was happening. We were

being ripped off. There were hundreds of cocktail napkins, glasses, cups, decorations, and general trappings of the rich all around me, and it made my head spin. I suddenly remembered when I visited the music department last spring, intent on developing my drumming skills, only to be told that the school did not own a drum set. However, if I really wanted to play, I could go to JMU. Price of a drum set? Probably a few boxes of cocktail glasses or those little candy-filled tubes they were giving out. Then I remembered when they tried to play the national anthem at one of the football games in the fall and the speaker was so poor, I thought we had lost the war. Price of a new speaker system? Probably two or three of those pretty little banners. Then I thought of the time the legs on the coffee table in our fraternity house disappeared, and we were told the bill would be \$700. The whole situation made me think, something I had been trying to avoid during the Spring term.

I finally left, a little disgruntled, a little saddened. I wondered if at the 500th anniversary, we would all be human brains contained in robotic exo-skeletons, or at least a little less worried about putting on the dog for the alumni, focusing our attention on some of the little things that might improve the school tremendously. I value my own time at this university and am proud of it but, in my mind, I keep seeing all of those ostriches running free, carrying on their backs that elusive truth that no tuxedo or million-dollar campaign can ever replace.

Uncle Sam's Hypocrisy

By John Power

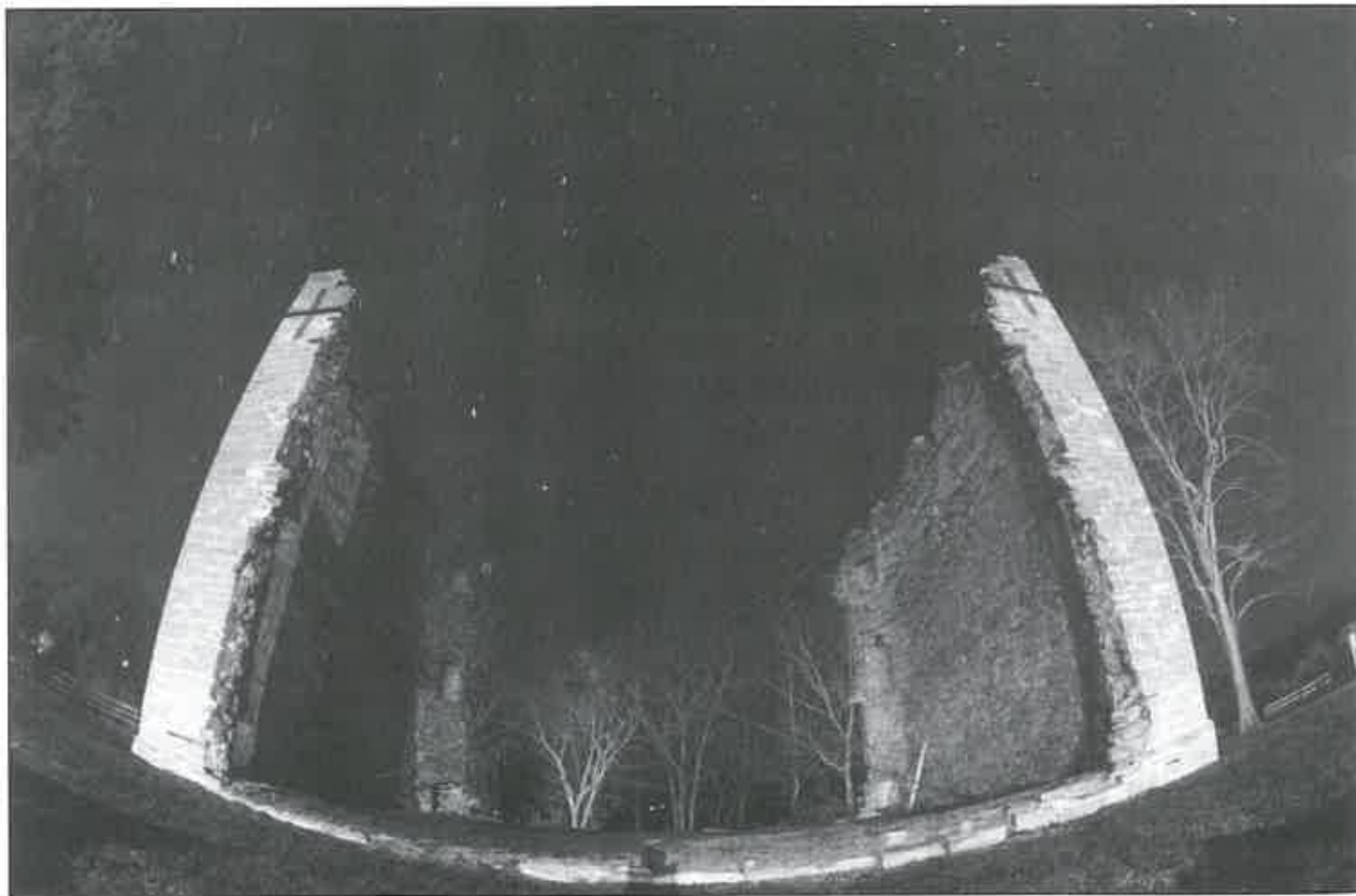
Perhaps you have heard the statistics that in a few years time ethnic Mexicans will make up a majority of the Texas population. Let's travel a little further, perhaps 40 or 50 years, to a time when Mexicans make up close to 90 percent of all Texans.

Texas will increasingly begin to seem like a foreign country to the rest of the United States, as the Mexicans hold on to the culture that they have brought across the border with them. A predominantly Roman Catholic people, they will hold to values different from those of the predominantly Protestant rest of the nation. Certainly, the Spanish

tongue will become more prevalent throughout Texas. Schools will become bilingual, if classes would be taught in English at all. Perhaps we might even see a Mexicanization of Texas to the extent of the role of the French in Quebec. Road signs will be in Spanish. Government business will be conducted in Spanish, and people will have the option to vote no or sí. Newspapers will be in Spanish. Television stations will be in Spanish. Salsa music will be playing out of car radios as families drive to soccer games that they call football. As new construction pops up across Texas to house these immigrants, architectural styles from Mexico will become more and more common. Increasingly, Texas

will appear to be a separate land from the rest of the United States.

People from around the nation will see this trend, and they will become alarmed. Texas is quintessentially American. The Alamo. Oil. Cattle. Sam Houston, Jim Bowie, and Davy Crockett. The Dallas Cowboys: America's team. The rough-and-tumble lifestyle that all Americans hold up as the ideal. The Mexican-American War was fought in order to take Texas; we aren't about to give it back now. Soon a national movement begins in order to reaffirm that Texas is American. Laws are passed and Spanish is taken out of the schools and out of government, and everything is required to be in English. Spanish newspapers, radio and television



stations are outlawed. Though these measures may be harsh, they are done only to re-Americanize a part of America that no longer looks like any of the other states.

The ethnic Mexicans of Texas do not like these measures. Many of them no longer feel that they can live under this American oppression, and a movement begins to separate Texas from the United States, at the least, and unite with Mexico, at the most. Neither side is open to a diplomatic solution to this problem, and many Mexicans form a Texas Liberation Army with the goal of seceding from the Union. The TLA arms itself any way it can. Relatives back in Mexico send weapons and money to equip the TLA. The TLA contacts Latin American drug smugglers and terrorist organizations around the world in order to acquire weapons and supplies. When the TLA feels that it is well enough equipped, it attacks. Using guerrilla tactics, it hits and runs. It attacks American police officers who aren't prepared for engagement. It surprises American military posts in Texas, and inflicts severe damage. After every attack, though, the guerilla "army" disperses back into the population, and they escape.

The American people are outraged by these attacks. They see Texas as a higher class of state than, say, Vermont. Texas is everything that is American, and they are not about to see it "liberated" from the Union. The President mobilizes the military, and troops are sent in to quell this rebellion in the making. But the TLA is not using conventional tactics. It is fighting a guerilla war where the combatants can't be distinguished from the general populace. Even if they could be distinguished, the general populace is still guilty of supplying the TLA with food, uniforms, medical supplies, shelter, spare weapons, crucial information and, at the very least, moral support that inspires the TLA to carry out their attacks. Military personnel understand that this war can't be fought in a conventional way; they learned their lessons from Vietnam. A guerilla army cannot be defeated, let alone found, if the

guerilla army is all that is attacked. The only way to defeat a guerilla army is to separate it from its foundation. A guerilla army can not exist without the noncombatants who provide all those essential necessities that I listed earlier. The military decides to evict ethnic Mexicans from their homes and push them back towards the border and into Mexico. Guess what, it works. The TLA, left without the necessary infrastructure, is unable to carry out its surprise attacks on American military personnel. While thousands of innocent people were forced to suffer, the war was won in the only fashion that it could have been won. Perhaps you might say the actions of my hypothetical American Government were cruel, but it only did what it needed to do to hold the nation together, to prevent the secession of a state.

As a note of explanation, let me say that I in no way have any problems with the Mexican people who, I have generally found to be fun-loving and jolly. I love taco night at the D-Hall as much as the next guy does. Nothing wrong with a few Coronas. I enjoy the comedy stylings of Cheech Marin and, as

I write this article, I am wearing indoor soccer shoes. Also, I wouldn't really mind if Texas did secede from the Union. I mean, it is Texas after all. I only use this example because I feel that it offers an excellent parallel to what is going on in Kosovo, a province of Serbia, and one that holds a lot more cultural significance for Serbians than Texas does for Americans. Though Milosovic's tactics may be harsh, he has essentially defeated a guerilla army, something very few governments, including our own, have ever figured out how to do. Though ethnic cleansing is a catch phrase that is thrown around a lot, is there a difference between ethnic cleansing and a war that happens to be between different ethnic groups? I think so. Also, it must be remembered that Kosovo is a province of Serbia. Though I agree that Milosovich did horrible things in Bosnia, this is a different war, and one that he is justified in fighting just as hard as Lincoln fought to keep our nation together. American involvement in the internal affairs of another country breaks every commonly recognized principle of international politics. We don't belong there.



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The Administration

The New Sexual Misconduct Prop

By Zeke Roeser

When I look at Washington and Lee as an institution and a community, I see a safe, aesthetically beautiful environment in which students can learn, live, and enjoy themselves. The student body is notoriously happy, and the administration continues to revel in giddy, self-congratulatory backslapping at the simple fact that Washington and Lee hasn't collapsed in the last 250 years. It is a good time to sit peacefully on the lush greens on campus and contemplate the wonders of life. Unfortunately, storm clouds are gathering just beyond the city limits, and talk of a societal apocalypse is beginning to replace pleasant banter on the Hill. Or so some will have you believe. This reporter has become aware of a loosely-organized movement whose purpose is to radically alter the university policies and processes that concern sexual misconduct at Washington and Lee.

I had the chance to speak candidly with the figurehead of the movement, Meredith Welch. Sitting on her couch with two nervous cats, she looked more like a housewife-in-training than a first-class agitator. But when the rhetoric began to flow, her admittedly pleasant nature and dimpled grins did nothing to conceal the agenda that she and her informal organization continue to put forth: a perversion of the time-tested ideals of justice that have made this country great.

Ms. Welch kindly furnished a copy of her official suggestion to the University. Glancing through the four-page batch of misguided ideology, it occurred to me that, while most of the notions presented were either harmlessly inane or myopically foolish, some were actually dangerous. I paused to reflect on my own safety, and idly wondered how fast Ms. Welch could floor me with a hidden canister of pepper spray. But detecting no unsightly bulges in her pockets, I continued to read.

The primary goal of the policy is "for Washington and Lee to commit its support to an environment that will foster healthy relationships and end the sexually-violent culture." While no community is free from violence or acts of ill will, it is no less

than sheer madness to suggest that Washington and Lee has a "sexually violent culture." Apparently, years of parental doting and comfortable living have made some women at this school a little batty. The first sign of adversity or danger has convinced them that our culture is "sexually violent."

If this were true, girls wouldn't flock to fraternities like C-cupped locusts looking for fresh prey. If this were true, the floors of frat basements would be sticky with the blood of the innocent rather than the amalgam of sweat, sputum, and beer that we wade through every Friday and Saturday night.

The body of the proposal focuses on education rather than any concrete policy changes. For instance, Ms.

Welch suggests that the university extend its already bizarre freshman orientation program to upperclassmen and periodically reintroduce them to the topics discussed there. While this might force W&L's men to think about sex even more than they already do, it will also serve to insult a generally rational group of adults who didn't come to college to be further patronized.

In regards to the "education" of potential victims, the proposal suggests that women be more effectively advised of their options if they are assaulted. This includes, comically, the suggestion that the university "acknowledge the student's option to go to local legal authorities" with their complaints. This presupposes the notion that W&L students consider the Student-Faculty Hearing Board, the Student Judicial Committee, and the Executive Committee to be the highest courts in America. No matter how coddled the student body may be, I guarantee that

CAMPUS

*In Ms. Welch's
automatically a
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judicial boards en
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accused student t*

's Next Big Mistake: Proposal, and Why It Will Hurt W&L

S ISSUES

not one person on campus is ignorant of the existence of the Lexington PD.

Also in the proposal is the darker suggestion that the members of the various judicial boards on campus be "trained" to deal with the "trauma that results from sexual assault." In the same breath, the author asserts that "the trial should be about establishing what has occurred." How, precisely, would the mental state of the accuser be useful to a body that is only concerned with finding the facts of the case? If anything, it would inevitably taint the supposedly unbiased opinions of the jurors.

More ridiculous is the author's mention of courts of law when discussing appeal procedures.

Ms. Welch apparently wants it both ways: the strict regulations that accompany any courtroom hearings, but in a soft, caring environment that is more reminiscent of Romper Room. If the judicial boards of W&L are to serve their purpose with any sort of fairness, they should ignore the emotional aspects of the case. However painful, the after-effects of rape are not germane and can only tilt the sympathies of the jurors toward the accuser. Ms. Welch would do well to remember that in a U.S. court of law, the burden of proof lies squarely on the shoulders of the prosecution.

Perhaps the most ominous suggestion in this proposal is the idea that the University should end its historical non-disclosure policy. The sentiment behind this suggestion is that W&L's student body should be informed if a "convicted" sexual offender is skulking in their midst. While that argument makes

sense on an abstract plane, in practice it means the complete annihilation of that student's prospects, social or otherwise, at Washington and Lee. Any level-headed student would be forced to withdraw from school if only to escape the constant harassment and condemnation that this policy would ensure. In answer to the claim that the "convicted" student deserves any punishment he gets, one only has to read further to understand why this is such a dangerous idea. Ms. Welch writes that the University should "provide a trial atmosphere that is less hostile for a victim who has already been severely traumatized." This sentence, more than any other, exposes the true prejudices of the movement that would impose these regulations upon us. In Ms. Welch's world, the accuser is automatically a "victim" who has undeniably been "traumatized." If the judicial boards embraced this mindset, it would take a miracle for any accused student to be acquitted. If it is already assumed that the accuser has been victimized, the jury need only find the likeliest offender, i.e. the accused.

This smacks of the same kind of tyranny that characterized the Salem witch-hunts, the KKK nightriders, and the Soviet purges of the 1930s and 1940s. This could effectively turn Washington and Lee into a prison state where men are afraid to violate nebulous and ambiguously worded rules whose sole purpose is to entrap, try, and invariably convict them.

My final impression of Ms. Welch and her ilk was that they are adamantly committed to a cause that is unarguably noble. Ms. Welch seemed earnest enough as she expressed her views that proper training is of tremendous importance and that the Rockbridge County courts have a poor record of convicting accused rapists. While I don't doubt the sincerity of this movement's proponents, I strongly warn Washington and Lee students to read this proposal carefully before offering support. To reject it based on its lack of merit is not a vote for rapists, but a defense against a potential political and sexual dictatorship that would irreparably damage the student body, the faculty, and the University itself.



Our Mole in Washington: Andrew H. M. Nash

A War in the Making, a Crisis with China, the Bar Scene in D.C. ...

The first Kosovar refugee baby was born in New Jersey recently, and the elated parents of the infant citizen paid proper tribute to their saviors by naming the child 'America.' As the newborn bounced around on cameras in the Garden State, more U.S. soldiers departed domestic bases for Albania in the name of restoring some vestige of international order and basic respect for human rights in a part of the world which has been a cauldron of ethnic fighting and, at times, restrained genocide for some 600 years.

Of late, things have not been going particularly well for the NATO operation. Popular support in the U.S. has begun to fade for the airwar gamble and, with the arrival of several bombing miscues, the international climate has chilled considerably towards U.S. leadership. China has severed some high-level ties with America, and we hit the low point last week when a woman from Alabama called the Senate Office where I work to cast a spell on the Senator and also on me, as I took the message.

I don't know, perhaps things will get better. Maybe now that we have the captain of the Exxon Valdez targeting sites for the CIA in Belgrade the war will begin to turn around. I mean, you'd think that the Embassy of a U.N. Security Council member would be in every Fodor's, but somehow we are now left picking up the pieces of our dilapidated foreign relations. Through an odd twist of mismanagement, we are now issuing apologies to a nation which was just discovered to have simultaneously raided our laboratories for missile technology and left behind hundred of thousands of dollars in the President's reelection fund.

As for me, things have not been improving much in Washington. Since I work, I wasn't able to camp out for the three weeks leading up the release of "The Phantom Menace" and, without the dastardly medieval hijinks of the Society for Creative Anachronism on the lawn of Lee House to entertain me, I am forced to spend money on entertainment in the District. Luckily I still have television.

On CNN a couple of weeks ago, we all watched in breath-held disbelief as the 10-year anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre was commemorated by our Chinese university colleagues with the burning of U.S. flags and central government-sanctioned vandalism of American Embassy property. While American tourists jumped on planes home, the little brothers and sisters of the Tiananmen victims chanted against NATO and drew swastikas on the face of our befuddled president while hurling chunks of pavement into the U.S. compounds. I even saw footage of Taipei demonstrators desecrating the Stars and Stripes and, while I could appreciate the untold horrors which the United States has visited on the people of Taiwan since the end of World War II, it seemed a little harsh for our ally to be so vocal against the sole power which secured its freedom from the anxious grips of Beijing. A very good friend of mine is a sophomore cadet at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point. A month-and-a-half ago in the midst of finals, I wrote to my dear cadet-friend regarding the current state of my academic undoing. I think the tone of his reply conveys an increasingly held attitude regarding the situation in the Balkans:

"What's wrong College Boy? Grades getting you down? Sad because your teachers 'just don't understand you?' Write me a letter about it that I can read on some damn plane as it carries me across my personal River Styx to Kosovo..."

"I guess I just realized with this e-mail of yours that we really are on opposite ends of this war. You chose to forget your country in its time of need and I have a man's job to execute faithfully. I guess some of us got the call to leave high school while others got the call to spend the rest of their lives there. Your phone is ringing, Andrew. What are you gonna do if you don't like what the voice on the other end has to say?"

With that I'll conclude my remarks on politics; the city beckons. I hope America appreciates the sacrifices of our servicemen.

Top Ten Reasons Why Sorority Housing is a Good Idea

10. Girls will have to walk 1/4 mile to reach the D-Hall Fro-Yo machine
9. Kappa is that much closer to the Lacrosse field
8. Men of the Spectator don't like the showers at Woods Creek
7. Girls walking out of a fraternity house: walk of shame
Men walking out of a sorority house: walk of fame
6. Pi Beta Phi's floors to be reinforced by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers
5. Eating disorders can be solved by committee
4. After plunking down untold millions, the University will think twice before scrapping the Greek system
3. KD has more space to hide their thicker sisters during rush
2. Girls can no longer blame frat houses for their drunken car thefts
1. Massive in-house riots every 28 days

Top Ten Ways the Administration Can Further Erode Student Civil Liberties

10. Raffi look-alike guitarist at "Pieces of the Puzzle" replaced by Buddy Atkins' interpretive rendition of Mein Kampf
9. W&L Swing replaced by "Elrod Uber Alles"
8. In unexpected October Revolution, PRIDE members torch Washington Hall and blame the Spectator
7. EC equipped with armbands to further resemble the Red Guard
6. Martial law declared to induce participation in "A Night to Remember"
5. S.A.B. renames Buffalo Creek Teetotaler Tea Time
4. Special Agent Q recruited to design liver-crippling beer and cancer-causing cigarettes
3. Voluntary freshman hike replaced by mandatory "Bataan Death March" reenactment
2. Dwight Bitz: fired, Soup Nazi: hired
1. University approves G&L plan to introduce new history course titled "Piracy: from Blackbeard to Liberace"



THE TRENCH COAT MAFIA

On April 20, two reportedly homosexual students at Columbine High School marched into their school with pipe bombs and firearms and

turned that otherwise peaceful community into a bloodbath. Even as the event

was transpiring, the blame game began as parents, teachers, and talking heads attempted to find a reason for this madness. While the ultimate culpability rests with the souls of those two killers, we suspect that the media kingpins protest too much; as the mainlines of cultural sewage become more accessible to young children, and torrid subject matter becomes the standard on prime time television, Hollywood gives its best dramatic shrug. Meanwhile, the desensitization continues...

"...as the mainlines of cultural sewage become more accessible to young children, and torrid subject matter becomes the standard on prime time television, Hollywood gives its best dramatic shrug."

W&L TAKES PRIDE IN CENSORSHIP

In a recent meeting of PRIDE, W&L's most ostensible left-wing organization, a proposal was discussed to impose a campus-wide ban on Confederate flags – both in public and private. Apparently, the fuzzy-headed leadership of this group wishes to turn our great school into a smaller, smarter-dressed Brown University. While the Spectator does not condone or condemn the flying of the Stars and Bars, we think that it should be up to other students to offer criticism to those who ally themselves with the South, and not the University. Thoughtful justices of state Supreme Courts across the nation, most notably in Michigan, have struck down campus speech codes on the grounds that they are in fundamental violation of the United States Constitution. Perhaps the PRIDE committee should extend its celebrated and holy cause of diversity to opinion as well as skin color.

MC MANEMAN STRIKES BACK!!!

In a recent issue of his favorite rag, three-bit pipsqueak Kevin McManeman responded to indignant criticism, some of which did not originate at the Spectator. But his rhetoric was all too

familiar. Glib humor barely masked the cliched mantra that is repeated time and time again by those whose poor taste is exposed; censorship is un-American. Guess what? He's right. McManeman doesn't need to be censored, and we never called for his silencing. Any public acknowledgement of Kev's senselessness is good enough for us, and letters continue to pour into the Phi that echo our sentiment quite nicely.

SPECTATOR FEEDBACK

The most recent issue of the Washington and Lee Spectator received much positive feedback from distinguished alumni, faculty and current students. Perhaps our most remarkable response came from the current President himself, Mr. William J. Clinton. Although Bill did not respond directly, the award-winning journalism of the Spectator obviously had some effect on his policy. The piece criticizing Mr. Clinton's soft-on-China policy enraged our President to the point of violence, and the poor diplomats of China suffered. Our apologies to all, we did not think one little blurb would lead him to give the green light to air strikes against China's embassy.

Just so that 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:

The mainstream media presents the eminent issues of the day in a manner that is fair and unbiased. Members of the media do not have political beliefs that influence their coverage of the news. Publications ranging from Newsweek to The Los Angeles Times consistently represent the views expressed on Main Streets throughout the nation. The coverage that the major newspapers afforded the recent Clinton scandals shows that they have no discernible agenda.

THE RIGHT VIEW:

The mainstream media is as in touch with its public as John Wayne Gacy was with America's youth. A staggering 89 percent of the Washington press corps voted for Clinton in 1992, and our nation's largest television networks continue to shock and offend with televised debacles such as Jack Kevorkian's most recent murder and nightly sit-coms drenched with sexual innuendo. Even as the major networks covered the Clinton/Lewinsky fiasco, the news departments tipped their hats to the administration by lending undue credence to ridiculous "censure" proposals suggested by Senate Dems. In short, the national news media is a joke, and only the lefties are laughing.

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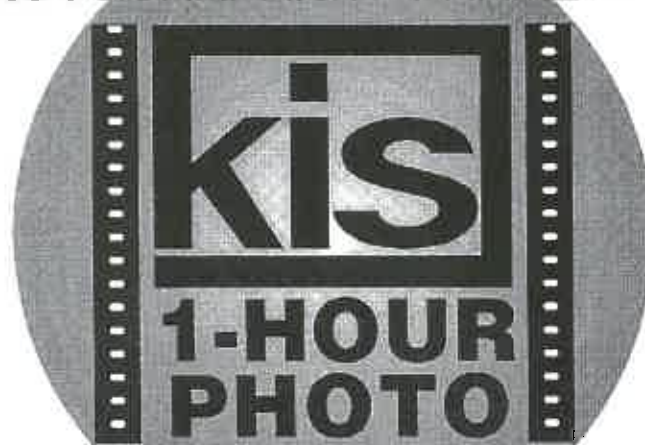


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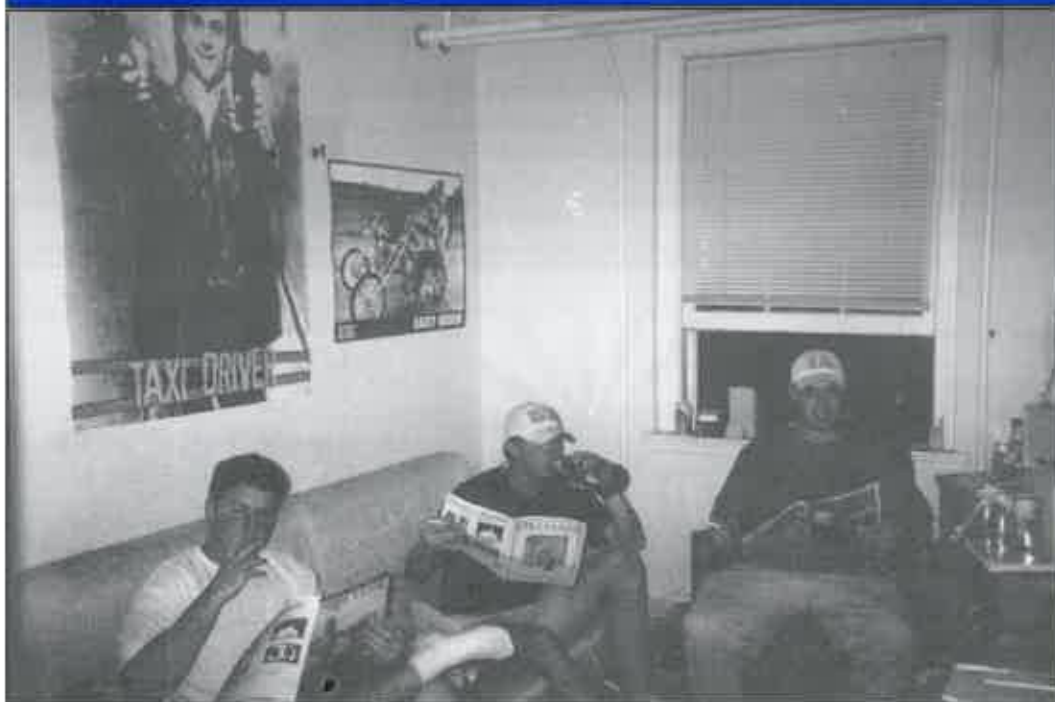
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Out Loud

“I should sooner live in a society governed by the first two-thousand names in the Boston telephone directory than in a society governed by the two-thousand faculty members of Harvard University.”

-William F. Buckley

“Whenever you find yourself on the side of the majority, it is time to pause and reflect.”

-Mark Twain

“I’ve found that it’s not good to talk about your troubles. Eighty percent of the people who hear them don’t care and the other twenty percent are glad you’re having them.”

-Tommy Lasorda

“All over the world, the power of communists is being threatened – from Poland to China to Massachusetts.”

-Mark Russell, political satirist

“I talk to myself a lot, and it bothers people because I use a megaphone.”

-Steven Wright

“I would like to see our society mature and become more rational and more knowledge-based, less emotion-based.”

-George Lucas

“Thank God we don’t get all the government we pay for.”

-Will Rogers

“It isn’t so much that liberals are ignorant. It’s just that they know so much that isn’t so.”

-Ronald Reagan

“Dolemite is my name and f***ing up motherf***ers is my game!”

-Rudy Ray Moore, Black Action hero

“Free men have the liberty to demonstrate their inequality.”

-Clark C. Wren, Jr.

“Bad taste is simply saying the truth before it should be said.”

-Mel Brooks

“As a matter of biology, if something bites you, it is probably female.”

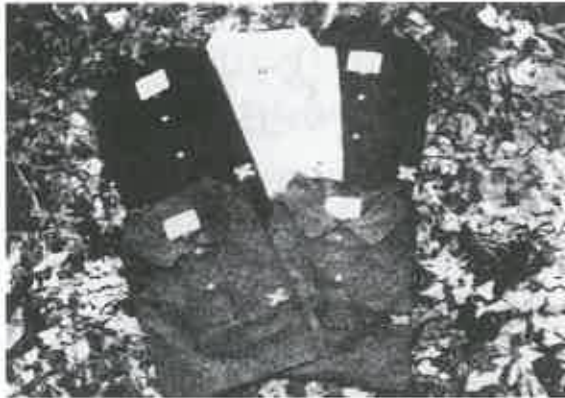
-Scott M. Kruse

“I don’t mind what Congress does, as long as they don’t do it in the streets and frighten the horses.”

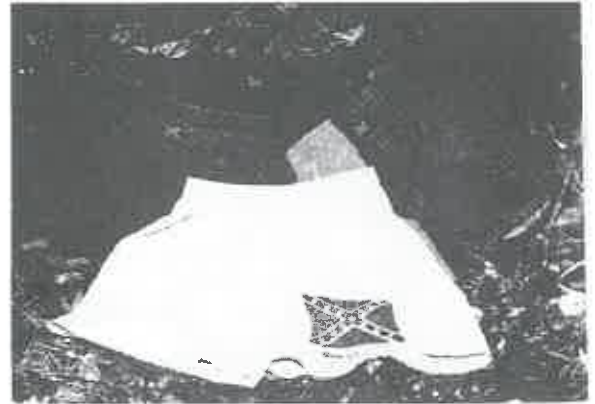
-Victor Hugo

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