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### The Advocate

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# The Advocate



FORDHAM UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF LAW

Vol. 14, No. 4

Feb./March 1983

## PROGRESS REPORT: THE STUDENT FACULTY COMMITTEE

Class attendance—is there a problem? Can seniors who have earned enough credits to graduate take classes on a “pass/fail” basis during their last semester? These were among the many issues discussed at the January 26<sup>th</sup> Student Faculty Committee Meeting. In addition Dean John Feerick attended and addressed the group focusing on two matters: tuition and exam cheating.

The group acknowledged that attendance may indeed be less than full at times and vowed to make an inquiry into this matter. According to Professor Crowley there will be a metropolitan law school conference sometime this month dealing with the subject. Rumor has it that the conference was prompted by an incident between Judge Cooke and an unnamed law student applying for a clerkship job. The apparently over-eager student replied that “any time” would be convenient for an interview. “What about classes?” asked Judge Cooke. Apparently the Judge was somewhat disturbed with the answer he received, made subsequent inquiries into the matter. They revealed and verified an unofficial fact of academic life: classes, while they may purport to be so, are not “mandatory”. Indeed such a stringent policy is not easily enforced, nor, (depending upon who one asks), is it popular. Most concede that the problem is most severe among second and third year students, especially at the start of semesters and following vacations. Besides returning to the roll call of yesteryear, what can be done to enforce class attendance? The conference will investigate and the Student Faculty Committee (SFC) is anxious to hear the outcome.

For many seniors who have earned enough credits to graduate there is the dilemma of choosing between taking additional courses in areas of interest or not registering for no further classes. Presently a student may informally audit a class with the permission of the professor, but may not elect to take a class on a “pass/fail” basis. Thus the audit will not appear on any official transcript or be recorded in any way unless the student takes the course for a grade. Some argue that this provides little incentive for students to take full advantage of available educational opportunities. Others stress that if the student is truly interested in the subject he will be satisfied with the informal audit. Perhaps, it has been suggested, a revision of current policy would encourage more students to “indulge” in furthering their legal knowledge while the opportunity exists. The SFC plans to investigate the options.

The Committee listened as Dean Ferrick gave a brief recap of the highlights of his presentation the week before in the

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## THE CLINICAL PROGRAM

The Clinical Program provides a viable alternative to a purely academic curriculum and it merits further study and resource allocation from the faculty, administration and students. Although it has suffered from a lack of publicity and support in the past, there are positive indications that it will become a greater factor in the future of Fordham Law School.

Clinicals offer several advantages to the interested participant. Not only does the student earn two credits and acquire valuable legal experience through work in one of a variety of legal settings, but he may also be able to “test out” areas of law practice that might otherwise have remained unexplored. Currently available assignments span such diverse fields as securities regulation, real estate, environmental protection and juvenile rights, to mention but a few. The exposure gained through a clinical program may be so beneficial that it may lead to a decision to pursue the field in law school electives or in post-graduate employment. If a clinical experience has been especially rewarding, the supervising attorney with whom the student has worked most closely may be willing to furnish a reference or to act as an advisor in the planning of an academic or career strategy. These aspects of working in a clinical program become even more compelling when considered with the relatively minimal commitment required by most of the assignments. On the average, clinical sponsors expect that the student will spend between twelve and fifteen hours at the assignment; in contrast, most part-time employers demand in the area of twenty hours per week. Clinical work may also provide a change of pace from the normal academic workload and environment by furnishing an opportunity to learn for a few hours per week in a “real-life” legal setting. These experiences are complemented by a weekly seminar during which guest speakers lecture on topics such as litigation strategy and interaction between the public and private sectors followed by informal discussions or question and answer sessions. These considerations should be appealing mainly to second-year students who are seeking to initiate or continue on-the-job training and to discover more about their individual interests without significant interference with their studies.

The future of the clinical program has been the subject of discussion within the University administration and the law school faculty and efforts are being made to upgrade the quality of the clinical experience. The changes and additions planned for the upcoming academic year include the possibility of granting 3 credits in exchange for the institution of a paper requirement and increased hours at the assignment. A more exciting plan is the opening of a law center at the Rose Hill campus, which would be equipped to deal with the legal

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**“1983/84 S.B.A. ELECTION INFO. INSIDE”**



# The Advocate

"THE ADVOCATE" is the official newsletter of Fordham University School of Law, published by the students of the school. Its goals are to enlighten and inform the school community of news and activities concerning the school.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The editorials which appear on the first page of 14 *The Advocate* 3 (November-December 1982) are shrill and rely on inflammatory rhetoric as a substitute for thinking. Shame on you and your editorial policy.

It is evident that you carry an enormous load of resentment against the faculty, the School of Law, or the University. I do not care what the reason is; I do not even care if you have a reason; I simply take strong exception to your plastering it over the face of what purports to be the "official newsletter . . . published by the students of the school."

I am a little surprised that there were ANY faculty members who were foolish enough to think that you could be shown that the questions propounded in your "survey" were out of line. To the extent that the questions were not palpable insults to the faculty, they called for essay-type responses, and that fact makes them unsuitable for inclusion in a "survey," particularly a survey of a law school faculty who do have better things to do than assist you in your axe-grinding.

The faculty does listen to the students; the faculty pays extremely close attention to the evaluations; and the faculty deserves far, far more respect than you evidently accord them. You should resign.

Kevin J. Connolly  
Evening '85

Interesting to note at a faculty-student wine and cheese party for all three years of upper class night school that only three faculty members had the courtesy to attend.

Evening Student

## PROGRESS REPORT: continued from page 1

Moot Court Room to students on next year's tuition increase. In addition he relayed that a number of complaints have been received about exam cheating. "The most common complaint of first year students was that students were still writing in their exam books after the allotted exam time was over." Also cited was the problem of students writing in blank exam books from

short-term memory before the exam officially began. There were also reports of students communicating to each other during the exam by passing blue books back and forth. Such cheating certainly reflects poorly on the school. More important, Dean Feerick noted that the pressures of school hardly compare with the pressures of the real world; hence his underlying concern. The SFC promised to investigate into the roots of the matter and make feasible suggestions on how to effectively curb any improprieties.

It was reported that Professor Gail Hollister, Dean of Student Affairs, has persuaded SAGA to have the cafeteria remain open until at least 7:15 p.m. so as to better accommodate the needs of evening students.

Steve Roth, Chairman of the SFC, reported that the group hopes to effect a reassessment of the faculty evaluation policy so that faculty members teaching full year courses may receive a synopsis of their fall evaluations at the start of the Spring semester. This will make instructors aware of and better able to improve upon any shortcomings.

Also on the agenda is the bookstore. A few complaints and queries which the SFC has received and plans to look into: (1) The Lookstore is not open during the times it says it will be, (2) The bookstore frequently runs out of books (3) Does the concession have a questionable financial basis (i.e., is the student run corporation serving the best interests of the student body or is it possible that some conflict of interest exists?)

Finally, Maureen Provost, Director of Placement will have a forum at the February 15<sup>th</sup> meeting she will provide faculty and student members of the Student Faculty Committee with an informative breakdown of recent developments in the area of student employment, statistics, *et. al.*

Lois Aiello

## THE CLINICAL PROGRAM continued from page 1

problems of Bronx residents in the surrounding area. Although the original proposal for a federal grant to finance the project was rejected, a revised version is now under consideration and its chances of success appear promising. If opened, the center would greatly expand the potential for active student involvement in urban law, since the focus would be on areas such as landlord-tenant relations and economic redevelopment. The clinical program may also become more flexible in permitting students to set up their own clinicals after an initial review by the faculty. In the past, judicial clerkships have been arranged largely through individual initiative and this concept of student involvement may be extended to government agencies and even to private entities, where practicable. With the increased interest and support of faculty, administration and students, these ideas and others can be set in motion to broaden the range of legal educational opportunities at Fordham.

If you have any ideas, comments or questions about the clinical program, please contact Professor Friedman or *The Advocate*.

Barbara Barron



# STUDENT BAR ASSOCIATION

Having been asked to write on the topic of S.B.A. activities, I'll begin with a brief synopsis of what has happened over the past six months and end with some projections for the remainder of this semester. The first manifestation of S.B.A. activity occurred in August during our orientation program for the first year students. In September work began on the Big Brothers-Sister project, we held first year elections and ran the Boatripe. October was kicked-off with our annual Saturday Budget Marathon. The Representatives listened to requests made by the various school clubs, entered into what sometimes became heated debate, and finally offered and voted upon the funding allocations. During November representatives copied and distributed practice exams for all of the required courses. They also conducted the Faculty evaluations. In the beginning of the month we sent the Red Cross in to take your blood and at the end we held a Tang to replace some of it. December saw the arrival of the newly-revised and long awaited Student Directory. January brought to the new year a resurrected Yearbook with the help of some emergency S.B.A. funding. February began with a Ground Hog's Day Party (Ground Hogs don't know what Tangs are) to help dispel some of the wailing-wall post mortem and allow us to unwind a bit. These are just some of the more obvious functions of the S.B.A. During these same months less notable activities continued such as the weekly meetings of the Student Faculty Committee. Some of us on the S.B.A. also spent their time as members on various select administrative committees discussing clinical program policy and the plans for the Law School Renovation. There were also S.B.A. Committees specially created to handle such problems as course selection and schedule conflicts, along with those standing S.B.A. committees that handle graduation, orientation and the like. All of this is time consuming and anonymous work. If anyone is interested in finding out about any of the above mentioned activities, see the S.B.A. Bulletin Board for a list of Committees and those serving thereon and feel free to contact one of them.

One event that is planned for the Spring semester is a Second Blood Drive (for further information contact Bob Mulroy). Again, to counter the sudden deficit in your red blood count, the Brehon Society and the S.B.A. are co-sponsoring a Saint Patrick's Day Party tentatively scheduled for Thursday, March 10th. The First Year class representatives have been hard at work organizing an April Fool's Party (to be held on March 31st) which look as though it ought to be a good time—maybe the last good time until summer for you freshmen (see your class reps). Of course, there will again be copies of Practice exams distributed for all required courses as there will again be Faculty evaluations. The next item may sound a bit premature but we would like to get a jump on lining up some

## TUITION INCREASE

On December 14, 1982 the Board of Trustees of the University approved the following tuition increases for the Law School for the 1983-1984 academic year.

Day:	Third Year	\$3,350 per semester
	Second Year	\$3,400 per semester
	First Year	\$3,450 per semester
Evening:	Fourth Year	\$2,500 per semester
	Third Year	\$2,550 per semester
	Second Year	\$2,550 per semester
	First Year	\$2,600 per semester

ushers for this year's graduation ceremony. We mention it now so as to avoid night before phone calls that haunt us from the past. If you are interested contact your class representative so that they can give your name to the graduation committee.

Of special note is the upcoming school elections for the S.B.A. executive committee (President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer) which is tentatively scheduled for the week before March break (March 7<sup>th</sup>-11<sup>th</sup>). While no official candidacies have yet been declared, now is the time for you to look around and decide who it is you would like to see running your student government. If there is someone in particular you'd like to see in there approach them and voice your support. Don't leave your decision go until the day you sign your ballot sheet and end up electing someone solely because their name sounds familiar. Ask questions and keep an open mind. These elections do make a difference! The Feerick Administration has proven to be receptive to the needs of the students. The people you elect can make a difference on how things are run around your school. Make your presence felt. Vote.

Tom McCaffrey  
S.B.A. Secretary

## BALSA INVITES ALL TO ITS 5TH ANNUAL ALUMNI RECEPTION

On Friday, February 25th, 1983 at 6:00 p.m., the Fordham Law-Black American Law Students Association (BALSA) will host its 5th Annual Alumni Reception. The Reception will be held in the Faculty Lounge of the Lowenstein Center.

Aside from serving as a vehicle for old schoolmates and friends to renew acquaintances, the evening will also provide an opportunity for current students to meet and socialize with past BALSA students, as well as school administrators and faculty.

However, the evening's main event will be the presentation of the Fourth Annual Ruth Whitehead Whaley Award. As the name indicates, the award is given in honor of Ruth Whitehead Whaley, the first black female graduate of Fordham Law. Mrs. Whaley was a Class of 1924 cum laude graduate. She held numerous professional and high-ranking governmental positions in New York State. In addition, she was the first black female of the state to engage in active private practice. Mrs. Whaley was also admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court and was also the first black woman to be admitted to the State Bar Association of North Carolina.

The Ruth Whitehead Whaley Award is awarded each year to a Black Fordham Law Alumnus who has made outstanding contributions to the legal profession. Previous recipients of the award are: New York State Supreme Court Judge, the Honorable James J. Shan, Jr. ('50); Archibald Murray ('60), Executive Director and Attorney-in-Chief, Legal Aid Society; and Cornelius Blackshear ('77), U.S. Bankruptcy Trustee, Southern District of New York.

This year BALSA is especially pleased to present the Ruth Whitehead Whaley Award to one of its past chairpersons, Janice McKenzie.



# ENVIRONMENTAL LAW COUNCIL

On February 1, the Environmental Law Council presented as its second lecturer Stuart Hughes, the General Relations and Public Affairs Officer of the Canadian Consulate in New York, who addressed the issue of acid precipitation. This phenomenon, more commonly known as acid rain, occurs when the air pollutants sulfur dioxide and nitric oxide are chemically converted by oxidation into sulfuric and nitric acids which fall to earth in the form of rain, snow, and dew. Mr. Hughes characterized acid rain as Canada's most urgent environmental concern and he attempted to apprise the E.L.C. members and guests of the fact that, although both nations contribute to the problem, the American Midwest's coal fired plants are the principal polluters.

The main thrust of the presentation was contained in the film "Acid Rain: Requiem or Recovery", a documentary which has won seven cinematic awards. The film highlighted the deadly effects acid rain has had on fish and plant life in thousands of lakes across North America and Scandinavia, as well as its adverse effects on crops, forest productivity, and stone monuments. The film also pointed out that Canada is particularly susceptible to these ravaging effects because the predominantly granitic nature of its surface does not allow the acidity to be absorbed by soil.

Mr. Hughes' remarks focused on his government's diplomatic dealings with the United States over recognition of the problem and agreement as to its solution. He stressed the

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ENROLL NOW AND SAVE!

frustration felt by Canadians over the Reagan Administration's inaction in the matter after initial success with the Carter Administration which had signed a Memo of Intent to begin drafting legislation which would significantly reduce the amount of pollutants both countries could release into the atmosphere. Because of this deemphasis by the present administration, Mr. Hughes stated that Canadian tactics had shifted to making the American people aware of the problem through the media, and thereby exerting pressure on Congress to achieve a political solution.

The E.L.C.'s next speaker will be Walter Hang of the New York Public Interest Research Group who will discuss current legislative activity in this state on the issue of hazardous wastes.

Anthony Uva

## SECOND COMING

by Matt Sansverie

It is a smoggy summer morning in California's Silicon Valley. Jerry Cohen is in a red Ford Fairmont on his way to the first sales call of the day. He sells computer hardware in the valley and surrounding area. He's about thirty years old and he's single. He's also doing well financially, if you consider his last commission check. Jerry was never sure why he got into the computer sales area, because what he really wanted to do was develop the software and write programs. Maybe now, with the sales records he was breaking, he could afford to do a little independent work.

The first sales call was to be at a huge hall that specialized in wedding receptions. This place could handle 12 receptions simultaneously. You could have everything from waiters with flaming trays, to "longest Viennese Coffeetable" west of the Mississippi. Jerry figured that a small personal computer system would be a good way to keep track of the huge inventories necessary for such an operation. With no trouble at all, the computer could even be used to place orders over the phone to the various liquor and provisions distributors. He made an appointment to see the manager-owner, Bill Polk.

Jerry arrived at The Max at 10:00 a.m., fifteen minutes early. He liked to have a few minutes to rehearse his presentation. So, Jerry sat in his Fairmont, a red dot in the blacktop moat surrounding the reception hall. The Max, a six-story, cheese-box shaped edifice was at one end of a medium sized shopping mall. The only other car in the general area was Polk's Rolls Royce. It was time to go in and sell. Jerry walked toward the building, squinting, despite his sunglasses. He went through the front door and immediately felt the industrial strength air conditioning blowing down his neck. When his eyes adjusted to the interior, he saw that the source of the noise he heard wasn't a jet engine, but an institutional vacuum cleaner sucking up place cards and flower petals. "Hi there," Jerry said as he waved, trying to get the woman's attention. She shut off the vacuum. "Hi, I'm Jerry Cohen. Is Mr. Polk around?" "Que?" asked the woman. "Shit," mumbled Jerry. "Ah . . . Donde . . . esta Senor Polk?" "Polk esta en la oficina. Alli," she said, pointing to the first door on the left. "Gracias," replied Jerry, as the woman switched on the jet engine again.

Jerry knocked on the door, loudly. Polk yelled that he'd be right there and the door opened about 45 seconds later. Polk

## REPUBLICAN LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Last semester brought new and dedicated members to R.L.S.A.. We are very excited about the growth and development of our organization. R.L.S.A. sponsored lectures with such speakers as Dr. Robert S. Kurtz and State Senator John Dunne. As a representative for the "Physicians For Social Responsibility" Dr. Kurtz addressed an enthusiastic audience of students concerning nuclear disasters and their consequences. Senator Dunne focused his lecture on Insurance Law and his role in the legislature. He also answered questions relating to the Republican Party and his experiences as a politician.

R.L.S.A. has many events planned for this semester. Tom Beneventano is working on a party which will serve as an ideal opportunity for our organization and others to recruit new members. We hope that other organizations will join us in a "Club Celebration" featuring music, refreshments and lots of dancing. A tentative date has been set for March 2, 1983 in Pope Auditorium.

Vincent Cappuci, Mark Melendy and Tom Alfano as members of our Speakers Committee are sending out invitations to special guests throughout the city. Other members will be involved in showing the movie *Paper Chase* at Lowenstein Center on March 9, 1983.

On February 27, the club is having a "Breakfast Celebration" at the Rye Town Hilton. The Cost is \$15 per person. Plans are also underway for our Annual Dinner to be held at the Crest Hollow Country Club in July. The breakfast and dinner allow our members to meet with other students involved with R.L.S.A. in the State Association.

For more information concerning our organization and events, please write to our SBA mailing address.

Stephen V. Rossettie  
R.L.S.A. President

was wearing white pants, a navy blue La coste sport shirt, and tennis shoes. "Come in, have a seat. (sniffle) . . . You must be Jerry Cohen, right?"

"That's right, Mr. Polk . . ."

"Hey, Jerry, like wow, . . . call me Bill, O.K.?"

"O.K., Bill. Well, I think you've got a fine operation here."

"Thanks a lot Jerry. You know, I figured it like this. With the divorce rate what it is around here, there were a lot of people in the market who, say, forty years ago only did this marriage thing once. Wow, huh? So, I figured with all the repeat offenders flooding the market, the time was right. Marriage is back, Jerry. It's a monster." Polk leaned across the desk toward Jerry. "This type of volume wouldn't be possible without the big H."

"The big H, Bill?"

"Jerry, where've you been, man? I mean Herpes."

"Oh. Right, herpes."

"Jerry, I used to be in hot tubs. That crashed a few months ago when they discovered you could transmit the big H in the hot water. I got out just in time."

"I see . . ."

"I said to myself, what are all these people going to do for kicks now? I figured marriage was the next logical step for singles with herpes. You know, misery loves company. And with so many divorced singles around, there was bound to be a boom. You see, Jerry, its my insight into human nature that keeps me ahead of the trends."

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It just got worse from there. But Jerry hung in there and in another 45 minutes he had a sale. Driving to his next call, Jerry wondered just how scum like Polk survived. He didn't really hate Polk, and in a way he even felt sorry for him. But that account of the rebirth of marriage just about made his flesh crawl. Jerry didn't think about Polk again until one Saturday afternoon three weeks later. Jerry's beeper went off and he called the office. It seems that Polk had been calling from The Max every 15 minutes for the last 2 hours complaining about the unit Jerry sold him. The office suggested he get over to The Max as soon as possible.

When Jerry arrived, the tar mat around the place was full of cars. There were Mercedes 250 SL's everywhere. Once inside, Jerry weaved his way through the sea of blue, yellow and pink pastel bridesmaids. He grabbed one waiter as he was about to ignite his tray for the ritual dance around the bride and groom. "Where's Polk?"

"He's in the kitchen. He's really pissed. Hey, are you his cocaine connection? He gets real edgy when he's straight . . ."

"No, I'm not his connection. Thanks."

Jerry went to the kitchen to look for Polk. It looked like a madhouse.

"Cohen!" shouted Polk. "Jesus Christ, you really did it now."

"Bill, what's going . . ."

"Cohen, you know who that dits-head bride in there is?"

"Why no, I . . ."

"She's the governor's neice. I don't believe this is happening. My first 'name' client and your machine screws up the liquor order."

Jerry was beginning to perspire.

"We do our ordering through your machine, remember? We sent for 24 cases of B and G wines for this reception and you know what we got Cohen? 24 cases of Perrier. Perrier! 24 Cases of French club soda. I'm ruined. This is worse than finding a hair in the chocolate mousse. But don't worry Cohen. If I go under because of this, I'll sue your asses off. You got that!" Polk spun on his heels and disappeared out the back of the kitchen.

Jerry felt as if his stomach had just been freeze-dried. He couldn't hear the commotion around him in the kitchen; it was like he was under water. What had gone wrong? He'd have to check the machine to make sure it wasn't operator error. But Polk could get them plenty of bad publicity in the meantime. Jerry knew his boss would not be terribly pleased with him about this. And what about all those people out there in the Caana room? Their only daughter was getting married and Jerry's hardware might be responsible for ruining the biggest day of her young life.

"I wish there was something I could do." Jerry was saying to no one in particular. He was snapped out of his reverie by the shouting coming from the kitchen staff.

"Get Polk! Get Polk! I just found 24 cases of B and G right where the Perrier was!"

Polk almost knocked Jerry down as he shot past him toward the cook. They conferred briefly with a lot of gesturing and back slapping. Polk then took Jerry by the arm into his office. Polk shut the door behind them and locked it. Jerry, still a little shaken, sat down in front of Polk's desk. Polk had removed a picture from the wall and was opening his safe. He pulled out two joints and a plastic bag full of rock cocaine. He laid that on the desk and went to the refrigerator at the other end of his office to remove a bottle of wine.

"Cohen, I'm sorry babe," said Polk as he lit one of the joints and passed it to Jerry. He just held it, looking off into space. "I don't know what the hell happened just now," Polk continued as he opened the wine to let it breathe. "To tell you the truth Cohen, I don't want to know either." Polk leaned forward. "I looked all over the place when I found out we got the Perrier instead of the wine. I thought we had gotten the wine the day before and put it someplace else . . ." Polk nudged a rock the size of a grape out of the bag and knocked some powder off it with a tiny silver hammer. He then took a small, velvet covered case from his desk. Inside it were two dozen miniature silver spoons. "Can I offer you a utensil?" Jerry just shook his head "no". He was still perspiring.

"Hey Cohen, can I have the joint?" Jerry passed it to him. "Thanks." (Polk took a long drag.) "I placed the order myself, Jerry. There was no mistake. I pressed the right buttons." (Polk exhaled.) "Your hardware was busted. Here." Polk passed the joint back to Jerry.

"Come on Jerry, this will get you right up." Polk put the spoon to his left nostril and sniffed gently, holding his right nostril closed. "Anyhow, (sniffle) this was a close one." Jerry stood up to go. "Thanks a lot Bill, but . . . ah, I have to get back to the office and file a service report. I'll be back Monday with a new unit, O.K.? Well, thanks again."

"O.K. Jerry, suit yourself. Let me get this stuff off my desk before you open the door, though."

Jerry left through the side entrance a little dazed from the sudden appearance of the wine. He walked distractedly through an outdoor reception centered around Polk's 40 foot long, ultra-tacky reflecting pool, complete with a urinating stone cherub. One moment, his career as a salesman was over. The next moment, some club soda turned into wine.

He was running his hand along the arm of the stone cherub when his ruminations were disturbed. This time there was no shouting cook, but instead, a deafening silence as the guests stared like poleaxed sheep. You see, the cherub is in the center of the pool. Jerry was standing on the water, right next to the incontinent little statue.

Jerry got out of there before the cameras arrived. Everyone was too shocked to do anything as he walked off the water to his car. He realized he probably couldn't go home right away. The reporters would be hounding him for clever quotes and a few pictures. So, he just drove for a while. He began to think that maybe his grip on reality was not as sure as he had supposed. Jerry decided it was time to visit a psychiatrist friend of his, Ralph Giordano. About a year ago, Jerry had been seeing a girl who was undergoing psychotherapy in a group Giordano was conducting. Jerry met Ralph one night when everyone in the group was instructed to bring in their respective "mates" for a session. Jerry got to talking with Ralph and they hit it off pretty well. They both agreed that the girl, Melanie, was too neurotic to waste any more time on. Jerry stopped seeing her when Ralph had her committed.

Jerry drove to the Winston Professional Group mini mall on the off chance that Giordano would be in his office. He walked past the pharmacy and the abortion clinic to Ralph's suite. Giordano's receptionist, Barbara, said that the doctor was in, but that he had a herpes counseling group inside.

"Saturday night isn't a busy night for someone with herpes, so the doctor figured he'd give them someplace to go, for a little while at least," explained Barbara. "Are you here to see about joining the group?"

"No, that's not the problem," said Jerry as he sat on the couch.



"Well, you're welcome to stay until the doctor is through, but I have to run. I've got a date." Barbara gathered up her belongings and left, closing the glass doors to the suite behind her.

Ten minutes later, the sounds of the group breaking up filtered through the door, and as Jerry stood up, Giordano opened the door.

"Jerry, how the hell are you?" exclaimed Ralph.

"Well Ralph, I was in the neighborhood and . . . I was wondering if we could talk?"

"Jerry, is it Herpes?"

"Christ, no Phil."

"Jerry, I want you to meet my Saturday Group. Jerry Cohen, this is Lance Filbert, Michael Burns, Tripp Scott and Steve Quinn." Hellos and handshakes were exchanged, although Jerry was a little reluctant to touch them.

"All right guys, next week, same time, O.K.? Great. Be Good." The Group left. "Decent bunch really, just some bad luck, eh Jerry?"

"What is they do for a living Ralph?"

"Them? Oh, they're all attorneys. Don't know if that's just a coincidence, though. So, long time no see. I've got some time to kill. Come on in and let's see what's on your mind."

For the next 20 minutes, Jerry recounted the events of the afternoon and early evening. Ralph was of the opinion that Jerry was working too hard and that the stress of the job was beginning to impede his ability to relieve his tensions. Giordano was convinced Jerry was just daydreaming, so he prescribed some rest. Maybe Club Med. The phone in the office rang and Ralph picked it up.

"Yeah? Hi, Steve. What's up? Are you sure? Hmmm. All four of you?" (Ralph swiveled in his chair to face the wall.) "You sure it was only after you met Jerry that you noticed? Why didn't the rest of you call? I see. Well, uh, Steve, that's great. Better have your M.D. check to make sure though. Right, I will. Bye."

Having heard his own name mentioned, Jerry was anxious to find out the gist of the conversation.

"Well Jerry," Ralph began, "I don't know how to tell you this, but it seems that all four of the guys in the herpes group have noticed that their symptoms have disappeared. That was Steve Quinn. They all swear it happened after you touched them."

Jerry looked stricken. He didn't say a word. He had just cured some "lepers."

"Steve's the only one who called to thank you because he said the other three made a bee line for the nearest singles bar. I think we better talk some more, Jerry."

Ralph and Jerry talked for another hour or so and both agreed that Jerry should get out of town for a while until someone could explain this series of coincidences. After all, as Ralph pointed out, Jerry was just a salesman and he wasn't particularly religious. Besides, Ralph was convinced God would send a woman for the Second Coming.

Jerry left Ralph's office with the keys to Ralph's beach house in Malibu. He was going to stay there until this thing blew over. And it might just have blown over, if it weren't for what happened next . . .

It was getting dark as Jerry walked toward his car. On the way, he noticed a crowd of people around an ambulance in a corner of the parking lot. As he approached the group, the crowd's murmuring's became audible. In the center of the gathering was an elderly man with a gray beard lying on his back. Between bursts from the ambulance's C.B. radio, a little

girl's crying could be heard. The rumor was that the old man was the girl's grandfather. He had apparently suffered a heart attack while he and his granddaughter were out walking. Judging from the way the paramedics were packing up, Jerry figured the old man had died. He felt sorry for the little girl. It must be frightening to have to go through what she did, being that young and alone.

Saddened, Jerry began to walk away. The little girl pushed her way through the crowd and called out, "Mister, mister. Come back."

Jerry stopped, but didn't turn around right away. The little girl walked up to him and took him by the hand. "Please, don't let my grandpa stay dead." Jerry had always liked kids, but he didn't see what he could do to help. She was probably in shock. She was crying now as she asked again, "please, don't let my grandpa stay dead." The little girl led Jerry by the hand back toward the crowd, pushing her way back in. The crowd and the paramedics were now silently watching Jerry. The C.B. was still crackling and the ambulance's red lights flashed on all the faces in the dark parking lot.

The little girl broke the silence by saying to Jerry, "Just touch him. Go ahead. I know you can do it." He knelt by the old man's head. "Please, mister. Please try," she asked. Jerry just stared. Finally the little girl took Jerry's hand and touched it to her grandfather's forehead. Suddenly, the old man coughed. The paramedics were on him in a fraction of a second, pounding his chest and giving him oxygen. In their zeal to revive the old man, the paramedics had knocked Jerry into a sprawling heap about five feet away. Apparently, they also had knocked him out, because when he woke up, he was in a hospital room. When he was able to focus, he realized he was being stared at by a nurse.

"Mr. Cohen, can you hear me, Mr. Cohen?" asked the nurse.

"Yeah. Nurse . . . ?"

"Mr. Cohen, I'm going to ask you not to exert yourself, please. You've had a nasty bump on the head, and if no complications arise, you can go home tonight. Is there anyone you want us to call for you?"

"No, I can't think of anyone. Oh, nurse, how's that old man that had the heart attack, the one that I . . . oh no . . ." Jerry covered his mouth.

"Are you in pain Mr. Cohen?"

"No . . . no. Everything's O.K."

"Well it just so happens that Mr. Zarus is asking for you as well this morning. He's here to see you, if you feel up to it."

"Mr. Zarus? What's his first name?" Jerry awaited the answer with his eyes shut tightly.

"Well, Mr. Zarus doesn't use his first name, just initials. He goes by L.A. Zarus."

"L.A. Zarus?!" "Lazarus," Jerry repeated to himself.

"You've heard of him?"

"You might say that. Nurse, I don't think I feel up to it just now. Maybe after I get some sleep . . ."

"Oh, I should tell you that there are several reporters who have been here all night wanting to have a word with you . . ."

"NO! I mean, no, not right now. Maybe later?"

"Allright. You try to get some rest, Mr. Cohen."

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Is Jerry Cohen really the Second Coming of Jesus Christ? What will happen to him next? Will he be a guest on Real People? Will People magazine do a profile on him? Will he go to Studio 54? Be sure to pick up the next issue of The Advocate for all the answers.