

# Mock rape trial serious business on campus

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Features Editor

There was no blue dot covering up the plaintiff's face, nor did any of the Kennedys make a guest appearance in Sternberger. Apart from these minor details, however, the substance of the trial enacted here at Guilford last week was similar to that of a famous rape trial broadcast last fall on national television.

On the evening of Monday, February 3, a large portion of the Guilford community gathered to witness *State vs. Garrison*, a mock rape trial held in Sternberger.

Mankato State University in Minnesota originally performed the trial in 1989, and that same year, after the Woman's Awareness Group here at Guilford requested and received the script, Guilford also performed it.

Now in 1992, to help "bring a broader awareness on campus of the issues surrounding date rape," as the program said, the trial has unfolded once again.

Though the characters were all Guilford students, the judge and lawyers were all legal professionals from Greensboro and Guilford County.

To add to the trial's realism, the jury was picked from the audience, and though the case was scripted out beforehand, the jury's decision was to be its own.

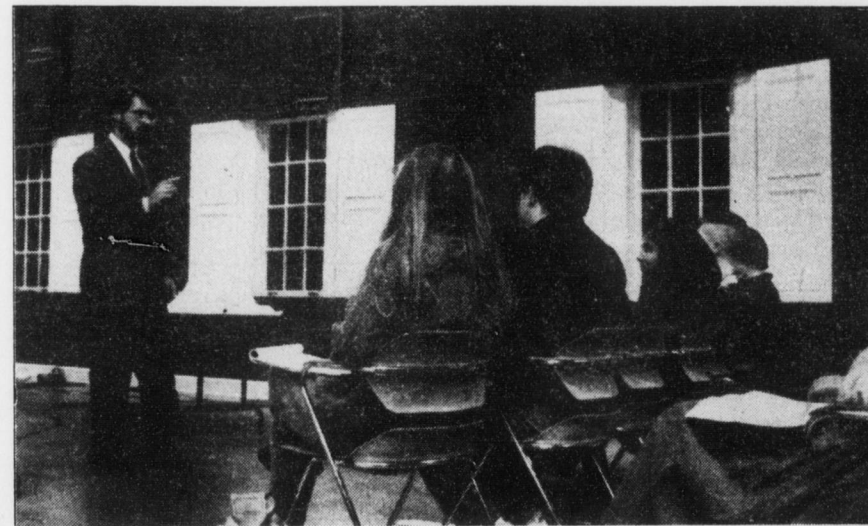
As a lone news cameraman circled the crowd, everyone glanced to the judge with anticipation.

"Council approach the bench," said Judge Thomas Ross, the Superior Court Judge of Guilford County. And with those words, the trial began.

"You are not to talk about this case... I also instruct you to keep an open mind," Ross

warned the jury.

Robert O'Hale, a former Assistant District Attorney, set the groundwork for the case with his opening remarks. After telling the jury that Mark Garrison (played by Drew Altizer) did indeed rape Jennifer Edwards



Mark Hayes addresses the jury.

photo by Joan Malloch

(played by Emma Geary), Public Defender Mark Hayes said he had no opening remarks. With that done, the interrogation began.

Geary, playing the scared-but-indignant plaintiff, told her story to a hushed crowd.

After having fought with her boyfriend, Geary's character, Jennifer Edwards, went to Dolley's on the night of January 26 with some friends. Flirting and drinking more than usual, she joined a group going to a party at the house of the defendant.

She and Garrison flirted. He asked her to go upstairs twice, the second time under the

pretext of smoking pot. She refused both times, but when she spilled some beer on her skirt, did go upstairs to wash it off in the bathroom. At that point, feeling sick, she went into Mark Garrison's room, and what happened next was up to the jury to decide.

ward in Edwards' defense, including her RA, a detective (played by Mary Ann Weedon), another girl with whom Garrison had flirted, and a medical expert (played by Charlotte Schmickle).

For the defense, after Mark Garrison came forward, three witnesses from the party were called forward, and "Reverend Olson" (played by none other than Max Carter) came up as a character witness.

Nearing the three-hour mark by this time, the attorneys offered their final arguments.

"There are four important facts," the defense stated. These facts included the following: Edwards danced with Garrison and kissed him; she took off her sweater; she went to his bedroom; and she took off her skirt. The defense's parting words were clear and sobering: "Remember: this man could go to jail for ten years."

The prosecuting attorney came forward with two brief points: "His (Garrison's) attitude is 'no' does not mean 'no,'" and this attitude, along with the bruises, point to the fact that a rape did occur.

While the jurors discussed the case in a separate room, a question-and-answer session was held in Sternberger. Rape and sexual abuses—against both men and women—were discussed, and Judge Ross pointed out the fact that rape "is more often than not a violent, not a sexual crime."

Judging from the hands raised and questions asked, the mock trial accomplished its goals: It raised consciousness about the humiliation of rape, and educated the public about the processes involved in such a trial.

Ultimately, after a long deliberation, the jury returned to the Sternberger courtroom. The bailiff took the verdict to the judge, and all held their breath as Ross read the verdict: Mark Garrison was found guilty.

## Guadalajara students tell tales of Mexican madness

Josh Lewis  
Staff Writer

"Moderation, Josh, that's the key," my grandfather always told me. Couldn't have said it better if he were the Buddha. He might have been the Buddha, but that's beside the point. It's the message that's important here, and at least some of the folks on the fall's semester abroad program to Guadalajara seem to have let this philosophy find meaningful expression in their lives.

Though important, academics, by no means, reigned supreme during the Mexican sojourn. Students got a taste of many facets of the country's culture, and it seems that the less official the experience was, the more it tasted like tequila. "There's more to college than books," another sage said, and perhaps some of it can be found in bars.

Kaela Vronsky and Kirsten Coit, roommates during the program, uncovered some local characters in an obscure little watering-hole in Barra de Navidad, a small coastal town they visited during their free time. They had just come off the beach in their wet

suits, headed back to their hotel, when some Americans, after some effort, convinced the women to join them in this restaurant of sorts. Their best stories were not, however, accented by food consumption.

"So we went into this restaurant and the first guy we see is this big, huge bearded guy who sort of looked like Santa Claus. We used that sort of as his nickname, but we found out that people call him Beer Bob. He was reeally drunk," Kaela described. Several other older, inebriated fellows inhabited the joint.

"They seemed like just wastoids from the States," Kirsten said. The men were in their 40s or 50s, she said, and seemed like they had nothing better to do than sit around and drink beer—especially on a Saturday afternoon around one o'clock.

"Except Beer Bob had this great book exchange," Kaela said, "where you could bring in, take, borrow American books, which is a very good, cool thing. Anyway, there was also this guy named Andy, who was also very drunk, and he started out our interaction, relationship, or whatever, by

telling Keri that she had a great set of choppers." Laughs. The women decided he was harmless, but "learned from then on that he was probably the least tactful person we'd ever met." He illustrated this quite well when Beer Bob, maintaining his sweet-Santa image, said, "Isn't it great that we're in the presence of such beautiful women?" And Andy responded, "Yeah, well, at least they're not fat."

Andy may not have been the most refined person in the world, or the least chauvinistic, but he could tell a fairly good story—even if he enjoyed it more than anyone else. As Andy went into one of his drunken tales of, not surprisingly, a drunken adventure, the owner of the place—the only Mexican there—kept serving the two women tequila, in bottles that Keri said "looked like they had been buried for 20 years. And he was just giving it to us." It was good tequila. Andy began telling how, one night, he was driving his buddy—both of them totally wasted—between these two little towns about a mile apart. "I was so drunk," Andy said, "I saw two roads and I took the wrong

one." This was his favorite line, Keri said, and it brought on the guffawing and hysterical laughter that confirmed he was his most appreciative audience. His presentation, just as much as the story, had everyone in the tiny Mexican dive rolling in amusement.

So now they sat in a ditch, Andy related, and then the cops came along. He got out to deal with them, saying, "Aw, this guy was driving. I won't let him drive anymore." Meanwhile, his companion is passed out on the passenger's seat. "I won't let him drive," he reiterated. "Promise ociffer." So the police left, and Andy flagged down a taxi to pull them out of the ditch. They hooked up a rope between the car and the taxi, found success in their efforts, and Andy proceeded to drive down the road—the correct one this time. About a 100 yards later, Andy realized they forgot to untie the rope, and sure as shit, there was the taxi trailing behind them.

Meanwhile, Beer Bob faded in and out of the group's attention. He passed the majority of the afternoon oblivious to most of the

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