



Stand In The Place Where You Live."

April 2007

Letter from the Editor

Our last issue promised a report on who's behind the "Courts are Broken" mantra heard throughout the State, and the report is still coming—it's just not yet ready for publication. So bear with us; it's a new year, and we'll be around for a while, seeing how this place is home to us.

On another note, and in the example of that great Scottish newspaper, "The Scotsman," and my hero, the "law professor turned writer" Alexander McCall-Smith, we are starting in this issue the serialization of a book-in-progress, one chapter of which will be featured in each issue.

Although the book

has been "in progress" for a long time, (some of you may even remember having read the first few chapters in 2000) it is yet to be named. I'm thinking perhaps "The Search," but in Italian. So here it is, in this issue, chapter one of "La Cerca."

Remember, you too can contribute writings to The Blackstone Club Commentaries. If you are a member and a fledging writer, essayist, poet, or other "Writer of the Signet," let Barbara know and we will take it from there.

♣ of ♠.

Tullamore Dew Profiles

Kathleen J. Fantazzi

Kathleen focuses her practice in the area of medical malpractice. In addition to her legal knowledge and background, she brings more than 20 years of experience as a registered nurse to the firm, making her the advocate to handle these types of issues.

Prior to joining Gold, Khourey & Turak, she worked as a registered nurse in Philadelphia for 19 years and for two years in West



Lori, Amy and Kathleen Fantazzi enjoy their Old English sheepdogs

Virginia . She excelled in her specialty as a Recovery Room Nurse and earned certification in Critical Care Nursing. While preparing to attend law school, Kathleen joined the

“The girls and I love our dogs-Sebastian (Mr. S) and Scooch.”

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2007 Blackstone Club Members

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Fantazzi - con'd from p. 1

firm as a nurse-legal assistant in 1990, which provided the perfect transition from nurse to attorney. Upon graduating from law school in 1995, she became an associate with Gold, Khourey & Turak. Her depth and breadth of medical and legal knowledge are invaluable assets in assisting clients.

She currently practices in WV and will be admitted in March to OH. In addition to her numerous professional credits,

Kathleen is an active leader in many local civic and church organizations and is currently Chairperson of the Upper Ohio Valley Italian Festival during its 25th anniversary.

Kathleen grew up in an all Italian neighborhood in Philadelphia in the first Italian Catholic parish in the country.

She has two children, Amy and Lori, and lives at home with her two old English sheepdogs, Sebastian ("Mr. S") and Scooch.

Remember...

as a dues-paying Blackstone Club member, you may bring a different non-member lawyer or educator to any meeting as your guest, to introduce him or her to the club.

The Blackstone Club is not an official bar function, and has no ties to any city, state, federal, professional or political entity or organization; it is solely a project of the Wheeling Academy of Law and Science, Inc., a private corporation.

The State of Justice

We thought West Virginia was “Open For Business.”

It is a sign of the times that the reaction of Chesapeake Energy Corp. to being found guilty of fraud and being hit with a 134.3 million compensatory verdict and a 271 million punitive damage verdict in a Roane County suit by West Virginia property owners was to threaten to abandon plans to build a regional office in Charleston, and call on help from the Governor and other officials to

enact legislation to protect the industry from “similar” verdicts, as reported by The Charleston Gazette, in a February 11, 2007 article.

After all, it takes a lot of gas to pay for those “golden parachutes” for Columbia executives that were valued at about \$155 million, and West Virginia is supposed to be “Open for Business.”

Unfortunately, it appears that many believe this means that every industry, and not just the coal industry, should be able to exploit our resources or defraud our citizens without fear of accountability in a court of law.

Why can't we be more like China? 

“Why can't we be more like China?”

Commentaries

is the official newsletter of the Blackstone Club, and is published by the Wheeling Academy of Law and Science. For more information, contact Barb Knutsen, Executive Director - 304.232.2576 barbaraknutsen@firststatecapitol.com

Ask Bartleby

Dear Bartleby,

Rumor has it that several of our members attended the peace march in Washington, D.C. on January 17, 2007. Is this propaganda by our enemies, or could it be that the opposition to the war has hit mainstream? *Gerald Duff*

Answer: I intercepted an email by one of our own (Timothy Cogan) that sets the record straight:

We got up at dawn and went to the 1/17/07 march at the Mall/Capitol: Cassidy, Environmentalist (Mrs.) Cassidy, Bill Gallagher from our office, and me. And of course Sean Penn etc., who they saw but I didn't. Cassidy's driving all but eliminated the possibility of sleep.

We got off at Union Station and followed kids.

During the pre-march speeches, a wild-eyed guy VN

vet came up to us and said that he was worried that the news coverage would only address "the crazies."

Signs said "will give blowjob for impeachment" and "bombing for peace is like fucking for virginity," carried by women older and younger respectively.

There were a lot more young girls than young guys.

An inflatable world bounced off people's heads like a beach ball.

The only people

of color

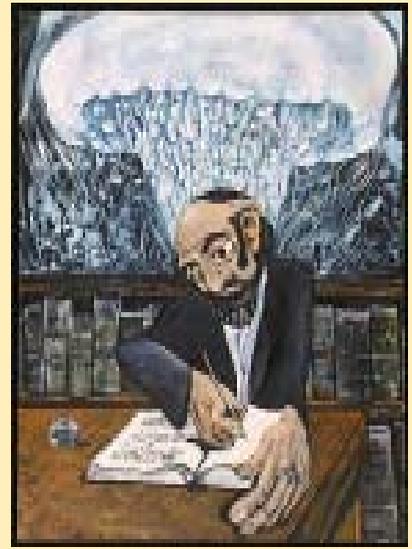
belonged to SEIU.

One held a sign saying

"no

Iraqi left me on the roof of my house."

The Palestinian group seemed to have rhythm and the Carmelites seemed to have less. I also liked the girls with hula hoops, those who wrote on the sidewalk, and the CodePink girls.



Imprimis: I am a man who, from his youth upwards, has been filled with a profound conviction that the easiest way of life is the best. — [Bartleby, the Scrivener](#) Herman Melville

Jane Fonda I could have done without. I had no idea there were so many young communists and socialists.

If you needed a bathroom, you could use the West Building, which seemed luxurious, as we were camped on the cross street that intersected the skylight over the

waterfall between the buildings.

A news crew from Canadian Public Broadcasting did a stand up right next to the car on which we were leaning .

By this time it was in the 50's. Cassidy offered to hold the coat of the reporter, who instead dropped it on the ground.

When people cut into his space, he gave classic Gallic hand gestures, cursing in French.

We were separated between the Supreme Court and the Capitol.

The march route was

to turn around between the court and the capitol. I was concerned that the march route alongside the Capitol was blocked by a bus and the closed-in space would fill with more and more people.

They said later that Sean Penn had negotiated the bus' removal and the march went around the Capitol.

I went to the National Gallery, looking for art and food, found the Portrait Gallery and its accompanying Museum of

American something

Art, snacked at the International Spy Museum Cafe (where they wouldn't tell me what I was eating).

I got the train back to the Rockville Ramada and wound up on the same train with the people I drove there with. Lots of people on the trains carried signs. At the bar that night across the street the bartender left so long that I went behind the bar and got myself a beer and left money on the cash register. At least I think I left money.

We returned the next day.

This echoed the demonstration along Main Street when this President came to the Capitol Music Hall and four of us from my office were there. I

help up a sign that I never read. For all I know it said "invade Iran."

Not many of us: a kid from the public library, a girl from Jesuit (who Sister Constance said was a "darling girl,") a doctor's wife, a few kids I didn't know, stars from the Towngate Theatre, a runner of foreign extraction who looked familiar.

I kept thinking of the line from the Rolling Stones song, "I went down to the demonstration/to get my fair share of abuse."

Somebody told Cassidy to go back to Russia.

Yours Truly,

Bartleby,
The Scrivener

the
Blackstone
club



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La Cerca - Chapter 1

Though disjointed, the thoughts of his childhood, of a return home, contented him as his mother ran her fingers lovingly, possessively through his hair, the head of his massive frame limp upon her lap. The noble eyes, staring forward, retained the flame of passion – a passion inexplicable in his present state.

Just this morning he had been lucid. He had written letters to friends, good letters, meaningful letters. Now he could not bring to mind having written them, or how to write at all. And yet yesterday, too, he had clarity for much of the day. His mother came today. She was taking him home.

Suddenly, his face twisted, the innocent thoughts lost on a nagging feeling of unfinished business. What? What was it?

“Mother, I write good books, do I not?”
“Yes son, you write good books.”

The answer failed to

relieve the look of alarm, the frightful perplexity of a mind struggling to remember something that he knew shouldn't be forgotten. Then he slept. His mother vowed that there would be no more doctors, no more asylums. She would care for her son. It would be like the old days, when he was a child. Yes, she thought. That is what he was now. A child.

The house where his mother brought him to live was large by the city's standards. He had his own room, large enough for a desk and the few dozen books that continued to interest him. These his mother allowed him to keep, though he would often stare at one page for hours; and it would cause his mother considerable consternation to convince him to put down the book and allow himself some sleep, some rest. He also wrote, but only during those periods of mental acuity, and never in the presence of his mother or the occasional visitors whom she allowed to disrupt his sheltered life.

During these times, he knew himself sick, but had no recollection of his lapses. He realized his faculties were failing, knew his mind was weakening, knew from the discussions of his doctors, mother, sister, and friends that what he perceived as periods of blacking out were often filled with ravings and conduct detached from the bounds of propriety. Yet he resigned himself to the process. He seemed even to relish the thought of his actions, when he heard of them related in his presence. To enjoy the utter irony of it. He! A college professor! Banging on the piano and singing nonsense at the top of his lungs. It was, for him, the lifting of a great burden. Even during those times of awareness, he kept his ability to reason to himself. He had lived a life of rationality. Had worked the equivalent of several. He now had no other duty than to make good on his first and last promise. To finish his last project. Nothing could cause him to turn back, to seek help. He must finish; and he was running out of time.

His enveloping sickness became his choice, his mask. Civilized society

makes no demands on the insane, only that they live without harm to themselves or others. And in his day, his society was civilized. It was the first time in his life that he could remember when there were no demands. Not even as a child. No, there were always demands: strictness, religion, guilt, the death of a father and infant brother, early responsibility, the unceasing demands of the maternal home. Later, there were the demands of production and creation.

And so he worked, lapsed into confusion, and worked again as the days and the confusion grew longer. On a day of some lucidity, declaring his last work finished, he hid the manuscript under some loose floor boards in his study. After that time, he never again spoke responsibly to his mother, and by the time of her death, and his sister's moving him to his final home in Weimar, the manuscript and hiding place had become lost in the depths of his faded mind. 

THE WALS FOUNDATION

Mock Trial Program



Educational Outreach



Over the past four years, nearly 4,000 students have participated in THE WALS Foundation Mock Trial Program.

The Wheeling Academy of Law and Science (WALS) Foundation is proud to present this educational program in area schools, after-school and summer programs.

The school administration, principals, teachers and students have all enjoyed and learned from our volunteer lawyers who play the role of Judge for this project.

Together, we BRING THE AMERICAN JUSTICE SYSTEM TO LIFE as we teach these young people about the negative effects of substance abuse or by presenting other issues of community concern.

As we like to say,

“If those who believe in the Civil Justice system don’t educate the public, those who don’t will.”



Blackstone Club Meetings

Tonight: *Presentation by Tony Polsinelli and Kathleen Fantazzi*

Upcoming Meetings:

April 19 - June 21 - August 16 - October 18 - December 13, 2006

Continuing Legal Education Seminars

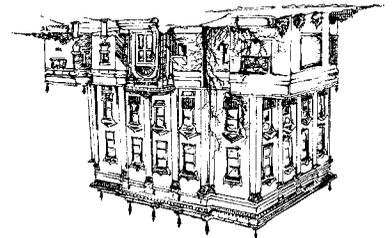
Friday, February 16 - 3 hr. Seminar (Up to 3.6 credits available)

“Mediation & Arbitration” *presented by Prof. Tom Patrick and Debra Scudiere, Esq.*

Wednesday, March 21 - 60 Min. CLE (tba) FREE for Blackstone members

Friday, April 13 - 1/2 day CLE (tba) “Carbon in the Courtroom”

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