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NOT **Wythe** STANDING

THE NEWS

The Dueling ~~Andrews~~ **BENBOWS!**

Taking on Unions

By *Contributors* Lauren Andrews (3L) and Bob Benbow (3L)

ON THE LEFT... Bob "Bob Tells you About Sports" Benbow:

You can tell it's that time of year for Spring Training. Carlos Beltran's knees have played their obligatory three innings before taking the rest of the decade off, while Mr. Met has showed up at my house to sexually assault me and steal my big-screen TV WAIT A MINUTE! This isn't my usual column at all! This week I'm pitted against Lauren Andrews as a surprise super-sub for well-known Communist sympathizer Andrew Gordon! How exciting!

I love Lauren Andrews. I think she's the best. And I can appreciate that her down-home Southern convictions led her into the arms of the Conservative movement. Specifically, I think it's her love of a monolithic entity breaking down boundaries in order to take advantage of those who can't defend themselves that made her a Republican. And a Ben Rothlisburger fan!

But this week we're talking about unions, given the unrest we've seen in Wisconsin and throughout the Midwest, and I think Lauren has a point. Nothing pisses me off more than seeing a teacher drive home in her 1998 Ford Taurus with mismatching doors and the side mirrors hanging off, going home to her exquisite dinner of Spaghetti-Os and sour milk. WE ALL KNOW YOU MAKE \$30,000 DOLLARS A YEAR MRS. BROWN, STOP RUBBING IT IN MY FREAKING FACE. She probably has an entire trunk full of finger-paints and glitter that she stole from arts and crafts, corrupt Troll-Woman!

That's what the Republican Party wants you to think. They want you to believe that unions are secretive, shadowy organizations holding blood orgies and laughing while they smoke cigars in a mahogany boardroom wallpapered in your tax dollars. Kind of like the Illuminati, but with a dental plan. That's one of the things that is so sad. The Republicans have managed to convince part of the American public that the problem isn't that they don't have dental care, but that some people have the sheer audacity to have it. HEY I KNOCK MY TEEFERS OUT WITH A 2 BY 4 AND A ROCK, WHY THEM TEACHERS HAVE THEM PURTY TEEF? Republican strategy for the better part of 35 years has consisted of pitting the vast majority of working class Americans against each other while the rapacious corporate

Lucifer-Spiders that bankroll the Republican Party reap the benefits. Let's do some simple math, like the kind that Gov. Walker of Wisconsin did before attempting to destroy the bargaining power of that state's unions.

See, in January, Wisconsin didn't have a budget shortfall. In fact, they had a budget surplus. THEN, Gov. Walker and his cool friends in the state legislature pushed through \$120 million dollars in corporate tax breaks and OH MY GOD WE'RE RUNNING A HUGE DEFICIT HAVE THE STATE NATIONAL GUARD START LOOTING THE UNION MEETING HALLS! Use Tanks! They are old but feisty!

Bear in mind that what is happening is that the State is attempting to break a contract that they signed with the unions. WELL THEY NEED TO TIGHTEN THEIR BELTS AND DO THEIR PART. Weird, because I didn't hear this line of bullshit when all the CEOs of failed banks that plunged our country into a second Great Depression were lining up to collect their \$20 million bonus checks. Instead we got a load of hogwash about the sanctity of contracts.

The people who are pitting themselves against the unions in Wisconsin and across the country aren't your friends. They are the corporate overlords who want nothing more than to return you to the Oliver Twist-style nightmare that this country was in during the end of the nineteenth century. OH YOU WANT MORE RAGS TO COVER THE WEEPING SCURVY-SORES ON YOUR BODY? HALF RATIONS FOR YOU AND YOUR CRIPPLED BABY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, TINY TIM HAS TO PAY A CRUTCH-TAX! AHAHAHA! All they care about is maximizing profits.

Of course, Gov. Walker should be congratulated for his willingness to stay in contact with his constituents. HAHA, no silly! Not the 100,000 citizens of Wisconsin protesting outside his statehouse! His REAL constituents, like out-of-state billionaire Sith Lord David Koch. How many pieces of furniture you think Walker tripped over in his rush to pick up that phone? Unfortunately for Walker, it wasn't the real David Koch - he was using genetically engineered dinosaur-tigers to chase poor people off his property at the time.

Heck, Gov. Walker isn't even above a little cynicism from time to time. After all, firemen and police officer's unions were exempted from the collective bargaining legislation, because they were smart enough to support him in the election. And it's not like all "law-enforcement" type unions were exempted, because the prison-guard's union wasn't. Yeah, that's what I want. To piss off the guys responsible for guarding Taylor "Crazy-

Eyes" McMillian, also known as "The Slurpee Slayer".

Hey I'm not trying to jam my hippie, pinko, socialist theories down your throat-hole. I'm just trying to point out that we now live in a country where the top 400 richest people have more wealth than the bottom 50% of Americans. That's 150 million people. The Republican Party has managed to turn the economic conditions in this country to something more closely resembling 1927 than 1957. Rapacious robber-barons are sticking their poisoned tentacles so far into your wallets to fund their wealth-grabbing that Cornelius Vanderbilt would blush and J.P. Morgan would cry if they saw it.

Nah, it's probably the unions though.

ON THE RIGHT... Lauren "LT" Andrews:

Let's get three things straight from the get-go: (1) Unions suck; (2) Bob's rant (see above) is the most ADD thing I've ever read; and (3) I am not a Benbow, nor am I Bob's girlfriend (that's another Lauren). Do you honestly think I could ever date a flaming liberal whose idea of good music is this trance-like techno garbage? Every time Bob opens his car door, I half expect to see a strobe/black light and drunk girls taking highlighter-colored shots out of test tubes. Gross.

Like I said, I am not a big fan of unions. The democrats think that our country has a never-ending supply of money and that it's the government's job to take care of YOU. News flash: take care of yourself. While I would be less opposed to a good political debate/protest in good economic times, the democrats really need to let this one go. Take one for Team America. Wisconsin (like most of the country) is battling a tough economy. The decision to curtail collective bargaining rights for most (read: NOT ALL) public employees is simply an attempt to grapple with budget cuts. As the old saying goes, desperate times call for desperate measures. Bob, you, of all people, should know a little about desperation. After all, you devote 99.9% of your time to cheering for teams like the Mets. Now, that's something to protest.

Of course, it would be nice if we had a never-ending supply of money, that's for sure. And, no, a STIMULUS is not the answer. Speaking of money, I think we should start calling the Democratic Party by a different name—maybe just "The Stimulus Party" or the "Money DOES Grow on Trees, It's Called a Money Tree, Morons" Party. I'm still working out the kinks.

In all seriousness, in this tough economy, what Wisconsin did was justified. Bob, spend your energies elsewhere. I recommend you do the following: (1) Change your license plate (LVPOOL) to what I assume you originally wanted (LVRPOOL). Can people from Singapore spell? Are you channeling Adam Ulrich's love of swimming? Or are you and LVR considering changing both of your last names to Pool?; (2) Take your tight shirts, leather bomber jacket, and aviators, and go back to the European dance club where you belong; (3) Find a creatine-based workout enhancer made by a legitimate institution (not "McMaster University") that does not mess with your brain; (4) Go cuddle up with

Michael Moore. I heard he likes to be the little spoon; and, finally, (5) GO BACK TO YOUR SPORTS COLUMN.

COACH Tells You About Sports

By Contributor Andrew "Coach" Gordon

Well, things are pretty awful right now. I *wanted* to write this column to rescue you from Bob's weekly crap about the Mets and Liverpool, and give you readers something to care about. I *wanted* raise your spirits with a special "Tennessee Edition" of this column to celebrate sports from the greatest state in the nation. I *wanted* to capture your hearts with a thundering rendition of *Rocky Top* that would make babies smile and enemies hug. Instead, I have to bring you down to my level of misery, because Tennessee screwed the pooch again. March Madness is supposed to be the most exciting event in all of sports. But when your team gets knocked out early and your fiancée's bracket is kicking your ass, what's left to be excited about? Answer - watching other teams hurt and suffer as much as yours. So, because I'm in a particularly bitter mood, we're going to take a look at some of the remaining contenders, evaluate their chances of winning (using my very arbitrary system of Coach Points), and explain why I want them to lose. All of them.

But first, let's catch you up on **Tennessee**, because it's my column this week. Our Vols made an early exit from the tournament with an embarrassing loss to the Michigan Wolvertards, and it looks like Coach Pearl is likely on his way out too. I'm taking this particularly hard, because Bruce Pearl was my moral compass, surrogate father, and religious leader (and to all you assholes who say "BUT COACH, HE BROKE THE RULES AND LIED! YOU SAY LYING IS BAD!" - yeah, but at least he had the stones to admit to what he did unlike Jim Tressel or Lame Kiffin). Rough times for Tennessee fans, but we endure. We will be back, clad in full orange.

Duke. Chances of winning the tournament: 4 out of 17 Coach Points. I'm not sure what type of ginger inbreeding took place to create Kyle Singler, but he certainly is a marvel of science (more so than most gingers). Duke is that team that swoops in to win when all the good teams knock each other out (*see, e.g., 2010*). They are a team steeped in tradition; if rich, white douchebaggery counts as "tradition." Duke, I hope you lose.

Kentucky. Chances of winning the tournament: 2 out of 19 Coach Points. It's hard to hate this team (although I do), because aside from basketball, the state doesn't have a whole lot going for it. They do have the greasiest, slimiest coach in all of sports in Calipari (UConn Women's coach Geno is a close second), but I'm not putting that in the positive column. It's always easy to spot Kentucky fans from their trademark obesity and general ignorance. You'll find them in KFC snacking on Double Downs, nodding along to Rebecca Black's "Friday" and appreciating its profundity. Kentucky, I hope you lose.

Pittsburgh. Chances of winning: 0% BECAUSE

YOU ALREADY LOST TO BUTLER ON THE DUMBEST FOUL EVER. HAHA. Pittsburgh, you already lost.

Kansas. Chances of winning: 6 out of 17 Coach Points. "Rock chalk, Jayhawk" might be the silliest chant in all of sports. It sounds like the incoherent mutterings of my 4-year old cousin while he's watching Teletubbies, but that doesn't stop thousands of mindless Kansas fans from relentlessly screaming this idiotic phrase. Based on last year's performance against Northern Iowa, it's more like "Broke, Choke, Jayhoax!" (credit Jimmy Dougherty). Kansas, I hope you lose.

Ohio State. Chances of winning: 8 out of 21 Coach Points. Ohio State is still reeling from last year's devastating loss to Tennessee in the Sweet Sixteen, but they remain the favorites for this year's tournament. The Buckeyes better hurry up and win while they have Jared Sullinger, because you know he wants to get the hell out of Ohio (his Cedar Point pass is running out and the only other attraction is unemployment). Ohio State, I hope you lose.

Florida. Chances of winning: 1 out of 17 Coach Points. I'm not sure what Billy Donovan had to do to get Florida a 2 seed, but they deserve it as much as Michael Vick deserves an ASPCA "Animal Hero" award. Florida, I hope you lose.

BYU. Chances of winning: 1 out of 28 Coach Points. I have to respect an institution for sticking hard to its Honor Code, but a violation for having sex? If we included that in William and Mary's Honor Code, well, it wouldn't affect that many people, but not for lack of trying. BYU, you will almost certainly lose without Davies, and I hope you do.

UNC. Chances of winning: 3 out of 22 Coach Points. The poorer, crappier version of Duke is primed for another year of success. As some of you might know, UNC knocked the Tribe out of the NIT last year. For that, and so many other reasons, UNC, I hope you lose.

That's about it, if I didn't list your school then it's not even worth mentioning. Well, enjoy March Madness, because I certainly won't. Every year, another Tennessee meltdown, and another bracket victory for my fiancé who has yet to watch a full basketball game (last year she somehow picked Butler in the championship, that's what I'm up against). If I offended you, then I'm sorry you cheer for such a crappy school. Coach, out.

Tea with a Professor

By Staff Writer Sarah Aviles

Professor Grover's door is wide open when I arrive for our interview. But that's nothing new: her door has always been open to her students. Whenever anyone mentions Susan Grover, it is always with a fond smile and an anecdote about how she taught someone to meditate or had a cookie day in Civil Procedure. Everything about her office speaks to her friendly, calming personality, from beautiful photography to a stuffed Grover doll sitting on her desk. Right away I get an insight into her giving nature as

she explains the chart she's working on to help 3Ls choose the best bar review course. She's concerned about the anxiety many 3Ls face over such a difficult and important decision. This motherly nature seems to stem from when Professor Grover was a child and cared for her two much younger sisters. "That's probably how I became such a nurturer," she agrees. She certainly did not get that from her two older brothers: "From my brothers, I learned to defend myself," she jokes.

And it is this nurturing personality that has made Professor Grover such a beloved teacher. For example, one of her favorite classes to teach is Civil Procedure – which even she admits can be dull and difficult – because she gets to meet students when they first come to law school.

"It's very inspiring to me to be able to empower them to become what they want to become...to help students see how great they are!" She speaks with such enthusiasm about her students that it is clear, even before I ask, that she loves teaching.

"The student body at William and Mary is just better than most," she says (I, of course, nod in agreement). "Not just smarter, but more respectful and friendly." Professor Grover enjoys the healthy and friendly atmosphere of the William and Mary community, a fact proven by her 23 year tenure.

But her journey to become a law professor is not quite as cookie cutter as her tenure here suggests. Raised in a family that did not emphasize the need

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THE NEWS

*The Newspaper of the William & Mary
Marshall-Wythe School of Law*

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to attend college, she remains the only one of her siblings to have chosen this path. Professor Grover even spent a few months working as a trackman, traveling about fixing railroads, which she describes as a "challenging, wild way to live." She appears quite the nomad when she lists all the places she has lived: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Washington, D.C., Colorado, Kansas City, Boston, and Paris. Her favorite places, though, spring easily to her mind. "Virginia and New York," she says. "Those are the places where the people I love live." New York is where Jake, her grown son, lives, working as a paralegal, so her visits there are especially frequent.

Before even considering a career in law, Professor Grover taught writing to underprivileged students at a university. After a few years, Professor Grover realized that her analytical nature might be better suited to law and so attended Georgetown law school, remaining in D.C. for five more years to clerk for two judges and to work at a private firm. But it was clerking for Chief Justice Spotswood Robinson III in the U.S. Court of Appeals where she seems to have found her scholarly niche. Chief Justice Robinson, one of the lawyers who worked on *Brown v. Board of Education*, inspired her interest in Civil Rights and Employment Discrimination. Apart from her numerous articles and casebook on the subject, this interest is reflected in her career choices and hobbies.

Professor Grover spent five years as William and Mary's Director of Equal Opportunity, where she met many of her friends in the faculty on the undergraduate campus. She is currently a board member of Lawyers Helping Lawyers, an organization that seeks to aid lawyers who suffer from mental illness or substance abuse as well as a member of the ABA Commission on Lawyer Assistance Program. Her good works have earned her many distinguished and well deserved honors, including the NAACP Faculty Award.

"I want to be of service," she says, when I ask her why she pursues this type of work. "I like filling needs."

For the past several years, her focus has been on healthful ways of living. Professor Grover enjoys swimming and hiking, especially with her furry companion, Isis, an almost blind, lovable mutt - half German shepherd, half collie. "I call myself her 'Seeing Eye Human,'" she says, as she talks about how inspiring it is to see Isis travel through the woods with such surety, even though the dog is almost completely blind.

Along with these physically healthy pursuits, Professor Grover practices yoga and meditation to keep her mind clear and calm. Most of the law school knows about these last hobbies because of her willingness to teach them to students on one of her many "Stress Relief" days.

As we chat, it becomes clear that Professor Grover's greatest delight comes from providing a comforting word or open ear to her students. Even if it's just a warm smile or a confidant, Professor Grover assures me that her door is always open to anyone who needs it. She says I am free to write that down in the hopes that

people will come to her with problems, confident in her ability to keep their confidence and provide support.

"Lots of things can go wrong, I can even fail, but as long as I feel like I've done something to be of service and have a loving heart...I'm ok."



Victoria Moore (1L) snorkeling over Spring Break

Miss Sherri

By Staff Writer Hannah Carrigg (3L)

The law school can be a pretty miserable place. You take out loans. You drag yourself into school, usually behind a tour bus with out-of-state plates that becomes paralyzed at Confusion Corner. You toil away at your carrel, analyzing italicized commas and the Internal Revenue Code. And at the end of the day, you may still feel inadequate. In the middle of this routine, few rays of sunshine penetrate the brick walls of Marshall Wythe. One beam, however, is dependable Monday through Friday. She shows up, she smiles, she calls you "sweetie," and she knows your coffee order by heart. She is our own Miss Sherri Donson, the main barista at Java City.

Miss Sherri is from Charles City, Virginia. She lives with her husband, Andrew, and four dogs: Chloe, a Shih Tzu, and Magic, Mitsy, and Tennessee, all Labradors. She has two tattoos. Both are hearts: one for her mother, and one for her husband. Before coming to Java City three years ago, Miss Sherri worked as a dietary aid at a children's hospital. Although she enjoyed working at the hospital, Java City is her favorite job. She loves coming to work each day.

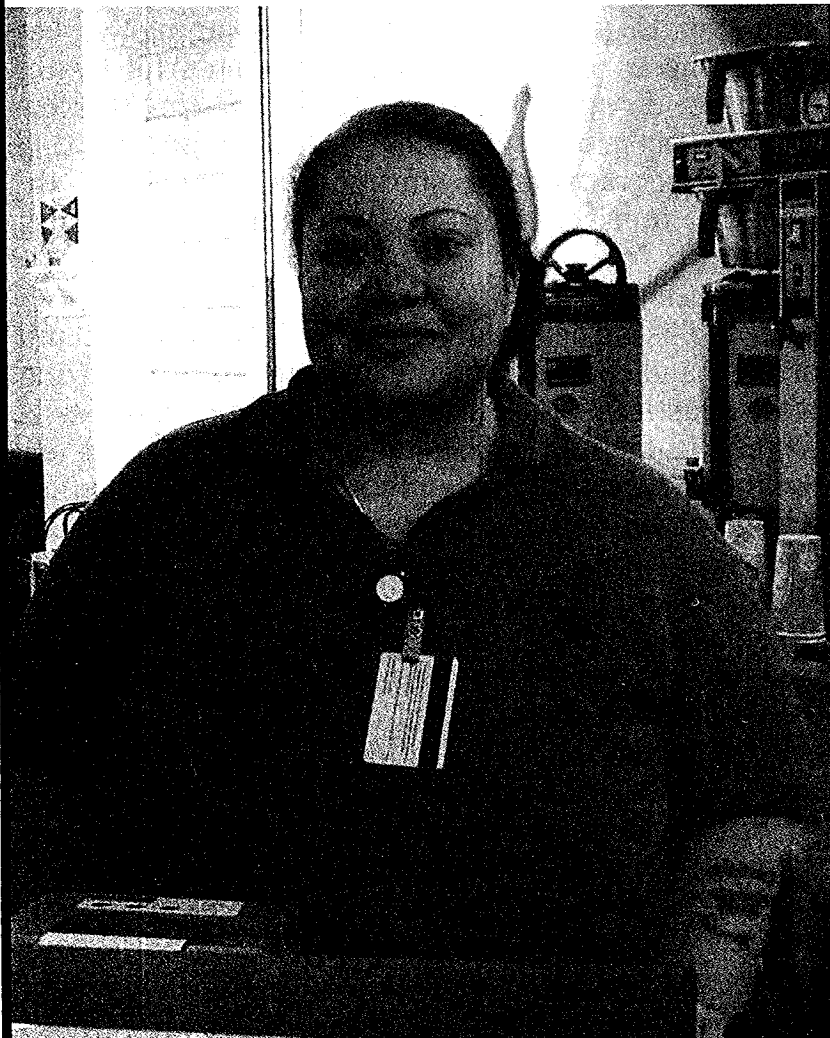
The law students are what gets Miss Sherri out of bed in the morning. Anyone who has ordered so much as an iced tea knows that she loves her customers. She enjoys chit-chat and likes to hear the stories floating around the student lounge. "There is never a dull day here," she assured me. She may not know a particular person's name, but she knows the faces and orders by heart. In fact, she recently noticed that one of her regulars hadn't shown up for two

days. When she saw him again, she asked him where he'd been. The student was flabbergasted that Miss Sherri had missed him, let alone notice he was gone.

I was really struck by the level of compassion that Miss Sherri has for the law students. When pressed, she said there was nothing students could do to improve her life at Java City—just show up. “No one ever gets out of line, and everyone's friendly.” She feels very strongly about being here each day and putting on a strong, smiling face for everyone. Her uncle recently passed away, which was very difficult for her. Rather than let students worry about her, she cried inside a utility closet. Conversely, Miss Sherri has been the crying shoulder for more than a few law students. “I can just tell when someone's having a bad day,” she says.

Aside from sharing friendly greetings and memorizing regular orders, Miss Sherri is also patient and has a wonderful sense of humor. A student once came to her with a reusable water bottle and asked her to fill it up with coffee. Concerned, she said she thought the plastic might melt from the hot drink. He assured her that he had tried it that morning at home, and that it wouldn't be a problem. The genius law student's water bottle melted instantaneously and spilled coffee everywhere. Instead of becoming exasperated, as pretty much anyone else I can think of would, Miss Sherri just laughed. She now asks that student if he left his water bottle at home every time she sees him.

I'd say we're pretty lucky to have such a nice lady cheering us on and serving up refreshments in Java City.



Miss Sherri at Java City

French Food in America

By Contributor Gardner Rordam (3L)

So much has been made of French food in America that anything remotely French-sounding is presumed to be fancy and expensive. This isn't a new phenomenon; why else would Julia Child write two volumes and hundreds of pages to convince Americans that they, too, can produce food like their French counterparts? Restaurants, as well as cookbooks, have perpetuated this “fancy” stereotype for many decades as well. From the 1937 opening of Le Veau d'Or in New York City to the modern legend, Thomas Keller's French Laundry in Yountville, California, to Williamsburg's own Le Yaca, diners have been willing to fork over big bucks for dishes with names they don't understand.

Don't get me wrong - some French cuisine is decidedly fancy, expensive, and at the very tip-top of the gourmet food hierarchy. I love fancy food, especially if it's French. For all of my classmates that were considering taking me to the French Laundry to celebrate graduation, don't change your plans. I don't care if we don't know what all of the fancy words on the menu mean.

My favorite food in the world, however, is not fancy French food. It is what is commonly mistaken as fancy French food, but really is just good, comforting, simple, and delicious French bistro fare. (Think Blue Talon instead of Le Yaca.) These are the kinds of dishes that were invented over centuries of hardship, transforming raw materials that didn't taste great into tender, savory, clean-your-bowl-and-ask-for-more goodness. For the most part, these dishes don't incorporate the most expensive ingredients, but rather, they employ tried and true techniques to make cheaper food taste better than anything else you've ever had.

To encourage you to rise above the fancy hype of French food and try making some for yourself, I've included the following ideas for cooking bistro classics. The most cost effective way to pursue these recipes is a good old-fashioned Google search. Look through the reviews of recipes to find a reliable source, and start cooking. Hopefully, the fact that you've heard of most of these dishes will serve as further inspiration to get your own bistro going at home.

- **Boeuf Bourguignon:** Think of the steam rising off of a plate of pot roast that's been in the slow cooker all day. Add a few steps to the beginning, a few less vegetables, and a bottle of red wine. What's not to love?
- **Coq a Vin:** Take that delicious pot roast, substitute moist, flavorful chicken, and keep the red wine.
- **Steak Frites:** Have you ever thought about how the most common American food is called French fries? There's nothing intimidating or fancy about a perfectly fried potato. Frites is nothing more than fries... except that the French do it much better than McDonald's and serve it with a steak instead of a burger.
- **Foie de Veau:** If you grew up hating your grand-

mother's liver and onions, give it another try. The French like to use sherry vinegar and perfectly caramelized onions. Instead of charred beef liver, they opt for a juicier, less-cooked calf's liver – delicious!

The bottom line with all of these dishes is that they don't need to be luxurious, fancy, or expensive to be quintessentially French. Regardless of whether you're feeling adventurous enough for liver or want to play it safe and have the best fries of your life, work some bistro cooking into your kitchen repertoire. I think you'll be happy you did.

SBA Update

By Contributor Lee Tankle

The Student Bar Association continues to remain active as the end of the spring semester approaches. In mid-February, members of the SBA met with Deans Jackson and Rosenberg to review the 2011-2012 academic schedule of classes to assure that students have a wide variety of class options and minimal class conflicts.

The SBA sponsored the 232nd Annual Barrister's Ball at Ford's Colony on Saturday, March 19. Over 260 students attended and enjoyed a great evening of food, drinks, dancing, and friends.

The William & Mary Men's Basketball team may not have made the Division I NCAA Tournament but March Madness has spread throughout the law school. In what will hopefully become a yearly tradition, the SBA is currently sponsoring an online March Madness Bracket competition. 92 students are participating in this event. The winner will receive a \$25.00 gift certificate to the Green Leaf following the National Championship game on April 4.

The budgeting process for law school clubs and organizations is now under way. An informational meeting for all clubs and organizations was held on March 23. Budgets will be due via email on April 6. Please contact SBA Treasurer Patricia Kim with any questions.

As always, the SBA is open to hearing your ideas for fun events and policy initiatives.

The Trellis: Foodie vs. Average Joe

By Contributor Matt Turtoro (1L Foodie) and Staff Writer Diana Cooper (1L Average Joe)

FOODIE REVIEW:

As soon as I enter The Trellis, I am surrounded by a beautifully warm expanse of earth tones, river rock, and stacked stone. Well-heeded patrons line the rich, dark bar. The sound of clinking bourbon glasses from a tasting, the dulcet tones of a jazz ensemble, and the general din of hearty conversation greets the ears. The service matches the friendly but refined atmosphere. Our waitress was well-versed in the menu, readily gave her suggestions, and was good enough to suggest moderately-priced wines and cocktails to accompany the food.

My co-author and I split a hearty appetizer of smoked mozzarella, chanterelle and morel mushrooms, shaved

fennel, and a heavy-handed chiffonade of herbs. This earthy ménage was topped with a foam that, though lacking strong flavor, nicely mellowed the strong underlying flavors. The only thing left to be desired was a touch of acidity to balance out the heavier notes of the dish. Perfect for a colder winter's day, this appetizer also worked wonderfully with the artisanal breads that the waitress brought to the table. I'm normally not one to fill up on bread because the bread-basket rarely offers anything more than staid and stale rolls, but The Trellis's basket came filled with homemade focaccia slices covered in either herbs or a melted cheese. Both were wonderful, made better by the strong Manhattan slowly coursing its way through my satiated veins.

The entrée was flawless. I ordered a roast duck that was excellently cooked with moist medium-rare flesh and crispy skin. The meat was lightly drizzled with a red wine and spiced cherry reduction that picked up on the fruity notes in the glass of Malbec that the waitress had suggested to accompany the course. Duck and sauce sat atop a dense mushroom bread pudding and beside a wonderfully full-flavored slaw of cubed apple and squash. All together, the plate was both filling and well balanced. The seasoned duck was nicely contrasted by the sweet slaw and sauce. The mushroom bread pudding sopped up the duck's wonderful juices and also was flavorful enough to stand up against the strong sauce and slaw.

Seasonally inspired and professionally executed, the food at The Trellis proved to be the highpoint of an all-around pleasing experience. From the attentive wait-staff to the pleasing décor, everything worked to enhance a night already made wonderful by the company of my co-author. Now that the weather is warming up, I look forward to again visiting, and sitting outside to stare disapprovingly at the gawking tourists soon to be filling Williamsburg.

AVERAGE JOE REVIEW:

The Trellis is a beautiful restaurant. It's the perfect mix of fancy and comfort, and the little details are amazing. It feels rustic and old due to the stone work and details, while still feeling fresh and new with the paint and lighting. The staff was friendly and knowledgeable, and gave great suggestions as to the dishes and drinks to order.

To start things off, my co-author and I ordered Manhattans. I mistook a Manhattan for a Cosmopolitan. In retrospect, I blame my mother for not allowing me to watch *Sex and The City*. Perhaps then I wouldn't have had to hold in my strangled coughs to pretend that I actually knew what was going on. That being said, The Trellis makes a strong and delicious Manhattan. As to the bread, it was really good. There was one with cheese in it. Considering my love of cheese, their bread was like manna from the skies for me.

Cherry wood smoked mozzarella and wild mushrooms with fennel, red pepper and... other stuff. That was the appetizer. It was either that, or the *beets and green apple* dish which seemed quite proud to consist of

“golden beet carpaccio, beet compote, and an apple with horseradish crème fraîche.” If you are a South Park fan, you will probably understand why I passed on that one. Anyway, I was excited. I like mozzarella, and I like mushrooms. I was unsure about the fennel, but who wouldn't want to try something called fennel?

The appetizer came out, and looked ... interesting. Very interesting. There was some sort of juice on the bottom, and then all of the mozzarella and mushrooms and stuff were kind of sitting on top like rocks and moss on water with sea foam drifting on top. Honestly, the flavors were not my favorite. It was a bit too fresh for me. Perhaps it just needed some salt, pepper, and lime. I started to get a little depressed about my visit to The Trellis.

When my entrée came out, however, I was immediately impressed. I ordered the *Salmon Selection*, which consisted of seared Atlantic salmon, blackened crab cake with diced tuna, and roasted potatoes with a lemon butter sauce. Simply put, it was amazing. If I had the money, I would go to The Trellis every single night to eat this dish. The salmon was cooked to perfection. It had a rich buttery taste that almost made me want to lick my plate. Gross, but it shows how good it was. The crab and tuna cake was also delicious. And the potatoes... those little buttery fingerling potatoes. Swoon. Yes. You will swoon when you eat this dish. You will swoon and wish you had the twenty-seven odd dollars to go there every night to eat this dish.

The Trellis is located at 403 West Duke of Gloucester Street in Colonial Williamsburg. For reservations, call 757-229-8610 or go online to www.thetrellis.com.

Stay in and Save your Money

By Staff Writer Sarah Aviles

March, the month that goes in like a lion and out like a lamb. I think that metaphor is supposed to refer to the weather because in terms of stress we as law students go in like a calm lamb and come out like a psychopathic, rabid lion. Last week was Spring Break, meaning you've returned anxious and suddenly aware of how close exams actually are and how little work you did over break and why did you waste your time having fun when you should have been outlining and how am I suddenly fifty pages behind in my reading!

But I'm sure everyone here will make some time for stress relief. Which is where I come in with my entertainment review of the month. Because I prefer not to have to stress about my money in addition to everything else, this month, I've decided to review television shows you can get on Netflix or Hulu that provide an hour of relaxing distance from your studies.

WARNING: Only watch one episode per day! ¡Sólo ver un episodio por día! Watching more than one episode may lead to two, then three, then season eight and it's a week later and you're still in bed.

At the beginning of the semester I had a fun two weeks watching four seasons of *Psych* – which may or may not be the premise for the warning you see above. However, in small doses, *Psych* is a perfect escape into the crazy, hilarious antics of the immature but charming Shawn Spencer (James Roday) who uses his trained observation skills to pretend to be a psychic for the Santa Barbara Police Department. The best thing about this comedy is the wonderful friendship/bromance between Shawn and Guster (Dulé Hill from *West Wing*). The way they interact is reminiscent of the latest *Sherlock Holmes*/Robert Downey Jr./Jude Law relationship with Guster as the long suffering, hardworking pharmaceutical representative and Shawn as the man-child who always lands on his feet. The murder cases around which each episode revolves are always weird and funny – one was death by dinosaur – and involve at least ten references to obscure 80's music or movies. The cast fills out with two partners at the Police Department sweet, peppy Jules (Maggie Lawson – who looks like the girl in *Clueless*, but isn't) and Colonel Lassiter, “Lassie,” (Timothy Osmundson), who is as rigid as a tent pole. Apart from being witty and clever, the plot is mostly self-contained in each episode so that you can start watching anywhere you like. This show is on Instant Netflix and Hulu.

The Big Bang Theory, for those of you who have yet to discover its genius, is a half hour sitcom Thursday night at 8:00 on CBS. The premise is two brilliant, physicists, Sheldon and Leonard, who live across the hall from Penny, a hot girl from the Midwest who wants to be an actress. Their little group is completed by Rajesh, who literally cannot talk to women, and the slightly sleazy Howard who lives with his mother. The four friends are hilarious as they portray the pinnacle of nerdiness: spending their free time playing *Halo*, searching the comic store for mint condition *Batman* comics, or collecting action figures from *Battle Star Galactica*. Meanwhile, Leonard is in love with Penny who finds the guys sweet, but way over her head. There's really no need to go on about this show, let me just leave you with some examples: instead of “Rock, Paper, Scissors,” the guys play “Rock, Paper, Scissors, Lizard, Spock” – in which lizard poisons Spock, Scissors cuts lizard, and paper disproves Spock. In one episode, obsessive-compulsive Sheldon sneaks into Penny's apartment at night to organize her closets while she sleeps in the next room. In another, Sheldon decides that his body is too valuable to risk in the world and so makes a robot version of himself to go to work and hang with his friends. Enough said. The only sad thing about this show is when you realize you understand the extremely nerdy jokes that the guys make and point to the TV saying “Hey, I do that...”

Finally, for those of you looking for something a little different, may I suggest the Emmy winning miniseries, *Tin Man*. Starring Zooey Deschanel, Alan Cummings, and Neal McDonough, this three-episode story takes you to an Oz that is way trippier than Judy Garland's. In this land, called the Outer Zone – the O.Z. – an evil sorceress has taken over Oz and is trying to kill DG (Zooey Deschanel) who thought she was just a normal, bored waitress until a twister takes her way out of Kansas. The OZ of this gritty, beautifully-shot movie is in the midst of a rebellion where the once powerful Wizard has been reduced to a drug addict and the upstanding law men – the Tin Men – have become corrupted. A warning to viewers, this series is not *The Wizard of Oz* and is best suited to those with a fondness for fantasy. But if you're willing to try something different, *Tin Man* provides a compelling story, carried for the most part by the three main actors and the beautiful imagery. The whole series is on Instant Netflix and each episode is about an hour and a half.

Marshall-Wythe High School: Standardize This!

By Contributor Rob Murdough (3L)

You may have heard that some schools are no longer using the LSAT, having finally given up all pretense and reduced the application to a single question: "are you willing to write a check you may or may not have the funds to cover?"

I think this is a really bad idea, for the simple reason that the LSAT is probably the best indicator of how well you will do here. Yes, you heard me right. If you're coming to MWHHS, if nothing else study hard for the LSAT.

The LSAT doesn't really have anything to do with law school, let alone the ability to practice law. But the LSAT, and more importantly the grueling months of LSAT preparation, train your mind to handle the cliques, social protocols, and intense gossip that define life here at MWHHS. As an example of the last point, I found out how I recently broke my leg from someone else.

The skills on the LSAT are useful in a wide variety of circumstances, such as trying to figure out which professors are closet Republicans (hint: there are six), or who's really in the top ten percent of your class.

Example: Most people on law review are in the top ten percent. People who brag about their grades is either in the top ten percent or not. Anyone who got an A in Civ Pro and Con Law is probably in the top ten percent. Greg Gunner tells you often that he is on law review, moot court, a legal skills TA, has a federal clerkship lined up, and even though he professes to never talk about his grades, casually lets it slip how he doesn't need to use the grade conversion option. Is Greg in the top ten percent?

Answer: Either yes, or he's trying to ask you out and is a big enough tool to think that this counts as "game."

Perhaps the most important skill is the ability to handle the complex, intricate, and volatile social

networks that exist at this school. You've probably heard of "six degrees of Kevin Bacon." Here we have "three degrees of hatred." It is inevitable that you will have at least one friend whose friends' friends you can't stand. You have to be very careful which assortment of people you hang out with at any one time. If it turns out that one of your friends actually hates another one of your friends, you may become a social pariah, which in law school is a fate worse than a C in ethics.

Example: You want to invite your friends over to a party. You have nine friends: Adam, Betty, Chris, Denise, Ethan, Fran, Ginny, Hal, and Ida. Adam is a good guy, but if he comes, he will bring his girlfriend Jennifer, unless Ida is there in which case Jennifer will not come because she's still angry at Adam for that one time at Bar Review. Betty, Denise, Ethan, and Hal cannot stand Jennifer and won't come if she's there. Betty and Fran used to be good friends but then Fran got on trial team while Betty was cut in the last round of the tryouts and now they never talk to each other. Ethan secretly likes Denise and will definitely come if she's there. Denise will only come if Ginny doesn't come because Ginny always raises her hand to ask questions in Evidence and it's really, really annoying. Adam and Chris are more codependent than the main characters in *Superbad* and always do everything together. One of them will not come if the other does not. Chris and Fran hooked up after Fall From Grace and now it's weird between them. Hal and Ethan pretend they like each other in Legal Skills but actually can't stand each other and have both told you that one comes, the other will not, but made you promise not to tell anyone.

Questions: (1) What is the greatest possible number of guests at your party? **(2)** How many combinations of guests ensures at least a 1:1 male to female ratio? **(3)** If the party is on a Friday, Ethan can't come, and if he doesn't come your party won't be cool, so should you even bother?

So there is a very, very good reason to keep the LSAT. Otherwise, they might let in kids who aren't good at being law students, and then where would we be?



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