Where can you bid on a seven-day stay in Jamaica, watch a hypnotizing belly dance performance, and eat as much pizza as your little heart desires, all in the same night? At the annual Public Service Fund Auction, that is where. This event, which took place at Trinkle Hall last Saturday night, certainly drew a crowd. Who can blame law students for hoping to be the highest bidder on one of the many auction items at this year’s event? The chance to bid on the silent auction items, which included numerous certificates to local fitness centers and various fun-filled activities with professors, was well worth the fifteen dollar price of admission. If the items did not convince students to attend, the entertainment certainly did.

The evening’s festivities began at an exclusive performers’ pre-party, where the PSF Executive Board Members thanked the student performers for taking the time to make the auction entertaining, and for quite possibly making fools of themselves in front of their peers. Twenty-four performances paired with over forty live auction items made for a long, enjoyable, and progressively sloppier evening.

The Speakeasy/Prohibition Era theme allowed usually sophisticated law students to enthusiastically embrace the economic recession by donning feathers, pearls, and fedoras while placing high bids on auction items they simply could not resist. This event is so much more than free food, free drinks, and free entertainment, though.

Amy Dardinger, the 3L Co-Chair for PSF, explained that “the PSF Auction raises about fifty percent of the money for stipends” for law students who are pursuing summer internships in unpaid public interest and government jobs, and that “without its success, PSF could not offer as many stipends to students.” Dardinger further described how student volunteers are the key to that success. PSF Board Member Mike Bagel also stressed the importance of volunteer contributions to the Auction. Bagel stated that “it is solely through the dedication and generosity of the community, professors, and law students that this event is possible.”

Allison Huson, the 2L Co-Chair for PSF, emphasized that PSF “appreciates everyone’s support, especially in these [tough] economic times.” She also explained that all of the credit for the event “really goes to our Auction Committee, especially the 3L heads, Tori McNamee and Leah Kaufman, who put so much time and energy into the event.”

If you are one of the unfortunate students who were unable to make it to the auction this year, do not hesitate to volunteer, perform, or attend the event next year. Who knows, you may go home with a certificate to a fancy dinner. Or, you may leave the auction with a little less pride and a little more hope to receive PSF funding for your fast-approaching summer internship.
Above the Blah: Tiger Woods

By Contributors Bishop Garrison, 3L and Elyse Simmerman, 3L

Elyse: So, as I watched Tiger yesterday, and then the commentary afterward, I had two thoughts. The first was: I might have a shot at winning the bet I made that he won’t be playing in the Masters. The second was: I’m completely apathetic about what he is saying right now. He said what he needed to say – who cares if he meant it? What else could he do? He cheated on his hot blonde supermodel wife with trashy strippers. But the saddest thing is that we are immune to this now. John Edwards. Mark Sanford. Eliot Spitzer. And those are just the politicians. Who’s next? At least Tiger’s just an athlete. This begs the question: if a man has money and power, is it inevitable that he will cheat?

Bishop: I think “inevitable” is a bit strong. But first off, we need to be honest. Women – that is to say, “womankind” on a grand scale – are typically attracted to men with money and power. They denote security and stability, two things women tend to appreciate. It can be argued that when men reach the levels of status that we’re referring to (a senator and former U.S. VP candidate, two prominent governors, and the world’s first billionaire athlete), their grip on reality can sometimes be lost. They may come to believe that they are untouchable to some degree, and begin making personal decisions without thinking things all the way through. You should understand that, as I have no money or any significant power at the present moment, this is all somewhat conjectural, but you get the point.

Elyse: I guess I’m also thrown off by the gall they demonstrate by thinking that they won’t get caught. In the world as it was 50 years ago, JFK could cheat on his lovely wife, and it wasn’t blogged about, photographed, video-taped, etc. Even Bill Clinton got away with such behavior a little more easily 10 years ago, before the internet was everywhere. But in today’s world, it’s not even about the cheating. It’s about the stupidity displayed in trying to hide it. You’re Tiger Woods... you ain’t wearing an invisibility cloak.

Bishop: Yeah, I think that’s actually a huge part of it. As sad as I think it is to say, if Tiger’s had been an isolated incident – just Rachel Uchitel, and not the literally 13 or however many women there were – he stood to come out of this fairly unscathed, in my opinion. But this guy was telling an ex-adult film star he was in love with her while hooking up with a dozen other women, and, ON OCCASION, his wife. There’s no Harry Potter spell to cover that nonsense up.

Elyse: Can’t we just go back to the Mad Men-esque 1950s and 1960s when men cheated, the women in the suburbs pretended not to know, and all was right in the world?
The EIC Speaks
By The Editor in Chief Stan Jackson

Here it is, Issue Two of Volume I of Not Wythe Standing (The NEWS)! We intend to keep you informed on a bi-weekly basis, though we may occasionally skip to tri-weekly. Many of our regular columns will appear in alternate issues, so have no fear, The Dueling Andrews and Bob Tells You About Sports will return!

It is in the developmental stage at the moment, but please visit www.notwythestanding.com soon for information on how to comment on columns you read here, how to submit photos (we really need those!), how to submit ideas for future articles, who to contact if you would like to write for us, for additional content, and more!

J.D. Salinger, We Hardly Knew Ya
By Contributor Edward J., 2L

In this winter’s current events, author J.D. Salinger died at the ripe old age of ninety-one. Salinger is most well known for his coming of age novel, The Catcher in the Rye. Many a disaffected youth saw something of themselves in Holden Caufield, and this author is no exception. I think we all remember where we were the first time we paid for a teenage stripper in a New York hotel room, and then got punched in the face by her transvestite pimp Rhonda. Good times. Anyway, The Catcher in the Rye is primarily noted for channeling the inner thoughts of an entire generation of disaffected youths, and for prompting every asshole who has taken a creative writing class to think that he can write a coming of age novel about his high school and/or college years. Hey Tad, no one gives a shit about that time your turtle died, or that time you “experimented” in the bathroom at the I-64 rest area.

As details of the reclusive author trickle out, there was one dandy: he was a pee drinker. I don’t know what the relationship is between drinking piss and being a genius, but if drinking your piss is proportional to good writing, consider me William Shakespeare. Salinger also had three wives, one of whom he married when he was 53 and she was 18. Awesome. He also locked himself in a concrete bunker and wrote for hours a day; it is yet unclear whether he actually wrote any novels or just smeared his feces all over the wall. Rumors abound that he has up to fifteen novels stored away in a safe at his New Hampshire home. Either way, I’d pay good money for it.

To conclude, the world lost a good man on January 28, 2010. The Catcher in the Rye remains one of the twentieth century’s defining novels. Some writing on the Internet claims the book has lost its edge and relevance. The way I see it, though, if you don’t like it you are probably a pseudo-intellectual asshole, so screw off.

A Note from the SBA

The SBA is looking forward to serving you this year! We will work to improve communications with students and administration, proactively seek your input on issues pertaining to student life and experiences, and advocate for you generally. You will be hearing more from us in the near future, and we hope to hear from you too. We encourage you to contact your SBA officers and representatives about your needs and concerns. We are here to serve you!

The 2010–11 SBA Board

Tamar Jones – President
Stephen Barry – Vice-President
Jay Sinha – Secretary
Lauren Santabar – Treasurer
Mairead Blue – current 3L Representative
(unti graduation)
Naomh Stewart – current 3L Representative
(unti graduation)
Todd Torres – 3L Representative
Daniel Cogley – 3L Representative
Rob Manoso – 2L Representative
Brittany Lee-Richardson – 2L Representative
Sam Edge – LLM Representative
It All Comes Full Circle

By Contributor Ryan Ruzic, 2L

Last issue, as you may recall, I wrote a hard hitting piece of distilled journalism entitled “How to Answer in Class When You Haven’t Done the Reading: A Practical Guide.” In the article, I recommended that whenever you are at a loss as to how to answer in class, just compare the court to Hitler. It never fails to say something like “the court in this case certainly reminded me of Hitler.” Clearly and unashamedly sound advice. Well, not at all surprisingly, the faculty are among my readers and are also on to this ingenious tactic. On February 24, 2010, Professor Tortorice was quoted in The Virginia Gazette opining about the lack of homeowner control at Kingsmill. When Kingsmill police showed up at his front door to serve him a letter asking that he cease and desist his criticism of the Kingsmill Community Services Association, he fired off his own letter. As quoted in The Virginia Gazette, Professor Tortorice wrote that “this outrageous abuse of the Kingsmill police and bush-league attempt at intimidation may have been a successful technique in the former East German Stasi, but it will not work in Kingsmill and it will not intimidate me.” Well done, Professor Tortorice. I can’t help but notice that you didn’t credit me, but that’s fine, my wisdom is a free gift to the world. Professor Tortorice, you’re welcome.

Want to know how you’ll score on your MBE?

Prepare with AdaptiBar.

Why take a chance on your Multistate Bar Exam when AdaptiBar’s online simulator and prep program can give you a highly accurate prediction of your score and then provide the tools, feedback and confidence to raise it to or beyond what you need.

Take the guesswork out of your MBE—it’s better to know.

Enroll now for only $430 after discount
$495 before discount
Discount code: AWML6
Special pricing for the California Baby Bar (FYLSE). See site for details.

Try AdaptiBar’s Smart Online Flashcards
$95 lifetime access
Includes 650 Flashcards
Provides Substantive Review

Enroll today at www.adaptibar.com
Or call us toll-free (877) 466.1250

Marshall and Wythe in the snow
Marshall-Wythe High School: Vote For Me!

By Contributor Robert Murdough, 2L

Some things in high school never change. Graffiti in the bathroom (who is JT?), random make-out sessions in the hallway (you know who you are), and annual student council elections. Just like the last time you were in high school, or like in the movie Election, the student council elections seem to matter most to the people who are in them. For everyone else, you might pay a little attention, you may even vote for whoever left the most candy in your hanging file, and then for the rest of the year you’re not quite sure what they do. You just have a vague feeling that they have more friends than you do.

It’s a poorly kept secret that about 136% of all law students have hidden political ambitions, even though only 89% would admit it. Student council elections offer the elite of the law school a free chance to road-test slogans and themes for their future grown-up campaigns. They also get to practice making wild promises that have no chance of coming true.

Maybe it was coming off the heels of the 2008 campaign season (survey bumper stickers in the parking lot to see how everyone voted), but last year’s election seemed to be more creative. Many made promises and assertions of “transparency,” “proven leadership,” “solid experience,” and “creative solutions to important problems” – all important things to consider when selecting the one who sends out the email telling you where to get drunk this week.

This year just wasn’t as compelling. I’ll admit, the candidates knew to tailor their campaigns to the voters – by bribing them with free food. I saw cookies, candy, and even heard rumors of an entire box of Swiss Cake Rolls (still not enough to get my vote). All were guaranteed to get out the vote more than any town hall platform or unsolicited email would ever do. But I just didn’t feel it this year. I didn’t feel like they really cared if I voted. Granted, I didn’t really care if I voted, so I suppose there’s a pot and kettle saying that would work here.

But the nice thing is, one year from now you’ll get another chance. So if you just couldn’t bring yourself to walk over to the table, mark a tiny sheet of paper, and fold it in half, you’ll get one more chance. Unless you’re a 3L, in which case you long stopped expecting your wildest dreams to come true, or believing that it would ever be summer all year long.

Appellate Review

By Contributors Jen Lonergan, 1L and Nicole Benincasa, 1L

Have a problem that only a 1L could solve? Drop your anonymous questions in Jen Lonergan’s hanging file and wait for the latest issue of the NWS to restore peace in your life.

I am super-qualified to give advice. I am a relationship expert, an ethical mastermind, and a creative genius. If you want to know anything from, how to deal with nagging gunners, to, which Ho House outfits attract the perfect companions, I’m your girl. I would be delighted to guide you through your social dilemmas, educational inquiries, and undoubtedly random problems. I’m not afraid to be honest. My friend, Genevieve, has graciously offered to assist me in helping you.

-Lucille

We know law students face unsavory issues, not
all of them related to hygiene. More importantly, we know that you’re just going to try to poke a bunch of holes in any dispensed advice. Thus, after Lucille responds to your quandary (sincere to the extent her judgmental nature and lack of qualifications allow), to save you the effort of doing your own hole-poking, I’ll attempt to undo the damage her inexpert recommendations will likely cause you and your loved ones. In regards to what sorts of issues we can resolve for you, we prefer the juicy stuff – love, betrayal, moral turpitude, and wardrobe malfunctions – but will begrudgingly accept more pedestrian questions.

-Genevieve

Of Togas and Teachings

By Contributor Peter Hershey, 2L

Although generally not one to answer questions, Socrates finally agreed to provide NWS with an exclusive interview about his inspiration for the Socratic Method. Below is a selection from the transcript of the interview.

Peter: As you know, Mr. …

Socrates: It’s just Socrates.

Peter: Well, Socrates, as you know, your Method has become infamous. It has been implemented in many forums, including law school classrooms and psychological wards. What inspired you to come up with such a method?

Socrates: What do you think inspired me to come up with such a method?

Peter: Now look, Socrates, I’m going to be the one asking questions here, okay? For once, you’re going to have to come up with your own answers.

Socrates (nods reluctantly): Okay, okay. Well, if I recall correctly, it was a foggy summer morning. I had overslept, because my alarm didn’t go off. Then I couldn’t get the wrinkles out of my toga. And I couldn’t find my left sandal. Now, I know it’s not good practice to wait until the morning to prepare for class, but I just can’t ever find the motivation to prep the night before.

Anyway, after such a rough morning, I ended up being unprepared when I arrived at class that day. Instead of cancelling class, which is probably what I should have done, I decided to ask random students in the class questions about the previous night’s reading to see what they thought. After all, it’s not like I had anything else prepared. And when you have students like Plato, they

Kate Kruk plays classical piano at PSF Action

Bulldozer in the snow. Really?
I say we start a campaign for freedom the likes of which hasn’t been seen since the civil rights movement. Every day, we’ll line up and buy a single cup of hot water. We’ll pay alright – with a credit card. Thanks to the fees, Java City will make almost no money from that. Then, pour that cup of boiling hot water all over your head. Feel the burns from the scalding water? Scream until the pain stops. Do this every day. Why? Because it works. This is how Gandhi brought down the British Empire. Now you can, too.

Maybe you think I’m crazy. Maybe you don’t drink instant coffee or eat ramen noodles. So you’re not going to help. You’re not going to stand up. If so, I pity you.

When they came for the Jews, most people said nothing, occasionally come up with intelligent things to say.

Peter: And that’s how it all started?

Socrates: That’s it. The method caught on, and things seemed to fall into place. I wasn’t about to complain, because it meant I no longer had to prepare lecture materials. Now, I simply open the book, ask the students to recite the facts on that specific page, and then I ask them what they think about those facts.

Peter: Do you have time for one more question?

Socrates: Actually, I must be off. I have a meeting with some associates to try the new drink down at the Hemlock. I’ve heard it’s to die for. But perhaps next time.

AW HELL NO!

By Contributor Paul Gibson, 2L

People of William & Mary: the time has come to take action. The worst kind of injustice is taking place right here, right now, in this very law school. We all know someone who has been mildly inconvenienced by it. And I’m mad. I’m not going to take it anymore. This is just like when our SOCIALIST Congress and the terrorist-in-chief Barack “HUSSEIN” Obama bailed out those bloodsucking vampire bankers with our tax dollars. You know what I’m talking about. I’m talking about Java City.

Java City now charges $0.25 for hot water. Hot water used to be free. Just last month you could walk up and get yourself some hot water without even getting in line. Just get some! Get some hot water for your American instant coffee or your American ramen noodles! What’s more American than free hot water? It doesn’t cost Java City anything. They’ve got plenty of water. They’ve got heat. End of recipe. Now they want to charge us? They want us to carry change? This is just like drug companies selling patented AIDS medicines at prices so high that nobody in Africa can afford them. In fact, it almost feels like it’s worse.

It’s time to do something about it. It’s time for some civil disobedience. When Java City is closed, I used to go behind the counter and get my own hot water. If I do that now, I’m a criminal! You could get sexually abused in prison for drinking instant coffee! Did you know that?

Paul Gibson (2L) thirsting for water but lacking a quarter because they were not Jewish. But when they came back for them, there was nobody left to stop them. Which ‘them’ are YOU?

We said ‘never again.’ We meant it. Yet it’s happening. This is Darfur all over again. Save our hot water. Save our freedom.