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## Not Wythe Standing: The News (Vol. 3, Issue 2)

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# NOT **Wythe** STANDING

THE NEWS

## A Day in the Life of a Law Student

By *Special Contributor* Scott Lawrence (2L)

A movie called *One Day* just came out. I figure, if Hollywood is risking millions of dollars on a movie about a single day (I haven't actually seen this movie...), then I can risk an hour of my nearly as valuable time writing about a typical day in law school.

Besides, my relatives always ask what I do here, now I can just refer them to this article and save ten minutes of time I could be using for more important things, like crushing my roommate on Xbox.

Day 1

I wake up.

It is Monday and I don't have class until 11:30, but I haven't read the assignment because I spent all weekend catching up on the stuff I didn't read last week. I've also recently noticed a lethargy creeping over me, sucking away my will to read or do work, convincing me to close my eyes for a five minute nap...maybe ten.

Three hours later I wake up and skim the reading. There's no time to take notes – there hasn't been time since that first week, 1L year. I should shower. Not just because people appreciate good hygiene, but because I sleep in an apartment set to a temperature of 85 degrees so we can save \$10 on our electrical bill. (Sometimes, on really hot days, if my roommate has had a bought of heatstroke brought on from sitting too long with his door closed, he lets me turn it down to 80). I jump in the shower and jump out five minutes later (that same roommate recently left me a passive aggressive post-it note about the money we spend on water). It's 11:20 and I have an eight minute commute.

I run out the door with wet hair and a shirt that I may have worn yesterday. My neighbor sees me as she plays in the yard with her toddler son. She says something to her friend in Spanish. Thanks to an A in high school Espanola, I know she either said, "That's one of those boys who live on the second floor. I think they're unemployed." or "That's a red balloon from Mars. I think it's toxic."

I pass my roommate's girlfriend on her way up. She asks me if I've started my cite check. I stare at her blankly for several seconds before she shakes her head and walks away. As I drive to school I berate myself – out loud since I'm alone – for forgetting the cite check. I tell myself it's my fault for overachieving and I never wanted to be on a journal in the first place, to which I reply that it is not my fault, everyone joins a journal, and if I didn't get fifty emails every hour, I'd have noticed the reminder, to which I retort that we are at school and if I continue to talk to myself someone will have me committed and I'll have to put that on my bar application.

I sit through Business Associations. Halfway through,



**Law books: I don't think anyone actually reads these...**

I begin to ponder why I always misspell procedure and how the girl in front of me could get 20 Scrabble points if she used her letters to spell NAUSEA. The professor asks a question. No one volunteers. The silence is oppressive. The professor has turned to the seating chart; everyone sinks lower in his or her chair or pretends extreme confusion.

"Mr. Lawrence? Want to help us out?"

No, not really, Professor. Out loud I stumble through some vaguely related legal jargon.

Wrong answer. I pretend to be confused but confusion isn't a good excuse when the question was "What did the court hold?"

The professor gives me a look; I am shamed into shuffling through my book for a better answer, but he moves on to the girl in front with her hand up. I don't know why people don't like gunners - saves the rest of us from some very awkward and shameful responses.

I stretch subtly and roll my neck so I can see the clock on wall behind me. I think it's broken. It has only moved five minutes since the last time I looked.

I skip ahead to the next case so I can redeem myself. I answer a question correctly. Class ends.

In the hall there's a slight crowd by the hanging files. My roommate - let's call him "Fred" (because that would piss him off) - hails me near the lobby. "What's for lunch?" Fred asks.

"Pizza in 120 for ILS, or subway in 134 for...some other club, Business Law Society, maybe," I reply.

"Are we in either of those clubs?"

"No, but they're interest meetings. I'm interested."

We flip a coin: pizza or subway. Pizza wins. The ILS board talks for a while about their future plans. I eat pizza, Fred looks up football scores.

I check my hanging file on the way to my next class.

Another legal skills assignment: just a quick 10-12 page memorandum and a motion and another memo.

My stress level rises as I realize I have a memo and a cite check due at roughly the same time. Not to mention a journal note for which I haven't even begun to research. Right after class I book it to the library. There's a 1L sitting at my carrel.

I hover over him. I can't really make him leave: technically, he can sit there if he wants to. I noisily and apologetically reach over him to get my books from the shelf on my carrel. He just leans out of the way. I shuffle the books and my bag for a few more minutes. He doesn't look up. I give him a dirty look and steal my roommate's carrel.

I get home sometime after six. I smell food: Fred's girlfriend just cooked him real food from scratch. The intoxicating smell makes me ambitious. I decide to make a real meal tonight - no microwavable meal cop outs. I boil some water, wait a few minutes and drop two hotdogs in. Pride bubbles through me like the boiling water in the pot.

After dinner I sit at my desk and take look at my assigned reading. I consider a life of crime. Two hours, twenty pages, and three games of solitaire later, Fred walks into my room.

"Hey!" Fred says. "You know that firm I interviewed at? I got a job!"

Again, I consider a life of crime.

"Congrats, man," I say.

"Have you applied anywhere yet?"

"Nah, I haven't...you know...found anywhere I want to." Not true. I am just overcome with nervous spasms everytime I try to write a cover letter.

I finish my reading and jump into my cite check. There's a source cited as: "See e.g. Senator's speech at DC hearing, 2001."

I remind myself of the reasons why I can't quit law school: 1) I'm a psychology major; 2) \$50,000 in loans, 3) I want to help people (though, lawyer doesn't usually make the list of philanthropic careers), I'm not quitting now. Feeling better, I return to my cite check. Only 84 more footnotes to go.

## Take a Break and Listen

By *Special Contributor* Habeus Rockus

Despite jobs, journal and general jest, I've found time to listen to September's offerings of new music. Here are two of my favorites as well as an oldie recommended by our traveling correspondents.

Girls: *Father, Son, Holy Ghost*

Like drunken boys and girls getting into antics at bars, Girls' first record, *Album*, was off-putting but charming enough to remember its name. Girls' follow-up *EP, Broken Dreams Club*, was the witty conversation in the hallway the next day, full of batting eyes and innuendo, that convinced me that there might be something there. Girls' latest album, *Father, Son, Holy Ghost*, is the date we finally go on, replete with half-off burgers at New Leaf, 10 pounds of fro-yo at Sweet Frog and a trip back to Oxford New Town ("Will it happen, I don't know, OMG, could this really be?")

*Father, Son, Holy Ghost* will bring mainstream

popularity for Girls, and for good reason. The album touches on all of our favorite sounds: The Beach Boys, Sonic Youth, Pink Floyd and Frank Zappa. Fortunately, the songs are not cheap throwbacks. Girls maintain their own distinctive voice throughout the album, and it rocks with beautiful variety. The album flows from tom tom-driven verses reminiscent of "Wipe Out" to lead guitars belting out solos that are part punk, part classic rock and wholly Girls. Then the album turns to slower melodic ballads that make for easy listening but provide sufficient ingenuity for critical ears.

So, give Girls a chance and make sure you call tomorrow morning. You know she's waiting by the phone.

Wilco: *The Whole Love*

Wilco has undergone plenty of changes since their inception fifteen years ago. Vocalist Jeff Tweedy and bassist John Stirratt are the only remaining members of the original band. Wilco's first album, *A.M.*, is straight up country. The band's fourth recording, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, sold over half a million copies and inspired a generation of alternative rock. Wilco's most recent album, *The Whole Love*, is continued experimentation at its best.

The first song on the album, "Art of Almost," begins with an up-tempo drum beat and the sound of wind

### NOT WYTHE STANDING

THE NEWS

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

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**George Wythe House**

whaling on a microphone. Synths rise, then fall, and out of the silence, Tweedy sings. Slowly drums, guitar and keys join his voice and build towards an awesome two minute guitar solo. The Whole Love is not wholly separate and distinct from Wilco's prior work. If you want more of the Bob Dylan-inspired folk rock, you'll find plenty. But if you're looking for a band that has emboldened its music with sophisticated rhythm and sound, pick up this new release and enjoy.

Arcade Fire: *Funeral*

*Not Wythe Standings'* traveling correspondents attended Austin City Limits this September to report on the best bands playing the scene today. If you're wondering, I'm totally okay with not having gone. I mean, I love law school. I had so much more fun in the library building a fort out of Virginia's Annotated Code and wondering, if Fred Led had a dog, would he name it "The Most Technologically Advanced Court Room in the World?"

That being said, I want to thank our correspondents for their excellent work. I got a call from them at 11:30 PM on a Sunday night, and, through the screams and static, I heard Arcade Fire playing "Rebellion." Arcade Fire is more recently known for their Grammy-winning album *The Suburbs*, but before *The Suburbs*, there was *Funeral*, and before *Funeral*...music did not exist. *Funeral*, released in 2004, is one of my favorite albums of the decade. The band itself is crazy. If you've never seen them perform live, check out their PBS ACL show. If you don't feel like watching the whole thing, just watch the consecutive performances of "Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)" and "Rebellion" (both of which are from *Funeral*). If you don't tap your fingers or nod your head at least once, well, my name isn't Habeus Rockus.

**Surprisingly, No Canary on the Menu...**

**By Staff Writers Diana Cooper (2L) and Matt Turtoro (2L)**

It isn't often that Matt and I bash a culinary establishment. Our love of food surpasses even our love of puppies, sunshine, and the masterful television oeuvre of the incomparable Ms. Tina Fey. Even when we are presented with bad food, we try to find the best in it – something – a sauce, garnish etc. – that brings light to an otherwise depressing plate. This is, regrettably, the most negative restaurant review we've had occasion to write. But we are miffed for good cause.... If there is one thing we hate more than mediocre food, it's expensive mediocre food. Unfortunately, The Fat Canary is #1 on our "Overrated Places to Eat in Williamsburg List." Here's why:

The Anticipation:

Diana: I'm not going to lie...I was ridiculously excited about the Fat Canary. I'd heard a lot of good things, including the fact that it is simply the best restaurant in Williamsburg. Matt and I have to pay for these reviews out of pocket, so we're always excited about going to a restaurant that we know is a guaranteed A+. I spent the majority of the preceding week e-mailing Matt with "OMG – seven more days till nom nom nom!" as well as other equally annoying messages. The only thing that stopped him from murdering me was his own excitement about going to the restaurant.

Matt: Diana flatters me. If I ever did make an attempt on her life, she could definitely whip my little Italian butt better than Jacques Pepin whips a Chantilly Cream. But I was similarly extremely excited for a fantastic meal. My government loan check had just come in, and after approximately three interminable, scrimping weeks of having to suffice with domestic cheeses and – gasp – boxed wine, I was looking forward to two things: a truly decadent meal at the Fat Canary and Brooks Brothers' Labor Day Sale.

Ordering Drinks:

Diana: Entering the Fat Canary, I was immediately impressed with the clean and refined décor. The main dining space blended subtle tones and comfortable fabrics with clean lines, rough, natural surfaces, and occasional glints of stainless steel for an exceedingly impressive display. Yes, I died a little writing that. We got a seat and Matt, of course, ordered a martini. As usual, I followed with my foolish habit of ordering the same drink that Matt chooses. The drinks came and I took a nice gulp. This was followed by immediate intoxication, and a quick call to the waiter asking him to please take the offending cocktail away. Needless to say, I learned that I need to stick to drinks not featured on Mad Men. The waiter came and replaced my drink with a nice glass of Riesling – I was only slightly annoyed when he essentially chucked it at the table while he passed to take the orders of other customers. In the meantime, Matt and I had some bread, and waited for the server to take our order. Our excitement was at its peak, and we were ready to get our eat on.

Matt: For the record, I did counsel Diana to forego the martini. I knew we were in for trouble when she asked me what was in a dry gin martini (Henricks gin, a tiny hit of vermouth, and in this case, a rather anemic shard of lime rind). The drinks came promptly, and were adequate. Honestly, the high point of my night was watching Diana turn bright red following one half-sip, half-choke. The restaurant's interior really is beautiful. Beige is the primary color, and, sadly, the staff seemed determined to ensure the food matched the oh-so-drab walls.

#### The Appetizers:

Diana: Matt and I ordered the Crispy Rappahannock Soft-shell Crab with Roasted Green Chile Butter Sauce; the Seared Foie Gras with Hazelnut Toast, Blackberries, and Watercress; and the Fricassee of Rabbit, Wild Mushrooms, and Leeks, topped with Sage Buttermilk Biscuit. The crab was okay. It was nice and crispy, but there wasn't enough of the green chile butter sauce to satisfy my dipping needs. That was fine because the seared foie gras came next, and it was amazing. It was savory and juicy; the bread it was on was nicely toasted and flavored to compliment the foie. There was a blackberry sauce that pushed the dish from delicious to absolutely amazing. Again, there wasn't enough sauce to be satisfying, but there was enough to enjoy almost the whole appetizer. This was, by far, my favorite dish of the night! The final appetizer was the rabbit dish. It was a decent rabbit stew, and the buttermilk biscuit was a nice savory addition to the broth. This dish seemed to be missing an element – perhaps a dash of acid (lemon juice, etc...) or maybe some heat? At this point, I was feeling pretty ambivalent about the Fat Canary. The crab was ok, the foie gras was awesome, and the rabbit was a disappointment. And when one is paying through the nose for food, 1 outta 3 ain't exactly good.

Matt: Wait, the crab came with sauce? By the time I got to my

half, the plate was polished to a shine and surmounted by a rather mangled looking crab (low tide in Baltimore would be an apt way of describing the dish). I do agree with Diana on the foie gras though. The foie was prepared beautifully, and its inherent fattiness was nicely cut by the tartness and sweetness of the blackberry demi-glaze. For the life of me, however, I cannot tell you what specifically made the hunk of toasted bread under the foie "hazelnut." And the rabbit stew was simply and whole-heartedly forgettable. In fact, I'm surprised Diana even remembered we had it...I sure didn't. All three plates were dominated by the color beige, and had an amazing lack of even a modicum of spice or freshness.

#### The Main Courses:

Diana: I ended up ordering the Crispy Quail with Goat Cheese Tamales, Corn, Shitake Mushrooms, Roasted Chilis, and Scallions. My image of this dish included crispy, slightly charred quail halves atop a small bed of tamales...hopefully a myriad of colors and flavors. What I received reminded me of pig feed. The plate was covered in rubbery pieces of an unidentified small bird (wait, was this the canary mentioned in the restaurant's name?!?), unceremoniously slapped on top of a pound of corn, unidentified soggy vegetables, and tasteless tamales buried like the dead things from Stephen King's pet cemetery. I'm not going to lie – I was close to walking out at that point. That dish alone was so unappetizing that I lost my appetite. FYI – I never lose my appetite. Never. I decided to push through and try the dish. This dish made me feel the same way I feel around finals: depressed, anxious, slightly-gassy, and wanting to just go home. At this point, I was highly disappointed...even irate. I couldn't even get through 1/3 of my dish, and spent the majority of my time trying not to look at my plate. Thankfully, Matt gave me a piece of his pork chop with Gruyere bread pudding. The bread pudding was pretty delicious, and the pork chop was decent. Overall at this point,

I was over the Fat Canary and its sloppy dishes.

Matt: I definitely lucked out with the entrée selection. I ordered a "Heritage Breed Pork Chop," largely because I love a pig that comes from a good family...no nouveau riche hogs, who are invariably and horrendously jejune, for this pompous and porcine-praising palette! The pork chop was billed as "topped with Swiss chard, apples, and bacon," and was to be placed atop a bread pudding of Gruyere and walnuts. Sadly, there wasn't a hint of Swiss chard or bacon to be found anywhere on the plate, and the walnuts were completely missing from the bread pudding – there were now four separate, named ingredients missing from merely two plates. With no entrée costing less than \$29, one would think that the staff would at least deign to present diners with all the components listed. There was only one solution to salvage the night at this point...“Oh waiter, can you bring me a glass of wine to chase down the dregs of that martini, and why are you trying to refill my water glass!” Once again, everything on my plate was beige. I was beginning to wonder if the menu selections were designed to allow troops in camo scattered across war-scarred arid regions of the Sahara to eat without fear of alerting the enemy with visual or sensory clues.

#### Dessert:

Diana: At this point, Matt and I were doing anything we could to salvage this meal, so we ordered dessert. Matt got some sort of Amish pie dish, and I went for good old Pecan Pie. While we waited, Matt and I reflected on the dishes of the night. We noticed that all the dishes had a general lack of sauces, aesthetics, and caring in general. The dessert came out, and I for once was not underwhelmed... mostly because I expected to be disappointed. The pecan pie could have been purchased down the road at Bloom. I tried Matt's dessert and immediately asked for the check. I couldn't take it – it was time to leave.

Matt: I honestly don't even know what my dessert was supposed to be. It appeared to be something beige (of course) and vaguely cake-like, and was at one point almost assuredly surmounted by ice cream (at least I hope the pool of cream-like liquid slopping around the plate was the remnants of ice cream). Only one solution presented itself – "Waiter, I need a good, vintage port!"

The Aftermath:

Diana: The check was about \$100 for each of us. Yes. We spent over \$200 to bring this hot mess of a meal to you. And guess what? The martini that the waiter made me believe was taken off the bill was still there. I was so upset that I didn't even want to talk about it. Needless to say, this was the first time I wanted to run out on a bill, the first time I wanted to seriously contest a bill, and the first time I was truly disappointed in a restaurant experience. Matt and I paid with a look of disdain, and left vowing never to return. Around midnight, I called Matt – my stomach had been hurting ever since we left the restaurant, and I wanted to see if he got sick from the meal. Matt was on his third martini, trying to drown out the memory of the night and the sub-par food.

Matt: I put on a blazer for this food? If I hadn't given up running for Lent, I would have skipped out on that check. Oh wait, Diana is informing me that Lent was over a few months ago...well then make it Labor Day. Same kinda general concept right?

The bottom line:

The Fat Canary disappoints. Our meal was so underwhelming that we plan on sending this review (with names redacted) to the owner so he can feel just a little of the assorted gastro-intestinal pains that we endured at his restaurant. A more satisfactory meal, served for a far better price can be found at nearly any nationwide chain named after a day of the week wherein waitresses wear "flair," the sound of karaoke serenades diners every weekend night, and Wednesdays

are known for 32 oz. margarita specials.

## A BAMF Birthday

By *Special Contributor* Andrea Faatz (2L) with supervision from Barb Marmet (2L)

If you've ever felt like the "Burg" is simply too small for the partying version of yourself, then this edition's BAMF is for you. Andrea figured out that Williamsburg was too small for her...partyng self... shortly after doing the worm (which, for those of you who are dance-challenged, is a break dance move) down the aisle past the food ordering station at Paul's. While this inspired certain benefits, such as not being carded for the following six months when going to Paul's, that didn't outweigh the mortification of being called the Worm Girl. So when it came time for Barb's birthday, fully intending on partyng hard, we decided to take the party out of the Burg and into Hampton Roads to the trifecta of bars right off of Rt-64: the Piano Bar, the Saddle Ridge, and some Nascar bar.

Just as a side note, you'd be amazed by the diverse crowd that

parking lot gathers. Witnessing that alone is worth the trip.

The party started rather early at the Piano Bar because one of Andrea's friends won a free party with a buffet and free admission. Obviously, there was some pre-gaming at the BAMF headquarters prior to arrival. In the future, however, never count on free buffets... this one was EXTREMELY limited. However, free admission is always nice.

With about 15 of our friends we began the evening by requesting songs from the pianists and turning the bar into a swing dance club. The happy hour drink specials were phenomenal: specifically the \$2 well drinks. Somehow, Barb found herself with a bucket drink as well, which we decided was both wicked cool and ridiculously smart because carrying a bucket around is always a great idea after finishing a drink that size. (Thank you to one of your fellow 2Ls for that great insight). Before long Andrea had requested a special birthday tune for Barb: both the lyrics and the title didn't make it past the editor's scan for vulgar content. Barb had to sit on the piano and be serenaded by the dedication. Pictures below.

After the piano bar, it was time



Barb Marmet (2L) on a Piano

to try our luck bull riding at the Saddle Ridge. This was epic. We've compiled some of the lessons that we learned during the course of our stay and have provided them for you below.

Lessons from the Saddle Ridge:

1) Don't mouth off to the bouncer when trying to get in. Specifically; don't call him a "failure of a Channing Tatum wannabe." Bouncers tend not to like that and then you have a lot of work to butter them back up into letting you in. Calm the inner Irish rage.

2) If you cut line accidentally (for a mechanical bull ride, for example) and all of a sudden someone starts to give you crap about it and you fear a mutiny on your hands, remember one way to shut someone up quickly is to make-out with them. It is hard to talk when your mouth is otherwise engaged. We recommend ignoring them afterwards when they are asking for your number. Do you really want that to be the story you have to tell everyone when you introduce your new boyfriend? The grandkids? Probably not.

3) ALWAYS wear pants on a mechanical bull.

4) Regardless of how hard your roommate wants you to dance the Cupid Shuffle, if you have fallen on at least 10 or more people, it is time to evacuate the dance floor.

5) If you are going to drunk text, make sure to drunk text your roommate. Funny times the next morning and less embarrassment. Some examples of the gems created on Barb's birthday celebration are included for your enjoyment below.

"Shud I go to bull ridig?"

"Yeah! We're here upstairs." "What are you doing? Come to Saddle Ridge."

"Where r u I am at saddle ridge."

"Heading toward the bathroom."

"Haha more to last to Ur entourage ok men."

"What?"

"Urentourage of me. He likes u too."

"He says to let him know if u need a ride, he song leave smone behind."

6) All nights worth having must end at Wawa. A hungry bear = a grumpy bear. While the grumpy bear may insist upon not having food after complaining about being hungry, you'd be amazed at how fast that species can sprint to the front of the Wawa ordering line.

Although we never made it to the Nascar bar, BAMF's slightly redneck past strongly recommends it. Now that we've educated you on both some really baller places to party outside of the Burg and some ways to avoid embarrassment (or to enhance embarrassment as the case may be) while out there, we bid you farewell gentle readers... Have an eventful fall break and make some memories!

Love always,  
BAMF

\*This article scribed by Andrea Faatz. I'm Barb Marmet and I approve this message.

## Discussion on Public Safety: Violence Against Women

By *Special Contributors* Lyndsay Maier (2L) and Michele Hunter (2L)

On September 29th the State Senator Tommy Norment (R-Williamsburg), Virginia Secretary of Public Safety Marla Graff Decker, and Jane Sherman Chambers of the Commonwealth Attorneys' Services Council visited William & Mary to discuss violence against women. The event, a community discussion titled "How to Keep Women Safe" was sponsored by the William and Mary Women's Law Society and Avalon: A Center for Women and Children.\*

The discussion centered on the community's response to domestic violence and sexual assault. Sarah Meacham, executive director of Avalon and moderator, asked the speakers for their perspective on whether we were succeeding at holding perpetrators accountable in Virginia. All of the speakers applauded Virginia's recent expansion of the protective order law (HB 2063) that, as of July 2011, allows non-household members to petition for protective orders.

Senator Norment and Secretary Decker also emphasized that education is essential to stopping violence before it starts. "We can never make victims whole again," Secretary Decker said, highlighting the need to reach victims and perpetrators before it's too late.

"Education," Senator Norment said, "transcends everything." Training our first responders is a priority, according to Secretary Decker, because they're the first people victims come into contact with when a crisis has occurred. The victim's willingness to cooperate



Sean Renegan (2L) volunteering for VSC at Grove Christian Outreach

with prosecutors often hinges on their encounter with first responders.

The speakers thanked the advocates for all their hard work with victims and encouraged them to keep working towards a community-wide change in the way people think about and discuss domestic violence. Only an active community working together to combat this societal issue can begin to end its detrimental effects.

\*Avalon: A Center for Women and Children provides victims of domestic violence and sexual assault emergency shelter, transitional housing, self-sufficiency programs, individual and group counseling, support groups, and legal advocacy. Avalon also provides community education. You can get confidential help for yourself or someone you know who is experiencing domestic violence by calling 757.258.5051. More information available at [www.avaloncenter.org](http://www.avaloncenter.org).

## A Confederacy of Dunces

By *Staff Writers John Alford (2L) and Mary-Carson Saunders (2L)*

How many of you claim to be from the South? First off, set your bearings: North/South. White Castle/Krystals. Too busy/So slow. Lobsters/Crawdads. Pro/College. Unsweet/Sweet. Country Club/Swimming Hole. Carl's Jr./Hardees. College/Work. Blue/Red. Miserably Cold/Horribly Hot. Dry Martinis/Moonshine. OK. Now, let's figure out our boundaries. I grew up in Alabama, so deal with my bias. Texas is out; bye Kentucky (pick a side to fight for); not OK; Maryland is below the line, but hardly gets my vote; and I never heard tales of West Virginia growing up. North Carolina and Virginia were on my radar, so I'll give it to them. The true Dixie though goes to Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Florida (well... parts), South Carolina, and the heart of it all – Alabama.

Before we move on, I need to explain that not being from the South essentially lumps you into the “northerner” category. I got talked to, fussed at, and punched for calling people Western Yankees while out in Colorado. To be fair, I know there are huge cultural differences between, say, the deciduous forests of the Northwest and the bustling metropolis of the North proper. The point is not that you are from this area or that place; you just ain't from the South. Here. What is your first response to these questions: Want a Coke? Want to come and watch the game on Saturday? Oh, I like that you put avocados on the hamburger, its adventurous! Are you not feeling well today? --- Credited responses. Yeah, I'll take a Dr. Pepper. Nah, the Tigers have a bye week. I'll be sure to host the BBQ in the future. Why are you acting so damn weird...Whether you understood my answers just proves my point.

Well, now that we have that under our belts...who honestly gives a damn about North v. South issues? I was a bit confrontational towards non-southerners to make a point, and at least one person who read a draft

of this article called me an uneducated, fat racist. Fair enough. I grew up in Alabama, lived out in Colorado for years, summered in Boston, and spent some good time in Canada. People are people wherever I have gone. All of this is based on silly stereotypes...but let people have their fun once in a while. After all, when I say I grew up in Alabama and someone responds: “No way! You don't sound like a hick,” I hold my head high and grin, happy to know that when people have questions about the South, they will come find me. Prime example from last week: What is a grit?

Now I hand the pen over to my counterpart...wait... that reminds me. Northerners hang on to that whole two last names thing: Pax Thien Jolie-Pitt, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Joseph Gordon-Levitt. Southerners keep tight to the double first name: Charlie Ann, Katie Lynn, Camden Scott, and, best of all, Mary-Carson. Maybe her time in the North gave her a more polished idea of the North/South divide. Hell, I bet she even mentions the Civil War. Then again, her perspective might be right on, seeing how she is from Virginia. After all, she grew up with one foot in the North and one foot in Lee's grave.

Thanks for explaining my first name in its rightful southern context, John. Most northerners find it impossible to comprehend, which proved to be an annoying social hurdle during my first year of college in Maine. I was forced to repeat my name over and over again, both in class and on the beer pong table (beer pong to the southerners) – why was it so hard to get? Moving to the North was most frustrating when my professors publicly shamed me for responding “Yes, sir” and “No, ma'am” to questions in class. I didn't know people got in trouble for being polite; thank you W&M professors for understanding. The far, desolate north of Maine was not ready for this southern woman. When I told friends I was from Virginia, they looked confused, as if they never took a history class about either the Revolutionary or Civil Wars – “Virginia's not really the South.” They should have known better...such a Yankee mistake. Jamestown settlement, anyone? Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy...anyone?! Virginia may be farther north than the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Alabama, but we're the oldest. Florida, you have some bragging rights due to super early Spanish conquest, but I'm pretty sure the South doesn't always claim you.

While I spent most of my life in Virginia and just four years in Maine, overall ME might be exempt from my harsh biases. You know that when you walk into a diner, cafe, or even a nice restaurant, order a coffee, and the waitress calls you sweetie and honey, yet doesn't know you from Adam, that you're in a place reminiscent of the South. Side note: John...I must admit, your comment about “summering” in Boston is upsetting. No southerner should breathe easy after uttering such a northernism...THE YANKEES have clearly invaded your brain. Mainers, you're also exempt in this category. People in Maine, rich or not, call “summering”, going



to “camp” – that’s a northernism I can get behind. One more thing about my experience living in Red Sox territory: Red Sox Nation had one good thing going for them – their chant: Yankees Suck! It’s a low blow and incendiary when used in an inappropriate context, but man, I would laugh during games.

What’s a grit? The perfect substitute for rice, mashed potatoes, bread, or any other carb/starch consumed during daily meals (except maybe biscuits – let’s not kid ourselves). You usually make your grits with water? STOP THAT. Use whole milk, cream, or if you’re lactose intolerant: a) I’m sorry and b) use chicken broth. Add butter. Always add butter. You never had grits? Ask a southern friend to make you some and then say thank you – it’s polite.

## No, R.E.M., I won’t feel Fine

By Staff Writer Matthew Finley (1L)

There have been so many speculations on the world ending in 2012 that at this point, it must be true. You may not have heard the predictions for October 28, 2011 (Google “real Mayan calendar interpretation”. Hopefully, you’ll waste a good hour on Wikipedia if you’ve never done this). So, depending on when you read this paper, I would like to give you a chuckle reminiscing on the materialistic cynicism of Old Earth as you are handing this over the counter at the nearest ration dealer - seeing as newsprint and baby teeth are the new currency. That said, here’s a quick list of things that are a waste of money in the face of impending doom.

### 1.) Staying Technologically Savvy

While I’m attempting to stay away from the obvious, “I didn’t do everything I wanted to, like run with the bulls/find Morpheus/meet John Cusack/catch a deep-sea lobster with my bare hands,” I am going to go into the almost unimaginable black hole that is our technological fetish. I have an iphone, three computers, a sound system, a flat-screen, a wireless vacuum, a digital bookshelf, clap-on lights, six mp3 players (a different one for different activities), a notebook that writes what I tell it to, a chair that takes me where I tell it, and a shower that asks me how hot I want my water because I don’t have the upper body strength or the lower back fortitude to bend over and turn the knob. It’s all wireless and I have an app for each one on my phone so I can turn them on if I’m in another country. I’m offended that we weren’t able to get cars off the ground and that I’ll never be in a situation where I need to get back to the future. These should have been priorities #1 and #2. Mind bullets? Sorry, Jack Black that’s a no go. The singularity of consciousness? Nope, although I really thought we would get there. We were so bent on getting that new gadget or toy that made one insignificant part of our life easier and a little more significant, that we missed the mark. We didn’t spend enough time progressing the significant parts of our

lives. To be clear: those were time travel and flying cars. Due to our massive folly I would estimate the time wasted on staying technologically savvy to be worth somewhere in the ballpark of about a Gazillion dollars. 2.)The movie 2012

Not only was the title wrong/right, but John Cusack sucks. I should have been paid to watch this movie. Let me walk you through my thoughts as I paid for my ticket and entered the theater. “Hmm, 2012? John Cusack usually isn’t very good, but since the world’s going to end in about 3 years I’d like to see their take on it. Geez, it’s going to have to be pretty good to justify not watching *New Moon*, *Planet 51*, or *Bad lieutenant: Port of Call New Orleans*. Nicholas Cage is just so great. No, I don’t think I want anything to drink. I would hate to go to the restroom and miss something that might help me when the time comes! Oh wow! A seat in the middle! Everyone must be waiting till the last minute to get here. Previews are stupid. Explosions. Ok. Earthquakes. Pole reversals, yeah, read about it. Oh. So we need to be lucky?” I left and asked for my money back - which never works. This movie was not an artistic vision on the end of the world. It was a drama brought about by impossibly close escapes. The takeaway from this movie was: make friends with the best pilot on Earth, live in China, and the survival of pampered lap dogs do not keep me on the edge of my seat. So add six dollars and some change, for how long I was in the theater, to the list.

### 3.)Law School

Glad I made it. Glad I’m paying a mint. Glad I could make someone else’s life better right before I die. We are all humanitarians in this sense and can fall into the lava smiling at our good deed. However, my time is priceless so to attempt to calculate how much work exactly went to waste to get this far and be short one/two years is impossible, but for argument’s sake, valuing our time at minimum wage, you’ve wasted \$95,550 worth of time in pre-undergraduate education, not counting homework (because no one did that anyway). I’m not going to attempt to calculate college because people are different but suffice it to say, the very baseline would be \$31,360 (a 40 hour work week at minimum wage, 28 weeks a year). These numbers are totally ignoring the mysterious abyss that is the workforce. I’ve never been there, so it probably doesn’t exist. Also, I don’t want to hear about how I did the work to further my knowledge. Maybe I would accept that if the world were not ending. I can’t play *Jeopardy* every night if that spot is taken up by survivors broadcasting their position.

What is going to happen sometime in the next year is the equivalent of a Mayan knocking on your door, stealing your wallet and your Pendants of Life, then spearing you. So no matter how it goes down, think about this: 2012 gives us no insight into how to survive. In fact, you’ve done a lot of things on the presumption that the world won’t end and, conservatively speaking, those things amount to about \$1 Gazillion,126,916.78 of wasted time.