Drinks, Anyone?  
Law School Drinking  

By Staff Writer Adam Wolfe (1L)

A law student's relationship with alcohol lives with two extremes: the well-worn image of the lawyer as a hard worker who plays even harder, and the nightmare image of an alcoholic counselor conjured each year anew during orientation. But which more closely resembles actual William & Mary Law students?

Most agree that the stresses of classes and other commitments left little time for cocktails.

“I think that I go out less, because I’m too tired,” said first-year student Amber Clark. On top of her required courses, she is also involved in several extracurriculars. But she reports that she hasn’t completely left libations behind: rather, she says, her habits have shifted toward the occasional glass of red wine.

Clark’s classmates were in broad agreement that the frequency and intensity of alcohol use is much less in graduate school. Social groups go out less often, fewer all night benders were reported and students noted a trend in earlier outings aimed at preserving more time for sleep.

No student openly professed an increase in consumption, or that he or she found alcohol useful in coping with the demands of law-school life. But that may be in contention with facts about the legal profession. A 1998 study in the Journal of Law and Psychiatry found that 18 percent of practicing lawyers struggled with a drinking problem. That number was only 10 percent in the non-lawyer population. Studies suggest that the incidence of alcohol troubles is generally higher among seasoned professionals. After 20 years of practice, fully a quarter of lawyers had experienced alcohol abuse – making mid-career burnout look only slightly more attractive.

How could that number be so high? State Bar Associations across the country disseminate pamphlets on alcoholism in the legal profession to lawyers and law students alike. Many claim that lawyers are more likely to be “high-functioning” alcoholics, meaning that they are able to mask drinking excesses behind satisfactory work and respected careers.

“I think when you have to start worrying is when you drink to relax,” said a second-year law student who declined to be named, but who said he had witnessed binge-drinking first hand at a fraternity in undergrad. “I can think of people I know will be alcoholics.”

For William & Mary 2Ls, talk of alcohol always circles back to 2011’s “Fall from Grace,” which is varying referred to by words swinging in a continuum from “incident” to “fiasco,” depending on whether or not one was there. Stories of drinking to excess on that night are legend.

“People were dancing with full glasses and spilling drinks on the dance floor,” said another 2L who also asked not to be named. “It’s was an absolute sea of liquor and broken glass… I think it’s because once you buy the drinking ticket, the alcohol is
Earlier this week, I sat in the law school lobby, brainstorming ideas for this, my penultimate food review. I've eaten at virtually every place in this Revolutionary-era hovel, and had gastronomic experiences that both elevated my palate to ethereal heights, and cast it down to a crepuscular realm of pseudo-food (looking at you, Olive Garden). What place could I possibly review that would either transcend the rest, or force me to sink further than ever before into a culinary netherworld? Suggestions were elicited from friends (really, Paige, review the McFish Bite?), before a consensus was finally reached: I was to dine at something called “Golden Corral.”

I've never had the pleasure of dining at this much-maligned establishment, and went in expecting the worst. Yet even my dismal expectations were too lofty for the pre-pubescent din that greeted me upon parking. Lines of junior-high-schoolers, fresh from a surely exhilarating day in Colonial Williamsburg, wrapped round the shabby structure as an anaconda encircles its prey. They suffused the air with an effluvium of Axe body spray and angst. The sight of lines of their uniformed bodies, clothed in mismatched polyester polos, wrinkled khaki shorts, conspicuously high black Nike socks, and all manner of “Fighting Bobcats” merchandise normally would cause me to beat a hasty retreat to some more civilized and aged ground, but not this time. I had a duty to see for myself what terrors lay within.

After winding my way through a cordoned waiting area, I approached a cashier/hostess. The menu options were plentiful—“breakfast,” “lunch,” or “dinner buffet.” It being 6:30 pm, and me being a stickler for tradition, I went with “dinner buffet.” I was handed a half-filled glass of diet soda, vintage 2009 judging by the carbonation, and directed to seat myself. Navigating my way to an unoccupied Formica table past the buffets and endless stacks of Fiesta-ware plates (still warm and moist from an industrial dishwasher) was difficult enough, and not made any easier by the bilious and bloated masses of pageant moms, survivalists, and Depression-era pensioners who seem to make up the majority of the clientele. These engorged and surly souls joined together, unknowingly, in a macabre and torpid dance of the damned, an epic saturnalia of gluttony. They circled heaps of what, only most liberally, could be described as food, piling their garishly colored plates with malodorous heaps of mystery meats, and ladling glops of potato or chunks of macaroni-and-cheese into woefully-undersized bowls.

I cautiously picked up a plate, and joined the fatted calves of the American underclass in staggering from station to station. Quesadillas, “Asian Pork,” “Golden shrimp,” tempura on-
Drinks, Anyone?

I went the first four months of law school without a single drink.

Another student, who asked not to be named, said he kept away from alcohol because of a family history of alcoholism. Data suggests that there is a hereditary component to the disease and the children of alcoholics are significantly more likely to develop alcohol problems.

Blake Christopher is one law student who will save money on non-alcoholic tickets to law school events. He cited both religious and monetary reasons for not drinking.

“My religion says don’t be a stumbling block to other people,” Christopher said.

Christopher said the pressure to drink was strongest in high school, but much less at William & Mary. He estimates he has saved roughly $4,800 in his lifetime by staying sober. Christopher admits that it’s not much, but he plans to put that toward the cost of education.

“But I’m a sucker for Brooks Brothers. That’s my weakness.”

---

Not Golden

ion rings, turnip greens...all found their way onto my rapidly-crowding plate. Every selection was more nauseating than the last, and merely consuming a bite or two of each left me uncomfortable and greasy. I attempted to try the prime rib, this being the monthly special, but found my supposedly medium-rare cut to be drier than the New Yorker's cartoons, and about as flavorful as the Elmer's glue I once, inadvertently, consumed in Kindergarten. Indeed, the meat was not the only thing reminding me of grade-school cafeteria experiences long since relegated to the dark recesses of my law-addled mind. The hideous dinnerware, barely-defrosted vegetables (still frozen, in one unfortunate case, involving lima beans at the “farm fresh” salad station), and sounds of slop transferred from buffet tray to plate were sickeningly reminiscent of the nadir of grammar school dining.

Dessert was no better. A bread pudding composed of hardened icing over a soggy, saccharin base, cookies oddly shaped and colored like pumpkins (and tasting about as fresh as the carbonized rolls found still on plates in the ruins of Pompeii), and a banana concoction more Cool Whip than anything else closed my meal. I finished, still hungry, but too queasy to take a further bite. As I sped for the door, desperate for a shower and a stiff drink, I could only wonder if patrons actually frequented this place of their own free will, or were instead magnetically drawn to it by their own morose curiosity and morbid obesity.
Nuptial Woes

By Staff Writer Frantz Farreau (2L)

March is women's month, and, in what might be called a victory for New York women, a New York court ruled that Elizabeth Petrakis need not be bound by a prenuptial agreement she signed only four days before her wedding to smoke shop mogul Peter Petrakis. The millionaire businessman married his wife in 1998, and they subsequently separated.

Elizabeth claimed that she was coerced into signing the prenup, and for some reason, the New York court agreed. The decision specifically states that Peter was not credible, while the Elizabeth was. The facts of the case are not completely clear. The consensus is that Elizabeth signed the agreement four days before marriage, and Peter threatened to call off the wedding if she did not sign. Peter also stated that he would tear up the agreement once they had their first child children. He also promised to put the house in both their names. The house was never put in both their names, and Peter never tore up the agreement.

The agreement stated that Elizabeth would get $25,000 per year she was married to her husband and each party would leave the marriage with what they brought into it. In other words, Peter would keep his millions (which he presumably had before they got married) and Elizabeth would keep whatever she had. Though not a wealthy woman, the fact that she could afford to spend close to half a million dollars on legal fees related to the enforceability of the prenuptial agreement suggests that she had some resources.

The New York decision is probably one of the worst decisions to come out of a court in a long time. It completely eviscerates the power of parties to enter into contracts. For one, even if Peter was less than candid with his future wife about his intentions, his future wife still had the option of not signing the agreement.

After all, he did not spring the idea of a prenup on her four days before the wedding, it was clearly an idea that had been around before then (that is, more than four days before the wedding). If Elizabeth did not want to sign, or was uncomfortable, she should not have signed, wedding be damned. Alternatively, she could have asked for the agreement to include whatever she is now claiming Peter had promised. Otherwise, a court should not be determining the enforceability of a contract that two parties willingly enter.

Willingly does not necessarily mean "without incentive." Of course Elizabeth had some incentive to sign the prenuptial agreement. However, people frequently enter contracts with some sort of strong incentive. In fact, nobody would enter into a contract simply because a party had a strong incentive to enter into the contract. A woman who is sophisticated enough to marry a New York mogul should be sophisticated enough know the implications of entering into a contract. Besides, Elizabeth really did not lose anything. She chose to get married and to enjoy the particular lifestyle attached. Marriage does not entitle somebody to a particular lifestyle from that point forward.

Furthermore, this ruling is very bad policy. With divorce rates as they are, it makes a lot of sense to make prenuptial agreements as enforceable as possible. In this situation, Peter had made his money well before he married his wife. There is absolutely no conceivable reason why his wife should be entitled to half of his assets simply because they decided to get married. Marriage is not a meal ticket. Parties should be able to protect their assets from gold diggers who want to use marriage as a way to move up in the world.

Elizabeth’s motives certainly seem suspect. She married a wealthy man of considerably greater means than herself, signed a prenuptial agreement, and is now fighting tooth and nail to have a court find the agreement null and void. Elizabeth is also the one who decided to file for divorce. She claims that the prenup was creating a rift in their marriage. How’s that for irony? A prenuptial agreement should not be a cause for concern unless divorce is on the horizon.

Not Wythe Standing
The Curious Case of the Marshall-Wythe Game Room

By Managing Editor Matthew Finley (2L)

At some point during the conception and subsequent planning of the new Marshall-Wythe Law School building, George Wythe XV suggested what his contemporaries argued was impossible.¹ You see George Wythe XV was concerned with the students, particularly student boredom. As he looked around the room from William Spong to James Whyte, faces that were fixed on the blueprints covering the center of the conference room table, Wythe said simply, “There’s no game room.”²

Ignoring his far-off stare, the committee decided to wait five minutes to let him continue. “It’s obvious isn’t it? Look at the way technology is progressing. What took us days to do, now takes us hours, or even less. It’s clear to me that the students of the future are going to need something to do so they don’t get restless. So we create a game room.”³

“But Wythe! That’s insane and the church will have none of it!” shouted the room, forgetting that it was 1980.³ “Just what kind of ‘games’ do you propose?”

George scoffed at this question, “We will have Table Tennis and Pool.” The room murmured in agreement. “The Hustler” was making a resurgence in popular culture, as were pool halls, and of course the rousing championship game of the 1980 World Table Tennis match between Guo Yuehua and Li Zhenshi was fresh on their minds.⁴

“But Wythe! Even if this crazy idea was something we would all support, well, it’s just madness. Madness, we say.” Wythe, however, was resolute in his hypothesis.⁵

“In fact, we’re certainly going to need more seating because of how many people are going to want things to do. They’ll be lining up just to watch the best practice their craft.” Wythe was straining to solve this problem. Chairs? No, too archaic. Beanbag chairs? No, too counterculture. Stools? No, too short. But stools, there’s an idea. While this new breed of law students will surely have less to do and be more relaxed, they will assuredly be restless, ready to jump to the next leisure activity, so arms will not be

¹ The meeting was entering its 3rd year, rife with debate and disagreement, the new Marshall-Wythe building is a lesson in compromise, as anyone can tell from the decision to have a temperature control differential set at 65 degrees, so the temperature in the library vs. the rest of the school seesaws to balance at this point. See Matt Finley, *Impractical Heating and Air Systems*, 4 DUMB DECISIONS 5, 67 (2008).
³ And that churches are generally not anti-games.
⁴ See The Facts.
⁵ The hypothesis being that faster work means less work. Many a critique of this hypothesis have argued that it is unlikely realistic, since the majority of people are working for someone else and have no control over their workload. Critics of Wythe’s hypothesis specifically argue that law students are the least likely to be an exception.
**Weekly Weather Report**

**By Special Weather Contributors Holly Crapitscold and I.C. Breeze**

In an effort to make everyone, including your dedicated weather team, extremely ill, the weather has displayed a schizophrenia reminiscent of Russell Crowe in that one movie.¹

**Monday:** Acid Rain Nevermind. Scattered showers - it’s just green and stings because it’s 30% liquor, a small remnant from St. Patrick’s Day. High of 32° / Low of -4°.

**Tuesday:** Rain, High of 23° / Low of “My shoes are really wet - can I skip class?”

**Wednesday:** More Rain - Went to class anyway, now my throat hurts, High of 45° / Low of 45°.

**Thursday:** Is that the Sun? High of 75° / Low of 65°

**Friday:** I’m sick, leave me alone.

¹ *Les Miserables*

---

**Not Wythe Standing**

**Game Room**

GAME ROOM, Continued from Page 5

necessary. “I’ve got it!” George stood for this, “barstools.”⁶ The answer was right in front of him. That way they could see the action from an elevated perspective.⁷

“Oh George, you’ve gone too far now.” The room was in a defiant fervor. A couple made physical movements toward Wythe, but stopped themselves, as fighting someone over a suggestion was not conducive to dialogue. “Where are we even going to put this stuff? We’ve already decided where everything is going to be,

⁶ An ironic gesture considering that sitting on a freestanding barstool, i.e. not at a bar, is similar to standing, else you are balancing atop a very tall, skinny tower.

⁷ A principal academic problem in the ‘80’s was how one was to watch action on a tabletop. David Bowie, *History of Problems People Had to Deal With in the ’80’s* (1981).

⁸ An earlier draft of the new building (and the current one for this discussion) proposed that the fixtures of

the building be concrete extensions of the floor and walls, thus limiting their ability to change the layout. At all. This draft was scrapped and replaced with the decision to make all the fixtures out of waterbeds.

⁹ At this point, most of the individuals in the room had moved on to more important discussions on the type of coffee that would be served and their best chances of lighting all the rooms by lava lamp.

¹⁰ It is unclear whether Wythe envisioned these posters being replaced by subsequent pop culture, but he also likely did not anticipate that subsequent pop culture would be a rehashing of previous pop culture.

¹¹ Update as of 2020: Law Review commandeered the room to place more books for cite checking. This was done after taking all the other shelves in the cite checking room upon realizing that none of the other journals use them.
Do you like casual, yet colorful, cursing? F%&k yeah you do!² Are you on the fence about it? What, are you bloody daft you little wan%ker?³ That’s alright, though. You probably just haven’t heard an Irish person curse. It turns out it’s delightful – even when they’re talking about suicide, the actual blood of Jesus Christ, or exploding-tip bullets. It’s St. Patrick’s Day. I’m not sure what the traditional gift is,⁴ so mine to you is a recommendation: Martin McDonagh 2008 masterpiece In Bruges.

If you’re inclined to like the film,⁵ it won’t just be because of the bloody cursing. All that “%&” business was a shameless ruse. Indeed, McDonagh, a prolific Irish playwright, takes a self-evidently giddy delight in every line, safe-for-work and, well, Irish alike. You’ll like this film because it will satisfy expectations you did not even know you had.⁶ In other words, you’ll laugh considerably more than you did at the last film you saw about a suicidal hitman who accidentally killed a boy no older than nine. Perhaps unsurprisingly, this takes the piss out of the contract killing enterprise for our hero. And make no mistake, Farrell is heroic in this film, which netted him a richly deserved Golden Globe.

Still not convinced? Very well.

There’s a scene in which a chemically-infused Farrell karate chops a dwarf soon after said dwarf completes a paranoid, racist diatribe foretelling the impending apocalyptic war between the races. What more could you want? An agitated Ralph Fiennes baselessly accusing another human being of being “a f%&king inanimate object?” You drive a hard bargain, sir and/or madam. That’s in there too. By virtue of simply including scenes like this, In Bruges would be great if their only discernible purpose was to coax our guffaws. Because they invariably accomplish so much more, the film is better than great; it’s as timeless as its titular Belgium town, only probably way more fun to spend two hours in.
DEAR SCALIA:

I don’t know if I want to continue dating my girlfriend. You see, she is a nudist—she’s even part of an official nudist colony in Indianapolis. I didn’t know when I first met her OR when I first started dating her. I don’t approve of their lifestyle—I find it icky. Should I dump her? Should I get her to change? Should I become a nudist too? Help!

GROSSED OUT IN INDIANAPOLIS

DEAR GROSSED OUT,

You Indians and your nudity. I have dealt with this before. I once railed against mass groups of Indiana residents getting together to celebrate their naked bodies in a public place. See Barnes v. Glen The-
dre, Inc., 501 U.S. 560, 575 (1991) (discussing “60,000 fully consenting adults crowded into the Hoosier Dome to display their genitals to one another”). Why must you insist on “display[ing] your genitals to one another,” in the Hoosier Dome no less?

I cannot blame, Indiana, however: The nudist issue is apparently a nationwide plague. Websites bring these people together and let them know which states are “nude friendly.” E.g. Screen Name Puma concolor, Nude Friendly States? THE HIP FORUMS (Apr. 30, 2009), http://www.hipforums.com/newforums/showthread.php?t=361388.

Come to think of it, this sounds like exactly the kind of states rights issue that is the hallmark of our con-
lating. I promise.

1 Note: I promise that I have never seen this first-hand. I’m just specu-
2 Editor’s Note: For the sake of your

stitutional systems. States should be able to decide whether or not to be nudist-friendly. This is exactly the kind of “laboratory of democracy” in nakedness that Chief Justice Taft and Justice Brandeis contemplated. See New State Ice Co. v. Liebmann, 285 U.S. 262, 311 (1932) (“laboratories of democracy”); U.S. v. Addyston Pipe & Steel Co., 85 F. 271 (6th Cir. 1898) (“naked” restraints).

I’ve changed my mind. Become a nudist. It’s a jurisprudential tradition.

SCALIA FIN.

The Honorable Justice Scalia is profusely channeled by Joseph Figueroa (2L)

browser history, do not visit this

website.

POLICE BLOTTER: March 17, 2013

Sunday, March 17, 12:01 a.m. – It begins.

Sunday, March 17, 12:02 a.m. – A suspect was arrested and charged with drunken disorderly conduct. His wife, an employee at a local hospital, was also charged with drunken disorderly conduct.

Sunday, March 17, 2:41 a.m. – As a result of an unfortunate miscommunication, a student inadvertently dyed the Jamestown River in the likeness of Professor Green.

Sunday, March 17, 11:47 a.m. – A fight. Kind of obvious, right?

Sunday, March 17, 12:08 p.m. – An elaborate ploy to execute the perfect crime proved wildly successful. According to reports, a gaggle of hoodlums deliberately botched six separate shoplifting attempts in the cereal aisle of a local Food Lion. This time, however, was different. With the brash impunity of men with nothing to lose but a lifetime of re-
gret, the youths commandeered as many boxes as they could grasp and scurried out of the store with almost detached impunity. The store’s manager promptly contacted authorities, who dismissed him out of hand as a holiday fraudfeasor when the pan-
icked shopkeep bellowed, “They’ve always been after our Lucky Charms.”

Sunday, March 17, 1:58 p.m. – Another fight. According to reports, “some wiseguy didn’t get the message.”

Sunday, March 17, 1:59 p.m. – Reports have confirmed that the wiseguy in question was busy at the time the message arrived. Busy with a fight.

Sunday, March 17, 3:43 p.m. – In what legal historians will surely one day dub the “semi-defense,” charges were not filed against a local man who stole a cigarette truck. Accord-
ing to reports, the man pointed out in no uncertain terms to the responding officer that, “That cigarette truck wasn’t wearing green, so we had to pinch it.”

Sunday, March 17, 5:00 p.m. – A lepre-con man was arrested for fraud. Apparently he had convinced unsuspecting victims that there was “gold at the end of the rainbow.” This is how he got a bunch of social security numbers.

Sunday, March 17, 5:01 p.m. – 11:59 p.m. – Several more fights.

Sunday, March 17, 6:43 p.m. – Initial reports indicate that St. Patrick’s Day was not held on a Friday or a Saturday. A witness at the scene was heard to remark to the responding officer, “That kind of seems like a crime, right? President’s Day is always on a Monday, and you’re not even supposed to drink that much for it.”