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Goodbye Law School: 
Fond Memories from the 3L Class

By Editor in Chief Sarah Aviles (3L)

In what is conclusive proof of my everlasting optimism (or delusion), I originally determined to do a compilation of uplifting quotes from graduating 3Ls about their law school experience. I began by asking people what they would miss about law school. That, as it turns out, was an ill-advised choice of words. At this point in the semester, after three years of reading legal texts, taking soul-crushing tests, and accruing $120,000 in loans, nearly everyone I asked looked at me and replied that they would miss “absolutely nothing.” (I got more creative answers as well—some in haiku form—but as this paper has profanity standards, I had to omit them.)

Undeterred (and desperate to fill space), I changed tactics. Surely, I argued, you must have a fond memory of something you did here over the past three years—the people you met, the clubs you joined...

Well,” Jamie Gorsuch (3L) responded, “I spent three years starting and running a law school a cappella group, which was very fulfilling. I got to sing every week, which is not something you’d ordinarily expect at law school.”

Jamie reminded me of my own experience with this newspaper. Diana Cooper (3L) and I had joined Not Wythe Standing 1L year—at the time, the only two 1Ls interested in this tiny paper. I, who had never written for a newspaper, ended up pouring my energy into it as I hadn’t done with any club in undergrad. Law school inadvertently gave me a chance to pursue a passion for journalism, just as it has for the numerous writers who have contributed—some as obsessed as I, others happy to put in an article now and then. Ryan Malone (3L—also known as Samuel Clemens) said one of his fondest memories was of writing for Not Wythe Standing (I chose to take this at face value, rather than considering the fact that I, his editor, had cornered him for a quote).

A lot of 3Ls spoke about the clubs and societies they had joined. After three years, many of them had become leaders of those clubs, not because they wanted to put it on their resumes, but because they loved the club’s purpose: making a change in the school with the SBA, doing clean ups at James-town beach for the Environmental Law Society, running international law symposiums with the International Law Society, visiting prisoners in jail with the Innocence Project, or organizing and spending spring

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Fond Memories

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break on trips to New Orleans, Ecuador, or Haiti with the various Habitat for Humanity and other volunteer organizations.

Still others recalled fantastic summer internships or study abroad experiences. Cari LaSala (3L), tabling for the Food Drive and thus unable to flee my journalistic bent, began to talk about the semester she spent with her fiancé, Spencer Bryson (3L), at Tsinghua University in Beijing, China. It was the first time either of them had ever been to China and they both loved it.

The chance to go abroad was a common theme among 3Ls’ remembrances. The summer program in Madrid was especially popular. Friends spent summers working at NGOs or law firms in Beijing, Morocco, Geneva, London, Cambodia, Argentina, Australia and other places all over the world. Many of these internships had only been possible through assistance from Professor Christie Warren’s connections; others had come via OCS. I spent the summer of my 1L year in Geneva, Switzerland at an NGO that helped defense lawyers in developing countries. I remember telling them at the end of the summer that I had never had a job in which I actually looked forward to coming to work every day.

That is why I came to law school – to travel, to meet new people, and to do work that was more than just something to pay the bills. Vanessa Steltenpohl (3L) also discovered her passion for elder law during her 2L summer when she wrote her first will. Despite the tough job market, nearly everyone I spoke to has a passion and a dream, whether it be to prosecute cases, advocate for juvenile justice, become an ambassador with the State Department, travel the world as an international trade lawyer, or a myriad of other opportunities that open up just by having a J.D. Law school may be tough and, at times, unpleasant, but few ultimately regret making the choice to come and earn their dreams.

The most common fond memories, however, centered on the people we met and gotten to know over the past three years – the people who had made the difficult times years bearable and the good times wonderful.

“I met my husband in law school,” says Lyndsay Maier (3L). She and Dustin Lujan (3L) met during the very first week of 1L year as they prepared to take their class photos. “I fixed his tie or something,” she recalls. The two of them are getting married two days before graduation. Joshua Stiff (3L) will tell you about his engagement to Mary-Carson Saunders (3L), whom he also met in law school. His fondest memory from these past three years is the day they got engaged over Thanksgiving...
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of 3L year. Bonnie and Jay Mangold, 3Ls who came to law school engaged, had their wedding during the winter holiday of 2L year and now attend classes as husband and wife.

But even if you didn’t fall in love or get engaged during law school, everyone has someone or a group of someones that they will keep in contact with for the rest of their lives. “I met some great people and made some even better friends,” says Sean Renaghan (3L). “I’ll miss all my amazing classmates.”

Alexandria Poole (3L) echoes his sentiments, “I’m going to miss the impromptu group lunch trips to Ichiban!” Though most of us will enter the legal field and deal with other lawyers, we may never have the same connections that we made spending (some say suffering through) three years in Williamsburg together.

“I will miss being able to have random, detailed conversations about some narrow point of the law with someone who gets just as excited or outraged about it as I do – rather than having that person stare at me as if I have begun speaking a new, unknown language,” says Andrea Booden (3L). Some 3Ls told me about their close relationships with professors, getting to know their families or talking to them after class about issues they’re enthusiastic about. Who among us won’t miss Professor Grover’s kindness as she sponsors de-stress days or Professor Ali Larsen’s enthusiastic admin law football metaphors or Professor Hardy’s use of dragons as an unforeseeable occurrence in torts?

“My legal skills teacher told us that if we ever needed him, he had a bail bondsman on speed dial,” recalls Barbara Marmet (3L) fondly.

Alexa Roggenkamp (3L) shares a special memory of simply sitting in the lobby after a round of Moot Court’s Bushrod tournament with some friends: “Reid Schweitzer, Brett Piersma and I sat in the lobby for the better part of four hours, just talking about life, philosophy, and the world in general. We all had things due the next day, but none of us wanted to leave. We finally all went home around 3 am.”

These are the memories we will take with us when we graduate: wonderful memories of the people who will stay with us forever... and of the Ho House.

“I will miss bringing friends from out of town to the Ho House and seeing their reactions to law school students cutting loose, or “nerd dancing,” as they called it. I will miss dancing at the HO HOUSE on a random weeknight, dressed up in full body Halloween costumes made Mamma Cohen. I will miss Alvis, the Ho House bouncer,” says Mary-Carson Saunders, “I guess this means... I’m going to miss the Ho House...??!!”
By Staff Writer Adam Wolfe (1L)

Wines, aisles one and two; Snacks and pet food, aisle 3; Frozen goods, aisle 4; Grains, nuts, and dried fruit, aisle 5; everything else is produce. Like a closed loop, a grocery store is remarkably self-contained.

Moseying along, I look at the olive rack and look with a pretended seriousness at all the varieties of olives, as if I’ve never seen this many olives in my life and it’s all too much to take in. “I’m giving a dinner party and I need to serve just the right type of olive,” my furrowed brow lies to passersby. Kamalata, Manzinilla, plain old black. Who could choose? I slowly, and deliberately lift the jar of olives out my basket and bring it faintly too close to my eyes, really selling the idea that I’m reading the nutrition supplement. One Mississipi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi; exhale. I place the olives gently back on the shelf. Nothing to see here. Putting things back on the shelf at a grocery store is per se awkward. If Eskimos lived in grocery stores they would have 50 words for that feeling.

“Is it sad that I consider this a study break,” asks a girl from my Contracts class who approaches me as I’m scrutinizing pasta—for real this time.

“Yes.” I say. But I realize I am there for the same reason. I skip aisle 3 and proceed right to check-out after a seasonable delay. I could curse myself for allowing her to break the illusion that I was doing something productive.

I needed that illusion as much as I did not need those olives. Now back to the library which is to finals season as the Hamptons is to summer: it is equal parts about actually being there and about being seen to be there.

Pastoral

After one stretch in the basement labs, I turn the ignition without intention, sure in the knowledge of what I am fleeing from, but not yet what I’m going toward. Backing out, I continue that way for half an hour on back roads and capillaries never seen before.

“I should drop out,” I think. “I need to do something creative. Something I can really live with.” The horizon gets duller and the leaves suddenly more brittle; the air seems to saturate with humidity. I turn on the radio.

Did you know there’s a Williamsburg botanical garden? Neither did I until I found it in a nook I cannot tell you how to get to. It’s beautiful in the spring. The ground is soft as you walk through and see the daffodils and the bees. Presumably, the sunshine on your shoulders will make you happy while you chat with middle-American tourists on their yearly vacation away from a couch. They’re peppy and receptive and all they want to talk about is someone else, which is the most pleasant way to kill a quarter-hour.

On the way back to town, I notice the man in a black pick-up stopped alongside me at a light. His postcard sized confederate flag rolls into view, cleaving innocently to his visor. I brace myself, in the leeway between provocation and anger. I almost crouch into it. But it doesn’t come and my neck slackens and jaw unclenches and it’s just one of those things. When the light turns, I am lackadaisical at 25 miles per hour.

It reminded me of a particularly thoughtful LLM named Vincent who I remember speaking to months ago in study room J, back in that part of the cycle when we have time to speak to people, before we start speaking at them. That this occurred in study room J is a detail of paramount importance. Vinnie wants to talk about politics and faith and the difference between east and west and all the things middle-American tourists do not want to talk about.

He’s a great listener because his head isn’t already stuffed full of it. He’s a great listener because to him, this is all new, and while we talk he changes his mind at least twice about gay rights and the nuances of Luke’s Gospel, as if pretending that people do that - that everyone’s thinking hasn’t already calcified around a dead ideology. He’s a great listener because, unlike a native English speaker, he thinks about your sentences as the parts and then separately as a sum. He hears you twice.

“You know the most dangerous force in the world?” He asked.

“No. Tell me,” I said.

“Inertia.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because everything bad just keeps going.”

We paused.

“Yes, but everything good just keeps going, too,” I said, after a mo-
ment. It was precise thinking; it's the reciprocity of advantages. But I had missed the point entirely.

I obsessed about the man in the pick-up for the 2.7 miles it takes to get home. I am obsessed with the nervous system of people. I am obsessed with the anger that did not come.

When I arrived home, a fat, red cardinal was hopping on the cobblestone sidewalks looking for scattered food, like it was just that easy. Hop-tuck-hop. Hop-tuck-hop. Hop-tuck-hop. I'd never seen a cardinal on the ground like that before, and it felt like watching an angel bum a cigarette.

The Perfect Martini at 1 p.m.

Add lots of ice to a cocktail shaker, 4-5 cubes. Pour in one shot of vodka. Cover and begin to shake vigorously, like you want the neighbors to hear. Whatever you do, don't be weak or feedle about it, because the vodka can tell. They'll probably think it was something else at this hour—dice games, maybe.

Strain into a martini glass, adding olive juice liberally—up to ½ oz. Garnish with two olives—more if you were on call that day—and sip. You know you've done it right if you stop seeking the Peerless in every puddle and forget about the things your Uncle Willie never gave you.

The Peppercorn Doctrine

Premise 1. I'll often interject a pet phrase, "Well, if we're making wishes...", in conversation to suggest a speaker makes too many optimistic assumptions or that they're being naive. I am not someone with a lot of faith. I did not vote for Obama the first time.

Premise 2. At High Street, there's a fountain nestled between squat, faux-federalist architecture. It's a ridiculous fountain, really. But the idea of wishes stuck on me, specifically the belief that by tossing coins into a fountain you have fulfilled a unilateral contract with the universe's wishing-granting authority. It's comfortably quaint.

Intermediate assumption: This works.

Ergo: I collected all the pennies in my car's center console - 37. I counted.

Pennies, like ex-boyfriends, are mostly inadequate for the ordeals posed by conscious, waking life. Wishing is the one place they really get to shine. Systematically over the next half-hour I worked out one wish at a time, held it in my mind, and then..."Pluck!"

Making wishes is actually harder than you think; after you exhaust the immediate desires, you have to plumb the subconscious, allowing yourself to reclaim the yearnings you've surrendered on the altar of the relationship between cause and effect.

Wishes one, two and three were for A's in my doctrine classes, a theme I doubled down on with wishes four through six. Seven, solace for the victims of a recent terrorist attack. Eight, I want to be one of those people who can wake up and exercise, instead of putting it off until "later," which around 3 o'clock becomes "tomorrow." In hindsight, I should have just asked for the payoff from exercising, because after all, we're making wishes. Nine, there are some registration waitlists I want off of.

10. I want to appreciate bubbles like the first time I ever saw bubbles.

For wished 11-15, I found the five oldest pennies left my hand and placed them at the edge of the fountain for other people to make wishes with. One from 1973, 1974, 1975 and two from 1976. Wishes 16-20 were devoted to character traits I wish to cultivate, namely: focus, discipline, discernment, passion and persistence. Boring stuff, really.

21. Catholic theologians say Jesus passed through Mary like light through a glass. I want my job-search to be exactly that painless.

22. It takes longer than the first week for people at my future job to realize that I am totally inept at that job, and that I obtained it through a dastardly process of wishing.

23. That I'll look better in red, which has never been my color.

24. For Diana. Whatever she wants. Credit one wish to her from me.

Wishes 25-30 were unspeakably personal, but not so uncommon that you couldn't identify them in three guesses.

31. That all living things experience loving-kindness and the root of loving-kindness.

32. I want to really know and appreciate in my heart the reason that some sources are cited in smallcaps while others are italicized.

Penny 33, from 2005, met its warty death as a token of gratitude for what I classed collectively as, "the good things in life." Finally, 34-37 were again devoted to success on pending exams because 3 seemed rounder number than two, and the times three is nine, the square of which is three. So this is not totally unscientific.

But now I'm out pennies. After a minute, I feel my body moving toward the car without me. It's going back to the library, which at 1 a.m. is mostly about being seen, and very little about actually being there.
Bending the Rules

By Staff Writer Frantz Farreau (2L)

As I begin to accept that I will be the Not Wythe Standing Editor in Chief next year, one topic has been on my mind: leadership. Leadership is hard to define or understand, but everybody has a sense of what it is. I read an article recently that made me think: those people have leadership.

The story was about a 7-year-old girl named Arianna who ordered a cheeseburger at Chili’s. Arianna has autism. When Arianna’s cheeseburger arrived, it had been cut in half because Chili’s policy is to cut kid’s burgers in half to make sure the burger is cooked all the way through. To Arianna, the cut cheeseburger was “broken.” Arianna’s older sister asked for another one, hoping to avoid Arianna’s having a meltdown, as is common with autistic children. In response, the waitress addressed not Arianna’s sister, but Arianna directly. The waitress told Arianna that she would get her another, unbroken cheeseburger. In the interim, the manager came and apologized to Arianna for the broken cheeseburger and brought fries. When the new cheeseburger arrived, Arianna kissed it. “Oh I missed you,” she said.

I do not know what was going through the waitress’s mind when she agreed to bring another cheeseburger. I do not know what the manager was thinking when he agreed to make another burger that did not follow policy. Anybody involved in this story would have been justified in sticking to the Chili’s policy, but nobody did. Instead, everybody showed leadership. Maybe in the end that decision will result in an extra health inspection. Maybe the franchise manager for Chili’s will sit down and talk to the waitress and manager for breaking protocol. Maybe all that will all happen, but a 7-year-old autistic girl was treated with dignity and that was worth it. The manager and the waitress had the compulsion to address the human and not the rules. The human feels, the human reacts, and the human remembers. The rules do none of these things, and that is why the manager and the waitress decided to reconsider enforcing the rules.

But precisely because the rules do not feel or react or remember, it is so much easier to dismiss somebody’s concerns as “splitting hairs” or hang our hats on “policies” and “rules.” The rules do not push back; the rules do not do anything to us when we follow them. Following the rules leads to the easy decision, but an easy decision without reasoning is tenuous at best.

Sure, the leader who adamantly sticks to ambiguous rules without leaving room for interpretation can rest easy knowing the protocol will stand unblemished. But this leader never makes a real decision. Rules and protocols tell us what we have to do, so no decision is necessary. But the recipient of rule recitations ends up feeling slighted, not fully heard. The policies are not always clear, and they do not always account for every single possibility. In the end, is the leader’s piece of mind so valuable that it is worth causing a rift where a bridge could exist?

Hanging our hats on rules and protocols means that we do not have to think. Where there is some room for negotiation, sticking to the rules means that we do not have to justify what made one situation different from another. However, true leaders think. True leaders analyze. True leaders lead. True leaders draw the line themselves and do not ask “where is the line?” When somebody gives a good reason for drawing a different line, a true leader happily draws the line somewhere else, or maybe erases the line completely. Sure, some lines need to exist, but others are just there. They exist for no reason other than somebody in power wanted to have a line and decided to draw a line. But for no other reason.

We never know where relationships will go. We never know when exercising discretion wisely will make us better people in the eyes of those who matter. Leadership means exercising discretion even when that opens the door to other people trying to smear the lines we drew, because true leadership also means admitting when we are wrong and opening ourselves up to criticism. Without criticism we can never improve.

There is no point in life when we have reached perfection. There is always room to grow and improve. There is always room to rethink our positions and try to understand a different perspective. Effectively leadership has a certain fluidity to it: the ebb and flow of rules and exceptions, pulled by the gravity of the reasoning that guides them.

As the school year comes to a close, many of us will start something new. As we start these new chapters in our lives, we should all remember that there is room to display leadership and be leaders. So, when we get the compulsion to dig in our heels, and hold fast onto rules and policies, we should remember young Arianna, and her gentle Chili’s hamburger kiss that says more than words ever could.
There's a concept in so-called "happiness economics" (as well as psychology generally) known as the hedonic treadmill, of which many of you are no doubt aware. It states that as we become richer, our expectations and desires reset to match our new, higher income, and our happiness itself resets. The Easterlin Paradox is its cousin, which notes that aggregate growth in national wealth correlates very little with overall happiness in a nation. Thus, in a very real way, wealth is like heavy narcotics abuse: you need more and more just to maintain the same high.

Other research has indicated that the law of diminishing returns is in play when it comes to the relationship between income and happiness. Some research indicates that once income goes beyond "sustenance" level (about 140% of the poverty line for an individual), there is little additional gain in human happiness. Nobel laureate Daniel Kahnemann's research shows that the returns essentially disappear at around $75,000, though he stresses that near $75,000 you get 32 times more happiness per dollar by taking a mental health seminar instead of working more. So, while money does buy happiness, it doesn't buy all that much. Beyond these income points, the hedonic treadmill works just like an 8 AM class with a class participation grade component: you do it because you think it might pay off, but it doesn't.

The hedonic treadmill should be differentiated from law school, of course, which more resembles an actual physical, heavily angled sort of treadmill. But the point is simple: money should be fairly low on your list of priorities when looking for legal work... or any work. There's no point in being unhappy in the short term if it isn't going to pay dividends in the long term.

We know fairly well about the short-term: the most recent Forbes "job satisfaction" survey placed "Associate Attorney" at the absolute bottom among dozens of careers.

BUT, the zombie chorus rises, the loooaaaannns, THE LOOOAAANS! No. Just No. Frankly, given the newer IBR guidelines, there's fairly little excuse for taking a thankless 70-hour job if you can do otherwise. You pay 15% of your income above 150% of the poverty line. If using the more utilitarian of the two "maximum happiness" guidelines, it means you'll only be paying 15% of the money you make above the point at which that money no longer contributes to your increased joy! Sweet deal, right? Yes, you'll probably pay more money "in the long run" if you don't make normal payments... but it really shouldn't matter because the short-term sacrifices you'd make to pay off those loans wouldn't make you any happier.

This is even more pressing when one considers that working long hours is extremely deleterious to one's health, leads to depression, does not result in substantial productivity gains, etc... Since we live in the only first-world nation without guaranteed vacation time, knowing that these long hours come without respite should give one serious pause. I know this assertion sounds like blasphemy, but even if you don't end up with a traditional "law" job, it's not the end of the world.

Indeed, you will likely be happier and healthier than the rest of the suckers.

Now, I get it, it's not like everyone is just getting six firm offers and debating which one is best. This isn't 2005. Nor am I indicating that it's easy to find a public service job or 40-hour government job, because it's not. It's not easy to find ANY job, no matter what degrees are burning holes in your pocket. But ultimately, we need not be mere cogs in some kind of market machinery. The purpose of a job is to serve our human needs, and so we need to lash ourselves to the mast of rationality and not kill ourselves in pursuit of empty dollars. The siren song of salary should not win.
Dear Employers...

A Cover Letter

Dear Potential Employer:

You encourage us to find a short, interesting way to describe ourselves in cover letters. You know, the one paragraph spiel. You also tell us that employers want people who can think outside the box. When thinking of what I should write if I were really trying to get across what kind of person I am, I figured out what I should do. I thought: to most of our generation and quite a few of my parents' generation, my spiel would totally get across who I am in a way that would make me memorable. No question.

Here it goes:

Dear Employer:

Overall, I am a Ravenpuff. I have a Ravenclaw's heavy focus on academics, particularly research and writing. I am on Law Review and I am also a TA for Legal Skills. I also have a Ravenclaw's creativity. I balance out my Ravenclaw idealism with Hufflepuff pragmatism. That is why I became a lawyer and am interested in doing employment law; I want to help people in a tangible way. I also have a Gryffindor's loyalty and leadership capabilities but not their recklessness. I would never, for example, fly a broom when I shouldn't no matter how good the reason. Finally, I have Slytherin career ambition but a passion for pro bono work and community service.

Memorable, right? No way you would forget me after that, right? And if I were applying to Google or Apple, I might even get the job.

Yet for some reason, law firms were not happy with this introduction. I did not even get a single interview, even though my cover letter had all the qualities employers supposedly want. The reasons I wrote that paragraph in my cover letter was because it gets across who I am in a succinct and memorable way. It proves my "Ravenclaw's creativity" in and of itself; it shows that I think outside the box.

Yet for all of its creativity, it has not gotten me a single interview, you probably threw it out as somebody who was making light of the application process. Maybe it is a good thing that you overlooked a cover letter with that paragraph. After all, law is a profession that it steeped in tradition.

However, I am more than slightly disappointed because saying "employers want somebody unique" is more than a white lie. Traditional law firms want traditional lawyers. They want traditional cover letters, and traditional people to come for interviews: dark blue suit with pinstripes and a solid shirt with a matching professional tie.

Your only personal touch: interesting cuff links.

I am not saying law firms have to change. I am just saying Google and Apple did really well, and they did so in part because they hired really creative employees who were able to think outside the box. Law firms, maybe you should consider doing the same.

Sincerely,

Alex Lott

***** This piece is only meant as parody and does not reflect the reality of Alex Lott's cover letters or his experiences with potential employers.
By Columnist Samuel Clemens (noL)

This week seems as good as any to write about Badlands. Released on digital video disc as part of the Criterion Collection this week, Terrance Malick’s 1973 debut received film’s highest honor, joining the ranks of Seven Samurai, Brazil and, of course Armageddon. Roger Ebert called it one of the best movies he had ever seen, which was bound to cast an uneasy pall my viewing of the film this past weekend. Perhaps it did, but he loved it for a reason. It is the type of film that invites reflection and demands immersion. It provides you with a handful to opportunities to contemplate mortality (it’s about a killing spree, after all), while marveling at the film’s serene, majestic backdrop (it takes place in the Badlands, after all).

Badlands shares its inspiration with Bruce Springsteen’s 1982 masterpiece Nebraska, in that both works draw heavily from the lethal crime spree of Charles Starkweather and his somewhat naive girlfriend (Caril Ann Fugate) throughout 1958. Bonnie and Clyde fully exhausted the boyfriend/girlfriend crime duo premise six years before Badlands, although Bonnie and Clyde centers around a far more sympathetic duo.

Subsequent auteurs would attempt to reincarnate different elements of the Badlands formula in films such as True Romance and Natural Born Killers. Hans Zimmer based his True Romance score on the score from Badlands, but Badlands uses music so sparingly it is infuriating. This is about where the similarities between Badlands and True Romance end. Another imitator, Natural Born Killers, does not present its aesthetic so much as it barrages you with it. However, the Oliver Stone film is Badland’s nearest thematic approximation in the last 20 years.

Martin Sheen’s character, Kit, looks like James Dean a fact we are redundantly reminded of by Sissy Spacek’s Holly in the drawling voiceover Malick would replicate in Days of Heaven. Though the comparison will be drawn explicitly by other characters, it is never done so as clearly as it is when Kit attempts to tame his rebellious coif while he finds himself on the business end of a high speed car chase. Though Kit may not have sought his newfound fame, he doesn’t even seem interested in driving fast enough to outrun it. If the aforementioned films explore the intersection of fame and violence with which we have grown all too familiar in the last few years, then Badlands is the map the exploration yields. Maybe even the postcards. It has little interest in explaining what brings a man to kill another. It doesn’t much care for why the fallen man’s daughter reacts to this development as though she learned her dad was caught in traffic and might be a little late for dinner. Maybe she were both just that bored. In a way, it’s tough to blame them; they didn’t have Badlands to watch.

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1 With the possible exception of, you know, the week it came out
2 DVD
3 Possibly the Seven Samurai of the asteroid hurling toward Earth genre. By this analogy, of course, Deep Impact is The Magnificent Seven.
4 His thoughts on Armageddon are somewhat less positive.
5 But not, for reasons never made clear to this author, his song “Badlands.” This seems like a missed opportunity.
6 “You know that old joke? “If you don’t like the Starkweather in Nebraska, just wait five minutes and you’ll probably be murdered.” Yeah, I don’t know it either. Not unlike Nebraska’s egregious exclusion of “Badlands,” this seems like a missed opportunity.
7 She was 13.
8 Read: they didn’t murder as many total strangers.
9 To whatever extent possible, read the following sentence in the voice of Troy McClure.
Mediation Society

By William and Mary Mediation Society

Mediation is an increasingly popular alternative and supplement to the traditional legal system. It encourages open communication between parties, creative solutions to problems, and autonomy in legal decision-making.

Why Mediate?
1) It's Popular:
   Mediation is enjoying an exponential increase in popularity as an alternative to litigation. In one state, mediators facilitate over 150,000 cases each year. In the United States, there are more than 550 community mediation centers, with ten in Virginia alone. If you are interested in learning about mediation, these are great places to go; they are always looking for volunteers. There are dispute resolution offices in thirty-six states.
2) It's Awesome.
   Why are people who fundamentally disagree with one another using mediation at such an increased rate? The benefits of mediation are clear. In mediation, participants have the opportunity to gain a better understanding of the other party's needs, to create a mutually agreeable resolution more flexible than a court can offer, and to avoid the costs and hassles of litigation.
   ($30,000 vs $1,500, doesn't $1,500 sound much better.) Furthermore, according to Virginia's statistics collected from mediation exit surveys measuring participant satisfaction, 93.3 percent found the mediation process very helpful or somewhat helpful, 91 percent would use mediation again, and 94.3 percent would use mediation again. States and agencies like mediation too; some states require that disputing parties attend mediation in an effort to resolve their dispute out of court.
3) It's Neutral.
   While the benefits may be clear, the actual definition of mediation is not. The definition of mediation varies, with almost as many definitions as there are mediators. In some models of mediation (evaluative mediation), the most important part of the process is getting the conflict resolved with a fair outcome, even if that means the mediators interject their personal opinions and assessments into the discussion. In other models (facilitative mediation), the focus is more on the parties' getting a better understanding of themselves and each other. Ultimately, mediation is "facilitated negotiation" it's a process where attorneys can use a third party neutral to help them resolve their disputes in a mutually amenable way.
4) It's Here
   The William and Mary Mediation Society hosts educational events related to conflict resolution, offers mediation skills training sessions when possible, and soon will offer mediation services to the W&M community through a student-run Center. New members are welcome, and opportunities for 1L officers are available.
   Contact us: wmmediationsociety@gmail.com.

Saturday, March 30, 9:25 A.M. – A belligerent student was escorted away from campus while attempting to register for a charitable 5k run. When informed she was required to pay a $20 registration fee in order to participate, the student was heard to boisterously inquire, “What is this…a RUN ON THE BANKS?!”
   While being unceremoniously thrust into the responding officer’s squad car, the student warned, “You better not keep me too long. Pretty soon these people are going to be suffering from laughter WITHDRAWAL.”

Monday, April 8, 2:08 P.M. – A veiled threat to expose a “rampant culture of overreaction” was discovered on a crumbled up sheet of paper in a trash can. The identity of the student was revealed, at which point he was threatened with prosecution for “totally not recycling.”

Tuesday, April 9, 9:53 A.M. – A local police reporter, caught on tape confessing to have “…gotten away with murder,” was arrested. Claiming that the entire ordeal constituted a preposterous misunderstanding, the reporter told local press that he was “…merely talking about writing a police blotter for an entire year while making up all of the crimes.” The suspect would go on to describe his yearlong charade as “…the perfect crime. Say! That gives [him] an idea!”
Rhubarb is amazing. I grew up with a big patch of it in my back yard and took for granted that it was a thing I could always have. Since moving away from that back yard, I’ve missed too many rhubarb seasons. I won’t this year, and neither should you. This is my grandmother’s rhubarb crisp recipe:

For the crust and topping:
¾ cup oatmeal
1 cup flour
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup melted butter
½ teaspoon baking soda

For the filling:
4 cups rhubarb, sliced
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon vanilla

Butter a 9 x 13 pan and preheat your oven to 350. Mix the oats, flour, brown sugar, butter, and baking soda together. Spread half of the mixture into the bottom of the pan.

In a 1 - 2 quart sauce pan, mix together the sugar and cornstarch. Add the water and cook over medium heat, stirring often to keep it from burning.

When thick, remove the mixture from heat and stir in vanilla. Spread the rhubarb over top of the oatmeal mixture you put in the bottom of the pan, and pour the thickened sugar/water/cornstarch mixture over the rhubarb.

Top with the remaining half of the oatmeal mixture and bake for 45 minutes.
DEAR SCALIA:

My girlfriend is just finishing her first year of law school, and the spark has seemed to have vanished from our relationship. She talks to me less, she seems more aloof when she's home, and the joy has generally left our love life. As a fellow lawyer, do you have any advice on what I can do?

TIRED IN TACOMA

DEAR TIRED,

There is nothing you can do. Your girlfriend sounds like she is doing the right thing by distancing herself from you. Like I always say, "the main business of a lawyer is to take the romance, the mystery, the irony, the ambiguity out of everything [s] he touches." Daniel Wakín, Scalia Defends Government's Right to Deny Art Funds, N.Y. Times, Sept. 23, 2005, at C1. Besides, non-lawyers tend to be pretty ambiguous in life with your politics and your time to do things. It's just natural. Deal with it.

I'm sorry you have to go through this. Frankly, I think law school has become a waste of time with its mind numbing array of "Law and Whatevers." I have long been on the record against anything entitled "Law and [Something Else]." See Scalia Calls Legal Education A Failure, BUSINESS INSIDER (Mar. 25, 2013, 12:12 PM), http://www.businessinsider.com/scalia-calls-legal-education-a-failure-2013-3 ("Do not take, 'law and women,' do not take 'law and poverty,' do not take 'law and anything."). If I had a say in things, I would have less of the best-and-brightest go to law school and direct them toward more applied, more relevant, more useful sciences. See, e.g., Antonin Scalia, Address to Claremont McKenna College Res Publica Society Luncheon, Jan. 31, 2007 ("I think too many promising young minds are wasted on [law school].").

All is not, lost, however. Just wait until she takes evidence and hears about the confidential marital communications privilege. She'll want to marry you ASAP and tell you all of her secrets. That's what the privilege is there for; after all. See Wigmore on Evidence § 2336 (detailing how this privilege exists so that once people hear about it, they'll want to get married immediately).

SCALIA FIN.

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

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1 I hope this doesn't end up in a law school paper—the legal profession still needs bright minds. Or at least if it ends up in a law school paper, let it be Berkeley's.