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The Dueling Andrews:

Your favorite columnists are back and taking on control of the House

My Gavel is Bigger than Yours: Predictions for the New Republican Congress

By Contributors Lauren Andrews (3L) and Andrew Gordon (3L)

Well, it happened. The fickle winds of change that once swept Democrats into power now send them out of their cushy jobs and into the unemployment offices. With control of the House, the Right finally has a chance to turn the tide of liberalism and send scores of bills to Obama ... for his prompt veto. But will this new (half) Republican Congress effect any meaningful change? The Dueling Andrews are here to tell you what you can expect from this brave new world.

ON THE LEFT ... Andrew “Coach” Gordon

Let's be honest, this is all a big joke. Controlling the House without the Senate or Presidency is like trying to direct an orchestra full of Helen Kellers; you can make a lot of noise, but you probably won't satisfy the audience. I fully expect the Tea Partiers to get out their old signs and angry rhetoric in 2012 because nothing will change. I can predict, however, some of the crazy antics the House will try to pull. Here are my scarily accurate predictions for upcoming Republican legislation, in order of likelihood:

School Textbooks must drastically change. Science Books will be replaced with the Book of Genesis. “Climate Change” will now be called “Climate Mythology.” History books will show that during the Civil War, blacks fought in large numbers for the South, which actually encompassed twelve states and not eleven. Sound too ridiculous to be true? This last one ACTUALLY ALREADY HAPPENED IN VIRGINIA.

The 28th Amendment will require all U.S. citizens to carry guns at all times. Any individual found without a firearm will be fined ten dollars. Once again, think this is too crazy to be true? A Republican loon in my home state of Tennessee (he's Basil Marceaux.com) tried to make this happen.

Sanctity of Marriage. Prohibiting gay marriage isn't enough; the nuclear family is under attack. To ensure the safety and sanctity of marriage, every family will be assigned a “marriage defender” – an officer of the law trained to eliminate all homosexual threats. Funding will come from the newly established gay tax.

Amnesty. In a move designed to show compassion for struggling immigrants, Republicans will offer amnesty, in a limited quantity. All illegal aliens will be deported to live in the ocean, save for one man and one woman of every nationality. Two-by-two, they will be given citizenship, placed on a large ark and sent to California. This will be called the “Noah’s Amnesty Ark Bill.”

ON THE RIGHT...Lauren “LT” Andrews

Let’s be serious: a Republican Congress is amazing. My nightmares have vanished and I see the light at the end of the tunnel. Disney should probably make a movie about it with a great soundtrack. I, and many others, clearly have high hopes for the new Republican House. Every news station on the planet has been filled with headlines touting what the new Congress will do. After much considered thought and debate, I fashioned my own predictions:

Scale back government. Thomas Jefferson once said, “When the people fear the government, there is tyranny; when the government fears the people, there is liberty.” In recent years, there has been too much of the former and too little of the latter. A Republican Congress will right that wrong. Granted, I am pretty sure that everyone is terrified beyond belief of the federal government at this point. John Boehner & Co. have an uphill battle. Go Team Red.

Bring back morals (duh). There’s not much to say about this one. Everyone knows that Republicans are the more “moral” political party. (Do not even think to bring up how we handle our private lives; that is our personal business.) Words speak louder than actions. It’s our thing, let us have it. No questions asked.

Expand the definition of “illegal alien.” The Republicans will definitely address immigration issues in the United States. And, it seems highly likely that they will expand the definition of “illegal alien” to include persons such as Michael Moore, Nancy Pelosi, and Al Gore. The Republicans will also toss around the
idea of including Julian Assange in the definition, only to remember that he does not live in the United States. Sigh.

**Rename Capitol Hill.** Capitol Hill is lame. Capitol Hillbilly is way cooler and adds a fresh twist. Everyone knows that Republicans are hillbillies; ya'll had to see this one coming. Yee haw.

**Ban the use of the word “stimulus.”** This ban includes synonyms.

**Cut back spending.** $3.4 million to create an underground turtle tunnel? I love turtles. I have a tattoo of a turtle. But the economy blows. Let the turtles figure it out. $2 million for a replica railroad tourist attraction in Carson City, Nevada? No comment. $3.1 million for a floating museum? You get the point. (Disclosure: this newspaper is paid for by stimulus money.)

**Unsolved Mysteries.** I hope, if nothing more, that the Republicans open up the age-old unsolved mysteries box to try and figure out just how Al Gore thinks he invented the internet. And someone should probably tell old Al that Paul Simon’s “You Can Call Me Al” is not, in fact, about Mr. Gore.

**Miscellaneous.** Read the Constitution over and over. Repeal Obamacare. Tell Pelosi the botox is just not working out, etc. Have a throwdown. Tea party on the Fire Pelosi Bus! Don’t worry, Nancy is invited; someone has to be the Mad Hatter.

**Resolutions are Meant to be Broken**

*By Contributor Robert Murdough*

On New Years day this year, just like on New Years day last year, I told myself that it didn’t matter that another year was over. A year is just a number like any other, I thought. But, there is one consequence of the inexorable march of time that will find you no matter what. You can dress, talk, think, and act like a teenager, but your physical constitution cannot be tricked. It’s weird. You continue to eat and drink like you did when you were nineteen, but now for some reason you have to keep buying bigger clothes. You may even have gotten your first hangover. You refuse to take any classes in “the cottage” because the walk tires you. You take the elevator to the second floor. Yes, your body is aging, with or without you, and pretending like this is still “High School: Take 1” will not do anything to stop it (in fact, it might actually accelerate it).

Since the subject of physical fitness often comes up every January, since MWHS students will believe anything anyone says as long as they promise to make something easier, and since I am a bit of a gym rat, I am here to help you out. So change out of your “class” gym clothes, put on your “workout” gym clothes, and head to that graveyard of good intentions known in the non-threatening parlance of a modern college as the “recreation center.” Do it because in two years when you make that failed, delusion-fueled run for Congress, and then ten years later when you are on my T.V. promising to fight “the insurance company” and get me the money I deserve, you’ll want to look good.

To make it easier for you, I have created workout plans tailored to match your personal work ethic, as reflected by your study habits:

**Study habit:** Buy lots of commercial E&E, hornbooks, study aids, etc.

**Workout plan:** 1-on-1 sessions with a personal trainer.

**Reasoning:** You don’t think you have the skills to handle it on your own, and you have no problem paying lots of money for information that’s already available to you if you would just put in even a modicum of effort.

**Study habit:** Go to study groups run by TAs.

**Workout plan:** Group fitness classes with fearsome and somewhat suggestive names like “body pump,” “thigh blasters,” “sweat monster,” “we are going to hurt you,” and “spinning.”
**Reasoning:** You like the comfort and anonymity of a group led by someone who’s only marginally more qualified than you are to provide instruction in whatever it is that you’re doing, and even though you might not get much personally from a session geared toward either the least common denominator or the mediocre middle, the social benefits more than make up for it.

**Study habit:** Do most of the reading, highlight things you think are important, try to make an outline by the end of the semester so long as it doesn’t interfere with Bar Review (the use of capital letters means I’m talking about the drinking one, not the studying one).

**Workout plan:** Aimlessly loping along on an “elliptical” OR doing isolation lifts of major muscle groups in the weightroom 4-5 times a week.

**Reasoning:** It’s what everyone else does, and you’ve never really put much thought into why you do what you do. Side note- convince enough people that something actually provides a benefit, even though there are way better ways they could spend their time, and you can make a killing, whether selling roomfuls of useless “cardio” machines to gyms or overpriced law degrees to college graduates with no marketable talents.

**Study habit:** Study in large, mixed-gender groups of fellow MWHS students, usually at a restaurant, coffee shop, laser tag arena, or similar setting with ideal acoustics for introspection and mental acuity.

**Workout plan:** Wear inefficiently tight clothing and wander around the gym for over an hour, occasionally picking something up and curling it or hopping on a treadmill for no more than three minutes, ensuring you are always visible in at least two mirrors.

**Reasoning:** Come on, we know you’re not really there to do work.

**Study habit:** Read every single assigned page, brief every case, take diligent notes in class, outline your outlines, never waver once.

**Workout plan:** Run 30+ miles a week (no treadmills, that’s cheating) and mix in old-school lifts like cleans and deadlifts.

**Reasoning:** You’re a purist, and you'll stick with the tried and true no matter how painful it gets, in total ignorance of any improvements in efficiency or changes to the conventional wisdom of the last century.

So good luck working off all the crap you ate over Thanksgiving/finals/nondenominational-food-intensive-December-based-holiday. Just do me a favor and give up in a few weeks. I hate how crowded the gym gets this time of year.

**Bob Tells You About Sports**

**By Contributor Bob Benbow (3L)**

God this weekend was sweet. The Jets win over the Patriots was literally like covering a funnel cake with Tropical Skittles then snorting it. IT TASTED SO DELICIOUS. I’m going to hold off on further gloating because (A) I did the Dougie for four straight hours after the game, so everyone at Club Connection this past weekend knows how I feel, and (B) By the time you read this there is an (outside) chance that the Jets are going to have been pounded by the Steelers and I don’t want to look like an idiot. You know what, though? Screw it. I hope that crotch gobbling Tom Brady gets clocked by a Yeti.

I do want to talk about the gym whenever I get back from Christmas break. What in God’s sweet name is the deal with the explosion in people working out when I roll back to school? Are you serious? I get told by people, “OH YEAH IT’S NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTIONS BRO” Is that for FREAKING REAL? The last time I made a New Year’s Resolution it was 1994. I was in second grade, and it was that I was going to become a Transformer. NO ONE DOES THAT WHEN YOU ARE IN YOUR TWENTIES. My opinion is that by the time you get to like twenty-one or twenty-two, you are pretty much already the worthless dirtbag you were always going to be, and no one really makes any drastic changes after that. I mean, maybe one person in a million does, like say Jesus. I’m pretty sure he did some cool stuff in his late twenties.
So why do I always see gaggles of frat boys from January twelfth through the twentieth bro-ing out and clogging up my gym space, trying to lift with their pterodactyl arms? I’m trying to spread out my yoga mat and perform my elaborate medicine ball exercises that require a twenty-one-foot radius.

One more gym complaint. Hey guys, I know that ultimate fighting is an awesome thing to stand around and drool over these days, but dudes need to stop coming in the weight room and practicing their MMA moves. Space is limited, and I don’t need to see you roundhouse kick another thirty-five-pound weight onto my tibia. YOU AREN’T AN ULTIMATE FIGHTER. YOU ARE A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD PHYS-ED MAJOR WHO WORKS PART-TIME AT COLDSTONE CREAMERY. Stick to suplexing Rocky Road into my sundae.

I need to talk to you about something else. There is a theoretical date of significance that originated in the United Kingdom known as Blue Monday. Now, Blue Monday is said to fall on the Monday of one of the last full weeks of January, and it is said to be the most depressing day of the year. This is due to a variety of factors, such as: “weather conditions, debt level, time since Christmas, time since failing our New Year’s resolutions, low motivational levels, and feeling of a need to take action.” I think you can also add Dad hating you and Uncle Frank shanking you at Christmas dinner for more sources of post-holiday sadness and stress. My source for that quote above is Wikipedia, so despite there being categorically no scientific evidence that any of this is true, I 100 percent believe it.

AND, Blue Monday over the past few years has fallen on the day that the bus returns from Ski Trip. THIS IS SCIENCE. I can safely say that on this day on the last three years, I have been physically restrained from drinking a forty-ounce Nyquil on that bus to relieve the screaming in my head and feel the final, sweet, sweet embrace of death. This year on Blue Monday, after waiting in negative twenty-nine degree weather for the bus for two hours, then wondering why my hands were shaking uncontrollably from Coors Light withdrawal on the bus, I didn’t think depression could sink lower. Then I woke up and realized I had placed a cinderblock on the gas pedal of my Civic and was lying in front of the wheels in the William & Mary Parking Lot. BLUE MONDAY IS REAL, FOLKS. Of course, the lying down in front of my car thing happens every Monday morning.

The Editor’s Brief
By The Editor-in-Chief Joy Einstein, 3L

Everyone at the Not Wythe Standing would like to welcome you back from winter break. We hope you enjoy this semester’s first issue of the paper.

We are always looking for new writers and new ideas for monthly columns, so if you think you might be interested, please email me at NotWytheStanding@gmail.com.

We are also always on the lookout for photos to include in each issue. If you have any pictures from various law school events or if you would like to take pictures for the paper, we would love to have your contributions!
third or very possibly fourth place out of four bands.

Here's the thing. I'm saying this only because my other bandmates don't read this newsletter. They aren't law students; one of them is in high school. We might not be very good. We might actually even suck. I truly have no idea: I'm in the band, so I have no objective perspective. I think I'm pretty good, but a competent bass player does not a rock band make. My friends tell me that we sound good, but they're my friends, and your friends lie to you about things like this.

So it's fun to play music with friends, but everything has a price. For one thing, there's drama. I've become embroiled into roommate-girlfriend-undergraduate drama, and I'm expected to have opinions about what he-said-she-said. Also, you have to be part of the band scene. Rockers strut around venues before and after they play like law students at job fairs: dressed up, game face on, scanning the room for the most influential people to talk to. It's a scene, just like any other scene. Furthermore, you've got to take whatever gigs you can get. We were asked to play a bone marrow drive this week. Haven't gotten back to them yet. It's hard to look forward to a gig like that.

And you know, it's not even worth it. I'm a 3L and it's November. I graduate in six months. Then I have to pass the bar. Then I have to start paying down seven years of student loans. I have to get a job. I have to extern and interview and do all of the *et cetera* that makes law school such a fun and fulfilling experience. The band ain't worth it: I'm a grown-up now, and I've got too many grown-up plates to spin.

But I've played music on a stage, and for all the trouble and sacrifice, that experience is was worth the price. It's not the kind of thing I can put on a resume, but when I have kids of my own and when they start playing music, I'll still have the mp3s from my old band. That's the payoff. And if the economy is still a mess next year and I can't turn my J.D. into a job, I'll know that it I ever need money, I can play well enough to make a little doing a gig. Almost.

Fixing Externships

By Contributor Ryan Ruzic

I fixed the legal skills reading. I fixed the ethics graded curve. Now I'm fixing this. I love externships. Law school bears little relationship to the practice of law, and the education you receive from actually doing legal work can far outpace what you could learn in a classroom in the same amount of time. Plus, you actually get to do something and put something on your resume. Unfortunately, as great and diverse as the many externship options are, students can't do more than a few externships. Why? Because externships are ungraded.

First the facts. The school requires you to take 86 credit hours. 65 of those have to be graded. That leaves you 21 hours of non-graded credit. Quite a bit, right? Wrong. Because the law school starts filling it up right off the bat. Legal skills I, II, III, and IV are all ungraded; that's 8 hours gone. Now we're down to 13. What if, like the majority of students, you're on one of the journals? That's another 1 to 4 gone; now we're at 12ish. 12 to split across two years, that's basically four ungraded classes. Well, that doesn't sound all that bad; four externships is a lot. Oh... wait. All the cool classes are also ungraded. Trial Advocacy is ungraded. Almost every clinic is ungraded. Constitutional Literacy, a class where you teach kids about the Constitution, is ungraded. Are you on a competitive team that has access to a special class? Ungraded. Taking a graduate class outside the law school? Ungraded. The school even took a graded class, Mediation, had students enroll, and then—BAM—that's ungraded too. So why the strict "21" hour limit? I don't know. I thought it might be some kind of ABA thing, but it's not. Stanford, Berkeley, and Yale have all done away with grades altogether. It's just a pedagogical choice.

So how do we fix this? Well, the easiest thing would be to increase the limit from 21 hours to something higher. It would seem that because the school has trended toward adding more and more ungraded options, it would make a lot of sense then to increase the extent to which we can avail ourselves of those. Don't want to raise the limit on ungraded hours, law school? All right, here's another option: let's create a graded option for externships. What if, when enrolling in an externship, you could choose to opt into writing a graded paper on the externship by the end of it, replacing in effect the already required externship journals? We already use an extra paper option with several of the seminars, and we have a course called Independent Legal Writing which is pretty much just straight up write a paper and get graded credit for it. The only issue that comes to mind is that someone might not be very good. We might actually even suck. I thought it might be some kind of ABA thing, but it's not. Stanford, Berkeley, and Yale have all done away with grades altogether. It's just a pedagogical choice.

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Winter Break: Special Feature
What law students did over the break

Reid Schweitzer (1L), Joshua Stiff (1L), and Xander Morgan (1L) went camping in Shenandoah

Yoshie Maeda (LLM) was in Kyoto Kitano Tenmangu, Japan

Kate Paine (3L) decorated the family Christmas tree
Cat Wilmarth (2L) and Masha Kalinina (3L) went to the National Art Gallery over break.

Dan Reeves (2L) went to the beach at Cape May over the holidays.

Alex Murdough, son of Robert Murdough (3L) and his dog dressed for the holidays.
Diana Cooper (1L) received a onesie as a gift

Sarah Aviles (1L) went to see The Grinch on Ice

Stan Jackson (3L) spent winter break at Newfound Lake
Joy Einstein (3L) and family decorated the house for the holidays

Xiaocen Zhu (LLM) went to Yellowstone National Park over break

Claudia Jean Krampien, daughter of Kate Dafoe (3L) dressed up in her santa suit

Joy Einstein (3L) and family decorated the house for the holidays
Rally for Sanity Fear
By Contributor Sarah Aviles

We here at Not Wythe Standing pride ourselves on upholding the highest values of truth, public interest, and timeliness. On that note, this week I bring you a review of October's Rally to Restore Sanity and/or Keep Fear Alive. I've invited two of my friends to comment on the recent rally: Susan Sano and Mr. X (Mr. X has employed a pseudonym to conceal his OR her identity from the stalkers that she OR he knows are following him – or her).

Susan: Many of you hip, young people are aware that on October 30 the distinguished news reporter – and W&M alumnus – Jon Stewart held a Rally to Restore Sanity. I considered the options – the three hour drive, at least $30 in gas money, the damage of fast food to my waistline, not to mention the crowds – and decided it was not for me. Friday evening I found myself in a car driving up to Northern Virginia, the clear victim of peer pressure.

Mr. X: The weeks leading up to the Rally to Keep Fear Alive were a frothing foam of terror! – and not the good kind of frothing foam like on your hot chocolate – the disease carrying frothing foam of a rabid raccoon! Thousands of people converging on our nation's capital, a frenzied mob trampling the grass of that pristine mall, using up the Marine Corps' porta-potties, and wearing flip-flops in October! And these were not just any people – these were the most dreaded factions in our country: Educated people! Politically aware people! People in COSTUME! I could not just stand by and watch this go down! So I too prepared to enter the lion's mouth and send these people back to their universities and office buildings where they belonged!

Susan: We spent the night at a friend's house, planning on driving in the next day. The hospitality was so warm and the food so good we left much later than we planned on Saturday morning, arriving at the metro station at about ten thirty. There was a bit of a line, but we amused ourselves by spotting a teletubby, the Super Mario Brothers, a couple of vampires, and Waldo. Everyone waited patiently, sharing their iPhones so that we could watch the beginning of the rally.

Mr. X: As if the drive down was not nerve racking enough – 65 mph speed limit on route 95! – I spent a sleepless night of tossing and turning in a strange bed that I had not been able to properly inspect for bedbugs or cotton thread count. I awoke early to the smell of fear in the air and knew the rally was at hand! But our dastardly host used their unnaturally soft beds to lull us to sleep, conspiring to make us miss the rally. When we finally escaped their fresh raspberries and toast it was nearly nine o'clock! The cars, filled with angry protesters and workaholics heading into D.C., lined up for the Vienna metro exit for two miles. We had to drive further on route 66 to that rougher, meaner metro station: East Falls Church...

Susan: Once we bought our tickets we discovered

The National Mall during the Jon Stewart rally
that getting on the metro was the real challenge. The train was so crowded that there was literally a wall of people through which not even Flat Stanley would have been able to squeeze. We eventually decided to wait for the metro going the opposite direction so that we could ride it backwards to Vienna and then turn around and ride to D.C. (This made a lot of sense at the time).

Mr. X: My companions began to crack under the pressure. Their so called “Rally for Sanity” took a big dip when we rode a metro a half hour in the opposite direction and then another forty five minutes to D.C. The car was chaos incarnate! People squeezed so tightly together that strangers had to touch each other, total strangers tried to talk to me, total strangers tried to make eye contact with me, and one man sat on another man in a wheelchair, OH THE HUMANITY!

Susan: It was a bit of a squeeze, but we had a little sing along with all the other excited rally-goers. I was going to start a rendition of “American Pie” but I did not know any of the actual words, apart from the chorus. But the atmosphere really rose when we ascended from the metro station to the bright sunshine of D.C’s Mall. The news later said that 270,000 people showed up. There were people of all ages – parents with strollers, elderly folks and college kids. Since it was the day before Halloween, many were in costume, and most had some sort of reasonable sign. Everyone stood silently, listening and watching and occasionally cheering as they listened to the barely audible words of Jon Stewart and Steven Colbert.

Mr. X: It was worse than I had feared! People all standing together! Trampling the fragile grass! Propagating their outrageously mundane beliefs on decorative signs! A young boy sat in a tree, a clear risk to himself and those poor souls beneath him – where were his parents? Probably caught up in the riotous mob of unwashed bodies being brainwashed by Stewart’s reasonableness. I tried to chant! To call out to my fellows to Fear the Unknown! But I was politely shushed by an elderly woman in a practical sweat suit and I feared to continue lest she react with the expected violence.

Susan: The rally was great. We missed a bit of the beginning, but just being there among all those people was worth the trip. Stewart and Colbert played off each other to the usual hilarity, but Stewart especially managed to insert a good deal of true sentiment and feeling. The crowd was responsive and –

Mr. X: -A brainwashed mob easily swayed to dance to the tune of that dastardly piper Jon Stewart. Meanwhile Steven Colbert, the only voice of reason, was defeated by John Oliver in green tights and a mind numbing chant from the crowd –

Susan: You do know that Steven Colbert was only pretending to lead a Fear Rally?

Mr. X: Don’t be drawn in like a child to a
house made of candy! There is no such thing!
The house would melt in the summer time and your skin would stick to the furniture.

Susan: That made no sense, whatsoever.
Mr. X: Oh really? Really?
Susan: Yes, really.
Mr. X: It is a sad opponent who can only throw one’s words back at them as their only form of argument.
Susan: ...
Mr. X: So after the rally, the mob became restless. The porta-potties full and their source of cheap entertainment ended, they sought sustenance at any cost. Small children were run over as people dashed to the nearest restaurants before the food sold out.
Susan: No one was run over!
Mr. X: That’s what the liberal media wants you to think!
Susan: You’re a psychopath!
Mr. X: Mindless drone! Which reminds me, R2D2 showed up! It was the thrill of my day...
Susan: That wasn’t R2D2 that was a remote controlled toy.
Mr. X: You DARE –
Ok. Ok, thank you guys, for your... contribution. The rally is on ComedyCentral.com if any of you did not get to go. I hope you enjoyed the two points of view. For next month’s column I’ll stick to movie reviews.

Divided We Eat
By Contributor Gardner Rordam

Food, at its best, brings people together. We love our favorite foods not only because of how they taste, but also because of the memories they hold – memories of festive, traditional meals with family and friends. The time and effort in the kitchen followed by the laughter and stories at the table are all essential parts of a truly good meal. The best meals are those we share with other people – and those are the ones we’ll remember.

I don’t start with this obvious point to make everyone feel warm and fuzzy, but rather to contrast the best of food with the worst of food. Just as food can bring people together, food has an incredible ability to pull people apart and separate us from each other. The difference between the ‘haves’ and ‘have-nots’ is just as obvious as the difference between ‘multi-grain organic’ and Wonderbread.
Lisa Miller described this very phenomenon in ‘Divided We Eat,’ a Newsweek article that came out last November. From food blogging to backyard gardens, there is an increasing gap in how people view their food – is it merely a means of sustenance, or is it a trophy to hang on a virtual wall and brag about to the rest of the world? Anthony Bourdain, who I heard speak in September, also lamented the trend of “foodies” making the rest of the world feel inferior. Bourdain encouraged the audience to not look down on others who simply cannot afford to eat organic, grass-fed, local food at every meal.
We all have particular food preferences that can come across as snotty. Some people are super picky, whether about organic food choices or other specific food preferences – even a preference for bland food (pasta with butter, and a no-dressing salad on the side, please). Your preferences don’t have to be expensive to make others feel like their food or tastes are inferior to yours. Then there are people like me, whose taste for adventurous food can be just as condescending as the picky folks.

All of this is not to say that we shouldn’t be enthusiastic about what we eat, where it comes from, and what we do with it. From a 3 Michelin Starred restaurant to the best taco stand in the city, food is worth sharing and talking about. Food trends are fascinating as they blend traditional styles with cutting-edge innovations. Because it is such an important part of our culture, we should always be talking about food, but we should try to do so in a positive way.

That’s my goal for this semester: to share my thoughts on cuisine in a way that honors food and what we love about it. From expensive to cheap, organic to processed, obscure to mainstream, I hope, at the very least, that I can convince you to try a few new things throughout the life of this column.