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The Final Debate

By Staff Writer Christopher Rollins (1L)

On the Left:

In short order, Americans from all around our nation will cast their votes for the next President of the United States. It will be a relief to all of us to reach the end of, “My name is X-Y, and I approve Z message.” But what comes to a close might be more than just another election - as a nation, we have the opportunity to finally banish the ghosts which have haunted our politics for more than forty years.

It was Barry Goldwater who first gave us the lie that we should distrust a large government. Of course there should be limits on government; that was a founding principle of the United States. But unregulated monopolies do not create a freer marketplace - they create a shadow government, built on collusion, feudalism, and plutocracy. And right now, we have the lowest tax burdens of any affluent nation in the world; google it. When lowering taxes improves the economy, it does so according to the Laffer Curve. But by all measures, we are well past the peak of this curve. Every income or capital gains tax cut in recent decades has failed us. It’s clear that this path will not lead America to a golden age, merely another gilded age.

Barry Goldwater was defeated in a landslide - but his associate, Nixon, carried on. The two of them created the Southern Strategy - implicitly appealing to racism to gain votes. In a sickening bit of irony, that is what enabled Nixon to defeat first Hubert Humphrey - the man who chartered the Democratic Party’s explicit rejection of bigotry - and then George McGovern - the politician often called the “most decent man of his time.” The Southern Strategy persists to this day, and is occasionally acknowledged by a handful of Republicans.

The lingering whispers of Goldwater and Nixon primarily haunt the Republican Party. But the degenerate state of that party harms us all; America has slowly crawled to the right even as our closest allies walk to the left. It was Bill Clinton, after all, who signed NAFTA and the repeal of the Glass-Stegall Act.

By Staff Writer John Alford (3L)

On the Right:

Before venturing farther, note that I am not a political writer at heart. In my opinion, politicians do have power, but less so in concrete instances and more so in their ability to modify the paradigm under which Americans’ go about their daily lives. That is a poltergeist haunting our politics. Unfortunately, this apparition is not as easy to pinpoint as some golden idol.

From my perspective, rhetoric rather than reality is what drives a wedge through America. I could blame the media’s attempt to persuade through the guise of balanced reporting. I could blame the audience for not taking a moment to consider all the angles. Perhaps politicians are all dirty Sophists. Or best yet, those grimy corporations are manipulating a majority of people in office, a majority of the time. At this stage, casting a stone puts me squarely in the mess. After all, I might be wrong. Perhaps Romney’s 47% comment was not his freewheeling thought on individuals that will never agree with his camp regardless of their race or geographical location and he (un?)consciously was referring to minorities. It just seems odd to me that one must be racist to say something foolish.

Speaking of foolish things, America cannot be compared to the rest of the world. Truth be told, I have never cared much for appeals to the majority and I am not about to start. GDP, standard of living, quality of life, and all other stats one throws out are ultimately irrelevant given the differences. From my ‘vantage’ point, Freedom of Speech alone is worth the cost of admission. Certainly there are a lot of issues facing America, but we have been challenged from the gate.

While far from a tax expert, I believe that no matter how you slice it, the government is going to get its cut. The important factor is determining how to market the idea to the public. What do people want to hear that they are getting: tax cuts or deductions? The trick is figuring out which side is more compelling given one’s values. Speaking of taxes, the individual mandate is a little less clear cut for me as Republicans did have their hand in the cookie jar at one point. There is the possibility that the Republicans drafted the bill merely to...
which helped to turn a strong economy into a bubble economy. Clinton was inaugurated by announcing the end of big government. Even President Obama's historic achievement in giving us universal healthcare was not immune. While all of our peers use single-payer healthcare, President Obama hoped for bipartisan support, and reused the Republican individual mandate proposal from the 90's. Instead of cooperation, the creators disavowed their own ideas - and shifted even harder right.

The President's economic policies are not perfect, but he is vulnerable from the left, not the right. Austerity does not work; in Britain, the two leading parties went for austerity as a bipartisan measure. It was such a failure that party leaders were forced to publicly apologize, beneath the weight of ridicule. On the other hand, our stimulus was an actual success, preventing our Great Recession from becoming a Greater Depression. Overwhelming consensus places its failing in being paired with tax 'relief' and being too small - not that anything larger would have passed.

Yet, America continues an inexorable march rightward, in defiance to both peers and history. Nowhere is this more evident than in Mitt Romney himself. His father viewed high taxes as a patriotic duty; his mother ran for Senate on a pro-choice platform. Sadly, this legacy of Romneys from a Christmas Past has vanished. Barry Goldwater and George Romney could not have been more at odds within their party forty years ago, but Goldwater's urge to 'saw off the Eastern Seaboard' has now found a vessel in Mitt Romney's callous disregard for 47% of the American population.

We have the opportunity to exercise Goldwater, Nixon, and other harmful spectres from our national discourse. It is time to say enough to dishonest austerity; we must return to believing that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people will not perish from the Earth. It is time to say enough to hyperconservative partisans; we must return to having a loyal opposition, not a corporate one. And it is time to say enough to the Southern Strategy, and move to a Fifty State Strategy. We can only do that with a vote for Barack Obama.

To close, I will not say, "God Bless America." Rather, I exhort us one and all to do our very best to bless America ourselves. Because yes, we can.
Food Corner

Fright Night at the Olive Garden

By Columnists Diana Cooper (3L) and Matt Turtoro (3L)

Diana:
There are only three things in this world that terrify Matt to the very core: pleated pants, a general ban on hair pomades at the law school, and bad Italian food. Notwithstanding last season’s prom episode of Glee, the first two fears will likely never come to pass. The last, however, is all too real. Bad Italian food can be found everywhere, especially in Williamsburg.

In the spirit of Halloween, Matt allowed me to choose a place that would disgust and scare him beyond belief. Knowing this, we went somewhere so disgustingly bad, so frighteningly passé, and so touristy, that this review almost didn’t happen. That’s right. I took an Italian-American man to the Olive Garden. And yes, I almost died. To make up for it I promised he would get more words this week, so without further ado: The Olive Garden.

Matt:
It was a dark and stormy Monday afternoon . . . Ok, so it wasn’t actually either dark or stormy, but that opening (so oft’ repeated and mangled that it has spawned its own literary competition, the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest) is the only proper way to begin a narration of the horrible events that have befallen yours truly at that graveyard of La Dolce Vita: The Olive Garden (in Italian, “Il Giardino della Morte”).

Every sense I had told me to run before we were even seated. Pleather-covered chairs, careworn menus filled with invented Italian phrasings, a kitchen staff about as Italian as Mao Zedong . . . nothing stopped Diana and me. The pervading stench of dank mop water and stale Alfredo sauce permeated every corner of the “restaurant.” No noxious miasma that potent has cravenly crept across the land since LA enacted clean air regulations in the mid 80s. In retrospect, Diana and I were as dense as the slutty teenagers in any 1970’s slasher movie . . . walking deeper and deeper into the darkness, despite every possible warning. The only difference between The Olive Garden and those blood-filled horror films was the soundtrack. At least even admittedly mediocre sequels to slasher flicks have some original musical compositions. At The Olive Garden, however, we were subjected to a soul-shattering salmagundi of stereotypical Italian tropes: trite, sterilized versions of Dino, the Boss, Tony Bennett, and Andrea Bocelli flitted through the air in a cacophonic danse macabre more perverse than anything Hieronymous Bosch ever dreamt. They serenaded us unsuspecting souls on our journey to culinary hell.

For appetizers, your sacrificial lambs . . . I mean food critics . . . ordered a trio of fried calamari, stuffed mushrooms, and fried mozzarella, as well as a “Lasagna Fritta.” The mushrooms, filled with an amorphous farrago of meat and breading, were swimming in a fetid broth of indeterminate origin, the fried mozzarella as limp and insipid as a Romney stump speech. The chewy, oily calamari was coupled with a marinara sauce that could most appropriately (or should I say a-Poe-priately) be described as a masquing red death, hiding all natural flavors and textures beneath a cloak of saline, metallic mediocrity. The lasagna fritta provided the coup de grace. Calling what we were served “lasagna” is pure sacrilege. My poor Nonna would roll over in her grave back in North Jersey if she knew I actually paid money for this flavorless, flaccid perversion of noble Italian cuisine. Stuffed with a tepid and bland ricotta paste, fried to within an inch of its life, and swaddled in a red sauce more disappointing than a post-2005 M. Night Shyamalan movie, this appetizer deserved to be cast down to the depths from whence it came. At least in that netherworld the tastes of brimstone and sulfur would be excusable.

Salad, soup, and breadsticks soon came out. The salad and soup were almost indiscernible, so dressing-soaked was the lettuce. Breadsticks, more dense and garlicky than a Jersey Shore cast member, came alongside this feeble intermezzo. Finally, my entrée emerged. I had ordered “Steak Gorgonzola-Alfredo” somewhat dubiously, perturbed by the questionably-hyphenated sauce name (possibly because I pride myself on my own questionably-hyphenated terms). But even my morose expectations were too high for this dish. Scraps of overcooked steak were scattered across the bowl, un-sauced and drier than my gin martinis. The pasta beneath was an unspeakable indignity to Italian culture that would make even Silvio Berlusconi seem palatable (Moroccan call-girls of questionably-legal age and all). Overcooked, it was bathed in a briny mess of Alfredo sauce flavored, by my estimation, with the copious tears of all true Italians. I refused dessert. The horror had to end.

I write this review from my sickbed, Italian pride affronted, spirit shattered, palate defiled, and tummy upset. My companions for the coming days will be my trusty bottle of Pepto Bismol and an unerring sense of culinary superiority.
The Modern Day Dalai Lama

By Staff Writer Christopher Rollins (11)

Four quotes frame my unbridled, aimless, and whimsical rambling of the day. One belongs to my good friend Ayla. She has many positive qualities; I would be remiss not to say that she is of generous heart, keen wit, and a muffin-thumping baker par excellence. I also cherish her insight deeply. She asked a very thoughtful question of me the other day.

“Why does anyone care?”

The answer?

“The Jedi are extinct, their fire has gone out of the universe. You, my friend, are all that’s left of their religion.”

As quotable lines out of the Star Wars movie hexalogy go, that was not the most memorable pick of the litter. But “No, I am your father!” ” and “Let the wookiee win,” and “I got a bad feeling about this,” would have made for inappropriate responses given that the subject matter was Tenzin Gyatso, formerly of Tibet, the highest tulkul of the Gelugpa School. You know him better as the fourteenth Dalai Lama. He visited our school on October 10th, 2012.

Now, there are all sorts of wonderful reasons to care about the presence of the Nobel-Peace-Prize-winning former-leader-in-exile of a subjugated nation, who is recognized by a few million people as the reincarnation-of-the-deity-and-Buddha (these are two separate statuses) of compassion. In fact, I think I just listed a few of them. But to me, while these qualities are integral to my interest, they are not the whole of it.

What I possess is a morbid curiosity. To me, Tenzin Gyatso represents the death of religion.

His somewhat meandering, but always insightful speech was pleasant, to say the least; he had multiple standing ovations, one lasting well over a minute. His words also hinted at another story behind the obvious. In both the speech and the brief question-and-answer session afterwards, the Dalai Lama did not espouse particularly Buddhist principles. And to the Star Wars geek undergrads behind me, he wasn’t talking like a Jedi—no matter how much he talked about anger and fear, or sounded like Yoda when he laughed (I loved his laugh—completely—it was full of life). Tenzin Gyatso was talking like a secular humanist.

He spoke of human compassion and he spoke of how it gave the compassionate person a healthier life. A healthier life that did not involve escaping the cycle of rebirth, or the eightfold path; no, he talked about biology. When the question was posed to the Dalai Lama as to how he thought that non-Buddhists could apply Buddhist teachings, he explicitly rejected the entire notion of the question. “Respect your original religion,” he urged. “That is none of your business. It is Buddhist business.” In the matter of belief, he emphasized that he encouraged his own followers to question and analyze his teachings. He did not want anyone taking what he said on faith.

This is not news to anyone who’s been watching His Holiness for the last few years, or indeed, for most of his life. While even the Vatican has long acknowledged evolution, the fourteenth Dalai Lama’s unusual respect for science is a constant element in his biographies. He made a splash last month with his Facebook status, in which he proclaimed, “[T]he reality of the world today is that grounding ethics in religion is no longer adequate. This is why I am increasingly convinced that the time has come to find a way of thinking about spirituality and ethics beyond religion altogether.” This was a sequel to his book from a little while back, which had the twin bombshells: “While we can live without tea, we can’t live without water. Likewise, we are born free of religion, but we are not born free of the need for compassion,” and “When it comes to obtaining certain, direct results, it is clear that prayer cannot match the achievements of, for instance, modern science.”

Setting aside the issue of whether or not they are true, I can think of no religion that is really compatible with every other religion. Gods and other supernatural elements found their way into Buddhism a long time ago. Half the major religions, based off of the Abrahamic tradition, believe in an end of creation and an eschatological, heavenly afterlife for the good; the other half, born out of India, believe in unending creation, with individuals seeking to remove themselves from that cycle. These religions can never see eye-to-eye when standing in their full stature. Points on which they can all agree must bound their proclamations of ultimate truths. These boundaries protect smaller faiths via the separation of church and state; but at the same time, these boundaries restrict the growth of all faiths. And in the end, anything that isn’t growing is dying.

The Dalai Lama, I think, realizes this truth. The Dalai Lama is the ultimate separation of a church from its state. Beloved by the nations of the world, yet bereft of his own nation, the Dalai Lama is not protected by a bubble. He must see the world for what it is, and what he beholds is the end.

He has formally removed the office of

Continued on page 6
Change We Can Believe In

By Managing Editor Matt Finley (2L)

On October 16, 2012, Jill Stein and her running mate, Cheri Honkala, collectively the Green Party ticket, arrived at Hofstra University to participate in a town hall style debate, which outlined, for the voters’ benefit, the candidates’ differences in the 2012 presidential election. The streets were closed down for their arrival and they were escorted via police detail to the debate site. Throng of ineligible voters waited in anticipation for the candidates, eager to hear their platform, judge their demeanor, and measure their values, should they ever have the chance to vote. This is the unofficial transcript of the debate.

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MODERATOR: Good Evening. My name is “Downtown Demon” and this is the first and last debate featuring third party candidates. It is brought to you with no commercial interruption since it is not being recorded. The debate will last as long as the crowd is under control and will consist of unscreened questions, shouted the loudest, and chosen by me. Deal with it. The individuals present have promised to contain them-selves until they get pissed off, which is good enough for me.

Let’s welcome the candidates: Dr. Jill Stein, Cheri Honkala, “Papa Bear,” and “Baby Bear!”

[Raucous yelling and a smattering of expletives. Candidates meet in the center of the cafeteria. Jill Stein extends her hand, but Baby Bear smacks it away. Cheri Honkala begins crying.]

MODERATOR: Hello candidates. Let’s not waste any time. Be sure not to look anyone in the eye for too long as you answer questions. Also, be sure to keep to the agreed upon format discussed by my posse and I thirty seconds ago. Now, our first question!

[Inaudible shouting.]

There’s one! This goes to you, Papa Bear. If elected president, what would be the first thing you would eat? You have 30 minutes to respond.

PAPA BEAR: That’s easy. Aged prime porterhouse, smothered in béarnaise sauce, with a side of fried Spanish shishito peppers. I would wash it down with a wonderful Syrah to pull the flavor out of those peppers and accent the steak.

MODERATOR: Well I know whom I’m voting for. Dr. Stein? You have 30 seconds.

[Jill Stein throws a person off of her. Cheri Honkala is still crying.]

JILL STEIN: Well hang on! What kind of question is this?! I was under the impression that we would have some good discussion. I thought we would finally get some actual responses.

[Inaudible shouting.]

BABY BEAR: *** *** I ***** ******** ******** would ******** pass***** ***** effective **************************** legislation. Thank you.

MODERATOR: You would! Anyway, on to our next question! [Inaudible shouting.] Aha! This goes to Baby Bear. What will you do to provide amnesty for every prison inmate in the United States? You have as long as you would like to answer the question.

BABY BEAR: **** **** I ***** ******** ************* would ******** pass***** ***** effective **************************** legislation. Thank you.

MODERATOR: Great answer! And articulate to boot! Ms. Cheri Honkala?

CHERI HONKALA: [sobbing] I just don’t know if that would be a great idea—

[Inaudible shouting.]

[Bleeding man falls from upper floor and lands in front of Cheri Honkala. Guards begin beating their way through the crowd. Papa Bear finishes up the tattoo he was giving Baby Bear.]

MODERATOR: Well, it looks like we have enough time for about one more question. Preferably something quick, so I’ll ask this one. This goes to the Bears. The Green Party doesn’t get a chance to answer.

JILL STEIN: Well hang on! What kind of debate is this?! I was under the impression that we would have some good discussion. I thought we would finally get some actual responses.

[Inaudible shouting.]

Continued on page 7

Campaign Ads

By Staff Writer Frantz Farreau (2L)

Being a native Californian, coming to Virginia has required quite a few adjustments on my part. It’s quite a change coming from a reasonable, cosmopolitan, progressive state to a fairly conservative area so rooted in its history. However, after having lived in Virginia during an election year, I have a newfound respect for Virginia and all “battleground states.” I don’t know how they deal with it. At least in California you can only expect a few political ads and the election tipples past without much fanfare.

Since September, my airwaves have been flooded by frivolous, irritating political campaign ads rife with mudslinging, pandering, and truth so massaged it has become a shapeless lump. These ads made me investigate their effectiveness. Clearly, an Obama ad in Texas would be as ineffective as a Romney ad in California; but what effect do these ads have in places like Ohio or Virginia, the so-called “battleground states?”

My investigation took me to a psychological study on point. Evidently, these ads help change people’s opinions early on, but the effect rapidly diminishes over time. This would explain why the ads started so early in the campaign, very shortly after the formal nomination of each candidate in their respective conventions. However, this does not explain why the ads continue up until Election Day. Perhaps undecided or swing voters are swayed by commercials right up to the end.

Another hypothesis is that committed voters in swing states need some sort of reinforcement to not only make sure that they get up and vote, but that they vote for the same candidate on Election Day. In short, undecided voters with no strong party affiliations can change their minds. So by bombarding them with ads, undecided voters are given more and more evidence to support their decisions, which makes it less likely that they suddenly change their minds on Election Day.

Finally, in swing states, many voters remain undecided until they actually go to the polls on Election Day. By bombard-
The only thing people who love movies love more than movies are movies about movies. Perhaps a tertiary reason for this is how exclusive the club of meta-film lovers seem to be. By and large, most people tend to shy away from movies about movies, in all likelihood because they have the potential to diminish the escapist on which the allure of films is partially predicated. Since 1980, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* claims the highest box office gross of all movies about movies.2 Grossing $156.5 million during its theatrical run, it’s not even the most successful cockamamie-rabbit-caper based film.4 Last year’s big winner at the Academy Awards, *The Artist* fit such a description, but the only thing quieter than that film were the ratings for the ceremony.5

Our collective aversion to films about films weighed heavily on my mind as I sat through my second viewing of *Seven Psychopaths* two weeks ago. The picture serves as a ruminative, paradoxical celebration of the cycle of self-loathing only the agonizing writing process can truly elicit, and also a bunch of people’s heads get sawed off. So there’s something for everyone. Nonetheless, everyone has apparently decided not to see it.7 I suspect this is because the promotional campaign for the film deliberately obscured what it is actually is: a guy writing the very movie the audience is watching. This put CBS films, the movie’s distributor, in somewhat of a bind. They could either market the film as the generic “guys with guns” schlock Colin Farrell strives so futilely to avoid, or they could betray that it’s in fact a two-hour reminder that you are indeed watching a movie and that someone very smart worked very hard to write it. The smart, hard-working someone is Martin McDonagh, whose arrival on the cinematic scene was nothing short of triumphant with 2008’s *In Bruges*.8 That film demonstrated a flooring command of pharmacologically-informed black comedy, a genre long since banished by many critics to the dank recesses of Tarantino fandom. *In Bruges* lacked the favorable release date and the promotional blitz of *Seven Psychopaths*, yet the very existence of the latter owes the success of the former a weighty debt of gratitude. Because *Psychopaths* features Christopher Walken pronouncing the word “cravat,” so does the viewer.

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1 With the possible exception of “films about films.”
2 And, far more troublingly, Community
3 http://boxofficemojo.com Genres/Chart/Id=hollywoodmovies.htm
4 See *Space Jam*. This is not a citation so much as it is a command.
5 *Argo*
6 The Dalai Lama from any political power and moved the exiled government to democracy. You might think that strange, given the belief that the fifteenth Dalai Lama would just be Tenzin Gyatso in a new form. Surely he’d lead it just as effectively as he did before? But what happens if his next reincarnation is a wrathful bodhisattva? The concept—unique to Tibetan Buddhism—allow for their lamas to engage in vice and corruption, because evil is part of the same void from which good is drawn. An interesting idea, but do you think the Tibetans-in-exile would enjoy the same support from the international community if their next representative were a violent, power-mad drunkard? Probably not.

Previously, the Dalai Lama proclaimed that he might not reincarnate at all—or if he does, he may not do so within Chinese-controlled Tibet. Combine this with his exhortations that those who follow him do so with analysis rather than faith, and it becomes quite plausible that he is motivated out of concern for the controlling power of misused religion. These are not the actions of a man who believes that his faith, or even his movement, will last.

The uncertain future of the Gelugpa school of Tibetan Buddhism is shared for their lamas to engage in vice and corruption, because evil is part of the same void from which good is drawn. An interesting idea, but do you think the Tibetans-in-exile would enjoy the same support from the international community if their next representative were a violent, power-mad drunkard? Probably not.

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7 Bum.
8 Or “met-allergy,” as no one will ever call it, yet totally should
9 As of this writing, the film has grossed $9.9 million against a $15 million budget and undisclosed promotional costs.
10 McDonagh had also won an Academy Award for his 2004 short film, *Six Shooter*.
11 With the possible exception of *Die Hard* being the greatest movie ever made.
12 *Argo* is a movie about movies and politics. This is a recipe for financial catastrophe that Ben Affleck somehow managed to bungle.9 It may not be the best film of the year, though it is likely its inevitable army of statues this winter will incline many to remember it that way. Like *Seven Psychopaths*, it is a jarringly impressive film for every reason the former isn’t: it’s a movie everyone would like, despite the regrettable absence of head-sawing. It boasts hilarious, endearing performances by John Goodman, Alan Arkin, and Bryan Cranston. Ben Affleck’s fully realized directorial vision that suggests he wanted to make *The Sting* meets *The French Connection* and arguably pulled it off. *Argo* and *Seven Psychopaths* are two great films about films with considerable star power and overwhelmingly positive reviews. One succeeded and one did not. William Goldman said that in Hollywood, “Nobody knows anything.”10 This is not entirely true, because I just know that next time someone wants to make a movie about movies, whichever studio head happens to be in charge, and who may or may not be a character in the movie, will strenuously insist that the screenwriter throw in a talking bunny who runs the CIA.11

Award for his 2004 short film, *Six Shooter*.

*Argo* has already made its $44.5 million budget back at the box office.

*With the possible exception of Die Hard being the greatest movie ever made.*

10 *Working title: Down the Rabbit Mole*
Dear Scalia

Romantic advice from that most eloquent of Supreme Court Justices

DEAR SCALIA,

This is the first year my husband and I are considering letting our 3-year-old son go trick-or-treating for Halloween. We are just so worried about his safety on that night—we have heard all the trick-or-treating horror stories about bad candy and/or drivers not seeing kids walking out at night. What can we do to protect our child? Are there costumes that are better suited for late night erriment?

CONCERNED PARENT in Williamsburg

Dear CONCERNED,

You’re concerned about trick-or-treating in Williamsburg? Seriously? Take it from me—I was there about a month ago. They still have an APB out for the infamous “black stapler.” Look it up.

(Unless you’re talking about Williamsburg, Brooklyn. In which case you have no hope. Hipsters are the biggest threat to America today. I once tried to go to a bowling alley in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. It was no bowling alley, if you know what I mean). (EDITOR’S NOTE: Again, Justice Scalia, we don’t).

First thing’s first: DON’T DRESS YOUR SON UP AS ME. I go as myself for Halloween every year, and I am the only one legally allowed to do so after last year’s debacle. See attached photo. Fat Harry Potter, indeed.

Secondly, I don’t believe in trick-or-treating. It is a direct intrusion upon a person’s sovereignty - their home. I know I don’t want little people surprising me at my door at night dressed as witches or ghosts or ARE YOU KIDDING ME DRESSING YOUR YOUNG CHILDREN AS THE SCHEDULE II CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE DEALERS WALTER WHITE AND JESSE PINKMAN? Look it up online. It’s real.

In fact, I really don’t see any way to distinguish trick-or-treaters from the other major threat to local sovereignty: ILLEGALS. See Arizona v. United States, ___ U.S. ___, 142 S.Ct. 2492 (2012) (Scalia, J., dissenting) (lamenting the loss of “the defining characteristic of sovereignty: the power to exclude from the sovereign’s territory people who have no right to be there”). And quite frankly, you have no right to ring my doorbell while I doze off to Animal Practice.1 If you come up to my door dressed as a Shark from West Side Story, the state should be able to allow property owners to ask for full documentation of legal status. You have it coming.

And anyway, if the courts have any respect for stare decisis, then your children may be shot in the dark at will by property owners who feel even the slightest bit threatened. See State v. Peairs, (19th Jud. D. La. May 23, 1993) (unreported) (finding that a man who shot a 16 year old kid who went to the wrong house for a Halloween party and who was quote “really scary, Judge” was not guilty for, well, anything).

If I were you, I would keep your children locked in the house at night until they are legally able to rent a car without those additional fees. That means their brains are fully developed, so science tells me.

“YEAH, SCIENCE!” –Jesse Pinkman, whom you should not dress your kid up as for Halloween.

SCALIA FIN.

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

1 Seriously, give that show a chance. This is not in any way a practical joke. I only pull those on Ginsburg.

Campaign Ads

Continued from page 5

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Continued from page 5

A Change We Can Believe In

Continued from page 5

some clarity on the issues. Americans were supposed to be able to listen to each of us and be confident that they knew the difference between the candidates. We were finally supposed to be able to inject some democracy into this system, to make some real progress. The American people were supposed to win tonight. Doesn’t any of that matter anymore?

MODERATOR: Ms. Stein . . . that was magnificent. I mean, really, that was beautiful.

JILL STEIN: Oh, well, thanks. I’m just really passionate about all this.

MODERATOR: I’m touched. You know? Maybe we are all being a little uncivil about this whole thing. Tell you what, let’s try this again tomorrow.

JILL STEIN: Well I would really like that.

[Prison Guards knock out Downtown Demon. One guard tackles Cheri Honkala into her pool of tears. Jill Stein is appr ehended to continue her jail time, keeping America safe for one more day.]
Law Review Presents:

The Importance of Being Earnest

By Special Contributor Lily Saffer (3L)

Law Review, the law school's first and only theater group, strives to create convenient theatrical opportunities for law students who miss doing theater but don’t have the time to commit to more traditional productions. This semester, instead of seeing tumbling Shakespearean in front of the couches or hearing the strains of female empowerment means in front of the couches or hearing, you may run into something a little Wilder.

This fall’s production is the famously witty The Importance of Being Earnest, by Oscar Wilde. Directed by 3L Amelia Vance, this production may lack Colin Firth in a sweater, but it has pretty much anything else you could ask for. We’re talking tea, books, satire, cucumbers, commentary, and hats! The cast features law students from all walks of life and all years of school: Dennis DeMarco (3L), Lily Saffer (3L), Brett Piersma (2L), Amanda Fickett (2L), Jane Ostdiek (1L), Chris Rollins (1L), Ashley Johnson (1L), Craig Smith (1L), and Susan Lu (NDS).

As always, our performances are free, but donations are greatly appreciated. The Importance of Being Earnest will be performed in the law school lobby, Friday November 2nd at 7pm; Saturday, November 3rd at 7pm; and Sunday, November 4th at 2pm. We hope to eat muffins in front of every single one of you!

POLICE BLOODER: Week of October 22

Monday, October 22, 11:04 A.M. – A consortium of zombie 1L professors placed a call to the Virginia Department of Health. Maintaining that their students brains were collectively “under-prepared” for class, one of these zombie professors was heard to remark, “they could have used a little garlic.” This caused a devastating rift with the vampire 1L professors, who claimed that such preparation would “suck.”

Tuesday, October 23, 10:20 P.M. – Backup arrived on the scene of a routine traffic stop. Following an investigation that can charitably be described as cursory, the second officer on the scene determined that the arresting officer was not a police officer at all, but was in fact a student on a horse with “Police” painted on its side. The student was arrested for impersonating a police officer. His defense was that the entire ensemble constituted his Halloween costume. When it was pointed out that it wasn’t Halloween, he said he was impersonating a “timecop.” He has been found guilty and has filed an appeal. Notwithstanding an extensive criminal record, the horse was released from custody after he posted hay bale.

Wednesday, October 24, 5:33 P.M. – Police responded to a call alleging a “bizarre Halloween promotion.” To build anticipation for a speaking event next month, students hosted a Halloween-themed question & answer forum in the Faculty TOMB with Bob “Boo Woodward” Woodward and Carl “dressed up as a bear” Bernstein. Charges of fraud were pressed when it was revealed that the speakers were in fact Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman attempting to reprise their earlier roles: The Sundance Kid and Rainman.

Thursday, October 25, 1:19 P.M. – Police responded to a call placed from WaWa. A clearly enraged customer repeatedly accused the soda fountain of lacking sufficient “extremeness.” The manager was detained after it was determined that murder case from before. A suspect was identified. Citing that his costume would be “woefully inauthentic if he didn’t go full-Patrick Bateman, guy.” The suspect was released when authorities could not confirm the alleged victim – Paul Allen – ever even existed.

Friday, October 26, 12:48 A.M. – Following a moment of quiet reflection, foul play was very much ruled back in that murder case from before. A suspect was identified. Citing that his conduct was in keeping with the 80’s theme of that night’s bar review, the suspect claimed that his costume would be “woefully inauthentic if he didn’t go full-Patrick Bateman, guy.” The suspect was released when authorities could not confirm the alleged victim – Paul Allen – ever even existed.

Saturday, October 27, 7:30 P.M. – A student was mistakenly quartered at the Larrimore House without the owner’s consent. A Third Amendment violation suit was filed and summarily dismissed when it was determined that “prestigious a bunch of times in Call of Duty” is insufficient to establish standing as a soldier.

1 Blotterer’s note: In light of Halloween, and in a radical departure from this section’s longstanding and unimpeachable commitment to absolute veracity, certain liberties have been taken with the “facts” of the “events” in this “section.” As is the case with most newspapers, unabashed paganism prevailed after a protracted, Newsroom-esque mele over the state of modern journalism. For the record, all of the crimes this week were actually grand larcenies. A recent MyLaw Docket Daily Summery confirms that in Williamsburg, we like to think that safes are relatively communal.

2 Pending.

3 The Microsoft one.