Not Wythe Standing: The News (Vol. 4, Issue 5)

Repository Citation
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President Obama’s inauguration was disturbed because the minister selected to give the inaugural sermon, Louie Giglio, decided to withdraw. Giglio’s withdrawal prompted a incensed article by Ed Stetzer entitled “Destructive Secular Intolerance.” In it, Stetzer contends that society should let religious conservatives hold their views (specifically no homosexuality) without being ostracized. His argument is so tragically flawed, one may think that it is satirical. Alas, it is not, and is instead a real criticism of our country’s values.

Although a legitimate complaint on its face, there are many problems with the view that “people should be allowed to hold views without being shunned.” As a society, we have a right to decide what we value. There is no greater display of our values than our political system, and the president is the head of our political system. Whether or not we agree with any President’s views, we have to concede that our president is who we chose to lead our country. The inauguration is a celebration of that choice. As such, we should make every effort to make it an event without controversy and an event without hate. Whether or not we succeed, we should still strive for that goal.

Our country was founded on tolerance. Although we have had many periods in history in which view that is most inclusive and least discriminatory. Thus, a neo-Nazi may choose to hate all non-Aryans, and a neo-Nazi may surround himself with people who hold his views. However, by holding views that are exclusionary in a socially unacceptable way, the neo-Nazi excludes himself from many parts of society. The same is true of any other racist, or misogynist, nationalist, and increasingly, those who are anti-homosexual.

Society is moving towards accepting that homosexuality is not a choice, and if it is a choice, it is a private choice with private implications and we should not interfere with it. We are moving towards an inclusive, non-discriminatory view of homosexuality. Thus, we shun people who openly hold negative views about homosexuals.

However, the problem with evangelicals who have negative beliefs about homosexuality transcends the exclusionary aspect. Another problem is that the belief is institutionalized and rooted somewhere other than in the person who holds the belief. Put differently, we are sympathetic when people have exclusionary beliefs that we think are justifiable. Not
I Dream of Sushi

By Staff Writer Matt Turtoro (3L)

Food Red Alert!
Soya is “Closed Indefinitely for Renovations.” I’ve tried calling, emailing, and leaving personalized, calligraphered notes imploring them to reopen immediately, but all this has gotten me is a cease and desist notice with the threat of a restraining order. No light was in sight at the end of my sushi tunnel, and the thought of endless weeks without Ahi sashimi, hot sake, or quail egg yolk and sea urchin hand rolls depressed me more than a post-Sorkin episode of West Wing. Following doctor’s order, I took the long MLK weekend to assiduously search foodie blogs, weep while watching Jiro: Dreams of Sushi (available streaming on Netflix, and about as exciting as the LPGA tour) and canvass friends for viable alternatives to my Japanese favorite. A number of people in-the-know suggested Hayashi Sushi and Grill, conveniently located mere steps from the Prime Outlets and sandwiched between a cigarette discount depot and a store devoted solely to Pepperidge Farm products (do even the execs at Pepperidge Farm remember that they spend money stocking an entire retail location at an off-brand strip-mall miles from the “bustling hub” of Colonial Williamsburg?).

My initial reaction to Hayashi was mixed. The overall ambience was lackluster compared to Hayashi’s Newport News location, which features a fairly sophisticated and Japanese-inspired minimalist interior replete with dark woods, a large, amply-stocked bar, and textured, undulating focal walls. Its Williamsburg sister had a rather plain interior, with tile floors reminiscent of a third floor psych ward found in any episode of Travel Channel’s hit Ghost Adventures. A wall separated the restaurant almost totally into two halves. One side, with a smattering of tables pushed to the outsides of a bar area bedecked with flat screen TVs, was devoted to sushi; the other, to a collection of large hibachi grills. Though aesthetically unpleasing (and definitely not in keeping with Feng Shui principles) the wall did serve to dampen the raucous screams of a large group of inebriated locals, apparently celebrating Martin Luther King Day Eve in the traditional manner, with countless rounds of sake bombs, and teriyaki beef cooked tableside.

My appetizer, the “Dynamite” was a surprising combination of sea scallops and shitake mushrooms, lightly baked in Reynolds wrap (a lowbrow take of the traditional French serving method of poisson en papillote?) served with a spicy mayonnaise. Despite the crass plating, the dish was both amply-sized and delectable. The mildness of the scallops and mushrooms (wonderfully tender and moist in their own right) was pleasantly offset but not overpowered by the spicy mayonnaise. Miso soup followed, and was unremarkably palatable—as Miso soup is wont to be.

For dinner, I split the “Speed Boat” with two friends. Over 50 pieces of fish were “artfully” arranged on a bed of inedible shredded raw radish and beet, all atop a decorative balsa wood ark. The presentation was about as subtle and refined as the fake tan on a New Jersey high-schooler before senior prom, but the fish was, by and large, extremely decent. Yellow fin, octopus, tuna, salmon, imitation crab, mackerel, and shrimp were served as sashimi and/or nigiri. The shrimp, salmon, and octopus were superlative, though I found the tuna lacking that fatty subtlety which makes it

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A Silenced Minority?

justified, but justifiable. For example, any employer may have legitimate concerns about hiring people with certain chronic medical conditions; people with those conditions miss lots of work, they may have to quit and so on. Our solution is to legislate. We understand how somebody could reason to a particular conclusion, and we legislate against that conclusion. The legislation can also explain why the line of reasoning is flawed.

But religious evangelicals base their conclusions on a sacred text. Sacred texts are incontrovertible authority, and it is not possible to explain why a line of reasoning based on a sacred text is flawed. There is no “reasoning,” it is a conclusion based on plain language. The most effective, and possibly only, way to deal with views based on such fundamental principles is to ostracize those who hold those views in the hopes that they look to other source for their views.

The other problem is that all who are religious do not have the same views regarding homosexuality. There are religious institutions that recognize gay marriage, and there are others that welcome homosexual couples and their families into their congregation. So, it is possible to interpret sacred texts to include homosexuals. Besides which, all sacred texts have many admonitions. However, very few people strictly adhere to all religious rules; most pick and choose which to follow. Thus if people use sacred texts to spread hate and marginalize people who have wronged only because the text says so, it makes sense to shun them. We strive to have a society that is as open and inclusive as possible. If evangelicals want to be respected, embraced members of our society, then they need to redefine their message to include all members of our society, not just some.

Hayashi

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my favorite form of sashimi (and an endangered species to boot--taste the lack of social conscience as you chew!). An Alaskan roll, composed of tender salmon and wonderfully ripe avocado slices and a spicy tuna roll rounded out our sushi boat.

All told, virtually everything was decent or better, with the exception of mackerel sashimi (but who actually enjoys that anyway?), and the pricing was exceedingly reason-
An American Tour
Destination: North Carolina

By Staff Writer Yan Yan (LLM)

This winter break I went to North Carolina. My uncle and aunt live there and they took me to quite a few interesting places throughout the state.

First of all, the biggest privately-owned house, the 'Biltmore House', is located in NC. It took us several hours of driving on steep, winding roads through the mountains before we reached Biltmore and the gardens. It was originally owned by George W. Vanderbilt, a millionaire who manufactured fabrics and wine. The family business remains strong even today. Among the many, many rooms of Biltmore, there were rooms for entertaining, family rooms, guest retreats, recreation areas, servants’ domain, and a bachelors’ wing. Most of the rooms had really high ceilings and huge floor space. The number of flags and chairs made me feel as if I were in a conference room. The fabrics and the patterns on the cloth they chose were lovely and artistic.

After the tour in the house, we took a visit to the gardens and the winery as well.

After that, I had the chance to visit Wake Forest University and Duke University - stopping to see their law schools. Wake Forest looks very similar to William & Mary: both places are very heavily wooded areas.

The view at Duke was breathtaking. The buildings seem to be made from bricks and the buildings are symmetrically located so that it looks neat and magnificent. It happened to be an Open House Day when we arrived at Duke that morning, so lots of students, together with parents and grandparents, were walking through the university, all wearing clothes and carrying cups branded with 'Duke' or 'Duke University.' I saw them smile when they saw my uncle taking photos of me smiling clumsily and standing in front of all the buildings like a new student myself. Those students have every reason to be proud, attending such a fine school. I am equally proud of every school that I attended as well.

Next, on our tour, we swung by a very interesting place – the Old Salem in Winston-Salem. It almost has a history as long as Colonial Williamsburg because the early residents in Old Salem arrived in the mid-1700s. The pamphlet stated that the Moravians, ['k]nown as brilliant tradesmen, . . . arrived in the mid-1700s, having fled religious oppression in Central Europe.' It was strange to me that I found so many German phrases there. The first African American church was located there as well. What I found most interesting was the 'Single Brothers House' and the 'Single Sisters House' which has now become Salem College. In the Single Brothers House, there were rooms for making pottery and clothes, ironing, carpentry, and rooms filled with little machines such as watches.

The guide told us stories about how single brothers proposed to single sisters - it was a strange cultural fact for me to learn. First, the single man will expose his intention to the minister, and the minister will check the man’s financial status and maturity. After that, the minister will ask him to throw the dice, each of which had three choices on it: ‘ja’ – ‘yes’ in German; ‘nein’ – ‘no’; and blank. If the single guy gets ‘no’, he should never propose to the same single female again because it is a sign of God’s intention. If the man’s dice lands on the blank side, he could throw again at a later date. If the man gets 'yes', the minister at the single brothers’ will come to the minister at the single sisters’, who will then tell the chosen female of the proposal from the single guy and ask her opinion. Only after the female’s consent can they marry each other. Then, and only when the people are married, can they leave the single houses and live together elsewhere. There was one poor single man who got 9 refusals: 2 from God and 7 from the girls. He tragically remained single before this method was abolished.

Apart from these exciting tours, I also had the chance to visit another big house near Wake Forest Univer-

Continued as US TOUR on page 7
By Managing Editor Matthew Finley (2L)

In my closet at my childhood home I have close to 50 board games, stacked from the floor to the ceiling so tight that the cardboard seams are bursting. I insisted that my mother buy every single board game I saw on Saturday morning television. Over the holidays I revisited this mountain. These are some I found:

**Thin Ice** – Nothing screams fun like tissue resilience and marbles.

**Order Up!** – Designed for those children who aspired to flip burgers. This game consisted of using brightly colored spatulas to move monochrome hamburgers around. I have no idea how to win. I never played it.

**Mall Madness** – Don’t judge me. Fake credit is basically how I’m attending law school.

**1313 Dead End Drive** – I was a huge fan of clue and still am. This game stole the story line and removed all the mechanics.

**Knockout** – This was another workforce training game. A small battery operated jackhammer knocked out bricks in a wall Jenga-style, resulting in extremely loud noises.

**Forbidden Bridge** – This was the hardest game that ever existed, and also one of the biggest besides Twister. There are two mountains and a bridge that runs between them. You’re an explorer who has to run across the bridge which is moving back and forth violently, I mean violently. On top of that you have to avoid getting eaten by the alligators painted on the game board at the bottom. I still have no idea how to get across that bridge without falling off. I often lay awake at night wondering if the jewels at the end are still there.

**Don’t Wake Daddy!** – What happens after daddy wakes up? No one explained that.

**Pass the Pigs** – Similar to Yahtzee in that you are throwing something to get certain combinations. Except with pigs. That is all.

**Splat!** – Pretty simple. Take all that time smashing play-doh and put it to use. On a board, moving spaces, with dice rolls. Nothing to see here.

**Perfection** – I’m placing this in the list not because it was strange (I mean I could have played the same game by cleaning my room with a stopwatch), but because of the commercial. There is no way I could even put a rough estimate on the amount of time spent listening to the jingle-ized “Pop goes the Weasel” and watching huge pointy star pieces pop out of that man’s yellow shirt. I wish I could get them back.

**Conclusion**

In the end, intricate board and piece design doesn’t seem to be a recipe for a good board game (unless it’s Mouse Trap) and overly simplistic mechanics don't seem to work either (unless it’s Monopoly). The conclusion is that there is a sweet spot between mechanics and board design that creates a great game, unless the theme is based on something normal or nothing at all. In that case, I suppose you could just make a game. But if you insist on making a game involving scooping up Play-Doh dog crap (the game is called Doggie Doo. Seriously) you’re going to have to put some work into it.
The phrase “Christmas miracle” gets bandied about all too often these days - by which of course I mean the days that are Christmas. Yet, not even every once in a while, however – perhaps some once in a while at best – a movie comes along that reminds us that the movie is Django Unchained. As I left the theater, and after reminding a reformed miser who had apparently just completed some sort of metaphysical sojourn that today was, in fact, Christmas Day, my emotional state mired in acute conflict. You see, dear reader, on the one hand (which, if it had appeared in this movie, would have had a statistically significant probability of being chopped off) the film represents yet another superb entry in Quentin Tarantino’s increasingly interesting/violent oeuvre. On the other hand, something happened in it that I didn’t entirely understand.

The time for reconciliation between these hands¹ is nigh.

Under normal circumstances, it would be incumbent upon me at this point to warn you that there are spoilers below. The circumstances surrounding this film are far from normal, and if you have yet to see the film, I beseech you to forge bravely ahead and read them anyway. Indeed, anyone who knows me probably knows two things. The first is that, for tax purposes, Samuel Clemens probably isn’t my real name, and the second is that I do not beseech haphazardly. I beseech you to read because the point is that despite the event in question, not because of it, the film is every bit the exhilarating experience I’ve come to expect from St. Tarantino.²

The incident in question is as follows: Dr. King Schulz³ kills Calvin Candie⁴ rather than shake his hand to cement their $12,000 transaction.⁵ Against no odds, it somehow does not end well for either of the principals involved. I did not expect the otherwise calculating Schulz to do this because the film does not provide a satisfying precedent for such a death wish, and yet this perceived incongruity did not detract from my enjoyment of the film. When trying to determine why I feel this way, I realized that perhaps a moviegoer is willing to excuse not only murky character motivations, but indeed all of a film’s flaws, selectively.

Tarantino, to his eternal, sainthood-warranting credit, has defended all of Schultz’s decisions in the film with the vociferous verbosity that he’s been known to exhibit from time to time. In fact, you can read his partial-throated defense in a preposterously entertaining exchange with a HuffingtonPost critic.⁶ There, the defense Tarantino mounts is as admirable as it is entertaining, but you won’t see the interview in the movie, because that would be sort of weird.⁷ My umbrage with Candie’s kill

¹ Or (wait for it) “handshake agreement.”
² Get on this, Pope.
³ Portrayed with the grandiose flair one would expect from the brilliant Christoph Waltz.
⁴ Portrayed with the questionable dentistry and unadulterated evil one would presumably not expect from Leonardo DiCaprio.
⁵ Schultz’s purchase of Broomhilda (Kerry Washington).
⁷ But only slightly less awesome than the fire in Planet Terror.
REEL DEALS, Continued from page 6

Not Wythe Standing

G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra, by which of course I mean the Sonny/Carlo brouhaha in The Godfather. See also the entire courtroom scene in The Dark Knight while listening to the Cantina song. The lesson here, I think, is that any dullard with an hour and a woefully uninspired pseudonym can exhaust nearly 800 words in an impotent quibble about a film’s major plot point and still maintain that the film was the best that this dullard had seen in the best year for film since he’s reached cinematic cognizance. And if that isn’t the true meaning of Christmas, I don’t know what is.

we’re both right!

My brother...let’s call him, I dunno, Roger Clemens, has a theory for why he did it. The theory holds that Schultz never stopped being a dentist, saw an opportunity to get at the root of the problem (Candie), and he took it. I think this theory is wrong because I didn’t think of it and that angers me. I would also point out that the Brittle brothers perhaps represented the same core evil. So...it’s kind of startling.

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9 Unless the director’s cut is totally nuts.

10 Maybe on the Django DVD Candie will have actually shot Schulz first.

11 And also me.

12 Though, as this article may attest, it is highly debatable whether that milestone has in fact been reached.

13 Editor’s note: author actually doesn’t know. It’s kind of startling.

Weekly Weather Report

By Special Weather Contributors Holly Crapitscold and I.C. Breeze (CMULS)

This week’s weather forecast is likely to be just as pleasant and predictable as it has been for the past two weeks.

Monday: Scattered showers, High of 84° / Low of 92°

Tuesday: Rain, High of 23° / Low of “WTF! I thought this was the south!”

Wednesday: Floods - during the fifteen minute intervals when you need to get to your car, High of 45° / Low of 45°.

Thursday: Sunny, High 102° / Low of 29° - is this what the flu feels like?

Friday: I wore woolen mittens and a short sleeved shirt. I can’t feel my nose but the rest of my face is sunburned.

1 Completely Made Up Law Students
DEAR SCALIA:

Because Dear Abby passed away recently, you are all that I have left to turn to in this, my greatest time in need.

I have been estranged from my daughter for two years now. I would like to get in touch with her again, but we had a giant fight and she left town. Now I don’t even know where she is or how to get in touch with her. What is the best way to re-connect with her?

SADDENED IN DENVER

DEAR SADDENED,

I once discussed “the difficult, indeed agonizing, questions that are presented by the constantly increasing power of science to keep the human body alive for longer than any reasonable person would want to inhabit it.” Cruzan by Cruzan v. Dir., Missouri Dept. of Health, 497 U.S. 261, 292 (1990) (Scalia, J., concurring). After decades of dealing with piles and piles of your mail, I imagine that at 94, Abby was glad to reach a peaceful end to inhabiting her body. The only downside is that now I have to read letters from people like you, no offense, which were normally Abby's domain.

But let’s get this over with, I still need to address those fashion challenged inauguration critics - a man’s hat choice should be his own business.

First of all, there is absolutely nothing wrong with not talking. Some of the brightest, most reasonable (and most obedient :) ) people in this country stay silent for much of their lives, even to the point of napping. See Thomas, Life of Clarence. When they finally do speak, it’s usually not even worth it. See also Mike Sacks, Justice Clarence Thomas Speaks After Almost 7 Years of Silence, THE HUFFINGTON POST (Jan. 14, 2013) http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/01/14/clarence-thomas-speaks_n_2473316.html.

Secondly, what’s done is done. Don’t regret the past. Make your decision and stick with it. You did the right thing. So there. If someone doesn’t like it, they should get over it. It’s so old by now. I and my Court owe no apology whatsoever for Bush v. Gore....wait, what were we talking about? See Ali Frick, Scalia and Bush v. Gore: ‘Get Over it!’, THINK PROGRESS, Apr. 24, 2008, available at http://thinkprogress.org/politics/2008/04/24/22268/scalia-on-bush-v-gore-get-over-it/?mobile=nc (where I vomited after citing a website called “Think Progress.”).

Hope this helps!

SCALIA FIN.

RIP Abigail Van Buren (i.e. Pauline Phillips, 1918-2013)

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

Police Blotter: Week of January 16

Thanks to the sugar/present induced spirit of the winter holidays, the dark world of semi-true-ish crime went into an eggnog induced lull. Other more liberal sources attribute this lag to harsher stapler control legislation.

Wednesday, January 16 - 3:04 P.M. – A wrongful arrest action lawsuit was loudly and nearly coherently threatened by 4 juveniles, 3 of whom were under 18 years of age and one of whom yelled “Back that [Thang] Up” as they were being escorted away from a Williamsburg 7 Eleven by local authorities for loitering. The juveniles asserted there was no anti-loitering policy in place, as the sign outside the establishment purportedly read “no goitering.” The elements of the claim appeared doomed from the outset, as security footage shows the juveniles clearly painting the “g” crudely on the sign. They also all had goiters.

Thursday, January 17 – 8:46 A.M. – Tony Danza was charged with one count of Stealing Christmas. An ear-witness to the arrest claims that Affleck pointed out that the alleged theft transpired in 2003, and “…there’s gotta be a statute of limitations on that, right? Haven’t we all been through enough?”

Friday, January 18 - 6:40 P.M. - The customary Mylaw Docket update, also known as the “Docket Digest,” on which students have come to rely for all of their redundancy-related redundant needs, was not provided. An unnamed defendant has been charged with 613 counts of Docket indigestion.

Monday, January 21- 1:37 P.M. – A third-year law student’s establishment clause claim was dismissed. The student had filed this claim when the registrar refused to convert one of his first semester grades to “Judaism.”

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