

# THE OYEZ

THE ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY THING ABOUT LAW SCHOOL VOL. 44 ISSUE 4

## COOKING WITH CARASCO

Also:  
TUESDAYS WITH CONKIE  
WORLD WAR WINDSOR PT. 4  
REJECTED GRAD GIFTS



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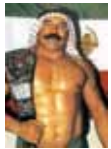
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# c o n t e n t s

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I'm pretty sure I can remember everything so long as I don't forget.



**Bonus: Oyez served au jus with your choice of side!\***

\*\$2.99 extra to substitute Oyez for French onion soup or Caesar salad

# t h e o y e z

## what is this schlock?

*The Oyez* is a magazine by law students for law students in the finest tradition of satire and critique. As the only intentionally funny thing about law school, *The Oyez* isn't afraid to show just how ridiculous the law and the school experience can be. We aim to please, and are pleased to take aim. Also available online and in technicolour at [www.uwindsor.ca/theoyez](http://www.uwindsor.ca/theoyez).

## how can I efficiently ruin my law career?

*The Oyez* welcomes all student submissions, though it reserves the right not to print anything banal, offensive, un-funny or below our entirely subjective B curve. Drop any work, tips, hints, news, gossip or otherwise interesting tidbits at [theoyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindsor.ca) sometime before any one of our four issues in September, November, January, and March.

## permanently disbarred

Mark Loya – Nicole Corriero

## monkeys at typewriters

Nicole Corriero – Mike Vogel – Sean Kumar – Mark Loya – Michelle Kai  
Brian Sweigman – Mohamed Hashim – Etc.

# April Fools! Oyez Improves Treble!



Respect to JAPP.

## What's the difference between Quin Quin and me?

One is a French duck, the other is a drenched f-...

**From the Pen of the Editor**

To the puddles outside the law school:



Of all the feelings and sensations that I enjoy, moist isn't one of 'em. This is reflected in my habit of skipping classes when it is raining, and my natural dislike of showering and personal hygiene in general. I was very surprised to see that my much loved law school was slowly being surrounded by a moat. Why? Are we still living in fear that barbarian hordes are going to storm our turrets? It's not like I could just hop over it either, as I learned years ago from a famed Harrelson and Snipes movie. Instead, I must wade, like a duck. When I was in French immersion elementary school we had a class duck. His name was Quin Quin. He used to try to eat himself and he smelled like the horrors. I'm not a duck. I'm not French. Wading only makes my shoes wet. I hate you Quin Quin. I hate that you will forever have this up on me. I hope you ate yourself. And I hope you tasted as bad as you smelled.

Mark Loya (a.k.a. "Loya")  
Co-Editor, The Oyez

## Law School... Check! Real Life... WHAT?!?!!

*After all the rabid excitement over being nearly finished my last semester here at Windsor Law, the realization hit me like the Via Rail train that I take every Thursday afternoon to Toronto. I'm going to be a lawyer...really, really soon. Wow. Scary.*



*How did I not realize this earlier? Somehow, during my time here, with all the drama, partying and gossip, this small, simple fact managed to elude me. I wasn't thinking about the realities of billing and making a living on Saturday nights at Voodoo when I was grinding with 19-year-old Americans. The fact that the livelihoods of clients would be in my questionably capable hands never crossed my mind while I slept through yet another 8:30am class. And the fact that if I messed up, I could get sued or disbarred, was not enough to prevent me from looking at pictures of random first years on facebook during class instead of listening. Why didn't anyone tell me that at the end of law school, I would actually become a Lawyer?*

*Thus, I am now in grave debt, bidding farewell to my school days, and consequently my freedom, and on my way to becoming an educated, well-respected lawyer, apparently. My only solace, and only hope is the high likelihood that the people I am graduating with are just as clueless as me. Regardless if this is true, this is what I will continue to tell myself, so please don't take it upon yourself to educate me otherwise.*

*At this point, I guess I am supposed to put in some mushy paragraph about how these were the best years of my life, and I love Windsor law, and I will miss it dearly, as well as all of you, blah blah blah. I'm not going to do it. Not because I disagree...I'm just tired of typing. And if I like you and will miss you, I'll let you know.*

Nicole Corriero (a.k.a. Guns)  
Uber-Editor, The Oyez

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## Wilson to Union: No Bargaining Unit Can Contain Me

Faculty union representatives were shocked to hear that long time union member and supporter, Professor Larry Wilson, suddenly decided to about-face by expressing numerous counts of anti-union animus. While it is unclear what triggered the sudden change of heart, many colleagues and friends have speculated that Wilson was offended when the union politely asked him to stop filing daily grievances.

“I mean, there’s nothing in the collective bargaining agreement that says that you can’t file at least one grievance a day,” stated Wilson’s childhood friend Professor Brian Etherington. “If something is pissing you off, that’s what the union is technically for, after all. I read it once in the book I wrote.”



Larry Wilson as he appeared on the hit TVO show “Today’s Special” in 1984

The Oyez has learned that in 2007 alone Wilson had filed upwards of 398 grievances, with complaints ranging from poor parking conditions to someone using his mug. Most recent complaints included allegations that he was

being “punished” when Professor Weir’s office was relocated next to his.

While Wilson was unavailable for comment, an illegal search of his office revealed plans to form and certify his own union, C.A.W. (Caring About Wilson). It is suspected that if Wilson fills out a Union card, he will meet the prerequisite 40% minimum support to be certified. It does not currently appear as though Wilson intends to bargain in good faith, as numerous documents were uncovered referring to everyone in general as “those jackasses.”

## Supreme Court Decision Binding on Everyone Except Wydrzynski

On March 7th, the Supreme Court of Canada issued a very significant administrative law decision, *Dunsmuir v. New Brunswick*, in which it addressed the issue of how to determine the standard of review in a judicial review application. It was decided that patent unreasonableness would no longer be an applied standard of review. Included in the decision was a stipulation that the *Dunsmuir* principle was not to be applied to Windsor Law Professor Chris Wydrzynski in light of him being unwilling to learn something new.

Unfortunately, Wydrzynski was too depressed to read the decision and thus did not learn of the exemption until several weeks later.

“I’ve been teaching Judicial Review for... oh... let’s say a million years.” Wydrzynski stated. “And then they go and get rid of patent unreasonableness. I was so upset, I

couldn’t bring myself to read it. I was about to jump off the Ambassador Bridge but Moon called me and told me I was exempt. I was so happy I went to the Casino. Then I was sad again. Apparently it’s unlikely that 24 black comes up twice in a row.”



Woody is all smiles when he learns that he can forever stay the course.

The exemption effectively means that Wydrzynski does not have to learn or understand the new decision, and that he may continue to teach Judicial Review as he did prior to the decision. His students do not share in the exemption and are thus subsequently boned.

## Harriet the Hamster Celebrates 4<sup>th</sup> Year as Windsor Law Mascot

In the finest spirit of retired veteran mascot icons Iggy the Iguana and Sammy the Sloth, Windsor Law’s beloved mascot Harriet the Hamster turned 4 this year. Harriet, well known for her spunk and spirit, is the 3<sup>rd</sup> longest standing mascot in Windsor Law history, surpassed only by Constance the Crab and Leisha the Badger.

(Continued on next page)

Present at the cake presentation was Windsor's own Mayor Eddie Francis. "This is a wonderful day not only for us proud Windsor alum, but for hamsters everywhere," he said before cutting the wood-chipped filled cake. "Mazal tov!"

This is not the first time that Harriet has received attention from the media. Last year, the nation watched on as Harriet turned 3. Prior to that, Harriet was involved in one of the most vicious team brawls in Lancer history following the severe scratching of eight volleyball players. It was believed the attack occurred as a response to Harriet's shoebox being violently shaken by the team's coach.



Harriet was always a precocious little scamp.

Happy birthday Harriet! While unfortunately your parents couldn't be here (tragically eaten by an eagle and squirrel respectively in 2006), I'm sure that if they were alive they'd be proud. Keep running that wheel! You'll get somewhere someday.

## Besides the Obvious, Why Are The Subway Ladies So Angry?

Law students love Subway sandwiches. This is not speculation, it is a fact supported by the countless waves of adventurers seeking twelve-inch delight even in the coldest depths of Winter. Indeed, there is little short of a 100% final exam that could tear a law student

away from an over-priced meal that they could just as easily make at home. And yet, despite this heartfelt dedication, the servers at Subway insist on being angry and no one is sure why.

Creating an oblong sandwich should be like creating a work of art. Generating the delicate equilibrium of topping distribution is akin to unlocking all the many marvels of the cosmos. And yet, this beautiful nirvana seems to progress unnoticed by the many ladies who toil behind the counter.

The smiling sunshine faces of tiny dancing mushroom people are not to be found in our tiny disenfranchised little University Street Subway store. Like a perpetual black rain cloud encompassing the souls of the fallen, our bitter Subway ladies continue to scowl at requests for additional olives or less jalapenos. They continue to maliciously overheat our cold subs and spitefully offer us combos after we have clearly indicated otherwise.



Pickles? My God, I'm so f#\$@ing angry.

The Oyez believes that the Subway ladies are upset because they are not receiving enough hugs. Apparently, customers spontaneously crossing behind the counter to hug the servers are a violation of Subway's health and hygiene policy. This appears to be the logical missing link. The reasonable person would be upset too if health policy reasons were preventing much needed embraces, no matter how delicious the sandwiches were.

## Professor Rotman to Speak at Conference about Speaking at Conferences

Windsor Law's esteemed constitutional professor and resident aboriginal peoples' expert Len Rotman packed left for Saskatchewan today to speak at a conference about speaking at conferences. Armed with little more than a giant thermos and a game-show stool, Rotman was selected as the keynote speaker from a dozen other equally capable and respected individuals.

"I'm very excited to go," said Rotman. "I love speaking at conferences, and I've always wanted to speak at a conference about speaking at conferences. I think people will really find it informative. Especially since it is taking place in conference format. Which I'm speaking at. And about."



Many Bothans died to deliver this photo of Rotman with hair.

It is believed that Rotman's program will include a comprehensive list of do's. These include standing next to your stool, leaning on your stool, setting your coffee down on your stool, swinging your feet on your stool, knocking your stool over, brandishing a large thermos, using said thermos as a pointing tool, and speaking very quickly.

Much like Rotman's first year constitutional class, there is concern that halfway through his presentation

Dean Elman will step in and take over. While the Dean respects and supports Rotman's philosophies, Elman strongly maintains that no conference can be spoken at unless there is free pizza, with the promise of more free pizza to come.

## **Poutine Junkie Verbally Assaults Pita Grill Patron**

Following this year's Grad Formal, a Windsor Law II student was evicted from the Pita Grill on Wyandotte following an altercation with another would-be poutine patron at 3am. It is believed that the law student, nicknamed "The Gravy Lush", has been a long-time poutine addict and frequenter of the late night curd-dispensing establishment.

There has been a growing medical concern in the Windsor Law community regarding Excess Poutine Consumption (EPC), or "gettin' the starch on" as it is known on the streets. Students such as The Gravy Lush become addicted early on during their law school careers. Side-effects of EPC include disturbed sleep patterns, the shakes, and 4am greasy gut rot.



If you suspect a friend or family member is suffering from chronic EPC, call 1-800-NO-GRAVY for free help and advice.

"I once tried to get my junkie friend to try something other than poutine, like a Whopper or General Tao's chicken," said a concerned friend, a talking elf. "She just went all Tonya

Harding on me... I never knew a 4' tall former redhead could be such a vengeful firecracker."

For her part in the altercation, The Gravy Lush has been served with a 30 day suspension from Pita Grill. It is unclear how her body is responding to the sudden halt in potatoey goodness, although her friends suspect that she is most likely overly cranky and hungry.

There is currently no cure for EPC, although medical researchers are developing a hypothesis that the affliction may be associated with regular late-night alcohol consumption.

## **LRW Professors Battle for "Most Prepared Lerner's Finalist"**

In a display of competitiveness uncharacteristic to the law school and the legal profession, Windsor Law's three LRW Professors have thrown down the gauntlet and have challenged each other to a battle for "more prepared Lerner's finalist". The trio, comprised of Professors McCarney, Kuras, and Mohammed, decided to engage in the challenge following months of trash-talking and hurtful name calling.

Each Professor has decided to adopt a different approach. Professor McCarney has spent the entire year riding her students hard on the intricacies of punctuation and print research materials. It is believed that, from a technical aspect at least, her students will submit a factum completely in conformity with the McGill Guide of Uniform Citations.

Professor Mohammed, on the other hand, has given his class a free pass all year and did not advance past the table of contents in the LRW manual. However, he has scheduled over 27 practice moots for every student and has heard his finalists rehearse upwards of 80 times. It is believed that Professor Mohammed's students

will deliver the most acoustically pleasing oral argument.

Finally, Professor Kuras has adopted a more traditional tactic consisting of everything in moderation. Her students are not particularly strong or weak in any area, but are expected to be fairly straightforward and reliable, like the Little Tank Engine That Could.



Professor McCarney wields her flawless facta. "I will meditate and destroy you."

These approaches differ greatly from that taken by last year's LRW Professor Tom Denholm, who stood by his "laissez-faire" strategy throughout the school year and the moot preparation period.

## **PREMATURE OYEZ OBITUARY: Corriero and Vogel, 2005-2008.**

Following years of loyal service and dedication, the Oyez is sad to report that popular journalist Mike Vogel and co-editor Nicole Corriero are unfortunately completing their term here at Windsor Law and are stepping out into the real world, where they will most likely perish.

We can only assume that once they discover how dreary working life is without an Oyez to offset the big firm monotony, they will have no choice but to hang themselves with their own business-formal ties, in finest legal tradition.

We applaud and salute you! Thank you for all your hard work, and the very best of luck!



# Dear Mary



need advice? why not ask the associate dean?

Top 'o da mornin' Mary,

How was your St. Patrick's day?  
Funderful?

Lucky the Leprechaun

**Dear Lucky,**

**Unfortunately Neil abused his drink in finest traditional Irish fashion, so I was left with little choice but to beat him unconscious with a shillelagh.**

**Mary "You'll Never Get My Pot of" Gold**

Dear Mary,

We were disappointed that you weren't a celebrity model at the fashion show. Would you consider doing it next year?

Yours,

Mara & Suhuyini

**Girlfriends,**

**Nyuh-uh. This fabulous ghetto booty is worth well more than the twelve washingtons admission fee, mmmhmm.**

**Mama Gee.**

DEAR MARY,

WHICH WAS YOUR FAVOURITE  
VAGINA MONOLOGUE?

SINCERELY,

EVE ENSLER

**Dear Eve,**

**I love them all, every single one, so long as none of them involve Karen Momotiuk as the moaner again. Dear God almighty, I have to work with the woman every day for crying out loud!**

**Yaargh!**

**Mary To The Sea Gold.**

Dear Mary,  
I ordered pizza for my Racial Profiling class and no one saved me a slice. Please help.  
Tano.

Dear David,  
I suggest you contact the Windsor Police for advice. They offer specials for repeat clients.  
**RUN DMG.**

Dear Mary,  
You look very adequate today. May I borrow \$5, or do I have to throw a tantrum?  
Billy Conklin

Dear Mary,  
Our law term is almost over. Will you please recognize us now and pay us some attention?  
3rd Year JD/LLB

Dear <insert name here>,  
Thank you for writing the Associate Dean!  
<insert text body here>  
Best of luck on your future endeavours!  
<sign name here>

Hi Conkie,  
Tantrum away! It's not like you'll tear a hole in the space-time continuum or anything.  
Dean Gold.

Dear Mary,  
I just wanted to say...  
Girl you know we belong together  
I have no time for you to be playing  
With my heart like this  
You'll be mine forever baby, you just see  
Dr. Paul "End of the Road" Ocheje

Dear Paul,  
Get with the times. I have only but one reply:  
Soulja Boy Off In This Whoa!  
Watch me Crank It, Watch me Roll  
Watch me Crank Dat Soulja Boy  
Then Super Man Dat Whoa!  
Now, Watch me You... (Crank Dat Soulja Boy)  
Mary Golden Grillzzz.  
(Dedicated to G-Marr)

Got a problem?  
Think Associate Dean Gold can help?



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# barbs & jabs

## WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

We know, given the entire content of The Oyez, this section might seem a bit redundant (and is also strikingly similar to the “Dear Mary” section). But that never stopped us before! We’ve decided to introduce a new section that allows you-joe blow public- to b\*tch. And we’ll print it...usually... well, only if it’s funny. We may even respond to it...if we can come up with some smart ass remark. So email your complaints to [theoeyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoeyez@uwindsor.ca) and hopefully next year, someone will decide to follow up this last ditch attempt to fill space in this mega issue.

### RE: Ocheje—Uncovered

The recent passing of the much-anticipated “Hug Ocheje Day” spawned a media frenzy like no other. In fact, it prompted this reporter to do some digging into the huggable professor’s past.

The research process was looking grim. Aside from a few newspaper clippings, several cover page appearances for the Oyez and his Windsor Law profile, he seemed as clean as \_\_\_\_\_. But, like the typical overachieving law student, I turned to the Law brothers for help – West and Quick. They led me to one case that piqued my interest: *Ocheje v. McFarlane*.

It turns out that the teddy bear-like Prof launched a civil suit against Family Guy funnyman Seth McFarlane for infringing on his personal “bundle of rights.” Ocheje claimed that the slow-talking character of Cleveland Brown is simply an animated depiction of himself. Justice Kinch commented that “Ocheje raised some valid points about the startling similarity between Cleveland’s topiary-like moustache and his own crumb catcher.” However, the case was decided in Ocheje’s favor only after he presented his own oral argument. Justice Kinch proclaimed that “it was not what he said, but how he said it. His soothing, lethargic voice and repetition of important points left no doubt in my mind that Ocheje and Cleveland are one in the same.”

Ocheje was successful in his suit and was awarded a lifetime supply of Gillette Fusion razors to preserve his moustache and the privilege of naming an episode for the upcoming season of the show. Ocheje rejoiced when suggesting the title of “The Chimney-Sweeper’s Boy. Chimney. Sweeper’s. Boy.” and implied that the show may or may not include the use of Cleveland’s moustache.

Just thought you should all know.

Undercover Brother, Law III JD/LLB.



Dear Windsor Law Students:

On Thursday March 27, 2008, the WRLSI will host its annual banquet to celebrate the successes achieved by the *Windsor Review of Legal and Social Issues*.

This year, the guest speaker is Professor Dhir. It is a privilege to have Professor Dhir speak about his experiences in mental health law, as volume 25 is focused on exploring the interconnections between psychiatry and the law.

Tickets for students and faculty will be at a cost of \$20.00.

Tickets for members of the WRLSI members are **FREE** of charge, however tickets for anyone accompanying members will be at a cost of \$20.00 per ticket.

Tickets are available for **PICK-UP** and **SALE** on March 11, 12, and 13th in the Upper Pit from 11am-1pm.

If you have any questions please contact the Banquet Committee at:

[wrlsibanquet\\_2008@yahoo.ca](mailto:wrlsibanquet_2008@yahoo.ca)

Please save the date!

Sincerely,

The WRLSI Banquet Committee

Dear Oyez,

How does Dhir get to be keynote speaker? I thought that you, Brian Mazer and Neil had secretly traded him for me... i.e. Mohammed + 10 second-hand plasmas from Osgoode = Dhir?

Anyway, he's like version 0.1 on the racialized Professor Scale... and I'm version 1.0 baby! He's DOS, I'm Windows (but not Vista). All the best,

Prof. Emir Aly Crowne Mohammed,  
(Peasant ID #0000012)

**P.S.** On a separate note, will Mary and Neil be watching the Knight Rider movie this Sunday?

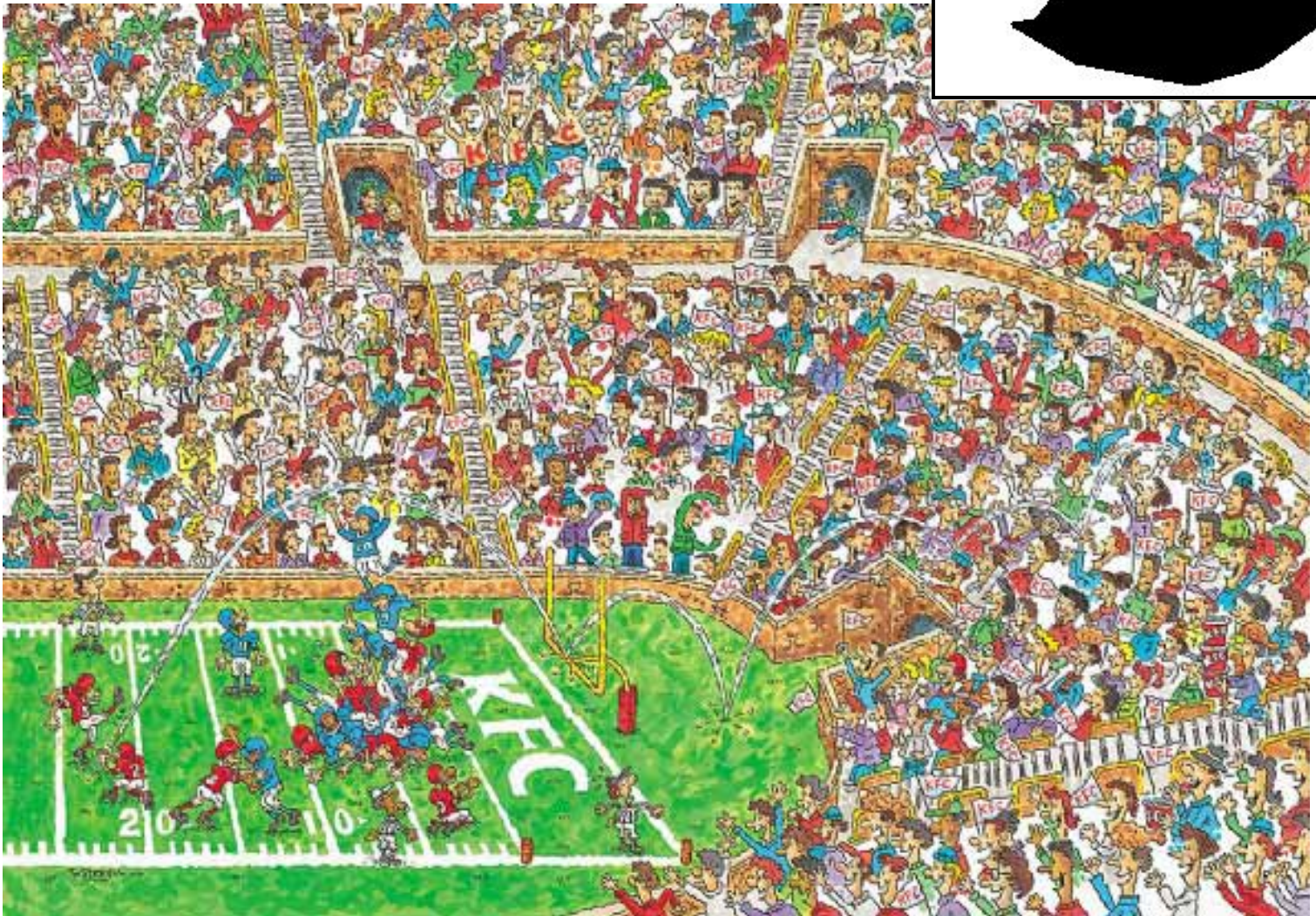
# d i v e r s i o n s

for dull days and duller classes

## WHERE'S WALDO?!?

WITH JUSTICE ABBEY

If you have ever had the good fortune of taking a class with or appearing before Justice Abbey, then you must be aware of his one key principle: WHERE'S WALDO. Abbey's a busy man on the go, he doesn't have time to figure things out. You have to tell him! Where's Waldo? Where can he be found? Don't tell Abbey how to find Waldo! Show him that you know where he is! Where's Waldo? Where? He's here somewhere... Justice Abbey isn't going to look at the picture, that's your job! Where's Waldo? Find him, and maybe only then Abbey'll rule in your favour. Or not.





## Outstanding opportunities

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**Jonathan Cescon**  
Second-Year Associate  
University of Toronto

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## The Oyez Caption Contest

Everyone knows how these things work. Check out the picture below and think of the funniest caption that goes with it. Email your best entry to [theoyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindsor.ca). We'll print the funniest one next issue!

### Sample Caption:

I'd write one, but I'm scared of the dude in the middle. Look, even his gf can't work the courage to pull away. Now THAT'S real Mafia power.



# WORLD WAR WINDSOR

## PART 4: DOMINATION

*Last issue: The air balloon is rented. Dean Gold is sent to destroy it, only to be intercepted by Dean Cobra Commander. Neutralized by his cunning reasoning, Gold is left powerless to prevent the inflation of the air balloon, and all hope appears lost.*

Dean Elman sat alone in his office with his head in his hands. The sun did not penetrate into his lonely office, as it was all but blocked out by the head of the giant Tony the Tiger balloon. His phone rang but he could not work up the courage to answer it. He knew that this was the end of Windsor Law. He had lost. The Medical School was going to receive all the acclaim, all the praise, and all the funding. Windsor would be known as a doctor making factory, and the law program was destined to wither and die. How could he have been so naïve?

All those years of talking about building a med school, he was certain that it was just a pipe dream. If the University had that much money to invest, why didn't they offer it to the law students? Why waste it on a bunch of pansy "I bill OHIP" losers? Had the whole world gone mad?

No. The world was sane. It was Elman who had gone mad. Gone mad from his dream, his dream to build a better law school that would make other law schools shiver in fear. His dreams to have a 100% OCI success rate, to have every Supreme Court Justice a Windsor Alumni, to have Windsor recognized as a real city, all those dreams had gone up in smoke the moment that damned balloon went up.

The phone rang again. He didn't answer it. He waited until it stopped and then put the receiver off the hook.

His door burst open suddenly, causing him to jump from his leather chair.  
"Bruce, Bruce! Look outside! It's a miracle!" Francine Herlehy cried.

\* \* \*

"No! Noooo!" Dean Cobra Commander cried. "It's not possible!"

The balloon towered in front of him, Tony the Tiger's grinning face and thumbs up casting a shadow over the campus. Wrapped around Tony's neck was the token effeminate scarf. And it was towards the scarf that Dean Cobra Commander's outrage was directed. On Tony's scarf was written the words "Doctors are far superior to ordinary people."

One young undergrad student read the slogan and yelled "Hey! Who the hell do they think they are, saying they are better than us?!"

Another student joined in. "Those pompous doctors! Always making us wait!"

It wasn't long before a chorus engulfed the courtyard.

"...stethoscope wearing bastards..."

"...six figure income earning cowards..."

"...yeah, lawyers are arrogant too, but at least they only imply it..."

Dean Cobra Commander threw his hands up in the air and shouted at the heavens. "HOW!? HOW!? How did my beautiful plans collapse!?"

A hooded figure emerged from behind the balloon. The Dean's eyes widened. "You!" he exclaimed. "That's right!" the figure shouted, throwing back his hood. "It is I, David Tanovich, your 'most loyal and trustworthy' advisor! It is I who betrayed you!"

Dean Cobra Commander fell backwards. "But, but why...?"

"I was never on your side. I never wanted a med school here. This is a law town, plain and simple. This whole time you've been spying on Elman, I've been spying on you. Herlehy created the idea of a JD P.O.W. camp just so that you'd believe that I was outraged and had joined up with you. Actually, the JD camp is working quite well, I think we're going to keep it after this is all over." Tanovich's robes blew in the wind. He approached the huddled Dean Cobra Commander and pulled off his doily-mask.

"It's over." Tanovich said.

Mazer sneered. "It's not over until I say it's over. Mary Gold! Get him!"

Tanovich tried to block, but it was too late. Mary Gold was on him, beating him with her shoe. Tanovich collapsed to the ground, unable to subdue the fierce melee. After a darn good shellacking, he finally stopped moving. Mary dropped her shoe and looked at her fallen comrade. "My god..." she said. "What have I done?"

"You are doing exactly what you were hired to do. To DEAN. You have served me well, and for this you will be greatly rewarded." Mazer said, rising to his feet. "We must now flee, to return and fight another day!"

"Not so fast, Mazer." Elman's voice boomed. The sun shone down on his broad shoulders, as if the heavens themselves were giving him strength. He stood tall with his arms akimbo. "I just got off the phone with the President of the University."

Mazer's face went white. Dean Elman approached him, holding out an official looking piece of paper. "You've been removed as Dean of the Med School. You are to return to work immediately at the law school as an ordinary professor... on contract!"



Poor Dean had a hard day.

Mazer flailed his arms about. "No! No! It can't be! I'm ruined!" he wept. Dean Elman handed him the piece of paper and turned to walk away.

"Oh, and one more thing. Mary, could you do me a favour and please discipline this professor?" Elman said pointing at Mazer.

"It would be my pleasure!" she said. With a bloodthirsty toothy grin she approached the cowering Mazer to enact a disciplinary action so terrible that to describe it now would probably offend the good tastes of everybody.

## EPILOGUE (On next page)

“And so we are gathered today to mourn the loss of a hero, Professor David Tanovich, who died trying to preserve this law school and all its glory against the tyranny and villainy of the Windsor Med School. While he may be gone in spirit, he will always live on in our hearts. And in his book, ‘The Colour of Justice’, now available in paperback at your local bookstore.” Dean Elman eulogized.

The service was short and simple, most of the tears flowing from a group of young law 1 girls who were looking forward to apply to be Tanovich’s assistant in second year.

Mazer was quiet and pale as he sat alone on a bench eating a slice of funeral cake. Dean Herlehy sat down beside him.

“Hey Brian, how are you?” she asked.

“I’ve been better.” Mazer replied sadly.

“Look, I thought you should know. They’re shutting down the med school. After what happened, the environment isn’t suitable for doctors to be in.”

“Oh.” He replied.

“Brian, I know how much work you put into the med school and I know it meant a lot to you. I just want you to know that, even though you made some bad decisions, you’ll always be welcome here in the law school.” She put a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“Thanks Francine. That means a lot to me.” He smiled. Suddenly, the funeral cake tasted much nicer. It was coconut, in case you were wondering.

Karen Momotiuk and Dean Elman stood beside a black wreath and sipped on the funeral champagne.

“Well, congratulations Bruce,” Momo said. “It looks like the law school has returned to its full glory. You know, not all of Mazer’s ideas were that bad. We were able to bring back Rotman and Menezes by installing bottomless coffee machines in the lounge, and Berryman came back when we said he could keep the shuffleboard table.”

“Any word from Professor Ocheje?” Dean Elman asked.

“Unfortunately, he won’t be back for a while. He’s still wandering the frozen tundra. We offered him his job back, but he said he’d rather take his chances with the polar bears than face Mary Gold again.”

“That’s great to hear Karen.” Dean Elman said. “I suppose all is as it should be... for now...”

“What do you mean, Bruce?” Momo asked.

“Brian Mazer is a brilliant man. He had a dream to bring a med school to Windsor. Had this been any other city, his idea would have been an excellent one. But this isn’t any other city. This is a law school city. This is my city. This is Windsor Mother F@#^ing Ontario. And it won’t be too long until someone else comes along with the desire and courage to expand the university... maybe a business school, or a barber college ... but when they do, we’ll be ready. Oh yes, we’ll be ready. And they had better watch out.”

*The End*

**(AUTHOR’S NOTE: No Tanos were harmed in the making of this quadrilogy, whether by Malmo-Levine standards or otherwise.)**



“C’mon. Was that ending necessary?” asks Tano.



The Windsor Law Flag is awkwardly hoisted on the broken remains of the Med building. It shouldn’t have been as difficult as it was.



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# GRAD GIFTS

## THAT DIDN'T MAKE THE CUT

A haircut for Mazer. This was immediately vetoed by everyone cool enough to realize this is a terrible, terrible, idea.

Mirrored horizontal surfaces in every bathroom. Rejected for obvious, and not so obvious, reasons. Also denied was the option to create women's bathrooms without urinals.

Plugs at every seat in every room. The Grad Committee decided this is actually necessary, but being bitter about having to spend three years struggling for a plug since their Dells won't turn on without being plugged in, they decided that the incoming classes can suffer the same hell they did.



Artist's depiction of hairless Mazer.

Removal of the "art" in the upper pit. The Grad Committee decided this too is actually necessary, but figured that the first year traditional hazing activity of fitting the entire class on the "statue" is far more important.

Money for an advertising campaign to have Extreme Makeover: Home Edition remodel the lower pit. It looks like it hasn't been done in years, and the Ikea furniture appears to be aging poorly. This was rejected upon discovery that this was the 2007 graduating class gift.

Mood music to be played each night on the rooftop garden by a quartet of harp players. While this suggestion was duly considered in light of Neil Gold's reputation within the faculty, it was ultimately rejected on the basis that nobody actually uses the rooftop garden.

A sign in the lower pit to bring attention to the fact that there is a rooftop garden in the hopes of increasing its use. This was rejected on the basis that nobody cares.

Funds to transcribe and uncopyright Francesco Gucciardo's can notes. This was rejected on Professor Tawfik's advice that the "Fran Man" as he was once known was threatening to sue Windsor Law, Norm, and any student using his material.

Fake pages to be professionally inserted into each of the books in the library, to throw off 1<sup>st</sup> years who will undoubtedly rip them out eventually. This was rejected by Chief Librarian, Paul T. Murphy, on the premise he refused any addition to his workload.

When the Grad Committee was arriving at their decision, an anonymous member commented that "These were all great options, however the rejections are purely based on the lack of available funds this year. The year long pizza sale campaign unfortunately was run at a loss of \$398. Thus the only feasible gift to the school were the unused Buy 10, Get 1 Free cards from Pizza King."



Why you gotta be like that, Fran?

# Tuesday's (and Thursday's) with Conkie

## By: The Captain

Professor William Conklin is the greatest constitutional mind in the history of Canadian history . I don't know this for fact, but his CV is 16 pages long, so I'm assuming he's bright. He's also kinda out there, which makes him highly entertaining. To show my appreciation of his Lecturing Awesomeness, here are some of my favourite "Conklinisims" and observations over the first 4 lectures:

- On day 1, a then unnamed Professor brings up his ex-wife, first set of in-laws, and new wife before he has even told us his name.
- Drifts form a discussion of Antigone to tell us about his experience with Soothsayers. When he realizes we don't know what a "Soothsayer" is, he goes into a funny story about a time a Soothsayer in Amsterdam told his mother in-law that he should not travel, but omitted the punch-line.
- Tells us he does not believe in e-mail, and that we should call him. A subsequent phone call to Prof Conklin went straight to voicemail, where you are instructed to email him.
- Begins lecture two by saying "I forgot to tell you my name last class.....I'm Bill Conklin".
- The newly identified Prof then remembers that he also forgot to tell us the punch-line of his soothsayer joke. The punch-line was told, but joke deemed unfunny. We are then told of Soothsayer locations on Yonge Street that we should check out.
- He kinda looks like Doc Brown, the absent minded inventor of the Flux Capacitor. I then decide that it was likely Bill Conklin would have been killed by Libyan terrorists trying to steal his plutonium, had Marty McFly not accidentally gone back in time and saved him. I laugh to myself.
- Professor Conklin allows and in fact encourages us not to use our real names with him, so there's no stress on our part that he may "crack the exam code."
- Conklin then optimistically decides that he could very well memorize all of our fake names by the end of the year. He then pats himself on the back Barry Horowitz style (c'mon, you remeber Barry Horowitz).
- Conklin telling us "I make a good salary, long summers off where I can write poems".
- Sometimes, he likes to just sit and watch, creepily telling us he likes to watch boys and girls interact in the pit.
- Him smiling and talking about the girl fight he saw in the law school lobby. He informed us it was about a boyfriend.
- Pepping himself up with a "keep it going Bill" comment.
- New drinking game: Every time he says "fantastic" its bottoms up. Cheers!
- Because of his hilarity, entertaining lectures and occasionally creepy comments, the Oyez salutes Professor Bill Conklin. Keep up the awesomeness Billy.



The constitution didn't exist back in 1955, future boy!

# DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

## THE RISE AND FALL OF MARK LOYA

The news broke late on election night—Mark Loya was dead. Not dead as in DEAD, dead as in Rudy Giuliani ‘I’ll just focus on Florida’ dead. Political dead. Those close to him were shocked, his supporters devastated, his campaign manager humbled.

“What went wrong?” they asked.



Loya’s 3 loyal clones, all of whom forgot to vote.

Looking back over a Presidential campaign that began two years ago on the first day of school, it’s tough to find answers. Mark Loya, after all was everyone’s friend. Aside from being a de facto member of every single club/committee in the school, and even some that aren’t, Loya found time to be the star of the school’s flag football team. Further, Loya has made it a personal mission to have awkward dinner dates with every single female in school, and if you have a girlfriend, no doubt he has had a heart-to-heart lunch with her about his feelings. To answer our question we must delve into the person that is Mark Loya.

Born in 1979 to wealthy industrialist Hans & Merle Loya, young Mark was a politician right out of the gate, wheeling voters to poll-stations on his big wheel. This continued to high school, where Mark was Vice-President of the student government. Using his experience as VP, Loya went on to become Assistant Chairman of the York University counsel. During his time before law school, he played 2<sup>nd</sup> chair fiddle in the Toronto Philharmonic & was bridesmaid at several weddings. Clearly there is no evidence in his past to suggest he would be a runner-up.



Why hello there ma’am! Given any thoughts to who you’ll vote for in 20 years?

Loya arrived at Windsor Law and immediately began schmoozing. Always the entrepreneurial schmoozer, Loya enlisted the help of a doppelganger named Cark to reach as many people as possible. Loya’s ass-kissing reached its pinnacle at the ultimate schmooze orgy, dubbed ‘Pubbin’ with the Profs.’” Always looking for new friends to creep out, Loya began the year by setting his sights on first years, and ‘Loya the Loya’ was soon a household name. Clearly this was a man destined to be President.





To figure out what went amiss, we need to focus on the weeks leading up to the election. Loya, armed with clever posters & a Facebook friend list a mile long, came out of the gate running. Of course, there were some issues at stake in this election, but Loya wanted nothing to do with them, instead opting for a platform of “LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL”. And roll they did. Loya kept up his barrage of social events and calling of friends girlfriends, finding time in between for Vagina Monologues, Formal, and a few heart-to hearts.

Come Monday’s speeches and Mark was ready to go. Responding to student concerns that he may not be bashing administration enough in his campaign, Loya instead chose to re-iterate his “good times” platform. With a policy and platform that could fit on a bumper sticker, Loya left the speeches the Presidential favourite.

So then, “what went wrong?”

This writer is convinced the election came down to a single issue: sideburns. The electorate was faced with one of two options: bushy, unkempt, entirely-too-long-out-of-style burns, and no burns at all. Anti-burns if you will.

**The people have spoken.**



Style changes in cycles. When the burns come back in a few years, Loya can say he told you so.



Loya, to our detriment you aren’t our Prez, but hopefully you’ll continue to be our Mayor.

**By: Weston Pollard.**

# The Top 5 Manliest Heroes for Real Men

By Manly “Oozing Machismo” McMahon

*Let's be honest, each and every one of us, to some degree, are uncertain of what's to come. Who should we all turn to for guidance? Who should we emulate? Who should we use as our own personal mentor? Well, for roughly half of the campus population, I've got free advice for you. Since I'm a guy the only advice I can give really is pertinent to guys. But ladies, feel free to use this to make the wuss your dating into a manly manly man.*

## #5: Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt or “TR” as he was known is a great man no matter how you slice it. Reading about this man's accomplishments was my inspiration to write this article. When I was reading about his sheer manliness I knew that he was forever to be my hero. Granted I read this on some other list, but upon reading the details of what makes him great, everyone can agree that TR is a man's man. For whatever reason, Roosevelt was a very angry man. He did what any other real man would do and train as a boxer. But as if one pugilistic form of martial arts wasn't enough, he decided to learn judo later on in life. It's safe to say that at this point, should TR actually exist, he would kill every person who used a Chuck Norris joke, thereby killing the legacy of those damned jokes. On top of this however, he insisted on carrying his trusty pistol on him at all times. While in the White House. To further prove his manliness, Roosevelt gave a speech outdoors, got shot, and continued speaking before getting medical treatment. And as a final insult to the entire US Army, upon receiving countless letters from army cavalrymen complaining of having to ride 25 miles a day, a 51 year old TR climbed upon his trusty steed and rode horseback from sunrise until sunset for a distance of 100 miles. Theodore Roosevelt, we salute you and your gloriousness.



“Don't piss me off.”

## #4: Bill Clinton

Upon graduating and perfecting his non-threatening disposition, Clinton ended up winning a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford. There he joined the rugby club while the rowdy Brits and he inhaled smoked marijuana. While there it is presumed that Bill also slept with a lot of British women (no, there's no joke here, I'm saving it). Clinton then attended Yale law school where after getting tired of successfully seducing women in his own year, seduced a young Hillary who happened to be in the year ahead of him. Did I mention that he became the 3<sup>rd</sup> youngest President of the United States? He also had one the highest approval ratings for a President upon leaving office. Even after leaving office, Bill charges people just to see him in person. Indeed, approximately 60 minutes of face time will run you up to \$300,000. You know how they say time is money? Yeah, he's not screwing around. Oh, you know how you know you're a big deal? You're doing presidential work in the oval office while putting your ballot in an intern's slot.

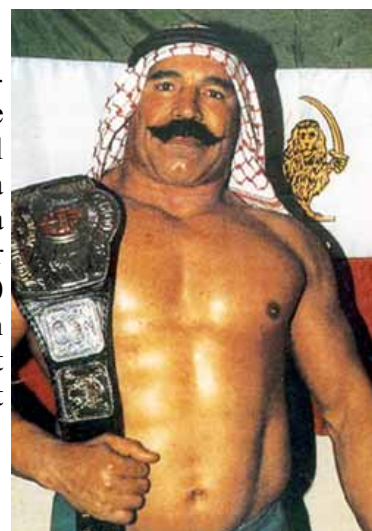


“Woof!”

## #3: The Iron Sheik

Not all entrants here are Presidents which is a damned shame as they all should be. Now, I've been a fan of the Iron Sheik for a very long time since I was a little kid. I've grown up and he's just as intimidating now as he was back when I was a kid...even more so. The man plied his craft for 20 minutes in front of 93,000 people and got paid a ton of money. No any other person can claim this.

And while professional wrestling may be construed as fake, this man is a legitimate amateur wrestler who is still quite nimble and strong for his age. He coached two US amateur wrestling squads in the 1970's and in the professional world, was the World Wrestling Federation Champion. In his words, he's a "shooter." The sheer fact that he refers to his occupation and himself as a shooter completely trumps any other pretentious sounding title anyone can ever come up with....ever. Oh, and don't ever, **ever** piss the man off. He held a 10 year grudge on a person over \$2. For another, he threatened to make the man humble by breaking his back and sodomizing him...old...country way. Don't even ask me what THAT guy did but that right there shows the confidence that makes a real man.



## #2: Benjamin Franklin

Founding father Benjamin Franklin could be considered a renaissance man for his day. Everyone knows he's a founding father and many people know that he discovered electricity. But not everyone knows that he was a nudist. Franklin just decided to remove the middle man of clothes and would just sit waiting for the next piece of tail to come. Upon getting older, Franklin needed to be able to see who was hitting on him while still being able to keep increasing his manliness so he invented bifocals. This allowed him to maintain his exceedingly high standards in women. Despite his alleged promiscuity, Franklin used his mind to create a flexible urinary catheter and has an effect named after him. The Benjamin Franklin effect states "a person who has *done* someone a favor is more likely to do that person another favor than they would be if they had *received* a favor from that person." Now...translate that back into sexual terms. It's all coming together isn't it? Finally, you know you're a baller when the rap community as a whole uses your name to refer to a \$100. It is indeed, all about the Benjamins.

## #1: Jack Johnson



An embarrassment to the name.

Whoa, whoa, I'm not talking about that lame, but somehow soothing singer. This is the boxer from back in the old days. You see, back in the old days, boxing was considered to be a white man's sport and as such, black boxers were prohibited from fighting white boxers for the world title. Johnson destroyed the competition as he was described as punishing his opponents rather than boxing them. Johnson achieved history when he won the World Heavyweight Title in 1908 by being the first African-American heavyweight champion of the world. His fights afterwards drew record crowds which often ended in riots. In his fight against Tommy Burns before 20,000 people, everytime Burns got knocked down, Johnson held him up just to keep beating him. In his fight against Stanley Ketchel, Johnson knocked down Ketchel and as Ketchel was still rising to his feet, Johnson punched Ketchel in the head knocking him out as well as several teeth. Upon beating several "great white hopes" Johnson finally received fame and acceptance. His fight with James Jeffries has been deemed "historically significant" and thus is now preserved by the National Registry. Once Johnson was pulled over for a \$50 speeding ticket (a huge amount given the fact that it's the early 1900's), he gave the cop a \$100 bill, told him to keep the change as he was going to make the return trip at the same speed. Not only did Johnson break racial barriers, but he did it in a sport where, at the time, it was believed that all white boxers were the superior boxers. Johnson exemplifies the true art of manliness: determination, heart, and, presumably, a lot of action.

Now worship these men and you will then be on your next step to becoming a manly manly man.

# Naked person refused entry into fashion show due to lack of fashion.

By: Corriero

An anonymous 1<sup>st</sup>-year was enraged when he was rejected at the door of the illustrious 'Boom Boom Room' due to what authorities have termed a 'lack of fashion.' He was not wearing clothing, clad only in Pokemon boxer-briefs

"I don't understand how this establishment can place a systematic bias on my right to assemble peaceably in an event I paid to attend, solely because I don't have enough 'fashion.'" He exclaimed to the general public. "You have violated my charter rights! You will be hearing from my lawyer, David Tanovich." Professor Tanovich has denied any affiliation with this individual, and questions if he even attends Windsor law.

"If I were to weigh this on some sort of hypothetical balance of probabilities, I would think that the students at Windsor Law are more likely than not, to wear clothing at the charity events hosted by student committees at the school" mused the professor. "Nonetheless, if this student is who he claims to be, and was expressing what he truly felt to be 'fashion' at a 'fashion show' then, we do seem to have a problem as to the definition of what fashion is, and who is really qualified to judge."



Section 2(b), baby.

The fashion show, put on by the External Outreach Committee on a yearly basis, boasted some of Windsor's most mediocre designers and retailers, worn by our very own students of the law school. When asked if she actually shopped at any of the stores featured in the show, one model laughed and said, "of course...if I want to donate clothing to the Salvation Army."



Geoff Marr is renown for his extensive wardrobe and intensely metro-sexual closet organization

Many students felt that this jilted "underwear model" should have been allowed in, as his alleged fashion was at very least, comparable to the 'fashion' featured in said fashion show. "I'm pretty sure I would have enjoyed the show just as much, if not more, if all of the models were dressed like him" 2<sup>nd</sup> year Geoff Marr admitted. Mr. Marr, however, further noted that "such a reputable establishment as the Boom Boom Room, does have a reputation to uphold, and that may have been a major factor in why this guy wasn't let in."

The Oyez's very own Mark Loya expressed that he was strongly inclined to attend in just his boxers, as well. It was later revealed, however, that this was a decision based primarily on a 24 of Miller Genuine Draft, as opposed to any statement regarding fashion.

Show organizers balked at the idea that they have strictly interpreted 'fashion' to only 'clothing.' "We have never said that lack of clothing could not be fashion. We are open to all ideas of fashion, actually and would love to explore any ideas as to how to make our show even more fashionable than it already is." In order to display this recent open-mindedness, there are talks of having an 'un-fashion' show, featuring *all* models wearing no clothing, just underwear. However, there are questions regarding the viability of this, as it is claimed to be a potential trigger for widespread anorexia and bulimia on the law school campus.



# MSN Chat Session of the Month

**THUY - CONVERSATION** [minimize] [maximize] [close]

File Edit Actions Tools Help

msn

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To: Thuy <thuyfighter@uwindsor.ca>

**i** You are administratin' like a mad gangsta fiend

Annette says:  
Hey Thuy! You there? Did you get a load of Mary Mitchell's shoes today?

Thuy says:  
Hey Pratty! Like, OMG. Mitchell's shoes were so like totally last week!

Annette says:  
She thinks she's all big and tough since she became a Herlehite, eh?

Thuy says:  
Like working for someone with "Dean" in their title makes them more special!

Annette says:  
Like that Sandra Stein, constantly smirking at us! Always being "friendly".

Thuy says:  
Right, like just because she's our colleague we're supposed to be nice to her.

Annette says:  
At least she's better than that Anne Dawson! Ooh, look at me, I help the Dean!


Thuy says:  
So arrogant. Every time we call the Dean she picks up, like she's taunting us.

Annette says:  
Heyo! OMG! I just got an e-mail! I've been promoted! I'm going to be assisting the Provost now!

Thuy says:  
Go f#\$% yourself, you pompous snob!

A [smiley] [voice clip] Winks [backgrounds] [gift]

Send  
Search



# Mysterious Food Poisoning Outbreak Linked to Carasco's Chicken Dish

---

*Investigators believe they have uncovered sufficient evidence to link a food poisoning outbreak at the last Annual Faculty Council Pot Luck to a chicken dish prepared by Professor Emily Carasco. Eight professors required hospitalization overnight to accommodate what has been described as severe discomfort. The dish, which featured several pieces of chicken in a clear broth garnished with carrots, appears to be the culprit following weeks of scientific analysis.*

*When providing testimony before a grand jury in February, Carasco appeared unsettled and refused to answer questions regarding whether she knew how to cook chicken properly or whether it was handled in an appropriate fashion.*

**In particular, these portions of Carasco's testimony were the impetus for the investigation:**

**Judge:** Did the chicken, at any point in time in its preparation, fall on the floor?

**Carasco:** It's hard to say.

**Judge:** What do you mean?

**Carasco:** What you may consider falling I may consider as mere vertical relocation and vice versa.

**Judge:** Well, was there any vertical relocation?

**Carasco:** Oh sure, of course there was... I don't cook in a 2 dimensional plane, you know.

**Judge:** Allow me to rephrase... was there any ever vertical relocation to the floor?

**Carasco:** A floor is really just a ceiling upside down.

**Judge:** The chicken touched the ceiling?

**Carasco:** Of course not. I'm not tall enough to reach.



Who knows what undercooked evils lie beneath that warm and friendly smile

\*\*\*

**Judge:** Did you cook the chicken?

**Carasco:** Do you mean me personally, or was the chicken ever cooked by anybody?

**Judge:** Either or, I suppose...

**Carasco:** No one else cooked the chicken.

**Judge:** But did you?

**Carasco:** I assisted in its preparation.

**Judge:** Did its preparation involve cooking it?

**Carasco:** The recipe insists that it be cooked.

**Judge:** So you cooked it then?

**Carasco:** Well, I did make sure that the temperature of the chicken was raised by a substantial amount.

**Judge:** By cooking it?

**Carasco:** Well, for example, it was in the freezer, so I left it out over a few nights.

**Judge:** That's not cooking it!

**Carasco:** It was a fairly substantial change in temperature! Your definition of cooking is different from mine!



Like a good steak, there's nothing like serving chicken rare to really preserve the flavour

**Judge:** Did you wash the chicken before handling it?  
**Carasco:** Are you asking whether the chicken was ever washed?  
**Judge:** Well, was it?  
**Carasco:** I never use soap in cooking.  
**Judge:** Soap?  
**Carasco:** When you wash your hands, do you use soap?  
**Judge:** Er... of course.  
**Carasco:** When you wash your dishes, do you use soap?  
**Judge:** Well, yes...  
**Carasco:** When you wash chicken, do you use soap?  
**Judge:** No! Never!  
**Carasco:** Good! Well, neither do I. No further questions.

\*\*\*

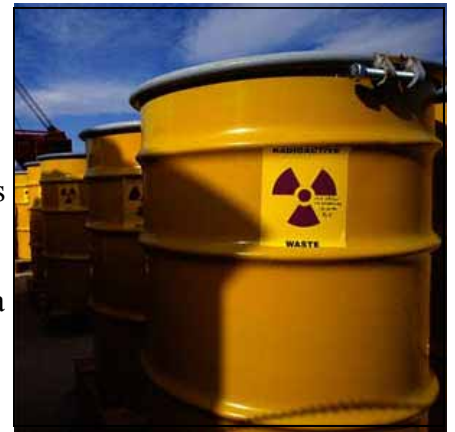


The Judge struggles to swallow Carasco's story.

**Judge:** Has anyone ever fallen ill before from your cooking?  
**Carasco:** Never.  
**Judge:** We have evidence that Professor Tawfik once passed out from your soufflé.  
**Carasco:** It wasn't my soufflé. She must have been on crack.  
**Judge:** Are you alleging that Professor Tawfik is a drug user?  
**Carasco:** My soufflé is delicious. Anyone who thinks otherwise must be on drugs.  
**Judge:** How can you be so sure?  
**Carasco:** Trust me. My soufflé is irresistible. Tawfik was on crack.  
**Judge:** Do you have any evidence to support this claim?  
**Carasco:** Absolutely. I am 100% positive that Tawfik was on crack and I can prove it too.  
**Judge:** How can you prove it?  
**Carasco:** Well, I put crack in my soufflé for starters.

\*\*\*

**Judge:** What upsets me about all this is your apparent lack of remorse.  
**Carasco:** Go f@\$% yourself. There's nothing wrong with my chicken!  
**Judge:** I look into your eyes and I can see clearly that you are imbalanced.  
**Carasco:** Imbalanced?!? How dare you!  
**Judge:** You appear to be the type of personality who cooks with reckless disregard for the health and safety of others.  
**Carasco:** Liar! Liar!  
**Judge:** I am, quite frankly, surprised that you have opted not to put forward a defence of insanity.  
**Carasco:** I am not insane!  
**Judge:** Your chicken speaks otherwise.  
**Carasco:** I am not insane!  
**Judge:** You're only making things worse for yourself!  
**Carasco:** I am not insane!  
**Judge:** Okay, okay, if you're not insane then prove it to me.  
**Carasco:** (out of breath) Alright! Alright! I can prove conclusively to you that I am not insane.  
**Judge:** I'm all ears.  
**Carasco:** At the Annual Faculty Pot Luck, when everyone fell sick, I was the only person who tried everything on the table.  
**Judge:** Including your chicken?  
**Carasco:** Absolutely not! I told you, I'm not insane!



Carasco-grade Vindaloo.

# I'll Drink Whatever I Wanna Do... \*Hic\*

Yeah, so if you thought the Reasonable person test and few others tests could get you through the exams... then think again, you jerk. Law faculty in its unanimous decision has come to the conclusion that they will make all the law students take breathalyzer test before each and every exam. As expected this has caused uproar among already crazy law people guys. Even us the almighty Oyez team thinks that law faculty demands are outrageous and we admit that even our creative juices don't flow without those Tequila shots. We through Oyez will ensure that this resolution is doesn't get passed. First faculty conspired and shut down Bridge Tavern and now this... NO way.

We asked Franchise Herhley about this and her response: "We have to take a strict stance or somethin'. We are trying to groom professionals but during exams time law students look like home-less people. Last year I saw a bum sleeping outside the moot court. I thought I would throw a penny into his baseball cap and politely tell him to leave. I said excuse me & he didn't wake up. I said again hello but he didn't wake up. So I ended up kicking him & he woke up and screamed 'vicarious liability' and I was like oh my god this is one of OURSSSSSS"

Our reporter tried to explain to Franchise Herhley that it is just that we are got no time to take care of ourselves & look such it isn't alcohol, what. But Franchise Herhley wasn't convinced & put the breathalyzer into our reporter's mouth and yelled 'clear' and continued talking. "Students don't even wash their hair for month and who knows what things are crawling through their hair. eww" and smartly put the breathalyzer into other reporter's mouths and in disappointed tone declared 'clear'. It was getting scary... & we left the room, yaar.



And to think, one day people are going to pay us for our opinion.

We ran into the whatsit, Dean, Elman and asked him if it was necessary to take such extreme measures and he said "absolutely". He said "during exams guys run around with long beards and it is conspiracy by law students to remind me of Mayez. Looking at law students beards makes a shiver run through my body and it been cause of mental distress in recent years." We assured Dean guy that there was no such intentional act on our part. Dean later said he "would support us but try to be neutral" (that is sooooo lawyerish: give us support but stay neutral???) Pick a stance: it is faculty or us. OR u know what is going to happen: HINT HINT: more of you in oyez). We asked him if he would like us to organize "Drinking with the Dean breakfast" he said that is a very good idea: "I can demonstrate how drinking diet coke can look cool too". (Yeah right!!! Dean Elman no offence but you are no hip hop after we meet Mayez).

We were really mad now & decided to eat something in cafeteria to bring our blood pressure down. Scott=our friend from cafeteria in lower pitt was smiling at us (People if you don't know who we are talking about then guys are always more drunk than you ever thought. I repeat A&W&Ys). Scott treated us to very expensive sandwich that has been sitting in freezer since like last five years. Oh well someone had to eat it one day or the other, arup.

...asked Scott if he had ever seen a drunken law student. Scott said "Are you kidding me. You guys are like vampires hungry for alcohol during exams. About five years back when cafeteria used to be open during exam days, one student asked me to give him Bacardi with one sugar & milk. Other asked for Pina Colado and seeing this other students started placing alcoholic beverages orders and I felt intimidated by them. It is scary when you guys can't distinguish between cafeteria stools and bar stools. Now we just don't open the cafeteria during exam time, it is health hazard for my staff." We sort felt bad for Scott but oh well that is life: we choice our right to drink over other concerns. I also enjoy vandalism.



We now decided to start now interviewing students now. We asked a second year girl what was his reaction to breathalyzer test and his reaction "Well man this really sucks. I have already started doing ratios to ensure I am fine during the exams". Ratiosssss?? F@k you. He explained "Well I am trying to find what the ratios on breathalyzer are when I drink different alcoholic drinks and how long am I covered for. It is funny beer just doesn't do it for me. I need rum to make my world go round and round during the exam times". We were impressed with this young fellow's intelligence and advice everyone to do all the ratios now so you clearly prepared for the you know, exams, yoohoo.

We asked a first year student if she felt prepared for the most difficult test for ever "I am pissed. They will make us stand in line & make us do all this test. What if I don't get into the room on time? This is my career they are playing with." We told her to sit down and breathe. But she continued "They can't get me." We asked her they can't give her what and she said "The breathalyzer. It won't work on me. After the mini memo was due, I don't breathe anymore what they are going to test me on." Well someone really needs alcohol and probably this incidence may convince faculty not pursue their policy, and... another thing...



STRICT WARNING: DRINK AND WRITE.

**BY: SURLY McDRUNKERSON**  
**Our beloved resident alcoholic journalist**



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**Professor Randal Graham**  
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A CORRIERO JOINT:

# GOING FOR GOLD

## THE OYEZ TAKES OVER DEAN GOLD'S POSH BUREAU

We just narrowly escaped Virginia Obierski's hellhole, and found ourselves, yet again, without an office. Trying not to get disheartened, we kept spirits up by consuming massive amounts of alcohol. But that only cures the problem for so long.

The school year was almost over. I was ready to graduate, and Loya was ready to be that creepy third year who hits on all the first-year girls (and the occasional boy). We needed to end this semester with a 'bang,' or perhaps a 'boom' or some other emphatic sound that signaled that we were important and deserved to be heard.

We both knew what our next course of action would be. Without even discussing it out loud, it was on our minds. Like telepathy. Or perhaps mutual retardation. Whatever the explanation for this one-mindedness, it was plainly evident what our final stop, our final destination in our quest for an office would be.

We approached Associate Dean Mary Gerace Gold's office with timidity and reverence. We were brave outside of her presence, with our smart-ass 'Dear Mary' column and the countless jokes about her in every issue of the magazine. However, one could sense her approach from a distance. The simultaneous dread and apprehension that something horribly terrifying was about to happen. Like *Jaws*. You always know when the shark is about to attack. That's pretty much how we felt outside her office. But we knew that this was our only hope to keep the dream alive for the future generations to come.

Classical music could be heard faintly through the door. A delicious smell of lilac mixed with vanilla wafted in the air. It was unmistakable that the Associate Dean was in today. But it was 9:45, and we knew she would be leaving to teach her 10:00am Contracts class to the first year JD/LLB's within minutes. Sandra Stein was on her daily 2 hour morning coffee break, so we quickly crouched behind her desk. Moments later, the Associate Dean emerged from her office humming to Mozart. She strolled down the hall and out of the G.O. Once Gold was out of sight, Loya used his plucky Friday-night-at-Voodoo ether on Stein and within seconds we had successfully seized possession of our new office.



We could not contain our excitement. Mark danced some sort of poorly executed jig, while I preferred the jumping up and down and clapping celebration method. We set to work immediately ‘Oyez-ifying’ the classy office. Mark attacked the filing cabinet in search of his confiscated Blawgs, as apparently they were funny, and we have been really scraping for ideas these days. I tried to find naked pictures of Neil. I was unsuccessful. *That* time.

Pinups of Professor Ocheje and Patrick Ducharme were crudely taped to the richly painted walls. The classical music was replaced by Journey’s Live Greatest Hits Album, which has been on repeat for the past week in Nicole’s iTunes. The Perrier in the mini fridge was replaced by Colt 45. The law school really started to feel like home.

“This is the life!” Exclaimed Mark, as he reclined in Dean Gold’s plush executive chair. He put his feet up on the desk. We set to work on hacking into her computer and writing killer reference letters for ourselves. We also looked at words she ‘Googled’ in the past week, and edited her interests on her facebook profile. Suddenly, my heart felt uneasy, and my palms began to sweat. Like a Pavlovian dog, my body automatically reacted to her presence.

“GOTCHA!” The words pierced my heart and sent shivers to every bone in my body. Mark and I both looked up and our worst nightmare had actually come true. We cowered behind the desk, in a vain attempt to protect ourselves. We knew we were doomed.

She sat down calmly in front of us, toying with us as she asked us ‘What on earth are you doing in my office?’ and ‘How did you find my Ducharme pin-up? I thought I hid it really well!’ Frozen in fear, we were unable to speak nor move, and remained there dumbly crouched behind the desk.

She did not take this silence too kindly, however. In a moment she stood up, looming over us with her fist in the air. ‘Do NOT taint my pristine office again, do I make myself clear?’ All we could manage was some sort of haphazard nod. Then in one swift movement, Dean Gold grabbed us by our respective ears and dragged us out of her office, and the G.O, instructing Cathy and Diane to ‘never let these two scoundrels anywhere near my office again.’ Both G.O. secretaries gave us menacing glares as we stood outside the G.O., gazing longingly at our last hope, coming to terms with the fact that we had failed once again, and were doomed to spend the summer homeless and unloved.



**(EPILOGUE: Loya’s infamous porn stash was recovered undamaged and is currently being stored in Professor Waters’ basement for a nominal fee and the odd perusing privilege.)**

# POETRY CORNER

WE GOTS POETS! AND NO ONE KNOWED IT!

## Ode to Professor Mohammed (with an E)

Professor Mohammed is a special man indeed,  
Unlike the Muslim Prophet, you spell his last name with an 'E'  
You would be hard-pressed to find another person in this town,  
To have the groovy kick-ass nomer: Emir Aly Crowne

Legal Research and Writing, is his field of specialty,  
With every volume of DLR's committed to memory.  
He can write a factum that would make Lord Denning cry,  
Filled with oral arguments that no judge could deny.

But flipping through McGill is not all that this man can do,  
He is also a part-time rapper, battling on 8-Mile with his Crew;  
If you cruised the streets of Detroit, asking who is best,  
"P-Mo" would inevitably, be the one that they'd attest.

His rhymes are slick and battles quick, some over before they start,  
And although he lost to Eminem, he showed a lot of heart.  
Despite the fact that notoriety of the great P-Mo has spread,  
He does not let this underground rap success to go to his head.

The evidence suggest his female students have a crush,  
For every time he is around, they emit a giggle and blush.  
Perhaps it is his stately glasses, or his chiseled, muscular arms,  
Others say his Tom Cruise-like smile is the true key to his charms.

His greatest feat of all, however is not citing, flexing or rapping  
It's the rumor that in his LRW class, no one is caught napping.  
I just made that last line up, I truly have to admit  
But the point of it all still remains, Mohammed is the s\*\*t.

To conclude this poem, I will state, on behalf of the Oyez  
Emir Aly Crowne, in Windsor Law we do hope you will stay.

*I'm sorry for being 0 for 2 in moot judging and hope you accept this poem as a token of my apology. Please forgive me and stop sending Brazilian Midgets to egg my house every night.*

Love and Hugs,  
Nicole Corriero



## Ode to an Unnecessary Walk Through a Blizzard

I rise from my desk, my readings to grab  
and gaze out the window, where frigid winds stab  
The snow has been falling since when I got home  
with contracts all done, I trudged here alone

My time was spent poorly (Kraft Dinner and SportsNet)  
but it's only Tuesday, so I'm not behind yet  
Three-thirty, the clock says - time to get gone  
Constitution beckons (it's POGG and beyond!)

Could it really be worth a walk through this snowstorm?  
*Don't be a pussy, just walk fast to keep warm.*  
I throw on my jacket, my hat and my headphones  
*At least you've got music, the voice in my head moans*

Three blocks from my doorway, the mp3s fizzle  
I'll now walk in silence to class with Wydrizzle  
*What kind of moron lets his batteries die  
when he has to walk through this shit from the sky?*

I pick up my pace, on treacherous ice  
The journey's a long one I've done today twice  
I fly down the sidewalk past fat kids and old folk  
A good way, with this footing, to get both my legs broke

I pass the half-way point, which smells much like heaven  
Ferrari's on Uni, (open twenty-four/seven)  
No time for spaghetti or pizza or burgers  
I'm blinded by snow, but school can't be much further

Now someone approaches, far on the horizon  
The SweigMan—*but why?*—"You go the wrong way, son!"  
"Class cancelled" he yells back, and my heart fills with rage  
"Motherf#@ker!" I shout — *Wydrizzle will PAY!*

"Surely my *Charter* rights here are infringed!"  
SweigMan gives no answer apart from his grin  
My journey aborted, I turn back around  
The wind and the snow have now crippled this town

I retrace my steps, but they've all disappeared  
blown straight to Hell by the weather out here  
This now-pointless walk just feels even colder  
In twenty short minutes I feel twenty years older

- Ken McNair 1L



THANKS TO ALL OUR READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS  
FOR A GREAT YEAR!

**Next year, we will be outsourcing to Mexico.  
STAY TUNED FOR THE FIRST ISSUE OF LOS OYEZ!  
COMING THIS FALL!**