



Intramural Football Kicks Off With Rainy Weather, New Rules

By DANIEL BROMWICH '12
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

NYU Law Intramural football games began on schedule on Friday, September 23, despite the deluge that submerged much of the East River Park and prompted nerve-racking flood warnings to be issued throughout the city. None of the 17 planned games were cancelled due to weather, and just five of the 34 teams that were scheduled to open their season on Friday forfeited their games. Rules make clear that games should be cancelled if there is thunder or severe rain, but 2.5 inches of rain in Central Park and (approximately) 3 feet of rain on the East River Park apparently didn't qualify as

“severe” enough.

And though law students are known to be generally conflict- and weather condition-averse, the turnout was impressive. Team captains apparently had little trouble convincing players to come open the season in the pouring rain, and League Commissioner Taylor Freeman '12 and Deputy Commissioner Kenneth Adler '13 ensured that each game had at least one referee, often forlornly holding an umbrella and a stopwatch through the monsoon.

In addition to the weather, teams had to contend with new rules. This year, the league changed from “flag,” in which a defender must remove a flag from the

ball-carrier's waist to end play, to “two-hand touch,” in which a defender merely needs to touch the opponent with two hands to end a down.

“It was really great to see so many teams come out despite the rain,” Adler said. “It was interesting to see different strategies this year with the switch from flags to two-hand touch. There's a steep learning curve to figure out the best strategies, so we expect to see scoring increase as the season progresses.”

However, the games weren't necessarily filled with quality performances. Whether that was due more to early season rust, unfamiliarity with teammates and

opponents, or (yeah, I'll say it) the weather, the scores reflected the various obstacles each team faced. Three games ended in pathetic 0-0 ties, and three more saw just one touchdown scored between the two teams, finishing with a final tally of 6-0.

Surprisingly, games that weren't horribly boring happened as well. Four teams managed to score three or more touchdowns. Actus Rectum, an apparently emboldened and unashamed 1L team, managed the most impressive total of the day, defeating Learned Handoff 28-7. Not far behind was Legislative Safety Word, a 2L team, which shut out Team Wicker, 26-0. Civ Probe's defense clenched

together to prevent its opponents from scoring as well, beating Pre-mature Adjudication 18-0. A representative from the losing squad clarified the reason behind the result soon afterward, explaining that his team had exhausted itself scoring in warm-ups before the game started.

The most impressive 3L team on the day was DHL, an experienced and mature (and appropriately named) team that defeated the talented Dicta in a Box, 19-6, despite missing several key players.

Games will continue each Friday at East River Park, finishing with the playoffs on November 18, the Friday before Thanksgiving.

Indian in Greenwich Village: Commentator's Top Five Food Picks

By CHARLOTTE SLAIMAN '14
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

As a new 1L, I've been excitedly exploring the many (many!) food options around my new home in D'Agostino Hall. I'm sure you already know the basics: Mamoun's has the best falafel (why do those other falafel joints even exist?), Artichoke Pizza is only good if you're drunk, and never go to Qdoba before 5 p.m., when the burritos become only \$5.99.

But did you know that there are five Indian wrap places within a block of the law school? I didn't even know Indian wraps existed before coming here, and I spent three weeks in India and the last four years eating authentic home-cooked food from my Indian boyfriend's mom. This is not surprising, because of the intrinsic and extensive diversity of India. It's a vast country and people in different regions can have less in common than Frenchmen and Russians. They have completely different cuisines, cultures, and languages. Each of these five Indian wrap places is very different, and in your time here I highly recommend that you visit each of them at least once. They are all well worth the very low price of admission.

In addition to the diversity of flavors and styles among these options, there's an important distinction to be made between dosas and rolls. They are really entirely different dishes. A dosa is a thin crepe-like wrap made from rice and lentils. These are popular in South India. The rolls are generally a paratha filled with meat, cheese or veggies, onions, and sauce. A paratha is a buttery Indian bread, like a thick tortilla but much, much better. Okay, now that you know the lingo, let's get on to the reviews.

#5 NY Dosa Cart

The NY Dosa cart is definitely worth trying. The “Dosa Man” seems to be kind of an institution around here, and a long line of hungry fans are always waiting for his delicious vegetarian-only food.



Left: Serving up the good stuff at Indian Creperie. Right: A favorite food cart.



Unfortunately, the dosa did not live up to the hype. It was a little dry and not especially flavorful. There was too much dosa and not enough filling. It could benefit from some kind of sauce to help with the dryness and flavor.

Pro Tip: If you are just ordering appetizers, like a samosa or the unique and delicious “vegan drumstick,” you don't have to wait in line, you can just march right up to the front and place your order.

#4 Thelewala

Thelewala was the first Indian wrap place I found when I moved here, and I was excited to have something this delicious so close to my new home. They serve wraps out of their small, mostly take-out, restaurant. These are rolls, but their bread is less buttery than the other roll places. This may make it healthier, but it also makes it less delicious. Each of the meat rolls also has egg in it, along with onions and a yummy mix of spices. These rolls are actually kind of refreshing with their sour lime flavor, which is rare from an Indian meal. Usually I feel stuffed to the brim with creamy,

unhealthy deliciousness, but this was a nice change.

Pro Tip: If you only know it as Thelewala you may have a tough time finding this place, so look for the sign that says, “Nizami Rolls.”

#3 Indian Creperie

The newest addition to the MacDougal Street-area Indian food scene, the Indian Creperie serves great meat dosas in addition to vegetarian. When I asked which dosa was the best they immediately told me the chicken chettinad. Just the right amount of dosa, filled with tender pieces of chicken marinated in Indian spices. It's a little more expensive than the other options, but it is a lot of food.

Pro Tip: Dosas are made gluten-free for all you trendy eaters and/or

celiac sufferers.

#2 Kati Roll

Mmmm. Just thinking about Kati Roll is making my mouth water. The shami kebab roll here is to die for. I haven't been able to order anything else in the several times I've been. Last time I was there an Indian woman told me she never sees non-Indians in there. If that's true, there are a lot of NYU Law students who are missing out. Shami kebab is a lamb meatball squished onto a buttery paratha, doused in chili sauce and rolled up. I don't usually like lamb, but the seasoning in the shami kebab here makes it smooth and delicious, never gamey.

Pro Tip: Their rolls are smaller than Thelewala and Masala Times, but still around the same price. To

get the same amount of food here, I'd recommend you get two rolls.

#1 Masala Times

This is the one that really makes me miss India. It's basically a creamy, decadent, spicy, piping-hot Indian curry wrapped up in a buttery paratha. As you might imagine, it's a little messy. It's also huge, \$6, and an Indian soul food experience. It would cheer you up if you were having a bad day. It could also make you want to take a food coma nap through your next class though, so take caution.

Pro Tip: Masala Times also has great curries and other Indian food. I love the Veg Box, which I can never finish in one sitting. It tastes even better reheated the next day, just like the home-cooked stuff!

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“Anonymous” Gets a Name, and the Name is Marmaduke

By LEIGHTON DELLINGER '12
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

You know that feeling, when you learn about something new, and suddenly, it's everywhere? You've never heard of it before and then BAM! It's on TV, and being mentioned in class, and someone at a cocktail party (ehm, at Triona's) had a friend who researched it before law school. For example, I first learned about wasabi in the final question of a titillating “Who Wants to be a Millionaire” episode at the height of the show's popularity. Shortly after, Budweiser released the now-famous wasaaaabi commercial. Then sushi restaurants began popping up in my small hometown. In scientific circles, this sensation is known as The Marmaduke Phenomenon. (Editorial note: “scientific circles” is being used loosely here.)

You experience the Marmaduke Phenomenon when you learn about something new, and are then suddenly overwhelmed by that thing. Terra Judge, '12, my co-Editor-in-Chief, coined the phrase after her mom frantically tried to explain what made a particular

Great Dane (with a goofy name) loveable. Shortly after, Terra saw Marmaduke. Everywhere.

Anonymous is the new subject of the Marmaduke Phenomenon. Planet Money featured the organization in an August 23rd podcast titled “Pizzas, Faxes, and Robot Networks,” explaining that the “hacktivist” group functions loosely online, posting suggested targets and pranks. To date, the cyberterrorists have targeted organizations by sending unbidden pizza delivery boys (called “pizza

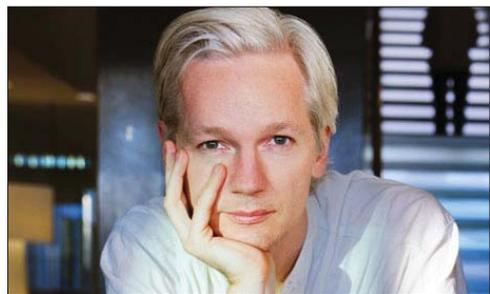
bered the organization, though forgot their name, from last December when Anonymous took up WikiLeaks as a cause. WikiLeaks and Julian Assange garnered negative public attention for exposing American diplomatic communications and Assange was accused of sexual harassment. Anonymous cyberterrorists crashed MasterCard's website when the credit card company quit processing online donations to WikiLeaks. They also interfered with the websites of PayPal, Visa, the Swedish prosecutor's office handling Assange's charges, and his accusers' defense attorney.

The Marmaduke Phenomenon officially happened last Saturday when Anonymous teamed up with the Occupy Wall Street protest, parading through the Village, and right by NYU Law, as they marched from Union Square to the Financial District, armed with bullhorns and posters. News and videos from the protest spread quickly — including a particularly troubling video showing an unidentified police officer spraying three protestors in the face with mace.

The wonder of my Marmaduke Phenomenon wore off when Anonymous struck back on behalf of the protestors. Escalating their interference from sending pizza or faxes themselves, the organization identified the officer as NYPD Deputy Inspector Anthony Bologna and posted a list of phone numbers, addresses, and family member names that may be associated with the “bad cop,” threatening retaliation: “Before you commit atrocities against innocent people, think twice. WE ARE WATCHING!!! Expect Us!”

As an aspiring attorney, this made me really ... nervous. For a few reasons: first, new technology challenges the rules as we know them. Duh. Second, this super-loosely anonymous online association just sounds too much like a hypothetical exam question dreamt up by a first-year Crim Law professor. Did the online conspirators agree to the crimes? What constitutes assent? Are they subject to RICO? What constitutes sufficient frame of mind when most conversation is accomplished through emoticons and intentionally misspelled words? (And now my head is about to explode.) But I'm really concerned because this rogue justice hacktivist group is far out-pacing legitimate activists in social media.

I disagree with Anonymous's targeting organizations and people just because they dislike them. It sounds too much like Stieg Larson's Lisbeth Salander and her cyber-crew from *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* series. Without spoiling the novels or upcoming movie, Salander uses tech-savvy for revenge and vigilantism; and I was all for it in fiction. In reality, Anonymous strikes like a



What do these seemingly unconnected images have in common? They are all examples of the Marmaduke Phenomenon: something previously unknown that quickly becomes ubiquitous.

dorky Batman, basically unchecked against the foes of online transparency and (their own definition of) free speech.

I think, as students, the only way we can respond is to recognize that it's time we got better at utilizing technology. Last week, the Journal of Law and Business executive board discussed the possibility of using Twitter and Facebook to increase our exposure around the law school. Last year, the Law Women board created a Facebook page and then — to the surprise of the community — we all “liked” the page. Honestly, it didn't do much.

It may be that professionals just don't utilize their Facebook and Twitter pages for activism. Or it may be that we lack the gravity of Anonymous's messages; I suppose

advertising a mixer in Golding with FREE FOOD AND DRINKS! is just not as urgent as exposing a police officer caught grossly violating his public duty. But graduates of NYU Law practice public interest work that could stir a similar emotion in users. We should get better at technology now because eventually, the goal is to be the next Marmaduke Phenomenon subject — you want people to hear you once and notice.

Then a second time, when they'll think it's just a coincidence.

And then suddenly, your message is everywhere and the public is paying attention to a cause that does more good than deliver unordered pizzas to Anthony Bologna while he's suspended from active police duty.

Comment

The Eager Reader

bombing” or “pizza spamming”), clogging their fax machines with a constant wave of traffic, and using online robot networks to crash websites. They operate under the motto, “Do not mistake who we are for what we are and what we can do. Anonymous will fight. Anonymous will win.”

And they do tend to win. Before the podcast, I vaguely remem-

the commentator

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Rules of Not Dating: Slow Burn ... or He Will Think You Want Brunch

By: TRUTH BADER GINSBERG

*Dear Truth,
I went to the SBA party last week, used a few of those free drink tickets, and wound up going home with a fellow 2L acquaintance of mine. I wouldn't call us friends, but*

don't know when or if I should initiate it. Is this up to him? I want to ask him to hang out, but is that a bad play? What's my timeframe? Do I wait a day or a week or somewhere in between to text? Or am I stuck just waiting for him to get in touch?

Let's face it, a nasty truth: if you text this dude and ask him to hang out, even after waiting a few days, there's a strong chance he will interpret this as a sign that you are Into Him and that want to date him and love him and make him go to Brunch and look at cute animal YouTube videos all the time.

It's the world in which we live, and yes, it sucks sometimes. This was a reality I had to confront when I moved to New York. "Playing coy" is rather foreign to me; I like initiating things. I generally know what (and/or whom) I want and am not afraid to pursue it. This was, and still is, a personality trait I treasure, but whereas

I have no doubt that you probably just want to sleep with this guy again. Your fantasies most likely only consist of various sexual experimentations, not quiet Saturday afternoons spent cuddling watching Downtown Abbey on Netflix. And yet. The latter is probably how he will interpret an invitation from you. Frustrating and ridiculous? Sure. But so was the time when I was jokingly called a Cougar after expressing interest in a guy two years older than me. The hunt has gotten pretty weird, my friends.

So I would wait for him to text, call, email, tweet, twat, smoke signal, whatever. He probably will do so after a few

several days, and try to make your communication as crystal clear as you can. Don't ask what he's up to at 7pm on a Friday night; don't ask early on in the week what he's up to this weekend. This suggests a first-class ticket to Date City. Be upfront about your intentions.

I know, I know. This advice seems Victorian and Cosmo-y and straight out of that book *The Rules*, and I feel a little conflicted giving it. But I don't think it's as gendered as I'm making it out to be. The very ambition and alacrity that got us into this school in the first place can quickly translate into impatience and hounding in the romantic sphere, no matter who's on what side. And not many find that sexy.

I also think it involves a bigger picture than *The Rules*. We live immediate-gratification lives, where we can get into contact with anyone at a second's notice. Add to that our natural lawyerly go-getter instincts, and man, that chase is irresistible. But for now, let someone else have that fun. Delayed gratification is the oldest and sweetest trick in the book. Remember how good that candy tasted after you had to wait 2 weeks to save up your allowance to buy it? Pumping the patience brakes and cultivating some mystery in our bare-all world can taste delicious. Save some of the go-getting for other areas of your lovely life. Let this part smolder, let it simmer. The slowest burn is often the sweetest.

Comment

Habeas Coitus with Truth Bader Ginsberg

we're friendly when we run into each other at school. He's just one of those dudes I see around sometimes. Anyway, I was a bit tipsy that night and I think he was too, but we both had our wits about us. We ended up talking a lot at SBA, and I invited him back to my place. The sex was fun and he slept there for a while, but very early Friday morning it was clear that we both kind of wanted him to leave, because I live in Mercer and those beds are the worst. So he left, and from what I can tell we were both happy with the overall encounter.

Now. Here's the question. I don't know if I like this guy, or just liked hooking up with him, but I wouldn't mind it happening again. Doubt that I want to date him, but why not keep having fun anyway? We did the obligatory innocuous text exchange the next day (thanks for last night, I had fun, etc.) with no overtures made about future plans. I think I'd like a second round, but I

Sigh. You've just found yourself in one of the most common encounters for a single person in this city—and also one of the trickiest to navigate, especially (sorry to say it) as a straight female. In my experience, a lot of the straight guys we run into in New York, and particularly at NYU Law, are wonderful—but also a bit hopeless when it comes to reading clues. Somehow a lot of men are of the mindset that even after one sexual or romantic encounter, single women in New York suddenly “get all into them,” with a desire to lock it down and creep up on their happy-bachelor lives like those vines on the side of Vanderbilt. [I will save my rant about how uncomfortable men are with the notion of women enjoying casual sex for another time and word count.]

I think I'd like a second round, but I don't know when or if I should initiate it. Is this up to him? I want to ask him to hang out, but is that a bad play? What's my timeframe? Do I wait a day or a week or somewhere in between to text? Or am I stuck just waiting for him to get in touch?

before it had been a sign of confidence, strength, and 21st Century Womanhood, all of a sudden my forwardness was being read as overeager and needy. And you are currently neither of those things.

days, or you'll just run into him at school before he even has a chance to reach out. If he doesn't, well, the idea of a Round 2 probably isn't a high priority of his. If you do want to make first contact, I'd wait

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Bring On Suits, Season 2

By WILL BREWER '14
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

I'm not sure what's more disheartening: the fact that my newest instrument of procrastination is on hiatus until summer '12 or the realization that I am not going to be Harvey Specter any time soon. And so, while I'm sure *Sidereal.com* will afford some solace as I delve into a new sitcom or drama, I'm still left with this terrible feeling. My legal career, in which I've not only just made senior partner but also proved myself to be a true fighter for the cause of the "little guy," is on the shelf until next summer, when *Suits* returns to USA.

This show has really got it all for an aspiring Doctor of the Law in New York City. The show operates in a largely mentor-mentee series of relationships. At the top, we have Jessica, the managing partner of Pearson Hardman, the New York firm. As the star of the show, you've got this high-powered, smooth-talking, and secretly nice junior partner, Harvey, who everybody wants to represent them. At the bottom, we have Mike, the first-year associate.

Just like any other law firm, Harvey and Jessica engage in playful banter, in which Harvey has a huge amount of leeway that he (happily) see crushed by Jessica's quick change of tone from sassy to "no-but-really-I'll-fire-you." Down the ladder, Mike, Harvey's protégé, is just out of Harvard, ready to start his first year as a lawyer. Well, he hasn't actually gone to law school. But, hey, he's got a photographic memory, and his old job was taking the LSAT for other people for money. He'll do fine!

And he does. And as Mike learns the ropes of litigation, he attempts to teach Harvey to be more compassionate. Original! Snooze.

Add a bunch of other first-year attorneys, paralegals, and assistants, and you've got a full office. All the while, there is a flurry of provocative and interesting cases and intra-office sex to watch play out. Despite the obvious stretches in imagination (I mean, really, a first-year associate teaching a partner something?) the show doesn't fail to amuse. With all the fast-talking, quick-witted lawyers, how could it? Also, everyone on the show, except the obviously necessary grumpy, opera-loving, self-loathing other junior partner antagonist, is a model? And even past this blemishless façade, Pearson Hardman manages to dedicate no less than a third of its billables to pro bono. Nice.

I consider myself a pretty savvy guy—you know, nobody's fool, etc. When a professor told me that *Suits* wasn't "exactly what I should expect" at a Big Law firm, I was appalled. Wow, I was really banking on Mike the first-year associate's plan. Probably shouldn't have skipped the first four weeks of classes.

As I anticipate the second season of *Suits*, maybe I will have to look at it in from a new angle. Perhaps there are some real lessons to be learned. Is compassion toward others a value we should discuss in legal ethics? How much can we rely upon our law school educations in preparing us for our futures ahead? But as season two grows ever closer, I can't help but think, "will that extremely attractive paralegal and Mike finally do it already?"

Lines Blur When Filming "Fact"

By THOMAS PRIETO '13
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

In the autumn of 1989, an article was published in an Iranian magazine detailing a rather bizarre crime. An impoverished cinephile, Hossein Sabzian, was accused of impersonating acclaimed filmmaker Mohsen Makhmalbaf to a middle-class family. Sabzian convinced the Ahankhah family to lend him some money and promised them that they would appear in his next film. The ruse was discovered sometime thereafter and Sabzian was arrested. However, the crime did not seem to be financially motivated. Filmmaker Abbas Kiarostami read the article and quickly began working on the film that would come to be titled *Close-Up*. He was able to convince all the participants to allow him to film everything that occurred from the moment of Sabzian's imprisonment onward and to play themselves in reenactments of the events that led to the publishing of the article.

Critiquing and undermining the documentary filmmaking, *Close-Up* straddles the line between fiction and non-fiction. From the opening shot of the film, Kiarostami begins to illustrate one of the major flaws of documentary filmmaking: a finite amount of narrative perspectives. The film begins from the perspective of a reporter as he takes the police to arrest Sabzian. However, when the reporter goes inside the Ahankhah house, the camera stays with the cab driver. Later on in the film we see this entrance into the house by the reporter from Sabzian's perspective. Kiarostami is not trying to make a Rashomon-like point

about everyone having a different story. Rather, Kiarostami is making an even more basic point. He argues that merely having the camera follow one person or another substantially changes the narrative, the audience's sympathies, and ultimately the audience's opinions.

American filmmaker Jim McBride similarly critiqued documentaries in his 1967 film, *David Holzman's Diary*. L.M. Kit Carson plays a cinephile that has taken Jean-Luc Godard's statement that "the cinema is truth twenty four times per second" to heart. After hearing that he is likely to be drafted to fight in the Vietnam War, Holzman begins to film his ordinary life. Rather than enlightening Holzman, the camera begins to wreak havoc on his life. His girlfriend leaves him after he films her sleeping nude.

The film is shot in the *cinéma vérité* style that was quite popular during the 1960s and purported to capture objective reality. Holzman interviews a friend that is trying to convince him to abandon his film project. The friend, verbalizing the director's critique of the *cinéma vérité* style, applies the Heisenberg principle to filmmaking—the mere turning on of the camera changes behavior. He also criticizes Holzman for manipulating the work. He argues that his a priori knowledge allows him to shape, consciously or unconsciously, the narrative of the

film in a manner similar to a fiction filmmaker. As Abbas Kiarostami put it, "there isn't as much of a distinction between documentary and fiction as there is between a good movie and a bad one."

By the end of the film, Holzman lashes out at the artificiality of filmmaking and angrily insists that this artificiality has prevented him from learning any real truth about his life. However, in one of cinema's



greatest scenes, Kiarostami makes the argument that often artificiality can be just as or more enlightening than "objective truth." After Sabzian's trial has concluded, Kiarostami arranges for him to meet Makhmalbaf, the director he impersonated. Kiarostami's decision to film the scene from a distance in combination with the perhaps purposeful malfunctions of the audio equipment (all of which are techniques that draw the audience's attention to the film's artificiality) serves to only make Sabzian's teary meeting with the filmmaker he so admires even more affecting.

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