ISSA Injustice

Plight of British-born Rapper Representative of Contradictions of American Immigration system

Julie Dostal '19
Staff Editor

On January 29, 2019, rapper 21 Savage (Shéyaa Bin Abraham-Joseph) performed his single “A Lot” on the Tonight Show with Jimmy Fallon. In place of J. Cole’s feature, 21 Savage inserted a new verse. The verse included the following lyric: “been through some things, but I couldn’t imagine my kids stuck at the border. People was innocent couldn’t get lawyers.” On February 4, 2019, U.S. Immigration Customs and Enforcement arrested Mr. Abraham-Joseph after a “targeted operation with federal and local law enforcement.” ICE spokesperson, Bryan Cox, delivered a statement identifying Abraham-Joseph as an unlawfully present United Kingdom national. Mr. Abraham-Joseph legally arrived with his mother on an H-4 Visa in 2003. His visa expired in 2006. At age 12, through no fault of his own, Mr. Abraham-Joseph’s presence in the United States became illegal.1

In addition to the identification of Mr. Abraham-Joseph as an illegal United Kingdom national, ICE also effectively labeled the rapper a fraud, discrediting his public persona as an Atlanta rapper and portraying him as a nefarious felon. An ICE spokesperson commented the following to CNN: “his entire public persona is false.”2 Prior to his arrest by ICE, 21 Savage’s Wikipedia page stated he was born in Atlanta, Georgia. In an interview with XXL Magazine in 2016, the rapper stated he was “from Decatur, Georgia,” located in the Atlanta Metropolitan Area.3

Fans may not have been aware of where 21 Savage was born, but the U.S. government most definitely was. The ICE statement is clear. Mr. Abraham-Joseph’s “public persona is false.” The intention is also clear. ICE intended to capitalize on the rapper’s alleged deception with regards to his citizenship to manipulate the public into disclosing 21 Savage. The agency attempted to sever the rapper’s fourteen-year ties to the city where his brother died, where his three children now live, and where he started charity programs to help children in his neighborhood with financial literacy and school supplies.4 ICE then labeled Mr. Abraham-Joseph a felon, Mr. Abraham-Joseph was convicted of felony drug charges in 2014.5 The penalty was later "21 SAVAGE page 3"


1 Shout out to Peter Dragna '20 and Ben Hawkins '20 for dedicating the Legal Corner to softball. I can’t thank you enough for such kind words.

Photo courtesy of Photo 11: Roy Rochlin, Getty Images.

around north grounds


Thumbs side- ways to the 1L who attempted to eat 75 chicken nuggets in an hour. ANG is disappointed he didn’t succeed, but ANG officially remains pro-fried chicken.

Thumbs down to jornal try- outs. ANG hates the notion of try- outs ever since ANG didn’t make travel soccer in second grade, which also started ANG’s hatred of orange slice-

Thumbs up to Dean Goldobff for signing emails with “RGL.” ANG hopes that when Dean Goldobff adversely possesses a seat on the Supreme Court, she becomes known as “the open and notorious RGL.”

Thumbs side- ways to last week’s mid-week snow- day. ANG wasn’t going to come into school anyway, but the validation is nice.

Thumbs up to SBA for making emails an issue in this semester and keeping with the American Tradition. ANG keeps hearing about these “bad emails” and appreciates the equal gender representation.

Thumbs down to the official at Friday’s UVA’s senior night wrestling dual. ANG hears a take- down is normally two points, but didn’t think this applied when the wrestlers were eight feet off the mat.

Thumbs up to the Starch &adies’ annual t-shirt sale! ANG now has gifts for ANG’s fans for the next three holiday seasons.

Congratulations to Tax Jones ’20 and Shanna Adler ’19 on their quick engagement and upcoming wedding, happen-

Check. Helping Regina King up the stairs.

La Joya Restaurant Review ............................................................... 3
Review of Chicken Sandwiches .......................................................... 2


This is our look at the issue of IMMIGRATION and the“. . .community that surrounds us.”
I’m big enough to admit that I made a lot of sacrifices this week. I could have stayed home with a stuffy nose on Saturday. Instead, I walked all the way to the car and drove to review more chicken sandwiches. Doing so took a physical and emotional toll on me, but I refuse to complain. I especially won’t complain about the $3 parking fee I had to pay for one of my reviews that the Virginia Law Weekly refuses to refund; not in this column, and especially not to the readers.

Instead, like a true member of the media, I am here to relate chicken sandwiches to the current political environment. This requires asking tough questions addressing the intersectionality of problems and maticness. No one else is asking these questions, and like the chicken and the egg, it has to start somewhere.

Zinburger—973 Emmet St N

Don’t let the name fool you—Zinburger is not the German word for hamburger. My good friend from Germany told me that the German word for hamburger is dummerwurst, which I trust to be correct since, as he said, translating German back to English on Google never works right.

1 Editor’s note: at no point did this author ask for reimbursement by the Law Weekly. Fake news.

German names aside, Zinburger’s Southwest Fried Chicken Sandwich includes “Pepper Jack Cheese, Red and Yellow Peppers, Poblano Peppers and Avocado Créme.” The chicken itself was good, but, to my horror, the sandwich had bell peppers on it. When it comes to chicken sandwiches, I draw the line at bell peppers. They have no place in the public sphere except in a salad ordered by Amy Klobuchar that I assume contains the souls of her underlings topped with a nice green goddess dressing.

I was so upset over this faux-pas that I forgot to feel outraged enough to read Paul Manaford’s 800-page sentencing memo. Does that make me an irresponsible citizen? Perhaps. But remember that Zinburger calls this a “Southwest” chicken sandwich by virtue of putting the worst vegetable on the best possible food. Therefore, I give this sandwich a 3.5 out of 5 stars for both taste and problematicness, which is the same as Southwest Airline’s food rating on TripAdvisor.

Iron Paffles & Coffee—214 W Water Street

The sandwich here is build-your-own. I am not convinced that the public is ready for this type of power. Chicken sandwiches, like societies, cannot be trusted to the masses and instead require chicklets and balances. However, as someone in the roost-ruling class, I knew the only correct order was a chicken sandwich with aioli, tomato, slaw, and pepper jack cheese.

The “paffles” are a mixture of French puff pastry and Belgian waffles, which is a touchy combination of countries that hasn’t been attempted in over half a century. However, the result here is a beautiful piece of chicken nestled between two flaky waffles. Given that the term “flaky waffles” is literally redundant and that combining the two words gives you “faledaf,” calling the sandwich bun a “paffle” starts to make more sense.

Since I am giving Iron Paffles free press, and Belgium is ranked 7th out of 180 countries on the Press Freedom Index, I will give this sandwich 173/180 on tastiness. However, since France is 33rd on the Press Freedom Index, I will give it a 147/180 on problematicness, which as we all know is still very high!

The Whiskey Jar — 227 W Main Street

Here we have “Shredded Lettuce, Pickles, Tomato, [and] Duke’s Mayo on a Grilled Brioche Bun.” Innocuous, you might say, but we need to talk about something first: the Brioche Bun.

Folks, I haven’t seen appropriation like this since Ruth Bader Ginsburg stole Barry Goldwater’s glasses. I don’t think we depended on France to gain our independence, so why are we depending on them to make our sandwiches? Maybe I’m simple, but the only French “bread” I’m interested in appropriating is more funds for NATO. I give the Brioche Bun 10/10 baguettes for problematicness. However, it was delicious, and I take the baguettes back and give it 47/50 FREEDOM fries for tastiness. The other 3 fell down my car seat.

Overall, this was a strong contender. I don’t know who “Duke” is or why he has his own mayo, but seeing as mayo contains eggs, there are arguably two chickens in this sandwich. Therefore, I give it 10 eggs out of a basket that can hold 12, because you should never put all of your eggs in one basket.

Current Rankings:
Michael’s Bistro: Taste: 177/180 LSAT Problematicness: 3.54 GPA
Whiskey Jar Taste: 10/12 eggs Problematicness (Brioche tastiness): 47/50 freedom fries
Zinburger Taste: 3.5/5 stars (Southwest airlines food rating) Problematicness: 3.5/5 stars (Id.)
Cookout Taste: 163 LSAT Problematicness: Tune in next week!

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Drew Calamaro / Virginia Law Weekly

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Drew Calamaro '21
Chicken Reviewer

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The author's sandwich at the Whiskey Jar. Photo Drew Calamaro / Virginia Law Weekly

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Zinburger's Southwest Fried Chicken Sandwich, featuring the sweet peppers our correspondent found so difficult to swallow. Photo Drew Calamaro / Virginia Law Weekly

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The author's sandwich at the Whiskey Jar. Photo Drew Calamaro / Virginia Law Weekly

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The Whiskey Jar – 227 W Main Street

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This is nearly unforgivable

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Zinburger's Southwest Fried Chicken Sandwich, featuring the sweet peppers our correspondent found so difficult to swallow. Photo Drew Calamaro / Virginia Law Weekly

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Fake news.

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After a long and laborious week of being a TA and I doubt I will ever enjoy the experience. No, a party, Nay, a tweedledee: La Joya Fiesta.

I didn’t stray too far from our core values. We ordered the guacamole to start, and then I opted to try a Mexican restaurant in Charlottesville: La Joya. Located off Exit 120 on 46-E (right off of the beloved Wegman’s), La Joya provided us with quick service and a cozy atmosphere for our first joint restaurant review.

Taylor and I entered a pleasantly quiet restaurant, dimly-lit but bright enough to find our table and even see each other from across the booth. We perused the menu and struggled to decide what meals to get given the wide variety of appealing options. It was clear that to make decisions may be overwhelmed by this Mexican restaurant’s unique offerings, but I loved getting to pick from a wide array of excellent options. I often get the same thing every time I go to a restaurant for fear of getting a dish I don’t like as much as my normal go-to, but since this was my first visit to La Joya, the world was my oyster.

Despite the great assortment of options, Taylor and I chose to try a Mexican restaurant for our first joint restaurant dinner. With bits of zucchini and guacamole throughout the potato tax expertise of the teal menu for some reason, I was so full, as I normally go to, but it has always felt especially

1. But extra chips after the first basket cost an additional $0.75. As the positive food prices moved, we decided to keep going on this menu decision.

2. Only for the sake of journalistic research, obviously.

3. Except for the onion in the guac. I don’t know why on earth they include for some reason. I am an image of what it means to be American. Mr. Abraham-Joseph’s story is not more commonly known as

4. This was its official title “arroz con pollo.”

5. ICE failed to include relevant information regarding Mr. Abraham-Joseph’s story in his presentation during his deportation proceedings of 21 Savage.

6. The pointed attempts to dehumanize Mr. Abraham-Joseph’s story is not the result of the his story for his filing for the U visa in 2017, yet they have perpetrated in their deportation proceedings. The arrest of 21 Savage and the uncharacteristic moves by ICE to manipulate the public’s opinion of the artist should concern Americans. Those attempts to dehumanize 21 Savage are troubling, if not explicitly racist in their attempts to preserve an image of what it means to be American. Mr. Abraham-Joseph’s story is not unique. His presence in this country, like many others, was not the result of his own actions. His constant fear of deportation shapes his everyday life and public persona. His heavy-handed categorization as a “felon” is represent of similar experiences of others detainees. But I feel strongly that opinions—many students


10. This was its official title “arroz con pollo.”

The chicken chimichangas was also yummy and flavorful, but they were completely covered in cheese. The veg- gie chimichanga was pretty solid but not noticeably because I can’t get a bell pepper fan. I felt a little out of place for some reason, though—what type of ACP doesn’t come smothered in cheese?

My other biggest complaint was the margarita. As my drug of choice, I was particularly because I am not all a bell pepper fan. I felt a little out of place for some reason, though—what type of ACP doesn’t come smothered in cheese?

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spent extravagant time and ef-

tort trying, but never succeed-

ing, to say (my admittedly vow-
el-deficient) name correctly. My

sectionmates rallied behind me in

support, turning the trauma into a

wonderful memory that I will

forever hold dear. In dedicati-

tion to them, I used this varia-
tion of my last name during my

first year on the Court, serving as

a reminder of how far I’ve
come since that fateful day.

Then one day, the name was

ripped away from me. At the start

of the 2018–19 school year, Chief Justice VanderMeu-

ser decided using my or last

name, Schmalzl, was “easier” and “good for the paper.” As

his powerlessness, I sat in si-

tence at his decision. Until now.

There’s a new sheriff in town, and I’m taking my name back.

The former Chief Justice rais-

es several defenses to his de-

cisions, which I address in turn.

II

A

Next, VanderMeulen claims

he had “good policy reasons” for

forcing me to change my name. He claims that Schmalzl was

“unrecognizable” and “no one

would know who I was,” and

that therefore my good name

would be wasted as a recruit-
ting tool. To this I ask: Really?

You think people can’t connec-

tizables names and were not

forced to exchange their identities.

While I only know of just one,

it’s a pretty good one and I rely

heavily on it as precedent. Jus-
tice Scalia, Lil-Michelle Ke-

ane ’18, was a true inspiration

in the creative minds among us.

People may not have instantly

who she was, but man could she

issue a damn good opinion. To

force me to change my name

forever is to insult the incredible minds of those who came

for us. For this, I will not

stand.

C

Finally, the dearly departed Chief states some garbage about how

it’s “not a big deal” and that I should just “calm down.”

[Please note that the defendant vehemently denies stating such

defense. While this Court ac-

knowledges that he did not actu-

ally make these statements, I am

on my honor and feel the need
to address all men who feel that
telling a woman to “calm down”

is ever, in any circumstance, a
good idea. Plus, if SCOTUS can
drone on about pointless topics

in its opinions, then this Court
certainly can too.] This

Court, in its official ca-

pacity, refuses this argument

and urges VanderMeulen/all

men to consider how foolish it is
to tell a woman to “calm down.”

Women are always calm, ratio-

nal, correct, and should never be

questioned.

Additionally, I would like
to point out that other justices on

this Court have used “unrecog-

nizable” and “no one

knows who” as defense.

Please note that the Court
does not heavily weigh the ac-

tions of students who par-

cipate in Dandelion when it
does this statement regarding

everyone’s intellectual abilities.

5

He uses in his brief the

extremely pretentious Latin

phrase “Nenox judex in censa

sus” which only makes us like

him less.

6

Except, of course, Petty

Rule of Civil Procedure 1: “We

do what we want.”

“Shmazzle” and “Schmalzl”?

We’re at a top-ten law school for
goodness sake, give these people

some credit.

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tions of students who par-

cipate in Dandelion when it
does this statement regarding

everyone’s intellectual abilities.
In conclusion, the Court hereby orders that I change my name back to what it is meant to be: Justice Shmazzle. Further, this Court enjoins Justice Vandermeulen from mentioning the word “dairy” for 48 hours as punitive damages for his wrongs towards the word “milk” references.

Ger steer the paper with his silly puns. By order of the court, the plaintiff shall be referred to as his days or else risk a life of continued estrangement.

III

Law Weekly staff received several requests to quote Professor Michael Doran this year, but due to a previous agreement, we are unable to print quotes from his classroom or hallway banter in an effort to “keep Doran employed.” After weeks of imploring the good professor, however, the Law Weekly was granted the rare opportunity to not only question him on his viewpoints but also quote those viewpoints for the Law School to see. What a rush.

If you haven’t had the pleasure of taking a class taught by Professor Doran, allow me to give you a quick bio. Professor Doran graduated with a B.A. in Classics and Philosophy from Wesleyan University in 1988 before earning his J.D. from Yale Law School in 1991. Then, Professor Doran married the love of his life, who he insists must not be aware of her many other options, and clerked for the Eastern District of New York under Judge I. Leo Glasser. His clerkship was far from boring, however, as he spent the better part of a year about ten feet from mafia boss, John Gotti, watching him lose his mood sour as his trial proceeded. He thereby orders that I change my name back to what it is meant to be: Justice Shmazzle. Further, this Court enjoins Justice Vandermeulen from mentioning the word “dairy” for 48 hours as punitive damages for his wrongs towards the word “milk” references.

 Eligible for partner, Professor Doran applied and was accepted to join the Treasury Department in the Office of Tax Policy in 1998. While certainly rewarding, Professor Doran remembers the stressful experience working for a divided government with the Clinton Administration butt heads with a Republican-led Congress. After about a year and a half, Professor Doran returned to Caplin & Drysdale and made partner in 2002. Professor Doran returned to the Office of Tax Policy, but this time under an administratively centralized and Congress. This experience was different; the united government had the ability to pass clean reform acts without worrying about a Senate filibuster for across-the-aisle votes. In 2004, shortly after Professor Doran left, Congress passed the Pension Reform Act of 2004, which Professor Doran spent the better part of a year working on. When Professor Doran returned to Caplin & Drysdale, they encouraged him to apply for academic jobs.

Professor Doran was accepted as an Associate Professor at UVA Law in 2005. He taught property law and tax law as well as the ethics of tax law. When hired originally, he felt that tax lawyers owe a duty not only to their client but also to the tax system as a whole. His views have moderated from this position, but he still acknowledges that tax lawyers have a unique standing conflict of interest that differs from lawyers practicing in other areas of law. In order to be closer to his family while his kids attended high school, Professor Doran took the “biggest mistake of [his] career” and accepted a tenured position at Loyola Law in 2006. While his family certainly appreciated having him around more often, Professor Doran missed the faculty and scholarship at UVA. When the opportunity arose in 2014, Professor Doran accepted wholeheartedly and was welcomed back.4

What is your spirit animal? A shiba inu, according to BuzzFeed.

If you won the lottery, what would you do with it? I’d probably do something insane like build a mini mansion for my dog a la Paris Hilton.

Do you have any pets? I have a 7-year-old yorkie named Luke! I rescued him this year, he’s 35 lbs, has 4 teeth, and I would die for him. @trinarizzo for photos <3

Where is a place you would love to travel to? I would love to see the Great Barrier Reef before all the coral dies / but I also want to visit China with my grandparents and learn about their lives there before they immigrated to the United States.

What are the 7 wonders of the Law School? John Dau is all of them.

What’s your favorite thing to do in Charlotteville? At a day at the wineries: all the glamour of Napa at half the price.

In conclusion, the Court hereby orders that I change my name back to what it is meant to be: Justice Shmazzle. Further, this Court enjoins Justice Vandermeulen from mentioning the word “dairy” for 48 hours as punitive damages for his wrongs against this Court. Seriously, the dairy jokes are utterly embarrassing and really could have been up a bit. He can no longer steer the paper with his silly milk references.

Petitioner’s (aka my) prayer for relief is hereby GRANTED.

It’s good to be Queen.

It is so ordered.

Justice VanderMeulen, dissenting.

I’ll admit I didn’t think out the whole “force your likely success-
ers before me who have left the paper as healthy as it is. And I feel fortunate to have such a supportive Law School community that cares to pick up a copy every week and actually read our sometimes-funny and hopefully informative content. Now, as I begin my tenure as Editor-in-Chief, I feel a real responsibility to continue to push the Law Weekly toward excellence. At this point in the paper’s rejuvenation, this year’s leaders have a high bar to clear if we really want to improve the Virginia Law Weekly. Luckily, we have an enthusiastic editorial board and strong group of staff editors who cram into the office on Monday nights, eager to produce content and push the Law Weekly to new heights.

This coming year, I hope to make the paper more interactive and better serve the needs of the students, present and former, at UVA Law. I know a lot of you pick up the paper for the ANGs, the professor quotes, and the Sudoku, and I know some of you have become loyal readers of our restaurant reviews and recaps of Law School events. But I hope to expand our readership by producing more exclusive, valuable content and making it readily available both in print and online. I also hope to provide better means of soliciting feedback from our readers so the paper can learn what you want more of and how we can better serve you.

With that, I charge those reading this to reach out to us. Without our readers, there is no Virginia Law Weekly. Tell us what you like. Tell us what you wouldn’t like. Tell us where we can improve. Engage with us. During my time as Editor-in-Chief, my goal is to serve you and this Law School community. After years of dreaming about this place, I feel so fortunate to be able to contribute to it in this unique and, for me, unexpected way. To everyone who is reading this article: I appreciate your involvement with this paper, whether it’s scanning the ANGs every week or reading the pages cover-to-cover. Help make it a great year and leave this paper—and this community—better than we found it.

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mesghf@virginia.edu

"You shouldn’t have called it a kangaroo court."