shall surely die! Please don't die. The answer is... fine. Samantha's vagina is doing fine. She rubs yams on it, okay? She takes 48 vagina vitamins a day. It accepts unlimited male penises with the greatest of ease. Now let us never speak of it again.

—"Burkas and Birkins," Lindy West, *The Stranger* 

## <u>Pump the golf balls into the hole; weep for the death of the silly essay; Lou Reed barks</u> <u>like a dog for his dog</u>

The police are trained to blur the line between "voluntary" interactions with people (perfectly lawful) and "involuntary" interactions with people (where police power is limited by the Constitution). So, for example, if a police agent says, "Okay pal, let's see what's in the backpack!" it is unclear whether the officer just made a request (lawful) or issued an order (for my purposes here, unlawful). The onus here is on the layperson to speak up if he does not wish to voluntarily consent to a search: "Officer, I don't consent to any searches." Upon hearing that, the officer will either (a) retreat; (b) clarify that he was ordering, not asking; (c) press the person some more to consent. A dishonest officer can just lie and deny what you said — and if that matter goes to court the outcome will depend on who the judge believes.

- "Immigration Law — Up Close," Tim Lynch, Cato at Liberty

## <u>Helium flotilla traverses Channel!</u> <u>Apple envy and the suicide app; here's the deal:</u> <u>Goldman owes you nothing</u>

When Leyla decided she did not want to have an abortion, her boyfriend did a 180, screaming at her belly that he didn't want the baby to live, threatening to "kick the baby out" of her stomach and even, one day, pushing her down a flight of stairs. Her pregnancy was "hell," says Leyla....Leyla's story turns a modern fable on its head: that of the woman—call her the femme fertile—who conspires to get pregnant, perhaps by "forgetting" to take her birth control pills, as a way to "trap a man" and force marriage—or at least keep him in her life. —"When Teen Pregnancy is No Accident," Lynn Harris, *The Nation* 

So sorry for our inept remote death-from-above operators; memo from reality: it's good to be the mayor; pot union, or stone cold labor

Pre-diluvian New Orleans

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