

Annals of the Naked Rowdies #22

by Kevin Myrick

Paddy and Roddy sat in the back and watched as their lawyers sparred before the United States Supreme Court. They were bored with this shit, had been since the moment it started. Paddy hummed the melody of a new song he had stuck in his head but hadn't bothered to write yet. Roddy rolled himself a joint and lit up. A bailiff came back to him and told him he couldn't smoke, much less weed, in the Supreme Court.

"What the fuck do you mean I can't smoke in here? This is fucking America. I can smoke anywhere."

Ruth Bader Ginsberg, in a foul mood after her morning coffee order was screwed up by the intern again, ordered him out of the courtroom loudly. Paddy followed, his boot slid from the chair and came down with a loud thud onto the floor.

"Fuck this noise," Roddy said. "Let's go get a drink Paddy."

As they left, Roddy kicked over a statue of a blindfold and half-naked goddess of justice. "I piss on you Justice!" he yelled. The bailiff pushed him out the door as he continued his rant, inaudible. The courtroom was silent. Their lawyers soaked in sweat. The most senior and lead turned to one of his juniors and said "Only Jesus Christ would rule in our favor now."

* * *

"How can we not rule against them for showing so much contempt of our authority?" Justice Kennedy asked.

The argument in chambers a few weeks later, once the papers had gotten wind of Roddy's stunt, was nasty. The justices and the public were split on what to do. It was hard to go against The Naked Rowdies, a highly popular rock band. But even harder was going against a university trying to protect their image against what they rightly thought was nothing more than pond scum wrapped up in human form. Kennedy was against ruling for the Rowdies. Ginsberg was on the other side.

John Paul Stevens, predictably, wanted to stay out of it all. He sat next to a window and watched an anti-abortion crowd protesting down the street.

"Because," Justice Ginsberg said. "You don't mess with the Rowdies. Ever."

The Rowdies had that kind of reputation in the world. They were past criminal, she told them. They were demons brought to earth by Satan himself. "Do you want to go against Satan? Surely we could leave that battle to God in heaven."

"Those two who watched from the back and made a commotion before leaving aren't even the worst of the band," she said. "You don't even want to know the stories I've heard about Harold."

The eight arguing sat in silence. "What should we do?" Justice Kennedy asked.

"We give them what they want, just like we do with lots of groups," Stevens said. "After all, someone will just come along in 10 years or so and force us to overturn the previous ruling."

* * *

It became known as the Rowdy opinion. Nothing ever like it had ever been done in the history of the law. No lawyer could believe his eyes as he read it. And Ginsberg wrote this 9-0 majority opinion herself without further comment from the others. What no one knew was that she too was a Rowdies fan. She had the little naked fighting leprechaun on her left butt cheek.

So when she wrote "it is in the best interest of the United States of America to officially declare the Naked Rowdies to be immune to the laws and statutes, with the exception of murder and outright theft, throughout the land," she knew it would be controversial. But she knew it was the right thing to do. If you couldn't beat them, join them.

Ginsberg went further than that. She also decided that no person could hold "members or agents acting in the interest of The Naked Rowdies" for civil liability of any kind. Notre Dame finally lost their lawsuit, and was forced to pay up \$5 million in legal fees. The Irish fought and lost.

Fighting Irish fans everywhere forever hated The Naked Rowdies and the United States Supreme Court for all of time. Rowdies fans and civil libertarians called it a victory for the little guy. Paddy and Roddy just watched the news from the back of the tour bus. "What the hell does this mean?" Roddy screamed into the telephone at his lawyer. He threw the phone against the wall and watched it shatter after a few moments more of conversation.

"What did he say?" Paddy asked. "Did we win?"

"Not only did we win brother, but we do anything we want."

"Anything?"

"Except murder and theft," Roddy said.

* * *

In their new found legal freedom, the Rowdies took full advantage. Going out naked in shows got them barred permanently from Philips Arena and the Fox Theater. They put in their own star and hand prints in Hollywood, knocking out Lassie and William Shatner's entries to put theirs in the ground. They even crashed the Grammy awards and came out in Celtic battle dress carrying swords. They smashed the podium and screamed "You bastards don't know what real music is!" Though not arrested, they were given heavy doses of pepper spray to get them out of there. Producers later admitted it was the highest rated Grammy awards of all time.

After the Grammys, the music industry struck back with an official boycott of the Rowdies and everything they stood for. Ticketmaster no longer carried passes to their concerts. Venues around the country banned them permanently. The Catholic Church's ex-communication still in place, declared a cold Holy War against them. They were musical heretics banished to the nether regions of hell, as far as the pope was concerned. Osama Bin Laden even got in on the denunciations and declared them enemies of Al Qaeda and worthy of martyrdom. They watched as news commentators went wild with rage and speculation.

"This band is the biggest threat to American prosperity in the history of our country," Bill O'Reilly said. "We should deport their sorry asses from our shores and send them packing back to Ireland and let the Irish deal with them. Am I right?"

Paddy just laughed. "Jesus Roddy, we were just trying to have a bit of fun."

"People are so sensitive these days. Takes all the fun out of sex, drugs and rock and roll, doesn't it?"

"Think we should go back to Ireland?" Paddy asked.

"Why go back home? We can go anywhere we want."

"How about Tokyo then? I could use some sushi."

