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Turning Up the Heat in Hutchins: Political Gabfest Comes to Michigan Law

By Lauren Rogal

Less than five minutes into the recording of Slate’s Political Gabfest at the Law School on November 11, commentators Emily Bazelon, David Plotz, and John Dickerson had already won the hearts of law students with jokes about the temperature regulation problems in Hutchins Hall.

Seated inches from a large heater behind the Room 100 podium, Dickerson blamed gusts of hot air for early audio disruptions, and later suggested that President Obama could demonstrate empathy for struggling Americans by “bring[ing] us a cold compress.” Laughter erupted after both remarks.

Between 600 and 700 people attended the “Michigan Live” Gabfest – standing in the aisles and spilling into adjacent rooms where the event was being simulcast. The Political Gabfest, described by its executive producer as “the show we would do at the bar - after you go on Washington Week,” features discussion among the panelists on three political topics each week.

The panelists began with perspectives on the midterm electoral defeat of Democrats throughout the Rust Belt. Plotz, the editor of Slate, estimated that President Obama’s targeting of stimulus dollars in the region “accrued exactly zero benefit” to his party, and that redistricting would impede future Democratic success.

Dickerson rejected the notion that anxiety about the size of government propelled the election results. The stimulus and TARP were popular when enacted, he said; the public only turned on the policies when they failed to produce the expected results. Bazelon criticized Obama’s “incredible solicitude” to Wall Street, noting that it has not blunted right-wing criticism that the president is a socialist. Nevertheless, all three panelists agreed that Obama is temperamentally and intellectually unsuited for the type of emotive populism that Rust Belt voters seem to crave.

The commentators then turned their attention to Decision Points, George W. Bush’s new book of reflections on his life and presidency. Dickerson and Bazelon argued that Bush’s account of his disappointments as President diverge wildly from “the disappointments of the American people;” with respect to Bush’s presidency: Bazelon expressed skepticism that Bush’s primary regret could be, as he claimed, the failure of social security reform, rather than the failure to find weapons of mass destruction in Iraq.

The third topic of the Gabfest was Flores-Villar v. United States, a case argued earlier in the day before the Supreme Court. The plaintiff alleges sex discrimination in the citizenship laws governing situations where an unmarried American and foreigner have a child overseas. Where the mother is an American citizen, she need only show that she resided for one year in the U.S. in order to obtain citizenship for her child. Where the father is a U.S. citizen, however, he must show that he resided in the U.S. for five years after the age of fourteen but at least five years before the birth of his child. Although the father in Flores-Villar raised his child alone from the age of two months, he could not fulfill the legal requirement because the child was born when he was sixteen.

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The Grammar Nazi

By Kevitt Adler

Hammering out that last paper? Hung up on a grammar issue you just can’t resolve? This week we take a break from our regularly scheduled literary send-up to bring you a very special column with all the answers.

So it’s 3:30 on a Friday, and I’m sitting in Logue’s tax class, counting down the last few minutes until I’m outta there. Per usual he puts on the song of the week. It’s Public Enemy, “New Whirl Odor.” Not the usual mix, but I’m down with it. I can dig those beats…then Chuck drops this line:

“Who the fuck is you?”

Now I’m offended. Who’s Logue to put this kind of filth in front of the class? I come here to learn tax, not listen to some sap with a second grade diploma spout that kind of crap. I don’t check my rights at the law school gate. Some things I just don’t want to hear, and for this garbage to go down in the classroom is not right.

Logue gives us a little facepalm. “Don’t tell your parents.” You can tell he’s embarrassed. Who wouldn’t be?

Or rather, whom wouldn’t be?

That’s right. You’ve probably made this mistake a thousand times. “Who’s there?” “Who ate my cake?” As I tell my students time and time again, “who” isn’t a word!

It’s pretty surprising how few people know this. My students come in with their C- papers, trying to tell me how they’ve always used “who,” how their parents use “who” all the time, how their favorite athlete just used “who” in an interview. I tell them to take it up with MM. Strunk and White. English has rules, and they weren’t made to be broken.

The proper substitute for where the ignorant say “who” is, of course, “whom.”

“Who the fuck is you?” Try “whom the fuck is you.” Doesn’t that just roll off the tongue?

To illustrate, I’ll look at a few examples sent in by readers.

“There have been many great men that have flattered the people who ne’er loved them.” –William Shakespeare

This just goes to show the Bard didn’t know his grammar. Straightforward switcheroo: “… that have flattered the people whom ne’er loved them.” Will never really had a way with words.

“Horton Hears a Who” –Dr. Seuss (book title)

This example’s actually ok, since it uses “who” in a fundamentally different way than what we’ve seen before. Can you guess how?

No? I didn’t think so. This illustrates the “famous stuff” exception. Titles of famous works get to use “who” instead of “whom.” This exception also applies to famous rock groups (see The Who), but not the content of their work (so the line “Who are you?” from The Who’s discography should have been “Whom are you?”). An interesting case is the song title “Who are you?” Clearly as an album title “Who are you?” would be fine. But is a song title more like an album title or a lyric? To that I say: life, in all its fullness, must provide the answer.

Moving right along, here’s one last example.

“…and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.” –John Donne

Now that’s a man who loves his grammar, right?

See LAW & LIT, page 13
Quick, Ain’t That a Kick in the Head?
Tort & Football’s Head Injury Problem

By Vinu Joseph

The hot topic of this football season—other than Little Brett Favre—is head injuries and their prevention. Though football collisions are regularly compared to car crashes, the analogy probably understates the problem. The most severe car accidents can deliver up to 120 Gs of force; an ongoing study at Virginia Tech has found that football hits can deliver more than 150 Gs. With several hits over the course of a few hours, multiplied by several games a season, the cumulative effects can be debilitating, particularly for hits delivered to the head.

The NFL has undertaken a prevention regime that combines education, in-game enforcement, financial penalties and a PR campaign that has some fans cringing—rather than cheering—at players getting “jacked up” on the field.

So as a 1L with a tenuous grasp of legal theory, I ask the natural question: what would Guido Calabresi do? Or Learned Hand? Spoiler alert: I don’t have an answer. Just the starting point for some boozy conversations for the next few Sundays.

Entitlement Taxonomy: Property or Liability Rule

The challenge in a football collision is that you’re not dealing with diametrically opposed interests. Each player has a right to personal safety, equally worthy of protection. But in any given situation one player will generally get to decide whether to violate the other’s right. It could be a safety trying to dislodge the ball from a receiver in mid-air; or it might be a blocker ready to blindside a defensive player during a punt return. Sounds a little like Ploof v. Putnam— in a moment of true necessity, shouldn’t the vulnerable player get the entitlement?

But this creates perverse incentives. Why wouldn’t a quarterback throw over the middle consistently, knowing defenders will have to pull up, giving his receivers a chance to pick up more yards? Should the refs whistle a play dead as soon as a ballcarrier is put into a defenseless position, similar to a fair catch?

Consider an on-field context. P can represent the Probability of a flag being thrown (assume high for a headshot) and L can be the resulting Loss in yards. Because personal fouls are limited to 15 yards, it will be worth the 15-yard penalty if avoiding the hit would have given the other player a chance to gain more than 15 yards (not to mention instilling fear that discourages subsequent efforts). In football a split second can be the difference between a tackle for a loss and a touchdown.

As such, a player will almost certainly perceive the B of avoidance as very high, perhaps even unrealistically so. PL can compete with that perception only if the player thinks beyond the penalty yards to the costs of extending a drive, lost field position, etc. Given that, then the league needs to ensure a high L—whether by assessing more penalty yards or ejecting players more readily—to ensure the likely penalty and disadvantage to the team outweighs the perceived relative gain.

Trying to put the analysis into a purely economic context provides some further insight. Make L the financial penalty doled out by the league. Similar to the on-field perspective, a player might perceive B as very high—a less brutal hit that allows a drive to continue could mean getting cut and losing a chance to make millions. This would suggest that either needs to be a very high flat penalty, or it needs to be related to the player’s salary. Consider that the Pittsburgh Steelers’ James Harrison has accumulated $100,000 in fines this season, but the figure represents only about 2 percent of his 2010 season salary. Is this a fair result if the hits result in greater immediate and long-term losses to the recipients of those hits?

Looking Ahead

Putting this problem into a legal framework might not provide a solution in itself. But the process seems worthwhile in beginning to isolate relevant factors. Sanctioning bodies might extend their examination beyond players to coaches, refs, team executives and even fans. Cheapest cost avoider, anyone?

Email rg@umich.edu with questions and comments.

SUDOKU

#017, Medium Difficulty. Solution on page 9
The Beer Gal

An IPO of Tasty, Tasty IPAs (Mind the ABV)

By Melissa Narus

'Sup, fellow beer enthusiasts. After last week's historical interlude, I'm back with a more standard list of beer reviews. For the sake of journalism and all, I was forced to meander over to Ashley's on a recent Thursday night and sample some new beers. It was quite the hardship. While there I sampled three new beers, all of which were pretty delicious. This means I also got three new checks on my Beer World Traveler Card. If you don't have one, you should sign up next time you're at Ashley's. Prizes for drinking delicious beer? How could that not be a good idea?

Southern Tier Iniquity Black IPA

Black IPA's are a relatively new style of beer. (As a result there's some confusion about what to actually call the style as Black India Pale Ale doesn't really make a whole lot of sense. Many people have been hesitant to embrace this style; I'm certainly not one of them. I'm a pretty big IPA fan, but as we move into colder weather, some heavier malt flavors are always welcome, but I don't feel it's quite time to move into the big, heavy-hitting holiday beers. The Black IPA's provide the perfect mid-season solution.

With the Southern Tier Iniquity, you get a beer that, in my opinion, combines the best elements of a stout or a porter with the hop-flavor that makes me love a good IPA, without the heaviness and overall intensity of a double or triple IPA. The Iniquity is literally black with a fine creamy head; it looks very much like a stout, but it smells like an IPA with a strong hop-aroma. In terms of taste, it comes on like a porter with a strong roasted coffee flavor. This is followed by a malty sweetness before the hops kick in at the end. The hop character lingers but it's tempered by sweetness which reminded me of blackberries.

This is a good style-bridging beer. If you love stouts and porters but think IPA's aren't for you, give this a try. There's enough sweetness and coffee-flavor to temper the hops. And vice-versa, if you love IPA's but aren't a huge fan of stouts, this beer could change your mind.

Also this beer is 9% abv, but you would never realize it since the alcohol taste is not noticeable at all, especially compared to most other high-alcohol beers.

Double Bastard

The Stone Arrogant Bastard holds a special place in my heart. So, when I got the chance to try its younger, bolder sibling, the Double Bastard, I was quite excited. As mentioned previously, I'm a big double IPA fan. However, this beer is not for the faint of heart. True to Double IPA form, it's big, full-flavored, and complex.

The Double Bastard is a rich golden brown, almost caramel color. It's a bit cloudy but still translucent, indicating our friends at Stone brewery didn't bother with the shameful act of filtering, which, as you may know if you read my last article, is a good thing. The head is very light and fine. It smells quite sweet, like honey and fruit, not unlike the Bell's Hopslam. However, there's also a distinctive alcoholic-bite to its aroma. This is unsurprising due to the beer's 10.5% abv. The taste is malty and sweet, like candied fruit, with a strong, full-mouth, hop aftertaste. I very much enjoyed this beer, and I highly recommend most of Stone's offerings. Just don't expect to get much work done afterwards.

ABC Larry Hoppe Imperial IPA

I have to admit that ABC (Arbor Brewing Company) doesn't rank #1 on my list of favorite Michigan breweries. In fact, I'm really not a huge fan of most of ABC's beers. This, among many Ann Arborites, is blasphemy. Personally, I feel that many of their regular brews are somewhat bland and also can be quite inconsistent in quality. I have enjoyed many of their high abv and special beers (the Phat Abbot and Olde #22 are okay). However, despite my previous experiences I decided to give the Larry Hoppe a try. I was pleasantly surprised. It's not all that complex, but it's very hoppy with a nice crisp citrus flavor. It smells like honey, but that flavor doesn't really come through in the taste. The Larry Hoppe was mostly a refreshing and enjoyable drinking experience—nothing too crazy. While Bell's Two-Hearted is probably better, I wouldn't be upset if served the Larry in the future.

That's all for today, folks. Have a great Thanksgiving, and get spiced for some holiday cheer and seasonal beer in my next article.

Tell the Beer Gal what you think, email us at rg@umich.edu!

Overheard in Hutchins:

Slacker law student, to Campbell moot court participant waiting in the hall before her oral argument: Yeah, I'm gonna go home and play some video games and take a nap.

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Save Yourself: An Ongoing Exercise in Perspective  

**Accio Sanity! The Midnight Premiere of Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows (Part 1)**

By Connie Chang

I spend an inordinate amount of my life pretending to be a prepubescent boy wizard. I realized this last Thursday while waiting in line for the midnight showing of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part I*. Starting law school hasn’t deterred the impulse at all. In fact, in the Reading Room/Great Hall, I sometimes pretend that my hefty law books are actually tomes of magic. When I run across the seemingly random Latin in these tomes, I mutter under my breath—*Inter alia. Stare Decisis*. They sound so deliciously like spells.

Attending a midnight premiere is a very cathartic thing. It’s both: 1.) a declaration to the world that you truly love something a bit too much, and 2.) an affirmation to yourself that there are other people out there exactly like you. Kind of how I imagine attending a NAMBLA meeting would be.

On Thursday, Rave Theaters 20 in Ypsilanti was filled with people unabashedly carrying wands, sporting Gryffindor/Slytheringear, and wearing Hermione costumes that were clearly meant for children. In line, people reminisced about waiting in stores to buy the Harry Potter books at midnight as they were released. My own parents were firm believers in frugality and refused to pay for Harry Potter books, just as they had refused to pay for beanie babies, field trips, and braces. Whenever a new book came out, they would drop me off at a bookstore and pick me up at closing time. I read the first few Harry Potter books this way—curled up in an armchair with concerned Borders employees hanging over my shoulder, thinking I’d been abandoned.

For a Harry Potter fan, there was a sad taste of finality at seeing the title of the seventh and final book emerge smokily on the big screen. The movie started off quickly with a newly legal (and totally ripped) Harry Potter uniting for a wedding with his friends. It’s quite a shock to see how Daniel Radcliffe, Rupert Grint, and Emma Watson have all grown up since the first film came out nearly ten years ago—and their acting, once wooden and stilted, has never been better. For the first time, the entire trio seems completely comfortable in front of the cameras. There’s little overacting, though they don’t hold back when the story takes emotionally challenging swoops.

When I first heard that the filmmakers were splitting up the last book into two movies, I wondered where the split would be. After the Ministry of Magic infiltration? At the Malfoy’s mansion? Right before the final battle? Other than a blatant ploy to double their profits, splitting the book just didn’t seem to make a whole lot of sense. In the first half of the film, Harry, Ron, and Hermione sit around in the woods and whine about being hungry for about two hundred pages.

It turns out that sitting around in the woods is actually a great place for the film to delve into heavy character development—something that was sorely missed in the last six installments. The result is that *Deathly Hallows* is a bit lacking in action, but attains a greater level of depth than I thought possible for a Harry Potter movie. *Deathly Hallows* is also darker and more suspenseful than any other HP movie to date. And with the presence of very adult elements—murder, torture, maiming, and even a bit of awkward sexual tension—this isn’t a movie for kids. It’s a great sign that the filmmakers realize their original audience has grown up along with the characters.

Not that there weren’t any problems. During the mass exodus from the theater, I heard mixed reactions from surrounding moviegoers. Some were wiping off tears from the sudden and emotional ending, and others were less impressed. Die-hard fans of the books may be miffed at a few surprises of the filmmakers’ own creation; though, in my opinion, these make the film less predictable and more cohesive than it would have been had they stuck strictly to the book.

I, personally, missed Hogwarts. We don’t step foot in the school in the search for Horcruxes, and Harry Potter just isn’t the same without Moaning Myrtle, Professor McGonagall, or Quidditch. Still, there’s something to be said about getting out of the school environment every once in a while—maybe Harry needed a break from his tomes as much as I did. And seeing *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part I* on the big screen is definitely a great way to take a break.

Save Yourself is back! This column is all about getting away from this mindtrip folks call law school by any means necessary. In the past this column has explored music lessons, wine clubs, go-kart racing, and even reading for fun— if an activity is at all recuperative and has nothing to do with the law, it could have a home in Save Yourself. Got an idea about how to save your fellow law student? Email us at rg@umich.edu!
Seven Minutes of Evan

By Zach Dembo

In recognition of my recent successes on the Campbell Strawman Circuit, Dean Evan "Baby Crusher" Caminker agreed to let me to shadow him for a day. What follows is a frank, touching look at a day in the life of our favorite law school dean (other than Assistant Dean for Development and Alumni Relations Todd "Milagroso" Baily of course).

9:00 AM: With my pleats perfectly ironed and my whole body tattoo of the Yick Wo opinion carefully covered, I walk into his office. Upon entering this mysterious place smelling strongly of myrrh, I encounter his assistant, who today chooses to take the form of a Sphinx. Around me I see the scattered remains of unfortunate students and faculty who preceded me. The Sphinx looks up from Gawker and clears her throat. "What," she says, "stresses over minutiae in the morning, thinks it is God in the afternoon, and is lazy as hell in the evening?" "A law student," I answer resolutely. Placated, she motions for me to enter the door, whereupon I sit next to Caminker's Pensieve awaiting his arrival.

11:00 AM: Dean Caminker stumbles in, smelling strongly of Gruyere cheese and with massive bead necklaces draped around his neck. He walks immediately to his desk and begins re-reading Twilight.

11:48 AM: When I finally triumph, Caminker is displeased and orders a ceremonial sacrifice of two law quad squirrels in his honor. Deans Gregory and Baum finally clear up what their utterly nebulous responsibilities are by carrying out this order and auguring the entrails. Tired from his travails, Caminker has his usual lunch of last year's USNWR law school rankings books in a light bearnaise sauce.

2:32 PM: E-slice, as he insists I call him, says he has to go to an important meeting. I follow him, careful to avoid detection. He reaches the front of the 1st floor unisex bathroom and removes the sign saying that the bathroom is closed until further notice. Caminker darts inside and locks the door.

4:00 PM: Caminker remains inside in the unisex bathroom. As each class gets out, a number of students attempt the door, only to turn away in disgust when they find out it's locked. "Why is it like there's always someone in there?" complains a hapless 1L. Professors Jim Krier and Carl Schneider knock on the door. "What's the password?" echoes a voice from within. "Branch Rickey Collegiate Professor of Law," they respond. "Damn skippy," replies the magisterial voice, and the door swings open.

4:25 PM: The door remains locked. Muffled refrains of "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" by the Tokens begin to emanate from the bathroom, complete with simulated percussion.

4:45 PM: Krier, Schneider, and Caminker emerge wearing monks' cowls and covered in mascara.

5:00 PM: "Time to get to work," announces the Dean as he reclines on his leopard-print settee. Getting out his Hello Kitty themed Droid, he calls the personal number of arch-nemesis Robert "Funktastic" Post, Dean of Yale Law School and noted professional slackliner. "Hey Bob! Is your refrigerator running? [Pause, followed by hysterical girly giggles.] We're coming for you Rob-o...can't be number 1 forever - just wait until our new building is done." He proceeds to make identical phone calls to Deans David "Hasselhoff" Schizer, Richard "R Dubs" Revesz, and Paul "G." Mahoney.

6:30 PM: As I thank him for his hospitality, he asks where I'm going. "We're just getting started!" he chortles. I demur and ask to leave, explaining that I've scheduled several hours complaining about how stressed and busy I am in law school to other law students going through the exact same thing. As I leave the school after spending several hours trying to figure out how to print wirelessly, I see a stretch Navigator pull away from the law school. Caminker, Dean Zearfoss, and Stephanie Jordan are leaning out the sunroof, swigging Martinelli's sparkling apple cider and singing the Duck Tales theme song.

Questions? Concerns? Love or hate generally gentle lampooning? Make your opinions known (as if law students need any encouragement on that score) at rg@umich.edu.
Beauty and the Bite

Losing My Mind, Heels, and Boyfriend?!

Remember the Res Gestae’s advice column Bless Your Heart? Well, if you don’t, then bless your heart—former beauty queen and preeminent Southern Belle Whitney Barkley first brought us those three little words that say so much, so succinctly, over a year ago. (For those who don’t know, according to Urban Dictionary, the phrase is basically used to insult someone without ostensibly being rude, used as an expression of sympathy or pity, or plain ol’ used as a way to say “go to hell,” politely.)

Though clearly we at the RG aren’t in the business of doing any of the above (well...?), we’ve decided to bring the advice column back from the pasture to which it had abruptly been retired upon Whitney’s graduation. Perhaps a few folks still need to hear that “it’s really unfortunate that you don’t know or you weren’t raised better.”

Of course, advice somehow has a way of feeling better when it comes from the mouth of a beauty queen, and as the RG seems to get inordinately lucky in that particular regard. Former Miss Jamaica, Chaka Laguerre, has graciously agreed to don the mantle of MLaw’s resident advice maven, but with a decidedly more New York flair. That’s right, sass and sagacity in equal measure—welcome to Beauty and the Bite.

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Besides the fact that I have gained 1,000 lbs from dining hall food, I’ve been getting into arguments with someone in my study group, and I’ve stopped caring about my appearance, my boyfriend and I have been butt­­ing heads because I am always busy with work and he just doesn’t get it. Sometimes, I just want to call it quits. But I don’t know if that’s a good idea.

--Losing my mind, my heels, and my boyfriend.

Dear LMHB:

Sigh.

The classic “we broke up during law school” dilemma. Some find their life partners, and some part for life; it is the unfortunate reality of law school. But, by no means, should you despair. There are ways to deal. However, let’s address the easy issues first.

The Dining Hall

You have to use the salad bar; it’s your best friend! If it seems like a distant cousin, I suggest finding ways to make those salads a little more interesting. For example, I love Japanese cuisine with a capital “L.” One day, while eating a delicious salad at Osaka, I thought to myself, “Why not buy a lifetime supply of ginger dressing?” It turns out that I didn’t buy the lifetime supply, but I was able to get a large container of yummy dressing for five bucks, and it has saved my life. Also, try making your salad “sexy”—throw some bell peppers, banana peppers, olives, corn, and spinach in there. A colorful salad is a “sexy” salad, and you are what you eat!

The Study Group

Two words: “Get Out... Now!” I know that’s three (hence why I am not at Ross). But, seriously, a study group should be a forum for you to comfortably and confidently express your ideas without worry of contention, save constructive disputes of course. You should be “engaging the material,” not pulverizing each other. Leaving that group is the best thing you can do for your grade. Let that person argue that Lochner was a canonical decision, alone.

The Relationship

Before I started law school, a New York judge provided a synopsis of her love life: “I was in love before law school. I was in law school during law school. And now he’s famous.” (I’m assuming most will focus on the “famous” part, thinking, “judge, you screwed up.”) The salient point however is that it is easy to lose sight of what was before law school. Take some time to evaluate what you need for yourself; ask him to do the same. At this point, you’ve become a different “animal,” you are no longer the person you used to be. If you conclude that this is satisfactory, then be honest about it. If you realize that perhaps you need balance, then strive for it. The point is, there should be some sincere evaluation—on your part and his. If he isn’t willing to deal with this animal, then he should be honest with you; but if he is willing, then he should be understanding and commit to being so. In sum, you both need to take some time to think. Then, have a heart-to-heart and seriously listen to each other. But ask him for a bit of patience...you have exams!

As to your appearance, I only have one thing to say: “You really must have lost your mind!” Grab those heels or stylish flats, and get your stride on to Torts. Trust me, you will feel much better.

Chew on that.

Need advice from the RG’s resident beauty queen? Email your woes to her at rg@umich.edu.
WLSA’s Annual Jenny Runkles Banquet: Of Scholarships and Service

By Jess Bernfeld

A selfless commitment to improving the law school community. Dedication to diversity and public interest work. An ability to bring people together regardless of their backgrounds. Sound like anyone you know?

Sharon Brett and Lindsay Smith are this year’s winners of the Jenny Runkles Award, which is given annually to a 2L law student devoted to public service and diversity. Also nominated for the award were Azmi Ahmad, Erin Cass, Anne Cunningham, Mary Gniadek, Chloe Holzman, Kristina Liu, Colleen Manwell, Aurora Maoz, Stacey McClurkin, Mariska Richards, Ian Ross, and Stephanie Salter. The award is given out at WLSA’s annual Jenny Runkles banquet, which was held at Cottage Inn on November 11th.

The award was established in memory of Jenny Runkles, who was killed in a car accident in 2001 after her second year at Michigan Law. In the year following her death, her friends and fellow students raised $25,000, which became the foundation of the award given today. Second-year law students are nominated by their peers for the award, which carries with it a $500 prize.

The event’s keynote speaker was Judith Levy, an Assistant U.S. Attorney and the Chief of the Civil Rights Unit in the Eastern District of Michigan, who regularly co-teaches the Fair Housing Law and Policy seminar. A 1996 graduate of Michigan Law, Professor Levy discussed the benefits of being a public interest attorney and how, with the right job, it is possible to “integrate work into self.”

Professor Levy discussed the continuing need for civil rights enforcement that she has seen through her professional and personal experiences. Citing her work on housing discrimination and police misconduct cases, she noted that “true equal opportunity and equal justice remain out of reach today just as they did in 1963.” She went on to note the potential of disability rights issues to affect anyone and cited LGBT causes as a “defining civil rights issue of our time.”

CONTINUED, on next page
Professor Levy urged the law students and faculty members in attendance to embrace their strengths as individuals and keep their eyes on how they can best serve members of the public and the community. “There is a lot of work to be done,” Levy said. “And no single way to do it.” From her vantage point as a civil rights litigator, she wanted to convey “the fierce urgency of now” in pushing these issues forward.

Before announcing the winners of the award, Dean Baum told the event attendees about the kind of person Jenny Runkles was. He described her as vivacious and passionate, noted her marvelous sense of humor, and said that she “lived to dance.” Jenny was dedicated to public service, and her friends said that she had the ability to make whoever she was interacting with feel like the most important person in the world.

As Dean Baum presented the...
WANTED

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Kicking It Old School

Nina Totenberg Tells It How It (Was)

By Tomek Koszylko

You may think that perusing through old issues of Res Gestae would be lots of fun, and a cake walk as far as a column is concerned, but there you would be wrong. The vast supermajority of the articles I leaf through are either: a) boring; b) lost on anybody not from that decade; or c) deal with administrative matters (LSSS candidate statements, who’s talking when and what food is provided, etc.; see generally point a. above). So when I came across this article in Volume 32, No. 9 (Oct. 26, 1983), I thought an excerpt of the article was worth resurrecting. Food for thought.

Embrace Your Profession, Sue the Bastards

By Bruce V. [TK: no woman writer, really?] Vol. 32, No. 9 (October 26, 1983)

“Women will never have as good a professional life as men.” [TK: Yikes.] That was the frank opinion Nina Totenberg delivered to about 200 professional women at a Women and the Law Conference held recently at the Michigan League. The Women Law Students Association helped the Women Lawyers Association of Michigan organize the conference.

Totenberg, 39 [TK: hee hee hee], is the legal affairs reporter for National Public Radio and has been honored six times by the American Bar Association for her coverage of the Supreme Court.

To tenberg’s disappointing prediction was only half of what she called a “good news/bad news speech.” The brighter side reflected her optimist that women will at least improve their professional lot, and included her own prescriptions for speeding the change.

Answering questions after her address and asked whether her close and frequent work with courts and the law ever aroused an interest in becoming a lawyer, Totenberg gave a quick look of relief, and responded with a quick and definite, “No.” [TK: I love that she had a “look of relief” in saying she would never go to law school. I think I may have that same look of relief in a month when I am finished with the aforementioned three-year-roller-coaster-of-doom].

Tomek welcomes your comments and would love to carry on with you at length about the state of the world in 1983. Reach him at rg@umich.edu.
Welcome to the Monster Ball:
OUTLaws Alt Prom Goes Gaga!

Photos by Stephen Rooke
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years old. His child was apprehended and may now be subject to deportation.

Bazelon explained that the law's disparate treatment of men and women arose from U.S. military deployments during World War II. Specifically, the law allowed American soldiers to impregnate women overseas without the possibility that offspring would come knocking on their birth father's door twenty years later. It was a notable exception in US citizenship law, which generally assumed paternal transfer of citizenship.

Plotz argued that the state could legitimately differentiate between paternal and maternal contributions to producing the child. A man's contribution of sperm, he said, need not be honored to the same extent as a woman's carrying of the child. Bazelon responded that laws should seek to avoid stateless kids and provide incentives for fathers to care for their children, rather than protecting men who "want to spread sperm all over the world." Such men, she stressed, "don't move me."

Dickerson elicited the biggest laugh of the night during a brief segment called “Cocktail Chatter,” when he noted that Sarah Palin recently gave a speech on monetary policy. In an effort to reconcile Palin's criticism of quantitative easing with reports in the Wall Street Journal, Dickerson said that he posted a question on Palin's Facebook page. The post was deleted within three minutes. Dickerson explained that he re-posted to ensure the audience, gauging by the volume of applause, on the proportion of the audience that believed that Palin would win the nomination and then the presidency. No applause registered for the latter question.

Bazelon polled the audience, gauging by the volume of applause, on the proportion of the audience that believed that Palin would win the nomination and then the presidency. No applause registered for the latter question.

3L Jesse Taylor asked whether the election of Tea Party candidates to Congressional seats would undermine the movement's tactic of simply disavowing any connection with people whose actions would otherwise embarrass them. Dickerson responded that the Tea Party has already begun to distance itself from Congressional Republicans, particularly the GOP leadership, calling them "on probation." Dickerson also emphasized that the mix of Tea Party influence and tension with the GOP is not a new phenomenon, but a renaming of political groups that have exercised similar influence over the Republican Party for decades.

The final question of the night prompted audible gasps from the crowd. An audience member asked whether Palin has any chance at winning the presidency in 2012. Dickerson expressed doubt, noting that polls indicate high negative perceptions of Palin in key demographics for any Republican. He added that the same qualities that endeared Palin to the Tea Party base, her "candor and sense of herself," also make it impossible for her to fashion a more palatable persona to the broader public.

Bazelon polled the audience, gauging by the volume of applause, on the proportion of the audience that believed that Palin would win the nomination and then the presidency. No applause registered for the latter question.

As we all learned in third grade, thee is really just an alternate spelling of the. You see some illiterate oaf use it in place of "you" or "your" from time to time, but that’s just not accepted usage. I think the "you" form derives from a misreading of Beowulf, where Grendel's like "I'll eat thee cows!" He's a monster, so obviously his spelling isn't great. He just means "I'll eat the cows," not "I'll eat your cows." Maybe Beowulf misunderstood because he wasn't very happy about it. Should have taken some grammar lessons instead of tossing back mead all day!

To sum up what we've learned:

Incorrect: "It tolls for thee."
Correct: "It tolls for thee cheeseburger."
Incorrect: "Who tolls for thee cheeseburger?"
Correct: "Whom tolls for thee cheeseburger?"

Whew, and just in time for finals too. Nothing's more embarrassing than walking out of a crim final and realizing a minute too late your witty "Who dunnit?" was missing an m. Good luck, everyone!

Having trouble pluralizing those possessives or possessing your plurals? Never fear. Next week we'll address these common problems as our grammar series continues in "Keeping Up With the Jones's."

Have a comment about Law & Lit and/or Grammar Nazis? Email Kevitt at rg@umich.edu.
awards, he read portions of the nomination essays written in support of each 2L. Sharon Brett was described as “a person of limitless energy, passion, and inclusiveness” who “deliberately seeks out people with experiences different than her own.” One student mentioned how Sharon learned sign language at night in order to be able to communicate with a deaf co-worker, saying Sharon truly is her “brothers and sister’s keeper.” At Michigan, Sharon co-founded the Prisoner Rights Organization for Students; is an OPIS mentor, FYI leader, and research assistant; and is on the Michigan Journal of Gender and Law and a student attorney in the General Clinic. She spent her 1L summer working for the ACLU’s National Prison Project.

Lindsay Smith was described as “driven, compassionate, and committed to both public service and [working] with people of all backgrounds.” One student noted that when Lindsey “sees problems, she solves them.” Lindsay is on the executive boards of WLSA, LLSA, and MILLA; works as an immigration translator, and is on the Michigan Journal of International Law. She is also an OPIS mentor and a student attorney in the Human Trafficking Clinic. Lindsay worked for the AIRE Center in London during her 1L summer.

Email rg@umich.edu with questions and comments.

Top: Jenny Runkles award winners Lindsay Smith and Sharon Brett.

Bottom: WLSA organizers speak to banquet attendees.

Photos by Helen Schweitz
Across
1. French cherubs
6. Fish often split for cooking
11. Field hospital sight
14. “Beavis and Butthead” cartoon spinoff
15. Honky-tonk sight
16. Washington’s __ Stadium
17. Bullfight setting
18. Riverbank burrower
19. 36-Across craft
20. About 4 million Americans, religiously
23. Elephant’s weight, maybe
24. Other, in Madrid
25. Gutter site
28. How the sirens sang, in myth
31. Lobster’s cousin
34. Mauna __
35. Politician’s goal
36. 19-Across passengers
37. Pop artist whose name is an anagram of 20-Across
41. Low-tech missile
42. Affixes
43. Amniotic __
44. Fast-paced sport
46. Certain drive-thru requirement
50. Chinese dynasty a thousand years ago
51. Greek cheese
53. Month of l’année
54. Like the most devout churchgoers … and another anagram of 20-Across
59. Headhunter’s big recruit, for short
61. Not express
62. Allots
63. Hairy hand
64. Tropical palm
65. Spring up
67. Short-fused
68. Deli choices

Down
1. Doesn’t stay the same
2. Taper
3. “Brighton Rock” novelist
4. Zwei halved
5. Swedish export
6. Poor, as coverage
7. One making references
8. Routines bad to be on
9. “Dedicated to the ___ Love”
10. “Dumb ___” (old comic)
11. Follower of Richard the Lion-Hearted
12. Popular insect repellent
13. Bout stopper, for short
21. __ Griffith, 1999 W.N.B.A. M.V.P.
22. “What’s ___?”
26. Dye holders
27. Masthead contents, briefly
29. Inventor Whitney
30. Demolish
32. 50 Cent, e.g.
33. Starters
37. Bringer of wine and flowers
38. Post-storm effects
39. Skyscrapers, e.g.
40. N.C. State is in it
41. Bedwear, for short
45. Subject of a guessing game
46. Having fun
47. Carson McCullers’s Miss ___ Evans
48. Hardest to find
49. Slams
52. Put into law
55. Bed board
56. Burned up the highway
57. Biblical evictee
58. Days long past
59. Tax pro, for short
60. Water, in the Oise