Law-School-Style Movie Reviews:
The 2011 Academy Award Nominations

By Lauren Rogal

In the proud American tradition that stuffed your reviewer’s childhood closet with “participant” trophies, the Academy has decided to nominate 10 films for best picture, knowing damn well that nobody’s heard of most of them. To subvert this trend, I give you the critically-thinking-law-student treatment of three of them, two of which I have actually seen.

The King’s Speech

Category: Obligatory British nominee about pathological stuffiness (see also: The Queen)

The story of a duke with a speech impediment may not sound riveting, but they actually do a decent job of making us give a shit about the man who became George III and his stutter. The basic theme is that it’s really hard for rich royals to accept help, much less friendship, from commoners. Students of psychology (or readers of YM’s “Tough Stuff” segment back in the 90s) will also be gratified by the film’s super subtle suggestion of a relationship between the duke’s stutter and his rigid upbringing. Anyway, the stakes are supposedly sky-high, because Britain needs oratorical inspiration for World War II. Heaven knows Winston Churchill sucked at that. (Actually, Churchill took the rather more efficient approach of hiring voice actors to give his speeches. But the duke and his therapist have a relationship, and that’s really what it’s all about.)

The best part by far is the brief Churchill portrayal by Timothy Spall, whom you may recall as Peter Pettigrew (the literal and metaphorical rat) in the Harry Potter movies. This is hilarious—all they needed was to find a generic short, fat, bald guy who can chomp a cigar and look slightly insane (or surly, if we want to be charitable). Your reviewer sees several plausible contenders every day at the bus stop in Ann Arbor. Instead they chose a guy who looks like the product of a union between Donald Trump and a woodland creature. His brief cameos made everyone laugh hysterically when your reviewer saw the film on Christmas day with the other movie-going Jews. Spall is the movie’s finest hour.

Grade: A-

Black Swan

Category: Self-destruction of female athlete (see also: Million Dollar Baby; distinguish: movies about male athletes)

The thought of Natalie Portman, who has long engaged us in her valiant fight to project the maturity of an 18-year-old, losing 20 pounds for any purpose is pretty fucking foul. Alas, she did it for Black Swan, a tale of the physical and psychological hazards of ballet. Our protagonist, Nina, is associated with a stipulated virgin whose loss for balletic perfection undermines her physical health and emotional duration. Having shattered her body and mind into a pretty little bits for 20+ years, Nina self-destructs when her career suddenly demands that she play the seductive, manipulative black swan, whose sophistication Nina never developed. The film offers...
**The Beer Gal**

**Three Best Beers**

**By Melissa Narus**

If you could only drink one beer for the rest of your life, what would it be? Too hard? What about top three? There are so many great beers, I thought it would be difficult to choose. But once I sat down and thought about it, I realized the choice wasn't that hard. This list is unique, though, in that there's a difference between the three best beers I've ever tried and three beers I would drink every day for the rest of my life.

To make things interesting, I also asked some of my friends for their top three. There were some duplications, but that should just tell you how awesome those beers are.

**My top three:**

**Bell's Hopslam**—An American Double IPA that's only around for a couple months a year. Luckily, it's out RIGHT NOW, so everyone should go try it ASAP. The Hopslam is a super legit beer with a lot of flavor, but it's also very approachable. So, if you're just starting to get into beer, I recommend trying the Hopslam. Also, you should go to Bar Louie on a Wednesday. It's their Hopslam. Also, you should go to Bar Louie on a Wednesday. It's their Hopslam.

**Rogue Dead Guy**—A Maibock that definitely has a lot going on. However, for such a complex beer, it's very malty and not ridiculously hoppy. However, this is not a beer for the faint of liver. It's a very big and multifaceted beer, but if you give it a fair chance, it definitely won't disappoint.

**Hitachino White Nest Ale**—A Japanese beer that is absolutely delicious. It's spicy and fruity and super refreshing and drinkable while also being one of the best things ever.

**Mr. Beer Gal's insight:**

The concept of picking ultimate, drink-for-the-rest-of-your-life beers came up one night recently while the boyfriend and I were chatting during a midweek Ashley's trip. I personally agree that all three of his choices are delicious, but we have similar tastes when it comes to beer. Clearly it's meant to be . . .

**Bell's Hopslam**—“Hopslam smells like honey and flowers and has the smoothest hop flavor without having the dry and bitter aftertaste that characterizes IPAs.”

**Stone Sublimely Self-Righteous**—An American Black Ale “that I like because it’s super rich and reminds me of dark chocolate without being super bitter but still having enough hoppiness.”

**Lagunitas Brown Shugga**—An American Strong Ale. “It tastes like really, really rich brown sugar. . . It reminds me of whiskey a little bit, but mostly on the nose, because then it's got a lot of malt and hop character, and is awesome.”

**IPA Guy:** I love a good IPA, but this guy LOVES a good IPA.

**Bell's Two Hearted**—“It’s a good beer, but it’s got that drinkability. I don’t really want to say drinkability, because it’s not Bud Light, but you know what I mean . . .”

My two cents: I also love the Two-Hearted, and it was tough to choose between this and the Hopslam. The Two-Hearted, however, has the advantage of being available year round and more affordable. I definitely

See BEER GAL, page 10
Meet a Student Org

The Frank Murphy Society Presents

The First Annual 1L Oral Advocacy Contest

By Zach Dembo

In the latest installment of our feature where we inform our readers about new groups in the law school, I sat down with one of the handsome and illustrious co-founders and board members of the Frank Murphy Society, Zach Dembo.

ZD: Thanks for taking the time to talk with me.

ZD: My pleasure. Let me also add you look fetching in that mufti.

ZD: Oh stop. (blushes) So could you tell me a bit about the Frank Murphy Society, or FMS as you blithely call it?

ZD: Sure Zach. The Frank Murphy Society was founded last year by myself, Steve Gilson, and Nick Hambley. We felt there were a lot of people in the law school interested in policy and policy-making outside of strictly legal matters so we created this group to support those students. Also, we know a large number of people working in policy-making have J.D.s, from think tank employees to Congressional staffers to members of Congress, and we wanted to get advice on how to transition from law school to those kinds of jobs.

ZD: This strikes me as yet another golden idol dedicated to your oversized ego and possibly a ploy to mastermind your election to high office.

ZD: Oh absolutely. But there's no reason FMS can't be multipurpose. While some members of FMS may want to enter into policymaking later in their life, many of us simply enjoy hearing and talking about policy issues.

ZD: Is this like that moronic secret society from last year? Who is Frank Murphy?

ZD: No, membership is diverse and open to anyone. Well, law school diverse anyway. Frank Murphy is one of Michigan Law's most accomplished alumni in public service. After law school here, he went on to be mayor of Detroit, governor of Michigan, governor-general of the Philippines, U.S. Attorney General, and Supreme Court justice. He wrote several famous opinions, including the dissent in Korematsu.

ZD: Wow, he sounds great. Almost as great as that caftan you're sporting right now. What kind of events have you planned?

ZD: Well, last year we had an event we call "Politics and a Beer" with former Michigan congressman Joe Schwarz at the Brown Jug. About 20 people came to hear Mr. Schwarz's perspective on the Republican party, Michigan politics, and how to best make a difference. Then we had an event on campus with President Obama's senior advisor, MLA law alum Valerie Jarrett. She gave us an inside look into the administration so far, some of their triumphs and challenges, and how her time at Michigan Law translated into her long career in public service.

ZD: Well, we kicked off this year by accepting Ms. Jarrett's invitation to the White House this summer. About 20 of us got to meet with her and her staff in the Roosevelt Room of the West Wing. So far we've gotten to meet our local state rep, Rebekah Warren, and hope to have events with our mayor, Eric Cantor, U.S. Senator for Michigan Debbie Stabenow, and many others. Stay tuned.

ZD: So I hear there's some sort of 1L event you all have planned. Is this yet another pathetic excuse for you to unsuccessfully hit on 1Ls? Haven't you been rejected by like the entire class?

ZD: No, membership is diverse and open to anyone. Well, law school diverse anyway. Frank Murphy is one of Michigan Law's most accomplished alumni in public service. After law school here, he went on to be mayor of Detroit, governor of Michigan, governor-general of the Philippines, U.S. Attorney General, and Supreme Court justice. He wrote several famous opinions, including the dissent in Korematsu.

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ZD: Are you still looking for judges?

ZD: Yes. Any 2L or 3L can judge the events on February 12th or 19th, and it’s only a few hour time commitment. Anyone interested in that or FMS generally can e-mail me (zdembo@umich.edu) or Steve Gilson (gilson@umich.edu).
HEATHER TURNER, BADASS

By Alyce Wilyn Thompson

Heather Turner is a badass. Given that law school is a place where spending more than a few years out in the workforce makes you the exception to the rule, we can all stand to learn a few things from Heather about using our 20s to live wild and free. The daughter of a union lobbyist and a hospital administrator, her story starts simply enough—after being born and raised in rural Minnesota, she enrolled at Carleton College. But she did not follow that unremarkable path for very long.

Dissatisfied with the bubble of alternative reality that seems to go hand in hand with ivory tower higher education and stymies the desire to make real change, Heather dropped out after her first year, and thus began a period of wanderlust and self-education that most law students only wish they had the balls to undertake. Before heading to India, Heather worked for a season with the Northeast Organic Farming Association (NOFA) in the age before organic was a trendy food cliché, i.e. when the government was still developing the legal standards regulating organic food.

As for India, she is reluctant to talk about her time there (what happens in India stays in India), but I did learn that, among other things, Heather studied yoga and integrated philosophy under Swami Vivekananda while there and was in Allahabad for Kumbh Mela, a massive pilgrimage and festival celebrated every 144 years. With an estimated 60 million attendees, it was at the time the largest gathering of people in recorded history. After further travels throughout India and Nepal, Heather came back to the United States where she worked again with NOFA.

Unlike most people, who return from a trip from India with a greater appreciation for hot showers, Heather eschewed them. This time around, she decided to live outside on a platform made of cheap scrap wood, and after a few trials (and errors), made her home underneath an apple tree on a ledge overlooking an expansive valley and pond. She cooked over an open flame and shat in a hole dug in the ground, and when she talks about it, you have the distinct impression that it was glorious. From this launching post, Heather pursued prana, the subtle life force that permeates everything; she published poetry, sold photography, sang for money, wrote and performed plays (including one in which she played Bertolt Brecht in drag), designed a massive Halloween art installation based on the Donner party, wrote a radical opinion column entitled “Mos Lem,” edited a collection of readings of what soldiers fighting in the Middle East needed to know about the work they were doing there (for example, a history of imperialism in the Middle East, the state of the U.S. military’s history, goals and future plans, etc.) and sent it off to soldier friends.

These experiences, coupled with the philosophies behind these movements, form the cornerstones of her informal education. Her traditional education, on the other hand, resumed at Marlboro College in Vermont, a liberal arts school known for its focus on allowing students to direct their own course of interdisciplinary study.

Then September 11th happened, and that changed everything.

Angry, and fueled by her desire to change what she saw as wrong with our relationship with the dollar, she began to travel to and from Boston regularly for political meetings, and rather than finish at Marlboro moved to Boston to make full-blown activism her priority. While working at a large non-profit to pay the bills, she fought against police brutality based on racism and mental illness, shut down Minutemen and KKK rallies, protested on behalf of Islamic activists unjustly jailed, railed against the ideological underpinnings of the war in Iraq, worked in a domestic violence shelter, lobbied against sexism in the media and led other similar campaigns.

At this point, Heather will tell you quite unabashedly that, after more than a decade, she is a bona fide expert on the ins and outs of activism. But I caution you to think twice before you try to pigeon-hole her as your everyday left-wing activist. A true philosopher revolutionary, she is an active member in Michigan’s Federalist Society because of the organization’s tradition of fostering debate and the integrity and humanity represented by many of the intellectual traditions it inherits.

Heather makes the astute point that a one-dimensional perspective is never helpful—rather, a montage of experiences may better serve a life worth living and a world worth changing.

Want to know more about Heather’s badassery? Email your comments and/or questions to rg@umich.edu.
Two Ways to Say I Love You

By Kevitt Adler

"Sergeant Ames!" Ames looked up from her desk.

"Yes sir!"

"There's been a robbery at the Union Bank."

"Damn sir, second this month."

"That's right. I had Captain Brock round up the usual suspects. You were there the first time. Tell me if any of 'em look familiar."

"Captain Brock, sir?"

"That's right. Get on it."

"Yes sir!"

The usual suspects. The chief loved dragging a few of them in every time some wannabe Jesse James held up a liquor store. The suspects loved it too, she thought.

Brock, though. The chief never put them on the same assignment. They'd tried to keep their relationship quiet, but in this town... well... word got around. She was lucky the chief hadn't kicked her off the force.

"Sergeant Ames!"

"Captain Brock!"

"Good to see you. Take a look at this lineup. Tell me what you got."

"Four men, sir. About six feet each, medium builds. Balding."

"Do you know any of them?"

"All of them, sir."

"Recognize any from the robbery?"

"No sir."

"Tell me about them anyway."

Was this a test? Alright, she thought. I'll bite.


"And?"

"U.S. Malone. Works the diner down the road. Unskilled graffiti artist."

"Go on."

"Mary Jordan. Secretary and part time waitress. Types 170 words per minute."

"And the last?"


"Thank you Sergeant. Brock looked at her expectantly."

"That all, sir?"

"If you want it to be."

Oh. "Captain," she said.

"Sergeant?"

"I think you left someone out of the lineup."

"Did I?"

"You did." Her eyes gleamed. "Mr. Yes."

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"Pagin' Mr. Butz. Seymour Butz. Playz come to mall security, first floor. Ah need a Seymour Butz, as soon as possible, thank you."

Now where did that kid go, he thought. Friend's gonna get here and won't find him! Kids, always runnin' off. What can ya do.

"Mr. Bentley." And now this. What's the manager doin' here again. "If you could please, please, show some discretion in acceding to the requests of our patrons?"

"Sar, I dun' know whatchur talkin' 'bout now. I do my best, sar, 'n..."

"I know you do. It's just... I've received complaints. From the elderly. You know how they are. Don't appreciate a joke, do they?"

"No siree." My owngramstellsome jokes, he thought. Not very good ones though.

"Alright then. Please, do be more careful."

"Well I dun' know what I can do, seein' as..."

"Thank you Mr. Bentley. I trust we won't have to speak again on this matter."

Third time today, thought Harold Bentley. Now what bee landed in his bonnet? Busy day probly, we're all tired. Started with that package this mornin'. Didn' know they delivered mail here, but thar it was waitin' for me. Had to do somethin' with it.

"Paging a Mr. Rotch. Package for Mike Rotch. Pick it up in the security office. Thank ya."

Now that one was weird, he thought. Never met a Rotch. Odd people, gettin' mail sent to the mall and not pickin' it up. Waste all 'round.

And then that phone call. Guy
By Kevitt Adler

Sometimes a book can change your life. I remember the first time I read The Once and Future King, hiding it in a math text so it looked like I was doing homework. I remember Wart, the young King Arthur, transformed into animal after animal, taught by Merlin how might doesn’t make right. I remember tearing up at the last battle, Arthur’s army arrayed against Mordred’s, death hanging over the old king like a shroud. Even without reading The Book of Merlyn you know what has to happen. Sometimes we’re all just candles in the wind.

Back in 2000 we printed a few Amazon.com reader reviews of a book that deeply affected its readers. Sadly, those reviews are no longer available online. The Internet, unlike an elephant, forgets from time to time. We’re reprinting them here so that another generation of law students might know what it is to get lost in such a book. We give you Indiana Rules of the Court: State and Federal, 2000.

A breathtaking picture of a Indiana, March 8, 2001
Reviewer: Distefaf, from Baltimore, MD

I have to disagree with the previous review. I found “Indiana” to be the best read of the entire series. The stark bleak prose of the work aptly captures the ambience of a heartland justice system.

Simply look at the masterful beginning; the protagonist states elegantly “Rule 1. Scope of the rules - Except as otherwise provided, these rules govern the procedure and practice in all courts of the state of Indiana in all suits of a civil nature whether cognizable as cases at law, in equity, or of statutory origin.” Ind. St. Trial Pro. Rule 1. The author continues, “They shall be construed to secure the just, speedy and inexpensive determination of every action.” Id. With those two simple sentences we can’t help but see the contradistinction of Indiana’s hard and cold Midwestern landscape with the caring and concern of its people. In the first sentence, we are faced with the vast scope of the work, and cannot help but consider the similar scope of the Indiana Prairie. In the second, we see the personal side of hard field and factory life: justice and thriftiness.

To criticize the starkness of this novelette demonstrates a misunderstanding of its mission. Indiana is not the green of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan or the Motown of Detroit. Indiana is not the Jazz of Chicago. Indiana is not Disney World or the Everglades. The tone of previous volumes captured their topics in the way “Indiana” captured its topic - the heartland of America, Indiana.

I also disagree with criticism of “Indiana”s flow. Indiana itself is a collection of distinct places, and I believe this is what the author attempted to capture in the work. I too at first found the disjointed style distracting, but I soon came to understand that it was necessary to draw the individual vignettes that the author was attempting to draw.

Overall, I could barely put “Indiana” down. It is the best in its class, and I heartily recommend it to readers of the Court Rule genre.

Respectful disagreement with Lolabelle, March 8, 2001
Reviewer: A reader from New York, NY United States

I am righting to lodge my respectful disagreement with Lolabelle’s dismissal of “Indiana” as lacking flow and scope vis-a-vis the other works in the memorable state rules of court series. While lacking the power and insight of many of the author’s earlier works (see, e.g., Rhode Island and Kansas), Indiana should not be held to the impossibly high standards set by the author’s earlier works. Taken as a whole, Indiana may well be the most profound piece of work in the series.

An understated chronicle of right and wrong, Indiana makes a truly powerful statement on what some might consider the excrutiating minutiae of an existence those outside the know would be horrified to learn exists. Limits on interrogatories? Methods of filing discovery and trial assignment? It’s in there. And throughout the reader is left on the edge of her seat wondering where this thrillride will take her next. While Lolabelle criticizes what some may consider a scattershot order of the court’s rules, those swept into the flow quickly realize that this is one of the book’s charms. Just when you think you fully understand Pro Hac Admission in one of Indiana’s numerous Appellate Divisions, BAM, you are brought without warning into the world of licensing of the court reporter.

The true beauty of this tome lies in the fact that you may never know
By Chaka Laguerre

The break is over! And former beauty queen, Chaka Laguerre, is back with a whole lotta bite! Here, at RG, we've been hearing some whispers (well, not exactly whispers) about the myriad d-bags who have emerged from the abyss of jerkdom. You know, those who can't stop talking about grades, jobs, CLERKSHIPS (and by the way, we're only talking about 1Ls here). So, before we jump into the fun stuff, we want to take this opportunity to "politely" say shut it!...not like we're in the business of being polite, but there's a first time for everything. And of course, it's always better when it comes from the mouth of a beauty queen.

It's always the loud ones. The ones who weren't that cool before law school. And, did I mention, the loud ones... And while it would certainly feel great to be able to sock 'em in the mouth, we must all refrain from committing a tort. But seriously—in the infamous words of a fellow colleague—"this is absolutely ridiculous!" When did it become okay to break the forbidden rule of not talking about grades, or even more, discussing the grades of others on the bottom of the curve. I actually heard someone predicting, literally pointing to, those he thought would get an A and said "I'm f*ing smart, at least a B- (sad?). Another student got a B+ and said "I'm f*ing smart, I don't need to study anymore!" (yes, you do that; that's great for the rest of us!). And there's talk about a few checking their A's in class, in the hope of showing off what is the "essence of their existence" on a macbook...(Really?)

I know that it happens to the best of us, that we will all be tempted at some time or another to brag about our A's and the Nobel Peace Prizes that we have all won—but seriously...no one needs to know your biz! There are only three people who care: you, yo' momma, and some judge—keep that between the three of you and perhaps God. New, time for the soapbox:

Grades do not define you. It is unfortunate that this institution has deluded us all into believing that they do. If you didn't do well this semester, pick up your beans, figure out what you did wrong, work on it, and keep it moving. Law school is difficult (duh!). Everyone can't get A's, B+'s, or even the B's (geesh!) but we all knew that when we signed our souls to the devil and undertook this endeavor. So, don't despair! Change your study habits and strategies; speak to professors; get some advice from upperclassmen who did and even didn't do well in those courses (um, joining those groups—you know, the ones that meet at 12:10 almost every day—helps you meet people); and stay far far away from those ("expletive") in your class. And to those ("expletive"), I have one piece of advice (and I say this in the most polite way): a grade will never ever validate you, so please, oh please, for the sake of humanity...just shut it!

Now, on to the goodies...Last week, I got a few e-mails from people asking about the same thing—crushes! (Believe it or not, those exist in law school. God save, I mean bless, America!) Valentine's day is just two weeks away, and here at the RG we love, love, love hook-ups, we mean, playing cupid.

Dear RG,

I have a crush on this guy who lives in the LC. I also live in the LC. I always end up studying in his room, and all I can think about is hooking up. He doesn't know that I have a crush on him, and I'm not quite sure if he has a crush on me. And, to make matters worse, he just broke up with his girlfriend of 3 years. What should I do?

Aww, crushes are so adorable. But girl, this sounds like a recipe for disaster! I will try to keep this as concise as possible: get over it, and get over it fast! First of all, you have to be very careful about "relationships" in law school; they move very quickly, perhaps too quickly. Law school is already a stressful environment, and we are always, I mean always, around each other. So it is easy to fall into the arms of a dapper young law student, in search of some comfort. But you need to take it slowly, and take time to get to know him—especially since he is coming out of a 3-year relationship (I hope you don't think he is over her...). He may not be ready for a relationship, but may be ready for a "hookup" and that's certainly not what you want. Really take some time to figure out where his head is. It's great to be study partners but if all you can think about is "more than studying," then perhaps you should study in the library or find another study partner—and just focus on trying to build a friendship with him, by going out to eat, going ice skating, etc. Taking the time to build a friendship will allow you to really ascertain, first, if he is diggin' you at all and, secondly, if he is really ready for a relationship and, thirdly, you may realize that you're not feelin' him at all...because let's be serious, this is law school—everything seems "hotter." This may seem annoying since you have all of these feelings boiling up inside of you, but trust me, it is the best way to handle this because you really don't want to get crushed.
The Year of the Rabbit and Other Delicious Treats

By Connie Chang

Chinese New Year is on Thursday, and, as Res Gestae’s resident Asian, I had planned to get serious and write a scathing review of Amy Chua’s ridiculous article, “Why Chinese Mothers Are Superior.” (If you haven’t already read it, then don’t. It’s awful.) Instead of playing Tetris all week, I made all these great notes about how she’s keeping racism alive by reiterating old stereotypes and raising creepy Vulcan-like children. I was even going to draw on Joy-Luck-Club clichés from my relationship with my own tigress mother and end the article with an inspirational insight on cultural identity.

It was going to be (Asian)legendary.

Then when I finally sat down to write, as often happens ever since I lost my mind back in December, I became distracted and confused. And inexplicably couldn’t write or think about anything except for how much I love food.

Sure, a lot of people say that they love food. And with the rise of obesity / Food Network in America, gluttony has even become something of a talking point. People brag about being ‘foodies’ and love TV shows about cakes. (Seriously, though, how many cake shows are there? Cake Boss, Ace of Cakes, Ultimate Cake Off, Amazing Wedding Cakes, Last Cake Standing... the list goes on.) Everyone loves TV characters that love food, like Homer Simpson, or Cartman, or Liz Lemon, or Kevin on The Office. I get it—everyone likes to eat; it’s not just me.

But when I was little, I once dumped a whole bottle of fish food into my goldfish’s bowl and it ate until it died. And I remember staring sadly at my dead fish with a strange sense of understanding for what it had chosen to do. I don’t really mean to suggest that I want to eat until I implode, but I do possess a frightening lack of self-control when it comes to portions (e.g., I spent a good deal of my childhood covered in Cheeto dust). And I honestly don’t think eating yourself to death is a terrible way to go.

Now I live at the Lawyer’s Club. The first semester was fine; the novelty of a daily all-you-can-eat buffet lasted much longer than it should have, and most of my pants don’t fit anymore. This semester, I find myself less enthusiastic about eating food off a tray, and my annoyance has been exacerbated by my winter break spent in China. There I was reminded that food isn’t just nutritious to the Chinese on Chinese New Year; what you eat is also symbolic of the year to come. On Thursday, you should make sure to eat noodles for long life (because noodles are long), clams for wealth (because they look like old Chinese coins), sweets to “sweeten the mouth” (because sweets...are sweet), etc. The dining hall seems to have missed the memo on the symbolic aspect of Chinese New Year and decided on a weird Asian-Philly fusion menu for the holiday (egg drop soup with beef and cheese sandwiches). So maybe on Thursday, if you can’t cook up a big feast on your own, you should treat yourself to a nice dinner at Asian Legend or Middle Kingdom. If you must eat at the LC, remember to grab an orange for luck, a dumpling for fortune, and an egg for fertility (or not).

Gung Hay Fat Choy and Happy Eating!

Tell Connie how you’re celebrating Chinese New Year by emailing her at rg@umich.edu.

Solution to Sudoku on page 10:

\[
\begin{array}{cccc|cccc|cccc}
8 & 2 & 9 & 1 & 7 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 \\
2 & 7 & 6 & 5 & 1 & 4 & 9 & 8 & 3 \\
5 & 1 & 3 & 7 & 8 & 6 & 2 & 4 & 9 \\
\hline
9 & 3 & 8 & 1 & 5 & 7 & 4 & 2 & 6 \\
4 & 6 & 2 & 3 & 9 & 8 & 1 & 5 & 7 \\
6 & 4 & 1 & 5 & 2 & 9 & 7 & 3 & 8 \\
\hline
3 & 8 & 7 & 9 & 2 & 5 & 4 & 6 & 1 \\
1 & 7 & 4 & 2 & 8 & 3 & 6 & 9 & 5 \\
7 & 9 & 5 & 8 & 3 & 6 & 1 & 2 & 4 \\
\end{array}
\]

Solution to Crossword on page 12:
strong performances, albeit mostly of creepy, clichéd characters, like Nina’s hyper-protective mother and sexually exploitative dance instructor. Portman is particularly impressive, well on her way to rehabilitating herself from those God-awful Star Wars prequels. Otherwise, the movie is full of vintage Aronofsky TMI: toes breaking, self-mutilation, masturbation, etc. Not for the squeamish.

Take note, RG readers: Nina is a talented, successful ballerina whose total failure to develop personality and substance actually drives her insane. There’s a lesson here for law students with unhealthy attachments to their Bluebooks.

Grade: B

Inception

Category: Long-ass psycho-thriller that people pretend they understand (see also: The Talented Mr. Ripley, Mulholland Drive)

Leonardo DiCaprio can perform inception; that is, travel into other people’s dreams (or something?) to conduct corporate espionage. He has to go to sleep to mess with his target’s subconscious, which slows down time and can only be ended by giving oneself a sharp physical shock, like falling off a bridge. Got that? You can also conduct inception within the inception, so you’re two or more levels below actual reality, and time slows proportionally at each step down.

But none of that really matters compared to the other incoherencies. Leo is tormented by his wife’s possible suicide and his inability to enter the U.S. to see his small children (nobody ever suggests he just fly the kids to Singapore or wherever). A CEO promises to clear him with U.S. Customs if he conducts some successful inception against a rival CEO. But Leo’s tormented visions of

his wife are somehow screwing with the attempt. Luckily, he can rely on the emotional support of Ellen Page, a good actress who is believable as an inception savant but not as Leo’s emotional rock. She looks 15 years too young, and the tension that develops between them is somewhere between bizarre and grody. Finally, the movie violates the rules of its own universe without adequate warning or explanation. Apparently, once you go deep enough, offering yourself no longer works to restore you to a higher level of reality. This is rather abruptly announced at the eleventh hour, when good common sense would tell you that it’s a caveat that deserves full written disclosure in advance.

If you like Joseph Gordon-Levitt (the kid from Third Rock from the Sun), who now looks cute as an endearing dork with (uniquely) no obvious emotional issues obstructing his judgment, then you’re good to go. Otherwise, see the movie on drugs.

Grade: B+ on drugs, C clean.

Tell Lauren what you thought of this year’s Academy Award nominations by emailing her at rg@umich.edu.

Valograms

SONGS:

- I Want You Back (‘N Sync)
- Ain’t No Mountain High Enough (Marvin Gaye)
- Kiss the Girl (Little Mermaid)
- Wannabe (Spice Girls)
- Teenage Dream (Katy Perry)
- Baby (Justin Bieber)
- Rick Roll (Never Gonna Give You Up—Rick Astley)

INFO:

- Date: Wednesday, February 9
- In-class Valograms (law school only)
- Phone Valograms
- Dedicate songs to friends, significant others, professors, and staff

SALES:

- $10 per song per class
- Dates: Wednesday, Feb. 2–Tuesday, Feb. 8
- Time: 11am–2pm
- Location: Table outside Room 100
Dear RG,

I have a crush on my professor. I thought it would motivate me to go to class, participate, go to office hours, etc. Instead, I actually get nervous about class, I am distracted in class, and I NEVER go to office hours. It makes it very difficult to focus and to be enthusiastic about class; this is getting to be a problem. Help?

I hate to say this, and I usually try to give good advice...but you need to get a grip! Seriously, it's a professor!!! I mean, relative to the dinosaurs walking around, he may look good—but this is no Johnny Depp here! (Now, that's a distraction!) Your professor should not become so much of a distraction that he becomes a detriment to your legal education. Now, you may not like what I have just said, but think about it this way—if he becomes an obstruction to your ability to learn, meaning you come off as a little less than bright, nothing about your crush will even matter. Because a girl who's not bright is just not cute. So get it together!

Chew on that.

Need advice from the RG’s resident beauty queen? Email your woes to her at rg@umich.edu.

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**BEAKING IT, from page 6**

how the Pro Hac Admissions turn out, or why it matters.

Instead, the reader is again swept into another series of seemingly haphazard regulations on a totally unrelated subject. Never knowing where or how any of it connects together, like Ulysses before it, the reader is left both vaguely unsatisfied and, at the same time, needing more. As page after page is turned, the reader becomes increasingly frustrated by the author’s detached voice. Will his true emotions ever show through? What does HE think of this 45 day requirement (add 5 for mailing).

At the end, the reader realizes that little matters other than the rules. Why are they there? Why am I reading them? Why do they matter? Why do I matter? The reader emerges from the book with more questions than answers. And therein lies the true beauty of “Indiana”.

Kevitt welcomes your comments and would love to carry on with you at length about the state of the world in 2000. Reach him at rg@umich.edu.

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**BEER GAL, from page 2**

and more affordable. I definitely recommend it to anyone who likes, or wants to like, IPAs.

**Arrogant Bastard**—“It's very hoppy. It's very malty. It’s like a brown ale on steroids.”

**Dogfish 60-Minute IPA**—“It’s very hoppy. It’s pretty much the headiest IPA you can get around here in a 6-pack.”

My two cents: The 60-Minute is light and refreshing, but the aftertaste is almost brutally bitter—but in a good way. I’d recommend working up to this one though. If you’re an IPA virgin, start with something malty, like the Hopslam, and then, when you start to really like the hop aftertaste, move on to something more bitter. There’s also the Dogfish 90- and 120-Minute IPA’s for those who crave over-the-top hop-flavor.

**The Hipster:**

**Lagunitas IPA**—The Lagunitas IPA is definitely the shiny star of this mediocre list.

**ABC's Strawberry Blonde**—Overall, I'm not a big fan of ABC. Their beers are usually watery and unimpressive.

**PBR**—Incredibly accurate definition of PBR from urbandictionary.com: “Pabst Blue Ribbon is a lot like the band Bright Eyes; hipsters love it, but everyone else thinks it’s liquid shit.”

**The Nebraskan:**

This friend first listed the Brown Shugga and Two-Hearted, which are described above and are both excellent beers. However, his third choice was, surprisingly, Stella Artois. Now, Stella is a pretty mediocre beer. Truthfully, Stella is bad beer for people who like to think they’re drinking good beer. I mean, it’s European so it must be fancy, right?

What beers would you pick? If you’re not sure, go try something new. If

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**SUDOKU**

#025, Easy Difficulty. Solution on page 8

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| 1 | 2 |   |
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| 9 | 7 | 5 |
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**KICKITTING IT, from page 6**

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| 9 | 7 | 5 |
|---+---+---|
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| 6 |   |   |
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```
you’ve got a favorite you’d like me to review, let me know. If you’d like to buy it for me, even better. Until next time, cheers.

Email the Beer Gal at rg@umich.edu with your beer concerns and questions.

LAW & LIT, from page 5

lookin’ for his son.

"Lost my kid Hugh at the mall. Could you call him for me?"

"Yes sar. What’s your last name?"

"Jass."

Turns out the kid already left, he thought. Leastways, didn’t see him. Dun know what riled up the boss though.

And now this letter. Funny, mail comin’ two times a day. Well what do I know.

"Paging Ms. Hugginkiss. Amanda Hugginkiss. I need Amanda Hugginkiss to come to security, right now, got somethin’ for ya."

Now she sounds nice. Gonna have to get me a sign, mall postmaster, after today.

"Mr. Bentley."

"Sar. How’re ya doin’ sar?"

"Not terribly well, Mr. Bentley. You see, I’ve received more complaints and, well...I think it’s time you turned in for the day."

"But sar, got at least an hour left, and people keep comin’ to me for help—"

"That’s perfectly alright Mr. Bentley. I don’t think Ms...Hugginkiss will be needing your services."

"Sar—"

"Mr. Bentley. You just announced, to our patrons, that you needed a man, to hug and, perhaps, kiss."

"I did no such thing sar! I said—"

"Mr. Bentley. Amanda Hugginkiss."

"...Well shit. Now I do apologize, I—"

The door opened. A man stepped in.

"Excuse me? I believe I was paged?"

"And who are you, my dear fellow?"

"Manda? A. Manda Hugginkiss?"

"I don’t believe this. Get out." The manager held open the door.

"Manda. Ya came back! And ya changed your name!" The manager raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, Harold, I came back. And no, Harold, that was a joke. I’m sorry about today. The idea got a bit out of hand."

"Manda, I dun’ know what yer talkin’ bout. But I’m yers."

Need help finding another way to say ‘I love you’? Email Kevitt your questions on law, literature, and love at rg@umich.edu!

WANTED

Writers, critics, photographers wanted! Story ideas? Let us know!

Contact us at rg@umich.edu.
ACROSS
1. Madam’s counterpart
4. Resort island near Venice
8. Voodoo charms
13. Poem of praise
14. Stove part
15. Inventor’s goal
16. Slangy negative
17. Renowned bandleader at the Cotton Club
19. “I have an idea!”
20. Go before
21. Androids
23. By way of
24. 24-hr. banking convenience
27. Dernier ___ (latest thing)
28. Raisin ___ (cereal)
30. Suffix with buck
31. Belief
33. Beats a hasty retreat
34. Emilia’s husband, in “Othello”
35. Chinese province
36. They’re “easy” to find in 17- and 53- Across and 3- and 24- Down
37. Rural’s opposite
38. High: Prefix
39. Muskogee native
40. Walks like an expectant father
41. Noticed
42. Stoop
43. With 45-Across, for the time being
44. Mess up
45. See 43-Across
46. Monkeylike animals
49. Tends, as a patient
52. Butterfly catcher’s tool
53. Seize power
56. Road goo
58. Arnaz of “I Love Lucy”
59. Hwy.
60. Dizzy-making drawings
61. Ooze
62. Big fat mouth

DOWN
1. Submarine-detecting system
2. Just 45 miles of it borders Canada
3. Place to get clean
4. When said three times, a real estate mantra
5. Several Russian czars
6. Bankruptcy cause
7. “___ upon a time …”
8. Island country south of Sicily
9. 15-Down tribe
10. Synagogue attender
11. Keep ___ short leash
12. Hog’s home
13. Where the buffalo roamed
14. Like Calculus II
15. 15-Down tribe
16. Jordan or Iraq
17. Ancient Roman robes
18. Like Calculus II
19. Confer holy orders on
20. Jordan or Iraq
21. Ancient Roman robes
22. Like Calculus II
23. Confer holy orders on
24. Jordan or Iraq
25. Ancient Roman robes
26. Mars has two
27. Where the buffalo roamed
28. Train stoppers
29. Apply, as cream
30. Military branch with planes
31. Pursue
32. 12” stick
33. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
34. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
35. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
36. “Good buddy”
37. Mustache site
38. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
39. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
40. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
41. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
42. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
43. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
44. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
45. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
46. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
47. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
48. Fairy king, in Shakespeare
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SOLUTION ON PAGE 8