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Foxes, Gin, Puss-Cats, and Pornography
A Memorial to A.W. Brian Simpson (1931-2011)

By Tomek Koszylko

To some members of the class of 2011 and earlier, this year brought us a profound tragedy: the passing of A.W. Brian Simpson, who retired from the law school after the 2008-09 school year. To those who had him, Professor Simpson was not only a living encyclopedia of property law, legal history, legal philosophy, and human rights law, but he was also quite possibly the funniest, most congenial person to ever shake a stuffed fox at a classroom full of property law students learning *Pierson v. Post.*

Knowledge of the law does not necessarily correlate neatly with the ability to teach the law. Some of the most brilliant people in the world should in all fairness never be allowed in front of a classroom of students. However, Professor Simpson was not that kind of genius. As seemingly infinite as his scholarship was, his ability to teach others and his love of teaching were just as great, if not greater. Those of you who did not have Professor Simpson may be confused by the worship he inspired in his students, but take it from this cynical misanthrope, Professor Simpson was my favorite professor of all time—all time—because he was just that good. Of course, I was just as befuddled in Property class as I was in any other godawful class I had '07-'08, but Professor Simpson made it OK to be clueless. He made Property—gasp—sort of fun.

Rather than personally relating all my wacky experiences with Professor Simpson, I'm going to leave the memorializing to you. Here are some of the things you had to say about the man who, to me, embodied not only property law but also humor, empathy, self-awareness, unpretentiousness, and (for lack of a better term) "confident modesty.” Personally, I am a better person for having been his student.

I'll start off with my own favorite Simpson story, to get the ball rolling. It happened on St. Patrick's Day, 2008. We had a 3-hour break between our morning classes and Property in the afternoon. A group of about 10 of us (EFGHers) decided to go to Charley's during the break and drink green beer. I stayed for a couple of beers, then left early to read for Property, leaving the rest of the group at the bar. About 45 minutes into Property class, the rest of the Charley's group finally walked in, totally hammered and very disruptive. Simpson stopped his lecture to watch them in awe, though the classroom and struggle to take their seats, then said to them: "Getting a leg up on things, aren't we? Well, I'm glad that you can at least still manage to stand up. Right. Now as I was saying...” Unfazed, he finished the lecture on whatever the topic was that day, cracking an occasional joke at the expense of the drunken late-comers.

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See SIMPSON, page 3

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And What Did You Do For Break?

Alternative Spring Break:
In the Sonoran Desert

By Eli Braun

Razor grass and cacti tear our pants and our skin. Sunscreen, loosened by sweat, stings our eyes. A helicopter from Border Control circles us overhead, piercing a desert stillness usually interrupted only by javelinas and vultures. Here, twelve miles from the US border with Mexico, eleven of us Michigan law students hike the migrant trails of Arizona’s Sonoran desert.

Spring break 2011!

Let There Be No More Deaths

We are hosted by No More Deaths/No Más Muertes (NMD), a humanitarian aid organization that fights to end migrant deaths along the Arizona/Mexico border. NMD staffs a dozen desert camps, provides medical care for injured migrants, and drops blankets, cans of beans, and gallons of water along the trails.

Last year, the inhospitable frontier claimed the lives of at least 253 migrants—kids, parents, men and women who died from fatigue, injury, dehydration, and hypothermia. The barren landscape reaches 115 degrees during the day and drops below freezing at night. And those were just the recovered bodies, found by U.S. Border Patrol or NMD volunteers. Hundreds of people, perhaps thousands, never arrive and are never found. They are “disappeared,” in a way.

Since 2000, 2,104 bodies have been recovered along Arizona’s border. And yet, “it’s not a trail of despair,” our NMD guide John says. “For the migrants, it sees AL T BREAK, page 10

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

To the Editor:

The February 24th article “Fall Grade Curves” contained two errors.

First, the article listed the 1L mean GPA as 3.30. The article’s writer, relying on official figures, noted that the curve maximum is 3.25, and expressed amazement that the average exceeded it: “How is this possible? I have no idea.” After doing some checking, I now have an idea how it is possible: those official figures were wrong. According to technology experts at the Law School, the algorithm for determining the official mean 1L GPA included courses with catalog numbers that look like 1L courses but in fact are upperclass courses. When those courses are removed from the calculation, the actual 1L GPA mean is 3.24 (.06 lower than reported, and within the curve), the upperclass mean is 3.79 (.03 higher than reported).

Second, the article, written by a 1L, quotes a “certain professor” as saying that “as a class, we’re generally better looking.” I have been informed that the professor was speaking about sections JKL only. It is unclear how the inclusion of the other 1L sections would affect the professor’s opinion of the mean good looks of the 1L class as a whole.

– Mark West

CORRECTIONS: Last issue saw the printing of a controversial front-page article by Chaka Laguerre, titled “Advice for Mr. Wolverine.” Students have requested that RG clarify that the article placement and photo placement were the work of RG layout folks. Consider it clarified—RG did indeed lay out the front page and mistakenly combined Mr. Wolverine photos with her satirical opinion piece. Nostra culpa.
SIMPSON from Cover Page

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"We had that case with the kid that got eaten ... Dudley ... and he told us a story about how a guy from Australia calls him or sends him a letter saying that he has the oarlocks from the ship that the guy got eaten on—marked up from sharpening the knives on them. And this is who Simpson was, that someone would have these oarlocks, look through the entire world, and contact him from across the world to tell him. And what did he do? He begged the guy to sell him the oarlocks."

-Andrew Selbst, 3L

Alas, according to Rachel Culley, 3L, the guy wouldn’t part with his oarlocks; they’re still somewhere in a bar in Australia. But Professor Simpson did convince the man to send color photos of the oarlocks, prominent knife marks and all.

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“One day in Property, Professor Simpson started going off about ‘futtock shrouds’; we had no idea what these were ... I guess what had happened was that in the grand old British tradition he and a friend of his had gotten rip-roaring drunk and woken up on a sailing ship out to sea a couple days later, and they decided they would just go with it. He explained to us that the buttock shroud was the portion of the rigging that you had to climb up and over in order to get to the next level. And he and his friend loved the word ‘futtock shroud’ so much—I think because it reminded him of the word ‘buttocks’—that he decided to use the word ‘futtock shroud’ in every single book or paper that he wrote from then on.”

-Theo Arnold, 3L

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“One class session I had not completed the readings... so being the ‘serious’ law student that I was, before class started I had told Professor Simpson my name, that I had not finished the readings, and that I would be appreciative if he would not call on me. He said fine. I was pretty sure that he had no idea who I was, or that he would remember my name. The first name he cold-called was mine. He then looked at me, pointed at me, and said something to the effect: ‘Oh that’s right, you didn’t want to be called on. You’ve not done the reading.’ I felt special...he remembered me.”

-Jaclyn Podor, 3L

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“There was one instance in the first month of classes where he asked a pretty basic yes or no question...he called on a student, and the student got it wrong. And professor Simpson’s response, as brilliant as it could possibly be, was ‘Nearly right!’ Kind of reminded us that the learning going on in the classroom was actually truly collaborative—it wasn’t just that the students were merely instruments in getting to some correct set of answers that we could write down in our notes.”

-J.J. Burns, 3L

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“I visited Brian at his house in Sandwich, England, one afternoon in early November 2010. I asked to see his garden, quite visible through a large window in his living/dining room... And there, door temptingly ajar, was the potting shed of which he had spoken so proudly. I wanted to see his tools, his pots, his projects, so in I went. Oops! Nothing related to gardening. Instead, shelves of books, a small desk, a chair, and ... a clothes dryer. In the potting shed? With a long cord running through the garden back into the house?

“I trotted back into the house. ‘Brian! There is a clothes dryer in your potting shed!’

‘Yes, Margaret, the electrician made me put it there. Quite a bother.’

‘Why on earth would an electrician make you put a clothes dryer outdoors, in your potting shed? It seems very dangerous to run the cord through the garden.’

‘Just his point, Margaret. He forbade me to keep it where I had first put it, in the midst of the garden. Thought I might electrocute myself.’

-Margaret Leary, Director and Librarian, UMLL

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“I never had any idea what was going on during Property class (which was probably mostly my fault). But I do remember every time I did get cold-called, I never quite knew the answer. But it never really mattered because Professor Simpson would just look at me and be like, ‘Well, that’s very interesting. You’re on the right track, but...’ and then he would explain how the answer was actually the complete opposite of what I had just said.”

-Jaclyn Giffen, 3L

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“Every single day he wore the same thing to class: blue shirt, blue jeans, same sweater. One day he shows up in a pink shirt. Everybody’s intrigued. About halfway through the class he stops and says, ‘You’ll notice I’m wearing a pink shirt. This is an unusual thing; I hate pink. But the Women’s-Something-Or-Other-Law-Student-Initiative asked me to wear this for their Breast Cancer Awareness Day, which [shakes head sadly] is a terrible thing.’ Well, that was oddly ambiguous; surely he had meant that breast cancer was a terrible thing, not breast cancer awareness? We looked at each other, confused. Simpson merely launched back into the lesson as if nothing had ever happened.”

-Theo Arnold, 3L

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“He was, to be sure, a child of the empire: his parents were Christian missionaries to China, and our eyes both lit up when it became clear that his parents were active in the same cities where my grandparents and great-grandparents (Christians, all) live in in Southeast China, and at the same time. I wish we had had time to explore that further, but this was a conversation we had just before he left Michigan for good.”

-Joe Wang, ‘10

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“Professor Simpson participated in what was called the British Pornography Committee, which I think was to decide and discuss what constituted pornography...I believe he was in Copenhagen at the time with a colleague of his, and they were in a porn shop. This was in the context of telling our

See SIMPSON, page 18
Law School Prom Q&A

By Lauren Rogal

Rather than relying on her one-time 1L prom-attending experience, Lauren decided to contact consummate socialite and multiple prom attendee Miss Piggy for answers to our most burning questions about law school prom.

Q: Why is prom so far away from campus?

A: Because you bitches can’t hold your liquor. Or, more precisely, your predecessors couldn’t. In the past few years, your classmates have managed to break windows, tear down a bathroom partition, cover the premises with vomit, and compel LSSS to pay thousands of dollars for their shiftnacedness. Thus, the university has evicted our prom-at-tired asses from campus. We therefore must schlep to wherever our reputation hasn’t penetrated local consciousness.

Also, LSSS sincerely hopes to avoid a repetition of last year’s altercations between certain female attendees and the coat check girls. The details aren’t important, but this time try to think of the coat checkers as friendly people holding your coat and umbrella so you can dance, not TSA moonlighters hellbent on confiscating your emergency scrunchie.

Q: What about transportation?

A: We will travel via yellow school bus, because we can’t afford to clean the seats and floors of nice buses. See above re: liquored-up fools.

Q: Do I need a date?

A: Is this your Sweet 16 party reprise? No, you don’t need a date. Plus, if you’re asking this question, it may be more realistic to focus on trying to score a dance.

Q: Will there be food?

A: Hors d’oeuvres. Cause here’s the thing—y’all have no sense of the price of feeding hundreds of law student vultures. Maybe this is Cottage Inn syndrome, brought on by the abundance of free Italian food in Hutchins, but $20 per person does not pay for venue, transport, and a full entree platter, ok? LSSS has been deterred from hiking the price by complaints from the peanut gallery. So there will be ample hors d’oeuvres. Should you eat in advance? Please do. Will you treat the hors d’oeuvres as dinner anyway? Likely. Just consider yourselves warned.

Q: Is this a good opportunity to hit on that dude and/or chick in my section?

A: Absorb this thoroughly and let it marinate for a good long while (say, at least through the end of 1L year): there is never a good time to hook up with your section mate. Unless, of course, you’re turned on by 90 people learning the size and distinguishing characteristics of your feel-goods.

Q: Why is it called prom instead of something more sophisticated like the “Barriste’s Ball?”

A: Because LSSS is not in the business of propagating inaccurate expectations. Homecoming would only invite the intrusions of confused undergrads, and nobody wants to demean Bar Mitzvahs or quinceañeras.

Q: Why should I pay to see the same people wearing the same skanky outfits?

A: There are many reasons.
1. Because some of your classmates may show up with their married mistresses.
2. You might get laid.
3. You might see a whole other side to your classmates. For example, they may not look like shit.
4. It’s cleaner than Rick’s.

Got more Qs you’d like Lauren, channeling Miss Piggy, to A? Email us at rg@umich.edu.
Don Herzog’s Last Laugh:
Law Prof Wins UM’s Golden Apple Award

By Kevitt Adler

Maybe you saw the posters around the law school. Maybe you didn’t. They were only up for a few days, and I stole a few for my personal use. That faint, open-mouthed grin, that somewhat less than formal shirt—Don Herzog isn’t someone I’d normally expect on a poster, but these make him look almost like a normal professor.

Which he isn’t. At all. But despite that, our very own Don Herzog won this year’s Golden Apple Award. The award is presented each year, by students, to recognize one professor for excellence in teaching. Seeing as it’s a university-wide award, law profs don’t win it very often; it looks like Don’s the first. I’ve heard at least three conspiracy theories of how he won it, none of them printable. Is something shady going on behind that placid demeanor?

The answer, of course, is that Don’s demeanor is never placid. An added bonus/punishment for winning the Golden Apple Award is that the winner gets to make a speech. The topic? Your ideal last lecture. Really puts you on the spot, especially considering profs have been giving this lecture since 1991. That’s a lot of rose-tinted advisory platitudes. I’m imagining a montage of charismatic teachers giving telling advice. “Follow your heart,” they say. “Don’t take candy from strangers.” “Beware the Ides of March.” (Which were, coincidentally, the day after Don’s talk.)

Herzog took a different tack. His lecture, “Husbands and Wives, Gender and Genre,” surveyed the somewhat arcane subject of 17th century English marital relations. The talk generally attacked the view that patriarchal relations were the uncontested norm in the 1600’s; rather, the argument went, some controversy surrounded the issue. “So the thought that feminism is this late development is nuts, completely nuts.”

The idea that people (today) strongly believe in the 17th century patriarchy and need convincing otherwise animated the whole lecture. A great part of it consisted of quotes from old sources—jokes, stories, and other material indicating at the very least a mocking attitude towards the supposed patriarchy. “He that hath no wife beateth her often,” a saying went.

Other stories involved…poop jokes. A lot of poop jokes. Maybe scatology was the old English way of effecting social change. In one story, a man told his wife he had complete ownership over her body. Nonplussed, she shit the bed. When he tried to blame her for it, she said something to the effect of “If you own my body, how can I be blamed for my own bowel control?” I think Don’s version included the word “beshit,” something I’m now eager to introduce into my daily vocabulary.

I’ll say this for Don—he had me convinced. Who wouldn’t, with all those sources getting quoted at them? I’m sure an audience of academics would have appreciated them better than I could. The problem I had with the lecture is that, despite the combative thesis, I had no opinion about 17th century marital relations. Was the feminist movement in full swing? I’d doubt it. Were all wives meek, submissive, and beaten on a daily basis? That image doesn’t strike me as terribly reasonable either. Maybe if I’d disagreed more I would have liked all those quotes better. All those 17th century misogynists in the room were thoroughly cowed. As for me—I wanted to hear your words, Don, not someone else’s.

Granted, having a list of old stories (many of them, admittedly, very funny ones) probably helped him figure out what to say for an hour and a half. Lecturing just isn’t Don’s style. I was more than half expecting him to get up there and cold call other law profs in the audience, reading be damned.

And of course there’s the whole podium issue. You can’t perch on a podium and start swinging your legs around (“self-styled yoga,” as his students call it) without a great deal more gymnasticism than any professor’s likely to have. And I’ll admit it would have been more than a little improper to knock that thing over and sit on the edge like a fallen log.

All in all Don did well, considering the circumstances. The talk was a bit tedious, but what can you expect from an academic lecture? I’d have been even more surprised (and disappointed) if he’d gotten up there and spewed platitudes. “Life is like a box of chocolates.” “Don’t feed them after midnight, and don’t get them wet.” There’s too much of that going around already. And anyway, the award isn’t given for best speech making; it’s given for best teaching. I can think of people who could have given better lectures, but I can’t think of anyone more deserving of the award.
Green Beer Gets Some Stout Competition

By Melissa Narus

Happy Belated St. Patrick's Day! Hopefully everyone has recovered from all the cheap green beer they drank last Thursday. This week I'm going to be reviewing some stouts that aren't Guinness so that perhaps next year you can shake things up and try celebrating March 17th with some real (read: good) beer.

Honesty, I don't have anything in particular against Guinness. It's an acceptable, albeit somewhat mediocre, beer that is certainly my draft of choice whenever I end up in the sort of locale, feared by beer snobs everywhere, that considers Michelob a "fancy" beer.

Note: When I say "Guinness," I mean the Guinness Draught which is the most commonly sold "Guinness." I'm actually quite fond of the Guinness Extra Stout and am always pleasantly surprised when I find it on tap.

At the moment one of my favorite stouts is The Poet Oatmeal Stout by New Holland. It pours a very dark brown with a % inch, frothy, caramel head. The smell is sweet with a hint of chocolate/coffee. It has a smooth, thick mouthfeel with a slight tingling from the carbonation. There's none of the prominent toastiness one finds in a porter, but rather it's a very drinkable stout. Most of the real flavor is in the aftertaste. There are lingering notes of honey which fade into a light and not unpleasant smokiness.

In my opinion it tastes a lot like a cross between the Rogue Dead Guy and a Guinness. This gives it a lot of the delicious that makes me love the Dead Guy but tones things down a bit which makes it a more refreshing and likeable beer. If you don't like the heavier stouts and porters but enjoy lighter stouts like Guinness, The Poet might be right up your alley.

On a quite different note, there's the Rogue Chocolate Stout. This beer pours nearly pitch black with a thick, medium brown head. It smells like dark chocolate mixed with liquor (which is obviously a winning combination). The mouthfeel is very thick and lingers on the tongue. (TWSS?) The taste is creamy and chocolate-y with a slightly bitter aftertaste that sits on the tongue like whipped cream. I've had a half dozen or so "chocolate" stouts, and the Rogue outshines them all. It tastes like dark chocolate without the bitterness. It has all the malty, nutty, caramel flavor of a good stout with an added robust cacao character that persists throughout the entire drinking experience. When I first tried this beer, my only thought was, "Holy sh*t, that tastes like dessert!" With that in mind, I probably wouldn't pair this beer with food; it's a bit intense for that. However, this beer stands very well on its own and would work excellently as a combination digestif and dessert ... might as well kill two birds and all.

Lastly, I've got the Czar Imperial Stout by Avery. Imperial stouts are high alcohol, high malt beers which usually have a lot going on. The one I'm drinking currently was bottled in 2009. This is because many high alcohol beers do better with, and are actually designed for, aging. The extra time allows the full flavor and maltiness to come out and balance the alcohol taste.

The Czar is very, very dark in color but has a finer head than the Rogue Chocolate Stout. It smells like brown-sugar with a very light, almost imperceptible smokiness. The mouthfeel is somewhat sticky and syrupy but not unpleasantly so, and the aftertaste is piney with a slight hopiness. This is certainly the most aggressive of the three stouts I've listed, but definitely one to try if you think you can handle it. Be careful, though; at 11% ABV, this beer can pack quite a punch.

Even though St. Patrick's Day is over, spring is approaching. So find a porch, a patio, or someone's roof, and crack a beer in celebration of the end of winter and the beginning of road construction. Cheers!

Questions? Beer suggestions? Send Melissa your thoughts at rg@umich.edu.

SUDOKU

#011, Medium Difficulty. Solution on page 9

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5 6 7 3 8
3 7 4 8
1 4 2 3 6 9 5
1 5 2
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5 6 7 3 8
4 8 1
2 3 6 9 5
4 3
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1 5 2
5 9 2 6 4
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4 3
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5 9 2 6 4
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Spring Break: the Non-Alternative Variety

So what did you do over Spring Break, rather than working to improve the lives of immigrants? We asked LawOpen, and LawOpen obligingly provided us with photos. Below are some of the moments students emailed us, along with brief descriptions of the shenanigans. Enjoy looking through all the fun other people had.

3L John Seber claims to have travelled back in time to 1988 on “a successful mission to stop Michael Dukakis’s Robotic Sexocracy.”

Photo courtesy of Sophia Henrich, LLM.

Laura Andrade, 1L, and Renita Khanduja, 1L, try on masks before a Mardi Gras parade in downtown New Orleans.

2Ls perfect their Mayan building techniques in Playa del Carmen, Mexico. From bottom left: Phil Zeeck, Nick Hirst, Jon Fombonne, Andy Trafford, Sean Tierney and Josh Teitler.

4L Tomek Koszykio enjoys café cubano and 2-for-1 mojitos with his beloved at Havana-based La Bodeguita del Medio in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico.
Dean Z’s Facebook Feed

By Zach Dembo & Andrew Park

Sarah Zearfoss
Sorry guys, I would love to accept all these friend requests, but I can only accept about 20%. And it’s an entirely holistic process [see Grutter v. Bollinger, 539 U.S. 305, 337 (2003)].

Stephanie Jordan
WOOOOOOOOO — at Rick’s American Cafe
[316, 311]

Evan Caminker
IN YOUR FACE BERKELEY! Dean Ricky Revesz, I’m coming for you!

Ricky Revesz
Try getting a public interest office first

Richard Friedman
RIP Nate Dogg.

Richard Primus
Word. WEST COAST!

Eve Brensike Primus
Ricky, stop playing Mock Constitutional Framing with your friends and get home. It’s your turn to change the baby.

Richard Primus
DAYUMN ... be home in a jif, snookums.

Jim Krier
invited you to “Wine and Cheese in My Poorly Lit Faculty Office Far Away From Other People”

Mark West
likes this.

Evan Caminker
3m, be sure someone from the general counsel’s office is there.

Jim Krier
LOL

Evan Caminker
Seriously. It’s a condition of the settlement we made for you.

Solution to Crossword on page 20:
It's a condition of the settlement we made /lrite. a comment...

Stephanie Jordan WOOOOOOOOOO —— at Rick's American Cafe
Sunday at 7:30 pm via Phone: Like • Comment.

23 friends wished Eddie Cooper a Happy Birthday!

Write a comment...

Carl Schneider Happy 125th! Many happy returns!
2 hours ago • Like

Peggy Jane Radin Catch' up to me, you dog!
2 minutes ago • Like

Julian Mortenson You're only 110 years older than me!
1 minutes ago • Like

Write a comment...

Stephanie Jordan WOOOOOOOOO —— at Rick's American Cafe
Friday at 6:25 pm via Phone: Like • Comment.

LUCKILY THE GM COLLEGE DISCOUNT DOESN'T.
In fact, it's the best college discount from any car company! and can save you hundreds — even thousands — on an eligible, new Chevrolet/Buick or GMC. If you're in college, a grad program or even a recent grad... take advantage of this discount and get a great deal on a new ride to call your own. Check it out.

Stop pushing...start driving.
Get your discount today at gmcollegediscount.com/save
ALT BREAK, from page 2

is a trail of hope.” No one believes in America quite like immigrants do.

Our task is simple. Leave food and water along the trails. I load up my backpack with a sandwich and snacks, toss in a blanket and a half-dozen cans of beans, then take a gallon of water in each hand and set out for the day. We leave them under trees, targeting areas just south of contaminated water holes (“cow water”) that thirsty migrants sometimes drink in desperation. For many, drinking the contaminated water is the beginning of the end, leading to nausea and diarrhea, until people succumb to the sun, their bloated remains—or what’s left of them after the wild pigs—becoming statistics.

Where there is no body, discarded personal effects leave a trail: a toothbrush, a child’s torn T-shirt (“Don’t touch,” John says, “or you’ll find scorpions and spiders”), empty water bottles and cans of Red Bull.

(NMD actually has a litter removal project in an effort to appease critics—and some prosecutors—who accuse them of littering. Last year, the Ninth Circuit (621 F.3d 914) tossed out the littering conviction of an NMD volunteer for putting out gallons of water.)

We come across shrines—wooden crosses in the dirt decorated with photos, trinkets, and necklaces—some created by volunteers and some by migrants themselves. One marks the death site of a 14-year-old El Salvadoran girl, Josseline Jamileth Hernández Quinteros, who, along with her 10-year-old brother, was trying to reach their mother in Los Angeles. She started vomiting and could not keep up. Their guide (a hired “coyote”) feared that Border Patrol would catch the whole group, so he left her behind. When her brother arrived in L.A. several days later, he sounded the alarm. It was too late.

At night, we huddle around the campfire, sharing warmth and the day’s emotions, hearing war stories from older volunteers (“I was charged with assaulting an officer’s boot with my face,” says our guide John), and making s’mores. We find the Big Dipper and Orion’s Belt, concealed in the morass of stars that renders flashlights unnecessary and guides migrants through the night. Few migrants move in the daylight; discovery is too risky and the sun is too hot.

So they hike through the nights, trying to evade the infrared cameras of Border Patrol’s helicopters. Once they arrive, they’ll assume a new form of invisibility—the undocumented worker.

Court Is Now In Session

In Tucson’s Pima County Superior Court, we pack the courtroom to support two people who are awaiting sentencing for the offense of working under fake work papers. They had purchased Social Security numbers. One worked as a line-cook in a diner; the other (Gustavo), worked as a dish-washer at Hooters, paying taxes to support social services he will never enjoy. Gustavo spent six months in jail awaiting a plea agreement. In jail, he was unable to make mortgage payments on the home he had bought ten years ago. It was seized.

WANTED

Writers, critics, photographers, and editors needed for next year’s board! Story ideas? Questions Let us know!
Kicking It Old School
A Historical Chat With Brian Simpson

By Tomek Koszylko

In 2007, Professor Simpson was interviewed by one of my IL peers, Malak Hamwi. This article is enlightening as well as amusing, and I think it does more justice to read Professor Simpson’s words directly rather than poorly describing his life’s work in my own words, or (even worse) just copying and pasting his obituary from the Guardian. Although, as far as obituaries go, it’s very comprehensive. Give it a read, if you haven’t, at http://www.guardian.co.uk/law/2011/feb/01/brian-simpson-obituary. Without further ado, we reprint the April 3, 2007 interview, in its entirety, from Issue 57 No. 12.

From Cannibals to Coase:
An Interview with Brian Simpson

By Malak Hamwi

Professor A. W. Brian Simpson’s primary interest is in the historical development of law and legal institutions. He is also an expert on the European Convention and on human rights, and frequently speaks on these subjects in Europe and the United States. He does some pro bono consulting in connection with cases before the European Court of Human Rights. Simpson is the Charles F. and Edith F. Clyne Professor of Law at the Law School, and has held professorships at the University of Kent, the University of Cambridge, the University of Chicago, and the University of Ghana. Professor Simpson earned an M.A. and a Doctorate of Civil Law from Oxford University. He is a fellow (honorary) of Lincoln College, Oxford, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the British Academy. In June 2001, he became Honorary Queen’s Counsel.

Res Gestae: What does the A.W. in your name stand for?

Professor Brian Simpson: Alfred William. I was always intended to be called Brian, but my parents for some peculiar reason put Alfred William first. Those are family names. They wanted to give me some family names, and for some reason they put them in that order and I don’t know why. They never explained it.

It’s crazy.

RG: Tell us about your road to Michigan.

PBS: I started teaching at the University of Chicago Law School in 1979. Then I became a tenured member of the faculty. Then I was invited to Michigan to teach contracts and I decided I liked it better than Chicago. So after a lot of doubt I moved. I didn’t dislike Chicago, but I thought that this place was more varied and more diverse basically, in terms of the academics. And also Chicago, at that time, had a poor reputation for minority students. There were hardly any minority students when I taught at Chicago.

It’s become different, but this place has always had sort of a policy of having a diverse student body, which I like better.

RG: Do you think big classes are effective?

PBS: I was uncertain when I finished at Oxford whether to go for a career at the English bar or become an academic. I got married very young, and there was an attraction to getting a steady income. It was always a possibility. I wasn’t absolutely settled I would become an academic, but I became one and I stayed one.

RG: When you first came over from the UK to teach in America, was the adjustment difficult?

PBS: American law schools are very, very different. To start with, all the students here are graduate students, and in the UK, most law students are undergraduates. And the system of big class teaching doesn’t exist in English universities. In Oxford you taught students in groups of two. And all my formal lectures at Kent were classes of about twelve students. But these big-case classes just don’t exist. English students just won’t participate in them.

RG: Have you always known you wanted to be a law professor?

PBS: I think they’re quite enjoyable. I think they work best in the first year because the students are more enthusiastic. I’m not sure that doing big-case classes is sensible for the whole 3 years. But I would much prefer it here if we taught in smaller classes. At one time, we used to have a program for teaching in smaller classes, but it’s collapsed because there aren’t enough people to run it.

I think the trouble with the big classes is you have very little real contact with students. I mean, if you’ve got 95 students, how on earth are you supposed to get to know them? You
Is that the new American dream? Holding immigrants criminally liable for washing our dishes? When their probation terms end, they’ll be deported.

It seems these migrants cross the desert at night, tiptoeing around cacti, to reach a destination—back-kitchens, washing dishes—where they face the same basic task: trying to stay invisible.

That was state court. Later we observe a criminal hearing at Tucson’s federal courthouse. Unlawful presence in the U.S. is not a crime, though it makes a person deportable. Unlawful entry, however, is a misdemeanor under 8 U.S.C. §1325. And repeated unlawful entry is a felony under 8 U.S.C. §1326, carrying a minimum of two years, and a maximum of 20, in federal prison.

“If everyone pled guilty to the felony,” a federal public defender tells us, “it would bring down the system.” In 2008, the federal courts implemented a “streamlined” process whereby captured migrants take a plea bargain for the misdemeanor charge, receive a “time served” sentence, and then depart on a bus back to Mexico that very night.

In one swoop, the “Streamline” program takes a defendant from his or her initial hearing all the way to sentencing. And not just one defendant, but 70 defendants in a brisk 45 minutes. They have shackles around their wrists and ankles that jingle through the hearing.

They wear whatever clothing they were captured in: usually jeans and t-shirts (Oakland Raiders, one says). Most look under 30. Two are women. All look scared and sleep-deprived. Most are first-time migrants looking for work, while a few have been working in the U.S. for years. They had started families here before being discovered and deported to Mexico. When they were picked up in the Sonoran desert, they had been trying to get back to their families, to return “home.”

The vast majority of captured migrants are simply deported. The 10% who enter “Streamline,” in contrast, are deported with a criminal record. Now, if they cross again, they’ll be subject to real prison time.

Ostensibly, the point of hauling these migrants into federal criminal court (instead of simply deporting them) is to instill in them the consequences of crossing again: prison time. Yet the federal public defender says they get calls every month from deported migrants basically asking, “What the heck just happened?” If 11 law students had to pause to understand this maze of federal statutes, sentencing schemes, and hastily recited Constitutional protections—somehow “knowingly and voluntarily waived” by non-English-speaking defendants—how could they?

We also meet with Border Patrol, who tell us that since 9/11, “we’re not interested in the poor guy who’s come to pick lettuce in California,” but they also tell us that, in 2010, they apprehended 210,000 undocumented people in the Tucson sector alone. “You don’t know who people are until you arrest them,” one officer explains.

The agents discuss their frustration with sending people back over the border only to catch them again—and again and again. So they’ve started “lateral deportations”: some people caught in Arizona will be deported to the California border or even flown into Mexico’s interior.

It’s Bigger Than Arizona

The federal magistrate suggests broader reforms. “Americans presume that everyone wants to be a citizen and immigrate, but that’s not true. People actually like their own country and language. They come here to work and save enough money for a house or a family member’s operation or something, and then they want to return. So we need more work visas.”

We had tough moments: the death sites (“they knew it was her from the distinctive green shoes”), the jiggle of 70 leg shackles in the courtroom, the disgrace of locking people up for seeking a better life.
tend to get to know a few of them, but it’s not like when you have students in the seminar. You get to know them. I have them over to my house, but I can’t have 95 students to my house. There’s no room for them.

RG: How do Michigan students compare to others you’ve taught at different institutions?

PBS: The Chicago students tended to be rather right-wing. They’re very hard-working, and they work just as hard for a class in the third year as in the first year. Michigan students seem to me to be more sensible, more relaxed, and so on. And the student atmosphere I think is less competitive and more friendly and I prefer that. The Chicago students were intensely competitive. Students here are competitive, but it doesn’t sort of break up personal relationships. But I mean Chicago had the problem of students hiding books and so on.

The students here seem very good. I think the admission policy here works extremely well in getting a nice crowd of interesting students. I hope we’ll be able to continue to do it, but we can’t break the law, you see. We can’t deliberately flout the law, so we have to adapt.

RG: Are you worried the character of Michigan will change after Prop 2?

PBS: I think it may change. I think we will tend to get less minority students for a year or two. It will probably come back to much the same, but it’s difficult to tell. It’s hard to predict. But it’s a policy that’s worked well. We have nice classes and the students that come here all do well. We have studies about what happens to them and they all do great out there in the real world.

RG: How do you determine what cases are worthy of scholarly inquiry?

PBS: Sometimes for pure sort of chance reasons. The cannibalism book was because I obtained access to the government files on the case (Dudley and Stephens) and immediately saw that there was a really good story in this. Otherwise it’s just, you pick them because you think there will be material that will throw light on them. That’s to some extent guess work because sometimes you can’t find out anything apart from what’s in the law reports. I have tried to do studies of some cases and so far got nowhere with them because I can’t find out anything about them.

RG: Like what?

PB&J: Armory v. Delamirie. I’ve tried to find out more information about that case, but so far I’ve got nowhere. I’m still trying. But the trouble is if the people in the case are poor, they tend to leave no traces in historical records. So if you do a case involving fairly wealthy people, you often find information. But it’s easier to find information in the nineteenth century because there are extensive newspaper reports. They often give very detailed accounts of litigation, so you get a lot of information from them, but the further back you go, the more difficult it gets.

RG: What’s your interest in that case?

PBS: It’s such a strange case. I mean, here’s this chimney sweep boy, they were the lowest of the low, somehow suing—who paid for his lawyer? He’s suing the most distinguished silversmith of the early eighteenth century. The defendant’s work now sells for a million dollars an item. And yet we don’t know anything about how the case happened.

RG: For how long have you tried to get information on that case?

PBS: I’ve done it intermittently for years, but I haven’t gotten anywhere. History is sometimes just hopeless. Sometimes you just have to give up.

RG: What are you working on now?

PBS: I’m the sort of person who doesn’t stick to any particular thing for very long. I’m like a butterfly. Now, I’m supposed to be writing a book this year on the common law tradition. A general account of the legal tradition in which you and I are working, which is the common law. There is no such book. There’s a book on the Roman law tradition, the civil law tradition. But no one has ever written a book on the common law tradition. It’s weird. So when students ask, “What is the common law?” there is no 200-page book you can give them.

It’s going to be an account which could be read by law students in their first year who wanted to have some idea what this common law system was. It’s thought there will be interest in it, if it’s any good, from lawyers in other traditions, like French lawyers or German lawyers, who want an account of the common law system. But it’s got to be written—that’s the problem. You’ve heard of writer’s block? That is a real phenomena where you just can’t spool yourself up to start. And you spend your time tidying out drawers or washing your socks or rearranging your books. Anything rather than trying to write the thing. I’m going to have to be very determined to get started on it.

Writing short books is harder work than writing long books because you have to really get your thoughts organized. Not the case in writing great big long books like my book on human rights, known in the family as “The Beetle Crusher.”

RG: Your expertise is in common law history and also human rights law. Do you consider these two distinct areas of expertise or are they somehow linked?

PBS: I started life doing late medieval legal history. In recent years, I’ve
gotten more and more interested in
what you might call pretty modern
legal history. I did a series for the
Oxford Press called "Oxford Studies
in Modern Legal History." Then
I wrote a book about detention
without trial in Britain in the Second
World War. That was mostly based
on archival material, but also a lot of
interviews with people. We locked
up about 1700 citizens and quite
a number of them belonged to the
British Fascist Party. I interviewed a
lot of these people who still exist. I
also interviewed a lot of the security
people who were chasing them. So
that was sort of history of the Second
World War. Some of the international
law stuff has been historical. This
book is about how Britain came to
sign up to the European Convention
on Human Rights and what difference
it made on life. That's the history of
the 1940s/1950s. I published two
things on international law both
based on post-Second World War
legal history. One is on the genocide
convention. Another one was on
whether the British government
during the Second World War paid
any attention to international law
over naval operations. A lot of this
is legal history but very modern
legal history because there's a huge
volume of archival material nobody's
ever looked at.

Basically I'm interested in how law
develops and how it interrelates
with government organizations, with
parliaments, with public opinion.
Taking law on a broader context.
Looking at law in a wider context.

RG: Having studied the development of
medieval law and more modern law, is
there anything about the development of
modern law that worries you?

PBS: I'm quite concerned currently at
overreaction to the threat of terrorism.
I really think it's a great mistake
to throw away our civil liberties
just because we have a panic about
a bomb or two, however serious
the bombs are. That's one interest
of mine in human rights work.
Human rights protection, in Europe
anyway, is a considerable control
over governments. I think, like many
Americans think, that America has
overreacted. And I hope a lot of the
Patriot Act gets repealed. It's not
necessary. It's understandable, but
it's a great pity to ditch your civil
liberties. They're important.

The reaction in terms of the things
like the Patriot Act, and similar
things have happened in Britain,
is I think exaggerated. Even in the
Second World War, the repressive
laws in Britain were not as bad they
are now. And that was a BIG war. So
I think there is an overreaction. But
that's a view shared by lots of people
in America. And there is a sign that
currently there is a sort of reaction
against it -- it is sort of encouraging.
You see more and more people saying
we shouldn't do this. We should
restrain ourselves a bit.

RG: Have you thought about doing
research on the topic?

PBS: I've written extensively on
emergency powers, but only on their
historical basis. But I don't like get into
political controversies in America.
I'm not an American. I don't direct
writing to stuff over here. I think
that's better left to Americanscholars.
Especially since they understand
American constitutional law.

RG: Have you been involved in any
political controversies in the UK?

PBS: Not really. The sort of activist
side of me is confined to doing pro
bono work on human rights cases.
I've been involved in quite a number
of those. But that's all writing memos
and documents and opinions for
use in litigation. I've never been a
politically active sort of person. I
have political views but I don't join
political parties or go on marches or
anything like that.

RG: You've maintained strong ties to the
UK. Do you go back often?

PBS: Mainly family roots. I've got
five children in England and heaven
knows how many grandchildren.
I'm English and an Irish citizen and
I think that's enough. I like America
but I wouldn't want to sort of spend
my retirement in America.

RG: Why haven't you become an
American in all your years here?

PBS: I'm getting very old. I'm coming
up to 76. I can't go on forever, so at
some point I obviously will retire
here, but I haven't taken any decision
about that. It's a great mistake to go
on working too long because then
you become an embarrassment to
the Dean. You don't want to do
that. At some point I'll retire, but I'd
like to maintain a connection with
Michigan.

RG: What will you do in retirement?

PBS: Much the same sort of writing
I do now. I have hobbies. I like
gardening, bird watching -- though
I can never tell what just passed --
and I run a boat. I still have a sailing
boat, but I'm getting a bit old for
sailing it on my own so the family
is pressuring me to confining my
activities to a motorboat.

I was thinking of writing a book about
markets. And I might do that. About
how markets work, the different sorts
of markets, the regulation of markets,
the weird markets for selling bizarre
things. There's a market in Russian
brides. Markets in saint relics. All
sorts of strange markets out there and
there isn't a little book on markets
that gives an account of how strange
these markets are. I give a seminar
on this.

See OLD SCHOOL, next page
RG: You have such an extensive body of work. What project are you most proud of?

PBS: I'm quite pleased with this book on human rights because it does relate the sort of history of international law with the political and diplomatic history of Western Europe. I think other historians have really paid very little attention to the development of the human rights convention, which is the first effective human rights protection ever invented anywhere in the world. It's an amazing make. I'm also fascinated because it coincided with the dissolution of the British Empire and there's the whole question to what extent did human rights protection affect that and lead to consequences in decolonization and so on.

But I think most writers are never happy with their books. The minute they've published it, they immediately see some fault in it. It's a common phenomenon that once you've published a book you think, "oh God, that could have been so much better if I spent another year on it." You're always dissatisfied.

I think it's sort of like being an athlete. Unless you think "I could be better," you're not being a good athlete. I mean these guys that can do the hundred meters in 9.8 seconds and they're always dissatisfied because they think they could run it a bit faster. I think in any sort of creative thing, you have to be endlessly dissatisfied with what you're doing and think it's dreadful and could be better.

RG: Do you have a preference for publishing books or writing law review articles?

PBS: I don't like law review articles. People sort of belong either to the book writing culture or the article writing culture. I have published articles but I never regard that as the aim in life. The aim in life is a book. And you find those people particularly connected with the humanities end of law tend to be happier publishing books. I also don't like the endless wrangles with law reviews about the footnotes and so on. It's just dreadful.

With books, you have more creative freedom. It's also partly vanity. I feel better if I have a newly published book than if I have the off prints of an article. I don't know why. It can't be rational.

RG: Can you talk a little bit about your exchange with Professor Ronald Coase over his article "Law and Economics and A.W. Brian Simpson?"

PBS: Oh yes, he got furiously angry with me. I wrote a criticism of some of what Coase said, which was not meant to make him angry. I thought it was perfectly polite. It was just a disagreement on academic things. And I think Coase got rather cross with me, so I got slightly cross in reply. He said how dare somebody who's not an economist write about this and I said you don't have to be a horse to write about horses. I think it's just rubbish because most of what I was writing about was law.

A large part of the article was simply arguing that he hadn't understood the law he was writing about. I didn't want to make him cross, but it made him extremely cross. The law and economics movement, if you're critical of it, they tend to either get cross or just ignore the criticism and carry on as before. I don't know why they do that. They're sort of defensive about it. The arguments I put forth in the article, nobody's replied to them.

RG: Let's talk about some fun topics. You're known for signing your books in blood every year for the SFF auction. Where do you get the blood from?

PBS: The stories about this are exaggerated. On one occasion I removed my shirt and that's all. The stories are that I removed lots of clothes, but it's not true. You see, to get the students to bid you have to be silly and clown about. I didn't do it this year. I've bitten balloons and things like that in the past. You just have to be ridiculous to get them to bid. But it's all for a good cause.

RG: You've also been rumored to have an exotic palate and to be a bit of a wine connoisseur.

PBS: I do cooking quite a bit for my family. I do some of it here, but when my children and their significant others come down, I always cook. I like cooking. And I drink too much wine. I like French white wines. But I drink lots of wine. I'm not a wine buff. I can't tell you names and dates of 35 wines. I just like the stuff.
BLSA Celebrates Future By Honoring Past

By Ashley Mitchell

The untimely death of Michigan Law student Alden J. Carpenter in 1978 left an indelible mark on the Michigan Law community. Affectionately known to his family, friends and classmates as “Butch,” Mr. Carpenter was a native of Flint, MI. He attended the University of Michigan where he majored in business and became a Michigan football standout.

Butch was a New England Patriots draftee when his professional football career was derailed by a knee injury. With the end of his football career came the opportunity to return to Michigan as a law student. He attended Michigan Law with the idea that he could use his background in business and law to serve the community.

Butch intended to use his professional skills to promote the economic development of urban communities. However he died unexpectedly at the age of 28, collapsing during a recreational basketball game, and short of completing his legal education. Shortly thereafter, students of the Black Law Student Alliance (BLSA) voted unanimously to establish the Alden J. “Butch” Carpenter Memorial Scholarship Fund pursuant to his devotion to community uplift.

Awarding its first recipient with a $100 scholarship, the scholarship committee now awards a total of $35,000 in scholarships to three first-year students who are dues-paying members of BLSA. Scholarship recipients are chosen based on an essay in which they demonstrate their commitment to using their legal education to promote economic development and community service in the field of business law.

Butch’s family, friends, and classmates still support and attend the banquet, including his wife Vivian. Current members of BLSA and prior scholarship recipients organize the event.

This year’s banquet served dual purposes. In addition to memorializing...
the spirit of Butch, the banquet-celebration also paid tribute to Doris McCrary McCree. Doris McCrary McCree was yet another significant loss to the Michigan Law community. She passed at the age of 90 on December 7, 2010.

Just because a person dies of old age, Professor Emily Hou said, does not mean that you miss them any less, as she admittedly fought back emotion. Hou is a 1996 Michigan Law graduate. She is currently the Gustavus Henry Wald Professor of the Law where she teaches contracts at the University of Cincinnati College of Law. McCree filled the role as a mentor and friend to former students such as Hou.

McCree was the widow of Wade H. McCree Jr. Mr. McCree was a county circuit judge and a federal judge for the Eastern District of Michigan. He was the first African American to serve for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and the second African American to be appointed U.S. Solicitor General. He joined the Michigan Law faculty in 1981, serving until his death in 1987.

After her husband’s passing, Doris McCree remained active in the Michigan Law community by counseling students on career placement.

Following the tribute and dinner, Professor Ted Shaw made remarks as the program’s keynote speaker. Shaw is a former Michigan Law professor. He served as a former director-counsel and president of the NAACP’s Legal Defense and Educational Fund (LDF) from 2004 to 2008. During his tenure at LDF, Shaw was the lead counsel of a coalition that represented African-American and Latino students in Gratz v. Bollinger.

Shaw spoke extensively about the Supreme Court’s decision in Regents of the Univ. of Calif. v. Bakke and its effects on minority participation in higher education.

This year’s event was held at the Four Point Sheraton Ann Arbor. The banquet is held annually and attracts 150 to 200 attendees each year.

Email us at rg@umich.edu with comments.
class about zoning laws and setting up porn shops in different neighborhoods. He said that, while he was looking in the porn shop, a Scotsman dressed in full Highland gear burst into the porn store and said [in thickly accented Scottish], 'Have ye got any bestiality?"

—Julia Papastavridis, 3L

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"Everything, everything was about puss-cats. He'd say, 'You know, I own this puss-cat. Can I bake my puss-cat into a pie? Can I make a sweater out of a puss-cat? Can I trade my puss-cat to a neighbor for his squirrel recipe? Because squirrels, after all, are quite useless unless you can make them into some sort of a pie.' Always puss-cats. Puss-cats, and squirrels, and pie."

—Theo Arnold, 3L

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"It's hard to be funny about Brian Simpson because he is so ironically aware of his own comic side. That side is quite seamlessly cultivated; designed, I would guess, to disguise, with wit and humor, his own very deep seriousness. So I will not be able to tell much that Brian has not already entertained us with himself: like the time he decided to get a pilot's license and in response to the instructor's request to practice recovering from stalls Brian turned the ignition off at 3,000 feet, shutting down the engine, instead of just throttling down to idle. The instructor never recovered from the shock to his system. Brian merely giggled—after, that is, he succeeded in restarting the engine."

—Professor Bill Miller

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"I was always a fan of his advice for learning the Rule Against Perpetuities: sit down, at home, with a wet towel for your forehead and a glass of gin. My personal favorite: the 'glass' of gin. Not a shot, a full glass of gin."

—Reba Rabenstein, '10

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"I remember Professor Simpson talking about a research project that he was doing and he received a collection of evidence from a prison...they were prison messages that prisoners would write to each other. They were rationed...likely bruised a rib or two. He said that he waited there for five minutes and 'when death did not come for me, I thought perhaps I should get an ambulance.' I discovered years later that he had concealed the nature of his accident from his secretary, who would have worried greatly. I think he told her he had slipped on a patch of ice."

—Joe Wang, '10

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"The best discussions with Brian Simpson I ever had had nothing (well, almost nothing) to do with law. They revolved around his truly favorite topic: the battle Agincourt where, on St. Crispin's day (25 October) 1415, the badly outnumbered English whipped the French, wiping out much of their aristocracy in the process (see Shakespeare, Henry V). Almost nothing could get Brian Simpson going like a debate about the range of the English archers and their long-bows. Clearly, if he had any respect for me, it was not because of anything I had ever published or taught but because I knew something about 15th century warfare and weaponry, i.e., the truly important things in life...with Brian, one always had the distinct feeling that he had actually been there in 1415, in an earlier incarnation, longbow in hand, giggling."

—Professor Mathias Reimann

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Have more priceless Simpson stories to share? Email us at rg@umich.edu and do tell. We will continue to compile more of your stories in the online version of this article at www.theresgestae.com.
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Across
1. Workplace stds. enforcer
5. Something a cat doesn’t like
9. Place to live
14. Mimicry expert
15. “Peek—!”
16. Lox holder
17. Kindergarten tune, with “The”
20. Soda shop freebie
21. Procter & Gamble best seller
22. Some motel prohibitions
23. Narc’s org.
25. Gen. Bradley
27. Entrance to a botanical display
33. Rap sheet letters
35. Hindu title of respect
36. Standby passenger’s salvation
37. Neighbors of Croats
40. Firefighter’s tool
42. “Bye Bye Bye” boy band
43. Declares void
45. W.W. II arena
47. “Do ____ favor”
48. Gift that almost killed Snow White
52. Low grades
53. Simple shirt
54. Burn treatment
57. U.S. 1 and others: Abbr.
60. Tease
64. What the ends of 17-, 27- and 48-Across each represent
67. Some lounge combos
68. “Goodness gracious!”
69. Curved trajectories
70. Sporty Chevy, for short
71. Unruly crowds
72. Alder or elder

Down
1. Bunglers
2. Petty dispute
3. Frau’s partner
4. Military flotilla
5. Mixologist’s workplace
6. Somewhat
7. Actress Collette
8. “Oh, goody!”
9. Civil War nickname
10. Unwanted publicity
11. Curved molding
12. Shoulder muscle, briefly
13. Right-angle joints
18. Ornamental jug
19. Charles Atlas, for one
24. Words from sponsors
26. Oodles
27. Bouquet ___ (herb bundle)
28. Time worth remembering
29. Didn’t allow
30. “What did I do to deserve this?”
31. Super-duper
32. Org. that once used the slogan “In Service for the Girls of the World”
33. “Without delay”
34. Numbers game
38. Stop for a motor coach
39. Plumlike fruit
41. Plane’s landing stat
44. Hägar the Horrible’s hound
46. Say no, with “out”
49. Think the world of
50. Durable do
51. Eagerly accept
54. When Hamlet dies
55. It’s handed down from generation to generation
56. Forget to include
58. As a result
59. Sign of healing
61. Teri of “Tootsie”
62. Enough, for some
63. Big Board letters
65. Fair ____ (copyright issue)
66. Some E.R. cases