Football Observations By The Unqualified

By Tomek Koszyliko

I might be the most unlikely person to write an article on football. Ever.

Aside from knowing the shape of a football and recognizing football players when they wear their uniforms, I am totally lost when it comes to the sport. So imagine my surprise at being asked to write an article about my (lack of?) experience. Me? There are hordes of students in the Law School who are more qualified to write about football than I am. Aren't there?

That got me wondering. Maybe my lack of knowledge isn’t all that unusual. Although a deep, burning passion for college football appears to be part of the DNA of Michigan students (or at least it’s injected into them at some point during college - don’t let your mind get too creative here), maybe law students don’t share the love. Perhaps my lack of football knowledge is representative of the law school population?

So I thought I would conduct a little survey to find out. I sent an invite to LawOpen to participate in a one-question poll asking you to evaluate your knowledge of football. Because I have access to two student populations thanks to my dual-ness, I sent the same survey to SPH-Open, the equivalent listserv at the School of Public Health. The question, with five possible answers, was:

What do you know about football?
1. I know less than nothing. What are those white U-shaped poles for?
2. I’ve seen/been to a game or two. Mostly for the tailgate beer.
3. I know an average amount, but lots of people know more.
4. I am an avid fan and provide alternative commentary during football games.
5. My knowledge is profound. I can serve as an expert witness regarding anything football.

My guess regarding the outcome was that the Law School would, on average, know slightly less than the Law or SPH student. Survey says: I’m totally wrong.

In all, 92 people in the Law School and 95 people in the School of Public Health responded to my request. That’s way more than I expected, so kudos to you for your participation. Then again, a one-question survey isn’t all that much expended labor, and it might be just the thing to get a person through that dry-as-toast Transnat or Biostatistics class once you’ve gotten sick of Above the Law, sporkle, and failblog. I am happy to have provided a well-needed distraction for a few minutes as you scrolled through the highly amusing fake names y’all posted in the survey (I’ll get to my favorite fake names later).

The numbers showed this: 46% of law students think they are in the top two categories of football knowledge, while 32% of SPH students think the same. Conversely, 22% of law students put themselves in the bottom two knowledge brackets, while 33% of SPH students think they’re at the low end. Also, the SPH students’ answers fit an almost perfect normal distribution curve (how collectively, poetically appropriate). What does this mean? Absolutely nothing. As one of the participants let me know by their fakename, “This is a really bad study design.”

Yes, I know I didn’t control for any variables whatsoever. Don’t get your statistical panties all in a knot. I was not about to embark on a multivariable study to write a football article for a law school newspaper. I might as well have written it in Sanskrit as well.

Some of you pointed out the shortcomings of my one-variable study: the SPH has a higher percentage of women and the Law School has a higher percentage of men, and this might affect the numbers. The Law School, in turn, has a higher percentage of know-it-alls who are more likely to overrate their knowledge of everything including football. Right? (If you’re mad at me right now, that’s because you’re one of them. Please email me and express your anger.) Finally, who says that either of these groups is representative of the University of Michigan population at large? Not I. Can you imagine 40,000 law students and SPH students? I shudder to think.

Now, if I had more free time, I could have run an analysis comparing population...
Letter to the Editor: LRAP

Dear RG,

Why is it so hard to take a public interest job after graduation? The average law student graduates with debt in excess of $80,000. Except for a charmed segment, most of us will leave here with a similar amount, if not more. This enormous financial obstacle to taking a low-paying public interest job is something that many of us choose to confront. That's why I'm writing. There's been much buzz around the Law School about the uncertainty of the Loan Repayment Assistance Program (LRAP). Many of us just don't know what its status is. In this vacuum, pure speculation is just breeding more speculation. Themis is leading Homer.

For those who aren't familiar with LRAP, it's simple. It's a program that provides an opportunity for University of Michigan Law School graduates to accept a lower paying job without feeling overwhelmed by the debt they've accumulated while earning their degree. I won't get into the deep minutiae, but to qualify it's a three-step process. First, your annual available income is calculated. Next, your Law School debt burden is determined by subtracting your student contribution from eligible debt. Eligible loans include Stafford subsidized and unsubsidized loans, GradPLUS, loans from the Law School or from an external lender. Lastly, the Program's contribution is calculated. In short, it's a genuine good faith effort to make sure the funds are going to folks who really need them. However, lately there have been rumblings that change may be on the horizon.

Here's what I've heard: LRAP is being reduced last year to address LRAP and so far they've decided not to reduce the budget. However, there will be no increase, even in light of the expected increased demand. Last of all, the school is looking at a way to reconcile its program with the federal program.

It's good to know that something is happening. It really is. But how much longer before we know more or action is taken? The need for clarity is imperative. What's decided with LRAP will affect decisions that many of us will make, some sooner than others, in the near future. It will play a part in deciding what state to live in as well as affect lifestyle choices for at least the next five years. (God forbid you have to move to NYC or San Fran without LRAP as an option.)

To many, the LRAP was a pivotal factor in the decision to come to Michigan. It would be a shame to come to Michigan, a public school with such a storied history of work in the public interest, under the expectation of a top flight LRAP only to watch it unravel. I implore the committee, when making its decision about the future of LRAP, to take into account that not only is LRAP a major lifeline for those who'd like to work in public interest upon graduation, but it is also a powerful demonstration of the school's commitment to public service. A strong LRAP commitment can be as commanding as the new law school building that is being built.

It's been my experience that Michigan is a school with a tremendous commitment to public service. It's the home of Darrow, Rickey and many other greats. Let's continue this legacy of generosity and make it a little easier to do public interest work. Let's figure LRAP out, together.

Paz,
Ibert Schultz,
3L
**Justice At All Costs: Is the Tide Turning?**

**By Phil Zeeck**

Joe Harris Sullivan is the eye of the latest Supreme Court hurricane.

On a May morning twenty years ago, Sullivan and two friends robbed the home of Lena Bruner, a Florida resident. Bruner was absent during the burglary, but after she returned, someone entered her house, threw a veil over her head, beat her, and raped her. At the time Bruner was 72 years old. Sullivan was just 13. He was tried for sexual assault as an adult.

Biological evidence collected by police was destroyed before it could undergo DNA testing. Bruner was unable to visually identify her assailant, so prosecutors had Sullivan recite words the assailant used. Bruner said Sullivan's voice "could very well be" the same voice she heard the day of her rape. After a six-hour trial, the judge declared Sullivan "beyond help," and sentenced him to life in prison without parole.

On November 9th, the Supreme Court heard oral arguments in *Sullivan v. Florida*. Around the case's axis swirl many of American justice's most contentious issues: race, income, and education, to name three.

Sullivan's youth is particularly salient. He is one of 73 Americans now serving life sentences for crimes committed at age 13 or 14. (Two are so incarcerated in Michigan.) The Supreme Court will consider whether these sentences violate the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments' prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment.

Sullivan was convicted of a vicious crime, and at 13 years old he'd already had 17 previous scrapes with the law.

"It's astonishing that anyone could rack up this kind of criminal record at 13. This clearly isn't your typical 13-year-old," Kent Scheidegger, legal director for the Criminal Justice Legal Foundation, told *Newsweek*.

But life terms like Sullivan's put the United States on a global fringe. Iraq and North Korea are among the vast majority of nations that do not permit life sentences for youths. In 2006, the United Nations voted on a measure urging all nations to abolish such sentences. One hundred eighty five countries voted for the ban. The United States was the sole dissenter.

Harvard Law School professor Charles Ogletree, who filed an amicus brief on Sullivan's behalf, believes sound science is behind such a ban.

"The extensive body of research on adolescent development proves that adolescents have not reached the level of mental or emotional development that allows adults to make mature decisions, think through consequences, and control their impulses," Ogletree wrote in a column for the American Constitution Society last week.

"This same developmental immaturity also makes adolescents the strongest candidates for rehabilitation as they grow older."

The United States needs sentencing reform, and not just for juvenile offenders. One in 100 American adults are in prison, by far the most of any industrialized nation and six times the global average. *The Economist* reports more than 20% of inmates have been sexually assaulted by guards or other inmates, and four times as many mentally ill Americans are in jail as in mental hospitals.

The problem reaches every community in America. If you haven't yet, check out the *Ann Arbor Chronicle*'s current series on life in a Washtenaw County lockup. It isn't dainty.

Most inmates belong in jail. Our criminal justice system gets most cases right most of the time, and it justifiably emphasizes personal responsibility. Sentencing reform is not a normative issue.

Our current approach is simply untenable. Our prisons are too crowded, too violent, and too expensive. Instead of reforming inmates, they seem to breed crime. The Justice Department says two-thirds of prisoners released this year will be arrested again within three years.

It is, at its core, a political glitch. The United States was on par with the rest of the world's incarceration rates until the mid-1970s, when "tough on crime" re-entered vogue. Today, few politicians will risk a "soft" label by taking up prison reform.

Virginia Senator Jim Webb has already passed the toughness test. In March, the former Marine and Navy Secretary proposed the National Criminal Justice Commission Act of 2009. The bill would create a bi-partisan commission to study America's prison system and propose reforms. It's a small first step, but necessary.

Joe Sullivan may not have to wait for Congress. The Supreme Court has adopted a softer stance on youth sentences in recent years.

In its 2005 *Roper v. Simmons* decision, the Court declared execution off-limits for juvenile offenders. Justice Anthony Kennedy, the swing vote on *Roper*, wrote for the majority.

"From a moral standpoint," Kennedy argued, "It would be misguided to equate the failings of a minor with those of an adult, for a greater possibility exists that a minor's character deficiencies will be reformed."

Kennedy will likely be the swing vote again when the Court discusses *Sullivan*.

Send Phil your comments at rg@umich.edu.
The Fast and the Furious

By Patrick Berry

I.

It is unclear whether having to battle cancer has made my still brutally sarcastic and, at times, hilariously uncompasionate sister a better person. It is clear, however, that it has made her a fitter one.

Hitting the gym 3 to 4 times a week, signing up for 5k’s and Races for the Cure whenever she can, she has developed a commitment to healthy, active living that goes far beyond just opening up a charge account at Niketown.

Her husband, Chris, however, is not quite as aerobically motivated. He prefers Netflix to Niketown and considers a Race for the Cure a good opportunity to nibble on a scone while other people sweat.

This discrepancy might explain why, when asked during a recent family gathering whether she could beat her husband in a footrace, Kathleen responded categorically, almost tauntingly, “Any time. Any distance.”

In Chaplinsky v. New Hampshire (1942) the Supreme Court held that insulting taunts directed at a town marshall were “fighting words.” In a future case it might hold my sister’s own taunts, when directed at one’s spouse, to be “racing words.” Chris sure did.

Within seconds a time—“Now”—and a distance—“Down to Ms. Peters’ house and back”—were set. A stop watch was grabbed. Water bottles were filled. Chris’s father, Mr. Conner, ever the one to build up the self-esteem of those close to him, volunteered to be the third, self-sacrificing entrant so that “at least neither of you will finish last.”

II.

Mr. Conner was once quite the athlete and more specifically quite the runner. A member of his University’s cross country team, he continued to run through fatherhood, routinely logging seven miles a day. Up until his fortieth birthday he could do a 5:30 mile.

Since the introduction of “Hot Pockets” into supermarket freezers, however, Mr. Conner’s fitness and speed have suffered precipitously. Although still no stranger to the running track, his preferred distance is now one mile and his “jog” is more like a slow slide or shuffle—at no point are both feet off the ground at the same time.

Like his father, Chris also has something of an athletic past. He ran track in high school and also joined, albeit briefly, the crew team in college. But his post-college life has been considerably more sedentary than sporty, and when asked about the last time he actually ran, the Manhattan-commuter responded: “9/11. If skyscrapers are not tumbling down, I barely make it past a stroll.”

III.

Kathleen’s confidence at the starting line, then, was not entirely unfounded. She was the lightest, leanest and, in her matching purple dri-fit running top, shorts, and shoes, the most appropriately dressed of the three. Chris was in navy blue khaki shorts and a white polo while Mr. Conner was just lucky to be wearing two of the same shoes. He doesn’t always.

Plus Kathleen had her mother-in-law, Mrs. Conner, cheering for her, at least outwardly. Later Mrs. Conner, the same woman who used to feel bad for the opponents her kids would strike out in Little League, would confess that she was in fact wishing for a tie—and, more importantly, that her husband would not suffer a heart attack.

She would get only one of these wishes. Her husband did avoid suffering a heart attack. But the race did not end up in a tie. Anything but in fact.

Within the first 10 meters Chris “Drinking Gatorade is Enough Exercise for Me” Conner would explode to a 5-length lead that would only increase as the race neared its “down and back” completion. Back straight, head up, face impressively unstrained, he looked like a white Banana Republic-sponsored Usain Bolt and crossed the finish line well ahead of the sweaty but satisfied second place Mr. Conner, and the discouraged, borderline-ready-for-divorce, third place Kathleen.

We will have to wait to see if Kathleen ever learns to forgive Chris for his natural, though often dormant, athletic ability. But we do know that she has learned, albeit bitterly, that being fitter doesn’t necessarily mean that you are faster, and being sure of victory doesn’t always protect you from being embarrassed by defeat.

Patrick welcomes your comments, which you can direct to rg@umich.edu.
This Is Water

Embracing Your Inner Idiot

By Dave Heal

When J. Robert Oppenheimer left Harvard to study experimental physics at Cambridge, he showed up and was, for the first time, surrounded by lots of people that were better than him at something. This is the same man who in the early 1940s helped figure out how to harness the recent discovery of nuclear fission and build an almost unimaginably destructive bomb out of comparatively tiny amounts of material. Which is to say that he changed the course of the 20th century. Oppenheimer was by all accounts a certifiable genius, but he was clumsy enough in a lab that he was apparently unable to conduct the high level experiments that he wanted to pursue.

What’s the point of all this, you ask? Well, this little parable is meant to illustrate one of the ineluctable facts of life: you are not as smart or good at stuff as you think you are. Most of us, however, do not need didactic stories from the pre-Internet days to hammer this point home. The closely related corollary is that at some point in your life—and for many of you law school is that point—you will in fact realize that you are not as spectacularly, effortlessly brilliant as your Mom led you to believe. But the good news is that you can’t, and don’t have to be, good at everything.

Oppenheimer ended up moving to Germany to become a golden god of theoretical physics. Those of us with slightly more pedestrian brains don’t have that option. But all but the very lucky or delusional will have to make similar choices. We can either plow ahead, camouflage our deficiencies and become consumed by desperately trying not to be found a fraud, or we can embrace our own particular level of incompetence and harness it.

I know there’s a special kind of marrow-level sadness that accompanies the end of what, for many of us, was a prolonged period of adolescent self-regard. But there are few people who go on to do great things without abandoning this egotic perception of their own intelligence. Even if you’re the second coming of Eve Brensike-Primus, there’s value in assuming the position of the dull student and asking questions accordingly. Hell, even Socrates is believed to have said, “As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.” Now, you can quibble with the meaning of the phrase in context all you want, but I’m choosing to give the middle finger to the intentional fallacy and use it here in accordance with its popular deployment in countless self-help books.

See THIS IS WATER, page 13

Ye Olde Issue Spotter

By Kevitt Adler

A, a 17-year-old male, suffers from clinical depression and hallucinations, although he takes no medication for either condition. He lives in a large house with much of his extended family, including his mother G, step-father C, and girlfriend O.

One summer afternoon, on entering the house after his weekly romp in the graveyard, A happens upon G coaxes the épeé from R and U, asking that they “do the deed.” A then retrieves a custom-sharpened épeé from his room, intending to show it off to G, or possibly his imaginary friends. A bursts into G’s room and finds her en déshabillé, the curtains rustling suspiciously in the corner. Never having taken his mother’s remarriage well, A enters a state of rage and skewers the drapes, hoping to catch C, his step-father, unawares. Unfortunately, the body is that of P, O’s father whom G had asked to fix her windows while C was out of town.

At that moment O bursts on the scene and, seeing P bleeding on the floor, says “I think I’ll go to bed.” Minutes later she drowns in the backyard pool.

In the meantime A cools off. Being the level-headed sort, G coaxes the épeé from A and escorts him to his room.

Half an hour later C pulls into the driveway, home from his business trip. G apprises him of the situation and the two agree that A must be dealt with the hard way. C calls two well-muscled associates, R and U, asking that they “do the deed.” R and U interpret this as a request to fit A for a pair of concrete shoes prior to giving him a swimming lesson. The two of them force A into their car and all three set off.

G and C decide to bundle the two bodies in garbage bags and put them on the street before L, O’s brother, arrives for his post-fencing tea and biscuits. They succeed; however, they fail to notice O’s arm hanging out of a bag. L recognizes his beloved sister’s appendage and runs into the house, flailing his saber at G and C. Before they can explain, A reenters, wielding a crowbar he found in the back seat and used to subdue R and U (when their car is found at the bottom of the river, weeks later, investigators determine that R died within moments of receiving the beating; U sustained less severe wounds and died of asphyxiation).

L lunges at A, bellowing “Have at you!” The two engage in combat and both sustain mortal wounds. G and C, relieved, share a glass of wine. After a few moments both die of arsenic poisoning.

Identify what, if anything, is rotten in the state of Denmark.

If thou wouldst deign send Kevitt a comment, he can be reached at rg@umich.edu.
The Beer Guy

It’s a Small World After All

By Joe Wang

After a somewhat delightful trip through a few local beers of Michigan last issue, we continue this time with a salute to our international students and faculty. Michigan Law School draws from over thirty countries, and each has something special to bring to the great pub table. Some are delicious, some are intriguing, and (to be perfectly honest), some are not very good. A word to our international friends: if you feel that I have unfairly maligned your country of origin or its beer, let’s meet over a pint so you can set me straight. One thing missing is a beer from Africa—if anyone knows where I can get one in Ann Arbor, let me know. Now without further ado, let’s get started.

Old Speckled Hen, Greene King Brewery (5.20% ABV; $5.25 / pint @ Ashley’s)

This is my go-to beer in Autumn, as it reminds me of my two delicious years in England. Indeed Old Speckled Hen was originally brewed in Abingdon, just down the road from Oxford’s dreaming spires. As an English bitter, Old Speckled is traditionally served at cellar temperature (around 55%): warmer than the ice-cold lagers with which we Americans are familiar. So I recommend ordering two: drink the first one leisurely while allowing the second to come up to a more authentic temperature. When cold, it’s creamy and honeyed, with a sharp bitterness that creeps in halfway through each sip of toffee goodness. And, as it warms, the carbonation wakes up, and the bitterness gets more aggressive while still maintaining the wonderful balance that Old Speckled’s fans love.

Dos Equis Amber Lager, Cervecería Cuauhtémoc Moctezuma (4.50% ABV)

Yes, we’ve all seen the TV ads with the most interesting man in the world drinks a damn boring beer.

Molson Canadian Lager, Molson Breweries of Canada (5.00% ABV)

This is, perhaps, the most readily available of the international beers on this list. I recognize that this is an easy target, but I enjoy battling straw men as much as a Con Law professor does. And straw man is an apt parallel, as this beer was straw colored and tasted, ultimately, of grassy nothingness. Truly, this beer was bland and inoffensive, which is, perhaps, the most offensive notion of all. This beer plays it safe like a 1L who treats lecture like a duck-and-cover exercise: daring neither to be exposed as an idiot nor marked as a gunner. Flat in flavor and unassertive in carbonation, its aftertaste is sweet and redolent of stale white bread: a sad but apt descriptor of the beer as a whole.

Norwegian Wood, Haand Bryggeriet (6.50% ABV; $6.99 / bottle @ Whole Foods)

See THE BEER GUY, page 16
The Beer Guy: Prof Pick Edition

By Jonathan Fombonne and Gautam Hans

My favorite beer? Not an easy question. I could almost instantly name my favorite coffee place in Ann Arbor: Comet, in Nickels Arcade (better than anything I have found at The Hague or Munich) or my favorite red wine(s) because my affection for them (like my love for my wife, Maria) does not depend on "context."

But with beer it is more difficult--I can imagine situations in which I would not suffer at all if I didn't get any, and while in Ann Arbor I am quite happy with a Pilsner Urquell or even a certain Samuel Adams. Unfortunately, the products of the microbreweries in Ann Arbor or its surroundings remind me of unhappy love stories: despite all the affection, they just don't work out.

So, my favorite "beer situation" is a Bavarian beer garden on a beautiful summer evening and in nice company; I am sitting under a chestnut tree, have ordered my Fleischpflanzerl (ask Prof. Reimann) with potato salad and, while waiting for this Southern German soul food, take the first sips of an ERDINGER WEISSBRAEU, with genuine foam on top (available in Ann Arbor in bottles but without most of the foam). Prost!
The Halloween Party: This Year, Without Ticket Drama!

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Tori Roth

Photo by Tori Roth

Photo by Matt Weiser
TJ Hooper and the Learned Hands!

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Tori Roth

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Matt Weiser

Photo by Tori Roth

Photo by Tori Roth
The Kickball Tournament: A BLSA/LLSA Co-Production

Photos by Charlie Quigg
Congrats to the Winners: Balls Deep!
SQUALSA Brings the Joy of Pumpkin Carving to the Quad

Photos by Matt Weiser
Football Observations By The Unqualified

FOOTBALL, from page 1

means (Law School: 3.33; SPH: 2.99), but that just didn't happen because, well, I haven't studied that part for the midterm yet. Plus, if you guys see any more statistics in this article, you might vomit. I understand that. Finally, you can put all the icing you want on a pile of statistical dung, but it will still be statistical dung. I did, however, want to include bar graphs and pie charts (see page 18). Because everybody loves bar graphs and pie charts, whether they're based on statistical dung or not (see generally, most health care reform debate arguments).

So, as it turns out, there are hordes of you in the Law School who are more qualified than me to write an article about football. I am, in fact, as below the curve in football knowledge as I am in legal knowledge. I am not terribly surprised by that. But I will have you know that I have been to one football game. The Michigan-Notre Dame game this year. And apparently, my football friends who know football things have told me that if there was one game to be at this year, it was the Notre Dame game.

What might be more interesting than the neat-o numerical data that my football knowledge survey produced was the font of human ingenuity that was tapped in crafting your anonymous names. I thought I would share a few of those with you. If you made the list, you get an A and you can reference this article on your résumé.

LAWSCHOOL FAKE NAMES:
(in no particular order)
Antonin "the Fist" Scalia
more laser beams
touch you with my learned hand
Wise Hebraico
can'ti be scalia?
Wellesley College Football: UndeFeated since 1875
Tomek's stalkee
Changing my last name to Forcier
Knowledgeable Appendage
die stupid memo
Put the Pats game on, Horace
Sex Criminal Boat
See the whole list of law student responses at http://doodle.com/2uqzhq3pz3tgexq2.

SPH FAKE NAMES:
(in an order known only to me)
Represent Team Universal Coverage
this is a really bad study design
OMG Shoes!

This Is Water

Embracing Your Inner Idiot

For all their faults, many of the students labeled gunners are on to something. The first year of law school is full of collections of simple words that give way to entire subfields of incredibly complex scholarship. Some of it is probably so much tenure-track onanism, but scholars in these areas aren't completely inventing all of the difficulties in deciphering phrases like "to regulate Commerce." The law isn't rocket science, but neither is it tiddlywinks, and a merely superficial understanding of a deceptively simple concept will frequently manifest itself further up the pyramid where the really interesting and important stuff is happening. So, follow the lead of your local gunner: take a foundational concept and assume, if necessary, that you're too dense to understand it.

To unburden oneself from this idea that you either immediately get something and are smart or don't and are a moron is rally liberating. There's no shame in failing to understand something the first time around. In fact, I would argue that a kind of willed idiocy is a virtue. This can obviously be taken to an extreme, and I wouldn't recommend walking into Kroger and demanding to know why Grape Nuts have neither grapes nor nuts. Some of our zany language's logic-defying quirks are in fact better left a mystery.

But there's a reason why that annoying, extroverted person in your Spanish class was able to learn things much more quickly. For better or worse, they weren't worried about looking like a buffoon, like they didn't know something. If you can get rid of your preconceptions about what you're supposed to be able to effortlessly understand and stop worrying about how that might directly reflect on your intellectual capacity, you will find a measure of comfort and, paradoxically, self-belief in the embrace of your own idiocy.

Dave is happy to answer any metaphysical questions his ponderings raise and can be reached at rg@umich.edu.
"Best" of LawOpen

Fast Times at Ridgemont Law

For the uninitiated, Best Of LawOpen is a series in which we trawl through our meticulously kept archives for actual emails from actual students and provide accompanying commentary. The email addresses you see below are, needless to say, not real; they've been changed to half-heartedly protect the guilty.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I Present: Naugahyde Windpipe!

From: Headynuggets420@umich.edu
Subject: Throwing a house party on Saturday the 14th? Want a sweet band to play it? [I-ed: Hint: next time use a shorter subject. Nobody reads their email at the IMAX.]

A local band from my undergrad will be in Ann Arbor on November 14th, and are looking to play a house party. They're a five member band, so they'll need a decent sized space to setup, but they'll get the people at your party moving for sure. They put on a great show with their indie dance rock. If you're interested, I'll send you their electronic press kit so you can check 'em out. Even if you're not throwing a party, but know of someone that is, help them out by providing some groovin' entertainment!

Party on,
[GlowssticksandBackRubTrains]

From: Headynuggets420@umich.edu
Subject: WT Borrow: Parking spot Tonight thru Saturday morning

So the band coming in to play at Live on Friday is getting in town tonight in their 15 passenger van, and needs a place to park within walking distance to the law school.

If you have a parking spot that you're not using, or have any suggestions as to where they could park their van, please reply directly to my email because I get the digest at midnight.

Holy shit! Did you know there was a band coming to town last week to play at Live? Yup, that's right, a band! One of those rarely seen accumulations of nomadic people with musical instruments and mouths agape came to Ann Arbor & you just might have missed it were it not for the persistent effort of one of your classmates. What's the name of this band? He won't tell you! Except that one time at the end of that one email two weeks before the show. But they went to undergrad with someone you go to Law School with! It has to be good! What undergrad, you ask? Once again he's not telling, but trust us, it makes a difference if it's Berklee or Miss Mary's College for Tone Deaf Meth Heads.

This band will, however, "get the people at your party moving for suuuaauuuree." It's unclear whether our semi-anonymous LawOpen emailer thinks he's at PCU, but here at Professional School we don't have parties with bands, let alone ones that are scheduled weeks in advance. And George Clinton is not rolling in off the freeway to play Partyaure. It's just not happening. Some guys last year tried to advertise one of these "house parties" on LawOpen. But there was no band, and everybody who went had the vague sensation that they were at a networking event in a really small conference center.

Give up the ghost. You went to law school. However cool you were in undergrad, you're dramatically less cool now, even if you're friends with a band that travels around in a 15-person van. Even if you render the word "undergrad" as "unda'grad" and sign off your emails with "Jay Dee oh twelve." [I-ed: Yup, this happened. Due to space constraints we just couldn't provide all 12 of the emails about this concert! And let's be honest, that's not your signature when you're replying to emails from future employers. It reeks of trying just a bit too hard to recapture an imagined youth spent leaning up against your Steve McQueen edition Mustang and listening to old Elvis bootlegs. Those days are over. Buy a nice set of pens and a solidly built briefcase and move on.

Mahalo, bitches!

If you've been reading LawOpen over the past week or so you could be forgiven for thinking that Dean Z has established a pipeline into Ridgemont High. I present to you three separate emails from 1Ls who, when not skiing the gnar or harshly bailing on a rad wave, are apparently also looking for accommodations that don't involve thatched palm fronds.

From: Somedude@umich.edu
Subject: WTRent your sweet house next year

Anyone currently in a good house with a good deal and moving out next year? Looking for a 4ish person place near the law quad. If you like your crib, let's keep it within the law family.

From: Someotherdude@umich.edu
Subject: WTFind: One sweet ace apt.

I'm looking for a 1 BR/Studio in the 7-800 range w/in a stone's throw of the law school (5 mi or less).

Any of you battle-wise 2Ls/3Ls got a line on the most rad apt. ever?

Thanks!

From: Replyingtosomeotherdude@umich.edu
Subject: Re: WTFind: One sweet ace apt.

Sorry to cramp your style [Someotherdude] (you can get first dibs, but I'm actually looking for the exact same type of apartment for next year. If any upperclassmen know of anything, I would appreciate an e-mail as well.
WANTED:

THE RES GESTAE: SEE WHERE TOO MUCH FUN WILL GET YA?

EMAIL RG@UMICH.EDU TO LEARN MORE
It's a Small World After All

THE BEER GUY, from page 6

According to the label, every farm in Norway used to be required by law to brew its own beer. Such laws originate, supposedly, in the 900’s, but they aren’t on Westlaw, so no independent verification was available. The smoked porter Norwegian Wood has a great malt depth, with a decent complexity and subtle carbonation. What begins as an aroma of smoke doesn’t strike the palate immediately: the smokiness comes in much later, like a good piece of bacon, or like walking through an old-world town and smelling a fireplace in the distance. However, this beer also promised juniper berries, and I got none of that.

Baltika #6 Porter, Baltika, St. Petersburg (7.0% ABV; $2.69 / bottle @ Whole Foods)

This beer was weird, but in a delicious way. I definitely got the taste of bitter almond or cherry, and it was pretty heavy on the tongue. A fellow taster brought up cough syrup, which I can’t automatically disagree with. For a beer this dark (and a head this pronounced), it had absolutely no aroma whatsoever, which was spooky. The sweetness of the beer seems to come from something other than malt (see Xingu, supra), but it’s tough really to say exactly where. The taste drops off strangely mid-sip, but it was warming, and, at 7.0% ABV, it’ll get you through a winter in Russia or in Michigan.

Joe welcomes your comments and invites you to take him out for a beer, or multiples, on your tab, of course. Send him your love by emailing rg@umich.edu.

THE RG HAS A NEW WEBSITE!
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WWW.THERESGESTAE.COM

Where Fun Goes to Have More Fun

Welcome to the new online home of the Res Gestae!

Though this entire affair is quite clearly a work in progress, we’d like to take this opportunity to welcome everyone to the Res Gestae’s brand spankin’ new website. We hope that, slowly but surely, it’ll evolve into a continuing resource for both students and alums.

While we’d like to think you’ve contemplated every possibility for this blog’s purpose, let’s

0 FEATURED

Happy Accident or Vast Conspiracy?
New 1Ls Have Some Unexpected Similarities

Brendon Olson did some intriguing things before coming to the University of Michigan Law School this year. The only thing...

By Brett DeGroff | Comments (0)
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The Joy of Stats: Football Knowledge Analyzed

**Law School**  
- \( n = 92 \)  
- mean = 3.35  
- std. dev. = 1.12

**Public Health**  
- \( n = 95 \)  
- mean = 2.99  
- std. dev. = 1.01

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WE WANT YOU TO JOIN THE RES GESTAE  
EMAIL rg@umich.edu
ACROSS

1. Intended
6. Place for remains
9. Cochlear canal
14. Mr. Fudd
15. Leached wood ashes
16. Beaver trait
17. Fat
18. Braveheart’s “no”
19. Cassandra’s dad
20. Kevin Williamson drama
22. Large Mediterranean fish
23. Sock filler
24. Rainbow goddess
26. Circumvent
30. Assists memory
34. Arrogated
35. Ryan Phillippe’s spouse
36. Single
37. Through contraction
38. In the middle
39. Ancient Peruvian civilization
40. Debutant (informal)
41. Calf-length skirts
42. At the pitches written
43. Relating to mountain formation
45. Renounce
46. Actor Bana
47. Bad hair
48. Freestyle
51. Develops sores
57. Surpass
58. Locomotion appendage
59. Home of Maine Black Bears
60. Hindu essence
61. Adam’s lady
62. Canary-like finch
63. Melts
64. Colored solution
65. Favre’s measurements

DOWN

1. Cat call
2. Napoleon’s isle of exile
3. Iowa city
4. Bird home
5. Location of #4 down
6. Arm bones
7. Baller Nolan
8. Unattractive quality
9. September min.
10. Italian tenor
11. Against
12. Not fat
13. Navy rival
15. Bagel accompaniment
16. Take it easy
17. Excel
18. Shows you your seat
19. Turbine
20. To and
21. Between two crenels
22. Biblical skin disease
23. Bauble
24. Sushi garnish
27. Fault
28. Jacket
29. Biblical book
30. Military doctor
31. Made fun of
32. Short skirt
33. Charged atom
34. Colle ct taxes
35. Length x width
36. Pressure unit
37. Buddhist essence
38. Oklahoma city
39. Italian tenor
40. Biblical book
41. Against
42. Not daughters
Kicking it Old School

Shot Put at the University of Michigan Law School, 1972

Law Student

Law Student

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