Quit Looking at My Butt: Onstage at Mr. Wolverine

By Tomek Koszylko

OVERHEARD in a drafty dressing room below the stage at Mendelssohn Hall, January 29, 2009, some time between 8:00 and 9:00 P.M.:

"Is this too much lipstick?"
"Yes. Totally. It looks ridiculous."
"Perfect."

Even more surprising than the conversation was the conversationalist; the lipstick-applier was Ben McJunkin, a towering baby-faced Paul Bunyan of a 3L who was one of the Mr. Wolverine contestants last year. He was dressed up as what I consider the most hilarious male rendition of Molly Ringwald I have ever seen. Three Molly Ringwalds stapled together would have probably taken up less space in the dressing room than Ben did in his gorgeous flowing pink strappy summer dress that night. We were getting ready for our respective class skits, while Mr. Wolverine 2009 was going on, full-throttle, above our heads.

These guys know that Mr. Wolverine will be the apex of their UMLS careers.

This year, the Mr. Wolverine competition has completed its sixth official year of existence, and I'm proud to be able to claim that I was one of the contestants in last year's event. It was the silliest, busiest, most stressful, and most rewarding thing I did that year, and perhaps in all of my time here at Michigan Law. A lot of us attend the annual law school boy pageant, but I'm not sure many people know how much love and labor goes into pulling off a shenanigan like Mr. Wolverine while simultaneously trying to keep up in class and doing all the other half-million things law students are obligated to do (like, for example, still looking for a motherloving job, for chrissake). So I thought I would take this time to describe that experience (ordeal?) from the point of view of one of the participants, and get a few other opinions along the way.

For those of you who don't know why the Mr. Wolverine competition exists (and I didn't for three semesters), I'll digress for a moment and talk the background scenery. Mr. Wolverine is an annual fundraiser organized by the Latino Law Students Association with the goal of raising money for LLSA's "Project: comunidad" program. What's that? Embarrassingly, until I wrote this article I had no idea. My crude answer was, "Um, it's like a program that helps Hispanic people. Like in the community or something." Although that is technically correct, you might have guessed that it leaves a whole lot to be desired, definitionally speaking. Sort of

See MR. WOLVERINE, page 17
Discovered Near Hutchins

While the Res Gestae is no FOUND magazine, we can still spot treasure when it's disguised as trash. The following is honest-to-goodness litter, discovered and rescued for posterity by one of the RG's very own staffers. Life coach or law school . . . the answer may be blowing in the wind.

---

PROFESSOR (RESPONDING TO STUDENT COMMENT): THAT’S BEAUTIFUL. EXCEPT THE COURT KEEPS SAYING THAT IT’S WRONG.

OVERHEARD IN THE LAW SCHOOL

EMAIL OVERHEARD@THERESGESTAE.COM

---
Question on the Quad: Basement Groups Attack!

MLaw has seen a boom in new basement groups this year, but there are yet some constituencies lacking formal organization. Since there's going to be all that extra space in the new building (eventually), which of the following clubs do you think would make the best next addition to the law school?

A. RepuLSA: The Republican Law Students Association. Tango has Cash, ACS has the Federalists, but the Law School Dems have no one. Sad, really.

B. People for the Ethical Treatment of Gingers: Stop using red heads in your in-class hypos, people. It's just cruel.

C. Alliance for Heteronormative Hegemony: Like Fight Club, but with more patriarchy.

D. Students Against the Proliferation of Boring Ensembles: The revolution will be appropriately styled and subsequently printed in glossy magazines for mass consumption.

E. Can we have all of them?: No really, can we?

F. None of the Above: Read my lips, no new groups.

---

Joe Jones, 3L (Option C)
"Can't we just have Greco-Roman wrestling instead?"

Kelley Tompkins Calvín, 3L (Option E)
"All of them, I need all of them. And T-Shirts for each."

Andrew Selbst, 2L (Option A)
"How can you say no to a group with a name like that?"

Rachel Schy, 1L (Option B)
"My best friend is a ginger, and I'm trying to get her help."

---

Question on the Quad: LSSS Survey Edition!

LSSS recently conducted a survey regarding the Fall 2010 Academic Calendar, which currently has the Exam Period ending on December 22 with only two study days.

Should the Fall 2010 Schedule Be Changed?

---

Yes: 74%  No: 23%  Don't Care: 3%
The Beer Guy

Dark Beers for Dark Days

By Joe Wang

Yep, it’s definitely January. We’re knee-deep in Seasonal Affective Disorder, and the prevailing color all around us is gray—gray skies, gray buildings, gray food, gray people, and, if you’re in Crim Law, lots and lots of gray areas. And let’s not pretend that it’s not cold out. So here’s a list of beers that might keep you warm in these cold, dark times.

Young’s Double Chocolate Stout

This British tipple is an outstanding example of a sweet stout. Dark and well-roasted with hints of malt sweetness and a deep, velvety creaminess, this is a great beer on a cold day. There’s some chocolate flavor, but it’s overtaken by a lot of sweet vanilla, raisin, and a curious smoothness (think Guinness, but with a lot more depth). If it weren’t so cold, this might go well with a scoop of vanilla ice cream floated in it.

New Holland Dragon’s Milk

I’m not convinced that New Holland didn’t add Bailey’s Irish Cream to this beer, since all I tasted here was vanilla, raisin, and caramel. It certainly wasn’t unpleasant, but it got really syrupy and cloying toward the end of the beer. It had all of the traditional silky smooth drinkability of a good, deep stout, but with the alcohol content of something a little less friendly. New Holland also makes “The Poet,” a deep black oatmeal stout that attempts to channel Poe’s Raven. Tastes wet and vegetal, like rosemary and lemon. Skip it.

Founder’s Dirty Bastard Ale

If sweet isn’t really your thing, go for a nice Dirty Bastard. It’s brewed in a Scottish bitter tradition that’s supposed to invoke the cold Scottish highlands and the rough complexity of Scottish cuisine. This would be a lovely accompaniment to haggis, either the regular or the vegetarian version (I swear that such a beast exists!), perhaps either to complement it or, if you drink enough Dirty Bastard, make you forget it. There’s a strange chewiness to this—it’s thick and syrupy, with a subtle malt sweetness and a deep burnt caramel character. At 8.2% ABV, handle with care.

Meantime London Stout

This beer has a great dark smoothness, with a malty sweet center and an oddly salty finish. It’s earthy (some flavor of mushroom), with the taste of coffee and vanilla right in the middle of the sip. It feels warmer than it should, probably because of the aggressive carbonation, since a 4.5% ABV shouldn’t do that on its own. It’s a delicious, if filling, beer; though further down the pint, it started to feel thinner than at the beginning.

And the winner...

Founder’s Breakfast Stout

Sadly, this beer does not taste like bacon, the true breakfast of champions. It does, however, exhibit wonderful morning coffee aromas and lovely mocha flavors that teeter precariously between malt sweetness and a touch of balsamic vinegar sourness. It’s made with oats (like a good breakfast), sits a little heavy in the stomach (like a good breakfast), and it’s 8.3% ABV (also like a good breakfast). Delicious, thick, and creamy. This is honestly my favorite beer from this brewery, and a glass of this would be a fantastic way to start a day. Be careful about that 8 A.M. class though.

Bonus beer:

Ale to the Chief - Avery Brewing Company

I tried this one on the anniversary of the Obama Inauguration. But I bought it at Busch’s where it was 20% off. Sometimes the political jokes kind of write themselves. Here’s the deal - this smells really wonderful, with great hops and malt notes on the nose. It looks gorgeous, with a thick creamy head and a cloudy amber tint. Promising, promising indeed. But sip it, and it smacks you in the face with an unbalanced alcohol flavor that obliterates everything else. Where did that great hop aroma go? The sweetness is still there—thank goodness—but against the booze it tastes almost cloying. What the aroma had promised, the flavor couldn’t deliver. Just when I was thinking IPAs were back...

Joe Wang welcomes your requests, as long as they are accompanied with a serious six-pack of brewskies. Reach him at rg@umich.edu.

The Beer Guy: Prof Pick Edition

Butterbeer: It’s Not Just for Harry Potter

The Beer Guy is proud to continue Prof. Pick - an occasional series in which a member of our esteemed faculty is invited to reflect on a beer of his or her choosing. John Pottow is a fixture around Michigan Law, known both for his lightning quick wit and his willingness to tell it like it is. Both are apparent here.

Sprecher’s Pub Ale (Wisconsin): I had occasion to try this recently at Zingerman’s Roadhouse and found it maintaining the strong tradition of overpricing. Still, I decided I had to get off my hop horse and dismount my go-to Sacred Cow. A blended draught—boasting no fewer than seven hops—it poured flat with a medium brown color. That initial taste was overwhelmingly buttery (so much so, I’m not kidding, I thought I had mistakenly put extra butter on my bread). Perturbed, I ate some dry bread and re-tasted. Butterfest! The butter flavor was strong and then petered out into a languid finish. This immediately made me want to blame someone (the Swedes have been getting off easy as of late), but I resisted and let the beer warm as I enjoyed my meal. And this brought the (plausibly) redeeming virtue—it paired well with the saltiness of chips and even brought out some of the richness of my grilled char. So it grew on me, but I don’t think I could in good conscience recommend it as a standalone beer, which is ironic given its pretensions to be a “pub ale.” Still, better than a slap in the face with a wet haddock, as they say.
This Is Water

By Dave Heal

This week we’re taking a break from my usual dose of earnest law school-related babbling and moving on, temporarily, to some earnest national security-related babbling.

Like most students I went home for Christmas break. And on Christmas morning I was sitting on my couch, in front of my TV, unwrapping the Roomba I won’t be able to use until I move out of AA and into a dwelling that more closely resembles something an actual adult would live in. You know, the kind of place that’s amenable to being cleaned by a robot vacuum. I was just about to show my Mom a video of a cat riding a Roomba when the newsman started telling me that a well-educated Nigerian guy tried to hide some explosives underneath his testicles.

And like a lot of people I went out later that night with a bunch of my buddies to a local bar with no sign, cheap drinks, and lots of TVs. Eventually the conversation turned away from the fact that our Christmas haul seems to be asymptotically heading towards a stocking full of Brazil nuts & wool socks. One of my friends had seen some mention of the attempted terrorist attack scroll along the bottom of the TV, and after uttering a bunch of expletives he managed to square out an indignant sentence or two about how let’s just get us a bunch of those damn full body scanners and plant them down in every major airport in the country and let’s get those TSA fuckers to pull on some rubber gloves and start flippin’ up some balls! I was going to check to make sure alien bodysnatchers hadn’t kidnapped my friend and replaced him with Cletus the Slack-Jawed Yokel before I realized that it’s not only the rah-rah America crowd that feels this way.

This kind of thinking also represents the consistent policy of band-aid security that the government employs every time the terrorists come up with a new way to sneak explosives onto airplanes. And while the measures that are passed in the wake of these attacks don’t represent the entirety of our security efforts, the resources that are devoted to preparing for tactics that have already been used would be much better spent on gathering & sharing real intelligence, the kind of intelligence that will stop more than just the next guy who thinks it’s a good idea to strap a bomb on or around an erogenous zone.

This isn’t to say that our emotional reactions to these attacks aren’t entirely valid. But we need to get better at separating out our immediate, visceral reactions to what amounts to a shocking but still rare event and base our security reaction on actual data. History shows that terrorists are really good at finding new and interesting ways to blow things up. Hell, I’m constantly surprised that a terrorist hasn’t targeted the already miserable security line itself or planted a bomb in some other large and mythically

When You Were Cooler

By Ryan Particka

It’s a big blue watery road. And after undergrad, rather than joining the cast of Deadliest Catch, Jess Bernfeld (2L), decided to research one of the more obscure aspects of commerce on the high seas: secondary registers.

To understand what a secondary register is, it helps to know what a “register” is in the first place. You may remember from Transnat (hurrah for practical applications of law school) that boats are considered floating land, and since they have to belong to somebody, that is where registers come in. All countries keep a list of ships that are registered to fly under their flag. Simple enough. You pay some fees to the country, follow their rules, and your boat gets to be a citizen of that place. Some of those rules are pretty strict though. Jess informed me that “traditional maritime countries used to have protectionist policies on their national registers (for example, Denmark requiring Danish-flagged vessels to employ only Danish, or EU, seafarers.” Apparently, seafarer wages are also tied to nationality, so regulations of that sort can be pretty expensive.

It gets interesting in that you never have to actually visit the place that you are registered to; you can even register a ship with Liberia or Panama online. Because you can often register with any country you want, the logical result is that many captains will pick the cheapest, most random country to register with. It also makes sense that many of the major shipping countries were less than thrilled when they started losing their ships, and the related revenues, to these “flags of convenience.” At some point, they decided to set up secondary registers. According to Jess, these secondary registers existed alongside the national register, “but were often ‘located’ on an offshore territory like the Canary Islands or Madeira – France even used its Antarctic territory, the Kerguelen Islands.”

Prior to Jess’s research, the commonly held assumption was that these secondary registers were something like “the shipping equivalent of a tax haven or export processing zone, essentially providing a way around domestic regulations and taxes without actually moving the ship to another country’s flag.” Nobody had bothered to look into that though, and as with most academic oversights, someone eventually gets to prove everybody else wrong.

After countless hours of reviewing documents and surveying seafarers, she

See THIS IS WATER, page 12

Sitting on the Dock of the Bay

By Ryan Particka

It’s a big blue watery road. And after undergrad, rather than joining the cast of Deadliest Catch, Jess Bernfeld (2L), decided to research one of the more obscure aspects of commerce on the high seas: secondary registers.

To understand what a secondary register is, it helps to know what a “register” is in the first place. You may remember from Transnat (hurrah for practical applications of law school) that boats are considered floating land, and since they have to belong to somebody, that is where registers come in. All countries keep a list of ships that are registered to fly under their flag. Simple enough. You pay some fees to the country, follow their rules, and your boat gets to be a citizen of that place. Some of those rules are pretty strict though. Jess informed me that “traditional maritime countries used to have protectionist policies on their national registers (for example, Denmark requiring Danish-flagged vessels to employ only Danish, or EU, seafarers.” Apparently, seafarer wages are also tied to nationality, so regulations of that sort can be pretty expensive.

It gets interesting in that you never have to actually visit the place that you are registered to; you can even register a ship with Liberia or Panama online. Because you can often register with any country you want, the logical result is that many captains will pick the cheapest, most random country to register with. It also makes sense that many of the major shipping countries were less than thrilled when they started losing their ships, and the related revenues, to these “flags of convenience.” At some point, they decided to set up secondary registers. According to Jess, these secondary registers existed alongside the national register, “but were often ‘located’ on an offshore territory like the Canary Islands or Madeira – France even used its Antarctic territory, the Kerguelen Islands.”

Prior to Jess’s research, the commonly held assumption was that these secondary registers were something like “the shipping equivalent of a tax haven or export processing zone, essentially providing a way around domestic regulations and taxes without actually moving the ship to another country’s flag.” Nobody had bothered to look into that though, and as with most academic oversights, someone eventually gets to prove everybody else wrong.

After countless hours of reviewing documents and surveying seafarers, she

See COOLER, page 7
Save Yourself
Frightfully Good Books to Warm You Up

By Carla Lee

The weather outside is, well, better than some of the storms crossing the country. Still, the temperatures are cold; bone-aching cold; fingers-and-toes-numbing cold; the kind of cold which leaves me envious of those of you who at the end of a long day can curl up in front of a fireplace with a good book.

I can’t give you a fireplace, but I can recommend some fun, entertaining books that will take your mind off the stress of law school and the nasty weather outside.

Title: Down to the Bone
Author: Mayra Lazara Dole

Blurb: Here’s what it means to be a tortillera. It means you’re a girl who loves girls. Which means you get kicked out of Catholic school faster than Mother Superior Sicko can say “immoral.” Which means your wacko Mami finds out. Which means you’re kicked to the curb with nowhere to go and the love of your life is shipped off to Puerto Rico to marry a guy. But this is Miami, and if you have a big-hearted best friend and a loyal puppy at your side, and if your broken heart is still full of love, you just might land on your feet.

Mini-review: Excellent story in which Dole deftly handles Laura’s queer and Latina experiences, the places where her identities merge and the places where they do not. It’s refreshing to see so many diverse characters in queer literature. Dole writes Laura as such a funny, charming, loving character that readers are sympathetic even when she’s lashing out at her friends or pretending to be something she’s not. The friendships here are just as important as the romances and all the characters are layered and well-written.

Title: Amy’s Answering Machine: Messages from Mom
Author: Amy Borkowsky

Blurb: Does your mother call you in a panic whenever there’s a storm warning for your area? Does she act as though it’s her duty to alert you to every health story on the news? Have you ever been briefly out of touch with your mother only to find she’s phoned everyone short of the National Guard to track you down — or, just maybe, are you that mother? Take comfort in knowing you’re not alone, as Amy Borkowsky shares more than a decade’s worth of maddening phone messages from her hilariously overprotective mom. Based on the hit CD of the same name, Amy’s Answering Machine features actual messages in which Amy’s mom warns her not to wear a red bathrobe because a friend’s grandson said that red is a gang color; advises her not to get a cat because “what if you finally found a nice guy and he was allergic?”; and cautions her not to wear crepe-soled shoes because “they were just saying on the news that if you’re ever in a plane crash, crepe is no good if you have to go down the slide.”

Mini-review: The messages from Amy’s mother are frequently hilarious, but Amy’s commentary between them reveals a warm family love that gently teases, not viciously mocks, the advice her mother leaves for her.

Title: Raptor Red
Author: Robert T. Bakker

Blurb: A pair of fierce but beautiful eyes look out from the undergrowth of conifers. Though the writing style is frequently awkward and overly formal, the werewolf story itself is a fun, fantastic read.

Mini-review: Many werewolf stories include horrible treatment of women -- violent murders, kidnapping, rape, torture porn at its worst -- but this one has a number of terrific female characters. Some are victims, some are saviors; some make intelligent choices, some make dumb ones; some are brave and some are terrified. Though the writing style is frequently awkward and overly formal, the werewolf story itself is a fun, fantastic read.

Title: Remember Me?
Author: Sophie Kinsella

Blurb: After taking a nasty bump on the head, Lexi Smart awakens in a hospital convinced that it’s 2004 and that she’s just missed her father’s funeral. It’s actually three years later, and she no longer has crooked teeth, frizzy hair and a loser boyfriend. Initially wowed by what she’s become—a gorgeous, cut-throat businesswoman—Lexi soon finds herself attempting to figure out how it happened. As her personality changes and lost memory
The Food Court

Soup: It Probably Won’t Get Stolen from 200 HH

By the Michigan Law Culinary Club

We were going to write a column about how Restaurant Week is a scam, and give you an industry insider’s perspective on how deceitful it purported “great deals” are. Then one of us went to the Wolverines’ hockey game at Joe Louis Arena, witnessed a nerve-wracking win and was filled with endorphins to the point of inducing a wave of positivity. [If you want to read our views on Restaurant Week, and other tirades against the horrible Ann Arbor restaurant scene, check out www.h8u2restos.com]. After walking home in the cold, a rant seemed unnecessary. New topic: soup.

Since we law students are supposedly starved for free time as we take part in the act of balancing legal practice memos, catching up on Jersey Shore and speculating as to whether or not Jersey Shore characters will in fact show up at Rick’s, finding an hour every day to cook and eat dinner seems like somewhat of an ordeal. Still, there’s something comforting about a home-cooked meal in this weather, and nothing is more comforting or easy to make than a good homemade soup.

Aside from warming the belly, soup has a functional advantage over most other food: it is truly the only food that reheats well in the microwave. If you have meat or fish, a microwave will simultaneously steam it and overcook it. If you have pasta, it will get mushy. Same goes for most vegetables. If you have risotto, or any dish that’s emulsified, the fats and solids will separate and your dish will be oily and greasy. Not good.

So if you’re tired of pretending to care about the Federalist Society’s “interpretation” of the Constitution just so you can eat their free Cottage Inn pizza, soup may be your solution. Soup, especially when it’s pureed smooth, is liquid, and its consistency and taste will not generally be affected by microwaving. If it gets a little thick, a little water will solve that problem. It’s also really the only food that can be salted after cooking, meaning you can season it on the spot with those little salt packets from the snack bar. And so, here are some tips on how to make your soup the envy of HH200:

1. Don’t overcook it.

When cooking vegetable soups in particular, you don’t want to let it simmer for too long. The vegetables lose nutrients, color, and flavor as they cook. Even though soup may seem like something you want to let simmer forever, some vegetable soups need only about 15 minutes of cooking.

2. Creamy without the cream

Some soups benefit from adding cream at the end, but it’s not always the best way to bring out the flavors in your soup, especially with vegetables with muted flavors like squash or leeks. Instead, add a potato (Yukon gold is preferable) or two to your soup before you blend it. The potato starch will help your soup have that creamy consistency without the actual dairy.

3. Invest in equipment

If you’re going to make pureéd soups, which are great for microwaving, you’ll need three things. First, get yourself a good blender, or at least a hand-blender. Second, buy a fine-mesh sieve to pass your soup through after it’s been pureed. Push the soup through with a spoon to

See THE FOOD COURT, page 13

When You Were Cooler

She Was on a Boat...at Some Point, Probably.

“was able to suggest that, in the shipping context, offshore was not necessarily synonymous with deregulation, that the national [register] was still relevant, and that everyone in academia who had been talking about these things without doing empirical analyses had gotten it totally wrong.” As a result, she got to take a break from the insanity that is life as a LL and present her research at a conference in Denmark.

Jess used port-state control data, information about seafarer nationality, and legislative histories to conduct a qualitative case study evaluating the implications secondary registers had for state sovereignty and globalization. Not all of it was glamorous, but it did provide her with some interesting experiences: during the first year of her M.Phil, in England all of the fellows went to the Bristol port as part of a research project. “The other fellows were all men, aged 30-45, and Chinese, Indian, Egyptian, and Kenyan. But it was only [Jess] (a 22-year-old, Caucasian, American female) that they wouldn’t let into the port. After way more questioning than she would have liked, they let her in. “It turns out that the U.S. has a tendency to send out inspectors -- sometimes undercover, apparently -- to ports around the world to make sure they are complying with security regulations, and the people working in Bristol were convinced that [she] was an American spy.” If that wasn’t cool enough for you, while on the Isle of Man, she ended up having quite a long conversation with Jeremy Clarkson (a prominent British journalist and the host of Top Gear, for all of you BBC fans)! It may not be partying with T-Pain and The Lonely Island boys, but it’s decidedly better than working at Kinko’s, straight flipping copies.

That being said, if you happen to know of someone who used to be cool, feel free to pass along an anonymous tip. I’d really love to hear from the LL’s. Any net I cast tends to bring in 2Ls and 3Ls, and it is always more fun to read about people you have class with.

Send comments and suggestions to rg@umich.edu.
Mr. Wolverine: Objectifying Men Since 2005

Dean Z: Going it alone!

1L. Victor Andy Trafford: “Dean Z or a Sack of Babies: Well, do the babies have a blog?”

Bob Fosse would have been proud of this one.

Sword-fighting was a popular theme in this year’s Firm Wear offerings.  

Luke’s dreams have finally come true.
Mr. Wolv.: When a 2L Wins, It’ll Blow Our Minds!

17 Contestants - But there can be only one winner. That poor dog never stood a chance?

Which of these is not like the other?

Rich Friedman: He’s smarter than you.

James Bond art direction, Andy Kaufman pose.

Say, can we all go back in time and not take the LSAT?
The victor! Andy Trafford with Emily Bretz and Andrea Hernandez.

Elle Woods would be proud of this Bend ‘n’ Snap.

Was Jesse born suave or is it just the suit? Matt Weiser

"What did I say?! Reimbursements require receipts!" Matt Weiser

Mitch knew that using a kid = automatic trip to the finals.
By Patrick Barry

Before I enrolled at Michigan my job was to play soccer—professionally. First in Scotland and then for about a season and half back in the States, I would wake up each morning, slip on a pair of shin-guards and head off to work. It is not a bad gig if you can get it. But it does come with its share of unexpected responsibilities, the most unexpected being, for me, the obligation to sign autographs.

Along with taking throw-ins, going up for headers, and being able to turn even the slightest foul into a seeming crime against humanity, one of the contractual duties of a professional soccer players is to show up after games, at camps, in schools, pretty much wherever your general manager tells you to, and write your name on every t-shirt, ball, or 12-year-old forehead that is presented. It is not an unpleasant duty. I often enjoyed it. But as with many of your other contractual duties—particularly the foul writhing one—it does, to do it well, require a certain amount of practice and preparation.

I do not mean to imply that signing autographs is very difficult. It’s not. But it is different—different, say, from signing a lease or signing a receipt or even signing your name on the top of an exam. And if you are not prepared for this, you may end up doing more damage than good with that little Sharpie of yours.

Unlike a receipt or lease, rarely do the hats and posters and balls you sign come with a dotted line to guide and direct you. And often times those items are already so filled with your teammates’ signatures that there is little room for your own.

So you learn to bend, curve and angle your signature. You learn to squeeze, stretch and swirl it, treating each letter like it was an inked Gumby. Again, I am not saying that this is difficult. Just that it is different.

Even more different is trying to sign a T-shirt or jersey. First, there is problem of material. There is a reason why checks and contracts are not made out of cloth.

Second, there is the problem of having a human interference. There is also a reason why the bankers and lawyers who ask you to sign those checks and contracts do not wear them while you are trying to sign them. Throw in some rain, sweat, and spilled orange soda, and chances are that signature comes out looking less like an autograph and more like a Rorschach test.

Even trying to sign a soggy, swaying, Sunkist-soaked sweatshirt is not as different, however, as the times when you are asked to become, if only momentarily, a tattoo artist. “Sign my arm!” “Sign my hand!” “Sign my forehead!” Unfortunately for the disbelieving and sometimes disapproving parents hovering above you, these are not uncommon requests. Unable to find a program or ticket stub and (wisely) unwilling to sacrifice their t-shirt, many kids will offer up their body as a substitute canvas.

Usually it is their arm or hand. But sometimes, like when I visited an area elementary school during my final preparation.

The Autograph Man

American institution like the mall or the Porn & Karate Supplies store on I-80. But at the rate that air travel is trending towards something out of Judge Dredd (minus the omnipresent Taco Bell), if terrorists were to change their targets completely it would become patently obvious that our standard response is completely inadequate.

We have a cognitive bias that makes us fixate on the horrific event, no matter how rare, and we not only overestimate the risk of future events but frequently insist on preparing for something just like them. This is especially true when the events in question involve activities like flying that are not only outside of our control but are already really terrifying to a substantial portion of the population.

The American psyche has been bombarded with the images of terrorism, and our anxiety about bombs on planes is already at Kierkegaardian levels. So the public is primed to not only abide but demand a bunch of showy stop-gap measures in the wake of every attempt, whether successful or not. And one of the unfortunate side effects of placing all this power in the hands of the Department of Homeland Security is that officials have the peculiar incentive to stoke fears of terrorism in the interest of appearing to do something. But actually, one of the undermentioned aspects of the Christmas Day attack is that the “antiquated” pre-9/11 security measures actually succeeded in forcing the bomber to make kind of a crappy bomb.

It seems obvious to me that the solution is not to merely “do something” in the interest of appeasing people like Maureen Dowd, who wants Obama to pat our collective head and tell us it’s going to be OK, but to direct the majority of our efforts towards the combating the general threat of terrorism and not trying to patch up tiny holes in our security infrastructure after the fact.

Dave is moderately concerned that writing this article has landed him on several watch lists. If you like to add him to yours, email him at rg@umich.edu.
The Food Court

Soup: It Won’t Probably Get Stolen from 200 HH

THE FOOD COURT, from page 7

get a smooth consistency. And finally, get some of that Tupperware with the screw-on tops. Spillage is bad for those expensive casebooks.

4. Make croutons
Don’t throw out that old bread. Making croutons by cutting it into cubes, tossing with some salt and olive oil and baking until crisp is a good way to add texture to your soups. Just pack some in a sandwich bag and bring it to school with your lunch.

5. Make your own stock
This is both a cost-saving measure and improves the flavor of your soup. Boxed or canned stock is expensive, and it isn’t particularly flavorful. Making stock is very easy. Collect all your vegetable scraps during the week, pop them in a gallon of water, and let it simmer for a couple of hours. Strain, and freeze in batches. Cheap and useful. For meat stocks: start the bones in cold water with some aromatics (onion, carrot, celery, herbs), then bring to a boil. Skim off the scum that forms on top, then reduce to a simmer, and let it go for around 3 hours (depending on the amount).

6. A tip on pasta
If you’re making, say, chicken noodle soup, remember that once your pasta is added to the soup, it will continue absorbing water, meaning that your leftovers will contain mushy pasta. To avoid this, cook your pasta separately until al dente, then add to the soup as needed.

7. Experiment
Remember, you can make a basic soup

The Ex-Pat Perspective

EX-PAT, from page 12

season, the kids will ask you to sign stranger things. Like their necks.

Fortunately in this case a staff member intervened, but not before glaring at me as if my pen should be permanently capped for even contemplating the request. And herein lies the third and most fundamental problem: the problem of judgment.

Inappropriate requests like the neck are rare. But there are times when a kid will ask you to put “To So and So,” or even better, have a little conversation.

But the number of kids waiting for autographs after each game makes it so that most personal requests have to be met with the Henry Ford-type response of: “You can have my autograph in any style you want...as long as it is hastily written cursive.”

As for that hastily written cursive, mine was particularly shameful. A cross between the readings on a lie detector test and a Jackson Pollack painting, it, I know, was difficult to read. It, I know, may have even frightened some kids.

But signing autographs is more about productivity than penmanship, which is why some of my teammates would just use their initials and jersey number. I always preferred singing my full name but eventually adopted the number part, not so much because I felt particularly attached to my number (I was never one of those kids who shave it into the side of their head in grade school), but more because knowing how illegible my name can appear, I thought that my number may be the only way a kid could identify the signature as mine.

Unfortunately, though, this practice became habitual. Even now I still forget that people who read other things I sign—petitions, hospital sign-in sheets, Lexis-Nexis drawings to win an iTouch—don’t really care that I am “Patrick Barry #4.” In fact they think it quite odd. This was the case last weekend at Prickly Pear when, getting ready to leave, I saw the waiter return with my already signed bill.

“My offer to write the tip amount on his forehead did nothing to settle his irritation.

Patrick attends Michigan for all his non-law needs. Ask him about the vagaries of the U. of Chicago academic calendar at rg@umich.edu.
WANTED:

The Res Gestae: See Where Too Much Fun Will Get Ya?

Email rg@umich.edu to learn more
The RG Tries Its Hand At Satire

The 1Elephant in the Room

By Zach Dembo

So, apparently grades came out sometime in the past few weeks. I myself was unaware, having received my quintuple A-pluses via owl post over the break. On the morning when everyone decided to have their grading period, I strutted into Hutchins exhibiting my trademark insouciance (read: douchebaggery). Normally, while I’m walking in a constant square around the first floor trying to look important, I am doing one of three things:

1) Scoping babe.

2) Yelling bro greetings to people like they’re my best friends when in fact I’ve met them only once, and then receiving awkward responses as they struggle to remember my name. This exercise is designed to show passers-by how awesome I am, in that I appear to have friends.

3) Wondering how the hell it is even humanly possible that the unisex bathroom on the first floor is always occupied. I mean, seriously. Maybe some of those students in my section that nobody’s ever seen actually live in there. Or is it Diane Nafranowicz’s secret lair? Fear not, gentle reader, I’ll get to the bottom of that. But I digress.

Anyway, on this morning, the atmosphere of non-sexual tension was so strong that even I had to stop on my usual meanderings through the hallowed halls.

“Hi Fauntleroy!” I yelled to my best 1L chum “What’s up?”

“Ohhhhhhh.....hey.......man. Not much, what’s up with you?”

“So I know these passing interchanges in the hallway are done entirely as a status symbol to make you feel good about knowing so many people (YEAH!), but can I ask you something? Why is everyone so glum? Did people find out about Dean Caminker’s toupee?”

“What??”

“Never mind.”

“No...u.m...dude, we just got our grades back.”

Astonishingly, everybody was not able to squeeze into the top 10% of the curve, this despite the massive amount of food, sleep, and hygiene that had been forsaken in the interest of cramming in as much work as possible. (For better advice on putting lots of things in a small, confined area, see Rooks’ sex column.)

I am always reluctant to mingle among the commoners; it is well known that many will give you dropsy or the shingles. Rather than dealing with each tearful 1L individually and then making out with a Purell dispenser for a week, I figured it best to dispense advice through a technology with a much brighter future ahead of it, viz. newsprint.

Many 1Ls are rightly concerned for their future. Having received an A-, they know that somehow this series of pixels on a screen will unleash a Rube Goldberg machine of tragedy and destruction on the rest of their previously awesome-looking life as a drone in a firm. They won’t get you dropsy or the shingles. Rather than dealing with each tearful 1L individually and then making out with a Purell dispenser for a week, I figured it best to dispense advice through a technology with a much brighter future ahead of it, viz. newsprint.

A few random, comforting UM-DPS CRIME ALERT e-mails will pepper people’s inboxes, but will be quickly deleted after readers realize nobody randomly exposed themselves to someone else in self-defense. In the fall, if people even remember your name (should have yelled bro greetings in the hall a little more often, sucka), Dean Z will explain gently that you transferred to a nice sunny law school where you have lots of space to run around and play with other law students.

Sorry 1Ls, you should have gone to business school or something else that doesn’t matter. In the meantime, remember: if people here are studying and stressing like grades are a matter of life and death, there’s a good reason for that. A very good reason.

I know that Dean Z and her ilk would prefer I not mention it, but if you have below a 3.9, your days are numbered. While everyone else is caught up in post-exam euphoria at the end of this semester, Deans Baum and Gregory will finally clear up what their utterly nebulous responsibilities are, don black balaclavas and disappear into the streets of Ann Arbor. Then they will dance like their hearts are on fire, like no one is watching. After a crazy night of clubbing, they will return to the law school and find you crying on your Hello Kitty pillow.

Law school wastes no time in weeding out the examinationally inadequate. Sure, it starts innocently enough; the tight-lipped smiles from friends, the knowing glances between assholes who think they got better grades than you, the meaningless Hallmark sentiments regarding how unimportant grades are. “They’re just letters,” they coo consolingly. They are just letters. And D stands for dead, C for corpse, and B for blow to the head (possibly fatal). A stands for alive (for now).

Zach will be transferring to Florida Coastal School of Law next year. He can be reached, providing no other grades are released, at rg@umich.edu.
Judicial Reactivism

Citizens United In Poring Over Citizens United

By Phil Zeeck

On a March night in 1965 President Lyndon Johnson addressed a joint session of Congress. A few days before, African-Americans in Selma, Alabama had clashed bloodily with police. The marchers were asking for the right to vote.

"Their cause must be our cause too," Johnson said. "Because it's not just Negroes, but really it's all of us, who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And we shall overcome."

The packed House chamber was rent by applause. Several Supreme Court justices, also in attendance, stood and cheered the president.

Those were the days.

Last week from the same rostrum, President Obama chided members of the Supreme Court during his State of the Union speech for their holding in Citizens United v. FEC, banning limits on corporate campaign contributions.

"The Supreme Court reversed a century of law," the president said, "to open the floodgates to special interests— including foreign companies—to spend without limit in our elections."

It was only the ninth time a president so much as mentioned the Supreme Court in a State of the Union since Woodrow Wilson began the modern practice of an in-person address in 1913. It is rarer yet for a justice to visibly respond to a president's remarks. But Samuel Alito, who voted with the majority in Citizens United, shook his head and mumbled, "Not true."

It was an extraordinary exchange, and if President Obama was wrong on the facts, he was still right on the money.

The law President Obama referenced was "enacted in the populist days of the early 20th Century [and] prohibited direct corporate contributions to political campaigns," says former New York Times Supreme Court correspondent Linda Greenhouse. "That law was not at issue in the Citizens United case, and is still on the books."

Citizens United did overturn 2 U.S.C. § 441(a)—added to federal law in 1990—which prohibited all corporate spending. Now, corporations can spend on campaigns directly from their treasuries rather than forming political action committees.

Moreover, the president's aside about foreign companies was a cheap shot. The 1996 Foreign Agents Registration Act prohibits independent political commercials by foreign nationals or foreign corporations. But the president knows saying foreigners might buy American elections is a good way to score protectionist political points.

Despite these pratfalls, the president was right to lambaste the Court in that forum for a poorly written, poorly reasoned opinion.

Usually, the Supreme Court drafts dependably narrow opinions. They don't want to foreclose nuance in similar but distinct cases to come. In Citizens United, they were asked to mediate a dispute between a corporation-funded "documentary" designed to dismember Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign and the Federal Election Commission.

Not only did the majority settle the matter at hand, it wrote so expansively that all other limits on campaign contributions seem challengeable.

"The First Amendment was certainly not understood to condone the suppression of political speech in society's most salient media," the Court wrote. What now is off limits on TV?

Conservative media have stood behind the Court. George Will, who rightly blasted Sen. John McCain during the 2008 election for grossly oversimplifying the issues, called the left's reaction to Citizens United a "torrent of hyperbole."

"Does he now believe that all Court precedents of a certain duration are sacrosanct," such as Plessy v. Ferguson and Bowers v. Hardwick? Clearly liberals have no monopoly on hyperbole.

In Citizens United's wake bobs a question: now what?

"Let candidates receive unlimited—but fully disclosed—contributions," George Will wrote. "Trust voters to make appropriate inferences about the candidates." George Will has obviously never seen any of Jay Leno's "Jaywalking" sketches.

More serious ideas are floating around, too. Al Franken has proposed strengthening the limits of foreign contributions in American elections. (What does it say about a political debate that Al Franken is coming up with the more serious ideas?) Dick Durbin has proposed a public financing plan that rewards candidates who collect many small donations. Arlen Specter has proposed banning political contributions from corporations holding federal contracts.

Free speech and fair elections are not mutually exclusive. Congress and the president must work harder and more creatively to describe boundaries where both can flourish. They should not count on this Supreme Court for any help.

Phil pays attention to developments in the law so you don't have to. Email him suggestions or thanks at rg@umich.edu.
Mr. Wolv. Enthralls Some, Appalls Others

**MR. WOLVERINE, from page 1**

like: “What? Palsgraf? Um, it’s like, about torts and stuff.”

Lara Bueso, 3L and LLSA co-chair, gave me a much more competent description of the program: “Project Comunidad is a fellowship given to 1Ls who commit to public service for the summer. Specifically, we encourage LLSA members to give back to underrepresented communities. SFF funding is very limited, so this fellowship helps some of our own LLSA members receive a stipend for the summer. The fellowship is in its sixth year and was founded by the same student who created Mr. Wolverine six years ago. The amounts vary each year depending on how much we raise through Mr. Wolverine and other fundraising programs such as bake sales, t-shirt sales, and more. The biggest fundraiser for the scholarship, though, is the Mr. Wolverine pageant.”

Recipients of the Project Comunidad fellowship are chosen by a joint committee of Law School alumni and administrators, and the winners have used their fellowships to work in such organizations as the Michigan Migrant Legal Assistant Project, Public Counsel of Los Angeles (the largest pro bono law firm in the world), and the Special Litigation Unit of New York Legal Assistance Group (NYLAG). Hearing all the good that Mr. Wolverine helped make happen, I feel less ambivalent about having danced in my underwear to the tune of "Footloose" in front of hundreds of my closest peers and future professional colleagues.

(Not true; I seek out semi-nude dancing in front of crowds of spectators whenever I can. Me and the Times Square Naked Cowboy used to fight. Who's that? http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Naked_Cowboy.)

Enough digressing; back to the titular event. This past Thursday, January 28th, I enjoyed the novel experience of actually being in the audience during Mr. Wolverine, instead of sweating bullets onstage. (No, concerned readers, I didn't go 1L year. I was too busy rocking back and forth in a hard wooden chair in the Reading Room and muttering something about “all work and no play.”) And it was an excellent show: my face hurt from three hours of laughing. I can attest to the amount of work it must have taken; preparing for the show literally consumed my life for the entire month of January last year.

The format of the show was the same as last year’s: an opening dance number by the 17 alluring Mr. Wolverine hopefuls (18 last year), followed by introductions of contestants and judges, the professor impersonations, the 1L skit, the 2L skit, intermission, dance routine 2, the 3L skit, the announcement of the finalists, and, finally, the crowning of Mr. Wolverine himself.

Most notable in this year’s show was the unexpected, unprecedented crowning of a 1L Mr. Wolverine, the now forever-famous Andy Trafford. For the entirety of the competition’s storied six-year history, 3Ls have exclusively won the coveted crown. (Is it just me, or does that crown look like a Pope hat?) In fact, I remember being told last year by another contestant, “Forget about winning, the judges only pick 3Ls.” Apparently, the judges decided to send a clear signal to the universe that this is not true. When the lights came back on at the end of the show, I did a quick scan of the people sitting around me to gauge the response. It was apparent that the 3Ls were bereft.

"Unbelievable. This is terrible. I’m speechless." (3L behind me, looking pale.)

"It’s a disaster that a 1L won—what a terrible decision . . . it’s an embarrassing outcome." (Dan Horwitz, 3L, Mr. W contestant 2009)

My response to the overturning of
Save Yourself

Yes, You Can Still Read for Pleasure

SAVE YOURSELF, from page 6

threaten her job, Lexi tries to dredge up some chemistry with her handsome albeit priggish husband, Eric, though the effort is unnecessary with Eric's colleague Jon, who tells Lexi that she was about to leave Eric for him.

Mini-review: It's hard enough to figure out what secrets the people around you are keeping, harder still when you've just forgotten the last three years of your life. When the people you consider best friends no longer speak to you and a stranger says he's your husband whom you love, there are plenty of personal problems to face, but Lexi also has to figure out how to save her department at work when she doesn't even remember how to do her job. The characters are sometimes flat, but frequently funny and sweet and entertaining.

Title: A La Carte
Author: Tanita S. Davis

Blurb: Seventeen-year-old Lainey has an uncommon dream: to be the first African-American celebrity vegetarian chef. She shows promise, helping out in the kitchen at her mother's Bay Area restaurant and concocting mouthwatering dishes in her spare time. Cooking is her salvation; she turns to the kitchen when things aren't going well, particularly in her precarious relationship with Simeon Keller.

Mini-review: This is a great book threaded through with recipes that sound delicious. (Of course I haven't tried to prepare them. I don't cook, though I enjoy reading about those who do.) Lainey's relationship with her family, her mother in particular, is complicated and heart-wrenching, and the way she must deal with a potentially unhealthy love for Simeon leaves the reader sad and sympathetic.

Title: Passion and Poison: Tales of Shape-shifters, Ghosts, and Spirited Women
Author: Janice M. Del Negro

Blurb: Eight original gothic tales about women who deal matter-of-factly with the supernatural.

Mini-review: Delicious, lightly creepy retellings of supernatural stories with a focus on female heroes, naming characters traditionally nameless, giving strength to characters traditionally weak. Though each story only lasts a few pages, the women were quite incredible and the stories wonderful to read.

Title: Voracious
Author: Alice Henderson

Blurb: Madeline Keye's gift—to touch someone and see flashes of the past—has set her apart from family and friends. She finds sanctuary in the wilderness, until a backcountry hike in Glacier National Park turns into a hunt—with her as the prey. Something that's not human is out there. And it's hungry.

Mini-review: Creepy monster-in-the-woods story with a female protagonist who kicks ass. Though frequently horror stories relegate female characters to very strict roles, Madeline is neither simply victim nor villain, but a layered character who has strengths and flaws and, despite all the horror she's experienced, still struggles not only to survive but to make the world a little safer.

Whether you choose to read any of these books or not, please do remember to set aside the stresses of law school and remember the interests you had before you devoted so much of your time to the study of one thing. Take the time to do something you once loved. You'll feel so much better and more ready to face the challenges of the legal field if you spend some time saving yourself.

We're not sure how Carla finds time to save the rest of us each issue, but we're jealous. Provide your sanity saving tips to rg@umich.edu.
Mr. Wolv: Yes, It Was That Good

MR. WOLVERINE, from page 19

years of precedent was a bit less fatalistic; I thought it would be good motivation for future competitions. Other students had similar thoughts:

"Having a 1L win is terrible, but I don’t consider it a 1L winning—I consider it a 3L winning two years early." (Nic Markman, 2L, Mr. W contestant 2009.)

"I think the fact that the judges picked Andy was great[,] Additionally, it doesn’t take a Richard Posner to figure out that the whole competition will be better now that all the candidates think that they have a chance of winning." (Will Ellerbe, 1L summer starter, Mr. W contestant 2010.)

Will does have a point; there was something futile in being a non-3L Mr. Wolverine contender last year. Perhaps with this year’s upset, we’ll have even more vigorous competition in future years.

But how is that even possible? I mentioned it earlier, and I’ll return to the topic again now: Mr. Wolverine is a veritable shit-ton of work. For a full month preceding the competition, the Mr. Wolverine contestants meet three or four times per week (more in the final week before the show) for several hours at a time, just to rehearse the dance routines. That doesn’t even factor in the work they each put into class skits, the professor impersonations, and the firmwear walkoff. In my experience, classes and other law school obligations had to take a back seat for those several weeks while we all made treks to Office Max for posterboard and tempera paint, to the Salvation Army for skit and professor props, and to Espresso Royale for massive, stomach-grinding cups of coffee to keep us from passing out. Raising the stakes might mean eliminating class—or sleep—entirely.

What would compel anybody to take on an additional 20 hours of work per week when law students can barely keep up with the work we already have on our plates? I can’t really say, but I think it’s a mixture of peer pressure, glory, vanity, and sheer momentum. It’s not like we win any money (that would be awesome, though), and it’s not like we can put this on our resumes.

(Charlie Quigg)

If Lady GaGa needs new backup dancers, now she knows whom to call. (Interviewer with eyes askance: “So, err, tell me about this ‘Mr. Wolverine’ thing . . .”) Frankly, I think we all try hard because every one of us (and I’m not just speaking about the Mr. Wolverine contestants) are wired to work hard when we’re presented with a task. That’s how we got to law school after all. And there’s the ever-present horror of humiliating yourself in front of hundreds of people, too. Let’s not forget that motivator. What works in the classroom works on stage as well.

My biggest surprise at being a part of the show was the unexpected camaraderie that developed between us, a group of 17 or 18 (mostly) strangers. When I showed up for the first rehearsal last year, I didn’t know any of the other Mr. Wolverine guys. By the end of the month, however, we had made surprisingly fast friendships. Here I think the massive workload of the show sort of mimicked what happens to all of us during our 1L years; shared misery makes us all kindred spirits, and you don’t find that kind of friendship every day. Here, I defer to the words of Dan Horwitz, who I think most accurately describes the Mr. Wolverine experience: “[The] workload was intense, and muscles were sore, but overall participating last year was a good time, and let me get to know some folks I otherwise likely wouldn’t have made friends with. We share a bond of shaking our asses in tighty whites that most other law students can only dream about.”

If you would like to contact Tomek, look for the guy wearing the slightly-tattered red satin sash with the gold letters “TOMEK” written across the front. Alternatively, send him an email at rg@umich.edu.
Kicking it Old School

My, how we’ve grown! One of the very founders of the RG wrote to let us know that, while he was surfing the Internet, he stumbled upon our beautiful website (theresgestae.com if you haven’t yet checked it out). His pride for the publication is evident 60 years later, and we thank him for having the gumption and tenacity to pave the way for the one and only Res Gestae, which is clearly just as dear to our hearts today.

According to the bare-bones 1950 edition, the Res Gestae got its initial footing in 1895, but it apparently didn’t have the staying power to make a material impression on the school. Fortunately, the paper was revived in 1950 by two students who were determined to create “an effective organ to voice the ideas and the hopes of the students of one of man’s oldest and most honored professions: THE LAW.”

With a clear goal in mind, the editors of the RG in its very germination stage pledged to speak frankly in every issue, and they ardently hoped that the law school student body would respond by engaging with and contributing to the paper. The editors also promised to publish material that struck a balance somewhere between “sophomorish” and “sophisticated.”

The founding editors, Dick McManus and Chet Byrns, evidently did something right. Sixty years later we definitely are still “kicking,” and we continuously seek to keep their vision alive through our devotion to you, the students, who give us our backbone, purpose, and zeal. We resound the original message of the editors: “In every sense, this is your paper. The future, yes, even the fate, of Res Gestae rests with you.”

So thank you. Thank you, students, for tuning in to the RG with each issue. And thank you, Mr. McManus, for reaching out to remind us why we do what we do.

The email:

I recently ran into Res Gestae on the Web & was somewhat surprised to learn it is still alive & kicking.

Find all the Res Gestae’s first issue exclusively online at www.theresgestae.com.

You may be interested to know that it was founded by Chet Byrns ’81.

It was designed to give law students a voice in the administration of the Law School & provide general School news.

Alan Smith (later Law School Dean & University President) was our faculty advisor. The first issue was published in 1950 [sic] as a one-page edition from a one-room cubby hole on the 2nd floor of Hutchins Hall using a hectograph duplicator. The first run was 200 copies.

Chet later became a judge in Benton Harbor & died a few years ago. I was a general counsel at Bank of America & am long since retired.

It appears you have brought Res Gestae into the Electronic Age & I wish you every continued success.

Dick McManus