1972

March 10, 1972

University of Michigan Law School

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Talent around this law school takes many forms. In confirmation of that diversity, we bring you this supplement to Res Gestae's normal fare. Included are two pieces of extended fiction, some poetry, reviews, and observations, in addition to the weekly dose of sodium pentathol. Clearly R.G. is more than a simple purveyor of truth; it is likewise the Law School's "Walden," an oasis for the Civilized. Dip in and be refreshed. -- Eds.

A YOUNG LAWYER GOES INTO LABOR

Through a blurring mist, the lake appears as grainy and burnished stainless steel around our launch. Perhaps such an eerie image is proper for my work tonight -- settling labor troubles on the sly with family friends. I would have winced during law school at the thought of passing up an opportunity to "take the bastards to court," but trying to throw your father's best friend in jail simply doesn't make the same practical sense it might have in the abstract. Well-programmed as a lawyer for rationales, I could certainly find merit in "building good will" if I settled with Peterson Machine Tool Company in a sedate manner. Yet old Peterson had grown crusty in his last years, and that served as the source for all the equal opportunity and safety violations in the first place. These family businesses started from nothing just seem to be that way. Joel Peterson didn't want to change. Public corporations would have covered themselves or made another deal, but Peterson was blatant as he could be. Why kid myself; this was a favor for my father and the sooner I got my hands out from under the table after tonight the better. God, how I want to be out of this mess.

cont'd p. 6

Three Vignettes
Out of Room 150

by Warren Adler

I.
End of the afternoon. Another miserable day, turned cold with the wind driving the not quite rain. At least the day is over.

One more winter, and then never again.

Ginny is late; she is always late on the bad days. Damn her.

Fred has followed me out the door and waits with me under this ridiculous arch. He insists on talking about the class -- doesn't he ever get enough? No, the twerp doesn't have anything else.

Not as though I don't enjoy it. Fred is the perfect foil for my favorite game, and I can practice on him all day: he talks, I look bored, stare at the ceiling, look anywhere but at him. Every tenth thing he says, I turn to him, sneer, tell him ingeniously as I can he is an idiot and a fool.

Fred adores me. Nobody has ever shared him so much insight and affection. Will he be a better lawyer than I will? He's got the personality for it --

cont'd p. 7
To the Editors:

PASS-FAIL, GRADES, ETC. Chap. 973

While filling out the questionnaire passed around in Tax I, it struck me that a great amount of fussing and bother is being put into an area which does not seem to me to be the heart of the problem at all.

If one is at all serious about any pursuit, he should be eager to know how well he is succeeding in mastering it. I don't think that students at this institution are against grades because they don't want to know how well they are learning law but because they feel that the present exam-grade system does not do that. It does not perform the function of telling a student what he knows or does not know, what he has mastered and what needs more attention.

Adoption of a pass-fail system seems to me to be nothing more than an admission by those who are being asked by the people of Michigan to educate lawyers that they do not know (or care) how to meaningfully evaluate a student's progress. It is simply an admission that they cannot put a label on a student which will be indicative of whether this student is capable of becoming a good, bad, or mediocre legal scholar.

To capitulate by declining to put any labels on anyone seems to be doing the students a great disfavor. What labels are put on seem to be such a trivial question -- what difference does it really make whether you get a B, pass, highpass, 86, or a star on your forehead? What is important, and could be of enormous value to the student is a sincere effort by the instructor to find out what a student has learned and an attempt to meaningfully communicate to him where he is strong and where he is weak and how he can improve. Of course, such an effort may involve giving up a guest lecture tour to Keokuk, and perhaps this is a bit too much to ask of our faculty, but I think that the future legal profession deserves a bit more than feedback it is currently getting and seems on the verge of losing altogether.

/s/ Dennis Cotter '73

Dear Editor:

Now that the excitement of the election process both here and in New Hampshire is over I have a few comments on one aspect of the campaign. O.K., so we must suffer the trash on the walls for the sake of voter education. But perhaps the candidates, successful and otherwise, should clean up their own waste! (How do you think "Clean" Gene got his name?) Most of the signs could be re-cycled and re-used, much to the joy of our friendly local neighborhood janitors.

How many faculty members (and others) know that newspapers, e.g. the NYT, can be recycled?

If we can learn to recycle our own waste perhaps we won't be buried in it.

Also, is the R.G. printed on 100% re-cycled paper?

Eco-peace,
John A. Watts

P.S. A gold-plated E-cology button goes to any candidate who did recycle her or his signs.

[R.G. is not printed on re-cycled paper but a large part of our material is re-cycled. -- The Editors]

Will those people still retaining files and materials relating to foreign study/research fellowship possibilities, and opportunities re: work abroad, please return all files and publications to Mary Gomes (Assistant to Professor Bishop) in Legal Research 973. [In particular, materials relating to Latin America and Switzerland are outstanding.] These are now badly needed for a forthcoming talk, and for counselling purposes.

Mary B. Gomes
The New Michigan bar review course continues unabated. Here is the second lesson in the survey phase of the course. Research was interrupted momentarily last Wednesday night when a visit to a local pub turned into an in-depth study. I'd say about ankle-deep. Results to be reported in future issues. Okay, class, pencils ready?

Schwaben Inn -- Thursday night alternative when the law school isn't having a mixer. Go fairly early if you don't like standing in line outside in the cold. Band is usually fairly good, but a crowbar is indispensable if you want to get out on the dance floor. Interior has been recently remodeled -- long tables a la Bimbo's -- encourage you to rub shoulders with your neighbors, or play "Paris Peace Talks" with your date.

Flick's -- Reputed to be the hangout of the "theater" crowd. Looks to be the ticket-taker, usherette, janitor, etc. They can have it all to themselves. Only good thing that can be said for the place is that the beer is only $1.50 a pitcher. Atmosphere is depressing and so are the people. Everyone speaks in whispers, including the freaks, but the secret is apparent: Flick's out.

Mr. Flood's Party -- An Ann Arbor landmark for years. Known as the "in" place to go, although getting inside the front door requires a minor miracle. Once inside, the object becomes to see how many people can cram into each booth. Prizes are awarded to the survivors. Another popular sport used to be freak-watching; but since hippie sub-culture has finally swamped the Midwest, this pastime is now passe. While there is no room to dance, the bands are often quite good. Listening conditions are unfortunately somewhat less than ideal, although good vibrations may be conducted by the pressed flesh.

Del-Rio -- Agreed by many to have the best mugs in town, the "Del" has recently emerged as one of the most popular bars around. Good mugs are the coming thing.

Merkel's Friendly Corner d.b.a. the Union Bar -- caters to a mixed bag of senile senior citizens and leather jacket greasers. The fifties live! Why folks would come into Ann Arbor to do their drinking is mystifying. But lucrative; don't appear to be interested in the student trade, especially if the students in question have long hair. If being with "real people" is your thing, then bring some friends. Studs Terkel's delight. Redneck heaven.

Rubaiyat -- The new, improved Rubaiyat is just a larger edition of the old, unimproved Rubaiyat. Although claiming the status of a continental restaurant, this is merely a facade for the uninitiated. The real attraction is the band. The Iris Bell Adventure has been performing here for years and is still the best rock band in town. Dance floor is large and the place usually isn't too crowded during the week. Band usually plays three sets, but the first of these should be avoided. Food is fair, but the mixed drinks are terrible. The Heublein cans accumulate rapidly in the trash.

the firms will change solong as this simplistic system of categorization is made available to them. Alternatives are, of course, available. Samples of writing, or other manifestations of research done, are better indicators of legal skills, but so long as grades are available the employers will pretend they are significant. In the meantime, those members of Law Review whose grades do not match their presumption of apotheosis are likely to enjoy some snaps at the bait, but those big fish will never strike once they smell the decoy. -- jin
To Res Gestae:

Tonight when I walked into the men's john in the basement of the library there was a "fresh" religious slur written with magic-marker in big letters over one of the urinals.

My immediate reaction was shock that somebody would expose their sickness so brazenly, as if it were a banner to be waved. Then I became embarrassed that it would be seen by others, that it would cause awkward moments, that it would be so offensive. It was a slap in the face at the hands of someone twisted and loathsome.

I tried to wash it off with a paper towel and handsoap but dry-mark on marble is hard to take off; it's as though it will last forever ... like prejudice.

/s/ A Reader

NOTICE OF JOINT PROGRAM

March 7, 1972

Law students interested in a career in the public sector may find it of interest and value to combine the J.D. program with a Masters Degree in Public Policy (MPP) at the University's Institute of Public Policy Studies. The MPP curriculum emphasizes economics and quantitative methodology, along with elements of organizational and political behavior. There are currently four law students enrolled full time in the MPP program: George Galloway, Larry Mills, Charlie Rice and Tim Whitsett.

The Institute believes it offers a challenging and stimulating program which will substantially enhance the careers of persons with legal training. Many key policy positions formerly held by lawyers now require a better understanding of quantitative methods and economics than is usual for J.D. recipients.

BIG SISTER IS WATCHING YOU
AWARD OF THE WEEK

This week's big winner is Roscoe Pound as quoted on page 753 of the text for Legislation.

Speaking of the common law "duty of husband and wife to live together and the claim of each to the society and affection of the other", Roscoe writes:

"So little has been achieved in practice by the husband's actions against third parties who infringe this interest, tested in the law by centuries of experience, that the courts have instinctively proceeded with caution in giving them to the wife by analogy in order to make the law logically complete."

Thanks for telling it like it is, Ros. -- H.F.

FRESHPEOPLE AND OTHERS...

The Legal Aid Clinic needs student volunteers for this summer. If you're going to be around town, Legal Aid might be a good way to put some of that torturously acquired knowledge to use. GCR 921, which allows law students to practice law in legal aid settings, only requires that one have completed 28 credit hours at an accredited law school, so it's not necessary to wait until you start your second year to get involved in litigation, and the glories of filing divorce papers. There will be a sign up sheet put up after vacation to ascertain demand. It'll drive you crazy, but it's an interesting way to go...

QUESTION — What is the purpose of a law? Doesn't everyone know right from wrong? I am told that we have over 10,000 laws. How could anyone possibly keep them all? P.L.F.

ANSWER — Laws are intended to be checks against man's inclination to sin. Most people know right from wrong but knowledge of the moral law doesn't keep people from breaking it. You see, the Bible come short of the glory of God. Romans 3:23. The best the police and lawlessness can do is to restrain people from breaking the law, but sin is rampant in the race, they cannot hope for total restraint. The Bible says that "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us into the Christ," Galatians 3:24. This means that none of us is able to keep the law, that we are all sinners by nature, and that should show us we need Christ to solve this sin...
COMPETITION

If you joined the writing competition because Law Review looked like a way into the super-firms whose hands weigh heavy on the land, forget it. However, if all you want is an edge on a classmate with the same or a somewhat higher gradepoint, winning the competition may be the answer to your dreams. One thing is clear from the experience of last years' winners of the competition, the grades the school produces are still the most important factor in job selection. Thus, in most contexts, Law Review -- absent the aberrantly high grades normally associated with it -- is another activity on your record, like Legal Aid, Prospectus or, heaven forbid, Res Gestae.

However, the experience of our five heroes revealed some strange distortions which they created in the system. For instance, if one likes to travel, mere membership on Law Review will guarantee a trip to those prestigious firms you interview. After which, you will be rejected. Also the mere fact you are on Law Review will possibly earn you a second look by a firm which would have rejected you out-of-hand. After which, you will be rejected second-hand. The only real advantage appears to be that at least some governmental agencies are so befuddled as not to believe grades are the best criteria of worth and are impressed by Law Review and, even more so by publication.

The reaction of the five to the above is mixed. Those who entered the writing competition in order to get better jobs, were understandably shagrinined. Indeed, they questioned why they'd even entered. However, they also admitted that they did not manage a substantial contribution to Law Review and that this may have distorted their appreciation of its value. Those who entered for the sake of the writing experience were not surprised. Moreover, the few good results, including one individual who did get the job he wanted over those with higher grades, were seen as unexpected bonuses. Another member was given a second chance to demonstrate he could get high grades, he did and rejected all offers.

A more difficult question is why this overwhelming preoccupation with the results of accumulation of sets of epiphanial responses to precious academic questions. The concurrence of opinion seemed to be that inertia was at fault. Having always chosen their members this way, finding no innovation in procedure by the schools, they will continue to make their selection on this basis. Given the superficial nature of the interview process and the resources available, it is unlikely that cont'd p. 3
"How far to the cottage, now?" I ask of the elderly launch owner behind, whom I had hired to take me out to Peterson's island summer home.

"It's under those pines ahead," he says in a mumble. I'd repeatedly tried to get more than a few words out of him since we started out but I suppose that language atrophies when you live alone for years.

The cottage's white exterior presently emerges from the fog which really only hovers near the lake surface. And a full moon illuminates the cleared part of the island rather well. It was hard to gird oneself for such a confrontation. There were but two breaks I could offer, a slow escalation of litigation until Peterson's mind changed, or having old Peterson's son Arthur take over while there was still time for voluntary compliance. Though Arthur was probably amenable to change, those kinds of alternatives didn't allow me to escape any grief in presenting them.

The dock is in close range now, and from that platform I can follow a steep set of stairs up the bank to a chain-link fence surrounding the cottage. Some cottage. It must have at least five bedrooms. Although the dock is slick from the mist, I can step up easily while thanking the launch owner for his steadying influence. Dreading what I was in for at the cottage, I find my feet a lot heavier with each new stride. The gate at the top is locked so I lay my hand on the bar and prepare to vault over.

"Hold it right there."

My clothes felt as if they'd shrunk five sizes. "Is that you, Arthur," I squeak back.

"Field, you idiot. I could have killed you."

"Arthur," I reply with some returning composure, "you'd have a sticky wrongful death action on your hands. I haven't gone into your enclosed property, and it's bright enough so that you could see and challenge me as you

as proper care would require. The jury would have an awful time giving judgment for your side."

"You lawyers are always clicking away, aren't you. I daresay if I had shot, you would have gone to a judgment a good deal harsher than mine."

"Ah, the businessman's practical mind never rests," I comment, but with the tension young people feel when they discover they can die after all. "Is this the way you greet an honorable official of your sovereign state's Department of Labor? Whom you've been expecting, too."

"Vault over as you were going to," Arthur says while turning up the walk toward the front door and stuffing his revolver somewhere in his coat, "you guys sit around all day anyway."

I hadn't seen Arthur since high school when I used to visit his sister Aline. Though Arthur was nine years older and had been working at the Company with his father quite successfully, he never could hold his own in conversation with me at the house. Especially since I was trying to impress Aline at the time. It's just as well that I haven't seen much of him since. But I certainly miss Aline. I was always a good student, yet Aline was there a year behind forever higher up, sharper, and better than me. And I know old Peterson had her working at the Company too, with schedules and buying during summer college vacations, despite his conservative nature.

"Field!" Arthur shouts while passing through the door, "Father's in the study so amuse yourself in the front room for a while."

After walking through the foyer, I look over by the fireplace inside. "Aline!"

"George, how are you. Aline dryly inquires, though I wish to God I really did see her dark eyes sharpen when she saw me. In the favor of subdued lamplight, her clinging knit dress and stylish auburn hair framing shadow-induced sharp features show her a woman quite different from when
"I can't get a job, George."

"But you had that special fellowship in getting your master's, in finance I think it was; and you had all that experience at the plant."

"Really, now. You're in the Department of Labor. You know what has always gone on."

"Yes, that's true," I admit sheepishly, "I guess I just wanted to be sympathetically surprised, but you're probably cram full of the sight of incredulous men who can go through 20 years of schooling and never realize their privileges."

"Well, let's not talk about my jaded life, shall we," Aline said with a bitterness that seemed to shrink my clothes again, perhaps six sizes this time.

"Maybe we could have dinner sometime soon since you might be around for a while."

"Maybe you should go see Daddy now."

Geez, I wish she and I were in a movie, where the brother immediately comes in to announce that Daddy is ready. But minutes pass and no Arthur. How many times can I examine the same few items of porcelain on the buffet before my shaking hands end the silence with a great crash of shattered pottery.

It turns out Daddy is not to be seen. "George," said Arthur, emerging from a dim hallway, "Father thinks before we could come to any realistic agreement on this matter, it's best that you and I go down to the plant and look at the alleged, I believe you say, violations."

Aline spun around. "That's not what Daddy. . ."

"Father changed his mind, Aline," Arthur shot back, quashing the protest but not preventing a fierce side-long stare at us by the buffet.

"Look, Arthur, I don't handle the technical stuff on these cases, at least until they go to trial. There are very competent investigators who size up these safety problems, and the other things."

"It's still important for you to get a look at our total situation down there. Makes for a better discussion later; more empathy all around. You know I'd really like to hear more about your side of this business, George."

In the other person's house, and caught in the other person's fairly compelling logic, there isn't much to do but go along. My goodbye to Aline gets no response, but I feel her begin to watch our path down to the landing below the cottage.

With years of practice, Arthur has no trouble getting us back to shore and on the way to the factory in a short time. I could guess that for the same reasons Peterson's employees couldn't see what they were doing, the plant outline was barely visible from the few lights installed pinchpenny fashion about the plant. Arthur doesn't bother with any more light once inside.

"Over this way, George, are a series of automatic lathes that your investigators declared were too close together. Do you know how much it would cost to re-position these machines? Over $20,000 not including lost profits when we shut down production."

"I'm awfully sorry, Arthur, but that's the law. Seems to me that I remember hearing about you as quite a law-and-order person the last couple . . ."

"And to put cages around these grinders would cost several thousand more, but the big problem is that they'll be right in the middle of these main aisles and we'll get all kinds of lost time making detours. Now, there's a case of lowering worker morale if I ever saw one, causing all that meaningless effort. Just like you used to tell me about; all that alienation stuff."

"Sure, Arthur, but it's a question of balance -- a few extra steps versus
possible serious injury." I'll probably have to say that sort of thing to hundreds of manufacturers, though I confess never late at night in a deserted factory.

Just then there is a rattle behind, and as I turn I see a large electric hoist on chains bearing down on me from Arthur's direction. Arching my back violently allows the hoist to hit full against my shoulder instead of my head, and I'm slammed against a set of metal stairs leading up into the rafters. While Arthur rumages inside his coat for the revolver with a characteristic lack of aplomb, I manage to scramble up the gangway and onto the darkened catwalks above.

Arthur waits for the hoist chains to stop clanking, and stand arm upraised searching the space over his head. I crouch in silence, watching in return. There is a catwalk leading all the way back to the plant entrance, but my shoes would certainly twang on the iron grid and I'd be wide open.

Puzzled, I watch Arthur bring down his arm and edge toward a bank of metal boxes fastened to a pillar nearby. Damn! The light switches! If only there was a noise: some kind of alarm, the heating system. Arthur shuffled closer and closer to the bank of layers, while glancing at the criss-cross of catwalks in my direction. Still no noise.

I turn to look longingly at the factory entrance at the end of the catwalk, and there is Aline standing in the open doorway! Arthur's vision is blinded in my direction by the light in his eyes coming from the entrance, but just as I can see him clearly with the light to my back, so Aline must be able to see me with the light at her back. She starts to move toward a small office and disappears behind the wall. My shoe scrapes against the metal walk as I crane to see Aline, and Arthur stops short to scan the walks more intently. Just as he starts back toward the light boxes, I hear the most beautiful whine crescendo into the most exhilarating general racket I've ever heard from a ventilating system.

Down the catwalk I race unheard below the sound of the blowers while Arthur wrenches his body back and forth trying to figure out what has happened. Aline's so damn smart and sensitive. I love her. But just as abruptly as they started, the blowers begin to wind down and I could hear my footsteps more and more distinctly on the iron grid. Aline, whose side are you on, for Chrissake! Turn the system back on, I plead furiously to myself. Stopped halfway to the entrance on the catwalk, I grit my teeth thinking how as a man I've wanted and wanted things from women, but now never so little as a tug by Aline's finger. The outside light at the door and freedom were so close; the rest of my career just a few impenetrable yards away.

As I glance back to notice poor dumb Arthur finally seizing his main chance in the bank of light breakers, the blowers are switched on again to resume moaning their divine chant. Running again, I'm almost to the open door where Aline's form cuts a slice out of the center of the end-of-tunnel-like light, before the lines of fluorescent lamps flicker progressively toward me.

Aline and I run for her car, and she drives me slumped and stinking from perspiration into the night. "God, Aline, I love you... but why on earth did you turn off the blowers for that moment?"

Not replying for several seconds Aline came back in a voice cool and firm, but with an edge I remembered from other times. "George, did you think that that open door at the end of the catwalk was awfully close?"

"Yes, of course, but..."

"But it was so far away, wasn't it. Your career and freedom to live were out there. Can you imagine my career and freedom to live, at the end of a long catwalk, so near and yet so far when I finished my fellowship this year? And then nobody wanted a woman with a special degree in finance -- except maybe to supervise cashiers. Could you taste what you had always
if he really is an idiot and a fool. His job next year pays more than mine.

But then, everybody knows me to be too sensitive for this banal profession. I've never gotten suckered into the trade, better to have held myself just a bit aloof, avoid corruption of my gifts.

Damn this rain, I have to button this damn coat after all.

"... so why doesn't the bank end up with double liability?"
Shut up, Fred, can't you see I've no idea?

The car at last. What a sweet little machine, I chose it well. Too sporty to be cute, too cute to be pretentious. And it will be warm, thank goodness. If only it could stay out of the shop for two months.

Ginny slides her marvelous butt into the passenger seat. She doesn't want to drive, she must have been hassled at work today. Very well, I'll drive, get home that much quicker. She smiles at me, I smile at her. Finally away from that building, back in the real world: streets and traffic, houses, the river, my cigarettes, radio, wife. What is it all about.

"I talked to Helen at lunch today. She and Bill are having problems and I don't think they're going to make it."

This is interesting. "Problems?"

"Nothing all that serious, they're just both unhappy and they blame it on each other."

Bill, that rat, egomaniac. Someday I'll beat him at squash. Helen should start stepping out on him, get his mind off his game. She's better than he is anyway.

"How was your day?" What a friendly voice Ginny has.

"How are they all?"

"A lot of work?"

"Enough to keep me busy tonight. What are you going to do?"

"I'll finish that bedspread and then start in on that new Iris Murdoch."

"That should keep us out of trouble for a little while."
Ginny giggles at my leer. I want to ask her what's for dinner, but can't. Too domestic, makes her feel too much the housewife. Too much her mother, that is.

A good song on the radio, 1965, Buckingham's, maybe '64. Good times they were, but god what a kid I was. I'm still a kid, of course, but much learned since then; friends lost, real work, marriage. Try to have those times now, just impossible. Lunches are fun (except for that one obnoxious kid, whatever his name is, Harrison), shooting the shit.

"What are you smiling about?"

"A funny thing Steve said today, at lunch. He asked the kid behind the counter if he took orders to go, the kid said yeah, and Steve told him to get the hell out of there."

"That's awful," Ginny says, but she thinks it funny, too.

When the winter will be over, it will be easier for us to laugh.

II.
"But why are you so angry? You were prepared."

"Sorel's so predictable! He calls on 5 or 6 boys who don't say anything, pretend they're not in class, then he gets annoyed and always calls on a woman because we can't hide."

The corridor is filled, people in jeans and sweaters passing on their way in or out of class to chat, others passing through in a rush without glancing at anyone in particular in the crowd. A fair proportion nods at the couple as they edge toward the massive staircase.

"True enough; still, I can forgive him"
cont. from p. 9

most of his sins for his charm. You can't deny he has charm, and that's rare enough here."

"He dresses well, he's sometimes witty; he's just as much a pig as any of the others."

"You're a hard woman."

Ignoring the crowd or the stairs, past the rows of old metal lockers separated from the hall by a thick superfluous wall. Here and there someone is exchanging an armful of books for a heavy coat. Into the coffee room, they put their books on either side of the end of a long table. He puts a quarter into the coffee machine, gets a half-filled cup, and waits for the top and no change. She puts her fifteen cents into the coke machine. They take their seats, trying not to hear the conversation next to them on the bench, an argument over the prospects of the University's college basketball team.

"Actually, I think I prefer the old fossils who have no pretence of being hip. They give their lectures and don't bother you, or they bother everybody equally. All the young ones have cliques -- Sorel, Bernstein, Luxe bourg."

"I think you're just frustrated because you can't ball any of them." He smiles to show this to be a joke, and she smiles to show she is not offended. "Anyway, you used to be a part of the crowd of Luxenbourg's drinking buddies."

"All of them are nice enough people, away from the classroom." She looks up at him wide-eyed, ingenuously, to show that she, for one, could deal with professors as a mature human being. He flushes and she cannot help thinking what a shame it is he likes her so much.

He looks up at the knot of people walking into the room, and she concentrates on her glass. One of the group comes up to him to ask about plans for cards and drinking, and she chooses this moment to finish, excuse herself and brush out into the corridor. Half an hour before class; if she goes into the library, inevitably someone interrupts her studying. Just

III.

All these people who never so much as looked at me before, today they're all a little interested. Are they looking at my parents, or at me for having brought them, or at the diversion whatever it is? No matter, forget them. Plenty of space, here in the back of the room.

Dad puts his hat on the desk in front of him, trying to look at ease. Poor guy, this is probably really strange for him. Mother looks so pleased, so impressed. After this is over, she'll talk about it for weeks I know, at least when Dad isn't around. Hell, he'll be pretty proud himself.

Hope they don't watch my notes, I don't want to have to justify what I write. Maybe they can't even tell what good notes would be in a lecture like this? At least I can be sure I won't get called today. Pretty sure.

They look so uncomfortable.

"You see, over there in the corner, my roommate, Dan? He really loves the class, watch if he doesn't have something to say."

Helped a little, now they're staring at Dan instead of straight ahead.

"... so if Schlemiel takes the coal truck to see his girlfriend and on his way to the next delivery hits a pedestrian ...."

Can they be interested in this? It's a novelty, I guess, and of course they think of the prestige, not the pressure. They hear this, and see me before the judge in my three-piece suit arguing for the pedestrian, or for Schlemiel, all the same. And the jurors smiling at me, and the judge nods his head gravely, and they'd be sitting in the back of the courtroom, looking just like they do now ....

Quite a shock for them, seeing the hair on some of these guys. They never saw kids like that who were respectable, never mind lawyers looking like that. It's good for them, though, they'll give me a little less flack about my own hair.
Theater:

I Never Sang...

Episcopal Bishop Richard Emrich, writing in Monday's Detroit News, answered a reader's question about how a man could be rational and still profess to believe in mysticism and hell. Disregard mysticism if the term troubles you, Emrich wrote in a rare burst of clarity; why not define hell simply as living contrary to one's own deepest truths?

The recent (3/1-3/5) Ann Arbor Civic Theater production of Robert Anderson's I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER, although faithful to Anderson's script, betrayed its own deepest truth in a way just serious enough to fit Emrich's conceptualization of hell. It might be that such an insight is a cheap shot, coming as it does only after an initial exposure to the 1970 movie of the same name, a bass-ackwards way of trying to glean Essential Truth from anything — the play preceded the movie by several years, after all. Nonetheless, the movie I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER came far closer to the gut statement Anderson appears to have been trying to make, whether Anderson realizes it or not.

The story-line, marvelously spare and evocative, involves a grown, adult son's desperate attempts to know his father and win his father's love well after the old man has edged up on senility. "Death ends a life," says the narrator at the beginning and at the end, "but it does not end a relationship, which struggles on in the survivor's mind toward some resolution which it never finds."

Events surrounding the death of his mother trigger the agonizing conflict of emotions the son, Gene, experiences. I think it was more than the idiosyncrasies of actor and director that flawed the AACT stage version, where the son, played ineffectually by Fred Gibilisco, came off as a weak, repressed, unresolved Freudian pop-up in two dimensions, where the daughter, Alice, played by Carol Duffy, seemed a shrill echo of Elizabeth Taylor in all those screaming roles, too fragile and bone-china pretty to be comfort-able saying "Crap!" and "He wants your balls!" (like, Miss Duffy's voice even cracked on that one), and where the old man, portrayed well enough by music professor Harold Haugh, was only a snuffling, snorting, semi-comic old nut, hardly the grand, tragic creation Melvin Douglas made of him on the screen. I think the central weakness resides in the original script itself, which, ironically enough, needed two Hollywood touches to achieve fulfillment of its deepest meaning.

Following his mother's death, Gene and Alice discuss what to do with their father now that he is alone. Self-sufficient, the archetypal rugged individual, the old man is nonetheless failing: "My mind is like a seive," he says no fewer than half-a-dozen times in the play. They contemplate a nursing home, among several options. On stage, son Gene's initial decision to stay on in the family mansion to look after his father seems to be made solely on the basis of the guilt he feels at the prospect of putting away this man by whom he desperately wants to do right, for a change. On the screen, however, what lifts his decision to the level of a moral imperative is a short tour Gene takes of one of the better local homes for the aging—a surreal gallery of horrors, numb old wrecks picking at sores on their faces, mindlessly staring into the middle distance, or at television, cackling, playing their seven-thousandth game of checkers, making a mess of their nightclothes. A Hollywood gimmick, if you prefer, but just try this story both ways and see if you don't respond at a more sensate level to the screen version which contains this scene, which becomes a dark presence in every subsequent decision that must be made.

Second, the story line develops a major conflict over the son's new love, Peggy, who replaces his first wife, Carol, who died a year before the time-set of the play. The son is torn between staying on in Westchester to care for his father, and breaking the ties and moving to California to marry Peggy, a doctor who has family and her practice there. On stage we never see Peggy, which is regrettable; given son Gene's other weaknesses and wishy-washy...
wanted on that catwalk, but it was suspended except for a tiny effort? You know who pulls all the saving switches on my catwalk, George. You know, you say you understand, but would you ever have confronted the mind and soul draining feeling I get when the snickering switches just sit there and do nothing?"

"Aline, what can I say? I love you, I'll follow you anywhere, do anything for you."

She throws back her head and laughs.

"Promises, promises, George. Maybe I'll think about the offer."

Strange for me, too, seeing them away from home, here especially.

I'd forgotten what an impressive building this is, even this room, the shape of the podium like a little theatre. "How I must love it here," really! I haven't been unhappy here, only I get so wrapped up in keeping up and booking all the time, that's hard sometimes to remember. No need for them to think of that. Let them see how much I take down in my notebook, how much I understand, how hard I've worked. And if they ask, why of course I'm excited about becoming a lawyer. It will be true enough.

Incidentals and Essence

In the smokey-brown of her eyes
a new love's tinder-light
--- or an old one's dying.

The fire of her lips in bank
against another day
--- or another winter.

The winter's love finds
changes in spring
--- a warming touch, awakening washinesses, there's always just the slightest suggestion that his attachment to her is just one more instance of his indecisiveness, perhaps of neurosis. Which is fine, if what you're trying to do is a sketch about the very particularized foibles of a bunch of semi-interesting, one-of-a-kind characters; however, it detracts mightily if you're trying to speak to the ages about the ineluctable sadness of aging parents and their adult children. Anderson's play accomplishes this second task only rarely; the movie liberated the theme almost constantly.

In the movie, the son is played to absolute perfection by Gene Hackman (remember? you loved him as 'Popeye' in THE FRENCH CONNECTION) --- strong, whole, racked not by the inconsistencies of his own character, as on stage, but by the irreconcilable impossibility of dealing with one's aging parents with any real satisfaction.

Director Herb Motley, Jr.'s use of rear-set slide projections to flesh in an extremely austere production may be an indication that he sensed a central lack of something in Anderson's stage version of I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER. Unfortunately, the lack is one which cannot be compensated for by pretty pictures on the wall. The film version of this script is simply a superior reading of the basic elements of the story, and allows the material to live in consonance with its own deepest mysteries. --J.N.S.

RG LITERATEURS

Mike "Aldous Huxley" Hall
Brian "Crater, J." Hays
Helen "George Eliot" Forsyth
John "Anton Chekov" Scott
Joe "Ring Lardner" Serritella
Joel "Rod McKuen" Newman
Mike "Henry James" Slaughter
Design:

Plans for the renovation of the Law School student lounge are complete. The interior design, which was prepared by the University of Michigan's own service, will occupy the existing space of the present "machine shop." Machines remain the dominant mode of service, but the enveloping decor strives to achieve much greater warmth than the institutional grays, browns and maroons there now.

Below is the proposed floor plan for the lounge. On the following page are two isometric views from either side of the floor-to-ceiling baffles.

The color scheme involves oaken lounging chairs in black, leaf green and royal blue upholstery; chrome and plastic chairs in like shades; table surfaces of red, black and white suede formica; charcoal black pile carpeting throughout, save for a charcoal black shag portion beneath the central table and a section of washable cork tiles around the machines; curtains in combinations of white, flame, leaf and royal bold patterns. Chromium gallery-type wall lamps and translucent, green-shaded ceiling fixtures with large opaque globes round out the scene. The effect should be one of stark contrast but without harshness.

The renovation will cost in excess of $11,000 but should significantly enhance the "quality of life" around the Law School particularly for commuters and lunch-hour habitues of the old facility. No completion date was available at this writing.

-- The Editors
LAW SCHOOL
STUDENT LOUNGE
Artist's
Renditions
## Politics: L.S. Election Results

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**Pass-Fail Referendum**

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*page fifteen*
John's Home

The Paddies -- Orange at dusk,
brown-bordered, square, at ease.

The Paddies -- Brown at day,
roiled, uneven, the turmoils of hate
in every oozing footprint
Slowly dying.

The People -- Open-faced at day,
brown-shouldered, slight, agreeable.

The People -- Blank-staring at night,
awaiting, furtive, their deeds for life
not yet begun; their freedom, a gift of Presidents,
A nightmare of destruction.

The Children --
Oh Lord!
The sound of a child
Is the sound of pain

J. I. N.