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Professor Martin Dead At Forty-one



Prof. Jim Martin

By Jim Komie

Professor James A. Martin died on December 10 at the age of forty-one. His death was caused by complications resulting from AIDS, the disease Martin had been fighting for over a year.

On Friday, January 10, a memorial service was held for Martin. Friends, faculty, staff and students crowded the Lawyers' Club lounge to share their memories of Martin, and their grief at his death.

There were five speakers in all, beginning with Kathryn West, Martin's long-time secretary. She played classical music on the piano as people entered the lounge, and then she rose to speak. West told of how Martin had taught her all about "classical music, plants, and the proper use of the semi-colon."

As did many of the speakers, West spoke of Martin's quirky obsession with order, from the vigilant enforcement of parking

regulations to the malfunctioning paper towel dispensers in the Legal Research Building. Martin made her keep copies of all the scolding letters he sent so he could mention how many times he already had written in each subsequent letter he dashed off. She concluded, "the memory of Jim's policing habits will never fail to produce a smile."

The next speaker was Professor James J. White. The substance of White's remarks can be found on page two of this newspaper.

The next speaker was Pauline New, a third-year student. New told of how she first had been Martin's student, then his research assistant, and finally his good friend. She fondly described her visits to Martin's home, where music always would be playing, and her walks in his fabulous garden.

Ro Lutz-Nagey, Martin's long-time friend, spoke next. Lutz-Nagey met Martin through a science fiction club in Ann Arbor, and they

grew to be such good friends that Martin presided at Lutz-Nagey's wedding. Like West, Lutz-Nagey remembered the quirky side of his friend, telling of how Martin insisted on rewriting the words he was to say at Lutz-Nagey's wedding.

Finally, David Epstein spoke. Epstein had collaborated with Martin on a commercial transactions casebook, and spoke of Martin's tremendous warmth and intellect. Epstein summed up the feelings of all present when he said, "There's no right way to have a memorial service for a man who was forty-one years old."

All the speakers lauded Martin's accomplishments in both the professional and private parts of his life. Martin was an expert in classical music, gardening and most sciences. He also helped design the home he lived in.

See MARTIN, page three

Deep Psychology And Extreme Violence

The Res Gestae

Vol. 34, No. 12

The University of Michigan Law School

January 15, 1986

Moot Court Competition Quarter Finals Approach

By Laura Bradshaw

The Campbell Moot Court Competition is getting ready to swing into high gear Feb. 17 and 18, as 12 teams compete in the semi-finals, the home stretch of a year full of change.

A total 42 teams competed in the quarter-finals last semester, up a third from the previous year, according to Lori Silsbury, co-chair of the competition.

Ms. Silsbury attributes the increase to a new rule: each team now argues only one issue in the quarter-final round, instead of the usual two. The reduction from two to one issue was intended "to shift the work load away from right during flybacks and interviewing, the busiest time of year," Silsbury said.

This year, every person on a team was asked to argue. In the past only one team member was selected to present the argument. The traditional structure of one

person, one argument, will be reinstated for the upcoming semi-finals, Silsbury said.

Compelling in the semi-finals this year are 12 teams, only four of which will move on to the final round of the competition.

Competing in February are Lynn Pope and Sally Quackenbush; Andy Klevern and David Medow; Martin Harris, competing individually; Susan Kling and Yayoi Kushida; Creighton Magid and Paul Seyferth; John Baker and Richard McAlister; Samuel Hill and John West; Kevin Haight and Tom Bean; Bruce Rothstein and Hans Massoquoi; Robert Gordon and Nancy Gardner; Tom Chorvat and David Zott; and Steve Hunter and Tami Mitchell.

The semi-finals will be judged by a team of law school professors, including Douglas Z. Kahn, Peter K. Westen, Michael C. Harper Whitmore Gray and Rebecca S. Eisenberg.

The upcoming topic involves a "collision of tort and bankruptcy law," Silsbury said. The

hypothetical case deals with a situation in which a large group of people have been exposed to a sugar substitute that later is proven to be carcinogenic. They definitely will contract a cancerous disease in the future. The question is, if the company that sells the substitute goes bankrupt, should the claims be discharged in bankruptcy or should the in-

jured parties be allowed to press the claims as they arise?

"I'm pretty excited about it because it reflects what's happening," Mr. Silsbury said. "It's what the asbestos producers did and those who produced the Dalkon Shield . . ."

The semi finals are open to the public, and See TWELVE, page three

Picozzi Suit Is Dismissed

By Steve Hunter

The long saga of Jim Picozzi and the arson of a lawyer's club room may finally be over. On Friday, January 3, Chief United States District Judge John Feikens granted Dean Terrance Sandalow's motion for summary judgment and the case was dismissed.

Sandalow commented that "I am pleased and not surprised," while Picozzi told the Ann Arbor News "I haven't seen the judge's decision yet, but I am confident we will appeal."

Picozzi was a University of Michigan Law student who was disenrolled in 1983 after his room was set on fire by gasoline. Subsequently Picozzi tried to transfer to Yale Law school, but was denied a letter in good standing by Sandalow, and a law suit ensued.

The court required that an administrative hearing be given and, much of last year, the moot court room was filled with the proceedings. The hearing officer ruled that "the University of Michigan has not, by clear and convincing evidence, established that James M. Picozzi started the fire . . ." Consequently, Dean Sandalow issued Picozzi's letter of good standing and Picozzi was accepted to Yale Law School, where he is currently enrolled.

Sandalow said that he felt the dismissal was "appropriate," and stated "I have been entirely comfortable about the outcome of this

lawsuit from the beginning."

Judge Feikens' 25 page opinion vindicated Sandalow's actions in the matter. Although Feikens ruled that Sandalow had deprived Picozzi of a protected interest "in continuing his studies", the judge held that Picozzi was never denied due process. Feikens felt that "Picozzi himself (was) responsible for the delay in the hearings commencement", and without an administrative hearing or a polygraph test, Sandalow refused to give the letter of good standing. However, the judge's opinion stated that Sandalow had "a duty to protect the security of the law school community" and "a duty not to mislead other schools."

Judge Feikens also ruled against Picozzi's argument that he as denied equal protection and unfairly singled out in the arson incident. The opinion states that Sandalow "rightfully treated Picozzi differently than other students because Picozzi was not similarly situated with any other student. The unexplained arson fire took place in Picozzi's room, and no one else's room." The opinion also explains that Picozzi was the Ann Arbor Police Department's primary suspect in the arson.

In retrospect, Sandalow commented that he "really didn't write any of the letters with an eye toward the possibility of litigation" but also said "I am certain I did nothing substantively that I would do differently today."

Law Senate Gets Rolling

By Steve Hunter

It appears not everyone was back in town on the first Monday of classes, January sixth, including some members of the Law School Student Senate. The Senate was unable to make quorum, but did have an interesting discussion, nevertheless.

Lyn Placke then raised the proposed Senate "outline bank," and questioned what the faculty view of such an idea would be. Senator Eric Hard expressed the opinion that the faculty could care less what students do. "They don't know who we are" Hard said.

The charity food drive of last semester ended with the business school turning in approximately twice the amount of canned goods that the law school did. Although the contest was lost, the drive was a success.

Although unable to vote on new business, President Smith asked the senators present to consider the role the senate will play this semester. "I think we're a largely ineffective organization in terms of representing the student body," Smith said, and added that more effective communication is needed. Senator Placke then raised the most pressing student concern that she had heard, which is the computer fees to be imposed on law students. The computers seem to give little benefit to the majority of the law students who will help pay for them, Placke explained.

The meeting then disbanded, with Smith reiterating his request that the Senators think about how the Senate could be improved.

See SENATE, page three

The Res Gestae

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Bitches and Moans

Welcome back. It's time for everyone to slide back into the law school groove, so we at the RG thought we would remount our soapbox and take fresh aim at some law school problems.

For instance. We think it's a crime that they still give exams in Room 100. The lighting is so bad in there that one woman brought a desk lamp to her Evidence final. Unfortunately for everyone else in Room 100, there was only one outlet.

We realize that there is a great demand for rooms during finals, but if the administration can't avoid testing us in Room 100 then they should have the lighting fixed.

Another complaint is the fact that some professors refuse to post curves. The grapevine indicates that these are the same professors who really hammer their students. Posting curves is useful in that it allows students to see just how well they did in relation to the rest of the class. It shows who among the faculty are exceptionally hard graders. While it's true that this information may tend to decrease enrollment in some classes, it has the advantage of allowing students to make informed decisions about whether or not to take a class pass/fail.

Then of course there is the high cost of law school. In addition to our annual tuition hike, it seems that a computer fee is also in the works. If the law school intends to force students to pay for these computers, they should have some sort of a training program available for students to learn how to use them. So far, having the consultant in the library has proved inadequate to teach large numbers of students, and classes seem like the logical solution.

As long as we're on the subject of classes, the course selections around here are very slim. All week we've heard people complaining that there are no classes to take. Actually there are — you just don't want to take them.

The classes the people want to take, such as Enterprise Organization and Criminal Justice, have more people than they can handle and perhaps should be expanded. Other classes that also might be popular, seem to meet at the same time and thus eliminate many students. For example, Commercial Transactions, Trusts and Estates, Criminal Procedure Survey and Protection of Technology all meet at the same time as Rosenzweig's E/O. Also, Civil Procedure II meets at the same time as Criminal Justice. Short of cloning, a law student is helpless in the face of these conflicts. The solution, of course, is to offer the popular classes at different times so students can take them all, and offer more sections.

But we're tired of bitching and moaning by ourselves. If something's bothering you, write us a letter. After all, misery loves company.

Opinion

Jim Martin's Life And Letters

The following were remarks made by Professor James J. White at the memorial service held for Professor James Martin.

Jim Martin was a student, a colleague, and a close friend. His was a mind of independent ideas and uncommon sharpness. He was a scholar of national reputation, not just in one subject, but in three. Books that he authored or co-authored in Conflict of Laws, Civil Procedure, and Commercial Law were used in courses from coast to coast. He was a principal draftsman of a new statute on the law of leases that will soon be proposed for adoption in every state of the United States. He was a drafter of and a commentator on the Michigan Rules of Civil Procedure. These are remarkable accomplishments for a man of 41 years. In his books, in the Court Rules, and particularly in the new statute, his memory will live with us. Neither I nor anyone else need speak for them; they speak for themselves.

In the minutes given to me I would like to honor a part of Jim's memory in a form not preserved by his books and serious work. I fear that the rigor and careful logic with which Jim wrote and spoke portrayed him as a man of keen undimensional intelligence. In fact, Jim Martin was many persons. To think him merely a keen and logical thinker would be wrong.

One person was a highly traditional, even prudish, product of a Roman Catholic upbringing. A second Jim Martin was an avant-garde devotee of science and science-fiction. Yet a third, who coexisted with the other two, was a practitioner of a decidedly non-traditional life style. The traditional and conservative Jim Martin rebelled at lawlessness and disorder, was repelled by slovenliness of writing or thought, and was invariably offended by pretention and self-righteousness in all of its forms. Yet it was the non-traditional person who spoke out about such lawlessness, slovenliness, and pretention. These responses to such matters were always informative, usually clever, and occasionally humorous, not only in their content, but in the scolding officiousness that they revealed. To demonstrate this engaging and eccentric facet of Jim's character, I wish to read parts of four of his letters. Each of these letters was published or offered for publication — so be assured that I do not reveal something that was private.

1. The first is a serious letter about a statement of a member of the Board of Regents on a topic that deeply interested Jim. This letter appeared in the March 18, 1984 Ann Arbor News.

"Regent was quoted as urging caution about non-discrimination against gays, based upon 'public appearance' and 'what legislators think.'

"I am glad that the Regent keeps practicalities in mind, but after he has considered them briefly, I hope he will dismiss them forthwith. Can you imagine him making the same statements about discrimination against blacks or Jews? ('I would like to oppose discrimination against you, but, you know, I have to think about those anti-black and anti-Jewish legislators in Lansing. Of course I think you're okay . . . kind of.')"

Of course this letter properly criticized a Regent for a statement the Regent would not have made had he thought about it carefully. It shows Jim's capacity to draw an analogy that instantly focuses the issue.

2. The second letter is less serious. In it we see the conservative Jim Martin responding on a political issue, but stimulated by the pretentiousness and self-righteousness of his political opponents. This was published in November, 1984 in the Ann Arbor News.

"Walter Mondale's concession speech was gracious and dignified, and showed the warmth that has made him a successful human being if not a successful presidential candidate . . .

"In marked contrast, the statements of the proponents of the Nuclear Free Zone, both before and after the election,

have been ungracious and mean-spirited. I was going to remain uncharacteristically silent until I saw yet one more example in — an advocates's Viewpoint of November 12.

"With the knowledge that free advice is usually ignored, I nonetheless offer the following to the nuclear free folks for their next campaign: (And he then gives them various pieces of advice, among it the following:)

"3. Don't try to convince us that you lost only because you were outspent. Money doesn't guarantee victory, as Republican House and Senate candidates found out this year. Moreover, your opponents actually published the text of your proposal in a full-page newspaper ad. Whether you like it or not, and whether it was accompanied by their own commentary or not, that was voter education — much more than in the usual election. Accept the fact that educated voters, rightly or wrongly, disagree with you. They weren't bought. They read, they listened, and they weren't convinced. Stop whining.

"4. Next time, try at least to pretend that you accept the possibility that someone who disagrees with you may do so on the basis of principle and honest disagreement, and not instead for reasons of stupidity, greed, or a desire to see the end of the human race. You may not believe it's true, but if you pretend that you believe it, you will turn off fewer people who, this time, were unimpressed by your self-righteousness."

In the third letter we see Jim at his officious best. Here he is springing to the defense of a group of which he was clearly not a member. This is a group who are both fat and gullible. He is responding to an advertisement titled "Thrilling Japanese Super Pill Guarantees Rapid Weight-Loss!" that appeared in a stuffer in the Ann Arbor News. He writes to the Federal Trade Commission to "initiate formal procedures for computing" about this fraudulent advertising. Not only does he take the perpetrator of the advertisement to task, he asks how he might initiate a complaint "against the Ann Arbor News." He states, correctly, that the Ann Arbor News has no obligation to use the "Family Weekly" as a stuffer, and, always ready with an analogy, suggests that the Ann Arbor News would not carry the Family Weekly if, for example, it ran pornographic photos or libelous articles.

The final letter in a quintessential Martin letter. It complains about English language usage, a topic dear to his heart. It was directed at his favorite target the Ann Arbor News only last July.

"I am perplexed by the continuing misuse by the News of "media" as a singular noun. The most recent example was a headline . . . "Terrorists' control over media illustrates how non-objective it really is."

"Irregular plurals are admittedly troublesome . . . But the proper use of "medium" and "media" should not appear beyond your capabilities, especially since newspapers are one of the news media and intelligent people are usually expected to know the proper usage of words touching upon their very livelihoods.

"Since this issue has been raised many times in your letter columns without apparent effect, I wonder if you would descend from your customary icy editorial science and share with the readers your views on the subject — are these misusages mere oversight, are they attempts at linguistic reform, or is there some other explanation I haven't thought of?"

So we see it. Jim Martin was a brilliant man, but not merely a brilliant man. He was a man of grand strengths, but also of delightful foibles. I hope that that weight of his tragic and early death can be lightened, if ever so little, by our appreciation of the many things that he left for us in the scholarly literature, in our daily discourse with him, and also in the pages of our newspapers.

Res Gestae

Martin Memorial Held

From page one

In the field of law, Martin was a man of rare accomplishments. He authored or co-authored three casebooks, on conflict of laws, commercial transactions and civil procedure, all of which are widely used. His most recent work was a two-volume treatise on Michigan court rules, which was published in August.

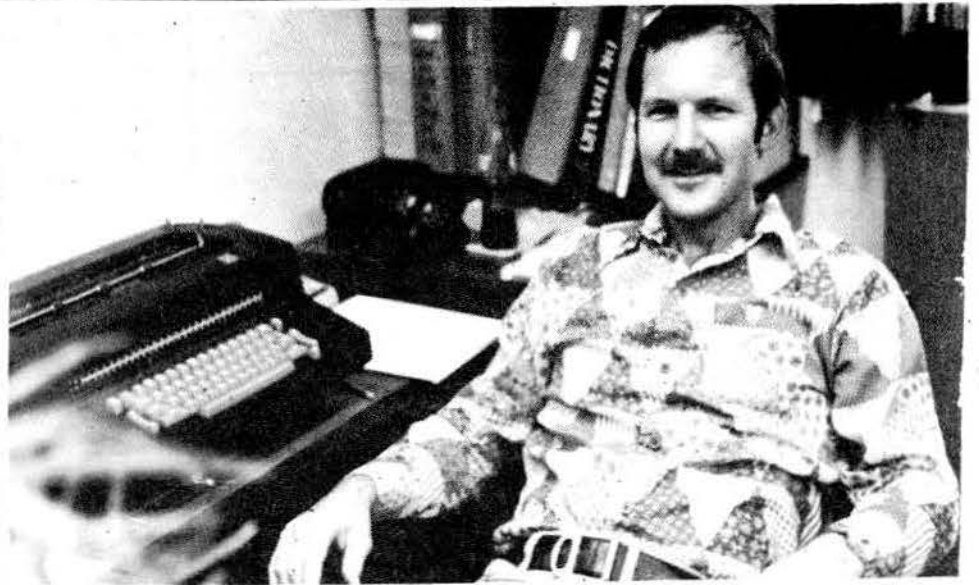
In 1966, Martin came to the University of Michigan Law School as a student, bringing with him a graduate degree in mathematics. Dean Terrance Sandalow had Martin in the first class he taught here, and remembers Martin from that class. "He was one of those people who took to the study of law — he caught my eye early on." The law school invited Martin to join its faculty in 1970, just one year after graduation. He spent the rest of his professional life here.

Students thought of Martin as a brilliant and demanding professor. Dana Deane, a third-year, remembers that in civil procedure, Martin would go "from point one

to point four, while we were still struggling to reach point two, or even one." Deane says she respected Martin for remaining part of such a traditional and close-knit community as the law school faculty, where his homosexuality created some uncomfortable situations, whether to invite his housemate to dinner parties being an example.

Mona Lackore, another third-year student, had Martin for both civil procedure and conflict of laws, the latter of which Martin stopped teaching in the middle of the semester because of illness. Lackore remembers how Martin wouldn't let students come to class if they were late, explaining that latecomers would break his train of thought. Lackore also told of how Martin once upset students by reusing an old exam question, a mistake that was exacerbated by the fact that he had handed out a model answer for that question.

Despite his aloof brilliance in class, Deane remembers that outside of class, Martin was "very nice, very helpful to students, and very approachable."



Senate Mulls Computer Fee

from page one

The second senate meeting of the year did improve, with attendance last Monday being nearly perfect. The senators immediately began attacking old business, with a report by Secretary Lyn Placke on the sports committee.

The committee is planning a basketball tournament in the first full week of February, with a one night, single elimination format. The divisions will be men's and co-ed.

Senator Doris Wilson then gave a report about the upcoming "Stress-Less, Cut Loose Week." The week, beginning January 27, will include a stress management workshop from 6:30 to 8:30 on Monday. Tuesday's activity will be a massage workshop. Wilson explained, "It's in the daytime, we don't want people to get too excited." Although people can bring a partner if they choose, others will be paired up at the workshop. Wednesday will have a Film Festival of short movies, with the festival title being "Learn to Laugh." Thur-

sday night will be a game night, with hot chocolate and a fire, and backgammon, euchre, etc. The week will end with a "Mock-tail" party on Friday, featuring non-alcoholic beverages.

The senate then returned to the matter of the computer fee being assessed law students this semester. After discussing the matter, the senate agreed that the students need both a training program for computers and more information about exactly what is available to law students. Placke and Senator Amy Lambert volunteered to speak with the library computer consultant, Greg Napoleon, about his availability and plans for training students.

In the area of new business, Senate President Russell Smith proposed a plan similar to those in other law schools in which law students volunteer to give tax help to low-income people. "It gets us involved in community service and gives us some client work" Smith said.

Twelve Teams Advance

From page one

Silsbury said she hopes law students will feel free to stop in and listen.

She is also looking forward to the finals on April 1, which will be judged by Judge Willfred Feinberg, of the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals, Judge Ruth Ginsberg of the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, Judge Robert Bork of the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, Professor James J. White and Dean Terrance Sandalow.

"We weren't able to get a Supreme Court justice this year," Silsbury noted, "but Justice Brennan will be here next year."

But the changes in the format that have marked this year's competition do not end with the semi-finals. Beginning March 3, Campbell competitors will help judge the oral presen-

tations of the first year case clubs. "The goal is to increase the relationship with the case clubs and increase participation in (the competition)," Silsbury said, "and also to help the case club out. It's a two-pronged activity."

Winners of the Campbell become chairmen or chairwomen of the event the following year. Silsbury shares her chair with Sheila Foran.

Unlike competitions at other law schools, the UM Campbell competition is strictly between students of the law school. Some schools, however, take their moot court competition on the road, competing against students from other schools. Ms. Silsbury said UM traditionally kept the event at home, but added she does not know why.



Notices

First year students: SFF WANTS YOU!
The Student Funded Fellowship Board is looking for three first-year law students interested in becoming members of the Board. SFF was founded in 1978 by Michigan law students concerned about the lack of public interest placement opportunities, primarily due to the inability of public interest organizations to finance summer internships. SFF solicits pledges and contributions from students, faculty, law firms, and other available sources and then awards fellowships to help students meet their summer expenses while working for public interest organizations.

Last year SFF raised over \$23,000 from law students and awarded almost \$42,000 in fellowships to twenty-six students. Board members devote the majority of their time to fundraising, interviewing and selecting fellowship recipients, and performing minor administrative tasks. First-year members joining the Board would be expected to continue to serve throughout their law school careers. If you are looking for a good way to get involved and to put some of your free time to good use and you think you might be interested in becoming a first-year member of the SFF Board, please call Doug Ghidina at

769-3168 or Nancy Radner at 996-9130.

FINANCIAL AID — Renewal packets for students applying for Law School aid for 1986-87 (including Summer 1986) are available now from the Financial Aid Office or on a table outside Dean Gordan's office (308 Hutchins).

Deadlines: February 14th for summer, April 1st for Fall/Winter.

Law School Loan and National Direct Student Loan promissory notes for Winter 1986 are available now at the Cashier's Office in the LS & A Building.

The deadline to apply for a PLUS/ALAS loan for this academic year is March 1st.

VIDEODISCS AVAILABLE — The Law Library now has access to INFOTRAC and LEGALTRAC on a trial basis. These two databases are searched on micro-computers housed in the Reference Collection on S-2. INFOTRAC provides citations to current articles in many business and general periodicals; LEGALTRAC provides citations to current legal periodical literature. Both databases cover recent New York Times and Wall Street Journal articles. The terminals are self-service, easy to use and have printers to provide instant citation lists.

Feature

Holden Caulfield Roams Lawyers' Club

By Bob Mullen

I forgot to tell you about that. They kicked me out.

If you really want to know, it started with those goddamn apples. That kills me. It really does.

If some real bastard had taken that big bowl of apples from the dining hall I probably would've asked him when he was planning on bringing them back and all, but since it was the most daring thing old Ackley had done in his whole pimply life, I had to let him know what a great guy he was.

"You're a prince, you know that Ackley?"

He didn't even know I was complimenting him, on account of he's so used to being who he is, but I was quite impressed, if you want to know the truth.

"I'm studying, Holden."

I couldn't sit around and argue with the guy and wreck his day after he did such a goddamn daring thing. I got my books and went down into the library to try to get back on the right track, on account of I was failing everything but case club.

The place was quite deserted. You could tell everyone was over at the football field, freezing to death and yelling those phony cheers and standing up when they were supposed to and all. That day we were playing Ohio State. It was supposed to be a very big deal, because some great rivalry existed since a thousand years ago. I didn't go because I probably would've gotten depressed as hell and wanted to kill myself, if you want to know the truth.

I was having a lousy time concentrating, though, because it was *too* quiet in there. I mean it was *too perfect* to study in. So I walked around for a while, just sort of looking to see how things were. There was a terrific mess by the copiers, that was caused by students doing research like madmen. That killed me. Those reporters were scattered around like madmen. Boy, if you want these great gemuses to act like a child, just give them something to do.

It was a good thing I didn't go the game, because all of a sudden I had to go pretty bad. The only thing was, both cans were occupied. And the boy in the big can was muttering. I figured that if you were using this can that takes up twice as much space as a normal one, the least you could do was speed it up. So I stood there tapping my fingers very hard against the wall. I could picture those phonies in the admissions office telling the bathroom builders that for every normal can they put in, they had to put in a goddamn diversity can

right next to it, with handrails and a runway and all. If you want to know the truth, I haven't seen many students who looked like they needed handrails, but I've seen plenty who could use three normal cans in a bad way.

Finally old Mutterer let me use it, so on account of I didn't have a goddamn handball with me. I looked at myself in the wall instead. Boy, if they did one thing right in there, it was using those shiny blue tiles that keep clever bastards from writing their moron jokes all over the place. That gets to me. It really does. I know it sounds corny, but you should be able to just kind of look at yourself in the wall, even if your pants are pulled down and all, because that's one time when nobody can tell you you're doing it wrong or should be doing something else, and you can

I mean they weren't wearing goddamn ballroom gowns, they were wearing mostly sweatshirts, or sweaters, with goddamn pearls.

just look and see how you're doing. I mean without having moron jokes all over your face. I know it's corny.

Since I couldn't think very hard I got my books and climbed the stairs for about an hour, until I got to the main desk. I had a question for the boy there, that I'd been thinking about quite often lately.

"Do you know where all the squirrels go in the winter?"

He didn't answer me, so I said, "I mean when the quad's filled up with snow and they can't bang around in snowdrifts waiting for cookies and all, that they probably couldn't even find when you throw it to them?"

He sort of smiled and said, "I imagine the fat little shits will think of something." You could tell he got a great bang out of it all. What a wit. A goddamn sterling wit.

I told him he was a dirty moron to say that. Then I thought he probably had awful parents, that didn't have much dough besides, so he had to spend all his Saturdays hanging around this desk getting a reputation for saying these goddamn awful things. I was feeling pretty crummy about it and told him I was sorry, and that my brother just died, though he really died quite long ago. I'm a terrific liar sometimes, I really am.

I thought I'd take a seat in the reading room for a little while, just to sort of watch people study, all serious and all. I noticed about fifty girls wearing pearl necklaces. That killed me. Girls kill me, they really do. I mean they weren't wearing goddamn ballroom gowns, they were wearing mostly sweatshirts, or sweaters, with goddamn pearls. I mean you're supposed to figure out which one they're more like, the sweatshirt or the pearls, and they're not either, and it kills you. This one who I guess I was staring at for a while would look up and see me and then look down, and I just sort of wanted to watch her study with her pearls and all, but she started doing this like a madman, so I had to watch someone else. Whenever you just want to look at someone, more likely than not they'll think you're a horny bastard.

Then I started thinking about how they all

would give you the same phony story about getting her pearls from her dead grandmother and all, like it was the biggest goddamn thing in her life, and I got so depressed I had to leave. I probably would've killed myself if I wouldn't've pictured all those stupid rubbernecks standing around my body, saying I did it because of the pressures of the goddamn first year.

I started to take a walk because it was actually a terrific day for a walk, even though you were supposed to think it was crummy because of the weather and all. I stopped to watch some kids tossing around a ball by the side of the Legal Research Building. They were having a hell of a time getting it to each other on account of the wind, but you knew they were just happy to be out on this goddamn terrific day. All of a sudden the ball bounced down into that window hole that's supposed to make the library so goddamn modern, and they came over to me and asked me what to do. All I could think of was my brother Allie, who I already told you about, that drowned in a sewer he fell in when he tried to get his baseball out of it before it got water-logged. I nearly started bawling. I really did.

But then I found this goddamn twenty-foot

pole that was lying around and went over to the hole and started working the ball up with it. The oldest kid, that was a girl, told me their names were Michele, John, and John, and wanted to know what mine was. I told them it was Jim Steele, because I wanted them to think great guys with names like that helped people get their balls out of libraries and all, so they would do it when they grew up. The crazy pole kept slipping and I had to keep doing it over again. Each time it happened, old Michele said, "Thank you, Mr. Steele. We appreciate this." That killed me. Just when you want to puke about parents teaching their kids to say phony things, one does it and it knocks you out. It really does.

After a year old John said he would go down there and get it. I nearly tackled him. There was no handholds in there or anything. A kid who went down there would probably die like a fish in an aquarium that you forgot to feed before anyone could figure out how to save him. Leave it to old U of M to put handrails in their cans but no ladder out of the goddamn windows. I started thinking maybe I should hang around there all the time, ready to catch kids that are chasing after something right as they're about to go flying over the edge down into the law library. Yeah, if I could do anything, I thought, that's what I'd like to do.

Then it got quite dark, the wind started blowing like a madman and the next thing you knew I was running around with old Ackley's bowl of apples, chucking them at the library. I started going for those phony college emblems on the windows, and after I almost hit one I really started throwing hard, the phonier the goddamn emblem the harder. I was running around that place like a madman, and before you knew it a whole crowd was running around to see what was going on and I was laughing my crummy guts out too hard to act like I was the one that caused it. Boy, those windows had to be reinforced with goddamn iron not to break. Whenever you think you can break some phony emblem because it's only glass, it turns out that somebody already'd reinforced it with iron.

That's all I'm going to tell about. If you really want to know, I could go on about the trouble I had a few weeks later when old Ackley got this care package his parents paid the Law Club about a hundred dollars for that had nothing but goddamn apples and oranges in it, or after I saw that scraggy squirrel I turned up by the snowplow, but I don't feel like it. I really don't. That stuff doesn't interest me now.

Don't ever try to study on a Saturday. If you do, you end up puking all over yourself.

Law in the Raw

By Mark Berry and Lionel Glancy

Congratulations!

Apprehension of so many criminals has rarely been so easy as the round-up orchestrated with the lure of football tickets in Washington, D.C. last month.

The U.S. Marshall Service's Fugitive Investigative Strike Team sent letters to three thousand fugitives in the Washington area promising them tickets to a Washington Redskins football game. The "lucky" winners were invited to a party at which they were to receive their tickets and participate in a drawing for season and Super Bowl tickets. Upon arrival, the guests were asked to complete name tags, allowing officials to verify their identities.

Once all the winners had arrived, the police unit moved in and gave each guest his ticket: Go directly to jail. Do not pass Go. Do not receive your football tickets.

Detroit Free Press, December 12, 1985

Objection, your honor

Never at a loss for an articulate and pointed response to any situation, columnist William F. Buckley, Jr. vented his frustrations over evidentiary technicalities in a recent court hearing.

Buckley was representing his magazine, National Review, in a 16 million dollar libel suit against the ultraconservative Liberty Lobby. During cross examination opposing counsel repeatedly objected to Buckley's testimony. Buckley finally leaned back in his chair and complained that he was "terribly constipated by these interruptions."

The judge told Buckley just to answer the questions.

Student Lawyer January 1986

Custody Battles

When little Margo Delores wound up in Indiana court,

battles for her custody involved the usual torn emotions of well-wishing relatives.

When Margo's adoptive mother died without making provision for Margo's care, the duty was taken over by grandfather Harold Ezell. But great-aunt Marie Ezell became lonely and asked if she might "borrow" Margo as some company. Permission was granted but Marie violated the oral custody agreement by failing to have Margo Delores back to Harold in time for a slumber party she had been invited to attend. Harold sued Marie for \$3000 in damages and return of Margo. The judge ruled Margo Delores properly belonged with Harold and that Marie would have to return her or pay her value, which was set at \$275.

Margo Delores is a special-edition Cabbage Patch doll. Harold and Marie are adult human beings.

Student Lawyer, December 1985