

# THE OYETZ

VOLUME 48 / ISSUE 1



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B/CURVE  
CLUB



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**SOCIETY**  
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# THE OYEZ

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and the upstanding strippers at LEOPARDS who found & promptly returned  
Rachelle's make-up bag!*

*The OYEZ* welcomes all student submissions, though it reserves the right not to print anything banal, offensive, unfunny or below our entirely subjective B-curve. Send any work, ideas, gossip, complaints, news and nude photos to [biniaz@uwindsor.ca](mailto:biniaz@uwindsor.ca) sometime before any of our four issues are published in October, December, January and March.



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# OCTOBER 2011

VOLUME 48 / ISSUE 1

*The OYEZ* is a magazine FOR Law Students BY Law Students in the finest tradition of satire and critique. As the only intentionally funny thing about Law School, *The OYEZ* is not afraid to show just how ridiculous the Law School experience can be. We aim to please and are pleased to take aim!



To view this and all previous issues of *The OYEZ* in colour, please visit our website at [WEB2.UWINDSOR.CA/LAW/OYEZ/INDEX.HTM](http://WEB2.UWINDSOR.CA/LAW/OYEZ/INDEX.HTM)



## ON THE COVER:

Melina Macchia, Mike O'Brien, Sirius Biniaz, Rob Eeuwes & Miriam Anbar.

Photographed by Jack Yu in the Paul Martin Law Library on September 21, 2011.

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# LETTER FROM THE *EDITOR*



*Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and taste;  
I've been around for a long 3 years, stole many a man's soul and faith...*

For those of you in first-year who haven't yet had the honour and privilege of getting to know me, and for the rest of you upper-year cretins who've been living under a rock all this time: my name is Sirius Biniiaz and I'm this year's Editor-in-Chief of *The OYEZ*. That's right! After nineteen years of edumacation and constant attempts on my part to crawl up the social ladder, I can proudly admit that I've finally managed to perch my boney ass up on the top step of coolness by taking over my school's magazine... so bow down and declare your unworthiness to me you swine! I RUN THIS TOWN!

This year, *The OYEZ* promises to rock your socks off with some much needed humour, hilarity and mockery... All I ask in return is for all you losers to grow some thicker skin, buckle up and get ready for the ride of your life. I guarantee you'll love every second of it. And if you don't then maybe you should SHUT YOUR TRAP and keep your lousy opinions to yourself because I sure as shit don't want to hear it!

Here's hoping we didn't blow all our comedic wad on this first issue... and that we won't get shut down! That's all.

**Sirius Biniiaz**  
Editor-in-Chief



# LETTERS FROM THE *EDITORS*



## GORD AKILIE

Hello Readers! My name is Gord(on) Omar Akilie and it pleases me to an uncomfortable degree to now serve as one of your *OYEZ* co-editors. Every day is now like Grade 7 Math class.

So, briefly, a little about myself: I come from St. Catharines, Ontario, a somewhat beautiful city near Niagara Falls with an abundance of bars and no shortage of stabbings. Our downtown core's main thoroughfare now has two-way traffic – the culmination of over 20 years of aggressive lobbying from the “I'm tired of circling back on side streets after I pass my prostitute” lobby. Come drive on it yourself and feel the difference.

My Law School career has been equal parts fulfilling and embarrassing, with all of my successes inevitably offset by some unprompted act of nudity. “With each mooting prize comes a shirtless pushup at *Voodoo*” has been my mantra since day 1. Outside of school I enjoy watching CPAC, listening to indie music no one knows, cooking, drinking Cabernet Franc alone and pretending to enjoy sports and beer when in the company of men. I only have seven words left. Kiss me when you see me, G.A.



## CHRIS MARSHALL

I've been called Eddie Haskell by the Alumni Office, Marshall by friends, the most interesting man in the world in dreams and that drunken guy at the bar to most first-years. The person I aspire to be is Mick Haller, also known as the Lincoln Lawyer. Step one, get into Law School. Check. Step two, graduate. Reasonably confident I'll earn a Check. Step three, get a Lincoln Town Car. Looking a little iffy, I don't think the Yaris has that kind of trade in value. Plan B. Write for *The OYEZ*.



## RACHELLE MITRI

GUESS WHAT? I'M BAAACK for another totally amazing year on *The OYEZ*, but this time with a whole new team of editors! So I guess that makes me the “something old” contribution this year. Well, all I can say is that I am super excited to be working with such an amazing team! We are focused on getting a lot of you involved this year because although we are the most popular kids in school (just let me bask in this illusion would ya?), we don't know everything - well Sirius probably does - but we need your input nonetheless! So if you see me around, stop me and give me your ideas or submit them to us by email! Look at it this way, you'll get credit for it, hence everyone will think you're funny, hence you're that much closer to becoming more popular. SO essentially, if you want more friends and want to gain popularity, don't worry, *The OYEZ* will make your dream a reality.



## LINDSAY TRAVES

I was without words for this little blurb so I decided the best way to tell you about my self was to Google my name and see what it told me. It appears as though I was an angry ranter in a letter to the UWO campus paper, and am as “addicted to *House* as he is to Vicodin.” I do, in fact, have a Facebook profile and am an avid member of the Incubus HQ. I also am credited with a retraction to my angry rant letter to the UWO paper. Also, quite often, I generate Lindsay Lohan and Travis Barker gossip column results. Well, if that's all Google knows about me, that's probably all that's true. Can't wait to be one of your *OYEZ* editors this year. Bring on the funny.



# WINDSOR LAW GOSSIP

## THE EMANCIPATION OF MIMI!

Even though Windsor Law needs a new bitch as much as I need another herpes scare, power-couple **GRAEME NORWOOD** and **IVANA BOZINOVIC** (“GRIVANA”) have come to show all of us just how magical it can be when a boy & a girl meet, start dating, move in with one another... and make a dog!

So please bark out your welcomes to Queen **MIMI**, our law school’s newest and arguably cutest plaything!

And if you have a canine friend for Mimi, we’d like to note that she’s currently accepting friendship requests (no funny business though, this babe is spayed)!

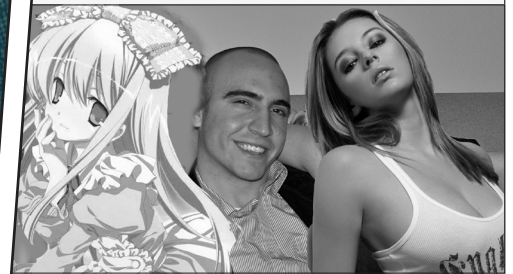


## NERD ALERT!

Well it may only be October but already, first-year **MANDY KINZEL** has managed to successfully out herself as the biggest keener in her class.

Mandy, who has been teaching for the last 11 years, actually thought it would be a good idea to go on the Windsor Law Class of 2014

Facebook Page in July and ask if “anyone [has] seen a book or reading list yet”... Way to shoot yourself in the foot 2 months before your classes have even begun girl! We sincerely hope that all your summer readings were worth it.



KNEZ SEZ: “HOW WE DOOO?!”



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DAVIES



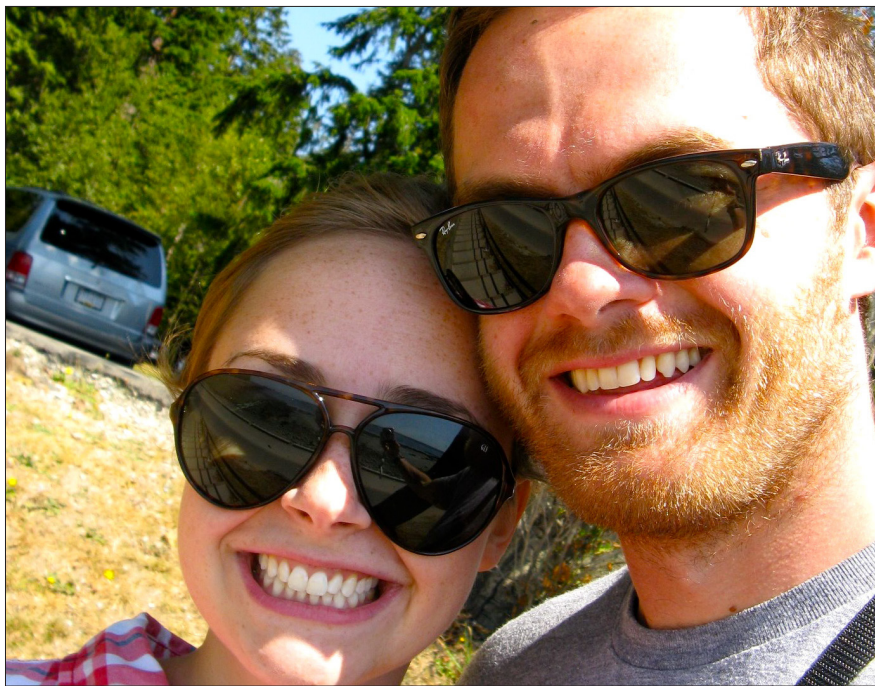
## THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MIRIAM!



Remember what you were doing on Thursday, September 22nd? If you were watching MTV's hit sensation *Jersey Shore* as opposed to getting your face stuffed at **GRIVANA's** fantabulous house-warming party, chances are you shat your pants when you saw Windsor Law's very own **MIRIAM ANBAR** party it up with the J-Shore Crew!

Apparently, winning the Israeli version of *The Bachelor* (Google: *Mikol Habanot Ba-Olam*) just wasn't enough for our Reality TV Temptress. This summer, while studying (and I use that term loosely) in Florence, Miriam was spotted canoodling with MTV Superstar Vinny Guadagnino. You can pick your jaws up from the floor now! Thanks to Miriam, we're only 2 degrees of separation away from Snooki & the Situation. But seriously how does she do it? What is her secret?

Screw OCI mock interviews! You ladies need to book yourselves an appointment with Miriam Anbar and learn how to land a famous man AND get your mug on TV at the same time.



## LOVE IS IN THE AIR!

*The OYEZ* would like to congratulate third-year stud-muffin **JESSE KENDALL** for putting a ring on cutie-patootie **HEATHER McMAHON's** finger this summer!

We would also like to extend our congratulations to a fellow named **JEREMY TATUM** (I've been told he wears suit jackets to bed) and a broad who goes by the name of **LAURA BURKITT** (I've legit never heard of her in my life) on their engagement as well. We wish both couples all the best!

## RAIN, RAIN, WILL IT EVER GO AWAY?



According to our psychic weathergirl **NICOLE D** and her magnificently buxom bazoongas that can predict the weather, you shouldn't be packing away your anoraks & wellingtons just yet. That's right! **NICOLE's** chichis of power predict more showers in the upcoming weeks.

## DON + THE REAL GIRL



Contrary to popular belief, **DON PYPER** actually DOES have a girlfriend... she's in first-year!

## LRW LIBRARY LOCKDOWN

The LRW Library Lockdown has begun. Statutes, Regulations, the Canadian Gazette...come one, come all. This week, Professor McCarney's LRW class was seen doing legal research in herds for a 48-page Legal Memorandum. Little's students, meanwhile, were seen frolicking in the library, still trying to get a hold of their WestLaw passwords. "I haven't eaten in 8 days! I've spent 23 hours backdating Statutes and I still have no clue what's going on" said first-year **DANIEL DI FONZO**, a student blessed with being placed in McCarney's class. In response to Daniel's current status McCarney left him the following voicemail: "Welcome to Law School, Chump."

In other library news, second-year **MATT ("LORD") DUNNETT** was seen searching for the book titled, *A Legal Guide to being Smug*.

## MENEZES MAKES INSURANCE LAW HISTORY!

For the first time in the history of the planet, Insurance Law enrolment has been capped by a Fire Marshall! The news came when a number of students were bumped from the class roster following an audit of class registration by the Windsor Fire Marshall. "Usually we cap classes in accordance with fire regulations. But we didn't think we'd ever have to auto-cap Insurance Law," Assistant Dean Francine Herlehy said.

This semester's Insurance Law class currently has 58 students enrolled in it, as many as can fit in the room. "It's kind of stuffy," commented Professor Menezes. "I haven't played to this kind of crowd since Greg Monforton T.A.'d my Auto-Insurance class in '80. He put up billboards back then."

There has been much speculation as to the cause of the demand for the class. Some theorists attribute the rise in enrolment to Professor Berryman's sabbatical, which eliminated this year's Remedies offering. Not everyone shares that perspective, however. "He's the best," seems to be a common explanation among Professor Menezes's students.

"It's like a rock concert every Monday and Wednesday," said **LIANE SHEPLEY**, who was one of the first to enrol in the class this summer. "He's funnier than Dane Cook. That age bit he does? Priceless!"

Despite the safety precautions taken by the Windsor Fire Department, there is still some safety concern from the Marshall. "Oh I heard the stories. I know what's going on in there. That man gets on a roll and it's like a Pearl Jam show. All of a sudden you have 58 students holding their phones and lighters in the air. We're just thankful it's not a night class."

To date this semester, very few have suffered injury in Insurance Law. Though there have been claims from Insurance Law professors at other Canadian law schools who are seeking damages resulting from "bruised egos."

## THE UNKNOWN WOMAN

After a long and disastrous night of hardcore debauchery, **GORD AKILIE** can be seen doing shirtless summersaults across the dance-floor while **JEFF DORTMANS** and **MIKE O'BRIEN** can be heard free-styling outside in the streets... the girl pictured on the right, however, does things a little differently. In fact, if you've already been cornered by her in the past, you'll know too well that she makes it a point to approach random folks, interrupt their party-rocking and ask them if they know her name... different strokes for different folks, I guess!

But to avoid any awkwardness and to help you dear readers escape the cold clutches of she-who-can-never-be-named, *The OYEZ* has graciously offered to reveal her identity for you to memorize once and for all: Meet **REGINA FELANGIE!**





## DETROIT CRUISIN'

Windsor Law gave their best effort to pitch *The Hangover III: Boat Cruise*. It was a night we won't remember, with people we'll never forget. Also, pictures from that night should only be looked at once, and then promptly discarded. This day will be remembered as the revival of T-Pain's "I'm on a Boat". However, it may be more appropriately remembered as, "I'm on a Dock" 'cause that is how the first hour of the night was spent. The folks really started to get restless when the contents of their 'water' bottles had but only a drop left. As the sun went down, with the boat nowhere to be found, a panic started to sweep across those attending, and questions were being asked. Mostly about how long a walk the nearest bar was.

Moral reached all time highs when the boat was in sight. People flooded to the dock, pushing, screaming and fighting their way to the front. All in attendance from last year knew how long the lines at the bar would be, and just moments earlier **JAYME LESPERANCE** said those three magical words we all love to hear, "Free Drink Tickets!" Stepping into the basement of the boat was like stepping into first year law student **MIKE MAHER's** bedroom... There was a bar to the side, music blaring, and mirrors covering the ceiling. Naturally, a dance party ensued.

The biggest treat of the night was the array of blue and white striped shirts and sailing attire. **JORDAN KNOWLES** broke out into song when asked about his captain's hat, "I'm on a boat aaand, its going fast aaand, I've got a nautical themed Pashmina Afghan. I'm the king of the world on a boat like Leo; if you're on the shore then you sure ain't me, no..."

Once returning to the right side of the border the party continued, despite all better judgement. All were thankful for the decency of having Fridays off except for that one unfortunate small group of first years. As for all the Law II's who got an OCI with BLG, the firm sponsoring the Cruise, chances are you blew it this night, as they had two associates on-board. Cleverly disguised by **MIKE LEE** as 'his friends from Michigan' we can all take satisfaction that these two were on a flight back to Toronto the next morning to put in a full day's work at the office.



## FUNNY BUSINESS

In an effort to stem mounting losses, the Students' Law Society announced that it had completed a deal which will see the SLS sold wholesale to the Toronto-based law firm McCarthy Tétrault LLP, for an unnamed sum. Despite securing a new banking agreement with the UWSA last year, the SLS encountered significant financial trouble in early September after the Social Orientation Committee blew nearly \$155,000 on extravagant social events, an unending supply of pizzas, and the now infamous Carbolic "Diamond" Smoke Ball, which cost \$111,000 alone and featured diamond-set centerpieces, most of which were stolen (again). To make matters worse, the recently released SLS Budget featured numerous "blacked out" sections with redacted expense figures. When asked for comment, **SHAE KAVANAUGH**, Co-Chair of the Social O Committee, stated, "I have no idea what went wrong" as she stepped into her new BMW convertible.

Commenting on the shotgun-sale, SLS President **ROBERT ONLEY** stated, "The SLS unexpectedly reached a point where it simply made sense to cut our losses & sell to the highest bidder." And as for the future of the SLS? Onley declared, "I'm confident the newly-minted McCarthy Future Lawyers Society (MFLS) will serve the student body just as well."

Now receiving orders from downtown Toronto, the MFLS's first order of business was to shut down the Revenue Generation Committee, whose sole task was to solicit sponsorship from the many law firms across Canada. "Everything is sponsored by McCarthy's now. Why, even this gold-plated pen I'm holding," said VP Operations, **SIRUS BINIAZ**.

The SLS VP Finance, **LAMA SABBAGH** and SLS VP Academic, **MICHAEL O'BRIEN**, both of whom will be articling at McCarthy-Tétrault, stated that the fact they are working for the firm next year had "nothing to do with the completion of the sale."

# The OYEZ: *THEN & NOW*

By CHRIS MARSHALL

1973...

## PHANTOM CLIPPERS CASTRATE COLLECTION

BY JAMIE MARTIN

Abbie Hoffman wrote a book a few years back entitled *Steal this Book* – may I urge whoever gets their rocks off by stealing English Reports to kindly steal Abbie's book and leave the law library alone.

The law library opened in 1967 and from that time until the end of 1971, 300 books were stolen from the stacks. During 1971-1972, 354 books were stolen and last year over 590 went to someone's bricks and boards. The loss for last year alone represents a loss of \$6,400 or 10% of the entire acquisition budget for our library.

We, as law students, have to use this library and the people who follow us through this school will have to use it also. The system is still basically an honour system and I feel that it should remain that way for as long as possible, but it won't if the books keep disappearing.

If the theft, razoring and defacing of books continues the S.L.S. will be enforced to initiate some sort of reward – punitive system for the informer – informed on. We are billed as mature graduate students and that, I think, carries with it some serious responsibilities to ourselves and our fellow students.

TODAY...

Fast forward 40 years. Thanks a lot Dalton McGuinty, umm I mean, phantom clippers. The once reasonable tuition fee of \$568 has soared to the unreasonable price of \$14,000. Based on UofT's outrageous annual \$20,000 tuition, they either have the penultimate phantom clipper or a gang of case law thugs on their hands... and the Bay Street Bullies (BSB), my friends, are no laughing matter. On a completely unrelated note, the stacks in Paul Martin have added roughly \$6,000 in books per student entering the 2014 graduating year (serves them right for those smug rejection letters).

However, Jamie Martin had it right. The law students who followed his graduating year (read: US!) have to use the library. Especially those lucky few who call the Paul Martin Library home - Professor McCarney's Legal Research and Writing class. But since we haven't caught the phantoms, to answer has been to punish everyone. As if the library didn't already feel like a prison, now your food and juice privileges have been revoked! Is there no justice for the innocent!

The solution is simple. If the phantom clippers continue 'castrate our collection' then natural justice suggests that we castrate the phantom clippers! Eye for an eye... or something like that. But, how do we catch the elusive phantom clippers? Taking heed to Jamie Martin's article, the perfect trap includes Ms Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book*. Those slippery phantoms will be drawn to this book like white on rice. That's when we make our move. That's when the honour system at Paul Martin will be restored! That's when we get to have drinks in the library again!

*The OYEZ* is brought to you in part by...

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# WELCOME TO *WINDSOR LAW*

By GORDAKILIE  
Photography by DON PYPER

First and foremost, I am pleased to offer the Class of 2014 a sincere and effusive welcome on behalf of *The OYEZ*, all upper year students, the university & the City of Windsor. While I was never granted permission to speak on behalf of any of these parties, I doubt they mind you being here. You are an incredibly dynamic, diverse, enterprising, energetic, intelligent group of people, each with distinct sets of talents, personalities and aspirations – this is truly an exciting time for everyone. Congratulations!

It may come as somewhat of a surprise that many of you are here for similar reasons: you were in Political Science or Development Studies in undergrad; your dad told you to; you had no idea what to do after undergrad; UofT burned your application and sent you a patronizing rejection in January (see: you drank too much in undergrad); and, everyone's favourite, "law school sounds good" or "even if I don't practice it will benefit me". Well my friends, find solace in the fact that while the road here may have been paved with utter bullshit, you can finally shake hands with every passenger around you – the people you never even knew were on the same bus.

And trust me, I know how long the bus to Windsor takes.

Your new classmates are your new best friends - learn their names, ask their histories, meet their families and try to date one another as soon as possible.

While many people may have boyfriends or girlfriends back home or abroad, this will likely not be the case soon (Please refer to the "*Turkey Dump*" article on P. 19). Further, while the myth may hold otherwise, hooking up with people in your class or small group is perfectly acceptable. In fact, it is to be encouraged: if things go well, you may become the archetype "met in law school" couple. If they go sour, however, you have a great excuse to skip class and wear dark sunglasses inside.

Whether you realize it now, law school is a three year journey into the unknown. Many of you now say you want to work for human rights organizations, government bodies or international aid missions – these are all inspiring, altruistic aims. With that said, when you get good marks and OCIs come along next year, don't be surprised when you find yourself in a cubicle for 17 minutes

shaking hands with the devil. And those of you who say you want to be criminal lawyers, well, you won't be. Embrace all of this uncertainty; expect hypocrisy.

Paraphrasing Kafka, make sure to take note of what you see among the ruins.

Now some brief advice on the University as a whole. When you need to get away from all-things-law I recommend studying on the upper floors of Leddy Library. This is a place where young couples make out publicly, thuggish gentlemen discuss stabbings, rap music blares from space-age laptops & foreign exchange students inexplicably sleep – in short, the experience will reassert how lucky you are to be in law. Other, equally humbling moments are to be found at the CAW student centre and the Forge Fitness facility. In the past two weeks alone I have been served soup from a woman with a syringe tattoo and seen a young man remove his shirt while running on the treadmill. Never have I felt better about myself!

Finally, to Windsor – oh Windsor, a hard-luck town where Americans come to drink and manufacturing stays to die. All I can recommend is that you embrace this place and call it your home. Learn to love the smell of yeast blowing in from the Wiser's factory, enjoy its mild winters, reap the rewards of being close to Detroit (sporting events, Mexican town and cheap parking) and please, if anything, support its robust strip club industry (Please refer to the *"The Windsor Law Strip Club Review"* article on P. 22). While this place may certainly have seen better days, it is but a city in transition, much like each and every one of you. So as you venture off toward your own unknown, I ask that you help push Windsor towards a new identity in turn.

To conclude, again I congratulate you all! Getting here is not easy but failing out is essentially impossible, so three great years are damn-near guaranteed. Put a smile on your face and walk confidently towards a brighter destiny. And likely an insurmountable debt load.



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# ROCKSTAR PROFESSORS



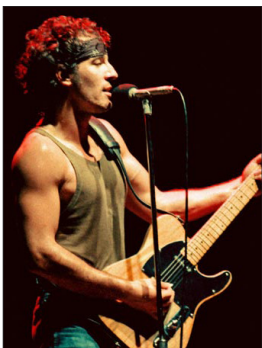
By ALEX ATKINSON

Hello Windsor Law! It's wonderful to see the prematurely aged faces of all my friends again and the soon-to-be prematurely aged faces of those new to the law school. I kid! We're the best-looking law school out there – I've seen the UofT students, and I mean... YIKES! I guess they had to give up something for those 170+ LSAT brains.

At this point in the year most of you will begin to notice that the alcohol-induced fog you've been living in since early September is starting to burn off. People aren't looking quite as good, you're not very funny at all, and someone is standing in front of the class speaking in a language that you're sure is either a lost Gaelic-dialect, or the tongue of Predator. Have no fear! That's your professor. He or she is a highly trained legal professional who had the foresight to secure a job in academia thus ensuring cushy lawyer salaries for working roughly as much as you did during your first part-time job as a unionized *Superstore* employee. They are truly the sages of the law world.

But who is this finely dressed savant before you? Well, after two years of law school, I have devised a highly scientific method of evaluating Professors so you can know just what kind of special hell awaits you this semester. I call it: "What If We Lived In An Alternate Universe, Like The Ninja Turtles' Dimension X, Where Rockstars Were Our Law Professors?!?" Or, for short, "Rockstar Professors". And thus I have wasted many, many hours (luckily almost all of them came during lectures) analyzing and evaluating our dear faculty.

Now, as you can imagine, I must disclaim all that I am about to say. You know, defamation of character or some crap. All of these comparisons, while helpful, are in no way a reflection upon the true character of the individuals in question. They are merely the ramblings of a student who is late for his OYEZ deadline, fighting a cold, and writing an article on the cusp of a fever dream that can only be described as the same thing Maximus went through after almost dying at the beginning of *Gladiator*.



## PROFESSOR WATERS /// BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Professor Waters and Bruce Springsteen find common ground in that they both baffle the concept of human social evolution. Maybe that's something I just made up, but I'm pretty sure I heard from somewhere reputable, like *Wikipedia*, or *30 Rock*, that the better looking someone is, the more insulated they become from reality. By all accounts both of these men are stone-cold stallions – improbably attractive works of genetic art. So it's totally weird that they both care about bigger things, like, you know, society, and stuff. Pffffttt. This only leads me to one conclusion: they both grew up ugly. The George Clooney effect. There is simply no other explanation for the social consciousness expressed by these men to their adoring audiences. The only difference is that Springsteen does it by singing *War*, and Waters does by talking about... something, I forget.



#### PROFESSOR SMIT /// FEIST

As far as I'm concerned, Professor Smit lives perpetually in the Hall & Oates montage from *500 Days of Summer*. Like Feist, she's just that happy. If her world involved a number of seamless transitions between cartoon and reality, I wouldn't be at all surprised. During "Counting Week" Feist joined the cast of Sesame Street to do a parody of her hit "One Two Three Four". If Sesame Street ever has a "Property Law Week" I do believe that Professor Smit will be asked to teach the children through clever music. "One Two Three Four, squatter's knocking at your door, guess you were wrong, looks like he was there before".



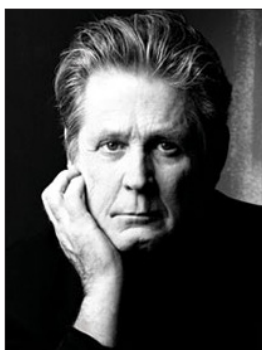
#### PROFESSOR WYDRZYNSKI /// KEITH RICHARDS

Make no mistake, Professor W is bad ass. In a secret way, he's as bad ass as Keith Richards. Fun fact: Wydrzynski won the Jack Donohue trophy for most valuable player in CIS basketball for the 1969 season. That's right, once upon a time Wydrzynski was the best collegiate basketball player in Canada, like a white Steve Nash! This is important to the analysis for two reasons. First, like Richards, Wydrzynski (I'm using copy/paste at this point to insert his name) is incredibly talented. Second, like Richards, Wydrzynski just doesn't give a crap what you think of him. If he wants to rant about the Detroit Tigers or practice his golf swing instead of teach about the Charter, he's gonna do it. He'd smoke your exam paper, just because he felt like it. If someone told you that he got his blood changed in Switzerland, you'd believe it. The point is, like Richards, this is all a shield, a screen by which he hides the things that matter. If you have the patience to see through this defence, you will see a man way smarter than you.



#### PROFESSOR LIDDLE /// TORI AMOS

Professor Liddle is the quirky star of the professor family. You truly never know what's coming next from dearest Maggie. Remember when Tori Amos did her *American Doll Posse* album? Let's be serious, probably not. Anyways, Tori's gimmick for the album was creating for herself five distinct personalities to boost the creativity of the album. And that's what Maggie likes to do... "boost" the creativity of her classes. You're often not quite sure which Maggie you're going to get, but I assure you, you're going to love all of them. Sometimes lost behind Tori's bluster is her pedigree as a songwriter and musician. Professor Liddle is the same way, at her core she is an incredibly talented LRW'er.



#### PROFESSOR KIANIEFF /// BRIAN WILSON

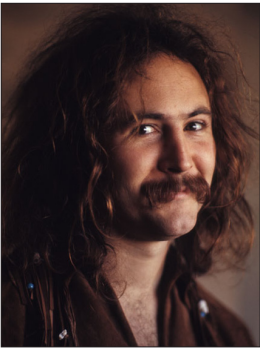
Professor Kianieff and his squeaky-clean exterior might as well be exposing the virtues of hang-tens, driver's licenses and fun3. Brian Wilson was also into those things. But he was also into being secretly completely crazy. And not like "he's an artist, crazy", more like, "spend three years locked in your bedroom eating and doing drugs, crazy." I'm not saying that Professor Kianieff is that person, but I am saying that there is clearly a direct logical connection (like the LSAT taught us, duh) between squeaky-cleaness and being bat-shit crazy. All it took to set off Brian Wilson's inner crazy was Paul McCartney playing him a demo of "A Day in the Life". The song was so good that he snapped, seriously. So if I was a student who had a course with Professor Kianieff this year, I would make certain that "A Day in the Life" was playing within his earshot as much as possible. You never know when you might get lucky.





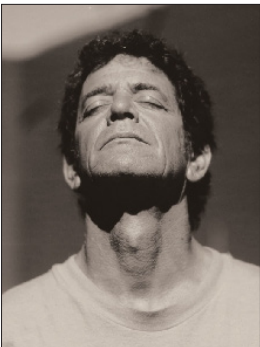
**PROFESSOR KALAJDZIC /// JOAN BAEZ**

This is another name I'll be using copy-paste for – so many consecutive consonants! Wait. Going with the ol' first-initial-only approach. For those of you unfamiliar with Joan Baez, she was essentially the Bob Dylan of female folk-singers. The “thinking” musician, she spent her time strumming deep and meaningful ballads about social change – just like Professor K! Furthermore, Baez used her platform to express her stern belief in civil-rights and justice – just like Professor K! And finally, Baez was a bomb-shell – just like Professor K! There's a true story of this time where Baez was so pleased by the writings of a particular young scribe in her Evidence class that she gave him an A! Hopefully just like Professor K!



**PROFESSOR WILSON /// DAVID CROSBY**

Ever heard the song “Almost Cut My Hair” by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young? Professor Wilson has. He listens to it to pump himself up everyday before school. Here are the first two verses. I feel they are all that needs to be said: “I almost cut my hair, it happened just the other day / It was gettin' kinda long, I could've said it was in my way / But I didn't and I wonder why, I feel like letting my freak flag fly / And I feel like I owe it to someone // Well, must be because I had the flu for Christmas and I'm not feeling up to par / You know, it increases my paranoia, like looking in my mirror and seeing a police car / But I'm not givin' in an inch to fear. I promised myself this year / I feel like I owe it to someone”.



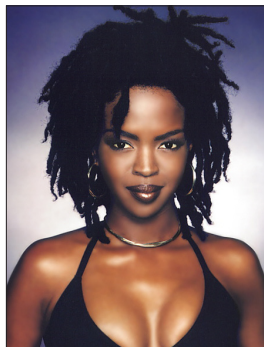
**PROFESSOR BOGART /// LOU REED**

Bogie truly belongs in *The Factory* rubbing shoulders with Nico and Andy Warhol while immersed in post-modern discourse on the feminine and masculine expressions inherent in accessing justice. They would then cover their bodies in paint and film themselves rolling on oxbide canvas to the sound of an atonal symphony... so they can, you know, express this.



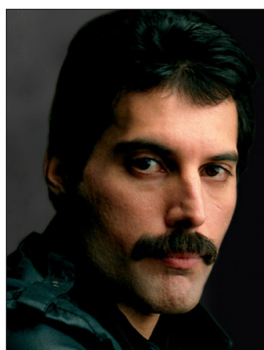
**PROFESSOR CARASCO /// STEVIE NICKS**

Professor Carasco is Stevie Nicks to Windsor Law's Fleetwood Mac. Fleetwood Mac was infamous for its torrid internal relationships – particularly the fated love-affair between Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham. Despite an ugly break-up, the two realized that for the sake of the music, they were better off working together within the band. As the years went on, and feelings festered, they realized that there was only one-way to resolve their differences: a song-off! Yes, a competition to out-song one another. Over the next fifteen bitchy-years, they composed a series of songs to taunt and embarrass each other on a global level. As reference, see such classics as “Go Your Own Way” and “Silver Springs” (where Stevie gets particularly crazy). Carasco and the faculty share a similar torrid relationship, but in the end, they put their differences aside for the sake of us, the students. Awwwww. But if we've learned anything from Nicks-Buckingham, it's that a feud makes the group better... unless it destroys them first.



#### PROFESSOR JACOBS /// LAURYN HILL

I'm going to let all you first-years in on a little tip. Do not put any attention into your Access to Justice course. Instead, the night before you exam, listen to Lauryn Hill's "The Mystery of Iniquity" on repeat in your room. When you awake the next day, you will know everything there is to know about accessing justice, and you will easily ace your exam. You're welcome. But on a more serious level, have you noticed that Professor Jacobs IS Lauryn Hill. Do you think it's a coincidence that Lauryn Hill left The Fugees and became a seldom-seen recluse? No. It's because she adopted the identity of Professor Jacobs and began her social-revolution from the grassroots level of the law school.



#### PROFESSOR ETHERINGTON /// FREDDIE MERCURY

Larger-than-life. Creative genius. Stylistic icon. Performing phenomenon. A true front-man. Captivating to any audience. Mesmerizing in any movement. These are just some of the words used to describe Professor Etherington. It is rumoured that he took a young Freddie Mercury under his wing and taught him all he knew – including how to grow the best mustache of all time. While Freddie used this knowledge to "make it big", Etherington preferred to stay humble, sharing his gargantuan talents with the lucky few at Windsor Law.

In closing, I would like to invoke the words of Notorious B.I.G.: "if you don't know, now you know". What it is you now know, I am unsure. But I do believe that any knowledge you ascertained will serve a great purpose as you move through the crippling slog that is law school. Enjoy!

And finally, instead of submitting any student evaluations this year, I would like to formally request that the faculty refer to this article. Thank you.

# OYEZ <sup>THE</sup> LISTS

10 Classes  
More Worthwhile  
than *ANIMALS*  
& *THE LAW*

10. Lionel Hutz's Lecture on the Legal Profession
09. Toddler Law
08. The Law of Unarmed Conflict
07. Your Blog & Intellectual Property
06. Judge Judy & the Law
05. Serious Business Associations
04. The Law & Outer Space: Property & Deep Space 9
03. Tractor Law (Taught by Jarret Johnston)
02. World Assessment with Rob Onley
01. Advanced Access to Justice





# POTTY Talk

By DON PYPER

OK, the welcome speeches are over, Thanksgiving has come and gone, and people in Kttner's class have figured out that they're going to have to go it alone. So things must be settling down and everyone is getting into a routine. But there are a few things you can't just pick up in a few weeks time and in the spirit of "stuff I wish I had known then" I offer up this comprehensive review of the most important installations in the Ron Ianni Law Building: the toilets.

Let's face it, you are practically going to live here for the next 8 months, so while it's all well and good to find a good study spot in the library or a nice place where you can curl up for a nap during A2J, knowing the location of the nearest washroom best suited to your moods and needs is a survival skill everyone should have. Toilets are where many of us do our deepest thinking, where we pause each day to sit and ask ourselves, "What am I doing on this planet" or "there was asparagus in that?" And what's more, every toilet is different.... Sort of like snowflakes, but thousands of times filthier. So let's get

down to business, shall we? And we might as well start with the big ones so everyone is on the same page.

## LOWER PIT MEN'S:

Ok, so most of what I have to say here will be applicable to the ladies' as well. Look, big communal washrooms are nightmares as far as actually getting your business done is concerned. Not so much for you but for everyone else who has to pretend that someone actually just put a wet bag of popcorn in the microwave and it will all be over soon. I'm serious. Right off the bat, common washrooms are for pissing in, checking your hair and popping zits. **THE END!** It's more than just common courtesy, you can ask Tanovich but I'm almost sure this is written up in the Rules of Professional Practice. They tell you from day one that even as students you are part of the profession and that everyone around you is potentially your future colleague, and I don't want to know how hard my colleague has to push. You have an ethical obligation not to force your comrades re-live chilli night acoustically. This isn't summer camp. If you're one of those types who just really likes to share in this department you can talk with Nana. She tries to give me daily updates on texture and fragrance and barometric pressure, but I refuse to listen.

## LOWER PIT WOMEN'S:

Everything said above still counts, though I know it probably seems easier to get away with it when you can blame everything on the other pair of ugg boots sticking out from under the door... but again, it's not about you... it's about me not throwing up in my mouth just because I needed some paper towel.

One striking difference between the men's & women's that needs pointing out is the fact that there are only 2 stalls in the ladies, whereas the men have 4 and 6 urinals. And I was told this is the Social Justice Law School? What is this, the 1890s? Equal pay for equal work, I say. And at least an equal number of porcelain thrones for those among us who sit (or hover) almost 100% of the time... Also, I hear there is some pretty crazy mood lighting in there.

# Turkey DUMP

By LINDSAY TRAVES

Well, it's happened. You came to the land far far away known as Windsor, and enrolled yourself in Law School. People look different, the air smells different, and you just feel different. You've been a nerd until now, but now you're a hot commodity. That's right, you're a law student, and while Windsor has a better look curve, you're likely pretty goodlooking for a law student, as where you've been likely previously deemed an average looking undergrad student. Suddenly, all it takes is "so what do you do?" to be asked to you at a bar, and you've got game.

What does that mean? That means that the socially average ball and chain you left behind teary eyed is no longer the best you can do. So what did you do this thanksgiving? You Turkey Dumped. The leading authority in University terms, *Urban Dictionary*, defines the "Turkey Dump" as: When a student returning from college breaks up with their significant other from high school. So-called because it traditionally takes place over Thanksgiving break, the first time most students return from college.

As the dumper, people usually assume that you are in good shape, and that the dumpee needs all of the support. The dumpee needs movie nights and endless tubs of *Ben and Jerry's*, and you're just expected to eat those stuffing leftovers and have no upset feelings whatsoever. But it's hard to be a dumper, isn't it? You need support, don't you? *The OYEZ* is here for you. We understand how hard it can be to tell someone to get out of your life.

## HOW TO DEAL WITH IMPENDING CONTACT:

S/he is going to text message you. It will be an attempt at a less personal message, but it is going to happen. It could come in the form of a 3 AM "I need you" or "I miss you" which is simply an attempt at appearing like s/he was SO dunk, that it...

## LOWER PIT ACCESSIBLE:

OK now we can get down to business. As many of you have probably already figured out this is your mainstay, your bread and butter. The accessible washroom on the main floor is a little oasis of calm and safety in an otherwise scary world. Whether you need to bang off a few well-composed text messages or just comb your pubes, 1Axe1 as we in the business like to call it, is the place for you. It has everything. A sweet aeroplane-esque 'vacant/occupied' door messaging system and even a this plastic bed that you can tether a baby too if it's being too rambunctious while you're tweeting about how you just saw **ROB ONLEY** going door to door for the NDP. Convertible arm rests on demand!? Awesome! Don't forget your blackberry on that right-hand shelf when the paper work is done.

But old faithful is not without it's dangers. Its central location makes it a high-traffic venue, and you never know when that guy with the pillowy lips will be lurking just outside after you've been to confession. Also, you have to make all this awkward eye contact with the IT crew as you approach, and they get all excited and start to purr like maybe-this-guy-forgot-his-password-since-we-reset-it-every-six-weeks-like-it's-the-fucking-CIA-up-in-here... but really you're just feeling gassy. Awkwaaaaaard.

## UPPER PIT ACCESSIBLE:

OK moving on, so some of you will know there is a little sneak attack crapper just on the right hand side down that hallway next to the library. If you're in a hurry, or conferencing, or whatever the eff happens around there, it's another great option. It's got the requisite privacy in that you are all alone and can lock the door and do everything that is shameful about the human animal without anyone else having to put up with it. The drawbacks? There is less leg room than on a discount American airplane. There is nothing relaxing about amending your constitution with your shins up against the wall like you are riding the school bus in 6th grade. Also, this toilet is scary close to Dean Waters' office, & unless you are prepared to pun about the chemical warfare convention in an effort to warn/lighten the mood as

you exit, you might want to think twice before going to town in this particular venue.

## LIBRARY BASEMENT:

I avoid the library like the plague. I've just never felt productive there and I'm pretty sure most of the upholstered chairs have bed bugs. But there is one sweet Johnny down in the basement. It provides all the quiet and comfort one would expect from a library toilet and it's so out of the way that it's almost always vacant and fresh as a daisy. Unique features include: an articulating mirror so you can tell what you look like to someone about six inches taller than you. Ie, short.

## TOP FLOOR:

Without saying staff on it, it's pretty safe to say these top shelf communal toilets are intended for professorial use. Basically, all of the same communal issues arise, with the added danger that you will have to listen to a baby boomer make toilet. And just because you see all those silver foxes on TV smiling and scarfing down bran flakes there is just no telling if Wilson is getting enough fibre. I recommend you steer well clear.

## NIRVANA:

Ok, most reviews would end here... and I don't want to make you think I'll fall for any conspiracy theory shit like **ARMAN** is actually Prince's love child (he is)... but word in the blogosphere is that there exists one more mythical washroom, that smells all day of patchouli and is only stocked with 3 ply. But to access this Mecca, you must first walk by every staff office, looking serious like you have a real question about "Agency" or one of those concepts you're pretty sure is made up. When you get to the first turn, drop your shoulder like you are about to drop something off for Annette Pratt, pick and roll, double dribble past the McCarney Cavern while muttering something about how print sources might possibly still be relevant and then b-line for the end of the hallway. Only the bold can access this Vallhalla. And when and if you get there, take a photo and send it to me so that I may know it.



couldn't be helped. Trust me, earlier that night when she was pouring her Vodka-Crystal light, she was thinking "now I have a reason to drunk-text him." It could also come in the form of attempted maturity. "Hey, I hope you enjoy the bar this weekend. We should meet up for lunch or something just to talk." IT'S A TRICK. S/he will be bawling all over the place. And the most common and lingering will be the "just HAD to tell you" text messages that come in the form of "I just saw James Franco on TV and I remember when we saw *Pineapple Express* that you said he was funny. He is funny. Anyways, just wanted to tell you." Really? That was that pressing that you HAD to tell me. If you have a really sneaky one, they might start with the allegations. For instance, "I can't believe you would ask me out for drinks and then just ignore me," as a means of invoking an "I never did that!" defensive response, which is still a response and thus a success.

The general Text Message Rule is IGNORE IGNORE IGNORE! Period. No more questions to ask. IGNORE.

Contact can also come via Facebook. If you're dumpee is creative, s/he will indirectly contact you via facebook. This will be via status and image comments, and randomly placed "likes" on old photo albums. Feel free to respond, but take heed that this will constitute a real response, and will be an opening for floodgates of contact.

#### THE INEVITABLE RELAPSE:

The wise Jerry Seinfeld once said "relationships are like a vending machine. It takes more than one push to knock it down." You will relapse, and the amount of times will be directly related to proximity, friend groups and alcohol. Just be forewarned that no matter what you say before hand, no matter what you preface it with, or say on your exit, the dumpee will inevitably assume that you're taking steps toward rekindling the relationship. Depending on what kind of person you are, you may or may not choose to avoid this.

#### MEETING NEW PEOPLE:

This will likely be the most difficult part to handle. You'll be dealing with a lot of "don't do it. He JUST broke up with his girlfriend" being whispered into the ears of any new potentials. The best tip I can give is to know exactly what you want. Looking for a new girl/boyfriend? Great. But seek out that way. Looking for a fling? Even better. You get to play the "look... I'm newly single and not really ready to get into anything" card. Just don't start dating someone else prior to your relapse, because I promise you, the new one won't think the relapse is a natural part of breaking up. AVOID: Anyone who looks like your ex, anyone who is a clinger, anyone looking for a relationship, anyone who might know your ex (exacerbated if s/he might dislike your ex), or anyone your ex once suspected you of being with.

#### CHRISTMAS BREAK:

You're back home. You might have to suffer through another lapse of contact, but be strong. Your family and friends from home will ask about it, and your job is to shrug it off. Don't mention any new "kills" because it hasn't been long enough for this crowd, and you'll look like an ass. Play it cool, and respond with "it didn't work out. But don't worry, I'm fine." Saying you're fine is a subtle way of saying "I am soooo not fine" and therefore will invoke sympathy. Enjoy that last turkey leg and extra glass of eggnog, because it's allllll yours.

## CALLING ALL INVESTORS: THE OYEZ NEEDS YOU!



Once again, Windsor Law's favourite late night hangout *FERRARY'S* has shut its doors! After several rounds of clandestine negotiations, *The OYEZ* has struck a deal to assume the residual lease at a premium. The offer expires on Midnight, October 15, 2011!

If you or anyone you know has \$1000 per month & enjoys *COCK-FIGHTING*, *UNLICENSED ALCOHOL SALES* and *ILLEGAL GAMBLING*, please contact [theoyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindsor.ca) ASAP!

# What Grinds *MELS-LEY's* Gears

By MELINA MACCHIA

Hey Geeks! For those who know me, you already know that I'm a raging maniac who hates almost every single thing imaginable for no legitimate reason. But for those of you who don't, I plan on giving you a synopsis of a few things I ABSOLUTELY CANNOT STAND ranging from babies to TV commercials.

Now a few of you are probably thinking "this girl's absolutely f&(\*&^&\*" but deep down inside, I know you all hate the dumbest, most miniscule things that I also do. Maybe its law school that does this to you, or maybe its just being born in Woodbridge that turns you into the female version of Charlie Sheen on crack.

Here are my TOP FIVE things I HATE MOST in the world right now (aside from poverty, war and all that other politically correct stuff people in law school expect you to say):

1. ANY AND EVERY SINGLE ROGERS COMMERCIAL EVER CREATED ON THE FACE OF THIS EARTH. SPECIFICALLY THE EAR SMUDGE FROM HIS TOE FINGERS. THIS MAKES ABSOLUTELY NO SENSE AND I THINK ALL THE ROGERS DUMMIES WHO CAME UP WITH THESE COMMERCIALS SHOULD BE AXED!

2. Pitbull ft Nayo's "Gimme Everything". The only thing I EVER want or would give you is my middle finger right to you and your mothers for ever having you.

3. When people use the word "EPIC" like it's the coolest, trendiest word. IT honestly sucks. I ESPECIALLY hate how this word is combined with a surfer accent. IE, "Dude, last night was so EPIC!" IT DEFINITELY WASN'T EPIC. Dude, you went to f&@%in ROCK BOTTOM. STFU!

4. FTW and BAHAAHAHAHAH are also up there. You're automatically a loser if you use these words.

5. Drew Barrymore's contract with CoverGirl. Period.



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# The Windsor Law *Strip Club Review*

By LINDSAY TRAVES and RACHELLE MITRI Photography by DON PYPER

Students, it's no secret that Windsor is known for its array of Strip Clubs. But how do you pick and choose which ones to go to? For your information, *The OYEZ* has sent its best researchers to provide you with a level-headed factual approach to reviewing the various "clubs" around your city to help you better decide where to end up when you've got that itch.

## Cheetah's

Rookies, *Cheetah's* is the Mecca of Strip Clubs. A wise real estate guru once said "Location, Location, Location" and he was right. Being placed in the downtown club area and so close to the border has improved the traffic for this strip club, making it the number one choice for the young stripping talent. They will be showcasing the proverbial "A-Squad" on their stage nightly.

The new "shower" has greatly improved the stage making it even more stiff of a competition to beat (no pun intended). The shower allows a wealthy tipper to come up on stage, strip down, and be invitingly pestered by the dancers in a live action soft-core porn scene. Should you leave the shower feeling randy and unsatisfied, you're a hop skip and a jump from *Cleopatra's* where you can grab yourself a wang.

Need to get downtown? Great. Jump on the free *Cheetah's Van*, buy a drink on the inside, take a gander, and then head to the bar. Live Downtown? Bonus! You just scored a free ride home from *Papa Cheney's*.



### THE BREAKDOWN...

- LAPDANCES: \$20 (Canadian)
- PROS: *Micanto Pizza* next door; "Kissing Contest" every Monday; Lions games broadcasted during Football Season.
- CONS: Dropping 5'ers while the Americans are getting by with \$1 bills
- NOTES: Towels are provided, but bring extra boxers because you'll get wet. Feel free to check them in the free coat-check.

## LEOPARD'S LOUNGE & BROIL

The teenage (but of age) child of *Cheetah's*, *Leopard's* is another great hotspot to hit when the urge grabs you.

Don't forget to check out "Amateur Night" every Monday. You just might catch a debt ridden student you know on stage. Every Thursday, you get to arm wrestle the girls... although I'm still not sure why you'd want to.

### THE BREAKDOWN...

- **LAPDANCES:** \$20 (Canadian)
- **PROS:** Lotering around will get you free admission from a promoter desperate to bring you to their far away club.
- **CONS:** It's *Cheetah's* "B-Squad!" Be forewarned.
- **NOTES:** Catch the UFC fights on Paperview. That's why you're there, right?



## STUDIO 4

Carefully placed on Huron Church and off the beaten path, *Studio 4* provides a discrete way to get yourself randy at almost any time of day. Pop by for lunch and a dance, and get back to class with a smile on your face. A huge plus for the budget wise student. Stretch that OSAP cheque. Be efficient and use their free shuttle service to get a ride to the club, and subsequently home from *Metro* after grabbing your groceries.

Always wish the sexy bartenders would strip down? You're in Luck. Every Wednesday, the wait staff get in on the action. Who wouldn't want their discount domestic beer delivered by a topless waitress?

As well, *Studio 4* offers the self-titled "Elegant Champagne Room."

### THE BREAKDOWN...

- **LAPDANCES:** \$20 daily includes a packaged deal: A VIP Dance, a Meal & 1 Beer!
- **PROS:** The Daytime Special (\$1 off all drinks & domestic brews), 2 VIP Dances for \$20 from 4-9 PM (A great way to kill time between Insurance & Torts).
- **CONS:** Any club that runs during the day and is located in the middle of nowhere will inevitably be showcasing a "C-Squad"... Don't bring your glasses.
- **NOTES:** *Studio 4* is going Green! They'r actively installing charging stations for hybrid cars... For the hippie horndog in all of us.



## SILVER'S LOUNGE

There's a reason why you've never heard of it... Known for their diversity, *Silver's Lounge* boasts of having dancers from every walk of life. French Canadian, American, Asian, Latino, Romanian, Thai, African, Arabic and "Pure Canadian," you can satisfy almost any vacation-acquired fetish. They have great wings deals, which could lead to fingerprints on a lot of the G-strings. They also have various drink deals, and the coveted \$5 dollar 10oz NY Steak every Friday.

### THE BREAKDOWN...

- **LAPDANCES:** \$10 (Monday to Wednesdays)
- **PROS:** Holds over 300 people, so bring the whole lecture hall along for after-class drinks!
- **CONS:** Holds over 300 people, so you're bound to see a familiar face... Also D-Squad Dancers = Really dim stage lighting.



## GORD's Culinary Crusade



### The Lumberjack



475 Tecumseh Road East

For my first OYEZ restaurant review, I found it only fitting to choose an unwavering staple of my law school career: *The Lumberjack*. Found at the bustling intersection of Tecumseh and Howard, it is a culinary mainstay of Central Windsor: a welcoming place where obese denizens of seemingly all demographics come to discuss the weather and job market.

From the moment you enter, its "cabin" decor, competent servers and reasonable prices make one feel right at home. These traits, however, are no

match for its most remarkable attribute: Trappers Lounge, Indoor Patio (Yes, "Indoor Patio"). It was here that AISLING FLARITY and I were once warned by a most vigilant barkeep not to shop at the nearby *Value Village*. She had heard of a bedbug outbreak. We in turn went to *Zellers*.

This particular Saturday morning I was accompanied by a friend who had never previously experienced *The Lumberjack's* splendour. Upon entering the dining room, we were greeted by a pubescent lad with the eyes of a skeptic and the face of a *Proactiv* "before" spokesperson. Once we confirmed that, in fact, I wasn't homeless, we all had a good chuckle and were quickly whisked away to a cozy table next to the fish tank. The air was thick and heavy, like 'nam must have been if napalm were made of maple syrup and margarine. This, along with the kitschy "Canadiana" décor, confirmed what I'd already known – *The Lumberjack* is not for the faint of stomach.

As my dining partner and I debated whether the fish were in fact nibbling on a lime or a bean sprout, our waitress presented herself with grace and professionalism. She took our drink orders: 2 waters, a pot of coffee for the table (how convenient!) and a Caesar for me, extra spicy. They arrived within minutes, at which time we placed our food orders: two Lumbercamp Specials and a Logger Piece on the side for yours truly. To those uninitiated, a Logger Piece is a piece of pork that costs \$1.85.

While we waited for our Specials, I made my way to the little lumberjack's room. On my way, I happened to see Tom, my favourite server – an affable fellow with a sunshine smile. I pulled him aside and informed him that it was my dining partner's birthday. He smiled and went into the back to prepare.

Upon returning from the WC, I was pleasantly surprised to find our meals waiting, piping hot and smelling heavenly. Everything was just as it should be, standard, unpretentious diner fare: perfectly poached eggs, crisp bacon, greasy hash browns, house-baked bread and a strange piece of cured pork on the side.

And then it happened. We heard that all too familiar sound emanating from the kitchen: a trumpet! Indeed, out walked Tom, our little white Louis Armstrong, belting out his best Happy Birthday rendition, eyes wide and chest puffed like a proud cock. My dining partner was stunned and visibly embarrassed by the spectacle. Everyone watched, people clapped and sang along. Fully satisfied with the production, I ordered another Caesar before my dining partner paid the bill and drove my car home.

And with that, another fake birthday and another successful *Lumberjack* visit!

## LINDSAY-T's Movie Reviews



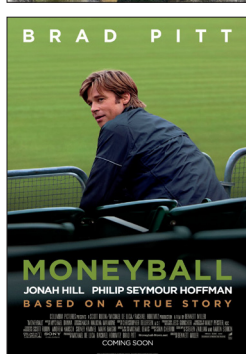
Movie reviews are a wonderful thing. Reviewers provide you with the ability to ensure that your hard earned dollars are not wasted on a shockingly terrible movie (or 2 hours wasted on IceFilms for the rest of you).

Unfortunately, *The OYEZ* doesn't yet have the credibility to get a reviewer to prescreen films for you, but they are fortunate enough to have me. Both my movie-going and movie-marketing experience has landed me the ability to somewhat accurately criticize a movie based simply on its previews which are luckily, quite accessible to me. I give you my thumbless reviews.



### CONTAGION

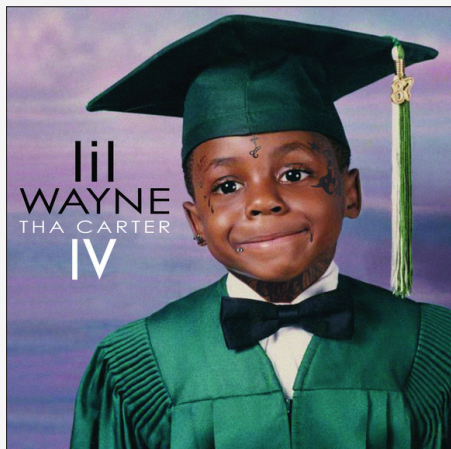
Initially, I just assumed that this was a zombie movie. The teasers really decided to give us that vibe, which is, of course, a miraculous marketing strategy. Someone should tell *I am Legend* not to hide you real theme. That being said, it appears by the longer preview that this was all a big lie. However, the very fact that we have Matt Damon back in a hero role and something that can create actual panic excites me. I give this movie's potential 3.5 Stars, the .5 lost because of Jude Law's fake crooked teeth.



### MONEYBALL

That's a HUGE aaaaaabsolutely. It's Brad Pitt without any aging makeup on, Jonah Hill in his first & landmark dramatic role, and a movie about athletes. Everyone knows these movies are always Oscar and critical acclaim bound (*Remember the Titans*, *Coach Carter*, *The Blind Side*... need I say more?). Feel good sports movies attract the widest audience because it lets guys feel like it's okay to cry, and women to complain less about the fact that they aren't seeing *Crazy Stupid Love* this week.

# FLAVA OF THE MONTH *with Big G*



## LIL' WAYNE - THE CARTER IV

After his ill-advised foray into “rock” music (what in the hell was that?), ongoing legal troubles and the release of a near-platinum-selling LP that ironically no-one has ever heard (2010’s “*I am not a Human Being*”) **Weezy** is back with *Tha Carter IV*. Inspired and even inspirational at times - though certainly not standing up to his epic 2008 release *Tha Carter III* - this banger continues to assure fans “da drought” is indeed over. To the contrary, he’s making it rain. Albeit the showers are intermittent.

The album begins with 2 slower tracks, *Intro* and *Blunt Blowin’*, both featuring light snares and heavy base lines with little to no concern for hooks, themes or making sense. Mr. Carter wastes no time exhibiting his witticism, spitting lyrical daggers like “all about my riches, my name should be Richard” or “just like Ashton Kutcher, I’m a lemon pusher”. We collectively drop our jaws only 7 minutes in, when he pronounces to the world “you don’t need a bus pass, we gone bust yo ass!” No more TTC for me.

By the fourth song, things really start dropping with the album’s first single, *6 Foot 7 Foot*, a military-inspired beat with “A Milli” style staccato delivery. Rat-tat-tat-tat: a lyrical machine gun starts firing haphazardly at our eardrums for over four minutes. Then in bursts Cory Gunz, who takes the microphone and sprays his own brand of misogyny like an AK with duct tape on the trigger and a bad breakup in the chamber.

The album then becomes less lyrically-focused and more bent on featuring any major player in contemporary hip-hop music. Drake, T-Pain, Tech N9ne, Andre 3000, Rick Ross, Bun B, Nas, Shyne (I was sure he died), John Legend, Busta Rhymes – they all come along and say, yell or sing various things at different points. Sometimes Lil’ Wayne disappears for over 10 minutes. No one realizes.

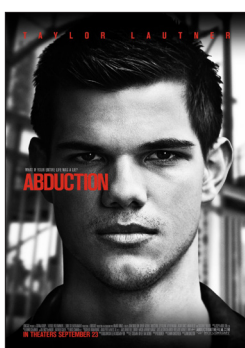
The only other standout tracks, in my humble opinion, are *President Carter* and *It’s Good*. The former has an interesting, memorable sample from the Jimmy Carter inauguration, while the latter track disses Jay-Z (see: threatens to kill him before likening him a kitten). The *Outro* then strangely proceeds without Lil’ Wayne rapping at all – perhaps he was too busy kidnapping and having sex with Beyonce, which he also threatens to do. That’ll teach Jay-Z to also be rich and successful!

My dinner is almost ready & *Chef at Home* is about to start, so in sum: this album is somewhat of a dud. Definitely worth a listen if you want to get really angry and resent your mother. Enjoy.



### CRAZY STUPID LOVE

I’m gonna go ahead and impugn this one based on its title. I don’t care who is in it or what it’s about, and I wouldn’t even be swayed if it was a Judd Apatow. My mind is going to go ahead and equate it with *Crazy Beautiful*, *PS. I Love You*, & any other cookie cutter ‘feel sad’ attempt at a ‘feel good’ that comes out often enough to sell movie tickets.



### ABDUCTION

It’s hard to note the target audience for this one. It gives off a *Bourne* vibe which should appeal to any action movie junkie... but then we’re casting *Twilight* star Taylor Lautner as our lead. I guess the producers are absolutely aware of the insane loyalty of teenage girl fans, so let’s just hope that the rating allows all those under 18 to see it without their moms.



### DRIVE

If you liked *Running Scared* or *Shoot ‘em Up* (am I the only one?), then I can be pretty confident based on this preview that you would like *Drive*. We’ve got a sex symbol star who likely won’t have many lines (outside of some one-liner puns if we’re lucky) killing a bunch of people in venues with black lights and neon paint. I’ll be there.



### DOLPHIN TALE

Is there anything that Morgan Freeman will turn down?





# The Secret Confessions of a Law Princess

*It seems fitting to kick off the first issue of The OYEZ with some words of advice to our fresh Law I's.*

*As a Law I, you have likely received plenty of advice by now. Advice about the best way to take notes... The best way to get notes... The best professors... The best spot in the lower pitt... Where to go out in Windsor, where to shop in Detroit, where to get a hair cut, where to dine (i.e. where there is an all-you-can-eat sushi restaurant), who to email for your potential breakdown in December, what the benefits of CLA are. OK. So you have received a lot of guidance and some interesting tips. The advice you may have not received as of yet is on the topic of "law school dating". However, have no fear. Because I am here. I will impart my knowledge unto you, dear LI's...*

*Who to date? When to date? How to date? Where to date? Why to date? No. I am here to tell you not to date. Anyone in law school that is. Seems a bit harsh? A tad extreme? Follow this advice and you will be offering your thanks later.*

*The first few weeks of Law I are so exciting! They are especially exciting when you are a single L-I! You are meeting so many new people... There is no doubt a LI girl has a plethora of dating opportunities in this Windsor Law Hub... There's the athletic guy... with his muscle arms and million-dollar smile... The country boy with his southern charm, smooth lines and cotton eye joe two-step... There's the sultry mysterious man who woos you with talk of Vintage Cabernets and faux gras hors d'oeuvres... There's the hippie, the hipster, the comedian, the politico, the musician, the philosopher... And so... The first few weeks of L-I are full of flirting! It all seems so fun! Exciting! Harmless! And then. Next thing you know, you are at a social-O event and you're lip-locked with one of these "potentials". Congrats, L-I! You have officially made your first mistake. Did you just roll your eyes at this page, and think "omg. what's the big deal?" or perhaps..." Confessions of a Law Princess is totally exaggerating..."*

*Well, I promise, you will not think that I was exaggerating once you are seeing Mr. Liplock on the regular. And by 'regular', I mean every single day. He will be in your classes or in your study space or, if you're lucky, in your close circle of friends. He will be at the bars and he will be at the law events and he will even be in the library when all you want to be with are your books. And if things go well, you may even start dating, he may even become your Law-School BF (so cute!) or at the very least you may have the benefits of an all-time study-buddy... And now, L-I, you are wondering about the "What If"... What happens if Mr. Liplock isn't the Law School Love Boat you thought he was? What if it gets to that point when things go somewhat sour and you are hoping to just "drift apart"? Oh ya. That's when things may get tricky. Why? Oh ya. Because you CANNOT drift apart. Why not? Oh ya. Because you are bound together for the next 3 years! For better or worse, my little L-I...*

*Till next time!*

*xoxo*



# The OYEZ hits POINT PELEE

## A PICTORIAL ADVENTURE

Earlier this year, after a night of revelry, folly and nudity, three young gentlemen – representing every class at Windsor Law - decided to explore one of Canada's foremost treasures, Point Pelee National Park.

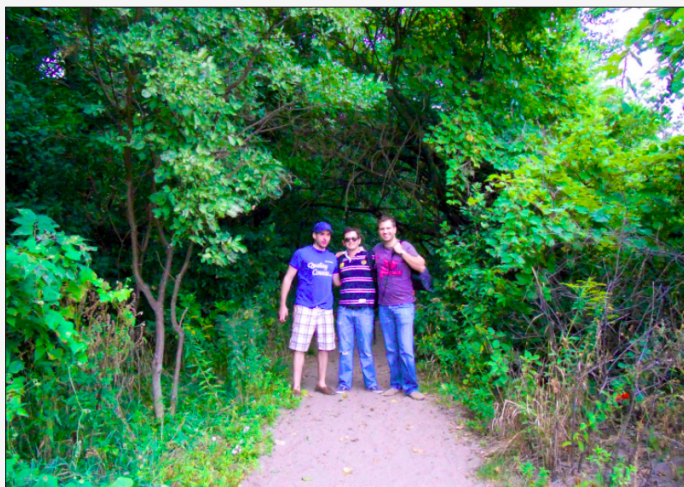
The southernmost point of Canada, Point Pelee serves as a stopping point for countless migratory birds, while boasting vegetation and animal species seen nowhere else in Canada. A truly remarkable experience, the men documented their "journey to the tip" on film >>>



The boys arrive after a \$110 cab fare – everyone is tremendously excited, flamboyant at shocked at the cost & length of the ride.



Point Pelee is best enjoyed with snack foods and *Coors Light*. Over in those bushes, a rattlesnake!



After disembarking the butterfly trolley, the men make fun of old Dutchmen who say "robust specimen".



Many people have died here.



And it was then time to head home. In a cab... from Leamington... with a Mennonite who had a penchant for *McDonalds*.



# SIRUS BINIAZ

SLS VP OPERATIONS

The OYEZ EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

A photograph of a man in a meeting room, seen from the side, working on a laptop. The room has several other people at desks in the background, some with laptops and coffee cups. The lighting is warm and indoor.

NOTHING BUT  
SERIOUS  
BUSINESS

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