Arthur D. Austin (or Edgar Hahn, as he is sometimes known) was one of the bright young men Louis Toepfer—legendary dean and later Case Western Reserve University president—brought to this law school in the late 1960s. Youthful though Austin then was, I suspect he already had curmudgeonly qualities. If he didn’t, he developed them soon thereafter, and he has kept them well-watered and fertilized. He’ll enter retirement as a Certified Curmudgeon.

Arthur Austin is known to generations of CWRU students. He has made Contracts come alive, sort of, at six o’clock in the morning. His classes have stimulated interest in antitrust, unfair competition, etc. His classes have stimulated interest in antitrust, unfair competition, etc. His classes have stimulated interest in antitrust, unfair competition, etc. His classes have stimulated interest in antitrust, unfair competition. His classes have stimulated interest in antitrust, unfair competition.

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2 Who else would post a “Bah Humbug” sign on his office door at Christmas time every year?

3 Well, not six a.m., but close. You have to get up pretty early to slip one past Arthur Austin. Cf. PAUL DICKSON, BASEBALL’S GREATEST QUOTATIONS 7 (1991) (statement of Joe Adcock) (“Trying to sneak a pitch past Hank Aaron is like trying to sneak the sunrise past a rooster.”).

4 God only knows why we should care about antitrust, and He, working in mysterious ways, isn’t talking.

5 Competition that is unfair to the University of Virginia, that is. (UVA’s having to
and legal education in general. 6 He has won teaching awards without stuffing the ballot box. And for years Commissioner Austin’s Phlegm Snopes basketball tournament was the law school’s top extracurricular activity. 7

Professor Austin has been a prolific writer, and, as he would be the first to tell you, he has published in far more top law reviews than anyone else on this faculty. 8 He is an antitrust scholar of the first rank. 9 He knows more about how juries actually work than Henry Fonda and the other angry men, 10 and certainly more than most trial tactics teachers. 11 He has studied legal education, 12 legal publica-


9 But see supra note 4.

10 Of course, they’re all dead now.


12 See ARTHUR D. AUSTIN, THE TOP TEN POLITICALLY CORRECT LAW REVIEWS, 1994 UTAH L. REV. 1319, 1321 (analyzing how the political correctness movement had infiltrated law
In short, Austin has done a lot of serious work, and he knows that writing can be hard. He also believes that writing should be fun, however, and much of his is. He has written stories, done deconstruction graphics (whatever they are), and entertained (and occasionally outraged) the academic world.

Most academic work is unknown to the larger public, and deservedly so. Austin can do the obscure stuff with the best of them, but he has had a larger audience, too. His work was the subject of a front-page story in the *Wall Street Journal* and columns in the *New York Times* and the *National Law Journal*. If that is not impressive enough, he has been quoted in the *Youngstown Vindicator*. People actually want to read Austin and hear what he has to say. Unlike many academics, he is tied to reality, to real people.

For years, Austin was the writer-in-residence at Hinckley, Ohio’s famed reviews).

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17 See David Margolick, *At the Bar: The Fetish of Footnotes, or the Folly of Trying to Eradicate the Profession’s Enduring Trends*, N.Y. TIMES, June 8, 1990, at B16 (explaining why legal scholars opt to use large quantities of footnotes). That column in the *Times* has a nice picture of a page from Arthur Austin, *Footnote Skullduggery and Other Bad Habits*, 44 U. MIAMI L. REV. 1009 (1990), and one can plainly see citations to an article of mine in the picture. Id. Has Cass Sunstein or Larry Tribe ever appeared in a footnote in the *Times*?

18 See Edward A. Adams, *Writer Gives Advice on Footnoting One’s Way to Professorial Tenure*, NAT’L J., Jan. 11, 1988, at 4 (discussing the signaling power of article quality based upon the quantity and content of different types of footnotes); see also Ken Myers, *The Kindness of Their Colleagues: More Academics Decry Vetting*, NAT’L J., June 11, 1990, at 4 (describing *Vetting*, supra note 1, and quoting the then-president of the *Harvard Law Review*, one Barack Obama, who claimed the editors paid no attention to vetting footnotes: “We don’t even look at them. We don’t care who’s in there.”)


22 Buzzard City, USA. Austin has had to live in Hinckley because he was zoned out of Shaker Heights.
Reggie’s Chicken House,\textsuperscript{23} where beer went to die.\textsuperscript{24} You can’t get more real than that. And he almost always rode the RTA’s Red Line to work, or what we academics call work,\textsuperscript{25} to hear what the folks were thinking, to keep his fingers on the pulse of the nation.\textsuperscript{26}

Although this piece is not an obituary, a recap of the as-yet-unfinished Austinian life is still in order.\textsuperscript{27} Full disclosure: I know only the broad outlines, and I probably have some of the details wrong.\textsuperscript{28} For that matter, most of what I know comes from Austin himself, and some, ah-h-h, shall we say, \textit{embellishment} might be involved.\textsuperscript{29}

Arthur Austin had an apparently idyllic boyhood in Waynesboro, Virginia,\textsuperscript{30} you know, frequenting pool halls, running from the cops (generally successfully), and playing the easy sports.\textsuperscript{31} One of my favorite stories is of young Donnie Austin going with his dad to revival meetings. The reason wasn’t religious fervor;\textsuperscript{32} it was eddication.\textsuperscript{33} Dad “was a small-town lawyer who did a lot of litigation before God-fearing local juries, and to him the best instructors in persuasion, rhetoric, and ability to read an audience were God’s litigators.”\textsuperscript{34} That background has helped Austin evaluate others’ work. For example: “I can spot a sermon when I see one, and [Derrick] Bell’s ‘Final Report’ is a classic sermon.”\textsuperscript{35}

Donnie Austin was a star athlete at Waynesboro High, class of 1950, quarterbacking the football team for two years (Honorable

\begin{footnotes}
\footnotetext{23}{Being writer-in-residence at Reggie’s was like being snowboarder-in-residence in Khartoum.}
\footnotetext{24}{I’m told that Reggie’s is no more, which is probably just as well if the proprietor permitted the Hahn (German for rooster) Professor, \textit{see supra} note 1, in the Chicken House. Whatever happened to parietal hours?}
\footnotetext{25}{I know an academic whose spouse responds to talk of his retirement by asking, “How could anyone tell?”}
\footnotetext{26}{On the Red Line, he also had to keep his fingers on his wallet.}
\footnotetext{27}{The recap is in order, even if the life hasn’t been.}
\footnotetext{28}{Victors write history. Unfortunately, Victor was unavailable to help me with this essay.}
\footnotetext{29}{Nothing should get in the way of a good story.}
\footnotetext{30}{The town was named after Mad Anthony Wayne, which explains a lot.}
\footnotetext{31}{He was terrified by curve balls and therefore couldn’t participate in a man’s game. Nevertheless, baseball is part of a life well lived, and, although Austin won’t admit it, baseball is in his blood, at dangerously high concentrations. He saw Willie Mays play at Fort Eustis, Virginia. (Mays was drafted during the Korean War and spent his military time playing baseball.) While Austin was killing time waiting to be shipped out after basic training at Camp Pickett, he caught rides into town with Dodger great Don Newcombe, also playing ball in the military.}
\footnotetext{32}{Austin’s only conversions as a kid came after scoring touchdowns.}
\footnotetext{33}{An army drill sergeant said, as he was looking the young Private Austin up and down, “If that’s education, I don’t want none of it.”}
\footnotetext{34}{\textit{Empire}, supra note 12, at 126.}
\end{footnotes}
Mention All-District\textsuperscript{36}) and captaining the basketball team while leading the squad in scoring (2d Team All-District and All-State).\textsuperscript{37} After graduating from Waynesboro, he spent a year at Fishburne Military School, which needed athletes to defeat a hated rival.\textsuperscript{38} While there, Austin set a record for demerits that, depending on whom you believe, may still stand.\textsuperscript{39} He then briefly played football and basketball at West Virginia’s Salem College, a school that no longer exists. (Austin has closed down many an establishment.)

Austin moved on to what he sees as the center of the universe, the University of Virginia, which does still exist.\textsuperscript{40} He interrupted his scholarly career a year and a half later, however, when he enlisted in the Army. As a medic in Korea, he was a hero, about that there is no doubt whatsoever, and he was badly injured at Pork Chop Hill.\textsuperscript{41} He recovered and returned to Mr. Jefferson’s University, where he honed his great love for the North Carolina Tarheels and Virginia Tech. (Yes, as anyone who has been in an Austin class knows, I’m being sarcastic.)\textsuperscript{42} Whatever he thinks of Carolina and Tech, however,
during those years he really did develop a lifelong love of Faulkner
and Yoknapatawpha County.43)

After graduating from UVA in 1958 near the top of his class,44
Austin spent a couple of years in New York City, looking
unsuccessfully for Jack Kerouac45 and doing many things unsuitable
for mention in a family publication. In 1960, he and the brave and
tolerant Irene Austin (who certainly is suitable for mention in a family
publication) embarked for the Big Easy, the swamps of Plaquemines
Parish, and Tulane University Law School. The area’s populations of
shrimp, snapper, and Wild Turkey were reduced during the next three
years, but the humans prospered.

He might have had a law degree in 1963, but Austin successfully
avoided getting a real job then and forevermore. He taught at the
business schools of William & Mary and Bowling Green State from
1963 until 1966, when he joined the law faculty at Cleveland State.
He moved to CWRU in 1968, and, except for a year on leave with the
Policy Planning Section of the Department of Justice’s Antitrust
Division in 1970-71, he has been here ever since.

For many years, Austin and I have been competing to be the first
at CWRU to publish in all 50 states.46 Since he is much, much older
and has been in the academy much, much longer, he is ahead; the
score is something like 39 to 34 in his favor. He knows I’m gaining,
however, fast, and he obviously thinks retirement provides an easy
way out. For Austin, retirement might be the equivalent of giving up
and taking his talents to South Beach.

Nevertheless, I hope he won’t stop writing (as long as he doesn’t
publish in new states); he writes wonderful stuff. One reason he can’t
completely retire is that we haven’t finished an important project,
having the Cleveland School of Legal Scholarship recognized as the
innovative group it is, with its “robust conception of jurisprudence,
born on the rusty banks of the Cuyahoga.”47 Those in the know (both
of us) revere the Cleveland School, and its existence has been

43 Austin was in a class co-taught by Faulkner, who was in Charlottesville at the time
because his daughter Jill was there. This probably explains why I’ve always had difficulty
understanding what he (Austin) is trying to say. (I’ve never been able to get past page 40 of The
Sound and the Fury.) Cf. supra note 7 and accompanying text (describing the Phlegm Snopes
tournament).
44 Alphabetically favored, the name Arthur Austin heads many lists.
45 He did find Allen Ginsberg; the results of this encounter, however, I don’t know (and
don’t want to know).
46 We have special rules for the competition. Only hard copy publications count.
(Remember hard copy?) The Alaska Law Review, published at Duke, will do for Alaska, which
neither of us has yet picked up. Publication in academic journals isn’t required; bar journals and
newspapers work just as well. (Remember newspapers?)
47 Austin et al., supra note 1, at 221.
acknowledged in a leading journal.  

If Arthur Austin’s retirement means that the Cleveland School must be renamed the Hinckley School, so be it, as long as the project survives.

Although the Cleveland School could become the Hinckley School, some things will never change. It is 2011, but, just as he did in 1871 (or whenever), Austin writes by hand. No word processing for him. Computer research? Nope. He does that by hand too, or with help from librarians and students. Blogging or tweeting? Are you crazy? For Austin, being electronically challenged has made the National Enquirer and similar publications essential research tools.

I’ve made fun of Arthur Austin in this essay. À la Richard Nixon, however, let me make one thing perfectly clear: Arthur Austin has been an important part of this law school. I don’t want to get gooey here, but I admire and respect him, I wish he weren’t retiring, and I’ll miss the old buzzard.

But maybe I won’t have to miss him too much. Even if he isn’t in Gund Hall every day, I hope he visits early and often. (How else will he get his typing done?) At a minimum, I hope he maintains telephonic contact. (E-mail is out of the question.) Professor Austin, call the office.

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48 See id.; Arthur Austin, The Cleveland School of Legal Scholarship?, 3 GREEN BAG 2D 73 (1999) (referring to me as “one of the co-founders of the Cleveland School of Legal Scholarship,” on a page titled “The Cleveland School of Scholarship.”); Erik Jensen, The Cleveland School, Part Deux, 3 GREEN BAG 2D 215 (2000) (citing the Cleveland School); Erik Jensen, To the Bag, 4 GREEN BAG 2D 313, 314 (2000) (referring to Austin as founder of the Cleveland School of Legal Scholarship). The founding documents of the School have been electronically preserved and are available for inspection upon request from recognized scholars. (I promise to recognize you.)

49 In recent years, he had a computer in his office. As far as I could tell, however, it was used only as a paperweight. I’m not sure that he knew how to turn the thing on. In his defense, I should note that he does know how to use a telephone (land-line version, that is) and a copy machine.

50 See, e.g., EMPIRE, supra note 12, at 56 (quoting Sidney Zion, Burger’s War, THE VILLAGE VOICE, Feb. 4, 1980, 39, 41 (reviewing BOB WOODWARD & SCOTT ARMSTRONG, THE BRETHREN (1979)) (“[A]s character builders, law reviews rank a cut above high-class bordellos.”) (alteration in original)).

51 See supra note 3 and accompanying text.

52 See supra notes 48–49 and accompanying text.