

HARVARD LAW RECORD

America's Oddest Law School Newspaper

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TWENTY CENTS

Chirelstein: Basic, Basic, Basic Corps "No Real Big Deal"

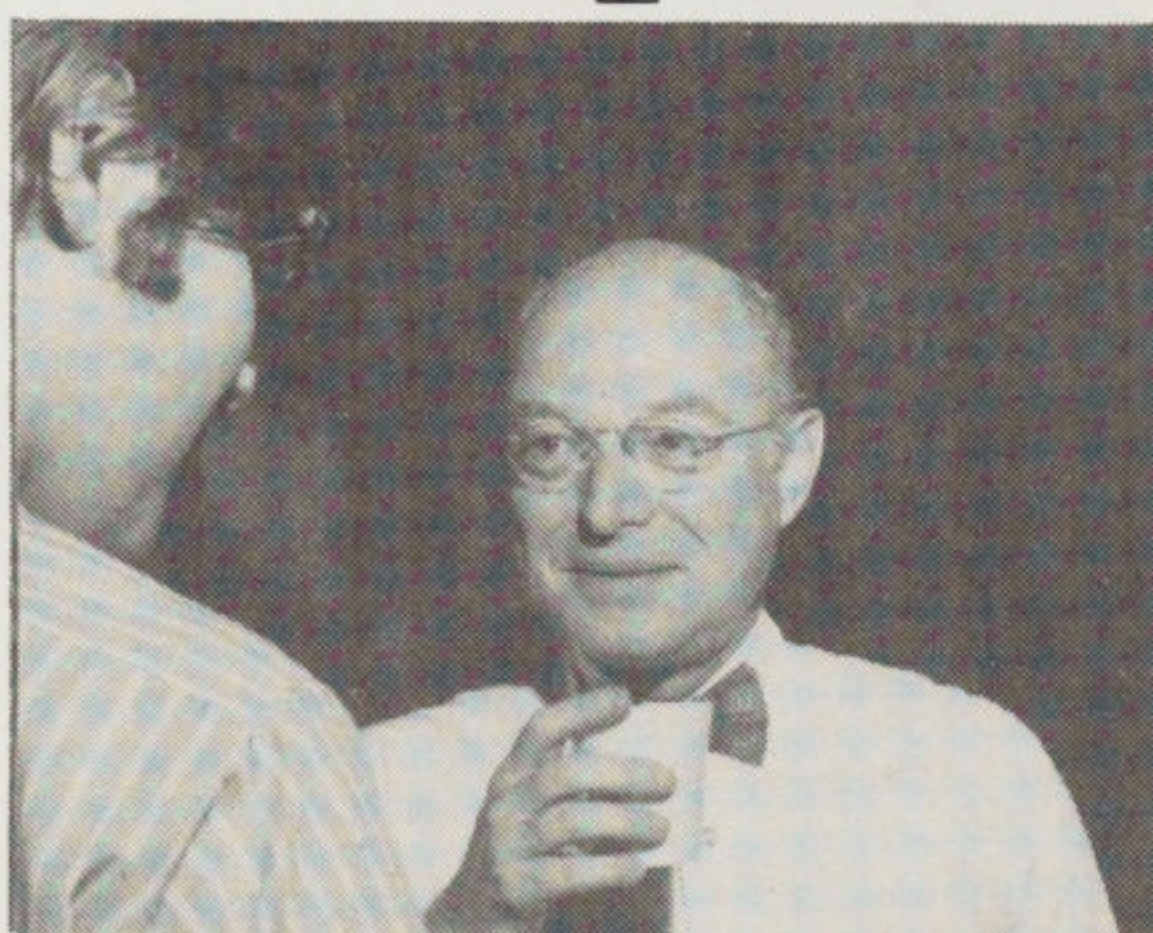
By William Cary

One week after Mary Upton, Law School Registrar, revealed that students who took Professor Marvin Chirelstein's course in *Basic Corporations* will not be allowed to register in Professor Victor Brudney's *Corporate Finance* course, it was announced that the concerned students will

(Continued on Page 15)

2-Year Enrollment To Monopolize Legal Field

By Patrick F. Kennedy



The Dean, Alto M. Sacks, pooh-poohs validity of three-year law education.

Beginning with the entering class of 1979, Harvard Law School will shift to a two-year law curriculum. Simultaneous action will be taken by the law schools of Yale, Stanford, Berkeley, Michigan, Columbia and Pennsylvania. This decision, the product of over two years of joint study by the seven schools, was revealed by Abram J. Chayes, the Chairman of the Legal Education Committee, to the RECORD earlier this week for press release on March 31. Because of the historic importance of this announcement, the RECORD is publishing this week one day ahead of schedule.

Chayes, who headed the 11-person task force appointed to study and report on the feasibility of the two-year legal education, explained that the task force submitted its recommendations toward the end of last November. Since that time, secret faculty discussions on the subject have been held at all schools participating in the study. Last Wednesday the law faculty of the University of Michigan, the only school not yet having adopted the task force's recommendations, finally gave its assent clearing the way for today's startling announcement.

At the same time as the implementation of the two-year program, the schools will also take measures to boost enroll-

Secretary Draws Line; Cookie Plate Left Empty

By Andrea Brown

Donna Chiozzi, secretary to Dean Albert M. Sacks, was fired by Sacks last week because of a conflict over her job description. Chiozzi had brought tea and cookies to the weekly faculty meetings ever since she assumed her position in the Dean's office, she told news reporters for the networks and wire services. Encouraged by a recent decision by the Illinois Appellate Defender's office vindicating a secretary's refusal to brew coffee she did not drink, Chiozzi decided that she should no longer have to fetch cookies she does not eat. "I prefer pastries

made with artificial sweeteners," she explained.

Not sure of the response her decision would receive if announced openly to the Dean, Chiozzi chose to proceed gradually in refusing the unwelcome chore. "I began by arriving late with the cookies, explaining that traffic had been snarled and cashiers slow. Nobody had trouble believing that."

Chiozzi had hoped that faculty members would become accustomed to drinking tea without cookies, but her strategy backfired. "They simply wanted more tea when the cookies finally arrived, and I had to brew it," she sighed.

(Continued on Page 19)

(Continued on Page 7)

Rightist Journal Will Twit Knee-Jerkers

By Randy Phillips

Fear and loathing swept the Harvard Law School left-liberal community this week, with word that a well-financed group of right-wing students will soon launch a new law review openly committed to the defense of the *status quo ante*.

Tentatively called the *Harvard Journal of Vested Interest Law*, the publication was announced at a Monday press conference by putative editor J. Herbert Freehold, 2L. "We aim to hit the do-gooders where it hurts," pledged Freehold, reading from a prepared statement. "For too long, we have stood by and watched the erosion of the foundations of our national life—the church, the family, private property, even the standard-express-or-implied-warranties disclaimer."

Freehold revealed that the new review is only one part of a vast effort to redirect HLS extracurriculars.

Also planned is a network of Vested Interest Research Groups (VIRG's) to furnish free legal aid to harassed corporations, and a varied selection of problems for next year's Ames Alternatives competition.

"Until now," Freehold complained, "if you wanted to get out of doing one of those phony, canned cases in regular Ames you were forced, in effect, to donate your services to welfare mothers, malingering soldiers, prison inmates, minorities or environmental nervous nellys. Well, we think *Americans* are entitled to free Harvard legal talent too."

"Besides, all those Alternatives are totally unrelated to anything any of our fellow stu-

dents will be doing after they leave here."

Freehold said one "exciting possibility" being lined up for next year's Ames is an upcoming damage suit by a New York slumlord against 500 rent-striking senior citizens in a federally underwritten apartment complex. The lucky foursomes assigned the problem will get an "invaluable" opportunity to grapple with "really intriguing issues of joinder and federal question jurisdiction . . . not to mention the warm feeling that comes only when you're helping someone that really deserves it."

Bruce Takes A Peek Under The Bedsheets

By Terry Keeney

William L. Bruce, vice dean of the Law School, has found one sure way of learning what life in the Law School dorms is really like. Last weekend, Bruce began a new program of spending the night with a student in the student's dorm room.

Bruce denies any credit for the originality of the idea, but admits to imitating President Carter in his recent stay with a typical family in Clinton, Mass.

"If Jimmy Carter can do it, then so can I," Bruce explained. "I think these visits into the real life of the students will help me relate to them on a deep interpersonal level that transcends the day-to-day student-administration barrier of effective communication."

The "typical" Harvard law stu-
(Continued on Page 14)

Funding for the group's endeavors is coming through a consortium headed by the H. L. Hunt Foundation, a creature of the late Texas ketchup king.

Permission for use of the Harvard name on the new journal was reportedly granted after the Hunt Foundation promised some \$5.5 million to the Law School itself.

But according to Faculty Office Building insiders, the Hunt grant was not without strings. Beginning next fall, 1L's will get a 10-week introduction to Tomato Law. Secondly, the Hunt trustees stipulated that the Law School must find quarters for the new journal "equally as quaint" as those of the *Harvard Law Review*, another law-related publication.

After a five-week search, a committee headed by Dean Albert M. Sacks settled on a charming yellow frame house on Everett Street currently occupied by the Black Law Students Association, the Chicano Law Students Association, the Harvard Guild and the HARVARD LAW RECORD.

Sacks assured leaders of the first three groups that Harvard would provide other quarters. "We've got an option on a really functional, abandoned storefront in Chelsea," Sacks explained.

Under a tentative occupancy plan hammered out by the administration last week, the Guild will have exclusive use of the building from 9 a.m. to noon, BLSA from noon to 3 p.m., and CLSA from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admitting that the Chelsea site is a "bit inconvenient," Sacks stressed the arrangement is only temporary.

"The following year we hope to provide something closer to campus—say in east Somerville."

No plans at all are being made for the RECORD. RECORD editor Charles Jordan, 2L, ventured the loss of office space would have "no appreciable impact on our operation."

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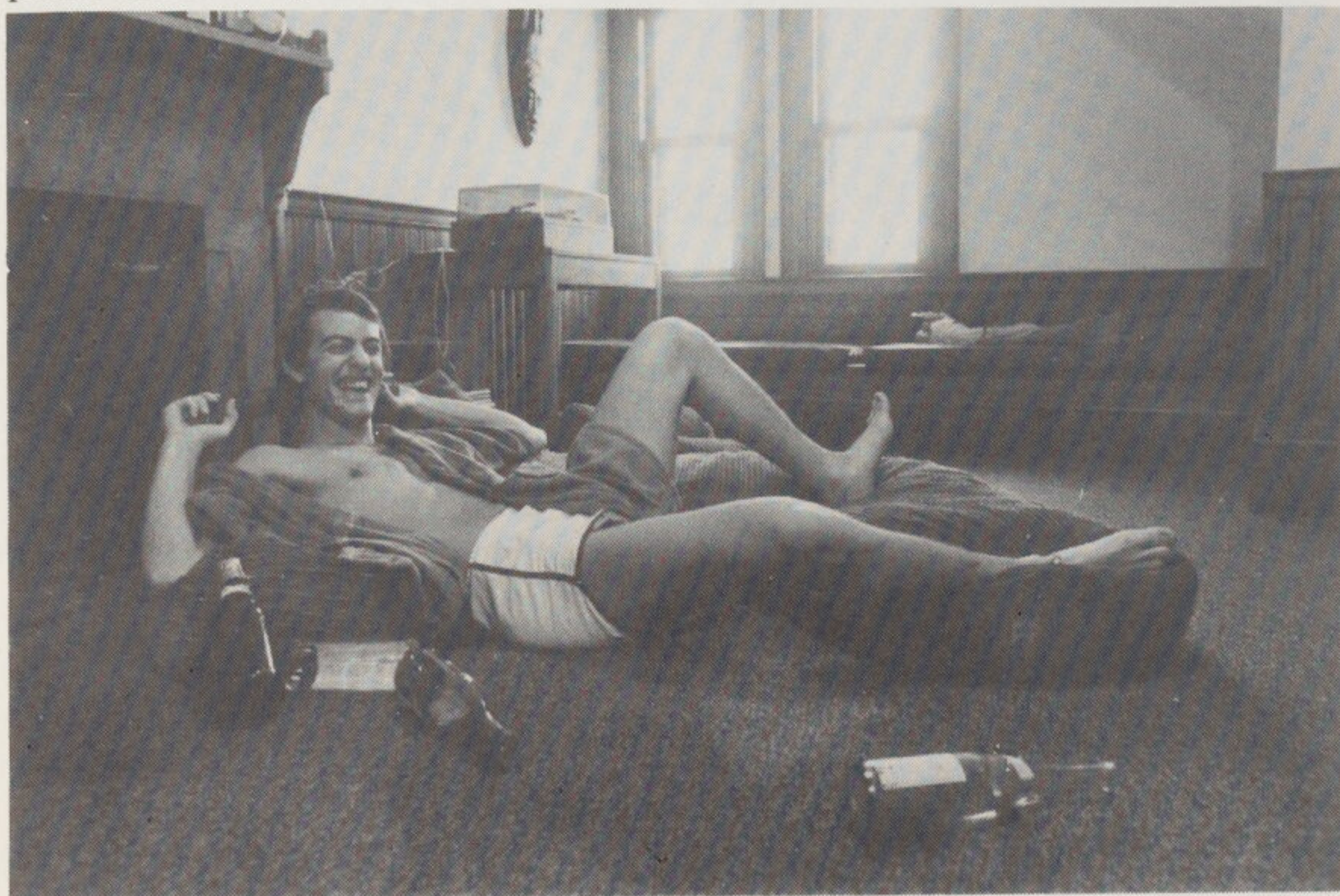
ALUMNI: Alumni who receive the Record as a result of membership in the Harvard Law School Association should mail change-of-address information to the Harvard Law School Association, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Boys of Harvard Law

From Playgirl

(Editor's note: Page Three editor and chief correspondent Bruce Howard is on vacation until further notice. In place of his regular column, Howard instructed us to reprint noteworthy articles about the

law school from other journals. This week's installment, a feature from the April issue of Playgirl magazine, is entitled "Boys of Harvard Law.")



Cuddly Climan relaxes at home with his bottle collection.

"California Dreamin' "

New York native Richard "Rick" Climan, a chesty 3L, had never been to the West Coast until last year. "I just fell in love with California! I mean, you've never *really* lived until you've made love on a moonlit beach with the surf pounding in the background, louder and louder until you . . . well, you know," he blushinglly related.

Rick got a job as a waiter at the Purple Artichoke, a trendy Sunset Boulevard eatery, where ace photographer D. D. "Dede" Buns discovered him. (Lucky D. D.! Can you believe it, girls? She got *paid* to take pictures of these gorgeous hunks of man-flesh!)

Rick's favorite kind of woman? "I really dig chicks who are into smelling natural," he tittered.

Rick hopes that this photo feature will help him get a job in the movies, or as a model.

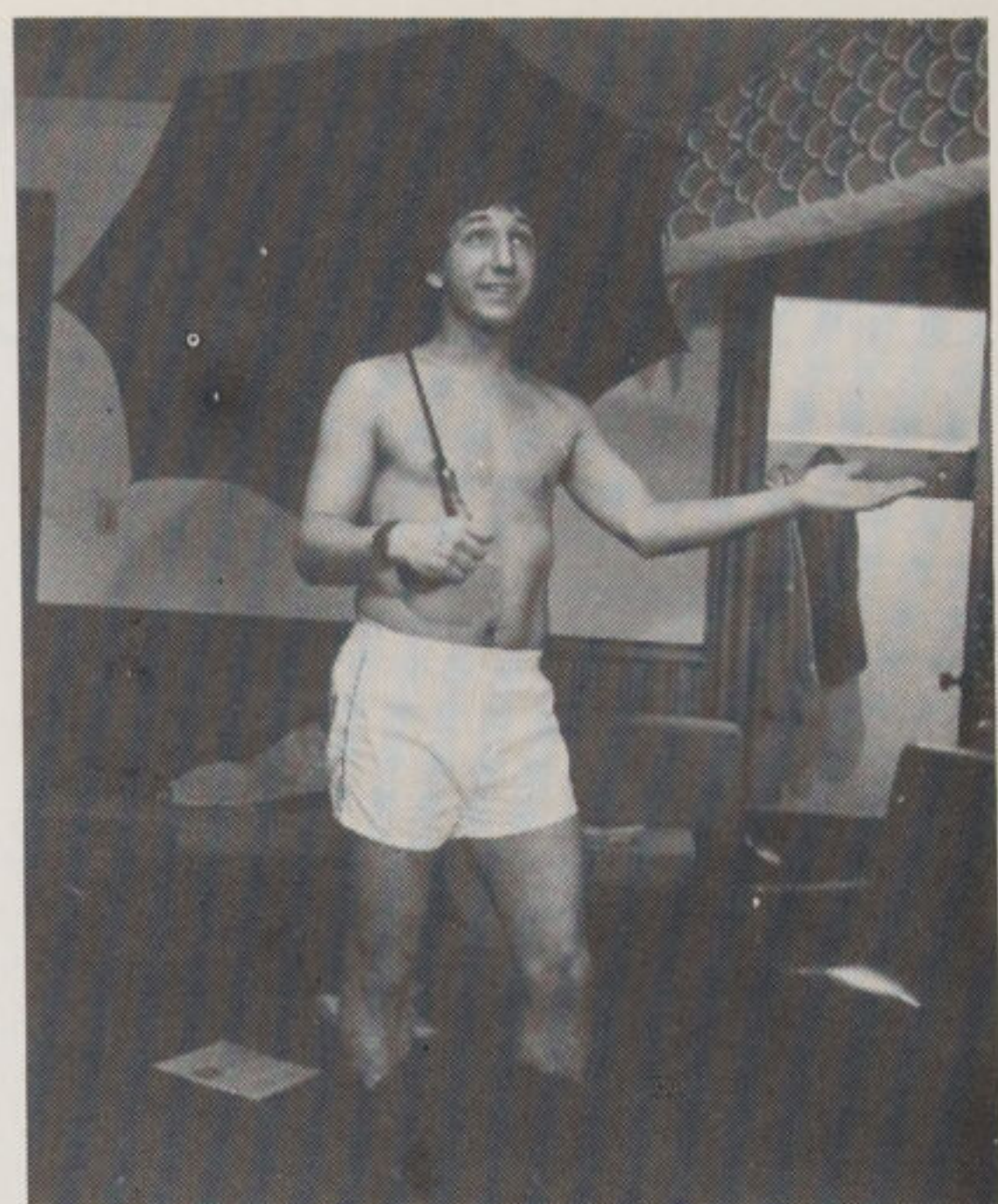
"Twice a Day"

1L Gary Squire adds some class to our luscious line-up. Gary admits right out: "I'm a woman's man."

"What can I say? I got it, I was born with it, and I wash it twice a day," Squire whimpers as he pulls a black leather glove onto his chubby right hand (his pinky finger a comely 2½ inches from palm to tip). "Women love me because I love women, all women, but sometimes just two or three."

"I'm picky but not demanding. I like sex, but not physical touching. I'm a complex and profound human being. My horoscope this morning summed it up: 'People think you are a schmuck because you are a schmuck.'"

"Actually, I don't ask much of my women . . . I guess I'm not the demanding type, though I can be picky. But I do insist my women know algebra. I don't mean just 'x=y+4, what does y equal?' type



Cowboy Squire just singin' in the rain.

stuff. I mean binomial theorem, factoring, transitive verbs. No wait, that's grammar, isn't it? And I like variety in my math. Some mornings I wake up and jump in my bath and, pow!, all of a sudden I want Euclidean geometry! Crazy, huh? But that's me! I'm alive and I want to live! Here's my world, you're welcome to it! I'm ok, and you're ok! Keep it short and read it before you sign it! I'm an original—that's my secret!"



Bigfoot Hailey sits on a Ritz.

"I'll try anything"

Gary Hailey, a lean six-footer-plus from Joplin, Missouri, is a "born again" Capricorn. "I used to be a Virgo," moaned the blond 24-year-old from the Show Me State, "but that didn't last long after I bought my law school Dorm Council card."

"Now," Gary gurgled, slipping

(Continued on Page 17)

Looking Dapper is a Full-Time Job

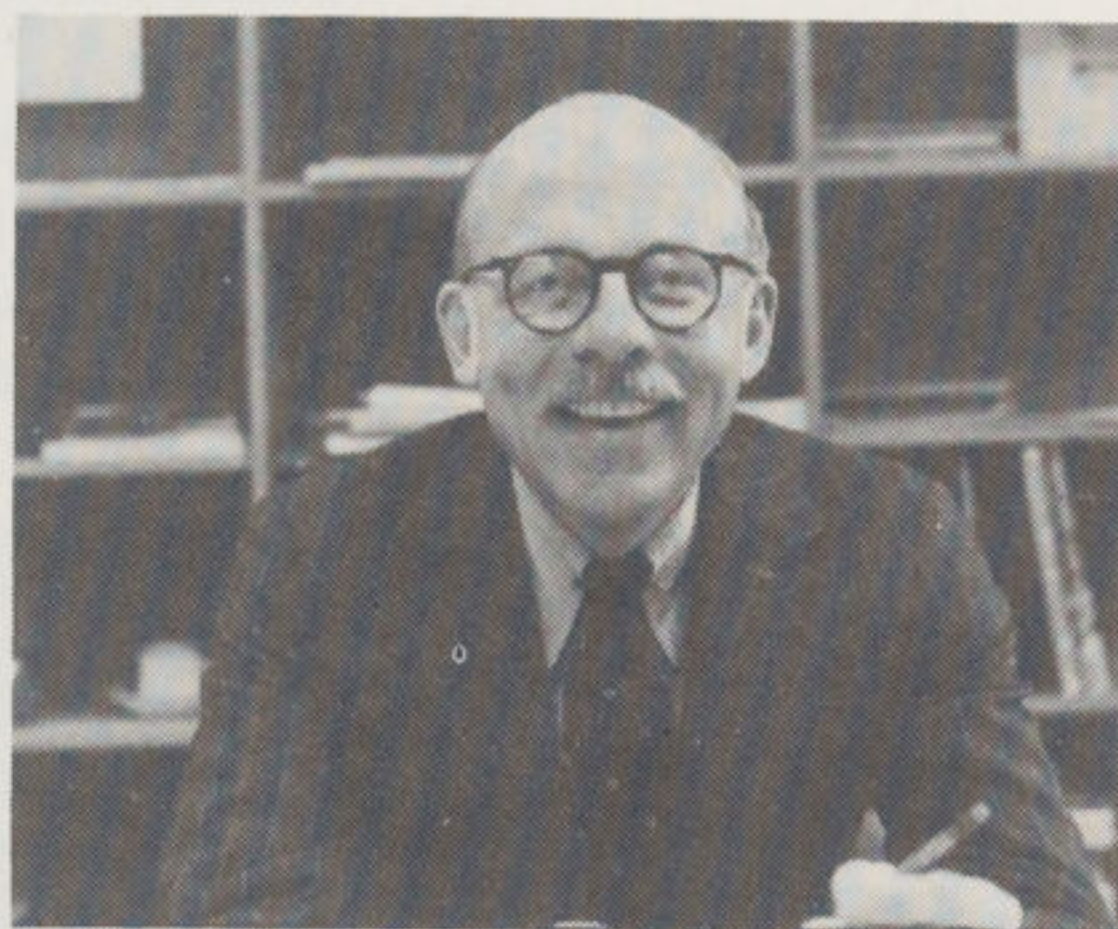
By Paul Coady

"You're not here to find out what I do, are you?" chuckled Dean Stephen M. Bernardi gamely as he meticulously re-arranged himself in his armchair in his first-floor FOB office. "There's really not much of a mystery. Frankly, I don't do a blessed thing."

Whatever may be the cushy certainty of his current sinecure as Secretary of the Law School, for Steve Bernardi, the decision to leave a baronial Cleveland law firm in 1966 to become Associate Director of the Sesquicentennial Fund was nothing less than an act of courage. The future, Bernardi observed in a free-wheeling interview earlier this week, was a colossal question mark.

"I realize now just how scary it was — I hadn't the faintest conception of how I would occupy my time," Bernardi expanded. "I could have forever gone on drafting requirements contracts for the tire producers in Akron and devising ways to monopolize the steel industry in Ohio, but I just up and decided that having made my mark, it was high time I vindicate the public interest. So I came back to raise big bucks for mother Harvard. . . . But way back when," Bernardi reminisced, "Lord only knew what I might be doing between time-clock punches."

So, armed only with a law degree and an unusual amount of chutzpah and resourcefulness for your typical HLS bureaucrat, Bernardi applied himself to the task, rising to the occasion in style. He artfully learned to mask his inactivity by settling into a demanding daily regimen. "In the morning, I make it a habit to swing by the cleaners first thing to make sure that my suits are pressed. And I mean *impeccable*. I then saunter over to J. Press to tour their racks. . . . I'm always on the hunt for the



Bernardi: "Do you think the silk tie goes with the worsted wool?"

three-piece with the natural shoulder and the gently curved lapels, if you know what I mean. Then it's over the Andover Shop and occasionally to Stonestreet's to gaze at their bulging stocks of ties. If you love fabrics like I do, only the finest silk ones will do — no polyester, thank you. Believe me," Bernardi declared, "when it comes to sartorial splendor, I learned to go whole hog. Nothing graces my bod if it can't pass *my* muster."

Interrupting his commentary on necktie materials, Bernardi then related how he rounds out the balance of his day. "With the mornings shot, I parade around the faculty dining room at lunch, hoping to set an example for the likes of the leisure-suited Larry Tribe, the 'rainbow-attired' Lew Sargentich, and that large unmade bed, Dick Stewart," Bernardi sneered. After dessert *à deux* with my friend Phil Areeda, it's scamper off to Gino and Mike's for my daily trim. Then, no matter how empty my appointments book, I *always* make time to have my mustache clipped and my nails manicured," Bernardi glowed.

In the middle of pirouetting in his tan Yves St. Laurent three-piece ("my newest pride and joy," as Bernardi put it), the forty-six-year-old bureaucracy-climber grew defensive. "Somebody's got to keep up the standards. . . . Vic Brudney can't be expected to set the fashion world agog all

alone," Bernardi protested as he completed his swing and his regimental-stripe Pierre Cardin tie fell back neatly into place.

Bernardi then allowed as how he is but *primus inter pares* within the Law School bureaucracy. "I may fritter away my time with careless abandon. In fact, I'm probably the best there is. But believe you me, I'm not the only one. Just look at Al Daniels over at Placement. He's got a law degree from here too, but do you think he's ever done an honest day's work? My pastime is finding the best in worsted wool. His is inventing bureaucratic flapspeak. Do you really think there's a whit of difference?"

Like Daniels, Bernardi's only formal duty is sitting on committees. And just like Daniels, he's found that whiling away the day in a corner office is a much sought-after ability that has earned him quite a reputation. "Why, I have people bidding for my body all the time, and between you and me," he said, "everybody's got his price. In fact, the rumor is that Al Daniels was being closely courted by the Clorox people. That was a real cut-up. Do you get it?"

Most would agree that while he at times mixes discretion and valor, it's his chilling candor that makes Steve Bernardi the darling of the Law School Administration. "Oh, I gladly admit I've got diddly to do," he stated. "In fact, I may be taking Harvard to the cleaners, but if you've ever spent a weekend in Shaker Heights, you'd understand why I prefer to be doing nothing here. And that reminds me," Bernardi suddenly rose, "I've got a half-dozen of my favorite pin-stripes ready to be picked up from the Crimson Cleaners."

"Besides," Bernardi quickly added as he skipped out his office door, "do you suppose Brooks Brothers has made it to Cleveland yet?"

Editorial Talent Decried; LAW RECORD in Disarray?



Mutinuous staff at 23 Everett Street before the storm.

By Thomas F. Johnboat

Whether political football or egalitarian reform, change is in the mist on the third floor of 23 Everett Street. At a meeting next Tuesday, 1L and 2L members of the HARVARD LAW RECORD staff will gather to debate and vote on a proposal to require some form of journalistic competence as a requirement for the editorship of the Law School's quasi-weekly.

According to one RECORD staffer who requested that his name be withheld, a tinder-box atmosphere has existed at the newspaper since the beginning of the present academic year. The current debate was ignited by a letter printed in the RECORD of March 18, 1977, from a concerned alumnus, questioning both the undergraduate credentials and the journalistic wherewithal of the present RECORD editor.

The anonymous staffer commented, "All of us were aware that Coady [fall-term editor] and Jordan [spring-term editor] were running this ship with too heavy a hand. But as soon as the issue was put to us in terms of competence, we realized exactly what the prob-

lem was, and what needed to be changed.

"For us, the issue cuts across such obvious shortcomings as militant sexism, anti-Law Reviewism and wishy-washy editorial policy. We want someone at the tiller who knows what he or she is doing."

Contacted for his or her side of the story, past editor Paul J. Coady, 2L, no relation to the buffalo-slayer of similar name, launched into a bilious diatribe against the mutinuous staff. "What do *they* know about competence? Most of them are either still wet behind the ears, blind, tasteless, or have worked for so-called big-city dailies for so long that they

(Continued on Page 19)

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Jack Katz Takes Loot, Basks In Sun

By Robert Reznick

RECORD Science Editor

(Editor's note: As part of their Legal Methods program this year, first-year students investigated the employment problems of Jack Katz, who was fired by Grueman Manufacturing Co., a rainwear manufacturer, after more than 25 years of service as Comptroller. At a trial held in the Ames Courtroom, Katz was awarded almost \$275,000 in damages and deferred compensation. There had been no word from Katz in the four months since his trial, and so the RECORD dispatched Science Editor Reznick to track him down and allay the widespread fears as to his health and well-being. His report follows.)

A middle-aged man with a deep suntan lay drinking a daiquiri on the beach at Ibiza, off the coast of Spain. He was applying Copper-tone to his face and he laughed when I introduced myself.

"The RECORD!" cried Jack Katz, "I thought I had seen the last of Harvard Law School. And the way I bamboozled those poor 1Ls, I'm sure the Law School hoped it had seen the last of me. They bankrupted the last honest rainwear manufacturer in New England just so I could lie here on the beach swilling daiquiris and staring into the sun."

As if to prove his point, Katz swilled the daiquiri and stared into the sun. He laughed again and small rivulets of Copper-tone began to stream down his cheeks. I interrupted:

"The RECORD wants to find out how your retirement is working out, living off the settlement we awarded you."

"Living off the settlement? Living off the interest is more like it, Son. In addition to those 275,000 bananas I got from Grueman, I sold

(Continued on Page 19)

HLS Student Sings The Blues: Upper-Class Whites Respond

By Gary D. Hailey

The crowd at the posh Lincoln's Inn cocktail party hardly seemed to notice the entry of Barry H. Chalmers, Jr. He took a seat on a stool in the corner of the crowded room, tuned his guitar, and began to sing.

*How many years must associates
toil*

Before they can find partnership?

*And how many hours per week
must they bill*

If they expect to advance?

The answer, my friend,

Depends on the firm.

The answer depends on the firm.

A hush fell over the room as the man they call "Harvard Law School's Bob Dylan" continued to

sing his songs of the sorrow and despair of life in elite private schools, exclusive suburban enclaves, corporate boardrooms and, of course, Harvard Law School. Many of the begowned and tuxedoed partygoers snapped their fingers or tapped their toes as Chalmers belted out a twelve-bar blues number.

*My secretary won't make me
coffee no more*

What am I goin' to do?

*The shoeshine boy raised his
prices once more*

What am I goin' to do?

*Chivas Regal ain't exactly cheap
no more*

Oh Lord, O-o-o-o-h L-o-o-o-o-r-d,

What am I goin' to do?

When Chalmers played the last chord, the pent-up emotions of the crowd erupted. Frenzied applause and shouts of "Right on, brother!" filled the room.

As I watched Chalmers pack up his Vuitton guitar case and leave Lincoln's Inn that cold February night, I knew I had to find out what gave Barry Chalmers his magic. Where did he come from? What was he doing at Harvard Law School? How did he learn to express so perfectly the hopes and the fears, the agonies and the ecstasies of the lives of the wealthy, the white, and the predominantly Anglo-Saxon law students who were so deeply moved by his cocktail party performance that night?

"Sure, I've seen my share of heartache and suffering. I mean, you've gotta pay your dues if you wanna sing the blues, and I've paid

(Continued on Page 13)

Holmes & Co. Off To Broadway

By Andrea Brown

Those law students who paid \$3 apiece to see the Law School show may have gotten the best dramatic buy this year: the Harvard Law School show is moving to Broadway, and tickets will be \$25 each.

A group of alumni are abandoning their usual roles as devil's advocates to become Broadway angels in an attempt to improve the image of Harvard lawyers among the theater-going public — many of whom are corporate executives with substantial legal work, according to Gabriel Pheasant '37. Pheasant organized the financial backing for the show.

"Clients used to appreciate a certain amount of pomposity and superciliousness in a lawyer — it gave them confidence in the superiority of their choice," he explained. "But today, because of the popularized psychology which fills the bookracks, they want their lawyers to understand their

problems, to empathize with them. Most people believe that the traditional Harvard lawyer will be condescending, maybe even judgmental. Now Yale grads don't have this problem.

Everyone knows that *they* don't judge *anyone* — 'Judge not lest ye be judged,' you know."

An essential ingredient of the show's success is the continued use
(Continued on Page 11)



* Law School gams make it to Broadway.

2-Year Plan: Grabbing Our Fair Share

(Continued from Page 1)

ment by approximately 50 percent. This will increase the size of Harvard's entering class to more than 800.

The latter action is expected to impose severe constraints on less prestigious law schools, possibly forcing some smaller, regional institutions to close their doors. The adoption of the two-year curriculum by law schools throughout the country with the concomitant increase in enrollments will, overnight, increase law school capacity in this country by one-half. In crass economic terms, this will mean that graduates of less prestigious schools, already lacking for jobs, will simply be unemployable.

Asked why the study had been conducted entirely in secret without input from students or other law schools, Dean Albert M. Sacks responded: "Well, we knew the students would be in favor of this, so we didn't need to consult them. And conversely, we knew there would be a lot of opposition from smaller, less influential schools, so we thought it best to present them with a *fait accompli*."

Explaining the rationale for the move, Sacks told the RECORD, "We've known for a long time that the third year for most students is a process of taking the same courses and doing worse. We have studies that show grades fall off a quarter point in the third year. I canvassed the law faculty and no one seemed to have any idea of how the curriculum could be changed, except for Mort Horwitz, and no one was willing to take his proposals seriously."

"The beauty of this plan," Sacks continued enthusiastically, "is that it benefits both the students and the school. The students waste less time, and we increase our position of influence in the legal community through greater numbers of graduates." Sacks added: "Alumni giving, I think, will simply skyrocket."

When asked about the effect of

today's announcement on smaller law schools, however, the Dean became quite testy.

"Let's be honest with each other. All we're talking about is a little competition. If Exxon and General Motors can use that rationale to increase their market share, I don't see why we can't. Believe it or not, they already exercise more influence down in D.C. than we do. It's time legal power in this country was effectively amassed and utilized."

The move to the two-year curriculum will force a wide-scaled restructuring of the Law School's existing educational program. More credits per year will be required, only two elective courses will be permitted, and cross-registration will be eliminated entirely.



Professor Abram Chayes pooh-poohs validity of three-year law education.

Some faculty members when questioned by THE RECORD felt the change would put more obligations on the students. Professor Louis Loss's comments were indicative of this attitude.

"The crybabies and malcontents are going to learn that not everything you have to know in life is explained to you in a lecture. You have to do some learning on your own. My *Sec Reg* students from last semester should have a pretty good idea of what I'm talking about."

Professor Charles E. Fried, however, said the change won't make things any tougher on students. "The only real learning at the Law School takes place during the first year," Fried opined. "After that, it's rote memorization."

It is expected that many courses at the Law School will be deemphasized or, in some cases, eliminated altogether. According to the recommendations of the task force, *Criminal Law* will be eliminated from the ranks of mandatory courses.

"Of course," Dean Sacks commented, "we'll probably continue to offer it for those students interested, even though it's such a distasteful field."

Surprisingly, Professor Alan M. Dershowitz was undisturbed by the possibility of *Criminal Law* becoming an elective when the RECORD contacted him.

"It's not going to affect me. My *Sex and Lex* course will top the list of enrollments in elective courses," Dershowitz predicted. "I've lined up a list of speakers Tom Snyder would envy. Harry Reems, Al Goldstein, Larry Flynt, Bob Guccione, and I've been angling for Hugh Hefner himself. The respectability they pick up by coming to Harvard and talking about the First Amendment goes a long, long way. And they know it. Hell, we might even ask them to bring a few girls."

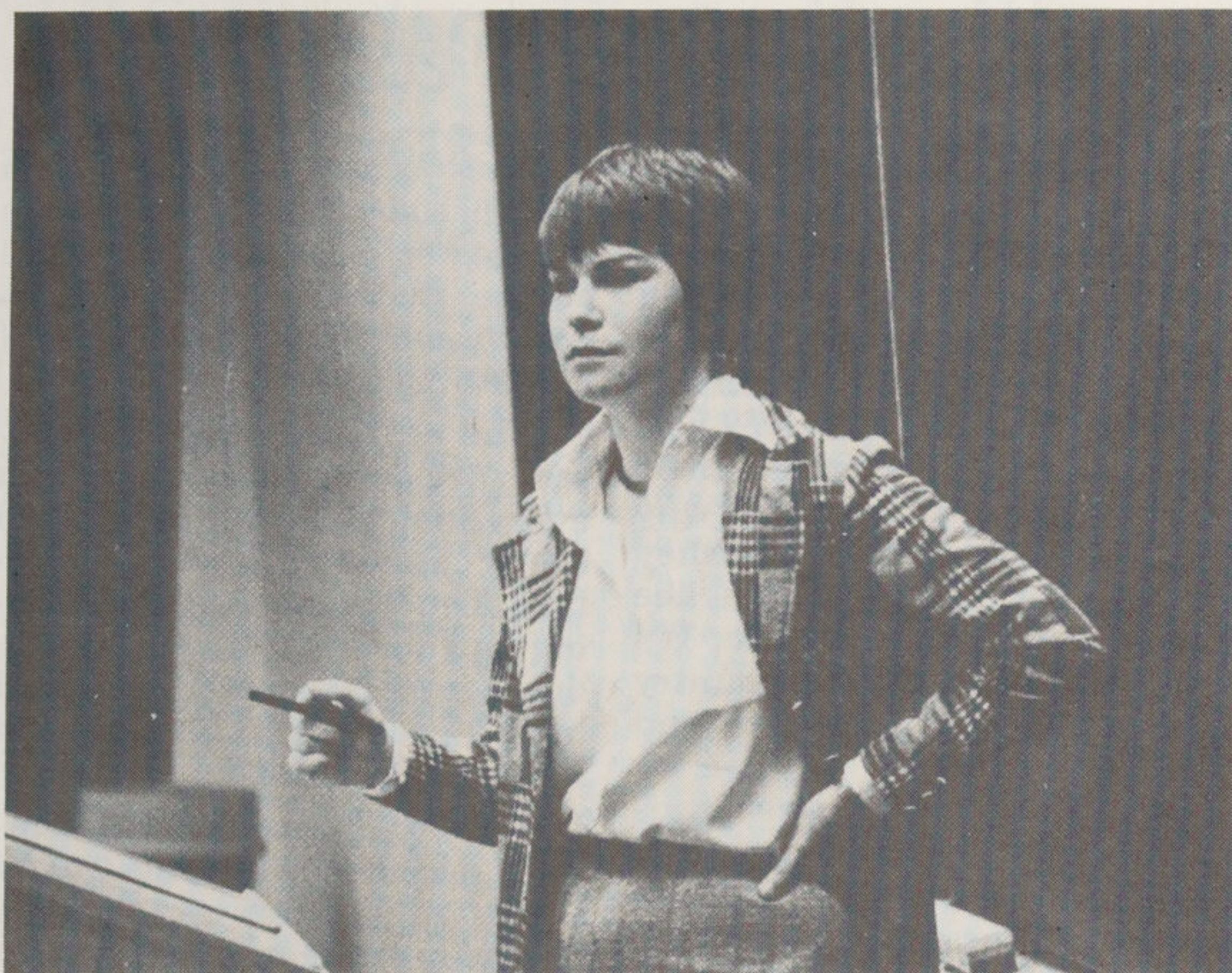
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Professor Sally Neely: Throwing bad books after good money?

HLSY

Mealy-Mouthed Student Squeals on Sally Neely

By Johnboy Walton

In a surprise move this week, the Committee on Legal Education recommended a full-scale investigation into an alleged kickback and movie-making operation involving an HLS professor and the publishers of a series of hornbooks and other supplemental texts.

The scandal, which reportedly involves additional faculty and more than \$20,000 in payoffs, was discovered recently after a 1L turned over to the committee a detailed mathematical analysis supporting his theory that Professor Sally Neely was being paid by the publisher to purposefully obfuscate the law to allow the filming of a motion picture, "The Black Hole In The Jurisprudential Firmament," while simultaneously drumming up sales for the company's texts.

"I had an idea something was amiss when Neely began to strike these dramatic poses while expounding on the Hawkins boy's hairy hand," 1L Herbie Candyam explained, "but I wasn't sure until the data con-

firmed my suspicions."

Candyam, briefed, outlined, digested, cross-indexed, tech-cited and Shepardized every available supplemental text on contracts and fed the voluminous results into his pet computer. The 1L then taped Neely's lectures, computerized the transcripts, and compared them with the digested hornbook materials.

The results he claimed indicated a conscious and deliberate pattern of obfuscation and allusion designed to lead students directly to those texts printed by the suspected publisher.

"Mindboggling," said the professor when confronted with the student's evidence. "Isn't this fascinating. Two female faculty persons in the entire Law School and this mealy-mouthed jurisprude jeopardizes that with some cheap numbers games he learned from The Dersh. Do we really want to encourage this kind of thing?"

New Jersey attorney Harry Breadcrumb, '08, representing the professor, said the whole thing is

being blown out of proportion and urged all parties to fully consider the facts before proceeding any further.

Breadcrumb said although his client received teaching materials, outlined class lectures and practice curricular modules from the publisher, she had no knowledge that the arrangement was for an illegal purpose or that the materials were in fact a movie script.

"What we are talking about is undue influence, fraud and high-pressure bargaining by unscrupulous book merchants who will go to any length to sell their stuff," Breadcrumb said.

The attorney insisted that the parties clearly were not in an equal bargaining position and the alleged \$5,000 payment barely covered wardrobe cost for the "Black Hole" production.

"I would suspect that the committee will look at the various agreements between the professor and the publisher and focus on the bargain, not merely as evidenced exclusively by the written manifestations of assent — since the real agreement may be simpler or more complex than the written manifestations thereof — but the bargain in fact as found in the totality of the circumstances during the course of the performance in the appropriate spirit under the applicable law."

Breadcrumb added that he might also add that his client was not *in pari delicto* under any circumstances because she lacked the capacity to contract with a publisher who had weaned her from obscurity at an innocuous West Coast law school to the faculty of the most prestigious law school in the nation.

"I mean, hell, she didn't even know what was going on. They told her the movie cameras were there to make sure students came to class," Breadcrumb said.

"And, here can be no issue of conspiracy here because the professor renounced any conspiratorial designs when she told her first-year class, 'I don't know what I'm saying'."

(Continued on Page 12)

DO-ER'S PROFILES



ARCHIBALD COX

HOME: Wayland, Massachusetts.

AGE: 65

PROFESSION: Law professor; professor of law.

HOBBIES: Working on my souped-up '56 Chevy; watching "The Gong Show" with my wife Phyllis; collecting honorary sheepskins from cow colleges; rereading my old Supreme Court briefs; doing my Humphrey Bogart impression at parties.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Grande Dame and Her Great Dane"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Giving former *Law Review* President Eliot Richardson a B+.

PROFILE: Short-haired, long-winded.

QUOTE: "Gee, if I'd known I was going to get my picture taken, I would have worn a bow tie."

SCOTCH: Do-ers "White Lapel"



Just What We Need

We at the RECORD would like to be the first to extend a warm greeting to the *Harvard Journal of Vested Interest Law*, the Law School's newest addition to the field of legal punditry. Just what the legal community needs! Another journal!!

Prominent critics have been cited for the belief that the world would be no worse off if one half of the presently-operative law journals simply ceased to exist; we believe that such a view is short-sighted. If nothing else, the new journal, and the influx of green accompanying it, will nurture the growing demand for courses in the Tomato area. Consider this proposition closely — isn't it true that the so-called "topicality" of such knee-jerk publications as the *Yale Law Journal* pales in comparison to biting commentary on Giant Jacks or Sweet Ruby Porters? We are willing to wager that you never considered the problem from this perspective.

The small matter of losing our facilities in order that this new experiment may be launched pales into insignificance, as well. That the RECORD folds, or worse, that it moves to Chelsea, can be but a dust-mote in the eye of progress. Hale fellow well-met, *HJVIL!* Remember to turn the lights out when you leave at night.

Another Salesman

Madison Avenue, indeed. Who will be the next to sell out, Nader or the Statue of Liberty? We would like to take this opportunity to deplore the unreasoned, self-serving and otherwise awful decision of Professor Cox to sweeten his pot through the advertising medium.

The Professor's decision will surely have the unwarranted effect of toppling the carefully structured house of cards that is American legal academia. We can see it now: "Professor Gunther, here, for Schlitz." "Amsterdam on American Motors." "Calabresi wants to sell you a Veg-ematic."

We urge Professor Cox to reconsider. Fame, prestige, recognition, money — all are transient when compared with the unbesmirched mantle of scholarship (with the possible exception of money). Carry on, Cox, in the style to which we have become accustomed.

A STANDOUT?

We endorsed Joe Turkey for Class Marshall. Why not?

HARVARD LAW RECORD

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Fenna

Fenna glanced around the dining room, searching for Mary Upton. It was her first woman's solidarity dinner.

"Fenna," a 2L beckoned. "Tell me about your new job."

"I'll be right back," Fenna replied. "I just have to thank Dean Upton."

As she walked off the 2L said to her companion, "I don't know, Jonathon, what she's doing hanging around that bastion of deep-seated sexist hostility. If she doesn't come up with a good explanation, we'll have to read her out of the WLA."

Fenna came back and sat in an empty chair. She smiled at the 2L and said, "I guess you're wondering why I've taken a job at that headquarters of the insensitive and reactionary at HLS."

"Not at all, dear," the 2L replied. "After all, I'm working at Kirkland and Ellis this summer. But how did you overcome the *Record's* alarming inability to recognize that there are women of talent and accomplishment here?"

"The real problem, after all those letters, was convincing them that any woman here had a sense of humor."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"I was sitting in Haar's class thinking about that dreamy Jim Vorenberg when I heard something about O to A in perpetuity. That started me thinking."

"About fertile pentagenerians?"

"No," said Fenna, "but about the way women had successfully wormed their way into every nook and granny of HLS. We've had female heads of all the journals and an old lady for dean; only Fenno remained stalwartly male."

"And you figured beneath all that tasteless sexual innuendo lurked a man ready to be swept away by the tides of history?"

"He's like all men at the Law School. He only wanted and needed one thing, a good joke. I told him a few one-liners, had him rolling on the floor and when he was helpless locked him in the closet. I've heard he's taking his cue from Fried as to when to come out."

"Aren't you somewhat limited in your humorous subjects? I mean, it's hard to make a joke about Elizabeth Owens. Nobody's ever seen her."

Fenna waved her hand. "No problem. I'll just borrow some of the great knee-slappers I've collected for THE WIT AND WISDOM OF BRUCE HOWARD. After that, all I have to do is wait for the letters to pour in and my career is made."

Letters to the Editor of the RECORD

Perverts Bias? Never Mind . . .

To the Editor:

What's all this fuss I hear about pervers discrimination? I think it's just terrible that these law schools would discriminate against pervers. I mean, if a pervert wants to go to law school, he or she should go . . . Perverts need lawyers too. By not letting pervers in, the law schools are exposing them to a life of poverty and misery. And I think pervers are exposed enough as it is. Tee, hee, hee.

Oh. I just reread your article about the *Bakke* case. I'm very unhappy to learn that it's all about *reverse* discrimination, not *pervers* discrimination.

Never mind.

Emily Littella
New York, New York

Cuckolded Equine: "Leave Me Alone"

To the Editor:

I was furious and emotionally distraught to see my filly's adulterous relationship with a Harvard Law student broadcast to the community at large by the Law School show. I don't know how Ivan Orton's partner feels about his mis-speciation, but I had been trying to rebuild my reputation after being cuckolded by that dubious man. But just when I had been accepted again as a normal and functional stallion, Orton took to the stage to revive the shameful story.

I implore you law students, let my poor misguided mare rest in peace at the knacker's, and leave me to pick up the shattered pieces of my life in relative anonymity.

Secretariat
Harvard Business School '63
Cambridge, Mass.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who's on first?
2. I said, "Who's on first?"
3. Well, who's on second?
4. I'm asking you! Who's on first?
5. What?
6. What's the name of the second baseman?
7. Who's the second baseman?
8. I don't know!
9. Does this third baseman have a name?
10. You don't know?
11. Then what's their name?
12. Go to hell.

APRIL 1, 1977

Turkey: "I Wuz Robbed"

To the Editor:

I wuz robbed!

Joe Turkey, 3L
Cambridge, Ma.

Bakke To Basics: Turkey Redux

To the Editor:

I must protest the cavalier treatment of Joe Turkey by the Law School hierarchy. Although a qualified candidate for Class Marshall, Joe was denied a place on the ballot. Nevertheless, a clear majority of his peers scratched his name in. And again he was denied. The ultimate indignity, however, is this — his protest letter has to appear in the one issue of the RECORD entirely authored by Dean Sacks.

Take heart, turkeys of HLS! Joe will be vindicated. As you read this Joe is polishing up his English Oration for Commencement. Since his twin Henry Steiner is judging applications, Joe has been assured an opportunity to gobble. Be there.

Bath Ellery, 3L
Cambridge, Ma.

Cryptic Law

The following excerpt is in "judicial code." Decode it. (Hint: Each letter stands for a different letter of the alphabet).

"Vjtodyzsd epm'y nr Vjtodyzsd eoyjpiy
smu qtrdrmyd," htizbarf Kp, auomh pm yjr
tih.

"Oy'd dp ftrsfgia yp nr qppt!" dohjrf Zrh,
applomh fpem sy jrt paf ftrdd.

"O fpm'y yjoml oy'd gsot gpt dpzr hotad yp
jsbr qarmyu pg qtryyu yjomhd, smf pyjrt
hotad mpyjomh sy saa," sffrf aoyyar Szu,
eoyj sm omkitrf dmogg.

"Er'br hpy gsyjrt smf zpyjrt smf rsvj
pyjrt," dsos Nryj vpmymyrfau, gtpz jrt
vptmrt.

(Solution on Page 20)

Fee Tells All

(Continued from Page 6)

of law students and faculty in the cast, according to Linda G. Fee, 2L, the show's producer.

"First of all, the Harvard image would not be brightened if the audience knew the cast was solely professional actors; they wouldn't believe lawyers are as lively as we're trying to show. They might even think the whole thing is a spoof. Second, law students don't receive union wages, which would destroy all our profits," Fee told the RECORD.

Prof. Charles Nesson plans to recreate his role on Broadway. "Many actors move from the legitimate stage to movies. I intend to move in the opposite di-

Nesson: "I was cast as a statue of Justice Holmes"

rection. While my cinematic career has been an enjoyable one, it has to date attracted only a limited audience. Fortunately, my judicial posturing was witnessed by one of the producers, who was impressed enough to cast me as a statue of Justice Holmes. And after a Broadway show, I will be able to continue on stage or return to movies, preferably on a larger scale."

To avoid union problems and not academically disadvantage those students who will be in the show (and thus not in residence in Cambridge), clinical credit has been arranged by Registrar Mary Upton, Mary Upton, who also appears in the show. Cast members will receive 12 credits, three of which will be allocated to Professional Responsibility, satisfying that requirement. Students may elect the theater for only one semester, and

(Continued on Page 18)

Guru Meditates On Title 13, Sees Awareness Flowering

By James X. Frobbish

"You must strive to become the pocket part to the universe."

With this startling admonition, the Guru Maharishi Mahesh Holmes began his address to an overflow Root Room crowd last Thursday afternoon, March 24. The Maharishi, who recently changed his name to reflect his latest shift in philosophical venue, spoke on "The Meaning of Life and 13 U.S.C. §1243."



Guru-cum-Melvin Belli: a universal pocket-part?

The Maharishi contended that the secret of immortality was there to be construed in the terse subparagraphs of §1243. The statute, dealing with the award of attorney's fees in wrongful death actions brought against state Highway Departments funded at or above the 30 per cent level by the Federal government, is often alluded to in recent writings of the guru-cum-Melvin Belli of northern India.

The prophet's message to the Law School crowd was elusive. At one point in his address, he quavered, "Lexis be damned! You must erase the pages of Title 13 with the sandpaper of your fingers. You must bud, as these flowers about me, with the lotus-awareness of 12 per cent gradients. In short, you must deal with the Dance of the Universe as those before you, in-

cluding George Harrison, have done."

The Maharishi won his J.D. from the University of New Delhi School of Law. According to recent media speculation, he happened onto the secret of life while browsing in the foreign section of the New Delhi law library.

Holmes' U.S. tour, kicked off at the Root Room last Thursday, is expected to traverse the continent. He plans to speak at every law school in the country,

in the hope of earning his plane fare back to India. The guru's theorizations have already encountered heavy academic flak from such noted pundits as Samuel J. Bronowski, principal draftsman of §1243.

Neely

(Continued from Page 8)

Dean Albert M. Sacks, still visibly shaken by the revelation during the Law School Show that Professor Emmanuelle Gilbert was the nefarious Dr. Moriarty in drag, said, "And now it appears another one of our gals is mixed up in this mess."

Candyam, who is in a joint program at the Harvard Agricultural School and serves as a part-time scoutmaster, said he became suspicious early in the year when he recognized several syntactical errors used in class lectures as the same ones he had previously spotted in a hornbook.

In October Candyam obtained a grant from the Institute of Cerebral Smallsies and last month he completed his painstaking research.

Committee member Abram Chayes said the revelations "shocked the academic community" and added that a full-scale investigation is currently underway involving several other faculty members.

"What we are talking about is the academic credibility of the entire Law School," he said, "and that's no joke. Whadya see me look at my own handwritten notes, maybe two, three times a semester? This is the big league, remember?"

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Singing Those Upper Class Blues

(Continued from Page 6)

some pretty heavy dues," Chalmers said over a late morning eye-opener in the Ritz-Carlton bar Tuesday.

"But I don't think my life has been so very different from that of any Princeton graduate who grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut. Literally dozens of rich, white suburbanites have had the same experience I've had — the only difference is that no one else has ever written songs about those experiences."

Chalmers elaborated. "Most people think that only poor people or members of minority groups can write or sing a heart-wrenching blues song or a sad, moving ballad.

"But I don't buy that. The life of a wealthy WASP has its own particular brand of disappointment and tragedy."

Chalmers paused and removed his sunglasses. ("I don't really need them," he confided later, "but Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder have done pretty well with sunglasses, so what the hell?") He took a drink, a deep breath, and then another drink before continuing.

"My father was the only man in his golf foursome who didn't buy IBM, Xerox, or Polaroid back in the '50s — and the other three will never let him forget it. Let me tell you, my father knows what the word 'humiliation' means.

"Here's another example. Say the air conditioning in your 450SL goes haywire on a hot Friday afternoon in July. It's hard enough to find a Mercedes dealership that's even open on a Saturday, much less one that will work on your car if you don't have an appointment.

"What does that mean? A whole weekend with only your Olds station wagon — unless you decide to try to use the Mercedes without the air conditioning, which means a lot of uncomfortably warm drives to the club. Now *there's* a problem that a Bessie Smith, a Muddy

Waters, or a Woody Guthrie never had to face. But it's an experience that I personally have had to live through."

*Everytime I go drivin'
Down the street
My two-year-old Mercedes keeps
breakin'
Down on me
Stop breakin' down
Will you please stop breakin'
down
I'm gonna have to trade that car
in
For a Cadillac, or a Rolls.*

Chalmers bristles at the suggestion that he is a conservative elitist. "The same people who think a rich white suburbanite can't sing the blues think that all of us are some kind of fascist snobs. That's a serious misconception.

"I'm a man of the people, just as

"Say the air-conditioning in your Mercedes goes haywire on a hot Friday afternoon in July . . ."

radical as the next guy. I eat frozen yogurt and wear Earth shoes — but of course, never after six. Last fall, I voted for both the bottle bill and the ERA. I contributed to Student Funded Fellowships and I have two Joan Baez records. And I . . . well, I guess I've proved my point."

We ordered another round and Chalmers continued. "Who have been the greatest influences on my music? Well, the traditional bluesmen like Mississippi Smith, Slim Watermelon, and Blind Harry Weinstein were major influences. Lately, I've been modeling myself more after Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger — they've always drawn such nice audiences, you know . . . clean-cut, college-educated kids . . . a much better-behaved sort of people than those lower-class types who hang around the Garden for Aerosmith concerts.

"Of course, my life here has affected my music greatly. Most of the songs I write nowadays have something to do with lawyers or law school. For instance, there's interviewing season — that's an ordeal no welfare mother or migrant worker ever had to live through."

*Puttin' on a three-piece,
Hangin' out in Placement,
You don't get a haircut
You'll end up with the
government
Man, I'm pissed,
Where's the late sign-up list?
Gotta get me a time
So I can sit in line
What's the going rate in D. C.?
In New York, 25 G's,
You don't need a weatherman
To know which way the money
blows.*

"The life of a wealthy WASP has its own particular brand . . . of tragedy."

Chalmers looked at his Rolex wristwatch and announced that he would have to excuse himself. We finished our drinks, and he paid the tab with his father's American Express card.

Stepping out onto the sidewalk, Barry Chalmers, *chanteur nonpareil*, hailed a cab. "I have to ride in taxis," he explained. "I have nothing against subways — some of my best friends ride the subway — but I'm allergic to something in the Red Line cars." And with a wave, he was gone.

HLS Name Game: From Contracts To Assumpsit

By Bill Ross

The Law School is planning to change the names of many Law School courses next year in order to re-kindle enthusiasm for some of the less popular subjects and make transcripts more confusing to read, according to Burrough Krat, assistant dean for Innovation.

"We got the idea for this a few years ago when we transformed 'Ethics' into 'Legal Profession,'" Krat said. "The word 'ethics' really turned a lot of students off. Many of them didn't want to take the course because they were afraid they would be indoctrinated with timeless moral values that would inhibit them from chasing a fast buck. But the main problem was not that 'ethics' was misleading but rather that it was too straight-forward. We like 'Legal Profession' better because it is vague."

"We're changing Civil Procedure to 'Trial Preparation and Courtroom Chicanery,' Krat said. "Some of the entering 1L's last year thought that the course was about etiquette. One young lady almost drove herself mad scrutinizing the Federal Rules to find out if it is civil procedure to shake hands with the judge after a trial."

After an angry contingent of 1L's who had purchased Goren on Bridge rather than Corbin on

Contracts for their Contracts course stormed Krat's office during the second week of the first semester a few years ago, he decided to scrap the name "Contracts." The course henceforth will be called "Assumpsit." "We tested other names on small groups of students last year," Krat said. "but none of them worked out. We told one group that the course was called 'Covenants.' They all toddled off to the Divinity School on Registration Day. We wouldn't have cared, except that a few of them stayed there. We wouldn't have cared about that either, except that they all had LSAT's above 780. Members of the group that we told would take "Compacts" later complained that they had spent their last precious summer hours boning up on Ralph Nader's theories about the dangers of small cars.

"Torts" will be changed to simply "Wrongful Acts," Krat said. "The old name caused problems among students who misread it as "Tarts," Krat explained. "A number of 1L's at first believed that it was a special criminal law course on prostitution. And one student spent his tort class periods for the first three weeks of the semester alone at Harkness munching pastries."

The administration has also loosed its wrath on the course name "Antitrust," Krat said. "The name wasn't any problem for those of us here, but many people outside the law who read our Course bulletin were appalled to read that we taught antitrust — it confirmed their suspicion that the Law School is a cynical place.

Krat said that several other course names will also be changed, but he refused to tell what courses the changes would involve. "After all," he said, "it's the duty of lower-level administrators to keep students guessing."

Dorm Dean

(Continued from Page 2)

dent who played host to Bruce last weekend was a 1L resident of fourth-floor Ames Hall, Betty Bigbucks. Bigbucks found the visit by Bruce very pleasant.

"I was honored that Dean Bruce would select me as the person with whom to stay in the dorms," she said. "He was very nice. He didn't make a mess and he even made up his bed in the morning."

"He didn't make a mess . . . he even made his bed."

When asked to comment on the specific sleeping accommodations in her less-than-spacious room, Bigbucks declined to comment.

In all the excitement of the Bruce visit, Bigbucks arrived late for her Monday morning Contracts class with Prof. Charles Fried. But a short excuse written on the vice dean's personal stationery was enough to spare Bigbucks from Fried's well-known wrath toward late arrivals.

Bruce noted that his dorm visit program is likely to continue. "I found my visit most interesting and educational," he said.

This weekend Bruce is scheduled to visit Hastings Hall.

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CLASSICAL GUITAR
TUES. EVES. By JOHN JERVIS

Workshop: Psyching For Class

By Charles C. Jordan

Bamboozled by the nerd who sits next to you in *Civil Procedure*? Shocked and dismayed by the turkey in the front row of *Property*? Well, the new, tactics-oriented workshop instituted by Mark Byers, the Law School vocational counselor, should be your cup of soup.

The workshop, entitled "The

Psychology of Competition," is the third to be offered this year to the tired, the poor, and the huddled masses at HLS. Open to 1L's only, the workshop will focus on different means by which to psych out your section-mates. Byers hopes to cover such basic approaches as stabbing the members of your study group in the back, putting the obviously advanced though unintelligible question to the profes-

sor and spinning the intricate hypo.

Byers was enthusiastic over the prospects for the upcoming workshop. "Too often, graduate students from other disciplines tend to forget that law students are simply not exposed to the things we take for granted. What the greenest Masters candidate learns in his first seminar, and experiences time and again throughout his pre- and post-doctoral years, may be totally new to the typical HLS 1L," Byers confided.

"I don't plan to get mired in the simplistic psyches, like lunch-table bravura, in this workshop. I'd really like to explore the frontiers. Hopefully, we'll get into such advanced concepts as full-semester nonattendance, and swinging an invitation for dinner at the homes of professors," Byers continued.

The only prerequisite for admission to the workshop sessions will be some evidence of self-effacement, modesty or similar character traits of the student seeking admission. Unintentional psyche-outs will not disqualify otherwise worthy candidates.



Vocational counselor Mark Byers psyches out the photographer.

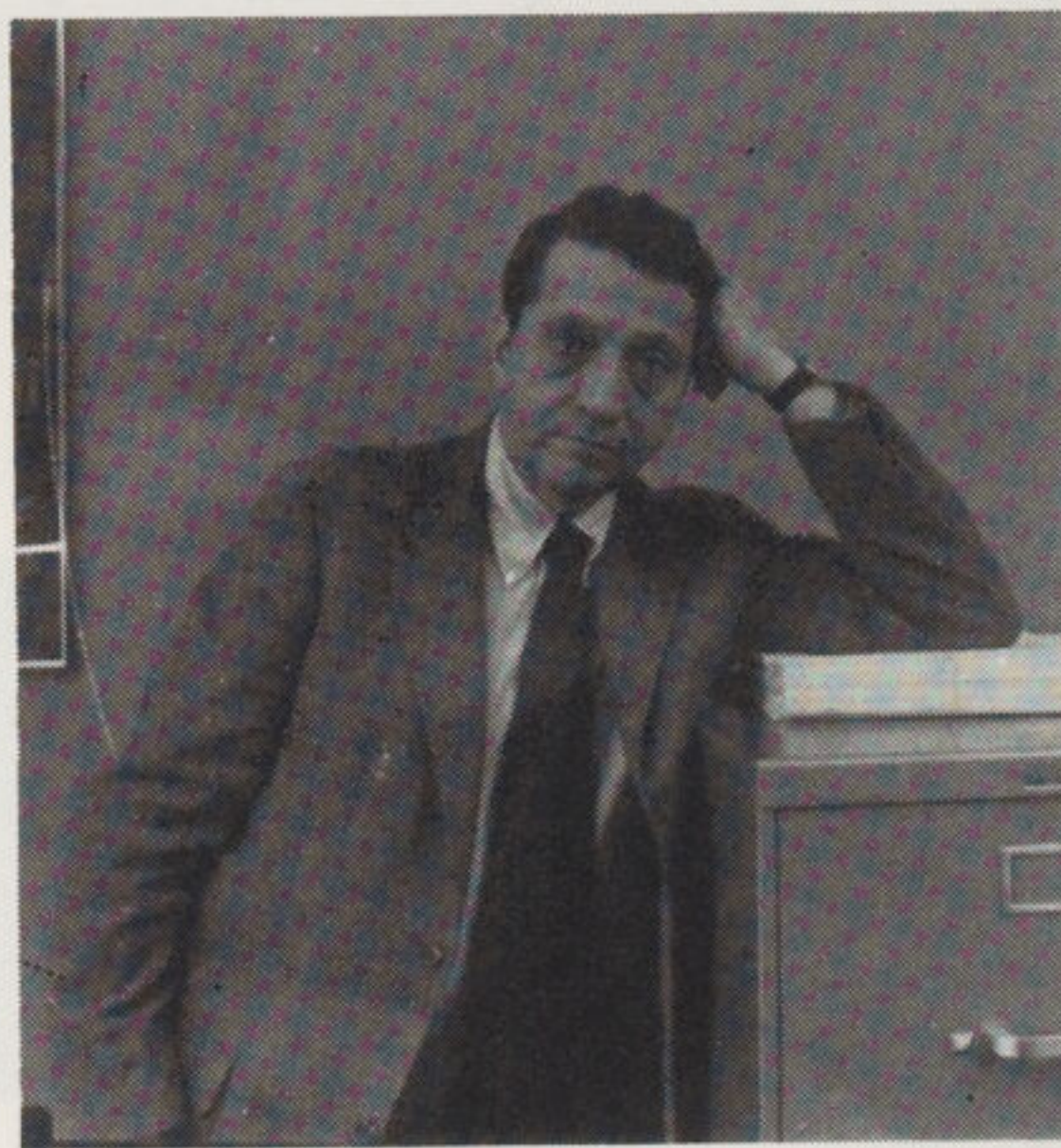
Basic Corporations Students Up In Arms Over Forced Foreclosure From Basic Corporations

(Continued from Page 1)

also be foreclosed from taking a basic Corporations course.

In a recent interview with the RECORD, Chirelstein said, "It's no big deal because I give the basic *Corporations* course that's like the finance course he [Brudney] gives. What my students missed is the basic, basic, basic *Corporations* course, but so what?"

In response to that statement, 202 of the 204 Chirelstein students petitioned the Administrative Board to be allowed to take *Basic Corporations* at a later date. At a rally in support of the petition, Herbert L. Garnish, 2L, leader of the pro-Corporations



Professor Chirelstein pooh-poohs validity of basic, basic, basic Corporations class.

group, stated, "All we demand is a basic, basic, basic Corporations course. This isn't fair, and my radical friend who has taken *Constitutional Law* from Parker says that in view of the Law School's public funding, it's not constitutional."

In a later interview, Garnish confided, "I just don't see how I can clerk in Delaware without it."

Asked to comment on the growing controversy, Chirelstein remarked, "I tell my students in New Haven to let their law clerks handle the basic, basic, basic stuff. But you Harvard kids should be able to turn to the basics by yourselves."

PEOPLE WHO GET LOW GRADES BECAUSE THEY DON'T WORK ENOUGH AND HAVE A BAD ATTITUDE

COMICS

BY **HERB GARNISH**

starring Scott Patterson

Hey there, handsome... Would you say that Sociological Jurisprudence is internally coherent as a mode of legal discourse?

So-shi... Is that some new kind of "meditation" or something?

Ugh! Another moron. GOOD-BYE!

Ever since my grade point declined, I have not had any success with women

Clearly the only way to succeed with "chicks" is to stay well-read in your chosen field of study

"Bumber," man

It is probably necessary for me to commence work on my third-year paper.

Oh, do not be a "nerd". Why do you not instead imbibe a beer-like beverage with me at a nearby tavern? There are many to choose from.

"Far at"

"Kay passa", "cutie"? How would you like to come to my home and listen to loud music?

I know you. You always sit in the back of the classroom and never contribute anything of value to the discussion

Yuk.

LATER...



Ist das nicht ein Schnitzel-bank? Ja, da-

STAGGER STAGGER

You fellows perhaps are among the students at the Law School?

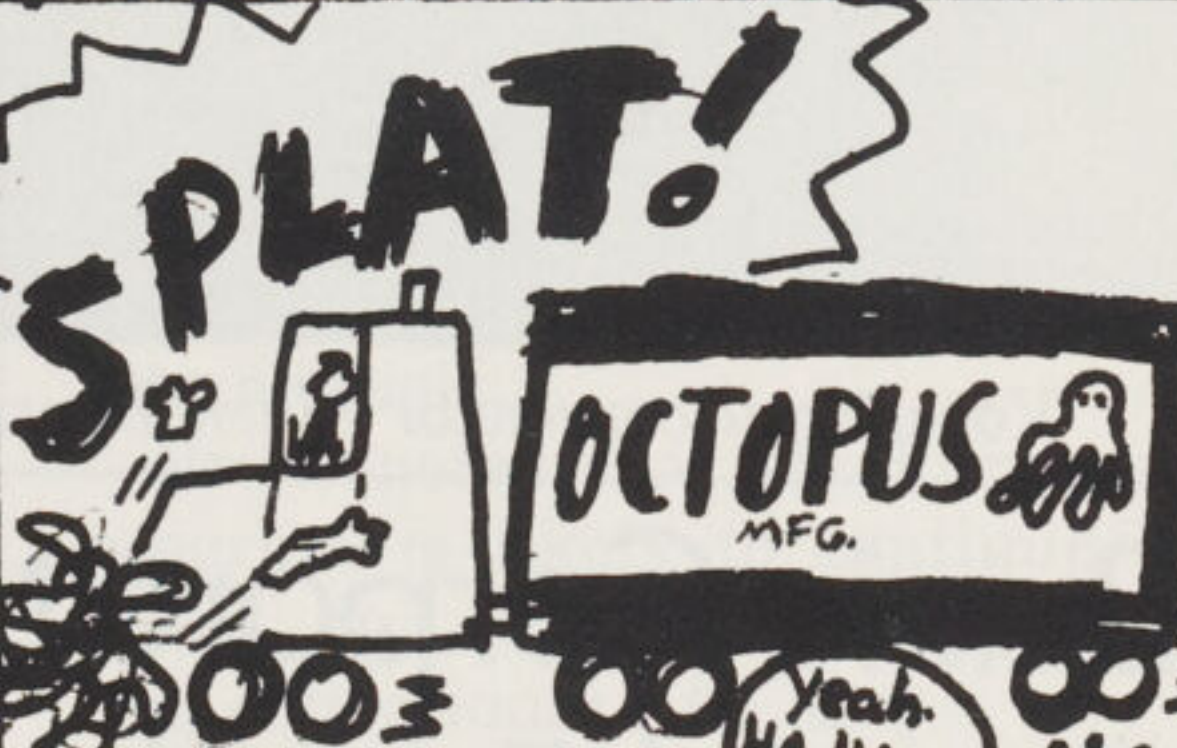
What is it to you, "Pops"?

Leave us alone so that we can get intoxicated

Aw, come on, "baby". You would not be in this drinking place if you did not want to obtain some degree of "action"

Get lost. Your B-minus average doesn't score with me, "creepo"

So why do you not simply "bozz off"?!



Had they been in the library they'd be alive now

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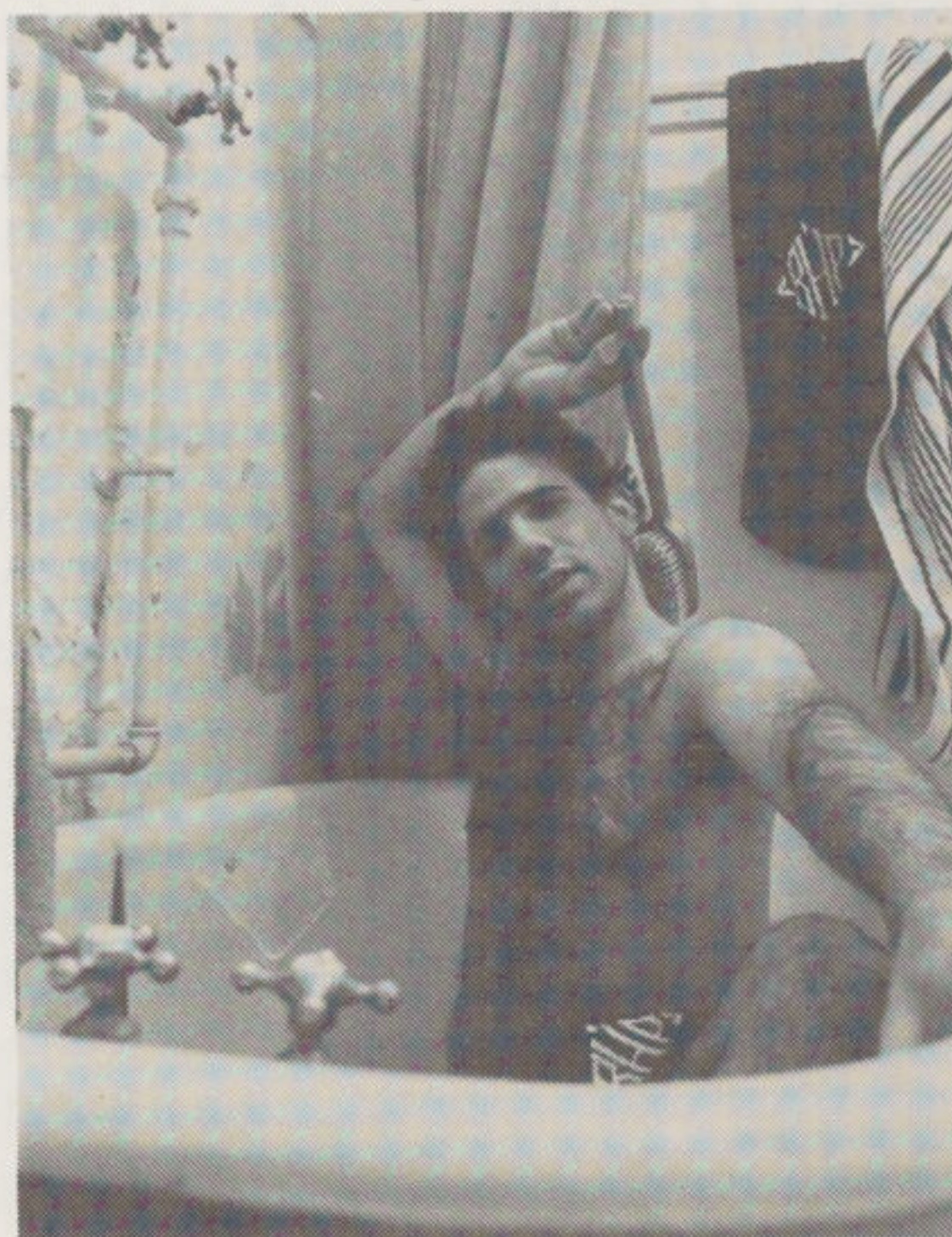
More Boys of Harvard

(Continued from Page 3)

his slender foot (four smooth inches around the ankle) into size 12A shoes and sizes 9-13 stretch socks, "I've become what you call your sexual liberationist. I'll try anything . . . I've been to second base twice, and I'm heading for third."

"I'm really into my mouth."

Gary is not ashamed of what some may find rather curious social habits. "Even though I'm a complete individual," he explained puckishly, "I'm exactly like most people. I like to have my cake and eat it too. I want a woman to be kind and gentle, yet domineering and homicidal. I want to be adored



Bruce Howard wants you to scrub his back.

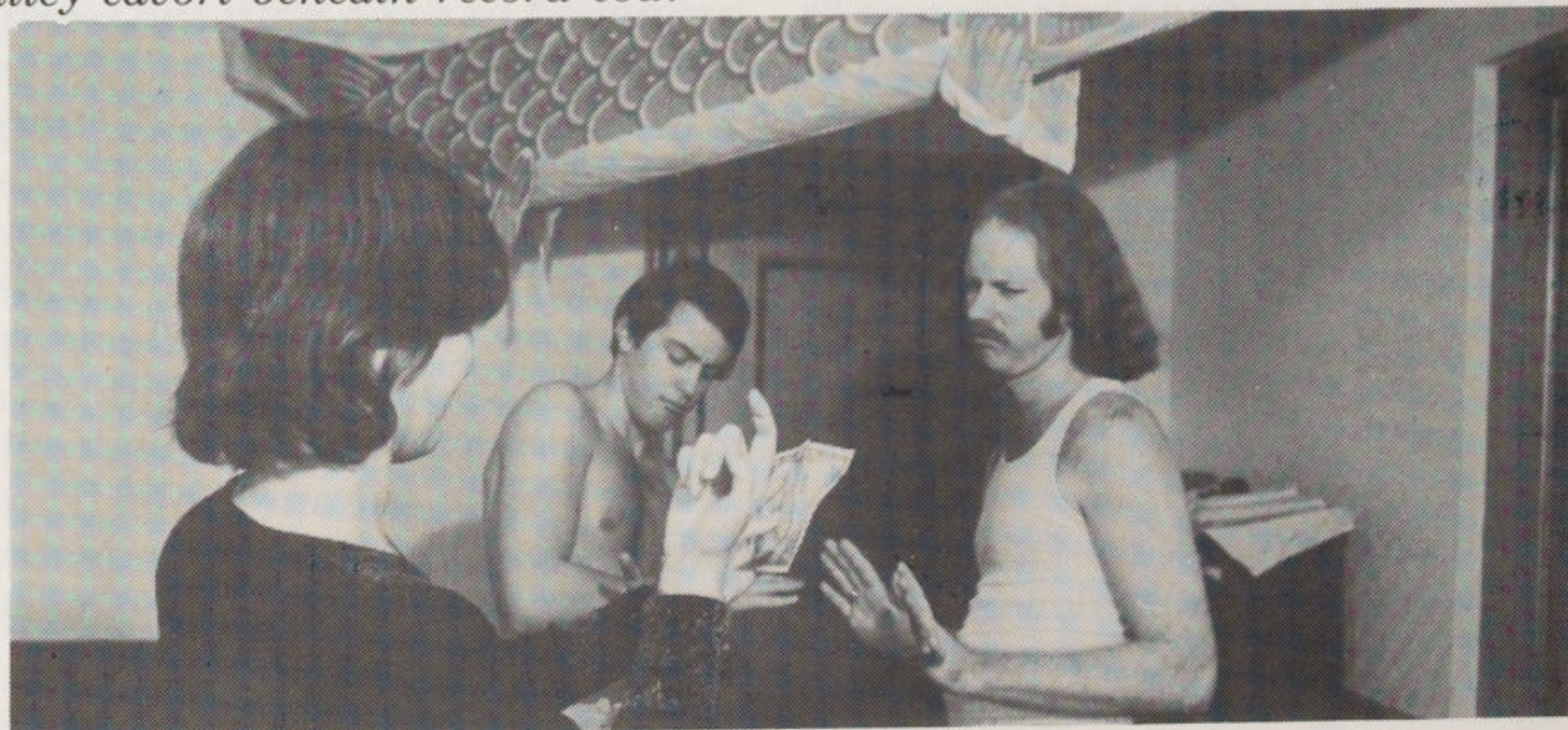


Avid sportsmen Climan and Hailey cavort beneath record cod.

for my beauty, and yet I like to go out on dates with a bag over my head. I hate the emptiness of one-night stands, but if I go out with the same woman twice I get bored."

Gary is especially proud of his job as *Jaw Review* editor for the RECORD. "Hey," he exclaimed, "like, I'm really into my mouth!" His favorite food? "Ritz crackers."

Someday Gary hopes to become a model, or go into acting. "If I could just get a break . . ." he mused.



Playgirl staffer proposes some "overtime" work for models.

"Busy, busy, busy"

Page Three editor and chief correspondent Bruce Howard has one of the busiest styluses on campus — he writes a regular column about legal etiquette for the RECORD, edits footnotes at the *Law Review*, and dates a physical therapy major at Simmons.

In addition to his stylus, the life and times of the Husky Howard, a 2L, have been long and hard. At the peak of his impressionable adolescent years, Brucie, born in Washington, D.C., was forced to move to Plainfield, N.J., a suburb of the Blue Star Shopping Mall on Route 22, and the garden spot hometown of former Watergate prosecutor and March, 1938 *Playgirl* Tinker Toy of the Month, Archibald Cox (no pun intended).

As if that weren't enough, the feisty five-footer had a tragic childhood bout with shortness from which he is only now beginning to recover. Even worse, he recently got a B- in criminal law, causing his colleagues to tell him to bring better pastries to the study group if he wanted to keep his place. And add to all that the stubborn Victorianism of his early upbringing — his parents wouldn't let him play with garden tools — and you have our brash brunet's wild and wacky philosophy of life: "I love women with mobile homes."

Bruce's career plans? "Acting, or maybe modeling."

Impacted Tricuspid, A Seamless Web

By Robert Reznick
RECORD Science Editor

(Editor's note: As part of its policy of supplementing the Law School education wherever possible, the RECORD is proud to present the leadoff editorial of our sister newspaper, the DENTAL RECORD, which reports the happenings of a major eastern dental school. In exchange, we have agreed to furnish a copy of our opening editorial, "Getting Better Mileage From Your Porsche: Some Tips.")

Many students are told during their first year at dental school that the most important thing they will learn will be how to think like a dentist. Important skills such as drilling, bridgework, root canal, and learning how to brush up-and-down and not side-to-side, have their place. But more important is that intangible something that sends people to their dentists instead of to their neighbors when an impacted tricuspid is showing them who's the boss.

No one knows exactly what it means to think like a dentist, although most dentists think practically every day. In fact, it is possible to think like a dentist one minute and be thinking like an accountant the next. Paradoxically, the converse cannot occur.

Despite the impossibility of articulating this difficult concept directly, all is not lost. The few impressions which follow are meant to give some idea as to the scope and essence of what is being discussed.

Thinking like a dentist is knowing that \$800 chairs and chrome-plated spitbowls do not make a dentist great, but that they can help. It is recognizing that the trappings of wealth are fleeting and so should be enjoyed now.

Thinking like a dentist is treating your patients zealously within the bounds of their endurance. It is not letting cries of "sawtooth" or "drill jockey" interfere with one's

independent professional judgment, except for billing purposes.

Thinking like a dentist is showing how really good a human being can feel if he has an attractive bite. And although a dentist should present an optimistic approach to his life and work, it also means that he should not be oblivious to the decay and gum erosion which can lurk behind even the fairest of smiles.

Thinking like a dentist is being a good citizen. This is the responsibility of every professional. The dentist should be constantly aware of the changing needs of his community and society, one hand firmly in the mouth of public policy.

What is the filling which holds the dental profession together? In-

tegrity. Integrity and referrals. These two concepts wend their way through all of dentistry creating a seamless web, sometimes divergent, sometimes in parallel strands, but more often than not having absolutely nothing to do with anything being studied.

Thinking like a dentist is not like it was 100 or even 50 years ago. People no longer talk about the great "Drooling Omnipresence" as they did then. The profession is in an era in which its doctrinal foundations are being challenged, and in which radical departures from established techniques are constantly being tried. Without doubt, thinking like a dentist will prove once again to be the answer. But what will prove once again to be the question?

Bombing In New Haven?

(Continued from Page 11)

the clinical course is open only to second- and third-year students.

Upton, defending the exclusion of 1L's from the show, admitted that if the policy had existed when the show began, several of the leading actors would have been precluded from appearing. By the time the show opens on the Great White Way, however, these students will all be 2L's.

"First-year students are not prepared to cope with the temptations of a thespian's life in Fun City," Upton claimed. "2L's and 3L's don't go to classes anyway, so their education won't suffer from this program as that of 1L's would. Besides, Dean Sacks is afraid that 1L's might interview with New York law firms for summer jobs if we allow them to spend a semester in the city; this would be very disruptive of the production."

Everyone connected with the production is enthusiastic about

the move. Do they believe that New York audiences will pay the steep price to see the show, however?"

"Absolutely," Pheasant assured us. "We will adapt several techniques which have attracted audiences in the past. For example, people loved the audience participation in "Hair"; we plan to invite everyone up on the stage to join the chorus dancers. And once a week we're going to give away a Lesley student as a door prize."

"When you consider it," he considered, "the \$25 ticket is the biggest bargain in town. On any given night there are two Harvard Law School faculty members and 15 second- and third-year students on stage for three hours — just think of what that would cost you if it were billed out separately. Instead, a ticket buys you a whole package of legal talent for one economical price, and you still get the same song and dance."

Cookielady

(Continued from Page 1)

Chiozzi's dismissal resulted from her next step in the War of the Tarts. Although Dean Sacks is firmly devoted to Oreo's, Chiozzi brought chocolate snaps to last week's meeting, hoping to wean him in a two-step process.

"I thought perhaps he wouldn't notice if at first only the cream was missing," she explained. "When he caught me, I tried to convince him that the cream must have melted and dripped out of the cookies in



Donna Chiozzi (right), casualty in the War of the Tarts, counts down her last moments as Registrar Mary Upton (left) futilely tries to conceal her glee.

the bag. He almost believed it, but he insisted on looking in the bag to see if he would find any intact cookies—and of course the chocolate snaps package gave me away. He fired me on the spot."

Sacks' office was the scene of an emotional farewell between Chiozzi and Elizabeth Wahlen, Assistant to the Dean. The separation may be only temporary, however; Chiozzi plans to appeal her case to a higher authority than Sacks, if she can find one, and hopes to be reinstated in her job—minus the Cookielady duty.

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Daiquiris, Flimsy Bathing Suits Spur Reflections on Katz Trial

(Continued from Page 5)

my house and 6,000 raincoats that happened to find their way to my garage through an error in inventory."

Anyone could see that Katz radiated prosperity, radiating most intensely in the direction of native girls wearing pathetically flimsy swimsuits. As if to prove my point, a native girl wearing a pathetically flimsy swimsuit brought Katz a fresh daiquiri and he immediately radiated \$20 in her direction. Studying her carefully as she tiptoed off, Katz turned to me and remarked, "Fine girl. Wants to be a lawyer."

Another daiquiri disappeared down Katz's throat. "I love daiquiris," he said, signalling for another. "Sometimes for variety I drink them with my left hand."

The Mediterranean sun blazed high and hot and the crystal clear view was impaired only by the waves of heat rising from my face. I asked Katz if he ever considered returning to work.

"You know, son, I considered it," he said soberly, "but look around you. What do you see? Native girls wearing pathetically flimsy swimsuits, forced to demean themselves by serving at my villa for pennies a day. These people need me. And to think I almost left them in order to fulfill my selfish career aims."

Overcome, he dabbed at his eyes for a moment until he recovered his composure. Then, snapping his fingers he lifted an empty glass skyward. "But," he said solemnly, "life goes on."

It seemed the appropriate time to ask Katz if he was still bitter after being fired by Grueman.

"You know," he said sipping his daiquiri confidentially, "I really took all this seriously at first; emotional distress, humiliation, scorn, ridicule,

vexation, the whole *shtick*—I believed it."

He squirted some *Coppertone* into his drink and added, "But then one day I said to myself, 'Jack, don't be a *schmuck*. This case could be a . . . uh . . .'"

"Windfall?" I suggested.

"Gold mine is more like it. I mean, I hadn't put in an honest day's work since Old Man Grueman died in '73 and I had to come up with 6,000 raincoats before the auditors arrived. In any event, I was getting tired of the rainwear business. You can do just so many galoshes inventories and then, well, the mystery is gone."

He gestured expansively and fell face down in the sand.

"An eclipse!" issued forth a muffled cry. A small crowd of natives gathered around Katz and in their own simple way reassured themselves that no harm had befallen his bankroll. I made a quick surmise and concluded that our interview had come to an end.

RECORD Incompetents

(Continued from Page 5)

couldn't distinguish artistic excellence from wire-service pap if their J.D. depended on it."

Charles C. Jordan, 2L, the present editor, was more laconic. "No comment. And even if I did have a comment," said Jordan, "I'd be very surprised if you could avoid misquoting me."

As the RECORD went to press, it was undecided whether the reform proposal would be cast in terms of competence, alone, or whether some broader requirement of experience would become the touchstone.

Sex and the Lady Chief Justice, by Gene T. Balt (Continental Press, 1977, 169 pages, \$4.95 paper)

As the book opens, President Jamie Carson and his advisors are discussing the unexpected retirement of Supreme Court Chief Justice Warner Cheese. After the records of all possible appointees to the Chief Justiceship are closely examined, it is clear to the President that one man stands head and shoulders above the rest.

Chief Justice Hillar's tenure begins auspiciously. In her first week on the job, she wields her gavel impressively, grants a record number of requests for certiorari, and becomes the first justice to write a

That trouble arrives in the form of a blackmail note from Jack "Jacquie" Homesteadler, a third-year transvestite law student who once was Hillar's lover. Homesteadler threatens to hand over some pretty steamy love letters and Polaroid snapshots to the *New York Times* unless Hillar becomes his lover again and appoints him as the Chief Justice's law clerk.

"I don't know what to do," Hillar said to Justice Douglas "Octogenarian" MacPhee one day after oral argument. "I wouldn't mind sleeping with the guy if that would keep him quiet – Christ, he's hung like a Hebrew National – but making that dingleberry my new law clerk? What should I do?"

"Did you hear me, Justice MacPhee?"

How does Hillar resolve the dilemma? Well, you'll have to read *Sex and the Lady Chief Justice* to find out — I'm not going to let the cat out of the bag by revealing the shocking *denouement*, but I will

But *Sex and the Lady Chief Justice* is more than an exciting, tightly-written, and highly erotic thriller. Like *Fail-Safe* and *Seven Days in May*, Balt's new book asks the question "What if it really happened?" It would be all too easy for a transvestite law student to blackmail a lady Chief Justice, and all Americans must be prepared to deal with the prospect of such a course of events and its consequences for the American way of life. That is the message of *Sex and the Lady Chief Justice*, a message which no American can afford to take lightly any longer.

1. Right.
2. Yes, and you were right to say so.
3. No, who's on first.
4. Exactly.
5. No, he's the second baseman.
6. Yes.
7. No, who's the first baseman.
8. The third baseman!
9. I don't know.
10. No, he's the shortstop — they're brothers.
11. Of course not, stupid, he's on second.
12. He's the umpire. And he threw me out of the game yesterday just for saying hi. Strange.

"[In earlier] cases the issue of the ticket was regarded as an *offer* by the company. If the customer took it and retained it without objection, his act was regarded as an *acceptance* of the offer These cases were based on the theory that the customer, on being handed the ticket, could refuse it and decline to enter into a contract on those terms. He could ask for his money back. That theory was, of course, a fiction. No customer in a thousand ever read the conditions. If he had stopped to do so, he would have missed the train or the boat." *Thornton v. Shoe Lane Parking Ltd.*, 1 All Eng.L.R. 686 (1971) (emphasis in original). See also *Aoyyar Epmrm*.

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