



Progressive Bok Diversifies Faculty With Tenure Reversals

By Darn Droll
Mismanaging Editor

would reduce the ratio of tenured white males to tenured women and minorities on the faculty from 7.7 to 1 down to 6.9 to 1.

The decision marks the first time in HLS history that the tenure of long-time faculty members will be reconsidered. In 1987, Bok reversed the tenure decision of visiting professor David Trubek, a Criticized Little Stud (CLS) adherent, after his approval by vote of the faculty. "I had so much fun," Bok said, "I didn't want to stop. I think this move will be even more fun. And more challenging, since some students actually like these professors," he added.

Bok harshly rejected suggestions from surprised faculty members that his decision was motivated by anti-CLS animus. "I think that's unfair and uncharitable," he said, tears welling up in his eyes. "Anyone who can't see that this action is a sincere attempt to achieve equanimity is looking too



Ex Prof. Duncan Kennedy

closely. I'd like to find out who is making these accusations so I can reconsider their... I mean, so I can explain my motivations," he added.

Denying any correlation between CLS and the professors being reconsidered, Bok continued, "Larry [Tribe] is no Crit, for example. He's just sort of far left. And Duncan [Kennedy] isn't one, either, I don't think. But you can see it's silly to go through the whole list. I've already given two examples," he said, annoyed.

When asked why he decided



Ex Prof. Laurence Tribe

to reverse the tenure status of Tribe, whose constitutional law courses consistently receive high acclaim from students, Bok responded, "Student evaluations are not the only factor. Law school professors at this school have to produce." Bok explained that Tribe "has been in a very disappointing slump. He published not one law review article last week. Not one. Not even University of Buffalo," he added.

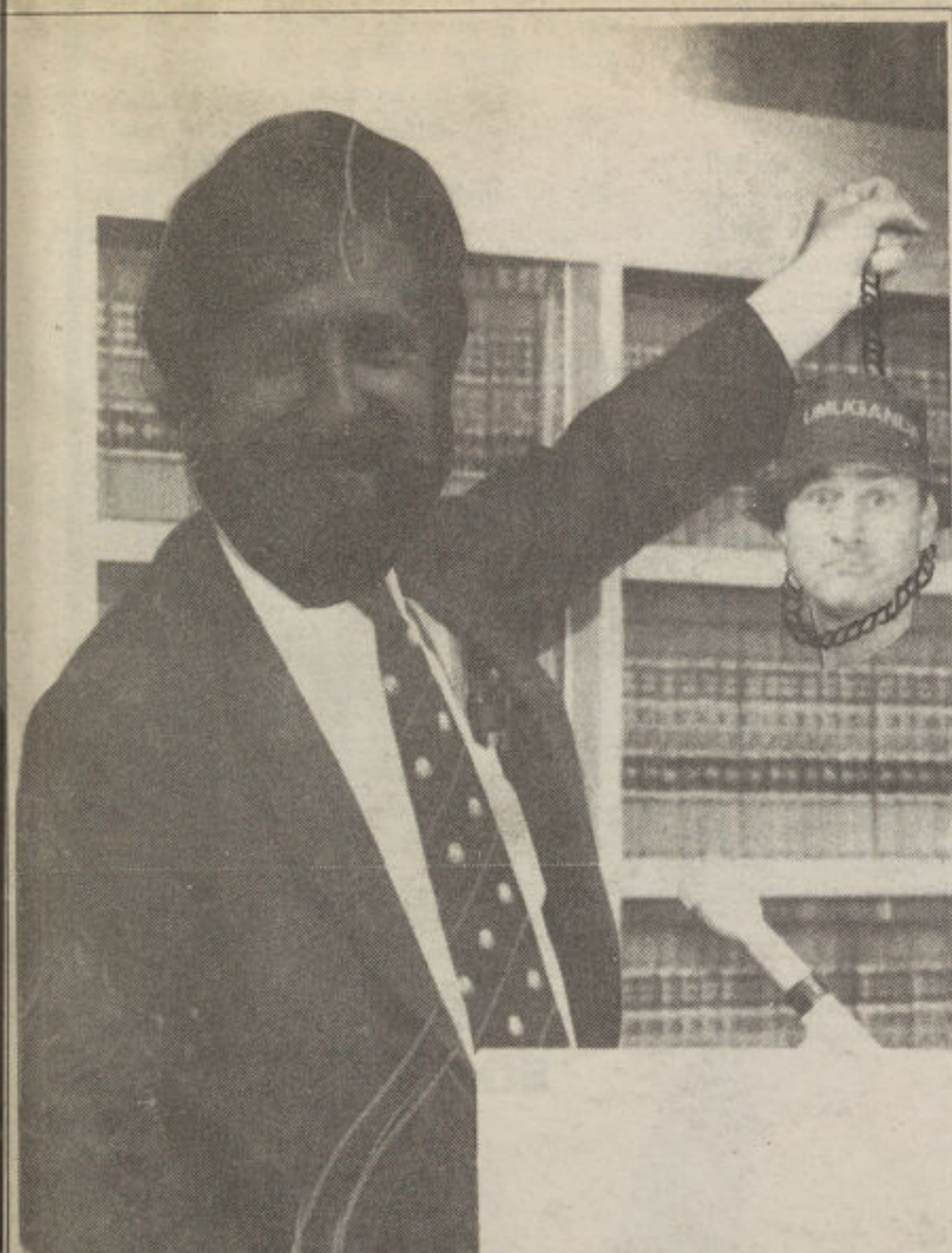
"His recent Supreme Court appearances have also been very disappointing," Bok con-



Ex Prof. Mort Horwitz

tinued. "I mean, like, *Bowers v. Hardwick*— come on. That was a gimme. I knew he should have let Kathleen argue it."

Student outcry has been particularly vociferous in response to the announcement about Tribe. "I've heard Tribe is an excellent professor," said Genuine Walk-in, 2L, a student in Tribe's fall constitutional law class, who said she saw him on a CBS Evening news interview once. "He sounded articulate and intelligent. And he used feminine pronouns liberally," she added.



'Bring Me Luke's Head!'

By Michael Useless
Ex-Head Writer

Dean-designate Robert Clark '72, fulfilling a secret pact made upon his selection with Derek Bok '54, James Vorenberg '51, and Satan '666, presented the head of student gadfly and self-proclaimed thorn-in-the-side-of-privilege Luke Cole, 3L, to a faculty coven held last midnight in the Ames Courtroom.

Chanting in Latin, Clark swung the still-stunned head

of the departed Crit chum in front of the over-whelmingly White Male assemblage. "This is only the first!" shrieked the former candidate for the priesthood. "I will not relent until every impure student is sacrificed before my Dark Master!"

Donning the robes of a Druid priest, Clark proceeded to smear the blood dripping from Cole's severed neck upon the naked and willing body of a member of the Federalist Society. As the music of Ozzy (continued on back page)

Crits Swap Jobs With Custodians

By Liz
(Ms. Askie If You're Nasty)
Snooze Editor

Finally true to their word, members of the controversial Critical Legal Studies Movement have taken the first step in implementing some of their radical proposals. This week HLS Crits switched places with HLS maintenance workers in what one witness described as "a truly historic moment."

"We got tired of people accusing us of being all talk and no action," stated Duncan Kennedy. "The halls of HLS are going to shine like never before," he added.

When asked how teaching HLS courses compared to cleaning toilets, one displaced

maintenance worker remarked, "I don't really think there is much of a difference. Both involve dislodging the crusty excrement of a complicated organism and flushing it down the throats of unsuspecting receptacles."

The Crits had a similarly positive reaction. Duncan Kennedy, toilet brush in hand, remarked, "Well, there's really not much to it. Mopsy makes me do toilets at home. The difficult part is cleaning down there in the gaps, conflicts and ambiguities."

"This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see how the other half lives," stated Gerald Frug '63.

"A very humbling experience," added Morton Horwitz

'67 who has already sold the rights to a book and film describing the experiment.

On a more serious note, Lewis Sargentich '70 put down his tool box and commented, "It's really too bad about Clare. If she had just been able to suppress that feminist crap and join us on this mission, we might have been able to rally a little more for her."

When asked about Sargentich's comment, Dalton responded, "I don't do windows."

That evening, while mopping the tunnels, Sargentich remarked, "Being around all these disinfectants has given me a new lease on life."

Terry Fisher '82, who was (continued on back page)

LSC Trashed After Student Survey

By Ichabod Crain
Headless Editor

Law School Council and Student Body President Brian Mendez announced the dissolution of the law school's only representative student organization after an exclusive LSC student survey revealed overwhelming student opposition to the Council's continued existence.

According to Mendez, who recently added All Being Master of Space, Time and Dimension to his many titles, the survey only asked for student response to a proposed merger between LSC and Kinkos Copy Stores, intended to reduce LSC expenditures on photocopying, rumored to have reached \$2 million this year alone.

"It was a multiple choice sur-

vey except for a little section requesting comments," said Mendez, also recently named Crown Prince of Legal Education. "Some students apparently took it upon themselves to speak to issues broader than the proposed merger. How dare these students presume to tell their duly elected representatives how not to do their job. It's insulting to the core."

"Of course, I may be dead wrong," added Mendez, who reportedly claims the titles Law Lord and Czar Of The System are the ones most appropriate to his power-base.

Pat "On The Back" Woods, former LSC President, tried to tone down his successor's reaction. "I want to tone down my successor's reaction," he said. "What we actually believe is that this organization exists for

the benefit of the students, so if they don't want an LSC, we don't want an LSC."

"Besides, our resumes were completed months ago," Woods added.

Mendez and Woods rejected suggestions from Federalist Society President Sam Believme that the LSC not be scrapped until a supermajority of students approved of the idea.

"It's not that I like the LSC," Believme said. "It's just that I think this concept of supermajorities is sadly underutilized in law school organizations."

Mendez, who claims a student mandate as Southeast Regional Foosball Champion, said he plans only two more acts in his capacities as The Great One.

"First, I plan to write a letter (continued on back page)



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Federalists, BLSA Join Forces To Rap About Equality

By Silly Johnson
Staph Infection

In a move that has stunned students and faculty — and even a few normal people — the Federalist Society and the Black Law Students Association have combined to form the Alliance of Immutables Minorities for Fairness.

Sam Believme, 3L, former leader of the now-defunct Federalists and Will Robkins, 3L and ex-president of BLSA, made the announcement at a Feb. 24 campus press conference.

"It's a natural fit, an inevitable union of minority group associations who share a noble goal: equality of treat-

"Students treat me rudely
Committees exclude me
Moans oppress me when I raise my hand.

"So I can dig where you're at
Cuz baby, that's where I am.
Tonight ich bin ein African American."

(Regrettably, the lyrics of the remaining verses were drowned out by thunderous applause, foot-stomping and cries of "We believe you, Believme!")

The fledgling alliance is not without its detractors, of course. Bored Smith, 2L, and former Federalist who thus far

remarks, 4L mailboxes appeared in the Hark.

Disturbed by Shark's remarks, Lisa Ferriswheel, 2L, and like-minded others have formed a committee calling itself Students Against 4Ls (SAF), which has proposed a HLS rule forbidding 4L status.

Not surprisingly, supporters of Believme have launched a counter-attack. Ichabod Crain, 2L, editor-in-chief of the *Harvard Law Rag* and chair of the Students Against Students Against 4Ls Committee (SASAF), criticized the SAF proposal, arguing it amounts to a bill of attainder. "It effectively restricts the actions of a class of one, namely, Sam Believme," stated Crain, who has had Con Law.

Ferriswheel disagrees. "We're not against the return of Sam, specifically," she said with a straight face. "We're against the whole concept of 4Ls. We feel it's sexist."

As SAF and SASAF fight it out, the newly-formed Believme Must Leave League (BMLL), an SAF splinter group, is taking a "more pragmatic approach to the problem," according to leader Fluke Colon, 3L. BMLL has offered to write Believme's paper for him. Students

willing to help, especially those who have expertise in the area of Believme's topic, "Milking Third World Nations: Why it's in Their Best Interest," are invited to drop a note in Colon's Hark box.

Meanwhile, in the eye of the hurricane, Believme and Robkins seem oblivious to the storm raging around them. Only yesterday the two were spotted at a tiny Harvard Square bistro, laughing wildly as they clinked champagne glasses together, perhaps in a toast to a kinder, gentler HLS.

This a gap in
newspaper copy
due to inadequate
measuring
of a story.
— Public Disclosure

"Students treat me rudely, committees exclude me."

ment," intoned Believme.

When asked on what basis the Federalists, a group of right-wing Caucasian men, could claim the label "immutable minorities," Believme snapped, "Don't kid yourself. a Federalist is born, not made."

In response to expressions of amazement that BLSA would choose to align itself with the Federalists, Robkins shrugged. "Oh, they're not so bad once you get to know them," he said.

Robkins refused to comment on rumors of a recent transfer of IBM stock from Rod Rosycheeks, 3L, to himself, or on his acceptance of an associate position at Whyte, Manns, Greede & Believme in Manhattan.

To celebrate its birth, AIMF threw a gala bash at Memorial Hall on the evening of Feb. 24. Among the featured performers were Connie Francis and the rap group RUN-DMC.

By all accounts, the highlight of the festivities occurred when, in the middle of a RUN-DMC number, Believme bolted onstage, grabbed a microphone, and forcefully delivered a rap song of his own composition, entitled "Tonight Ich Bin Ein African American:"

"Just because I'm white
I'm a man on the right
They tell you I'm not hip to the
minority's plight.

Yo! Forget those fiends
I'm here to say what I mean:
Brother, nobody knows the trouble
I've seen.

has refused to join AIMF, is one of several students who has flung accusations around. "AIMF is a blatant and outrageous attempt on the part of BLSA to infiltrate the dominant hegemonic regime," Smith growled. "It must be stopped." After a thoughtful pause, he continued, "Frankly, Sam hasn't been himself lately. But for BLSA to capitalize on his volatile emotional state is downright scandalous."

Maurice What, 2L, aimed his allegations at a broader target. "Believme and the others have gone too far this time," What exclaimed. "Students should know that this so-called alliance is part of a worldwide fascist conspiracy to silence the voices of true minorities. Even the new dean's hands are dirty." What sighed. "I try to console myself with the knowledge that both Believme and Robkins are graduating this spring."

The date of Believme's graduation from HLS, however, remains an open question. Soon after the press conference, word that Believme has not yet begun his third-year paper and is suffering from severe headaches and episodes of acute panic disorder as a result swept the campus.

What will happen if Believme fails to finish his paper on time? Could he be permitted to return to HLS next fall? A gaggle of frantic 1Ls and 2Ls put these questions to Bauble Shark, future dean, who replied, "If Sammy needs another year, he's got it." With an enigmatic wink, Shark added, "I figure it's the least I can do." Within hours of Shark's

Code Hypocritical Sends Homeless On Flyouts

By Fawn Toss-in-the-Hay
Fluff Editor

Fueled by the success of this year's program to help the homeless, Code Critical spokesperson, A-lah "Let 'Em Eat Cake" Kodsí announced this week the creation of a new plan for next year's recruiting season.

The plan, tagged Code Hypocritical, expands on the old program by asking students to share the wealth of their fly-out experiences in new and different ways. For instance, instead of merely staying in less-expensive hotels and asking law firms to contribute the difference to the less-fortunate, HLS students who opt for the new program will actually send a homeless person to a recruiting interview.

"This way, the homeless get a free meal and a place to stay, and the opportunity to be fawned over, pampered,

and treated with some dignity," commented Kodsí. "Besides, everyone knows that firms are only interested in grades. We don't think they [the firms] will know the difference."

Kodsí noted that some students have expressed reluctance at the "forced charity" aspect of the program, and are concerned that firms will not view them as highly should it become known that they did not participate. One student remarked, "I once gave a quarter to a blind, pregnant woman with four children who was hanging out in front of the Coop in the Square, and I think that's enough."

Kodsí was quick to calm those fears, however, by noting that Code Hypocritical is offering another option for those students who aren't ready to go public with their charitable inclinations.

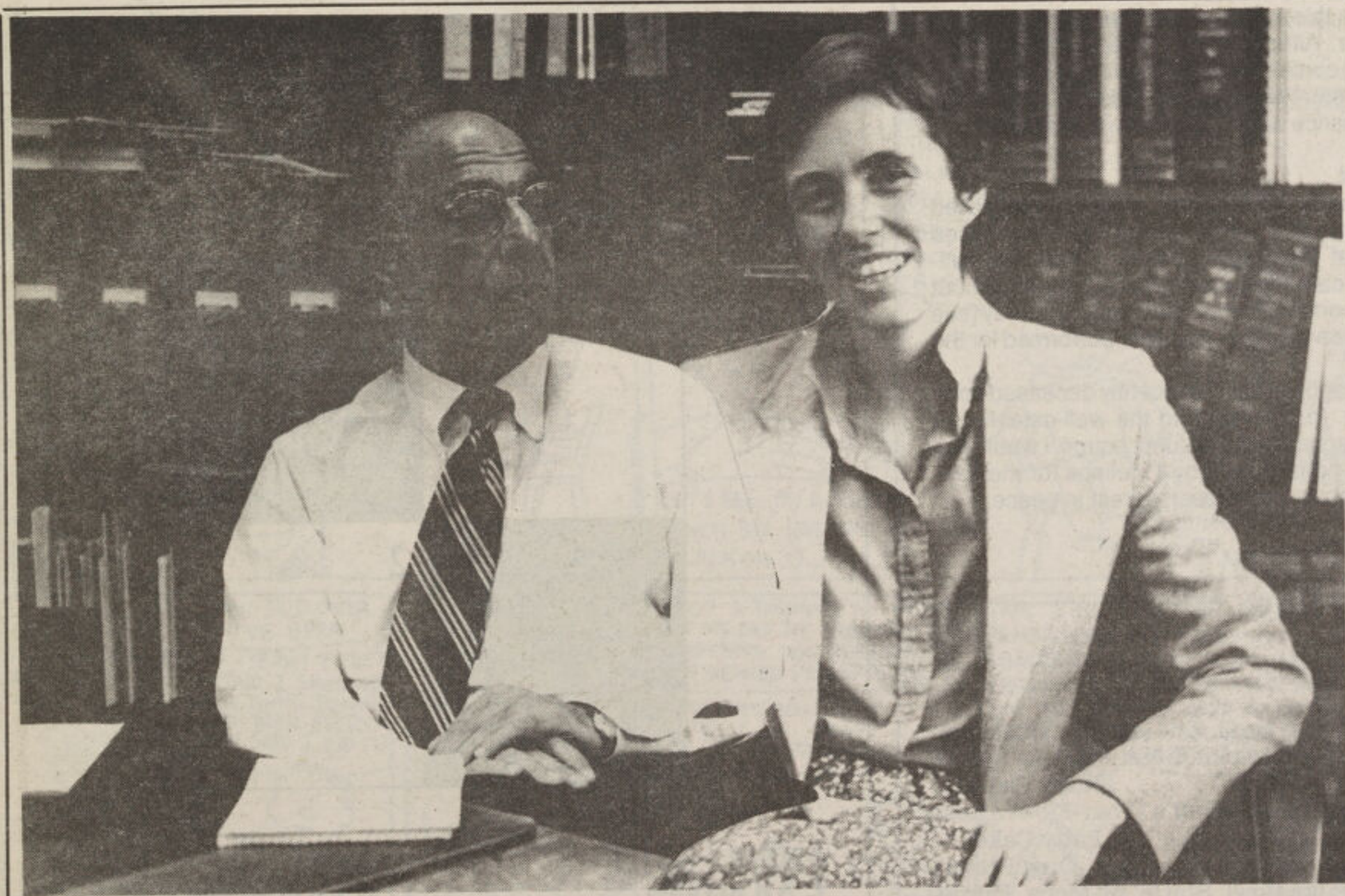
While the students can still stay in first-rate hotels and dine in four-star restaurants, Kodsí suggests that they donate the many free items found in their hotel rooms to the homeless. "Homeless people really need shower caps and mints for their pillows," Kodsí said. "Doggie bags are a much more useful donation than money."

Students who want to participate in the Code Hypocritical program are urged to make arrangements for that special homeless person through Feline's Bottom-of-the-Stairs Discount Travel Emporium. In return, Feline's travel agents will donate broken and useless articles from their personal homes that they normally would foist off on unsuspecting suburbanites at garage sales.

As a third option for students who may not be interviewing next season, Code Hypocritical is asking those students to house a homeless person in their dorm rooms. As an added incentive that Kodsí stated "is only mildly coercive," the names of students who choose not to participate in any aspect of the program will be posted in homeless shelters throughout the Greater Boston area, complete with phone numbers.

Kodsí also announced that Code Hypocritical is sponsoring a dinner-dance at the Charles Hotel, featuring a soup-kitchen theme.

"One of our board members actually went to a soup kitchen to get some ideas," Kodsí stated. "We wanted it to be as realistic as possible. The chicken cordon bleu will be made with half-and-half instead of ultrapasteurized cream."



Giddy Conservative Reconciles With Dalton

In a sudden outpouring of conciliatory fervor, HLS Antitrust Czar Phil Areeda '54 last week swallowed his pride, closed his eyes, and smooched the exuberant Clare Dalton. "There are no hard feelings, so to speak, at least not on my part," Areeda proclaimed.

Letter, p. 4



Harvard Newspaper Of Law & Public Policy

Volume 88, No. 5

Ichabod Crain
Headless editor

Apain Clodsi
Capitalist Conundrum

Editorials

I'm Right

All right.

I've written an editorial informing everyone that the RECORD welcomes all viewpoints. I allowed our resident knee-jerk liberal editor to write a response to my "Clark: The Right Choice" editorial. I allow those two commie radicals, Luke Cole and Aoki, to contribute those bleeding heart cartoons.

I even surprised a few people by giving lip service to the idea that Clark should follow through on his pledge to hire more women and minorities (though I was as vague about the means of implementation as he has been).

Yes, I even decided to brave some anti-Clark sentiment, or any sentiment for that matter, by writing an editorial chiding students for their apathy, in a vain attempt to elicit letters from the lazy, cowardly, weak-kneed, lily-livered, lethargic and moribund student body.

Why? Because, when I was running for Editor-in-Chief of this wimpy rag, I told people that I would attempt to provide in the RECORD a forum for differing viewpoints. That I was *not* intent on producing Cambridge's version of the *Dartmouth Review*. I further promised to be a little more tolerant and respectful of opinions that differ from mine, ignoring the pangs of pain shooting through my lip as I bit it, and the blood rushing from the fingers I was fervently crossing behind my back.

I've had about enough of this.

I'm in charge now, and this pussyfooting around has got to stop. It's about time I stopped holding back, and let people know my real ideological tendencies.

I'm a conservative. Yes, I know it's hard to believe. I'm on the *Journal of Law and Public Policy*. And I'm not just a subciter, either.

Derek Bok's appointment of Bob Clark to the Deanship was nothing less than a cowardly exhibition of moderation. By caving in to the unrepresentative, whining liberal rabble, Bok missed the opportunity to appoint the only qualified candidate in the country, Robert Bork.

Never was my frustration piqued more than last semester. Attending Tribe's constitutional law class for me was an exercise in control. I quivered as the pabulum-puking pinkos preached their socialist gospel. I was outraged by the uniform disdain expressed for *Bowers v. Hardwick*, the Supreme Court decision which finally reversed the despicable trend toward a "right to privacy" and returned morality to the bedroom.

Affirmative action is a sham. Abortion is murder. Ronald Wilson Reagan was the best president ever. Conservatism is truth. Liberals are evil. I'm right, and you're all wrong.

So there.

If you don't like it, write a letter.

I.C. (Irrational Conservative)

You're Wrong

And don't think that I'm going to give this extra space to any of my sniveling subordinates on the masthead, either. Although the precise subject of this editorial eludes me at the moment, I am confident that whatever meager scraps of wisdom I write as I search the vast storehouse of my superior imagination will far exceed whatever paltry putrescence would ooze from the feeble, near-empty crania of any of my underlings.

Damn, I love the way I phrased that.

Ah, but of course! In the words of my favorite proverb, which I have tacked over my desk, "When in doubt, screw the LSC." I don't believe I have expressed my unique form of admiration for that distinguished body of virtually self-appointed, definitely self-important, so-called "representatives." It goes without saying that their self-destruction in response to last week's student survey [see story, page 1] was the single greatest service they have ever performed for the law school community.

Please understand that I bear no antagonism to the recently deceased body or to its prolific leader, Brian Mendez. In deference to the well-established principle that one should refrain from persecuting a defunct equus, I would like to state, for the RECORD, that I have nothing but good feelings for the foul-smelling corpse. May it, and its involuntary knee spasms, rest in peace.

I.C.

Underlings

MISMANAGING EDITORS Darn Droll, Eric (sic) Hackingcough
SNOOZE EDITORS Liz Just-Ask-Me, Vile Fellow
FEATURELESS EDITORS Ruby Reddrez,

Delta-Dawn-What's -That-Flower Ross

PHONY EDITOR Patty Cakes Li

COMMUNIST EDITOR Dreg Pervert

STAPH AK47, Puke Bowl, Starin' At-Mens, Fenno,

Goof-No-Show-Wits, Michael Useless, Silly Johnson, Boozin' "Fargin"

Jones, Morticia Maldices, "I Can See For" Miles, Guten Morgen,

Teri Give-Me Shivers, Soo K. "Yo Adrienne"

CAPITALIST PIGS Shillelagh O'Laugh-At-Me, Cater Pilly, Ant'ny Scary-Mugsy

Anti-Review Bias Revealed

To the Editor:

Admittedly, the appointment of Dean Robert Clark has reduced somewhat the indignities of oppression daily visited upon immutable conservatives at Harvard Law School.

Sadly, yet another iniquity has quickly filled the void. Those of us associated with America's preeminent legal journal, the *Harvard Law Review*, have endured your abuse, and our ire is collectively heightened.

Jealousy, yea even envy, has reared its ugly visage upon our docile law school community. The manifestations of this regrettable infection are manifold, but a short list will suffice.

The most glaring, and I would think embarrassing for those participating, of these commissions was the recent HLS Drama Society production, "Gannett

House Horror: A Nightmare on Mass. Ave."

While we on *The Review* are as capable as the next pseudo-intellectual of placing tongue in cheek, the inherent hostility pervading the production was quite astonishing — nay, even offensive.

Not limited to such outrageous affronts, anti-*Review* discrimination adopts more subtle costumery as well.

While the littany is simply too expansive to catalog, the *Review* masthead has authored, subcited and bluebooked a rap to express our indignation:

For those of us who know the pain/
Of valentines that never came/
For those whose names were never called/

When choosing sides for basketball/
For those of us who win the game/
But lose the love we sought to gain/
Inventing lovers on the phone/
Repenting other lives unknown/
Who call to say 'Come dance with

me'/
And murmur vague obscenities/
It isn't all it seems, on *Law Review*.

Rod Rosycheeks, 3L

Letters To The Editor

Newspaper Draws Fire

To the Editor:

We at Code Hypocritical caught wind that the resident fascists at the law school newspaper were planning yet another exaggerated, yellow-journalistic, exploitative, self-serving, right-wing, Euro-male Bork-backer account of our fine charitable efforts.

This time, however, we plan to nip your misinformation in the proverbial bud, with a preemptive letter to the editor.

We won't trouble your readers with a detailed defense of our new fundraising campaign of sending homeless persons in the place of law students on flyouts [see story, page 3] because its political correctness is self-evident. Just like during last year's campaign, law firms made it clear that participation in Code Hypocritical won't affect your chances for a job offer. Interviews have never been an integral part of the recruiting process anyway.

Instead, we're going to attack the newspaper so everyone will know why

not to pay attention to it.

A law school newspaper exists to be a forum on campus for student ideas. But Harvard Law School needs a *Dartmouth Review* about as much as the University of Chicago needs Duncan Kennedy.

You attack knee-jerks, but your leg-joint reflexes are quicker than most.

At the very least, why don't you surprise the campus with an editorial that, say, supports civil liberties, recognizes former President Reagan's fallibility, or (perish the thought) explores more than one side to an important issue facing the law school.

Perhaps when the socioeconomic policies you espouse wreck this nation and its economy, and when you, Ichabod Crain, are in the street starving; perhaps then you'll want a flyout, too. And Code Hypocritical will be there for you.

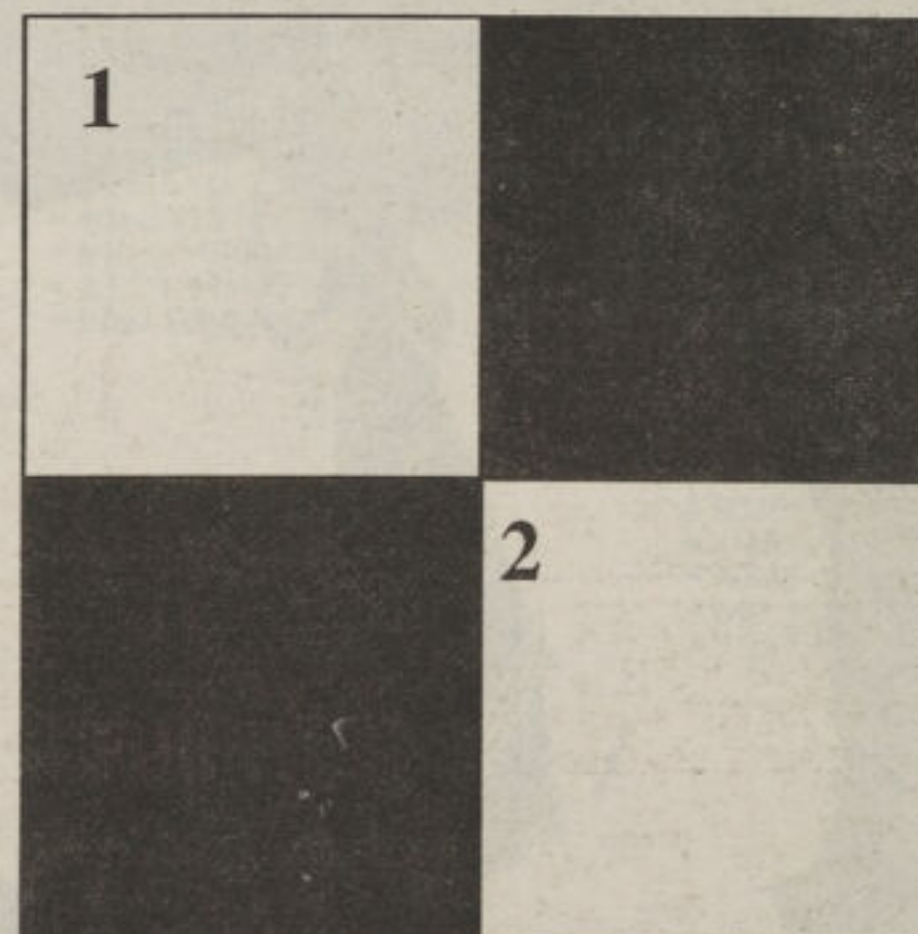
Elaaaaaaaaaaaaaan Kodsi, 3L

Bill Surreal, 3L

James Loves-it, 3L

Cross Examination

(solution on page 9)



Across

1. An article

2. Not you but _

Down

1. First in the alphabet

2. Optic?

Middle-Of -The -Roader Finally Speaks Out (Sort Of)

To The Editor:

I have had it up to somewhere between my lower chest and my upper thighs with the constant bickering between right and left factions reported in your paper. What ever happened to good old-fashioned, middle-of-the-road mushy moderatism?

Each week I read about one group or the other claiming that it has no voice at the law school, claiming that it is afraid to speak out for fear of being ostracized by fellow students, etc. The constant whining is almost becoming intolerable. As Tom Lehrer once said, if a group is going to claim to have no voice, the very least it should do is to shut up. But I digress.

The point is, where is the equal space for us middle-of-the-roaders? Your paper seems to report every issue as a question of right or left, liberal or con-

servative, traditional or CLS, Mutt or Jeff, Greg or Marcia, tomato or tomato (that's tomah-to), chocolate or vanilla. What about us strawberries? Strawberries are people too. If you cut us, do we not juice (or, at the very least, jam)? We have opinions, too, if you press us.

Case in point. I personally thought the Clark appointment was the best decision Bok could have made, unless there was someone better.

While I am concerned about issues such as faculty diversity, I also think we should not lower our traditional standards of excellence.

While I believe we need to keep costs low in our student cafeteria, I also recognize the necessity of such events as "Phantom of the Opera" theme nights at the Hark.

There. I feel better, I think.

J. Vorenberg

Late -Night Legal Lust

To the Editor:

I never thought the letters in your paper were true. I'm a senior associate at a large northeastern law firm. I've had my share of scintillating legal experiences, but nothing I've done prepared me for what happened last night.

I was at my desk, frustrated at working late again. My secretary stayed late as she did every night. As I loosened my tie to ease the tension in my throat, my secretary sauntered into my office. She casually tossed a file upon the scattered papers on my desk.

After she left, I picked up the new file, hoping it would break the monotony of my night. My eyes fell upon the inviting *res vitae* of the heading. "Read me, read me," it purred; "read me all night long."

I thrust into the file with the frenzy of a sailor on leave. I caressed each word

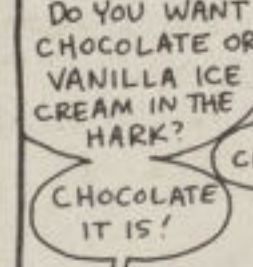
tenderly, savoring each precious drop. As I plunged into the depths of the case, I felt a fire within me burn. "Satisfy me, satisfy me," my soul screamed. I became one with each legal theory, fusing us into one body, one soul. I never thought one case could send me into such heights of ecstasy. Faster and faster, I couldn't hold back anymore. I had to know the issues, intimately. I had to please the client. I had to convince the court that ancillary jurisdiction was necessary to enforce fully the holding of the court below.

Afterwards, as I smoked a cigarette, my body ripe with sweat, I rubbed my hand against my spent flesh. I looked back with pleasure upon the night I just had, and I can't wait to do the same again tonight.

Name and address withheld

HLS, Inc. — By Luke Cole

Fenno

 DUNCAN KENNEDY BEGAN TEACHING CORPORATE FINANCE...	 BOB CLARK PROMISED A KINDER, GENTLER LAW SCHOOL...	 PHILIP AREEDA LET GO ALL HIS LUCRATIVE OUTSIDE CONSULTING JOBS...	 CLARE DALTON WAS OFFERED TENURE...	 STUDENTS HAD REAL INPUT IN A DECISION AT HLS...	 DAVID ROSENBERG CAME BACK FROM THE EDGE...
 BERNIE WOLFMAN AND DAVIE HERWITZ BECAME CRITS...	 HLS TENURED ITS FIRST HISPANIC PROFESSOR...	 JIM VORENBERG TOOK DECISIVE ACTION WITHOUT A COMMITTEE REPORT...	 DEREK BOK ACTED IN THE GENUINE INTEREST OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY...	 HLS ADMITTED ONLY THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST...	 PHIL HEYMAN GOT OUR BOYS OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA...
 CHRIS EDLEY AND SUSAN ESTRICH JOINED THE BUSH TEAM...	 ALAN DERSHOWITZ GOT HIS EGO UNDER CONTROL...	 ARTHUR MILLER TRIED TO...	 DERRICK BELL BUCKLED UNDER TO THE SYSTEM...	 LARRY TRIBE HAD ONLY 12 STUDENTS SIGN UP FOR HIS CON LAW CLASS...	 CLARK BYSE STOPPED LISTENING TO THE SEX PISTOLS ON HIS WALKMAN...
 LUKE COLE STOPPED HIS INFANTILE LEFTIST BASHING...	APRIL FOOL.				

Fenno woke up. It was morning. He had been up late the night before. He had sung and danced and had fun. He played music on his harmonica and left funny messages on answering machines.

Fenno walked to the shower. The water was cool, and Fenno felt clean.

Fenno walked to the Hark. Fenno liked the Hark. The Hark liked Fenno, too.

Fenno saw his friend. It was the Chicken Lady. Fenno liked the Chicken Lady. The Chicken Lady liked Fenno, too.

"What's up, Fenno?" asked the Chicken Lady.

"I'm going to class," said Fenno. This was true. Fenno had his books, and he was ready to learn.

Fenno went to class. He sat down in a chair. Next to him were his friends, Bill and Mary.

Fenno liked Bill and Mary. Bill and Mary liked Fenno, too.

The professor walked into class. He had a big smile on his face, as professors usually do. He was a happy professor, and he loved to teach. He liked his students, and his students liked him, too.

"Let's begin," said the professor.

Everyone raised a hand to speak in class. They were all smart and cheerful and had great things to say.

The professor led the class in a Socratic dialogue, and the class picked up on his every clue. The students were sorely disappointed to take the traditional break after the first class hour.

"I sure am sore that we took that break, Mary," said Fenno. "Yes, me too," chimed Bill. "That class is swell." And all the students shook their heads in agreement.

Upon the commencement of the second class session, each student raised a hand in anticipation of receiving an answer to the questions upon which they had pondered that break. The professor answered all of them to each student's satisfaction. And each question the students asked built upon the former.

After class, the students broke into groups and skipped to the Hark, where they discussed the most perplexing cases which they had examined. They ate only good foods well into the night, leaving at the request of the janitor, who thanked them very much for their kindness, and asked them to come back the next night.

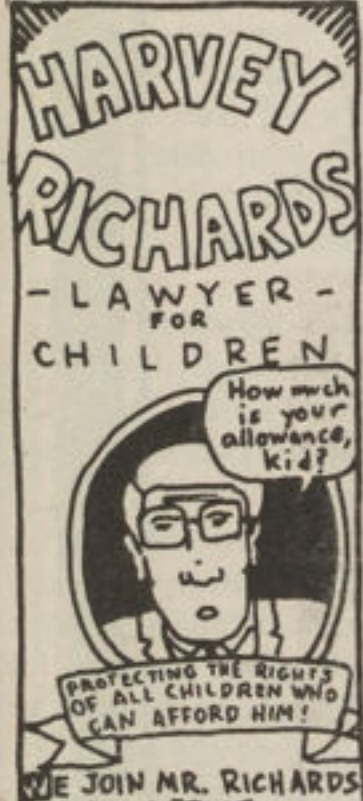
As they walked home to their dorm rooms, they reminisced about their idyllic 1L years, and Fenno carried Mary's and Bill's books, to lighten their loads.

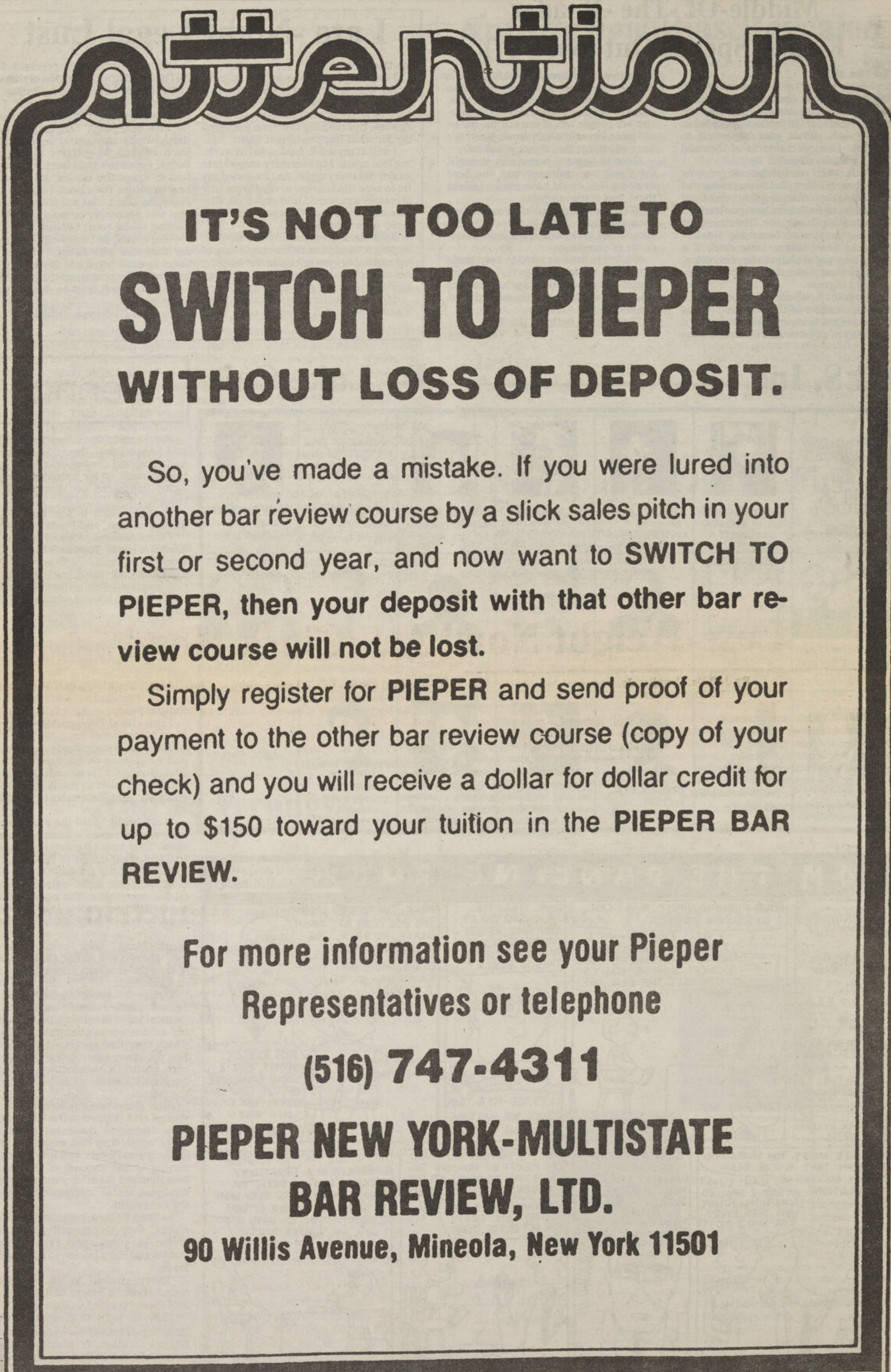
"Every student is so cooperative here," thought Mary, aloud. And Bill and Fenno nodded in agreement.

They all went to sleep that night, thinking of commercial transactions and federal taxation, or whatever subject they had studied that day. And do you know? They lived happily ever after.

April Fools.

TOM THE DANCING BUG BY RUBEN BOLLING

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 JIMMY LET'S SEE, MIKEY. YOU SAID OVER THE PHONE THAT YOU'VE BEEN FALSELY ACCUSED OF FLATULATION! YEAH! I JUST SAID I SMELLED SOMETHING FUNNY, AND THEN EVERYONE SAID I DID IT!	 JIMMY I CAN'T HELP YOU, MIKEY! UNDER THE DOCTRINE OF "HE WHO SMELT IT, DEALT IT," YOU ARE GUILTY!!	 JIMMY B-BUT I THOUGHT YOU COULD GET ME OFF BY ARGUING THE COMPETING DOCTRINE OF "HE WHO DENIED IT, SUPPLIED IT" GODDAMMIT! DON'T GIVE ME THAT C.L.S. CRAP! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! NEXT!! LITTLE FARTER!	 JIMMY AH, I SEE THAT YOU'VE BEEN EMBROILED IN A FRONTSIES/BACKSIES DISPUTE, SUZIE. I'M AFRAID MY RATES ARE VERY HIGH IN THAT COMPLEX AREA OF LAW. DO YOU HAVE A PAPER ROUTE?	



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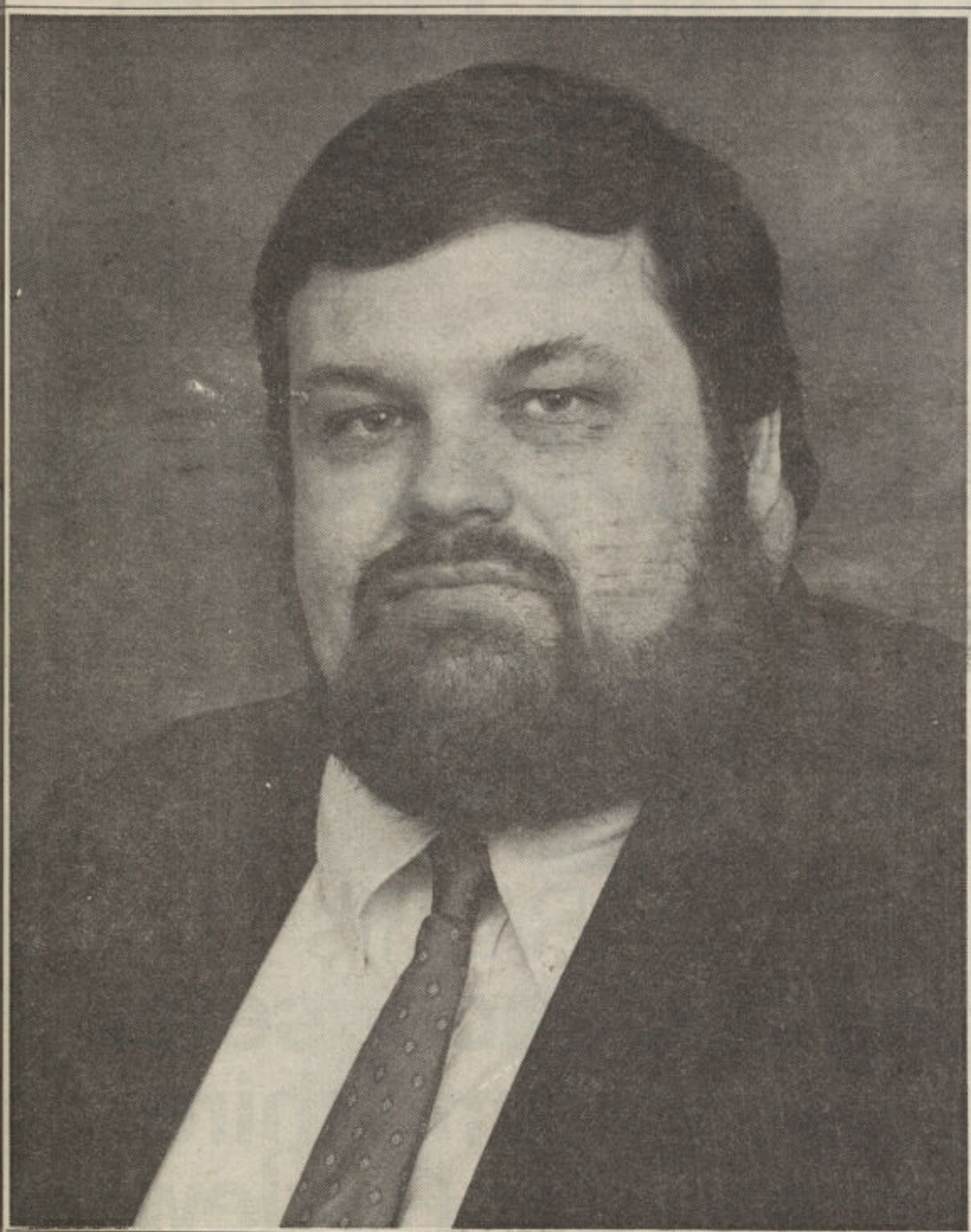
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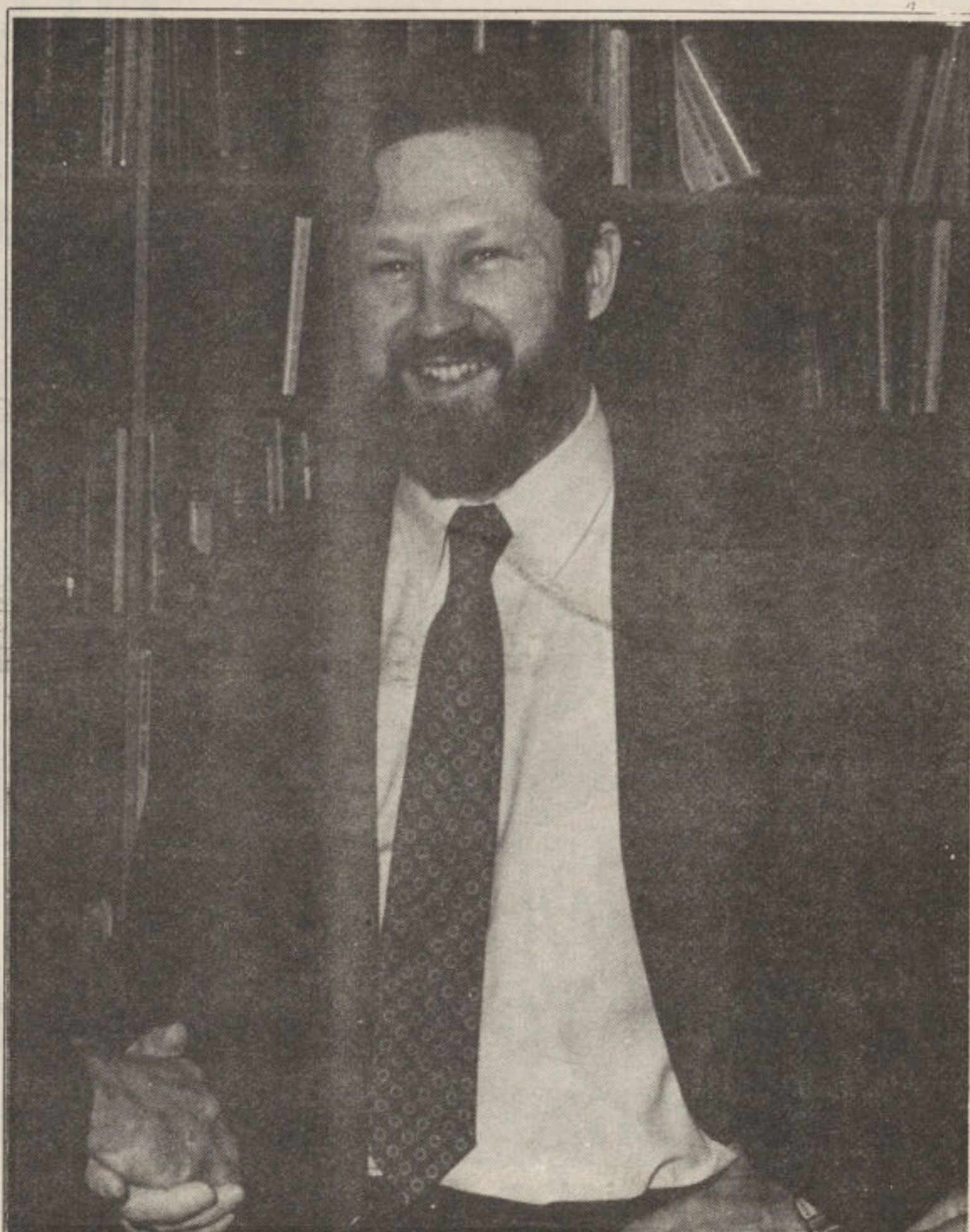
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Before



After

Lose Weight Now! Ask Clark How!

By Jeff Dershowitz, Jr.
Staphylococci

In addition to his new activities as HLS Dean, Prof. Robert Clark is taking on another task: opening his own chain of weight loss clinics across the Northeast.

"I did it — you can too!" exclaimed Clark, as he stood in front of large before and after photos of himself posted on the blackboard in Langdell North Middle. "Losing weight is no sweat with my incredible program," he told the excited crowd of reporters and photographers who had flocked to campus, expecting exciting new word on Hispanic faculty or Harkness renovations.

Clark, who now tips the scales at a svelte 170 pounds, approximately, dropped 50

pounds in two weeks, and 100 pounds in a little over a month. Now he's willing and eager to share his secrets with the world.

"The biggest factor is exercise," said Clark. "When I was dieting, I did a goodly number of aerobic activities: I chased crits for at least two hours a day, or til I caught 'em; I tickled the electronic keyboard regularly, composing ditties about various reactionary capitalist tools (Note: look for a new album, due out in May, with Clark and Republican head honcho Lee Atwater kicking up a storm with their cover versions of classic Clash tunes, such as "Cambridge Burning," "Rock the Law School," and, of course, "Washington Bullets")."

"And I pumped the iron, too — I could benchpress 250 pounds of hornbooks with ease."

Dersh Changes Tune On Tawana

By Guten Morgan
Staph Disease

HLS Professor Alan Dershowitz announced today he will take the Tawana Brawley case now that her present attorney, C. Vernon Mason, has decided to become a professional wrestling announcer.

"It's certainly not for the money," Dersh emphasized, explaining that stories of his Harvard Square deli's liquidation and subsequent bankruptcy filing "have been greatly exaggerated."

When asked how he could take such a case when he believes that one of the alleged rapists, Steven Pagones, is completely innocent, Dersh replied, "I'll give it my best shot. The job of a lawyer is to press his or her client's case to the utmost. We live in an accusatorial, not an inquisitorial legal system. Every client deserves full and zealous representation. Those who are unpopular are perhaps more — not less — deserving of our services. It's not my position to come to judgment about the merits of my client's case. It's not my position to determine guilt or innocence. A lawyer is a client's best friend. I'm sorry — what was the question?"

Responding to concerns about the possible conflicts of interest presented because of Dersh's public statements against Brawley's accusations, Dersh said the conflict was minimal. "I made most of those statements in class, so I don't think most people were paying attention anyway," he said.

Mason welcomed Dersh's decision to pinch-hit for him. "I'm glad brother Al is taking this case off my hands. He can take the heat — I saw him in his [deli's]

kitchen when the cooks went on strike. That was some *bad matzoh ball soup*."

At a recent speaking engagement in Teheran where he received frequent standing ovations, Mason leveled additional charges at Pagones. Accusing Pagones of saying, before Dershowitz offered to take over the Brawley case, "That Brawley attorney is a bag of poop," Mason said, "How would Pagones know that Dersh was going to be Tawana's attorney? Therefore, Pagones must have raped Tawana."

Mason also accused New York Attorney General Robert Abrams of gesticulating menacingly in front of a photograph of Dersh when he learned that Dersh would be taking the case.

Abrams refused to comment in public about the charges, but he did write a letter to the Grieving and Drinking Committee of the New York Bar Association, accusing Mason of unprofessional conduct and recommending discipline. "Pagones never mentioned a 'bag of poop.' What he said was just, 'Have you heard something about a scumbag attorney?' This is just one example that Mr. Mason, and everyone who has ever had anything to do with Mr. Mason, has a habit of always exaggerating everything he ever says."

Dersh, in a recent *Penthouse* column, came to Mason's defense. "It would enormously set back the ability of civil liberty attorneys to make dramatic arguments if Mason were disciplined for using the phrase 'bag of poop' instead of 'scumbag,'" the column said.

Dersh did tell one of his criminal law classes, however, that he thought such language was "not appropriate for a Harvard Law School audience."

Unger Appropriates Matriculant Indoctrination

By Some Vile Fellow
Blues Editor

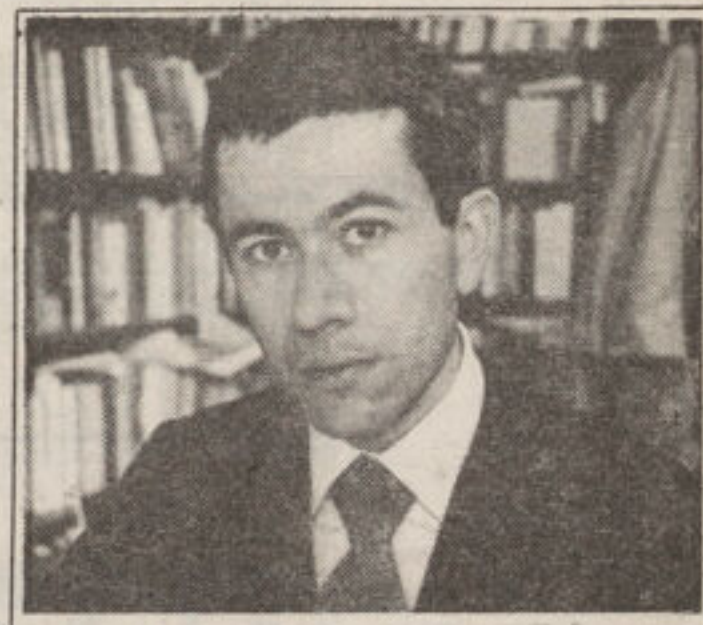
Roberto Unger LL.M. '70, renowned jurisprudential scholar and monosyllabic antagonist, has recently agreed to begin teaching a first year writing section titled "Plainspeak for Lawyers," a move he characterized as "the subsequent inevitable transmogrification of my pedagogy."

James Dean Vorenberg '51 announced his decision in a press release last Wednesday, and was customarily excited. "I think he done good so far, so I sez to myself, 'Hey, what the hey?'"

Unger, whose teaching style has been alternately characterized as sublime and obtuse, said he felt optimistic about the class. "Now, 1Ls will have the unparalleled opportunity to escape the resigned benevolence perpetuated by the rhetorical theoreticians who sacrifice jurisprudential accuracy for pedantic artistry. Those guys suck."

Student reaction to Unger's appointment has ranged from negative to very negative. One particularly disgruntled section-three student said, "I'm not surprised at anything anymore."

"First I find out that for the first time in six years I have to sign an attendance sheet. Now I get to hear about effective use of legal language from a man whose intellectual prowess is inversely proportional to the number of words he spews."



Fashion tie consultant
Roberto Unger

Grace Flanders, 1L, said, "What communication problem? Although I've never had Unger as a professor, I see no evidence of obtusity."

In response to the criticism, Unger stated "its a super-typical hyper-endemic response which exposes a counter-phidelic tendency within the student body." When pressed for an explanation, Unger stated "Okay, I made up 'phidelic.' But you see my point."

"I feel that the morbid infantilization by the dominant elite irredeemably taints the student, and her writing ability will thereafter unjustifiably suffer," Unger concluded. "I intend to inculcate the student with the ability to write perspicuously," which means he hopes to teach them to speak clearly.

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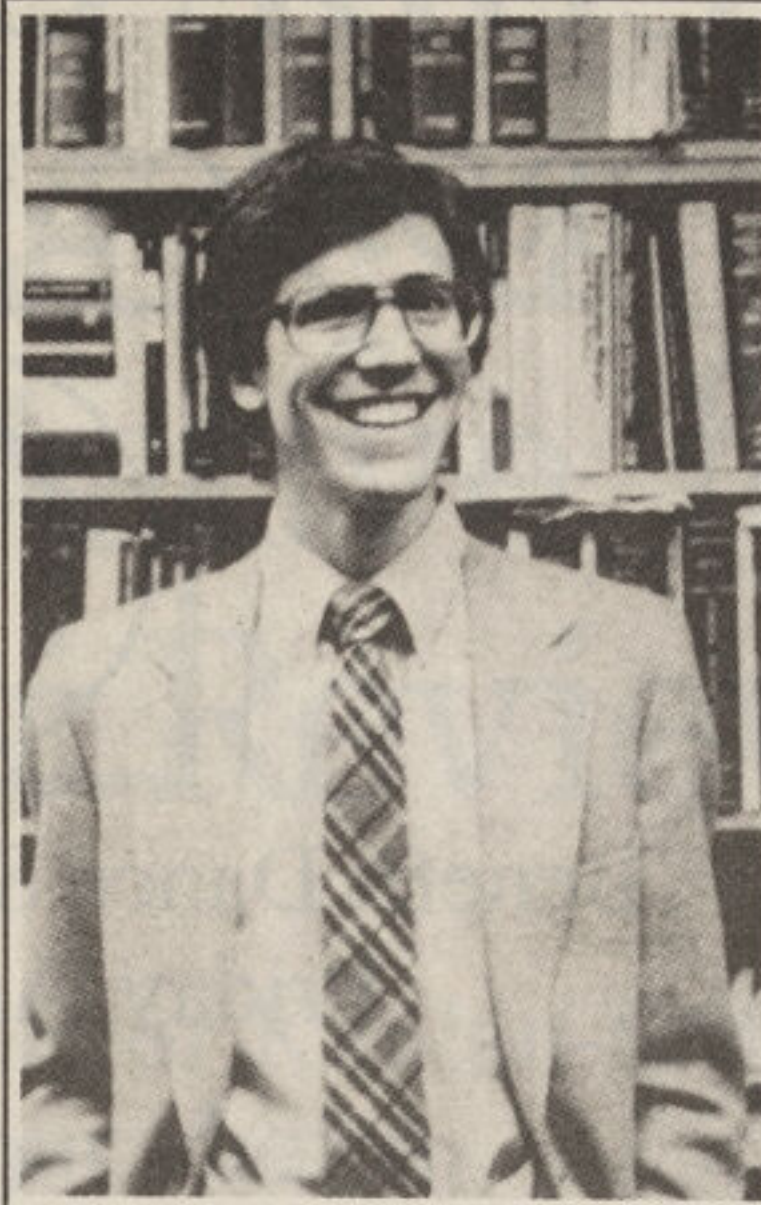
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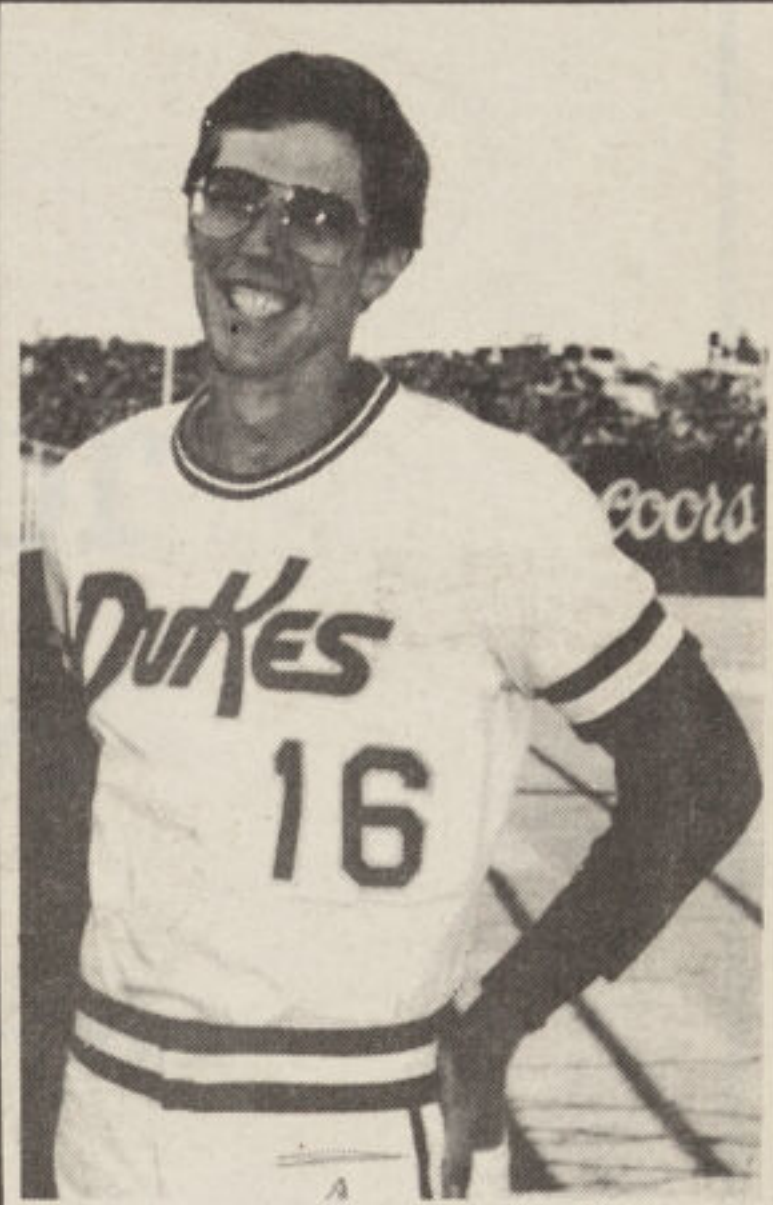
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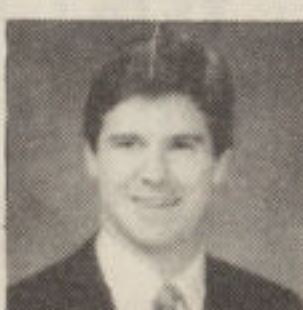
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Nesson Class Nears Nevidence Knowledge

By Egg Sherbert
Commenting Editor

In an unprecedented move, Professor Charles Nesson '63 actually said something relevant to the study of evidence law in his spring semester evidence class. The statement was made at exactly 8:30 a.m. March 21, according to the six second-year students who arrived on time to the class, thus thwarting the other students' semester-long

quest for something other than spider-web graphs and "patterns ... stretching on to infinity."

When pressed to explain why he waited so long to reveal something pertinent to evidence law, Nesson responded, "Well it's kind of like the square root of two, as long as you don't let the evil dark side of the justice lady take over. Now let me tell you about my cousin's wedding in Chicago."

Some students questioned this exe-

gesis, however. One third-year student speculated, "Maybe the whole first two months of class was simply a lesson in relevance. I'm sure we'll all encounter cases, like the Woburn toxic tort case for example, where we have to sift through two months of bullshit to get to the point."

Others were more cynical. "I don't buy that CLS crap," responded another third year. "Everyone knows it was because he's still working on winter term grades."

APRIL FOOLS!

The real staff of the HARVARD LAW RECORD would like to apologize in advance for any offended by our meek attempts at humor, and thank the targets of our sarcasm for maintaining their sense of humor.

Any similarities to reality are purely coincidental — really.

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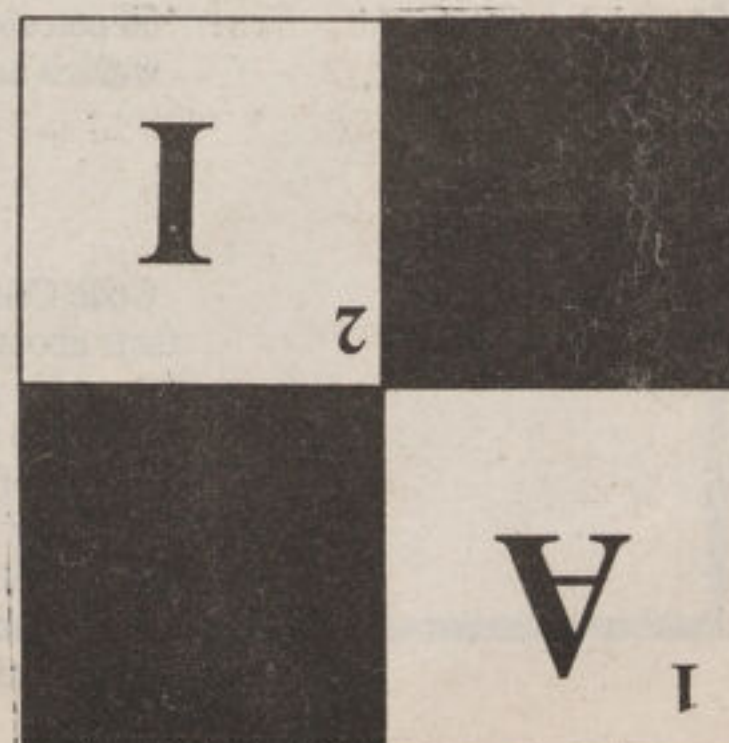
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Solution
(puzzle, page 4)



CODE CRITICAL

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WHO ARE THE HOMELESS?

The homeless are men and women of all ages as well as families experiencing a wide range of difficulties: the lack of affordable housing, mental and physical illness, alcoholism and other substance abuse problems, the effects of domestic instability, and limited education and job skills.

Basic Facts: Between 20 and 30 percent of the homeless work regular, full-time jobs, but still cannot afford a place to live. The average homeless adult in Boston is 31 years of age. Approximately 30 percent are veterans. More than 50 percent are high school graduates. And as many as 20 percent have attended college. Single-head-of-household women and their children are the fastest growing segment of the homeless population.

WHAT IS CODE CRITICAL?

Code Critical is a non-profit organization created by students which provides academic communities with the basic facts about homelessness and offers an opportunity to get involved in the fight against homelessness in our community. This year Code Critical has organized Project Outreach. On April 22nd student organizations will coordinate outings to various homeless shelters during the day. Students will be given the opportunity to see first hand the severity of the problem while offering a hand by working at serving food, painting, teaching or doing whatever else is necessary. Independently, the Human Rights Program has organized a conference on the United States Housing Crisis which will be held in the Ropes-Gray Room. On Friday the 28th DSAC has organized the Second Annual Gala Code Critical Benefit to raise money for the homeless. It will be held at CITI, 15 Lansdowne Street at 8:00 pm. Please purchase tickets in advance.

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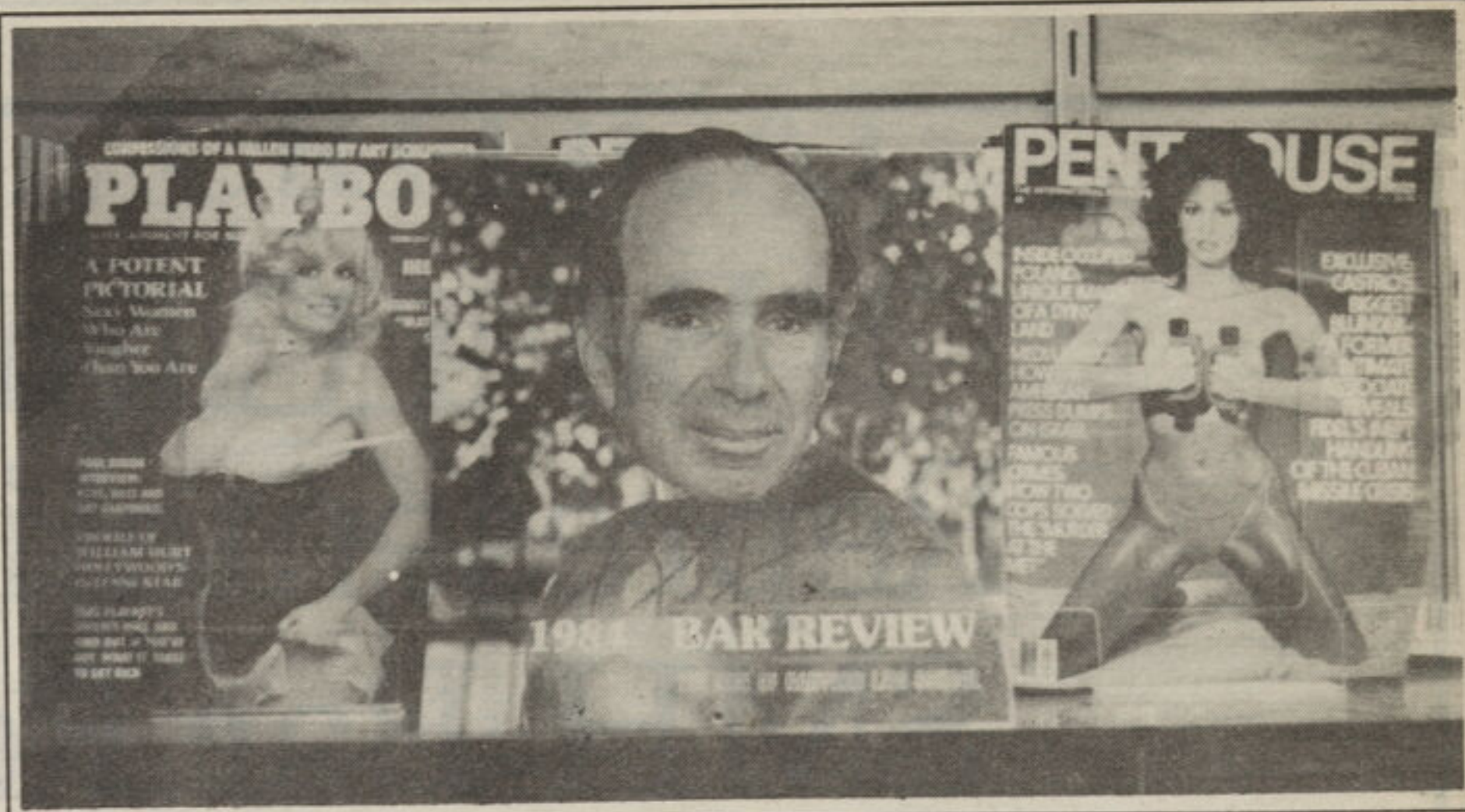
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After years of litigation to suppress the photos now appearing in the 1984 Bar Review: The Men of Harvard Law School, Vorenberg finally gave in. "I was young and foolish back when I agreed to pose, but now that I'm resigning I just figured what the Hell?"

HLS To 'Lotterize' Grades, Tenure And Jobs At The Law School

By Mike B. Sure
Staff Writer

In a heartening display of openness and flexibility, the new Law School administration is actively considering a flurry of student proposals to expand Harvard's much vaunted lottery system. While many of these proposals differ significantly in tone and in scope, all call for some type of expansion of the HLS lottery into uncharted areas.

A sizable number of these proposals recommend a lottery grading system. Largely an outgrowth of perennial student concerns about the unpredictability and unfairness of the current grading system, the notion

of grades by lottery is not a new one. However, until the recent spate of lottery grading proposals, many of the mechanics of such a lottery were left to the individual imagination. Now that the new administration appears poised to consider student opinion on a wide range of topics, many would-be lottery innovators have fleshed out their ideas.

The most conservative proponents of a lottery grading system call for a strict random assignment of grades based upon an acceptable mythical bell-curve. More radical proposals suggest that students be assigned to various priority groups (as is the current practice in the upper-class housing lottery). These priority groups could be based

on ideology, geography, gender, previous lottery-assigned grades, or other suitable grounds. Then separate drawings could be conducted within and between the priority groups. Thus, final grades would be a product of politically, socially, and ideologically-correct randomness.

Moving beyond the vagaries of the current grading system, another oft-bemoaned concern of HLS students is the job interview process. It is not surprising that some of the above-referenced would-be lottery expansionists have tackled this gravamen as well. "Think of all the time and money and aggravation that could be saved through the use of a job lottery," begins one such expansionist journal

in its quarterly report (14 HLS Lottery Review at 627).

Job lottery proposals vary greatly, but the basic notion in all is that jobs, like housing, interviews, parking (and presumably grades), be assigned to students through a lottery. Again, some proposals call for strict job assignment according only to the needs of prospective employers, with little or no student input. Other, more moderate proposals allow for the identification of some student preference on the lottery form, perhaps as to geographic region of employer or type of work desired.

Under these plans, reasonable efforts would be made to accommodate student preferences. The most radical proposals eschew both randomness and student preference in favor of politically-correct groupings within job-priority categories, based upon the judgment of some higher moral authority (Bok? Clark? Kennedy? Law School Council? Fenno?).

Other lottery expansionist treatises describe in great detail how the lottery system could be applied to financial aid determinations, Law Review positions, extracurricular activities, etc. One area which seems particularly timely in light of the new administration's alleged reputation vis-a-vis past and future faculty decisions, is the area of professorial tenure.

"A lot of bad feelings and downright hostility among the faculty could be softened quite a bit if HLS were to institute a tenure lottery," exhorts one such advocate (Restatement 2d of Lotteries, Faculty). Again, the mechanics of such a faculty tenure lottery are left open to the fertile imagination and to the winds of destiny and/or political fervor.

In support of an expanded role for the lottery at HLS, many would-be reformers look to Stanford, where, it is rumored, such lottery reforms are already being test-marketed. That bold coastal adventure will provide a lesson for us all.



Arthur Miller:
You Make The Call

Clark Performs Satanic Ritual

(continued from page 1)

Osbourne '73, Div '75 blared over the sound system, the half of the faculty seated on the right side of the courtroom, led by Charles Manson '67, began to circle the lifeless, but still indignant, head of Cole, hoisting flaming copies of the Bible, Salman Rushdie's "Satanic Verses," and Clare Dalton's tenure piece.

Amid the frenzied cauldron of the imminent orgy, Clark paused to explain his newly exposed ritual. "I said I wouldn't go after the faculty; I said nothing about the students," he cackled. Pausing to swallow a chalice of goat's blood, he gurgled, "Besides, the Crits never mind this ends-justify-the-means stuff when it furthers their goals. All those years in the seminary weren't for nothing," he howled, as his head began spinning madly around his neck.

The leftward-leaning professors did not participate in the ritual due to their lack of belief in any power higher than themselves. "This explains Clark's selection," said Mort Horwitz, '67, who then attempted to justify CLS by demon-strating its roots in the Code Napoleon and the worship of the Babylonian sun god. Frank Michelman '60 gave a lengthy explanation with lots of ten-syllable words that no one else understood.

Man-about-town Jeff Dunlap, 3L, accidentally stumbling upon the by-now-frenzied ceremony, commented favorably upon the goings on. "Great party, dudes!" he exclaimed. "This is the most physical interaction this school has seen in years!"

Mendez Defend's LSC's Existence

(continued from page 1)

to the HLS community on behalf of the LSC, announcing our spontaneous combustion as an organization," he said.

"Second, I want to write a more personal letter. You know, just me, Brian 'The King' Mendez, to the students. I want to let them know that I take personal responsibility for the

decline and fall of LSC, even if I did nothing wrong personally and it's really all the fault of LSC underlings who can't handle the measly little jobs I give them."

"Of course, I may be dead wrong," added Mendez, who plans to assume the heretofore ignored position of HLS Sergeant-At-Arms.

CLS Joins Ranks Of HLS Maintenance

(continued from page 1)

assigned to grounds-keeping, Holmes Hall. "I don't know," remarked another, "I'm not used to taking so many notes — it really cuts into my nap time."

One student, enrolled in a Constitutional Law course being taught by a Harkness cashier, said he enjoyed the "neat theme days in class," but complained that the \$5,000 charge for multilith materials was "a little much."

When asked if the Crits had also agreed to the corresponding salary equalization, Kennedy responded, "Why do you think I fought so hard to raise union wages?"