



Harvard Law Record

Volume 92, No. 5

A Parody Of America's Oldest Law School Newspaper

April 1, 1991



Dersh Eaten By Zombies?

Sad but true. The gruesome spectacle of Professor Dershowitz being devoured by a ravenous horde of the undead was captured for posterity by RECORD correspondent, Adam Lane. For a lavishly illustrated report on this stomach-turning event, see "Drawn And Quartered," page C.

Students, Faculty To Work Together "Dawn Of New Era" Is Hailed by All Celebration Marred By Protests

In a development which they compared to the appearance of a rainbow after a heavy storm, student activists this

By Sarah Keenan

week declared that the conflicts which have characterized HLS in recent years are over. Dean Robert C. Clark '71 enthusiastically agreed, analogizing the new consensus on campus to the arrival of rain after a long drought.

Instead of conflict, both sides agree, the coming years will be a time of cooperation, mutual respect and unanimity.

"After years of marching and protesting it just sort of hit me," said student activist Steve Donzer. "The students and faculty are really on the same side. When you stop and think

about it, we all want what is best for the school and society."

Dean Robert C. Clark '71, concurred, "It is a relief, finally, to see the students acknowledge what the faculty has always said: we know what is best for the school and society."

Activist Smith said the new era would bring the resolution of long-standing disputes. "Our newfound rapport with the faculty will enable us to move forward on issues where we have previously been at an impasse. By 'move forward,' of course, I mean impose a mandatory pro bono requirement and achieve diversity now."

Dean Clark agreed that the prospects for settling old issues were bright indeed. "Now that students have come to their senses, they will see the wisdom of individual choice in

matters of conscience and the importance of maintaining traditional standards while gradually broadening the composition of the faculty."

In the spirit of the new era, students and faculty are working together to organize what both students and faculty have agreed to describe as a "Victory Celebration."

The general feeling of friendly cooperation received a minor interruption when the students on the celebration's decorations committee organized an impromptu march and occupation of the dean's office to protest the selection of bunting made from non-recyclable paper. With the aid of the Cambridge Police, Dean Clark, however, quickly restored the mood of good fellowship.

Speaker Addresses Harvard Law School Forum

More than three hundred people crowded into the Ames Courtroom last Thursday to hear an impassioned speech organized by the Law School Forum.

By the Staff

The controversial reputation of the speaker and the tremendous importance of the topic—in addition to the spate of publicity that the issue has recently received—may have contributed to the large size of the crowd which gathered for the event.

The speech, which was both impassioned and provocative, was also thought by many in the audience to be both challenging and intense. Ranging from the personal recollections drawn from the speaker's own experiences to abstract generalizations derived from academic work in related areas, the speech was

thought by many to be a blend of logic and emotion.

Naturally, the speech prompted a spirited response from the audience, which included members of organizations which feel particularly involved with the issue under discussion. In the question-and-answer session after the speech, some students agreed emphatically with the position articulated in the course of the orator's monologue while other students vehemently contested the points asserted.

"He's saying what we've been saying all along," commented one student. "But hearing these arguments made by a person of his stature lends particular force to our contentions. Needless to say, the arguments are as relevant here at Harvard Law School as they are in the United Arab Emirates or Vancouver."

"We've all heard this before," commented a student from an opposing group. "The argument was essen-

tially unsound because it directed attention only to the symptoms without exploring the underlying causes. This is, of course, a natural tactic, because looking at the underlying causes would show that the interests which the speaker represents are indeed largely to blame for the problems which the speaker attributes to the opposition."

After the speech, cookies and punch were served in Ames with almost all agreeing it was a nice way round out the festivities. Adam Lane, a wiry five-foot-nine Harvard undergraduate from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania munched a cookie and remarked, "I was getting hungry thinking about all the important things the speaker was saying. I have strong opinions on this matter." The cookie was a Peggy Lawton Chocolate Chip Cookie.

The next Law School Forum will be held in the future.

Virginal Face An Admitted Student's Impressions Of HLS

Last week, the campus was inundated with the virginal faces of the newly admitted students to Harvard Law School. (Forgive them father for they know not what they do.) The *Record* interviewed one of them to get her impressions on life. Her name is Brooklyn Queen. NOTE: The positions expressed in the following interview do not necessarily reflect those of anybody.

Brooklyn Queen is the illegitimate daughter of Andy Warhol and Rotunda Queen, an inmate at San Kitten maximum security prison for women in California. Her mother, a thalidomide addict, was convicted of possession with intent to use and distribute. Brooklyn was raised by her aunt, Sparkle, (she goes without a last name),

in Hollywood, California. Although Brooklyn has mild birth defects from her mother's drug abuse and comes from the State of California, she is still able to carry on a normal conversation and should be a fine addition to the student body.

RECORD: So, what do you think of Harvard?

QUEEN: I like Harvard a lot. I mean, I haven't been mugged yet like I was at Yale, and unlike Stanford, there is plenty of water to drink here even if it is toxic. Harvard is everything it is cracked-up to be: old, ugly, staid, austere, behind-the-times, and arrogant. Everything a good law school should be. The architecture is stunning too? Who designed the dormitories, B. Gross Twous?

Virginal page D

Meet Alan Dershowitz Harvard's Shy Professor Steps Out Of The Shadows

Alan Dershowitz. He may be the Law School's most famous faculty member. You see him striding swiftly across the Holmes field in the twilight. You see him on TV. Some of you read him in the newspaper. A few of you read him in a magazine. You know who you are. But for all his visibility, he can seem, at times, a distant man, lost in a lonely world of thought. Who is this giant? What message has he come to deliver? How can we help him in his work? The *Record* was fortunate enough to interview Professor Alan Dershowitz recently.

RECORD: What's it like to be famous?

DERSHOWITZ: Its great. Its a rush.

RECORD: Are the rumors about you and Tammy Faye Bakker true?

DERSHOWITZ: She's a terror.

RECORD: Is there anybody as great as you? Has there ever been anyone as great as you?

DERSHOWITZ: Oh, sure, why there's....and then there's aah...umm... Plenty of people... Oliver Wendell Holmes...no, not him... RECORD: What did you think of Ron Silvers' portrayal of you in *Reversal of Fortune*?

DERSHOWITZ: Quite honestly, he didn't have my oomph, my manly brio, my omnipotence.

RECORD: Are there going to be other movies based on your life?

DERSHOWITZ: Oh, yes!

Tons. The offers poured in since *Reversal of Fortune*. There's one for all the major cases: Leona, Bakker. There's even going to be a movie about my early years called *Young Dershowitz*. I don't want to give the plot away—but when the movie is over, I'm not

Dersh page D



Alan Dershowitz shares his thoughts with the *RECORD*.

Harvard Law Record

Volume 92, No. 3

Daniel J. Gadfly
Editor-In-Chief

An American Tragedy

Early last Easter, James Lockhart walked into a Pizza Shak in Pensacola, Fla. and shot 10 people. At his home, amongst the painted eggs and marshmallow bunnies of his Easter basket, police found a pack of pornographic playing cards.

Some people would want to ban the playing cards. Some would want to ban the Easter basket. Do we really know which caused the murders?

Lately, censors have been popping up like rabbits and our civil rights are being chomped on like untended carrots.

Last Monday, Jesse Helms announced that porn videos should begin with a 90 second trailer admonishing the viewer. Helms would appear in the short saying, "You'll burn in Hell for this!" Then, out of spite, give away the plot of the movie.

In Waukegan, Ill., public schools have begun censoring Huckleberry Finn. The word "raft" is deleted and replaced with "craft made out of logs." The new version also changes the Mississippi River into the Missouri River. "We didn't want to offend anyone," said the superintendent. "And I mean *anyone*."

Elsewhere across the nation, 6th graders have formed their own censorship brigades to weed out undesirable texts. Among the targets are *Moby Dick*, *Jane Eyre*, *Great Expectations*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, and *The Pearl*.

"Basically, we don't want to read these books," said one student. "They're long and boring."

It doesn't stop there. Everywhere we look, the bunny of censorship is hop, hop, hopping all over our civil rights.

In Durham, N.C., a frenzied mob of Weight Watchers burst into the local library, seized all the cook books, and flung them into a blazing bonfire. "We can't permit these books to exist," said actor-spokesman Dom DeLuise. "It's a matter of self-preservation." Then, excited by its actions, the group roasted a pig over the flames.

In part, the impulse to ban stems from evangelical Christianity. Many book burners would only have us read works found in "the Lord's library." But does the Lord read? Of course not. He already knows everything.

Other censors argue that pornography degrades women. Few protestors realize that actresses in adult films are not just chosen for their looks, but for their intelligence, poise, and performance in a swimsuit competition.

This is not the first time our nation has indulged in massive book-burning. During the bombings of Dresden and Hiroshima, thousands and thousands of volumes were incinerated.

Censorship is not the kindly Easter bunny that its proponents would have us believe. Censorship is a crazed rabbit that will breed and breed, until it smothers us with its furry progeny.

Although you may never see them wearing glasses, the hare-brained advocates of censorship are extremely near-sighted, perhaps because they have little regard for the most vitamin C of all—our Constitution.

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Reviewing The Review of The Reviewer of The Review

To The Editor:

Although we agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Nicholson's rejoinder to Mr. Greaney following the latter's review of The Review—"And why do you look at the speck in your brother's eye but do

"And why do you look at the speck in your brother's eye but do not consider the plank in your own eye," Matthew 7:2.

By insinuating that Mr. Greaney's admittedly irrational opinions are the product of sexual abstinence, Mr. Nicholson denigrates all of the unmarried Catholic students at the Harvard Law School. Mr. Nicholson must realize that sexual abstinence does not necessarily induce irritability! We are not cranky! Stop this Catholic-bashing now, Mr. Nicholson!

-CFPTOTIODGN!

Letters To The Editor

not consider the plank in your own eye," Matthew 7:2—(we are struck by the fact that Mr. Nicholson himself commits the sort of thoughtless stereotyping for which he assails Mr. Greaney.

HLS Ain't What It Was Going To Have Been

To the "editor":

Never since I was a student at the Harvard Law School class of '13 has the generality of the declension into which the School has headlongly been plunging reached a greater rate of alacrity that with which it has lately been exhibited. I feel this quite strongly.

Your "newspaper" for one! Afore-

mentioned inapposite and attitudes towards authority withstand neither the dignity of learning, tradition, nor Our Dear Old School Days—let alone the amalgamation of Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays into a single synthetic "holy day" (sic).

You have my strongest support.

A. Lumnus

Your Guess Is As Good As Mine

To the editor:

Your paper's Review of my seminar "Sex, Gender and the Law: An Intercomparative Analysis" was undermined by your reporter's inability to master the technical vocabulary of transmultiethnodeconstructuralaculturalism. But, then again, who can blame him?

-Professor Long Hair

Helpful Advice For Job Seekers

To the editor:

Just a reminder to your readers: Students interested in working this summer should try to find jobs. Helpfully yours.

-The Career Placement Office

More Helpful Advice

To the editor:

Just a reminder to your readers: Students interested in working overseas this summer should try to find jobs in other countries.

Just trying to help.

-The Career Placement Office

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Harvard Law Record

Volume 92, No.5

Daniel J. Greaney
Editor-In-Chief

A Cause Worth Supporting

Loyal readers of the RECORD—and an editor may be excused, perhaps, for convincing himself that there must be one or two—may have noticed a series of advertisements for volunteers to work on the Parental Stress Line. After five issues urging you to contribute your time and effort to the Stress Line, it seems appropriate to tell you what this program does and why it is worth supporting.

The Stress Line helps prevent violence to children. Massachusetts is currently facing a surge in the level of domestic violence, partly due to the stress caused by a weak economy and the prevalence of alcohol and drugs. Last year, the Massachusetts Department of Social Service received 82,831 reports of child abuse, a 17 percent increase from 1989.

Operated by Parents' and Childrens' Services, a private non-profit agency based in Boston, the Stress Line offers an immediate response to parents who are afraid that they may hurt their children. Overwhelmed parents who wish to remain anonymous can call the Stress Line's 24-hour counseling service. The call is toll free. The service is state-wide. The Line is staffed by trained volunteer counselors.

Now in its twelfth year of operation, the Parental Stress Line has received over 117,000 calls from residents in 351 cities and towns in Massachusetts. Parents make up 77 percent of the calls. Other callers include children and concerned relatives.

Currently some eighty volunteers help on the Stress Line. More are always needed. Counselors work one three-and-a-half hour shift a week and one overnight shift a month. Becoming a Stress Line counselor involves going through an eight-session training course which deals with the dynamics of child abuse, childhood development and telephone counseling skills. Counselors come from all ages and professions. Counselors are supported by experienced supervisors, and are invited to attend bi-monthly meetings on related topics such as drug abuse, suicide prevention and foster care.

Here is an example of a volunteer's report:

"After much crying a single mother says she is afraid she is going to hurt her four year old son. She feels isolated and out of control. She has hit the boy in the past and is afraid she might do worse. The boy upsets her by shouting, 'I hate you,' and by breaking her possessions."

The volunteer listened to the caller and allowed her to express her feelings of frustration, anger and loneliness. The mother was supported in finding alternative to hitting her child. She agreed try taking a "time out" by walking into the other room when feeling overwhelmed. She also agreed to call the Stress Line the next time she felt that she was going out of control.

The Record supports the Parental Stress Line and we urge you to do so as well. If you are interested in becoming a Stress Line counselor, or would like more information, please contact Sarah Belcher at 437-1990. Contributions are also welcome and can be sent to Parents' and Childrens' Services, 654 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02215.

D.G.

Editor's Note: Today's issue of the Record comes in two parts. Wrapped around the regular issue of the record is a four-page April fool's parody. Pages 1-4 are genuine, pages A-D are parody. This editorial page is the genuine article.

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Pouring Old Whine Into New Bottles

To the Editor:

I was so delighted to see Ms. McIntyre's column last week denouncing the whining by conservatives at HLS. Her column contains such pearls of wisdom as: "The male-to-female ratio in any conservative club makes it

activity.

Recent years have added a new twist to organized whining—something we might call "harmonized whining," generally manifested at HLS in the latest "coalition" for something or other. This is where groups of organized whiners come together to form one single large group of whiners. It's our own modern-day version of Woodstock.

If Ms. McIntyre is right that conservatives have begun to whine, they follow a great tradition of classic Harvard Whiners: The Emergency Coalition for Public Interest, The Coalition for Diversity, The Coalition for Civil Rights, COGBLLI, BLSA, WLA, La Alianza . . . not to mention a host of our esteemed faculty members and individual students. In fact, I for one am amazed that Ms. McIntyre managed to hear the whining of the few conservative students over all the other whining that takes place around here.

While I am disappointed that conservatives have also succumbed to the enticing but intoxicating pathos of whining, it is hard to blame them. After all, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander (note the one-to-one gender ratio). Why should liberals get to have all the fun? Judging from the sniveling tone of Ms. McIntyre's column, it appears as though she too could not resist the temptation. She manages dutifully to carry on the HLS tradition: Whining about whiners who whine about whiners. Indeed, we have become (myself included) an institution of inebriated *whino's*.

Cheers! . . . (Hiccup). . . Ms. McIntyre!

Brian Timmons 3L

Liberals Out Of Touch With Reality

To the Editor:

For almost three years, I have kept my mouth shut while conservatives at HLS have been attacked. When I read Alisse McIntyre's column in last week's *Record* though, I decided it was time for me to speak. Don't worry, Ms. McIntyre, I am not going to whine about anything. I merely wish to inform the *Record* readership of your inaccurate, misleading, and offensive assumptions about conservatives.

I have no idea where Ms. McIntyre gets her information about the income status of people with non-liberal political perspectives. I do know, however, that I am not "privileged" even though I am conservative, nor are any of the other conservatives I know. My family was extremely poor as I was growing up. My mother's weekly budget for groceries, toiletries, and clothes for a family of five was only \$15. My brothers and I qualified for free lunches in grade school but my parents did not accept them because they didn't want others to know just how poor we were. I worked my way through college and spent my summers not in Europe (or Alaska) with Auntie, but in a carpet mill (working the graveyard shift while going to the local junior college in the evenings) and a large food production plant (where I often worked 18 hour shifts). Is that "privileged"?

Don't think for a minute that this story is unique to me. Most of my conservative classmates share similar backgrounds. I have yet to meet a conservative who is a third generation Harvard student. In fact, most conservatives I know are the first in their family to attend college, let alone law school. You would be surprised at how many of these peoples' parents didn't even finish high school. Obviously this

isn't true of all conservatives, but most of us worked hard to get where we are. We don't want, or need, government handouts and for that reason don't support subsidies, quotas, etc. If we can do it, anyone can.

Just for your information, Ms. McIntyre, in my home state, I am not considered conservative but liberal. That's why your statement that HLS conservatives need to assimilate into the mainstream exhibits a severe loss of touch with reality. What mainstream did you have in mind? Certainly not American mainstream. If mainstream America considers many HLS conservatives like myself to be liberals, then becoming more "mainstream" would require getting rid of people like you and bringing in people more conservative than I am. Perhaps you will volunteer to give up your place at HLS to someone a little more mainstream.

On another point, Ms. McIntyre, I resent your implication that women with conservative viewpoints are mindless people driven solely by sexual desires. Its commonplace on this campus to say, "If you don't think like me, you must not think at all." As an executive editor of the *Journal of Law and Public Policy*, I can tell you that we have over 40 women on our staff (incidentally, that is more than most other student journals). Indeed, next year's Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are both women. Isn't it unlikely that all of these women are merely searching for sex partners, especially since many of them, like me, are married?

You wrote in your article: ". . . liberals at this school have whiplash from their knees jerking up and slamming into their chins . . ." Well, all I can say is that after your column last week, you must still be recovering from a bad case of whiplash.

Ginger Davis (3L)

Sex And The Single One-L: A Contradiction

I don't wish to seem unappreciative. I know there are law students across the country that would give their eye-teeth to attend the hallowed tunnels of

by Alisse McIntyre
Guest Columnist

Harvard Law. But if I had known a year ago as a naive admittee what I know now, I wonder if I would have come here.

I bring this up because I'm having to relive my expectations of one year ago by calling admitted students for Joanne DiSalvo. However, with Joanne continually brushing by me, I rarely get the opportunity to tell them what it's really like here. Fortunately, I do get my chance to tell the whole story to those admittees who have been turning up at DSAC parties and the like. And what do I say? I thought you'd never ask.

No sex. None. Unless you're willing to sleep with one of those horny former frat boys who give a new depth of meaning to the term desperate. Actually, I'm pretty desperate; I'm just not that desperate. And dear lord, please help me if I ever am.

It's not that I haven't had dates. I've had plenty. It's just that I can't find a guy who I like who is willing to go past first base. My big sister assigned to me through the WLA explained it to me.

They make all the decent guys turn in their gonads with their \$50 deposit.

A Harvard Law student was honestly the first man to ever insist I keep my clothes on. No joke. And, no, gentlereader, it's not because I'm a dog. Apparently the problem was that I'm not Jewish. I now know that this is what it means to be one of The Chosen People. I tried everything. I used every stupid line that was ever used on me, and then some. I suggested that we play "Ten Commandments." He could be Moses, I could be the burning bush... He didn't go for it. What do you have to do to get a guy to slip you the Hebrew National? If L.A. Law is such the influence on us that it's purported to be, then why are so few of us getting laid? The perennial question asked by admittees is, of course, "Is it really like One-L?" For me, the distinguishing factor between my 1L experience and Scott Turrow's is that I'm not fortunate enough to have a wife at home to cook and clean for me. And if I did, you could be sure I wouldn't feel as sorry for myself as Scott did. I also don't have a book contract lined up so that I don't have to worry about getting a summer job. You could get the impression from One-L that Scott really spent the year at Leavenworth. What exactly was he whining about? He had his wife to do his laundry and buy his groceries dur-

ing Ames. He didn't have to get in line in order to beg Baker & Botts for a job. If it were me, I don't know what I'd do with all that free time. I'd probably just brood some more about not having sex, I guess.

Naturally, the second most frequently asked question is, "Is it like the Paper Chase?" It is beyond me why anyone ever thought this was such a great movie or lent it any credence. It's probably part of the conspiracy in the lawyering community to keep our fees up. "The law school? Oh yeah, terrible. Throwing up when you get called on in class, being ordered to call your mother and tell her you won't be attending law school next year because you screwed up the statement of the facts in Hadley v. Baxendale..." Who's going to fork over an obnoxiously high retainer if they know that the better part of our late nights are spent hunched over Scorpion Bowls and not casebooks?

My real problem with the Paper Chase, however, is that the guy is such a closet case. Why doesn't he just admit he wants to sleep with Kingsfield? Instead he sleeps with Lindsay Wagner and then in the post-coital afterglow



goes downstairs to Kingsfield's office and fondles his pipes and paperweights and things. Perhaps this is the realistic high point of the movie, but I'm not sure.

So what do I tell the admittee? Get as much as you can now, because HLS is on the top of the Vatican's list of approved methods of birth control.

Agenda Neutral — By Eli Clark

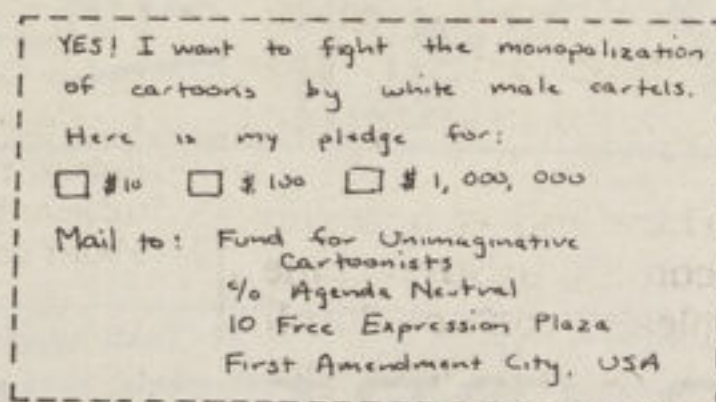
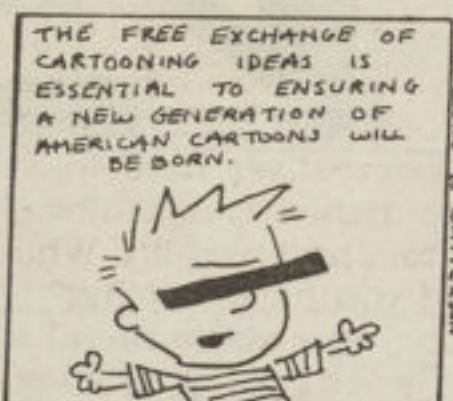
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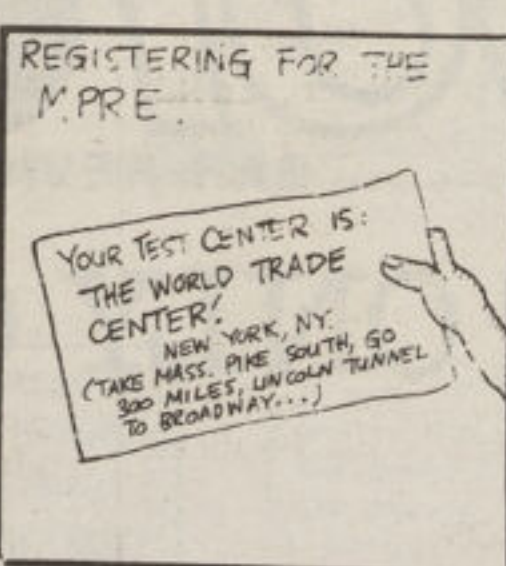
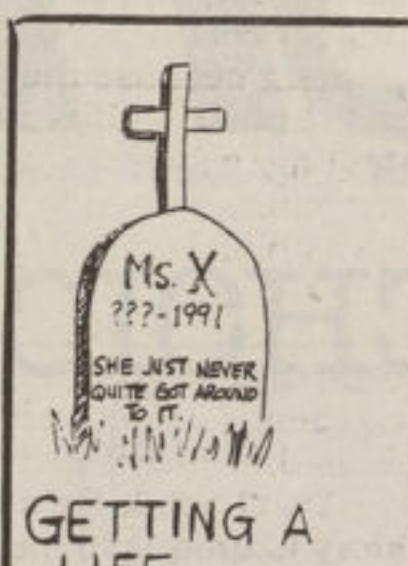
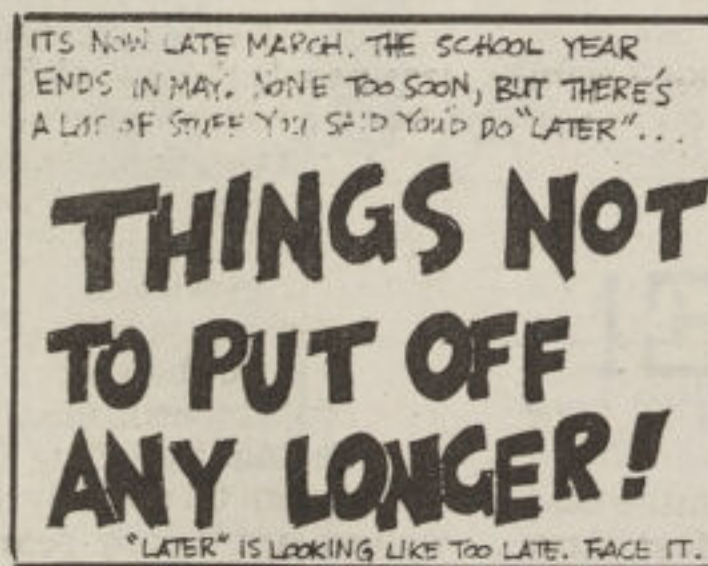
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Law of the Jungle — By The Idle Rich



relativism. You're right; everything you do is Right and everything I do is Wrong, maybe even Queer. And your way of doing what's Right is even Righter still. Cool, I got it.

"Now Fenna, you don't wanna screw up this one. You got your kids to think about."

My kids, my kids, yeah, gotta look out for the kids.

So you know this went on for months, years, jeez-uz, it went on for decades. Bella and Gloria and Madonna came and went, and here I was churning out this arcane column.

And I was getting rich. And my kids were growing up, and going off to Berlin and Bangladesh while I was here feeding the monster my own entrails.

But today I woke up and I looked in the mirror and I decided that the charade had to end sooner or later, that I had to expose my sordid existence to all the world so that they might see that what all along they've been seeing as a paradigmatic dick-headed jock suffering from *petit penis* syndrome is really, under all the newsprint, a 48-year-old mother of three inclined to bed down with her own kind.

Boo, hiss, there goes the readership. Even at my best you think my life is less glamorous than that of your Average Joe, nothing like a gender-defiant Lit-Crit major, insignificant when compared to your own antics last Friday night... before the cops came, that is, and how embarrassing it was to have to call Dad to wire the bail money from L.A.

Huh! You're right! I have no police record, I'm clean and law-abiding (except in Georgia and a few other medieval states). I have no LP records, only eight-track tapes. And now I have no *Harvard Law Record* because the janitor told me he ain't gonna put up with no dame running his favorite column.

Meister Brau to you, dude, I hope your appendage disintegrates.

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Nicks' Food: Yum! My Tummy Says, "More!"

Local Eatery Earns Food Editor's Highest Rating Ever

NICKS
Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge 555-6474

Open-noon-til, everyday, serving
food; prices: cheap; money accepted.



out of four slices

Maybe it's that I've always been
there with special company, or maybe
it's that the neon lighting and personal

By Jules L'enfant
Food Editor

jukeboxes enhance my appetite, or
maybe it's that, by the time the appetiz-
ers arrive, I've already had three beers.
Most likely, however, despite poor ser-
vice and even an occasionally dying
diner, the promise of great, "creative"
food in a sleek, funky atmosphere keeps
me returning to Nicks Beef and Beer.

Washed in neon light, Nicks may at
times feel more like a deep-sea diving
excursion than an evening under the
stars in the dull Boston Gardens. But
the lighting, reflecting off of painted,
peeling wood chairs, low, hanging
lamplogs the greased stained walls cre-
ated a warm glow that permeates the
atmosphere. A simple snot-nosed kid
awning over the booths, flies lining the
windows, a few simple wooden booths
and a black velvet mural of a naked

woman simultaneously evoke Nicks
spartan, earthy interior design style.

Nicks is incredibly cozy—more like
someone's country home than a com-
mercial dining establishment. But don't
let the casual atmosphere fool you—
this is serious food. Chef Nick has
created a menu usual in both ingredi-
ents and preparation.

*Nicks is more like a country home than
a commercial dining establishment.*

The menu is quite small, which is
both good and bad: good because you
won't get lost in a long list of unfamil-
iar-sounding foods, but bad because
the pickings are slim. It's hard to tell
which items are entrees; although one
section of the menu is labelled "En-
trees," some of the foods in other sec-
tions are more expensive. The offerings
include chicken, burgers, and fish.

For example, there's the "Ham-
mered and Boiled Meat" dish finished
in its own juices and mingled with
chilies, salt and pepper. The emphasis
is on ingredients, strong seasonings
and simple flavors.

Nick's attracts what appears to be
an eclectic, non-Harvard crowd of avant-
garde types, plus the kind of people
you'd imagine frequenting British pubs
or cheap motels.

My companion Dominique and I
made reservations for Friday night. Even
so, we had to wait as throngs of people

finished their meals. Our hostess even-
tually greeted us with a big smile and a
heartily "Find a clean spot."

I chose to begin my feast with a
delightful Arkansan chardonnay re-
cently vintaged by Bert and Ernst. Do-
minique had a strong, but reasonably
priced, Black Russian.

For appetizers, I had the vegetable

soup du can while my companion
sampled the fresh french bread. The
soup was nicely crafted. Chef Nick
made sure all the potatoes and carrots
were carefully cubed, discarding those
that weren't. Chef Nick also enhanced
the flavor of his creation by adding
only 15/16 of the can of water to the
condensed stock. Simply marvelous.
Dominique said the bread was good
but the butter was hard.

For my next course I chose the
baked half-chicken with rice and veg-
etables. The chicken was halved and
cooked. I peeled the skin so I'm not
sure how it tasted but the flesh of the
chicken was hot. The rice was slightly
disappointing but did not spoil my
visit. My estimate is that Chef Nick
boils when he should steam.

My corn and green peas were an
astounding blend of tartness and
sweetness with just an undertone of
acidity. As each kernel popped in my

mouth my taste buds exhorted my
mandible to crush and crush again.

Dominique had the cheeseburger
special. Oddly enough, the lettuce was
coated with the same dressing as the
salads. Leave it to Chef Nick to create
new, trendy food combinations. I'm sure
Paul Prudhomme and Julia Child will
soon be following his lead.

It was over the context of
Dominique's cheeseburger that we had
our only disagreement about Nick's.
While I felt that the patty looked and felt
like Australian beef, Dominique de-
tected the distinct taste of soybean.

After finishing our entrees, my
companion strolled into Nick's luxuri-
ous lounge area. We settled on a spot
near the bar and ordered more booze and
sampled one of Nick's famous desserts.

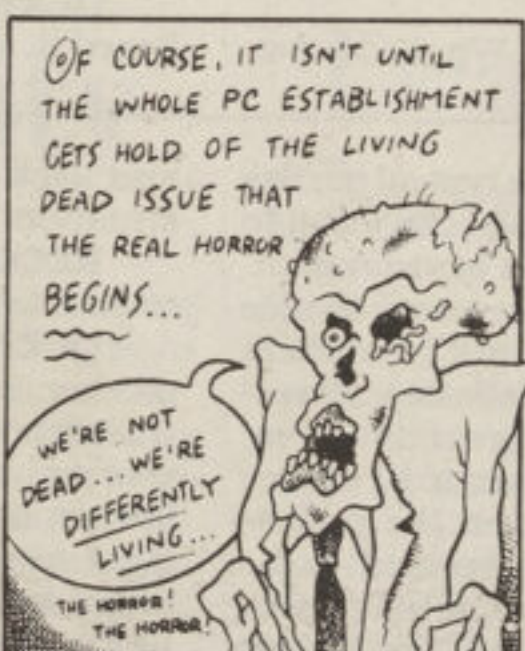
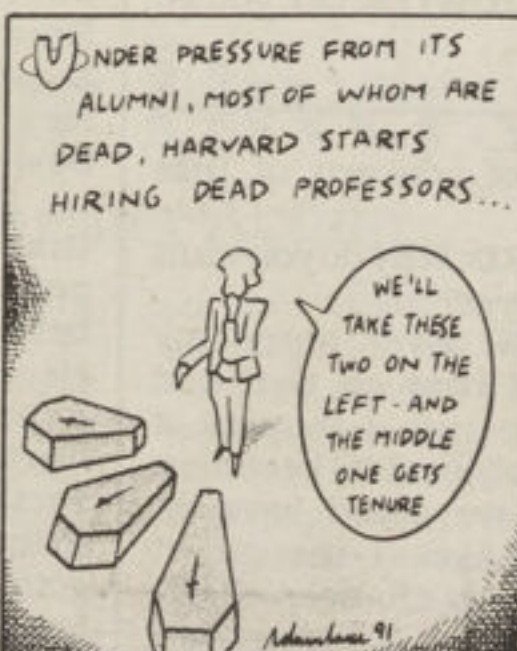
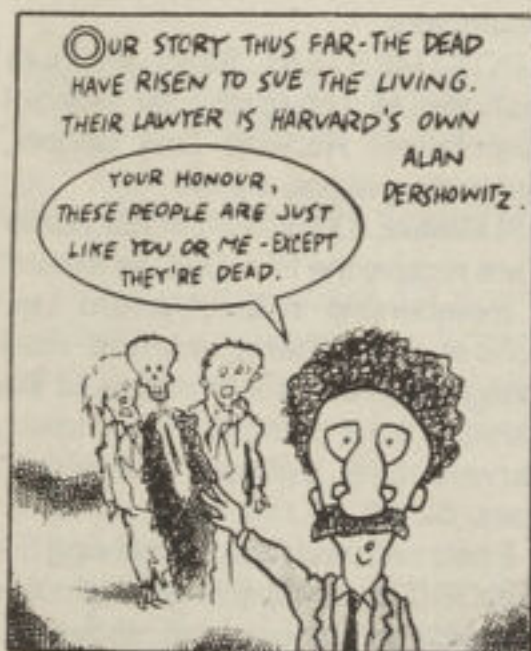
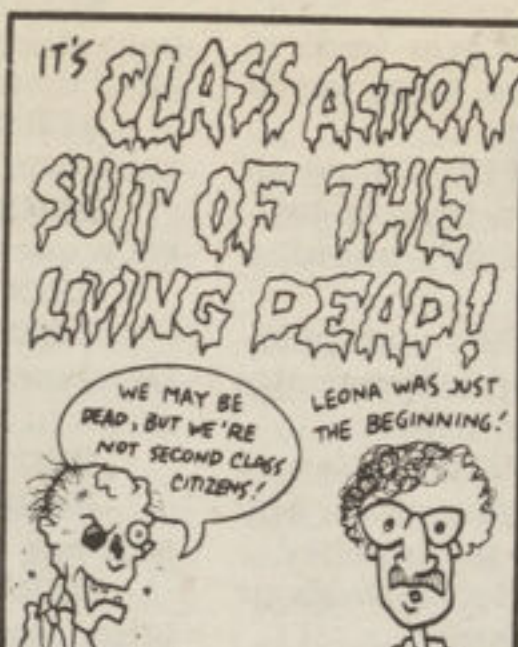
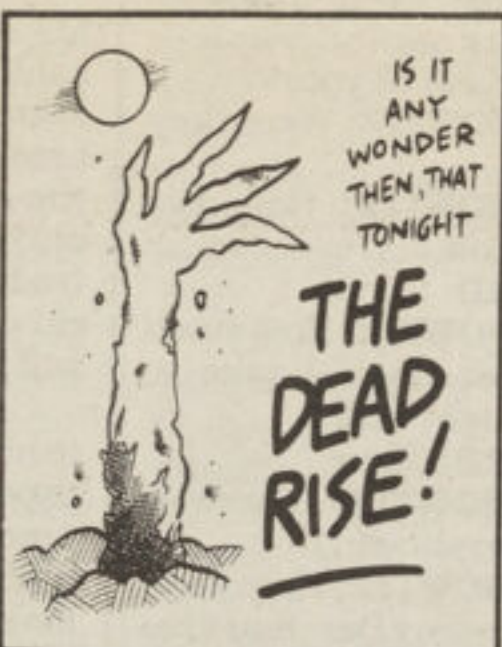
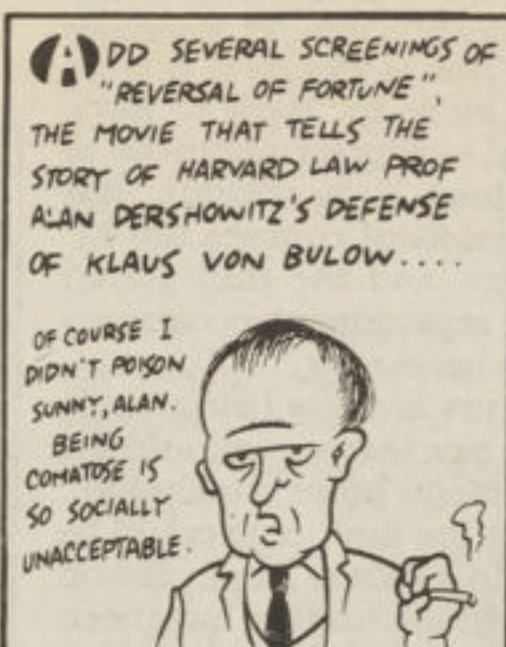
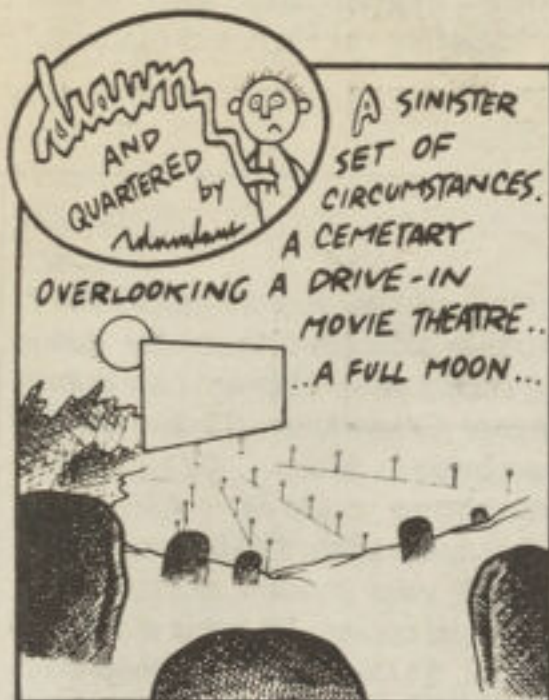
Dessert was perhaps the highlight
of dinner. Along with some sewer water
coffee, we treated ourselves to cake, a
layered chocolate confection, and ice
cream. We weren't sure what was in
these mystery foods—they had a com-
plex and wonderful flavor, dank and
delicious, light but not too sweet. The
pie also beckoned, though we resisted.
For the less adventurous there's cake
and ice cream.

Imagine traveling all over Cam-
bridge in search of the finest cuisine
and finding it right in your own backyard.

When you feel adventurous, crave
lukewarm food or just want a change of
pace, escape the clutches of HLS. Take
a walk on the wild side. Be daring,
different and diaphanous—try Nick's Beef
and Beer Barn.

Drawn And Quartered — By Adam Lane

Fenna



Alright, 'nuff already, I'm
coming out. When I applied for
this job they said, "Look honey,
ya gots a great gob o' gams there
below the waist, but there ain't
no way a dame's gonna cut it as
a Fenna!"

Well, I got my pride and I'm
not gonna play bestial boy for
nobody. So I told the editor to
start advertising for a testostero-
ne god, and I hot-tailed out of
the office to go cool my heels.

So try living off the goodwill
and compassion of your fellow
homo sapiens.

I was back prostrate within a
week. Just couldn't hack taste-
less soup kitchen coffee klutches.

"Oh, god almighty almighty,"
I begged, "I gotta feed my kids,
help me please please please..."

A ha! A traitor to her gender,
we love this kind.

"You'll perpetrate sourpuss
images of girls and floozies, you'll
never refer to an automated re-
production vehicle as a female,
you'll buy into every can of crap
ever sold to the ignorant male
masses, you'll undermine the
self-image of a generation of little
girls, you'll work in the name of
GOD and COUNTRY to edify
these golden tenets of the tes-
tosterone gods!?"

Gulp. I see my kids' distended
bellies. "Yes," I murmured softly.

Well ya know, it wasn't so
bad, except some time the edito-
rial wizards jumped all over my
butt.

"What's this kinder and gen-
tler shit!?"

"That's your president, bozo
brain."

"I voted LaRouche!"

OK, OK, more Inn talk, more
wife talk—you know, she's the
one at the house coping with the
family while you act out misogy-
nist fantasies involving corpo-
rate tools raiding spread sheets,
and inelegant blood-letting
mergers).

More kicking butt, more in-
sensitivity, more indiscretion.

Fenna Page 4

The Poetry Of Dershowitz

Alan Dershowitz. The name calls so many things to mind: attorney, raconteur, avid basketball fan. And, now, to that list we must add: poet. In his newly published volume of verse entitled, "I Am Justice," Professor Dershowitz reveals that he is visionary, a man standing outside of his time, observing the "comédie humaine" with irony, passion, and humility.

The RECORD is proud to present, the poetry of Alan Dershowitz.

The Road Not Taken

By Alan Dershowitz

Two paths diverged in a yellow wood,
And I took the one more travelled by.
Law School.
Now I'm rich and famous.
Bob took the road less travelled:
Some sort of writing thing.
Now he's a washed-up bum.
What an idiot!

Nothing Rhymes With Leona

By Alan Dershowitz

Typing on my Smith Corona
I come upon another groaner
Nothing, oh nothing, rhymes
with Leona.

The Sea Anemone

By Alan Dershowitz

The sea anemone
Sways on subaqueous currents
Waves silent salutations
From Neptune's stony ledges.
But does it have rights?
Who cares?
I care!
Because I am justice!

My Town

by Alan Dershowitz

I love my town;
My town is nice.
It has leafy streets
And brick sidewalks;
It is safe.
I hope that none of my clients
Move to my town.

My Dog Spot

by Alan Dershowitz

My dog spot
Could do a better job
Than William Rehnquist.
And he's just a dog!

Hangin'

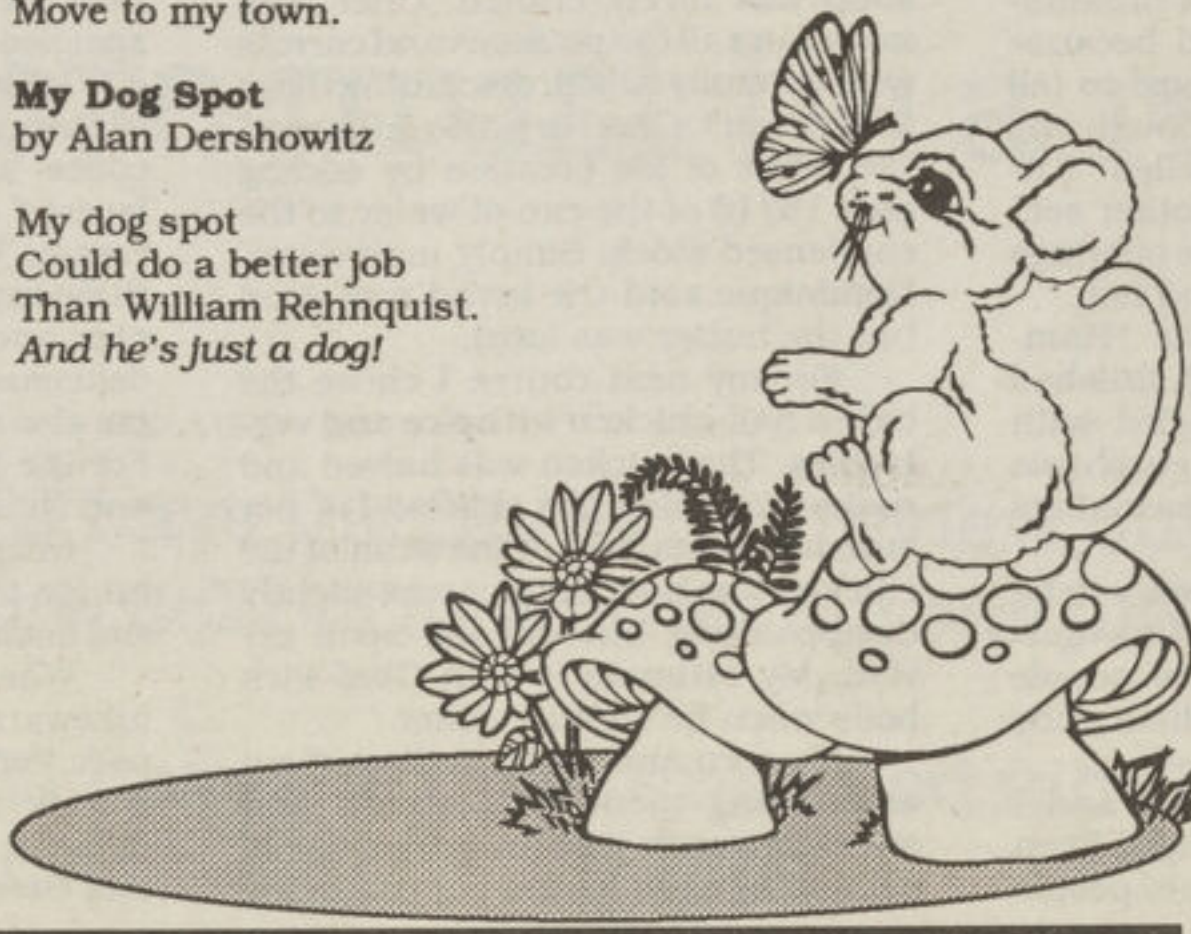
By Alan Dershowitz

This ain't a class, really.
But a hang-out.
And I'm just hangin'
Hangin' with my research
assistant's,
Talkin' 'bout Br'klyn
Tryin' 'a soun' t'gh'r 'n' I is.

Dear Reader

By Alan Dershowitz

Though I appreciate your writing,
And find your problem quite
exciting,
I'm no pro at such decorum:
I think you want the *Forum*.



Dersh

continued from page A

a virgin any more. I see this as the first in a series.

RECORD: So, I understand you've written a new book?

DESHOWITZ: Yes. It's my book of poetry, *I Am Justice*. It's terrific.

RECORD: What inspired you to write a book of poetry?

DESHOWITZ: The beauty of the world. The fleeting nature of life. I see it all.

RECORD: Wow.

DESHOWITZ: Let me share some one couplet with you: *The evidence was inadmissible, But her lips were soft and kissable...*

RECORD: Do you think Mike Tyson should have won last night's fight.

DESHOWITZ: Yes, he's a powerhouse.

RECORD: If you were to fight Mike Tyson, what would your strategy be?

DESHOWITZ: I'd go in low and give him my one-two-three. He wouldn't stand a chance.

RECORD: Are you planning to fight Mike Tyson any time in the near future.

DESHOWITZ: Yes. I challenge him. Any place, any time. He knows my number.

RECORD: Hey, how about that Del? [laughing]

DESHOWITZ: Is that some kind of veiled attack? I hope you're not referring to my Del!

RECORD: What do you

think capital punishment?

DESHOWITZ: You know the answer to that. I think its disgraceful.

RECORD: Even if somebody killed a hundred people—all of them fans of yours?

DESHOWITZ: Were they loyal fans?

DESHOWITZ: Hey, I've got a question.

RECORD: Shoot.

DESHOWITZ: How many Dershowitzes does it take to screw in a light bulb?

RECORD: Three?

DESHOWITZ: There is only one Dershowitz!

DESHOWITZ: Here's another. How many Dershowitzes does it take to bring justice to the oppressed?

RECORD: One?

DESHOWITZ: Oh, you've heard it.

If those were the typical parties at the law school, I can't wait to be a part of this environment. Also, all of the men were so nice to me, that is, until I told them I didn't go to Wellesley. Nevertheless, I had a great time here. Everybody seemed to be so nice and friendly, even the professors. Everyone seemed to be having the times of their lives. I could really feel the Karma while I was here. I also participated in an exhilarating rally for diversity. I don't know what diversity means and no one here could tell me what it means either, but it was sure fun to march around chanting slogans with a sign in my hands.

RECORD: What were you most disappointed by?

QUEEN: I thought the classes were a little small. My undergraduate school was the Fault University of California at Tahoe (FUCT). There, it was not uncommon to be in a class of 2000 students. It seems so wasteful for seats to go unfilled. Don't you know there are people in the world who can't even afford seats, and here Harvard is wasting them. I was a bit turned-off by the callousness

and lack of concern of that situation.

RECORD: Why do you want to be a lawyer?

QUEEN: Ever since my mother got beat on that bad thalidomide rap, I thought it was probably best if I became a lawyer so we could save on legal fees. Also, I thought it might help my chances of getting a part on L.A. Law or any one of the other television shows about lawyers. I've already had my breasts enlarged and my nose fixed so I figure, all I have to do is learn to put up with the Hollywood b.s. which I figure can't be any worse than the law school b.s.

RECORD: What extracurricular activities are you interested in?

QUEEN: I want to grade on to the Harvard Law Record. I think that would be the ultimate accomplishment.

RECORD: Don't you mean the Harvard Law Review?

QUEEN: No, I mean the Record. I have a beautiful singing voice. And the people that I met from the staff were so wonderful.

Fear Stalks HLS Classrooms

Dean Allbarknobite announced a surprising new course to be offered next spring. The course will be called "Law."

By Julie Lincoln

"The course is designed to challenge, to teach and to interest students," said Dean Allbarknobite. The course is an unprecedented move designed to teach actual law rather than droning on endlessly about the professor's pet cosmic theories.

Professor James Boyd, a visitor, will teach the course. He said, "I am excited about coming to Harvard. I hope to teach a course that will challenge the imaginations of Harvard students and teach them something of use while still being stimulating."

If approved, the course would be the first of its kind at Harvard. However, faculty approval is far from certain. The idea has powerful enemies. There appears to be a high degree of concern among faculty members that the advent of informative classes could prompt students to ask difficult questions force professors to spend more time preparing for class by reading boring, unimaginative law books.

Assistant Dean Louise Keeplow announced that he would take a paid leave of absence until all remotely interesting courses with any practical aspects were purged from the law school.

"Who elected Dean Allbarknobite king?" Keeplow said, "This is clearly a double secret move by 'Bark to force present faculty members out of the school. It is obvious that once practical courses are introduced and the fluff gotten rid of, replacement professors will be necessary."

Plans are now being made to hire new teachers should the experiment prove successful. Among the first to go could be WASMA's (White Anglo Saxon Males with Attitudes) have been fired. They will form their own lawfirm of Killer, Fulloftz & Minefield. Their first case will be representing Gilberts, Emanuels, Blonde's, and Legallines who are suing HLS for malicious interference with business prospects.

Prof. Leave Leafman said that what was next was prompting him to leave now before the "[stuff] hit the fan." He said, "Students will begin demanding their money's worth. They will want professors who can bring out the best in them. It will be a disaster. I'm going to a place where quality can't exist—where the students would not recognize quality even if it were under their own nose."

The course allegedly will enable students to get a firm grasp on the several central areas of law by teaching court doctrine and practical applications. One source said, "At other schools students who have taken Contracts are able to draft a contract by themselves without the assistance of a paralegal. Some day, this may be true about Harvard graduates. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one."

LSC president Tenn-Tom Samsteinerian said the student body was shocked by the announcement. "We had no idea that Harvard would be doing anything like this within the

next ten years. Thirty years even.

"Student reaction has mixed. One group of student hoisted the Dean onto their shoulders and paraded him through Harvard yard.

The Crybabies Rallying Against Practicality (CRAP) was outraged and demanded Boyd be replaced by a more suitable, less qualified professor. CRAP activist Sandra Dousinger was upset. "Dean Clark has shown that he clearly does not understand the needs of the student body. We have had meetings; we have rallied; we have pleaded and still the Dean insists on giving us interesting classes. Ninety-nine percent of the students would rather have 'East Antarctica Aborigine Law.' Harvard, where is your uselessness?"

HLS Elephant Society czar Right Allthetime expressed a contrary concern. "We feel the Dean is moving too quickly. Substituting quality for our present courses is a big step. Perhaps we should take a few years and discuss it. Before we had women and other minorities, there were only boring classes taught by boring scholars with no teaching ability. Why should it change now?"

A Bar Bri spokesperson said this new HLS policy could have a devastating effect on business. "No longer will we be able to rely on our best customers, the HLS students, who come in speaking 'slippery slope' arguments and leave articulating the elements of a tort."

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Virginal

continued from page A

RECORD: No, that's Gropius.

QUEEN: I knew it was something like that.

RECORD: Why are you considering Harvard?

QUEEN: Well, I've never been to the East Coast and I thought it might be a worthwhile experience to see how my acne responds to the Northeastern climate. The California climate leaves my pores exposed. Also, I heard the school just approved mandatory pro bono. That's great. I've been pro Bono all my life. I felt so bad for Sonny when he and Cher split up. She gets all the publicity. Now that the school has approved mandatory pro Bono, maybe Sonny will finally get the recognition he deserves. He is Mayor of Palm Springs after all.

RECORD: What impressed you most on your visit?

QUEEN: I had a really good time at the Lincoln's Inn and DSAC parties. I couldn't believe how exciting and fun they were.