



The RECTUM

All the News
your Anus can
Retain

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Law School Plans Major Changes

By Weird Roaring

Though they have tenure and are among the nation's elite law faculty, and got lots of press in *The Paper Chase*, *1L* and *Broken Contract*, Laurence Tribe, Arthur Miller, Alan Dershowitz, Charles Nesson, and David Herwitz may be out of work. In a move that will dramatically reshape the Law School, sources in the Dean's Office announced a major shake-up.

"Even though we don't read those trashy rags, we know what the *Times* and *U.S. News* are saying about us," said an HLS Spokesperson. "Let's face it, even if they are rags, image is everything, and ours isn't even worth a set of classnotes the day after the exam."

The Dean's Office announced that HLS would be undergoing major changes in order to "kick the hell out of those wimps down in New Haven." The curriculum will be completely revamped as Civil Procedure, Criminal Law, Evidence, Con Law, and Accounting will all be replaced with Cloud Watching, Theoretical Ethical Phenomenological Pre-Conceptual Practical Morality, and Star Gazing in an effort to make the curriculum "more touchy-feely."

Nesson seemed to take the

please see *YALE*, page 9

Housing Director Goofed Lottery to be Redrawn

By Lady Z

The Administration announced yesterday afternoon that due to a flaw in its process for assigning random lottery numbers, the on-campus housing lottery must be redrawn. Students will be required to resubmit housing applications by Friday, April 10, so that the new lottery and room assignments may take place the following week.

The Dean's Office has refused to divulge what went wrong with the lottery. Dean Clark assured that the committee in charge of dormitory assignment is entirely unbiased although it cloaks itself in secrecy. This year, he said, there had been a "muck up" that needed correction.

An assistant to the Dean, who asked to remain nameless, commented, "Someone found out that the so-called random lottery was not so random after all."

Following the upsetting news that they must repeat the entire room-selection process, many students have begun to notice the striking correlation between lottery numbers and first semester grades. Ross Morrison '94 observed, "I thought it was fishy that everyone I know who got an A in Contracts also got a lottery number in the top twenty-five. I knew I should have studied harder for that class!"

Niloofer Razi '94, who received the fifth highest lottery number on campus, would not tell us her grades but stated that the President of MENSA had asked her out for "a tall cool one." Meanwhile, David Frakt '94, who admitted that he "just passed by the skin of my teeth," will be living in the Gropius Complex next year, in a men's bathroom.

Several students who were wait listed for on-campus housing refused to give their names, as they feared it might affect their probation status.

A coalition of students has sprung up to investigate this suspicious correlation. The Band of Bad Students against Discriminatory Dormitory Practices (BBS-DDP, or BBS for short) is already planning a students rally on the steps of the Dormitory Office. BBS founder and spokesperson, Mark Landis '94 demands justice: "Should I be discriminated against just because I had Liz Schneider for Civil Procedure and had no clue what was going on all semester? And couldn't understand her ridiculous 50 hour marathon take home final? Look buddy, it's not my problem."

Members of BBS further allege that incoming students are likewise sub

please see *BEAUTIFUL GROPIUS COMPLEX*, page 10



Dean Clark displaying his willingness to negotiate with students.

Michael Jackson Gets Tenure Woman of Color Finally Joins Faculty

By Zorno

Both the Administration and student groups are "THRILLED" by the recent announcement that HLS has offered a tenure track position to Michael Jackson. Bitter hostilities between CCR and the Dean's Office may at last have come to an end.

CCR spokesperson John Bonifaz declared, "Finally, the Administration has realized that hiring a woman of color is not a problem. If it makes the effort; it's easy as A..B..C., 1..2..3., you and me."

Dean Clark seemed just as elated by the offer and commented, "M. Jackson's

credentials are outstanding. The faculty vote was unanimous." From behind closed doors, DBC was overheard singing, "It don't matter cause he's Black and White!"

The RECTUM called the Jackson residence for comment, but according to the National Enquirer, Jackson was having intercourse with the remains of the Elephant Man at the time. "Beat it!" he yelled from the backyard.

If (s)he accepts the offer, Jackson will join the faculty next spring, after having recovered from breast implant surgery.

Allegedly, DBC insisted in his contract that 10% percent of the proceeds from all future Michael Jackson albums go to the HLS fundraising drive. Furthermore, DBC is working on a brilliant new fundraising initiative: HLS will sponsor Jackson's next world tour. In return, the Dean has assured Jackson that the Hark will switch over from Coke to Pepsi as soon as he accepts the offer.

Jackson's specialties are Tort law and race issues. He would teach "Race Relations: If You Can't Beat 'Em Join 'Em" and "Plastic Surgery and Malpractice Law." (S)he also plans to lead a new clinical program exploring cutting liability issues dealing with flammable hair products.

Sex Scandal Shocks HLS

By Ghoti

After weeks of intense investigation, the RECTUM has learned that Dean Robert C. Clark is on the run for defrauding the Campaign for Harvard Law School. DBC was last seen, as pictured, running towards his office to grab his favorite possessions before taking off with Screwdriver Suzy, his new Black "lady friend."

While DBC was purportedly seeking donations for the Campaign, his secret plan was far different.

"It seems that Dean Clark has been haunted since his student days by nightmares of being imprisoned in the Langdell Library and wanted his final gift to HLS students to be the elimination of the library," said Attorney General Barry Williams, who discovered the details of the plot while investigating the Law School's association with the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI).

Instead of looking for the law in Langdell, as DBC's taskmasters forced him to do, future students will put into action the "If you were Czar of the Universe, what would the law be?" philosophy. This will prove much more efficient since HLS attracts students who are very eager to give their opinion and are far superior to other law students who must look in mundane books for the answers.

To carry out his plan, DBC entered into a secret agreement with Fred, the local realtor, to handle the sale of Langdell. His secretary reports that the Library has been sold to the Massachusetts Department of Corrections.

The State is confident that their new program "Sedative Langdell" will deal effectively with the inmates that cause the most trouble in state facilities. The inmates will be assigned legal research problems for local firms and are expected to succumb to the numbing effect of Langdell.

But, aside from the sale of the library, the big question is what has DBC done with all the money that has been pouring into the Campaign?

Inside sources have leaked that he took 90% of the money to live a luggshurious lifestyle on a Pacific island. With the rest of the money he has set up a foundation to help Black women professorial candidates.

Although he has in the past led the fight to keep women of color out of this law school it seems that the mysterious Black woman, Screwdriver Suzy, made her way into his bed and changed his heart.

Before he absconded with the funds, DBC was seen with his woman friend at his favorite local establishment, the Bow & Arrow, where he was doing Blow Jobs, the popular new shot, until the early hours with members of CCR.

Although DBC has loosened up, he isn't taking

please see *SEX, SEX AND MORE SEX* page 9



FOUR WHITE MEN.

Silence of the Lame: An Interview With Arthur Miller

By Alysse Spalding

Arthur "The Cannibal Killer" Miller taught Civil Procedure to several generations of first-years before unexplained disappearances of students from his class — and the Harvard Police — caught up with him. The reports that followed his arrest have become part of the grisly mythology surrounding the Law School. Tales of luckless 1Ls that fell victim to his devouring intellect and insatiable appetite for legal argument are still told and re-told in the halls of HLS. I visited Professor Miller at his solitary-isolation cell to discuss his incarceration, his crimes, and his future plans.

Spalding: Good evening, Professor.

Miller: Good evening, Alysse. That third chapter of the outline giving you trouble?

S: How did you...yes. Do you know something about it? Can you help me?

M: I can. But I'll need something from you. Quid pro quo, Alysse. I'll tell you what you need for your outline; and you'll tell me what's been happening at Harvard Law School.

S: Oh...okay.

M: I'll need your notebooks, textbooks, and tan supplement.

Ah, good. Now; what does this man, this Pennoyer, do? What is his ESSENCE?

S: He...he buys a plot of land.

M: NO, that is INCIDENTAL. He COVETS. Do we covet the property of people we do not KNOW?

S: No...we covet what belongs to people we see every day.

M: ExACTly.

S: Wait! Do you mean...Neff was originally in the same state as Pennoyer?

M: Quid pro quo, Alysse. You were in your room; now you are here. When did you leave?

S: I was taking a nap. I woke up at 1:30...so I just came here.

M: NO, something WOKE you. What was it, Alysse?

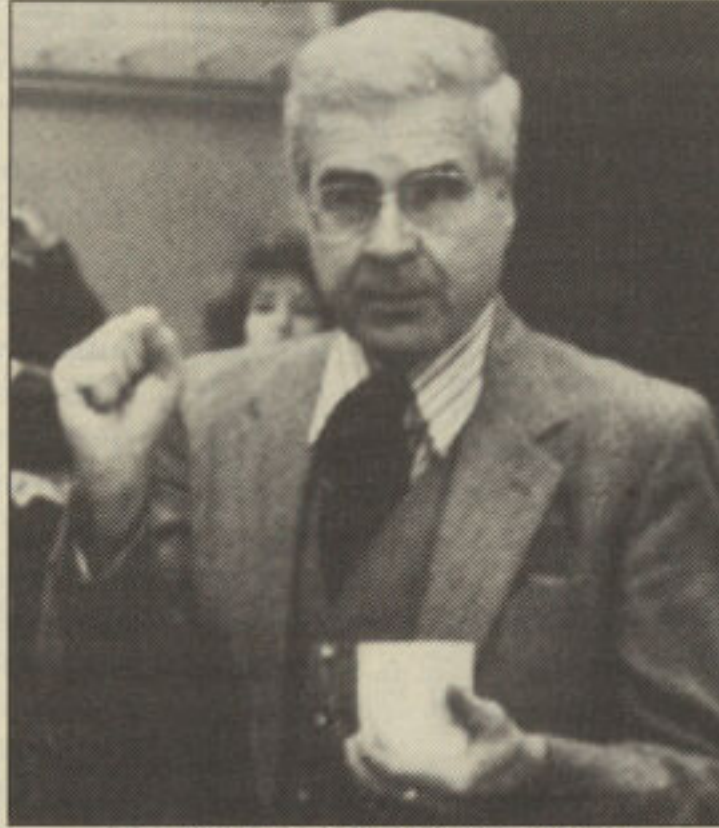
S: I...I heard screaming. I went to look...

M: What was it, Alysse? What was screaming?

S: It...it was the lameoid third-years. They were...getting rejections...it was horrible.

M: So you ran away from HLS?

S: I tried to take one of the lame-os with me...show him there was a world of jobs unrelated to law out there.



Resident cannibal Arthur Miller

M: DID you save him?

S: No. No, he dropped off somewhere near Harvard Square...

M: You still have flashbacks about it, don't you, Alysse? Still hear, in your innermost ear, the screaming of the lames?

S: ...yes...

M: (Apparently losing interest.) I see Dave Souter will be speaking at the Law School forum this week. Since you've inadvertently left your ballpoint pen with the materials you gave me, I believe I'll be able to get out of here in time to attend.

S: Oh, my god, you weren't supposed to —

M: That's all right, Alysse, I won't be revealing your real name to the world at large. The RECTUM is much more interesting with your column in it. Souter and I go back a long ways, you know. That Supreme Court position would have been mine if I hadn't been fool enough to trust him with knowledge of my little indiscretion with Dean Clark.

S: Uh...indiscretion?

M: Yes. I ate his heart several years ago, with lima beans.

S: Excuse me, I think I'll throw up now.

M: Yes, you will. Give Fenno my best.

S: How did you know Fenno and I were...never mind. Goodbye, Professor.

M: See you soon, Alysse.

Author's note: This story is set to go to press tonight, during the Souter speech. Of course, we've all heard by now of Miller's incredible escape, and the manhunt is on. I just received a phone call from Miller himself. He refused to divulge his whereabouts, but I discerned in the background a forum speaker introducing Justice Souter. Professor Miller concluded, "I really have to run now, Alysse. You see, I'm having an old friend for dinner." And then the phone was dead. I'd warn Souter beforehand, but frankly, I think we'd be better off without him. Professor Miller, if you're reading this, I'll see you at the Academy Awards!

Dershowitz Defends Pee-Wee Herman, Takes Home Oscar

By Terri Bathrap

Professor Alan Dershowitz confirmed he was going to appeal entertainer Paul Reuben's conviction for masturbating in a Florida porn theatre. "I assured Pee-Wee that I could get him off," said Dershowitz in a rare RECTUM interview. "I'm not a guy who's afraid to get his hands dirty."

Reubens, who starred in several movies and his own Saturday morning children's show, was ecstatic at getting such a big name attorney to appeal such a seemingly minor conviction. "Derish will help me save my good name!" he ejaculated.

When asked why he had broken a 20 year policy of not granting any interviews to the RECTUM, or even having the courtesy to return reporters' calls, Dershowitz responded, "I thought it was important for the students of HLS to understand my reasons for taking the case, even though it did mean talking to the RECTUM."

Dershowitz stressed he was not taking Reuben's appeal for the publicity value, but rather for "the important legal issues which it represents." When pressed as to exactly what these issues were, Dershowitz rolled his eyes into the back of his head and mumbled something about professional ethics.

Reubens is the latest in a series of luminaries Dershowitz has defended. In a brief but self absorbed presentation, Alan Dershowitz received the Raymond Burr Memorial Oscar for his touching portrayal of a Harvard Law Professor fighting for the legal rights of underprivileged celebrities in his touring one man show, "I'm from Harvard and I Care."

After being snubbed by the Academy in 1989, an ecstatic Dershowitz kissed the Oscar, declaring, "I've wined him, dined him and offered him my services on a contingency basis. But now he's coming home with me to sit on my bedstand right next to my chutzpahs."

In the press room, a tearful

Dershowitz thanked those that had come before him. "I share this award with F. Lee Bailey, Joel Hyatt, Matlock, Steven Bochco and all those Paper Chase guys who had the courage to take the law out of the classroom and into the spotlight. This award shows the efforts of all those little people I let work for me are much appreciated."

The occasional Professor was careful not to undersell his own achievements. "I can describe the difference between 'Reversal [of Fortune]' and this year's show in one word: *me*." I mean, Ron

"I can describe the difference between 'Reversal [of Fortune]' and this year's show in one word: *me*."

Silvers is a good actor but he just doesn't have the... the... Chutzpah, if you will, to put the struggle between meaningful indigent criminal defense and vapid celebrity ass-saving

before a mass media audience. No one does *me* like *me*."

The point was well taken as Dershowitz quickly fell back into character, jumping to Barbara Streisand's defense, only to be disappointed upon learning that the characterization of her failure to be nominated for Best Director as "criminal" was merely figurative. "It's a shame," opined Dershowitz, "With those legs, she's a lot more photogenic than Leona."

The evening was not all champagne and kosher hors d'oeuvres as Dershowitz was soon crowded with questions concerning his current representation of Mike Tyson. However, in a night full of surprises, Dershowitz broke his silence and spoke out with optimism.

"Everything is going fine," Dershowitz assured. "Just yesterday I sealed the deal for the book rights and Denzel Washington is already interested in the film deal."

FILLER

Preparation DBC HEMORRHOID MEDICINE



"Try it! I had the worst time this semester worrying about diversity, fairness, and one-year waiting periods... until I tried this new ointment, Preparation DBC! After only fifteen minutes the [tension] passed, and I could go ahead and hire four White men without worrying!"

**—Dean Baboon Clark
Harvard Law School**



Drunken students spell out what they believe in.

Clark Decries Promiscuity, Drunkenness at HLS

By Cryin' Barson

In a recent address before the Harvard Law School Alumni Association, Dean Robert Clark denounced the "preoccupation" of HLS students with sex and alcohol, at the expense of any meaningful attention to their work or career aspirations. Pointing to the fall of the average student's GPA from 3.3 in the spring of 1991 to 2.4 after the fall semester, Clark called for a "new Puritanism" to take hold among the "Dionysian hordes" of revelers at the law school.

Denouncing the "rampant promiscuity" prevalent throughout the school, Clark remarked that "I doubt there's anyone who hasn't slept with half the people in their class by now." He was particularly critical of the mass, often spontaneous orgies that tend to take place on campus at all hours of the day, including Thursday's strike when students left their morning classes and headed up to Ames Courtroom for several hours of debauchery. A number of HLS professors, declaring their support of the strike, rescheduled the classes, a move that Clark described as "unconscionable."

Clark also blasted the tendency of couples to straggle into class late wearing each other's nightwear. "Such displays of libidinal energy," he claimed, "are hardly conducive to a serious academic atmosphere." Additionally, Clark noted, the final round of this year's Ames moot court competition had to be canceled because nearly all of the members of the two teams skipped it to attend the monthly all-campus "Dress To Get Laid" party. Even HLS students' chances of getting jobs with major firms are being hurt, in Clark's view, by the negative reactions of many on-campus interviewers to discovering unclad couples engaged in noontime "quickies" in Pound and Griswold Hall interviewing rooms.

In the second half of his speech, Clark drew attention to the "excessive alcoholic indulgence" of the HLS student body. He had received numerous complaints, he confided, from Arnold Roberts, manager of The Bow and Arrow, that law school "hell-raisers" were overrunning the bar on Monday and Tuesday nights, scaring away the remaining bikers. In addition, local liquor distributors, according to Clark, are often unable to keep up with an on-campus demand that Wayne Herndon '93, manager of the Backbench Pub, stated often exceeded 15 kegs per night.

Clark expressed particular concern over recent imbibing trends within the Lincoln's Inn Society. With a membership now exceeding 900, the Inn has been forced to move out of its house on Follen Street and take up residence on the Cambridge Common, where the members have pledged that at least 50 of them will be out partying at all times, day and night, according to Lincoln's Inn Neighborhood Relations Chairman Brian Carlson '94.

Clark also vented his outrage at the person or persons who had gone so far as to spike the pipes supplying the Harkness and Pound water fountains with Everclear. He stated that the Law School Administrative Board would be investigating the matter "as soon as they've sobered up."

Finally, Clark drew attention to a recent rally at which intoxicated Coalition for Civil Rights members carried signs reading "Diversity Now!" Following the rally, the students involved staggered off to Clark's office and passed out in his doorway, preventing him from exiting. CCR members still standing refused to drag their colleagues away until Clark had acceded to their demands that he hire a tenured faculty member "who can chug a beer in less than two seconds."

Angry Neighbor Torches Lincoln's Inn *Complains about Noise and Smoke*

By Rodger Morris

Frustrated by the Cambridge License Commission's recent decision to censure him at future hearings, neighbor Marc Rodwin razed the Lincoln's Inn Social Club's house at 44 Follen Street last Saturday Night. Then, when fire trucks and ambulances rushed to the four-alarm blaze, Rodwin telephoned police and complained about the late-night noise and smoke damage.

Police arrested Rodwin for arson and reckless endangerment after they noticed him hampering the rescue efforts by opening local fire hydrants and shouting, "We don't need no water, let the mother fucker burn!"

"I can't believe we all made it out alive," said outgoing president Kut Sever '92. "Especially since it took so long to get the pool table and the stairmasters out first."

The Inn was filled with approximately 230 people for an intimate get-together at 11:30 p.m. when Rodwin ignited the wooden building with a Molotov Cocktail. Newly elected president Bull Steiner reported he saw Rodwin, the Inn's long-time-adversary, peeking through a groundfloor window shortly before he fire-bombed the Inn. "I thought it was like any other evening. He likes to peek in the window. So I mooned him. Little did I know that my ass was grass, and he was the lawnmower."

Alan Wise '92 called the conflagration, which consumed the Inn, a mere "piffle," and noted optimistically that three metal kegs recovered from the blaze were still operational. "Just as did the Phoenix, the Inn will rise from the ashes, even though it may take another 500 years." Weiss has vowed not to shave any part of his

body until the Inn is rebuilt.

As the building burned, many nubile Wellseely co-eds wept softly in the street, while others resignedly sat in the fuck truck which had shipped them in. But several WLA members were seen dancing in Follen Street during the blaze, throwing their bras into the fire and chanting, "Burn, baby, burn." One WLA member said as she bared her breasts defiantly, "This is one small step for the fire department, but one giant step for womankind."

The seven residents of the Inn plan to file a civil suit against Rodwin for trespass, destruction of property, intentional infliction of emotional distress, and being a dick. Henry Finclur '94 said, "Well ya know, down in Tennessee where I come from, we got a name for boys like Rodwin. And you can't print it, even though you've already used the word fuck two times in this article."

Prospects for Inn members to recover funds from their Insurance company are slim, however. Reporters overheard newly elected board members Enu Mangy '94 and Sarah Harvey '94 discussing the problem: "Like, dude! I thought you paid the premium!" "I was too busy not brushing my long blonde hair! Like, why didn't you pay it, dude?"

Josh Shinefelt '93, in charge of coordinating interviews at the Inn, was seen pacing back and forth across the charred ruins, talking on a cordless phone to future employers. "I hope the minimalist setting will place greater emphasis on the candidates themselves," he bullshitted.

At his arraignment at Cambridge Superior Court, Rodwin pled not guilty by reason of p.m.s. Police reported that Rodwin used his one phone call at Police headquarters to complain to the Cambridge License Commission.

Administration Files Antitrust Suit Against Mike Twomey

By Laura Fields

Dean of Students Sarah Wald confirmed on Friday that the Administration has filed an antitrust suit against Mike Twomey '93 after discovering that he is the head of 73% of the student organizations on campus.

"Strictly by market share, this guy is a menace," said antitrust professor and resident hard-ass Phil Areeda. "We've got to break him up. And I can't say I won't enjoy it."

The situation developed into a crisis after Twomey assumed all of the positions from which Francis Philip '93 had resigned over the last two years. Francis asserted, "One or two positions, maybe, I could understand. But all 19? Who does this guy think he is?"

Twomey currently serves as president of LSC, and reportedly controls the ABA, DSAC, BSA, Lincoln's Inn, and a host of other lesser-known student organizations, such as the Society for Power-mongering Students Who Pretend to Be Laid Back (SPSWPBLB) and Elitist Group that Decides How Your Money Is Spent Without Telling Anyone (EGDHYMISPWTA).

The lawsuit would prevent him from controlling these organizations next year, and give teeth to student complaints that he has monopolized control of the campus. Rebecca Eisenberg '93 complained bit-

terly, "He has his finger in almost everything on this campus except me! Why doesn't he just step aside and let somebody else get their hands on something for a change?"

Wayne Herndon '93, manager of the perpetually closed Backbench Pub, agreed, "That guy is a megalomaniac and should be stopped. And moreover, Twomey's weak mustache will never measure up to mine!"

Artur Davis '93 said emphatically, "I don't know what to say, but I feel compelled to say something, no matter how irrelevant."

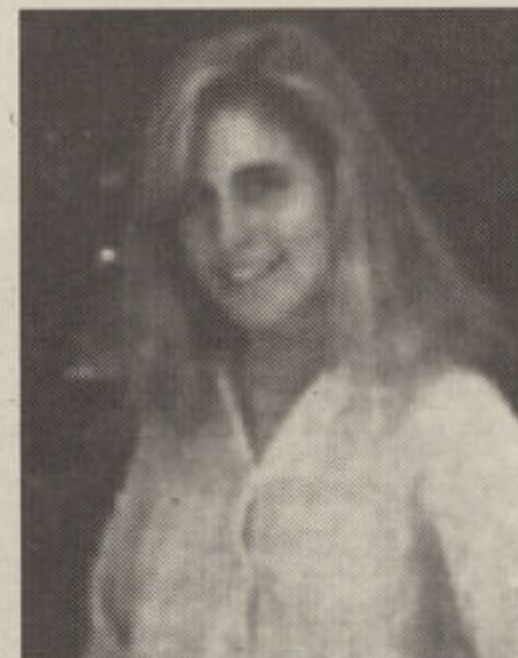
HLS in-house attorney Alan Ryan said he was prepared to take the matter to court. "Yeah, I figure I'll jot a few notes down on some 3X5 cards the night before, just like I did for the CCR thing. I'm not worried. I've got White male hegemony on my side."

The administration had planned to certify a class action against Twomey, but Ryan explained that a little known legal-principle prevented a 23(b) certification, stating, "The real problem is that nobody else smokes enough to have legal standing to sue him."

The RECTUM attempted to contact Twomey to give him an opportunity to defend his leadership of all the organizations. Twomey was drinking bourbon and coke at the Bow and Arrow while perfecting his Biology Ph.D. dissertation, however, and was therefore unavailable for comment.



Mike Twomey



Rebecca Eisenberg

BRIEFS



Hemenway Culprit Caught

Harvard University Police caught the first-year student responsible for breaking and entering several Hemenway lockers and switching students' athletic gear. "His modus operandi was rather strange," Police Chief Johnson reported. "He would crouch behind a row of lockers to see his victims put on someone else's underwear. Then he'd flee."

Doug Talon '93 fell victim to the perpetrator's pranks. "I knew they weren't my underwear when there was too much room in the crotch. Then I noticed there were no skid marks. That clinched it," Talon lamented. Police revealed that the culprit was the same first-year student charged with stealing Harkness meal cards.

Bell to Audition for Broadway

"I've decided to spend my time in New York productively," said Weld Professor of Law Derrick Bell, as he announced plans for his third year of leave. "I have had very bad experiences with the legal profession, so I've decided to start a new career. I'm trying out for the Rockettes." And we didn't even know he could dance.

"People have always said that Blacks can dance," Bell continued. "I've always assumed that to be true of myself too because I am Black and I act Black."

One of the reporters present at the news conference pointed out that dancing for the Rockettes isn't the same as dancin' to a Hammer song as most Blacks do. Bell rejected that argument by asserting, "dancing and dancin' are the same thing. They both involve rhythmic gyrations germane to African peoples."

CCR sues CCR for Copyright Infringement

John Fogarty of the Credence Clearwater Revival (CCR) recently instituted a copyright infringement suit against the Coalition for Civil Rights (CCR). "They use our name, and then manage to get it splashed all over the New York Times while we haven't had a hit in 10 years. It's not fair, and we're gonna make 'em pay," claimed Fogarty. Laura Hankins and Caroline Witcoff are prepared to litigate, but are disappointed with CCR's new struggle. "Who'll stop the rain?" wondered Hankins.

Duncan Kennedy Has 'Encounter' With Another Alien, Gives Birth to Twins

World-reknown legal scholar "Funky" Duncan Kennedy gave birth to a beautiful set of twin girls, Duncan, Jr. and Funkette, on Thursday, April 2. The girls are the product of a tryst between Kennedy and another unidentified being roughly three weeks ago. Scientist and police investigators are probing into this strange story which began on March 13, a Friday.

On that Friday, Kennedy was seen walking around Inman Square in a turtleneck and nothing more. He smelled of butane lighter fluid, stale cigarettes and general B.O. as usual. When police arrested him for vagrancy, mistaking the unshaven delusional professor for homeless, he uttered something about a wonderful experience.

"It was beautiful, and I was there," is what Kennedy kept saying over and over again according to police transcripts. "I reached another world."

It was soon learned that Kennedy was in fact pregnant and that his morning sickness wasn't caused by having to inhale his own morning breath.

Laker Scout Peruses Intramurals

Jerry West, General Manager of the NBA's Los Angeles Lakers, attended several HLS Intramural Basketball games last week scouting new talent for the club. Milt Lazer '92 said that West had interviewed him as a point guard. "He offered me a car and a gold chain. But he changed his tune when I told him I was going to make \$90,000 next year." Lazer hired negotiations guru Roger Fishbreath to hammer out a contract with the Lakers, Nike, Gatorade and the Girl Scouts of America.

Guns and Roses Admitted to HLS

Duff McKagan, bassist for the controversial rock band Guns and Roses, applied and was admitted to HLS' class of 1995. In fact, on the strength of his application alone, the entire band was admitted to next year's 1L class. Axel Rose, lead vocalist, declined the offer, stating, "We are the people that can find whatever you may need; if you've got the money honey, we got your disease."

The Class of '92: Some Do Yet Serve

By Brian Bendig '92

In the spring of one's 3L year, a young person's fancy turns to several horrible realizations. An example: payment will soon be required for all of those 1L year Hark meal lunches placed on long-ago term bills. Thus, insult will finally be added to injury. However, as Richard Kahlenberg (Harvard's answer to Tartuffe) is so earnestly and profitably concerned to remind us, most of the members of the Class of '92 are headed for the halls of filthy lucre, so no matter. And Richard is — as he should be — concerned for our jeopardized souls and failed lives, not our digestive tracts or loan repayment coupon books.

But Twyla Giddings (HLS '92) feels no Kahlenberg-induced pangs of guilt. While not quite on the moral plane of, say, your typical VISTA volunteer, Ms. Giddings is emphatically not marching into any blue-suited ranks. Having resisted the evil-inducing vortices that swirl about the callow as they navigate the tunnels, Twyla is forsaking the July bar exam, the resume-gilding wonders of a Federal clerkship, and even the happy-sad splendor of a big paycheck from a law firm. At least temporarily, she is forsaking all of these rites and statuses to work for — yes, reaffirm yourselves vicariously, members of the outgoing class — Governor Clinton. She wants to help him and Hilary eject the mossy World War II "generation of victors and aluminum-siding salesmen" from the highest seat of power.

Alas, there is an inevitable downside. One bleak afternoon during spring break found Twyla moving door-to-door in a hard-bitten neighborhood hard by the Cross Bronx Expressway. She was dispensing Clinton videotapes. The sounds of gunfire and abused truck transmissions formed the orchestra of her tragic solo: to bring Bill's message to those who need it most. This is a student who belonged, like so many of her colleagues, gambling on some tacky outcrop of tourist-trap sand in the Caribbean. But for Twyla, there is no tan, just soot. Tragic, really.

Twyla is solidly behind Bill. She finds it "groovy" that the Governor admits having taken a few tokes. She adds that it defies logic to believe that Jerry Brown never indulged in any cannabis. She is sure that ex-Governor Moonbeam must have smoked some pot with Tim Leary or Ram Dass, or certainly with Linda Ronstadt.

It has actually been a rocky road to Twyla's unflinching support for Arkansas Bill. Throughout her heavy political work in the primaries, she has had to put other things to the side. In her own words, "ah, it...you know, it feels like I've already graduated or something...but, it goes without saying...I mean, that I haven't yet...like, I have 12 classroom credits this term, plus a third-year paper that, like, isn't even a topic as of the present time."

Like so many others, Twyla came to Clinton only after several other donkeys were shot out from under her. She started with Doug Wilder, but was heartily sickened by his silly feud with Chuck

Robb (as well as by the Senator's most famous staffer, HLS' own conscience and corrective agent: Richard Kahlenberg). Wilder made her support moot by bowing out. Then it was on to Bob Kerrey. But Kerry's mindless mantras on health care made her wince, and then Mr. Nam abandoned the regatta. With an unerring sense of error, Twyla embraced unreconstructed Tom Harkin. She wore out a new pair of Avias for Tom, and then he proved to be of flimsy stuff. Jumping to the camp of favorite son Paul Tsongas in hopes of a Tsuper Tuesday...oh, well. Certain that ex-Governor Moonbeam would soon decide to follow the others over a steaming, meditative cup of sassafras tea, Twyla settled on Bill. And she has stayed with Bill.

If this sounds excessive and unfortunate, it could have been worse. Twyla told this reporter that she passed up a chance to work on Eugene "Clean Gene" McCarthy's quixotic presidential campaign of last year. She wasn't put off by the pathos of Clean Gene's elder latesman-like laments, spoken in Ames Courtroom during one of those Forum events last year. Rather, she didn't want to follow in the exact footsteps of her dad, Norbert Giddings 3d (HLS '68), who ruined his GPA and missed *cum* by working full-time for Senator McCarthy during those giddy but futile months after Clean Gene blew away LBJ in the New Hampshire primary. Twyla likes a winner. So, she wasn't about to hitch her star to the rusty and immobile wagon of ol' George McGovern, more ballast from the past who also announced a brief, comic-opera 1992 candidacy. Twyla, not surprisingly, has her pride (if not her price).

Least one also get the quite mistaken impression that the Giddings of Harwich and Coral Gables are all a gaggle of effete and pointy-headed Democratic Party regulars. Twyla is quick to disdainfully point out that her younger brother, Norbert 4th (HLS '93), is working long and hard for Pat Buchanan. Contacted for this article, Norbert 4th echoed his sister Twyla's concerns about GPA and the "rudderless ship of state." Despite this happy if trite metaphor, Norbert 4th's syntax is, if anything, worse than his older sister's. Rearranging his words into something remotely different from Mall English proved to be too much for this reporter.

On the other hand, one can only hope that these young people of ideas, ideals, and conviction will succeed in their efforts to rise above the worried little selfish spirit of our recessionary times and make their voices and canvassing smiles count in the months ahead. They may thereby redeem the rest of us, stunted of heart and sour of visage — we, the legions of debt-burdened, middle-brow, tuned-out, prematurely old, pop nihilists. We derive faith only from the prospect of avoiding downward mobility. Far better would it be for us, and our communities and country, if we could blow off our courses and go after George Herbert Walker Bush as well. If only we, like Twyla and Norbert 4th, could overcome our suspicion that the stellar incumbent will end up defeating None of the Above this November.

Harvard Law Review

Due to a clerical error, the *Harvard Law Review* is short 10 staff members. Rather than wait for the *Law Review* writing competition at the end of the year, we will be filling these spots on a first-come, first-served basis.

Anyone interested should come to Gannett House at 6:00AM on Monday, April 5.

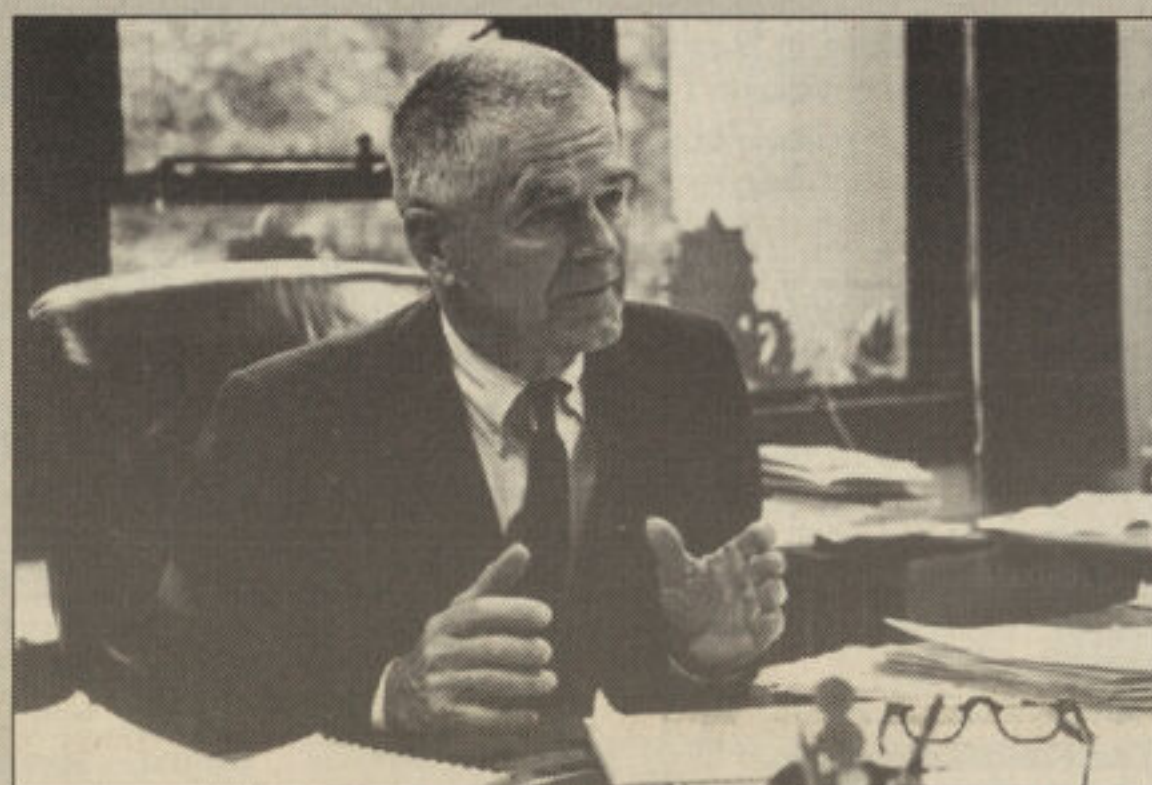
RECTUM Quiz: *How big was it?*



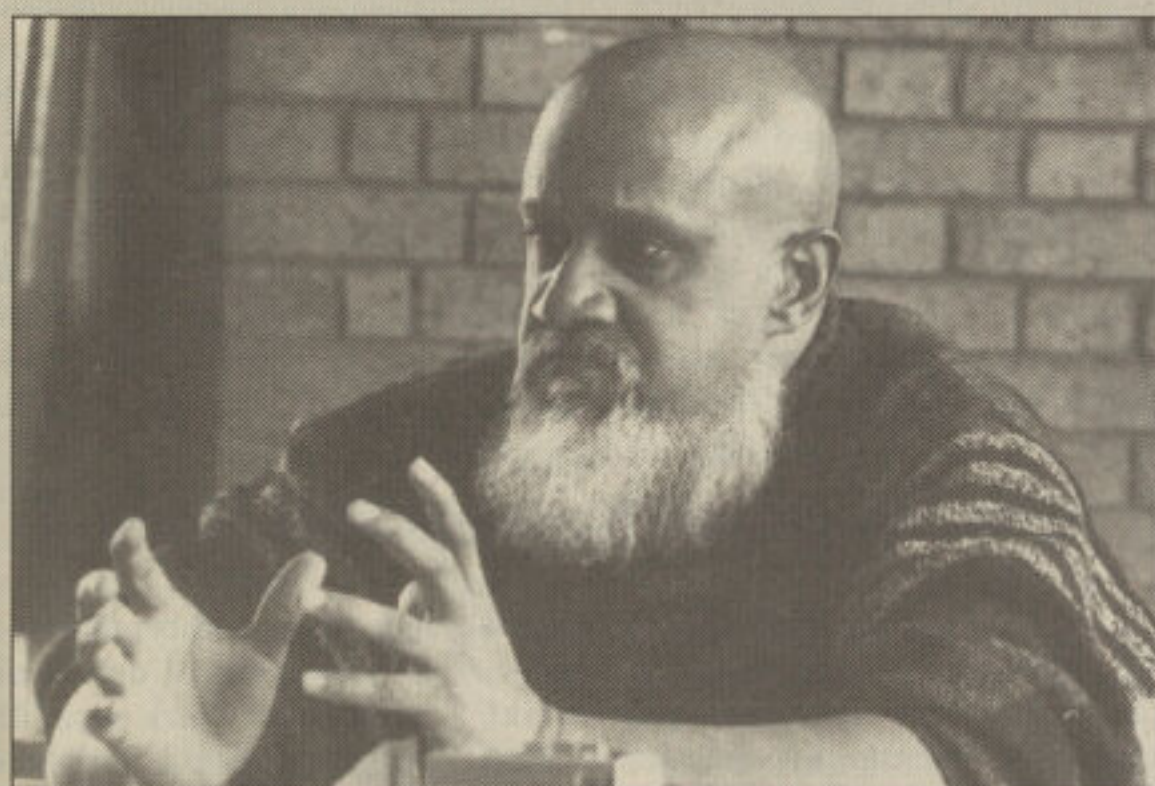
Ralph Nader: "It was this big!"



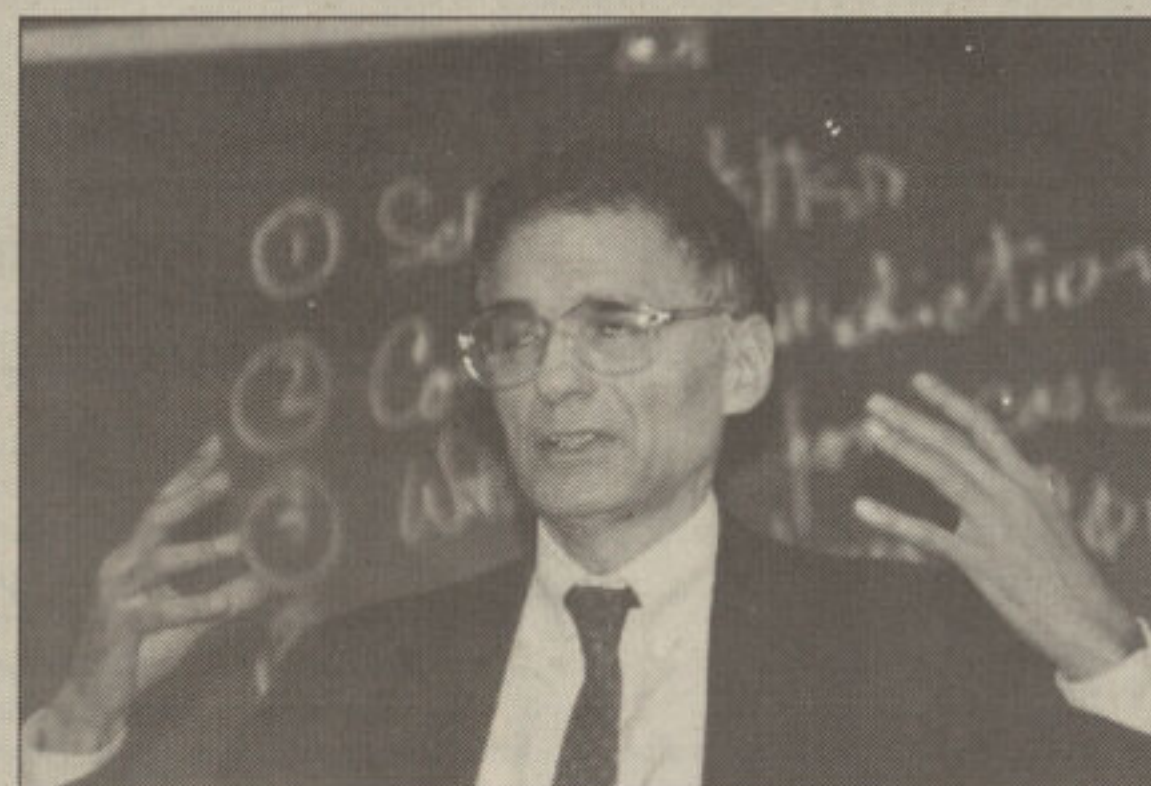
Some Dorky Prof: "That is to say, it was this big."



Archibald Cox: "Dammit! I tell you it was this big!"



Leonard Jeffries' bodyguard: "Then I started squeezing..."



Nader again: "Did I say that big? I meant **this** big"



Rudy: "By God! It was fucking huge!!"

Harvard Law RECTUM

Founded way before you were born

B.A. Baracas
Editor-In-Chief

An April Fools conversation between two students:

Raymond: Hey Carla, I didn't see you in class today.

Carla: I was...uh...studying, yea, studying.

Raymond: You mean skipping don't you?

Carla: No, I was really studying. I've got a Fed Lit brief due today.

Did I miss anything in class? Were there any April Fools jokes?

Raymond: No, just the professor.

*"Innocent, I have endured a whole year in prison,
Using my tears for ink, I turn my thoughts into verses."
Ho Chi Minh*

Letter from Exile

Dear Members of the Harvard Law School Community:

I take no responsibility for anything in this issue. My authority has been usurped. I have been the victim of a coup and I am asking for your help in restoring me as the proper Editor-in-Chief of the RECTUM.

I write to you in exile from a receptive and friendly place somewhere in New Haven, Connecticut. My betrayers have sent death squads after me so obviously I cannot reveal my exact location. Let's just say I am in a place where the school colors are blue and white and the name of the school rhymes with stale. Do not fear for my safety, however, Dean Vito has promised me protection, support and comfort until I am rightfully returned.

The coup was led by a group of violent femmes who have been surreptitiously, and purportedly innocuously, working their way onto the masthead. Jennifer "The Militant, Strident and Dictatorial One" Douglas has assumed full power but she herself is already threatened by Vanessa "Go On Girl" Mackey. There are also factional rumblings within the movement from Gloria "The Peace Lover, NOT!" Gilmore and Lesley "Let's Torch This Joint" Zelmer. The coup leaders were supplied with arms and ammunition from Barry "Of Ostensible Gentlemanly Nature and High Breeding" Dunn. The instability they bring to our prestigious and well-regarded paper will undermine the steady progress we have made from the left to the fringe.

In claiming constitutional authority, the coup leaders invoked an old, nearly forgotten, outdated paragraph in our charter which says "The Editor-in-Chief can be removed for incompetence." Although this paragraph is admittedly officially on the books, it has never been used in RECTUM history.

The changes they bring forth are already evident. Gone are the days of pious, self-righteous sanctimony. Gone are the days of inept liberal influences, and "not exactly objective" reporting. Gone are the good ole days. The new leaders fancy themselves humorists. Well, we are not amused.

The coup is illegal. And I promise the readers of this paper, with your support, the good ole days will return soon. Those loyal to me, Kyle "The Indefatigable Saint" Carlyle, Bob "Down Wit' The Cause" Chambers and Curt "Let's Do It" Simons are planning our immediate return.

Don't believe the hype! Fight the Power!

Baaaaaa

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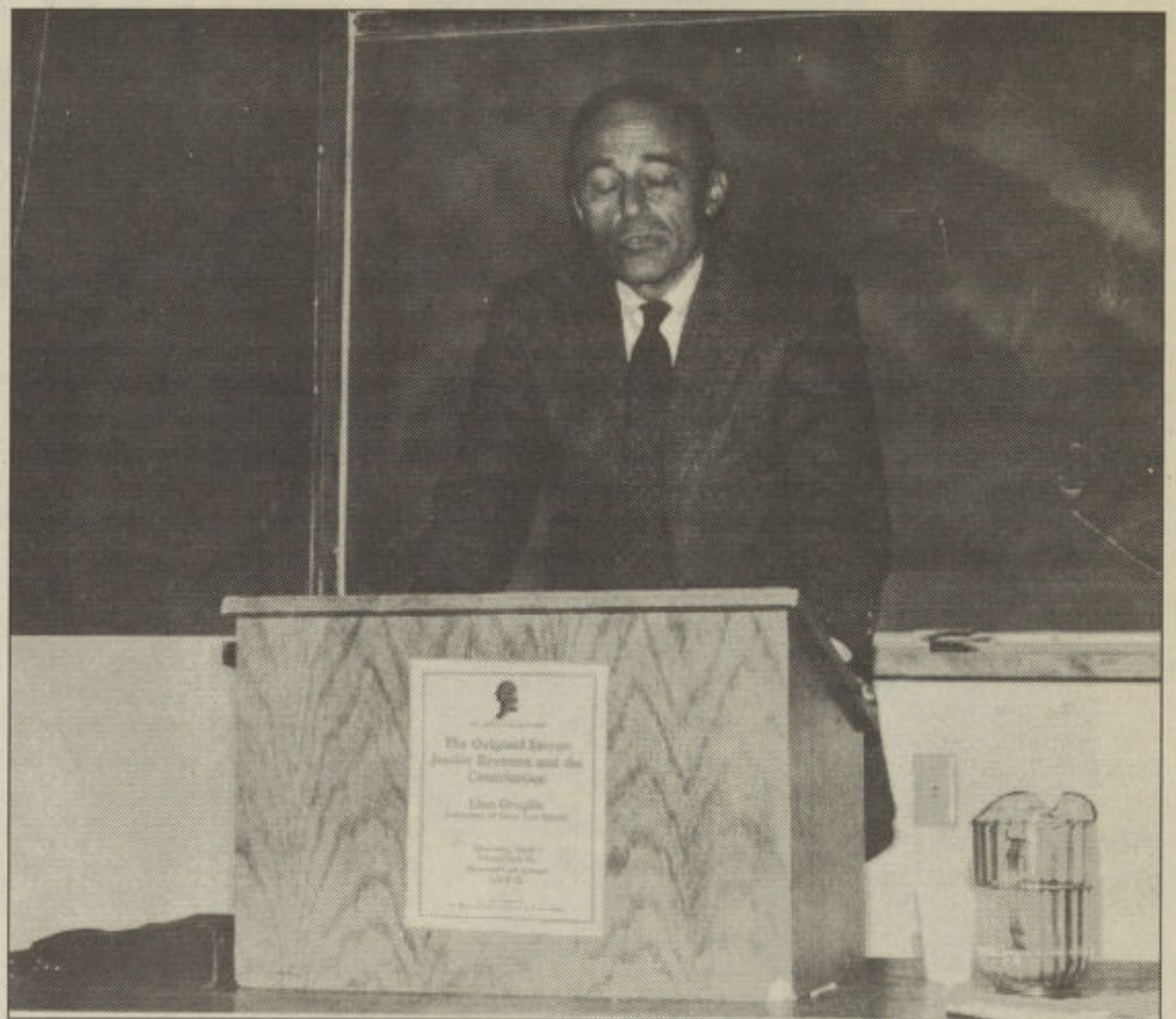
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"Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press;..."
—First Amendment, U.S. Constitution



What do **you** think is happening behind this podium?

• Letters •

Fried Explains Ad Board Action Against Students

To the Editor:

In case I am about to become a "White man" in an article about the sit-in that occurred in my office on March 18, I want the RECTUM and the entire student body to know that I am more than a White man, I am the one and only Charles Fried.

I have filed a complaint with the Administrative Board because these students need to learn that their silly causes do not belong

in the revered halls of Harvard Law School. And if they really want to sit somewhere, they should be sitting in the library, where they belong.

That's the problem with students today — they have their priorities all screwed up. In my days, I and the other White men in my class realized our time was best spent sitting in the halls of Langdell reading the wonderful words of the great judges.

All this talk about role-models is nonsense — I was never at a loss for role-models and I can't understand why these students are having such problems. I have discussed this with the Admissions Committee and they are considering my proposal to require a declaration for admission: "I fully understand and support the meritocracy standards espoused by Charles Fried."

Charles Fried

B-School Dean Offers Solution for Pool Problem

To the Editor:

All I keep hearing about these days is this alleged "pool problem" afflicting the Law School. Well, frankly, I have no sympathy. We have a jacuzzi and our own olympic-size swimming

pool, and law students still can't use them no matter how hard up they are. If the HLS alumni association would wise up and encourage graduates to give more money to improving your athletic facilities, the "pool prob-

lem" would be solved quicker than your graduates sell out their ideals to big business.

John MacArthur
Dean, Harvard
Business School

Distinguish Between Homo Sapiens and Homos

To the Editor:

While I would agree that gays and lesbians are people too, I think it's important to distinguish between Homo Sapiens and Homosexuals. The former is man: natural,

strong, lusty to procreate with the weaker vessel, just like G-d and Christ would have wanted it. The latter is a pansy buttstabbing some other girly-man. It's just not natural. As Christians, we need to help

our misguided bretheren to join the fold. I don't care what Dean Clark says. I'm right, and I can cite obscure historical and biblical references to prove it!

Shawn B. Bunch '92
Out on a Peninsula

The Peninsula? Gay Bashing? Inconceivable!

To the Editor:

Yeah! What he said goes double for me.

My Turn '92

Joy Concocts Homophobe of the Year Contest

To the Editor:

This kind of prejudice against gays and lesbians makes me want to spew.

You self-righteous bible-thumpers deserve to win an award for insensitivity to homosexuals...if only there were such an award.

I know! I'll make one up! And you win it! That'll show you.

Lovejoy '93

Peninsula Editors Cry to RECTUM for Support

To the Editor:

We're really upset at being nominated homophobes of the year. We're not bigots. Don't believe anything that little faggot says.

Shawn B. Bunch '92
My Turn '92

Oscar Night: A Reflection of Law School

By Joe N. Tertainment

Like hundreds of millions of star-struck boneheads all over the Western world, and, I suspect, more than a few HLS students, I watched the CBS Academy Awards telecast Monday night. This year's Oscars were everything we have come to expect from the Academy: over four mind-numbing hours of self-congratulatory butt-smooching involving hundreds of poorly-dressed Hollywood half-wits waxing political while handing out cheesy golden statuettes. As usual, Billy Crystal was as funny as it is possible to be in the circumstances, and the big production numbers...well, *sucked*.

Jonathan Demme's *Silence of The Lambs*, which CNN in a rare moment of semantic stupidity referred to as an "...intense psychodrama...", was the big winner, garnering Oscars for Best Picture, Best Adapted Screenplay, Best Director, Best Actor (Anthony Hopkins) and Best Actress (Jodie Foster). Mercedes Ruehl won the Best Supporting Actress Award for *The Fisher King*, and Jack Palance won the Best Supporting Actor Oscar for out-living his contemporaries, and for making *Shane*

all those years ago. Finally, Callie Khouri won the Best Original Screenplay award for *Thelma and Louise*, the landmark feminist diatribe that broke new ground by suggesting that women can be violent, idiotic sexual predators too.

Most of the awards, however, were won by huge packs of nerds with names like Irving and Simon for stunning artistic endeavors like costuming, make-up and sound mixing. The proliferation of technical Oscars in the past ten or twelve years (*Terminator 2: Judgment Day* won four Oscars, all for technical achievement) reflects a fundamental trend in the movie industry. Cameras and computers and animation are becoming the real stars of the movies we watch, and the vapid celebrity morons who mouth the words of a cinematic Tolstoy while being filmed against a blue-screen by seven or

eight expensive 35mm cameras are becoming increasingly fungible.

And those vapid celebrity morons were in fine form Monday night. As star after star blew schmoozy little verbal kisses at the ever-tearful Barbra Streisand (who was not nominated for best director for the kitschy, excreble *Prince of Tides*), and star after star urged the federal government to increase funding for AIDS research (while CBS steadfastly refused to acknowledge that several hundred Queer Nation protesters were shouting their lungs out in front of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion) it became increasingly clear that Hollywood stars think we care what they think.

It also became increasingly clear that celebrities appearing on television should not be allowed to offend the sensibilities of all persons of taste and culture by dressing themselves.

After cameras showed Richard Gere, Robin Williams, and Kevin Costner all in competition for the "Star Who Looks Most Like A Guy Who Hangs Out in the Greyhound Bus Station Award", and Geena Davis tottered on stage in a dress that looked like something someone would wear to the prom in Revere, Mass., I was thankful that someone else chooses what movie stars actually wear in the movies.

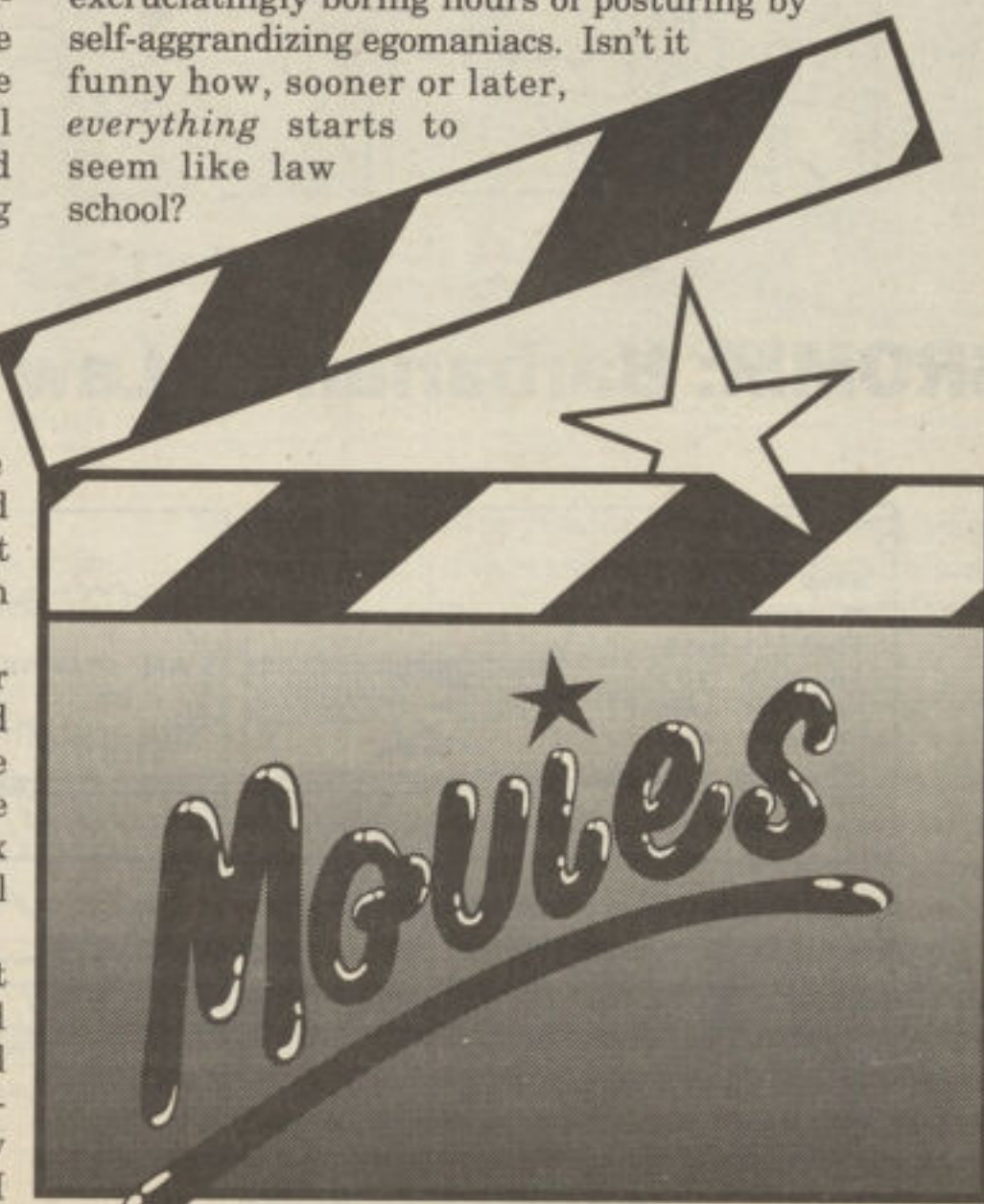
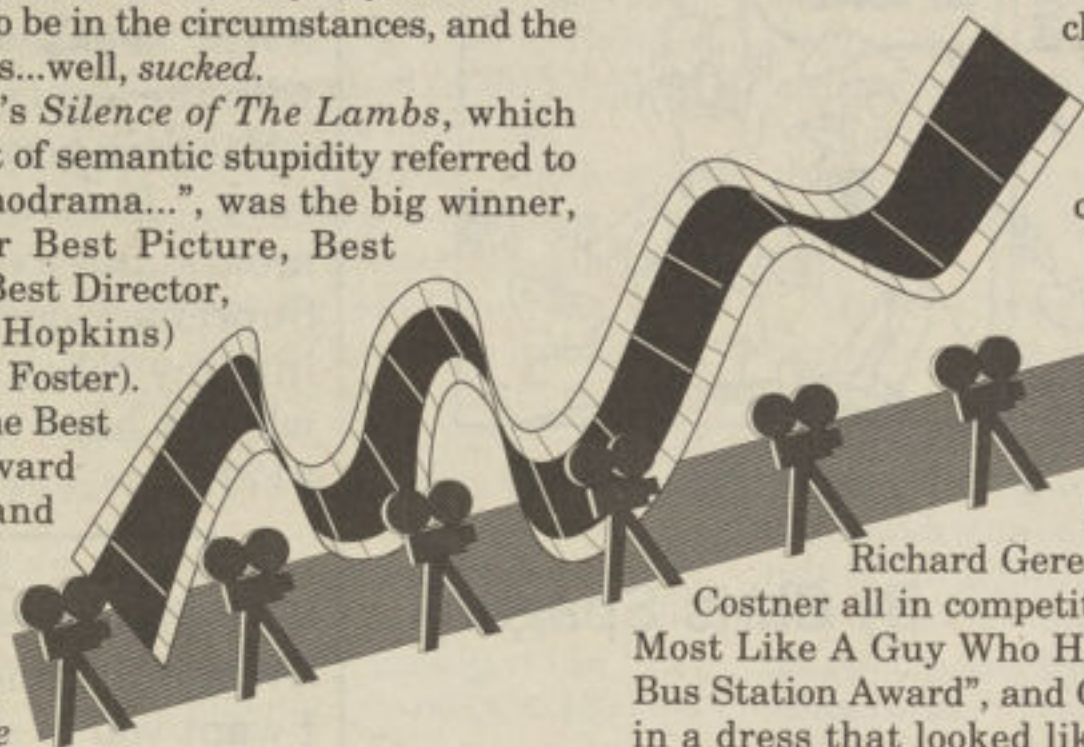
So, silly stars hand out meaningless awards to other silly stars and to techno-dweebs, who then drone on and on about various injustices, from the slighting of the Funny Girl to defense over-spending and the plight of the benighted Baluchis who yearn to breathe free. And six hundred million people watch the whole foolish festival on television. Funny world.

As the Oscar telecast came to an end, still without the dramatic disruption promised by Queer Nation and ACT-UP to protest Hollywood stereotyping of gays and lesbians (who may have concluded that the sexual politics quotient of the Oscar was met by Jodie Foster's coy "Thank you all for not outing me" acceptance speech, I

found myself thinking of, and wishing America was more like, France.

It goes without saying, of course, that France is a silly country, full of rude, arrogant anachronists who have forgotten that no one really cares about their nation any more. But while it is true that the French inexplicably worship LaToya Jackson, Jerry Lewis and Mickey Rourke, they don't worship the Irvings and the Simons, and they don't care what Depardieu thinks about the ozone layer (in fact, they don't care what Mitterand thinks about the ozone layer). If America was like France, we wouldn't care what Kim Basinger thought about anything, and the Oscar ceremony would last an hour.

So, I watched the Oscar ceremony. I wish I hadn't. I wish I could have torn myself away. But I couldn't. Four excruciatingly boring hours of posturing by self-aggrandizing egomaniacs. Isn't it funny how, sooner or later, everything starts to seem like law school?



Fenno

Fenno couldn't believe it. There wasn't one course he wanted to take. Where was "The Dram-Shop Act: The Law of Taverns," or "C'mon, Was it Really Sexual Harassment?: I Was Just Being Friendly" or "The Megafim: A Seminar in How to Kiss Butt for \$85,000 a Year" or any of his other old favorites? Even "Law and Sleeping Late: A Sociological Perspective" wasn't being taught next year. The clinicals were even worse. Where was "Brattle Street Legal Services" or "Lobbying for Lincoln's Inn - Legal Aid for the Oppressed?"

He checked the course guide, from cover to cover, but none of his standbys were there. He, like all other responsible students, read the Advisor from front to back, but to no avail. Alas, all his favorite professors were on leave, denied tenure, or had been signed by Yale as free agents in the wake of the *U.S. News* rankings.

"Just my luck," he thought, "I'll probably get stuck taking 'Feminism: Why Pundscum is Better than the Average Man' or 'Derrid Bell: Man, Myth, or Legend?'" Pouring through the selections, he realized the situation was critical. "Good God," he shrieked, "I may finally have to take Professional Responsibility!"

He was desperate. He tried the postings for new courses outside the registrar's office - "The Law of Medieval Albania," "Law and Post-Modern Art," and "Fun and Games with the U.C.C." - but to no avail. He even read the cross-reg. catalogues from every grad school at Harvard; "B-School?" he thought, "Nah, too cutthroat." "Med school?" "Too hard." "K-School?" "Too liberal." "G.S.A.S.?" "Too Flaky." "Div School?" "God no!"

In complete despair he turned to

the group counseling session offered by the registrar's office. Three hours of why secured transactions are a really neat field almost killed him, but when he noticed the cute 1L deciding on whether she should take Areeda, Miller, Fried, and Herwitz all at once, it made his day worthwhile. Despite the fact she wouldn't go out with him, give him her phone number, or even acknowledge his existence, Fenno knew he had made a pretty good start. "She digs me" he concluded, "I can feel it."

What Fenno overlooked was that while he was coming on to that 1L, he missed the registration deadline. When he got his schedule back, his jaw hit the floor. "Don't Fuck with Chuck: The Life and Times of Charles Fried," team taught by the directors of C.C.R., "You Haven't Done the Reading? We Have Ways of Dealing With People Like You" with Areeda, "You could do that, if you were a damn fool" with Herwitz, and "Never Mind the Casebook, Let's Talk About Me" with Dersh.

After drinking himself into a stupor, Fenno looked at his schedule and thought with all the naivete of a 1L, "I'm sure something good will turn up in add drop."

Quote of the Week

"Opinions are like assholes—everybody has one."

—Overheard at a recent Appointments Committee meeting

"Remember the dork who always wore suits to class and who wet his pants the first time he got called on?"

BROKEN RECORD

Yet another tale of a student who survived Harvard Law School and lived to whine about it

Wimpy T. Smith

Ever wonder what happened to him? Well, he got a book contract, and now he has a best-seller whining about how *corrupting* this place is. He asked me to write this review since he used to work for me, and I can assure you that if I had read the book, it might have changed my life."

—Marty Peretz
The New Republic

"Broken Record" should be read by every stuck-up teacher's pet even minutely contemplating sinking \$60,000 into a lawyer factory like Harvard. Maybe if enough people read it, the current surplus of lawyers will be replaced by more socially valuable professions, like tax evaders, wife killers, junk bond manipulators and rapists."

—Alan Dershowitz
author of *Meshugas*

\$29.95

(a mere 0.2% of HLS tuition)

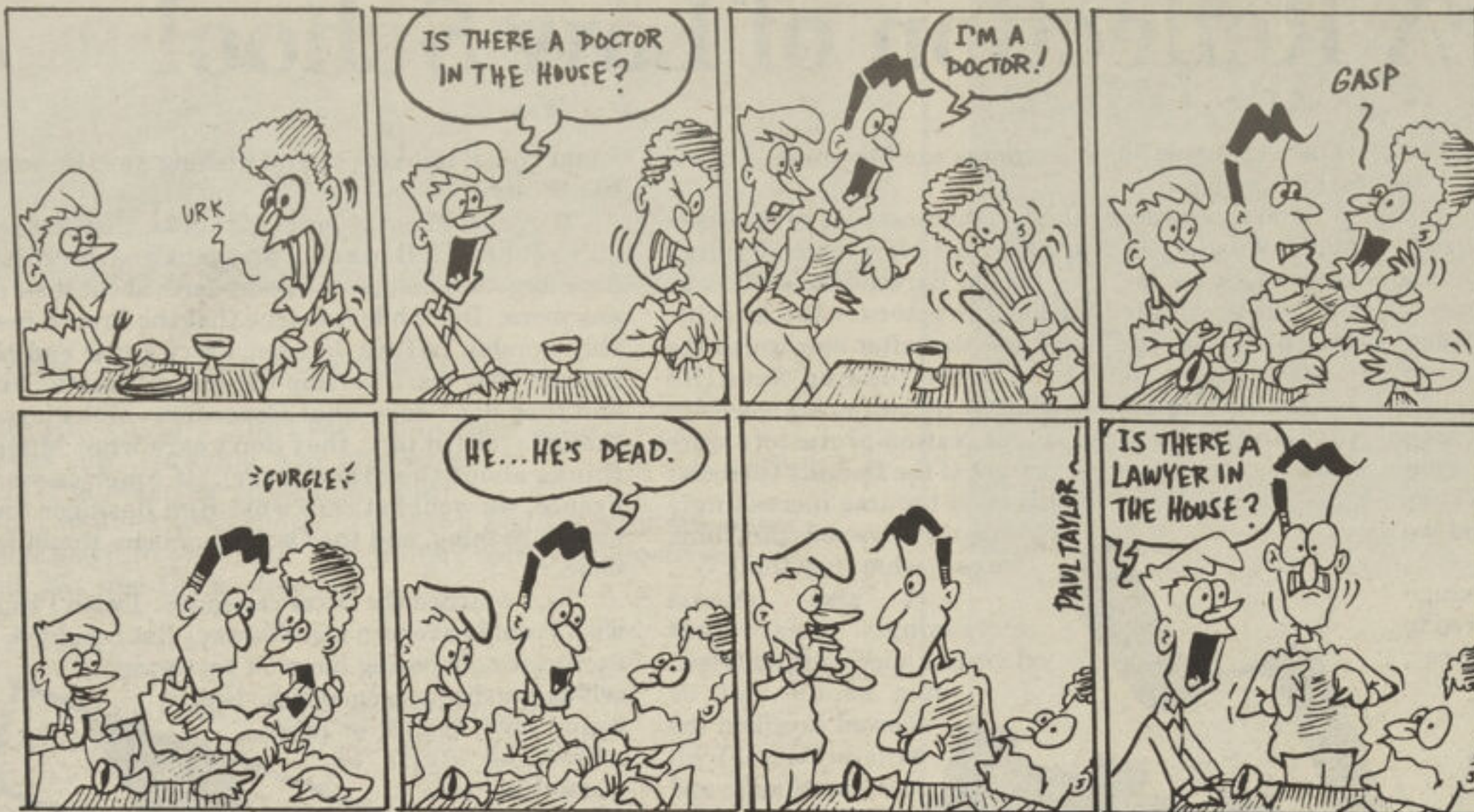
BROKEN RECORD

Wimpy T. Smith

WITH A FORWARD BY ROBERT C. CLARK

Liabilities

By Paul Taylor



GROMM: Barbarian at Law

By Chris Spagnoli



A Day In The Life.....



Professor Charles Nesson prepares to teach his Evidence class.

PERSONALS

Do you enjoy bamboo shoots under your fingernails? Do you think a monthly enema is prudent? Does your idea of a good time involve a hyperactive gerbil and Wesson Oil? Then you're ready for the Law School social scene. Call 1-900-HLS-LOVE. Then you can be matched up with a HLS students as desperate as you.

SWM seeks woman of color with the legal qualifications of a white man born in the 19th century. Presidential appointments and experience on the Supreme Court a must. Come into my robes and you'll know why it's hard to get in. -Bob C. #1776

SWF, IL into res judicata seeks SWM into promissory estoppel. I want you to share my outline. Call now. -Pam C. #3443

SWF, 2L, seeking a man more entertaining and a better conversationalist than my vibrator. -Alysse #2803

SM who has the courage to seek a meaningful and growing relationship in the turbulent times of young adulthood in a recession seeks an intelligent, career minded woman with glowing self-esteem and professional confidence. -Not!!!!

I'm on law review. Sleep with me. -Dave #3335

Very WM seeks submissive partner for some real justice. Feel the strong arm of the law. Let me whip you, beat you, and then report you to the administrative board. -Chuck F. #circa 1900

Four White Men seek Four White Women for bland, monochromatic relationship. -Larry, Curly, Mo & Shemp #6969

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Dersh Issues \$100,000 Challenge to Michael Jordan

By Sum Young Guy
Special to the RECTUM

Harvard Law School's demure and quiet professor Alan Dershowitz — Eighth Wonder of the World and author of the definitive manifesto *Chutzpah* — announced in an interview yesterday that he has challenged basketball superstar Michael Jordan — purveyor of Wheaties, Gatorade, etc. and alleged gambler — to a winner-take-all, one-on-one game of "twenty-one."

"I defy Michael to come inside on me," Dershowitz explained. "He thinks Charles Barkley is tough, I'll show him that a kid raised on the streets of Brooklyn is his worst nightmare," he continued.

"The key to stopping Michael is to force him to go to his left," said Dershowitz explaining his strategy. "I'm not particularly concerned about Michael stopping me" he said of the NBA Defensive Player of the Year. The Dershowitz then sank a three-pointer from just beyond the half court line at Hemenway gym, site of the proposed challenge, and winked at the gathered crowd of onlookers. "Unstoppable," the Dershowitz winked and grinned.

"Of course, I don't gamble so my winnings will go to my burgeoning *pro bono* fund. But it's really not a gamble anyway. Any member of my family could beat Michael Jordan. My grandmother could beat Michael Jordan."

For his part the basketball star said that he had heard nothing of the challenge but added, "I won't allow him to use my image on any marketing posters unless I get a million dollars up front. If he doesn't have the

money he can borrow it from Leona, Claus, or Mike [Tyson]."

As for Dershowitz's grandmother Jordan suggested, "I'll meet his grandmother anytime, anywhere, any forum."

A photographer recently managed to capture Dershowitz-a-Ding-a-Ding-Dong honing his skills in the backyard of his Cambridge home. He was wearing a pair of his soon to be released, personally autographed "Ego Boosters," touted for the ability to inflate and lift.

The challenge arose after a brainstorming session with himself and his merry band of sycophantic students, well-wishers, and co-workers, while the Dershowitz was contemplating how to distinguish himself outside of the law and portray his talents as a true "renaissance person" (The Dershowitz politically correct as always).

Along the true renaissance person lines, he called upon Norman Schwartzkopf, the purported liberator of Kuwait, to brush up on his military tactics.

"I don't need an army, just me," Dershowitz said as he



Dersh takes it to the hoop, boosted by his "Ego Boosters."

boarded a yacht in Boston Harbor, owned by potential client George Steinbrenner, and prepared an amphibious assault on Cuba. "I'll show him how to defeat a tyrant and exploit a small, resource-rich nation."

Schwartzkopf could not be reached for comment.

Yale Sucks!

continued from YALE, page 1

elimination of his evidence course in stride. "Well, if you want to make things more touchy-feely, then you should do those things which make it more touchy-feely. You wouldn't want to make it more practical, that wouldn't work."

David Herwitz, reacted with disdain. "Sissies," he remarked, "They can do that. They can go straight to hell too for all I care."

Arthur Miller added "That's O.K., I'll have more time to prepare for Good Morning America, but then again, who will I terrorize?"

When asked for comment, Tribe sneered "I've made my money, I don't need any of you, except to do research. Besides, if Clinton gets elected I'll be one of the Supremes when one of those geezers croak."

Dershowitz, reached in Indianapolis, seemed shocked. "What? no more Crim? Who'll listen to my silly stories? And hey, I'm not doing this case for the money, really."

Also in the works is a dramatic reduction in the student body. First, the Dean's Office announced that anyone who has protested anything will be asked to leave, as will members of "subversive" organizations. "That should get most of the riffraff out," said sources in Griswold. If those cuts should prove insufficient, students will then be expelled in reverse order of

their expected future earnings until the class sizes reach 150.

The Gropius Complex, which will no longer be needed with the reduction in students, will be sold to the Department of Corrections to ease prison crowding in Massachusetts. "A real humanitarian gesture," pointed out Vice-Dean Smith, currently acting campus strongman, "plus the receipts will help the capital drive."

HLS begins an all-out campaign to overtake top-ranked Yale in next year's US News rankings

Smith also pointed out that the reduction in students would ease overcrowding at the Hark Boxes. "Rather than expand facilities, we've cut the Gordian Knot by eliminating useless bodies" he added.

Dean Clark, phoning in from the Bahamas where he

is currently on a fund-raising trip, pointed out that the changes were not designed to make the school more like Yale, which captured the number one ranking in a recent poll. "It's not my decision, it's the Faculty Committee, it's all their fault. Oh, what? Wrong interview. It's the Yale thing? Oh, O.K. Just because we're making the school more like Yale, doesn't mean we're making it more like Yale. We've been planning these changes for years. It was all our idea, even before that damn ranking, which I never looked at, came out."

any risks. DBC has hired the one and only Rocco as his body-guard, who has called the RECTUM from hiding and said that he only leaves DBC's side when he's in bed. Rocco also warns that DBC's lady friend is the star of Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling (GLOW).

The authorities have Interpol and local police all over the world looking for DBC. The Attorney General has told the authorities to place Whites only clubs under special surveillance in the hope that Screwdriver Suzy will stop screwing DBC and the dejected Dean will revert to his past preferences.

Where's Bob?

continued from SEX MACHINE, page 1

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Straight Talk Comes to HLS Campus

By Eddie Outrage

RECTUM Columnist

A new organization has formed on campus for an often ignored, and much maligned, group. Surprisingly, the formation of the group, Horny Heterosexual Men (Ho Hum), has caused almost no reaction. One 2L remarked matter of factly, "I'm not surprised the Lincoln's Inn has reorganized under a new name. They have had so many public image problems up until now."

Apparently the alleged Lincoln's Inn tie is unfounded. Ho Hum President, Mark Quayle, commented, "There is absolutely no connection between the Lincoln's Inn and Ho Hum. Nor will there be any more parties that might disturb the neighbors."

This columnist was allowed to attend a meeting of the new group with the condition that the names of all the members, other than their outspoken President, be kept confidential. Ho Hum dedicated their inaugural meeting to the discussion of the problems they face as members of the Law School's increasingly diverse student body.

One member confessed, in a hushed and stuttering voice, "I can understand two women having sex together, but two men..." "Dave" broke down and was unable to finish his comment. He turned to his neighbor for support. The sensitive giant next to Dave gave him a caring punch on the shoulder that sent him reeling to the floor. Somehow, this blow seemed to correct the momentary disequilibrium in Dave's world and you could tell, from the calm in his eyes, all made sense again.

I later related Dave's comment to a well known law school member of Queer Nation who had a different perspective. He offered this scathing rebuttal to the men involved: "They love their own d*#s so much, why can't they love some other guy's." Hardly poetic, nonetheless, an interesting comment.

Ho Hum's formation has not passed without some controversy. A second year female law student was thwarted in her attempt to join the group. President Quayle (No relation, but still a terrifying combination of words) contended, "If we admit women, then will have to add on to the name and, before you know it, we'll have a name as ridiculous as COGBLLI." I must admit, his point left me without a counter.

Explaining further, Quayle remarked, "Don't get me wrong. We are not against associating with women. I mean we're not gay or anything...Uhm, no offense."

"Of course," I said. Accepting his earnest apology.

"It's just that we prefer they go back to Wellesley during the week so we can study and they can get ready to come back the next weekend. This is really in the best interests of both men and women."

Upon further consideration, the woman withdrew her application for admission. She reasoned, "As I got to know the members, I realized that they were simply a bunch of ugly 'Bubbas' [homo redneck] clinging to the glory years of their frat boy days. You know, the type of guy who thinks that every gay man finds him irresistible and that lesbians would see the light after a night with the magic man." My reporter's sixth sense told me this woman had not quite forgiven Ho Hum for her exclusion.

In order to gain access to the secretive group, I had to promise to allow President Quayle (This phrase is starting to cause my stomach to cramp up) an opportunity to articulate the group's creed. Thus, the rest of this column has been turned over to Mr. Quayle (I just couldn't bear printing that ominous title another time) for

this purpose.

Quayle began, "Initially, I would just like to say that we are pro-diversity group. (The group is currently all white, but it expects to draw in Men of Color with its all encompassing creed.)"

"At our core, we are a group committed to achieving equality and fostering respect for all God's children. We believe that God created men and women as inherently equal beings. Women, just like men, are capable of realizing their greatest dreams provided women restrict their activities to those preordained for them by their creator."

"We believe that the poor Black child from the crime ridden streets of Watts and the rich white male from Greenwich, Connecticut, should be given the same opportunity to walk the hallowed halls of Harvard Law. Further, the best way to ensure equality of opportunity is to maintain a system of race blind admissions so that all the competitors can compete on an on level playing field."

"We believe in the inherent dignity of gays, lesbians and bisexuals and invite them to join us as equals in the brotherhood of the human family. We do, however, find homosexuality to be a concept which is morally repugnant and we are committed, as good Christians, to eradicating homosexuality from the face of the earth."

"Well, I could go on. We have a similar plan for all the little groups out there, but the same message of equality runs throughout."

In closing, I asked Mr. Quayle for his views on faculty diversity. The room fell silent as the President of Ho Hum paused for several minutes of serious reflection. Finally he exclaimed, "Over the last three years at the Law School, I have found many of my professors to be unprepared, unconcerned and generally unskilled in the art of teaching. As such, I find Harvard's claim that it cannot promptly diversify the faculty without compromising the overall quality of the institution, completely disingenuous."

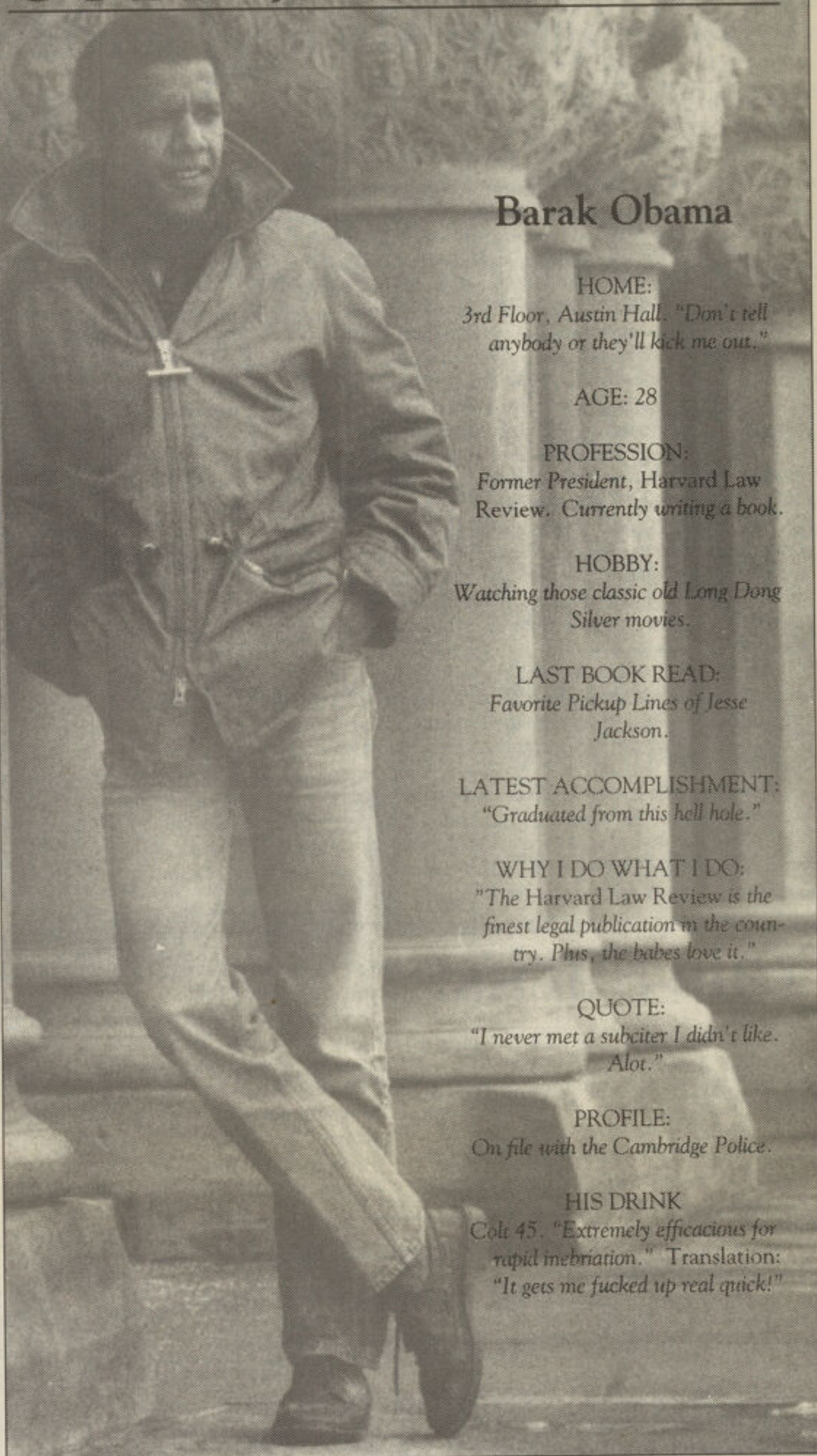
"Oh, wait a minute. Don't print that...."

Housing Screw-up

continued from *LOVE THOSE DORMS*, page 1

ject to discriminatory lottery practices. They assert that preliminary investigation has revealed that residents of

COLT 45'S PROFILE



Barak Obama

HOME:

3rd Floor, Austin Hall. "Don't tell anybody or they'll kick me out."

AGE: 28

PROFESSION:

Former President, Harvard Law Review. Currently writing a book.

HOBBY:

Watching those classic old Long Dong Silver movies.

LAST BOOK READ:

Favorite Pickup Lines of Jesse Jackson.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:

"Graduated from this hell hole."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO:

"The Harvard Law Review is the finest legal publication in the country. Plus, the babes love it."

QUOTE:

"I never met a subciter I didn't like. Alot."

PROFILE:

On file with the Cambridge Police.

HIS DRINK

Colt 45. "Extremely efficacious for rapid inebriation." Translation: "It gets me fucked up real quick!"

cuss this matter, and is currently drafting a nine page memo which no one will read but which should be in students' Hark boxes by Monday. In the meantime, the Administration advises students to go ahead and file new housing forms to assure themselves slots in the next drawing. Attaching large bills is encouraged.

Hastings and Wyeth Halls boast the highest combined GPA/LSAT scores. Henry Finclur '94, a resident of Hastings, commented, "Fuck, yeah."

Dean Clark has agreed to meet with representatives of BBS next week to dis-



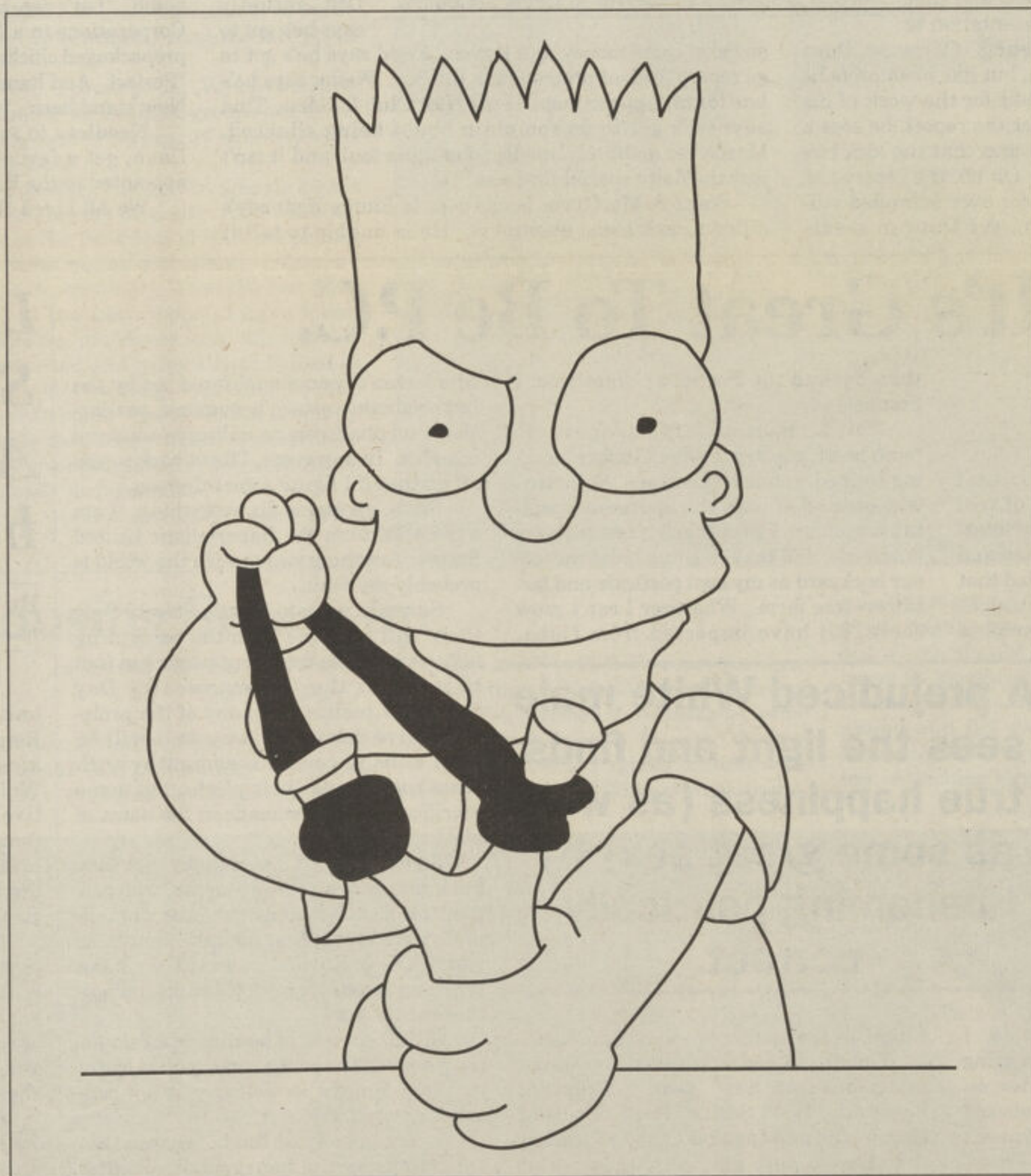
RECTUM Exclusive: Dramatic new evidence linking Professor David Rosenberg with the murder of JFK.

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