



Dersh to Defend Worker

By Pat McCrotch

In the wake of shocking revelations that the man who masturbated in front of several HLS students is actually the construction worker from the Village People, Prof. Alan Dershowitz has offered to represent the accused man.

"This is not to go past this room," Dershowitz said in his Criminal Law class in front of 150 1Ls, 20 LL.M.s, six parents, four random people off the street, three photographers, one reporter each from the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and *Vanity Fair*, the old man from the Hark, Tom Brokaw, and some guy with a really big tape recorder, "but I have taken on the case."

Dershowitz said he initially was reluctant to defend the alleged masturbator but changed his mind when he read in *People* that the Village People are still receiving royalties from bar renditions of "Y.M.C.A."

Despite the potential for profit, Dershowitz insisted on representing his new client pro bono. "It's a classic First Amendment case," he said. "Yeah, either that or the Second Amendment right to bare arms and other body parts."

"And he was criticizing my scholarship," responded Catharine MacKynnon. "I'll bet he can't even spell my name right."

Dershowitz said, "This case reminds me of the time I was on Nightline debating Tipper Gore. And the time I was clerking for Justice Goldberg and created the doctrine of the right to counsel. Hey, did I mention that Mike Tyson called me last night?"

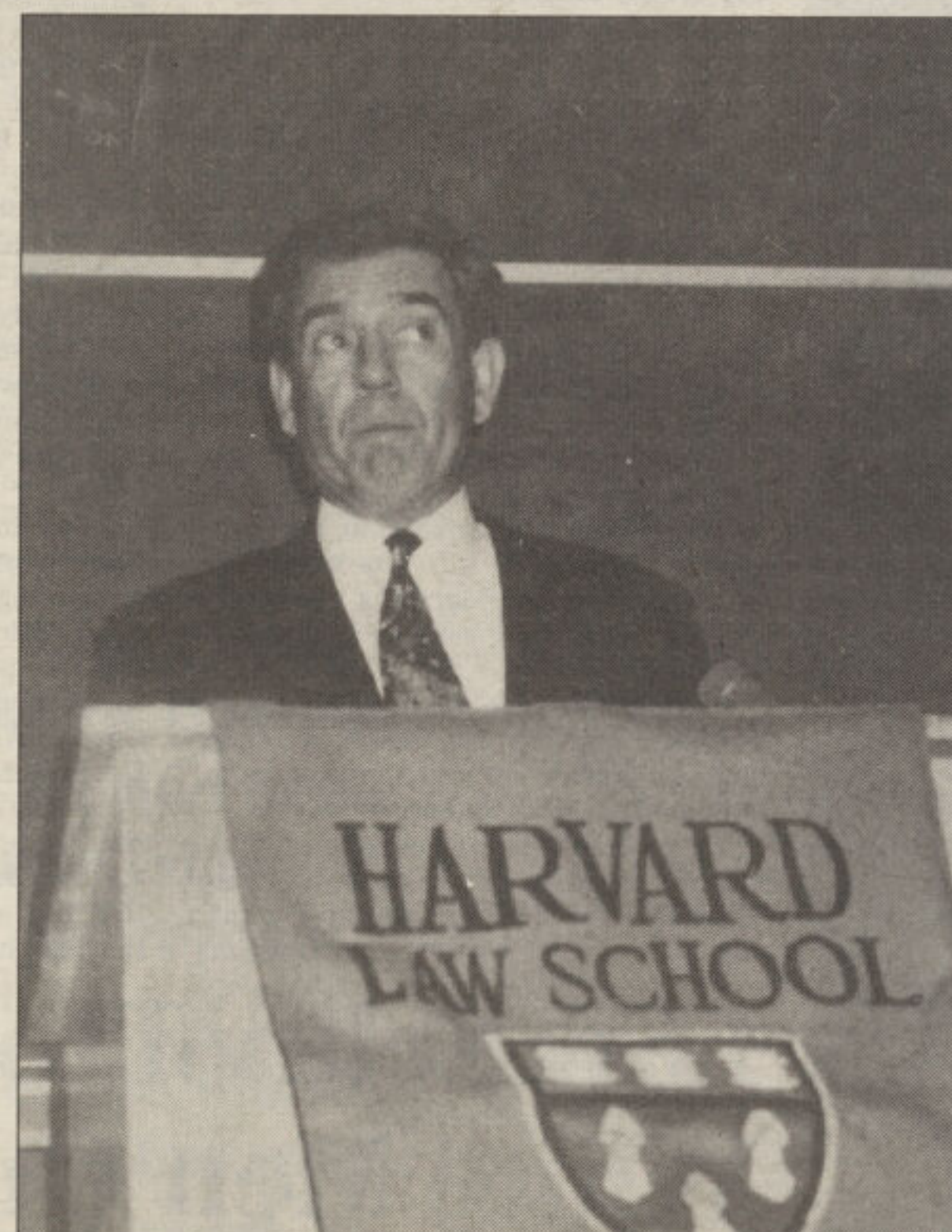
Cindy Chandelier '93 was enraged at Dershowitz' announcement. "This is yet another cheap play for publicity," she said. "Dersh thinks he can get anyone off. And obviously, this guy doesn't need any help."

Dean Clark '72 refused to confirm the existence of any construction workers on campus, citing an HLS policy "not to discuss construction projects while they are being erected." Prof. Charles Nesson '63 apologized profusely for the entire incident and recorded his reflections on a tape distributed to every student who has ever taken Evidence.

Professor Receives Tenure Offer

By Katie McKinnon

In a surprise move, the Faculty Appointments Committee has announced that a lesbian, disabled, vertically challenged, horizontally impaired woman of color has been offered tenure at HLS.



Dan Rather notices incoming Scud at 2 o'clock.

Gropius Complex Renovations Begin

Scientists Record 6 on Richter Scale

Special from New York Newsday

A series of powerful blasts rocked the Law School campus yesterday as a contractor began renovations of the Gropius complex dorms.

Administrators were enthusiastic about the choice of Mohammed A. Salameh to direct the reconstructive surgery. Salameh recently rose from obscurity with a spectacular debut at the World Trade Center in New York City.

"The problems with altering the Gropius architecture in the past has been that they were landmarks under city protection," Dean Clark '72 explained. "Mr. Salameh assured us that he had plenty of experience dealing with legal obstacles."

"Besides," Clark added, "we couldn't find a white male who wanted the job."

RECTUM reporters watched as the first round of charges was detonated by Salameh's assistant Apu, a local celebrity regu-

larly featured as the Seven-Eleven employee on the Fox series "Simpsons" and author of the bestselling autobiography "Hands Off My Turkey, Jerky!" As Ames Hall rose in a tower of smoke and white cement fragments, Apu was heard to exclaim, "Oh, how I have longed

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Law Review Has President Drawn and Quartered

By Harry Karry

In a secret ballot last week, the *Law Review* editors voted to draw and quarter former president Emily Shulman '93 as punishment for the controversies that erupted last year over her alleged abuses of



Rocky the Squirrel caught breaking Passover.

Perez Admits He is Also Enu

By Stormin' Norman

The Crying Game may be more realistic than most HLS students thought. In a development that sent shock waves through the Law School, it was revealed this week that new Law School Council President Enu Mainigi '94, and her challenger in last month's election, Raul Perez '94, are actually the same person. In a press conference, Perez explained he has been dressing up as "Enu" since last year.

"It started as a joke," he said. "On a bet, I showed up in drag at the boat cruise during orientation. Everyone thought I actually was a woman. I was really surprised; I mean, do you think a real person could actually have a name like 'Enu'? It was then that I first realized how desperate men at HLS have become."

Never one to let an opportunity slip away, Perez immediately realized the political potential of his new alter ego. "It was perfect!" he exclaimed. "This way I was guaranteed to win the election! I could pull in both the liberal and the conservative students, and get the 'macho' voters as well as those women of color types."

Perez called his experiences

as a woman "a fantastic learning experience. I experienced the oppression and discrimination that women in our society live with every day, which most men can only guess at. I finally understood what Julie Su went through when the Dean denied bathroom privileges to the 'Griswold 9' last year. And I found out that I look great in a miniskirt!"

According to Perez, he carefully scheduled his and "Enu's" classes so they didn't overlap, and tried to avoid any situations where the two would have to appear together. As many as four times each day, he would sneak into the Holmes Field Building construction site to "change."

"Those white plastic sheets they put up prevented anyone at the Law School from seeing me," Perez explained, "and I didn't have to worry about the construction workers — they're used to this sort of thing."

On those occasions when he and Enu absolutely had to appear in the same room, Perez enlisted the services of master HLS thespian Ed Ducayet '93 to play Enu.

"Ed really is the man of a thousand faces — even though I knew the truth, for a minute I really believed that was Dean

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bloody task. "She told me to get a better shave," he confessed.

Reaction to the extra-judicial proceedings has been mixed. Ralph "Dangerfield" Gants '80 refused to investigate the incident after a majority of *Law Review* editors gave his last report a vote of no confidence.

"I don't get no respect," he said, pulling on his tie nervously. "To the editors of the Harvard Law Review, I say, 'Blow me!'"

Student reaction was more enthusiastic. "Death was too good for that @\$\$!%&," said one anonymous *Law Review* editor. "I would have made her take Fallon for Con Law again."

"We wanted to send a strong message that sexism, racism, and anti-Semitism would not be tolerated any longer than absolutely necessary to further our careers," said Sam Bagelslox '93.

One *Law Review* editor,

please see REVUE, page 10

please see TENURE, page 17



Alysse struts her stuff as Ed Ducayett marvels.

Support Group Forms of MacIntyre Ex's

By Tuch E. Feely

In order to address a growing well-spring of stress on campus, the Office of Student Life Counseling has established a support group for men who have dated Alysse MacIntyre.

"It was overwhelming our counseling resources," said Mark Purchaser, head shrink(er). "Though I can't reveal actual numbers I can say that during the last three years of Ms. MacIntyre's activities at this Law School the average performance of male students declined a full letter grade. And they haven't been doing that well in class either."

The Ropes-Gray room has been set aside for encounter group meetings with video overflow in Austin North. The meetings open with a ceremonial chant that ends "and gosh darn it, I'm OK in bed!"

Members of the support group allowed a RECTUM reporter to observe the group on the condition that no names be used.

"It was terrible," lamented one sur-

vivor to the murmuring approval of others. "She would insist on having sex all the time, and when she was done she kept trying to unplug me."

One man blamed a recurring problem of not being able to "just flush it down" on his inability to recover from his MacIntyre experience. Nobody hugged him after the meeting had ended.

Many men talked about their fear of ending up in one of her columns. "So what if I wept when she took my blood for the AIDS test," one said. "I told her I was afraid of needles. Besides, I thought she was getting a little personal for a first date."

Another worried, "What if she goes into TV commentary? That damn camcorder was always running."

Becky Eisenstadt V. Baird thought the idea of a support group for these men symbolized the whole problem with HLS, patriarchy, and her last date. "Alysse is right on target," she said. "These men need to learn that sex isn't about their pleasure, it's about fulfilling an obligation while making the appropriate political statement."

Manly rapper T-Bone Stake commented, "Having sex with HLS women is a dirty job, but someone's got to do it." But apparently it wasn't going to be him. Stake was last seen fending off MacIntyre on the way to his limo.

Dean Clark '72 refused to confirm the formation of the support group, citing a policy that states if students aren't happy with HLS it is a symptom of affirmative action.

Emily Schulman didn't return repeated phone calls; her lawyer pointed out that she had not yet been charged with violation of any Massachusetts sex crime laws.

Prof. Nesson '63 apologized for not sleeping with MacIntyre. He later retracted that apology in a nervous videotaped statement.



Ex-Alysse Lover (face covered to protect anonymity).

Don't let those
tree-hugging
extremists
control your life!
Leave the
RECTUM on your
desk, or drop it
on the sidewalk!



WASTE PAPER!

DBC Extricated From "Getting to Yes" Cult

By Dave Koresh

RECTUM Correspondent Reporter

Dean Clark '72, breaking the Law School's policy against commenting, said yesterday that he will immediately begin a two-month in-patient program at the Massachusetts Rehabilitation Center for Ex-Cultists.

Stating that he has just realized he has been the mental captive of the Circle Chart Cult, known as the CCC, since last Spring, the dean said, "I hope that I will soon be my positional self. I will stop looking at my BATNA and options."

The dean explained that the cult's leader fished him into the group last spring, when the dean was vulnerable due to a recurring sense that, "nobody loved me."

"After feeling so isolated for so long, I suddenly had this new feeling of belonging and it overpowered my judgment," commented the commenting dean.

The dean soon turned over all of his worldly possessions, including his autographed copy of *Mein Kampf*. "I then agreed to ask the cult before making any

decisions, and to say only what they wanted me to say." He said that they made him take his fingers out of his ears and use "active listening." Late night activities involved nude dancing and exploring interests.

"They even forced me to shave my entire body," Clark added. He then removed his toupe to prove the point.

Asked how he finally realized that his mind, body and soul had been taken over, the dean explained that he had a personal crisis when he cried after Catharine Mack-Kinnon was denied tenure. "I knew then that there was none of the real DBC left."

The doctors at the Center said they prepare rooms for the individual patients, decorating with things to help them re-enter their previous lives. They have covered the walls of Clark's room with pictures of Justice Scalia, Prof. Posner, George Wallace (the early years), and David Duke.

Emily Schulman '93 refused to return repeated phone calls. Prof. Charles Nesson '63, citing personal expertise in the area, apologized for not noticing that the dean had lost his mind.

Law School to Admit White Men Only

By Hunter Beaver

Younger, whiter and more male. That's what future Harvard Law School classes will look like, Dean Clark '72 announced earlier this week. "We are going to remake the student body in the image of the faculty," Clark said.

"It's time to put this diversity protest nonsense to rest," Clark told the RECTUM, breaking his policy of refusing to comment on Law School matters because of policy. "We figure that an all-white male student body won't do too much complaining about the faculty. They didn't in the Fifties."

Clark said the new policy will be phased in over a ten-year period, with no women or people of color admitted to the class of 2005. "It will take some time to build up the applicant pool without hurting the Law School's quality, but we're confident that we can do it quickly." He added, "Even if we suffer a little bit in the short-run, the long run benefits will be well worth it."

Clark made clear that he intended to

enforce the new regime. After the Coalition for Civil Rights held a twenty-person silent vigil outside his office, Clark immediately expelled thirteen of the protesters. All seven of the white male protesters received only letters of reprimand. "Draw what conclusions you will," Clark laughed.

"We figure that an all-white male student body won't do too much complaining about the faculty. They didn't in the Fifties."

Clark scoffed at the protesters' pro-diversity signs. "We've thought about taking this step for a long time, but this year clinched it. That woman cheated on her LSATs and then the Zoe Baird thing. Women had their chance, and they blew it."

Faculty reaction to the policy was almost uniformly positive.

Prof. Charles Nesson '63 was, sort of, a lonely faculty critic. He immediately issued and then retracted a public apology for the new policy. "I am really sorry for all the people that will be hurt by this. On

the other hand, a lot of people will really be helped. I guess I am sorry the Law School didn't do this earlier. No, never mind; I retract the apology."

Emily Schulman '93 failed to return repeated phone calls about the Law School's new policy.

CORRECTIONS

The RECTUM wishes to apologize to Prof. Charles Fried for erroneous and misleading reporting in the article, "Fried Kills Baby Seals for Fun" in the February 19th issue. Fried's correct title is Carter Professor of General Jurisprudence, not Isaac Royall Professor of Law, as we stated.

The last sentence of the penultimate paragraph of our story, "Worker Exposes Himself" in the February 26th issue should have ended with "eight inches," rather than "three inches." The RECTUM regrets any injury this may have caused to the construction worker.

In several stories, Prof. Catharine MacKinnon's name has been misspelled in various ways. To rectify the confusion, we will refer to Prof. MacKinnon in future articles simply as "that feminist chick."

The last word in this sentence is misspelled.

The entire March 12th issue was produced in a drunken stupor. We regret any inaccuracies this may have caused.

Bow & Arrow Reopens Under New Management

By Peter Feltersnatch

After a month of teetotalling, HLS students will again be able to frequent their favorite freehouse. Jim Bowen '93 confirmed rumors that he would be the new manager of the popular pub, and would change its name to the "Bowen Arrow." "I'm graduating in a couple of months, and this was the only job a Republican could find in this damn town," Bowen reported.

Bowen plans a few changes to make the bar even more friendly to HLS students. "Although we don't accept American Express, we'll be taking the Crimson Card in the future. Also, Tuesday and Thursday evenings will be resume review nights—One L's still without a summer job get in free," he said.

The reopening of the bar will be delayed by a few weeks while the bar restocks. Apparently, Mike Twomey '93 had been locked in the storeroom during the entire month it was closed, and drank 19 kegs of beer, as well as 430 bourbon and cokes in rapid succession. "If they only had a cigarette machine in the basement, I'd still be down there," exclaimed Twomey.

Most law students have suffered severe withdrawal, and eagerly await the bar's reopening. "I had the dry heaves for a month," confessed perpetual patron Rich Wareing '93. "Passing the bar was so painful."

But Mary-Louise Ramsdale '93, Elizabeth Moreno '93, and Rebecca Eisenberg '93 asked *GQ* magazine to print a disclaimer stating that the trio

would no longer drink at the new pub because it is now managed by the former head of the HLS Republicans.

"In the future, we will not imbibe at such a white-male conservative establishment. From now on we're drinking at the Lincoln's Inn while wearing really short skirts. And I'm a natural blonde," stated Eisenberg's correction.

Unfortunately, the Lincoln's Inn could not provide an alternative drinking venue during the past few months, because the entire Board had simultaneously checked into an Alcoholics Anonymous program. Carpenter Mike Moron '94 accepted full responsibility. "The bar I built in the basement was so incredible, nobody could resist drinking 24 hours a day. Damn, I'm good! Have I mentioned I can fly a plane?"

Lincoln's Inn Social Chair Kim Yawn

'95 has coordinated a group outing to the Betty Ford Clinic for next weekend, and encourages any law students who became overly distraught by the Bow and Arrow's closing to attend. "The flight to LA is free for admitted alcoholics, but it's a cash bar on the plane," Yawn explained.

The old Bow and Arrow was originally closed due to events stemming from an underage drinking incident. On Friday, February 2, tax professor Louis Kaplow stopped into the bar, presented his expired library card to the bouncer, and ordered a Fuzzy Navel.

Within seconds, undercover agents cleverly disguised as British Redcoats shouted, "I spy with my little eye, UNDERAGE DRINKING!!!" They promptly arrested Kaplow, the bartender "Ed," and three sheep who happened to be



The Bow & Arrow prior to its grand reopening.

pasturing in the corner. The fundamentalist sheep resisted arrest and killed 7 FBI agents in the process.

Above the cries of protesting students, Kaplow was carried away in handcuffs, screaming, "I'm not a kid, I've made kids! You'll get audited for this, dammit!" Matt Regan '95 leapt in front of Kaplow, causing frantic Harvard police to use riot hoses. "Great, a nine-year-old defending an eleven-year old. This is truly a tragedy for our nation's youth," said Harvard University Police Chief Paul Johnson, while beating on random patrons with a billy-club.

Although the investigation revealed that Kaplow was not an eleven year old Star Trek fanatic nicknamed "Dorkus," as prosecutors had claimed, the ensuing audit exposed the bar's ugly secret. "The Bow and Arrow had been a money laundering operation for the Fruck Agency, a prostitution ring involving almost 400 girls...uh, I mean whores," said Police Chief Johnson.

"No, you don't understand! All 378 of them really are my girlfriends!" Dave

Fruckt '94 protested at his arraignment. Fruckt was indicted on charges of corrupting 374 minors and 4 miners, as well as for speaking excessively in class.

Nesson apologized for convincing the prosecutor to tack the final charge onto the indictment. "During winter term, he talked on 78 different occasions, and yet never said anything. Moreover, he interrupted one of my famous 27-minute pregnant pauses during the middle of class. I wore the mask of anger," Nesson confessed.

Johnson expressed surprise that the bar would be reopened at all after the prostitution ring was discovered. "I thought such moral turpitude could only be found at touchy-feely places like Brown. That Bowen really has his work cut out for him."

Bowen, however, feels confident can instill new morality in an old den iniquity. "Like George Bush, I envision thousand a thousand pints of Lite for th Bowen Arrow. Godspeed, and thank you everybody! Goodnight!"

Apparently, Mike Twomey '93 had been locked in the storeroom during the entire month the bar was closed.

Nesson Apologizes for Latest Snowstorm

By Fisherman Mike

Prof. Charles Nesson '63 has written a two-page, single-spaced, eight-point letter expressing his profound dismay and embarrassment concerning the latest Massachusetts snowstorm.

"In retrospect, I realize that I should have taken into account how hard this winter would be on all of you in planning my class last term," Nesson wrote. "I have displayed characteristic insensitivity to your needs and concerns."

Continuing, Nesson wrote: "I apologize for the weather, my course, the exam, the exam schedule, Harvard Law School, Harvard University, the lack of women of color on the faculty, Yugoslavia, Ross Perot, Alysse MacIntyre, and the reemergence of Boy George." To atone, Nesson has invited

all of the students in his Evidence class over to his pad for an evening of wine tasting, poetry reading, and ritual self-criticism this Friday.

"Should it snow during our soirée," Nesson added, "I apologize in advance and invite you all to stay for a pajama party jammy jam. Those who can't make it can pick up a tape of the proceedings, even though it won't be as natural."

In closing, Nesson apologized for the length of his letter. Asked for his observations, Dean Clark '72 refused to comment until reminded that Nesson is a white man. "In that case," he remarked, "he must be right."

"It's all crap," said David Rosenberg, class attorney for students from Nesson's 1986 Evidence class whose exams have yet to be marked. "He ain't seen sorry yet."

HLS during a recent blizzard. Austin Hall is on the left.

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BRIEFS



Learned Hand Job Squad Strikes

An organization calling itself the Learned Hand Job Squad has claimed responsibility for the latest round of graffiti to appear on the plywood wall in the Langdell Tunnel. Phrases including "Corporate Tools Need Stroking Too," "Pee Wee Got a Raw Deal," and "Forget About Your Client — Get Yourself Off," were spray painted in green and gold late Tuesday night.

"The organization is a 'self-help' group seeking to relieve tensions at the Law School," said Hand Job Squad spokesperson Paul Tyler '93. "It was all Roger Fisher's idea," he claimed.

Members cited financial concerns as the driving force behind the organization. "It's cheaper than getting Wellesley women drunk, or getting yourself drunk enough to do an HLS woman," said Jason Leveen '93.

Maintenance crews have had a much more difficult time removing this graffiti, citing problems with its incredible viscosity. Prof. Nesson '63 apologized for not taking a "hands-on" role in the students' activities.

Ramsdale's Miniskirt Bronzed and Hung

Dean Clark '72 announced that Marie-Louise Ramsdale's black miniskirt would be bronzed and hung in the Ames Courtroom next to the portraits of Justices Brennan and Frankfurter. "Since most men in this Law School have spent the last three years trying to find the woman behind the skirt, I figured I might as well immortalize the mystique," Clark commented. "I'm not sure what she'll wear now, or even if she has other clothes, but I'm sure her LIPP grant will carry her through many a blue light special."

Justice Clarence Thomas will perform the raising of the skirt in a ceremony to be held on the anniversary of the Griswold Nine. "We wanted to find someone who really knows what it means to be well-hung," Clark said. "Sure he's a Yale grad, but hey, how many other Supreme Court justices go by Long Dong?"

Anita Hill will complete the ceremony with an address on Feminist jurisprudence entitled, "Shaving in All the Wrong Places: A Closer Look."

ILS Plans International Night

After last month's success, Steve Lurie '93, chair of the International Law Society, announced plans for another soirée featuring fun and food from foreign lands. "Oh yes, this one should be great," he exclaimed. "This time it's B.Y.O.K.: bring your own keg. And while you're at it, bring your own take-out shish kabob from the Skewers, curry from Tandoori House, and a poo-poo platter from Chef Chow's."

Coop Rebate Reduced to -13.8%

The Harvard Cooperative Society announced last Friday that the Coop Rebate would be reduced to a negative number, requiring each student to pay 13.8% more for their purchases. "It's still a bargain at half the price," claimed Simmey, the Law School Coop Manager. The change will be retroactive to cover spring book purchases, but not all merchandise will be affected. "Sushi rolls and binned trail mix which walks itself into your paper bag will be unaffected by the change," noted Simmey brightly.

Cox Recants

In a tearful press conference held on the steps of Austin Hall, Archibald Cox admitted that he had personally invented the entire Watergate scandal. "I'm sorry," said the hero emeritus.

When asked why he decided to come forward after all these years, Cox cited a recent column in the HLS newspaper which told the tale of a seven year old girl who named her goldfish after him. "I could stand the honors, the awards, the offers to speak, but this was too much. I couldn't live the lie any longer."

In an attempt to explain the reason for his deceptive actions, Cox pointed to penis envy. "I went limp everytime I heard someone mention 'Trickie Dick,'" pointed out the past purveyor of prosectorial passion. "It got me here," he went on gesturing south.

Reaction on the campus was immediate. "I knew it! I knew that candy-assed bleeding heart was no good," chortled Prof. Fried as he dialed the police to have them escort this reporter out of his office.

Upon hearing the news, Robert Bork, whose early claim to fame was having pink slipped Cox, insisted that Clinton appoint him to take Justice White's spot. "I was this close to getting the job," commented Bork while gesturing south.

Faculty Turn Grades in Early

Dean of Students Elliot Richardson announced that Professors Edley, Bebechuck, Sander, and Nesson have turned in their Winter Term grades early — eight months early. Responding to criticism of their tardiness in submitting grades this year, the four faculty members last week turned in their grades for Winter, 1994. "Grades are random anyway," confessed Richardson, "why wait until after people have taken the class to fill them in?" Although the grades are being kept confidential, the RECTUM has learned that Bob Daut '93 (who will be held back for a fourth year at HLS) will receive a B+, and Dave Frukt '94 will receive an A++++.

The announcement gave no indication of when the professors would turn in grades for this year.

Restless HLS Faculty Move on to New Jobs

By Chelsea Clinton '05

Special to the RECTUM

The imminent departures of Profs. Christopher Edley '78 and Kathleen Sullivan have spurred a mass exodus of professors from HLS.

"I sure as hell don't want to get stuck teaching Ad Law," said Prof. David Wilkins. He has accepted a position as a sales associate at Filene's Basement.

"Sure, it's a pay cut, but I just couldn't pass up the chance to get a twenty percent employee discount," Wilkins explained. "This way, I get to pick out all the Armani silk stuff for myself before the store opens."

"The truth is that Sullivan was the only other professor I could stand," said Prof. David Rosenberg, who will be leaving HLS to take over the late-night shift as janitor at the NBC studios in New York. "I'll get to roam around the basement in a polyester uniform — just like I do now."

Several other prominent professors have revealed their plans to leave. Prof. Phillip Elias Areeda '54, fulfilling a life-long dream, has been appointed Czar of the Universe by the American Law Institute. "I plan to abolish treble damages for antitrust actions and sit on my verandah eating bon-bons all day," he said.

Prof. Roberto Unger, one of the leaders of the Critical Legal Gobbledygook movement, will be teaching at PS 3762 in New York City beginning next year.

"Law students find my courses too simplistic and straightforward," Unger explained. "High-school will be a more appropriate level for my style of pedagogy." He noted that he would be teaching Physical Education, and an elective entitled "Discursive Interstitial Praxis Signification."

Two other well-known faculty members will be taking leaves of absence next year to co-write an article for the *Law Review*. Arthur Miller and Charles Ogletree decided that only by putting all their other work on hold could they complete the piece on time.

"This is a very personal, autobiographical piece for both of us," the two professors stated in a press release ghost-written by two students. Acknowledging that they would have to sacrifice a year of teaching, Miller and Ogletree emphasized that "this is the only way to ensure the article will be perfect when we turn it in. Once the *Review* starts editing the piece, it's really impossible to change anything."

Several other professors may be leaving involuntarily. Numerous students reported last week seeing men in white lab coats leading Professors Charlie Nesson, Duncan Kennedy, and Charles Donohue away in strait jackets. Dean Clark '72 refused to divulge where these

faculty members had been taken, saying only that they were going to "a happy place."

The dean explained that it is the administration's policy not to tell students anything important, especially when it is related to the academic environment at the Law School. "This is what I have to say to the RECTUM," Clark stated. "No stone is being left unturned. We are currently conducting an extensive search among all the conservative white men with tenure at top five law schools."

Clark provided one additional hint about new faculty appointments after this reporter agreed that it would be kept "off the rectum." "Let's just say I was pleasantly surprised to learn that John Sununu has a law degree. . . . No, wait. He's kind of Lebanese. Does that make him a minority?"

Tribe Not Considered for Anything

By Ben Dover

Prof. Laurence Tribe '66 finally quelled the rampant speculation about his job prospects that has swept across the Law School. In a statement that shocked even his closest associates, Tribe announced he is not currently being considered for any appointed position.

"When I told them that Tribe was calling, the press secretary referred me to the Bureau of Indian Affairs," declared the rotund constitutional law scholar. "I ended up leaving a message on some Chocataw's voice mail."

Tribe has been rumored as a possible Supreme Court nominee ever since the early days of the first Cleveland Administration. More recently, he was reportedly on the "short list" to become solicitor general, attorney general, US trade representative, commissioner of baseball, and first lady. Although his relative anonymity took Tribe by surprise, he is quickly adjusting to the situation.

"This gives me a chance to do some other things with my life. Maybe I'll write another hornbook or something — that could be fun," he said.

Tribe vehemently denied that his hiring of three illegal aliens to clean his home and edit his Supreme Court briefs played any part in the developments. "Hey, they were LL.M. candidates. I thought at least one L stood for legal." He said in his defense that he had them immediately deported when the information became public.

RECTUM Prints Filler

RECTUM dominatrix Lisa Zornberg denied Monday that the newspaper prints pointless articles merely to fill space.

"We're America's oldest and best law school newspaper," she said, "we would never do such a thing. Well, we did print

that Rader-Hartman stuff, but it was a one-time deal. And I wasn't Editor then."

Prof. Alan Dershowitz commented that he had no objection to the RECTUM printing useless filler, so long as he was quoted in it.



Prof. Kathleen Sullivan gesticulates wildly while talking with her mouth full.

Pee Wee Lopez Gets Off

By Davey Lopes

I can't remember what sent me away from my favorite theaters in the square; maybe it was finding out that the arch-liberal Larry "Big Booté" Tribe was up for the Supreme Court, or maybe it was because I almost got suckered into playing basketball against a team called The Ball Busters, but in any event, I decided to join one of the dean's projects on community, a film festival this time. It's better than a boat cruise.

Alyse MacIntyre was already there, holding her extra-large Tormentor™ (by the creative team that brought you "The Anal Intruder™") special model with accompanying briefcase. She was looking scary; I wondered what I'd gotten myself into. "Are you sure Clarence Thomas would approve of this?" I asked, and was reassured that I would enjoy myself immensely at the Pee-Wee Herman (he apparently gave a generous endowment) annual film festival.

The first movie we saw was a patriotic movie. *Yank My Doodle, It's a Dandy* was absolutely shocking. I thought it was going to be one of those clean, all-

the next movie was pretty self-evident from its title: *Die Hard* which was about a guy who just couldn't get no satisfaction. It reminded me of Jim "Butt Head" Donovan or maybe Adam Cohn, the way they're always talking measurements.

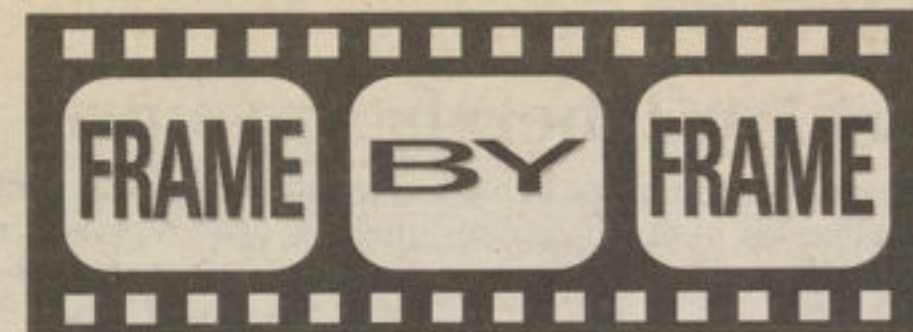
The next movie we saw was *Thelma's On Louise*, and as soon as it started, Francis Phillip ran up to the screen and tried to touch the actresses, but somehow he found it less-than-satisfying. I thought it was all horribly sexist, how men were just used and exploited for their bodies. Well, acting is acting. Sylvester Stallone got his start in Italy during the Vietnam War, starring in porno films, so I figured I could follow in his footsteps, until I found out how little men actually make in that line of work. I was shocked that they were practically working for free. I couldn't stand to be exploited. Sex for money or not at all, that's what I thought, although once I got to law school I realized that maybe I spoke to soon.

I think I fell asleep after *On Golden Blonde*, because the next thing I knew, I woke up during *When Harry Ate Sally* to find Rich Wareing trying his best to keep some liberals from taking my shoes off. "Wake up, Dave! Once they get a hold of you you'll be one of them."

If only I hadn't woken up, if only Rich hadn't been so well-meaning. C'mon Rich, why do you think I showed-up to the Catharine MacKinnon rally, to support her legal scholarship? All the women there had nothing

to do with it, of course. Yeah, and monkeys might fly out of my butt. Let 'em go Rich. I pretended I was still asleep, but they weren't fooled. Then we saw Woody Allen's *Soon Ye will be Olde Enough*, a story about a guy from New York who takes his daughter to basketball games, to the circus, and when she's old enough, to bed. I hear he's coming out with another movie, *Bobbing for Dylan*, although I'm afraid it's not about a folk singer.

The last movie I saw starred Michael "P." Dierks in *The Value as a Ho*, a story about corporate governance, if you will, where Mike played himself as a male prostitute trying to work his way through law school. Sixteen thousand a year at ten cents an hour. Whew, what an accomplishment. It was a learning experience to see how the liberals lived and how they entertained themselves. Neil Glazer would have loved it, hardly any homosexual activity at all, and he would have loved that George Bush tribute; *Read My Lips*.



American type films, maybe starring someone like John Wayne, but Noooo, it was one of those yukky pornos. I should have known when I saw everyone on the Law Review there, lead by that notorious womanizer, Mark Popofsky. He used to be a clean-cut boy, the kind a mother would love, until Marcus Lipiner gave him a head-butt and forced Popofsky to say, "You just destroyed one of the finest legal minds of the century!" Well, since that day, "The Popper" has taken a turn for the worse, because he was whooping and hollering through the entire movie. "Yeah, Momma, OOOOo baby!"

I would have rolled my eyes at that point, but I didn't want to miss anything. I was too nervous to talk, but Cindy Mao propped her legs up on the chair in front of me and blew some aromatic clove-cigarette smoke in my face. "Don't worry Dave, I've been to hundreds of these movies; nothing will happen to you if you don't fall asleep."

I would have left right there, but *Edward Penis Hands* started; it was a little different than its predecessor, but he still had problems opening doors. No problem making friends, though. Ed Ducayet started waving his fingers, saying, "Hey, I wonder how far transplant technology has advanced lately? If I star in a few more drama productions, maybe someone will yank these!"

I was afraid to go to the bathroom alone, so I asked Mary-Louise and Rebecca to escort me. We finished just in time to catch the next film, *Bright Lights, Big Titties*. I was pleased to find that John Holmes was the star, but Rebecca quipped, "Is that as big as they come?!" I mean even Todd Hartman, Rob Rader, and Ed can do better than 14 inches!" Not to mention Charles Fried. The plot of

Grizzers Triumph — With a Little Help From Their Friends

By Kelvin Warlock

In a stunning upset, the Law Review's intramural basketball team, the Grizzers, swept the A and B League championships. Despite their 0-15 regular season record, the Grizzers came to life in the playoffs, winning all their games by more than 50 points.

The Law School's sports prognosticators scrambled to explain the sudden turnaround. "It just goes to show you that in the tournament, anything can happen," said HLS basketball aficionado Bill O'Dude, clearly shaken. "Now if only I had picked any of the right upsets in my column on the NCAAs!"

Members of the Grizzers were overjoyed at their newfound success. According to Mike "The Admiral" Labcoat '94, "We may be a bunch of arrogant geeks, but we can play ball with the best of them! Hey, you're not going to print that arrogant geeks thing, are you?"

Michael "Air" Shin '94, clearly caught up in the excitement of the moment, exclaimed, "This is the greatest moment of my life!" A serious look came over his face. "I just wish Doug Dramamine hadn't slugged so many people," he said softly. "It's guys like him that give us a bad name."

Former Executive Editor Mike Rosenstein '93, who showed up for the game but did not play, sought to put the Grizzers' triumph in perspective. "We should win," he said. "After all, we're on Law Review. We're just plain better than everyone else here!"

Even in their moment of greatest success, however, the members of the Law Review have been unable to avoid controversy. Players from several other teams have questioned the process by which transfer students Chris Webber '94, Jason Kidd '95, Eric Montross '93, Calbert Cheaney '94, and Jamal Mashburn '93 were admitted to the Law Review and allowed to join the Grizzers.

"It's just sour grapes," responded team captain Sam "I Am" Harsh '93. "All new editors are selected by a rigorous process that ensures they are qualified. We felt the need to add a supplemental writing competition this year to address the underrepresentation of good basketball players on the Review, that's all." Harsh insisted the new Law Review members had all been doing their share of work for the prestigious journal: "Mark Poptartsky told me Calbert [Cheaney]'s subcite of his note was the best he had ever seen. And Mordechai Wenkler said that after discussing dialectical materialism for two hours yesterday with Eric [Montross], he re-embraced

socialism!"

Harsh also defended the Law Review's decision to deny admission to Duke star Bobby Hurley. "Vin [Newgen, president of the Review] didn't agree with his arguments in his case comment about implied modification of institutional reform consent decrees. And around here, we always do what the president wants. Besides, we had enough guards already."

Dean Clark '72, though refusing to confirm that any basketball games had taken place, expressed satisfaction with the newest Law Review editors. "It's a win-win situation," he stated. "The Review improves its athletic excellence, and the presence of such big name talent at HLS is bound to increase alumni donations." After the championship, Clark announced plans to begin construction on the new 15,000-seat Hemenway Indoor Arena this summer.

Not all students were so pleased. Jeff Patter '93, a member of the Narks, which lost to the Grizzers by 65 points in the semi-finals, rushed to Prof. Alan Dershowitz's office and asked the noted celebrity lawyer to represent him in a suit against the Review. Dersh, who had just been asked to participate in a free throw shooting competition against Prof. Larry Tribe '66 at half-time of the Grizzers' exhibition game against the Holmes Field Building construction workers, declined.

"I told him I didn't have time," Dersh told the RECTUM in a rare conversation with the media, "I'm too busy keeping radical feminist scholars off the faculty."

Amidst all the hoopla, the five new Law Review editors seem to be enjoying their experiences at Gannett House.

"Man, I thought beating Duke was tough, but it didn't compare to finding jumpcites for the Barenberg article," said Kidd, who is currently enrolled in the HLS-Boalt Hall joint degree program. "But," he added, "beating the Black Panthers made it all worth it."

Former Michigan star Chris Webber agreed. "They ran me out of Michigan for calling that timeout in the NCAA Championship," he explained. "It feels great to be in a warm, friendly place where people believe in the idea of forgiveness."

Labcoat summed up the mood at the Law Review: "We haven't had this much fun since the Revue! You know, I really didn't mean that thing about us being arrogant geeks. I was just kidding. Don't print it, please. Please? PLEASE?!"

Former Law Review President Emily Schulman '93 refused to return repeated phone calls from the RECTUM. Her lawyer explained, "you know how complicated that can get."

"We should win," he said. "After all, we're on Law Review. We're just plain better than everyone else here!"

HLS Intramural Golf Standings

Team Name

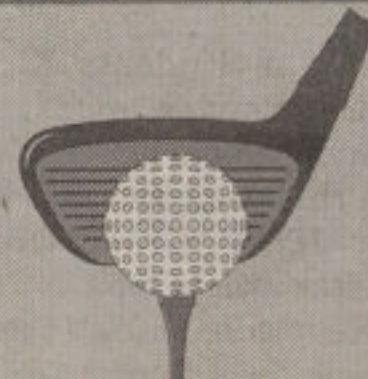
Won-Lost

"C" LEAGUE

3. Bill O'Dowd and four short guys	10-1
6. Superfly I	8-3
2. Gimme the Gilberts, Baby!	6-5
1. The Dallas Mavericks	0-11

"F" LEAGUE

9. The Griswold Five	6-1	29. Duke	77-82
15. The Jackson Five	5-1	11. Heart of Harkness	2-3
27. Exposure (Holmes Field Workers)	4-2	18. Five clumsy white boys	1-4
19. The Project on Community	4-2	16. Women of Color Who Didn't Get Tenure	0-5
24. We Slept with Alysse	3-4	8. The Schulmans	0-7



The RECTUM

Founded a long, long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away

Lisa Hornbook
Editor-In-Chief

Daddy Warbucks
Publisher

Don't Bite the Hand the Feeds Jew

I've been taking a lot of shit around the RECTUM office lately. "Administration Lackey," they call me. "Brown noser to the dean."

Well, as the new editor of the RECTUM, I feel it is important to wipe myself clean and tell you all where I stoop on this issue.

I can state my position briefly. I'm always on top... I mean it's true, it's all true. I love the administration and wouldn't do a thing to change it. Come on, I'm no stool pigeon — this place has more eligible Jewish white men than the cafeteria at Mt. Sinai Hospital! With such fine speci-men around, who needs women of color on the faculty? Who needs women on the faculty — period?

The only sticky spot I have with Dean Clark (aside from the one in my Jockeys) is that he hasn't converted to the faith yet. The least he could do is become a closet Jew like Neil Rudenstein. True, his appearance doesn't exactly scream "Give me some of that excellent Gefilte Fish!" but the man's got the Jewish guilt thing down cold. Who else would blame HLS's diversity problems on students admitted by affirmative action? The man could be my uncle Mort, except he's not a loan shark... wait, let me rethink that.

Now Prof. David Rosenberg — there's a man who screams sexy Jew. That ass! That sense of humor! The way he alternates "crappola" with colorful Yiddish expressions — "Tribe is a putz" — it really drives me meshuga.

I even had a night-long fantasy about Arthur Miller once. His face wasn't in it (OK, that would have ruined it), but I knew it was him by the tight pin-striped vest. He chased me around the Seder table telling me that if I'd become his sixth wife, he'd give me a percentage on his new "Passover Procedure Tapes" and promise not to call on me for the entire year. I woke up just as he started singing the four questions: "What's makes this personal jurisdiction different from every other...?"

Dean Clark, I commend you for the Law School's new tenure picks — more white Jewish men, mazel tov! Prof. Joseph Weiler — ah, a Jew who's ripe for the blessing!! None of that skinny, flat ass, no lips stuff for him. (We can leave that to the Alvin Warrens of the world.) Hullo, Joseph! How 'bout we break open that Cassis De Dijon, my finely silk-clad friend, and start our own ethnic community?

I admit that one unfortunate consequence of going to a law school with such a hot faculty is that I spend way too many hours in my room taking "afternoon naps." But, unlike other students at this place, I refuse to blame the administration for my own (short) comings. And hell, you know what they say: One in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Yes, HLS is an ivory tower. And ivory towers have no student elevators — they are giant white phalluses, circumcised preferably. So stop complaining and just blow this joint.

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The The RECTUM (ISSN 0017-8101) is a publication of the The RECTUM Corporation, a for-profit, co-opted appendage of the Dean's Office and the Project on Community. For a good time, call The RECTUM, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 02138-9984. Telephone (976) 495-4418. Fax (976) 495-8457.

The RECTUM is (mercifully) published only once a year and is distributed for a modest fee (well, OK, not that modest) to Yale Law School Students and to Ed, that guy in the Hark. Copy and photo deadlines are 5:00PM on the Monday preceding publication; advertising deadlines are 12:00AM on the Wednesday preceding publication.

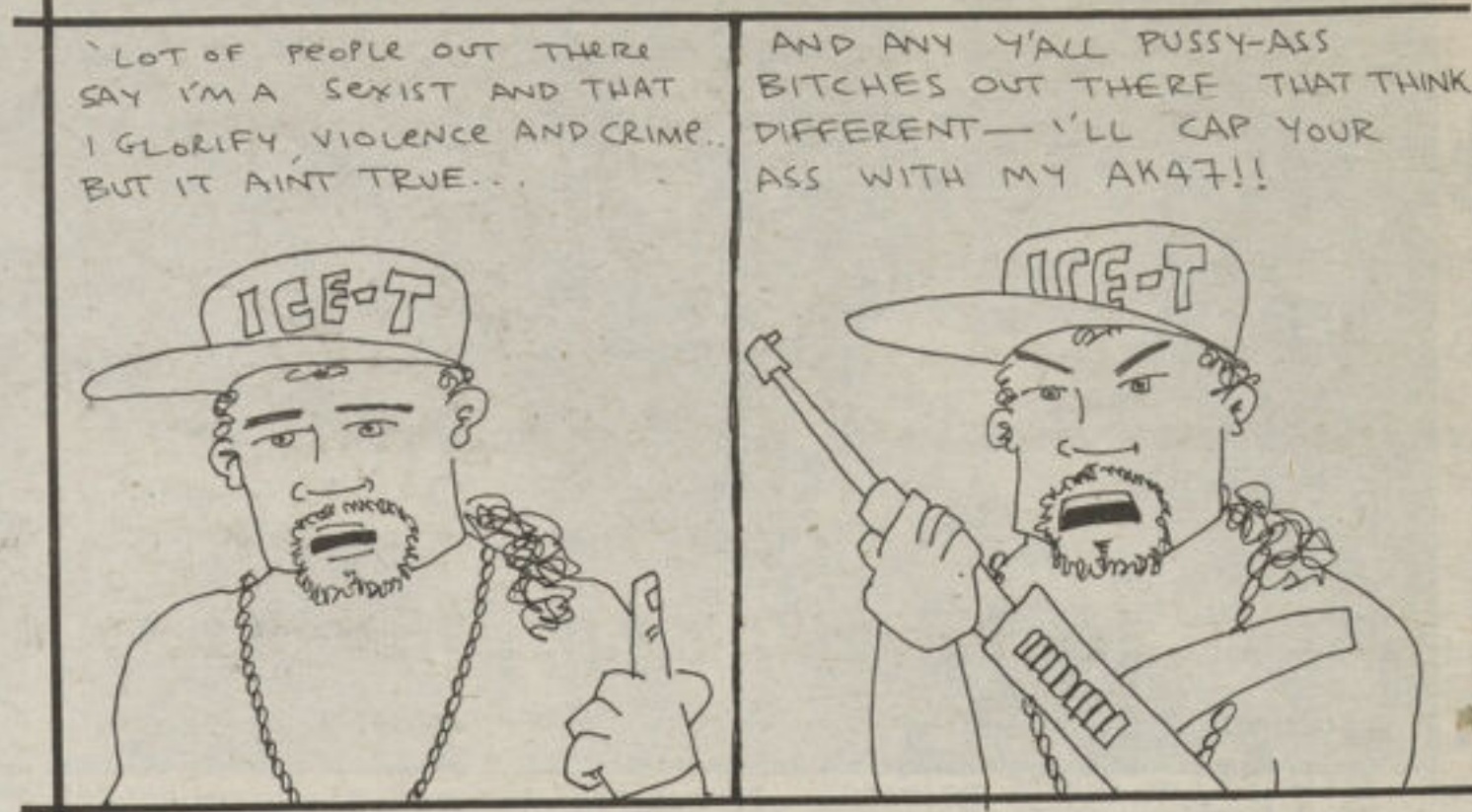
Submissions may be sent to The RECTUM at the above noted address, dropped in the RECTUM box located in Harkness Commons, or taped to Dean Clark's butt. All copy must be typed, double-spaced, and submitted on paper and on a rambling, disjointed apologetic audio tape. The RECTUM dumps all letters in the trash; though occasionally we may pull one out when we run out of toilet paper. We reserve the right to misquote or distort letters as necessary. Abandon any hope of getting your disks back. Off-campus subscriptions are available for \$100.00 per year in unmarked small bills, left in Lisa Zornberg's 2L Hark box.

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THE RECTUM IS COMMITTED TO RACISM, SEXISM, AND INJUSTICE. LIKE MOST OF THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL COMMUNITY, WE REVEL IN OUR OFFENSIVENESS AND SEEK TO DESTROY ALL THOSE WHO DISAGREE WITH US.

"Congress shall make no law...regarding the quartering of soldiers..."

—Third Amendment, US Constitution



• Letters •

No Babes at Harvard Law School

Alysse MacIntyre's recent column discussing the nonaggressive dating techniques of Harvard men amused me. Again, Miss MacIntyre has missed the real heart of the dating dilemma at Harvard Law School, choosing to blame the men. Let's look at some solid figures, shall we?

Take the class of '94 as an example. The class is about 550 strong, of which perhaps 45% are female. That's about 250 women if you round up. Of those, about half are butt-ugly.

That leaves 125. Of these, about 60%, or 75, were involved in serious long-term relationships upon entering law school (i.e., married, engaged, connected, hooked up, taken, or simply off the market). Of the remaining fifty, perhaps twenty-seven are dykes. That leaves twenty-three, of which sixteen are absolute bitches. The remaining seven would be available, but three have sworn off sex due to encounters with David Fruckt '94, two are maimed, one was formerly Mr. Al

Silverman, and the last got kicked out for faking her LSAT score.

I protest Miss MacIntyre's view that the Harvard dating scene is dead because of the attitude of Harvard men. There's nothing wrong with our attitude — we just prefer getting some guaranteed skank at Wellesley to trying to pick up on snotty, annoying wenches here.

A Male Reader
April 1, 1993

Alumni Express Support for the RECTUM

I am writing from my sitz-bath, six feet under the hallowed turf of Harvard Yard, to complain about my level of distress and frustration with your handling of my Newspaper. All of the references to vibrations, organisms and gentiles are quite appalling I have spun

so many times recently that the lid has fallen off my coffin.

Since my return from the recent unpleasantness between the States where I suffered minor damage to the space between my ears, the joy of reading the RECTUM has been replaced

with the satisfaction of knowing that at least its second, and more popular, function remains for those of us who forget to buy toilet paper.

A. Nold Pharte '55
April 1, 1776

Whining: Not Just For Liberals Anymore

I can't believe you losers made it into the pages of GQ Magazine. I mean, it's not like anyone would ever bother reading The RECTUM if they had better things to do in Friday morning classes, and you know it. Why should you get your names in a national magazine when I don't? If they had wanted my picture I could have looked just as sultry as Bob Arnold. And

my collection of major home appliances is much cooler than Alysse MacIntyre's.

Boy, it irks me when the vocal minority of complainers get all the media attention around here. I realized that the only way I would get to see my name in print is if I complained, too. With Greg Taxin as my idol, I decided to get into the media by complaining loud-

ly about how those whiny liberals don't represent me. Sure no one cares about what Greg and I think. But so what because I wrote a letter to GQ to complain about this and they published it in this month's edition. So ha ha ha I got my name in GQ, too.

Micky Rudenstein
April 1, 1993

Crimson to RECTUM: Pay Up or Else

Our records show that you currently owe us \$35,337.98 for printing costs for the past four years. You owe an additional \$392.24 for damage caused to our offices during the food fight you started on November 6. This is the seventh notice we have sent you this year,

and still we have received no payment from you. As discussed in the previous notice, we have secured a lien against your checking account, your computers, your first-born children, Professor Nesson's BMW, and Bon Arnold's next hair weave. If we do not receive

payment within the next ten (10) days, we will be forced to take more serious action, up to and including telling your parents.

Rich Leonard
Business Manager,
Harvard Crimson
March 28, 1993

Roger is a Great Guy. Honest!

I have noticed that the RECTUM has not mentioned Professor Roger Fisher and the Project on Community in its last two issues. In case you have forgotten, I wish to point out the Roger is a titan among men, a true genius, and one of the finest human beings I have ever had the pleasure

of coming in contact with. I wish to reiterate that the fee Roger is receiving for the Project on Community is far less than what most Fortune 500 CEOs earn in a year.

Finally, for those students who are still unenlightened, the second edition of *Getting to Yes* is

available at the Coop for a mere \$19.95.

Doug Stone
Deputy Assistant Associate
Under-Director,
Harvard Negotiation
Project
April 1, 1993

God to Koresh: Give It Up

Dear David Koresh,

Dave, Dave, Dave you putz! Come on now, you are giving Schmucks a bad name causing all of this fuss and palaver. Why hide in

the compound when all you really want is to come out of the closet? Enough of this macho mensch stuff, already, come home now and I'll give you your Barbie doll back.

Yours in support of the
Free Exercise Clause,

G.O.D.
January 1, 2000

A RECTUM Tribute to the Oscars

A Few Good Men is

One Choice Babe: The MacKinnon Story

In the interior of the Ames Courtroom, we slowly scan the audience. It is more congested than it was for the Griswold 9 hearings. Students and members of the Harvard Crimson are hanging from the rafters. Dean Clark is on trial and Elizabeth Moreno, wearing a Dean Clark mask, is cross-examining him. Tension is high. Professor Detlev Vagts is the judge.

Moreno: Did you order the defeat of the Catherine MacKinnon tenure vote?

Dean Clark looks around the audience in dismay, believing himself above the proceedings. He gives no answer.

Moreno: Your honor will you please direct the witness to answer the question?

Professor Vagts: Witness will answer the question.

Dean Clark glares at Professor Vagts.

DBC: You'd think that as Dean of the Law School, my motives wouldn't be questioned. I am only doing what's best for the Law School.

Vagts: Answer the question, for the good of the Law School.

DBC: (angrily to Moreno) You want answers?

Moreno: I think I'm entitled to them.

DBC: You want answers?

Moreno: I want the truth!

DBC: YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!

A hush of murmurs descend upon the courtroom in reaction to the Dean's outburst.

Vagts: Order, order in the court! We'll have order here.

From the audience, out of nowhere, Professor David Charny throws his notes at Professor Vagts.

Charny: You want my copy of *The Brothers Karamozov* too?

Vagts: Professor Charny, can't you see that we are all under a lot of pressure here? Order, order in the court.

Moreno: Your honor will you please direct the witness to answer the question?

Vagts: Witness will answer the question.

DBC: Yes, I lobbied to defeat the tenure vote of Catherine MacKinnon.

A hush of murmurs descend upon the courtroom in reaction to the Dean's answer.

Vagts: Order, order in the court. We'll have order here.

DBC: I work less than 200 yards away from the Harkness Commons. You never know when the Griswold Nine, the Fried Four, or the Sojourner Truth Squad is going to disrupt the campus. You think it's easy trying to beat out Yale in the *US News and World Report* annual rankings? You think it's easy raising \$150 Million?

Yes, I lobbied to defeat the tenure vote of Catherine MacKinnon. And I'd do it again.

Unforgiven

Please forgive us.

Scent of a Woman is Scent of a Woman

Professors Charles Fried and Steven Shavell are in Fried's office plotting Fried's next move on the Faculty Appointments Committee.

Fried: (rubbing his hands together) There will never be a woman professor appointed to this faculty as long as I am on the Faculty Appointments Committee!

Shavell: Hee, hee, hee. You're so devious.

Fried: (something catches his attention) Wait a minute.

What is that?

Fried sniffs the air searchingly, curiously.

Fried: You smell that?

Shavell: No, what is it?

Fried: It smells like perfume.

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD:

Apocalypse Now is Heart of Harkness

In a seedy hotel suite at the Charles Hotel.

Craig Star: Cambridge....Shit. I'm still only in fucking Cambridge! I've been here a week now, interviewing for a job. Getting softer. They'd offered me a job as an assistant prof. right after my clerkship for Rehnquist. The press releases said I was an expert on Civ. Pro. It was a lie. I had never practised. I knew about as much about Civ. Pro as a law student, probably less. Liz Schneider had been my prof. But I met all the requirements. I was white and male at the men's law school.

It was no accident that I became the caretaker of Col. Charles T. Nesson's memory, just as my being in Cambridge was no accident. And if his story is really a confession, then so is mine. They wanted me to get Nesson removed from the staff for incompetence. I took the job. What the hell else was I going to do? But I really didn't know what I'd do when I found him. Charging a prof. with incompetence in this place was like handing out speeding tickets at the Indy Parkway. Or was it parking tickets at the Indy Speedway? Whatever. But as I looked over the resume, I began to wonder what they really had against Nesson. I remembered when they gave me the job....

Cut to interior of the Faculty Club at Harvard College. We see Dean Clark, Professor Fried, and Craig Star sitting over a roast beef dinner.

Dean Clark: Charles Nesson was a wonderful prof. He was brilliant, he was outstanding in every way. And he was a good man, too, a humanitarian man. A man of wit and humour. He joined the faculty here, and after that his thinking, his methods became unsound. Every man has a breaking point. You and I have them. Charles Nesson has reached his, and quite obviously he has gone insane.

CS: Yes, Sir. Quite clearly insane.

DBC: Your mission is to infiltrate the faculty, find Nesson, infiltrate his team by whatever means necessary, and....terminate his appointment.

CS: Terminate, Sir?

DBC: He's out there operating without any decent restraint, and he's still out there in Langdell teaching students.

Charles Fried: Terminate with extreme prejudice.

DBC: You will get his tenure position once the assignment is completed....

(back on the trail to Nesson's office)

CS: He was close. Very close. I didn't know for sure, but I could feel that he was close. He was so close, you could almost feel the closeness. Words can't describe....how close.

Duncan Kennedy: The man has broadened my mind, you know? I mean, he's out there, he's really out there, but he's (indicating own head) *in there*, you know?...Not to mention, he plays music.

CS: As I entered his office, I clearly recalled when they played the tape for me....

Nesson's voice: Ahhh, I lose it...Where does it go? Can you believe it? I'm reading these blue books with interest! We've failed student after student, and they call me incompetent; what do you call it, when the incompetents accuse the incompetent? They lie....they lie, and we must be merciful to those who lie, those nabobs. I hate them....I do hate them....

CS: I'd had my doubts, I thought they'd handed me the wrong dossier. I mean, this guy was perfect. Maybe too perfect. Fifth-generation HLS, top of his class, Little League, Jay-Cees, multiple-time Sears Prize winner, clerked for Justice Harlan, minimal real practice, heterosexual white male, etcetera, etcetera; but when I listened to that tape, it really put the hook in me. So I decided to go on into his office.

It smelled like slow death in there. This was the end of the hallway, all right. I knew then that there was no way I was going to make it home in time for dinner.

Nesson: Did they say why, David? Why they wanted to terminate....my tenure?

CS: They told me your teaching methods have become unsound.

Nesson: Are my methods unsound?

CS: I didn't see any....teaching....at all, Sir.

Nesson: Are you an assassin, David?

CS: I'm a professor, Sir.

Nesson: You're neither. You're an errand boy, sent by court clerks to collect on a bill.

CS: I took a break....I couldn't stand any more, so I went out for coffee, and on the way back I decided I would terminate him anyway, even though I'd fallen in love with him. Everyone wanted me to do it. Even him. I could just feel him back there in his dark office waiting for me to come and take the pain away. Even Langdell wanted him dead, and that's who he really took his orders from, anyway. Shit, they were going to give me tenure for this, and I wasn't even on their fucking faculty anymore. As I crept back in, I could hear him making yet another tape....

Nesson: They say that HLS is not a trade school, but they chastise me for not giving an issue-spotter on an exam, and why? Because my questions were obscene. I hate them all, especially Col. Sanders, for being hypocrites.

CS: What the hell. I terminated him.

Homer: A big clitoris, hey, hey, no more looking till I get a wedding ring.

Howard's End is Dean Clark's Rear End

The Crying Game is The Whining Game

Neil Glazer: Oh, c'mon, you're not going to die.

Adrian Vermuile: But, but if I do, I want you to tell my girlfriend that I love her (shows picture).

Neil: Yeah, sure, gosh, she's pretty good looking.

Adrian: I don't think she'd be your type.

Neil: She'd be anybody's type, golly.

After Adrian's death, Neil finds his way into a seedy bar in England.

Stephen Homer: You come in here often, big boy?

Neil: Are you Adrian's girlfriend?

Homer: You could say that.

Neil: If you're a girl, why is your voice so deep?

Homer: I've got a cold.

Neil: Oh, OK, gosh, and why are you so tall, have broad shoulders and weigh two hundred pounds, and why is your head so big?

Homer: The better to please you with, my dear. (sucks on his cigarette) I guess if I were a man, I'd be gay.

Neil: Hey, that's not funny. I've got a thing about that. You're not, are you...a man, I mean.

Homer: Naw, what would I be wearing a dress for, silly boy.

Neil: Guess I'm being paranoid. You really are just my type.

Homer: I'm anybody's type, baby.

Neil: You're not a feminist are you?

Homer: Call me honey, call me girl, I don't care. And I'll even bring you your beer while you watch football.

Neil: If you only liked football, you'd be the perfect woman.

Homer: Like it, hell, I've played it.

Neil: You want to get married?

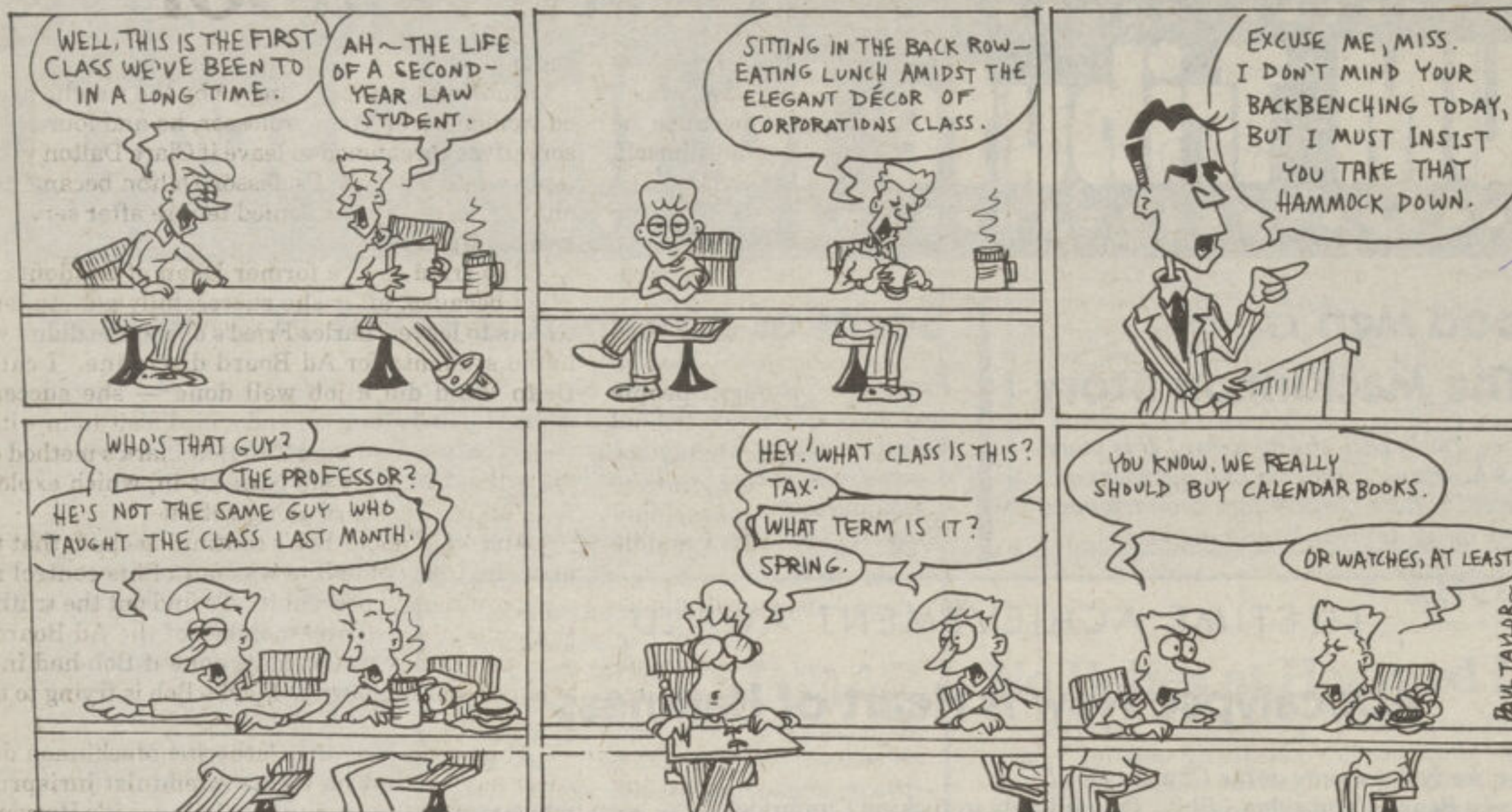
Homer: You ever hear of Bowers v Hardwick? (Neil looks up Homer's dress.)

Neil: Hey, what's that?



Liabilities

By Tall Failure



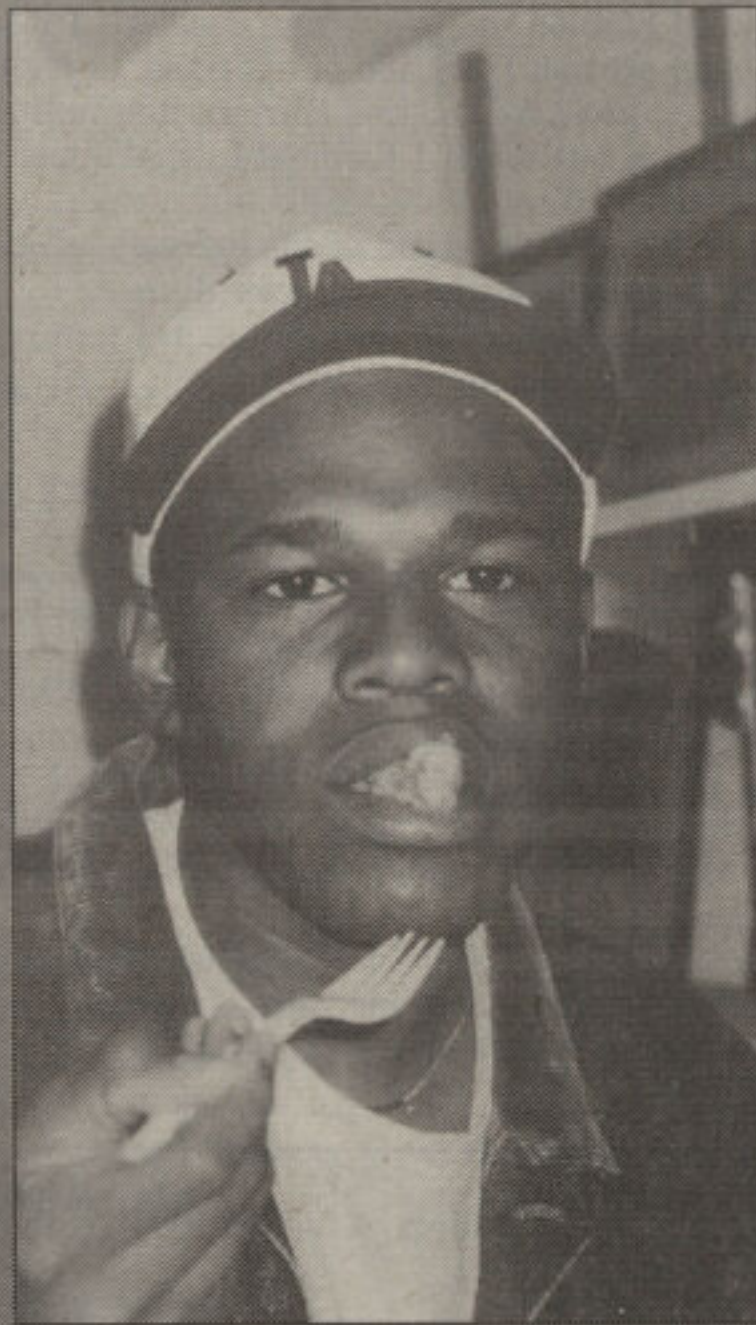
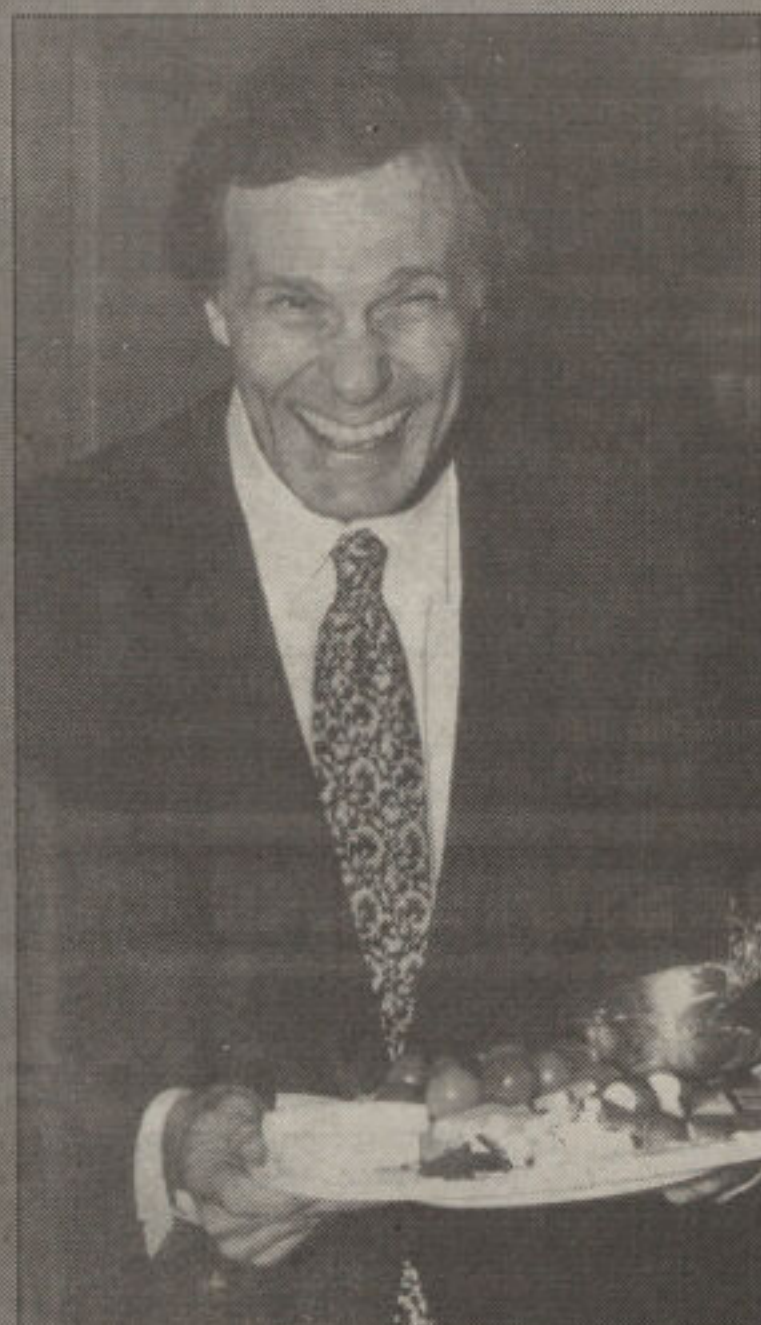
GROMM: Barbarian at Law

By Chris Canoli



Abruptly, Gromm realized he had misinterpreted his instructions to "take the law school."

Yummy for the Tummy



Former RECTUM Editor-in-Chief Bob Arnold and Harvard President Neil Rudenstein show their support for the Hunger Strike for Haitian Refugees.

POSTMASTER: Do not send this to any alumni or potential donors to Harvard Law School. ALUMNI/AE ADDRESS CHANGES: Give it up, it's hopeless, we know where you live. None shall escape the RECTUM's wrath! Alumni/ae are encouraged to remember the stunning work of journalism we put out each week when interviewing RECTUM staff members for jobs at their law firms. If you spent this much time putting out a paper, your grades would be bad too! Alumni/ae are always encouraged to send us money, sex toys, or other forms of "in kind" compensation for our efforts.

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HOROSCOPES

By Phil Heymann

ARIES March 21 to April 20: A night of casual phone-sex could lead to the romance of a lifetime. Be sure you don't electrocute yourself or get caught in the phone cord.

TAURUS April 21 to May 21: Don't lock horns with that special someone. He'll cut-out your heart, eat it in front of you, and then dismember you and your entire family.

GEMINI May 22 to June 21: A second-hand condom will offer an unexpected surprise.

CANCER June 22 to July 23: Tumors; they're not just for breakfast anymore.

LEO July 24 to August 23: Fuck everything that moves. It's time to fulfill your hunter-gatherer instincts. Roar!! It's mating season.

VIRGO August 24 to September 23: You will realize there's no hope of living-up to your sign. Remember that time you got plastered last weekend? Well, there's a couple of people who do.

LIBRA September 24 to October 23: Abuse your clinical placement discretion to convict an innocent man of first degree murder. Romance improves if you stay after lock-up at the prison.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 22: The sting of the whip from a close friend offers everlasting liberation through punishment. Live it up!

SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 21: You will drop acid and envision a wild night on the town with a man with the legs and organs of a goat. He will not satisfy you.

CAPRICORN December 22 to January 20: Don't drive. Don't even think about it. The symbol for Capricorn is a goat, and wherever you go, the sheep are nervous.

AQUARIUS January 21 to February 20: Your age has come and gone. Get used to it.

PISCES February 21 to March 20: If you accept that date with Alysse, you may never get rid of that fish smell.

For more information, just ask Bob Arnold.

The Real Fiend of the Law School

By Alysse MacIntyre

RECTUM Reprobate

HARD to believe that just one week ago I was sitting on a beach in the Bahamas with a fellow Griswold Nine compatriot, whom I will call Madonna '93. We were watching another glorious Caribbean sunset, drinking rum and discussing what an eye opening experience The Bahamas was proving to be. Going through Bahamian immigration, we were insulted by the Customs officer who told us that we "women's libbers" took thing too far by writing in "Ms." on a form that only gave us the options of "Mrs." and "Miss." He went on to tell us that he didn't believe in equal pay for equal work because women aren't capable of equal work.

"You mean to tell me," I said, "That a woman can't check that form and stamp my passport as well as you?"

A few days later I was regretting that remark. Not just because it resulted in him not giving us the discount coupons that everyone else got, but because I saw the light.

"That immigrations guy was right," I said. "We women's libbers do go too far. It's been so neat being here, being called 'honey' and 'sugar' by every guy on the street."

"Hasn't it?" said Madonna '93. "I realize now that we've been wrong about everything. The feminism bit, our PC ideology, standing up against racism..."

"I'm so ashamed!" I wailed.

"And Bob Clark," she continued. "We were so wrong about Bob Clark!"

"How can I ever hold my head up in the Hark again?" I sniveled.

"Bob really is the decent guy The Phantom of the Law School made him out to be. How could we have been so wrong?" she said.

Oh, we were so full of shame. The Phantom of the Law School was right, and we were wrong. Bob shouldn't be blamed for everything he's done. We should take the advice of the "apolitical" Drama Society; let's blame it all on someone else and ignore that Bob did all these reprehensible things.

APRIL FOOLS. Of course, we said nothing of the sort. Mostly we marveled at the dim-wittedness of some of our fellow students who seem to have taken the The

Phantom of the Law School to heart. So here is the story of the real story of the Real Fiend of the Law School.

Bob Clark looked great in the play because he appeared to have such a sense of humor about himself, doing a cameo in a play that pokes such fun at him. The truth is Bob never knew the plot until he arrived the first night of the show. So don't be impressed.

I only realized after the show that there was no reason for Bob to worry about how he appeared in the story, because so many people failed to realize that Bob actually did most of those things that were blamed on the characters Fiend and Shovel. I thought people would realize that the idea that someone else is behind all the evil deeds Bob has committed was just ludicrous. I thought that they would realize the final song, "Maybe Bob is Trying to Tell You Something" was a joke, highlighted by Bob dancing around on stage like a middle aged white guy.

Yes, Bob has been trying to tell you something, so let me remind you of what that really is.

Recall that Bob's first action as Dean was to eliminate the Public Interest Job Placement Office. After being forced to recreate it, he said that he wasn't actually recreating Public Interest Job Placement Office. Now Bob runs around bragging about how great the Public Interest Job Placement Office is, the very same one he denied recreating.

Remember those Four White Men? Not only did he know what he was doing when he gave them tenure, he had the audacity to say to me at the time that it was an important step towards diversity. Four diverse white guys? Yes, I really heard what Bob was trying to tell me then.

The Wall Street Journal article? You know, the one in which Bob called the The Diversity Movement a symptom of Affirmative Action and the result of student insecurity, i.e., that Minority students aren't qualified to be here so we're insecure and protest? Not only did Bob actually say it, but when the Griswold Nine asked him to explain his comments, he said the article accurately represented what he meant. I couldn't believe it. After all, anyone with common sense would have disowned the statement or said that they quoted him out of context or some such nonsense. But Bob was more than happy to tell The Griswold Nine, sitting there in front of the door to his office, that he said what he meant. No maybe about it. Bob was telling us some-

thing.

And what is Bob telling us by the way he has treated women here? As a professor, he and four other conservatives threatened to leave if Clare Dalton was given tenure. As a result, Professor Dalton became the second person ever to be denied tenure after serving as an assistant professor.

Bob tried to fire former Dean of Students Sarah Wald because, after she successfully got student protesters to leave Charles Fried's office, she didn't want to name students for Ad Board discipline. I call what Dean Wald did a job well done — she successfully defused a bad situation and ended a sit-in in within fifteen minutes. Compare it to Bob Clark's method of handling the The Griswold Nine sit-in, which exploded in face, taking his beard along with it.

And what about Bob's continuing claim that the trial of the Griswold Nine was out of his control and he was powerless to prevent it? To find out the truth about that one, just ask any member of the Ad Board what they think they would have done if Bob had inquired about dropping charges. Maybe Bob is trying to tell you he is a liar.

Then there was the Catherine Mackinnon debacle. After saying that he wants a feminist jurisprudence scholar, and after saying that because it's Harvard only the best in any field will do, Bob lobbied against her. Is Bob trying to tell us that Mackinnon isn't qualified?

And just this week was Bob's letter dated 4/5/93 announcing, among other things, Phil Heymann's appointment as Deputy Attorney General. While drooling all over Professor Heymann's success, he only mentioned in passing Chris Edley's departure to the OMB. Could it be because of an incident at a Diversity Teach In two years ago? Before a packed audience, Professor Edley pointed at Bob Clark and said that he was the man to hold responsible. Maybe Chris is trying to tell you something. Maybe you ought to listen.

And why is it that Bob is having meetings with all the 1L & 2L sections but not the 3Ls? Could it be because we have the longest institutional memory of all these events?

So forget the play. Think about what Bob is really trying to tell you, and try singing the song with the lyrics that some of the cast adopted: Can't sleep at night, the faculty's all white...Maybe Bob is Trying to Tell You Something...



Engagements

Hank Fincher '94 and Mary-Louise Ramsdale '94 announced their nuptial plans last week during voting for Law School Council positions. "I thought I could show him a few new dominant positions," said Ramsdale, batting her eyes. "Politics and a crowbar drove us apart, but our atrocious accents brought us together," she beamed.



Enu Mainigi '94 and Raul Perez '94 have put their political differences aside and agreed to tie the knot. "I decided to prove my commitment to diversity by marrying a woman of color," Perez explained. "Raul has my endorsement," admitted Mainigi. Perez reassured the women of HLS that his other "activities" would not be affected.



Neil Glazer '93 and Stephen Homer '94, unable to keep their forbidden love a secret, announced their plans to obtain domestic partnership status. "We wanted to take advantage of the new Cambridge ordinance, before we took advantage of each other. I'm an old fashioned guy," said Homer. "This is immoral and unnatural, but it sure feels good," confessed Glazer, glowing.



Mike Twomey '93 and Rebecca Eisenberg '93 found love in the pages of the RECORD and GQ. "After seeing our pictures paired so often, we realized we'd make a perfect couple," said Eisenberg. Eisenberg plans to grow her moustache, too, and see if Mikey likes it. Twomey, who was last seen passed out under a pool table in the Backbench Pub, did not comment.



Professor Catharine MacKinnon accepted a marriage proposal from Hans Bader '94 last week, realizing it would be the only offer that she'd get from HLS this year. "She decided it would be better to be raped every night than go on living alone," Bader said with a smirk.



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Fill in Headline Here

By Rich Wareing '93
RECORD Columnist



To: Rich Wareing
From: Lisa Z.
Re: Your Column

Don't forget to finish your column and fill in the blanks for this week's issue.

Nobody ever cut _____ a break. He/she was born on the hard-scrabble streets of _____. His/her mother/father had died when he/she was _____ years old and his/her mother/father was a drug addict/alcoholic/criminal. Life is tough when you're a poor black kid from the (name housing project)/poor (name ethnic group) kid from (name decaying ethnic neighborhood), and _____ had to make his/her own way on the mean streets of the city.

Life was tough, because the criminals/ politicians/bureaucrats/corrupt cops/liberal egghead academics had pretty much ruined the city by _____. No matter, though, because _____ was the kind of kid who never gave up. He/she worked hard in the (name decaying public school that doesn't care about the kids or inner city Catholic school with nuns who'd knock your head off) and got a scholarship to _____ college. Even though his/her family (name unbelievable financial crisis), _____ worked (one/two/three or more) jobs, (12/24/36) hours a day just to make ends meet/get by.

Life would have been OK too, if (name intervening cruel hand of fate) hadn't _____ and ruined _____'s life by _____. All _____'s effort/work/toil went down the drain/toilet/crapper. A young, talented, life gone/thrown away/wasted/ destroyed/ wrecked/ruined. The cruel, heartless, tough city had _____ another innocent victim.

No matter, though, because (name privileged group you'd like to slam a little this week) doesn't give a damn/rat's ass about people like _____. When you live in the affluent suburbs of _____, the problems/crisis in cities/housing projects/decaying ethnic neighborhoods, don't count for much next to your sailboat/ski lodge/Final Four tickets. All that matters to them is their pocket fax/cuisinart/solar powered nose tweezers. The city, and its problems are only something you see from the commuter rail/while stuck in traffic on the expressway.

So once again, a tough break and hopeless neglect by the elite destroyed _____. Of course, the neighborhoods of _____ have been on the decline for years, since the end of the Second World War. Now the cold, harsh wind, blows through the abandoned tenements from which once came the vibrant sounds of neighborhoods alive with the American Dream. Now, though, the old days are just memories. Memories which die hard on the mean streets of the cruel city.

Straight Talk About Lawyering

By Kneel "Dairy Queen" Brazier
RECTUM Purveyor of THE TRUTH

THERE has been much debate lately over the issue of lawyers in Clinton's cabinet. Underlying this debate, of course, is the question of how society in general should deal with lawyers. It would appear, to listen to those from the bar, that they have gone beyond their initial demands for tolerance to the more radical demand that their lifestyle be fully embraced by the American people as a perfectly normal and acceptable way to make money. There are many, however, myself included, who refuse to surrender to such demands.

This position is not motivated out of any hatred of lawyers. Nor is it motivated by my inability to deal with my recurring erotic dreams involving lawyers. Rather it is motivated by a deeply held belief that their behavior is in contravention to the laws of God, nature, and man.

This position is not motivated out of any hatred of lawyers. It is motivated by a deeply held belief that their behavior is in contravention to the laws of God, nature, and man.

I am, however, a firm believer in the maxim that you should love the sinner but abhor the sin. On the other hand, if my daughter came home with a lawyer I'd have the lawyer "cured" with a crowbar and wouldn't let my daughter out of her room until she had undergone both psychological and spiritual healing.

The Bible is full of direct admonishments against lawyers. Do unto others... Thou shalt not steal. Moses didn't do a title search before sending forth the Hebrews into Israel.

Society as a whole has long rejected the lawyer as pariah. "First thing we do is kill all the lawyers." "There are skid marks in front of the skunk." "Professional courtesy." This is the natural reaction of a moral and just society.

I will not go into the statistics regarding drug use and divorce rates among lawyers. Lawyering is aberrant, unnatural, and immoral behavior and there is no reason for our society to accept it. Let's face it, not even the New York City Board of Education felt that *My Mommy is a Lawyer* was considered proper reading for an eight year-old.

In the end I must say that I feel lawyers have a right to live freely in our society. But I have an absolute right to make sure my children aren't exposed to them in school, I don't have to fight next to them on the battlefield (think about the potential for tort actions alone!), I shouldn't have to shop in the same stores as them, they should be denied drivers' licenses, and finally, we should not have one — or two — in the White House.

Enu and Raul Revealed to Be Same Person

continued from *ENU = RAUL*, page 1

Clark there as the phantom at the end of the play," remarked Perez. "Ed kept quiet about the whole Enu thing, and all he asked in return was that I help him edit Dave Lopez's stupid movie review column for the RECTUM."

Dean Clark refused to confirm that he had appeared in *The Phantom*.

At the press conference, Perez said he had fully intended to continue the ruse, but growing rumors forced him to reveal his true identity. Many law students first grew suspicious when it became apparent that Perez and Mainigi, despite their political differences, had identical campaign platforms: an ATM machine in the Hark, greater faculty diversity, and weekly showings of *Tootsie* in the Ames Courtroom. These questions were magnified when the Women's Law Association posted a campaign flyer stating, "If you really want this to be the year of the woman, vote for Raul." None of the women behind the flyer could be reached for comment; Law School officials are currently investigating whether they, too, may have been men in disguise.

Perez declared his intention to serve out his term as Law School Council president, but was vague as to whether he would do so as Enu or Raul.

"We're currently looking into what

the LSC by-laws have to say," he explained. "My initial guess is that since Enu won the election, I should come to future LSC meetings as her, but now that everyone knows, that would be a bit pointless. Maybe I'll alternate."

Student reaction to Perez's announcement was mixed. Rich Wareing '93 remarked, "I always wondered why Enu kept refusing to debate Raul. Now it all makes sense." LSC pack-rat Hank Fincher '94 demanded that Perez step down immediately and insisted he return the socks and T-shirt Fincher had left in Enu's room the previous week. Fincher added that, henceforth, Lincoln's Inn would conduct strip searches of female guests to verify their identity.

"I know it's a drastic step," Fincher said, "but this just shows that you can't be too careful these days."

Many other students condemned Perez's actions.

"What he did was unnatural and perverted. I'm horrified!" exclaimed unofficial HLS morality czar Neil Glazer '93. "It goes against the word of God and the fundamental laws of the universe — just read my column and you'll see. I want to change my vote!"

But some at the Law School saw Perez in a more favorable light.

"Like, I'm so glad Enu isn't real. She was such a #\$\$%!@!" said Becky

Eikenberg '93. Scott Auby '93, who played Alysse MacIntyre in the recent drama society production, *The Phantom of the Law School*, added, "I really respect Raul for what he went through. Those pumps are just murder on your feet. And those bras can really itch sometimes."

Perez's revelations rekindled long-dormant speculation about two other Law School Council heavyweights. Most mem-

bers of the Law School community thought the issue had been resolved by the closed Ad Board hearings two years ago, but now students and faculty are wondering again whether Marie-Louise Ramsdale '93 really is Michael Twomey '93. Ramsdale and Twomey refused to comment, and at press time, the rumor remained unconfirmed.

More Fun at the Review

continued from *EMILYGATE*, page 1

who asked not to be identified but his name is Chris Younger '93, admitted he was one of the three dissenting votes. "I thought people overreacted because of the long winter. It's all this white powder. The snow, I mean. Wait, I gotta go blow my nose."

Rebecca Eizensburg '93, one of Schulman's principal accusers, expressed shock and surprise. "I was out of town protesting her vicious treatment of other Jewish women and I didn't know anything about the vote," she said. "When I heard about the resolution, I thought someone was just going to draw a picture of her for a quarter or something. Like, this is

really bad."

Current Law Review President Stan Nguyen said the controversy was a "purely internal matter" and pledged to "heal the wounds. Except those suffered by Schulman."

"I've talked to many, many editors since Emily was drawn and quartered," he said. "The overwhelming majority believe that eliminating the source of controversy will improve scholarship."

Schulman's attorney said that Schulman could not be reached for comment. Dean Clark refused to confirm that Schulman was a member of the *Law Review*, citing "our policy not to discuss violent murders while the body is still warm."

COMMENTARY

Midnight Crapper Makes Excellent Excrement

By Rader of the Lost Ark '94

Guest Columnist

THE most recent incident in the Gropius bathrooms confirmed that Harvard Law School has been reduced to what we all suspected it was all along: a place so full of shit it makes you sick.

Why does everyone feel obligated to comment on how disgusting HLS is? Admittedly, it isn't pleasant (what at this school is?), but it seems more amusing than disgusting. Even the title of the article, "Gropius Bathrooms Defiled," seems comically redundant. Of course, the Gropius bathrooms are defiled; haven't you been there? Perhaps our mysterious defecator is Gropius himself, come back from the dead, to finish his "vision" for the dorms. A light coating of guano is probably the perfect complement to Ames Hall.

The plea for the "Demonic Defecator" to turn "himself" in also seems ludicrous. You'd think it'd be easy to catch this guy. The obvious method is to get a bloodhound and track "him" by his spoor. That'd be exciting! And, can't you "dust for feces?" Even if you don't know who it is, at least you'd know what "he" had for dinner and could stake out certain ethnic restaurants.

I have an alternate theory about "The Midnight Crapper." Perhaps "he" is an avant-garde artist, of the Karen Finley variety, defecating all over the Gropius bathrooms in order to deconstruct our relationship to the very room that sanitizes our "dirtiest" biological function. By forcing us to confront that which we do our best to hide, this artiste changes the way we perceive that special room, like spreading food all over a kitchen, blood around a doctor's office, or TV Guide around a living room. The next step shouldn't be punishment or a "cure," but assisting our "Mad Dumper" in getting a National Endowment for the Arts grant.

It's tough to imagine who might be responsible for this fecal vandalism. From what I read, everyone is convinced it's some sicko nut, acting out a weird fetish, who desperately needs our help. But perhaps it is Dr. Byers and the rest of us who should seek counseling. Sometimes, I wonder why we're all here, stuck in a place with all the native charm of an ice box, shivering our asses off, toiling away for degrees we have no idea what we're going to do with.

Hey, maybe I ought to go to Dane Hall and just crap all over the place. Along the lines of Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*, R.D. Laing described insanity as "a perfectly rational adjustment to the insane world." Maybe all of us should go to Ames Hall and wipe our dung everywhere. Or, at least there should be a single day in the year for us to expel our feces all over, a catharsis of our feelings towards this place. Maybe the question is not "Why is this person shitting all over Gropius?" but "Why aren't we all shitting all over Gropius?"

And, why does everyone feel compelled to castigate this Spoor Spreader for simply following nature's call? Before we were toilet trained, didn't we all enjoy the same absolute freedom? Ah, those were the days — feeling the urge and just cutting loose anywhere we felt like it! Alas, those happy moments are gone. But how I envy that one free spirit still among us. I'd like to shake the hand of this "Rousseau for Our Age" — after "he" washes it, of course.

In the end, the interpretation of this signal event in HLS history I like best is that the turd-decorating felon's actions are a metaphor deeper than merely demonstrating the overwhelmingly anal personalities that populate our campus. With Law School Council elections in mind, I can't help but notice the excrement everyone on this campus expels, filling any open space, conversation or wall. In our classes, our discussions, our lives, we're constantly spewing out our own crap endlessly, coating ourselves and everyone around us in the diarrhea that spews from our mouths. This column and the others in *The RECTUM*, for example, are but a small sample. When you think about it, we're all so deep in our own shit, it's a wonder we even noticed the crap in the bathrooms.

Gropius Dorms Torched

from CONSTRUCTION, page 1

for this day!"

Somewhat controversial was the lack of warning afforded residents in the Gropius dorms; many were caught completely unawares by the admittedly radical deconstruction work. Salameh stated that he had been specifically prohibited from posting notices of the planned demo-

lition within a five-block radius of the campus; when reached for comment, Dean Clark smirked and admitted having issued the prohibition, adding, "Screw 'em."

Passers-by had more or less uniform reactions to the destruction. "My God, there are people caught in there!" exclaimed one man to his female companion as they passed the rubble that had once been Story Hall.

"No, honey, they're just lawyers."

"Oh, whew!" the man said, looking relieved.

Salameh and Apu later invited reporters to take up blowtorches and help dismantle the World Tree. The infamous TV-antenna-cum-sculpture is to be melted down and recast as a new set of weights for the chronically under-equipped Hemenway Gym. As for Jarvis Field, Apu explained as he began marking yardlines, "Soon large men will commit grave injuries to each other for our entertainment. It is the American Way."

Ames-ing for the Minimum

By Debby Does Dickerson '95

RECTUM Columnist

I was not looking forward to Ames. I hadn't enjoyed defending that drunk-driving simian fall semester and had no reason to believe the defendant du jour this time would be any less a skeezer. My real beef, though, is that Ames is just too much bloody work. I pretty much consider schlepping to class and slumping catatonically onto the back bench as much as should be expected of me. That and getting all the zeroes right on those tuition checks. "Work" is what I quit to come here and "study."

Ames, I've decided, would be fine if the BSA just wrote all those damned memos and briefs and distributed them. I'd be more than happy to walk over and pick mine up. Let's get real: ghost-writing is the only way a judge will ever peruse a brief signed by me that doesn't make her laugh out loud. HLS is big on these kind of efficiency arguments, right? Or could it be that efficiency is only relevant when the poor, people of color, or women need to be denied some basic human right for the common good? One of those Law & Ec types should write a paper on this 'cause I think I'm on to something. I'd do it myself but it sounds like a way lot of work.

In this handout, the BSA could tell me how I *should* have done my research and why my method (standing in the middle of the Reading Room and whimpering til the staff couldn't stand it anymore) was less effective. They could list the cases I should (but wouldn't) have thought most relevant and distill from them what the law is on the issue. They could slap post-its all over explaining why I'm arguing one theory over another and why my trademark "Sez Him!" rebuttal is problematic. When they wrote my oral argument, they could mark the places where I should fake a catch in my throat at the plight of the hapless, albeit skeezerious, defendant or where I should perhaps rap a passage for dramatic effect. Don't BSA people become BSA people 'cause they think this legal stuff is fun? I say, let 'em have lots and lots of fun then. Anyway its good practice since this is what they'll be doing for the partners when they firm-out after graduation.

But, no, nobody listens to me and I had to do Ames myself. So that meant reading the *Times* in the drafty old library while my partner did research and kept hogging the table with those damned books. I really had to put my foot down to make him leave me alone; I could barely hear myself think enough to do the crossword. Some people are soooo selfish. You'd think that would have been enough of a sacrifice, but, no. Then, I had to fake the flu so my partner could write my research memo for me. I was so bored, lying around reading novels and watching TV, unable to go out 'cause he might see me. Then, mother of all hassles, I had to do research at the medical school to figure out how to sham hysterical pregnancy while he wrote our draft and final briefs. Whew! At one point, I was so frazzled, it actually occurred to me that it might have been simpler to just do the work. But then I thought, nah. Finally, half-way through my first trimester, my slow-as-molasses partner finally finished. For awhile, I thought I might have to actually fake childbirth. I'm going to have to choose partners much more carefully in the future.

OK, so then I had to figure out how to kill 15 minutes talking about a brief I had yet to read. What's the purpose of the oral argument anyway — judges can't read? As if any of these Reagan/Bush appointees will actually *hear* what I say as I stand there with *this* hair and without *that* appendage. Then Plan A failed when my whiny partner inexplicably refused to cooperate with the ventriloquy scam I worked out. Men are soooooo moody. Who needs him anyway? Alright, first things first: Were we the sleazy criminal or the oppressive government? OK, cool, that was right on the cover. How convenient. So far so good; an hour from my oral argument and already I knew which side I was on. This wasn't going to be so hard after all.

Finally, with scant seconds to go, I had a finalized plan. Fifteen minutes from now, I thought, Ames will be dead and I'll be that much closer to a 3L Hark box, my only goal in life now. Then, the unthinkable happened: Prof. Lloyd "Crim God" Weinreb, the man who wrote the text my partner plagiarized for our brief, was Chief Justice. I knew this was bad 'cause I was pretty sure our case was criminal. But, I chilled and plunged in with Phase I of the plan.

"May eet pleez zee coot. Votre Honor, je maple Monsieur Debora de la Dickerson moi toot sweet ooh la la Pepe LePeu a la carte frere Jacques soup du jour Josephine Baker. Vive la defendant! Maurice Chevalier to vous."

Ah yes, I could see the fake impenetrable French accent was working its magic. Judging by the look on their faces, I'd have to repeat every sentence at least 3 times. 15 minutes? Piece of cake.

Right on schedule, I switched to Phase II — turbo-synonym mode mixed with lots of loooooong pauses. "Your Honor," I said, "the defendant . . . the accused . . . the oppressed one . . . the wretch . . . the wayward son . . . the perpetrator . . . the slimeball xshould be freed . . . sprung . . . booted . . . bounced . . . sent packing . . . given his walking papers. (Time for the fake catch in the throat. Quick: Think of your grades!) He may be a slimeball, Your Honor. But He's my slimeball. He's your slimeball. He's a slimeball for all seasons. In short, Your Honor, let my defendant go." Yes! Six minutes to freedom.

I was just starting the second verse of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* when my neurotic partner upstaged me by trying to low-crawl out of the room. Prof. Weinreb tried to take control but I was way ahead of him. He droned on about the Fourth Amendment as if that was relevant to an illegal search and seizure claim, but I hung tight. I just kept picturing him doing the twist (works much better than picturing your audience naked) and innocently pretended not to understand anything he said. He tried rephrasing eight or nine times, then tried baby talk (2 minutes to go!) but finally gave up. Did I look stupid enough to fall for those old tricks? I think not.

The old Crim God looked a lot less hoity-toity when I'd reduced him to drawing stick figure cops on the blackboard bludgeoning stick figure people of color.

I guess I showed him. I guess I showed them all that I'm too smart to be suckered into working hard at Ames.

Toby Cannabis

PSYCHICS

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Palm Readings
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BAR REVIEW

Other Bar review courses may be good enough for *commoners*, but why would you want to associate with *them*?

Only Bar/Brie includes wine and cheese receptions, a formal ball, and and a yacht cruise in our program.

You may not pass, but you'll know which fork to use at dinner! Sure, we cost more than other bar review courses, but you don't really care about *money*, do you?

"I highly recommend the course.
The '68 Chateau Moutin-Rothschild
was exquisite!"

—Philip Areeda
Gourmand Professor of Law

