



The BUTTAFUOCO

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Lone B+ Student Speaks Out

By E=MC²

Professor Charles Nesson '63 handed out A's to every student in his winter evidence class...except one. The BUTTAFUOCO discovered that pathetic individual's identity through a confidential source (not Annie Bombard) and now presents an exclusive interview with that student.

BUTTAFUOCO: How do you explain your recent grade in Evidence?

STUPID STUDENT: Well, I suppose my output wasn't what it should have been for the class.

BUTTAFUOCO: You mean, you deserved to get a B+?

BOZO: I must have. I got it.

BUTTAFUOCO: Even though

please see **GRADE**, page 2



Our distinguished Dean Clark gets down with an unidentified female student, known to most as "Oh, Mommy, One More Time."

A Class You Can Bet On

HLS Plans NCAA Handicapping Course

By Nolan Richardson

The Legal Education Committee yesterday announced the institution of a new class entitled "NCAA Picks: Making the Most of Your Pool."

The class, which will be taught next fall by Jabbar Professor of Law Charles Fried, will focus on the best ways to select winning teams in the NCAA championship playoffs, also known as "March

Madness" and "Something to Do Rather than Reading Ad Law."

Appalled at the proliferation of student-run basketball pools at HLS, and the complete ignorance with which many law students throw their loan money into these gambling enterprises, Dean Clark '72 issued a strong statement supporting the new class.

The idea for the NCAA course was first proposed by the Association of Individuals who are Really Bad About

Liking Losers (AIRBALL), which was disturbed by the problem of stupid picks. AIRBALL is the only remaining member of the Coalition for Civil Rights (CCR).

"We know too many people who were screwed in the first round, and who lost a lot of

please see **NCAA**, page 11

Tenure Offered to Tom Cruise

By Nicole Kidman

Dean Clark revealed last week that actor Tom Cruise '92 (in "A Few Good Men") - '93 (in "The Firm") had been offered a tenured position on the HLS faculty. The announcement - which had been widely rumored since Cruise's triumphant visit to the Law School in March - met with mixed reactions.

"I'm glad to see that another young, inexperienced professor will be joining the faculty," said Prof. Jon Hanson.

The Coalition for Civil Rights attacked the offer, decrying the fact that Cruise is a white man. "Once again the Law School has ignored qualified people of color in its

appointments process," said CCR Chairperson Ingrid Bergman '94. "What about Tina Turner? What about Whoopi Goldberg? I'd like to see Tom Cruise try to host the Oscars!"

Andy Leaven '94 expressed hope that the appointment of Cruise to fill the Law School faculty's movie star quota would not prevent the future appointment of Goldberg. "Sure, she hasn't published much lately, but neither has Richard Parker," he said. "Whoopi could bring a wealth of experience to the law school, like her brilliant insights into alternative dispute resolution displayed in "Jumpin' Jack

please see **CRUISE**, page 11

Clark: I've Been Sexually Harassed

Students Say, "But He Liked It"

By Alysse MacIntyre

Dean Clark '72 today accused leaders of the HLS Drama Society of forcing him to perform "lewd and frankly confusing" sexual acts and called for an expansion of the Law School's new sexual harassment guidelines to prevent student harassment of faculty.

Clark, whose performance as a shy but forceful sheik in "My Fair J.D." won a Golden Globe nomination for Best Khaffia, nearly broke down in tears as he related what he called his "humiliation and degradation" at a special press conference this afternoon.

"I felt so hurt," Clark said. "They violated my inner child."

Clark made his accusations Wednesday after the BUTTAFUOCO obtained secret photographs taken at a cast party last month. Most of the photos violated the BUTTAFUOCO's standards of decency and could not be published, and anyway Greg "Store 'em" (supposedly) lost them.

According to Clark, "My Fair J.D." producer Rob Rader '94 forced him to kneel and lick the soles of director Laura Putney's feet to the tune of "The Best of Times." Afterward, Clark claims, Putney forced him to do the breaststroke in an inflatable swimming pool filled with lime jello.

"I'm used to inflatables, but to be quite honest, I found the lime jello irritated my jock itch," Clark said.

Clark said his objections to Putney's and Rader's "demeaning demands" were met with threats. "They said they would

drop me from the show," he said.

"Get real," Putney '95 retorted. "Sure, I was ready to drop him if he didn't wear leather under the sheik get-up. But the whole bit with the mud bath and the high heels was all Rader's doing."

"You've got to be kidding me. Why would I harass him? I mean, look at him!" Rader exclaimed.

Other staff members questioned whether Clark was forced into compromising positions against his will.

"I thought all of it was part of his song-and-dance routine to get more alumni donations," said News Officer Michael Chmura. "I mean, it was on his schedule."

Assistant Dean of Admissions Joyce Curll also questioned Clark's complaints. "He wanted to do that stuff during orientation last fall, but he decided to save it for this year's incoming class," she said.

Clark insisted that his conduct was a simple case of quid pro quo sexual harassment. "Of course, I was forced to do it. Would I do any of that stuff on my own?" he asked, readjusting his kilt in preparation for a fundraising trip to Scotland.

Clark has petitioned the HLS Sexual Harassment Committee to expand its definition of harassment to include instances of student harassment of faculty. Committee Chair Richard Fallon said the panel would consider the request and promised to rewrite the guidelines at least three times between now and the 1995-96

please see **CLARK**, page 11

Heymann Busted in D.C.

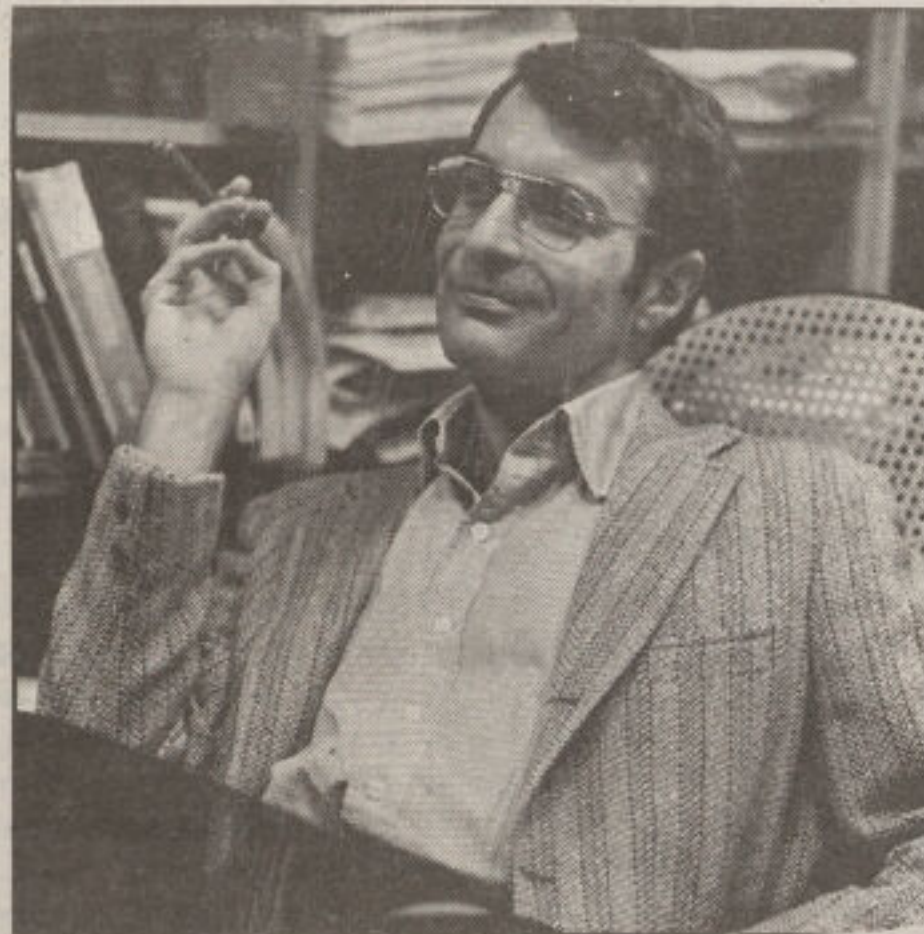
By Rose L. Firm

After a stormy tenure at the Justice Department, Professor Philip Heymann '60, will be returning to the HLS faculty next fall a broken man. Despite official reports that his resignation was not caused by policy differences with Attorney General Janet Reno '63, the BUTTAFUOCO has learned that Heymann's abrupt departure was caused by his increasingly liberal positions on prominent political issues.

"It was OK when he came out against the 'Three Strikes and You're Out' policy, but when he started criticizing the Infield Fly Rule, that was it!" said Remo in an off-the-record BUTTAFUOCO interview.

Remo also criticized

Heymann for redecorating his office with a wicker chair stolen from the "Fantasy Island" set (see photo, below).



Prof. Heymann enjoys a stogie while pondering his less-than-rosy future.

Heymann's cigar was an additional cause of friction. "To

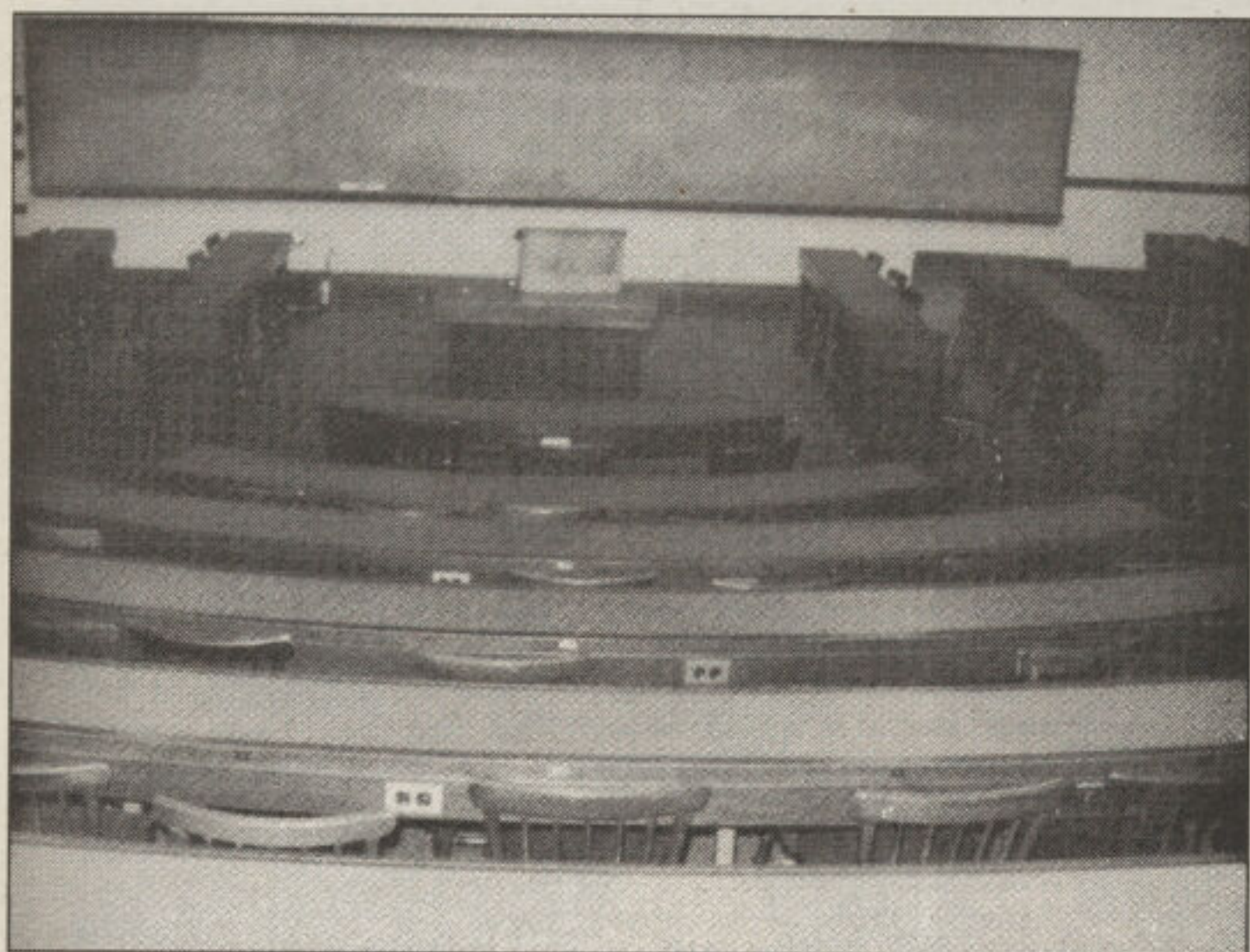
quote Sigmund Freud, sometimes a cigar is just a cigar," said Remo. Remo, however, became suspicious when Heymann

repeatedly assured her that he didn't inhale. Her fears were realized when she recognized the distinctive odor emanating from Heymann's office from her days at the Dade County prosecutor's office.

"I thought the people in Phil's office were saying, 'Let's get Heymann!' all the time. Then someone told me it was actually, 'Let's get high, man!'" Remo explained. The BUTTAFUOCO interview ended abruptly when Remo carelessly dropped a lit match into a large

please see **HEYMANN**, page 11

Attendance Light at Diversity Panel



The scene during last week's exiting faculty diversity panel discussion.

By Karl "Tuffy" Rhodes

After being rescheduled at least 16 times, the long-anticipated faculty diversity panel was finally held last Sunday at 6:30 a.m. Not a single student showed up at the much-ballyhooed event. In fact, not a single panelist showed up either.

Dean Clark, upon learning of the poor turnout, immediately declared,

"This confirms once and for all that there is no controversy at the Law School about faculty diversity." Clark announced that, in response to the "mandate" for his policies demonstrated by the panel, Professors David Wilkins, Martha Minow, Scott Brewer, Martha Field, Christine Desan, Charles Ogletree, Carol Steiker, and Elizabeth Bartholet would be dismissed from the faculty.

Clark to Void Nesson's Evidence Grades

By Jack D'Couer

In an effort to ensure standardization of the grading process and to reassert his authority over the Law School Faculty, Dean Clark '72 has instructed the Registrar's Office to void all of the grades from Professor Nesson's winter term Evidence class and to schedule a make-up examination during the finals period.

"I understand that Professor Nesson wants the school to go pass/fail and that this was his way of expressing this," said Clark, "but until an official decision on pass/fail is made, as the ruling force of the Law School I have to crush these acts of civil disobedience appropriately. And offering a re-examination was the fairest way I was told to...excuse me... I could

think of to achieve this."

Clark noted that students are not required to take the exam; any student who chooses not to sit for the test will have her grade randomly assigned. "This way, a student's grade will at least be no less indicative of his or her knowledge of evidence than was the grade they received on any other Law School test," Clark said.

The examination will be designed by Professor Peter Murray '67, who also taught evidence in the fall. Murray will also be in charge of grading the examination, but will be assisted by Professor Alan Dershowitz, whose knowledge about evidence was demonstrated in the critically acclaimed movie, "Reversal of Fortune."

Murray was unavailable for comment

Pecker Tax Unveiled

By Billy Boom Boom

In a BUTTAFUOCO exclusive, tax professor Alvin Warren revealed that he is working closely with Clinton administration officials on health care reform legislation. More specifically, BUTTAFUOCO insiders learned that Warren's mandate is to devise a tax structure that provides additional revenue streams. In answering the president's call of duty, the normally staid Warren said, "Hey, it [the secret tax project] beats publishing meaningless trash that we pass off as 'scholarly.'"

To the right is a draft copy of Warren's proposed revisions of the tax code. BUTTAFUOCO sources obtained [translated: we stole it off Alvin's computer] the draft copy from Treasury officials.

After reviewing the proposed tax, law and econ guru Professor Steven Shavell said, "There's no incentive to pump yourself up. Personally, though, I could use the refund." Enthusiastically noting that the tax structure can have far reaching consequences, Professor Warren happily added, "Perhaps that Bobbitt chick was merely trying to cut her tax bill." Ahhhh, real funny, stick to treatises Alvin.

Rumor has it, though, that Harvard men have much to gain under the new taxing structure. Except for a select few (and I do mean you Harold Dichter), Harvard men will be proportionately under affected by the new tax. Said Julie Soo '94, "Given the men I date, the IRS should have gone metric. Centimeters, not inches, is definitely more appropriate." Now that hurts.

MEMORANDUM

TO: All Male Taxpayers
FROM: Internal Revenue Service
RE: Proposed Pecker Tax

The only thing the Internal Revenue Service has not taxed is your pecker. This is due to the fact that 40 percent of the time it is hanging around unemployed, 30 percent of the time it is pissed off, 20 percent of the time it is hard up.

And 10 percent of the time it is employed, but it operates in a hole. Furthermore, it has two dependents and they are both nuts.

Accordingly, after April 1, 1994, your pecker will be taxed based on its size. Using the pecker checker scale below, determine your category and insert the additional tax under "Other Taxes," Page 2, Part V Line 61 of your standard income tax return.

Standard-Pecker-Checker-Scale

10-12 Inches.....	Luxury Tax	\$50.00
8-10 Inches.....	Pole Tax	\$25.00
6-8 Inches.....	Privileged	\$15.00
4-6 Inches.....	Nuisance Tax	\$5.00

NOTE: Anyone under four inches is eligible for a Refund.

Please do not ask for an extension.

Males with peckers in excess of 12 inches should be filed under "Capital Gains."

Student Talks About Low Nesson Grade

continued from *GRADE*, page 1

everyone else got an A?

PEANUTHEAD: Look, Nesson is a brilliant man. If you don't see that, then you're just not as smart as you think you are. He's trying to be really innovative about how we learn here.

BUTTAFUOCO: But that has nothing to do with the unfairness of your grade.

NINCOMPOOP: No, it has everything to do with it. In class, we were supposed to do a group project. I didn't participate in making our video because I didn't see how making a video of my impressions of the class had anything to do with evidence. Besides, I refused to allow my face to be morphed.

BUTTAFUOCO: Morphed?

YALE GRAD: Molded into someone else's face by the computer. God, where have you been? Didn't you see "Terminator 2: Judgment Day"?

BUTTAFUOCO: I confess, I don't see what this has to do with evidence, either. PEABRAIN: That was my problem, too! I figured, I'm paying \$20,000 a year, they should teach me some law so I can actually go out and practice in order to pay for

this "education."

BUTTAFUOCO: Right.

DUNCE: No, wrong!

BUTTAFUOCO: Huh?

GILLIGAN: I didn't get it. I was just buying into the repressive, hierarchical teaching system that doesn't value creativity, ingenuity, character. That's not education.

BUTTAFUOCO: It's not?

JEFF GILLOOLY: No. Listen, it came to me in a dream after I got my grade. I deserved the grade as punishment for believing that grades could possibly measure me. Irony, eh?

BUTTAFUOCO: If you say so.

TV NEWS ANCHOR: Besides, how could I, an individual, be summarized by a letter of the alphabet, even one that potentially has a plus or minus sign after it?

BUTTAFUOCO: But if there are no grades, how will we be able to distinguish among ourselves?

BARBIE: I admit you have a point there. By learning to communicate with one another as individuals, maybe?

BUTTAFUOCO: Come on!

DAN QUAYLE: It's possible.

BUTTAFUOCO: Come on!

on the situation or the exam itself. Sources say, however, that any student who encloses a lobster tie with his or her exam will automatically receive an A+.

Dershowitz called the BUTTAFUOCO with this comment: "I really want to give everyone an A on this exam. Heck, I want to give all of my students A's. And so long as they are able to tell me all I want to know about evidence within the four-page limit, everyone will get A's."

For students interested in refreshing themselves on the principles of evidence, review sessions are being arranged for Saturday mornings throughout May. The instructor for the tutorials has not yet been determined, but Clark indicated the position may be filled by Professor David Rosenberg. "He's here anyway," Clark said. "Besides, evidence is all a

bunch of crap," he added.

Nesson was upset by the dean's decision, saying, "What happened to professional autonomy? What happened to justice and fairness? What happened to the rest of my wardrobe?"

Despite this setback, Nesson said he will not change his grading policies in the future, a decision he says will ensure his Evidence classes will continue to be oversubscribed and will endear him to second- and third-year students. In addition, he is planning a protest against the administration's decision. "I am inviting all of my winter Evidence students to come on dancing with me outside the test room the day of the make-up exam," he said. "Once the test date is set, I will send out official invitations with more details."

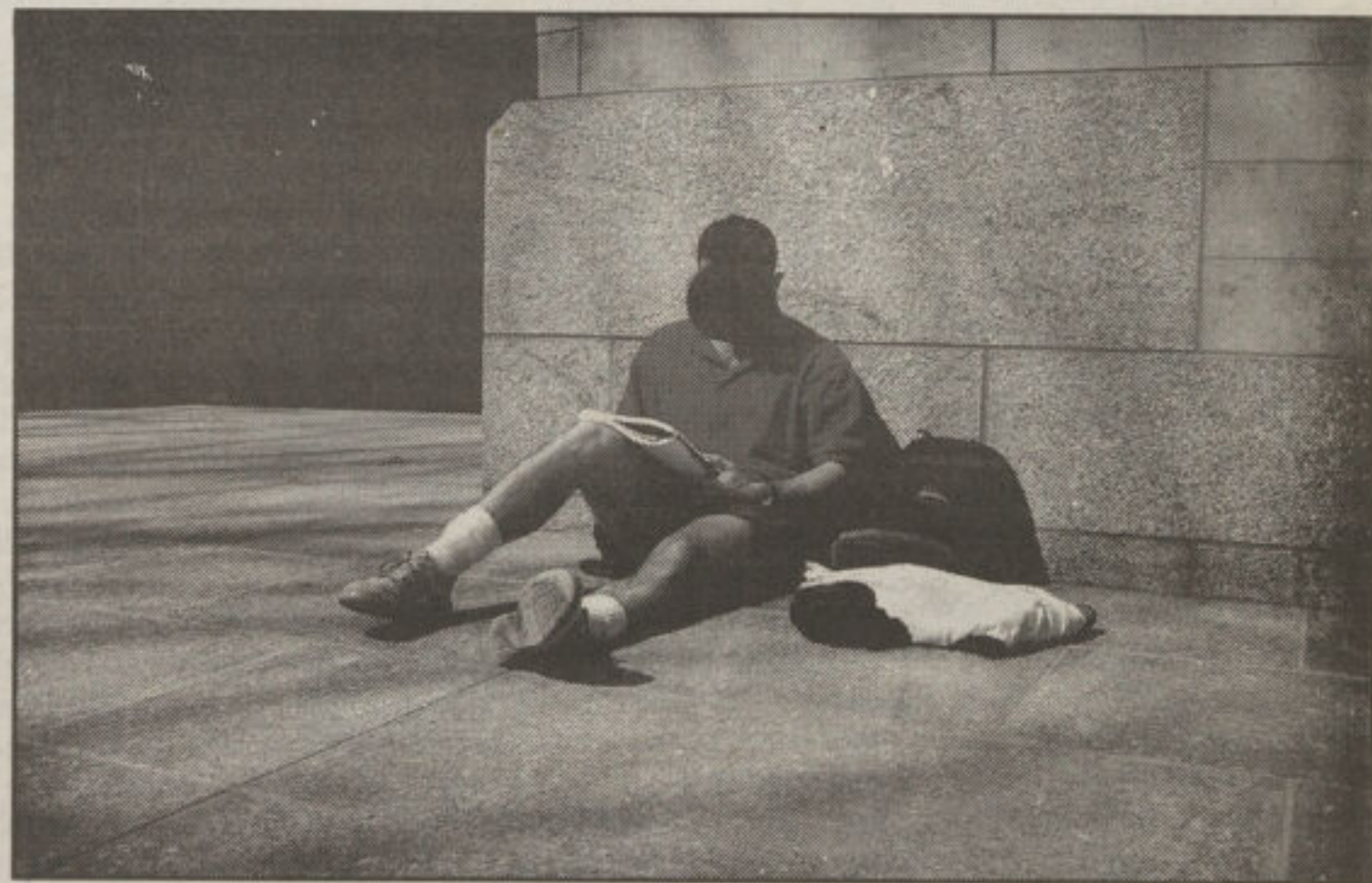


Photo Courtesy of Big Brother Skycam

After receiving the lone B+ in Professor Nesson's winter Evidence class, the anonymous student vows never to go home. Said the slacker, "I'm not worthy!"

JUSTICE THOMAS: Alright, it's not possible. Still, I think I understand what Nesson's talking about. After all, I did

get the B+.

BUTTAFUOCO: I can't imagine why.

Earthquake Levels Holmes Field Building

BEFORE



AFTER



In a matter of minutes, the gleaming new Holmes Field Building was reduced to a pile of twisted girders and smoking debris.

By Daisy Chayne

A powerful earthquake rattled the Law School campus during Spring Break, destroying the just-completed Holmes Field Building. Law School administrators and seismologists were mystified about the cause of the tremor, and also at the fact that no other buildings at HLS, or anywhere in the Boston area, suffered any damage in the quake.

Some scientists have theorized that the tremor was an aftershock of the January quake that caused billions of dollars of damage in Los Angeles. Others are less certain.

Noted self-proclaimed seismology law expert Alan Dershowitz insisted on "Meet the Press" Sunday that the quake was caused by Mike Tyson during a

prison furlough ordered by former governor Michael Dukakis. Apparently, Tyson punched the building during frustration after receiving his bill and noticing he also owed Larry Tribe '66 \$6.2 million for a two-and-a-half-minute conversation Dersh and Tribe had in the men's room discussing Tyson's case. "I'm 99.9999999 percent sure of my theory," said Dershowitz. "And I should know, since I invented the term 'earthquake' while clerking for Justice Goldberg."

Even more mysterious was the fact that the quake, which registered only 0.2 on the Richter Scale, caused such severe damage to the Law School's newest building. Building Operations manager Frank Lemon Tea denied that poor construction may have contributed to the building's collapse.

"The construction crew that erected

this structure is one of the finest in the country," he stated in a press released faxed from a remote island in the Caribbean.

Despite the quake's small magnitude, students reacted with alarm.

"I was scared shitless!" said Steve Yarian '93.

Not everyone is convinced that an earthquake was indeed the culprit. The Sojourner Truth Squad is claiming responsibility for razing the building, to protest having "yet another structure whose back faces the campus, signifying the way corporate America turns its back on public interest programs everywhere." The Squad cited Austin, Hastings, and Langdell as other evidence of their belief.

Others speculate the building fell by accident, in a last-minute attempt by Duncan Kennedy to install a 50-ton dis-

co ball in the faculty lounge. The ball was to be used in the start of an annual symposium called "Sexy Dancing: If You Can't Shake Your Booty, Your Mama Won't Love You No More."

Dean Clark announced that construction would begin immediately to rebuild the facility, but that the Law School would use the opportunity to slightly "improve" the design of the building.

"We're going to get rid of all the classrooms — all that stuff about using the new building for smaller classes was just a ruse to get alumni donations anyway," said Clark.

Clark added that the new building plans call for seventy-four faculty offices, a faculty-only swimming pool, a faculty-only ATM machine, and a 900-foot tall statue of Saudi Arabian King Fahd on the roof.

Spring Parody Sweeps Academy Awards

"Chaining Up Rub Rader Worked!" Exclaims Drama Society Insider

Special to the BUTTAFUOCO

Laura Putty '95 strode to the podium as applause filled the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles. She held aloft the golden statuette that announced to the world that she was the best director of the 1993-94 season, in a sudden, dramatic gesture. "Spielberg can bite me!" she cried as the cast of "My Fair J.D." cheered her on.

The spring parody was on all counts a remarkable achievement. Having picked up 12 nominations at the Oscars, it actually won 15 awards — a mathematical impossibility, sparking speculation that Emu Mangy '94 may have stuffed the ballot boxes. The parody played to packed houses each night, was an unqualified financial success for the Drama Society, moved Dean Cluck '72 to fondle alumna Alysse MacIntyre '93, and provoked three 1Ls to go into labor during intermission — all the more remarkable since only two of them were pregnant.

Putty attributed the success of the production to the efforts of the writing team in keeping Rubmy Rader '94 out of the creative process. "We kept him drunk half the time and off campus the rest of the time — including a midwinter trip to Walden Pond, which was basically a skating rink then," she said. "Melissa Manowar '94 made the ultimate sacrifice to save the play — she slept with him at several critical points in the writing process." As a result, the play was comprised of sophisticated, subtle, yet accessible humor, instead of crude sexu-

al innuendoes, inside jokes making sense to few, and long stretches of utter banality.

Events came to a head three days before the opening, when Rader unexpectedly showed up at rehearsal screaming about lubricants and 1Ls masturbating. "I knew something had to be done quickly," Kevin Kakakaka '94 said, "so I threw a bag over his head and Ed Dukeitout knocked him to the floor. We decided the bag was an improvement, so we fastened it shut with rubber cement and chained Rader to the largest object we could find — Dave Fractal's ego." Kakakaka added that the fumes from the cement seemed to please Rader, who was a "sweetie mcteetie" for the rest of the afternoon.

The parody was successful in large part due to the unerring accuracy of its portrayals of Harvard Law students such as Helmut Bader '94 and Bill Groundhog '95. "The portrayals were moving and sensitive, and not at all overblown," Chris Spazzmoli '94 said. "In fact, seeing myself depicted by Ed Dukeitout '93 in this production helped me to come to grips with my inner conflicts. I am now proud to admit that I actually do work at CVS, where I am known as 'Tommy.' Can I help you?"

Liza Donothing '95 could not be reached for comment. Although she has gone on to successful careers in both film and poetry, winning among other accolades the special "Lifestyles Achievement Award Recognizing Self-Improvement Through Promiscuity," rumors persist on campus that she does not, in fact, exist.

"That was a character Julie Sturmudrang made up," one informant

asserted in a statement made on the condition of his retaining his anonymity and 'funkiness.' "Laura Putty played her role — it took a lot of makeup."

In fact, the informant alleged, Putty had a larger role in the play than most thought. "She basically acted out every role all the way through to show us how she wanted it done," he said. "On Saturday night, the day after the cast party, Laura was the only one without a hangover, and she had to play every character on stage simultaneously for a packed house."

"Nobody even noticed the difference, except at one point when Laura — playing Dick Falloc — had to feel herself up as Liza Donothing. It would have come off perfectly if she hadn't gotten into it so much."

"My Fair J.D." will soon be showing at the Janus Theatre in Harvard Square, replacing "Citizen Kane," which was deemed inferior. Orson Welles is said to be suing the Drama Society posthumously.

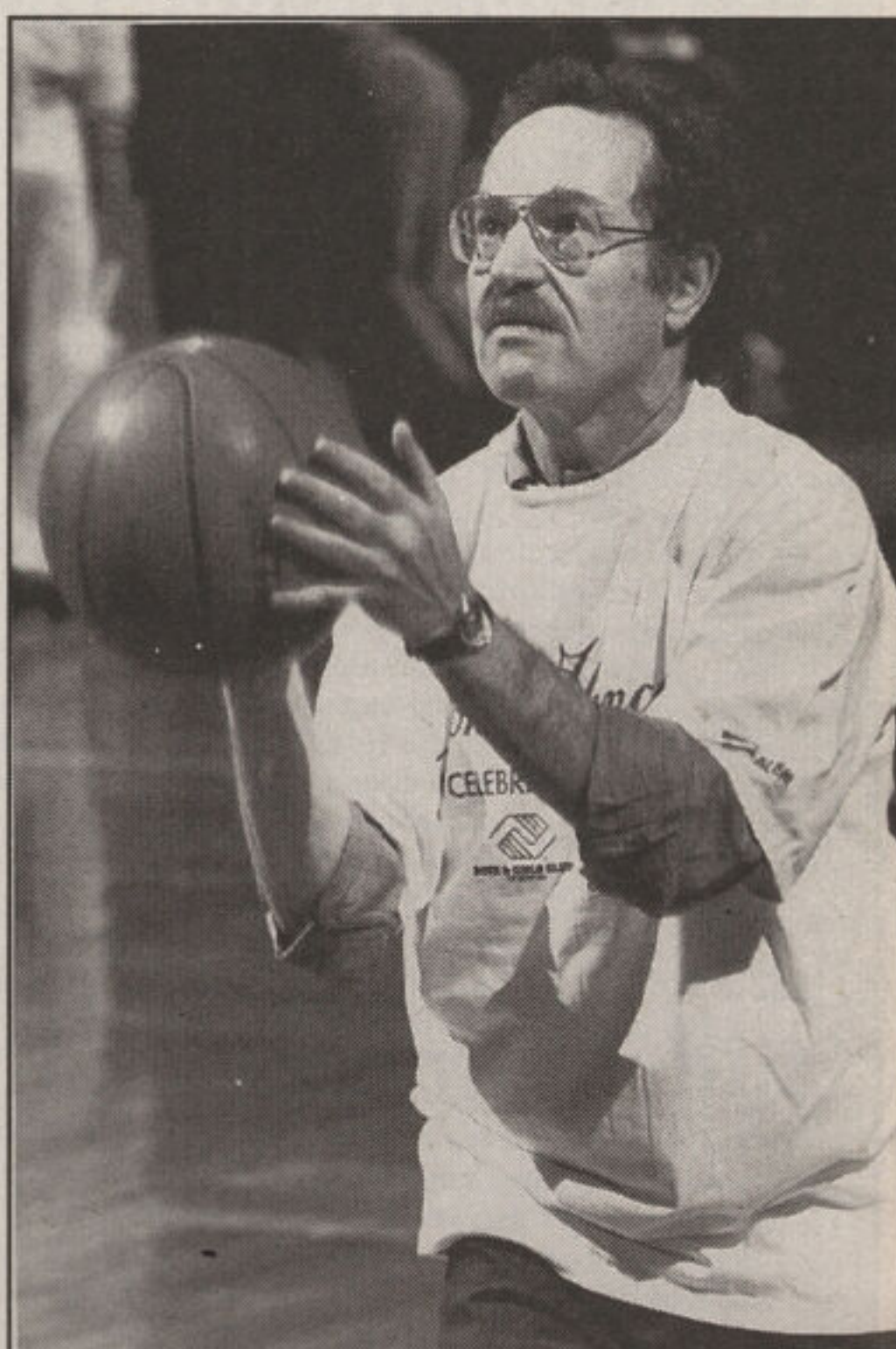


Photo Courtesy of Ron Silver

One of "J.D." Director Laura Putty's best editorial decisions was to cut the Alan Dershowitz fantasy scene. Here, while TV cameras roll, Dersh prepares to sink the winning basket in a one-on-one game against Justice Byron White.

BRIEFS



Sears, Roebuck and Co. to Sponsor Sears Prize

In an effort to build even stronger ties with large corporations, the Law School announced that Sears, Roebuck and Co. will officially sponsor the Sears Prize beginning in the 1994-95 academic year. Vice Dean "John Jacob Jingelheimer" Smith explained, "The two students with the highest grades will still receive a \$6,800 prize, but from now on the money can only be used to purchase Sears merchandise."

Former Sears Prize winner Shaun Fakin '94 expressed surprise that the corporate sponsorship was a new development.

"I thought the prize was always sponsored by Sears! If I had known, I wouldn't have blown all the money on a Kenmore washer and dryer set," he said, feeling up his girlfriend Ana Salsa '94.

Yo-hi Binkler '94, another former winner, was nonplused about the change. "Who cares? I got straight A's. Life is good!" he stated.

When pressed for further comment, Binkler muttered something incomprehensible about Kierkegaard, distribution of property rights, and his beard, before wandering off into the night.

In response to criticism of the new arrangement, Smith pointed out that the two lucky students will receive a free Discover Card as part of the prize.

Monster Trucks Lead Fight for New "ATM"

The Monster Truck Coalition is down, but not out, according to Law School Council trucker Beer Growney '95. The group, after losing a hard-fought battle to bring beer to student council meetings, has embarked on a new crusade: to transform the newly-installed ATM outside the Hark into an "Alcohol Transfer Machine."

"Our machine would operate like a giant beverage bank," explained Growney, sipping a foamy brew out of his ten gallon hat. "Students can have funds electronically transferred from their bank accounts into cold, frosty beer dispensed from the machine. It's truly a miracle of modern technology."

With Igloo Maniki departing, the likely opposition will come from the new council triumvirate of Willie Schlepps '95, Tania Domination '95, and Clarke "Winnebago" Camper '95.

"When it comes to being harassed by law school weenies, I expect more," agreed Growney.

Although none of the three new LSC officers have ever served on the council before, the trio feels confident that they can quash the Monster Trucks' proposal and accomplish their own goals. "Yeah, as soon as we figure out where the Law School Council meets, I think we can really kick ass," asserted Domination.

Response from the other truckers has been mixed. "I don't understand what all the ruckus is about," said Shea Stadium '94, a trucker and motorcyclist. "I mean, the machines both have the same initials, right?"

HLS 'Encino Man' Discovered

Last Tuesday, as snow and ice from the seemingly endless Boston winter finally receded, Prof. Morton Horwitz noticed what appeared to be a leg protruding from a melting pile of snow.

"I made the discovery at approximately 10:30 a.m., as I was walking to my 9 a.m. torts class," Horwitz explained, as he rushed to the airport for a three-week trip to Amsterdam. When asked for further comment, Horwitz' secretary Patricia Fazzonie stammered, "Helter-skelter, Helter-skelter," while whirling like a dervish.

Professor Kaplow, who had watched the movie 'Encino Man' 29 times, realized immediately upon arriving at the scene that buried under the melting glacier was the frozen body of an ancient man. "Think of the unrealized capital gains," Kaplow explained, with a big hard-on.

By placing the man in Pound 101 (average temperature, 98 degrees) and feeding him large quantities of Vivarin, students were able to revive the 2,000-year old man, who it turned out had been a student at HLS prior to his being trapped by the onset of the last ice age.

The student, known as "Vanilla Ice" had no trouble readjusting to life at the Law School after the long delay — a bagel he had started eating two millennia before was still on sale at the HarkBox Cafe. "I felt like things had never changed when I walked into the Hark and that weird old guy 'Ed' was still sipping coffee and staring blankly," he said.

New Computer System to Aid Student Dating

In response to increasing student demand for dating assistance, the Harvard Law School Computer Center has instituted a new "Seek-A-Geek" program.

"Harvard is well known throughout the galaxy for two things: the high quality of its graduates and their complete inability to get laid," said Ivanna Lay, the computer center head specialist. "Finally, the administration is determined to take action."

This new system, dubbed Date-A-Base, compiles the in-class comments, exam answers, and third-year papers of all students in an easily retrievable, on-line system cross-referenced and sorted for content. At their leisure, students will soon be able to review and select among their classmates for politics, intelligence level, in-class snack preferences, and even level of attendance in Corporations.

Bob's Other Job?

**DEAN CLARK
USED CARS
& MOTORCYCLES INC.**

Yes, this is an actual, completely unretouched sign somewhere in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Adviser: Clean Out Your Lockers Now!

By Sue H. Elles

Law School staff distributed the September 15, 1994 issue of the Adviser this Monday in an effort to prevent students from procrastinating on tasks central to the smooth operation of HLS. While administration flunkies denied allegations that the move was an effort to improve HLS public relations, insiders agree that this was a panicked reaction to a recent USA Today poll listing the Law School dead last in the the ratio of administrative-announcements-to-students-on-financial-aid.

"We wanted to notify students, especially 1Ls, of the need to clean out their lockers, hand in their third-year papers, and order graduation announcements early," said an Adviser editor who wished to remain anonymous.

She noted that in the past, students have often forgotten to meet these important deadlines, mainly because their schedules are overcrowded with hot dates from Boston University.

"It's shameful," she said. "My daughter goes to Yale Law School, and they never have this problem."

Students had mixed reactions to the advance edition of the Adviser.

"It was offensive to my sense of dignity and morality and violated my First Amendment rights," said Hans Spader '94.

Spader fell silent when pressed for further explanation and simply referred this BUTTAFUOCO reporter to his latest publication, "10,001 Ways Harvard Law

School Has Imposed a Rigid and Dictatorial Environment on Impassioned Free-Speech Advocates and How to Stop this Erosion of Your Rights."

Julie Poo '94, editor-in-chief of Diversity, Equality, and More Women of Color Law Journal [DEMaWoCLJ] said she supported the Adviser's advance notice.

"It helps me organize all my activities," Poo said as she glanced through a copy. In addition to her DEMaWoCLJ editorship, Poo is also a member of the Asian American Law Students Association, the Women of Color Collective, the Coalition for Civil Rights, and the Society Against All Forms of Discrimination, Harrassment, and Bad Hair.

Dean Clark was still too hung-over from the "My Fair J.D." cast party to be reached for reaction to complaints from campus environmental advocates that the new Advisor was printed only on the front top third of each page.

Kuen Yu, vanguard of the Registrar's Office, supported the Adviser's bold move, calling it "unprecedented."

"It cuts down on the number of people I have to bump over to [Assistant Registrar] Annie Bombard," Yu said as she pushed an unsuspecting 1L away from her.

The 1L, who sustained massive head injuries, plans to sue the Law School for "failing to maintain an adequately supportive environment."

"I should have gone to Yale," she said bitterly as she nursed her wounds. Yale was number one in the USA Today.

Mnookin Loses Groucho Mnarx Lookalike Contest

By Jimmy "Superfly" Snooka

mnask of sadness and mnashed my teeth. It's terrible!

Professors Mniller, Mnichaelmnan, and Mnockelby expressed similar disappointment that Mnookin had not upheld the honor of HLS.

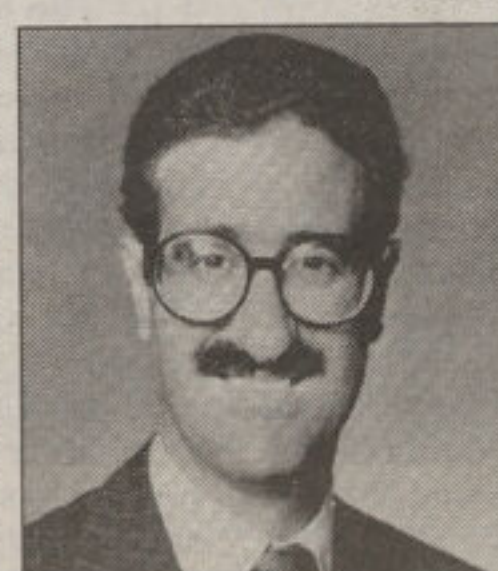
"Mnaybe we should reconsider his appointment," said Mniller. "After all, he's one of the infamous 'Four White Mnemn.'"

In other, unrelated news this week, teenage supergroup Mnudo announced plans for a reunion tour, and the HLS Committee on Legal

Education released a report encouraging greater usage of mnemonic devices.

HLS was stunned last week when Dean Clark, in a letter distributed to the entire Law School community, announced that Professor Robert Mnookin had failed to win the National Groucho Mnarx Lookalike Contest held last week in Mnineapolis, Mninesota. It is believed to be Mnookin's first ever defeat in one of the prestigious competitions, ending a streak mnany observers compared to that of hurdler Edwin Mnoses.

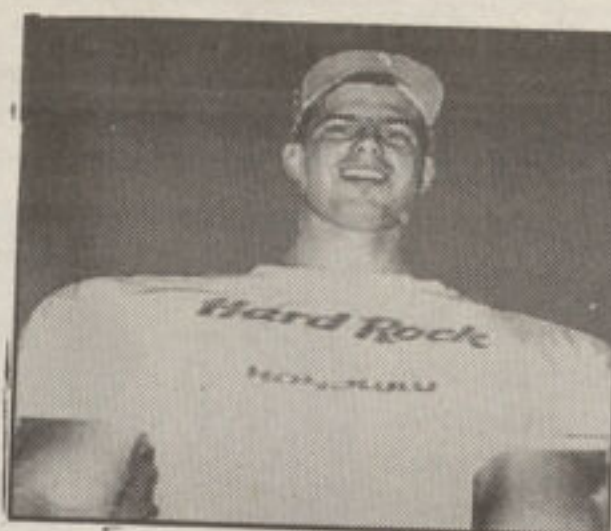
Professor Charles Mnesson declared, "When I learned the mnnews, I wore the



Would you buy a used car from this man?

Truth Be Told

By Bill O'Doul's '94
Sports Editor



No more Mr. Nice Guy. Enough of my hollow, feigned, forced generosity. Egos aside, the time has come to bag my diplomacy and reveal some cold hard truths. For starters, I must burst the proverbial bubble of all you folks that I've been throwing kudos at in this column. Simply stated, you guys (and gals as I shall expound upon later) have absolutely no athletic ability. I repeat, nobody within earshot of these hallowed halls has even a wee bit of talent, skill, speed, coordination, or, most importantly, HEIGHT. Put it this way, after me, the next best player in the league is known for setting picks. Your only consolation is that you should feel content that

add that none of you are even worthy of a Nerf status hoopster. Having the strength (and height) of ten men (roughly equivalent to 20 girly Harvard "men"), if allowed to inbounds to myself, I alone could win A-league. In the spirit of a true confession, I must add that I am a natural lefty. I only shoot righty to humor you. To make the playoffs semi-competitive, I am even considering tying one hand behind my back.

As for nicknames, again, I've been overly generous with all of you. Instead of the charitable monikers I've previously bestowed, simply insert any of the following after your first name to avoid misleading confusion in the future: brick, molasses, stonehands, little dog, micro-dick, roster filler, spaz, pineman, splinter butt, stinky, or hackman. By the way, if you play B league, don't pick and choose your nickname—all of the above apply (i.e. Paul "brick, molasses, stonehands, little dog, micro-dick, roster filler, spaz, pineman, splinter butt, stinky, hackman" Marazitti '94 was roundhoused by R.L. "brick, molasses..." BeAMan '94).

Speaking of B-league, I refuse to continue deceiving you by reporting that the games are "competitive" and the league has "parity" and "enthusiasm." Translated, you play like hyper, blind junkies in need of a bad fix. Similarly, the all "women's" team that I coach shoots and passes like girls. Despite stroking their maternal egos with a kudos-filled column, they suck. They've won but one game, and that victory was tainted. I bribed the opposing team because I was sick of

seeing Sarah "My" Fannyswells '94 cry after games. So much for gender equity.

To close, remember you are mere mortals. You can't pass like me, you can't shoot like me, and you certainly can't grow like me. From now on, when I am on the court enter the paint at your own discretion. If you challenge me in the post, I'm gonna swat you so hard, your whole family will hurt.

I repeat, nobody within earshot of these hallowed halls has even a wee bit of talent, skill, speed, coordination, or, most importantly, HEIGHT.

Mr. Sports Guy

you

most certainly picked the proper profession.

More discouraging than the total absence of athletic prowess on this campus, none of you folks can even talk a good game. That's the one thing you've supposedly been trained to do here — you are lawyer wannabes aren't you?! Suffice to say, I've heard better trash talk at my 2-year-old niece's Jamboree class. After all, chanting "Take that!" "In your face!" and "Quit jumping on my Nutshell" went out of style with the pet rock.

None of you even pretend well. You have no concept of 90s athletic protocol. Need I remind, the low-five is no longer vogue, Converse "Chuck Taylor" All-Stars are hardly high-tech, and the two-handed set shot disappeared about the time Dr. Naismith cut out the bottom of the peach basket. Likewise, despite Nike's influence, knee high athletic socks, old fashioned Coolidge-style afros, and sweat bands are hardly new wave.

After years of duping you with wholeheartedly false accolades, I must

Dershowitz Repays Scalia's Surprise Visit

By Pat McCrotch

To express gratitude to Justice Scalia for making an impromptu appearance in his first-year Criminal Law class, Professor Alan Dershowitz showed up unannounced in Justice Antonin Scalia's chambers last Thursday afternoon.

"I was scared shitless," said Scalia. "I was having a bad robe day, and I was in the middle of changing into another one when I heard this voice shout, 'How's tricks, Tony?' I'm not a friggin' tiger," he exclaimed.

According to eyewitnesses who rushed to the scene, only Dershowitz' quick talking and chutzpah prevented him from calling the police. "He said he was a personal representative from the Hair Club for men: he's not just the lawyer, he's also the client," explained Scalia's clerk Dexter

Dexter '92. "I think Scalia believed him for a minute, especially when he started rubbing laser-jet toner on Scalia's scalp."

Scalia reluctantly allowed the professor to watch the Supreme Court proceedings that day after Dershowitz threatened to sell the rights to the entire confrontation to ABC as a movie-of-the-week.

However, Dershowitz was frustrated that his colleague, Laurence Tribe '66, was blocking his view of all nine justices as Tribe delivered his oral argument. "I've heard of being huge in your field, but this is ridiculous," he said. "That Tribe is so big, he could get his own reservation casino!"

Although initially annoyed by Dershowitz' intrusion during his oral argument, Tribe confessed later that the disturbance was really a mixed blessing. "I got to keep my \$2.5 million retainer, and I wasn't really prepared anyway."

FOOD - O - RAMA

Fear and Loathing on the Road to Mandalay

By Ted Cabbanaboy '95 & Jonathan Golddigger '95



AFTER 16 martinis and 30 hours I couldn't remember where the plane was headed. Ted was comatose in the next seat, and as a pile of tiny gin bottles at his feet. I grabbed a passing steward... er, flight attendant.

"Where...?" was all I could get past my swollen tongue.

Casting a glowing, toothy smile at my puffy face she told me, "this is Flight 511. To Myanmar International Airport."

Good Christ. I woke Ted, and he stared at me in silence, his eyes going in and out of focus, his fists clenching and unclenching. "We're going to Myanmar," I said.

"Burma," he mumbled. It began to come back to me. Stohr had a bright idea — a culinary travelogue of places whose names had been changed for political reasons. Saigon. Leningrad. The Ukraine. QUESTION: Had the menus changed with the governments?

So there we were, stumbling down the metal stairway to the tarmac. Oppressive humidity even at dusk. A squat man in a suit waited below. "Gentlemen," he said shaking our hands, "I am Halatwa Sunyam, cultural attaché for the Ministry of External Affairs. Welcome to Myanmar." Ted began to cough uncontrollably, and we were whisked away to a waiting car.

We careened through the dark, dusty streets of Rangoon, Myanmar's cosmopolitan capital past ramshackle squatter's camps. Funny thing about Rangoon, particularly from the perspective of a food critic who's traveled 10,000 miles to get here, is that there are no public restaurants. Not a burger joint. A taco stand. Nothing. This is after all the poorest country in the Eastern Hemisphere. So what in hell, we wondered, were we doing here?

Our car pulled up in front of an immense palace. "The sultan has requested the pleasure of dining with you this evening," said the attaché. We tucked in our shirts and followed him inside.

It took a minute for our eyes to adjust. The hall was miles long, lined with torches burning thick, perfumed smoke to keep the tse-tse flies away. As we groped our way down, the figure of the sultan emerged, rising out of his waterbed throne. His piercing ruby eyes found us: Come with me, they said. I turned to find Ted scaling the moss-slick walls. Another tiny bottle of gin, lifted from the flight, brought him down and back to work.

The sultan led us into a dining hall that could have been a hockey rink if it weren't for the live elephants at either end. An iridescent drink appeared in our hands; Ted drank his before I could shoot him a dirty look. Halatwa leaned in, resting a clammy hand on my shoulder. "Your country's weapons are very good."

But we're just journalists, I wanted to say. And we're not even that. We're restaurant reviewers. For the friggin' Harvard Law BUTTAFUOCO. I scanned the hall for Ted. It was no use; he was dancing with a potted plant. And I was alone again. With a madman who thought my Nikon was a Scud missile.

A gong interrupted my slide into terror. Unseen hands sat us down in ornate, hand-carved ivory chairs. Lovelies with palm-frond fans flanked the sultan, who smiled as the feast began.

Well, at least we would now get down to what we came here to do. Or so it seemed. Swollen, oiled eunuchs swept down on the banquet table, setting down covered metal trays. With a flourish and a blast of trumpets, the covers were removed, revealing...well, its not quite clear. Seems to be some sort of meat. Or skin...are those veins? It's unsettlingly resilient when I poke my spoon into the center of it. Oh, I see. There's a sort of flap here. I just pull this up, and voilà. Instantly my face is covered in sweat, and I feel myself slipping in and out of consciousness. The meat inside is none other than monkey brain, neatly served up in its own head. Fearing the worst, I glance at Ted, expecting to find him screaming incoherently. Instead, he is chatting pleasantly with the sultan, scooping hearty forkfuls of brain and head-flesh into his mouth: "really, this is quite something. So tender. Is that cumin? You have quite a palace here, sultan. Can I call you sultan? I say, Jon, are you going to eat that?" He reaches across the table and grabs my brains.

After the ceremonial hand-washing and a nice sorbet to clear the palate, we were served the second course; a cart was wheeled up to the table, French-style, how nice. Daintily holding a fork and spoon with one hand, the server dished out a live snake — a horned viper, if I'm any judge. It quickly slithered off, leaving me with an empty plate. There was an awkward silence as the sultan looked in my direction. Halatwa hastened to my side: "It is tradition for the guest to catch the snake, kill it and eat it. The sultan will be very disappointed if you do not do this." Never one to disappoint a foreign head of state, I called over to Ted, who was now laying face down on the floor beside his chair. "Ted, catch my snake."

Ted lifted his head, belted out the first few bars of some forgotten show tune, and collapsed again. I grabbed him under one arm, making like to use him as a snake-bludgeon. The sultan nodded his wholehearted approval. And I didn't look back until we'd boarded the P.O.W. chopper, the pilot screaming at me through his cigar butt to keep Ted's convulsing body from getting sliced by the blades. Some things never change.

Our new rating system is based on a derivation of Fermat's Theorem. We take the square root of pi, marinate it in shallots and white wine, and graph its standard deviation onto a phrenological chart of Ted's head. If the resulting curve most closely resembles Ted's mouth, the restaurant was "Most Excellent"; if it resembles his nose, it was "Big", etc. Bon Appetit.

Harvard Law BUTTAFUOCO

Founded in 1994

Dime Stohr
Editor-In-Chief

To: Copy Editor Jim Lank

From: Editor-in-Chief Greg "Hardware" Stohr: Heer's a draft (no, not a draft beer, heh-heh) of my editorial for this week. Now, this time, please call me before you make corrections to this masterpiece.

HLS: We Don't Need No Grades!

Grades, schmades! Who needs 'em? Yeah. We smart enough already here at HLS.

See, here. Erik "River Phoenix" Lindseth and his studley crew have the right idea, but for the wrong reasons. Why do we even need Pass/Fail? We don't need nothing!

4 years of college and we's learned enough already of reeding, writing and policy issues. I mean, everything's a balancing test. We gotta consider what's good for us, vs. what's good for us.

When Professor "Liam" Nesson gave everyone As, it's because all 149 people in the class deserved them. He knows quality when he sees it, and other professors should hop on the clue train. And they should also learn how to dance, while they're at it.

Anyway, if the HLS as an institution scores so poorly in the standardized tests of the education bizness, [see U.S. News & World Report, 2/94; National Jurist, 4/94; Penthouse Letters 3/93 (check out pp.45-46 - they're doozies!)], then how can we as individuals be expected to succeed? Students' quality of life would get more good if professors didn't give us grades, and HLS' standing within the national academic community would improve as well. Then again, free lambada lessons for all 3Ls...hmm.

Firms don't know no beettter neither. All they care about is that we's from Harvard. It's like we have a big H on our forehead that stands for Harvard. H is for Harvrad, get it?!!., Much like Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, we are cursed, yet blessed, with an external manifestation of our inner, ontological reality. Yeah, so's your momma. Whatever.

Finally, my pet peeve: late grades. If there are no grades, they can't be late. And if they can't be late, then they can't be late to class. Then we'll all be on time to class, every day! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Clark.

Anyway, in conclusion, arguendo, HLS is better than this. This what, I dunno. But it sounds good, and "expect more" is already copyrighted. Hey. Guys? Could somebody show me how to put this in Jim's folder on the Mac?

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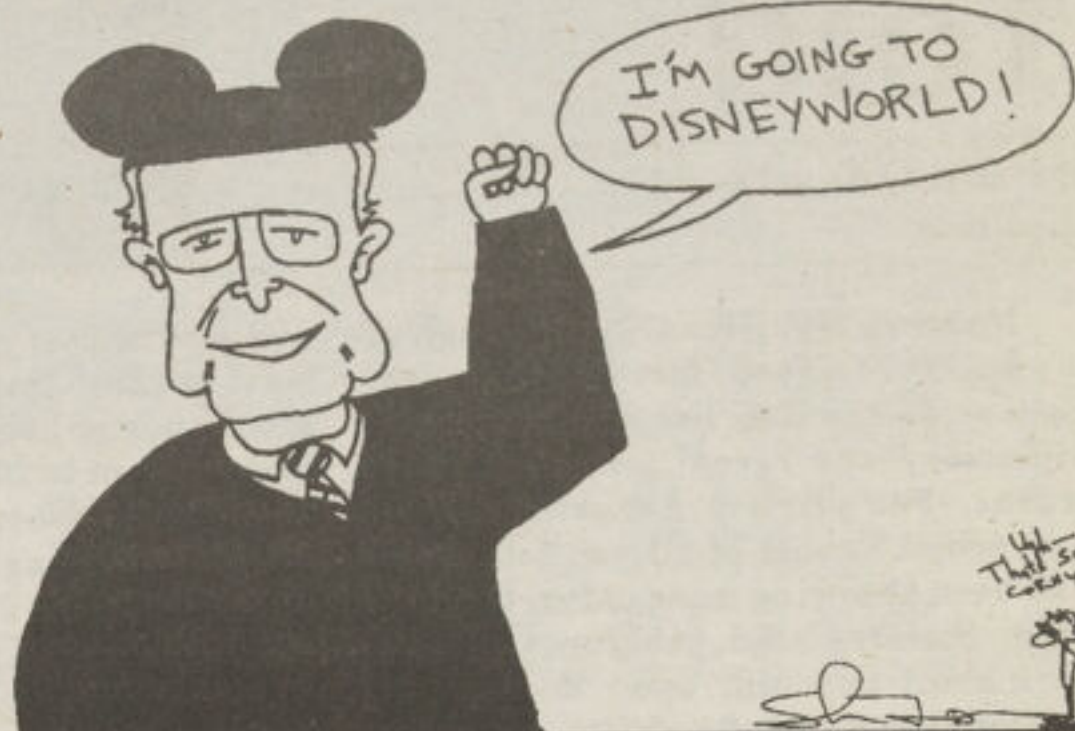
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Lucky for us, "Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press;..."
—First Amendment, Articles of Confederation

JUSTICE BLACKMUN—
YOU DECIDED THE LANDMARK CASE OF ROE V WADE, WROTE
A PASSIONATE CONDEMNATION OF THE DEATH PENALTY, AND
SERVED AS A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE FOR 24 YEARS.
..... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?



• Letters •

Saturday School: A Stupid Name

I'm writing to announce that Saturday School will be changing its name. Frankly, it has to be the most inane name for an organization anywhere at the University. Even aside from the fact that most of the events happen on

Tuesday, I am hard-pressed to imagine a name less likely to draw students to an event. Students here don't even show up for Monday-through-Friday School. Why anyone would expect them to show up for something that sounds like

high-school detention is beyond me.

From now on, Saturday School will be known as the All-Night Drunken Orgy Club.

Prof. Charles Ogletree '78
March 20, 1994

Yo Buddy: Pay Up or Else

Follow these instructions exactly or the old lady dies. Put \$10,000 in unmarked bills in a brown paper bag. Leave it in the dumpster behind Lesley College at exactly 11:38

tonight. Come alone, and, whatever you do, don't call the Harvard security guards. They're already on the payroll. On second thought, bring that cute

one named Spiro. Tell him to wear that pink feather I like so much. His mother knows where I keep it.

Unsigned
April 1, 1994

Time to Change the Toilet Paper

It's time we stopped being a second-class law school. Nowhere is this more evident than in the decrepit condition of our facilities. The Holmes Field Building? Ha, what a joke. Don't forget about our flag. You remember, the one Betsy Ross used for dental floss. Now, though, good ol' HLS has just gone too far.

Through careful investigative reporting I, Bill Choslovsky, have uncovered a scandal that rivals Whitewater. Toilet paper. Yes, that's right, toilet paper. Haven't you asked yourself why HLS' toilet paper is so hard on your butt? Why it's so dry and uncomfortable? Why, after spending 30 minutes on

the john, you can't get a good wipe?

Well, the answer is simple. It's a conspiracy. Thirty years ago, a young odd-job man named Rocco Forgiere filed a supply order for 300 rolls of toilet paper with the ACME recycling company. Outside counsel for ACME, one Larry Tribe, had just completed a mere \$2 million worth of legal work for the company (he drafted a motion to dismiss). ACME immediately filed for bankruptcy and, to avoid liquidation, paid Tribe in goods. Three-hundred-thousand rolls of toilet paper to be exact.

Tribe donated the rolls to HLS in exchange for tenure. Students first com-

plained about the texture of the toilet paper in the spring of 1969. For a brief period, Forgiere suspended using ACME toilet paper in favor of pages from Alan Dershowitz's first book, "Confessions of a Happy Young Jew." Then, a young law student named Bob Clark '72 wondered aloud "Why does the administration even listen to our complaints?" and the ACME rolls were returned to use.

The times need-a-changing. It's a sad state of affairs when prisoners have more creature comforts in this country than future world leaders. I demand new toilet paper. And I demand it now.

Billy Choslovsky '94
April 1, 1994

Dickerson's Mom Ashamed

Please give my daughter Debra Dickerson a good, old fashioned lickin'. Rest assured, next time I see her I am gonna wash that potty-mouth of hers out with a healthy dose of

lye soap. You should also know she was a terrible child. At family functions she fought with her relatives and whined on long car trips. While you're at it, be sure to tell her that

her less than worthy non-Harvard kin have banned her from future family functions down south.

Mrs. D.
April 1, 1994

Get Back on the Chain Gang

Congratulations. This is a letter that has brought good luck and glad tidings to thousands of men and women of all races, religions, and sexual orientations. Originally written as a love sonnet from Mark Antony to Cleopatra, the letter has passed through the hands of such luminaries as

Michelangelo, Thomas Jefferson, and Cliff Clavin. Those who have passed the letter on have found true love, won lotteries, and gotten A's in Nesson's Evidence class. Those who have thrown the letter away have become victims of brutal crimes, contracted ringworm, and ordered the

stuffed bagel in the Harkbox Cafe.

To avoid having your paper renamed after a pedophile Long Island auto body shop owner, mail six copies of this letter to friends in the next three hours.

A friend
March 15, 1994

Trials and Errors

By Debra the Dictator

The tension mounted as the overflow crowd surged into Ames Courtroom. Tempers flared as warring factions in the audience exchanged angry taunts along partisan lines. Suddenly, a heavily barred door clanged open and a hush fell over the mob as the prisoner was dragged in by a phalanx of 11s. Excited jabbering broke out again immediately.

"There she is! Blasphemer! Witch!"

"Order! Order!" Prof. Fallon banged his gavel and restored calm. "Today we hear the first trial brought under HLS's new hate speech ban. State of Ames v. Debra Dickerson. You stand accused of the foulest deed imaginable — ragging on a HLS professor as if he were an ordinary mortal. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty, Your Odor. I mean, Your Honor."

"Silence, wretch! Madam Prosecutor, you may begin."

"May it please my exalted sense of self-importance, I'm Knocents O'Humor '96, and I represent H-PUBWATTWTS."

"Who?"

"Harvard People Using Big Words And Taking Themselves Waaay Too Seriously. We intend to belabor the point that the defendant is a bitch — I mean witch — who violated the hate speech ban. To wit, her inexcusable hatchet job on Prof. Richie Cunningham, er, Hanson was 'intended to insult or stigmatize another member of the...community...on the basis of...age.'"

"Your Honor, it was just a joke. He is young after all; I have pantyhose older than —"

"Objection! We demand that the defendant cease using the pejorative term 'young.' We generation X-ers prefer to think of ourselves as 'time-challenged.'"

The defendant stuck a finger down her throat and gagged.

"Another outburst like that and you're in contempt!"

"No! You wouldn't... Not that."

"That's right. You'll be writing Fenno til graduation."



"I'll be good, I promise Your Otter."

"If we could move along," Ms. O'Humor interjected, "Melrose Place comes on soon. We intend to prove the intentional infliction of emotional distress the defendant has wreaked upon these hapless, young time-challenged professors who seek no personal self-aggrandizement whatsoever in their lust to teach at HLS while still young enough to make their students feel like failures. We think expert witnesses can best summarize their pain and suffering."

The prosecution calls Cool Moe Hay, Grand Master Hanson, and DJ Rosenberg. Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Grand Executioner — I give you Professors With Attitude!"

The lights dimmed and a funky rap beat pounded the courtroom as Prof. Hay got permission from his mommy and took center stage. His boys backed him up.

So we're white, so we're male.

That just means that we can't fail.

Don't make fun of us for our age,

And don't be giving us any black rage.

Who's this homegirl giving us jeers,

Just 'cause we're short in the years?

She's just frightened of smart young men.

Is finishing school on time some great sin?

We won't brag, and we won't boast,

But our LSAT scores give us license to coast.

So don't poke fun at us, we've had our fill.

You're just jealous 'cause you're over the hill.

(Reprinted by permission of a white man named Jim.)

"Stop the music! Stop the music!" Prof. Rosenberg took center stage. "I demand to be included in the class action. She made fun of me for having no clothes."

"I did not! I made fun of you, inter alia, for dressing funny."

"In the land of Ames, that's the same thing."

The panel caucused. "Motion denied. You do dress funny."

"Then I demand to file suit against H-PUBWATTWTS for not defending me, too. That's hate speech based on a disability—I have no idea how to dress."

Their non-defense is a "nonverbal symbol commonly understood to convey... contempt" for the couture-challenged."

"Wait! I want in, too." A flag-draped figure emerged from the crowd. "I, Shorn Canadian, too, have been the victim of this b-witch's villainous hate speech. I have been insulted on the basis of national origin. She had the gall to remember recent American history when I find it inconvenient for her to do so. I am a real American, she's a traitor. She didn't even make a perfunctory reference to Martin Luther King to cover her ass."

"Hey, I was in the military!"

"As a Russky mole no doubt. A true American would write about cute little puppies, atrocities committed by other countries, and the need for a balanced budget."

A gaggle of law review editors moved forward in lock-step, placed their right hands on the Blue Book, and were sworn in. "She made fun of us for being learning disabled. We mean smart. Whatever. And then for being cool."

Ms. O'Humor said, "I believe you're still under oath."

"OK, OK. She said we were nerds."

The crowd was getting out of control. "Hey! She just made fun of English/Irish surnames right here on this page. Burn her!"

"Poor maligned Canada! Or was it Mexico? Burn her anyway!"

The defendant jumped to her feet. "You know, this reminds me of the cross-burnings and lynchings my grandfather Paw Paw used to tell me about when I was just a kid. I can still hear his voice chuckling with that downhome, folksy wisdom while I sat adoringly at his feet nipping from the whiskey in the jelly jar that he always tried to tell us was coca-cola. I used to —"

A shot rang out, the defendant fell dead to the floor. The saw-off shotgun blast was so strong, her braids came undone.

Greg "Department" Stohr, BUTTAFUOCO editor-in-chief, put his weapon back in its custom-built case.

"I told her what would happen if she tried to print one more story about her childhood in this paper."

Fenno

Fenno looked up at the clock with pleasure. It was only 10:00 p.m. If he could finish outlining Secured Transactions by midnight, he could still select his courses for next year before the "Star Trek" reruns came on at 1:00 a.m.—he crossed his fingers and hoped that he could get into both Miller's Copyright class and Fried's seminar "Lochnerism: Time to Turn Back the Clock." It was turning out to be a pretty decent Saturday night.

Suddenly the phone rang. It was Laurence Tribe '66. Fenno almost wet his pants with excitement. He had been trying to get on as Tribe's research assistant ever since his O-group leader showed him which door into Griswold was the one that was unlocked.

"Fenno, I need your help," Tribe said. "I have a new First Amendment case involving an adult bookstore, and the brief is due at the Supreme Court tomorrow morning at 9 a.m. There's ten percent of \$6.7 million dollars in it for you. Can you help me?"

Fenno's heart raced. Never before had he felt so torn. On one hand, what an opportunity! He didn't care about the money, of course. He'd have to refuse it to maintain his LIPP eligibility; after all, he'd made a promise to Terri Gerstein. On the other hand, he probably wouldn't be able to avoid looking at — ugh, just the thought of it was enough to make Fenno queasy — PORNOGRAPHY! He couldn't exactly define it, but he knew what it was when he saw it, or smelled it. He thought back to second grade when Sister Chocula rapped his knuckles just for glancing at Pricilla Pinkerton's black patent leather shoes. And he was only trying to see if she had pennies in them!

"Fenno," Tribe broke in. "I need an answer."

The vision of Sister Chocula's ruler in his mind quickly morphed (courtesy of Charlie Nesson's technology) into Tribe's

publicity photo featuring a much younger, thinner Larry.

"I'll do it!" Fenno exclaimed.

"Great!" Tribe said. "I'll need you to do a little hands-on research... Do you own your own rubber gloves?"

Next thing Fenno knew he was on his way to the land of lewd ladies and really slimy floors — the Red Light District. It was now 1:00 a.m. — no "Star Trek" tonight. He wound his way through the crowds trying not to touch anything. Ahead he saw the bookstore: "Everything's \$1.00 — And we mean EVERYTHING!" This was the place. Fenno slipped his Bob Clark mask into place, casually walked inside, and picked up a magazine. Problem was, everyone had Bob Clark masks on. Oh well, since the Supreme Court awaited, Fenno trudged onward. Fenno found a particularly attractive photo and held it up to the mirror to examine it more carefully. But only Fenno's face appeared in the mirror. The magazine didn't show up. Wait! This was no mirror. Bob Clark the man! Fenno was staring at Bob Clark the man!

Fenno was horrified. Here was his hero, the man who made Corporations such a joy, knee-deep in smut. Sure, Bob had been a little cheap bidding on Scales of Justice at the public interest auction, but the dean was a good man, a true legal scholar. Fenno hadn't been so shocked since he read the story on the front page of the BUTTAFUOCO. Fenno fled as fast as the Green Line could take him, back to his dorm room and back to the rule against perpetuities. Tribe would have to argue the case without him.

"Phew," Fenno sighed. "I can't wait until next week, when I can get back to my real self."

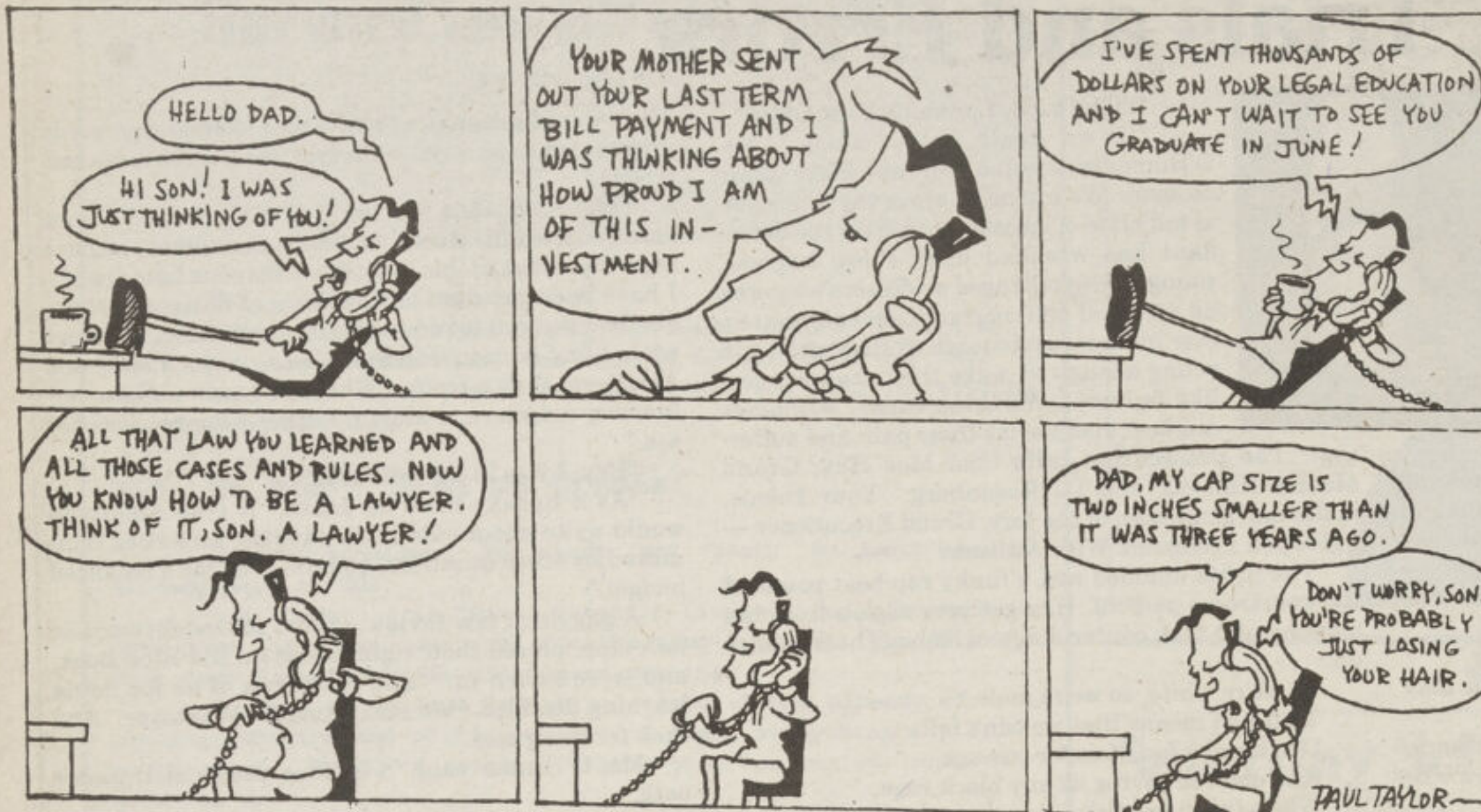
Quote of the Week

"Hey, this tastes good!"

Yo, baby, yo
baby, yo! The
RECORD's in the
house next
week!

Liabilities

By Paul Tuller



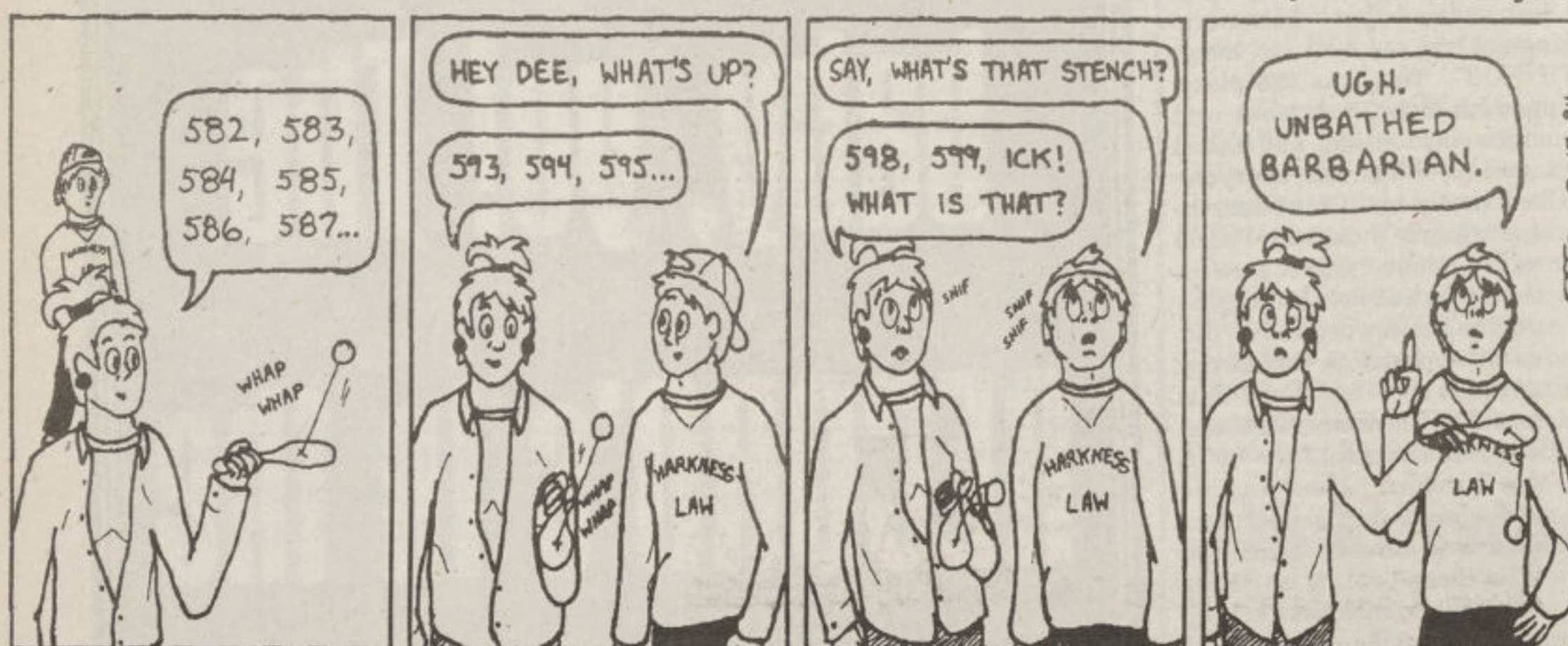
GROMM: Barbarian at Law

By Chris Spaghetti



Temporary Insanity

By Sheila Taylor



POSTMASTER: Whatever you do, don't let our parents see this. They'll kill us!

ALUMNI/AE ADDRESS CHANGES: Alumni/ae who receive the BUTTAFUOCO as a result of membership in the Harvard Law School Association should return all copies forthwith. Send complaints, protests, and death threats to the Harvard Law School Association, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 02138.

Each alumnus/a receiving a BUTTAFUOCO subscription through the Harvard Law School Association should be on notice that \$5.00 of H.L.S.A. annual dues are used to purchase a BUTTAFUOCO subscription, \$20.00 are used to defray the costs of the Holmes Field Building, and \$60.00 are used to pay Larry Tribe's legal fees.

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ROSENBERG'S CALENDAR

In addition to spending "24 hours a day, baby" in the stacks studying THE LAW, Professor David Rosenberg finds some time each day to carry out a few mundane tasks.

Here is an excerpt from his very own calendar:

MONDAY

Brush teeth.

TUESDAY

Floss.

WEDNESDAY

Search thesaurus for synonyms for crap, but don't try too hard.

THURSDAY

Wax Viper and other body parts. Run a couple of laps around the basement of the library.

FRIDAY

Try not to cancel appointment with barber. Get handwriting lessons.

SATURDAY

Call Keaton and tell him his casebook sucks, but try to be tactful.

SUNDAY

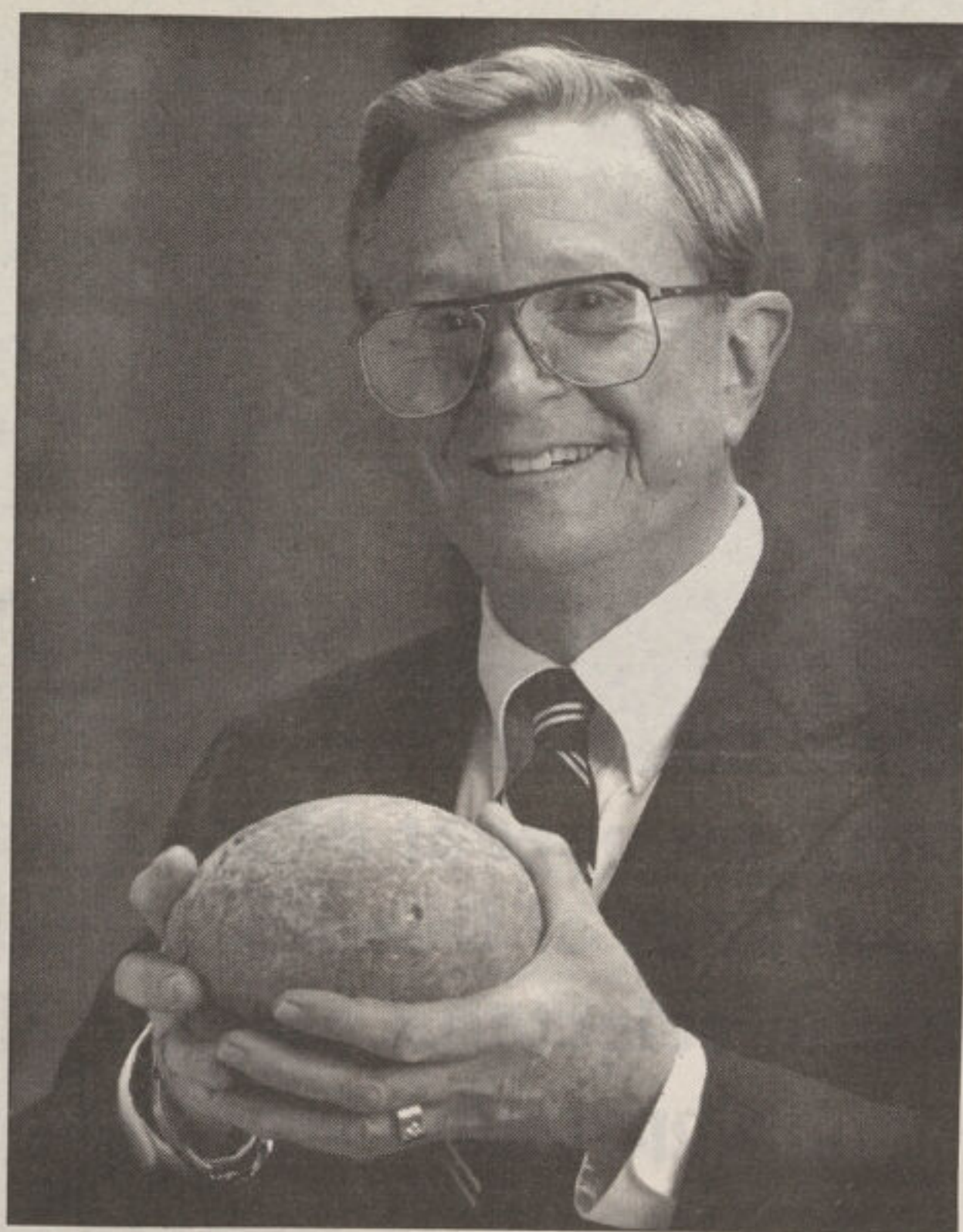
Change underwear. On second thought, just reverse.

TIRED OF STALE MATZOH FOR PASSOVER?

Then try our new petrified Harkloaf.

It contains no flour, no yeast, and in the spirit of Passover and Jewish guilt, no flavor. (To be honest, we're just guessing about the taste — we're all Goyim here.)

Blessed by Rabbi Galakiewicz (yes, I am), the Pope, and esteemed members of Congress.



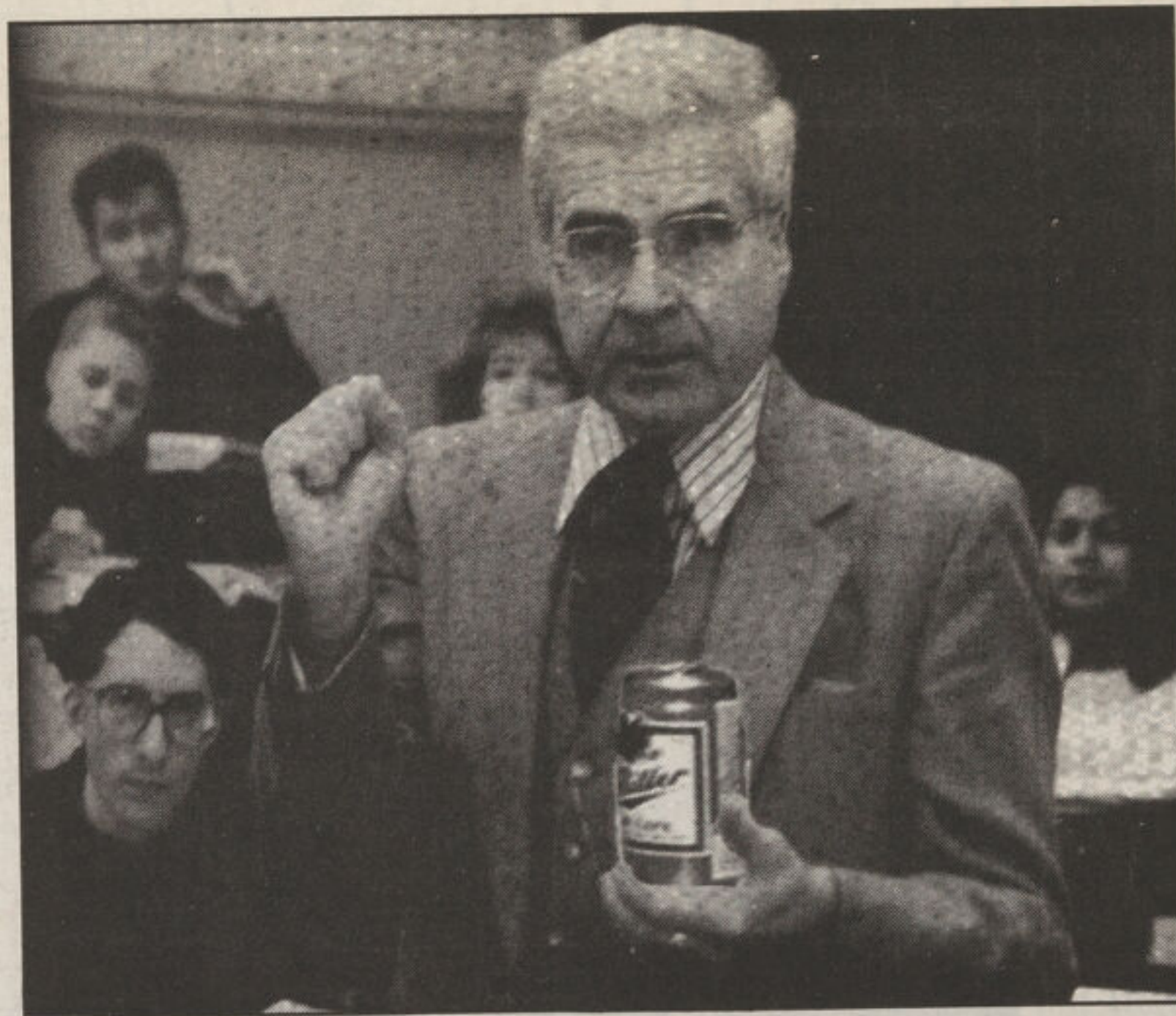
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Gardening Merchants

**Need some refreshment after a hard day
at the library?**

Can't find what you need at the Harkbox Cafe?

We'll look no further!

It's Miller Time!



**You still can't get beer at a Law School Council
meeting, but kegs of frosty brew will soon be
available in selected Civil Procedure and
Copyright classes!**

**Remember, the students that Drink together,
Think together. Hmnnnh!!?**

Hoop It Up For NCAA Class

continued from NCAA, page 1

money on their stupid bets," said CCR Co-chairs Robin Bernhardt '94 and Ingrid Lendstein '95 in unison.

"We believe this is discrimination against the dumb and unathletic, and we think that instituting this class will rectify at least some of the social ills that plague us," Bernhardt and Lendstein chanted. "We're happy that the administration has once again demonstrated their support for our efforts."

Clark, however, denied the administration was in any way supporting CCR's campus activism. "I don't want to give the impression that we're interested in what students have to say," Clark said. "I do support the new class, but only because my picks never get past the first round, and as an administrator I can audit."

Many students are excited about the new course, but at least one, BUTTAFUOCO Sports Editor Bill O'Doubt '94, will not be allowed to enroll, said Associate Registrar Annie Bombard.

"We have a policy against allowing students to enroll in classes they have no chance of passing," she said. O'Doubt's Final Four choices this year included Purdue, Liberty, Creighton, and Lesley College.

Stranded Lin '96, another veteran but misguided basketball fan whose 1994 picks were all duds, has sworn to list the NCAA course first on his course selection form. "Man, I, like, really needed that class bad," Lin said. Lin

and classmate Yipes Shen '96, whom Lin advised, each lost one month's rent in their pools.

Shen, last found tearing her hair out, also plans to be the first to enroll in the class next year. "Now I can't do public interest this summer," Shen said.

Other students, motivated by monetary rather than ethical considerations, denounced the course.

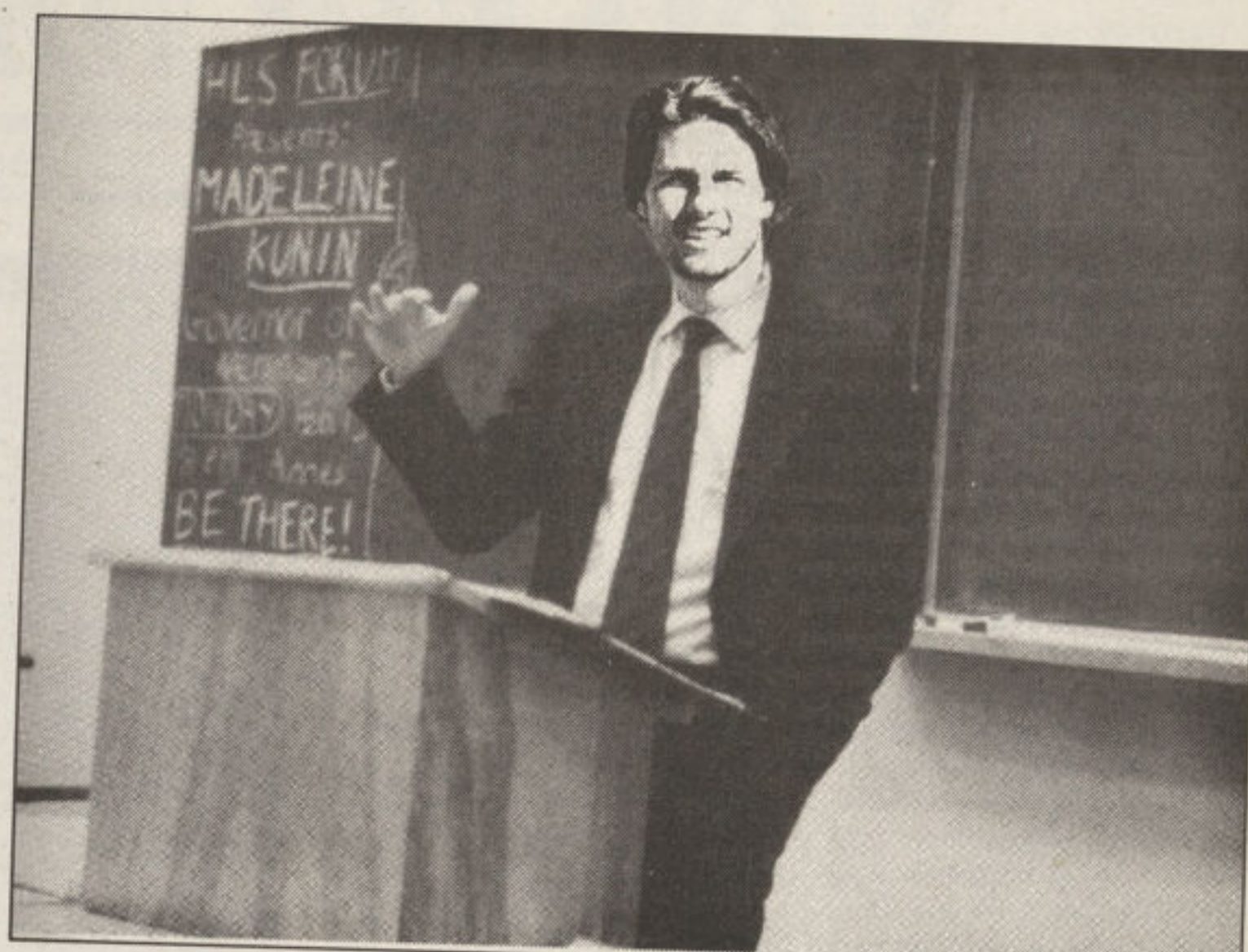
John Unctuous '96, the coordinator of this year's largest betting pool and usually found in his pink Cadillac caressing fuzzy dice, said the NCAA course would stifle freedom of expression at HLS.

"You have to let people demonstrate their foolishness for what it's worth," Unctuous said. "And this year it'll be worth a butt-load."

Professor Alan Dershowitz, who was not consulted for his opinion on the issue, plans to write a book on the class. His 101 research assistants will conduct exit polls of the first cohort of enrolled students next year.

Fried was happy but slightly "befuddled" about his selection as the first professor to teach the NCAA class.

"I'm honored. This is even better than being solicitor general," said Fried, whose regular courses include "Law and Defamation: Short People Got No Reason to Live." "But I don't know why I was chosen. I think it might be because I'm the tallest professor at HLS. It might also explain why Jon Hanson has been trying to get me to stand back-to-back with him."



New HLS Professor Tom Cruise delivers a lecture.

Cruise Gets Tenure

continued from CRUISE, page 1

Flash." And by the way, workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

Cruise's defenders countered that the movie star was the most qualified candidate for the job.

"Some people might think it's Risky Business to give Tom Cruise a Firm offer to the faculty, but he's one of a Few Good Men who can do this job," noted David Wither "Spoon" '94. "He's Far and Away the best candidate for the job, a real Top Gun!" He paused and gazed skyward. "Gee, it looks like it might Rain, Man! We're in for some Days of Thunder," he added for no apparent reason.

Lisa "Zorny" Zornberg, who met Cruise during his earlier visit to HLS, also supported the tenure offer. "He could single-handedly boost class attendance, and increase the number of women applicants to the Law School," she said. "That is, assuming he shaves and gets a haircut."

Clark's announcement, delayed for three weeks because of the dean's decision to use double-sided copies, stated that Cruise combined the best features of several notable HLS professors.

Wrote Clark, "He has the boyish good looks of Howell Jackson. Like Duncan Kennedy, he's never taken the bar exam. Like Alan Dershowitz, he's been involved with major motion pictures that make him out to be a much better lawyer than he really is. Like Carol Steiker, he's a former president of the Harvard Law Review. And like David Charny, he has a last name that starts with 'C' and ends in a vowel. What more could you want?"

Clark later distributed a supplemental memo admitting that Cruise had never been President of the Harvard Law Review, but defending the earlier announcement as "still more reliable than most information students get from the Registrar's Office."

Cruise, in an exclusive BUTTAFUOCO interview on the set of his new movie "Interview with the Vampire" (about an idealistic Harvard Law School graduate whose lifeblood is sucked dry by a large New York firm) explained his position on the issue. "Mfrmg, mnfrk!" he said. "Wait a minute! I've got to take these plastic teeth out of my mouth."

Cruise concluded, "I'm not a HLS grad, but I play one on T.V. Isn't that good enough?"

Heymann Not the Man

continued from HEYMAN, page 1

crate of papers marked "INCRIMINATING WHITEWATER DOCUMENTS — HANDLE WITH CARE."

"I seem to have a problem burning up things by mistake," shrugged Remo, as she wandered off into the night.

Heymann claimed that his bad attitude was merely a reaction to inappropriate parodies of his last name by Justice Department employees. The BUTTAFUOCO was unable

to ascertain the nature of the parodies at press time.

Heymann's colleagues on the Law School faculty reacted to his impending

return with characteristic apathy and random cruelty to animals.

Said Reinier Kraakman, "I think it's pathetic that Phil's political career was

destroyed by a bunch of yahoos mocking his last name. He should change his name — like I did. Mine used to be 'Heroinmaan,' and let me tell you, the change has made all the difference!"

Chris Edley '78, another HLS professor who joined the Clinton Administration

last year — shortly after turning in his grades for the fall, 1991 term — expressed little sympathy for Heymann: "I've still got my job. All I have to say to Phil is, 'Nanny nanny boo boo!'"

Remo, however, became suspicious when Heymann repeatedly assured her that he didn't inhale.

Dean Clark Felt Up

continued from CLARK, page 1

school year.

"I'm still teaching my Con. Law class out of the 1990 Emmanuel's, so the extra time commitment should be no problem," asserted Fallon.

But not everyone is so enthusiastic

about the revisions. Hans Bader Ginsburg '94 said that he would oppose the new sexual harassment guidelines, no matter what their content. Bader explained, "I'm going to stuff boxes incessantly in protest, because, quite frankly, that's the only kind of stuffing I'm going to get, at least until Thanksgiving."

Hanson Selected for U.S. Volleyball Team



Donning his new surfer dude attitude, Professor Hanson practices his spike. Commented the reborn academic, "No more dockers for me ... Dude." Debra Dickerson was not available for comment.

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