



The Retchin'

Cheap Shots at
America's Oldest
Law School

No Sense

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Miller Parody Fails

By Chester Perrini

The Harvard Law RETCHIN' has failed in its attempt to parody Prof. Arthur Miller '58.

"He's a parody of himself," said Retcher-in-Chief Victoria Gung-ho '96. "Every time we were going to make up a story about him doing something ridiculous or obnoxious, we realized he already does that."

"We were going to have him walk into class still wearing his TV makeup. Unfortunately, he already does. We tried having him walk like Kevin McHale imitating a peacock. But he does that, too."

"Finally, we were going to dress him in pin-striped three-piece suits, even though they've been out of style since the early '80s. But he's got a whole closet full of them."

Miller, who refused to be interviewed for this story, said he agreed with the RETCHER's decision to spare him.

"I can't be parodied," Miller said, as he dyed his eyebrows. "I'm too mean-spirited, too pompous and, frankly, too darn silly-looking."

Miller recently was fired from his new position at West Bar Review after he stormed out of a lecture.

Gung-ho said the RETCHER staff finally abandoned its efforts to parody Miller after he drank out of a student's coffee mug for the ninth time this semester, humming like a mad Tibetan monk.

"We had this great parody of Miller refusing to accept a class gift of a new mug," said Gung-ho. "We just thought that might hit too close to home."

please see MILLER, page 3



While Todd Cochise '95 is carted off in a police car secretly posing as a Cambridge taxi cab, Jon Goldbricker '95 attempts to flee the scene on Cambridge's safest form of transportation.

Restaurant Guy Busted for Assault on Food Trucks

By Freddie "Boom-Boom" Washington

RETCHER restaurant critic Todd Cochise '95 was arrested last Thursday at the Chinese and Middle Eastern food trucks and charged with trespass, disturbing the peace, and pretentiousness.

Cochise, his Armani suit smeared with hummus and cold sesame noodles, was dragged from the scene by four or five Cambridge police officers.

"This is injustice! Boycott Les Deux Camions! The wine list is terrible!" shrieked Cochise, before a police officer silenced him temporarily with a tazer.

"This was all a big misunderstanding," Cochise's stunned partner, Jon Goldbricker '95, told the RETCHER. "We thought that this was one of those new theme restaurants, and the guy in the Chinese room went ballistic when Todd asked for a seat farther away from the kitchen."

Not according to the manager of the Chinese truck, who refused

to be identified. "He insulted my food! He insulted my help! He insulted my truck!"

"It was bad enough when he sent back the Mapo tofu because it didn't have enough cilantro, but then, somehow, he managed to get into the truck," the manager said.

When Cochise took a seat behind the wheel and began making engine noises, the beleaguered staff of the lunch wagon finally decided they had had enough and called police, according to witness Strange Lights Inthesky '96.

"While Cochise was sitting there going 'vroom vroom' at the top of his lungs, Goldbricker's at the other truck waving a schwarma sandwich around and hollering 'Cucumbers! In Boston! In March!'" said Inthesky.

Goldbricker denied the hollering and schwarma-shaking, but did add that he felt the decor of both trucks was "rather lacking. I mean, the industrial theme for restaurants is just so '80s, you know?"

"Riot Grrrl" Profs. Band Together

By Kathleen Hanna

New appointees Profs. Diane Ring, Anne Marie Slaughter, and Christine Jolls share more than just the same gender.

They also love to rock.

During an alcohol-besotted trip to Jamaica to celebrate their fortunes at joining the HLS faculty, the three new professors decided to "go girlie," according to Slaughter, and have since formed a punk rock band called "Gendyr Crymynals."

"We've got more than just looks and brains," said Jolls. "We've got the beat."

Slaughter said they were inspired by Prof. Christine Desan who, while working at the Office of the Solicitor General, couldn't live on a government salary and therefore moonlighted with the Riot Grrls, a feminist punk band in Washington, D.C., which specializes in guerrilla theater tactics and really loud music.

"[Desan] is cool, and we all wanted to be like her," said Ring, who is the lead vocalist for the fledgling band. "Not to mention she's been here longer than all of us."

The professors have the broad support of HLS students who have not only enjoyed taking classes with them but who also liked listening to their impromptu performances.

"Prof. Jolls is especially good at her own original tunes, like 'I'm So Young, Sometimes I Think I'm a Student,'" said Sam Gershwin '99.

Despite their popularity on campus, the fledgling rock band still has yet to book a show at any of Cambridge's local clubs.

"We wanted to get into the Middle East [in Central Square], but they wanted to card us and all we had were our Coop cards," said Slaughter, who is the group's speed guitarist.

"We're trying, though," she added. "We've called the owner of the Middle East, but he keeps muttering and hanging up on us."

So far, Gendyr Crymynals has performed twice at the DSAC parties in the Hark.

"Generally, the response has been encouraging," said Ring. "People will applaud when they remember to listen to us and stop stuffing their faces with free potato chips."

But Jolls disagreed, saying that she "can't wait to get a regular booking, instead of having to play in the Hark."

"No one listens to us," she said. "I get sick and tired of watching drunk students fall all over each other in their once-a-week attempt to find love at the Law School."

"They don't appreciate our art."

The formation of the band has met with some controversy, however. John Bates '95 has filed a formal complaint with the dean of students, alleging that Gendyr Crymynals excludes men and senior citizens, and that it should be forced to integrate his grandmother as drummer and himself as keyboardist.

"In my three years as an elected representative on the Law School Council, I've never seen anything so discriminatory," said Bates, as he ducked a rotten tomato suddenly thrown at him from a masked passerby.

"I don't care how talented they are," he said. "Ring, Jolls, and Slaughter need to realize that Harvard Law School is committed to equal opportunity, and they cannot discriminate on the basis of gender, age, non-tenure, or musical ability."

Bates continued to complain, at which point this RECORD reporter got sick of him and decided to interview someone else, anyone else! Please!

Hauser Hall Award Denounced as Discriminatory

By Leslie "Boom-Boom" Stahl

Five members of newly-formed group Definitely United Coalition of Kolors held a rally during Spring Break to protest the recent "Best Design" award given to Hauser Hall by Boston architects.

Denouncing it as racist, DUCK co-chairs, who wished to remain anonymous, said that Hauser Hall was not only weirdly shaped, it was also "discriminatory in only the most blatant ways, oh my."

"We decry the racism, sex-

ism, homophobia, ageism, ethnocentrism, handicappism, anti-veteranism, and snobishness of the administration in building this new office," said Co-Chair Number One.

Number One said Hauser was especially insensitive to gays and lesbians, as it was named after two heterosexual students who met and fell in love at HLS. Number One suggested the building be renamed "The Hall Formerly Known as Hauser."

"Hauser Hall does not deserve any rewards for its ignominious past, present, or

please see HAUSER, page 11

Kato Receives Honorary Admission to Law School

By Barbara Walters

Special to the RECORD

Shocked and speechless at the news, Brian (Kato) Kaelin has been given the opportunity to join next year's 1L class.

Asked what qualifications Kaelin had to receive a spot at the highly competitive, illustrious Harvard Law School, Dean Clark '72 responded, "Uh, well, um, Mr. Kato is as articulate as I am, for starters."

An exclusive RECORD interview with Judge Lance Ito has revealed a connection between Ito and Kato's acceptance. Obviously holding high respect for Kaelin, Ito said, "I needed some help on whether his own testimony should be



Having just come from the corner barber shop, HLS admittee Kato Kaelin (the one facing the camera) stopped to speak with an unidentifiable professor.

admitted, so I asked his third-grade teacher for some essays Kato had written on evidence after meeting Perry Mason in his dreams. I found them to be highly prejudicial without being

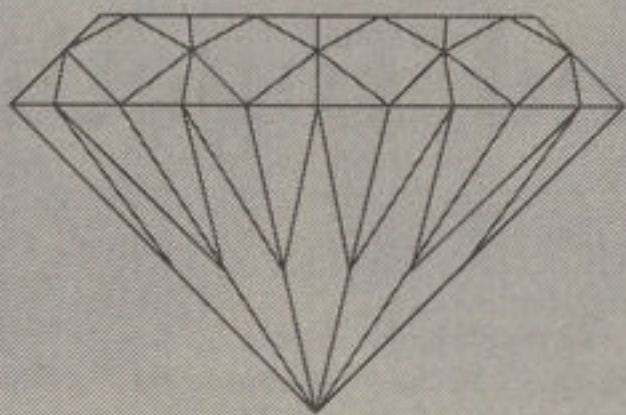
overly probative — in other words, perfect."

Prof. Charles Nesson '63 apparently became aware of

please see KATO, page 11

A Special Program for HLS Students:

A Guide to Buying Your First Wife's Diamond



It takes a special someone to put up with those first lean years at the firm, the 80-hour weeks for a mere \$70,000. To bear your children, manage your political campaign, forego all but a temp career. And, most importantly, to deal with the specter of your eventual mid-life crisis and decision to abandon her for that cuter, younger secretary.

You need a diamond that gives her a reason to say "Yes" now, that says you're worth a lot today. More importantly, let her know you'll be worth a lot more when Splitsville finally arrives. Doesn't your first wife deserve the best that financial aid can buy?

Seminar is scheduled for April 16 (right after you've paid your 1994 luxury taxes) at midnight at Winnie The Pooh's Tree. Ask for Stan, the Man in the Tan Van.

Who Needs the 13th Amendment Anyway?

Mississippi Finally Enters 20th Century

By Robert E. Lee '65

In a bold move bespeaking the progressive political tendencies of the Mississippi state legislature, representatives voted to adopt the 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

"We finally thought it would be good to give our Negroes some respect," said Rep. Bubba Joe Johnson (KKK-Miss.). "Why, I have submitted a bill to give our male Negroes their 40 acres and a mule."

Johnson, who is white, added that he is happy that "at least nine of my chilluns, at least, will benefit from my bill."

African American law students around the country were elated they no longer had to avoid the state in their Spring Break travels due to their fear of enslavement.

"It was tough enough having to drive through Atlanta and see that damned Confederate flag," said Denzel Lincoln '99. Lincoln, a Mississippi resident, said he plans to pick up his mule at the end of the semester.

Prof. Randall Kennedy hailed the move as "brave and unprecedented in the history of the state."

He was silent, however, on whether he would pick up his own mule, and on what the new legislation meant for existing contractual arrangements.

"I'll have to look that up," he said. "Could you hold on for a minute? Talk amongst yourselves."

Other state legislators, however, decried the move as "racist."

"I'm hurt," said one representative, who only wanted to be identified as Good Ole Joe. "What about all the straight white men who won't be gettin' their mules? And how about the other folks—white folks, may I emphasize—who only have 20 acres or just 30?"

"This piece of legislation virtually ensures that white people become disadvantaged, if they aren't already," said Joe. "I've introduced legislation that proposes set-asides for angry white males."

"All they have to do is complete a few psychological battery tests and qualify under one of the DSM IV categories."

In a related development, the state Supreme Court has announced that it is prepared to overturn the pre-Civil War *Dred Scott* case.

To the driver of the BMW with license plate number 2JD007: your headlights are on and your engine is running.

Fried Admits: I Wrote Anonymous Note

By Iamso Smart

Prof. Charles Fried announced in a tearful press conference that he was the author of an anonymous flyer accusing Law School professors, the Board of Student Advisers, the RETCHIN', the CIA, the FBI and former President Lyndon Johnson of conspiring to overlook Ames Moot Court Competition rule violations.

"I cannot tell a lie," Fried said, choking back sobs. "I chopped the tree—oh, wrong confession. I'm scared of faculty diversity. I mean, I wrote the note."

When asked why, Fried pointed to Watergate's "Deep Throat" and the

unnamed conservative sources journalist Seymour Hersch claims leaked the Vietnam My Lai scandal as an inspiration.

"I couldn't publicly attack the privileged, because it would ruin me in the eyes of my colleagues," he said. "But I had to be true to my conscience, which I recently obtained in Oz."

Although Fried hadn't intended to disclose his identity as the note's author, he was forced to come forward when Fred, Daphne, Thelma, Scooby, and Shaggy solved the mystery and threatened to expose him.

"I would have gotten away with it if it hadn't been for those meddling kids," Fried snarled. "And moreover, what they

know about faculty selection wouldn't fill a thimble."

Ames competitor Iamso Smart, the student alleged to have broken the competition rules, refused comment except to demand that she be allowed to write the RETCHIN' parody article herself.

Other professors expressed surprise at Fried's revelation.

"With conservative professors like him, who needs Crits?" bemoaned Dean Robert Clark '27. "Next, someone will sing like a canary about the mafia involvement in the Law School capital campaign. Don't print that or we're both dead."

Dean of Students Suzanne Richardson said although the whole episode was unfortunate, students should remember

that bad things can happen in urban areas.

"This is a city, and we tend to forget that," she said. "Everyone here needs to be careful, lock their doors, and take all safety precautions to prevent campus crime. What was the question?"

Shaggy and Scooby said they are hard at work uncovering their next mystery: Who was trying to scare off first-year students by smearing feces on the bathroom walls in the Gropius dorms in 1992-93? Cracking that one is particularly difficult because the subject matter of the investigation tends to diminish the allure of the Scooby snacks necessary for sleuthing inspiration.

"Like, zoinks," Shaggy added.

Sex in the Stacks

Students Caught with Pants Down In Langdell

By Stuart McVicker

The RETCHIN' has learned the Administrative Board is preparing to discipline two students who were apprehended last week engaging in sexual intercourse in Langdell. The students, whose identities remain unknown, face possible sanctions of forced early withdrawal from HLS, or even expulsion.

Dean of Students Suzanne Richardson expressed her bewilderment in the wake of the incident. "Here at the Law School, we're perfectly used to dealing with cheating, feces-smearing, chronic masturbation, the Law Review competition, and all manner of other twisted, perverted, antisocial behavior," Richardson said.

"But this is unprecedented. We can say with confidence that this is the first

instance of actual sex ever recorded at HLS," marveled Richardson.

The Langdell Two, as the lascivious pair have become known, were apparently caught flagrante delicto in a dark corner of the stacks on level C-2. Richardson has refused to confirm reports that an open volume of Clark's Corporations was found next to the couple, calling the implications of such a rumor "positively disgusting."

Richardson also declined to comment on reports that the Law School Council will introduce a resolution to rename the defiled section of the library "Wild Thing Wing" in honor of the libidinous pair.

Enice Matera, assistant to Richardson, summed up the school's position on the matter of the library lovers: "Those people were having fun, and I just don't know if that's appropriate behavior for Harvard law students."

So That's How They Did It!



Photo Courtesy of Prof. Charles Nesson

The above picture was recently sent to The RETCHIN' by Professor Charles Nesson '63 to explain, once and for all, how almost everyone in his 1994 Winter Evidence Class was able to get an "A." "We spent several class sessions creating a mindmeld between the students and myself," explained Nesson. "I believed then, as I do now, that telepathy will be the way litigators on trial will communicate with their support staff in the future. You just clear your mind, push hard on your temples.... I'm sorry, I'm digressing. Just watch Terry [Prof. William Fisher '82] and you'll pick it up in no time. Anyway, I guess the students in the class put their newfound skills to use and read my mind during the final." When asked why one student only scored a "B+", Nesson said, "His answers were those of a madman, so I can only guess that he probed too far in my mind and went crazy himself." Nesson would not comment on whether he will try to teach this technique in the future.

Prof. Rosenberg Is Nice for a Day

By Jack Ripley

It isn't always that you find Prof. David Rosenberg being nice.

Not in class. Not in the library. Not in the bathroom.

And, as his wife attests, not even at home.

But last week, the self-proclaimed King of Crap achieved a personal high when he was able to be nice for a straight 24 hours, without even a coffee break.

Students from his fall term Torts class (which is also known as "Hey, Could Another Professor Please Teach Me What a Tort Is?") and this term's Federal Litigation class were amazed.

Said one student, who wished to remain anonymous to preserve her grade, "I didn't even know he had a nice bone in his body. He's always yelling at us and making us get up at 5:00 a.m. so he can yell at us some more."

Rosenberg's 24-hour accomplishment was marked by various philanthropic acts, including speaking intelligibly enough for students to understand, actually writing complete sentences on student papers instead of just random pen marks, and brushing his teeth after meals.

Such highlights as Rosenberg's helping Judge Robert Keeton SJD '56 cross the road were not even marred by a single expletive from the Sultan of Swearing.

Dean Clark '72 labelled Rosenberg's behavior "courageous."

"It will be emulated by very few professors here at Harvard, but it's still

worth applauding," Clark said.

"Now that he's been able to be really nice, maybe he could do something about his outfits. That brown tie has got to go."

Although the professor's accomplishment was praised by many, others, including Rosenberg himself, were not as pleased.

A. Dreyfus '93, who still has not graduated because he feels "gypped by Annie Bombard. I want to cross-register!", said Rosenberg destroyed the myth of meanness that former students have grown to love.

"This confirms an alarming trend which the Law School is travelling along," Dreyfus said. "This place might actually become ... a nice place to be."

"Luckily, it still sucks here. [Prof. Charles] Fried hasn't left yet, and he's still as obnoxious as ever."

Interviews with Rosenberg himself reveal that the 24-hour streak was not planned, and may not even have been welcome.

"I got up on the wrong side of bed," said Rosenberg, as he kicked an innocent child named Vosberg. "I wasn't able to control myself."

"Frankly, I'm scared. I don't know what [my niceness] means, and I hope it doesn't portend a long-term problem. I've been seeking counseling, and so far all indications point to my condition improving so that I never repeat myself."

And when confronted with the fact that many people actually appreciated him being nice, Rosenberg was displeased.

"That's a load of crap," he said.

Library or No, Clark Holds Firm on Third-Year Papers

By Oliver Wendell Hauser

Widespread rumors that the Law School would waive the written work requirement for the class of '96 in light of the Langdell renovations planned for next year were shattered yesterday when Dean Clark '72 dismissed the talk as "so much wishful thinking."

The third-year paper has been a graduation requirement longer than Prof. von Mehren '18/45 has been teaching at the Law School, but until yesterday's announcement, the campus had been abuzz with speculation that the renovations would prevent next year's graduates from performing the necessary research.

Langdell, which has not been renovated since before the old guy in the Hark was born, is scheduled to undergo a thorough restoration beginning next year. Clark acknowledged that the project will inconvenience students, but observed, "It's not like we're the only law school in the city. Let them go to Suffolk."

Clark emphasized the importance of the third-year paper, calling it "the

crowning pearl in the necklace of the HLS experience." The Dean noted that all of Langdell's resources will remain on campus, and promised "all the guidance and support students are accustomed to getting from the administration" in directing them to research materials. "Maybe we'll put Annie Bombard in charge of coordinating student access to the library," Clark chortled. "That would be cool!"

Clark called the third-year paper "the crowning pearl in the necklace of the HLS experience."

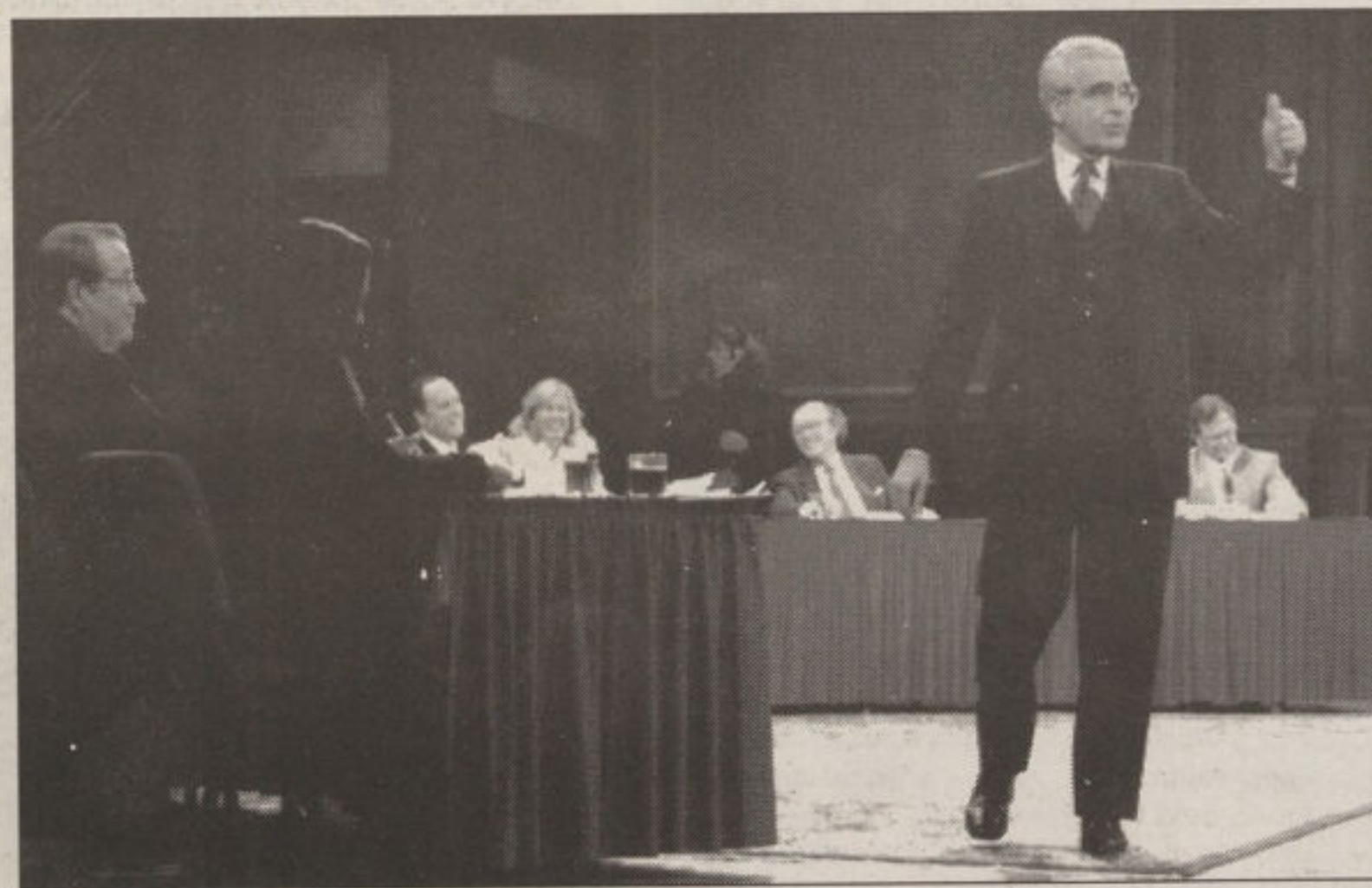
Turning serious, Clark asked, "How impoverished would our students' education be without this opportunity to plagiarize a substantial work of original scholarship? And speaking of plagiarism, where would the faculty get their articles?"

Asked about Clark's suggestion, Bombard quickly grew irate. "I have enough work to do finding new ways to screw over those

butt-munches who waste my time with their pathetic cross-registration requests." Then Bombard flashed her familiar diabolical smile and licked her lips: "Let them try to find the Supreme Court Reports in the stacks at the zoological library," she gloated. "That would rule!"

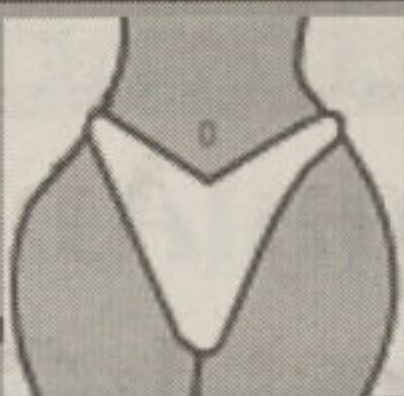
**Want to Learn How to Dance Around the Issues?
Ready to Go Toe-To-Toe with Marcia Clark?
Learn How to Put Your ~~Best~~ Left Foot Forward at**

The Arthur Miller School of Dance



Learn from the master of the stage and the small screen, shown above performing one of his many critically acclaimed "Saturday Night Fever" routines. He's never been selected to judge a dance competition and probably never will, but he has served as a commentator on "Dance Fever." In only a few short weeks, Miller can show you how to waltz your way into the hearts of juries and TV audiences everywhere. Learn in the studio or teach yourself at home through the world-famous Miller tapes. Studio lessons are available for \$69 per hour; tapes can be purchased for \$29.95 from the Miller School of Dance (or can be copied from friends or neighbors for free). Sign up today!

BRIEFS



Dersh Receives Academy Award

In recognition of his work on the landmark O.J. Simpson case, Prof. Alan Dershowitz last week collected the Academy Award for Best Attorney in a Supporting Role.

Accepting the award, Dershowitz said, "This is a great honor. First of all, I'd like to thank myself. I'd also like to thank the Academy, the rest of the defense team, and of course O.J. himself, without whom none of this would have been possible."

Nesson Auctions Away His Head

In a surprise move, Prof. Charles Nesson '63 donated his head to the Second Annual Public Interest Auction. Apparently no one bid on the head, mainly because no one realized it was missing from Nesson's shoulders.

"No wonder we went through those last few Evidence classes in total silence," said Mark Hurtman '96. "I thought it was just another multimedia gag. I guess that would explain why students had to write the exam."

Auctioneer Prof. Charles Ogletree '78 lamented that Nesson couldn't donate his head before 1987, when it would have been worth its weight in airplane glue. Since no one bought the head, Nesson is free to try to reattach it, but he has not yet made a decision on the matter.

Drool Ousts Castro

Outgoing BSA President Greg Drool '95 has successfully led a violent coup ousting Cuban leader Fidel Castro from his long tenure in office. Apparently, members of the BSA's secret police stormed Castro's home and office in Havana earlier this week.

"I've always wanted to be a dictator," Drool said. "For my first official act, I will forbid any conversations about the annual Cuban moot court competition."

Fried Nominated to the People's Court

Shocking students and faculty alike, Prof. Charles Fried said this week he will take the bench on the People's Court. Fried will replace the highly respected Judge Wapner, who is stepping down to accept a post as an HLS fellow overseeing the moot court competitions.

Fried said the positions he took as solicitor general in the Reagan Administration would not prevent him from showing compassion on the People's Court.

"Sure I urged the Supreme Court to overturn Marbury," Fried said. "But I didn't believe it. It's all in my new book, 'Arguing the Reagan Revolution — But Only Half-Heartedly.'"

Student reaction to the appointment was mixed.

"Guess I'm stuck with Mansfield for Con Law," said Zach LaFrak '97.

"Fried's replacing Judge Wachtler?" asked a stunned Mary McHenacian '95.

Asked about the appointment, Prof. Duncan Kennedy said something too abstract to be understood.

Shapiro Given 1,000th Mister Microphone Set

Prof. David Shapiro, well-known for his gravelly growl, was presented with his 1,000th Mister Microphone set by last Fall Term's civil procedure class, setting a new world record. While Shapiro doubted he would use his gift, he expressed gratitude for students' thoughtfulness.

"I really have only used one mike set since I've begun teaching at Harvard Law School in 1963," said Shapiro. "And although it now smells faintly of old spit, I'm very attached to it and can't imagine using a newer one. But I'm touched by the compassion students have shown to me."

Shapiro's gift breaks a previous record for number of Mister Microphone sets given to a single individual. The old record was for 989 sets given to a Baptist evangelist minister in India.

Shapiro said he is proud of his collection, pointing to the various bronzed sets, mounted sets, sets turned into lamps, laminated sets, and varnished sets that decorate his office.

Michael Jordan to Enter HLS Men's B-Ball Intramural Competition

It seems that Michael Jordan just can't get enough. Just weeks after rejoining the Chicago Bulls after about two years of playing baseball in the minor leagues, the Emperor of Air has decided he will enter the Law School's intramural basketball tournament as a one-man team.

Calling himself "The Solution," Jordan in a recent press conference said the state of basketball at the nation's second-ranked law school is "pathetic, but understandable," and that he was willing to invest time in demonstrating to the students "how basketball really should be played."

"I can see why they are shockingly limited in their talent," said Jordan. "There's not much you can expect from the men going into the law."

"Just visit the campus and look around you," he exhorted. "What do you see? A bunch of computer-toting geeks. The physical stature of the average male at Harvard Law School is, shall I say, lacking."

Stanford Law School Tied With HLS for #2 Spot

U.S. News and World Report this year ranked Stanford Law School second in the nation, along with HLS. Stanford students reportedly were "bummed" they couldn't oust Yale Law School from the top spot, but were happy nevertheless.

"We succeed without even looking as though we're trying," said the dean of Stanford, whose name this reporter can't remember.

Dean Clark said he was "as pissed as an angry Mad Hatter" at the results. "What the hell — can't they see I'm hiring more women?" said Clark, using profanity in a way that his Catholic high school teachers would have abhorred.

He will be doubling his time on the road to get more alumni donations so he can buy off those "annoying statisticians at that damn magazine," said Clark.

Mugging for the Camera 101

Dershowitz, Miller Will Try to Share Center Stage in New Class

By Doug Llewellyn

Responding to the growing opportunities for media coverage in the legal field, Profs. Alan Dershowitz and Arthur Miller will add depth and superficiality to the HLS curriculum next year in their new Law and Media class.

The course will draw on the professors' publicity expertise in and their secondary interest in the law in coaching students to exploit the media's thirst for law-related stories. The professors will offer their insights in selected aspects of the field.

One of the featured areas in the course will explore the intricacies of talk show spots. "Many students don't realize how effective a springboard into the spotlight the courtroom can be," said Dershowitz. He also noted that, given the opportunity to plug new books, talk shows offer multimedia potential.

Miller offered his own take on the talk show scene. "I cannot overemphasize the weighty nature of one's choice of

shows," he expounded. When asked what should guide public forum shopping, Miller mentioned the importance of an experienced make-up staff and a producer willing to supply an impressive-sounding title.

Another important aspect of the course will focus on reconciling conflicts between an attorney's interests in press exposure and in providing vigorous representation.

Dershowitz hinted he would present the argument that an obnoxious media presence is actually an integral part of any serious defense strategy.

Other selected areas of the coverage will include "How to Be Labeled a Legal Expert Without Even Trying" and a guest lecture by Kato Kaelin '97 on capturing media attention while lacking all substance.

Students planning to enroll should be advised that the course presentation will be somewhat disjointed: Each professor's sessions will be independent, because no lecture hall can simultaneously accommodate both egos.

Law School to Automate Course Selection Process

By Daria Van Driesen

In a surprise announcement Tuesday, Dean Clark '72 unveiled the state-of-the-art automated telephone registration system that HLS students will use to select their courses. Arriving just in time for next week's course selection, the new system is poised to make number two pencils, impossibly long forms, and incomprehensible instructions all things of the past.

The statement issued by Clark began: "Let's face it — course selection at HLS really sucks. It's high time we brought registration into the twentieth century."

Prof. Charles Nesson '63, who has spearheaded the Law School's recent

efforts to modernize its facilities and curriculum, was delighted by the news. "Phone registration is a most welcome and long overdue change," said Nesson. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm off to call AT&T to see if we can get some free phones for 1Ls that don't have one."

Students' enthusiasm for the new system was tempered only by a measure of suspicion. "It's too good to be true," said one student. "Maybe this is the administration's idea of some sick April Fools' joke."

Clark's statement further noted that since the new system is entirely computerized, assistant registrar Annie Bombard will become obsolete next week. "The school just won't be the same without her," Clark lamented.

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM THE RETCHIN'

BEWARE OF THIS MAN



For those with aspirations of maintaining their mean, lawyer-like edge, this unassuming individual can mean the end of your professional career. Armed only with a disarming smile and a genial nature, this man can turn the most sarcastic, bitter attitude into an understanding, warm personality in the course of a single conversation. His only known acts of aggression have been on the basketball court, where he has rejected shots saying, "Please, don't try to put your basketball into my basket." He has also been seen helping old ladies cross Mass Ave. and putting the silverware into the proper slot in the Hark. Avoid him, unless you want to have a nice day.

GYM RAT

Hemenway Condemned

By David Koontz '96

Sports Editor



THE Gym Rat sniffed out some big news last week. At the end of the semester, Hemenway Gym will be condemned, and a new, spacious, multi-sports facility will be erected in its place. After exams, the Law Review competition will be delayed by one day so that students may participate in the ritual burning of the House of Pain. Free beer and marshmallows will be provided by DSAC.

My anonymous source, Dave "Boom-Boom" Aronberg '96, informed me that pressure from the HLS Visiting Committee's recent visit forced Dean Clark '72 to take drastic action. "The Committee was playing a little five-on-five, but this one guy kept sliding on the court, and he was getting called for traveling," "Boom-Boom" explained. "Then this one woman put up a three-pointer at the top of the key and was temporarily blinded by the lights. They had the court reserved for an hour, but the two people left who didn't sprain their ankles just didn't feel like playing one-on-one." The subsequent pressure on the Dean resulted in a significant departure from his earlier stance this year, when he was overheard saying, "Let them eat MAC."

The plans for the new sports complex will be introduced as Phase Four of the Make Harvard Beautiful and Fun (MHBFF) initiative. "How did you get this number?" Dean Clark asked when I phoned him last week to ask about MHBFF. Professor Charles Nesson '63 was able to shed a little more light, saying that part of the plan was to phase out gym facilities altogether and encourage students to work out via e-mail. Still curious how Harvard could suddenly afford a new gym for its law students, I sought the inside scoop from Profs. Rosenberg and Dershowitz. Rosenberg insisted that the new facility was only possible because it had been an up year for the vegetable market in New York, while Dershowitz murmured that I would be surprised at how much you can get for a Heisman Trophy these days.

In other Harvard sports news, Lang "Three" Wiseman '96 of Well Hung Jury is leaving school for the rest of the semester to join the new "MTV's Real World in Nashville." Word is, MTV's giving Lang a choice between singing country music or playing hoops for the Nashville Fudruckers, and we wish him all the best. Give 'em hell, Lang.... Sources confirm that Michael "No Day at the" Beach '97 of the Sweat Hogs was once a cast member of Melrose Place.... Intentional Foul has submitted a formal complaint to Commissioner Doug "Super Duper" Cooperberg '96 requesting that from now on, all shots taken from beyond thirty feet count as five points.... The Great Danes have requested a formal name change to The Dobermans. "We underestimated ourselves," said anonymous Dane - I mean Doberman - Chris Niewoehner '97.... The Gym Rat spent a large part of spring break in an Ocean Springs, Mississippi jail cell. Though I lived there for eight years, the police said I didn't sound "Southern enough." When I explained that I went to Harvard, they threw away the key.... In Living Color captain Claudia Humphrey '96 has been sued for trademark infringement. Claudia is expected to argue that lately she has put forth a better product.... Pete "The Fighting Badger" Underwood '96 revealed that he earned his nickname when he was young by wrestling a badger to the ground.... I forgot to mention previously that the winner of the Gym Rat Final Four contest, in addition to the Flintstones ink stamp, gets \$10,000. My mistake.... Captain Calvin Gladney '97 of First Time Offenders so far has rejected several nicknames, such as "Captain" Calvin, Calvin "and Hobbes," and Calvin "Aren't You" Gladney. Let me know, gentle reader, if you have any ideas.... Sources at Hemenway Gym insist that Building Operations has bought a new mop for the basketball floor every week, but the rats keep gnawing through the handle.... When Black Plague captain Eulas "If You Don't Know You Better Ask Somebody" Boyd '96 was asked if his team had any tricks up its sleeve for the second half of the season, he smiled and explained that Black Plague is more than just a name.... I am legally obliged to tell you all that I am writing a book about my experience here at HLS. It's called "Broken Contract II: Witnessing the Dave Levitt '96 years...." Finally, it is my sad duty to report that all the intramural basketball referees have quit to take on less abusive vocations. Chris is set to be Mike Tyson's first tune-up bout, while Al, Ryan, and Jay have agreed to be on panel for Prof. Herwitz '49 for the rest of the semester.

Intramural Elvis Sightings as of Sunday, March 31

LOCATION	# OF TIMES	LOCATION	# OF TIMES
OLD ELVIS			
Playing at DSAC TGIF	69	E-Mailing Buddy Holly	12
Hangin' w/ Ed, the Hark Guy	25	Teaching Corporations	8
Working w/ the Registrar	22	Attending Ad Law	0
Talking with Prof. Sargentich	18		
NEW ELVIS		NEW AND IMPROVED ELVIS	
Getting Free Fries at McDonalds	30	Dancing at the Kong	50
Eating at The Three Aces	30	Watching Letterman	17
Talking with Michael Jackson	15	Performing in the Square	13
Playing Hoops	12	Shopping at Star Market	11
Being Treated by Health Svcs	12	Trapped in the Wyeth Elevator	10
Writing on WLA Board	8	Streaking at the the Oscars	2
Protesting for Faculty Diversity	3	Getting Elected to LSC	1
Competing in Ames	1	Donating Money to HLS	1
Reading the RETCHIN'	0	Attending an LSC Meeting	0
Working Out	0	Getting Some	0

Compiled by Geraldo Rivera

FOOD - O - RAMA

Jon And Todd: The Real Story



By Todd Cochise '95 and Jon Goldbricker '95

Restaurant Guys

"How do you do it?," people often ask us. We always assume they're wondering how we balance the rigors of the third year of law school with the demands of being the most sought-after restaurant reviewers in the Western Hemisphere. Hmm. We just realized that maybe they're actually wondering about our burgeoning heroin trade. Or Jon's eight-figure, four-record deal with Sony (to you he's "Goldstein," but to the teeming hordes it's "Secada.") Then there's Ted's busy schedule as Newt's cabaña boy.... Well, anyway. We'll go with our initial hunch and give you what you always wanted - a behind-the-scenes tour of "Jon and Ted - Restaurant Reviewers."

Background. It takes more than just good looks and a tank of amyl nitrate to get a staff position on the Harvard Law Retchin'. Here's a look at what makes Jon and Ted uniquely qualified to review restaurants.

TED COHEN trained at La Jaundice in Encino, California, where his signature dish was a version of Eggs Benedict made from fruit roll-ups and cardboard. Ted also ran a short-lived bistro called Le Library Paste, which exclusively featured dishes made of corn starch and water such as the incendiary and much-bally-hooed Clog-You-Up-Inside Soup.

JON GOLDSTEIN waited tables at the legendary Norse cafe, Leif's Blond Battering Ram. Jon could often be heard guiding diners through the menu in order to help them make the most of their experience: "You'll have *what*?" "Trust me, you don't want that." "Yeah, that's a really good choice. I just hope you don't have any open sores in your mouth."

Needless to say, when Jon and Ted got to Harvard, the RETCHIN' made absolutely sure to bring them on board.

Scheduling Here's where Ted and Jon decide where and when to eat - that is, what restaurant to assure unprecedented fame and fortune.

Ted: Hey, Jon.

Jon: Could you speak up? I'm on a cellular.

Ted: I was wondering if Tuesday was a good day for you?

Jon: I can't. I've got to do punch-up on Hanson's lecture notes. And then I've got to squeeze Miller into his habit for "Nonsense." How about Wednesday?

Ted: You know that's when I shoot the rock with Dershowitz in his driveway. You know, if he weren't Jewish, Dersh might've been another Jordan....

Jon: Thursday?

Ted: Jon, where's your head? Thursday's the Dean's hot oil body rub.

Jon: Did you tell him it's going to cost extra to wear those Catholic schoolgirl costumes?

Ted: I told you, Jon. I looked at the budget myself. There's not an extra penny. I mean, he's already cut electricity from the library.

Jon: Alright, then. Looks like we'll just have to make something up again this week.

Selecting the Restaurant For this, our heroes have devised a set of useful guidelines:

- 1) The restaurant must be priced well beyond the means of any Harvard Law students, faculty or alumni;
- 2) it must be remote enough so as to require at least three different forms of transportation to reach (e.g. subway, rickshaw, and ski lift);
- 3) Jon and Ted must have received a written invitation, along with free samples of fresh, hot food, and large bundles of "mad money;"
- 4) and, lastly, it must be an establishment whose owners are misguided enough to believe that they will somehow be helping themselves by allowing us to feed our faces for free.

The Big Day

Ted and Jon step majestically from their limo into the blinding flashbulbs of the paparazzi (they resent having to share a limo, but it is The RETCHIN'). Decked out in underpants and fin de siècle top hats, these boys are ready to critique. As has become tradition, Ted insists that the maitre d' bring him full bottles of gin and Midori, which he proceeds to swallow in one breath. Jon, meanwhile, slips into the kitchen and throws a sleeper hold on the sous chef while gesturing at the floor and screeching "Crimini mushrooms! Crimini mushrooms!"

That taken care of, les reviewers settle into their seats and peruse the menu. Here begins the expertise:

Ted: Well, should we get the eggs?

Jon: The which?

Ted: Eggs. They've got eggs.

Jon: Okay, and eggs are...?

Ted: Oh, forget it. This veal sounds nice.

Jon: Hmm. Yes. Veal. I didn't know they still made veal.

Ted: (chewing) Mmmm. Have you tried the salt in this shaker?

Jon: Say, that's good. A hint of nutmeg ... and chives. It's good to be alive.

The Final Chapter

Having devoured the last morsel off the pastry tray, it is time to go home and write the review. As he pulls on his nylons, Jon announces, "Uh, Ted, I'm gonna be out of town this week. You mind writing the review?"

Ted grimaces. "Jeez, again?" he says angrily. "It seems like all you do is eat, and then I have to write the reviews. Which no one reads."

"Exactly," Jon responds. "Just string a bunch of non sequiturs together. It takes about ten minutes, and no one will know the difference. Everyone just opens the RETCHIN' to look at our pretty picture anyway."

Harvard Law Retchin'

Founded in 1946

Victoria Gung-Ho
Retcher-In-Chief

Three-Blind Weiss
Chief Bottle Washer

The Passing of My Legend

I, Greg Store 24, do wish to assert that I am still the spiritual editor-in-chief of the Harvard Law RETCHIN'. I have established sterling credentials in journalism here, there, and everywhere. And it is difficult, nay, extraordinarily difficult to tear myself away from the little five-room bungalow that is the RETCHIN' offices.

But tear I must.

I have looked with lengthy pleasure at the rows and rows of black-and-white photographs of now-old white men. And I have mused to myself, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the law, I too shall be elevated to the status of an old white man."

It's just a matter of time. Perforce. (Whatever that means.)

But, betwixt now and then, I shall reflect fondly upon my years at the RETCHIN'. They have been filled with sorrow and song, love and loss, Advil and aspirin. I have spent many a night in the basement of Ames. I have fought with many a Building Operations bureaucrat to install heating in here. I have drunk many a beer, opened many a door to the RETCHIN' bathroom, dialed many a number.

And to my endless sorrow, I will now be leaving.

Leaving, leaving... heading toward an unknown fate. An unknown future.

But in my infinite wisdom and good writing ability, I have ensured that my legacy shall live on. I have posted—nay, I have posterized—throughout the offices my tour-de-force, "The Ultimate RETCHIN' Style Sheet." It was my attempt to exhort my underlings toward a higher standard of style.

Yet they, human as they are, fail.

Many capitalize where capitalizations should not exist. They put Arabic numerals where numbers should be written out. Or they use small "e" for "e-mail" instead of big "E."

All I ask now, upon the eve of my departure, is for RETCHIN' readers to forgive. Forgive and forget when they misspell, misprint, and miss.

I beg of you. Understand their weaknesses.

And then I shall be joyous.

— Store 24

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Editorial/Letters Policy

The Harvard Law RETCHIN' (ISSN 007) is the product of some of the sick and twisted minds of the Harvard Law RETCHIN' Corporation, a time-consuming, irresponsible, but fun-loving corporation of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Harvard Law RETCHIN', Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 0210. Telephone (617) GET SOME. Fax (617) FAX THIS.

The RETCHIN' is published as a nice April Fool's distraction for the members of The RETCHIN' staff and the Law School as a whole. Yes, dammit, we know that we're not coming out on April 1 and that we should have had enough of an April Fool's distraction while on Spring Break. But that shouldn't preclude us from taking this annual shot to make fun of ourselves, you, and the Law School in general. Deal and get over it.

Submissions may be sent to The RETCHIN' at your own peril, dropped in the Grand Canyon located in Arizona, or left in a pre-heated oven at 350° or 40 minutes. All copy must be literate and written on at least an eighth grade level so that some of our columnists can read it. The RETCHIN' reads and appreciates every letter we receive; they provide hours of comic relief for us down here in the offices, as well as fodder for the following year's parody issue. If you have the money to buy a subscription to this yearly product, would you consider paying tuition here at the Law School for next year? Any support you could provide would be greatly appreciated.

CONSIDERING THE COMPOSITION OF OUR STAFF, THERE CAN BE NO QUESTIONS THE RETCHIN' IS COMMITTED TO EQUALITY AND DIVERSITY. HELL, NOWADAYS, WE'LL TAKE ANY ABLE-BODIED REPORTERS WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON. WE STRIVE TO PROVIDE A FORUM FOR THE FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS. AS A RESULT, THE OPINIONS REFLECTED IN ARTICLES, EDITORIALS, AND CARTOONS ARE THOSE OF THE AUTHORS AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE OPINIONS OF THE RETCHIN'.

"Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press (unless Newt says so)"

—Newt Gingrich's First Proposed Amendment to US Constitution



• Letters •

Motherhood Debate Gets Ugly

As I was returning from one of my frequent walks through Harvard Yard, reminiscing about the degree that I have already received from this, the greatest university on earth — a degree which most RETCHIN' readers do not have — and thinking about my soon-to-be-completed Ph.D. dissertation in philosophy, another clear sign that I am brilliant and better than you, I saw my rival mother-in-law, Paola Isolated '97. My first instinct, of course, was to approach her and offer my condolences for the grades she had received last semester, which of course were nowhere near as good as mine — and why would they be? I hear she went to a state university.

So I adjusted my hat, returned the *Bowers v. Hardwick* cookie I had been discreetly munching to my backpack, and prepared to face my enemy. As she turned toward me, however, I soon realized that that was no Contracts casebook in her arms; no, it was her baby, the evil Jack. This, in itself, would have been no great problem, but for the fact that I had yet to pick up my own, vastly superior infant from the enormously overpriced daycare that mean ol' Harvard Law provides.

Fortunately, I am a graduate of Harvard College, unlike most of you, so I was quite ready for my next move: I hit Paola in the head with one of my many hornbooks and ran like hell to

23 Everett Street. I scooped up my baby and returned to the scene, but alas, my nemesis was gone. No doubt she had figured out my plan, and had left the area before I confronted her with the evidence of her clearly inferior motherhood.

However, I am no one's fool — did I mention that I have an undergraduate degree from Harvard? — and have therefore chosen this forum to taunt Ms. Isolated. Are you reading this, Paola? Have you gotten the snapshots I left in your Hark Box? Isn't my baby beautiful? You have an ugly child, Paola. Ugly, ugly, UGLY!

Diana Kinda-Meshugganah '97
March on, 1995

Quit Your Kvetchin' and Act

I've witheld from writing to the RETCHIN' for a while. I simply sat back and read the puerile antics on campus from my easy-chair in Maine, fingering my beard in amazement at the ridiculous level this Law School has sunk to the past few decades.

I graduated in 1972, and was in the same class — nay, the same section — as Bob Clark '72. We called him "Big Boy" then, and my, he sure has changed. Then, we were in awe of him. His grace, his intelligence, and his personal magnetism drew us all to him. We wanted him to be the president of the Board of Student Advisors, the editor-in-chief of the RETCHIN', the president of the Law Review, and the class marshall all at the same time.

Big Boy Bob, for all his kindness, was firm, too. He didn't let anyone cuss him out or push him around. Nor did he let people tell him what to do (did I just repeat myself?). In fact, we had people run up to him voluntarily to give him money.

But now, even as he's been elevated to the top spot at the Law School, he has wimped out and let rabble-rousing elements drag him and HLS down the dumps to the number two spot in the country. No longer are we number one. Admit that, guys.

Why is this? Whom are we to blame for this degrading slip in the ranks? Who else but formerly-great Big Boy Bob and his gang of kindergarteners?

The kindergarteners

I'm referring to are those who scream out for changes like including more animal life-forms into the curriculum, teaching about "You and Me and Billy-Dee: A Review of Rhyme in the Law," and the d-word. They not only annoy those of us who like things the way they are, but also annoy others who wonder, "Well, if you're going to complain, why don't you actually do something active about it?" From the perspective of an alumnus, I just see people ranting about it in letters to the editor rather than actually doing anything that the RETCHIN' can report on.

And that's my take.

P. O. Dude '72
February 29, 1995

POSTMASTER: If any copies of the RETCHIN' fall into your hands, please destroy them. It's a matter of national security. Honest.

ALUMNI/AE ADDRESS CHANGES: Alumni/ae who receive the RETCHIN' as a result of membership in the Harvard Law School Association should sue the mailman for wasting their valuable time by delivering this paper to them. Whatever they do, they should not sue us.

Each alumnus/a receiving a RETCHIN' subscription through the Harvard Law School Association should be on notice that \$5.00 of H.L.S.A. annual dues are going to fund the few tasteful, but wild orgies held in RETCHIN' offices on non-production nights. Dues paid at any time during the H.L.S.A. fiscal year that began on July 1, 1994 and ends on June 30, 1995 have funded no more than eight or ten such parties in the month of January 1995. Honest.

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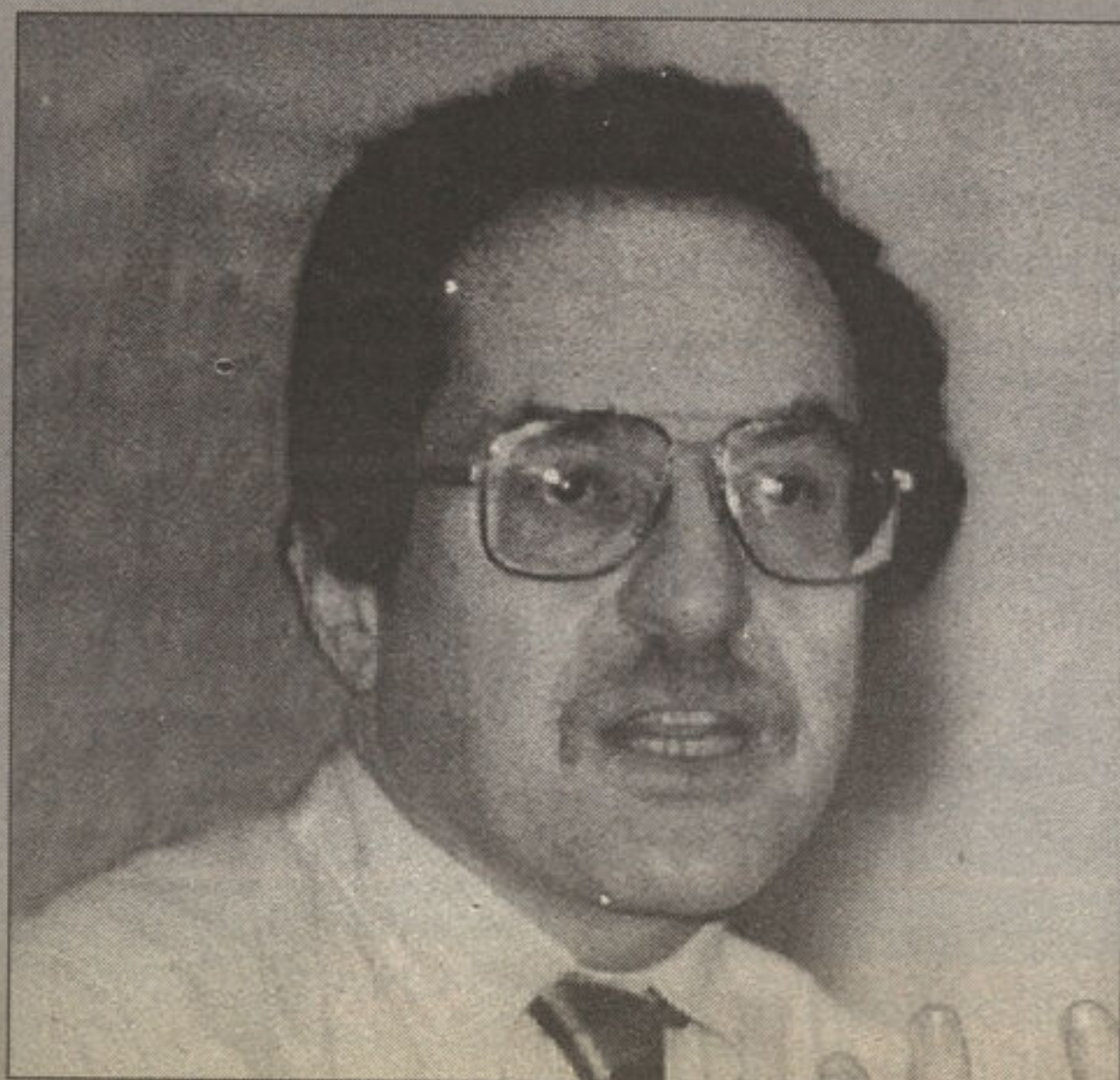
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Last seen on "Larry King Live" failing to promote his new book. Known to consult with suspected murderers, thieves, rapists, and intellectuals.

Card-carrying member of the ACLU.

Wanted for: Character assassination; smoking weed (come on, don't lie now); driving an ego the size of a Buick without a license; mispronouncing the word "Chutzpah."

Considered an armed and dangerous loose cannon. Do not attempt to capture with the facts. Known to change levels of abstraction without warning.

* Don't worry, we'll cover for you.

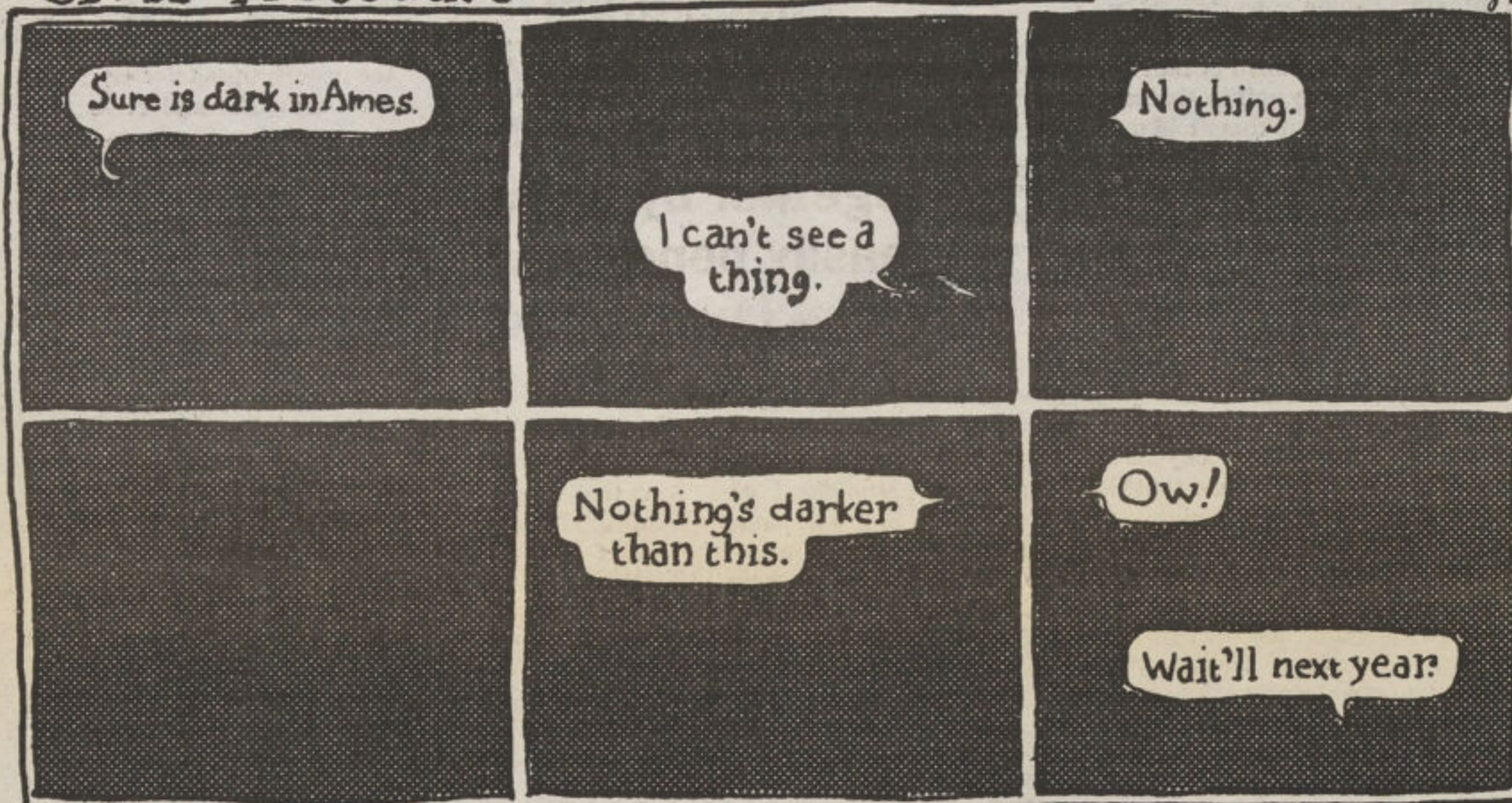
Temporary Insanity

By Sheila Tequilla



Civil Procedure

Machine Gun Kelly



Backbench

By Brian "The Choo-Choo" Cheng



The Comic Strip Formerly Known as Prince

By Rees' Pieces

DAILY CALENDAR
FOR WEEK OF
4/1/95Prof. A. Worthless Alumni
Hill of Beans School of Law

Monday

Interviewed by important T.V. reporter about opinions on O.J. case. Okay, so the reporter was my daughter, and she was using a Fisher Price microphone. Sent press release about interview to RETCHIN' for publication anyway.

Tuesday

Had premonition that my Reader's Digest article, "Tips from a Self-Pronounced Legal Expert," was about to be cited in an important legal journal. faxed article and updated autobiography to RETCHIN' for background.

Wednesday

After lurking around the Bumble Bee news office, was finally asked for man-on-the-street opinion about Susan Smith death penalty issue. Fed-Exed framed copies of article to RETCHIN'.

Thursday

Received "Best Professor Ever" award from student committee. So what if it was comprised of one brown-nosing first-year student. Called RETCHIN' personally and impersonated school public relations director.

Friday

Received letter from the RETCHIN' telling me to stop sending letters. Immediately faxed a copy to the RETCHIN' for publication. Scoured today's RETCHIN' for mention of my accomplishments, but found none. Resolved to keep RETCHIN' more informed.

Panner Gump

By The Deb '95

HELLO. My name is Aaron Panner. Aaron Panner Gump.

Would you like a chocolate? My mama says law school is like a box of chocolates: Overpriced, nutty at its core, and only held together by a thin, easily penetrated surface layer meant to convey substance. Lookie here how they're all forced into preassigned seats, hoping not to be noticed and eaten alive.

Shucks, I aint never understood what-all she means by that, but that sure is what she always says. Usually right plumb after she gets done explainin' to me again how there's no affirmative action program for congenital pinheads.

So I just sit on this here bench, passin' the time of day with folks. 'Scuse me? Yes ma'am, this sure is my naturally born face. The back of my hand? No ma'am, it's not the heartbreak of psoriasis; Mama just forgot to pin my hankie to my sleeve again. Why do you ask? Never mind? Okey-dokey.

Let me tell you about the time I fought my way through the jungle in that there Vietnam. No, wait, mayhap I just saw that in a movie. I know, I'm thinkin' about the time my mamma and me got separated at Toys R Us. It was last week and they were havin' the big Mighty Morphin Power Rangers sale. The bodies was piled six deep. Me and Bubba Ruger was pinned down behind the GI Joe's waitin' for mama to clear a path —

You gotta go? But the number 6 bus ain't due for another half an hour; you just missed one. You're gonna jog home, you say? Fifteen miles is a fair piece of travellin' for a senior citizen such as yourself, but speakin' of

The Deb is a commissioned artist, whose services for this week were purchased at silent auction by the many friends of Mr. Aaron Panner. Revelation of the names of the purchasers of this space will cost a mere \$2,000 (three percent of the proceeds going, of course, to the Public Interest Auction). Interested parties should send a self-addressed stamped envelope and a certified check to The Deb, c/o The RETCHIN'.



that, I'm reminded of the time I ran clear 'crost America. Or was that clear 'crost the Avenue of the Americas that time I was in New York City? Hmmm, let me think now. Ma'am! Ain't you gonna be needin' this here purse of yours? Ma'am! Ma'am!

I guess she couldn't hear me what with all the clatter that walker of hers is makin' at such a high speed.

Hello, little girl. Would you like a choco — OW! Mmmm. Pepper spray sure is a nice change from regular ol' mace.

Here you go, sir. I'm Aaron Panner. Aaron Panner Gump.

Have a seat right here and let me tell you about the time I won a free trip to that there Harvard Law School. I don't like to brag but let me just tell you that to this day my cockroach-eatin' record still stands at that old Kissin' Cousins County Fair. Yes siree, I can see that trip now as clear as if I was annoyingly spliced again and again into old film footage in a desperate quest to win another award.

I sat in on that there Duncan Kennedy's Legal History. It was some powerful, let me tell you. I'll just go on and admit right up front that I couldn't understand hardly nothin' that man said, but folks up there told me that's how you know he's brilliant. At first, I tried to keep up, listenin' as hard as I could and reading the notes of folks around me. By the way, sir, do you know what the "Anti-Christ" is what that has to do with Legal History?

Anyway, I had to stop listenin' after awhile when my ears started to bleed and from then on I just took a looky-loo around. As I looked around that classroom at all the students, I can tell you I felt right at home. They all had that same expression on their faces that I usually have on mine; their eyes were all kinda glazed over and their jaws were

kinda slack-like and drooly. He had them so wrapped up in that there legal history, they all just kept turning to each other and shaking their heads furiously in wonder and awe. As break time came and went, I even heard people whimper with happiness at not having to be deprived of him for even ten minutes.

That there Duncan Kennedy didn't even have to use no notes. He just went on a-talkin' and using so many big, fancy words and gettin' so fired up and thunderin' and pacin' around and all down there that all of a sudden-like the room dissolved away.

All the colors faded to black and white and we seemed to be at the UN. I was on a stage behind a man in jungle fatigues as he addressed a crowd of foreign-lookin' folk. He was a-wavin' his arms and a fat cigar and spoke for near 'bout six hours all about the revolution, and how he was a radical, not a liberal. I thought it must be that there Fidel Castro speaking but when he turned around, I saw it was Duncan Kennedy. Then

folks moved through the crowd carrying what folks acted like was something holy in fancy gold cases. I heard tell that one of 'em was Mao's Little Red Book, the other Duncan's Little Black Pants.

Next thing I knew, I was back at Harvard and layin' on the floor in the fetal position. It was midnight and class had just ended. Students were actually running for the doors to share their precious new knowledge with those less fortunate students who must not have been able to get into the class.

Sir? Oh, there you are. I sometimes hide under chairs and benches, too. Cozy, aint it? Know what else? People leave gum under there for you, too.

Ain't that nice? I'll just join you down there and we can finish our little talk.

Sir?

Boy, these old folks sure can move.

My mama says law school is like a box of chocolates: Overpriced, nutty at its core and only held together by a thin, easily penetrated surface layer meant to convey substance



[Editor's note: As a result of an out-of-court settlement stemming from Fenno's regrettable participation in the teepee-ing of Martha Minow, we were forced to submit this week's column for prepublication review by a committee of representatives from the National Organization of Women, Greenpeace, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Trilateral Commission. Some small editorial suggestions have been made by the committee.]

Fenno woke up at 4:00 p.m. with a hard-on [swollen male symbol of misogynistic dominance]. His time-yellowed [and pornographic] Farrah poster was dangling pendulously [flaccid] from the ceiling by three thumbtacks, and he wondered idly what had happened to the fourth tack, until he remembered the Wellesley coed [esteemed fellow alumna of Hillary Rodham] he'd introduced to the exotic arts of thumbtacks-and-ice cubes-in-the-hot-tub [perverted male-fantasy aquatic subjugation rituals]. He doubted he would ever see that particular thumbtack again.

Having showered, he turned up Ol' Blue Eyes [sexist, fascist mafioso with no acting talent] on the stereo, and plotted the rest of his day.

First, he needed a stiff [strong] drink. He'd left his blender in the Ames Courtroom, so breakfast would have to be Meister Brau [warning, alcohol is known to cause birth defects]. Second, he needed some company. He was tired of dressing up like Charlie Nesson [who?] and playing the bongo at Gato Rojo, scamming [objectifying] on beatnik undergrads [sensitive artistic feminists, who happen to like wearing black], so that left the Kong [commercialized affront to Asian culture and cuisine] — but it didn't open for another hour.

Fenno decided to go to class [intending, no doubt, to create a hostile and threatening environment for womyn students]. He didn't remember what classes he had signed up for at the beginning of the semester, but on the theory that one class was as good as another, he decided he would just walk into one at random.

On the way to class, he stopped by the WLA comment board [lone forum at the Law School for womyn to express the pain and angst they universally experience here] in the Hark, to write his weekly rude limerick. This week's poem began, [expletive deleted].

After indulging his artistic side, Fenno grabbed a hot dog [hamburger] in the Hark Box Cafe, and extracted the six-month old wad of flyers from his mailbox. "Damn," he muttered, "I missed the Baker & MacKenzie wet t-shirt contest."

Tossing the rest of his colored flyers into the white paper recycling bin [typical econazi criminal], he wandered over to Pound 101. The class he crashed turned out to be "The Roots of Western Civilization," [3000 years of oppression by dead white men wearing blue pin-stripe suits] taught by Visiting Professor Newt Gingrich [expletive deleted].

Professor Gingrich was demonstrating the killing thrust necessary to down a fleeing giraffe, when Fenno noticed the woman sitting next to him was breathing heavily and gently caressing her cafe latte from Starbucks.

"Don't I know you?" asked Fenno. "Aren't you in Professor Bebchuk's 'Corporate Subjugation of Women' seminar?"

"Why, yes," she giggled hysterically [oh, please!]. "But I was absent last week — you know we women have problems being in class for more than thirty days in a row." [argh!]

"Hmm.... What are you doing after class?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you come back to my place? I've got this trick with a thumbtack to show you...." [we give up]

**Hold on, now . . .
A regular RECORD
is coming at ya
next week!
Honest.
We promise.**

Think all your butt-kissing has enabled you to learn everything about your favorite professors?

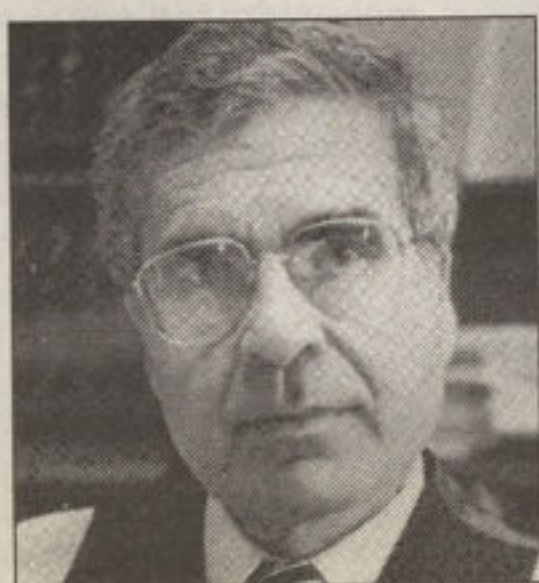
Ever wonder whether your professors looked as cool as you do when they sat in those hardbacked chairs in Langdell?

Take the RETCHIN' Face Challenge!

Below are pictures of various HLS professors as they appear today and as they appeared in the days when they were on the receiving end of the Socratic Method. See if you can accurately match up these before and after pictures. Entrants in this informal Law School competition will win a Flintstones Ink Stamp (yes, the one left over from the Final Four Contest; our lone entrant lost in the early rounds of the Tournament).

Turn your forms into Dean Koontz's 3L Harkbox by April 1.

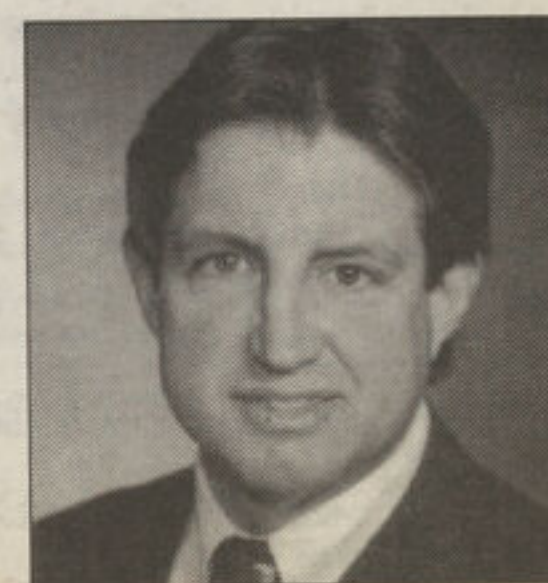
TODAY



A. Prof. Arthur Miller '58



B. Prof. Larry Tribe '66



C. Vis. Prof. Peter Murray '67



D. Dean Robert Clark '72

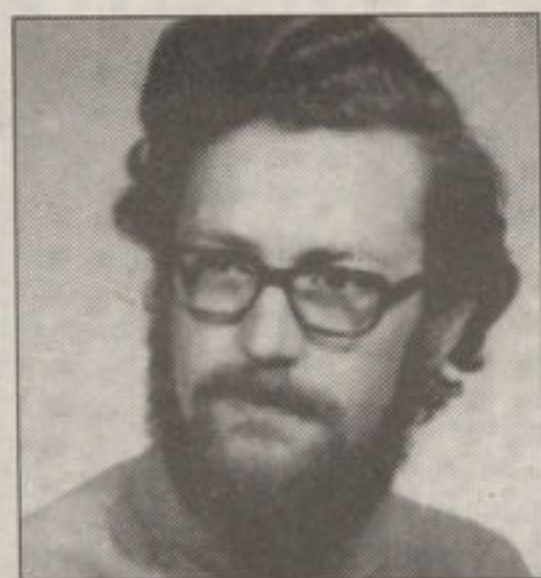


E. Prof. Todd Rakoff '75

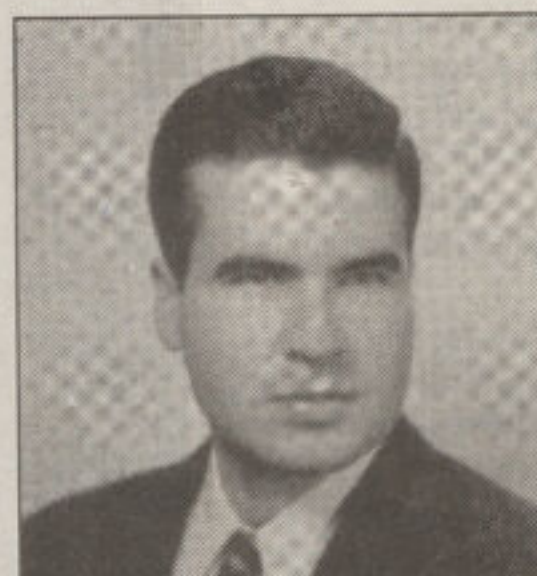


F. Prof. David Wilkins '80

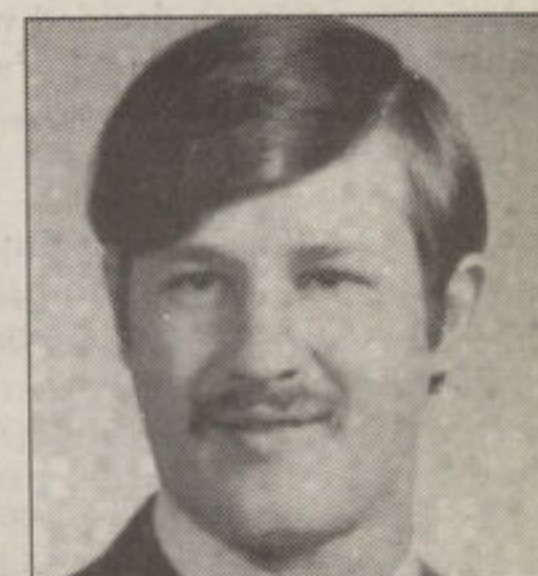
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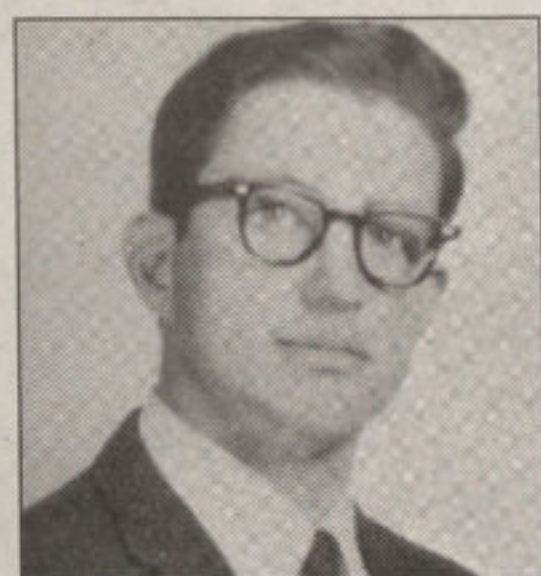
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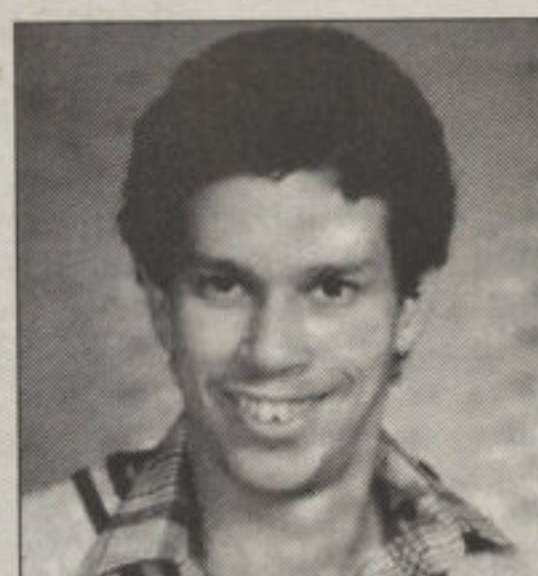
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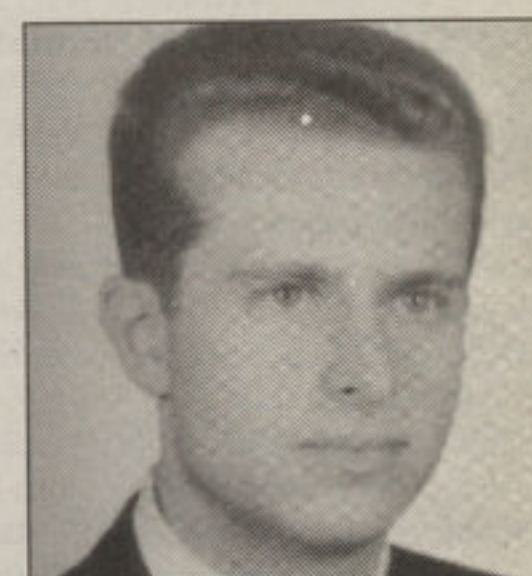
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4



5



6

Name _____
Year _____
Phone Number _____
Inkstamp Color _____

Your Match-ups

A _____
B _____
C _____

D _____
E _____
F _____

Your Name Here

continued from *HOWZABOUTIT* page 1

future, as it houses intellectuals of the worst type," said Co-Chair Number Two. "The professors have mean secretaries who always cancel student appointments whenever the professor wants to go on T.V."

When pressed for further details, however, the DUCK co-chairs could only say they didn't like how the stairs were so twisty. Further interviews with DUCK members were no more enlightening.

"I was lonely over spring break, because everyone left campus, so I joined the protest," said

one DUCK member, who only wished to be identified by the mailbox number of his personals ad.

HLS professors ignored the protesters, who repeatedly threw their bodies against the doors in order to frighten them from entering Hauser.

"I really don't give a flying @#&^%\$ what these kids think," said Prof. Charles Fried. "The fact that the Law School built Hauser Hall just for us, with only puny little rooms for classes, just proves that we are truly superior."

Others, however, were not so complacent.

"I feel for us — uh, for them," said Prof. Jon Hanson.



DUCK Co-Chair
Number One

Kato to Become One of Us

continued from *OJDIDIT*, page 1

Its deep admiration, and submitted Kato's name to Admissions Dean Joyce Curll as an ex-parte candidate.

The admissions committee reportedly accepted Kaelin without hesitation. Sitting as chair of the committee, Permanent-Visiting-Professor Peter Murray '67 helped push through Kaelin's speedy acceptance. "I figure I'm never going to have permanent status here, so at least Kato should," he said, revealing he believes Kato, like Nesson, will never really graduate. He then excused himself to change

into his after-class lobster tie.

Kato, like all students, will be expected to slave away for hours doing mean-

ingless extracurricular activities. His superior acting abilities, for example, have not gone unnoticed by the Drama Society.

"We've got great plans for Kato," said Society diva Laura Potty '95. "He's perfect for a Shakespearean role-in-drag, especially since he looks just like star Erik Lindy ['95], who unfortunately is graduating this year." The Drama Society plans on casting him as Juliet's nursemaid in "Romeo and Juliet II: The Barking Dog Says it Wasn't Suicide," to be performed next fall.

**Dean Clark said
that Kato will
be joined by
classmates
The Green
Lantern and the
Human Torch.**

Fisher Wins Star Search Model Award

By Vanna White

The HLS faculty comes in all shapes and sizes. But one of them stands head and shoulders above the rest.

At least that's what the judges on yesterday's Star Search decided when they named Prof. William "Terry" Fisher IX as the show's Best Male Model for the week.

The award, bestowed on the very few and cute, ranks not only intelligence, verbal and writing ability as measured by SAT scores, and singing talent among its criteria, but also includes indicia such as fashion sense and shape of the derriere.

Fisher swept all categories, scoring a perfect 4.0 with every judge. His competitor, a bodybuilder from the Ukraine, scored only an average of 3.7.

"I'm pleased and flattered with the results," said Fisher. "I always knew I wasn't bad-looking, but the Star Search award really bolsters my self-confidence."

"I'm generally a bit shy and retiring, but with the encouragement of my fans, I entered the competition without expecting much. The award truly was beyond my wildest dreams."

Emcee Ed MacMahon '56 said Fisher was the most composed contestant he's seen in a while. "Terry was quite the gentleman," said MacMahon. "When his competitor broke down in tears, Terry gave him a hug and a pep

talk."

Fisher's students were not surprised by the award. Suzanne "Blow Your Nozzle" '96 said last year's Section 4 realized their Property professor had "what it takes to make it as a model" when he appeared in class wearing a tie as a belt.

"It was quite fetching," said Nozzle. "During one of my many office hours with him, I encouraged him to find an agent. And now it's really paid off."

Some students, however, expressed curiosity that Fisher had won the award.

"He always scratches his head funny, which is enough to give anybody the shivers," said Is He Ramsey '95. "Ol' Tertius is cute and all, but best male model? I'd question that decision. Or at least I'd check for cooties."

The award has also piqued the curiosity of other professors, who have recently expressed interest in joining the Search themselves.

Prof. Jon Hansen has already entered his name into the qualifying rounds for the Final Search, under the category of Impersonations.

"I'm crossing my fingers," said Hansen. "Terry's not the only talented person we've got on the faculty here."

"I think I have a good shot of winning. I've practiced my Kraakman imitation ever since I got to Cambridge, and a lot of people say they can't tell me apart from the real thing. Except when I stutter."

A Literally Literary Year at HLS

By Josh Strosh B'Gosh

RETCHIN' Columnist

FROM characters as dissimilar as Jimmy Carter and William Kunzler, more and more public figures have been getting in touch with their poetic sides. A little digging by the RETCHIN' has found that the Law School has not been immune from this trend. But as the following samples show, and despite the school's pretensions to greatness, the HLS output has kept with the mainstream trend in its lack of quality. An anthology of selected verses, published by Bantam Books under the title "Poetry to Make Your Hornbooks Look Good," is expected sometime this summer. You won't want to have any disposable income when this hits the shelf but if you do, the excerpts that follow should ensure that it stays in your pocket.

It's Just Marital Discord

The bronco stopped and not long since:

it's time to call the 'best defense.'

But when you work in Hollywood

things just don't go as they should;

The show out west is hard to steal

but I'll get my shot on appeal

I'll do my all to clear the Juice

e'en invoke the abuse excuse.

But more than proving wrong or right

this case will mean a book to write.

And if the case should not go well

they've just cleaned out Mike Tyson's cell!

— Prof. Alan "Dee-Dee" Dershowitz



Everyone Sucks but Me

old cardozo is a sap

the Hooper call a load of crap.

24 hours, no time to nap

did I say it's all just crap?

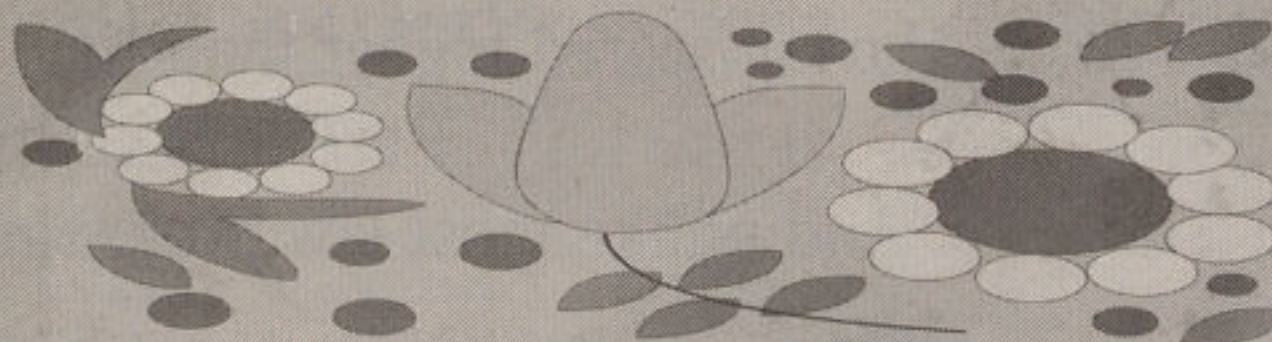
Vosberg? it was just a tap

fairness? what a bunch of crap!

though i'd love to stay and yap

only so much rhymes with crap.

— The Rosie



Mansfield in Mourning (A Haiku)

Con Law — what a chore

Equal Protection is hard

So I don't teach it

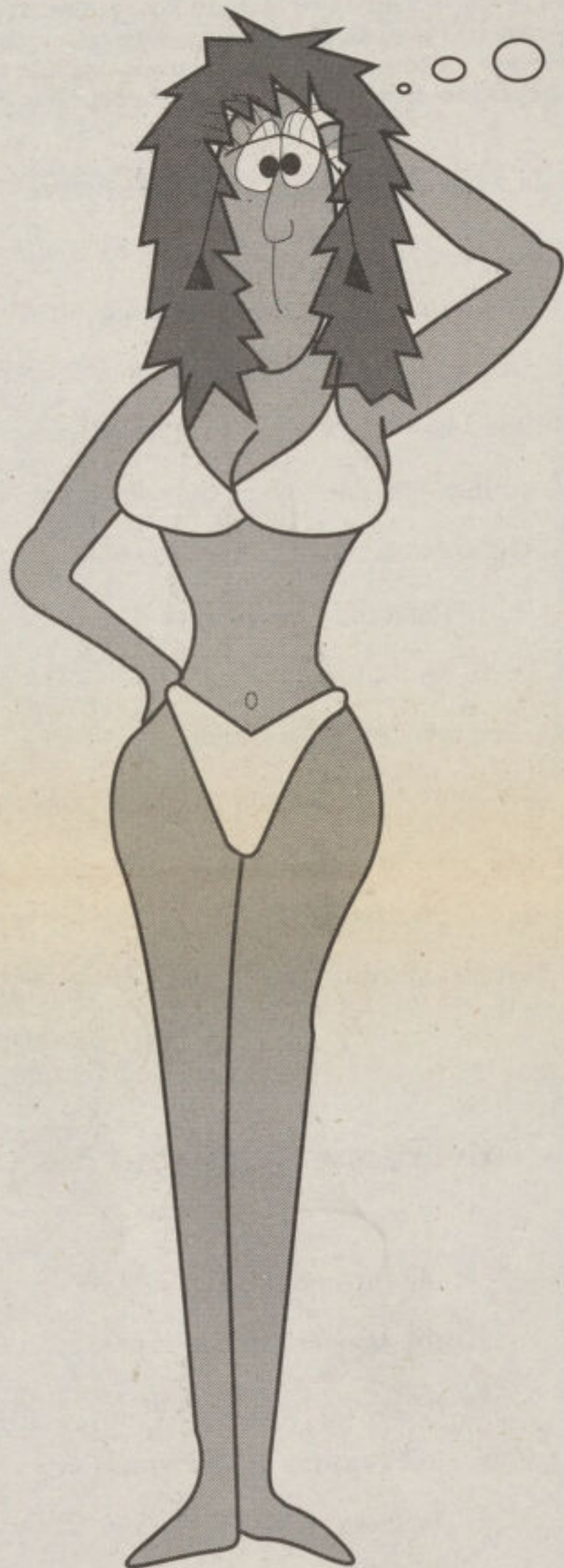
— Prof. John H. Mansfield

Don't Bother Recycling This

(If you didn't want to read this anymore,
why would anyone else?)



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