



Harvard Law 8-TRACK

Almost as old as
Bob Dole

3 Years of
Nonsense

Another Obsolete Form of Communication

Volume: 2 Liters of Flat Soda

Cambridge 02138

Friday, April 1, 1996



Surveillance photo of suspect nibbling on victim's spleen

Hey, why are you looking here?

Squirrels Eat Dean Clark

Jancu Sought

by Clark's wife, who wants him back

HLS administrators have confirmed speculation that Dean Clark has disappeared. He was last seen in mid-January and it was widely believed that he was hibernating. As the snow melted, however, it became clear that foul play was involved.

Security, working together with Cambridge police, have narrowed their investigation to a band of local squirrels. In an exclusive police report uncovered by 8-TRACK staff, police wrote they believe Dean's Clark appearance at the HLS parody was a "really big squirrel in disguise."

Head of Security Bob Pointdoigt put the blame on LSC Vice President Rob Jancu '98. "They [the squirrels] have been getting increasingly aggressive. At first they only came up to students and asked for crumbs and pieces of bread. But then Mr. Jancu began bringing them cereal every day. He was not satisfied with salting the sidewalk, but insisted on daily feeding done in a very precise, military manner. He has trained and armed them."

Jancu has also disappeared and is believed to have ran down the hole outside of Langdell. He is allegedly living with the squirrels.

The police believe that Dean Clark's disappearance is an indication that Jancu and the squirrels will no longer be satisfied with biting students' legs

and eating their lunches. "We believe they may be planning a coup d'etat."

The police bomb squad had to be called in last Sunday, when a box marked 'bomb' was left at 23 Everett. Attached to it was a simple note saying "More Nuts." The bomb was exploded with a water cannon but police nevertheless issued a public warning to "stay away from all squirrels on campus, especially squirrels carrying bombs and/or guns." They have also issued calf protectors to all Harvard professors and security.

In a stand-off reminiscent of Waco, three squirrels were shot an hour ago outside the Pooh door by Harvard police. They were believed to be waiting for a reinforcement troop of Yale-based gophers and hamsters, and smarter law students.

Critical Legal Studies scholar Prof. Morton Horwitz '67 considered the entire theory simply another unjust attempt by the American legal establishment to blame squirrels. "To say it was the squirrels, in a modern, industrialized, interconnected world is simply slicing the baloney too thin," Horwitz wheezed.

"It was the pigeons. When will you people realize that it is always the pigeons," he added.

However, Horwitz offered no explanation for the armed squirrels around campus, nor for Jancu's new buck teeth and hopping gait.

Dean Suzanne Richardson offered no comment.

Pigeons Block Langdell Renovations

by Alfred "The Birds" Hitchcock

In an eleventh-hour move to forestall the Langdell renovations, a group of 2Ls have forced a refiling of the project's Environmental Impact Report to account for the destruction of the endangered Langdell pigeon's habitat.

The pigeon, only recently identified as a distinct species, has no known habitat outside of Langdell, according to Michelle "Always Making a Fuss" Lerner of the HLS Student Animal Legal Defense Fund. Lerner said these birds were distinctive for their ability to "tolerate conditions of squalor most other pigeons would find unbearable." She also noted that because of their evolution they could no longer interbreed with other pigeons.

"Sounds like you've described your typical Law Review student," said Dean Clark, unconvinced that the pigeons should be recognized as a unique species.

Lerner said, however, that a failed attempt to transplant some pigeons to the Kong clearly demonstrated their dependence on Langdell's particular brand of squalor. "These special animals have successfully adapted to this niche and its destruction

would mean theirs," she said. "Besides, I've got my third year paper to do next year."

LSC President Chip "Really Swell Guy?" Nierlich '97 said that he had been working to resolve the issue favorably to all parties. "I've been talking with the pigeons, making sure that they know we are concerned with the renovations progressing on schedule," said Nierlich. "I've also spoken with Dean Clark and expressed our concern with the well-being of our feathered friends."

Reports have reached the 8-TRACK that LSC Vice President Rob "I've Been Defamed" Jancu '98 has been spotted in the library trying to pour salt on the pigeons' tails.

Seen chasing tail after his own fashion, Bob "Rat-Bastard" Melson '97 indicated his displeasure with the fuss being made over the pigeons.

"I could understand if you had peacocks or something in there but pigeons are too possum-esque to give a damn about," said Melson as he downed another beer. "I mean look at the Hark renovations — they didn't delay those because of all the rats in the kitchen did they?"

Neither Dean Suzanne Richardson nor the pigeons were willing to comment.

HLS Sues U.S. News Over #2 Ranking

by Yale Reject

Yesterday, in a news conference held on the steps of the Cambridge City Courthouse, Dean Clark '72 announced HLS had filed suit against U.S. News and World Report, publisher Morton Zuckerman, and the South American nation of Belize.

Clark said the suit was necessary to stop what he called "the right-wing oppression of my brothers and sisters" at HLS.

"Harvard is the best law school in the country, but the message isn't getting out because of Zuckerman and the fascist nation of Belize" Clark said.

Prof. Arthur Miller '58 said he is very upset by the ranking. "We have a bigger library than Yale. We have more West reps than Yale. Why is U.S. News against us? What did we ever do to them?" a teary-eyed Miller said.

Professor Mary Ann Glendon said she was furious by the ranking. "What the f**k does Mort Zuckerman and his

little freaking rag of a magazine know about us?" she asked. "I'm really pissed off over this bullsh*t, those rat-bastards."

But not everyone is upset by the rankings. Prof. David Rosenberg said he thought the survey was fair. "I think U.S. News has done an outstanding job [on the ranking]," he said. "The survey was thoughtful and well done by highly competent people who I'm sure work very hard for a large percentage of their waking hours." Rosenberg added that he didn't think he could have done a better job in ranking the nations law schools.

Clark said a lawsuit was the School's last resort. "We tried everything, lying about our class sizes and average LSAT score," he said. "I even ordered Jon [Hanson] to name his newborn 'Mort' as a show of goodwill. He had a daughter, for christsake."

"Dean Richardson even suggested we go so far as to actually try to improve the quality of life at the School. Now that's desperation," Clark said.

When asked why Belize was also sued, Dean Suzanne Richardson refused to comment.

Nierlich Finds AIDS Cure Jancu Takes on Mass Ave. Potholes

by African Monkey

In a development that stunned the medical community last week, incoming LSC president Chip Nierlich '97 announced he had discovered a cure for AIDS.

"It was really kind of easy," said Nierlich. "Granted, scientists around the world have been working on this disease for years, but I figured I'd give it a shot."

Nierlich said that he decided to get involved after students became "increasingly concerned" about the disease. "I had a meeting with Dr. Harold Steicker [at the Harvard Medical School] Monday morning, and by Tuesday afternoon I had a cure."

Nierlich said that he was surprised at how simple it was to find a cure. "You know, all you really have to do is talk to a few people — it's amazing how accommodating people can be if you just ask

for help."

Nierlich said that he would have made the discovery by Tuesday morning had it not been for an early morning breakfast with Dean Clark '72. "The guy kept talking my ear off, you know. I mean, he can be helpful sometimes — sometimes he even has some good ideas — but he can also be a major yenta."

Meanwhile, incoming LSC vice-president Rob Jancu '98 spent Wednesday paving Mass. Ave. "Those potholes can really be dangerous," said Jancu.

Since the weather has warmed, students say Jancu has become depressed over the lack of ice to salt on the walkways. "He was really freaking out, looking for something to do," said one student, who wished to remain anonymous because he believes "Jancu is a wacko and may try to kill me."

Dean Suzanne Richardson had no comment.



Nierlich as an infant

Professor Rakoff Gets Stuck That Way

by Tanya Harding

Prof. Todd Rakoff, the only person named "Todd" known ever to amount to anything in the history of civilization, was hospitalized Thursday after getting stuck in, well, you know, *that* position.

"It was horrible!" gasped one student who refused to be identified, "He assumed, you know, *that* position in order to ask me an unbelievably irrelevant question in the most inoffensive way imaginable, and when he tried to stand, he couldn't."

Rakoff subsequently teetered, then tottered, and finally collapsed onto his side.

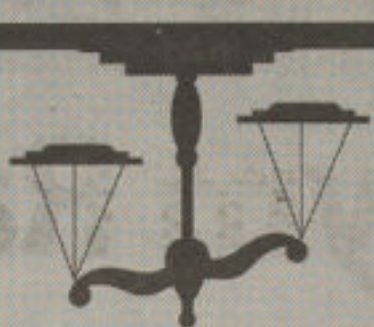
Rob Jancu '98 immediately rushed to his aid, only to be told by a screaming Rakoff, "Get the hell away from me, you freak!"

Rakoff's family physician, Dr. Phoneyname Doctorname, had recently warned Rakoff of the dangers of, you know, *that* position. "This was an accident waiting to happen," said Dr. Doctorname. "The

last time I examined him, his neck was a shambles, his knees were badly bruised, and his neck in serious danger of locking — which, apparently, it has now done."

All Rakoff's classes have been cancelled until further notice. When asked when Rakoff would return, Dean Suzanne Richardson declined to comment.

BRIEFS



Prof. Dershowitz to Speak on Menendez Verdict

Prof. Dershowitz will speak this Saturday on the implications of the guilty verdict in the Menendez brothers murder trial for the continuing viability of the "abuse excuse." Dershowitz said that he would speak on the turning of popular sentiments against the cult of victimhood.

He is also planning to speak on his role in this shift. "I think my strong position on this issue in my recent book has been instrumental in changing the public's mind," said Dersh as he threw a bloody glove under his desk.

Dershowitz was also planning to offer some insight into the tactical decisions in the case. "I think the first and most damning blunder made by the defense was not to hire me. Everyone knows that I win on appeal every case in which I was involved at the trial stage."

Tax Society Meeting Ends in Shambles

The HLS Tax Society hosted a gathering on Tuesday night to facilitate student-tax faculty interaction and to offer registration advice but found itself with a fiasco on its hands.

"Things got off to a bad start. Since no students showed up at first, most of the professors whiled away the time at the bar," said an anonymous Tax Society member. Things deteriorated when a group of tipsy professors became engaged in a heated debate over the flat tax. "They nearly came to blows when one professor said another's opposition to the flat tax was predicated on the preponderance of its incidence falling on the first professor's wife," the student said.

The professors then wandered drunkenly into the night. A somewhat inebriated Prof. Wolfman was repeatedly observed ogling attractive 1Ls and muttering "I'd tax her like a Democrat."

175 - 150 = #1

Finally announcing what the Law School would do with the 25 million dollar overshoot from the Capital Campaign, Dean Clark '72 said that the money had been spent on a bribe to reclaim the number one slot in the U.S. News and World Report rankings.

While characterizing the move as the most drastic step taken to improve the quality of life at HLS since women students were admitted, Clark said that "The decision was easier than you might think." "We knew that if we used the funds to attract high caliber professors, we'd just run into interminable student bitching and we're running out of room for new construction," he explained.

Clark did concede that there was a die hard constituency mollified only when \$19.95 was set aside for a new hairpiece for Vice Dean Smith.

Student Sues Rosie's for Making Her Fat

Rosie's Restaurant has closed its doors forever, collapsing under the weight of a lawsuit by a female 1L, who wished to remain anonymous.

"I've gained so much weight this year," she said at a recent press conference. "And it's all because of eating at Rosie's. But I was a captive audience — I didn't want to eat at the Hark before Dina DeFalco finished her cafeteria cost comparisons, and there were just too many law students at Three Aces."

"So I was stuck going to Rosie's," she said, as she burst out of her jeans.

The Guinness Book of World Records ran photos of the exploding 1L on the first page of its new edition, with a caption noting that she is the first female Harvard Law student to show one inch of flesh more than necessary.

Bombard Diagnosed With Mad Cow Disease

At a patient support group last Saturday, Annie Bombard revealed that she is the first United States victim of Mad Cow Disease.

"I've been losing my hair and screwing up students' schedules for years, but when I started to be nice to kids for a change, I realized that something was wrong," Bombard sobbed at the Mad Cow's Anonymous meeting.

Bombard, who will retire at the end of more than thirty years of service to HLS, crumpled to the floor and writhed after her confession.

Dean Clark, who earlier this term declared his undying love for the registrar's assistant, wept openly when asked about the consequences of the disease on Bombard's remaining months of service to HLS.

"I don't know what I'll do without that ol' **," Clark exclaimed as he waved reporters away with a bat. "She's just like my right hand."

Registrar Suzanne Richardson — I mean, Sue Robinson (damn, I'm ALWAYS mixing up their names) — said she really didn't think Bombard's Mad Cow affliction was a "big deal."

"No biggie," said Robinson. "We were going to replace her anyway."

Miller Introduces Cutting-Edge Teaching Device

by Ivanna Aye

Students in Arthur Miller's Civil Procedure class are raving about a new technology employed by their famous professor. "It was great. This is why Arthur Miller is the best professor. It was better than Cats," read a statement signed by students in his class next to their identification numbers.

According to Sweat Glandsman from the HLS Educational Technology Department, the new technology is called "T.V." Glandsman would not say what the letters stood for, but the 8-TRACK has learned that it is based on a technology developed in Britain in the 1940s but has since been exclusively manufactured in Japan.

"This is the latest in high-resolution, interactive video," Glandsman said. The "T.V." technology will allow Professor Miller to be as far away as Los Angeles, yet still tape a message to be viewed by his students in two years.

Glandsman said students could interact with the "T.V." by either pressing buttons on a machine he termed a "V.C.R." which could manipulate the ordering of the digital images. "We even have a hand-held device students can use to turn the viewing console on and off via remote access," he said.

"The only bug in the system is that West Bar Review commercials appear every six minutes," said Glandsman. But Glandsman said he was working on the problem. "We should soon be able to show commercials for Good Morning America and PBS as well," he said.

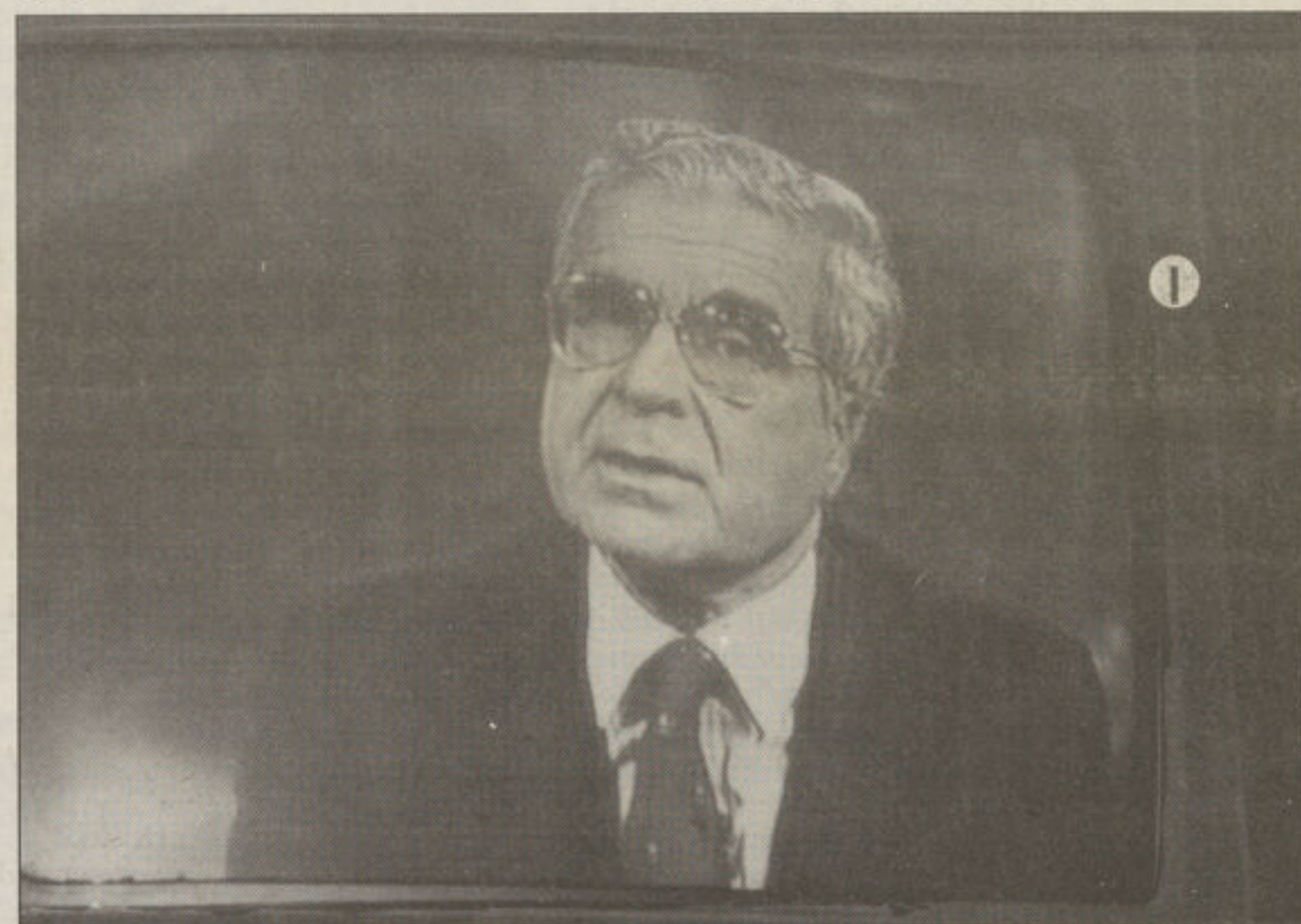
Other professors are thinking of adopting the trail-blazing technology. Mary Ann Glendon suggested she might use the technology in her first-year property class. "I've had this interactive program of the What's Happening episode where tenants hold a rent strike in support of Roger and Re-Run," she said. "If this thing works, it'll be me, Antonio Banderas, a bottle of bourbon, and the beaches of Rio next year."

Professor Charles Nesson '63 said, "Cool."

Professor Weinreb '14 said he was still unsatisfied with the technology. "There is no way that this contraption could be as abusive and cantankerous as I am in person."

Prof. Miller was unavailable for comment yesterday. His secretary, Waylan Smithers, said Miller was held up in Montana with the right-wing Freemans' militia group. "He might be a while," said Smithers. "But he just Fed Exed a box full of Starsky and Hutch's."

Dean Richardson refused comment on the story, but said that she "isn't impressed with Antonio Banderas' butt."



Really, no one reads these credits.

'Art Headroom' says, "Welcome to C-c-civ pro."

Hey, Loser.

You didn't make Law Review, you got thrown off your journal, and you've got more C's than Buttafuoco.

Why don't you JOIN THE 8-TRACK!

Law Review Task Force Finds Correlation to Foot Size

by Tzar Nohair

The Law Review task force on selection bias was released last week. Most startling was the revelation that contrary to popular belief, Review selection is based on neither grades nor writing competition, but rather the size of students' left feet.

The surprising news was greeted with a variety of responses ranging from approval to outrage. It has drawn fire from the political right, especially Pat Buchanan and ex-president Ronald Reagan. Reagan came back into the public eye to mumble something about "the evil empire of left feet" and suggested amputation. Buchanan merely suggested that "an American foot should stay home with its toes."

Dean Clark '72 has put pressure on the Review to switch to the right foot, primarily because of the political climate in Washington. "The shoe's been on the left foot for a fair number of years, and out of fairness and equity we should let the right wear it for a while," Clark said.

And that is the true source of the Law Review's problems: it is common knowledge that foot size is merely a superficial proxy for shoe size. Proponents of the status quo argue that HLS has a long history of striving for the best foot size. "Students at HLS always have, and always will, compare foot sizes, if not in public, then in the privacy of their homes," said Law Review

President David Panteen '97.

The debate is ironic in that it finds the Crits supporting the status quo. Prof. Morton Horwitz '67 and Prof. Duncan Kennedy have found themselves the uncomfortable banner carriers for maintaining the left foot as the measure for Law Review selection. "I am uncomfortable with my position because the left foot is no longer what it used to be. Its toes are deformed, but still I see no alternative in the right foot. And in the final analysis, all feet are either left feet or right feet," said Kennedy.

This stand has angered Feminist Legal Scholars who argue that the shoe is a male concept and is thus inherently biased. They suggest moving away from such gendered concepts as feet and shoes and toward something more neutral, like hair length.

International Law Prof. David Kennedy '80 suggests that what is relevant is not the substance of what's inside the shoe, but how it's worn, how it allows the wearer to balance and style his walking.

Philosophically bent Prof. Scott Brewer argues that since HLS students generally have two feet and one head, hopping like a kangaroo should be the test, since kangaroos usually have both two feet and one head.

Dean of Students Sue Richardson could not be reached for comment yesterday.

Prof. Horwitz Discovers Miracle Baldness Cure

Resigns from HLS to Enter Private Industry

by Mike Levy

Professor Morton Horwitz '60 held a news conference on Tuesday to announce he is stepping down from the HLS faculty to pursue a career hawking a new baldness cure.

In an infomercial released to the 8-TRACK starring Prof. Arthur Miller '58, Horwitz demonstrates how the process works. In it, Miller is seen applying the patented process to a sedated, sad-looking Horwitz.

"After fully cleaning the balding area," says Miller in the clip, "you need to strap several layers of lunch meat to your head. We suggest Hebrew National, but the important thing is that you slice it really thin."

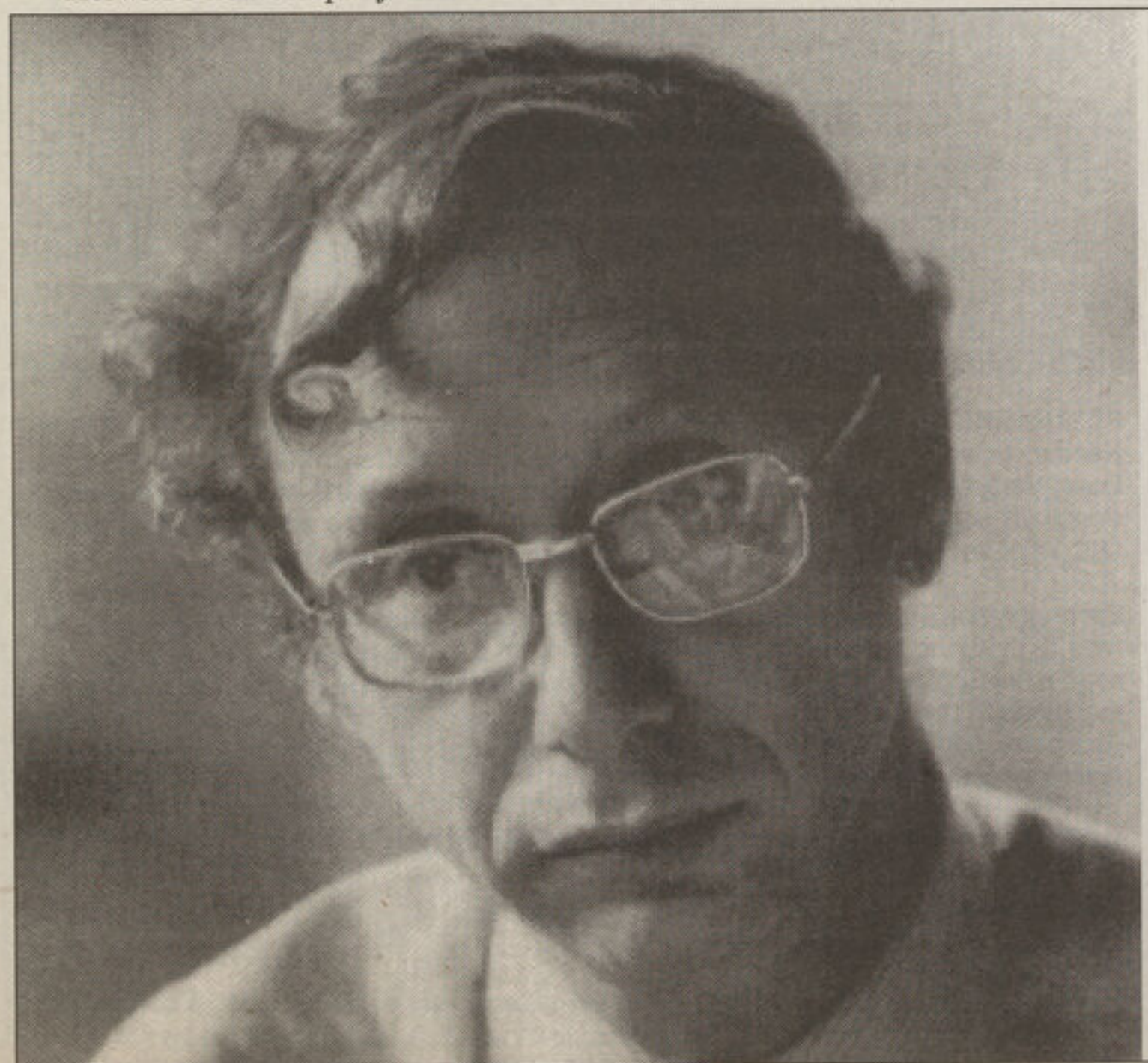
Horwitz's new company will sell the

meat, along with the products to prepare the head. "The real key to the process," said Horwitz, "is moisture."

Reaction to the news was mixed. Dean Clark '72 said that while he hated to see Horwitz go, "I'm glad to see the bastard go." Clark said he expected to name Horwitz's replacement shortly, reportedly Lani Guinier's husband. "He is a white male, isn't he?" Clark said.

Meanwhile, Prof. Scott Brewer did several backflips upon hearing the news. "Not only does this open a spot for me," he said, "but, with Mort's patented process, I can stop combing what remaining curls I have over my scalp like a Roman with a bad haircut."

Dean Richardson withheld comment until "my lawyer gets here."



A sedated Mort Horwitz in a clip from his new infomercial.

G Y M R A T

Gym Rat Picks 'Em All

By David Justice '96

ESPN Addict



FOR the second straight year, the Gym Rat has correctly predicted the Final Four. This year, I even went out on a limb and predicted all the games from the first round on. As it turns out, I was an astonishing 63 for 63.

As you may remember, I picked Kentucky, Mississippi State, Syracuse and UMass as my final four, with Kentucky as a cinch to win it all. (Not even a debate there.) Sure, some people overrated teams like Georgetown, UConn and Kansas, but I didn't give in to all the hype. You've got to go with what you know, and I've been scouting Syracuse basketball on Direct TV all year long. That's why my own intramural team, the Sleestaks, has been so successful this year with the 2-3 zone.

The first-round games were even easier to pick. I didn't expect UCLA to give Princeton such a good game, but I survived that scare. I resisted the temptation to pick Indiana, despite their rich history of successful NBA players from Isaiah Thomas to Alan Henderson (and everyone in between).

Actually, I have to admit there were some tough moments in the first round. My hands had a difficult time writing out the word "Arizona" as deep as the Sweet Sixteen. I knew the Wildcats would have to defeat Valparaiso, named after the late and former N.C. State coach Jimmy V., and then survive Iowa's brand of rock 'em sock 'em street basketball, which they hone every year in their grudge matches with Utah. My closest call was getting a tip just before the games began that Shareef Abdur-Rahim, Cal's big star freshman, gets kind of sleepy during big games. Without that tip, I might've done something really stupid, like pick Cal to go to the Sweet Sixteen.

The East regional was interesting, where Arkansas rode into the Sweet Sixteen with their motto ablaze: "Forty Minutes of Hell." (CBA Note: This motto has been adopted recently by the New Jersey Nets.) The surest bet in the tournament was in the East — you knew that when the report came on that the Texas Tech - North Carolina game had been suspended because of a broken backboard, the UNC milquetoasts had nothing to do with it.

The second and third rounds were a time for young stars to come out and shine. Georgia Tech's Stephon Marbury, a terrific freshman point guard, played well enough to raise questions about his immediate future: stay or go pro? "No doubt about it; I'm going to stay all four years," Marbury said. "When I came to school, I made a four-year commitment to get my degree. Sure, I could make millions of dollars, but with my degree, I'm guaranteed to get a \$25,000 a year job for the rest of my life. And with a couple extra economics courses, I'll be more mature and better able to handle my money than I am now. After all, you see tragedies like the Kevin Garnett story, and you don't want that to happen to you."

Syracuse's John Wallace concurred. "Staying for my senior season was the best decision I ever made. Every step along the way to the finals, I was writing another zero at the end of my NBA paycheck." When asked if he felt he was the exception to the history of Syracuse players who had no discipline, Wallace replied, "Just because Coach Boeheim doesn't throw chairs doesn't mean he's not in control." Wallace then reached to put his hand on Boeheim's shoulder and the coach flinched.

Georgetown coach John Thompson and Kentucky coach Rick Pitino were also asked about player discipline. Thompson said matter-of-factly, "I find that being eight feet tall and 400 pounds is really helpful in getting the kids' attention." Pitino added, "While I'm not as huge as Coach Thompson, I have my ways. Because Kentucky recruits are head and shoulders above everyone else, I just threaten a kid that if he doesn't behave, there are ten McDonald's high school All-Americans waiting to take his place. Or threaten him with a cut in pay."

Take nothing away from Kentucky, though, because they sure won the NCAA tournament. Yep. Sure did. They were good, and they scored more points. They, uh, represented my allna mater's conference well, and that sort of thing. Okay, I'm done talking about this now.

Let's look ahead to baseball for a minute. Sports Illustrated picks the Cleveland Indians to "rock and roll over everyone, including the Atlanta Braves." Whatever. When Kenny Lofton and many of the other Indians were asked about last year's World Series, they responded, "WAAAAAH!!!" After seriously blaming the media for distracting them and making them lose, they also blamed their unlucky horoscopes and claimed that their dog ate the scouting report. (Note: Because I am graduating soon, Cleveland fans will never be subjected to this again.)

The End.

Infamous HLS Standings as of April Fools Day

TEAM NAME	OPPONENT TEAM NAME	WON-LOST
Chip Nierlich	HLS Administration	5-0
Rob Jancu	HLS Administration	500-0
Ron Kasner	LSC/HLS Administration	0-3
Shannon Liss	Dean Clark/HLS Alumni	1-1
Blythe Holden	HLS Stairmaster Retuning Department	1-0
Publ. Interest Auction	HLS Wallets	25K-0
Potential Minority Women Faculty Candidates vs. HLS		0-infinity
Intramural Basketball Teams vs. Hemenway Floor		0-25
Student Body	New Hark Eatery Foods	50-50
Chinese Truck	Sodexo	80-12
Gropius Complex	Anywhere Else	1-Everybody Else
Squirrels	Dean Clark	1-0
Pigeons	Langdell Library	3-0
West	BarBri	TIE
Rosenberg	The World	Depends on whom you ask

Harvard Law 8-TRACK

Founded in 1946

Chip "The Goods" Nierlich, Rob "Axe-Murderer" Jancu, and
"Nice Girl" Dina DeFalco
Special Consultants

Listen to Us, You Mindless Drones

Considering the weight our endorsement carried in the LSC elections, the 8-TRACK has decided that it should wield its influence in the wider world. Consequently the 8-TRACK has decided to endorse *Ralph Nader* for president. His qualifications are obvious: he was the subject of a Jeopardy question, nobody liked the Corvair anyhow and "President Ralph" has a certain ring to it. Furthermore, as an alum of the 8-TRACK, he's sure to shell out cushy administration positions and porkbarrel largesse to current 8-TRACK staffers.

The Clinton administration did have strong appeal — we are a *parody* newspaper after all.

Bob Dole is probably the most qualified of the candidates, but we disapprove of his recent naming of the Snuggles Fabric Softener Bear as his running-mate. Quayle would have given him the midwest voters who often lose limbs in wheat-thrashers. Snuggles? What the hell was the old bastard thinking?

The 8-TRACK would also like to endorse *dogs* over cats. After backing the ER Ticket we felt we'd endorsed enough duplicitous, self serving creatures.

The 8-TRACK strongly endorses *SPAM*. Not only is it made from Shoulder Pork and hAM but from SPAMburger to SPAMbalaya no fabricated "meat" approaches its versatility.

After hours of trials in which we put the nation's laundry detergents to the test, the 8-TRACK hereby endorses *Bold*. Although no detergent was able to get the blood stains out of Rob Jancu's camouflage uniform, we kind of like the name: *Bold*. It just sounds like it should be the best.

In order to help the administration with its hiring of minority faculty members, we at the 8-TRACK endorse *Hispanics*. While African-Americans often come with impressive credentials, and American-Indians were strong in our four-hour interview, we just really like Hispanics.

For a color between purple and red, we at the 8-TRACK endorse *mauve*.

Finally, after surveying HLS' eateries for over a year and a half, and trying every sub on the menu at Three Aces until we up-chucked on the Ms. Pac-Man machine, the 8-TRACK endorses the *Middle Eastern Truck*.

We have reservations about the Middle Eastern Truck's ability to lower the sodium content of its humus, and frankly, we don't think they can follow through on their promise to secure public interest funding for everyone who wants it. Also, the Chinese Lunch Truck is really quite good. However, despite our reservations, we need to endorse the truck that we feel confident will continue to slip us dough if we write good things about them.

-Nierlich

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David Alfred Hitchcock, David the African Monkey, David Yale Reject
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PHOTOGRAPHER..... Mom David Horwitz
CARTOONISTS.....David Charny, David Brinkley, Uncle Sam
David Westfall, (Stuart Rees and Bill Zimmerman did not appear this week)
GENERAL FOOD-GETTER..... David Souter
MONEY-GETTER..... David Koresh
PUBLISHER EMERITUS.....King David N. Goliath

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(Generally late at night and with enormous patience.)

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—First Amendment, US Constitution

(Except for anything that appears in electronic format. That is fair game.)

• Letters •

Crit Position Explained

Oh man, I am soooooo high

Prof. Duncan Kennedy
Cambridge, MA

Prof. Fried Responds

Oh man, me too.

Prof. Charles Fried
Cambridge, MA

Dear Martha's Corner

Don't forget to go see a movie.

Prof. Martha Minow
Cambridge, MA

Don't Squeeze the 8-TRACK

I object vigorously to your continued use of square newsprint. It leads to dog eared pages, and I would expect a progressive paper like the 8-TRACK to make an attempt not to perpetuate such things. But more vigorous yet, is my objection to the consistency of the paper. It is neither soft nor absorbent. Having grown up in the Eastern Block, I consider myself to be somewhat of a journalistic aficionado, a connoisseur of the finer arts of truth and consistency. Pravda greeted me daily and became my friend.

As I was growing up in the old country, however, I kept hearing rumors of the wonders of Western journalism. How it was soft, fluffy,

cottony even. I heard that, how you say, 'it was squeezable'.

Now I do not mean to imply that the 8-TRACK is not worthy of a squeeze now and then, but its journalistic integrity is not always as sturdy as would be comfortable for me. When I am counting on it most, at the end of a hard story, it just disintegrates in my hand leaving me unfulfilled.

This may simply be in the nature of HLS, but I have broken up with my Pravda for you, my 8-TRACK. Please return this affection and provide me with what I need, for I remain your faithful reader.

Boris Yeltsin
St. Petersburg,
Russian Republic

Kasner's Sorry, Really He Is.

I would like to apologize to everyone at Harvard Law School for my deceptive, swindling, downright frighteningly fraudulent behavior last term. When I decided to steal money from my classmates, I had no idea I would get into so

much trouble. And I have learned a valuable lesson, about life and about the punishment that befalls the wicked.

Just to sum up, I have truly acted like swine. I have embarrassed myself, my fam-

ily, Harvard Law School, and most of all, myself. I am a piece of garbage. Please forgive me, for I am an evil person.

Ron Kasner
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Bar/Brawl Rules

Although we have already placed three ads in this issue of the Harvard Law 8-TRACK, we at Bar/Brawl would like to take advantage of the free space ordinarily made available for students to spew their irrelevant social views and organizational announcements to once again remind students of how much better Bar/Brawl is than our new upstart competitor. Yes, it's true, we did lose a few of our "name" teachers to our competitor over the course of the past year. But we meant to lose them. That's right. We were probably going to fire them before the upcoming bar review season anyway, so we hope our competitor is happy with their inferior services. If they even show up for class.

As students graduating a school that provides you with few practical opportunities and focuses more on teaching you how to think (theoretically so that you can figure out which professor is right when he claims to know

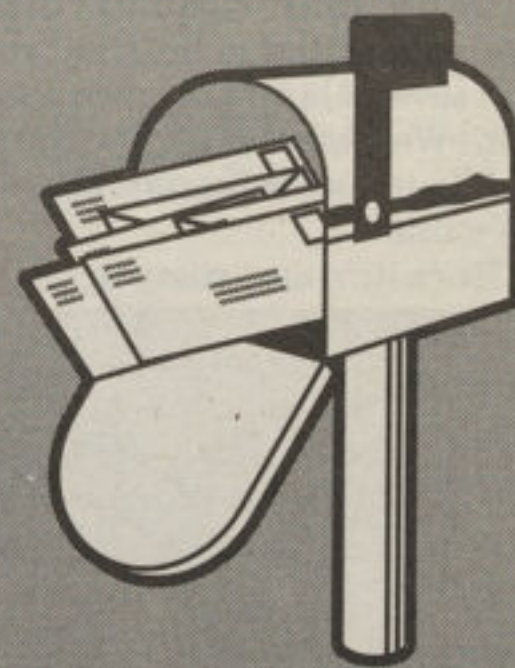
what the law should be) than on what the law actually is, you will be in more need of a solid education about the basics of legal practice than most anyone else in the country. And that is why you need Bar/Brawl. Because we have more years of experience in cramming three years of legal education into the brains of "elite" law school students than anyone else. We have the outlines. We have the computer programs. We have the pirated copies of the Miller civil procedure tapes. In short, we have what you need to pass the bar. With our competitor, you can only hope to avoid having a bar exam psychiatric emergency reminiscent of when you took Prof. Kraakman's corporations final.

So, if you'd like to truly kick ass on the bar exam, go Bar/Brawl. Because every other bar prep option just plain sucks.

El Presidentè, Bar/Brawl
April 1, 1996

**STOP sending letters, you
whiney bunch of fools!
No one, especially us,
wants to hear any of you
complaining anymore!**

**Letters can be dropped
in the recycle bin in the
Hark or in the nearest
circular file.**



POSTMASTER: Don't bother sending any more address changes to the 8-TRACK. Harvard University is a sophisticated and completely modern institution and never loses track of its alumni unless they die. We have it on strong authority that even death will soon not be an obstacle, as a previous letter to the editor indicated that LSC Vice-President Rob Jancu is currently in negotiations with God.

Each alumnus/a receiving an 8-TRACK subscription should be on notice that annual fees to continue receiving copies will be rising to \$1,000 annually. The 8-TRACK is conducting a fundraiser to install push-button telephones and replace the telegraph machines in the newsroom. We are looking to raise \$25 million. If you do not renew your subscription, we will be sending you pieces of paper (run off on our mimeograph machine) with the number "25" printed on it.

Annual fees to stop receiving the 8-TRACK will be \$5,000.

Return Address:
Harvard Law School Assn.
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, MA 02138

LAST CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CAMBRIDGE, ILLINOIS AND ANY OTHER OFFICE
LOCATED IN A CITY NAMED CAMBRIDGE.

Kannon Fodder

By Kannon Shananagum

8-TRACK Space Filler



DURING Spring Break, while I was traipsing around Europe in search of an obscure word for 'nerd', I came upon some downtrodden youths looking for some guidance to their wretched lives.

"Go to Oxford," I said, with the emphasis on the "ah" — sort of like the dull Harvard "ah", but without the mumble.

But I soon realized the little wastrell didn't know his own name, let alone know of my prestigious alma mater.

"You will be nothing, you little cockney-urchin," I said.

And then I gave him a dollar. While I felt spiritually uplifted from helping the pauper lad, the only gratitude the wretch showed was to have his gin-swilling, football hooligan brothers chase me to Heathrow.

* * *

Now that I'm no longer in hospital, it does feel good to be back in this little dung-heap of a school. I must admit that. It's nice to socialize around here — much better than at Oxford — because I don't have so much competition for the ladies. I mean, most of the women around here are just lesbian-sorority losers anyway, but I enjoy the challenge of picking them up. It's much like my experiences traversing east Africa, hunting wild dikdik for its rare toe nails.

Anyway, here I stand radiant among you inept, girly-drinking, failed fratboys like a beacon of manly meat. I can drink six bottles of Lord Chesterfield (my favourite) and still pilot my Vespa safely to my flat. I can bend spoons by concentrating real hard. I speak twelve languages. What the deuce am I doing here with you losers? I went to Oxford, you freaking low-lives.

* * *

Boring, Self-Centered Look Back at My 1L Experience

Right now, I would like to give some valuable advice to the little tykes at the undergrad school who aspire to enroll at HLS. Listen up, you little light-drinking, failed house-boy wanna-be failed frat-boys. Applications are down, so they're looking for some warm bodies. So, for all of you slobs who have never traveled further than a French-speaking part of Canada, and whose idea of Oxford has been shaped by the Family Ties episode where Michael J. Fox goes to England, here's how I got into Harvard Law School, and how you, with any fortuitous oversight, can get in too.

I mean, most of the women around here are just lesbian-sorority losers anyway, but I enjoy the challenge of picking them up.

The first thing you need to do is get involved in some good extra-curricular activities. I, of course, was captain of the debate team. You, as urchin, will need to fool the admissions committee (don't worry, Joyce Curll doesn't check up on anything). The important thing about extra-curriculars is that you find something with the words 'law', 'court', 'congress', 'government', or 'debate' in it. Alternatively, you can join anything with the words 'moot' or 'mock' or any words that rhyme with moot or mock, such as smoot, hoot, smock, or Matlock, will do just fine. If you can't find an organization like this, start your own. I would suggest calling the organization the Society for Mocking Law and Debating Matlock.

Meaningful work experience is important, too. Of course, no one would hire you because you're an idiot, but let's get creative here. Say you worked as a clerk at your daddy's law firm last summer — tell Curll you argued before the Second Circuit. Made coffee and copies for your congressperson? Tell Curyl you filibustered Strom Thurmond. Worked for your daddy at the Justice Department? Say you invaded Canada.

Ultimately, you'll have to impress them with your personal statement. The personal statement is your chance to tell them what you're really like. This is where you need to do your heaviest fibbing. If they knew what you are really like, do you think they would want to accept you?

This is why there are no personal interviews. They know they're not going to like you. You want to be a lawyer. Nobody likes lawyers, not even other lawyers. Take Hillary and Bill. They're both lawyers and, while both dear friends of mine, they can't stand one another.

Anyway, the point is that they don't want to meet you. Why should they? They plan to shepherd you like so many Romney Marshes into horribly overcrowded classes where our professors, as capable as they may be, will never engage you in anything like a tete-a-tete and where even a student with my polished social graces and considerable lexical arsenal is scarcely given the opportunity to shine. They want you to lie from 2,000 miles away and mail it to them. This way they feel a personal attachment without actually having to get to know you.

* * *

1L male lonely due to lack of social equals seeks non-male, European, 7-foot person to share my witty insights, surplus of charm, and penchant for self-reference. You supply the breasts.

I Mean it, Man

By Gladfly Calvinist '97

8-TRACK Deep Thinker



Today is the first day of the rest of your life.

I mean it, man.

Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus.

Think about it.

I'm OK, you're OK.

I mean it, man.

"God" is just "dog" spelled backwards.

Think about it.

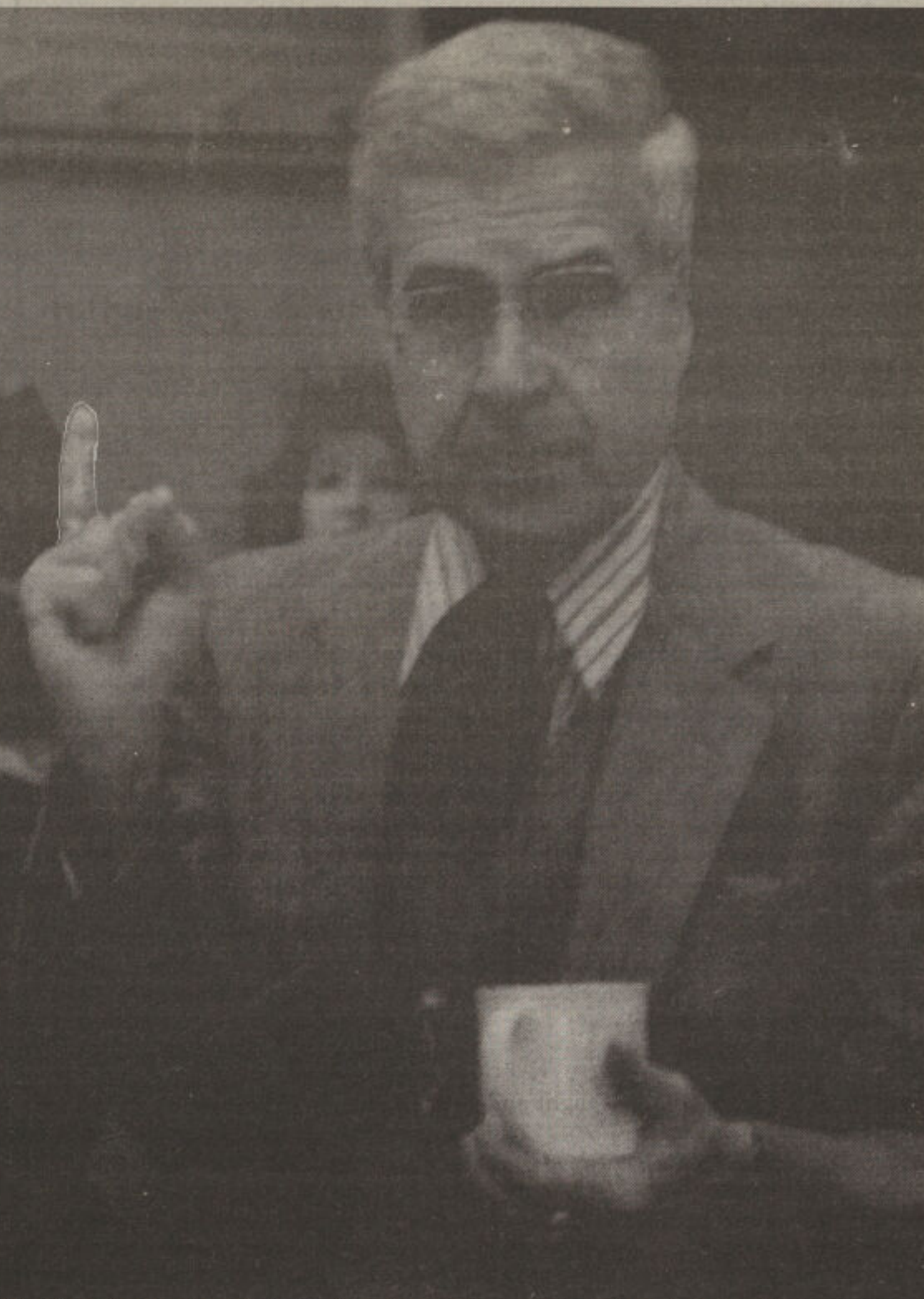
We're going to boogie-oogie-oogie 'til we just can't boogie no more.

I mean it, man.

Keep on trucking.

Think about it.

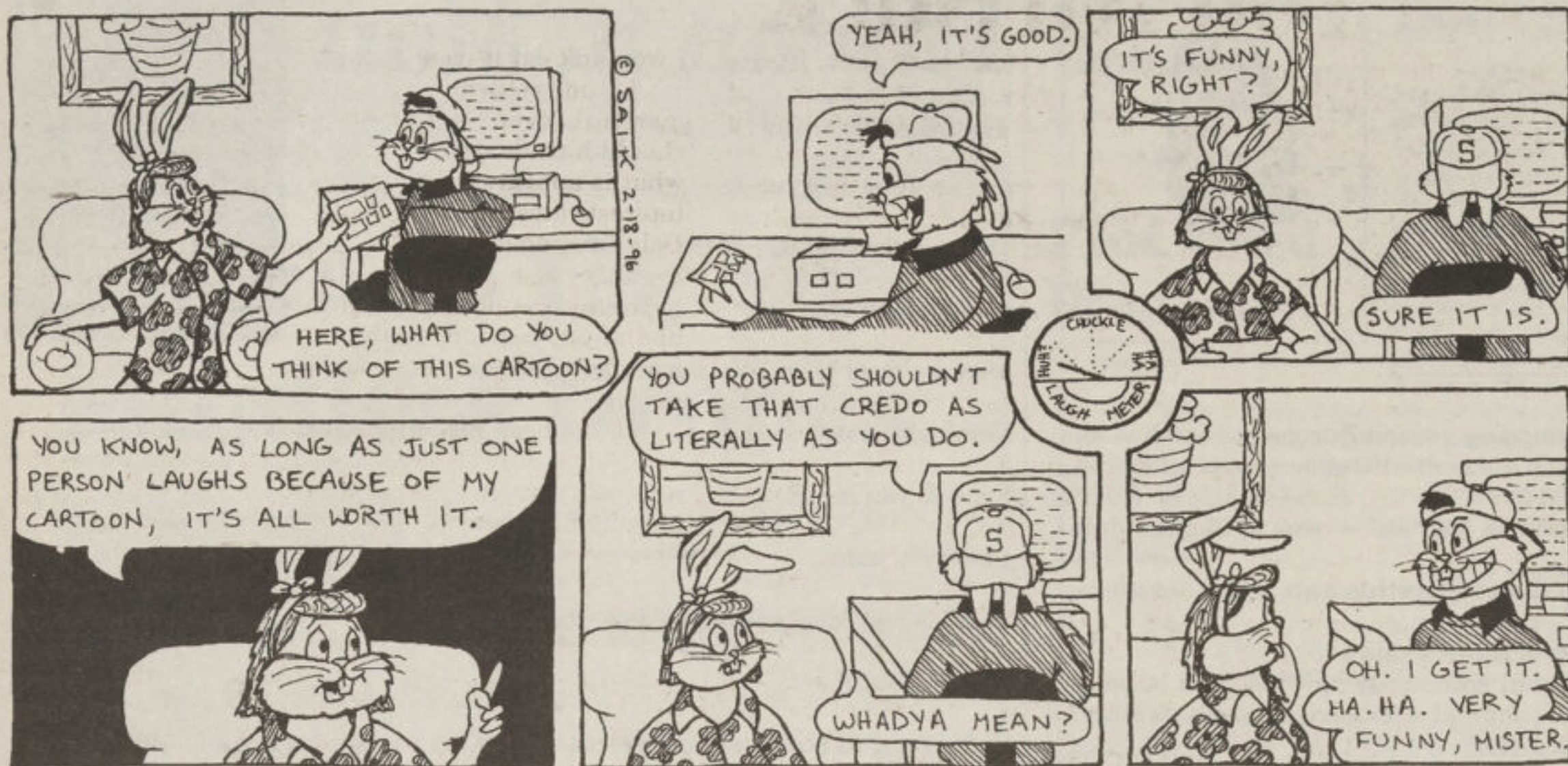
**Go With Vest.
F**K the Rest**



**VestLaw Bar Review
Instructors Express
Their True Feelings for
"other" Bar Reviews.**

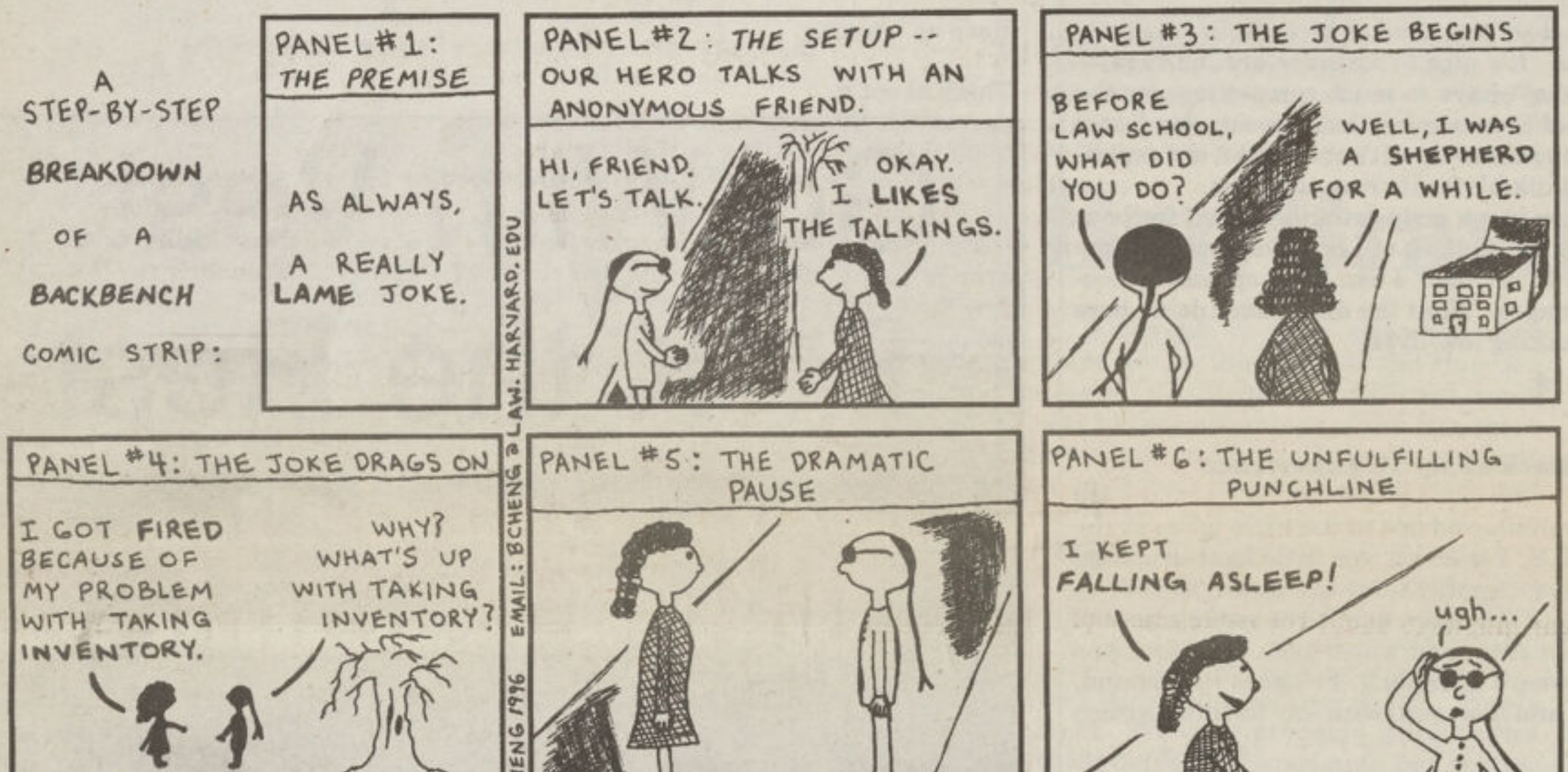
Temporary Insanity

By Sheila Tuller



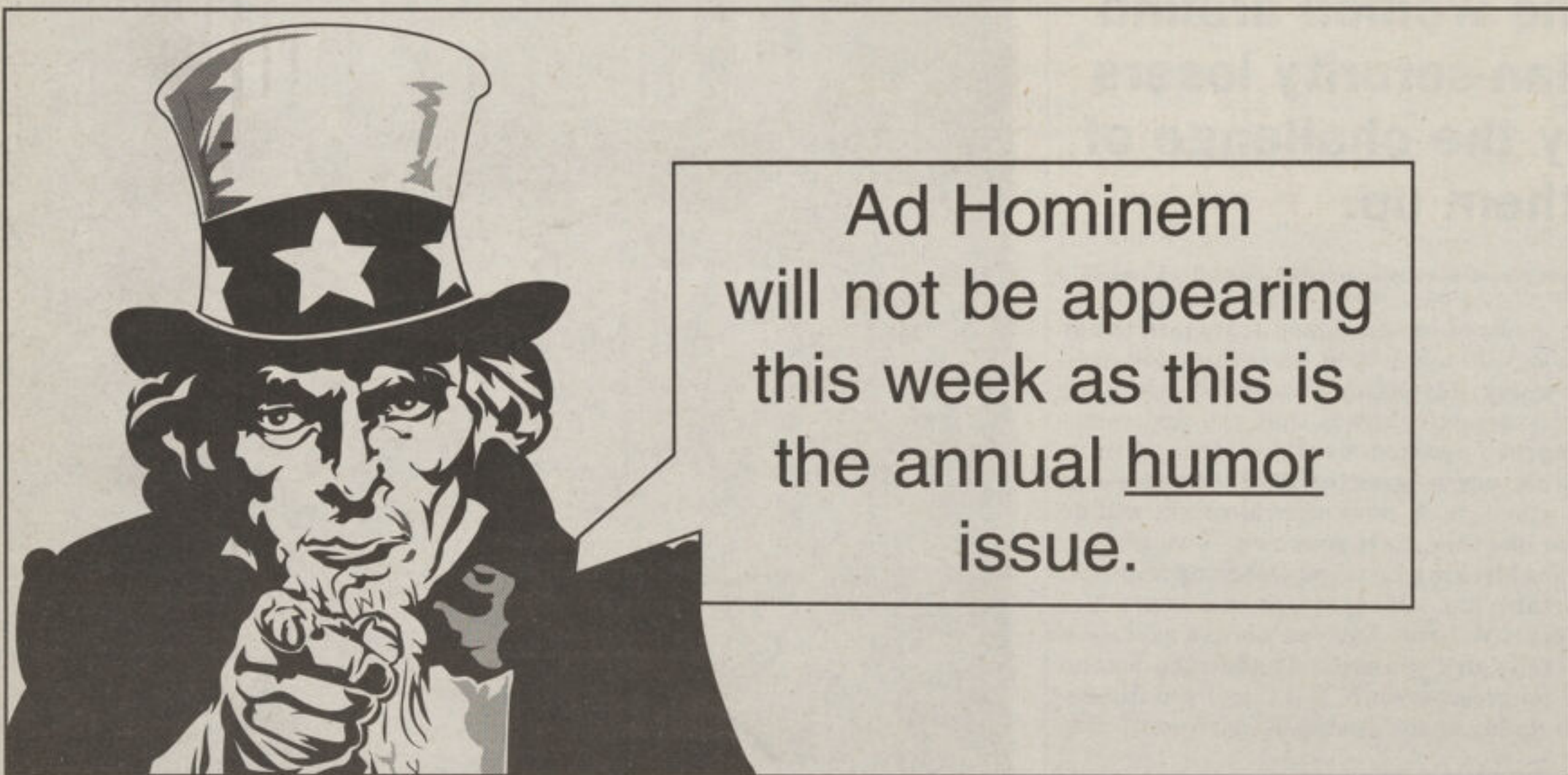
Backbench

By Brian Cheng



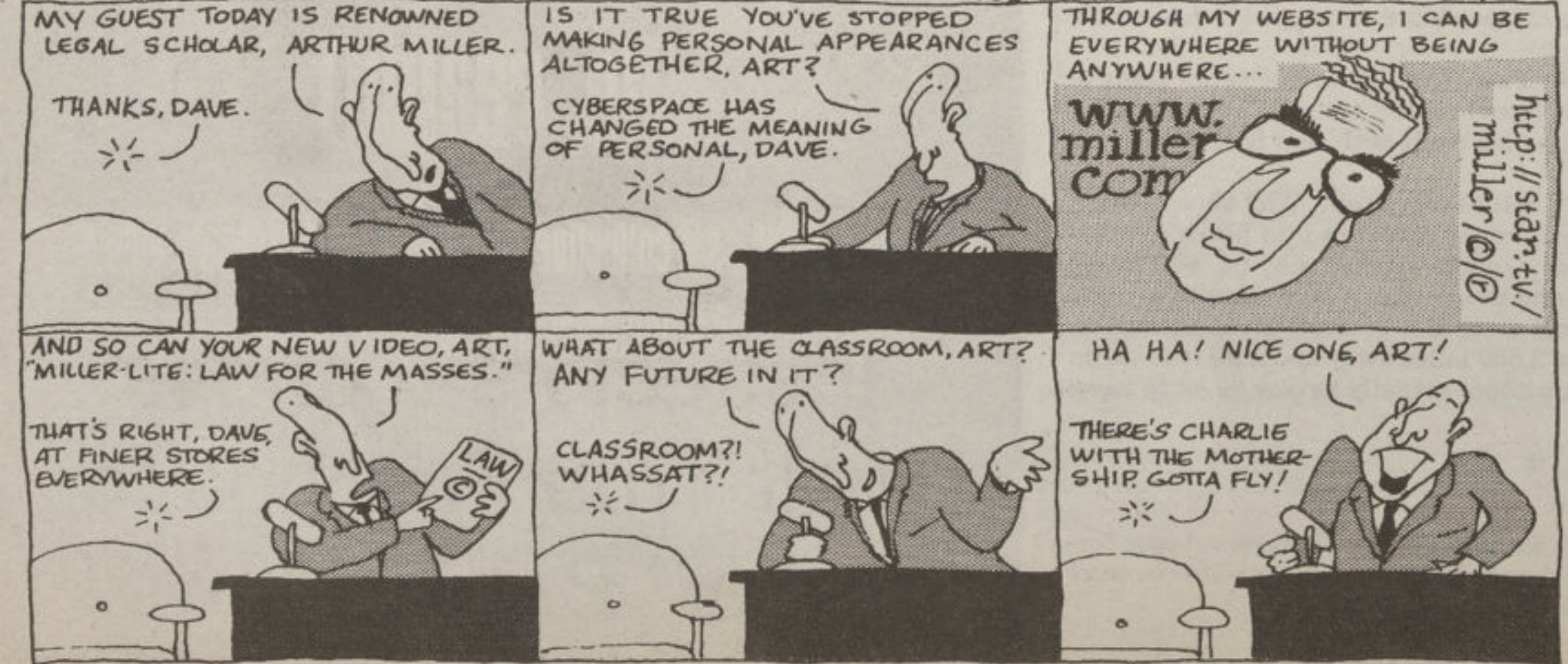
Ad Hominem

By Stuart Rees and Bill Zimmerman



Civil Procedure

by A. Miller ©1996



COLINDAR

By Spastic Colon

Well, dear readers, I've spent the past year or so trying to educate you about the finer points of the Boston music scene. I've shared with you the brilliant lyrics of "Miss Pussypants." I've told you how to negotiate your way through the mosh pits of some of the sleaziest clubs in town. And I've avoided my predecessor's penchant for constantly busting on popular wannabe groups like R.E.M., while favoring bald guys with tattoos. But, alas, dear readers, I have been remiss in not sharing with you the expertise that grows out of my love for some of the lesser known forms of music. And having received letters from both of my fans (thanks, Steve and Troy!) begging me to open up and truly share my soul with them, I felt I should indulge myself, if only this once. So here it is, the lowdown on the music scene that cannot be lifted from the pages of the Phoenix. Read and enjoy!

If you get this issue in time, run, don't walk, down to Mama Kant (867-5309) to catch the 4 p.m. show by **Battlefield Band**. No one looks better in kilts, and those guys really know how to pump a set of bagpipes! If you're really lucky, you'll be able to tag along with me at the backstage post-gig party. Don't worry about trying to find me: I'll be the one hootin' and hollerin' in the front row with the I'm-not-working-at-a-law-firm-yet-so-I-don't-have-to-cut-it-dammit ponytail.

Friday night, you've got a tough choice, and I don't mean deciding between eating at Three Aces and making another bowl of Ramen noodles. At 8 p.m. in the Blue Room (1-800-HOLIDAY), you can catch the only Cambridge appearance of **Lawrence Welk**, who will be conducting like a madman for all you loyal fans. If you're not up for such a hard-rockin' evening, you may prefer to go with the more soothing sounds of the **Cambridge Conch Crew**; a less conventional cousin of the Boston Philharmonic, CCC produces orchestra-quality music using only simple sea shells. You've got to see 'em live to truly appreciate 'em.

There is, for you alternative-types out there, one other option for Friday night. It's at the Orpheus (1-800-THE-LYRE) at 9:38 p.m., and it's gonna be a kickin' combination of acid-washed jeans rock, country fiddle-fiddle, and hard-hitting harpsichordists. Unfortunately, I can't tell you any more than that: the band's name is unprintable under our new editorial policy (for some reason, my editor-in-chief thinks it is morally reprehensible to print words or phrases that contain the letter after "y" and the Devil's Number), and I haven't actually gotten to listen to the free CD they sent me. But they'll be good. Trust me.

Of course, the only way you'll be able to catch a better performance than my stellar bass playing in "Raiders of the Lost Hark" is to hit Boston Saturday night and catch the 10 p.m. performance of the **Rubber Band Man** at the Globe Theater (1-SHA-KES-PERE). A solo performer who relies only on a simple piece of elastic, he can make that sucker *sproing* and sing like nobody's business. And he sings Arabian folk songs. How can you beat an evening like that?

Next week, your loyal servant will return to the normal drivell, with reports on popularly-known groups like **Paint Drying**, **ballparkbabies**, and the **Staple Removers**. Until then, keep your feet on the ground, and keep reachin' for the stars. And I'll see you in the balcony at Mama Kant.

You All Suck

By Maddog Heartburn

IN recent weeks, some of you may have noticed — if you weren't too busy doing bong hits, whining about the difficulty of Law School, or spending your public interest grants down at Foxwoods — that I've been coming off as just a big ol' laid-back teddy bear in recent columns, complimenting, apologizing, pretty much fawning over my old enemies as if I were President Clinton and they were this year's Corn Queen.

If I were an introspective man, I might ascribe all of this to Third Year sentimentality. After all, this is my last year at Harvard Law School — everybody say that with me together, with feeling, you pansies: Harvard LAW School, not Harvard Daycare, not Harvard Liberal Indoctrination Camp, not Harvard Ooh-golly-gee-I'm-sure-glad-that-Mommy-and-Daddy-are-financing-everything-so-that-I-can-help-the-homeless-and-still-make-it-to-Aspen-for-the-weekend School, but LAW School, damn it — and soon I'll be surrounded by gumptionless whiners of all stripes, who lacked the Darwinian wherewithall to even get into any law school, let alone a Law School, who sit at home, getting fatter, lazier, and stupider with every Dorito and every episode of Ricki Lake, never grasping the fact that life is a jungle, a jungle filled with ravenous, carnivorous animals, and I'm the biggest, meanest sonofabitch in that jungle, ready to tear into your fat, lazy, whining carcass unless you DROP AND GIVE ME TWENTY, MISTER!

But I'm not an introspective man; I'm a Marine. And a vegetarian, for the most part, although it's not



because I pity the animals. No, I celebrate the fact that life is a matter of death, that lesser beings are trapped in tiny boxes for their whole lives, with no purpose other than to feed stronger, craftier beings. My God, I desire nothing more in my life than to be devoured by a tiger — a fierce hunting machine that cares nothing for anyone else, asks and gives no quarter. I'd laugh gleefully as that beautiful black and orange cat tore

apart my sinuous limbs, knowing that I'd lived my life undefeated by the forces of mediocrity, unmoved by the tears of the weak, delighted to become a part of a superior being. And then, just before he swallowed me entirely, I'd bite the hell out of his uvula for messing with me.

But I digress.

I don't eat meat because meat contains fat; fat contains sloth; and sloth is the enemy. Oh, I'd probably eat tiger meat, especially if the tiger had been fed on a diet consisting entirely of guys like me. Then, my devouring of the creature would just be another stage in the beautiful cycle of nature, in which the weaker feed the stronger, who in turn feed the even stronger, in which the wheels of evolution are greased by the blood of others.

I wouldn't eat it fried, though.

Let me return to my point: if I seem to have been merciful, even — God forbid — kind, you people should have learned by now that no kind act is ever what it appears to be. Would Alan Greenspan lower interest rates simply to make people feel good? Is Bob Dole running for President so he can help people? Did we fight the Gulf War in order to liberate the oppressed people of Kuwait? If you people had ever had any experience in the real world beyond merely asking for reservations, you'd know the answer: hell, no!

If I've been nice in the last few weeks — *if*, mind you — it's only so you gazelles would be lulled into complacency, thus failing to notice my leopard's fangs sinking into your fat little necks. The old Maddog is

back, and you whining little losers are about to experience humiliation the likes of which the world has not seen since Georg Bush

yakked on

that Japanese guy. Starting with next week's column, I'll be back to my old tricks, torturing the English language, attacking entirely inoffensive targets, defending the indefensible, shilling for corporate America, and, in general, reminding you maggots who's boss. Did ya miss me?

If you, like so many of us, don't have enough time to go through an entire issue of the 8-TRACK, then just look here for the most titillating, if not offensive, sentence in the entire paper!



Fenno felt fear, real fear, for perhaps the first time in his life. The day had begun innocently enough; he had just returned from a lovely Spring Break, bringing back only his memories, a righteous Red Stripe hangover, a tattoo of Libby Dole, and a rash that the doctor promised would go away if Fenno used the ointment as directed, and straightaway sprinted to his Harkbox, as he'd not been invited to attend a seminar on diamond purchase in ever-so-long. He found no such invitation, however; instead, pre-registration materials had arrived.

Ah, pre-registration materials. The Harvard Law School equivalent of the old Sears Wish Book, if the Sears Wish Book had had "NOT AVAILABLE" stamped in big red letters over all the really cool toys. Fenno had intended to open the shiny orange book with the long descriptions of courses that no one had ever actually taken, because they had, in fact, never been taught; as it turned out, the special pre-reg edition of the Adviser had opened up to page 3, where Fenno saw, for the first time, that he was to teach a section of Constitutional Law in the Fall semester.

Fenno knew that this could be no joke, for it was printed in the Adviser, and he knew that everything printed in the Adviser had to be true, especially if it was a notice from the Ad Board. He didn't quite know what to do. He'd taken Con Law with Charles Fried, but had stopped paying attention after picking up a piece of paper Fried had left behind after class one night: "Hey, Chuckie," it read, "Good to hear the little bastards are actually buying this crap. Keep it up and there's a Justiceship in it for you. Love, Newt."

From that point on, Fenno had never again attended class sober (not that he was alone, of course; rumor had it that Fried remarked one day on the insightfulness of an incoherent cheeba-fueled comment by another student). He'd read no cases, either, other than obscenity ones, which were a constant disappointment, their fact sections woefully under-inclusive. So, clearly, the Jon Hanson route to professorial success — what

Fenno liked to call the "Beatlemania" approach to pedagogy — was right out.

Suddenly, Fenno had an insight: he'd be a Crit! Oh, it seemed so sweet, so right, so much like his old life, to stand in front of an astonished, annoyed, and terrifically bored classroom, reeking of booze and patchouli, shouting in vulgar language about the uselessness of legal reason, the illusion of legal objectivity, the passivity of legal students, without ever having to explain a single item of legal doctrine, suggest a single alternative, or respond to a single student question.

Fenno smiled slightly to himself, imaging himself after class, his brow wrinkled puckishly, as he nodded thoughtfully to the incomprehensible words of some really hot foreign grad student. Sadly, though, the dream was soon shattered as he read the tragic words "Hypothetical Example" above the announcement of his teaching debut. It was just as well, really; unlike the Crits around here, Fenno had no plans to merely fade away passively into irrelevance. Oh, no. When Fenno went, he wanted to astound people with a grand gesture of futility. Like, say, Derrick Bell had done.

Quote of the Week

"They just don't pay me enough to work here.

I mean, I know I'm God, so treating me like I am just doesn't mean all that much to me. Now, if they threw in what God could earn in a year, then it might be worth my while to be here..."

— Prof. Bob Mnookin, overheard mnuttering to himself in the mnen's roomn.

Would you like to shoot your professors?



(No, really!)

The 8-TRACK, as a collective entity, does not advocate violent interaction with tenured faculty. As individuals, however, we say, "Go for it!"

(This paper is not affiliated with any known terrorist groups, including Campaign 25.)

When They Were Young...

Can you match your favorite professors to their youthful pictures?



Photo A.



PHOTO B.



PHOTO C.



PHOTO D.

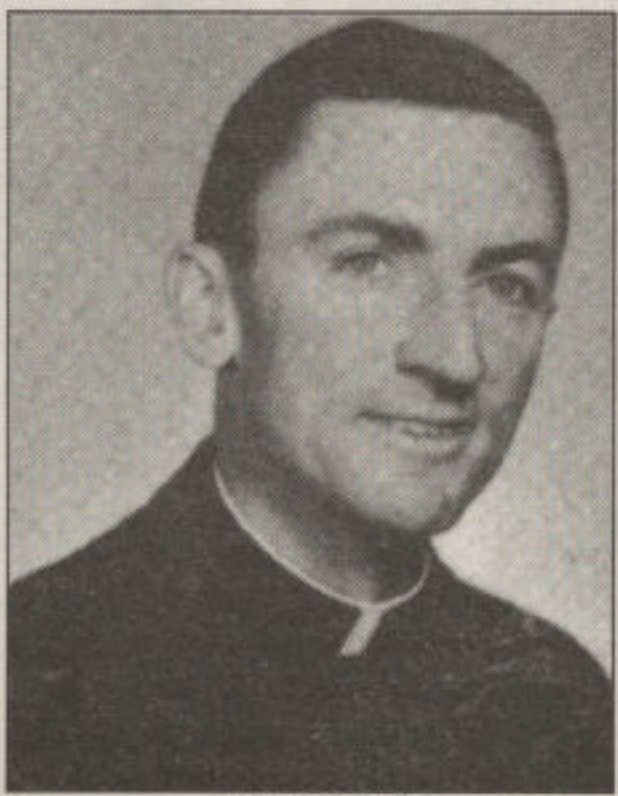


PHOTO E.



PHOTO F.

Answer Key:
A. Prof. Kraakman; B. Prof. Duncan Kennedy; C. Prof. Fried; D. Prof. Rosenberg; E. Prof. Miller; F. Prof. Glendon