



Harvard Law RECORD

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LSC voters flock to polls

One-L turnout
highest in years

by Francesco R. Barbera

After a two-day voting period with impressively high student participation, the Law School Council (LSC) announced the results of this year's elections Tuesday night. Thirty-two students were inducted as newly elected members of the LSC.

"We had a record voter turnout. People were flocking to the polls," noted Manoj Mate '00, President of the Law School Council, who added that the increased participation signified renewed interest in student government.

Mate attributed the higher turnout to what he called an aura of impending change at the Law School.

"There are a lot of important issues in the wake of the McKinsey Report: class size, proposals to change grading, student feedback, and improving the gym. There's a sense that action will be taken this year," said Mate.

Despite participation rates as high as 66 per cent among 1L sections, interest in Law School governance among 2 and 3Ls remained traditionally low. The 2L class fielded just six candidates for nine seats, while 3Ls produced eight candidates.

Mate noted that even these figures represent an improvement from past years. "It is actually a positive sign that almost enough 3Ls expressed interest to fill the seats. It's rare that we get eight or nine 3Ls running for posi-

tions," said Mate.

A Motley Crüe

Ashley Morgan '00, LSC Vice-President, praised the new crop of 1L representatives as spirited and diverse. "It's imperative that the LSC not be representative of just one class of people, and this group is very diverse racially, ethnically and gender-wise," she said.

Arlene Delgado '02, newly elected Section IV representative, agreed: "I was very pleased with the election results, particularly because several minority students were elected, including myself. This will obviously ensure that concerns of minority students are addressed," said Delgado.

Still, Morgan lamented the lack of female representation among 2L and 3L candidates. Among the 14 candidate-elects, only one is a woman.

"Women have a lot of complaints about the school, as the McKinsey Survey showed. It's unfortunate that there aren't more women on the Council to represent their points of view," Morgan said.

Women are slightly underrepresented among 1Ls as well. Five of the twelve candidate-elects, or 41 per cent, are women, as compared to 47 per cent of the class as a whole.

Campaign trail, HLS-style

While free of the mudslinging nature of national politics, campaign promises among LSC candidates ranged from the extravagant to the earnest, with a smattering of Falk-esque pretensions to binge-drinking abilities. One Section 3 candidate noted,

"I am, pound-for-pound, the best drinker you'll ever know."

Another 1L candidate with populist inclinations urged, "I am not better than you, I am one of you."

Taryn Dayne Fielder '02, who was elected to serve as at-large representative of the 1L class, intends to eradicate what she terms the "stress-multiplier."

"Much of the stress here is not created by the institution, but by students. HLS can be academically stimulating in a social context," she observed.

Candidates Michael J. French '02 and Craig Anderson '02 said, "We have a serious issue: two dryers for every washer in the Gropius complex."

Ten minutes later, when the candidates learned they won at-large positions, Anderson remarked: "We smiled at the class and the class smiled back."

Times they are a-changin'

Mate and Morgan aim to keep the LSC involved in the strategic planning process. In conjunction with the Strategic Planning Committee, the LSC is coordinating three town meetings to follow up on the now-famed McKinsey survey results. The meetings will focus on class size and grading issues, faculty-student interaction and feedback, and updating the 1L class on the McKinsey survey.

"We want to make sure we're tracking the action that's being taken," noted Mate, "and make sure that students have a role in shaping proposals to remedy problem areas highlighted by the McKinsey report."

See election results table on p. 3.

Coquillet '71 recounts HLS saga

by Kimberley Isbell

"I'm going to tell you a story, a true story. It isn't always pretty; it's got some ugly sides to it." With these words, Prof. Dan Coquillet '71 began his history lesson to a packed house in Austin North.

Coquillet, who is currently working on a two volume history of HLS, spoke to an audience of approximately 250 students about the development of the Law School from Isaac Royall's vision of an endowed professorship at Harvard College to its current status as one of the preeminent law schools in the world.

This development was not a smooth one. According to Coquillet, "Among the issues that run like a thread through the history of Harvard Law School are issues of race, and now issues of gender. It started right at the beginning." Indeed, Coquillet acknowledged that race and gender issues have deeply influenced the structure and development of his book.

"The first thing you need to know is your chair was endowed by the sale of human beings"

The origins of HLS can be traced to a planter in Antigua named Isaac Royall, who sold 150 of his slaves to purchase land in western Massachusetts. These funds were eventually used by Harvard to found HLS as a separate school in 1817 and to endow the Royall Professorship, currently held by Dean Clark '72.

"There was no requirement of a B.A. to enroll in the school, there was no three year requirement, there were no examinations. It was a school with practically no requirements whatsoever," according to Coquillet.

Starting with 18 students, the school quickly fell on rough times, with enrollment falling to one student by 1827. The school gradually resurged under the leadership of John Ashmun and Joseph Story, growing to an enrollment of 150 in the mid-nineteenth century.

"Is neutral, objective application of the law what Law School is about, or is there a higher set of values?"

The school was thrown into turmoil when Edward Greely Loring was nominated to join the faculty of HLS. In 1853, Loring, the federal magistrate in Boston, had sent Anthony Burns, an escaped slave, back into slavery under the Fugitive Slave Act.

The debate over whether to tenure Loring split the school into two competing factions; one which argued for the neutral, objective application of the laws, and another which argued that the application of the laws should be subjected to higher ethical values. The issue has reoccurred throughout HLS's history. For instance, in 1956 the school had to decide whether to admit an Israeli nationalist who bombed a British police station, killing 50 people during the war.

Please see SAGA, p. 13

Law School moving?

by Doug Sims

Remember that quasi-historical and vaguely racist tale about how Manhattan was purchased from the Indians for a handful of trinkets? Imagine a modern version in which the richest university in the world hides behind an elaborate network of shell companies to hold down bids on property in an unsuspecting neighboring town.

Imagine no more. In a surprise announcement last year, Harvard University disclosed that it had acquired 52 acres in Allston during the early '90s, much of it contiguous to the Business School.

At the time, Harvard stated it would be used for administrative support services. Now rumors are flying that the University is considering moving HLS across the river, and the faculty is less than enthusiastic.

In the long-run

Officials at the University note that both HLS and the

Kennedy School are prime candidates for relocation, albeit in the long term, say in 15 to 20 years. Kathy Spiegelman, Associate Vice President for Planning and Real Estate, stressed that the University's Planning and Real Estate Office works on the basis of projected need, not politics or preference. If the Law School wants to expand at its historical rate, it will probably require more land than Cambridge has to give, he noted.

According to Mary Power, a senior director of community relations, Allston may be the place. "There's a strong feeling that the [Allston property] justifies something more significant to our mission than support uses," she said.

Profs Cite FAS-HLS Bond

In brief interviews conducted by the RECORD, faculty reactions to the possible move have been decidedly negative.

Please see ALLSTON, p. 3

Committee shows HLS the money

Members benefit from contacts

by Justin Herdman

You've seen the movie, you've listened to the soundtrack, and now the Harvard Law School Committee on Sports and Entertainment Law (CSEL) wants to help you be like Jerry Maguire.

Founded with the aim of exposing HLS students to the sports and entertainment industry, CSEL was the brainchild of Lou DiBella '85, who is now Senior Vice President for HBO Sports. The current crop of wanna-be agents is quick to stress the benefits of such an organization to their own career goals.

"The purpose of the committee is to provide students with an entrée into a field which is not that easy to get into," said Natalie Landreth '01, Chairperson of CSEL's Entertainment Committee.

CSEL, which held its introductory meeting on Tuesday evening, is divided into two sepa-

rate units, the Sports Committee and the Entertainment Committee. While both industries are traditionally viewed together, CSEL has chosen to cater to student interests in a particular field. According to Mike Ben '00, Chair of the Sports Committee, CSEL's two elements still work in conjunction, even though their areas of focus may diverge.

For students interested in a career combining sports and the law, the Sports Committee aims to bring its members in touch with lawyers and athletes who can open doors for aspiring agents.

CSEL traditionally invites several guest speakers each year, such as Jeff Mishkin, Executive Vice-President of the National Basketball Association, who will visit HLS this Friday. According to Ben, other desired CSEL guests include Masters champion Tiger Woods, New York Yankees owner George Steinbrenner, and former minor-league baseball hack Michael Jordan.

Kelly Huffman '01 spoke of a meal he shared with the current Vice-President of Major League Soccer. After listening to the

gentleman's accomplishments, which included stint with the Yankees and NBC Sports, Huffman concluded: "I didn't just want this guy's job, I wanted his

Please see CSEL, p. 5

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our revamped
Funnies page,
featuring a
brand new
crossword
puzzle

p.7...Fenno
takes on the
LSC elections

p.14...life and
times of a 1L,
from a porky
point of view

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HLS seeking greener pastures in Allston?

Continued from **ALLSTON**, p. 1

"Moving law away from arts and sciences has profound symbolic significance," said Prof. Elizabeth Warren. "Losing our moorings" to the humanities would be unfortunate and controversial, she stated. Warren also hypothesized that the University was motivated more by a desire to expand FAS than to displace the Law School.

Prof. Joseph Singer '81 expressed concern about the practicalities of such a move. "It's not just symbolic — a bunch of people teach at the FAS, there are many connections. The distance would also make cross-registration more difficult." Singer also pointed out that the extensive renovations conducted by HLS in recent years, notably the \$35 million revamping of Langdell, make relocation unlikely.

Prof. Meltzer '75 stressed that talk of the move was very preliminary. "Central planning is looking at a wide variety of options — any such decision is a long, long way off, and there will be detailed consultation with the Law School. Even at the preliminary stage, there is a lot of skepticism among the faculty."

A high-level Harvard official involved in the planning process told the RECORD that the reluctance of the HLS faculty is "hard to understand" and premature. "But I wouldn't make too much of it," the official added. "A lot can change in twenty years."

Area mayors are men of vision

Harvard's skirmishes with its neighbors over expansion are legendary. Over 40 years ago, the Mayor of Cambridge suggested that Harvard Yard be paved over for parking lots.

Boston Mayor Thomas A. Menino echoed his Cambridge forefather by describing the Allston deal as the "highest level of

arrogance seen in our city in many years."

According to a Boston *Globe* article published on August 22, the initial reaction of the Allston community has been nowhere near as graphic.

Spiegelman said the community prefers academic to administrative buildings. "The idea that we are thinking about the land for academics excites Allston."

The Business School has demonstrated to Allston that where Harvard goes, tax revenues, jobs and community service follow. Because HBS faces the river, however, Allston must gaze at its *derrière*. According to one resident, it's not a pretty sight. "The Cambridge side has the green

grass. We've got the chain-link fences, dumpsters, and parking lots. On any new developments they do, we want them to face us and respect us."

Kevin McCluskey, Harvard Director of Community Relations, has assured Allston residents a central role in the planning process. That's not as beneficent as it might sound, given that the property is currently zoned for commercial and industrial use and that any variance would require town approval.

Hey, if the shoe fits

The faculty was so perturbed by the rumors that they put it on the agenda for

last Friday's meeting. It was not debated according to one faculty member because a "disciplinary matter" ate up most of the meeting. At press time, it was not clear when the matter would be discussed.

The hype among the professors mystifies career contrarian Duncan Kennedy: "The faculty has such power here that they could almost certainly veto any move." Given this professorial near-omnipotence, Kennedy estimates the chances of a move as slim to none.

But if that is true, why are the professors up in arms over a likely non-event not even scheduled to occur for at least two decades?

LSC Election Results

1L Section I:

Erin Hoffman
Damon Smith
Craig Anderson
Roger Severino

44
38
34
30

1L Section II:

Stephanie Denton
Katarina Rutkus
Jamaica Potts

54
42
37

1L Section III:

Nick Brown
T.J. Duane
Rocky Tsai
Corey Stoughton
Taryn Fielder
Steve Jones
Jason Mendro
Monte Albers DeLeon

23
21
11
9
7
6
6
5

1L Section IV:

Arlene Delgado
Bobby Klinck
Mike French
Kelly Hartline

66
36
35
27

1L At-Large:

Taryn Fielder
Mike French
Craig Anderson
Steve Jones
Monte Albers DeLeon
Jamaica Potts
Rocky Tsai
Kelly Hartline
Jason Mendro
Roger Severino

99
68
62
59
57
52
51
39
39
25

2Ls:

Justin Cooper, Erika Page,
Jeremy Paris, Baxter Wasson,
Joe Sirbak, Aaron Hutman

3Ls:

Michael Siegel, Jon Kilman, Jake
Zimmerman, Alan Leggett, Tom
Snider, Julian Castro, Joaquin
Castro, Jordan Malz

LL.M.s:

Manuel D'Empaire, Tatjana
Keselj, David Rhodes, Aziz
Nishtar

ITP:

William Inchoco



Collier, Shannon,
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ON-CAMPUS INTERVIEWS

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5

SIGN-UP AT THE PLACEMENT OFFICE



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Say it Loud

There comes a time in the life of 3Ls when the imminence of their transition into the real world become apparent. For me, this realization came when I read in the *Adviser* that in the next two weeks, I have to find an adviser for my third year paper and sign up for the MPRE (and let's not forget the experience of writing a \$200 check to Bar/Bri to ensure that I have a spot in their coveted bar review course next summer).

With these realizations, I find myself thinking beyond the rest of this year to a future that lies ahead of me. My third year has become a mild annoyance to get through, a speedbump on the road to graduation, a black fly in my chardonnay. I see the early signs of such a mentality in many 2Ls, caught up as they are with thoughts of interviewing and summer jobs. Unlike our pessimism-deficient 1L counterparts, we're already seasoned veterans, viewing our law school careers as more behind us than in front of us.

This sense of disconnectedness is obvious in the LSC election results. While 1Ls and LL.M.s vied for the chance to represent their classes on the student council, 2Ls and 3Ls mostly sat on the sidelines, leaving the few who actually ran to breeze into office unopposed.

Perhaps these lower rates of participation in LSC elections reflects the shared view of many upperclassmen that the LSC is irrelevant. But, I think it goes deeper. A simplistic answer is that proposed by *One-L* and *Broken Contract* that 2Ls and 3Ls, broken by the system, withdraw into their shells and the safe world of planning for life after HLS. It may not be completely correct, yet discussions with my friends indicate that somewhere there is a nugget of truth to this proposition.

I must admit, I do not know the magical formula to remedy this situation, to reenergize my peers and their dreams of making this a better place to spend three years. I'm not sure I even know how to reenergize myself. Maybe we shouldn't exert ourselves, and should instead enjoy this reprieve before we have to join the real world and all of the concerns that come with it. But then, why do we bother to still complain? Maybe we've chosen to put a lawyer's spin on what our mothers used to tell us. At HLS, if you don't have something nice to say, say it anyway, but say it LOUD.

—Kimberley Isbell

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—First Amendment, U.S. Constitution

• Letter •

Clerkship Timetable Deceptive

The Office of Career Services was distressed to discover that the Record's recent publication of the Career Guide for Fall 1999 contained a "Judicial Clerkship Timetable" that was prepared for last year's judicial clerkship applicants. The "Judicial Clerkship Timetable" was reproduced without notice or permission from OCS.

The "Judicial Clerkship Timetable" reflected the policy that the Law School had in place last year concerning the timing of student applications and the release of faculty recommendations. This year the Dean has, upon the advice of

the Clerkship Advisory Committee, recommended a change in that policy to eliminate the February 1st start date for sending applications and letters of recommendation. Specifically, the Dean has stated that, "...students will be free to apply for judicial clerkship positions of their choice whenever judges are accepting applications, and faculty will be free to send recommendations (by mail or by phone) without the constraints of the February 1st start date."

Dissemination of misinformation about the timing of clerkship applications can

only serve to create confusion and anxiety over the application process. As we have stated in the Adviser and in our introductory judicial clerkship meeting, we will be updating students about the timing of applications via e-mail and informational sessions in the Fall and Spring semesters. Any students who have questions about a judicial clerkship for the Fall 2001 should contact me in OCS (495-1628; kmdavis@law.harvard.edu).

Kristin Davis
Judicial Clerkship Adviser
Office of Career Services
Sept. 29, 1999

• In Memoriam •

Ervin '51, Appellate Ct. Justice

Judge Samuel J. Ervin III '51, former Chief Justice of the 4th Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals and son of U.S. Senator Sam Ervin, Jr., died of a heart attack.

Ervin was the only member of the 4th Circuit Court of Appeals from North Carolina at the time of his death, and was universally praised as being a skilled and fair judge. In recent years, Ervin had come to be known as one of the more liberal justices of that circuit, dissenting from the majority opinion which struck down North Carolina's 12th Congressional District in 1998 as an illegal racial gerrymander. When the Supreme Court took up the case, the justices unanimously sided with Ervin in an opinion written by Justice Clarence Thomas.

Ervin had served as a North Carolina state Superior Court judge for 13 years before being elevated to the Circuit Court by President Jimmy Carter. Before that, he served in the Army during World War II, worked in private practice briefly after graduating from Harvard, served as a prosecutor and spent four years in the North Carolina House of Representatives.

Karol '73, Federal Magistrate

Federal Magistrate Zachary R. Karol '73 died after an extended bout with pancreatic cancer. Karol had served on the U.S. District Court in Boston since 1993, after 20 years in private practice spent as an associate and a partner in the Boston firm Bingham Dana.

Before going to law school, Karol had worked as a teacher in the New York public school system. For the past two and a half years, Karol had served as an adjunct professor at the Boston College Law School, teaching trial practice. He also frequently judged mock trial programs, including the Ames Moot Court Competition.

Shapiro '71, Former Disney Counsel

Joe Shapiro '71, former general counsel for Walt Disney Co. and husband of tennis champion Pam Shriver, died of non-Hodgkin's lymphoma last week.

Shapiro had been a partner in the Los Angeles office of Donovan Leisure Newton & Irvine, which was Disney's regular outside counsel, and negotiated Michael Eisner's lucrative employment contract with the entertainment giant. Lured from private practice by Eisner in 1985, Shapiro rebuilt and expanded Disney's in-house legal operations.

Shapiro acted as Disney's chief negotiator in a range of major deals and legal settlements. Most prominently, Shapiro acted as the chief negotiator with the French government on Disneyland Paris, a controversial \$2.3 billion hotel and theme-park complex.

Shapiro resigned from Disney in 1994 when he was diagnosed with cancer. Earlier this year, he began teaching in the Finance and Law departments at Cal State L.A., but resigned in July when the cancer recurred.

Trevor '62, Jones, Day Partner

Leigh B. Trevor '62, a partner in the Cleveland office of Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue, died recently of a heart attack while driving home from work.

Trevor was an expert in the field of hostile takeover law, and was listed in the corporate law section of *Best Lawyers in America*. During his 37-year career, Trevor helped to draft the Ohio Control Share Acquisition Act; served as past president of the Stakeholders of America, a coalition of major American companies which sought reforms of takeover law; and also served as partner-in-charge of the Cleveland office of Jones Day from 1990-93.

Juhl '48, Former RECORD Editor

Loren Earl Juhl '48, a retired partner with the Chicago law firm of Sidley & Austin, died recently of complications from pneumonia.

Juhl was an expert in probate law and served as President of the Illinois State Bar Association from 1971-72.

After serving in the Army during World War II, Juhl attended HLS and served as one of the early editors of the Harvard Law RECORD.

OPINION

by Adam Hootnick '01

Fear and Justice in New South Africa

South Africans, especially white ones, generally laughed when I told them where I worked this summer. "The Justice Committee?" An exasperated roll of the eyes, "Don't you know there is no justice in South Africa?" A familiar barrage of complaints quickly followed: There is no death penalty, criminals are back on the streets days after being arrested for rape and murder, you can't even stop at red lights after dark in Johannesburg, and on and on.

Usually, I held back a response, and not merely to avoid playing the role of the holier-than-thou American: the truth is, they are right — justice is pretty hard to come by in South Africa these days. Injustice, I quickly learned, is pretty much everywhere. I learned quickly that everybody has their favorite evils to illustrate, and that finding problems in South Africa is merely a matter of choosing a set of eyes to look through.

We could start at the oyster festival in Knysna, a beautiful bay whose surrounding hills provide stunning views from the weekend homes of many in the white Afrikaner elite. Early in my stay I traveled to this sparkling white town to enjoy one of the big winter party weekends by the sea, and found myself drinking rum and cokes all afternoon with a group of Afrikaner prep school graduates. Despite

the unfortunate absence of a quilt for the leather couch upon which I was sleeping, it wasn't exactly the scene of deprivation and hardship in which I expected to find the reality of the new South Africa.

Yet when the conversation began to drift toward my new blond-haired surfer pals' experiences as victims of crime, a conversation not for my benefit nor even really including me, I realized that no amount of privilege provided a defense against danger and fear. Terror had leapt the fences of apartheid to terrorize white as well as black, brown and in-between, rich and poor, tolerant liberal and racist conservative.

These guys had the stories to prove it. The first was innocuous enough — one guy's family had three cars stolen in the last year. They got worse: one had several family members tied up in the house while burglars ransacked it; two had been held up at knifepoint (one guy twice); one had a maid who had been raped by an intruder to the house, later to find out that he'd left her with HIV, probably the same intruder who'd done the same thing next door. Despite the ugliness of the stories, perhaps the most frightening aspect of the conversation was the matter-of-fact, almost humorous tone in which they discussed the violence in which they were engulfed. No matter who you are, it

seemed, and no matter how many burglar bars you have on the windows, the monster will rear its head at some point; you can either leave or try to laugh about it.

Not everybody is laughing, though. In fact, the lovely woman sitting beside me at Café Dharma was near tears toward the end of a conversation that had started, innocently enough, as a debate on the plausibility of the plot of *The Matrix*. My American accent inevitably led us into the standard conversation as to why the death penalty might or might not make South Africa a just society. I still didn't think that the wholesale execution of criminals would turn things around in a country with 40 percent unemployment. But I also realized that the country needed to change very quickly when kind, friendly, and sober people were so frightened of what the future held that a Saturday night political discussion could leave them crying to a self-righteous stranger. Her last words stuck in my mind for the rest of my stay: "Everyone here has a packed suitcase — whether it's a mental one or a real one. Ask anybody."

And even the self-righteous stranger had his own taste of the fear. As my flight from Cape Town began its descent into Jo'burg, my stomach tightened slightly. All of the warnings that I'd been given about South

Africa's Sodom had succeeded in making me too frightened to take a cab, too frightened to be separated even briefly from my backpack, too frightened to be seen as a backpack-carrying tourist in the first place. So, when I was showering in my host's suburban home that afternoon and the maid began pounding on the bathroom door, screaming my name, you might have forgiven me for thinking, if just for a second, that I was probably about to be murdered.

As I stood there dripping on the bathroom floor, realizing that I had merely missed a phone call and there were no armed attackers for me to confront in the nude, it struck me that I had already been sucked into the climate of fear and suspicion, that my perspective had already changed. And perhaps on the following day, when I watched policemen chasing a skinny man in his twenties down a street, tackling him and shoving him into a patrol car, I was slightly less shocked at the whole scenario than I might have been a month earlier. And when a man, directing cars in the parking lot where I sat, matter-of-factly explained that the crook had hit him in the head with a bottle in a mugging attempt, precipitating the chase I had witnessed, perhaps I was less surprised that he should view this as just another day at the office.

BRIEFS

Profs meddle in tobacco suit

Harvard Professors W. Kip Viscusi and Laurence Tribe '66 have weighed in on the federal government's case against Big Tobacco, and have come out on different sides of the issue.

Viscusi has released an empirical study showing that the federal government actually makes an 85 cent profit on every pack of cigarettes sold. The profit comes from two sources: first, because smokers have an 18 to 36 percent chance of dying earlier than non-smokers, the government saves due to reduced Social Security, Medicare and other expenditures. Second, the government currently taxes cigarettes at a rate of 53 cents per pack.

Tribe weighed in by co-authoring a proposal to the federal government outlining ways to attack Big Tobacco legally. The proposal recommends that the government pursue tobacco under the Medical Care Recovery Act and the Sherman Antitrust Act.

The issue has heated up in recent weeks, after the Justice Department filed suit in the District of Columbia.

Alums named to federal bench

President Clinton recently nominated Allen R. Snyder '71 to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit and Enrique Moreno '81 to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit.

Snyder is currently a partner at the D.C. law firm of Hogan & Hartson. He graduated from HLS magna cum laude, and served as a law clerk to the Honorable John Marshall Harlan and the Honorable William H. Rehnquist, current Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.

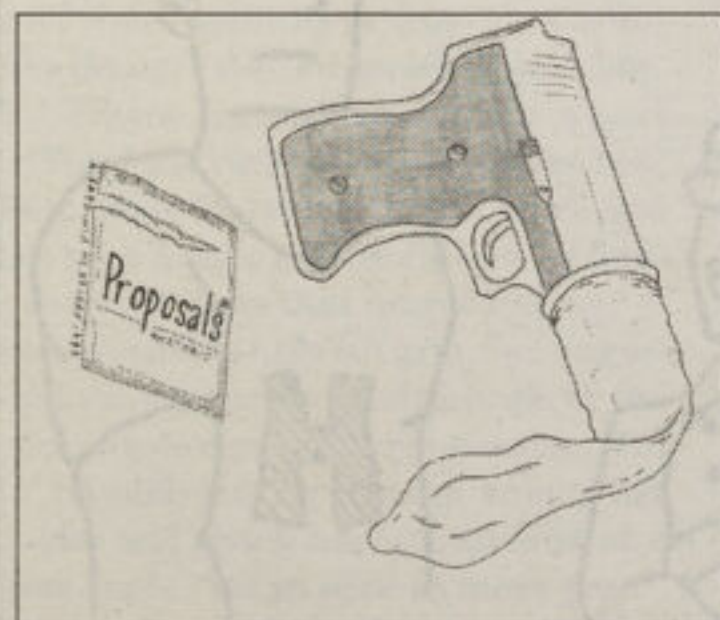
Moreno had been a sole practitioner at the Law Offices of Enrique Moreno since July 1999, and had been a partner in two law firms prior to starting his own practice.

HLS Students rally against George W. Bush in Mass.

A group of Harvard Law School students protested George W. Bush's stance on capital punishment at \$1,000 a plate fund-raising dinner being held for the presidential candidate in Massachusetts. The students joined about 75 anti-death penalty activists from a range of organizations, including Massachusetts Against the Death Penalty, Amnesty International, and Murder Victims' Families for Reconciliation. The fund-raiser was held at the home of Chris Jenny, and was attended by George Bush Sr., and former Massachusetts Governor Bill Weld.

Since being elected Governor of Texas, over 100 persons have been executed in Texas, according to Michelle Drake, Co-Director of the Law School's Death Penalty Project.

"Whatever compassion is incorporated in his conservatism extends only to large corporations and the wealthy people who work for them. I am disgusted by his calling his own admitted violations of state law 'youthful indiscretions' while at the same time refusing to give juvenile offenders any relief from the death penalty." Under current Texas law, juveniles older than 16 are eligible for execution.



Ogletree '78 joins LeFave team

Prof. Charles Ogletree '78 announced that he has joined the legal team of Cheryl Amirault LeFave in her ongoing legal battle against child abuse charges.

LeFave, her mother, and her brother were convicted of molesting children in their Malden day care center in 1987. After serving almost eight years in prison, LeFave and her mother were released in 1995, when a Superior Court judge overturned their convictions and ordered that they be granted a new trial. In the appeals that followed, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts overturned the Superior Court's ruling only to have the Superior Court once again rule that LeFave should be granted a new trial because of prosecutorial overreach.

Since then, her case has become a *cause célèbre* among those who oppose of the national wave of child sexual abuse cases which crested in the 1980s as advocacy groups sought to heighten awareness about sexual abuse of children. LeFave's cause has been championed by *Wall Street Journal* editorialist Dorothy Rabinowitz, and by high-profile defense attorney Harvey Silverglate '67.

In August, the SJC reinstated LeFave's conviction and overturned the ruling for a new trial a second time, holding that the Superior Court no longer had jurisdiction in the case. This week the SJC turned down LeFave's motion for a rehearing on the issue, and LeFave is currently preparing to head back to prison without her mother, who died two years ago of cancer.

Her brother remains behind bars on a 30 to 40 year sentence.

CSEL: Press Flesh, Get Job

Continued from CSEL, p. 1

career."

Ben, who worked this summer for two firms with small sports practices, stresses the importance of Harvard prestige. "People are more willing to speak [at HLS] because they consider it an honor," said Ben.

One of these invitees is sportscaster Bob Costas, with whom Ben has held several extended telephone conversations. Acknowledging the positive role that CSEL has played in his law school experience, Ben described the organization as "probably the best thing I've done here."

Landreth also emphasized the importance of connections in the entertainment industry. According to Landreth, the entertainment business is less accessible for lawyers due to low turnover and the boutique nature of many showbiz-related firms. "You really need to know someone," said Landreth.

CSEL can provide contacts, as committee members know several lawyers

employed by Hollywood studios and entertainment firms on both coasts. Additionally, an upcoming presentation by Proskauer & Rose's entertainment practice promises to be not only informative for job-seekers, but quite possibly lucrative in terms of connections.

Those HLS students considering membership in CSEL seemed to agree with such an assessment of these industries, viewing the committee as an important ace in the high-stakes poker game of sexy jobs. "It seems like the entertainment industry is such an insider, secret network that if there's any chance of breaking in, [CSEL] may be able to provide some insight," said Maria Sanders '01, who is interested in both sports and entertainment law.

Aaron Thomas '02 harbored thoughts of becoming a sports agent when he applied to HLS. Hailing from Tennessee, Thomas worried that he might be handicapped by an unfamiliarity with the New York and Los Angeles markets. "My biggest concern is breaking in," said Thomas.

SPORTSGUY

PIGSKIN SEASON STARTS

By Phil Berengolts '01
RECORD Columnist

Hemenway surviving another year. Firms plying law students with beer. Natalie Portman arriving on campus (I'm single and don't poop in bed, Natalie). All have nothing to do with the opening of another exciting season of flag football at HLS.

The return of flying pigskin means the return of **Jay** Charlotte's **Webber** '00 and the *Sons of Liberty*. This year's version of last year's champs took up where they left off — winning. **Reagan Demas**-ter and **Margarita** (Comp. Lit. majors unite!) '00 brought his A-game, catching four TD passes from Webber and coming up with a big interception to preserve the shutout as *Wrongly Accused* lost 46-0 despite the fiery play of Captain Nemo **Dave Nemecek** '02.

The first week featured the biggest upset of this season. *Dicken's Cider* (I didn't

know Charles brewed... oh, I get it!) playing a man down, defeated *Buzzy's Fat Bastards* 18-16 behind the strong play of **Luke McFarland** Away '01. **Casey** North by North **Westover** '01 provided sparks for the *Bastards* with a dizzying 50-yard run following a crisp strike from **Craig Don't Cronheim** For Me Argentina '01.

The *Bastards* did not fare any better in the night-cap, falling to the *Fighting Peilins* 19-6 as **Kwame Cain** and **Abel** '01 caught three touchdown passes to lead the *Peilins* in receptions, touchdowns, and biblical references. **Fletcher Big Johnston** '01 tempered his excellent offensive play at quarterback with a twelve-inch kickoff that led to the *Bastards* lone score, as **Joe Dead Man's Gulley** '01 squelched the

Bastards offense for most of the afternoon.

In the first week's two featured matchups the *Weekend Warriors* beat *LC United* and *Aaron's Mom* handed *Wrongly Accused* their second loss of the young year. **Jason Orlando** Kalrisian '00 led an electrifying second half comeback by the *Warriors*, and the defense held off **Joe Silence** of the **Lambert** '00 for an 18-16 victory. The early bets on rookie of the year are in and both candidates play for *Aaron's Mom*. All's Well That **Ansel Brown** '02 connected for scoring strikes of 50 and 75 yards, while **Shawn McDonald** Douglas '02 got airborne for two picks in holding *Wrongly Accused* to one measly score on the day.

The second week revealed a hidden

weapon for the *Sons of Liberty*. **Chris Bauw-wow-wow-man** '00, reigning lineman of the year, rumbled for two long scoring runs, showing he is more than just a bruiser in a 32-12 humbling of the *Fighting Peilins*.

Aaron's Mom and *Weekend Warriors* continued their undefeated runs with two victories apiece on Sunday. **Joe Black Rose** of *Cairo* '01 ran all over the field, but *Aaron's Mom* kept him out of the end-zone and closed the door on *The Tribe* by the end of the first half.

The **Jake Plummer** Award goes to *Dicken's Cider* for their tie with *LC United*. After giving up the go ahead score late in the game, **Kevin Vick's** Formula 44 '01 marched *Cider* down the field, scoring with no time left on the clock, and completing the 2-point conversion to salvage a 38-38 tie.

Harkness Conference

Sons of Liberty (3-0)
Dicken's Cider II (1-1-1)
LC United (1-2-1)
BAR/BRI Pirates (1-2)
Buzzy's Fat Bastards (0-2)
Wrongly Accused (0-2)

Langdell Conference

Weekend Warriors (4-0)
Aaron's Mom (3-0)
Fighting Peilins (1-1)
The People's Champion (1-1)
Cougars (0-0)
The Tribe (0-3)

LIFE IN HELL



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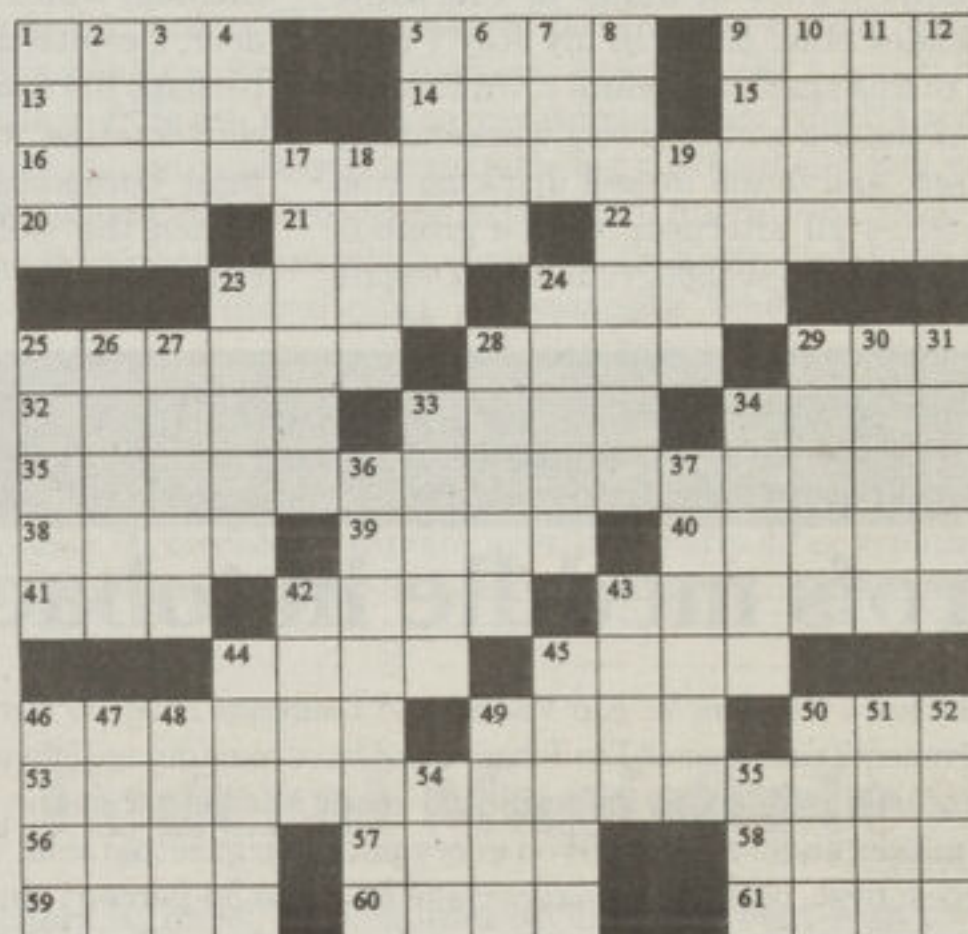
Crossword 101

"Football Giants"

By Ed Canty

ACROSS
1 Indonesian island
5 Great serves
9 Commoner
13 Pierre's friends
14 Royal ditch
15 Adore
16 Big East team
20 Timetable abbr.
21 Mardi Gras garb
22 Individualists
23 Church recess
24 Mr. Sampras
25 Bounce
28 Drunkards
29 Business inits.
32 Surrenders
33 Vote an in out
34 Inspires
35 Big Twelve team
38 Caviars
39 Active
40 Missouri City
41 Homer's next door neighbor
42 Computer memory unit
43 Confused
44 Limbs
45 Family diagram
46 Catch
49 Met solo
50 Precedes food or men
53 Southeastern League team
56 Disco dancer
57 Affirm
58 Hit
59 Overwhelm with flattery
60 Kosovo defender
61 Turner and Danson

DOWN
1 The Crimson Tide
2 Mideast ruler
3 Fibber
4 A doctrine: suffix
5 Entertain



6 Waterford neighbor
7 Hearing aid
8 Dagger
9 Airport visitor
10 Solitary
11 At all times
12 Harry's wife
17 Playful
18 Thou __ sinned!
19 Beds
23 Regions
24 Search party
25 Disdain
26 Tea
27 Twiddled one's thumbs
28 Debonaire
29 Resides
30 Uncle Miltie
31 Syrian President
33 Neglects
34 Positive pole
36 Gold Medalist
37 Painful experience

42 Boast
43 Seed covering
44 Cupid's projectile
45 Cape Cod town
46 Nest residents
47 Bar sign
48 Like some McDonald's orders
49 Assist
50 Alone
51 Mild expletive
52 Cobras
54 Actress Gardner
55 Apr. to Oct.

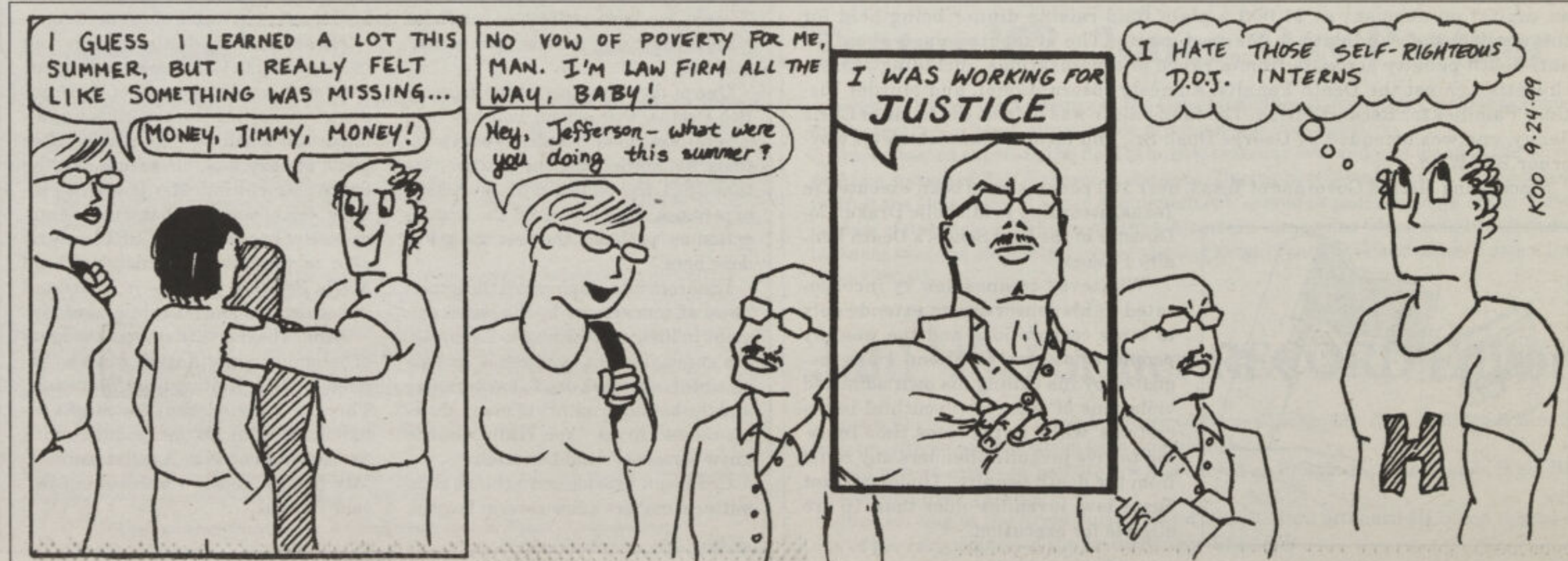
Quotable Quote

"Football strategy does not originate in the scrimmage: It is useless to expect solutions in a political campaign."

Walter Lippman

By GFR Associates E-Mail: EDC9432@aol.com
Mail: GFR, P.O. Box 461, Schenectady, NY 12301

Too-L



Carpe Dollo

GETTING WHAT YOU PAID FOR

By Jake Zimmerman '00
Staff Columnist

So, earlier today I walked over to the Registrar's office to get a copy of my transcript. Along the way, I tried my hardest to get run over by a backhoe and thereby recover enough damages to keep me comfortably dining on caviar for the next 30 years. Sadly, my plan was foiled and I made it to Griswold unscathed. (So, no caviar for me. Donations of macaroni and generic beer will be happily accepted on my behalf at the RECORD office.)

Now, you may wonder why I, a 3L with comfortable employment prospects, would need to worry about an updated transcript. Well, here's the thing: right now, my employers would hire me without looking at the numbers real carefully. And if I just wanted to spend my life as a Fry Chef, that'd be fine. But I've got dreams and ambitions. Some day, I hope to make Assistant Manager, and to get on that fast track, you've got to prove that you have the skills to pay the bills. Call me crazy, but I think I can do it.

Anyway, there I was, getting my transcript from Fern Coleman. (Ms. Coleman, of course, is better known to the law school community by her clever nickname: "that person you go to when you need to get a transcript.") Her assistant handed me the transcript, with that little blue request form paper-clipped to the front of the transcript's privacy envelope. But this wasn't good enough. It was just an ordinary bureaucratic document transfer. It lacked elegance.

Ms. Coleman knew she needed to cor-

rect the problem. She quickly grabbed back the package to demonstrate to her co-worker the proper means of separating the blue form from the envelope, thereby turning a raw, unvarnished document into a tidy finished product. (Or, more to the point, thereby saving a perfectly good paper clip.)

But this wasn't just some utilitarian get-rid-of-the-paper-and-get-the-student-out-of-my-sight routine. No, friends: this was about *style*. It was a smooth, fluid motion. It had to be demonstrated several times before the registrar-neophyte could get the hang of it. (And before I could get my lousy transcript.)

I couldn't let such art go unnoticed. I praised the precision of the wrist-flick, the delicate firmness that allowed the process to be completed in one devastatingly simple step. And then, I got a reward for my thoughtful compliment — a reward that will prove, I think, to be of incalculable value. For after I lauded her work, Ms. Coleman looked me right in the eye, gave me a deep smile, and said, "Oh yeah? You ought to see how I actually fold the transcripts."

You, readers, may scoff. You may wonder what possible relevance any of this has. You may be secretly wishing that you had already thrown this newspaper in the recycling bin and done something useful with your day. But that is only because you are living in a dark intellectual void. Your life is incomplete. You, in a fundamental way, lead an existence inferior to mine. Because,

friends, you have not seen Fern Coleman fold a transcript. And I have.

She demonstrated the process to me by folding a nearby cross-registration form. (This was surprising enough. Standard procedure in the Registrar's office for dealing with cross-reg forms is to rip them into shreds in front of you while cackling maniacally, rather than neatly folding them. But I was able to overcome my cognitive dissonance over this, because I knew I was in the presence of greatness.)

The procedure is simple enough. She takes the paper and slides it up against the rim of the envelope flap. She then folds the other edge of the transcript until it is level with the envelope's base. Then the top edge of the transcript is folded down, perfectly aligned with the initial fold. The result is pure genius: a transcript folded into exact thirds that perfectly fits into the standard-issue HLS envelope.

Words cannot adequately convey how cool this is. Seriously. I've spent plenty of hours, in political internships and volunteer jobs, folding fundraising letters or what-have-you and sticking them in envelopes. Let me assure you: not once did I ever fold a piece of paper into a shape as perfect as what I saw earlier today. This was not mere administrative efficiency. This was *art*.

But the truly remarkable thing was not even the act itself. Rather, it was that I



was privileged enough to witness it taking place. You see, today, I actually learned something. Today, someone on the payroll at Harvard Law School taught me a genuinely useful skill.

Unless I'm very much mistaken, that's the first time this has happened in over two years. So you'll pardon me if I'm a little bit excited about it.

Now, far be it from me to suggest that any of us who were smart enough to get into HLS might be in need of a little tutoring in these sorts of valuable life skills. But let me just tell you a little anecdote: my suite mate just walked into my room five minutes ago and told me, in all seriousness, that "if you're ever thinking of spraying mace in your room to test it out, you probably shouldn't." Seems that he tried this last night, and the result was...less than ideal. (The moral of this story: don't tell Jake things like this when he's in the middle of a column and near his deadline.)

So, look, all I'm saying is, maybe we've been looking for our education in the wrong places. Maybe it's time to go to the people who actually know things, and just tell Larry Tribe to go on permanent sabbatical. (Oh, wait, he's already done that. Never mind.)

Now, if only the folding could do something about the *contents* of the transcript. I hope Ms. Coleman is working on that.



Fenno walked out of the lunchroom, puzzled at what had just happened. The conversation had gone straight to the crapper once that weird guy in the wheelchair came to sit at her table. Everyone else had suddenly gone rapt with attention, like they were transfixed by his computerized voicebox or something.

Fenno didn't get it. Everyone else was listening to this guy yap about "event horizons" or some other B-movie bullshit. Fenno left to go look for people who actually had interesting things to say. She wasn't going to waste her time with some know-nothing just because he happened to sound like the computer from Wargames.

Unfortunately, Fenno's quest for people with interesting things to say was quickly interrupted, because no sooner did she get down the stairs than she ran into a pack of 1L Law School Council candidates. Several of them immediately clamored to get to the front of the pack and shove various trinkets at her. Before Fenno knew what was going on, Kelly Hartline pressed one of her Glamour Shots into Fenno's hand, Damon Smith gave her an elaborate five-page position paper, and Jamaica Potts presented her with a sticky candy bar.

Fenno hastily dropped the offerings and shoved her hands in her pocket before anyone could offer to shake them. Ignoring the hurt looks from several of the candidates, Fenno shook her head in disgust. "Don't you idiots have any idea what you're doing?" she muttered rhetorically.

T.J. Duane raised his hand like a good 1L. "Yes, I do! We're running for the LSC to help make Harvard a better place and bolster our fragile self-confidence by finding external signs that people like us."

Fenno couldn't help but grin. Sensing affirmation, Duane took advantage of the opportunity to cement the relationship. "I'm T.J.," he said, putting his arm around her shoulder and giving his best attempt at a sincere smile. "It's *so nice to meet you*."

Fenno hastily shoved him away. "What

the hell is wrong with you people? Did you all come here straight off the moron bus, or are you just disturbed?"

Taryn Fielder gave Fenno a bemused look. "Moron bus? What's that?"

"And does it have 1Ls on it?" asked Mike French, quickly gathering up some of his Ricky Martin flyers in the hopes of being the first to catch some new constituents.

Fenno sighed. "Look, you buffoons, I know you all think you're grasping at the rungs of power here, but it's time to get a clue. Do you have any idea who the LSC President is, hotshots?"

Stephanie Denton quickly raised her hand. "The leading advocate for student change here at our great University?"

Fenno yawned. "No, genius. Actually it's just Manoj Mate."

At the sound of the Great Leader's name, all the candidates quickly bowed their heads and muttered appropriate words of obeisance. "All hail Manoj," several of them mouthed in unison.

Fenno turned away with a groan. There was no saving these twerps. They would learn the sad truth soon enough. She walked away and the crowd dispersed in the hopes of finding more cheerful members of the voting public. Only one candidate dared follow her, and Fenno stopped when she felt his breath on the back of her neck. He tapped her timidly on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," he said with a nervous grin, "My name is Roger Severino, and I just want you to know that I love you, because I'm just like you. I stand for your values. I'm a man of the people. And, unlike the rest of them, I don't think I'm better than you. So wouldja vote for me? Please, please, wouldja, huh, huh?"

Fenno winced at the overload of platitudes, but the 1L just stood there, oblivious, with that same deer-in-the-headlights smile on his face. Fenno almost felt sympathy for this dork. Almost. She clapped him on the back with her right hand.

"Don't worry, tiger. I already know you're not better than me. But, hey, thanks for confirming it. And with luck, I'm *sure* your classmates will feel the same way."

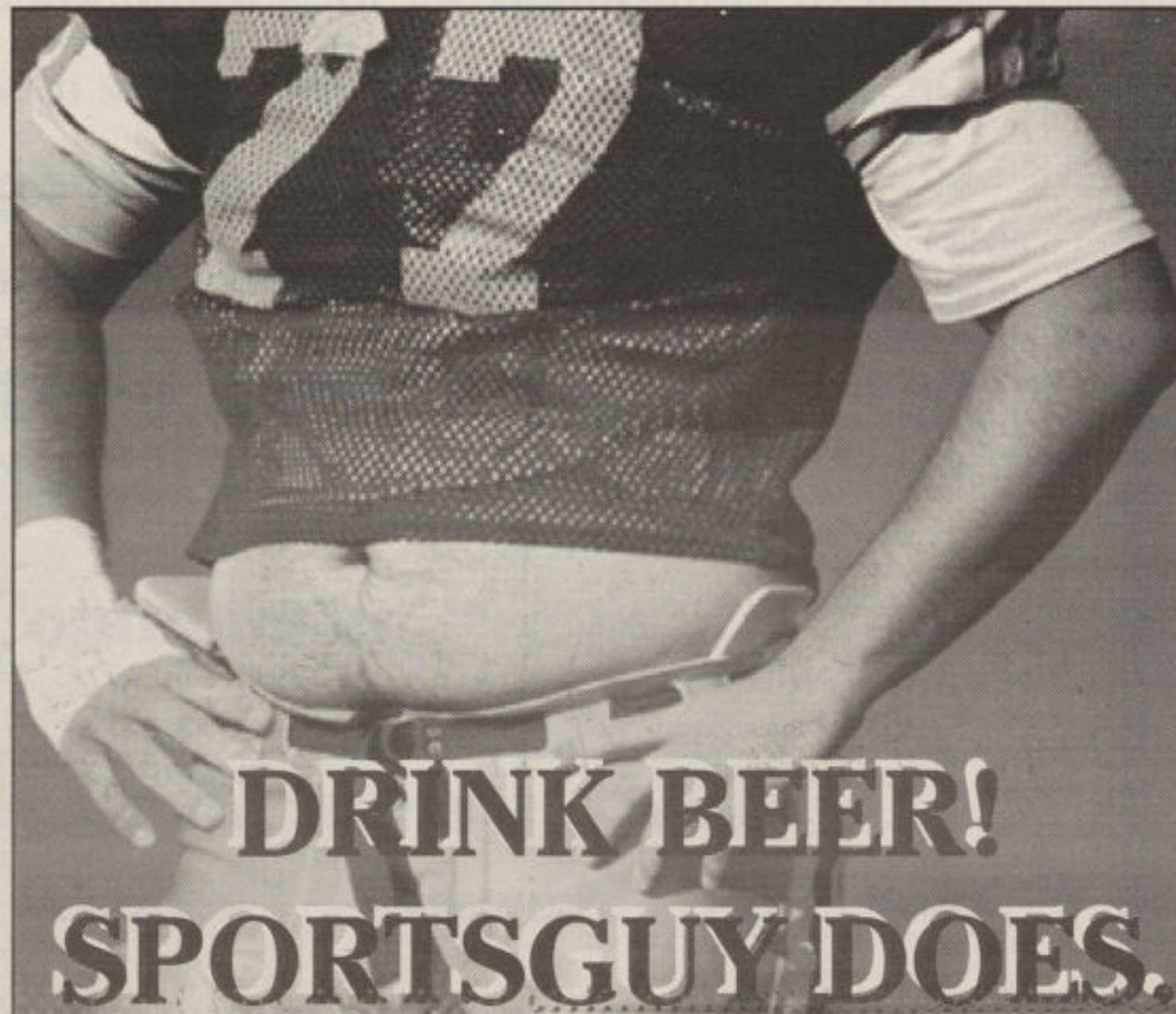
Severino nodded his head excitedly. "Gee thanks, ma'am! I'm so glad to hear that!"

"I'm sure you are," said Fenno with a sad smile. "I'm sure you are."

Quote of the Week

"As Vanilla Ice once said,
'If there's a problem, yo,
I'll solve it.'"

— Corey Stoughton '02 on his campaign poster
in support of his LSC candidacy.



By Darren Schlanger '00
RECORD Columnist

MARRY ME, PLEASE, CAROLINE SOULTANIAN

But for the prodigious exploits of one solitary champion of the proletariat, I graduate timely not, anticipated, June 2000. A thrice-L yet again, loans compounding loans. The extirpation of an inchoate legal career, the palpable dismay of lugubrious parental fans. Again, a Hark box proximate to the LL.M.s', may they deport in peace, the irony of sustained intimacy between an aromatic xenophobe and noisome anglophobes just comic enough to prevent the actualization of my hostile impulses. A law student for four years. And still, I cannot find a place to buy cigarettes within a mile of the law school.

Sloth alone does not account for this tale of near woe, though this vice does play a seminal role at the unfolding of this drama. You see, last spring, I basked in what I perceived to be a victory over the imps of registration, enrolling in Ogletree's criminal defense clinical and rendering extraneous any need to decipher the cryptic bulletin in the quest for classes. 11 units

of credit and a legal profession class achieved for the mere toil of one bubble shaded with my trusty pencil #2.

[Cut to summer of incessant frolicking] [Insert rimshot here] [Great word, "rimshot"]

Upon return to school this fall, my delusional pride at having bested the scantron gods deflated. I immediately realized that 11 credits demands more than the trifling effort of momentary Romper Room chiaroscuro. Indeed, as legends of 40-hour work weeks, personal journals, trial practice sessions, attendance and class participation requirements and class before 4 p.m. were debunked as being mere myths, my desire to exploit the insouciant appurtenances of the student life for one final go-around was adopted as *Weltanschauung*.

[Enter vengeful wrath of the gods, punishing the protagonist's hubris at having the audacity to feel above the draconian nuances of registration. Soon protagonist

realizes that, much as no one evades the harsh reality that is puberty or ignores the lure of subscribing unsuspecting former roommates to BMG music subscriptions, no Harvard student of law stands impervious to the dæmons of registration.]

ITA dropped. Six classes needed. Registration ends in two days. Wanted: HLS agent of the Registrar under the age of 70. Respiring. Shorn auditory canal. In retention of a sole sensory faculty. In possession of even tenuously accurate information concerning class credits, meeting times and graduation requirements. Pleasant breath a plus.

In Pound, no one matches this description. One kindly old gentleman does smell of Ben-Gay, though.

But a legend is told of a genuinely informative, helpful, and sweet officer of the HLS Registration community. Some say she is in fact a tenured but disgruntled former Contracts professor, who, in response to mounting pressure to remain

aloof from her students, decided to surreptitiously buck the system and help guide confused students through their law school careers. Others say she clerked for Scalia, thought he was a dick, and decided to make Harvard a kinder and gentler place. Still others say she was originally the registrar for the University of Alexandria 2,100 years ago, granted divine status in recognition of her ineffable virtues and sent to institutions of higher learning throughout the ages to counteract those obstacles impeding the assimilation of knowledge. Tuesday, I met this demigod and her name is Caroline.

The captious amongst you may demand physical proof, a miracle, something extraordinary, like a stigmata perhaps, or an empty tomb, or maybe a column by Jake Zimmerman that is not about Gropius. Others, Pharisees, will claim her legend specious, cite cases that prove the proposition that no one has ever assisted a student during registration. Search no longer for proof,

for behold, stand I, a testament unto the world of her grandeur. Into her heavenly Griswold anteroom stumble I, disgruntled, disheveled, bedeviled and classless. Out, emerges a Child of God, Enoch, Elijah, Jesus, Muhammad, some Mormon dude named Joe, resplendent with the divine presence and replete with a robust course schedule. Classes only three days a week. A Legal Profession class included, marking my upward mobility from wait-list to A-list. Free calls on nights and weekends. Graduation no longer a whimsical chimera of my id.

I disclose this revelation with but a word of exhortation. When invariably your class schedule collapses and your prospects at diploma acquisition wane, you will beseech the succor of the Prophet Soultanian. Follow the divine glow emanating from the trenches of Griswold. Her tactics, however, escape logic. No one can understand why Caroline is able to do what 17 people on the second floor of Pound cannot. Faith alone can sustain you now. And when she does resolve every extant dilemma presented to her, you will initially not grasp the magnitude of her grace. Fear not, for receiving useful help from any employee at HLS, let alone with a smile, is a novel occurrence, doubtful to occur again. Just thank her. Share your gratitude. Express your relief. Oh, and ask her for directions to the nearest cigarette machine. She seems to know everything else.



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October 6th On-Campus Interviews at the Charles Hotel

Celluloid Chronicle

By Sarah G. Vincent '00

GOING THE DISTANCE

Caution: *Run Lola Run* is not for those who do not like techno music, subtitles or *Sliding Doors*-esque narratives. But most viewers will enjoy this energetic pastiche of genres: cartoon, existentialism, action, melodrama, music video and Tarantino love story.

Lola (Franka Potente) has 20 minutes to save her boyfriend, Marty (Moritz Bleibtreu). She needs to get him \$100,000 before his roughneck drug-dealer boss discovers that he lost the money on the train to a homeless man. How does she do it? Well, she has so many choices...or rather, chances. And each round of the "game" alters people's lives in unimaginable ways. Even the most marginal character is unquestionably influenced by her proximity.

Lola literally runs through Berlin in her tattered blue tank top and mismatched green-white checkered pants with her flaming Kool-Aid red hair trailing behind her to search for ways to get the money. She goes to Papa, a self-involved, unhappy high-powered bank official. The bank guard acts as a narrator above the crowd and frenetic pace and gives Lola subtle hints on how to fulfill her purpose.

Marty, a lost soul paralyzed by his mistake, waits for salvation from his girlfriend while being beckoned by a visually impaired elderly woman, perhaps an extra from a Greek play, who points the way to the future. Unfortunately, Marty is just as blinded by his fear of his employer and feels trapped by circumstances.

German director-writer-musician Tom Tykwer successfully poses the question: are we guided by destiny or do we create it? Tykwer creatively maintains the plot, following Lola, the heroine with an action hero's mission, while veering from the film's course to cut away to Polaroid shots of marginal characters to reveal how Lola's choices affect other people's lives, thus illustrating Chaos theory in action.

The answer Tykwer proposes is that we do not have to settle for the way events unfold, but human beings can alter them at will. Feeling trapped is akin to sacrificing one's will and choice. People must move and act to fulfill purpose. Moments of stillness must be used to consider the possibilities, to allow our subconscious to assert itself and provide the answers to riddles which seem

impossible to solve.

Tykwer chooses Lola as his paragon of human choice and uses her movement through space to symbolize choice. She ignores abecedarian circumstances and unquestioningly believes that she can accomplish the impossible through love.

Interestingly, Tykwer disapproves of movement by humans directing machines, such as bicycles, cars and ambulances. Lola refuses the use of bicycles, and the people using them always risk tragedy or inaction from their dependency on these machines. By surrendering part of your will and contact with others, i.e., risking an uncomfortable nudge on a busy street, you close yourself off from possibilities—a pertinent concern for an era beset with technology and its alienating accompanying problems.

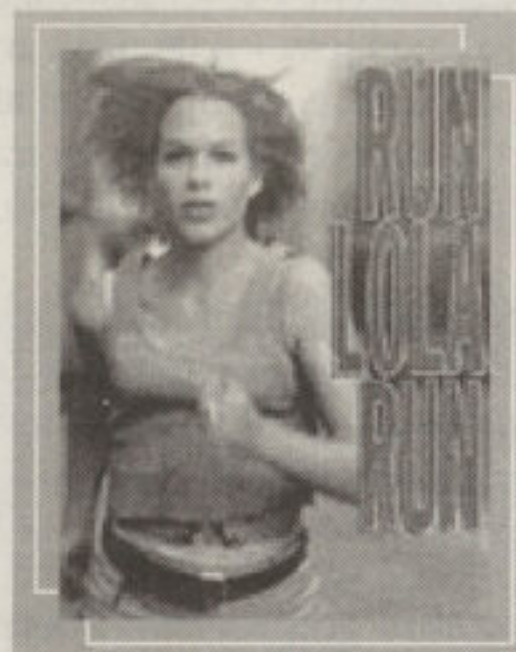
Tykwer has outraged hard-core

arthouse critics. They complain that this movie has more in common with mainstream Hollywood than most foreign films, but Tykwer shows that you can have fun and subtext at the same time. Unlike most Hollywood films, there are no loud explosions, vacuous moments, mini-Lola figurines sold at McDonald's; however, the action is fast-paced and unrelenting.

Animated pit bulls, SWAT teams, the obligatory fragile pane of glass, deaths of major characters and robberies are littered throughout the film like golden apples to attract the Persephone within all of us. Tykwer succeeds at capturing the audience's attention with an intelligent existential subtext without overextending his cinematic tricks and nonlinear narrative.

Franka Potente is a post-modern icon for the 21st century. Her unrelenting energy, high-pitched event-changing scream and expressive style make her believable as Lola. Unlike most Hollywood movies which have heroines who run desperately through the streets and still look like they just got out of the salon, Potente's sweaty, unkempt, toned and ratty look makes her an even more powerful figure. Just as captivating and enigmatic as Garbo, but with the powerhouse style of Linda Hamilton or Angela Bassett, Potente is a rising star who nicely accentuates the mood of the movie.

Run Lola Run is a movie you should (pardon the pun) run to immediately. It has grown in popularity from word of mouth. Although most people in the United States can count the number of foreign films they have seen on one hand (which is unfortunate because there are a lot of great ones out there), this film has captured the minds of people everywhere.



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School saga

Continued from SAGA, p. 1

for Israeli occupation.

Loring, incidentally, was denied the position at HLS.

In subsequent years, HLS achieved increasing levels of prestige under the leadership of Christopher Columbus Langdell and James Barr Ames '36, who reshaped HLS along modern lines.

"They could no longer deny the inherent justice of her claim"

In 1899, the faculty voted to admit a woman, Frances A. Keay, for the first time, but the overseers of Harvard University instructed the Law School to revoke the acceptance. Women were finally admitted to HLS on equal standing in September of 1950 under the deanship of Erwin Griswold '28. In order to make up for the fact that half of the 12 or so women admitted to HLS would choose not to pursue legal careers, Griswold adopted a policy of admitting six or seven extra men to each incoming class.

In the 1970s, Elisabeth Owens became the first woman appointed to a tenured position at HLS, and Elizabeth Bartholet '65 became the first woman to gain tenure through the regular tenure track in 1981. *"From the old fields spring the new corn"*

Despite the racial and gender troubles that have plagued HLS in the past, Coquillette ended his speech with a note of hope for the future. A member of the visiting committee, Coquillette noted the administration's awareness that "the school is by no means in a steady state right now." Comparing HLS's record of faculty diversity to Boston College's, where Coquillette has formerly served as Dean, he noted that HLS needs to hire more women, Asians, and African-Americans.

Harvard Law Interviews: Oct. 11

Contact your Career Information Center for time and location

BROMBERG & SUNSTEIN

Bromberg & Sunstein LLP will be conducting on-campus interviews for summer and entry-level associates on Thursday, October 7, 1999, from 1:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m., at the Sheraton Commander Hotel. If you have an interest in high stakes litigation of intellectual property disputes, in trademark law, or in patent prosecution, we are eager to meet you.

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1L Universe

By Katherine Tai '02

DIARY OF A PIG

(translated from the original pig by Katherine Tai)

They come with the slop every morning. We eat it up. We're all closed up inside this pen. It's hard to think of other things to do. The slop is there, so why not eat it up? I can't speak for the others of course, but when I think about the slop coming every morning and the hundreds of us crowding around the troughs snorting and gnashing our little lips, I think that what's going on in my mind must be what's going on in everyone else's too.

I've been noticing for the past few weeks: number 185 is getting fat. He's getting smug with his fatness too. He better be careful. One of these days he might get one of those parasites or trichinosis or something and lose all that heft. I'd

feel sorry for him probably, but I can't say I'd mind if that made him skinnier than me. Of course, it's getting cold out here and we all know that means weighing time is getting near. Not a lot of days left to hope number 185 gets sick. I wonder how he does it? He is just so obese, you can count the rolls of fat cascading from the folds of his neck down to his belly, which is so bloated the hairs protrude from his skin like toothpicks. The rumor is that he snarfs down the slop in the mornings and spends the rest of his time sitting absolutely still in the mud—conserving energy and building up all that fat. Maybe I should have thought about that...

Here come the sloppers again. Look at them! They think they're so smart. Well, some of them really are. So smart... So smart they make me feel like a pig. But pigs are smart! Don't these sloppers know that pigs can be smart and not just fat? If they don't know that, how smart can they really be? But if they're not that smart, how come they're on the outside of the pen? Maybe they're just lucky. Nah, they must be smart. Maybe they're smart and they're lucky. Maybe they're unlucky, having to hang around slopping pigs all the time. I don't know. Maybe I should just concentrate on eating my slop.

They say that animals are ignorant. That might be true, but in this pen, we all know that one day we're headed for the slaughterhouse. We'll be rounded up and driven into the maze leading into ... the future. Contrary to what everyone on the outside thinks, it's not a sad thing. I mean, the slaughterhouse is why we're all in the pen in the first place, right? I believe in the after-life. That's when we'll be reincarnated in a new form. Here in the pigpen, we're all promised an after-life. I find comfort in that.

If I get really fat in the pen, after the slaughterhouse, something great might become of me! Maybe I'll become one of those banquet hams that the President serves at a state dinner. It warms my heart to think that I might have the chance of becoming one of those beautiful holidays hams, wrapped in red tinfoil with a big satin bow that gets donated to feed the needy. But I don't fool myself. I know you need to be a real pig's pig to hope for that. Maybe number 185...

Well, I think it's just the idea of the red tinfoil and bow that makes me giddy anyway. Because when I think about being minced up into Spam or some stringy pieces of bacon sitting in a corner grocery store in the inner city, my heart doesn't get warm and I don't feel any giddiness. Nah, leave that to the lesser pigs. I could be happy packaged up in cellophane as some gourmet pork cuts though: I could see myself as some juicy chops or nice, succulent cutlets sitting on a refrigerated shelf in a specialty deli, being picked up, and riding home in the trunk of a BMW. Yeah... I'd be served over candle-light with a nice Chardonnay. That's a good reason to eat up the slop every day and get excited for weighing time.

You know, I'd heard bad things about the pig pen, but it hasn't been half as bad as the stories would have you think. I'm pretty lucky. I'm pretty smart. I could get pretty fat.

belch

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