



All photos by O. Henry

Kevin Asfour '03 may be one smart cookie.

Sears Prize front runners announced

by Mike Wiser

For the first time in the Law School's history, J.D. Dean Todd Rakoff '75 on Tuesday announced the names of first- and second-year law students whose outstanding performance in the Fall semester has placed them in contention to win the coveted Sears Prize.

The announcement came a week after the faculty voted to make the competition more transparent. According to Professor Charles

Nesson '63, who won the Sears Prize twice as an HLS student, the decision was based on concerns that the Law School's "wholesome Darwinian ethos" was threatened by certain "reform-minded idealists."

"With this recent push to eliminate grading at Harvard, we thought the time-honored, ego-crushing, infantilizing quest for the highest grade was coming into an unfair disfavor," Nesson reported.

Prof. Duncan Kennedy suggested another motivation for the deci-

sion. "We wanted to send a signal to those students who might join us some day on this faculty," Kennedy said. "And it's a heads-up to those who should start considering another line of work."

Students were notified by letter early last week. The note, signed by the entire faculty, was sent to five first-year students and five second-year students. Among the list of students who Rakoff listed were

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LSC garners top national awards

by Doug Sims

Over the years, observers of campus politics have dined on a steady diet of Law School Council (LSC) pronouncements, proclamations and exhortations. Now they can add awards to the feast.

The Harvard LSC garnered several top honors at the annual Awards Show of the American Association of Law School Councils (AALSC), broadcast on Thursday, March 29 on Lifetime. The LSC picked up top honors for "Best Sound-Off Board" and "Best Sniveling and Brown-nosing of Faculty and Administrators." In addition to these prestigious awards, the LSC came in second in the running for "Best Overall Law School Council." An AALSC press-release took care to honor the LSC's "continued bravery in the face of concerted campus oppression" and to commend the organization for "masking failure behind a facade of enthusiasm, good cheer and, above all, foosball."

Crucial to the LSC's success was the host of vital reforms made to common areas at HLS. The promise of "two dryers for every washer" may have been copied from "a chicken in every pot," but it was also instrumental in the LSC's award binge. The AALSC also cited the LSC pledge to bring "an eight ball to every rack" as important to the organization's honors.

The award brings with it a one-time only cash payment of \$47.32 — the LSC will be soliciting HLS student body opinion for help in spending the booty.

"Now, this is totally confidential, so don't quote me," said LSC President Mike French '02. "But I think — and let's keep

Please see **MUNIR**, p. 3

Frossi '01 not responsible for mystery ills

by Liza Brann

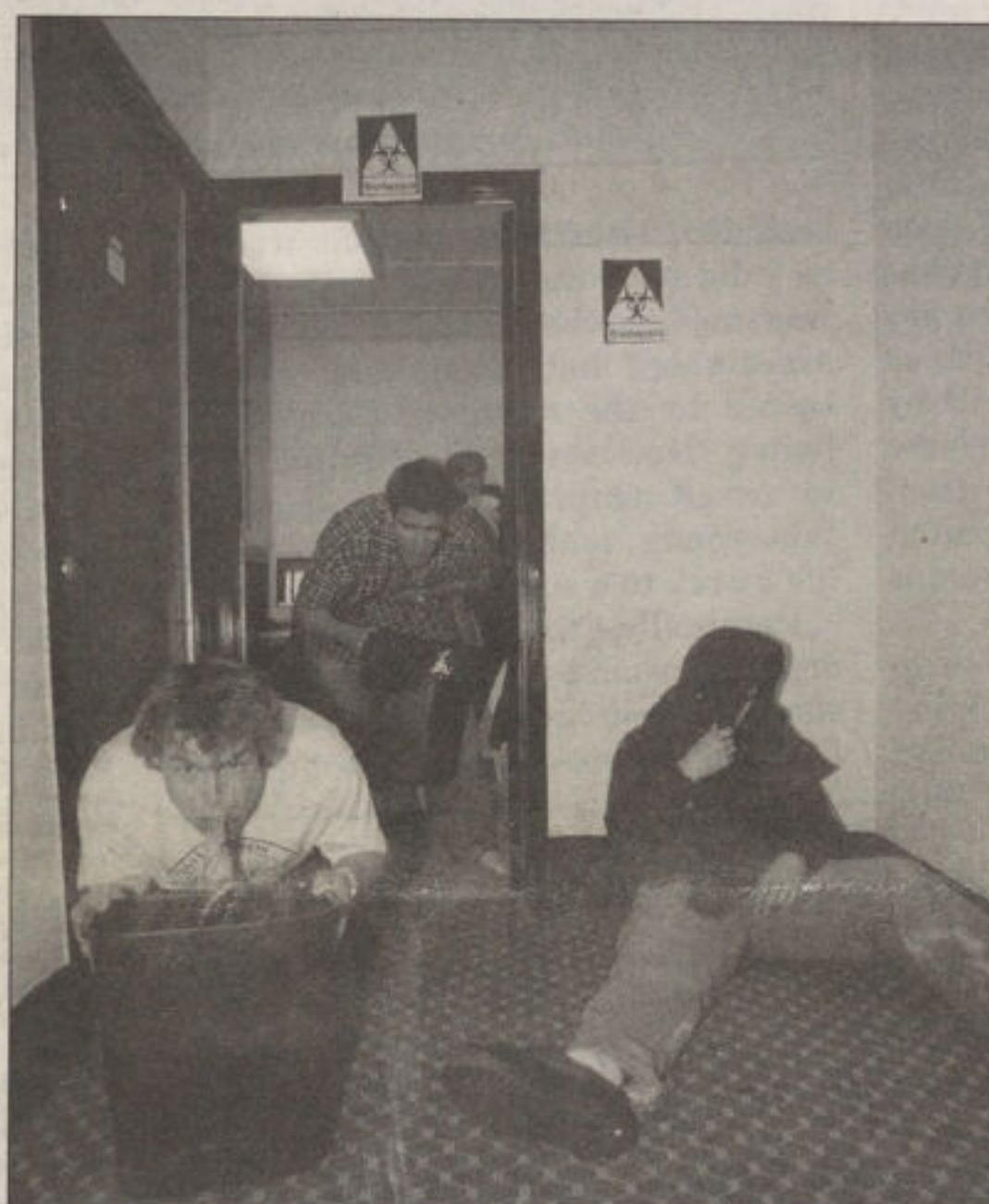
Officials from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) descended upon the HLS campus this week in response to an urgent plea from the office of Dean Robert Clark '72. Clad in self-contained biohazard suits, the CDC officials wasted no time in placing the Gropius dormitories under quarantine.

"We have never seen anything like this," CDC spokesman Harold Chambers said during a hastily arranged press conference. "Initial blood tests from stricken students have led us to believe that we're dealing with an entirely new bug." The CDC has dubbed this novel affliction "The Gropius Complex."

Early this week, HLS students flocked by the hundreds to the campus health clinic. Complaints ranged from increased surliness and a fear of sunlight to listlessness and a loss of sex drive.

One first-year law student bemoaned the dramatic change that has befallen her since coming down with the ailment. "Before law school, I was a moderately interesting person. Since Gropius, no more," she wept.

Apparently, the most



seriously afflicted are third-year law students who have resided in Gropius for a full three years. "Sadly, these individuals are almost certainly lost to human kind," said Dr. Cardy of HLS's Health Services.

One Boston paramedic who was on scene to treat the beleaguered HLS population was in near-shock after a day in Gropius. "Man, I've never seen so many pasty-faced, physi-

cally wasted people in one place in my life," he said.

Since the students registered a wide variety of seemingly independent symptoms, HLS nurses initially diagnosed the ailment as a virulent strain of Legionnaire's Disease. "Students were given a handful of antibiotics and a week to live," said HLS Communications Director Mike Armini. "The poor bastards."

Yet one recurring symp-



Left, Jeff Treut '02, puking; Kevin Waters '02, under towel; and Tom Marks '03, trying to puke, pose for their yearbook photos. Upon discovering that Dean Clark had labeled him a biohazard, Damon Smith '02, above, said: "I'm calling Larry Tribe."

tom tugged at the Hippocratic conscious of one astute HLS nurse. "I had just finished telling my fortieth student of the day that they were dying. They were crying ... I was like 'whatever.' As I handed them a condolence card provided by the HLS Journal on Law and Morbidity, the student whispered something to me. Then it just clicked."

Please see **GROPE**, p. 3

Students seek fame in low, low places

by Justin Herdman

Inspired by the recent ascension of several HLS students to television fame, a number of current reality shows will soon feature their very own token "Harvard Law" student.

"It's not really about the name," said Juan Rios '01 about the prestige value attached to the words Harvard Law School. Rios recently appeared on a new version of the game show hit Tic Tac Dough, which is currently airing on Somerville Public Access Cable. "It was so embarrassing... the show was getting kinda tense, and I just yelled out, 'No whammies, no whammies, no whammies.' The host had to tell me that I wasn't on

Press Your Luck," Rios said.

According to Rios, the reasons HLS students willingly engage in television appearances extend beyond mere nationwide humiliation. "I'm really interested in pursuing a film career," Rios grinned. "My agent — T.J. Duane — insisted that Tic Tac Dough would be great vehicle at this point in my career."

For some, it can provide more than a career. Television can also be a vehicle for love. Witness a pair of HLS students who will make an appearance on the red hot courting program "Blind Date." Two of Harvard Law's most succulent dishes — McKee Colman '01 and Arlene Delgado '02 — will aim to spice up the tepid

waters of the Florida Straits when they go on a twelve hour, all expense paid yacht cruise through international waters south of Miami. Producers of the program have promised that this won't be a remake of "The Old Man and The Sea", either. Running an ad campaign that features the catch phrase "Thar She Blows!!", the producers obviously hope to capitalize on the show's popularity among young, horny viewers.

For those like Ben Hatch '02, who in April will be "touched by an angel" on the program bearing that name, television fame makes law school an afterthought. One telling example is

Please see **CELEBS**, p. 3

Class Day speaker tapped

by Francesco Barbera

After weeks of speculation, the Class Marshalls of 2001 announced their choice of a class day speaker this week. Casting aside tradition, which has dictated the selection of esteemed statesmen, judges and captains of industry, the Marshalls instead chose to test this motto — "Different Strokes for Different Folks."

Gary Coleman, erstwhile child star and ersatz security guard, has been chosen to address the Harvard Law School's graduating class of 2001. A statement from the office of Dean Clark '72 read simply: "It is

with great pleasure that we confirm the appointment of Gary Coleman to the Arthur Drummond Professorship of Renal Disorders." When informed that Coleman had been separately selected as the class day speaker, the Dean's office immediately issued a tersely worded press release: "Whatchoo talkin' bout?"

Cale Keable '01 and Tori Jueds '01, Marshalls for the Class of 2001, explained their decision in an email sent to the entire student body. Coleman was selected due to his "experience in aggressive

Please see **STROKES**, p. 2

Ho, Ho, Ho — Merry Christo; Famed artist teams with scholar

Reuters

Multi-talented hero of the Harvard Law Review Derek Ho '01 has added yet another feather to his peacock-like cap. The former Treasurer will henceforth be known not only as a prodigious legal scholar, but also as an artist; he will apprentice and collaborate with the Bulgarian artist Christo, famous for his wrappings of the Reichstag, the Pont Neuf and other historical landmarks.

Ho's artistic breakthrough came unexpectedly. At this spring's Law Review elections, held in the southern Harkness dining hall, Ho turned the inglorious task of security manager into a chef d'oeuvre. He outdid himself by papering the entire inside of the dining hall's wall of glass windows. Potential onlookers and Peeping Toms were stymied at every turn as the solemn deliberations remained fully classified.

Unbeknownst to Ho, Christo was at HLS that very evening, scoping out a potential wrapping of the Gropius dormitories. He saw Ho's work and was deeply impressed.

"When first I looked up at the Hark, I almost fell over backwards," said Christo of seeing Ho's work. "It was like the wind being sucked from my lungs, so powerful was the vision of this ... this ... magnificent ... Ho! All my life, I have pursued a single artistic concept, the wrapping of objects from the outside. Suddenly, I was confronted with this genius, this man who wraps from the inside!"

Christo went on, "I fell into a deep depression, scrapping the Gropius project entirely. For weeks I remained

secluded. My friends became worried, as I did not return their calls, so deep was my emotional abyss. My fragile artistic self had been, how you say, lanced by the sword of Derek's brilliance. 'How can this be, Christo?' I say to myself again and again. 'How can this young man have reduced your life's work to a steaming brown mass?'"

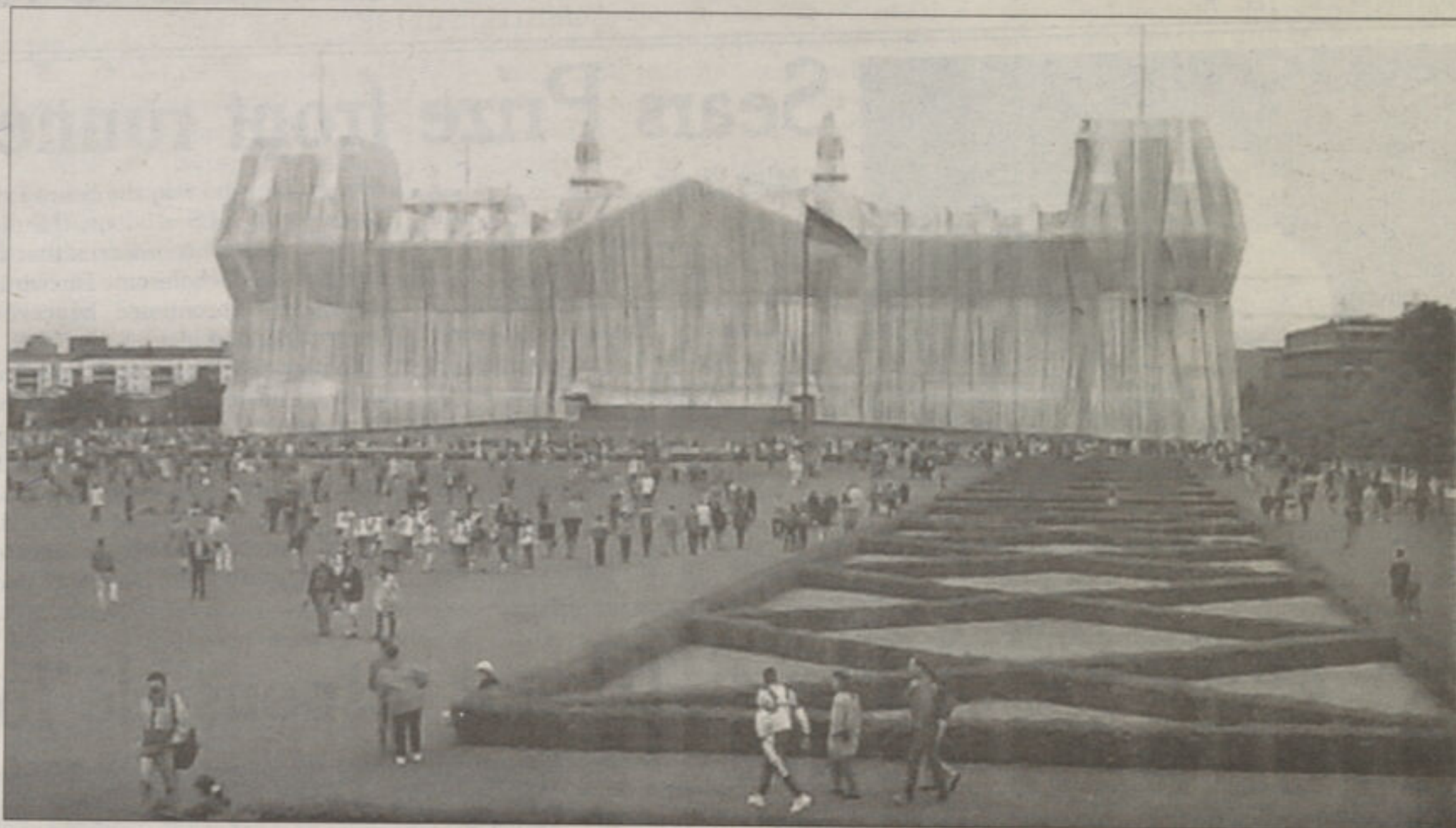
Eventually, Christo recovered from his depression and began seeking to humbly share the young virtuoso's light. "This first call to Derek was the most difficult

of my life," he recalls. As befits a man of his stature, Ho did not return Christo's initial calls, but the mononymous artist persisted. Eventually, Ho took one of Christo's calls and agreed to meet with him in person.

"It was a strange meeting," Christo admitted. When I arrived at his studio, the air of which was laden with chicory, Ho's soul was emeshed with the difficult technical issues posed by attempting to wrap muse Emily Schaffer '01 in Saran wrap from the

inside. "The man is obsessed with ritual," recalled Christo admiringly. "He gave me a piece of text and this...and a little blue book and made me inscribe obscure hieroglyphics in the margins." Fortunately, Christo passed the bluebooking test, and Ho agreed to work with him. An artistic partnership for the 21st Century was born!

The wrap duo's first project is still in the planning stages; they intend to wrap both the inside and outside of Larry Tribe's minivan.



Christo now considers the wrapped Reichstag in Berlin "a 'uge piece of sheet."

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Moderator: Jay Munir '01, former President, Law School Council

April 18th, 6:30 p.m.

STROKES

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advocacy for disenfranchised groups." Specifically, the duo cited his important work on behalf of the "vertically challenged African American constituency." Coleman drew heavily from that bloc of voters during his upstart bid last year for the U.S. Senate seat in California.

Yet the selection of Coleman was not without its detractors. A rival faction at HLS had pushed for the naming of another former child star — Emmanuel Lewis. "We feel that the selection of Mr. Lewis would have been a fitting tribute to a great American orator, the eminent Daniel Webster," said Chris Ward '01, president of the HLS Society for Law, Life and Rhetoric. Lewis, of course, was the star of the mid-1980s television program "Webster".

The Lewis candidacy also received support from HLS's chapter of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA). The organization heartily approved of the tenuous link between Lewis, one of Michael Jackson's former dates to the Grammy Awards, and Bubbles the Chimp, who also accompanied Jackson to the musical awards program.

While the final decision between Coleman and Lewis was not made until this week, several candidates were dismissed early in the process. "Bill Clinton was too dirty, Colin Powell was too busy,



Supporters of Emmanuel Lewis bemoan his exclusion by the 2001 Class Marshalls.

Goldie Hawn was too highbrow," Keable said. "Gary and Emmanuel were really our only choices."

Coleman echoed that comment. "I've never shied away from the tough issues," Coleman said. "On 'Different Strokes', we dealt with a panoply of hard hitting topics. We were the first show to use the words 'acid rain' in prime time. Remember that one where Kimberly's hair turned green? And that episode where I was imprisoned in the bike shop with the child molester? They just don't make television like that anymore."

No Gary, they sure don't.

For a good time, email
rspang@law.harvard.edu

BSA defector reveals tunnel beneath Gannett

by Dave Barrett

Late last week, the Board of Student Advisors (BSA) was still reeling from allegations that it had employed an extensive series of espionage techniques in an effort to ferret out information from the Harvard Law Review. A recent defector from the BSA has reportedly provided members of the Law Review's counterintelligence committee with specific details that could further chill relations between HLS's two premier scholarly organizations.

For several years, analysts have presumed that the BSA was using a complex system of moles, informants and possibly microphoned bagels to record the Law Review's closely guarded legal secrets. But reports that the BSA had mined a spy tunnel beneath Gannett House were a shock to veterans in the plagiarism community.



The defector, former BSA Vice-President Sheldon Pollock '01, was described by his former colleagues as hard-working, diligent and thoroughly devoted to the organization's best interests. Yet Pollock occasionally demonstrated a ferocious temper. During last year's A-group outing to Fenway Park, Pollock allegedly taunted Tampa Bay star Fred McGriff by singing "Crime Dog, Crime Dog, no crime is a good

crime for ..." to the tune of the Starship hit "Sara."

As of Wednesday evening, BSA had no official comment. A black crepe had been hung over the group's office door in Pound Hall, and reports were circulating that the organization was on "lock down" following the Pollock defection. Additionally, the blue book used by Pollock to instruct his Legal Research and Argument (LRA) course was smoldering over a hastily-erected funeral pyre in the Hark water fountain.

"We're not quite sure what to think about this," said outgoing BSA President Jahan Sagafi-Nejad '01, who was quoted off the record. "On the one hand, Sheldon sold out our tunnel. But on the other hand, Sheldon wasn't aware that we'd already 'flipped' the new Law Review president [Matthew Hellman '02]. So we've still got that secret going for us ... Which is nice."

Student response to grade reform uniformly positive

by Zachary Price

Five months after the faculty voted 23 to 19 to approve a dramatic grade reform plan that relies on professors to voluntarily comply with a grading curve, students at HLS are not hiding their joy at the change. With the lack of a mandatory curve, professors have been left to merely pretend there is a grade curve — and students are ecstatic with such tangible evidence of real reform.

"The 'ass-pirational' grade curve is one that will radically change the fabric of academic life here at fair Harvard," said J.D. Dean Todd Rakoff '75. "Mark my beard."

In October, the faculty reacted swiftly and decisively to address students' broad dissatisfaction with grading at the Law School. The extraordinary level of discontent was first noticed when a report by McKinsey Consulting showed that students have been "bitching since

time immemorial" about grading at the Law School.

Before voting to establish a voluntary curve, the faculty voted down less ambitious proposals which sought to institute three-tier and five-tier grading systems.

With spring term witnessing the first time that the new proposal has been in force, students have already been overwhelmed by the difference at the school. Dmitri Evseev '01 told the RECORD, "The faculty really made a bold move here. They have gone far beyond what was called 'grade reform' at other schools and have actually done it. To see the dramatic changes I think that you just need to look at the way students look at grades now."

In an e-mail poll conducted by the RECORD, all of the 107 respondents said that the changes either "exceeded" or "highly exceeded" their expectations for the proposal. One respondent who asked to remain anonymous

even referred to the changes as "life changing."

"I feel like all of the work I do for class will finally be rewarded, because grading is no longer arbitrary like it used to be. Now I know that if I put more work into a class I will get a better grade," Frederick Adler '02 said.

Jerome Byrne '03 agreed. "A lot of people told me that when I came to Harvard everyone would be so competitive — and it was like that in the fall. This spring, however, everything has been so different. I feel like everyone is there trying to learn for the sake of learning. People really love what they are doing now," Byrne said.

The only "critic" of the new plan appears to be Prof. Elizabeth Warren, who told the RECORD, "Even I must admit that the proposal seems to be successful. It is always a mistake, however, to depart from tradition. I guess now we've got a new tradition, so we might as well not change it now."

CELEBS

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Ben Longoria '03, who missed a recent hearing with the Prison Legal Assistance Program (PLAP) due to an unexpected production delay during the filming of "My Final Answer: Monochrome — The Regis Philbin Story." As Longoria explained, "My client was pretty ticked off, I mean, after all, he's spending the next decade in solitary. But I sent him a boomerang signed by Nick Brown, so he's cool with it."

Inspired by a police ride-along that was part of her 1L criminal law class, Carrie Jablonski '03 appeared on an episode of the pioneering reality show, "Cops." The episode was set in New York city. Said Jablonski: "The officers showed me how you can easily tell if a kid on a bike in the projects is a drug dealer simply by seeing how far the plunger will go up his ass. Only kids who have been mules for the Colombian cartels can take more than six or seven inches. But now with the racial profiling stuff it's getting really hard for the officers to do their jobs."

Cliff Ginn '03 appeared on a new WB game show entitled "Deep Sea Fishing For Dollars." Contestants will be shipped to an ecologically fragile coral reef somewhere in the South Pacific.

They will then be asked to pull as many endangered underwater species out of the ocean as possible and then fashion a garment out of the animals' entrails. Of the contest, Ginn said enthusiastically, "Yeah, I used to be down with that 'environmentalist' gig. But 'Deep Sea Fishing For Dollars' had some shiny lures, and I snapped up the bait." The program is being sponsored by the Exxon Foundation for Arctic Reclamation.

The glory of television fame does not come without a price, however. As anyone with a police scanner will tell you, Hollywood does have a seamier side. "There's definitely a show business world that hides from the public," said Crystal McKellar '03. "And that world is populated with self-fellating midgets, South Asian Elvis impersonators and the Baldwin brothers."

McKellar knows the territory of Tinsel Town's underbelly all too well. Prior to her life as a law student, McKellar was a child acting prodigy who appeared in such TV movies as "Judgment" and "Fatal Judgment." Additionally, McKellar allegedly declined roles in the films "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" and "Judgment Night." The latter movies, according to McKellar, went against her "better judgment."

But the fear of cocaine addiction, poor script choices and repeat plastic surgery has not stopped the Harvard Law thirst for fame. The Office of

Career Services (OCS) has instituted a special interview process for those interested in a showbiz career. "For so long, law students have had to shoot for entertainment law," said Mark Weber, Director of OCS. "But let's be honest, the schlub who scoops up the crap of Joan River's shitzu has better connections than most entertainment lawyers. By the way, Joan's got a position open — you interested?"

Perhaps the greatest HLS TV breakthrough was the one that never happened. 2L Justin Dillon was actually tapped to play the long-winded John Cage on Ally McBeal after a botched height-enhancement surgery sidelined Peter MacNichol.

"We were really excited to get J.D. on board," said Producer David Kelley, "he talks compulsively, and he's got a full-blown Napoleon complex; he would have been a perfect John Cage. I also think J.D.'s hyperactivity and cockiness would really have brought something to the role. We could have explored John's inner Gunner." Unfortunately, the dual responsibilities of the Law Review and Ames kept Dillon off the show. "I just don't see my schedule opening up before August, 2002," said Dillon, "but I did encourage David to come by and see me crush the intellectual invertebrates who dare to populate opposing Ames teams. He said he'd get back to me. He's a fucking idiot. Everyone but me is a fucking idiot."

GROPE

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What had the student said? "She told me that I was a heartless bitch and wished death by hemorrhoids upon my unborn children. But I get that every day," the nurse said. "Student hexes are a dime a dozen. No, I just suddenly wished that I were anywhere but Harvard Law. And that did it."

The nurse immediately reported to her superior, and Dean Clark was eventually informed of the health crisis. "The Dean tends to take a bird's eye view approach to students," Armini said. "Which means that when he's not trying to shit on students, he sometimes misses the details."

As class attendance dropped, the Dean was made aware of the problem when Harvard Law's student-faculty ratio began to plummet.

"He keeps pretty close tabs on that stat," Armini chuckled. "If it gets below about 15, his corns and bunions will tell him there's a problem just as sure as day follows night! There's nothing that bothers the Dean like excessive faculty-student contact."

The Dean's office has been turned into a temporary lounge for those Gropius students displaced by the outbreak. By providing those students with a stream of outdated Wall Street Journals, Clark hopes to "lift their spirits" while simultaneously "creating a cadre of corporate lawyers."

But the attention has continued to focus on those who've come down with the Gropius Complex. Physicians have proposed measures to contain the disease before its spread to Hauser and Griswold, where most faculty offices are located. The most likely approach, according to Dr. Cardy, is to quarantine students in a hospital-like structure, with tiny cell-like chambers and minimal circulation of air and light. "The idea is to find a place where even a house plant would have trouble flourishing," Cardy said. "We're thinking of using the Gropius Complex."

MUNIR

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our fingers crossed — that the Dean is going to match the money. So we're talking over 90 bucks. Wow. I think I could use that to dominate my hair into a full-blown Jheri Curl." At this point, French flexed his left bicep and chortled wildly.

Sheila Vera Flynn '01 had an early suggestion for the LSC: "We need a uniform system of signage for the out of order I-Macs in the Harkness Commons Cybercafe [exclamations deleted]."

Aaron Hutman '01 had a different idea. "Well ... uhhhh ... I've been hearing ... uhhh ... people talking across each other and ... uhhh ... just to ... uhhhh ... sum up here a little bit and ... uh ... and I might be going against God and Country and all here but ... uhhhh ... there are these three water fountains on campus which lack mouthgards and ... uhhh ... mouthgards are required by Mass Code 432.13 by the way." Hutman went on, rapping his class ring on a nearby table, "So, uhhh ... one time I ... uhhh ... I knocked out two of my top teeth out taking a sip when [Paul] Kingsley came up and ... uhhh ... goosed me," Hutman said. Hutman suggested that the funds be used to put those metal mouthgard-y things on the incomplete waterfountains. "I mean ... Uh ... a tooth for a tooth and all ... but uhhhhh ..." Hutman trailed off.

French mentioned that other proposals for using the funds included: an Odwalla bar for every Republican at Harvard Law School, incense cones for the Hark ATM, and a video poker machine for the Hark Bar.

HARVARD LAW RECTUM

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F O U N D E D

[Insert random diatribe here]

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This parody was made possible by a grant from the Pew Charitable Trust and the following:

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"No Soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without consent of the Owner."

—Third Amendment, U.S. Constitution

• Letters •

Pit Bull analogy was my bad; Sorry

Thankfully, the furor over my submission to the RECORD on the salutary nature of stereotyping has finally ceased. The past several months have been a time of rebirth for my still nascent sense of political correctness. If you would allow me to indulge in the use of a fitting metaphor, I am like a Native American who has shed the confines of his shameful red skin and now dons the honorable three-piece suit of the successful white man. I am the savage made civil, indeed.

Perhaps it was wrong of me to compare the black man to a pit bull. Such an unfortunate collision between man and beast was purely coincidental, if not highly accurate. Yet 'highly accurate' is not the final destination of the legal scholar. No, we must aim for exactitude. As the Jew demands precision when weighing the heart of his

true god, Mammon, and as the Arab requires definitude in the final sale price of a worthless antique, so shall I strive.

With that goal in mind, I hereby pledge to devote my time and industry to finding a fitting analogy that will sully neither the reputation of the reckless Negro youth nor that of the noble, stout-shouldered pit bull. My quest shall not cease should the Chinaman cease his squinting, nor the Western European women shave their armpits, nor the Chicanos one day learn English. Never, in other words, will be the day when I have failed to restore the vaunted name of the proud pit bull to its proper place on the pedestal of informed, rational debate.

Jeremy Fielding '03
April 1, 2001

An open letter to Nick Brown '02

Dearest Nick:

The night was Sunday, January 28, 2001. For you, it was probably just another post-Super Bowl television appearance. You were no doubt surrounded by friends and loved ones, legions of leggy models, the paparazzi. Oh, and of course, the celebrities. Billy Idol certainly sneered at you over a bowl of Doritos, Slash was likely fornicating in the kitchen sink, while Rudy the Navy Seal probably grumbled about queers out on the veranda. It was your Survivor premiere party, n'est-ce pas?

For me, it was far, far more. I was down on my luck, speeding towards Idaho Falls. An empty fifth of Southern Comfort rattled at my feet, rolling about on the floorboards of my 1978 Chevy Nova. Two hours before, I'd smoked the last of my crystal meth. I had more eyes than teeth, more teeth than toes. I'd showered last during the Asian economic crisis; I'd last eaten during the Clinton administration. My car and I were running on fumes, and

then the car stopped running altogether. I staggered into a nearby all-night diner, plunked down my last sixty cents for a cup of black caffeinated water and stared at the TV.

There you were. Radiant, beautiful, cocky. Humbled, with the compass you fumbled and through the Outback you stumbled. You were my antipodal hero, armed only with a brash swagger and a Frisbee. How I longed to be like you — a Survivor.

That night, as the last flicker of your face graced the screen in that run down greasy spoon, I stood up on the diner counter. I plucked a salt shaker from the formica, I held it to my lips, and I began to sing. "At first I was afraid, I was petrified..."

You know how the song goes, right Nick? After all, you taught me to sing again.

Your Biggest Fan,

Alexander Hamilton Feinberg '61
April 1, 2001

Deep Fried sarcasm is best bet

With much trepidation, I momentarily scanned the RECORD's recent editorial on the need for a more robust system of drainage on campus ["Dry Idea"; March 16, 2001]. While the sentiments expressed therein were cogent and slightly valid, I found the overall tone of the piece to lack the sarcasm which many of your readers have come to appreciate — nay, cherish — in the pages of this esteemed publication.

The dry and humorless tone does a disservice to America's oldest law

school newspaper. News, if that's what it can still be called absent any headlines that use sexually explicit double entendres, must feed voraciously from a trough of irony, gibe and ridicule. Anything less is not journalism, my good men, it is a cowardly flinch from the lash of administrative overseers, a craven whimper in response to a lupine challenge and a half-hearted pirouette on the ballet stage of life.

Prof. Charles Fried
April 1, 2001

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But seriously folks, we understand that some people may find the contents of this parody offensive, tasteless or otherwise aesthetically unappealing. We sympathize with you. The more cultured of us even feel the same way. If you have any complaints, please address them to:

David Barrett

Thanks!

—The RECTUM Parody Staff

Wilkins to unveil controversial fashion line at Saudi night spot

(AP) Atlantic City, NJ: Prof. David Wilkins '80, who has already made a name for himself sashaying down the glitzy runways of Pound Hall, announced on Tuesday that his first full line of men's and women's clothing will debut this Fall at the Hard Rock Cafe in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. The show, tentatively titled "Definitely David" is being sponsored by Donatella Versace, sister of the slain fashion mogul. "Dah-vid is sooo talented," she said. "When I look at his clothes, I think to myself that my dear departed brother is living in that spindly, yet firm body."

Resplendent in his periwinkle blue double-breasted blazer with signature brass snaps, Wilkins was sanguine about his prospects. "Well, ya know ... I've always told my students that the only limit to a legal career is your imagination. My research on the effect of miniskirts on partnership prospects at elite firms opened my eyes to the horrendous things happening to other-

wise perfectly nice asses. I knew something had to be done."

Saudi reaction to the news has been decidedly mixed. Fundamentalist groups assert that the fashion extravaganza is actually a covert CIA operation designed to fray the moral fiber of Saudi society. "This is classic CIA methodology," said Ali ibn-Saud, Minister of Culture. "With Castro, it was the exploding cigar; with us, it's the Booty Chador." This last item, Wilkins's suggestive take on conservative Islamic dress for women, has caused international delight and consternation and threatens to provoke a diplomatic confrontation.

When asked about the controversy, Wilkins whined nasally. "Well, ya know, I don't see what all the fuss is about. The fact is, heh heh, I'm loved in the Middle East; ya know, Chairman Arafat recently requested that I design him a whole new line of scarves, heh heh. I'm thinking of something in a pashmina for him."

Brewer adopts new grading scheme

by Murad Kalam

He'll never be late again. One day after submitting his grades for last fall's Contracts class, on Monday Prof. Scott Brewer pledged to hand in grades for students that will take any of his classes during the upcoming academic year.

"A simple extrapolation utilizing the tools of disanology and abduction led clearly to the conclusion that the relationship between actual levels of comprehension in my class and grades could be significantly increased by the early issue of grades as a result of the inversely proportional curve I observed as the semester progressed," Brewer said in a rarely used Sanskrit dialect.

Demonstrating a level of fitness unmatched on the HLS faculty, Brewer assumed a yogic Wind position and continued blowing hot air. "One can better understand my reasoning if modus ponens is employed. Brewer has tenure. Tenure means 'fuck you'. Therefore"

Professors had mixed feelings towards Brewer's early grades. Prof.

Anne Marie Slaughter '85, another past delinquent who has since reformed, expressed a number of concerns. "Clearly, Scott is a genius and he thrives on every last bit of scorn that's been heaped upon him," she said. "He exists in a state of nature — battered by furious gusts from lesser minds, note how he tucks his chin into an oh-so broad chest and marches forth with the resolve of a modern-day Jangar, tussling with the evil Mangus in order to achieve infinite bliss." Slaughter paused to fan herself. "And that's about all I've got to say on that subject," she said.

Jeremy Paris '01, a member of the Harvard Law School Council (LSC), was cautiously hopeful about Brewer's epiphany. "Let's see, Brewer traditionally turns in his grades seven months late," Paris said, pausing to add up figures with a handheld calculator. "So add three months mail time for his sabbatical in American Samoa, add another two months for unforeseen delays due to complications from tropical illness ... then we get twelve months. Great. Next year's students should get their grades right on time."

• Briefs •

Market woes sink Berkman Center

After a long and painful struggle for viability, HLS's Berkman Center for Internet and Society, once heralded for bringing the Law School into the twenty-first century, has been forced to close its door in response to a dramatic, fatal decline in the value of its stock. A sullen Jonathan Zittrain, who had invested substantial sums in the venture, reacted tersely to the announcement: "Fuck.com."

The Berkman Center had recently shelved plans to issue an IPO. According to a prospectus, the Center had planned to use the

funds from the IPO to "fashion a hot babe like Kelly LeBrock from a hard drive, old Barbie doll and recycled brassieres." Zittrain also had expressed an interest in purchasing Verbot, a 1980s era robot manufactured by the Radio Shack corporation. "Verbot would've been great," Zittrain said. "I wouldn't have had to ever get up for a Jolt! The caffeine and sugar would have come to me."

The Berkman Center plans to auction its office furniture. Appraisers have estimated the proceeds to exceed \$10.

Duane '02 battles bad speed habit

Second-year student T.J. Duane, widely known for his mysteriously energetic efforts to improve the social life of Harvard Law School, has been diagnosed with an addiction to a wide assortment of methamphetamines. Duane will take a leave of absence next Fall to deal with the set-back. His rehabilitation kick-off party will be held at Pravda. Tickets are \$7 at the door, \$5 with a student I.D. Afterwards, a prayer vigil will be held next to the jukebox at the Hong Kong. Scorpion bowls will be passed to solicit further contributions to the Duane recovery fund.

In a moving interview with Barbara Walters, Duane said he was first inspired to take the drug while

watching a famous episode of Family Ties, in which the protagonist of that show, Alex P. Keaton, accomplished extraordinary feats of endurance while under the drug's influence. "I thought of all the social lives I could improve if I could work at it twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, day and night, always," Duane said, with tears welling up in his eyes.

Dean Suzanne Richardson, a longtime admirer of Duane's relentless-ness, reacted with surprise to the news. "It always seemed perfectly natural to me that Duane cared enough about this place to actually expend energy to improve it," she said.

• Letter •

Grumpy old plan, grumpy old man

Dear RECORD:

In my day, Harvard men knew their duty, and they bloody well did it.

Why don't you kids wake up and smell your \$5.00 cappuccinos and your fancy \$150K Wall Street jobs. Why, in my day there were no broads at whose mammary glands you could stare during class, nor visible minorities to whom to act patronizingly. I myself had a difficult upbringing; having gone to Andover, Yale and Harvard Law with Holmes, Oliver Wendell J. I suffered mental pain but it made me a stronger person and a tougher fighter in the Spanish-American War.

To these ends, I have taken the liberty of making up a complaint template for you spoiled kids to use. This is designed to meet a variety of purposes, from homesickness to gruffness to alleged harassment by the police. (To that young man graduating this year who recently appeared on 60 Minutes — The Bobbies are our friends, didn't you learn anything in Kindergarten?)

To Whom It May Concern: _____

I am writing this letter because I am unhappy with/ at (circle as appropriate) the Harvard Law School because:

There is no sense of community

The grading is arbitrary and _____

The dormitory housing is inadequate and _____

In my opinion, the quality of academic instruction is decidedly _____

My future options have been limited by coming to the Harvard Law School because _____

Yours stoically,

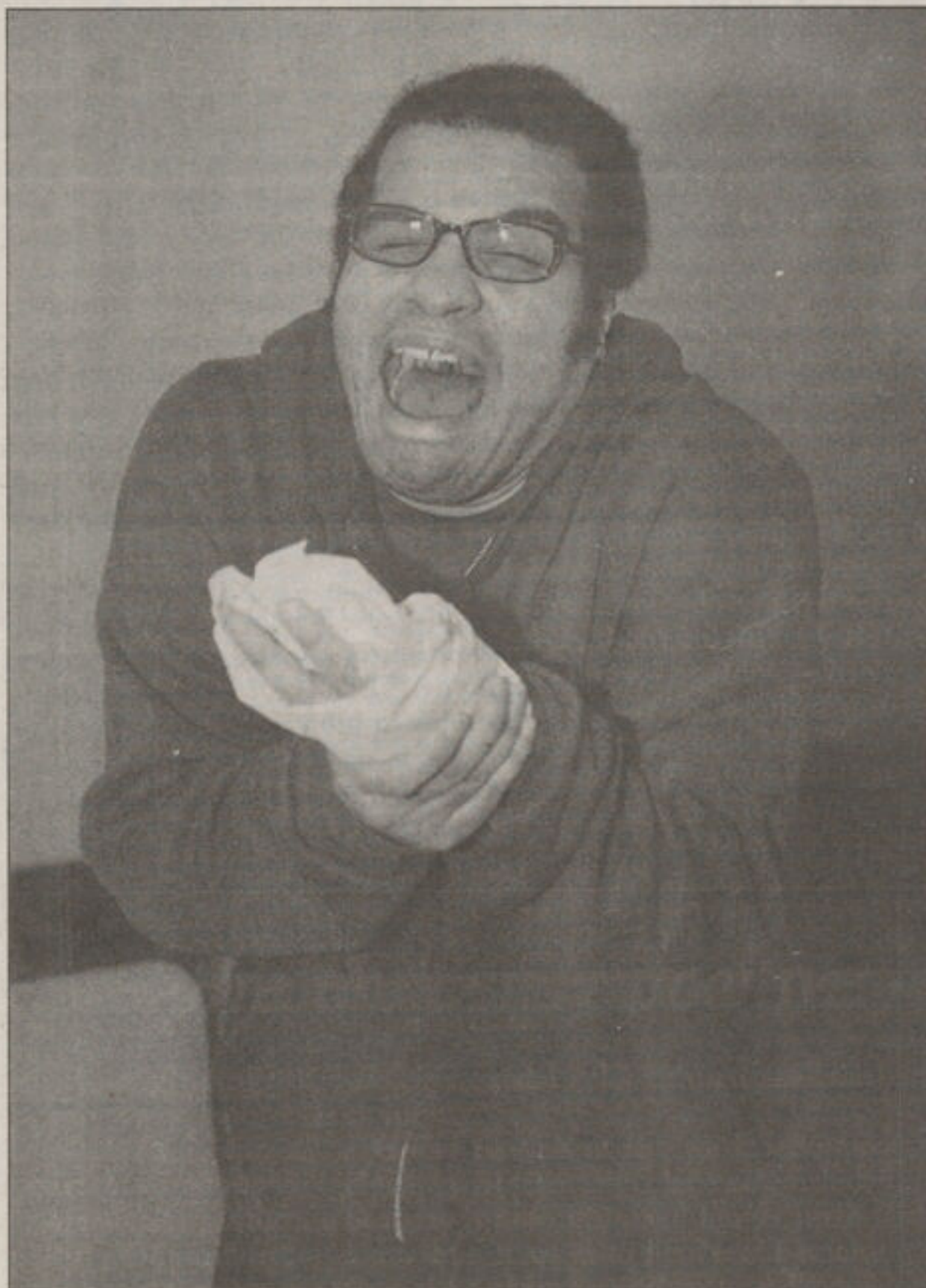
Cedric T. Ottery '96
(that's '96 of the last century,
as in the 19th), Esq.
April 1, 2001

Send all your junk mail to:
rspang@law.harvard.edu

The Hard Rock Cafe, Jeddah, and Donatella Versace Present an Evening of Sartorial Pleasure with Designer and Law Professor David Wilkins.

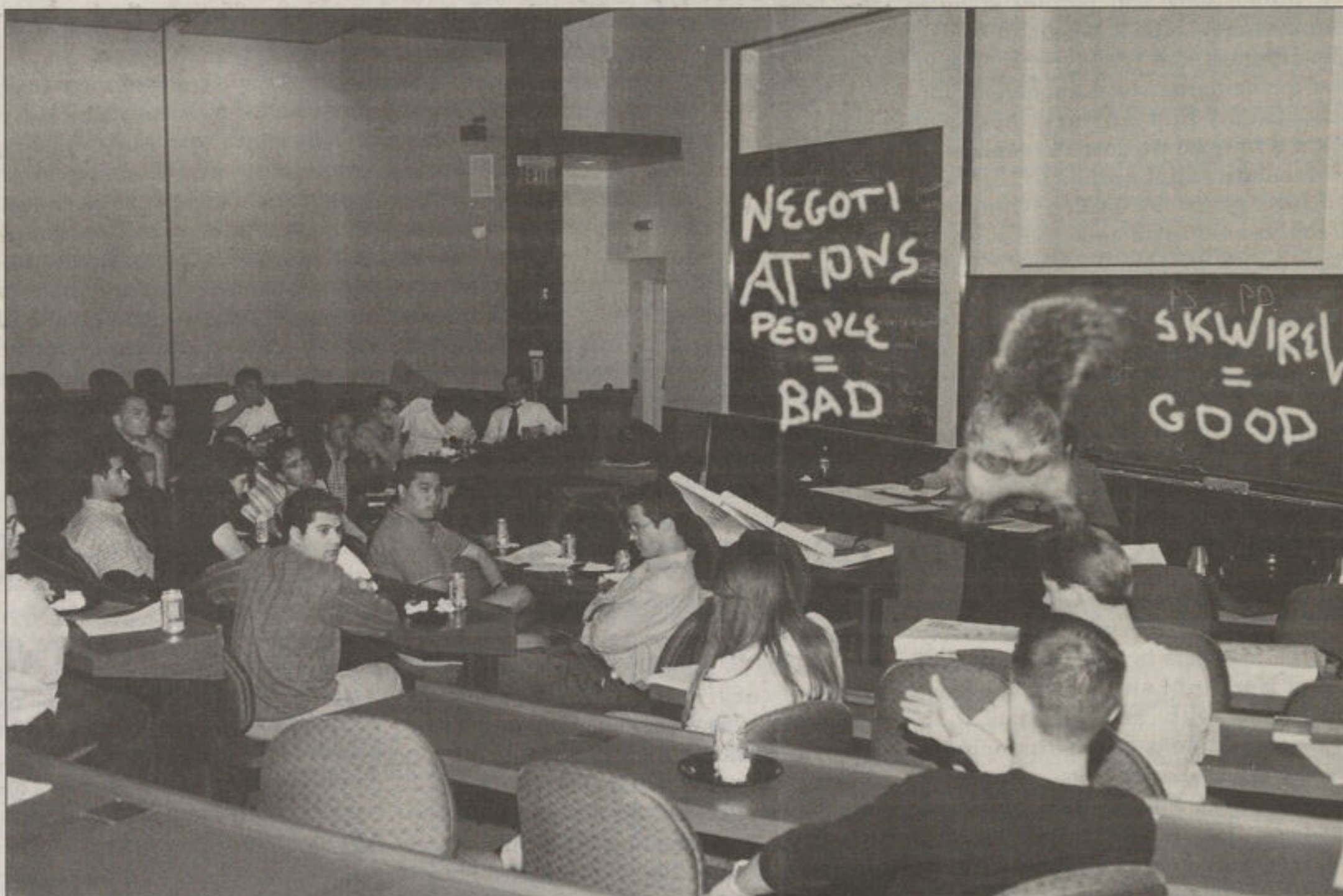
The first 1,000 persons holding this ticket are entitled to free admission, one complimentary virgin piña colada and a 15 percent discount on the sensational Booty Chador™ that has conquered Paris, London and Milan.

• Community Advisory •



Bushy tailed intruder disrupts tranquil evening

Harvard University police have issued an all points bulletin regarding the recent commission of several criminal acts on the Law School grounds. The suspect is reported to be approximately eight inches in height, with brown hair, brown eyes and atrophied forelegs. On the evening of April 1, 2001, the suspect presided over a meeting of the HLS Republicans. Immediately following that appearance, the suspect wounded two HLS students — one has lost the use of his writing hand, the other will now be forced to keep his cigarette in place with puckered lips. Later that evening, the suspect terrorized an otherwise peaceful presentation by Yale Law Prof. Akhil Amar. Other sightings were made in the Harkness Commons, where a foosball game was interrupted by the bushy swish of the suspect's tail. Finally, the perpetrator concluded his "Hell Night" by defrauding an entire class of Negotiations students.



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Sportsguy

HLS PROFS PLAN TO FORM XFL SQUAD

by Phillip Barengolts
RECORD Columnist

In a joint venture sprouting from discussions during an earlier visit to Cambridge, Vince McMahon and Dean Lois & Clark announced last week that HLS will field an XFL team next year.

"We have an excellent core of talent among the professorial ranks," announced Dean Clark, the most likely choice to coach the new team, "and we can fill out the roster with LIPPers. They'll be extra hungry to earn the \$2,500 per victory."

Early indications are that Elizabeth Warren Peace has all but locked up the starting quarterback position. "She doesn't have the best arm in the business, but she's quite a filly. Run our opponents ragged, she will," Clark explained.

Alan Everybody Must Get Stone will be anchoring the offensive line from the center position. "He'll psyche out the defense, and if that doesn't work, he'll go Hannibal Lechter on their asses. Stone has a dark side you don't know about," said Clark.

Smells Like Christine Spirit Jolls has the inside track to the starting halfback spot. "She has a low center

of gravity, and I like her cerebral style. I know she doesn't have much bulk, but if she's pregnant — and we're betting she will be — she can tuck that ball close to her womb and trick the defense," offered Clark.

While a couple of positions have been set, some of the competition will come down to next year's training camp. Vying for the middle linebacker slot is David Barron Von Munchausen. "He roams well and makes eerily long eye contact," Clark mused. Also expected to start at linebacker is Charles Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor, Your Huddled Masses Yearning To Be Fried.

There were plenty of wannabe wideouts on the scene. Speedster Jonathan Popped Zittrain displayed his bespeckled moves on the tires. I'm Gonna Terry You A New Asshole Fisher also has his eyes on a starting role. "I hit the weight room as soon as I heard Bobby's plan. My pecs are b-cups, all muscle. Look at these biceps," Fisher said, flexing his arms in a bare midriff muscle T.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the tryouts was the appearance of Morton

Parliament of Horwitz, shorts riding high, bandana catching his dripping forehead sweat. "With his arms waving around all the time, we figure he'll make an ideal free safety," added Clark.

Cornerback is another position that looks solid for the burgeoning XFL squad. Lani to the Groin Guinier put some vicious hits on receivers coming over the middle. She already has a patented knockout dance. "When I put a mother on the ground I'm going to stand over him, bend my knees just so, gyrate a little to show him my intellectual superiority and then nod my head twice. I like showing people up who have just felt the sting of my helmet," Guinier said with a hint of psychosis.

Paul Hey Baby, Why Don't You Stay a Weiler will likely be named general manager due to his expertise in sports management. "He'd like to play, but we can't afford to let his knowledge of the game go to waste, if you know what I mean," a winking Clark offered the media. Upon further questioning, Clark admitted that Weiler was "so dull that I go to his

lectures when my Percocet isn't kicking in. We just wanted him as far away from the cameras as possible."

The secret weapon of the squad looks to be kick returner Kenneth Return of the Mack, who will be running the sprint at the beginning of XFL games to determine possession. "He's young, nubile, and I love watching him dive for loose balls," Clark said with a glint in his eye.

The real key to the team will be cheerleaders, as that is the XFL's selling point anyway. Clark has not yet announced who the cheerleaders will be, but he promises that the uniforms will leave almost nothing to the imagination. Clark hinted that Lewis Sargentich Slaughter will be just one of many professors sporting a Brazilian wax next year. We'll also be seeing a lot more of Reinier Plumber's Kraakman as well, but most of the cheerleaders will be plucked from the incoming class. "I plan on admitting fifteen women who have special qualities. Ones who will add that special something to a bikini that this school has been lacking during my tenure."

We can all look forward to that.

Fenno

The television was on. Showtime. Cinemax. Spice. Fox News.

Fenno had always dreamed of a life as a softcore porn star. It just seemed so easy and glamorous. All you have to do is take off your clothes and things just take care of themselves from there. When she found out that her law firm had started pre-emptive layoffs of third-year students due to dot-com losses, she decided that her next career would be as a semi-nude internet starlet. Shannon Tweed won't know what hit her! Fenno thought gleefully.

First stop, RECORD office. They've got the best scanner on campus. Fenno figured a few scanned-in boob shots should be enough to get the ball rolling. She ducked into the dark office and immediately realized she was not alone. Phil Barengolts and Justin Herdman were snoring loudly on the couch and the floor, respectively.

"What are you guys doing here," Fenno asked. "It's Saturday night."

"Economizing," said Barengolts. "That's right," Herdman chimed in, "we haven't had an apartment in two years. Phil and I eat, drink and sleep down here. Aside from the janitor occasionally borrowing our Sonicare, it's a cushy life."

Gross, Fenno thought. What losers. "So, do you guys mind if I scan in some cleavage shots?"

"Mind? Are you kidding?!" cried Barengolts. "Just give us a second to take our pants off. Oh yeah, and let's get Cooper down here. He won't want to miss this!"

Justin Cooper arrived moments later, Polaroid camera in hand. "What?" he asked plaintively, "Can't a man have a healthy interest in breasts?"

"I'm sorry," Fenno said, crossing her arms over her still-covered chest, "I don't think I can do this. You guys are just too weird. I mean, don't any women work for this paper?"

All three guys looked at their shoes as they admitted that they had pretty much run off every woman who had

come by in the last three years. Reese Pecot refused to show up in person ever since Steve Scali had asked whether she liked Canadian bacon. So the only sweet, sweet contact with Pecot came via email. Sarah McGonigle had traded in her press pass for Law Review and a chance to clerk in L.A.

"Only Meredith McKee and Liza Brann show up anymore," Herdman said. "Oh, and there's that one from Berkeley — Jankhana Desai. They're all hot, but they've never gone for the mammary scan."

"Yeah, there's not a single one of us that hasn't tried to get on them at some point, but they keep coming back," said Barengolts. "They just love Francesco's ass."

Even Fenno had to agree that Francesco Barbera has a nice ass. And Fenno thought Cooper's new 70s-style cop action show moustache was downright orgasmic. The afros that Barengolts and Herdman were trying to pull off, though, needed some work.

"So, like, you gonna get on with it?" Cooper was salivating over the prospect of seeing some live female flesh.

"Chill," Fenno said. "By the way, that moustache makes you look like a pedophile."

The phone rang and Herdman snatched it up immediately. "Hi, you've reached the Harvard Law Record. If you're a student who has been psychologically scarred by an appearance in Fenno, please email rspang@law.harvard.edu with your complaint. If you're a law firm calling to pay us an obscene amount of money for an ad that no one will read, please pester David Barrett at his home phone number. If you're Jay Munir, would you be so kind as to kiss my sweet..."

Herdman slapped the phone down and smiled. "Party time! Let's roll!" Suddenly, the lethargic threesome leapt into action. Before Fenno knew it, she had been escorted out of the building and down the street in the direction of a party that the boys described as "the best thing to happen to HLS since Kim Isbell."

They arrived at an unmarked door and rang, but no one answered. Fortunately, Randall Jackson was there with his key ring around his neck. Apparently Jackson's ever-present ring contained keys to most

Quote of the Week

'Don't get me wrong —
I like all the womens,
but the thin ones
are the best.'

—Jay Munir '01,
former LSC president

Cambridge apartments and several local automobiles. "After me, boys," he said, opening the door.

Inside was like nothing Fenno had ever seen. It was the bachelor pad to end all bachelor pads! 2,500 square feet at least. There was a bar and subwoofer in every corner. Stark, sleek light fixtures and slate countertops were softened slightly by the occasional fur rug or velvet drape, each positioned just so. Fenno was impressed. Really, really impressed.

Coming from the back the group, she heard the faint tinkle of champagne flutes and giggling women. They made their way through the kitchen into a bright back room that came straight out of a Shaggy video; scores of gorgeous women in thongs paraded around a hot tub, dipping their shapely legs, sipping bubbly and cooing over their host.

In the middle of the tub sat the man himself, half-naked with a rope of gold chains around his neck: Steven Scali. One nubile blonde was massaging his scalp while another coquettishly nuzzled a Scali pectoral muscle.

"Welcome, gentlemen," said Scali, a mischievous yet hospitable smile growing across his face, "to the party that is my life."

Shaking off a hot flash, Fenno asked politely for a double Wild

Turkey.

"As you wish, my dove," replied the silky Scali.

Fenno knocked back the bourbon and edged up to the tub. Herdman and the rest of the boys had scattered immediately upon sight of the babes.

"So, Steve-O, how'd you hook all this up?"

Scali smiled graciously. "I'll tell you, Fenno, because I like you. You may remember a certain New York disco club called Studio 54 and its owner, Steven Rubell. Well, I am that very Steven Rubell. Back in the mid-1980s, when I realized that the club was on the way out, I faked my own death, changed my last name to Scali and started pretending to be Canadian. No one notices a Canadian. A few years of clean living and I looked twenty years younger. So here I am today, HLS student and quiet party animal."

Fenno felt warm all over — it was nice being let in on Scali's little secret. She hoped she could come back to the party pad again.

"So, maybe we could do lunch sometime or hang out," she asked nervously.

"Sure," said Scali generously, "just set something up with my assistant, Mike Wiser. He's a little slow, but he'll get the job done."

Fenno relaxed and slid into the tub.