



## Campus elections witness write-in upsets

*Apathy propels unknown candidates to victory*

by Justin Herdman

In a shocking turn of events, last week's campus-wide elections for student leaders resulted in a spate of surprising upsets. Initial returns suggested that the availability of write-in votes was a major factor in the election outcomes.

Jay Munir '01, who was widely expected to coast to victory in the race for president of the Law Student Council (LSC), lost out in his bid to claim the post. Instead, Munir's campaign fell prey to an

astounding number of write-in votes for "My Ass."

Exit polling indicated that Munir garnered only 13 percent of the total votes, while My Ass triumphed with nearly 85 percent of the electorate's approval. As this edition of the RECORD went to print, Paula Garvin, an employee in the career services office, was a close third.

In a statement issued by the Munir campaign, the candidate expressed contentment that the elections had allowed for student freedom. "There was plenty of room in this race for alternative candidates," said Munir, "But there just wasn't enough room for both me and My Ass."

Munir's statement struck a civil chord. "This was not just a victory for My Ass, but a victory for democracy," he said at first. But after placing a concession call to My Ass on late Thursday night, Munir bitterly denounced his opponent as "full of hot air."

Mike Adams '01, chairman of the LSC's Election Committee, acknowledged that providing students with the write-in option was a mistake. "Yessir, we sure did fuck up," Adams said.

"But I voted for My Ass, too," Adams admitted. "I mean, everyone got caught up in what My Ass stands for."

Please see **MY ASS**, p. 3



Photo by Manoj Mate

Manoj Mate '02, appearing slightly gassy, smiles knowingly at an inaccurate RECORD headline.

## Strategic reform package faces faculty vote

by Justin Herdman

On Monday morning, Dean Clark '72 announced that the Strategic Planning Process (SPP) has completed its work and will forward a package of reforms to the faculty for a vote. The SPP's Steering Committee, chaired by Prof. Dan Meltzer '75, has approved a number of astonishing changes.

### School Uniforms

The survey conducted last spring by McKinsey & Co. identified a desperate need for more conformity at HLS. In a report to Clark, the Institutional Life Committee, chaired by Prof. Elizabeth Warren, wrote: "There is far too much independent thought at Harvard. When an institution is on the brink of sending students into non-corporate law work, not only are the students placed in jeopardy... but the institution itself is in grave peril."

As a response to individuality, which Clark deemed "the greatest danger to Harvard Law School since Critical Legal Studies," all J.D. candidates will be forced to wear uniforms. Those students pursuing an LL.M. degree would be spared from the obligation, but they will be required to don the ethnic dress of their native countries in order to graduate.

While a design for the J.D. uniform



Photo by I have no fucking idea

Dave Borders '01, nursing a creatine shake, models his Aquaman-themed design for an HLS school uniform.

has not yet been selected, the Committee on Connections to Practice is currently soliciting submissions from students. "We're looking for something swank, but not too revealing," said Prof. Andrew Kaufman '54, who chairs the committee.

An early submission by Michael Koltonyuk '01 borrows heavily from the early 19th century regalia of Russian Empress Catherine II's uniformed bodyguard. The design, revolutionary in its use of epaulets, was dubbed by Koltonyuk as "casual wear for today's cosmopolitan Cossack." And for the vision-impaired, Koltonyuk's design would provide a choice of monocle or pince nez.

A uniform co-designed by Ayn Ducao '01 and David Markus '01 would dress HLS students in clothing for the "fashion-conscious public servant." For women, Ducao has drawn up a low-cut blouse and pant suit made entirely of burlap. The uniforms will be hand-manufactured by the Garifuna people of southern Belize, and will not involve animal testing. In a phone call from the Hale & Dorr Legal Clinic, Ducao described the look as "scratchy but effective."

For the male student, Markus has provided one of his very own sweaters as a uniform template. Asked to describe the concept in two words, Markus said, "Cosby time." Already, Markus's sweater design has been enthusiastically embraced by a majority of faculty members. "The Marcos [sic] design screams humiliation," said Prof. Scott Brewer, who has submitted an independent proposal requiring spandex bodysuits for

Please see **RICKSHAW**, p. 8

## Shabecoff bids OPIA farewell

*Director leaves Pound Hall for big firm and Big Apple*

by Justin Herdman

Citing firm salaries "that made my heart go pitter-patter," Alexa Shabecoff has resigned her post as Director of the Office of Public Interest Advising (OPIA). Shabecoff will be moving to New York City next week, where she will join the firm of Cravath Swain & Moore in the mergers and acquisitions department.

Admitting that she had been highly satisfied with the OPIA position, Shabecoff said she could no longer deny her desire for "a Porsche and a crystal chandelier." Despite the move, Shabecoff says she remains totally committed to public service. "It's only for a few years," she insisted. "Just until I've saved a shitload of money and purchased that beach house."

Shabecoff said the decision came after sustained philosophical introspection. "I've always believed in making the world a better place," she explained. "Then I realized, I'm part of the world too!"

"So if buying a full-length chinchilla coat and half a dozen Prada shoes will make me happy, is not the world a better place thereby?" she asked.

Shabecoff also cited a recent viewing of the film "Indecent Proposal" as central to her decision. "The thought of rolling around naked in a bed filled with money really got my juices going," she gushed.

Notwithstanding her abrupt decision, Shabecoff encouraged her former advisees to "persevere."

"I think it's fabulous that some students are interested in public interest work," she said in an interview from her newly-acquired cell phone. "But I would be nuts to pass up these big bucks."

In the wake of Shabecoff's departure, Dean Clark '72 has appointed a committee to name a replacement "with the utmost haste." The committee will be chaired by the late Dean Roscoe Pound and expects to have selected a new director "when pigs fly," according to Clark.

For now, Clark has appointed Prof.



Shabecoff

## LIGHTWEIGHT ANALYSIS: SUPREME COURT DOWNGRADE

## Court declares Constitution unconstitutional

by Francesco Barbarossa

In a move that is sure to raise the eyebrows of some legal commentators, an undivided Supreme Court yesterday ruled in a sharply-worded opinion by Chief Justice William Rehnquist that the United States Constitution is unconstitutional. Citing evidence that "the founding fathers were untrue to their own intentions," the Court held that the once-venerable document is "the greatest farce ever perpetrated on the freedom-loving American people."

In a surprising revelation, Rehnquist cited to Federalist Paper No. 346, which he said was recently "excavated" by scholars at Bob Jones University. According to Rehnquist's opinion, the document "proves defini-

tively that those bastards never meant to make a federal government in the first place."

In a rare move, the document has been sealed and placed in a hermetically sealed chamber at the National Archives in Washington, D.C. Anonymous sources close to the janitorial staff at the Archives have released the following excerpts from the earth-shattering new document, reportedly authored by founding father and Federalist Society icon, James Madison.

"Jim I been. Slaveholdins is a sin. We need to begin to let immigrants in. Peace love and joy to all the earth's kin — follow Lord Krishna and dance on his pin."

Skepticism of the document's authenticity has surfaced in light of

the fact that the document is written with a ball-point pen on loose-leaf paper. Responding to questions about the veracity of the document, Rehnquist said, "Go fuck yourself." He dismissed carbon dating studies of the document which suggest that it was produced during the early months of 1968 in LuLu's Love Lounge, a San Francisco brothel made famous by a service known as the "Disrobing of Justice."

Justice Antonin Scalia '60 filed a separate concurrence, praising Rehnquist's fidelity to original intent. "I have always believed the founding fathers were full of shit," Scalia wrote.

In a separate concurring opinion,

Please see **READ ME**, p. 8

Please see **ELFIN SELLOUT**, p. 2

## INTERVIEW

By Justin Herdman

## One L you've never heard of...

Sometimes, 1Ls can get lost in the crowd here at HLS. We at the RECORD realize, however, that every single HLS student is special, with his or her own story to tell. We decided to seek out one of these unassuming, hermit-like 1Ls and try to coax him into talking to us. After much searching, we found a 1L who is so low-profile that none of us had ever even heard his name before: TJ Duane.

**Record:** So, what does "TJ" stand for?

**TJ:** That's a softball question man, and TJ only plays hardball. No sense in taking a swing at something fat and slow, you dig? Yo, you want into Pravda? The VIP room, man. Your ass ain't never seen no gringas like that, baby. I'm the man — I can get you in.

**R:** Ummm... OK, so, how has 1L year been treating you, TJ?

**TJ:** You wanna check out my van, man? I got it double parked out back, and French Kiss [Mike French '02] is waxing it as we speak. Keep this on the down low, but I've got some kick-ass Swedish speakers in there. Nothing makes ABBA's "Dancing Queen" sound sweeter. I scored 'em from my cousin — he's in the "import/export" business, if you know what I mean. I could hook you up for half price, you know, because I like you...

**R:** No, thanks. So, TJ, what's with the patent leather shoes?

**TJ:** Oh, I'm selling these on my website. Great deal, and I think they'd look good on you. I've already sold a fuckload to the cats in my section. You into the web? Bust your cyber-behind over to [www.TJrules.com](http://www.TJrules.com) — it's tight. It's got coupons for Pravda, and you can also find out about today's weather. It also has a "historical atlas" of the future in which I provide maps showing, in 6-month excrements — I mean increments — how I'm going to take over the planet. Did I mention that I can get you into Pravda?

**R:** So let's talk about your classroom experience here at Harvard, TJ. What's the most fascinating intellectual discussion you've had thus far?

**TJ:** I do talk a lot of shop with the guys. Chick chat, you know. Late night at Pravda, it'll be me and Fletchdog [Fletcher Johnston '01] and the Stamenator [Jeremy Stamelman '01] discussin' the finer points of man-woman love. Where to find 'em, what to buy 'em. How to woo 'em, when to screw 'em. Sometimes the McKeester [McKee Colsman '01] will drop by for a snifter of brandy and a Cubano — he sometimes lets me flip through his little black book. Man, I could sell you



Photo by Sigmund Freud

TJ Duane '02 shows the RECORD his patented snake-petting technique.

some stories. But other than that, I'm not really into intellectual shit. Just world domination. Oh, yeah, and Jenga.

**R:** You brought up an interesting point in the last answer. What about

the love life? Anyone special here at HLS?

**TJ:** Sheee-it. Here's my typical weekend. Friday afternoon, mackin' on Courtney Haas. Friday evening, mackin' on Samantha Haas. Early Saturday I'm off to Prav' to pay a little homage to my bitches from beyond the Iron Curtain. Then it's back to the 'Bridge for "Saturday Night Live" with some randoms from Whitney's. Sunday morning, I worship at the temple of the dog, if you catch my drift. And then Sunday night, it's TJ's private time, with a serious stress on the privates.

**R:** You're so worldly. What does one buy the TJ who has everything?

**TJ:** Some iguana underwear would be nice. And maybe a panoramic for the back window of my van, with a quaint forest scene. You know, there were two paths that diverged in the wood and I... I went down both of them and put up posters telling everyone how great I am. And that has made all the muthafuckin' difference, man.

**R:** That's fairly impressive. How does a guy who's so active on and off campus manage to stay beneath the RECORD radar scope?

**TJ:** Sleep, dude. Twenty hours a day.

## Falk to return for one more year of sweet, sweet lovin'

by Justin Herdman

Students, faculty and administrators were startled to learn this week that Elizabeth Falk '01 will return for a fourth year at HLS.

Falk held a hastily arranged press conference on Tuesday to announce that she would pursue an LL.M. degree beginning in the fall of 2000. She cited Harvard's "flourishing social atmosphere" and a "host of life-long friends at HLS" as being central to her decision to return. As an LL.M., Falk said, she will expand her third-year paper, "The Politics of Being Happy and Well-Adjusted," into a full-length treatise.

In response to a question from *Playboy* magazine, Falk hinted at another reason for staying on the HLS campus. "Of course, the close proximity to Harvard's freshman football players was also a major factor in my decision," Falk said.

Dean Clark attended the press conference "to offer support for one of HLS's proudest creations." Clark applauded Falk's decision, noting that her decision made moot his plan to retain her as the next Learned Hand Professor of Enlightened Feminist Discourse. According to Clark, the position, which has gone unoccupied for the entirety of the law school's 200-year history, was being reserved for "that special someone — that rare person with penetrating insight into the complex heterosexual interplay attendant to being interviewed in hotel rooms and getting sweaty while chugging beer." While the faculty had briefly consid-

ered granting the post to former RECORD columnist Renée Kaplan two years ago, her mysterious disappearance, which oddly coincided with Falk's matriculation, left the post unfilled.

Other prominent faculty members agreed with Clark's description of Falk as a "bright-light — a true beacon to feminists world-wide." Prof. Martha Minow has dedicated her next book, "The Jurisprudence of Breast-feeding" [See Briefs] to the renowned RECORD columnist. The epigraph in the book will read: "To Elizabeth Falk, Who Has Made All the Difference."

In a RECORD interview, Minow cited several of Falk's landmark writings. "Just read this line!" Minow said, pointing to Falk's poignant descriptions of her struggle to earn respect from drunk guys at Red Sox games. Minow's husband, Prof. Joe Singer '81, nodded approvingly, adding, "Don't you think Liz is dreeeeeeaaaamy?"

Minow then smacked him viciously upside the head, causing him to break into uncontrollable tears. "Did you like that?" asked Minow. "I learned that move from Liz."

At the urging of Minow, several of Falk's previously unpublished pieces have been purchased by Penguin Press, who said the eagerly anticipated collection will be entitled "Pink Bows and Baby Kisses." In one of the essays, tentatively called "Lesbians at NASA," Falk wrote: "Harvard boys just don't get it. For instance, last night I went to a bar downtown to get plastered and drink beer from a keg, which I do at least four nights a week to escape the

fact that there are no really, really true friends at Harvard, and all the boys there spontaneously came up and licked me. What is it about this bad and horrid place that makes such free-spirited *joie de vivre* seem juvenile and vapid?"

At the press conference, Falk wore a demur silk thong and eight inch stilettos, towering over the assembled media, who were clearly enthralled by her presence. When she broke into tears at the thought of "my Rajey-kins [Raj Goyle '00] graduating," Wolf Blitzer of CNN handed Falk a kleenex.

Students reacted strongly to the news of Falk's plan. "Damn, this really ruins everything for me," said Patricia Torres '01. "I was all set to be the next provocative Miss Thang here. Just look at my strategically unbuttoned blouse."

Marc Lindemann '01 has gone a step further, organizing a full-fledged opposition movement to Falk's enrollment. Lindemann claimed the movement is inspired by direct communication with the Divine, whose will, he says, was recently disclosed to him at the Lincoln's Inn. "Last week, the Inn experienced something I could only call a plague," he said, trembling. "It can only mean that Falk is no longer welcome at this august institution."

When asked to elaborate, Lindemann described the terror visited upon his house. "First, all the liquor turned to blood," Lindemann said, "but it was still alcoholic so we just mixed it with some OJ and drank on. Then, all the women who entered the Inn grew mustaches and back hair, but we were too drunk to notice."

"Finally, I thought we would all have our first born taken," Lindemann continued, "but since none of us have children all the men lost a testicle. Only one, thank God, otherwise I wouldn't be able to populate the world with my devil-spawn."

Despite the opposition, some students remain thrilled at Falk's decision. Upon being informed, Fletcher Johnston '01 smiled approvingly and said, "One more chance. Thank you, God!"

Falk also stated that Bethany Tidd will be her own private administrative assistant after an interlude away from the Law School.

## ELFIN SELLOUT

Continued from page 1

Charles Fried to act as interim director of OPIA. Fried immediately pledged to apply the "coercive cane of market forces" to "student behinds." His first official act was to "incentivize" interviews with the Heritage Foundation, Republican National Committee, and the Central Intelligence Agency by forbidding all other public interest groups from interviewing HLS students. Cash bonuses of up to \$10,000 will also be provided for those students who elect to "grow up and join the firm work force," Fried said. Those students who have already accepted public interest jobs will be "disenrolled" and subjected to "re-education," according to Fried.

Students interviewed for this story said they weren't surprised at the development. "I knew she was full of it," said Cameron Cohen '01, who phoned Shabecoff to welcome her "to the real world, where men can be men and women can be men, too."

Despite the widespread apathy, Sophie Bryan '00 held a candlelight vigil attended by three. "She was the patron saint of public service," Bryan said. "That bitch."

Jonathan Freimann '01, who has already enlisted in the Navy's Judge Advocate General (JAG) Corps, was pessimistic about the Fried appointment. "Don't get me wrong, I love Fried, but I love sailor boys even more," said Freimann.

"Here's the problem, though," Freimann said, "Chas Fried's got me by the balls. I can't quit the Navy, they keelhaul people for stuff like that."

Raj Goyle '00, co-founder of the campus reform organization Catalyst, applauded Shabecoff's decision. "She's all about being dynamic, baby," Goyle said, "And that's what I'm into... change, causing changes, changing the changeless, just making change, dad-dio."

The owner of Best Cuts in Harvard Square was deeply saddened by Shabecoff's departure. "Alexa's taking those spunky curls to New York," sniffed Fred Barbicidov, "She must not realize that my heart is buried somewhere in that massive 'do.'"

## • Brief •

## Prof. Minow publishes bold new tome

As part of a new scholarly push to "proclaim myself the confirmed savior of every repressed group in the history of the world, ever," Prof. Martha Minow announced the publication of her latest book, "The Jurisprudence of Breast-Feeding." The work, to be printed on a milk-white acid-free paper, will be bound in lace and wire. The book is the first in a series Minow plans to publish entitled "Minow's

Minions: Minorities of the Millenium." An upcoming work will examine the persistent under-representation of Australian-Americans during the Civil Rights Movement. "People don't seem to understand that sometimes, to treat people differently means treating them the same, and yet treating them differently means being differently disposed towards difference," Minow said. "It's really a dilemma."

## Rosenberg sues HLS students

by Justin Herdman

In a shocking legal development, Prof. David Rosenberg has filed a class-action lawsuit against Harvard Law Students. The complaint is based on Massachusetts products liability law and alleges that students are "permanently, irrevocably, unequivocally, unilaterally defective, forever beyond repair, even after taking my lucidly-presented, well-organized course." The suit, filed in the Federal District Court of Massachusetts, seeks class-action status on behalf of "all people everywhere that the defendants are killing with ninny and commie fallacies."

Rosenberg is seeking \$1.8 trillion in damages, which he said he would use for the benefit of "Humvee collectors everywhere." Additionally, Rosenberg has asked the court to enjoin the Class of 2002 from "ever taking another stinkin' breath."

Asked for the motives behind the lawsuit, Prof. Rosenberg said he first attempted "to ram the meaning of litigation through their [students'] pukin' skulls." When that failed, he said, he decided to "learn 'em the hard way."

According to legal scholars, Rosenberg's suit is yet another high point in the professor's long career. "I think that David has done something really special with this lawsuit," said Prof. Arthur Miller '58, "He really is the Mike Tyson of mass torts, and I'm not just saying that because he tried to bite off my ear once."

"It's easy to stand here in this cloistered hall of Stalinism and speculate about a Utopian world of averaging," Rosenberg told the *New England Journal of Arboreal Animal Studies*.

"But the fact is that these students are dangerous. They are irresponsible and deadly based on the training they get," he said.

Rosenberg anticipates a fast and easy victory over his "hapless" students. Former students of Rosenberg's confirmed his prognostication: "We learned torts from Rosenberg... we're defenseless!" said Josie Sandler '01.

When questioned about the litigation experience that students were likely to get as a result of the lawsuit, Rosenberg said, "The only thing

they're gonna learn is how to bleed."

In preparation for the lawsuit, Rosenberg has staked out a carrel in the HLS Library. As of Wednesday, the only reading material visible in the carrel were a copy of the novel "Typee" by Herman Melville and two back issues of *Car and Drive Magaziner*. "I'm like no other lawyer in the world," Rosenberg said, "They can use Westlaw, they can use Lexis — everything I need is in my head."

"The core theory I'm working on — what do I mean working on, I invented fucking core theory — involves informational ass-symmetries, free-riding, and the endowment effect, but from what I've seen of these carrot-sucking, parsley-parsing effetes, they ain't endowed with much," said Rosenberg.

After intensive lobbying for the job, Professor Joseph Singer '81 has been chosen to represent the students. Said Section II class representative Stephanie Denton '02, "Dershowitz was our first choice, but Singer looked so desperate. I mean, when we saw the little beads of sweat forming on his head we just couldn't say no. And besides, he agreed to finance the suit out of his own pocket if we agreed to arrange a decent BSA evaluation for him."

Jeanne Frohmer '02, a student in Rosenberg's Torts class, granted an interview to the RECORD. "Ex ante, Rosenberg is a great professor. But ex post, we all die...and he's first in line," Frohmer said, uttering one of her last public sentences before first-year grades were released.

A trio of Section II students, who have dubbed themselves "The Deeper-than-thou Gang", are intent on "smashing Rosey's class-action to pieces," according to Arkadi Gerney '02. Along with fellow "Gang" members Evan Norris '02 and Chris Babbitt '02, Gerney has launched a round the clock "litigation" department at the Cybercafe in Harkness Commons.

"I put [the students'] odds at one in three million," said Federal District Judge Patti Saris '76, who has been assigned the case. When asked why she was commenting on a pending case, Saris said, "This is the Harvard Law RECORD, right? You know nobody will read that fucking piece of shit, so I'm safe."

## • Brief •

### Hay debut makes splash in Big Apple

Fans descended on The Virgin Megastore in Manhattan yesterday to be the first to buy the debut CD and concert video from Bruce Hay, entitled "Bruce Hay Plugged." The video showcases the wild on-stage antics by the popular, some would say "populist," professor from Wisconsin. In between songs, Hay retracts into the fetal position and rocks back and forth with a pained expression while refusing to acknowledge the existence of other human beings.

The "Plugged" title is a play on MTV's famous "Unplugged" series, and refers to Hay's recent hair replacement therapy.

Since his arrival on the alternative rock scene in the mid-90s, Hay has steadfastly refused to record in the studio — thereby forcing fans to satiate their desires with hard-to-find bootlegs such as "Hey, hey, hey... it's Bruce HAY," "The Hark Sessions" and "Don't Call Her Erie, She's My Baby." The singing Civ Pro expert's next opus will be a blues-inspired EP featuring Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia '60, tentatively called

"Nino and Bruce at the Crossroads."

Music industry insiders say that Hay was pushed into the studio by his cult-like following in Japan. Last August, disaster was narrowly averted when a high school teacher in Osaka discovered a suicide pact written by four teenage girls. The youngsters had planned to kill themselves on Hay's 40th birthday if the reclusive star had not released an album by then. Manager Jennifer Harvey '00 said the scholar/teen idol was shaken by the news. She read from a prepared statement yesterday at a press conference at Balthazaar in Soho: "All I ever wanted was to bring music — and non-mutual claim preclusion — to folks who otherwise wouldn't get the chance."

"Bruce Hay Plugged" will get stiff competition from Prof. Jon Hanson's spoken word album, scheduled for release early next week. Hanson's sophomore effort promises to build on the saucy blend of Dr. Seussian rhyme and fundamental principles of tort that he pioneered in his groundbreaking first album, "Two Little Tugboats in the Night."

## Ho turns down oral glory

by Justin Herdman

Derek Ho '01 demonstrated the bravery for which he is renowned at the Harvard Law School when he renounced an oralist position on his Ames semi-final team. Instead, Ho is slated to assume the mantle of treasurer of the Harvard Law Review. At his acceptance speech held Upstairs at the Pudding, Ho retraced the agonizing hours leading up to his decision.

"I paced all up and down Gannett House, as have many great men before me and I queried: how do you share yourself when there's not enough of yourself to go around? I mean, I see myself as an artist and a statesman, not to mention an intellectual and a scholar — and I shoot a damn good game of snooker, too," he said to many knowing chuckles.

Ho continued, choking back manly tears that were described by those in attendance as "Churchillian."

"In the end I moved myself to the lounge of the HLS Library," Ho said, "and I asked myself, 'What would Holmes do in a situation like this?' And Holmes said, 'What the fuck is Ames Competition but some nouveau-arrivé 20th-century bullshit?' — then I smelled the chicory of the old man's pipe and knew instinctively what to do."

Ho then used what has become his calling card... literally. Whipping a Nokia cell phone from beneath his

trendy Gap sweater vest, Ho dialed team captain Andrew Wilmar '02. All ears were tuned to the conversation that ensued, much like Ho's famous Langdell Lounge session last fall in which he called every judge on the Second Circuit to decline their clerkship offers.

Ho settled deep into the couch and sighed, "Andrew, I fear that I have some rather unfortunate news." The conversation was then dominated by Ho, who touched upon "the ethereal body of accounting law that lies within my grasp" and his reasons for "surrendering the greatest honor known to man, and someday woman, at this venerable institution, this bastion of oratorical synthesis, this hallowed orchard that produces the sweet fruit of appellate debate, this Haaaaaaa-vahd."

Wilmar apparently felt that Ho's presence would be missed, as Ho was forced to say repeatedly, "Oh, no, you're too kind. Oh, I couldn't possibly, Andrew. Yes, yes, you've been too kind... Well, Andrew, I have full confidence in you... your Yale days are behind you. You're a Harvard man now, Andrew," he paused, "I aver it!"

Ho then slumped over, drained by the effort. The witnesses recalled that when Ho regained consciousness nearly 45 minutes later, Wilmar had just finished extending his congratulations.

## MY ASS

Continued from page 1

Ashley Morgan '00, outgoing vice-president of LSC, also cast her vote for My Ass. Having concluded that student interests would be best served by a maverick candidate, Morgan hoped that the outcome would send a message to the administration. "Besides," she continued, "I think that My Ass is pretty cute."

Allegations that Manoj Mate '00, the departing president of LSC, had orchestrated the write-in campaign were confirmed in an exclusive interview with the RECORD. "I've done a shitload of work for this school," Mate said, "And if I've gotta go, then I'm at least leaving My Ass in the seat of power."

Unfortunately, the RECORD was unable to learn more details of Mate's role in the campaign, because the interview was interrupted at this point by a deranged, screaming Ashley Morgan.

"SHITLOAD OF WORK?!?!?" yelled Morgan as she wrapped her fingers around Mate's throat. "I HOPE YOU BURN IN HELL FOREVER FOR THE WAY YOU SHAMELESSLY STOLE CREDIT FROM ME ALL YEAR!!!"

Morgan then released the shaken Mate and added, "Y'all come over real soon now for some grits and barbecue, y'hear?"

In an attempt at reconciliation, Morgan later issued a confusing announcement via e-mail that Mate had been voted in as the new LSC Vice-President. Mate, asked to comment on his unexpected election to the job, noted, "While I had expected to graduate this year, I look forward to spending most of next year taking credit for many of My Ass's accomplishments."

At a press conference held in the

newly christened Osama bin Laden Library, Dean Clark '72 said he was satisfied with the election results. "The outcome confirms my deep-seated confidence in allowing students full, unbridled choice in their selection of campus leaders," Clark said.

"I'm looking forward to engaging in productive dialogue with My Ass over the next year," Clark said.

In response to a tough question on LIPP Reform, Clark said, "You can refer all further questions on reform to My Ass."

My Ass was a favorite among certain faculty members as well. Prof. William "Terry" Fisher III '82 noted, "I am so proud of My Ass! In fact, I understand My Ass is extremely popular among students, particularly members of the RECORD staff. Therefore, I expect the RECORD to work especially hard on behalf of My Ass," Fisher stated.

In the race for Class Marshals, write-in votes also displaced the favored candidates. The Class of 2001 will be represented by Yo Mama, who as the highest vote-getter will deliver the commencement address. In a tight race, Yo Mama beat out cellist Yo Yo Ma by a scant five votes. They will be joined by the other two write-in candidates, Prof. Mort Horwitz '67 and the tiny African nation of Djibouti, which many students mistakenly spelled "Ja-booty."

The campaign of Cale Keable '01 had prominently featured his mother, who was touted as a world-class drinker and dancer. But Keable was gracious in defeat. "The way I see it, a vote for Yo Mama is a vote for my mama," said Keable, who spoke only on condition of inebriety.

Tori Jueds '01, who had been the odds-on favorite to win the position of class speaker, was equally happy with the results. During an interview conducted in semaphore, Jueds said: "Yo Mama's win is really a victory for women, and that's totally rad."

HEY — YOU KNOW WHAT  
BABYCAKES, WRITE FOR THE  
RECORD AND THINK UP  
SOMETHING FOR THESE  
DAMN RANDOM SPACES!

# Harvard Law RECLUSE

VOZHD'  
Stephen V. Scali



GRAND FROMAGE  
Justin Herdman

F O U N D E D M O N D A Y

Dear Dean Clark:

We accept the fact that we have had to sacrifice a whole three years for whatever is that you teach us at Harvard Law School. Whatever it is that you do indeed teach, we DID apply here. But we think you're crazy to make us believe that student opinions matter. You see us as you want to see us... in the simplest terms, in the most convenient definitions, you see us as:

A Brain  
—Tanya Marsh

An Athlete  
—Francesco Barbera

A Basket Case  
—Dusan Stojkovic

A Princess  
—Kimberley Isbell

A Criminal  
—Justin Herdman

Correct? That's the way we saw each other the first day of law school. We were brainwashed.

Sincerely yours,  
The RECORD Club

## Staff

The following people are responsible for this parody:

Francesco "GQ" Barbera  
Philip "Dump Truck" Barengolts  
David "High Maintenance" Barrett  
Suzanne "Mary Tyler Moore" Carter  
Justin "Spiro Agnew" Cooper  
Justin "Gunner" Dillon  
Justin "Hard Up" Herdman  
Kimberley "Head of the Left Wing Conspiracy" Isbell  
Tanya "TV Guide" Marsh  
Meredith "Sweet Thang" McKee  
Sarah "Sticky Fingers" McGonigle  
Steven "Oh Canada" Scali  
Doug "Slippery When Wet" Sims  
Dusan "Backstreet Boy" Stojkovic  
Jake "Wet Blanket" Zimmerman

## Editorial/Letters Policy

Main office — Harvard Law RECORD, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 02138-9984  
Telephone: (617) 495-4418 • Fax: (617) 495-8457 • E-mail: RECORD@law.harvard.edu

The Harvard Law RECORD (ISSN 0017-8101) is a publication of the Harvard Law School RECORD Corporation, a non-profit, independent, student-owned and run corporation of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Nobody ever reads this shit. I'm sure of it. And if anyone does, I don't want to know about it. You have to be a pretty sad-ass motherfucker to read the very fine print in a newspaper's staff box. Anyone with that much time on their hands should get off their worthless ass and go make a positive contribution to society. You could start by taking a very long walk off a short pier.

Copyright 2000 by the Harvard Law RECORD School Corporation and by the contributors.

POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to Harvard Law School Association, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 02138.

ALUMNI/ALUMNAE ADDRESS CHANGES: Alumni and Alumnae who receive the RECORD as a result of membership in the Harvard Law School Association should mail change-of-address information to the Harvard Law School Association, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 02138.

The RECORD is committed to equality and diversity, unless you are a George W. Bush supporter, in which case we don't want to have anything to do with you. We will, however, print any letters that get sent to us because it saves us the hassle of trying to milk news stories out of this ridiculous place where a flutulent professor is considered exciting. In any case, we take absolutely no responsibility for anything that appears on the pages of this newspaper, or for anything bad that happens anywhere on this planet, but rest assured — we will be the first to take credit for anything positive. At least we're honest.

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

— Third Amendment, U.S. Constitution

## • Letters •

### Falk dismisses Oyebanji's latest barbs

In regards to the most recent attempt by Adam Oyebanji '01 ["Falk off, once and for all"; March 17, 2000] to compose a letter with less than five pointed insults directed at me, I am so honored that Oyebanji would choose to spend his free time (I should say, his free time that is not already taken up by optimistic alcohol consumption) that I could conceivably devote a two hundred word sentence to an equally witty response. But I shall not expend one more word on Oyebanji.

Oyebanji is an obtuse asshole. If he were a disease, he would be leprosy of the nipples. If he were a country, he would be the Federal Republic of Scrote. But let me not waste any more precious newsprint on the vilified family name of Oyebanji. Incidentally, that Oyebanji done me wrong! The dearth of words that I use in connection with Oyebanji should be proof enough

that he is meaningless, nay, non-existent in my world. I can saunter through every day here at HLS without ever once having those horrible words — Adam Oyebanji — cross my mind.

Thinking about Oyebanji, and people like him, has gotten me all depressed. I prefer to live in an Oyebanji-free zone, where I can frolic in exotic lands like Argentina with people who are the total opposite of Oyebanji. Before I came to law school, I was a happy and well-adjusted person, so unlike Oyebanji, and another thing that separates me from Oyebanji's evil ilk is my undergraduate educational experience at Duke University, where the likes of Oyebanji would be decidedly unwelcome. At Duke, the student body is populated by smiling, beautiful people with not an ounce of Oyebanji in them. Why, if a student like Oyebanji were found

at Duke University by other students at Duke University, he would be given a wedgie. Except that we would re-name the wedgie an Oyebanji. And we'd be smiling and laughing the whole time, unlike that sour puss Oyebanji.

Elizabeth Falk '00  
March 20, 2000

P.S. — Not that Oyebanji warrants a post script, but have you seen how he dresses? For people like me — happy, well adjusted people — clothes are merely the window to the soul. And Oyebanji's soul is a plastic rain jacket, which deflects the tears of all the Oyebanji-like people at Harvard Law School. Oh, will the Oyebanji never stop? It must, at some time. But not now. Oyebanji... I will dream of you tonight. By the way, if you're man enough to "ride the tiger," meet me at the Temple Bar at 12 midnight tomorrow night!

### The RECORD goofs big-time, yet again!

In his article entitled "One Fat LIPP for High-Paid Prosecutors" [September 3, 1999], correspondent Steven Scali inappropriately used the definite article "the" when the indefinite arti-

cle "a" was clearly called for. "The" is properly used as a function word to indicate uniqueness. For instance, "The hot pink cravat on Rupert Everett's neck inspired a ribald sonnet." I find it a

shame that HLS is preparing students to enter the world without a requisite grasp of grammarcy.

Davis Wang '02  
March 21, 2000

### Law Review salutes WLA football team

I write to salute the members of the Harvard Womens Law Association, and to thank them for the work they do every day to make our campus and our world a better place. The Women's Law Association and the Law Review both have women members; in fact, I myself a woman. But putting gender equality aside, we at the Review must admit to being utterly defeated (and embarrassed) by the Womens Law Association on the flag football field by a score of 89-2.

We at the Review would like to take this opportunity to reflect on the Women's Law Association and its contributions to Harvard Law School. First of all, the Women's Law Association contributes a significant portion of its membership to the winter course on Feminist Jurisprudence. Without such support, the course would surely cease to be viable. And speaking of viability, the Women's Law Association has a special place in the heart

of every pro-choice member of the Harvard Law School community, because only women can have abortions. For that matter, every man who has ever loved a woman owes the Women's Law Association a debt of...

Oh, fuck it. They kicked our asses, okay? And they'll do it again next year, which means I'll have to write another letter. Stay tuned.

Anne Small '01  
President, Harvard  
Law Review  
March 20, 2000

### Disclaimer:

This is a parody. Duh! Any similarity to real events, persons, etc. are almost completely coincidental. Anyone who takes the things written in this paper seriously should have their heads checked. We suggest making an appointment with the Law School Health Services. Call 495-4414. Now. And ask to get your ears irrigated while you're at it.

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. We feel the same way. If you have any complaints, please address them to the Law Student Council President:

### My Ass

Be sensitive to the fact that he can be volatile on occasion, so please be nice. But he'd be happy to address your concerns. Thanks!

— The RECLUSE Parody Staff

## • Boxers •

## Leiter et al. to form bodacious boy band

Law Review President Mike Leiter '00 has just announced his post-graduation plans, and surprisingly, they don't involve a judicial clerkship.

"My posse and I plan to form a band," Leiter said. "We don't have any musical experience or anything, but hey, we're on Law Review, and isn't that all that matters?"

Leiter and compatriots Gil Seinfeld '00, Andrew Ehrlich '00, Martin Pritikin '00, and Dan Markel '00 plan to form the Backbench Boys after this spring's writing competition.

Leiter noted that he and his compatriots fit all the boy band clichés. "Marty is the bad boy, Andrew is the shy boy, Gil is the singing boy, Dan Markel is the stylin' boy."

"Me," Leiter said proudly, "I'm the

heartthrob. I mean, of course I am, I'm the President of Law Review. What lady wouldn't want to curl up with me and my Bluebook?"

Leiter vehemently denied that the boy band move was spawned by the clique's inability to secure Supreme Court clerkships.

"That is so not true! We're still awaiting the Justices' calls. I mean, come on, we're on Law Review — who would deny us clerkships? Why, my cell phone is ringing — that must be Justice Ginsburg [56-58] now."

Leiter returned to the RECORD interview disappointed. "It was Seinfeld's phone. His mother was calling to set up an appointment to take him underwear shopping."

"We just couldn't split to the real world," Leiter confided, "because then who would we have to cheat off of?"

## Barnes &amp; Noble makes hostile take-over bid to acquire the Harvard Law Coop

Citing skyrocketing sales of Roberto Unger's latest pageturner, "Forgetting to Speak Portuguese, and Other Witticisms," Barnes & Noble has announced its intention to acquire the Harvard Law School Coop. "Whatever the price, whatever the means, our company simply cannot afford to let this opportunity slip by," said a Barnes & Noble spokesman.

In a surprise twist, Amazon.com founder Jeff Bezos said he would respond with his own bid for the operation. "I understand the place is run by a tyrant with a stick up his ass," he said. "It sounds like my kind of company."

Bezos also cited financial data

indicating the Coop has lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in recent years. "When the hell are these people going to realize — Chris Ward [01] can only buy so much Harvard Law memorabilia," Bezos said.

As part of his plan for re-organization, Bezos will insist that Coop employees attend anger management classes. "We're going to focus on service and, oh yeah, we'll start selling Depends," Bezos said.

To coincide with Amazon's bid, Bezos said that his company would be offering a limited edition set of "The Complete Works of Alan Dershowitz." The first volume, "Chutzpah," will be printed in early May.

## Three-L claims close, intimate friendship with MTV personality Justin Deabler '01

A 3L claiming a "warm and trusted" friendship with Justin Deabler '01 spoke to the RECORD earlier this week. Deabler was a cast member of MTV's "The Real World Hawaii" last spring for half the season before he abruptly left the show because the other cast members were picking on him and calling him names.

The 3L, who spoke on condition of anonymity because "when people discover my friendship with Justin, everyone will be using me to get to him, plus I am still mad at Fenno for saying I broke my foot dancing with an LL.M., when I actually broke it tripping over my bed trying to answer my phone in hopes that it was an LL.M. calling," she noted, "Yes, Justin and I were really close

1L year, but we grew apart last year when I was looking for more interesting friends. But then Justin was cast on MTV, and you can't get much more interesting than that!"

When confronted with the 3L's identity, Deabler said, "Who the fuck? I've never heard of this person before in my life."

Then the bottle-blond Deabler philosophically ruminated on the elusive nature of fame. "I don't get it, everyone wants to be my buddy now. My life would be so much better if I were never on that stupid show."

"Now begone! I have a private jet to catch. I'm going to hang with Kaia, Ruthie and the gay guy from Boyzone at MTV Spring Break Vegas."

## Hark Café sponsors singles night, er, day

In a move to enhance the quality of life among HLS's swinging singles, the Harkbox Café announced that it will be sponsoring a weekly "Girls, Guys, and Grilled Veggie Wraps" mixer. The event will begin promptly at 11:30 a.m. and end at 4:30 p.m. every Tuesday. When asked if this event, which curiously coincides with the Harkbox's lunch hours, were merely an attempt to capitalize on student desperation, Harkbox Café manager Linda Spunkmeyer laughed, "We're already doing that, dumbass."

Spunkmeyer said, "We think it's a great opportunity for young people to

meet each other... we've got plenty of room to mingle, and all the hot coffee you can drink."

Future mixers may feature a live broadcast by Jammin' 94.5 ("Voice of the Harkbox Employees") and a lobster broil sponsored by Legal Seafoods.

For now, cookies will be provided free of charge but limited to three per person. And for those students worried about a relationship that moves a little too fast, have no fear. Spunkmeyer assured the RECORD that the Harkbox's food is already "liberally laced with salt peter."

## • Blather •

## Malz has our number, and it's anti-Jew

I am writing to express my outrage at the despicable, anti-Israel yellow journalism that typifies your paper. No periodical other than The New York Times could possibly be any more resolutely anti-Jewish and pro-Palestinian than your miserable Gentile rag. Your editorials criticizing my brilliant recent letter to the editor — I won all of my TAW hearings, by the way — resulted in an attack at the hands of Arab guerillas in my own dorm. These Arab rogues entered Shaw Hall while I was washing my hair and began planting bombs throughout the building. Their transparent story, that they were merely exterminators laying down mouse

traps, was obviously designed to cover up their true political motives. Only a naked dash (I am, of course, circumcised) down the hallway saved me from death!

I hereby condemn your editor, Justin Herdman, as a self-hating Jew. As many of you know, I have identified a variety of self-hating Jews in the HLS community during the last two years. Among the many prominent self-hating Jews at this institution are Bob Clark, Jay Webber, Peilin Yu and (of course) Randall Kennedy. While I know it is difficult to believe that we are surrounded by so many anti-Israel (not to mention anti-Malz) zealots, I have proof. For instance, I

once saw Lani Guinier throw out a garlic bagel after only eating two bites. And, of course, Bob Clark's shocking fondness for bacon is widely known. Al Warren has also been seen walking out of two different Woody Allen movies before they were over. Need I say more?

Fortunately, all is not lost. The few of us who truly appreciate our great heritage will forever struggle to ensure that our enemies are defeated. Jews faithful to our collective national destiny — myself, Alan Dershowitz, and, of course, the Castro brothers — will one day rise supreme above all who dare to question us.

Jordan Malz '00  
March 21, 2000

## Wolinsky '01 the Chosen One, Tribe says

I am writing to clarify some misconceptions circulated among 3Ls about my Supreme Court of the United States of America clerkship recommendation policy.

As all of you should be well aware, I am the most celebrated member of the Harvard Law School faculty. In fact, someday I fully intend to sit on the Supreme Court of the United States of America. Thus, my reputation is of the utmost importance to me. I cannot hand out recommendation letters to just anyone.

I cannot recommend any student who gets a B in any class, even if it was a B from that horrible visiting professor from Boston College who taught crim. law in the spring of 1998. If you want a recommendation from the great Larry Tribe, you must have had the good fortune to get into the Club Med section.

Regrettably, I cannot recommend any student who does not take my constitutional law course. Taking ol' Dicky-poo Fallon or Upchuck Fried might be fine for Wachtell, but it won't

work on the most prestigious court in the land! Sorry, all you who took con law during the '98-'99 school year; it's not my fault you were too dumb to wait for me to come back in all my glory from revising the greatest treatise known to man.

Moreover, I will recommend alums of no college other than the mighty Harvard. If it was good enough for me, it's good enough for any of the clerks to the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States of America. You may notice that this kind of argumentation has won me many a case before that divine Court, like, um, well, if you don't know by now, you don't belong at the Harvard Law School.

Further, none of those petty little Law Review types will get my stellar and valuable recommendation. I was too good to be accepted by those anal retentive cretins when I was a masterful student of the laws, and therefore I expect all prospective clerks to be too good for such an admission as well.

Vegetarians and vegans need not apply as well. Frankly, if you eat

no red meat, I must question your virility, and thus, your manhood. Likewise, if you are not at least my size and stature, you have no business asking for my esteemed recommendation. If you can't finish a meal, how can I expect you to finish an opinion for Justice Souter?

Further, left-handed people will automatically be rejected. My reason for this is simple: I don't like you and I never will. Billy Finkelstein was left-handed, and in the seventh grade he gave me an ass-thumping that haunts me to this very day.

Therefore, only one individual at the Harvard Law School is fit to serve as a clerk on the Supreme Court of the United States of America — the inimitable and unsinkable Robert Wolinsky, class of 2001. See you later, suckers!

Lawrence [sic] Tribe  
'66 Professor  
Extraordinaire  
Ralph S. Tyler, Jr.  
Prof. of Con Law  
(The only named  
chair in Constitutional  
Law at HLS, by the  
way)

March 21, 2000

Come and support your favorite classmate, well, haha, me, (HA HA I kill me!) Support Jake Zimmerman's 2024 Pres. Campaign! Only \$99.95 at the door. I will be reading from my columns; won't you drop in and listen? It's so much better the third time around. Ha ha, that's assuming you read my columns twice, which is a funny joke in itself!!! I will repeat all my humorous class comments, as well as jovial e-mail banter. By the way, this is an auto-reply message, ahahahaha. How droll am I?



## Sportsguy

By Justin Herdman '01  
RECORD Columnist

## PROFS SEIZE THE DAY, WIN FIRST B-BALL GAME

March Madness is in the house! HLS professors have banded together and formed an intramural basketball team, "The Delaware Fighting Bluebookers." The Bookers played its first game on Monday night against the top-ranked Black Plague and walked off the court with a miraculous win.

Led by the pinpoint shooting of back-court combo **Detlev Who Vagts** to be a Millionaire '51 and **David Hasn't Martha Field Lost Herwitz** '49, the Bookers jumped out to an early 22-13 lead against the Plague. Eschewing the dribble as a "newfangled fad, as absurd as the fohwahd pass" Herwitz stood at half-court and drained three successive two-handed set shots in the first 10 minutes. "The otheh squad, naive as they ahh, not possessing an adequate undestanding of the game, a game invented by James Naismith, whom no one would disagree was a great man, although not as reveehed as the great Abneh Doubleday, inventor of baseball, ouh national pastime, could not guahd me," Herwitz said. He added in harsh rasp, "The Secret Service couldn't guard me, bitch."

Vagts struggled in the early going, as he was unable to see the basket. After Trainer **Alan Any Ray You Like It, Sir** trimmed Vagts's eyebrow hair, however, the venerable shooting guard was able to properly get his schwerv on.

The Booker's game began to unravel when **Carol Porterhouse Steiker** '86

replaced **Charles Lincoln Fried** the Slaves at center. Bragging that she had been a masterful public defender, Steiker convinced student coach **Mike Leiter** Leiter Pants on Fire '00 that she could plug up the lane and keep the Plague at bay. But Steiker turned out to be soft in the middle, giving up a series of high-flying dunks. After the game, Steiker had to defend her own middling play. She said: "I'm really smart, and I had great grades here at HLS, so I don't have to do anything. Also, I was a public defender and I got really good grades and was President of Law Review. To sum up, I'm really smart. No, no, I mean really smart. Smarter than you, even."

Down 37-35 at the half, the Bookers looked to southpaw shooting guard **Bruce How's About a Roll in the Hay** '88 for help, but none was forthcoming. Unbeknownst to Leiter, Hay had quit the team just before game time, opting to join hotties **Jess Mayer** Quimby '00, **Caline** Mean Cheering Machine **Mouawad** '01, **Jen Geeter** Geeter Pumpkin-Eater '01, **Reese Navy Pecot** '02, and **Arlene** Domo Arigato, Mr. **Delgado** '02 on the Bookers' cheerleading squad. Regarding his absence from the court, Hay said, "I was faced with an easy choice — five sweaty eggheads or five sultry egg producers. Obviously, I threw my lot in with the babes."

Behind the now high-pitched side-

line urgings, the Bookers began to claw their way back into the lead. **Bob I Did All It For The Mnookin** '68 was strong in the paint, dunking at will over the Plague defenders. Having lost his touch from the outside, Mnookin was forced to resort to his "BATNA" — an above the rim display of slamming prowess that left onlookers awed. After one particularly nasty dunk, Mnookin whispered under his breath to a Plague defender, "Now that's value-creation, bee-yotch."

Leiter called on **Dan Alka-Meltzer** '75 late in the game. Meltzer, wearing number "0" to represent the number of reforms he anticipates being adopted by the faculty, hemmed and hawed in response to Leiter's request. "I just felt that I needed to feel out the situation before I made any decisions," Meltzer said, preferring to stay on the bench and accumulate statistics before entering the fray.

The Bookers were also shorthanded because of the holdout by **Paul Weiler** You Were Out L.L.M. '65. Although he is widely considered a weak link in the Bookers' squad, Weiler complained that he is not being paid enough, and refused to discuss any issue other than faculty salaries.

Thus, the Bookers were forced to resort to the silky smooth play of Put the **Lucian** in the Basket **Bebchuk** L.L.M. '80/S.J.D. '84. Using his patented Lubriderm cross-over dribble,

Bebchuk left his Plague counterpart befuddled and nailed an NBA distance trey. Bechuk waxed poetic in describing this most personal of scores. "I had my stroke going," he said after the game. Bechuk owed another trifecta to teammate **Jerry Frug** In My Throat '63, who came off the bench and distracted the Plague with a well-timed shriek of "What-Ever!"

But the most valuable point was contributed by **Roberto Unger** My Thumb L.L.M. '70, the Bookers' best foul-shooter. Leiter inserted Unger into the game with 0.4 seconds remaining and the score tied at 70. Unger took the inbound pass from Vagts and immediately tripped. In a horrendous display of judicial legislation, referee **Toby Lock, Stock** and Two Smoking Barrels '01 whistled the Plague for a foul, and Unger nailed the free throw with no time left on the clock. In the locker room for a post-game interview, Unger said, "I think the whole world saw how my point contributed to the conversation that is the game of basketball."

With the win, the Bookers are considered the favorites to win the A-League championship. A statement from the office of **Dean Meet Me** by the **Clark Boxes** '72 office said, "The law school community should put no emphasis on the fact that the Black Plague's entire team was slipped GHB during the game."

## Phenno

Fenno descended into the bowels of Ames, looking forward to the free food and the scintillating company of people whose journalism experience consisted of reading *Glamour* and *Boy's Life*. He could hear the voices from the top of the stairs.

"Hey! Someone! What's another word for 'good'?"

Tanya Marsh, no doubt hard at work on another installment of "The Buzz." Tanya had recently started a Web site with all of her old columns — [www.thebuzz.com](http://www.thebuzz.com). Fenno wondered: If a Web site opens and no one's there to see it, does it make a sound?

Fenno walked in the door. "Where's the beer?" he shouted.

"Just a minute. I'm just finishing my story." Justin Herdman was hunched over an iMac, typing frantically.

"Story? Story? How many have you written this week, Herdman?"

"Uh, one."

"Sure. And how many stories say "by RECORD staff"?"

Herdman shifted in his chair and stared at the floor.

"Nine."

"Nine?! Nine?! Herdman, how many RECORD staff writers are there?"

"Uh, I guess three."

"Right. How many of them aren't named 'Justin'?"

"One." His voice was very small.

"Exactly. Ever think you should spend a little less time reading for First Amendment and a little more time recruiting people to write for the paper?"

"But... I don't even go to class!"

"Bullshit. I saw you there last week."

"Well, well, um, I mean.... I was on panel!"

"Sure you were, Herdman, sure you were."

Fenno heard a loud yelping sound coming from the corner. Ah, Fenno thought, Dusan must be here.

"Yo, I's just sittin' here lissenin' to that phat shit Macy Gray's layin' down.

Yo, that shit is fine chronic, and you know what I'm talkin' 'bout. Damn."

Fenno stared. "Dusan, aren't you Serbian?"

"Well, yeah, but you know, when Macy kicks that shit, I just get downwwnnnn with the g-funk."

Fenno smiled. "Dusan, let me ask you a question. You ever thought about writng a review in which you actually avoided — for a whole 1,000 words — talking about yourself?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Right."

Out of the corner of his eye, Fenno saw a blur of khaki and turtleneck. Francesco Barbera had arrived.

Fenno turned around for a look. He wondered: Since when did GQ start outfitting newspaper offices? Journalists shouldn't be that good-looking or that well-dressed. Was this guy, you know... not that there's anything wrong with that.

"Hey fellas. Anyone know what happened at the Supreme Court this week? I need to write a 2,000-word article on it that no one but Herdman and my mom will read."

Fenno laughed. He liked the little guy.

Fenno was jarred from his momentary lapse of bile by a loud noise coming from the boombox in the corner.

"Hey! What do you guys think of this? It's the new Aimee Mann/Limp Bizkit collaboration. It's called, 'I did it all for the nookie, and now I feel really bad about it.'"

Suzanne Carter. This girl had gone from RECORD managing editor to obscure music columnist in less than a year. Paging Bob Dole...

Fenno was about to tell her how much he loved the new Neil Diamond album, when he suddenly heard a cork pop. Justin Dillon was writing his wine column, and all the while emitting a constant chatter that (as usual) no one was listening to but him.

"Guys! Guys! You gotta taste this new wine I got! It's got a black cherry nose, subtle overtones of oak and blackberries, and it's only \$12.99 at the University Wine Shop! Guys! Seriously! Guys!"

Kim Isbell looked at the small 1L. "Justin, you say everything has a black

## Quote of the Weak

'The couple plan to reside part of the year in Cambridge, where the Pontiff intends to finish his historical novel on Vermont.'

—From an article omitted from the issue after considerable editorial deliberation.

cherry nose. If we paid for a new wine book, think you could come up with a couple of new adjectives?"

Justin pouted. "I'm plenty articulate enough as it is. Just ask anyone in my crim class."

Kim groaned. "I've tried, but usually the conversation never gets farther than 'Damn, someone needs to kill that self-aggrandizing gunner! Do they put something in the water at Duke, or what?'"

"Well," Dillon said, "At least I'm not wasting my Harvard degree on Richmond. I mean, can't you get there from going, um, anywhere?"

Isbell glared at him. "If you don't shut up, I'll get my boyfriend Dave to kick your ass."

Dillon smirked. "Oh, yeah. That'll happen."

Fenno interjected. "Yeah, Isbell, and Artie Miller'll marry someone his age."

Fenno had had enough of this sniping. He turned to the cutie at the layout computer and leered, "How you doin'?"

Meredith McKee glared at him. "Fenno, where the hell is your column? Think you might be able to get it in before, oh, midnight?"

"Yeah, McKee, you were sayin' that all weekend."

Herdman laughed. "Nice one, Fenno."

Fenno turned to the overworked editor. "What're you laughin' at, pal? When was the last time you got lucky?"

Herdman looked confused. "I don't know what you mean. Justin Cooper wrote a story just last week."

Fenno shook his head. The RECORD. It's like Bizarro Viagra.

"Hiya, guys!"

Fenno looked up. Jake Zimmerman had walked in the room.

Fenno looked at Jake. Jake looked at Fenno. The room grew very quiet.

"Hi, Jake," Fenno said acidly.

"Uh, hi, Fenno. How have you been? Gee, looks like things are going well for you these days, what with —"

"Zimmerman — Judas. I'll count to three. Either you get out of here, or I'm going to make you sorer than Steve Scali at a Sadie Hawkins dance."

Zimmerman paused. "But—I mean—I felt bad — Jay Webber — you know —"

"One second, Zimmerman."

Zimmerman ran out faster than KY at a Doug Sims party.

Fenno looked around the room. His work was done here. It was time to leave.

"Fenno! Column! Now!" The layout wench was griping again.

"Keep your pants on, McKee." Fenno looked closer at the 1L. "Actually, on second thought..."

## Can you spare a razor blade?

## So BUS' IT

By Dusan Stjsahd;oi;oi '00

RECORD Columnist

So bussit: the new film starring Dean of Students Richardson is mos def to' up. I mean, like after I watched this lollipop, my Serbian ass felt like it was a pooppy squid. I mean first of all, I missed that First Amendment class, (so full of essential info, ha ha!, well not quite), to go downtown to the screening at Copley (and I won't even tell you how much I paid for the T token, MBTA so rip-off!) and the ticket-taker was all, "can I see your journalist I.D. please?" and I'm all, "bussit lady, you need some action, I work for a fake paper," and whatever.

So Dean Richardson's movie, I ain't calling it a film even though I'm sure she thinks it's all that with whipped cream and a cherry on top, is a spin-off of Dean Clark's "13 Dates" movie from last season, which was reviewed by Seth Persily.

So first Suzie Q Rich goes out with Chaaaaarlie Nesson, whose THE exploding internet is so not even — like if I'd have known, I'd have taken a real course. And Charlie's all, "I haven't smoked a J in two hours!" and he whips out some fine chronic, although I can't judge, because I'm a Nancy Reagan child and I just say no, except to Guinness, cause I support beers from rebel countries. Damn straight I do! But enough about me, even though I know it's just a formality that this is a "movie" review. And she be like, don't even play that, please don't even play that, cause I'll have the Ad Board up your ass, except she used all tight-ass white woman talk.

But that makes me sound so wrong! So I'll redeem myself while reviewing Suzie Q's next date, where she was all over David Rosenberg. But anyway, Rosenberg resists her "charm" and then Suzie Q strangles him with her thighs. Snap! Original much? Like that was in a James Bond flick I watched on a plane to Yugo a few years back, when there was a Yugo.

What 'm I sayin'? Nuff bout me! So Suzie's next hook-up is with Clarence Thomas, and if Davey Rosenberg resisted her, sure nuff she didn't have any problems with Brother Clarence! Slam...

But really, Suzie so trifling! Next night, she goes out with Ani DiFranco in a green leather miniskirt! Please tell me Ani's hairy legs were just my imagination. Dang, doesn't she have anyone to buy her a Lady Silk Appeal? Me so thoughtful... and considerate.

But enough about me. You want to hear bout this movie, ha! Suzie so xenophobic, I don't know why I



Photos by Charlie Nesson '63

Above, Dean Richardson shares an intimate moment with singer/songwriter Ani DiFranco. Right, Suzanne cuddles with Associate Justice Clarence Thomas, a noted womanizer. (Yeah, that's really him.)



wasting my consideration. She meets up with Mahir, and he be all, "I kiss you!" and she was all, "yo, at my law school, we'd charge you an extra \$30K to attend and give you a fucking LL.M." Ain't that the truth. You Americans so profane when it comes to foreigners, what's up with all these cuss words?

So enough of my digressions. OK, let me stop right here. That boujie boy Andrew Ehrlich just wasn't working on his sham date with Suzie Q. Though he did get some good suggestions for how to improve the Bluebook, which isn't hard, I mean fuck that shit, why don't they just appropriate my vernacular?

So at this point Suzie Q decides to try her luck with

a real straight man, RECORD e-i-c Justin Herdman, he's a stud-oh-it and he don't know it, yeah right. So all of a sudden, mad drama! Suzie makes for his lap, and Justin grimaces in pain, cuz you know his lap is tender!

So just as I was thinking, bussit, me so hoping to hear Tom Jones, there he is! Mad presto magickal. If I could be any famous person, it would have to be Tom Jones, because he is crazy-cool and has a voice that speaks to me, and only me (much like Jude Law in "The Talented Mr. Ripley." Me likeeee.).

But enough 'bout me. So Tommy J and Suzie go on their date and Suzie's all, "why don't you ask me 'what's new pussycat?'" in her most seductive voice, although it really wasn't seductive, and Tom is like because you don't have no cute little pussycat nose! Snap!

You know what I don't like? People who are mean to Christine Jolls. She's got enough strife in this world without you slacker employment law students so nasty to her. And I'm not just saying this because she gave my slacker ass a big doufy A. I'm just saying.

So blah blah blah, does anyone really care about Suzie at this point in the movie? I'm too busy thinking of how I can get tix to Hanson so I don't pay attention to her going out with Socks the White House cat (in the words of Trent Reznor, I cannot believe she would stoop so low), and then there's this big date scene with Joe Singer where she gets all Glenn Close in Fatal Attraction and boils Martha Minow's pet Yale Law Reviews, whatever. And then she was all over Chris Ward, she so trifling....

But anyway, then she hooks up with Sportsguy, and what do you know? True love blossoms at a Sendero Luminoso/Black Plague basketball game, just as Suzie is threatening to Ad Board the refs for making a bad call against the Plague.

But Suzie still needs another coupla escorts to fulfill her movie contract. So first she goes out with HLS's only celebrity student, and if you think I mean that wannabe Justin Deabler, you so wrong! He so boring! I mean Rahim Oberholtzer, the millionaire who is not really a post-tax millionaire but still a cash money millionaire. But he don't play that money card with Suzie, snap!

So yeah, anyway, Suzie and Sportsguy. I have to hope the break-up is nasty. Me so *schadenfreudlich*!

## Velveeta &amp; Veritas

## FROTTAGE AND FROMAGE

By Justin Dillon '02

RECORD Columnist

It's a question that has been posed to me on several occasions — "What's with all the wine?" In a nod to that most perplexing of questions, I aim to devote this week's edition to a subject that has thus far been noticeably absent from any of my columns — cheese.

Before embarking on a survey of the world's finest cheeses, remember this important adage: When it comes to cheese, it's all about the way you cut it. Like any good cheddar or an outfit put together by Danny Levin, your knife should always be super sharp. I prefer to slice and dice with a Cutco Model 71-A, which was given to me by a Mexican sushi chef during a whirlwind tour of Nunavut, the newest Canadian territory. *Quant au Canada, vive Celine Dion, la meilleure chanteuse du monde!* While few readers will ever be fortunate enough to heft such a finely wrought instrument, you need only rely on whatever knife feels the most comfortable.

Cutting the cheese requires attention to detail, and you can't do it properly if you're even the slightest bit uptight, or as the French would say, *rehaussé par un certain je ne sais quoi*. Also remember, *chers bâtards*, that safety is vitally important: Never, *jamais de la vie*, ever cut the cheese outside the company of others.

Many of this column's devoted readers, *tous les deux*, will no doubt be expecting a handy alliterative tool to help them in their cheese selection, *c'est à dire, dans la sélection du fromage chouette*. For that, I have derived the Three B's — bacteria, brie and botulism. As grapes are to wine, bacteria is to cheese. Traditionally, Swiss and

French bacteria, from the moist, fungus-growing regions of Lugano and Alsace-Lorraine (respectively), has reaped the most attention among fromage gastronomes worldwide. But coming on strong are the U.S. varieties, especially the array of bacteria that have made Wisconsin (*vachement*, with its American Swiss — simply to die for!!) and California (oh, that spunky Monterey jack!).

The second "B" is brie. Like Merlot, that Renault/Citroën of the cellar, those amateurs just beginning their pilgrimage to the land of cheese are apt to play it safe with a brie. Here in the states, *ou bien, le pays anti-Christe perdu*, it's nigh impossible to get a good wheel of brie for less than \$500. Unless you're willing to spring that kind of bread, do yourself a favor and stick to cheese that comes in plastic.

Third on the list is botulism, which is the Fed Courts of dairy products — avoid at all costs. *Zut alors!* Symptoms include instant death. I recommend purchasing a separate refrigerator for your stash of queso, as exposure to sandwich meat has been known to spoil even the hardest cheese. *Merde encore!*

For more detailed information on the above, I turn to my well-worn copies of "Everything I Need to Know I Learned from the Smiling Cow" and "Rocquefort for Dummies". *Vive la bibliothèque!*

Three cheeses this week, *la crème de la crèmerie*. If you want some serious stank, with a gritty, corpse-like aroma, you'll want a Limburger (Star Market, \$3.69/lb.). *Que ça sent bien, cher dieu*. It goes good with any shitty wine, since your guests will blame their sickness

on the cheese, and not the vino. For the truly adventurous, smear your Limburger on a sardine — the mix is an old Norwegian recipe for bladder infections, but it's also quite an aphrodisiac.

I shared a Healthy Choice, 97-percent fat-free mozzarella (Star Market, \$1.63) with a friend. *Comme ci, comme ça!* A really good friend, if you know where I'm coming from. Start off with the Limburger, and then sprinkle a little mozzarella on your someone special. The taste was light, with creamy

undertones; the nose was fungal and rancid, just like it's supposed to be.

And finally, I punctuated a long day of jogging with a handful of Havarti (Star Market, \$5.69/lb.). It's an expensive cheese, but hell, the RECORD is paying for it, *en tout prix*. Ball this milky, rich cheese up and swallow it whole — it's just that good. *En garde*, taste buds! The bouquet is mildewed with a hint of armpit, but don't let that deter you. Recommended cracker: Animal. *À toute à l'heure, tout le monde!*

## JUST ALAIN MADNESS

By Darren Schlanger '00

RECORD Columnist

## COLUMN

[Editor's Note: Mr. Schlanger originally did not submit a column this week, apparently because his thesaurus program was "on the fritz." However, because the RECORD is perpetually desperate for content, we insisted that Mr. Schlanger give us his draft for publication. (The only alternative use of this space was to publish yet another self-referential film or music review that no one would read, but we already average 13 of those per issue.) Mr. Schlanger has asked that we apologize on his behalf to any readers who may be disappointed that this week's column does not contain his normal high quotient of obscure polysyllabic language.]

Today the sun came up. I like the sun. It makes me warm. So I got up and looked at it, until my eyes hurt. Then I stopped.

Once I left home, I went straight to

my class. It was a good class. I learned lots of things. I like class. I like to learn.

I don't like to learn all the time, though. That makes me sad, because I know class is much more good when I can learn and be happy. I like to be happy. When I am not happy, sometimes I cry. I know it is bad when I cry, so I try not to.

Today I did not cry, though. Today was a good day, good like a pretty flower or a nice puppy or an "A" grade. (I do not get much "A" grades. The profs say this is because they "cannot understand my verbose exam answers." I do not know what this means, but it makes me sad.)

I am going to stop writing now, because the nice lady is going to bring me candy soon. Candy is good, and I like the nice lady. Pretty lady! Pretty lady!

The end.

## RICKSHAW

Continued from page 1

all students and faculty. Brewer continued, "And I like humiliation."

Regarding the LL.M. requirement, most students seemed to be in favor of the proposal, which would outfit those from tropical countries in bikinis. But Mike Kester '00 said that he was concerned for Polynesian and Caribbean LL.M. students. "February in Cambridge is like, way cold," Kester said.

Kester's comments were not echoed by members of Lincoln's Inn, who held a barbecue in Harkness Commons to celebrate the news. "This is gonna work out great for me," said Aaron Hutman '01, "Because those Brazilian LL.M.s are blessed with phenomenal hooters."

On Tuesday, a formal protest was lodged by two LL.M. students from Greenland. Lars Larson LL.M. '00 said that the requirement would be disproportionately harsh for those students hailing from north of the Arctic Circle. "Making a students from the Greenland wear furs will have been not good in the September," said Larson. "I will have been stinking like rotted fishes."

### Grade Reform

Two separate proposals for reforming the grading system have come out of the SPP, and the faculty will need to vote on each of them independently. The first proposal is to eliminate all grades other than B+. If this plan is approved, all HLS students will receive B+'s in all classes, regardless of performance.

Most students were not surprised by this proposal, because they assumed that across-the-board B+'s had been the rule all along. But Sears prize-winner Ann Lipton '00 was excited about the plan. "That idea is just so brilliant," she said, "This way, I won't have to worry about any future students exceeding my own GPA."

Anne Small '01, president of the Harvard Law Review, also approved of the plan. "This would be great," she said, "Now we will be free to select people by the only criteria that really matters — being roommates with someone on Law Review."

Professor Christine Jolls '93, however, expressed concern at the plan. "Nino [Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia '60] won't be happy about this at all," she worried. "How will he be able to figure out which Harvard students are worthy to subcite his opinions?"

The other proposal is to switch to numeric grades, rating students from 1 to 100. Under this scheme, students would receive an "85" or "78" on all exams, rather than letter grades.

Much opposition from the faculty is expected on this latter proposal. "I've always graded by throwing the exams down the staircase in my house, but I only have eight steps, just enough for all the grades from A+ to C," said Duncan Kennedy. "Now I'm going to have to move, and you know how Mopsy gets about that kind of thing."

### HarkBong

In response to concerns culled from the McKinsey survey, the Institutional Life Committee has proposed that a 6-foot tall floor-mounted "hookah" bong with ten mouthpieces be installed in the Harkness lounge. The McKinsey report cited a dire need for "complacency nodules" and "mellowness therapy" on the HLS campus. "The theory is that if the whole student body is high all the time, they won't notice that their professors and administrators suck," said Prof. Elizabeth Warren.

Faculty support behind the bong was reportedly strong. As Prof. Dan Halperin '61 explained, "Everyone sleeps in my class anyway, so shit, let 'em smoke crack if they want."

Sodexho will keep the bowl packed from 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., but there will be an awkward period between 4:30 and 5:00 when the bong will not be operational. Sodexho Corporate Headquarters supported this proposal wholeheartedly. A spokesman for Sodexho said, "All of our market research indicates that students with the munchies tend to enjoy our food more than they otherwise would."

In particular, stoned students are willing to eat items like day-old doughnuts and spoiled cream cheese that are usually donated to the Legal Aid Bureau.

In regard to this point, Dan Dockery '01 expressed grave reserves about the bong initiative. "I can't afford to get the munchies," Dockery said, "So I'll simply be forced to avoid the Hark altogether."

The renamed "Harkbong Café" will open in late April. Smoking students will be required to register with Health

Services under a newly instituted medical marijuana program.

### Rickshaws for Professors

One of the more novel reforms will give each tenured professor free rickshaw transportation while on campus. Originally, this reform was bundled with a deep-tissue massage and Nordic spa treatment, but high-level negotiations with Clark whittled the faculty demands down.

"It's real simple," Clark said, "I gave them the rickshaw service, and only the rickshaw service, in exchange for them naming me Eminent Supreme Chancellor of Harvard Law School in perpetuity." According to Clark, his current duties will not change in light of this apparent promotion.

A potential problem in the implementation of the rickshaw program has already been overcome. "At first glance, the rickshaw transport would have been cost-prohibitive," said Clark. "You know, the labor market is tight, and no one wants to haul Larry Tribe's ['66] ass around campus for minimum wage."

That particular objection was removed, though, when the entire Harvard Law Review volunteered to serve in the capacity of "Research Assistant" to Tribe. On a rotating basis, four of the Review editors will pull Tribe duty. But each day, the other editors will be lent to the remainder of the faculty.

"Transporting professors around campus is the single greatest honor that I can think of," said Law Review Editor Stephen Moeller-Sally '01. "I have been picking up Einer Elhauge's ['86] dry-cleaning and scrubbing his toilet bowl for almost a year now, but that left me unfulfilled. I always felt that I could do more, and now will I have that chance, thankfully. I only hope I can be the rickshaw driver they want me to be."

Ever thorough in their research, the Law Review has hired world-class rickshaw driver Jamshed "Chip" Smimurthy from New Delhi to come to Cambridge and show them the tricks of the trade. A formal protest of Smimurthy's visit is expected to be organized by the Asian and Pacific Law Students Association.

## • Brief •

### Three Aces chef named Sodexho chief

Chez Mikey, head chef at famed Three Aces Restaurant of Cambridge, MA, has been appointed director of Sodexho's culinary operations. In an interview conducted after the surprising announcement, Chez Mikey said, "I am thrilled at the news. It vindicates my belief in the culinary demerits of vegetable oil and iceberg lettuce."

Dean Clark '72 said the appointment was "proof positive" that his administration is "really sensing the pulse of student concerns."

"I have heard students' cries and have responded accordingly," Clark said, but declined requests to be interviewed in the Harkness cafeteria. "Are you kidding? I won't go near that rat hole," he said while biting into a peanut butter sandwich he claimed to

have prepared himself.

Reports later confirmed that Prof. Louis Kaplow made the sandwich as part of a sustained campaign designed to eradicate "the troublesome bias people seem to have against my personality, or lack thereof." Kaplow was apparently unaware that Clark suffers from arachibutyrophobia — the fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of one's mouth.

An inquiry into Chez Mikey's appointment revealed that it was backed by contributions from a non-profit organization representing Massachusetts gastroenterologists. "Let's just say we believe the appointment is in the best interest of our constituency," a spokesman for the group said with a hearty belch.

## READ ME!!!!!!

Continued from page 1

Justice Clarence Thomas remarked: "God and my dog Sam told me to concur, and besides I never read the damn thing anyway. Good riddance."

An inquiry into the procedural history of the case indicates it had a bumpy ride within the Court's hallowed chambers. In a statement to the RECORD, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg '56-58 claimed she was coerced into voting by "that dago Scalia."

"The lunatic had me at musket-point," she said.

In his brief urging that the Court grant certiorari for Duncan Kennedy v. United States, pro se petitioner Prof. Duncan Kennedy argued that the "exquisite fungibility of the much-deprecated document ultimately aroused critical scrutiny as to its dubiously unequivocal essence. Besides," he added, "an ass-man like Hamilton would never have denied women the right to vote or hold public office."

At an interview conducted in the dimly lit confines of Grendel's Den, Prof. Laurence Tribe '66 expressed deep concern at the development: "Oh, great. Now what the hell am I going to do in my spare time?"

Dean Clark '72 answered that question for Tribe soon afterwards by firing the "wily communist" on the grounds of "obsolescence." Dismayed by the news, Tribe accepted a clerkship with

the Supreme Court of Togo. He has also been retained to consult on the development of SPIN's new constitution.

Clark was sanguine about his own prospects in the post-constitutional world. "I've been retained to draft a new document tentatively entitled, 'The Articles of Incorporation.'"

Clark continued, "All that stuff about rights of the people is going to be cut out — we'll dispense with the formalities to make corporations the basic unit of organization in society."

Fred Schauer '72, who is co-teaching Advanced Constitutional Law: First Amendment with Prof. Richard Fallon this semester, commented, "It's about time. That pesky First Amendment has been a pain in the ass since my days in the Justice Department. Maybe now we can take care of those pinko commies over at the ACLU."

On Capitol Hill, Senator Trent Lott announced that his top priority would be passing an updated version of the Alien and Sedition Acts, making it a capital offense to say anything negative about Republican Presidential candidate George "Dubya" Bush. "Hell, it's the only way we're gonna retake the White House," Lott said.

A comment from the Bush camp was widely quoted in wire reports. "What's a Constitution?" Bush asked, "Is that the president of Greece?"

**Editor's Note:** The RECORD's Supreme Court coverage is now online at <http://www.frankielovessandra-day.com>.

## Frank Rossi love you! Frank Rossi kiss you!

You miss Frank Rossi in your life, no? Wouldn't you like to receive e-mail from this happenin' stud every other minutes or so? Well, now for a low, low prices of \$6.66 you

CAN join the Frank Rossi listserve and be kept on-the-breast of all the exciting occurrences in his exciting life... like:

--what I bought at the Hark today  
--why waiting for HIV test results is a bummer

--what I got on the LSAT

--how I succeeded in getting five

people to Bar review

--why Dan Melzer hates my guts

--what I thought about in the Dist. Center line today

--why I was more popular at Union College than here

--I like sex and I have large font size!

Call me soon, please! 493-5555, cell phone 493-5556. Fax 493-5557, pager 493-5558. E-mail [Frossi@ilikesex.edu](mailto:Frossi@ilikesex.edu)

