

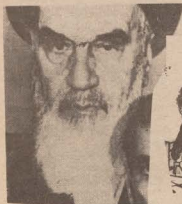
THE DISSENT

VOL. 8 NO. 3

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LAW SCHOOL

OCTOBER 27, 1980

DISSENT EDITORS ENDORSE



Ayatollah Khomeini



Zonker Harris



Pete Rose

What do these three men have in common? See page 6 inside.

Commentary

You may consider student politics petty, contrite, and boring. OK, it's a free world. You can have your opinions.

But no matter your qualitative view of student politics, remember that virtually all programs and activities that the SBA funds owe their existence to a little known coven of svengalis known as the Incidental Fee Committee. This seven person committee allocates approximately 2.2 million of student funds to over seventy groups, ranging from groups like the Muslim Student Union (big here at Oregon) to those like Inter-fraternity Council.

The SBA is just another group in the eyes of this committee. As they *don't* *subsidize* *the* *benefit* of our student programs, we need to keep represented so as to make a case for continued SBA funding. Last year, three law students did just this, and had measured success. This year, four law students are running, and will get elected if each of us take the time to vote.

The vote is on October 29 and October 30. The polling place is located right out in front of the Law School; you will need to bring your fee card.

"So ya got no excuse", in the words of honorary ward committeeman Gus Palmitessa, "It's a healthy thing to do."

Threats aside, the people running are:

John Neiderbach, an incumbent, one of the most respected committeemen in many years and one hell of a nice guy...

Richard Sontag, a member of the amazing second year class, and an even nicer guy...

Jim Edmundson, 1L, who gave up a promising career in journalism to come and struggle in futility with the rest of us...

Julie Bell, 1L, who demonstrates all the talents that have made Hiz-zonor Palmitessa the formidable force he is today.

(COMMENTARY continued on p. 2)

How to Minimize Stress

In case finals anxiety is already wreaking havoc on your overworked psyches, here are a few tips to ease that stressful build-up.

STRESS TECHNIQUES OUTLINED

1. Find things to laugh at periodically. Did you put your shoes on the wrong feet this morning? Don't take yourself so seriously.
2. Organize your day. Make a check-list of what you plan to accomplish. Then cross off 3/4 of the items. Crush the entire list and throw it in the trash. You will be surprised at how much you can accomplish.
3. Be your own individual. Buy white bread and eat it publicly. Take off your clothes in class.
4. Vary your routine. Get out of that raisin bagel rut.

Try a salt bagel. Try studying in a different part of the library. Read a case backwards for a change.

5. Discard resentments. Somebody stole your outline and your coffee cup? Class schedule transmogrified? What the hell. In the long run, we're all dead anyway.

6. Take your time arriving at decisions. Bring two pairs of socks to school and decide which one to wear after your first class.

7. Where possible, anticipate life changes and plan for them in advance. Social security and Medicare applications are available in the Placement Office.

8. Talk over your decisions and stress with someone. Many students have found talking with a well-programmed computer helpful in relieving stress.

9. Be assertive and express

both your positive and negative feelings. Join a primal scream therapy group or a hockey team.

10. Consider your feelings and needs important. No one else does.

11. Try cutting down your coffee intake. The Drug Information Center recommends this be done only under medical supervision.

12. Consider some type of relaxation technique. The library now checks out hammocks which can be tied between bookshelves. They make your naps more comfortable.

13. Take planned mini-breaks...a few minutes of idleness every day. Check out the sensory deprivation tanks at the Eugene Y.

14. Get some regular muscle exercise. Try the LHW treadmills. located in the

cont. p. 4

T-SHIRT FINALE

The annual sale of law emblem T-shirts will take place soon. By SBA resolution, the proceeds from this and all future sales of the law emblem T-shirt will go to the Mike Johnson scholarship fund.

For first year students, this will be your one opportunity this school year to purchase the attractive shirts you've seen on upperclass-

men and upperclasswomen.

For past customers, this is a chance to fill the anticipated void in your wardrobe when the first shirt goes to the ragbox.

If enough women request it, I will print french-cut Tees as I did last year.

Friends of Mike Johnson interested in donating their time, should see me, Dale Johnson.

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JK's AD NAUSEUM

To assuage the hue and cry about their support of the Reagan candidacy, the editors of the Dissent asked me to arrange a debate between the finest minds in the country about Ronald Reagan. So today, against the Dissent's support, we have Bubba Wa-Wa, noted journalist and busybody. For the Dissent's support we have Pete Rose, first baseman and noted gonzo for the Philadelphia Phillies. The third debatee, William F. Buckley Jr., arguing who gives a **** about what the Dissent says, was not invited.

Bubba Wa-Wa: I don't know if someone slipped the editors of the Dissent some paranoiac tainted dope, but I can't understand why they support a crypto-nazi like Reagan. The man is a doddering old fool. The last time this country elected someone as old as Reagan, he died within one month of taking office. If his campaign workers don't follow him around to keep quiet, he comes up with such gems as: "trees cause most of our pollution", "I don't believe in the theory of evolution", "more pollution was put in the air by Mr. St. Helens than by all our autos", etc. Who's going to shut him up if he's president? It's bad enough that we've already had one President who couldn't walk down the street and chew gum at the same time, why have a clown next? Reagan also supports the grand tradition of the Republican Party...big bucks for big business. His campaign claims to cut taxes and reduce spending contradict what he did as Governor of California. On foreign policy, he slightly to the left of Barry "Nuke-em now" Goldwater. On domestic policy, he's somewhat to the right of Attila the Hun. He's against ERA, abortion, pollution control and just about every progressive issue. Editors of the Dissent - wake up!!! You picked the wrong monkey from Bedtime for Bonzo!

Pete Rose: Bubba, you ignorant slut. How dare you call a member of Ronald Reagan's stature a nazi. Granted, some of his domestic policies resembles the Fuhrer's, but this man is all American. He served his time in the Big One - WW2 with John Wayne making movies for our boys overseas. And what did you do during

the war...probably tramping around with some pin-kos and 4-P's. So what if Reagan was a movie star - he's every bit as good of a politician as he was an actor. The Dissent was right to pick Reagan. We need a man of decisive action. He wouldn't take any guff from them Iranians, he would have turned Iran into a greasy punchbowl months ago. And why not support big business. Big business made this country what it is today! I'm all for his stand on women and minorities. Why its all of these pushy government laws like equal rights and stuff that have been slowing our great country down. Ronnie will appoint 4 or 5 more Supreme Court justices like Rehnquist - that'll straighten out pinkos and troublemakers like you Bubba - just in time for 1984. Dissent - you made a hit with me!

Moderators comments:

1. Harrison - 9th U.S.

2. President

3. Squeaky Frome?

4. Gerry Ford

5. What about the joker we

6. have now?

7. sic

8. A nuclear explosion

9. fuses sand into glass.

10. sic

11. He does stand/step on

12. them every chance he

13. gets, doesn't he?

Commentary cont.

Also, Karsten Rasmussen deserves your vote for the Erb Memorial Union Board. Although this function may sound useless, the EMU Board is largely responsible for campus childcare facilities and management and Cultural Forum events, not to mention those classic beer gardens. Karsten appears willing to tackle these duties, and has generously offered to investigate development of the long-proposed EMU sauna and recreation complex as an adjunct to plans to expand the U of O Law Library.

Mark Stapke

"I wonder William, Harry said, From whom have all those Lawyer's bread? Quoth Will, I wonder the same: But Harry we are both to blame: The more the Dogs the more the Game."

Anonymous

"Multitude of Lawyers" (1789)

BAD NEWS GOES TO ALASKA

As the closing of books continue to echo in the law school, I am driving north to Portland town. This is Bad News your roving reporter heading to snow country for a little weekend relaxation.

It's Thursday afternoon and though some feel that a Saturday at Autzen Stadium is a good way to get away from it all, my ticket clearly reads ALASKA. My head was still reeling from Don Vetri's lecture in fed courts this afternoon, but I managed to locate the car keys and throw a change of clothes into the brown bag that is my only piece of luggage. I pumped the car up at Frunko's and I hit 85. It's 95 and I'm beginning to wonder if the two Aloha shirts I have with me will be warm enough in McKinley Park.

Portland 85 miles.

The hot pavement in front of me becomes a little bit hotter as it passes beneath my rapidly spinning wheels. Oops, changing lanes again; not intentionally mind you.

It is simply that I can't handle writing and driving 85 miles an hour. I know there is a 55 mile an hour speed limit to promote fuel conservation, but by my accounting the fact that I'm catching a plane in Portland, instead of driving to Seattle as originally planned, means I'm saving enough gas to cover the difference. Of course everybody knows that the hundreds of gallons of av-gas that those big birds suck every minute don't count. Anyway you could never keep them in the air at 55.

Portland 22 miles.

Damn it's along way and I'm almost through with my big gulp. I should have packed two for the trip; I guess I'll just have to start on that cold six pack and hope it gets me to the airport.

Portland 48.

Blew it again. After nearly running three cars off the road, I finally wrestled the yogurt from the bottom of my luggage. Unfortunately I forgot a spoon. In the last 10 miles I've passed as many family restaurants but I don't dare slow down the pace. I'm living on borrowed time.

I don't think I've ever begun a trip without a hangover. Today's haze is what is left over from the East-West beer drink off at Doc's last night.

BAD NEWS GOES TO ALASKA

There I was innocently studying in the library, (I was even sitting with three first graders for effect) when a funny looking man with white hair walked up and handed me a card saying: I AM A HALF MITE WORKING MY WAY THROUGH LAW SCHOOL. MY AMBITION IS TO ARGUE CASES BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

Well it was a good disguise, but I knew Palmatessa right off. Usually when you think of Gus, you don't think of a person with something to say but lacking the means, rather Gus usually has nothing to say but gets a lot of words out nevertheless.

To make a long story a bit shorter, Gus having just arrived back to school (a week earlier than anybody expected and only one week after classes started) had brought back 3 cases of eastern beers and had decided to have a bit of a party at Doc's house. This was 8 p.m. and the bash was called for ten. Doc wasn't to find out about it until the first wave hit.

Portland 28.

It was nearly eleven when finally finishing at the library I headed out for a couple of brews. The crowd was thick, and thanks to an additional 3 cases of western beer, there was more than enough for the 20 hop's lovers. The night went late and there was only half dozen of us that finished out the night eating breakfast at Hoot's. Things were a little rough at Hoot's. First we were reprimanded for being a bit rowdy, but what finally ended the party was the shock of seeing Gus unable to find the last pancake on his plate. It was more than anyone could bear so we all headed home.

When I hit the bed I was still waiting for my head to arrive. I had the feeling that it was still driving around in circles in downtown Eugene. To pass the time I did what I always do when I get home drunk late at night. I called a friend to share with them my good fortune. It was three a.m.

I was having a problem thinking of someone who lived in a time zone that would make it possible to call them without losing their friendship when it occurred to me that it had been a long time since I last spoke with a New Zealand acquaintance of mine. cont. on p. 10

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

America Held Hostage—The Iranian Crisis



Not much left of Mike and Bob's house. These guys play for keeps.

My life has been hell since Ma Bell International got my telephone number mixed up with the Pahlavi Foundation in Tehran. The phone hasn't stopped ringing and I've had so many death threats I feel like a receptionist for the local KKK. All right I'll admit I knew the Shah, but he was only a faint acquaintance. If the truth be known, he once palmed me in New York to score some chemicals. Okay, five bucks. Jimmy Carter once called him the best friend of the U.S. in the gulf region, hell, who was I to say "hit the road?" Now that he's dead and the estate might be frozen, I'll probably never see the money. Fine, let bygones be bygones, the only problem is they don't think he's dead. They're convinced the Shah is still alive. And in Eugene

An alert first-year student might ask "Well how can that be? I read in People magazine that he expired in Cairo not long ago!" And to that I say did you see it? Can you take notice of it? Then let's not be too hasty. I'll admit I couldn't believe it myself, but that was before they started the bombing. And then I caught a glimpse of him myself. It was late one night shopping at Warendorf, and he was in 7B, pet food. Our eyes met briefly, and the recognition flashed

It wasn't 48 hours after that incident the first assassination attempt on my life blew the shit out of my dad's Mercedes 280SE. He never lets me drive the car. The first time he relents and I blow it, so to speak. I'm driving home from Lee Todd's horseshoe barbecue and, alright, I'm a little toasted. So I pull over and dash for the shoulder before I spill crab meat and Henry's all over the leather interior. A Chevy pickup pulls alongside, someone inside shouts "Die you Shah-harboring running-dog CIA lackey!" and unleashes a hail of automatic weapons fire, followed by a light anti-tank rocket. As I'm cowering in the messy ditch I can't help but think, Boy, is dad gonna be pissed. I'll really need those five bucks now. Sometimes it's easy to tell who's trying to kill

me and other times it's impossible. The CIA attempts are cake, their letter bombs always come on station-head and postage-die. SAVAKS aren't too hard either, because they'll address it in Farsi and the Post Office just throws them away. Who the threatening phone calls are from is anybody's guess: Omega, FBI, Brigade Rossi, WLF. I've had too many close calls to recount. I can't trust anybody, especially my friends, who lately have been acting very strange and giving me that "I know where the Shah is and you don't" look. Needham is going to class, and so is Eric Thoman is writing for law review. The Dis- through his. He dropped his 5lb. Puppy Chow and fled before I could flag him down. Bastard. I'll probably never get my five bucks.

sent boys publish my stories. The Westmoreland gang think Bigwheels are the answer to the enemy crisis. The whole town is going nuts because the Shah is hiding out here, and every fanatical extremist group, including Ted Koppel and ABC are out to terminate him. I just want five bucks.

Two weeks ago, a booby-trapped charge of C-4 exploded when I opened my locker. Fortunately, it was rush hour and most of the blast and shrapnel was absorbed by my classmates who jostled me out of my spot. Yesterday, I carelessly mentioned I was going to the poker game over at Mike Weirich and Bob Higgins house. Instead I decided to watch the Reagan-Anderson debate. That careless mistake may have saved my life. In the most serious attempt yet, radical Islamic militants exploded a Titan missile under the house, vaporizing Bob, Mike and the rest of the boys. I still feel bad about it, but I usually lose at their poker games. We haven't seen the worst of it yet. The present Gulf war is sure to bring Iraqi assassins to Track City U.S.A. looking for the Shah. He's out there, he sure. And until they find him, everybody's suspect. If you have seen him around, or you know where he is, get in contact with me. He owes me five bucks.

I'll Take Personhattan, The Bronx and Staten Island Too

Contrary to popular opinion, it ain't easy being a liberated, with-it woman. You think it's fun trying to maintain that fresh, natural, out-doorsy look while you're opening your own doors, rotating your tires, paying your ex-husband alimony, recycling your pantyhose and pretending that you understand what the hell the ERA is all about. Think again, guys.

What hath God wrought, you say? Well, I don't know what the deity hath to do with it, but women's lib has definitely brought with it a linguistic pig in a poke: nonsexist vocabulary.

The secret of this snappy new liberated patter is to make your entire vocabulary void of any and all references to gender. Case in point: I dug out my pick and shovel and unearthed a handful of references that once contained the word "man". I have replied that with the modern nonsexual "person". A veritable dream come true, right? Send up flares. Cue the balloons. With this invaluable survival list clutched in your grubby little paws you can now live a fulfilled life free from the worry that Bella Abzug might sneak up behind you one night with a sock full of gravel.

Birdperson of Alcatraz: The female of the species should not be prevented from enjoying a nice stiff 900 year sentence. Besides, we look better in stripes and our rockpiles would be fashionably coordinated.

Film Flam Person: This character could sell Turtle Wax to a person who doesn't even have a turtle.

Good-humor Person: Someone who goes around selling her wares and ice cream also.

Person-eating Shark: The women of the world took a vote and decided that we don't mind if you change this one back to man-eating as long as the sharks take their title literally.

Fu-person Chu: One of those folks that might make you wish birth control was retroactive.

Dirty Old Person: This is what you become when you're over-the-hill and everyone knows it but you. (Way to go, C.s.)

Personhole Cover: One of those round lids in 11th Avenue that always has steam wafting out of it. This is where they percolate the coffee that is eventually dispensed from the law school's hot beverage machine. This mocha sludge may also be used as putty to install windowpanes.

Person of La Mancha: Donna Quixote doesn't taut windmills: she uses them to generate aerospheic energy.

Portuguese Person of War: An icky marine creature with a face like a bouquet of elbows that would just as soon munch your scotch-guarded wedgies off, as look at you.

Kat-person-dur: A lovely spot in the Tibetan Mountains, where no one knows how to burp the air out of Tupeware.

Cathi Bulone

CLASSIFIEDS

Enterprising but frustrated rock musicians (former *Thundering Love Hammers*!) seek meaningful musical relationships (or illicit affairs) with quasi-talented or better rockers for mutual release of pent-up jurisprudential pressures and general mayhem. All interested bachelors/drummers/guitarists/keyboardeers/vocalists/squibbthrowers castnet players, etc. are requested to direct their inquiries to locker # 318 or call Mike at 485-6521.

This could be your last chance to attain fame-riches-admiration-10 years to life, with some of the law school's fastest-rising rock stars! (remember what happened to Pete Best and Stu Sutcliffe!)

DISSENT Editors Get Exclusive Interview With the Ayatollah Khomeini

The DISSENT was granted a special telephone interview with the Ayatollah Khomeini when it was learned the hostages would be released.

The DISSENT was particularly concerned with the timing of the release and we asked whether the upcoming presidential election had any effect on the decision to finally send the hostages home.

These are excerpts of our conversations with Iran's leader as interpreted by Dr. Ahmfar Almahrat, the current propaganda minister.

D: Imam, naturally America is overjoyed to have the hostages come home but we are also very curious about why the decision to release them came just before the election. Did your advisors forecast gloomy times if Carter was defeated?

A: It is sunny in Tehran today and I think I shall tan the fluffy side of my beard.

D: Um, Imam, does that mean the rumors are true about your favoring Carter over Reagan?

A: Absolutely not, Iran will never barter for any evil American ray-guns or any other weapons!

D: No, no, Imam, we were asking about the candidacies.

A: Oh, candied dates are different. We will always barter over them.

D: Excuse me, Imam, but we were referring to the hostage dilemma and the effect on the candidates.

A: Sausage is forbidden by the Koran even with lemon or candied dates.

D: Um, Imam, I think we have a bad connection.

A: Yes, connections with the U.S. have been bad but as the Prophet teaches, there is always hope for a new beginning.

D: No kidding, Imam. Look, is there another interpreter we can talk through?

A: How dare you accuse me of talking through my turban?

D: No, no, Imam! Interpreter, you need a new INTERPRETER!

A: Now you suggest that I need some perversion? Yankee dogs, capitalist...

D: OK, OK, Imam, you win - you need some perversion.

A: Oh, a thousand pardons, I misunderstood. No, I already have an interpreter, thank you.

D: Yeah, right. No wonder it's taken a year to release the hostages.

A: No, I tell you again, we eat no sausages here.

D: Yeah, sure. Um, thanks for talking with us Imam but we have a deadline to meet and...

A: That is all? You only wanted to talk about candied dates and sausages?

D: No, we wanted to talk about our President, the g*****n AMERICAN PRESIDENT!

A: We do not wish to have an American presence in the Gulf.

D: No kidding, Imam? Look, it was nice talking to you. [click]

shooting is the Ayatollah Khomeini.

*I'm a Marxist-Groucho type.

*An elephant is a mouse drawn to government specifications.

*A dirty mind is a perpetual solace.

*Anarchists of the world unite: you have nothing to lose but your decentralized principles.

*Save your Dixie cups;

the South will rise again.

And My favorite...Yes, there is intelligent life on this planet-but I'm just visiting.

Cathi Bulone

Correction

With regards to my article addressing Prof. Hildreth's propensity for pacing:

My apologies to John McDonagh. As a result of the intense pressure arising from the deadline imposed by those despotically deadbeats I managed to translate McDonagh into McKenna, in the final rewrite. John assaulted me first thing in the morning arguing that he was the only red hot in the Environmental law class. I assured John he was correct and that it was simple mistake of citing the wrong source. Strange thing I don't know anybody by the name of McKenna, but then those Polish names all sound alike.

On the other hand, no apologies to dissent editor Richard Perrigo, who had the unfortunate luck of having his turn on the hot seat in another of Prof. Hildreth's classes, the same day the article was published. A person with any sense would have stayed home in bed.

Anonymous

STRESS cont.

library basement.

15. Define some activities that make you feel refreshed, then plan them into your schedule. Use Technique #2.

16. Give yourself a 'mental health' day now and then. Just don't make a habit of it.

17. Cut down on obligations. Buy enough socks and underwear to get you through a semester without doing the laundry. Consider resigning from your bowling league.

And if these techniques don't help, there's always the priesthood.

-Lorrie Skurdahl

AL CAPONE WENT TO PUBLIC SCHOOL

I'm sure there isn't a public lavatory wall on the face of this fair planet that has not, at one time or another, been graced with graffiti. And thank heaven for that. These felicitous messages have been inscribed for all posterity (or at least until the janitors state a Brillo attack) by some of the greatest unknown philosophers of our time.

It is a documented fact that the first graffiti was a divine gift from Monotonous, the Greek god of celestial boredom, who carved 'Zeus' mother wears army boots,' in a rock on Mount Olympus. It remains today.

U. of O. graffiti is, for the most part, very typical of the type of stuff that you'll find on any American college campus. (A little damper at times, but very typical.) At the risk of being introduced to the Lane County Jail the hard way, I traversed the environs (skulked around might be closer to the truth) and collected the best and

Most Printable of Oregon's Restroom Remarks, which follow for your pleasurable perusal.

*Keep Oregon clean; dump your trash in California.

*Be kind to Communists; they're misdirected but they mean well.

*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inhibit the earth.

*If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs, then perhaps you've misunderstood the situation.

*Contrary to popular belief, 'Damn it' is not God's last name.

*Chicken Little was right.

*There's no problem so big or complicated that it can't be run away from.

*Xerox never comes up with anything original.

*The US Army: 200 years of proud service unhampered by progress.

*It wasn't the apple in the tree that drove Adam out of Paradise, it was the tomato on the ground.

*Maria Montessori taught me to rite at age two.

*The only dope worth

★★★PAD News★★★★★

Flash! Hot news! (or is it Hot Flash?) Here's the latest scoop from the SEA/Phi Alpha Delta Bookstore.

NEW HOURS: beginning the week of September 29, the bookstore will be open

Tuesday 12:30-1:30

Thursdays 1:30-2:30

Like all fine establishments, the bookstore will be closed Mondays.

For those who have not yet discovered the bargain basement of the law book business, here is a short introduction to the SEA/PAD bookstore. It is located next to the typing room on the first floor of the law school (same room as the Distribution Center, though different hours). The bookstore sells new and used study aids at a considerable discount (15% off new Gilberts list price; 20% off new Casenotes, etc.). Used study aids are sold over the counter. New study aids are shipped to us about 10 days (or less) after your order is placed. The bookstore also sells bumper stickers, but, mindful of Reinquist, does not sell contraptions to children. However, we do sell Girl Scout cookies the first week in March.

Save your bucks, ducks, and buy at the SEA/PAD bookstore. We're willing to negotiate unconscionable terms at any time.

SPORTS NEWS

Schlock

My Dear Dr. Oths,

Yours truly almost missed the deadline (must have been another case of gross red-hotism, mental flatulence, or in other words "blah" review), but I just revived enough to contemplate the degree that our beloved conference, the PAC-10 (conference of champions), has dominated your "BIG"-10. Why its truly one-sided... Alright, its true Northwestern U. is continuing its glorious tradition of being every opponent's whipping boy, but getting beat by Washington by 45-7? Isn't there enough wealth of talent at that bombastic Buckeye U. to help out poor Northwestern? And take the Ducks' performance against Michigan State as my mentor Mr. Neuman said, "there was no comparison between the teams... Oregon had much better athletes." (Bag. Reg. Guard, 9-25, pg. B1) Even UCLA, picked by pre-season polls to finish 6th or 7th in the conference, was able to dump nationally ranked Purdue, 23-14.

Not to mention the Bruins thumping of your beloved Buckeyes, 17-0, in front of 87,000 Buckaroos.

But enough about these secondary matters. Since the Quacks blew the Trojans out of the national championship race a few weeks ago talk in Duckdom is of a second straight winning season! But there are those who say, "Who cares? They're all a bunch of criminals..." I shudder at the thought that some of my fellow jurisprudes haven't felt the exhilaration, the adrenalin flowing (better than speed), and the down right ecstasy of seeing the Ducks dominate. I suppose there are some who have been repulsed by all of the charges made and rightly so. But it's hard for a deep-dunk duck like myself to think that such things could be true. Let's hope that justice will prevail and the derelict ducklets will be dismissed.

In the meantime though, let's hope OUR team can show those schlockfeassors from Pullman a thing or two, and see yet another glorious page of history written in the PAC-10 - yes, Michael - the Conference of Champions.

-Bill Waterman

Counter-Schlock

Mr. Waterlaw:

I am amazed that you continue to have the audacity to associate yourself in any way with Pac-5 athletics. A man of your ethical calibre should recognize the inherent unfairness of allowing mail-order universities to compete with legitimate academic institutions. Beyond that, however, it must be embarrassing to realize that even with such practices occurring, the Pac-5 can do no better than it does.

Despite the unprecedented weakness of the Big-10 (due no doubt to their losing players to Pac-5 schools by way of fraudulent inducement) the Pac-5 has still managed to distinguish itself by its ineptness. Take for example Oregon State. The Bevos have lost to such powerhouses as Wyoming and Long Beach State, teams of such low calibre that Big-10 schools would not even schedule them. Washington State is another fine example. They were able to pull an el-foldo against the University of Pacific. Tell me Bill: where is the University of Pacific? (never mind do they give scholarships in football). The real topper was this week, when Washington

managed to lose to Navy. Bill, we're not talking about a cellar-dwelling club, we're talking about the odds-on favorite to represent the Pac-5 in the Rose Bowl!

I do realize that the Bucks took one on the chin against the Bruins (another fine example of academic integrity) but who could blame them? The moral-outrage aside, the Pac-5 has made it impossible for the Big-10 winner to win a #1 ranking. What prestige will be accorded a team which beats a Rose Bowl opponent who couldn't even beat Navy?

My only hope now is that Purdue and Ohio State both go unbeaten in the conference, so that Purdue can play in the dud bowl on Jan. 1 and the Bucks can face a better team (say Alabama in the Sugar?).

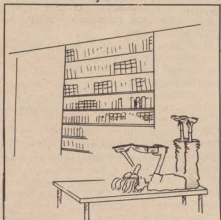
As for the enthusiasm of your Duck-mongers, I think that the crowd size for UNLV (another top-notch opponent) says it all. Uofu was coming off its biggest game in 20 years and the game draws only 30,000 fans. Don't me any static about the weather either. Any true Big-10 fan has sat through cold and rain which would reduce a Duck crowd to about 150. I'm not talking Ohio State and Michigan either, I'm talking 75,000 a game at Mich. St. and Wisconsin, neither of whom are very exciting.

Face it Bill, when you throw out swimming, water skiing and Frisbee, the Pac-5 is still minor-league.

Mike Oths

Loophole®

by hal malchow



HEY, RED HOT, WHATCHA DOING?

I'M UNDERGOING A BIOCATALYTIC AUGMENTATION OF COGNITIVE EFFICIENCY.



BY STUDYING IN AN INVERTED POSITION, I CAN AFFECT A 26% EXPANSION IN THE FLOW OF OXYGEN TO THE BRAIN. THIS ACCELERATED INTAKE IMPACTS CEREBRAL EFFICIENCY AT A RATE DIS-PROPORTIONATE TO THE MERE BIOCHEMICAL ACCRETION.



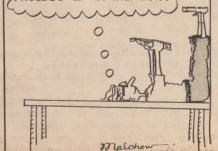
USING CURRENT THEOREMS ON BROWNS CON-VERSION, I ESTIMATE A MEAN EFFICIENCY INCREASE FOR ALL CEREBRAL FUNCTIONS OF ABOUT 30%. BUT BECAUSE OF THE UNIQUE CHEMISTRY INVOLVED IN MEMORY PROCESSES, I CAN PROBABLY EXPAND RETENTION BY AT LEAST 56%.



YOU'LL KEEP THIS QUIET, WON'T YOU, LOOPHOLE? ONE CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE ANY A COMPETITIVE EDGE.



LAW SCHOOL IS A PROCESS OF INTIMIDATION



Malchow

EDITORIALS

We, the Dissident Editors, have become concerned since it has gotten back to us that several people did not understand our endorsement of Ronald Reagan in the last Dissident was done with pen in cheek. Feeling it our editorial responsibility to correct this misnomer we hurriedly called an executive meeting of the editorial board in order to determine who the paper actively does support. As usual, no unanimous choice occurred. Accordingly, the Dissident endorses three candidates for President.

1. Pete Rose - This is Mike's choice for President. He felt it was time we had a President who "hustled" and who would "come through in the clutch". Mike thinks Pete will bring a "heads up defense" and an aggressive offense" to the job. Mike expressed the hope that Pete would appoint Woody Hayes as Secretary of State.

2. Ayatollah Khomeini - Bill believes this country needs a "strong leader" and that the Ayatollah was "just the man to do the job." Besides, says Bill, it's time this country became "one nation under God again". Bill hopes Jerry Falwell will run as V. P. so "as many Gods as possible will be covered." Bill also feels that as President, the ayatollah may be able to free the hostages.

3. Zonker Harris - Rich states that Zonker is a man who "has his priorities in the proper order." He cites Harris' "strength in the Sumbel" as proof he can win. Rich also believes Zonker can solve the energy crisis by "pushing solar power". Rich has become disillusioned with Reagan because he is only a "Pseudo Californian" because he "isn't mellow". Rich believes Zonker will bring "a higher consciousness" to the job.

While we could not agree on one candidate we did all agree that everyone should express themselves by voting. As one of the greatest legal minds always says, "don't bitch if you don't vote".

Letters to the Editors

Citizen's Party Endorsement

Dear Colleagues:

I turned in my Law Review casenote today and promised myself that I wouldn't write anything for at least one week. One hour later, the amount of political rhetoric bombarding me from every streetcorner, radio and news report forced me to break my earlier promise (gee, I feel like a politician already). With that emotional justification I'll get to the point.

Is an election a horse-race?

If not, why is everybody concerned with voting for the winner. Instead, shouldn't a person's vote be an expression of support for a politician's beliefs, promises or policies.

"OK," you say, "I'll vote the issues instead of betting on the swift-est ass, but where are the issues?"

Admittedly, meaty issues are as hard to find in an election year as

positive feedback during the first-year of law school. Here is a suggestion:

Vote for the Presidential candidates of the Citizens Party!

I'd recite their names but you would only forget them, they are so common. (Those of you who read a newspaper realize I just made a great pun, the rest of you - read on.) If the candidates of the Citizens Party receive five percent of the vote in this election the Party's candidates in 1984 will be eligible for federal funds. Thus, (writer's signal - a conclusion is coming) a vote for the C. P. will help to establish a true alternative choice, next time around.

In December, after the dirt from another season of personal attacks, has settled you could join me in the enjoyment of knowing that our votes helped provide for a new voice (Citizens Party continued on p. 7)

The Dissident is the SBA funded student newspaper of the University of Oregon School of Law.

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David Bartz, Julie Bell (typist), Virginia Boushy, Dale Bricker, Cathi Balone, Marty Diaz, Todd Hutchinson, Dale Johnson, John Karpinski, Bob Needham, Mark Oswald, David Perez-Selsky, Vicki Sieber, Lorrie Skurdahl, Mark Stapke, Robin Thorson, Greg Wasson, Bill Waterman,

Some random editorializing:

Perhaps we should rename the Pennoyer Run à la the Exxon Oil Company. When Exxon was formed by merger, the corporate executives hired a languages expert to do a computer study to find a combination of letters which would be inoffensive to any group, in any language in the world. "Exxon", the result, hears no aural relationship to any word in any language - a completely meaningless word.

If the editorial comment regarding the presidential election seems one-sided it's only because the submitted material was one-sided. You'll get no complaint from this corner.

Due to the apparent lack of interest in the upcoming IRC elections we have an excellent chance to protect our interests - let's not blow it.

Now that law review time is over, we who chose to avoid the heartache and sorrow can stop apologizing for our decision to refrain from martyr status. Seriously though, a tip of the hat to those who chose reading and writing over football games and beer-drinking.

Finally, a word of thanks to those who helped make the baseball pool a rousing success.

SHOULD SYLVESTER'S RUN BE RENAMED?

Sylvester Pennoyer was, among other things, a staunch supporter of slavery, and a leading agitator during the Anti-Chinese Riots of the 1880's. In view of Pennoyer's blatantly racist attitudes and activities, we feel the law school community should question the desirability of seeming to memorialize him in any fashion. Calling attention to an ardent bigot, and emblazoning his face on our T-shirts, strikes us as more offensive than humorous, regardless of the historical context in which Pennoyer lived. We feel the name of our fine annual run should be changed.

The current name was chosen for several reasons. Pennoyer is a funny name, and the man was a wacky character and former governor of Oregon. All first year students suffer through the Pennoyer v. Neff case, which was among the earliest Oregon cases argued before the U. S. Supreme Court. The case had recently been overruled by Shaffer v. Heitner.

The memorial, we are told, is actually of the case, not of Pennoyer himself. However, naming the race the "Sylvester Pennoyer Run" and putting his picture on the shirts clearly throws the focus on Pennoyer, not the case, as evidenced by the fact that someone came to this year's race dressed up as Sylvester Pennoyer.

The Minority Law Students Association (MLSA) strongly supports re-naming the run, and its representatives will soon bring this issue to the SBA. Two points must be stressed here. First, nobody claims this is an overwhelming crucial issue - but it is important enough to try and reach a satisfactory name change in a simple and harmonious fashion. Second, nobody has ever felt that anyone connected with the Pennoyer Run is insensitive to racism. The creators of this event, as well as many others, simply did not realize that the memorialization of Sylvester Pennoyer would be offensive to some people.

If the majority of the law school community agrees that a name change is in order, what would be the best way to effectuate this? Here is a suggestion, supported by Perry Buck, brainchild behind the Run:

Each year we could name the race in someone's or something's honor. The range of possible names is limited only by our imaginations. This would allow for serious honoring of worthy people (such as a retiring faculty member), as well as great humor and maximum flexibility in T-shirt design.

A small committee could take suggestions, choose the name or hold a vote, and be responsible for designing the shirts. Whatever name is selected for next year, we should employ a small "legal fiction" and call it the next Run the "4th Annual....", so as to maintain the legacy of the current third year class, originators of the event.

Anyone with suggestions for a new name for the race may place them in the SBA boxes of Perry Buck or Steve Kaiser.

A bigot is neither particularly humorous nor worthy of being memorialized. A sensitive recognition of this will result in a new name for our run. Let's do it!

Russ Winick
David Perez-Selsky

RONALD REAGAN: THE TIME IS NOW

Ronald Reagan. The time is now.

As a law student has the habit of saying, "let me interject some political reality."

Ronald Reagan is the classic example of how ridiculous our two party system has become. He is only two weeks away from becoming our 40th President. With all the backstabbing, name calling and five minute paid political announcements (which say very little) what do we know about Ronald Reagan? Where does he stand on the issues?

Some people say that he will be more likely to lead us into Battle over Chrome in Zimbabwe or any other international resource or territory which is 'rightly' owned or claimed by the U. S. He says we must retain a "margin of safety".

On that issue we can argue forever but what has Ronald Reagan said about other national and international issues:

On Unemployment Insurance: "A prepaid vacation for free loaders." - I wonder if the laid off workers in industry rich Ohio know that.

On Social Security: "A welfare program" - Yet he tells the senior citizens of Florida that he'll strengthen the program.

On Urban Renewal: "An assault on Freedom" - he has criticized Carter for not rebuilding the South Bronx, and has promised to help.

On Welfare: "A faceless mass waiting for handouts" - He's going to make some spending cuts - Some?

On Vietnam: A "noble" cause, and we should have "paved it and put parking stripes on it." - Such a gentle person.

On Conservation: In Ohio, Mt. St. Helens is a worse polluter than the industries of the Northeast. In California, "I'm an environmentalist." On the Redwood trees while Governor: "How many do you need to look at?"

On Progressive Income Tax: A brainchild of Karl Marx. Then he went on to impose the most progressive Income Tax in California's history - many people blame him for the need to use Proposition 13.

On the Legislature: A staff member. Come

Stiffles, said of Reagan as Governor: "He felt he'd been elected by a million votes, so who needed the legislature?"

On the ERA: He opposes it because it would be construed by the courts against the wishes of women - However, he plans to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court. Talk about playing for both teams.

On Abortion: He believes that abortion is against his beliefs - However he signed the most liberal abortion law which enlarged the amount of abortions from 537 to 135,000.

On Advise: Staff member Don Livingston said, "But there were no votes, sometimes the sympathy at the table went totally our way, but he went the other. He'd ask, 'Has everybody had their say?' and he'd decide." So much for his prestigious Cabinet.

On Magic: He'll cut taxes, increase defense spending and cut Federal spending, and Balance the Budget.

He believes in the B-1 bomber, and the MX Missile as well as higher pay for soldiers. Add the tax cut to the sizeable increase in Defense spending and you are going to have one tremendous deficit. As well, add the decrease in revenue from Social Security because of the reforms he wants for senior citizens still working and the urban renewal programs for New York and other large cities. The list can go on and on.

He has promised everybody, everywhere the world. He may not be as scary on foreign policy as he is on domestic problems.

Ronald Reagan. The time is not now or ever.

Marty Diaz

Specific Performers Overcome by Unclean Hands

Janet "Dr. J." Schroer and her Unclean Hands proved to be too much in swamping the Specific Performers 11 goals to 2 in their recent inner tube waterbasketball match. The Performers, an expansion team made up of 1st, 2nd and 3rd year law students, were unable to stand up to the pressure applied by the unstoppable Dr. J. The Doctor lead the Unclean Hands, made up of 3rd year students, to the University championship last year, and if Monday night was any indication, she will repeat that achievement again this year.

The Unclean Hands finds its only real talent in the playing of Ms. Schroer, the remainder of the team providing little more than dead weight. One wonders why Dr. J. has surrounded herself with such incompetence, but Dr. J. is quick to point out that the rules require six bodies to complete the game and avoid forfeiting.

On the other hand, the Specific Performers made up of players new to the sport, showed great improvement over the first game played the week before. The team has a bright future but may be unable to rise to the level of play necessary to defeat Janet, easily the league's best player, and her innertube tutelages.

Dr. J.'s speed in the tube, accurate passing, and dead-eye shooting made the Specific Performers switch to double and triple coverage on her, leaving open the drones that sit in the remaining Unclean Hands tubes. Yet that wasn't sufficient to put a stop on the Doctor, who managed everything, but behind the head dunks. After Monday night's defeat, the Specific Performers only hope lies in the graduation of the entire Unclean Hands team; and the Unclean Hands only hope is that Dr. J. doesn't declare "hardship", and go pro before the season is finished.

Bob Needham

**VOTE
TO PROTECT YOUR
INTERESTS!**
IEC
JULIE BELL
JIM EDMUNSON
SUSAN HARRIS
JON NEIDERBACH
RICHARD SONTAG
EMU BD.
KARSTEN RASMUSSEN
SWAB
CATHI BULONE

(Citizens Party continued from p. 6)

in a wilderness of similarity.

This isn't the answer (I'm sure my political colleagues could find a few answers but, first, they's better inform the candidates) its merely a suggestion to those of you who would rather not make a choice between mediocrity, instability and noncommitment. Instead of allowing one of "the big three" to count

your vote (appropriate isn't it, the symbol of a declining industrial leader used to denote the declining national leaders), make your vote count.

Vote for the candidates of the Citizens Party.

(Don't think of it as a wasted vote, but as a vote that won't go to waste.)

In conclusion (writ-

er's signal - the end is near), I apologize for using all of the disruptive parentheses (but I hate footnotes).

I invite all of you to attack the views, assault the premises and mock the conclusions expressed in this letter, but, please, don't ask me to rewrite it.

Respectfully,
David Bartz

MORE ADVENTURES OF BUNKY McPERRIGOTH

by Bill McCall

[When we last left Bunky, he was just starting to make it with Ellie Sweetknocker. Ed.]

Von Halsig looked wearily out to the faces assembled in front of his lecturn. He was one thousand years old and he felt it. He felt each and every year when he looked out into that sea of oblique, pimply, snarling, pinched and homely faces.

Everybody was there, of course. It was a typical first year class in every respect. There was the inevitable coterie of eager learners all primed with the soul-deadening minutiae of today's cases. Next to them were the various political factions, the drooling liberal milkshops, the future Common Market ministers, the nationalists, the various one-issue fanatics spouting their tunnel vision rhetoric, and, of course, the Commies. There were always Commies. And they always had the same questions. "Original thoughts were still-born in these brains."

And all of them were ready of course, pens in hand, books open to the proper page, each one ready to count the dancers on the heads of pins when the class gong sounded.

He sighed. He was getting too old for this, far too old. They were an insufferable lot and it got worse every year. No sooner had he taught them the ancient common law principles than they graduated and started thinking up new ways to twist the sanity out of words. He despised them. He despised them all.

All except two, that is, McPerrigoth and Sweetknocker were tolerable. They were even more than tolerable, they were attractive. He liked to watch them sitting there together, talking softly to each other in front of his lecturn. He had almost forgotten what it was like to be attracted to someone. It suddenly occurred to him it was all due to drinking bottled plasma for the last year instead of hunting for nice, warm, juicy necks. But his latest doctor, an arrogant German, steeped in 20th century empiricism, had warned him that even though he couldn't die naturally, if he didn't stop sucking so much cholesterol-filled blood and reduce his hypertensivity, he could end up in a coma for a couple hundred years. Even superhuman arteries had limits.

The gong sounded and Von Halsig was about to deliver his usual keep-it-mysterious intro when the doors

of the classroom burst open and a flood of black-hooded commandos with machine guns stormed into the room.

"Keep silent and put your heads down and no one will be harmed!" several of the men shouted in different languages as people screamed in terror.

"Bunkaroo, what'll we do?"

Ellie Sweetknocker cried to Bunky, clutching his arm.

"Hold my hand, Ellie,"

Bunky answered, eyes wide.

"Put your heads down, fools!" barked Muzzim, Bunky's Afghani roommate, as he laid his M-14 across his lap.

"Hey, Von Halsig, this is a great stunt!" yelled a snot-nosed flunk-out from Harvard in a cashmere sweater who thought everything was staged to illustrate a tort case.

A big, black-hooded commando reached over and pulled the kid from his seat, lurching the kid's cashmere sweater around his neck with one powerful fist. With his other hand the man put the barrel of his machine gun up to the kid's snotty nose. "You like to live, yes?"

"Holy crapes for Sweet Jesus and his ever-lovin' immaculate ass. YES!" trembled the kid.

Von Halsig secretly admired the commando for doing that but this was his classroom, after all. He wrapped himself in his cloak and in a stentorian voice, demanded, "Gentlemen, please leave quietly."

A volley of machine gun fire was his answer and it took all of Von Halsig's concentration to manipulate the bullets around his body and into the wall behind him.

"Gentlemen, you will regret that," Von Halsig made a superhuman leap from the lecturn and landed in front of the two black hooded commandos who fired at him. With a flick of his hands he flipped them both head over heels onto the stone floor, stunning them.

But while Von Halsig was occupied two other men suddenly reached for Ellie Sweetknocker, pulling her from her chair and dragging her from Bunky's grasp.

"Bunkaroo!" she screamed, kicking and fighting.

"Ellie!" Bunky yelled, starting to get up.

"Shut up!" Muzzim shouted, pushing Bunky's blonde head down on the desk top with a thud.

The commandos sent a thundering spray of bullets at Von Halsig to keep him busy while they disappeared just as fast as they'd arrived. When they were gone the

class broke into distraught bedlam, the uppity Harvard reject unbunching his cashmere and slopping the sweat off his face, the various groups of students buzzing wild rumors and innuendo to each other, half of them believing it really was one of Von Halsig's tricks to illustrate a tort principle. Many of them thumbed through their casebooks while Bunky rubbed the small knot that was growing on his forehead.

"Next time you listen!" Muzzim growled at Bunky as he gripped his rifle and jumped over the desk top to join Von Halsig.

The professor was melting the trigger guards of the two dazed commandos machine guns with his breath as Muzzim came over. "They planned it perfectly, the swine," Muzzim grouched.

"They certainly did," Von Halsig agreed, throwing the now useless weapons aside. "And I intend to find out just who they were." It had definitely not been staged.

"I know who they are," Muzzim said, spitting on one of the commandos.

"You do?" Von Halsig asked in genuine surprise.

"They are the filthy hirelings of an arch-demon."

"You don't say," Von Halsig remarked, adjusting his cape. He'd known several arch- and lesser demons over the years but most of them were management consultants for the Chilean Secret Police nowadays.

"Professor, can I trust you?" Muzzim asked, his rough, sun-darkened features becoming very intense.

Von Halsig smiled slightly, ruefully. "Why do you ask?"

"Because all is not as it seems. You are not a simple professor nor am I a simple Afghani peasant struggling to become a celebrated international lawyer."

"Oh?"

"No, we are both somebody else," Muzzim said, looking Von Halsig straight in his mirror-sharp black eyes.

"Well, I know who I am," Von Halsig said crisply, "now who may I ask are you?"

Muzzim smiled craftily.

"Special Agent Mahdi."

"The Appointed One?"

"They call me SAM for short, professor."

"Special Agent for whom?"

"For now, all you need to know is that I was assigned to protect Elenora Sweetknocker," Muzzim explained, cautiously.

"Protect Ms. Sweetknocker? From what besides fools who don't understand beauty?"

Von Halsig asked, a little melodramatically he thought. She was beautiful. He missed her already.

"From the wanton, avareicious, undying greed of my country's most implacable enemy."

"Russia?"

Muzzim's crafty smile had disappeared. "Exxon."

"What? An American oil company? What could they want Ms. Sweetknocker for? I don't understand," Von Halsig said, fingering the border of his cape in perplexity.

"Ahggg" groaned one of the reviving commandos.

"There is no time," Muzzim said. "First we must make these pigs talk, then you must help me find her."

"Help you find her?"

"She is very valuable to us all," Muzzim said, slamming his rifle butt against the head of the groaning commando. It quieted him immediately.

Von Halsig looked at Muzzim in a very different way. He knew Muzzim told the truth because he could read his mind. But there were more thoughts buried and blocked from his telepathy. Muzzim had a highly trained mind. There were great, powerful thoughts deeply submerged in the head of the young, tough Afghani and Von Halsig could sense them but he couldn't force them out. And to think he'd passed Muzzim off as a jingoistic peasant because he always carried an M-14 around. "All right," Von Halsig agreed, "I'll help."

Across the torchlit classroom filled with buzzing voices and arguments over which case the commando raid represented, Bunky sat staring at the door, dazed and despondent. "Ellie," he whispered, "oh, Ellie." His eyes were wet.

It looked like their date was off for tonight.

[To be continued in the January issue of THE DISSIDENT.]

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"Ideally, the adversary system is two sides colliding, and out from the middle pops the clean soap bar of justice."

F. R. Lacy
(Ed. Note. We were going to include Prof. Wendell (Count) Dayse's joke about 'making an absence clone fall' but none of us could bring ourselves to repeat it. (We don't have as much courage as the Count.) If you really want to hear it, we suggest you either ask someone in Bayse's Fed Tax I or ask the Count himself. While you wait it, you should ask him to tell you his other favorite joke about 'taking gulls across straid



Dump Carter

MT. ST. RON-OLD

ASHINGTON, D.C. *—A group of political scientists and vulcanologists got together yesterday to compare two formidable forces present in our land: Mt. St. Helens and presidential contender Ron-old Ray-gun.

An expert on volcanic character put the result of the discussion this way, "The exactitude is striking. We could analogize for hours!" When asked to expatiate, he spewed, "Besides being cantankerous old farts, their main similarity is the gaping hole in their heads, leading most to think their heads are vacuous. But no, rest assured, they've got plenty of rocks in their heads."

When asked about the recent rumblings heard from each, an acclaimed seismologist said, "Coming from the same epoch, they are both extremely temperamental in nature. Their seeming pugnacity stems from a shared penchant for getting thrills by releasing multi-megaton charges that create a huge mess."

Ray-gun has rationalized such statewide clean-up problems by pointing out the many people this fallout employs: street-sweepers, nurses, hucksters, and morticians.

Another parallelism mentioned was the similar quantity of hot air and noxious gases each can discharge at a single sitting.

arity was brought up by the coalition, all immediately remarked about how both of their faces are replete with wrinkles and literal crevasses.

The one distinction noted between the two, was the fact that St. Helens has a full grey headcover, while Ron-old's plume is still as dark as Bonzo's fur! This point, however, was cleared quickly as a Carter aide disclosed the brand of hair colorant Ray-gun is using for his "younger than John or Jimmy" campaign image.

President Carter, a bit irritated that he had no sister mountain, said he was no longer satisfied with his rosegarden, or for that matter, with Rosalyn. Independent presidential candidate John Anderson reportedly said that Helens and Ray-gun are obsolete, and should both be corked and placed in a museum because of their similar oddities.

Even though the two dinosaur-age vestiges have been dormant for ages, we can't forget their sporadic awakenings these days. It is hoped this will only go on for a short term. But a chilling note is added when reminded that when the old lady reared her dusty head last, she wheezed and sputtered for over a quarter century. Notwithstanding, the group expressed confidence that Ray-gun won't last until 1984.

Todd Hutchinson

Special Events

What do pork bellies, soy beans, "super-spuds" and wheat have in common? And why have six students been spending an inordinate amount of time worrying about them? No, it is not the recipe for next week's Hungarian Goulash lunchtime fundraiser. Answer - these items are all subjects of commodity futures contracts. The six manic students are the members of this year's National Moot Court Team, and in two short weeks they will be journeying to Dynamic Moscow, Idaho, birthplace of "super-spuds" to argue about whether a commodity account is a security and whether an investor has a private right of action for fraud under the Commodity Exchange Act.

The regional competition on November 13-15 pits eight northwest schools against each other. Each school sends two teams. This year's Oregon teams are: Jan McGinnis, Vicki Sieber and Collette Boehmer, and Linda Mann, Jim Barkeley and Carmelita Shinn. The top two teams in the region will compete in New York in January.

Each team writes a brief, which is submitted weeks before the competition to each of the other competing schools. So, the briefs are in and the team members are beginning

room opposite 221. Next week, November 3, 5 and 6, they will be practicing oral arguments with faculty judges, the toughest they're likely to meet. Anyone who is interested in seeing what moot court is all (or partly) about, or if you're really excited about pork bellies and wheat futures, you're welcome to come watch 7 p.m. in the courtroom.

Vicki Sieber
Moot Court Board

QUOTES

"Where's now, the reverential awe, once paid the sages of the law?"
Anonymous, ca. 1780

"Let us look upon a Lawyer. In the beginning of life we see him fumbling and raking amidst the rubbish of Writs, indigments, Pleas, ejectments, enfield, illattribution, and a 1000 other ligmum Vitae words that have neither harmony nor meaning. When he gets into Business he often foment more quarrells than he composes, and enriches himself at the expense of impoverishing others more honest and deserving than himself. Besides the noise and bustle of Courts and the labour of inquiring into and pleading dry and difficult cases, have very charms in my Eye."

John Adams
Letter to Charles Cushman
April 1756.

Questions

- Q: Does my will have to be in writing?
- A: Yes, public policy discourages oral wills. Although courts presume the decedent would have preferred to die testate, heavy probate activity may force the court to cut the will off.
- Q: I recently remarried; how do I include my new wife?
- A: Testators do it with their codicils.
- Q: How do I avoid controversy in probate?
- A: As this court has said in dicta many times, "She or he who lasts, laughs last".
- Q: Issue?
- A: Gesundheit.

BAD NEWS GOES TO ALASKA

(Bad News Goes to Alaska continued from p. 2)
 Overseas operator, please give me the number of... Did you ever realize you could dial direct to New Zealand? When that conversation was over it was 3:30 in the morning and only 5 hours until my Evidence class with Fred Merrill. Believe it or not I did make it, but I arrived looking more casual than Fred. Through a Herculean effort I managed to stay awake for the class but ran home for a quick 90 minute nap before my next class.

Portland 18 miles. Well, I better quit, the traffic is thick and though I've slowed to 75, it's difficult locating the Portland stations while juggling a map and finishing off the last beer in the sixpack. No problem keeping track of the road, everytime I stray the cars around me start honking their horns. 3 hours to Anchorage.

For today's flight I'm flying under the name of Fred Smith. It is not that I'm afraid of my fans hounding me at the airport, but knowing Washington has toughened up their personal abuse statutes, I'm trying to avoid being served process in the middle of my 4th martini. One stewardess asked me if I was afraid of flying. That poor soul mistook my pendency for drink as an outward sign of some inner scar. "Not so my dear", I said to her explaining that I'm unable to swallow most pills without some sort of liquor. I don't have that problem with those small one-a-day's but there's no way I could get a Beauty down without it.

105 minutes to Anchorage.

At this point you might be wondering why I'm going to Alaska for 4 days. I'm sure not going to win any tanning contests flying into those 30° temperatures, but it is my hope that by taking a little time off every other weekend that I'll have energy to get down to the serious matter of studying in between. I've set my sights high this semester: I'm hoping to shoot down a couple of red hots, the likes of the big "M" who showed up a week and a half late for school with a chunk of hash the size of his fist in one hand and a sheet of a hundred hits of blotter in the other, came ready for the tough grind ahead.

Anchorage 50 minutes. At this point I'm physically incapacitated as a result of the nutrients I've been consuming all day and from the sleep I never got last night. Good thing I had the foresight to have the airlines arrange for a wheel chair to be waiting for me in Anchorage. I've been here before: Unfortunately that won't help me now.

I'm sitting across from the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in the last two hours. Yet I'm afraid to lean over to speak a word with her for fear of ending up face first in the remnants of my discarded sandwich (a word of art in the airline business) in the empty seat next to me. Life's a bitch. I just might as well relax and go with the flow down the long dark tube. ZZZ

B.N.
 Next Issue: ALASKA GETS
 BAD NEWS.

The Fly Problem Solved

As I walked through the library a few weeks ago, I passed a friend sitting shock still at a desk with fly-swatter in one hand and eyeballs wildly rotating. His casebook lay unread before him. I stopped and suggested he get a little boy. Perhaps he too had watched "Shogun", because at first he seemed to misunderstand my meaning. This being cleared up, we agreed that idle seven-year-olds willing to swat flies for, say, a nickel an hour were not often seen hanging around the law school with hopes of earning some spending money.

Back at my own desk, inspiration struck. If I could borrow money from someone, I would buy 400 fly-swatters and rent them out on an hourly basis from a stand in front of the law school. A real money-maker, ob-

viously. On second thought, I realized, pegging the hourly rental fee at a level that would be appealing to law students would mean that by the beginning of the rainy season when the flies disappeared, I would have earned only enough to be the owner of 400 fly-swatters, free and clear.

I'm convinced that, absent this one difficulty, the idea has real potential. Since I'm not taking business planning, I'm afraid I'm unable to develop it as it deserves. However, I now freely give the right to anyone interested to run with the concept. Since the spirit of peculiar acquisitiveness lights the eyes of many here at the law school, I'm sure someone can make it fly. Good luck.

Dale Bricker

Orgy Expected

Phi Delta Phi Halloween Party

Sources close to his Imperial Magister Frederick H. Hahn have divulged that His Highness' 10th Annual Memorial Orgy (a.k.a. Phi Delta Phi Halloween Party), scheduled for October 31, is not, as alleged, sold out. Attendance by the Public, including members of the Law School community, is to be strictly encouraged; vague allegations such as: "Give me the word and I'll have you up to your in candied apples", see Edward Soll, are to be liberally construed. Under the doctrine of Exhaustion of Remedies, see, e.g., Davis, God, Me, and Administrative Law, no complaint as to the exhaustions of law school will be entertained until after this remedy has been liberally administered. Wake up out there! Apply yourselves! Plan ahead! Attend in costume, or in person, whichever you feel more comfortable doing! Costumes! Libations! Luxurious accommodations! Comedies! Watch the wall for directions to the Phi Delta Phi Halloween "Event", October 31. No responsibility taken for anyone's academic left standing after the party. Besides - what will Ed do with those apples? Where will he put them?



FRITZ GOES FOR BROKE

Frederick Hahn the Fifth (better known to his friends as Frederick Hahn the Fifth) today broke the existing world "stress test" record. Poised at his customary station on the third floor of the U of O Law Library, "Fritz" supported 14.7 tons of law books on a table weighing 175 pounds, with a mass density of .6, a supporting ratio of 6.4 to 1 and a fibrous silicosity of 77%.

The old mark was previously held by 3 stress-test engineers from MIT, working in collaboration

with the National Aeronautic and Space Administration.

Hahn modestly claimed that he was unaware of the record, which apparently was clinched when he placed volumes 463 through 497 of the Southwestern Reporter on the northeast corner of the oak table. Although he was not attempting to set a new record, Hahn did admit that years of training were responsible for the feat.

"I have learned to maximize the available space on a table so that everything I ever wanted to

know about the law is at my fingertips.

Experts in the stress field were unable to explain the phenomenon, speculating only that the books must have been supported by "personal Karma."

The Guinness Book of World Records has accepted the mark, due to the large number of witnesses available, many of whom were 12 years' law review candidates whose desired materials were included in the pile.

Library personnel Harvey Steinberg and Mike Pavia have been assigned

special duty by the head librarian to "decentralize" the pile.

"It was necessary for two reasons", said Steinberg, "we were concerned that the floor might not be structurally sound, and we almost had to close the whole library because the collection represented 68% of the available resource material in the school."

Sources were unable to confirm that Hahn's record will soon be challenged by Mike Brennan.

POETRY

Stormy Weather

by Bill McCall

I'm feeling very dark today
 It's in the heart they say
 Deep down where there
 Is nothing left but soul
 No biology to explain
 The subtleties of pain
 Why should I
 Want to cry
 About the way life
 Appears to be
 Appears to me
 To be a million ways
 To be unkind
 To only find
 The unhappiness that hides
 In everyone, inside
 Maybe it's just that the
 Rhythm of my mind
 Has been upset
 By accumulation
 Of frustration
 Compassion and benevolence
 Seem to have no relevance
 Anymore
 We are so poor
 In spirit
 Sometimes
 I guess
 Dark is just a mood
 My cloud
 My storm
 My thunderhead
 Developing
 Enveloping
 Blotting out the sun
 How I'd like to run
 Away
 I'm feeling very dark today.

In a simple breach of duty we must find for the defend-
 -dant
 When the plaintiff (or the agency thereof)
 Fails to state a cause of action
 Or require satisfaction
 Citing statutes that were listed in above.

In re rules of jurisdiction that are binding and exclu-
 -sive
 (And assuming it's appellant's last resort)
 If we move for change of venue
 And then file a pleading, can you
 Then determine if we're in the proper court?

A judicious application of the common law and custom
 Where the plaintiff's allegations are denied
 Leaves the question of who oughta
 contend res adjudicata
 To the court on which the parties have relied.

In administrative rulings where intent was never stated
 And the legislature has no clear solution
 Can a citizen pursue
 With a senator or two
 The question of a gift or contribution?

Was reliance detrimental to the party who is suing?
 And was anyone attempting to reveal
 That a contract was intended
 By the action that's defended
 Or was gratuity distinguished from a seal?

For the reasons clearly stated in the present cause of
 -action
 For the negligence appellant has described
 Plaintiff's moral obligation
 And the court's consideration
 Will require that the jury not be bribed.

Virginia Boushey

There's a man in me whose livin' free
 And answering the call
 I heard last year before I left
 To grace this hallowed hall

He's got two weeks of whiskers and his
 Hair is not "blown dry"
 'Cept by that icy blast a flyin'
 'Cross the northern sky

His Remington in one hand
 And his glasses in the other
 He's squinting through those "9 bys"
 At a grizzly huggin' cover

Before long I'll be joining him
 And share his evening fire
 A belly full of caribou and blueberries
 Our one desire

But right now Dawson wants to know
 If "D" ever perfected
 That cursed interest secured...
 My "Thanks, I'll pass" George has rejected

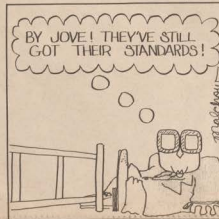
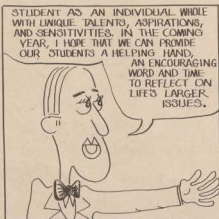
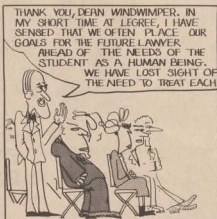
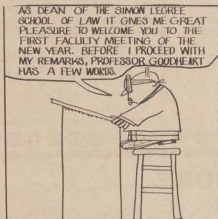
Floyd R. Turbo

I hope that I shall never see
 A contract lovely as a tree,
 I pray they will never find a rule
 For proving I am the only fool,
 I beg that torts will always seem
 Less substantial than a dream,
 Please let me know no greater crime
 Than this simple-minded rhyme,
 And teach me of no other trust
 Than in god and love and rust.

Anon.

Lophole[®]

by hal malchow



DEAR JUSTICE CARDOZO

Dear Justice Cardozo-

Why?

signed,
Hopelessly Despondent
Law Student
Searching For
Rational Answers
Despite Total Lack
Of Knowledge About
The Questions

Dear Hopelessly:

Do not try to answer your question. It is only by not seeking an answer that you will find one. Going to law school is like waiting for Godot.

(Ed. note: Please excuse Cardozo, J.'s spaciness, but he just returned from California where he watched all five installments of Shogun and 25 reruns of Kung Fu.)

Dear Justice Cardozo-

I'm a second year student, just back from a great summer. Before I returned to law school, I used to have friends; but now it seems as if all I have are a lot of dull books to read and a person with a locker next to mine that greets me each

morning with an elbow in the ribs. What has happened to my life?

Only weeks before I could articulate my ideas without first measuring them against all sorts of nonsense standards. No reasonable person could be expected to be that careful with his thoughts and words. Why should I?

Finally, why is it that a person of your stature writes for a rag like Dissent which takes contributions from any hack writer that they can beg an article from?

Signed,
Still Looking
For The Light

Dear Looking:

What you fail to realize is that these problems you are having is law school's way of preparing you for what life will be like when you are a lawyer in the real world. Dull books, no friends and jabs in the ribs are all part of being a lawyer. There are other aspects of law school as well that serve to prepare you for your future. The crowded locker bays ready you for rush

hour traffic; cranky professors will help you handle arrogant judges; and the keggers build your stamina to handle three-martini lunches with your clients. So, you see, while it is true that your life has changed, you'd just better get used to it because that's the way it's gonna be.

You ask why a judge of my legendary reputation would write for a paper such as the Dissent. There are two very good reasons. First, because the brilliant, witty, handsome, honest, forthright, sensitive, strong, kind, enthusiastic, dynamic and humble editors of the Dissent are personal friends of mine who deserve any and all help they can get. I consider it an honor and a privilege to be able to assist in some small way these three journalistic giants. Second, because no one else would hire a former judge who is 110 years old and has been dead for 42 years.

Dear Justice Cardozo,

How come everytime the elevator is in use it

sounds like the library is being attacked by a squadron of enemy dive bombers? Was the elevator designed by the same people who designed the locker room and the law student's parking lot?

Signed,
Bombed

P.S. Maybe those orange things hanging in the 2nd floor hall are sound mufflers the builders forgot to install.

Dear Bombed:

You are close to the truth. The law school was designed by an Argentinian of German descent named Adolph Hitler. His resume lists his other achievements as "designing summer camps for religious groups." His style is very distinctive—you will notice the lack of windows in the library. What windows there are you can't see out of. The sealed building allows the temperature to rise to unbearably uncomfortable levels which produces the feeling that all fresh air has been sucked from the building. When asked the reason for this, Hitler muttered "it will be necessary when the crunch comes." We assumed he was speaking of the energy crunch. The architect also stated that the reason for the loud elevators was to make sure the people studying "not no sleep in the library." Why he insisted that the sound resemble dive bombers, he wouldn't say. Hitler did say that the Orange things hanging in the hall were "unused victory banners." One part of Hitler's design features was unable to be used because of budgetary constraints. He had planned a giant global relief map at the entrance to the law school. When this was axed he angrily left Eugene and took a job designing the New Mexico State Penitentiary.



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