

THE DISSENT

PUBLISHED BY THE S.B.A. AT THE U. OF O. LAW SCHOOL

THIS ISSUE RATED "PG"

This issue is rated "PG" by The Dissent Censorship Committee. Parental guidance is suggested. Some material may not be suitable for children, law students or faculty.

WLF POTLUCK



WLF Members Feast on "Kaiser Under Glass"

The Last WLF potluck wasn't too lucky for Steve Kaiser (who supplied the main course). At the next potluck, some topics for discussion include: Men, can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em; Men, why don't they go back where they came from; and Men, are they secretly afraid of success.

The name change proposed in the last issue of The Dissent will be voted on at the meeting, with the rallying cry of those in favor of the change being: "Why not the best?"

Future speakers appearing under the WLF banner include:

Prof. Leslie Harris on Wills (or depending on her mood, Won'ts);

Prof. Jim Mooney - You See "C" - the third in a lecture
twenty-six;

Prof. James "Free Beer" O'Fallon on emerging from the sixties. (Lecture subject to postponement);

Steve Kaiser on the benefits of celibacy in Law School;

and the entire Dissent staff in a rousing chorus of:
"It ain't me babe."

Megge Van Valkenburg

The Dissent is a U of O Law School student-fee funded paper promoting freedom of speech and open exchange of opinion without censorship. Articles and graphics express the views of the contributor/author only and in no way reflect the official position of the U of O Law School, SBA or The Dissent editors and staff. All situations and characters depicted or described in this paper are fictional unless otherwise indicated and any similarity, without satiric intent, to situations and characters in real-life is coincidental. Temporary policy rules governing The Dissent are posted at the SBA office or available upon request.

FIRST ISSUE SOLD OUT!

The first issue of The Dissent was a smashing success. In fact, some students liked it so much, they took several dozen! We appreciate your overwhelming support.

However, The Dissent staff did receive unofficial rumors that the "WLF Forum" article was being associated with the Law School's Women's Law Forum. We conducted an unrequested investigation and determined that the "WLF Forum" article was not based upon fact and could be misconstrued by uninformed readers. Therefore, The Dissent retracts the article and regrets any confusion it may have caused.

* * *

While we were at it, we also checked out some of the other articles in that first issue. Guess what! Several other articles were also not based upon fact. Wow! Were we ever flabbergasted! We discovered that the Law School is not really closing - those were only the closure dates during the Christmas Holidays! Also, there was no gift from alumni and in fact, we found the xerox machine in perfect working order! And last but not least, we discovered that Lois Ackerman did not say The Dissent was: "Fantastic, I wrapped all my left-over fish in it!"

Well, the problem was soon clear. Our contributors had slipped some humor and satire right past our eyes! (Now cut that out, you guys!)

So, in all fairness, we must retract the rest of the first issue too. Furthermore, we promise to censor the hell out of any articles submitted from now on. (See censorship example in this issue). Now that we've got that issue off our chests, let's get on to some more reading!

HOW WE CENSOR

by The Dissent Staff

The following example shows how The Dissent staff conducts their pain-staking scrutiny of articles submitted. As you can see, we only edit for clarity and grammatical correctness, but never change the tone or meaning. First we show you the article as submitted (BEFORE), and then show you how it looks after the polishing process. (In the margins, we have noted why the particular change was made). Although the process is time-consuming, we think it's well worth the effort and makes The Dissent more enjoyable.

(BEFORE)

Why I Hate The Dissent

The Dissent is absolutely terrible and not nearly as fantastic as its readers claim. The Dissent staff is also a bunch of rotten bastards and not nice guys at all! In fact, I'll never read another copy of The Dissent for as long as I live! It's really great to get this anger off my chest and I hope others who feel the same way will express their dissatisfaction too!

Signed,

John Doe

(After)

Why I ~~Love~~ The Dissent

^ SPILLING ERRORS

VERBOD

The Dissent is absolutely [REDACTED] fantastic as its readers claim! The Dissent staff is also a bunch of [REDACTED] nice guys. In fact, I'll read another copy of The Dissent for as long as I live! It's really great! I hope others who feel the same way will express their satisfaction too!

Signed,

John Doe

DISSENT COMMITTEE

SBA President Steve Baldwin has appointed a five-member committee to promulgate rules governing the publishing of The Dissent after January 1, 1983. The committee consists of Third-years: Jim Edmunson, Robert Foster, and Melanie Jacobson, and first-years: Jeffrey Beaver and Lois Dav.

Since the SEA publishes The Dissent, it is desirable to have full student participation in the promulgation of these rules. Therefore, the committee requests that those so inclined submit rules proposals to the SEA office no later than November 8, 1982.

The committee will use these suggestions in formulating its rules. The committee's proposal will be posted in the SBA office sometime in early November. Two open meetings for discussion on the proposal will be conducted prior to adoption of the final rules.

This is your chance to participate and effect change. Use it.

Melanie Jacobson

PERFECT GIFT

The SBA is now officially placing on sale, the Law School Seal T-Shirt. These shirts are not sold every year and there is no guarantee that they will be available again before you graduate. Ordering one now would be a wise investment. None of us have any time to mess around with anything as tedious as sitting in the hall trying to push t-shirt sales, I will be conducting this whole shebang mail-order style. Order blanks will be available at the end of this article and in the outer SBA office. You will see a photo of an actual live law student sporting one of these shirts posted in the SBA window, so that prospective buyers may see the size of the seal in relation to the size of the shirt. An enlargement of the seal for you detail freaks may also be closely observed in the SBA window. T-shirt sales will be conducted from now until November 15, so you have plenty of time to think about it. In the meantime, we may send through earlier batch orders if enough of you folks are interested. All proceeds will go to the Mike Johnston Memorial Fund. For the details on how to order, go to the SBA window for details on the Fund and what it's all about.

HOW TO ORDER: 1. Fill out order blank. (sizes, prices, & colors on SBA window).

2. Attach check or money order. (If you would like to pay in cash, contact Cathi Bulone directly). Make checks payable to Student Bar Association.

3. Place in T-shirt Order Box in SBA Office.

SHIRT ORDER BLANK

NAME _____
LOCKER _____ PHONE _____

SIZE	COLOR	ITEM	NO.	PRICE
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TOTAL

by Mediocrates Mandamus,
Student Emeritus & Gilbert's
Professor of Law, University
of Oregon.

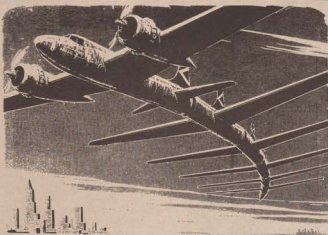
PREFACE: This column, like the books of the Nutshell Series, is designed to provide a "big picture" of the subject matter, in this case Life in a Law School. The column is a potentially serious hazard to the (law) student who uses it, by intent or otherwise, as a substitute for an honestly thorough study and analysis of the materials assigned by the (law) professor(s).
Schaber and Rohwer, Contracts: In a Nutshell, p. VII. My purpose is merely to provide an overview. I will, therefore, make many generalizations to which there are many exceptions. The analysis will be purposefully shallow. In fact, I can't even give you a table of contents: that would provide too much depth. Besides, I'm not sure the Dissent staff will publish this or any subsequent columns in the proposed "life in a Nutshell Series."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: First, I would like to thank my fellow first graders, who have encouraged me to strive for mediocrity. Second, I would like to thank the second and third graders who have set such fine examples of mediocrity. Finally, I would like to thank the staff of the RTS-LSAT for confirming my mediocrity.

PURPOSE: The purpose of this column is to look at the brighter side of law school. Too often in the past, legal writers have emphasized the negative aspects of legal education. A few examples: Death Without Consideration, by the Right Reverend Mooney; Death by Abuse of the Socratic Method, by Leslie Harris; A Slow Death, by Jeffrey Beaver; Preppy Death, or Death by Diminished Capacity, by Peter Ozone; Discriminatory Death, by Derrick Bell; Death by Demurrer, by Fred (Freddie) Merrill; Death of Admirals in the Willamette River and other Aquatic Adventures, by Peter Swann; How Do I Spell Death?, by Section "A" of the first grade; Death by Writer's Cramp, by Sister Mary Lawrence; and, of course, Tortious Deaths, by Caroline (Giggles) Forrell. Clearly, the legal field is in need of brighter, more positive scholarship. This column may fill that need. Then again...

Have you noticed the second and third graders getting in on the fun? "Merrill's tests are worth 197 points—the last year a 2-1/2 B+." "96% of my class was on probation after their second year." "Mooney runs a 3:57 mile and gives 'A's' only to those who can beat him." "Lacey doesn't run—or give 'A's'."

CONT. ON P. 12



SOVIET SNAFU

Moscow. Four University of Oregon Law Students and one professor were placed in the custody of the Russian KGB last week after attempting to halt construction of the trans Siberia natural gas pipeline. Official Soviet News Agency Tass reports that the "group of five" were apprehended outside the small village of Lower Slabovia in the province of Siberia after an attempted parachute commando raid on the present western terminus of the pipeline. The group were reportedly armed with legal pads, draft environmental impact statements, and numerous volumes of the U.S. Code Annotated and Code of Federal Regulations.

When questioned, the ringleader, "Captain B", gave non-responsive answers and in turn questioned his interrogators on the adequacy of the trans Siberia pipeline's draft EIS. Although the group's legal ammunition proved inadequate to halt construction of the pipeline, work was temporarily arrested after "Captain B" inadvertently tripped over the main power cable at the construction site, and blew out every transformer along the entire pipeline.

After their arrest, Soviet officials securely bound the "group of five", but the "environmental lunatics" repeatedly escaped through loopholes. After several days of bantering, the Soviets threw up their hands in exasperation. As one high ranking official put it, "Soviet interests will best be served and capitalist interests defeated by sending them back to America."

The five are presently safely ensconced back at the University of Oregon Law School, but perhaps not for long. Aaron Jones, self-appointed educational watchdog, was reportedly lingering in the halls at the special session of the Oregon legislature on Friday, lobbying to have the group sent back to Russia, "where the pinkos belong." Saturday morning, University of Oregon President, Paul Olum, held a press conference concerning the international affair. Mr. Olum suggested that, "In the spirit of educational neutrality, the Environmental Law Clinic should be located on a Boeing 747 that perpetually shuttles back and forth from Washington D.C., to Moscow."

Kent Clark



DEAN DEAN

Dean Dean walked (slithered actually) down 13th towards Boredom Law School, a large, spacious brick building which he happened to be Dean of. He had often wondered why the students' minds weren't as large as the school. Perhaps it was just a matter of semantics; the students' minds were large, i.e. spacious--spacious connoting emptiness.

Dean Dean was not a very happy man; he very seldom was. As a child he had been a grump, and a rigid toilet training period had not helped. But when the Wheel of Fortune had stopped to make him Dean of Boredom's Law School, a most unfair cosmic jest since his last name was Dean, he had become even more scurilous. It wasn't that he minded being Dean; on the contrary, he loved it. No, it was just the smug way people said Dean Dean, letting the words roll off their rattling tongues, a smile spread across their face as if they knew a little joke that couldn't be shared with anyone else. Of course, the joke was on him, which was infuriating.

Dean had a big bet down with his bookie that the Boredom Law School would go bankrupt within the year. Naturally, he had to keep his private beliefs to himself...for the sake of higher education, and all that trash. But in private, he'd once snorted to Mrs. Dean that "those imbeciles in Salem will probably close down the School of Law and put more money into football so those behemoths can crash into each other and the senseless crowds can cheer mindlessly, while the students of my school, the best minds in Oregon, the leaders of the future, the catalysts for a new tomorrow, a new America, will be forced to drop out of law school to take menial jobs sweeping floors or teaching undergraduates.

A prudent woman, Mrs. Dean Dean only said, "Honey, you are greatly overestimating your students of 83, 84 and 85. They are nothing like you've just described, and never will be. And besides, the difference between a lawyer and a menial laborer is very small."

Anyway, Dean Dean was almost to the door of the building, still in a rotten mood and getting worse by the second as he thought of his pert secretary, Mrs. Blibble, waiting for him with all of those papers to sign, when disaster loomed nearby... An incoming first grader. Dean Dean immediately became wary. That he was a first grader was so obvious. He had the pompous look of someone who hadn't been through the grind, preppy shirt and pants--not poor enough yet to be a true law student. A big brand-new Daddy look-alike briefcase in his hand, and big ugly hornrimmed glasses completed the picture.

Dean Dean wondered if hornrimmed glasses helped the student read hornbooks better; otherwise they sure looked stupid.

"Hello, Dean Dean," the first grader said, confidently extending his right hand, no little smile of facetiousness on his face.

Dean Dean could spot the type a million miles away: Brown Noser, Kiss Ass, Twit; all different names adding up to the same thing--makes big points now so I'll support him for Congress in twenty years or help him with some other rich Republican scheme to bilk the poor and elderly out of whatever dimes they did have left. No thanks!

Of course, Dean Dean only thought this politely saying, "Hello, I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. First Grader. Then as a gracious aside, asking only a rhetorical question, but one which received an instantly long answer, he inquired of the First Grader of his classes and what did he think of his professors and so on. (A good Dean like Dean Dean was always interested in what the students thought of their professors--if only so slightly.)

Instantly the youth launched into a treatise on his professors and classes, a monotonous dialogue that Dean Dean would only later come to appreciate.

"Well," the first grader said excitedly, his hornrimmed glasses bouncing wildly. "I have Dim Looney for contracts; he seems..."

The voice faded out as Dean Dean turned his thoughts to Dim Looney. Good teacher, knows contracts. A little touched though. Bounces around a lot, his arms flailing like Big Bird, the light reflecting off his premature bald spot. And even though he was touched a bit he seemed to know his contracts--kind of, anyway. There had been that matter with the police though when Looney was found at midnight in the cemetery with a howling dog; or, was it a cat? It didn't matter though, everyone had their peculiarities.

KNEE-JERK REACTIONS



Land, Air, Water (hereinafter cited as L.A.W., notwithstanding one first year student's suggestion that we add the fourth traditional element, Fire, to our name so that we could call ourselves F.L.A.W.) is off to one of its most active years ever. Exhibiting a level of energy wholly inconsistent with the burnt-out law student status of its members, L.A.W. has held a pseudokegger (hot weather and econothusiasm caused us to run short), a potluck with local environmental attorney and long-time L.A.W. supporter Bruce Anderson, a seminar on getting a summer job in public interest environmental law, a hike along the Fall Creek National Recreation Trail (on opening day of deer season--multiple-use management in action), and a general meeting (at which, no kidding, one non-law school person actually showed up to hear Jane Fonda). Lest it be branded by any budding Bill Tuckers out there as a social club for upper middle class duck scrubbers, L.A.W. has also lent its varied natural resources legal skills to research on behalf of the Oregon Shores Conservation Coalition in its fight to halt spraying of Sevin on Tillamook Bay oyster beds, to influencing the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency to prepare an Environmental Impact Statement on a proposed sewage storage project near the Eugene airport, and to drafting regulations governing low-head hydro projects in cooperation with the Oregon Wilderness Coalition. In addition, it was with great reluctance that L.A.W. de-

continued on page 13

To the editor:

Dear Editors,

Answer me this. If we close our prisons as some bleeding heart liberals advocate, who's going to make all of those nifty license plates for our cars?

Signed,

John D. Lorean

What I want to know is why are these women law students so upset over the VFW? I think it's a fine organization (even though I avoided Vietnam), it has admirable goals, and not just for people who were in the Navy.

The VFW puts on parades, makes swell hats for holding buttons, runs good dances, and sells cheap drinks. Now what is so bad about that?

Sure some vets tell jokes. Yes, some jokes are about women. But lots of people tell jokes. I know women who tell jokes about men. How come veterans don't get equal rights?

That reminds me, who killed the ERA? It wasn't vets, no sir. It was women who didn't want to lose alimony. And it was Reagan whose military "service" was starring in training films. You won't hear vets griping about sexual freedom.

So put the challenge to my "fellow" law students who are female: Quit this bitching about the VFW. Things could be a lot worse. You could qualify for the draft.

Name withheld

Dear Editors,

You guys seem to spend all of your time picking on helpless minorities. Why don't you devote your next issue to the lampooning of blond haired, blue eyed, red blooded men?

I dare you to.

Sven Erickson

Dear Eds.,

OK, so you ran into a few problems with the Jewish/Lesbian thing. Letters were written, meetings called and everybody went a little ape-shit for a few weeks. That's all fine and good - but you can't evade the real issue!

WHO'S BEHIND BAGEL DAY?

I mean it doesn't take much snap to read between the lines now does it? Who among us fails to realize the ritualistic significance of a grab bag full of sweet little buns you can smear with cream cheese. And what about those of us forced to be closet english muffin eaters or worse, the "white toast with grape jelly guys". This is a law school newspaper, and for the same reason, in favor of something that will be remembered for it's purity in thought and bulk recycling value.

P.S.: That crack about "frogs not having necks", was a cheap shot too!

Mike King, #82

AN APOLOGY

Better late than never. The expression applies well to both birthday cards and apologies. This apology is doubtlessly late, but as the expression goes....

I would like to apologize first to the members of the Women's Law Forum. Appropriating your group's initials and placing them at the butt of a joke was a cheap shot. I'm sorry. I also regret whatever confusion I may have generated regarding your group's goals, methods or membership.

Next, I wld like to apologize to all Jewish men and women. Though I certainly didn't intend my article to be anti-semitic, I realize that it could easily be construed as such. Appearance of such an article in a law school newspaper may have the unfortunate consequence of legitimizing anti-semitism. I deeply regret my inadvertent contribution to such bigotry.

To all others whom I may have offended, to you too,
I now apologize.

Sincerely,
Steven P. Kaiser

DANCE



SEX PROBLEMS (Continued)

CON LAW UPDATE

The United States Constitution is presently being subjected to close examination by a myriad of political action groups, such as women's rights groups, Jerry Falwell and his Senate buddies of the "New Right", who want to lead America back to its original state (that of the Puritans), as well as Bonzo Reagan and the Congressmen who can't trust themselves to reduce the federal deficit, so they want to make a balanced budget the law of the land.

Other Constitutional revisions being considered are those which call for school prayer, illegalization of abortion, and giving women equal rights (which apparently doesn't have as much support as the other two).

As long as the nation's politicians are in the process of revamping the Constitution, they might as well save future revisions by adding some changes which, if the (moral) majority of Americans have their way, will soon follow, if they're not in the works already. As long as we're putting prayer back in schools, we might as well make religion mandatory, so the poor, downtrodden people of America won't have to worry about the hardships imposed by Reaganomics and can instead rejoice in their (quickly) coming rewards in the hereafter.

Sure, an anti-abortion amendment would save alot of cute little babies-to-be, but some would still be aborted. Since most abortions are performed on the poor, minorities, teen-agers, and unwed mothers we could make abortions unnecessary by passing a Constitutional amendment forbidding people in these groups from having sex until they were of legal age, married, and employed. If we also cleanse today's media from the smut and

sexual connotations which pervade our homes and abolish sex education in the schools, young people won't know what they are missing until they're old enough to realize just how immoral and disgusting it (sex) really is.

The failure of the Equal Rights Amendment to be ratified shows clearly that we Americans now realize that discrimination is bad, and we don't need the Constitution to tell us how to treat minorities such as women. If we don't need the E.R.A., why don't we do away with other anti-discrimination amendments; the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-fourth.

Let's send those cards and letters to Washington and get the ball rolling on these amendments, so we can put America back on the road to greatness. If you want to save time, you can all do like me and send a copy of this article to all of your Congressmen, and Ronnie too, because he really cares about us.

Sincerely,

(your name here)--Martin W. Jaqua
(IL)

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AND YOU, MIGGLEWEATHER! WHAT IDIOCY DO YOU PLAN TO SHARE WITH US TODAY?



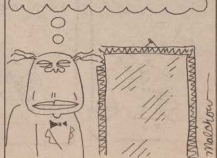
NOW, ON THE SAME FACTS, MR. STIGWOOD, ASSUME THAT THE SUBJECT MATTER WAS STOLEN BY ILLEGAL ALIENS, THAT RIGHTS WERE ASSIGNED TO 8 DIFFERENT B.F.P.s, THAT THE CONTRACT WAS WRITTEN IN DISAPPEARING INK AND THAT MARTIAL LAW WAS DECLARED SUBSEQUENT TO A SUCCESSFUL SOVIET INVASION. THINK, STIGWOOD, THINK!



YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT IN A PLACE WHERE REAL LAWYERS WORK, WOULD YOU MISS PIXLEY?



PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE THE PRACTICE THAT GOES INTO A GREAT LECTURE.



CAMPUS NEWS

NEW BUSINESS MANAGER SOUGHT

Due to personal and academic commitments and time constraints, I have chosen to turn over the pursestrings of the SBA to someone with a little more time on their hands. This move probably automatically rules out most human beings pursuing the study of law, but I'm sure there's gotta be at least one soul out there with masochistic tendencies who would get a kick out of arranging Doughnut Day, chasing the Canteen Man around for refunds and counting the Halley's Comet arcade slugs that show up in the coffee kitty.

If you would be the least bit interested in a political career at the law school level and could use \$60 a month, let me know. We will train you completely and it won't hurt a bit. Come on in and check it out. Disposition will either be by election or appointment, depending on response. All students eligible.

-Cathi Bulone



PROFESSOR GREENE TO SPEAK

On Thursday, November 4, 1982, Professor Linda Greene will be the featured speaker in the third Women's Law Forum presentation of the fall semester. At 4 p.m. in Room 121A, Professor Greene will talk on issues of tokenism and share some of what it's like to be a Kellogg Fellowship scholar.

Earlier in the semester, the Women's Law Forum brought Professor Joan Acker from the University of Oregon Sociology Department to the law school to talk about sociological patterns of sex discrimination and sponsored a presentation about 19th Century Women Lawyers.

All interested in attending Professor Greene's talk are invited. The Women's Law Forum will provide refreshments. See you there.

P. Wlodarczyk
for the WLF

MOOT COURT BOARD

The UO National Team (Ann Bjork, Terry Bodwell, David Jacob, Scott Johnson, Kevin Kiely, Charlene Woods) competes in Spokane, Washington at Gonzaga Law School, November 4 - 6, 1982. The National Team comprised of the winners of the First Year Moot Court Competition and the top four finishers of the Wayne Morse Competition, argue in the Regional Competition in Spokane and (with a little bit of luck) when they win, will advance to the National Competition in New York.

The Moot Court Board, in addition to supporting the National Team, schedules several competitions in oral advocacy. These competitions are as follows:

Client Counseling - Feb. 17, 19, 1983
(1st, 2nd, 3rd year)

Mock Trial - Jan. 25, 26, 27, 1983
(2nd, 3rd yr.)

Wayne Morse Competition (Advanced Appellate Advocacy) - March 7 thru 11, 1983
(2nd year)

First Year Mock Trial Competition
- April 13 thru 15, 1983 (1st yr.)

Moot Court Board has received information regarding an Administrative Law Competition and International Law Competition. Information regarding these competitions is posted outside the Moot Court Board Room. Funding constraints limit the number of competitions the Board can sponsor, but the Board is willing to assist and advise groups of students who are interested in entering these competitions on their own (financially), or through some form of "creative financing." Leave a note on the Moot Court Bulletin Board.

Class of '85 NOTE

We would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your show of support in the recent elections for 1st year representatives. We are available to you at any time; just grab us in the hall, or leave a note on our lockers. We can only represent you if you let us know what you think and want.

In the past, the 1st year class has been somewhat inactive, committing their time to the books and the bars. We would like to change that this year. We envision the possibility of a 1st year T-shirt sale to support the sponsorship of a speaker. Maybe you have some other ideas. Let us hear from you.

Lois Day #242
Jeffery Beaver #96

FROG JUMP

Frogs were scarce and the hour was getting late when the resourceful commissioner Mike Allport, phoned the biology labs thereby procuring four frogs for the Sports Club's First Annual Frog Jump competition.

The frogs were quickly brought over, named and hustled to the launch pad.

When the leaping was over, Touchdown Ducks II, a frog coaxed by Mike Ford, owned by Russ Hauge and drugged by Dave Ellis, had grabbed first place honors with a three jump total of 53". Close behind was Fred, a frog frightened into a 45" jump by Dylan O'Fallon, the youngest competitor. Silk, supervised by Gordon Mallon grabbed third while the longest single jump award went to Ferdinand Slew who, responding to David Fine's urgings, leapt 35.25" and then refused to budge.



Roy Yukluk, yearning to be a frog.



The winners of the frog jump, Mike Ford, Russ Hauge, Dave Ellis and Touchdown Ducks II.



All frogs were thoroughly examined before the competition.

COMMITTEE SEEKS INPUT

The SBA Appointments Committee has been advised that three permanent faculty positions will be filled during this fall term. Among the candidates to be considered for these positions are Professors Leslie Harris, Chuck O'Kelley and Nancy Shurtz. All three are currently visiting professors at the Law School.

As part of the selection process, the Student Appointments Committee will interview each candidate. We will also be attending short seminars taught by the candidates in order to evaluate their classroom skills.

To help us in the evaluation process, we urge students to submit written, objective comments regarding any of the above-named professors' teaching skills and abilities. Comments should be signed and deposited in Locker #352, or given to any of the Appointments Committee members listed below. Your comments are for Committee consideration only. Since we must complete our Committee's interviews and evaluations before October 29, we ask that you submit your comments by October 27, 1982.

Appointments Committee Members:

Evelyn Sparks
Scott Meisner
Lois Day
Harry E. Jones
Kurt Hansen
David Gold
Molly Holt
Becky Craven
Melanie Jacobson
David Zeiss

AUTHOR APPREHENDED!

In order to soothe the sullied sensitivities of subscribers of a local quasi-professional organization, which regularly convokes for networking sessions at Mom's Homefried Truckstop, both responsible male members of the law school populace resolved to expose the anonymous perpetrator of certain inflammatory material published in the last issue of this rag.

Rumor had it the responsible party was first-year student Harley Hogg, (see photo), dipsomaniac nephew of Boss Hogg and heir to his family's offal empire. After brief but astute detective work, the elusive Hogg was described on Alder Street, near its intersection with Eleventh, surrounded by admiring onlookers, as he assiduously braced himself to have his ECK checked. The histrionic fulminations engendered by release of the sole creative effort of his miserable young life had so taxed his faculties that his astral forces needed realignment.

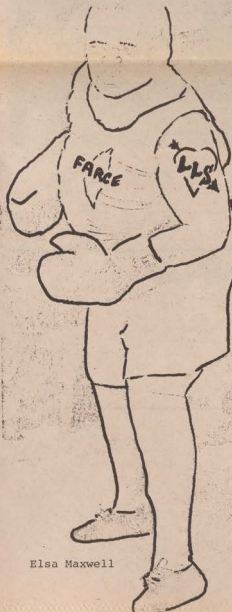
After reviewing his sorry legal prospects, see *eg. Neiman Marcus Co. v. Lait*, 107 F. Supp. 96, Harley saw the wisdom in offering to settle. After all, he meant no harm. He was only, in his inept way, daring someone to prove his preconceptions false; understandable considering the paucity of undergraduate opportunists gracing the law library these days. On the other hand, despite his willingness to make amends, Harley mentioned something about his only possessions of value, his wheels, being tied up in a spend thrift trust, making him virtually judgement-proof. However, Harley magnanimously pointed

out that at 24¢ a bottle, the refuse outside the Eckankar facility and in his closet at Serenity Lane should yield not insubstantial reparations. Apparently that's his final offer, ladies. Should you wish to confer with him, Serenity Lane allows visitors each Tuesday and Thursday.

Jim Marshall



"FARCE" TAKES HOSTAGE!



Elsa Maxwell

Enraged over an allegededly tasteless and sexist, anonymously written article in the Oregon Law School Dissent, a militant faction of the Ladies Legal Society, Females Against Repressive and Crass Editorials (FARCE), stormed the Dissent offices. Taking editor, Steve Kaiser hostage and destroying the remaining issues of the offending Pulitzer prize-winning tabloid, FARCE issued a list of demands: "No Jewish jokes, complete neutering of Dissent articles (and staff), and some General Foods International Coffee, so we can sit and talk."

A LLS spokesperson, explaining the rationale for such radical tactics, stated: "Hey, Hitler burned books, and Jerry Falwell bans them, so why shouldn't we get in on the action? It's standard censorship procedure. Ask anyone from Poland. Besides, it's the only way to protect the minds of innocent first year students (who don't know any better) from such filthy trash."

Bonnie "The Jackal" Rasputin, member of the Ellen James Underground terrorist branch of FARCE, in the opposite photograph, displays the form she used to overpower and subdue Dissent editor, Kaiser, holding him hostage for 11 days until he finally confessed "Okay, so I made a little mistake. Excuuuuuuse meeeeeee". Looking a little weary after the ordeal, Steve confessed later: "Gawd, it was awful. They forced me to listen to Holly Near records and Eleanor Smear lecture tapes 14 hours a day. I just couldn't take it any more. When they finally released me, all I wanted to do was go celibate (sic)."

Although the furor has temporarily subsided, all FARCE members are not satisfied. Shouting she'd rather "fight than bitch", FARCE Sergeant-at-arms Elsa Maxwell issued a personal challenge to the anonymous author: "Lenne at the little worm, who ever he is! I'll give him 15 of the best rounds he ever had. He hit below the belt first, and I'm ready to return the favor." No further action is contemplated at this time.

Mark Watson,
Southbound on a
Greyhound



← Bonnie Crapolas

A Limerick

Into the crypt the curate crept
the bishop's wife to lie on.
When she thought it crude
to screw in the nude
He kept his old school tie on.

Life's One Night Stand

by
M.C. Barbuscak

Up at eight
suit and tie
Soon its late
deep breath, long sigh.

Too much change
not enough time
Life is strange
no reason, no rhyme.

Here today
gone tomorrow
Who can say
death is, not sorrow.

So full my cup, i wish to drown.
Life's one night stand, has got me down.

THE NOSE AND THE EYES

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose:
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To whom the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the Lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
While the chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear
(And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find)
That the Nose has the spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(T'is a case that has happened, and may happen again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the Whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles, plainly, were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was, as plainly, intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think them equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight,--Eyes should be shut.

William Cowper.
(1731-1800)

Submitted by Lorealee McKee

How far, Steve?

How far will one go for center stage?
How far will one go for a single laugh?
How far will one go for a wink of an eye?

As far as swept by one's callous whims.
As far as driven by the pangs of insecurity.
As far as lured by the lust in one's ego.

by
Arthur Samodovitz

Life in a Nutshell

continued from page 3

ONWARD: Reliable sources tell me SBA President Steve Baldwin is now selling used cars--that, too, will look good on the resume Steve.

QUESTIONS: Have you noticed the first grade playing Psych-OUT? "I studied eight hours last night and briefed the third floor of the library." "Oh yeah? I keep my sleeping bag in my lock box." "You sleep?"

COURAGEOUS MEDIOCRITY AWARD: This month goes to Dave Marks of the first grade who told Rev. Mooney, "that's only your interpretation of the case--why should we believe that?" That's telling him, Dave.

MEDIOCRE MEDAL OF MERIT: This month goes to SBA Vice President, Dave Ellis. Dave, when asked by a prospective committee member, "On what criteria do you select the three students (out of twenty applicants) who will serve in the committee?" replied, "that's a good question. I guess it's pretty much arbitrary." Dave then spent two days interviewing applicants and arbitrarily chose three student representatives. That's the spirit, Dave!"

Honorable mention goes to the Duck football team for its tremendous record; Bob O'Donnell for being himself, Menachem Begin, Nobel Prize Winner, for consistency, and Mary Hatch, Grade Two, for her study habits.

LEGAL QUOTES OF THE MONTH: Thurgood Marshall, United States Supreme Court Associate Justice: "Yowza, Yowza, Yowza." Woodward and Armstrong, *The Brethren*, p. 59.

Derrick A. Bell, Jr., Dean, University of Oregon School of Law: "There is in . . . the University of Oregon School of Law . . . a wondrous commitment to . . . crisis-like transition . . . in spite of ineffective leadership."

"Humanity in Legal Education," 59 *OR. L. Rev.*, 243 (1980)

"YOU CAN BE REPLACED..."

LAW REVIEW LAMENT

This isn't going to shatter anybody's earth, but it so happens that the deadline for this issue of the *Dissent* also was the due date for the 24 year law review competition. The *Dissent* seems to have overlooked the possibility that some of us Casenote Candidates might want to contribute an article, especially after reading the high quality material which appeared in the most recent issue. Well, OK, so I'm doing both, but it wasn't easy. For those of you who have never had the privilege of participating in such a competition, I'd like to tell you a little about the experience.

The key element is time. Of course, no reasonable student is going to forego the important things like reading assignments or going to class, just to work on a casenote. You only get one credit for a casenote, and it isn't even graded. So naturally, those vacant Parts & Corps classes were attributable to something else. Maybe a virus.

Everybody understands the press of a deadline. We can all remember those 1st year Reading & Writing assignments when our Torts and Contracts professors thought that their classes were all that kept us from going to Rennie's. Little did they know that we had a MASSIVE paper to write--probably the most important paper of our lives. Like, fer shur.

The casenote competition ranks right up their with those leviathians. Consider the sacrifices. For 7 weeks, you have no time for enjoyment; only work. No TV. Check the headlines on the newspaper, and then read the funnies (that's it--forget about "Dear Abby"). Put the tennis racket and the golf clubs away. Eat on the run (yesterday I found a Velveeta slice on page 103 of my Con Law text). If you're married, good luck. The studies are not complete, but preliminary data suggests that most divorces occur during law review competitions. Same with suicides.

That's it. I think I've violated just about every rule of formal writing that I can remember. No footnotes, either. (Sure does feel good.) You know, writing for the *Dissent* can be good therapy.

Name withheld for Fear of Reprisals



Notice: This month's Professor Profile had to be postponed at the last minute. Sorry. Also, our interview with Robert Darby was scooped by *The Daily Emerald*. So we're zero for two regarding our promise to present some serious stuff.



Sports

The Sports Club has once again filled the law school's mass-covered walls with fun and excitement. That's right, we're talking about the 1982 Football pool the pots of which are enough to make you feel if not stinking rich, then at least comfortably middle class.

True to tradition, the first year class has produced the bulk of the winners. There is, however, something new under the sun. There is a law professor who can also predict football results.

Wayne Westling shattered the myth that professors are losers on his way to a \$62.00 victory. It should be noted that Westling's good fortune arrived just days after he was tapped out by losings his wallet. All of this proving once again that the Sports Club is serving the people and that the Club's motto rings more true than ever: All good sports are Sports Club members! Grab an entry form and get with the pool.

Dean Dean: A story
continued from page 4

Knee-jerk Reactions
continued from page 4

"And I have Kerosine Dorbelt for Torts," the young man gushed, infused with happiness that he could capture the infamous Dean Dean with his scintillating perceptions.

Dorbelt, Dorbelt, Dean Dean thought, once again shutting out the stupid voice. Ah yes, an assistant female Dean or something. Couldn't be helped, this push for equal rights and all; even though she did have a gift of gab, and could wander through the English language like every verbose professor. But then that was life. Had to make the people who paid the bills happy. The laugh, yes, the (high pitched laugh that sounded like a high pitched engine whine—only off key).

"For Civil Procedure I have Dead Sterrill"... the voice droned on.

Dead Sterrill, best damn snowpartner I've ever had, Ol' Sterrill. Nothing sterile about his language though. Dean Dean chuckled to himself.

The voice appeared. "Blabberson for Research & Writing" ...and quickly disappeared again.

Blabberson, Dean Dean pondered. Not much of a talker actually. A new teacher just hired from the last graduating class. A bit spoiled, Daddy Congressman and all; but she would do, at least for the time being. However, Dean Dean never could understand how a person could be that good in math and writing—two different mental spheres. Maybe that was the catch—she wasn't any good in math. Even more she looked ten years younger than the students she was teaching, or twenty with some students. But she did know her periods, spaces, caps, etc. and that's what counted.

The first grader was winding down. "For Criminal Law I have Cheater Ozann."

Ozann Ozann-a-Danna, Dean Dean chuckled to himself. Like the Saturday Night Live character, Ozann-a-Danna seemed to be always going off on some new tangent or another. Thank God he didn't pick his nose—at least in public. Not much of a snow partner though, but hell of a pilot and green thumb; took a special lawnmower to cut all of the grass carefully cultivated—and boy could you fly on that stuff. And people thought law pros were stuffy middle class twits.

Dean snapped back to reality, realizing that the youth was staring intently at him, having stopped speaking moments earlier and now waiting for Dean Dean's reply. Dean Dean shook the first grader's hand. "Thank you, thank you."

So much for an illuminating conversation. And it had been.

The student smiled sincerely, and graciously departed, happy to know that Dean Dean was his friend and that with a little more brown nosing could possibly help him get elected to Congress in twenty years or help him with some other rich Republican scheme to bilk....

Dean Dean smiled as he watched the daddy look-a-like briefcase toter walk away. Dumb arse! But the conversation had been very enlightening. Dean Dean realized to his relief that he was not the only faculty member who had a weird name, and, moreover he definitely was normal compared to some of the professors roaming the halls of Boredom Law School.

What a relief! Today would be a great day at the office, a great day indeed. Dean Dean turned, and smiling, walked briskly into his office. Mrs. Blibble sat at her desk with a stack of neatly arranged papers awaiting his signature.

"Good morning Dean Dean," she said, a facetious smile spread across her face as if she knew a joke that she couldn't share with anyone else.

Clayton Lance

cided not to seek an injunction against the Sports Club's frenzy of amphibian flagellation or, in the alternative, a writ of mandamus compelling the release of our little green friends (besides, one of our co-directors promised us that his frog was a shoo-in; he neglected to tell us that the frog was a three pack a day resident of the University cancer lab).

Upcoming events for L.A.W. include a candidate's forum featuring Congressperson Jim Weaver and other local politicians. L.A.W. is sponsoring the forum in cooperation with the Sierra Club as part of a national effort to mobilize the Green Vote in this year's election. The forum will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30 p.m. in Room 129/229. L.A.W. will also be presenting a talk by Justice Department attorney and UO Alumnus Pat Barry, about life as a government environmental attorney in the Reagan administration, on the morning of Nov. 8. In addition, former dean Chapin Clark will show slides of his recent raft trip down the Colorado River sometime in the next few weeks. Finally, L.A.W. will continue working on various projects, including canvassing in opposition to Ballot Measure 6, commenting on the fish and wildlife conservation plan of the Regional Power Planning Council, and putting together a brochure, in cooperation with the Planning Office, extolling the virtues of the environmental law program at this school.

L.A.W. is open to all students and suggestions. For further information, check our bulleting board or contact Jay Manning, locker #199, Willie Weigand, locker #267, or Bob Irvin, locker #121.

Alternative Occupations

In these hard economic times, some U of O Law Professors are turning to some unusual ways to supplement their paltry incomes.

Wayne Westling has fallen prey to "gambling fever." He recently won a whopping \$62.00 in the football pool, all of which he plans to place in a trust fund for his retirement.

Meanwhile, Professor Forell has taken up Rock and Roll singing. Forell was recently heard in Trust and Estates belting out the words to the Rolling Stone's classic: "I can't get no, sat-is-fac-shun." The class went wild as Forell finished with a soft ballad called, "Legatee Blues." She calls her rock group "Caroline and the Four Els", but most fans know her better as "Blondie."



A CAMPAIGN THAT FAILED

Parking places vanish. Fast-food stands get crowded. Giggles are heard in the law library. You know what's happening, but you try to ignore it, as if to say "this is only temporary, it'll go away". But you know deep down inside, it won't. It's here, now, among us. It's the dreaded "Invasion of the Undergraduates".

What makes it worse, of course, is that this happens every year. Just as we settle in to the best parking and the best restaurant service, we get bombarded by 13,000 snotty, inconsiderate, lazy punks (some literally). Is this fair? Answer: of course not.

What we can do, as the chosen elite of the University, to get rid of this "inconvenience" is best answered by the mistakes we made last year. Yes, some of us tried (and some died) to protect our beloved institution from the hordes. They failed. But we don't have to.

Last year, efforts to thwart the onslaught were handled by the Library Committee (hereinafter, "The Resistance"), coordinated by Ted Neverkidney, a committed first-year law student. Initially, it was thought best to negotiate with the barbarians. Ted and crew, not unlike Chamberlain at Munich in 1938, offered to give the lecture halls and (possibly) use of the student lounge to the invaders in exchange for the sanctity of the law library, as well as the downstairs coffee pot. EVEN AS LATE AS THIS, THE HALLWAY TELEPHONES WERE STILL OURS. Everything seemed alright--for awhile. But then, just as Hitler had done the undergraduate (hereinafter, the "UG's") violated the agreement.

Coffee disappeared. The hallway telephones would ring the caller would ask for "Chip" or "Buffy". A few brave UG's even tried to slip past library security (thankfully, they were detected). We knew about all this. We knew what they were up to, but we ignored it, hoping against hope that it would go away. It didn't. And we sat on our duffs when we should have been acting.

We went about our work, inconvenienced to be sure, but not truly concerned. After all, what could they really do? They weren't armed with extensive legal knowledge like us. The UG's were winning, and most of us didn't even know it.

One voice refused to be stilled, however-- that voice belonged to Ted Neverkidney. The Resistance met, in what proved to be the last time, in an obscure, out-of-the-way downstairs classroom to discuss last ditch efforts. Neverkidney tried to propose an ordinance prohibiting UG's from the law library, but due to strong objections from faculty member Tim Sunney¹, no action was taken. Heartbroken, Neverkidney stood in the rain cursing at the invaders and then threw himself on the library book detector equipment and was electrocuted. He remains, in many minds, a true martyr to the cause.

What does this all mean to you, this year? Plenty. We can stop this menace right now, or we can repeat last year's fiasco. If you choose the former, we can prevent the latter. Here's how:

First, the undisputed facts. There are 13,000 UG's; 500 of us. 13,000 divided by 500 equals 26. Therefore, everybody has to kill 26 of the invaders. C'mon, that's only two baker's dozens. But that's if everybody bags his or her limit--NOW. Do your part. Otherwise, "Buffy" and "Chip" may soon be seated, giggling, across the table from you.

Robert J. Pazarzneck

¹With apologies to Mark Twain.

²now deceased

³Later it was discovered that he had held clandestine membership in an undergraduate society; hence his youthful appearance, clothes and sense of humor.



Preppies scouting for husbands in the Law library.

ANIMAL LAW CLINIC



The Animal Law Clinic held its first meeting at 2:00 a.m. on September 11, 1982. Among the various issues discussed, included finding a better meeting place than the Faculty Club. Reasons for this included the inability to concentrate because of excessively loud music, a Wesson Oil wrestling match next door, and cries of "to the Hump" echoing throughout the premises. notwithstanding the diversions and an inability to hold a quorum, the following business was discussed.

Mike Larson and John Vriese reported work on the Dog Law Hornbook was progressing slowly. Only one relevant article had been submitted. (We are serious. That's lockers #180 or #337.) Kudos were extended to Molly Smith for her excellent research. The student body was berated for their narrow-mindedness and apathy in refusing to participate in this important area of the law.

Bruce White volunteered to lead a mid-semester Worm Law Seminar. This excellent seminar is scheduled for October 31, 1982. Topics of discussion will include:

- Wrongful Death Action in Loia
- Loia (African Eye worm)
- Partition and Hymenolepis

Nana (Dwarf tape-worm) As a special feature, the afternoon session will be devoted to a trial practice workshop in fishhook injuries in the common earthworm (video sessions included).

The speaker committee reported selection of two potential speakers for this semester. These are Dale Janison (Captive Animal: Zoos As Emblems of Depersonalization) and Peter Singer (Animal Liberation). The lecture dates will be posted on the Animal Law Board.

The meeting adjourned after Russ Yeager reported the ticket collector downstairs was easy and would let everyone in for ten bucks. Treasurer, Mary Scrim, indicated \$12 in the treasury and stated "let's go, we can get into a beer fight." Vote was unanimous - meeting adjourned - 2:30 a.m.

I have been in law school for a couple of weeks now, and I am somewhat surprised at what I have found. I am obviously not approaching school in the proper manner, because I enjoy it. Oh, the reading is sometimes boring and the locker room is full of wild animals, but the overall ambience is quite pleasant. I have also discovered that all of my professors are really very good teachers. With all the talk of budget cuts and special "faculty group rates" for tickets elsewhere, I was expecting to be taught by a group of, well, re-treads and no-treads. Not so. There's not a Studebaker in the bunch. Of course, they all behave a little oddly. Professor Kirkpatrick is ready at any moment to don a cape, mutter "truth, justice and the American Way", and fly out through the roof. Professor Lacy clearly swims the Channel each morning, rests by talking to us, then takes calls from confused Supreme Court Justices in the afternoons. My writing instructor, the contemplative Mr. Kelly doubtless spends his weekends crouched under a toadstool watching the world go by. Professor Harris thinks the whole class keeps noxious reptiles hidden the room, but she can't seem to see any of them. The Wily Westling can't figure out how Kirkpatrick flies through walls without knocking bricks down on someone, so he keeps watching replays on the hidden camera. All in all, a good bunch, and I would't trade them for anyone else.



Harris

One of the rudest awakenings in law school has to do with the idea of being a lawyer. Do lawyers really do these things, on purpose, all the time, as a career? The idea of actually practicing law has suddenly taken on the aspect of a Pteranodon - large, ugly, and, presumably, exuding an unpleasant odor. Filing and defiling things all the time. Probably alot of pounding, twisting and general cudgeling as well. "Demurring", for God's sake. To an experienced ornithologist like me, demurring obviously refers to ridding the area of colonial seabirds. Bird-hating lawyers. They probably spill a little crank-case oil into the bay every time they visit the coast. If they all do it, the area will be demurred in no time. Ah, the peculiar language of the law. I expect that my next case will state that "... plaintiff's attorney crevulated ...", with a citation to 321 Thurber 1968 or some such. To twist the words of the late Gus Palmitessa, it's not real, but it's fun. "Lost first-year people don't know Gus; let it suffice to say that he was rarely real, and only occasionally fun. He passed the bar, though, so who am I to judge?"

Well, I am off to more adventure, with keen expectations of engaging in some uncivil procedure if I find anyone citing Thurber.



Lacy

ALAN CONTRERAS C.L.T. (1L)

Eyewitness Report on

Board of Visitor's Banquet

While a record number of students were invited to the recent Board of Visitor's banquet, a substantial number of you, because of, well... look, frankly you can't invite everybody, did not attend. So here's my report:

If you have seen Gore Vidal's version of Caligula, you need read no further. Debauchery, raw power and steaks were the order of the day. Presiding over the throbbing throng in understated splendor, Dean Bell ushered in a new era of cooperation and understanding between distinguished alumni, faculty and the aforementioned students. Cynics might say that the only people with a clear sense of why they were gathered there were the mini-skirted waitresses and those of us looking for a free meal. Nonetheless, the experience was unexpectedly rewarding.

As a late addition to the festivities, I was delighted to be seated adjacent to the general counsel for Southern Plunder Railroad, class of '49. According to whom one believed, the U of O class of '49 began with 120, 96 or 187 men, of whom 89, 83 or 146 men, respectively, were flunked out by the second semester. Those were tough times, the distinguished counsel explained as he remorselessly ripped through the raw flesh spread before him.

Lite wine flowed freely throughout the dinner. A thoughtful and informative speech on "Long term goal maximization and policy evaluation implementation,"

presented by the newly appointed director of the long term goal and policy maximization office of the State Board of Higher Ed topped off the evening.

Although the average salaries at our table exceeded the gross income of most central African nations (and in the only disappointment of the evening) no lines were offered or snorted.

Bruce Fort

JURIS DOG

by KEN FORD and HEATHER GRAMME



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NOTICE !

EDITOR AND STAFF NEEDED!

This is our last issue!!
Due to recent dissatisfaction
with the first issue of The Dissent,
as well as accusations that we
are "self-appointed," the entire
Dissent staff has decided to step
down and allow more responsible
students to take over publication
of the paper.

If interested, contact Steve
Baldwin or Dave Ellis.

Sincerely,

The Staff.

CLASSIFIED ADS

**WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE
WHO
LIKE TO DRAW!**



BATHWATER

FOR SALE: One pair of men's
green tights - complete with
cotton panel. \$9.00 firm.
Contact David "the frog"
Hobson, #410.

Cindy Sue: Thanks!

No, Luciano

Betty will like me better
if I drill this!



"These things make a
lot of noise, but I'm
not afraid of them,"
says Bob Vandenberg of
Riverside, California.

See the Bob Day book
DRESCO
Industrial Products for the Home

No More Poison!

**BORE RATS
TO DEATH!**



Tedious
stories
Jokes with
Incorrect
punchlines

FREE BOOKLET
Box 777, Mangerstown, Iowa

**FIREMAN DUANE'S
COWBOY SCHOOL
FOR ORPHANS**



A Reader's Poll

The Dissent Guidelines
Committee would appreciate your
filling this out and turning
it in to the SBA office.
Your input is invaluable.
The future direction of the
Dissent is in your hands.
No participate already or
stop griping.

- Major Emphasis
objective news.....
opinion _____
low blow humor _____
high minded satire _____
Legal Community News _____
- Contributions must be
printed with author's signature.
Yes _____ No _____
Why? _____
- Should "All that Fits" be
printed?
Yes..... No.....
Why? _____
- Would an editorial review
board that passed on "objection-
able" contributions, with final
decision left to editor, help
to prevent errors such as have
occurred?
Yes..... No.....
Why? _____
- Should SBA Subgroups be
given notice of satire aimed
at them with an opportunity to
respond in the same issue?
Yes.....NO.....
Why? _____
- Should individuals be given
the same notice/response
opportunity?
Yes No.....
- What function do you believe
the Dissent should fulfill?
- How should the editor be
chosen?
Appointed? If so, by whom?
Elected? If so, by whom?
- What was your first reaction
to the infamous WLF article?
- Has your opinion changed
subsequently? If so, why?
- Regardless of offensiveness,
do you think the WLF article
served to enhance "the free
exchange in the marketplace
of ideas?"
- Do you believe the Dissent
represents you to the public
as a member of the Law School?
Yes? No?
- Would you be disturbed if
the Dissent just folded its tent
and went home?

