

DISSENT

Vol. 5, No. 4

University of Oregon Law School

November 30, 1977

The opinions expressed in the Dissent are those of authors, only, and do not represent the opinions of the Student Bar Association, the Dissent staff in general nor the Law School administration or faculty.

Crime Wave Hits!

The criminal element reared its ugly head (foot, boltcutters, and anal orifice) recently in an atrocity which struck grief in the heart of your beloved Czarship. Between the hours of 6 p.m. Saturday and 10 a.m. Sunday, someone ripped off the cash box from the coffee operation, netting him/her/them/it three or four days worth of caffeine junkie contributions (about \$60-\$70). The real tragedy is that, for several months, Steve Strickley has been negotiating with the SBA council a tentative plan to drop the price back to ten cents a cup in January. What effect this loss will have on these plans one can only guess—but it certainly doesn't look good. Those observant members of the populace will have noted that we now have a new lock box—if at first you don't succeed, get a bigger chain. Additional measures to outwit the devious criminal mind will be instituted as they are thought of. Suggestions have been made to epoxy or screw the box down, but the asses would probably steal the damn table.

C.Czar



Drawing by J.B. Handelsman © 1976 The New Yorker, Inc.

'What's wrong with me? For 30 years I never gave a thought to the Panama Canal. Now, suddenly I can't live without it.'

Coop. Law Course,

Feb. Conf. Discussed

The curriculum committee is currently considering a proposal to offer a two-hour seminar in the law of cooperative (and possibly non-profit) businesses. The course will cover the various forms of cooperatives, problems of formation and organization, tax problems, and special situations such as whether a worker-run coop is a self-employer for purposes of SAIF and other state laws. The emphasis will be on practical information.

In order to accurately determine how many people are likely to take the course, interested students are requested to sign one of the sign-up sheets on the wall by the lounge entrance, on the SBA window, or the door to the library. The course will probably be open to first year students, and most likely will be scheduled in the late afternoon one day per week.

A committee consisting of Peggy Radin, Dana Weinstein, Les Jin, Wendy Greenwald, Micky Ryan, Linda Mills-Erickson and Peter Fels is currently planning a conference titled "New Issues in Progressive Legal Work" (great title, no?) which will be held February 10, 11, and 12, 1978. The purpose of the conference is to bring together progressive lawyers and legal workers from throughout the state in order to provide a network for exchange of ideas and support for each other's work, and to also provide substantive information on a variety of issues.

Tentative plans are to have a CLE session on Immigrations Law on Friday and Saturday, and to offer a number of smaller workshops Saturday afternoon and Sunday. The workshops may include: issues in Legal Services and in Public Defender offices; non-traditional legal practice (e.g. how to run a communal law office); problems in domestic relations law; sexual harassment on the job and Title VII; the "Black rage" defense; Indian Law; the role of legal workers; and co-op law.

Anyone who would like to organize a workshop or do other work on the conference, please contact one of the committee members.

Peter Fels

Election Results

Here are the results of last week's election concerning the adoption of three proposed amendments to the SBA Constitution:

#1--By a vote of 106 to 78, a provision obliging the SBA to work against discrimination of women, gays, minorities and aged and handicapped citizens was passed.

#2--By a vote of 124 to 59, a provision restricting the SBA's powers to those enumerated in the Constitution and creating a power of referendum in the students by a fifteen signature petition was struck down.

#3--By a vote of 104 to 80, a provision creating a power of referendum by a 45 signature petition was passed. A referendum must be held within ten to twenty days after the council's receipt of a petition and is binding on the council, provided that a majority of those voting indicate approval of the referendum.

A total of 197 ballots were cast in this election--about forty percent of the student population.

Blood Wanted

Long hours, too much coffee, too little sleep, too many frozen turkey pies or worse; law student blood runs thinly this time of year. However, if you want to take a really exceptional case of anemia home for the holidays, (think of the sympathy and pity), you've got your chance. The U of O Law School now has its own blood donors club, and the Lane Memorial Blood Bank is itching to tap any willing and philanthropic arms of law school students, faculty, and staff, or their families.

The procedure for donating blood is pretty simple. Call the Blood Bank, 484-9111 and make an appointment. They're open 8-5, Monday through Friday, tell them it's for the U of O Law School. Show up at 740 East 13th, (between the Smith Family Bookstore and the Excelsior), roll

up your sleeve, drink juice, be brave, and you've donated. Takes about one half an hour. You can donate every eight weeks.

Any law student, faculty or staff member, or their families, (spouse, offspring, parents, siblings), are eligible to draw upon blood credits when needed. The hospital, through the Blood Bank will make arrangements for release of these credits. Law School person in charge of release are Dean Thomas and Dan Nye. Contact these people should there be difficulties in releasing blood credits.

If you've donated blood within the last year and credited it to the general fund, you may request the blood be transferred to the Law School fund. Call the Blood Bank.

The Club will donate credits remaining over twelve months in the fund to the community at large, wherever need is greatest.

Any question can be directed to the Dean's office of the SBA

All we're asking for is blood.

Dan Nye

USD Foreign Law Study

With bad high school French, a Michelin guide, and a year of law school, you can follow Hemingway on a summer's moveable legal feast in Paris with credit transferred back toward graduation. The University of San Diego's Institute on International and Comparative Law in Paris offers this opportunity in 1978, after a 1977 summer where it had so many applicants it had to turn students away. Its 85 students included two law professors, and a group of foreign students who hailed from countries like Peru, Saudi Arabia, Vietnam, Japan, and or course, a large contingent of students from France. While USD offers Institutes in Oxford and Guadalajara, Paris is the largest and most international.

What makes this a moveable legal feast? The opportunity to take classes from the foremost experts in the world in their subject matters, in small classes where you get to know them. A real introduction to continental legal systems. The courses provided a pot-pourri of public and business law, International Business Transactions, Comparative Tax, Comparative Law, International Human Rights, Energy Law, and Criminal Justice courses, taught by such experts as Covey Oliver of Penn, former U.S. Ambassador and Assistant Secretary of State; George Pugh of LSU, Tony Weir of Trinity College, Cambridge; Dominique Carreau, professor at Paris V who frequently teaches also at Michigan; James Fawcett of King's College London, President of the European Commission of Human Rights and former IMF General Counsel; and Herbert Lazerow of Dan Diego.

Thoses desiring more information should contact Herbert Lazerow, Associate Dean, U of S. D. School of Law, Alcalá Park San Diego, CA 92110.

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Article-Signing Policy Berated

About a month after the SBA has imposed its guidelines on the Dissent, I feel it is appropriate to relate to you, the masses, some of the reactions I see these guidelines have induced. Regardless of the fact that many of you don't give a damn what I feel, for the reasons expounded later in this article I chose to once again subject myself to a fairly predetermined reaction.

FACT: Many individuals now simply will not write articles. Some are afraid of the reaction from potentially "distasteful" and "offensive" articles, (witness my co-author of Samoan Fishing In America who expressed apprehension concerning the "man-eating women"---his phrase, not mine), while some simply do not want their name in print, even for purely "news" articles. Hopefully, Frank Gibson's editorial in the last issue will motivate the "pure reporters" to continue writing with the knowledge that they may maintain their anonymity. For those who don't wish to weather the storm, both Jas Phillips and I have publicly offered to sign any article on which the author prefers to remain anonymous (both of us are already in the public opinion shit-house so we are "immune" from further opprobrium.)

FACT: Kathy O'Brien, an individual of outstanding undergraduate journalistic talents, chose not to participate in the last issue of the Dissent solely as a matter of principle. She viewed the reaction to the "Sex and Sexism" issue as well as the SBA imposed guidelines as violations of "freedom of the press" (the principle, not the right---regardless of whether the restrictions were "owner" imposed or "government" imposed.) Hopefully Kathy will reconsider since her contributions were respected as well as greatly appreciated.

FACT: For the first two weeks following the last issue of the Dissent, Braulio Escobar refused to speak to me. I shall leave deciding whether this is a punishment or a reward up to the individual reader. He is now up to speaking in the second person plural when I'm in the room, and hopefully (my desire at least) the situation will get better since we used to have at least a tolerable friendship.

What ties all of these facts together into an editorial is my opinion that they, combined with the events which spawned them (ie., the entire controversy behind the imposing of the "guidelines"), are indicative of what I perceive is the major problem within this building---an overdose of solemnity. That some persons still feel compelled to vent their rage on the culprit responsible for anything they don't like only shows that too many people have simply lost their sense of humor. It seems that being subjected to personal assaults and ostracism is the price one must pay for being anything other than a mouse or a sheep in this building.

The producer of "National Lampoon--Animal House" commented in an interview that the purpose of satire is to attack social "sacred cows". The fact of the matter is that there apparently are no vulnerable sacred cows in these hallowed halls, only inviolate ones. When people are so wrapped up in their cause that they can't step back and laugh at themselves they need to seriously re-evaluate their values in respect to their vanity. The proclamation by the Little Peoples Law Forum that "Senility begins with seriousness" is closer to fact than humor.

Mike Stone

Enough is Enough!

In the opinion of many persons, the SBA botched its handling of the Dissent controversy. Both Phillips and the Council gravely misjudged the public reaction to their action, and neither is likely to repeat their "mistake." What remains now is to pick up the pieces. Within recently enacted Constitutional Amendment #3 are the mechanics to insure things never get this far out of hand again.

It has been said that Braulio & Co. were elected on the "beer and circus" platform. The beers still flow and the circus can still be witnessed daily--to continue to bludgeon this issue over the Council's head would be in the best interests of no one. It would be far better for all concerned if the litigants forgave all alleged former iniquities and allowed the SBA to get back to its primary function--serving the students.

Mike Stone

Letter to the Editor

D Grade Debate Postponed Again

Last spring, when the D Grade Proposal first appeared on the agenda for a faculty meeting, it prompted approximately 20 students to attend the meeting. The motion was tabled for further consideration.

This fall, the D Grade Proposal once again appeared on the agenda. Once again approximately 20 students attended. This year, however, we were not met with a perfunctory motion to table. Instead, we were treated to an hour and a half of fun and games which would probably be titled "Faculty Filibuster" should anyone ever offer it for syndication as a TV game show (similar to the Gong Show).

By far the most time consuming act was the discussion on the faculty legislation for placing a student on the Faculty Appointments Committee. Debate raged for over an hour on such crucial points as: Should the legislation read "student", "student member", "voting student member", "participating student member", "fully participating student member", etc. I guess you had to be there to fully appreciate it. Discussion was quite enlightening, to say the least. It should come as a surprise to no one that it was Dave Frohnmayer who raised the question of whether the student's absence during the summer would render any actions by the board questionable under the Oregon APA. It did come as a surprise, however, when Herb Titus commented that he didn't think students had any right to be on the committee. Apparently Herb has forgotten that the 14th Amendment makes us legal persons.

Needless to say, the D Grade Proposal was never acted upon due to time limitations, and therefore postponed again--this time to Dec. 7 (remember Pearl Harbor and sneak attacks?), a perfect time for optimum student input what with finals and all. All is not lost, however. Going by precedent, if we show up with 20 students on the 7th then action will once again be put off. This merely imposes upon we second year students the obligation of attending every faculty meeting for the rest of the school year to insure action is not taken until next year when we will not be affected. After that, it's up to the first years to pick up the ball. It's really not as bad as it sounds--these meetings can be quite entertaining.

Tally ho!

Mike Stone

Dear Editor,

A recent speaker, whose presence was sponsored by the Law School and funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, asserted that:

1. "Most of the Indians of the Americas were originally cannibals.",
2. "Now we have not only a black legend, but a white legend about the ostensible fearful massacres and mistreatment of Indians by the people of North America." and,
3. "We have, of course, the myth of the millions of American Indians who inhabited the continent and who were ruthlessly slaughtered. There were at most 300,000 who regularly starved to death and ate one another in order to survive."

This speaker claimed to represent an informed, demythologizing Christianity. Under the guise of academic freedom (license) he delivered an address riddled with half-truths and unsubstantiated statements while he mercilessly courted historical revisionism. All of this in the name of demythologizing the Indians.

The speakers remarks went unchallenged in the classroom--for a variety of reasons. When challenged at a subsequent meeting he was unable to respond to the issues raised by persons who are Native Americans and others present who were knowledgeable regarding the history of the Americas. Historical revisionism of any sort, but particularly that which denies and/or diminishes the known sufferings of any persons is unacceptable. To participate in such revisionism, motivated by some vague Christian apologetics is without theological, biblical or humane foundation.

It is unfortunate that this one man was able to climb on a soapbox and ridicule history and an entire culture. What is more unfortunate is that others, who could have addressed these issues with sensitivity, integrity, and faith, were not invited. Perhaps the lesson is enough.

Douglas K. Hueneker
Presbyterian Chaplain
Campus Christian Ministry

[Ed.: The chaplain is referring to Rousas J. Rushdoony.]

Priapus Was Short!

What better Bible for this host of proto-professionals than In Praise of Folly? Examine Chapter XIII, where Folly herself speaks: "The more people push me away, the less they live." We of the Little Peoples Law Forum have no dogma, no creed, no ideology, no platform and no program beyond this: "Senility begins with seriousness; concupiscence thrives on the ludicrous!"

C. Gook

Legal Eagles II Season Wrap-up

The Legal Eagles II, (a.k.a. "Lewd and Lascivious") completed their intramural football season recently.

Early in the season, the team adopted the motto "Win or die". For four games the team lived up to their slogan. Before the last game, our captain propitiously changed the motto to "Wait 'til next year". In the second round of the playoffs, Eagles II was shot down by Theta Chi, a nasty bunch Jim "Hands" Klasen described as "bigger than the Green Bay Packers".

The backbone of our team was the defense which allowed only one touchdown during the regular season. "Awesome" would be an understatement! Other raw talent was: Dan Todd, Charles "Too tall" Goldberg, Steve Cornacchia, Hal Williams, Roger Olson, Mike "flower" Bloom, "Hands" Klasen, and Super-spirit Chris Hermann.

The rambling offense did not know the meaning of pain. Bill "Man-Mountain" Henderson, and Tom "The Fly" Hillier were the leading scorers. In addition, the following lads sacrificed their bodies for the Eagle's pride: John "Bronco" Buting, Steve Cornacchia, Doug DuCharme, Hal Williams, and most valuable quarterback, Don Kurtz.

Considering their lack of practice and coaching, the Eagles had a fun, successful season. Barring any dropouts, the team can look forward to next year and the "Dawning of a New Day!"

Doug DuCharme

Dear Cardozo.).

Dear Justice Cardozo:

I'm a first year student, an A through L, but I'm madly in love with an M through Z. Fortunately she and I have Contracts together which is an H through O class. Unfortunately I've noticed that she always sits next to this other guy who is, like she, an M through Z. I'm afraid I'll never get to know her, I'm quite shy, I'm the kind of person who rarely volunteers, even in LAP, so I haven't been bold enough to approach her.

Justice Cardozo, what should I do? I get so flustered in Contracts that I use red ink on green paper to take notes instead of the standard blue ink on yellow paper. This is quite embarrassing as all my friends only use red ink to brief their cases and they laugh behind my back when they see my red class notes.

Anxiously awaiting your opinion,
Alphabet Soup

Dear Soup:

Change you last name, to John Marshall, defend your red and green notes as Christmas gifts and forget sex; the law is your lover.

Dear Justice Cardozo:

Can a Blue man sing the whites?
Leroy

Dear Leroy:

In the leading case on this issue Jelly Roll Morton v. Randy Newman, Learned "five fingers" Hand ruled "despite their repeated attempts, no Blue man has yet been able to sing the whites."

(Do you have a Problem? Write to 'Justice Cardozo', Dissent, SBA Mailbox.)

LSD/ABA Gigs Described

In October, Carole Shotwell and Debra Ehrman represented the University of Oregon at the twelfth circuit LSD/ABA Fall Roundtable. The twelfth circuit includes Washington, Oregon, Alaska, Idaho and Montana. The Roundtable included a series of meetings in addition to specialized workshops. While the U of O has not been an active participant in the LSD/ABA there are a number of benefits which U of O students might consider.

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Amory Lovins Speaks

Leading energy expert Amory Lovins addressed a standing-room-only crowd in the Whitcombe Auditorium on the O.S.U. campus on Nov. 14. His presentation outlined the innovative thinking of his past writings concerning energy policies, particularly the comparison of the "hard" energy path presently pursued in the U.S. by industry and government and the "soft" path he advocates.

According to Lovins, we should be asking ourselves where we want to be in fifty years and then figuring out how to get there rather than proceeding by "incremental ad hoc" one power station at a time.

Characterizing the "hard" path as one of "strength through exhaustion", Lovins said that to follow it would require a capital investment of over a trillion of today's dollars over the next ten years -- more than two-thirds of the total projected capital investment for all U.S. industry over this period. These funds would be used to finance the discovery and acquisition of more fossil fuels, the construction of centralized power generation plants and the requisite transmission facilities. To follow this course will worsen the problems of inefficiency (through conversion and transmission losses), inflation (through long-term capital investment over long lead-times which starve other industries of needed resources), vulnerability and centralization of economic and bureaucratic power, Lovins said.

In contrast, Lovins "soft" energy path is characterized by increased efficiency in the use of energy, rapid transition to "soft" technologies (e.g., solar space heating of homes, industrial recapture of waste heat through cogeneration, biomass conversion, etc.) and the efficient transitional use of fossil fuels, mainly coal. Lovins criticized the assumption that energy demand is homogeneous; he asserted that demand is quite varied and to satisfy low-grade space-heating needs with high-quality electricity generated by expensive, centralized plants is like "cutting butter with a chainsaw." Lovins said that governmental bias against "soft" technologies is evident when it compares energy producers it likes (like nuclear, coal and coal-synthetic) with each other while comparing the cost of soft alternatives with the price of producing electricity using cheap gas--which is in need of replacement due to its scarcity. If the same test is used for all the alternatives, Lovins said that the cheapest is efficiency improvements, followed by soft and transitional technologies, coal and synthetics and finally, energy production by large electrical systems fueled by nuclear fission.

According to Lovins, who was trained as a physicist, nuclear power generation is destined to die by the operation of

market forces. He showed a remarkable graph of official government projections of how much energy would be supplied by nuclear production by the year 2000 as a function of when the projection was made. By extrapolation, the line comes to rest at the year 2000 between zero production (the result if present plants are phased out, which Lovins said he expects) and 110,000 gigawatts, or about three percent of the total U.S. energy needs. Lovins said that this graph is typical of the situations in other, non-regulated energy production countries like Canada, too.

In closing, Lovins called for a clearing away of institutional barriers to the implementation of soft technologies (obsolete building and tax codes, utility-biased capital acquisition schemes) and for a national energy plan built around existing points of consensus like the propriety of energy husbandry, solar technologies and the limited clean, transitional use of coal. His final comment was that "the really big issues of energy policy, far from being too complex and technical for ordinary people to understand, are, on the contrary, too simple and political for most technical experts to understand."

Those wishing to hear the entire presentation on tape may contact me.

Frank Gibson

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There is a considerable amount of money available for student programs. In order to become eligible, the U of O must have 20% of its full-time students as members of the ABA Law Student Division. Membership dues are five dollars a year and they entitle members to a subscription of *Student Lawyer*. The LSD also has its own insurance plan available to the LSD members. A comparison of the LSD plan and the U of O plan might be in order for students who don't carry private insurance.

In addition to funds, the LSD/ABA offers the Client Counseling and National Appellate Advocacy Competitions. The Client Counseling Competition is a test of counseling skills necessary for professional competition in legal practice, including the ability to interview a client, plan his or her future course of conduct, utilizing preventive law techniques and deal with the psychological overtones of the interview. Last year over one hundred law schools participated. This year's subject is "Family Law: Unmarrieds Living Together" entry must be postmarked by November 30, 1977.

The National Appellate Advocacy Competition is oral only and no written briefs are submitted; a transcript of the record which is the basis for the competition should be received by the U of O. in December.

There are also state bar liaison positions available, as well as positions with the many individual sections of the ABA. For those who are already members and students who might be interested in membership, Debra Ehrman is the U of O LSD representative. If you would like further information on the LSD/ABA, please contact her.

A Most Harrowing Experience

[It has come to my attention that I might have been guilty of false advertising when I used the word "Prizes!" in the headline for the Most Harrowing Experience Writing Contest story. Only one prize was then offered. To avoid litigation on this point, there will be two winners of the competition who will win a balloon voyage (it is, after all, a three-person basket).

Entrants are reminded that their harrowing experience must be described as it actually happened; this is not a fiction writing contest. Also, the length limitation has been increased to 750 words.

This issue's story is entitled Thorns and was submitted by first-year student Gary Marcus.]

It was a perfect day for the escape. "String Bean" Maxwell was the only guard with six of us as we strolled through the grounds on our before dinner break. In front of us rose "The Hedge", pride and joy of the superintendent who claimed "the eight foot thornbush is better than any damned barbed wire fence." Besides, it gave visitors the illusion that we weren't really locked in. Beyond The Hedge was freedom in the form of a Connecticut forest whose yellow, red, and brown leaves contrasted against a fading October sky.

From my jacket pocket I extracted "super gloves" lined with extra layers of cotton stolen from the infirmary. I drew a deep breath and threw Bart a look. He tripped and fell right on cue.

"My ankle! Goddam it! My ankle!"

Bart hunched over his leg nursing his ankle. When Maxwell bent over to check for swelling, Bart kicked him in the jaw and sent him flying on his ass.

I took off. My heart pounding as I sprinted across the field. I was on my own as none of the others wanted to risk an extended stay. Approaching The Hedge, I glanced backwards and flinched when I saw Maxwell only 100 yards behind with eyes glaring like a madman's. My five friends, uniting in empathy, shouted, "Go man! Go!"

I took a leap that would've made my track coach proud and managed to grab the top of the bush. The thorns cut through my gloves and painfully split the flesh in my hands. I used my hands as a pivot and my momentum to arch my body backwards and loop it into the air. My back crashed down onto the "free side" of The Hedge, and I bounced off, thorn covered, to the ground.

Dazed, I staggered to my feet. "So long, Maxwell!" I yelled half laughing. I could feel ol' Maxwell seething with frustration from the other side of The Hedge as he watched me disappear into the trees.

In my mind I had run this route a hundred times. I leaped over logs and wove my way through the trees; then I stopped and stood very still. Silence. They'd be out combing the woods soon, but not yet, and the cops would be on the road. Sue had checked the area a few months before and all I had to do was make it through the woods and go down this country road to a riding stable. From the phone in the stable I'd call Sue who'd pick me up and drive me to Vermont where I'd catch a plane to Chicago joining some friends who had gone underground. I had been busted for organizing a pro-Cuban Venceramos brigade in New Haven. The cops got me on a phony drug charge—raiding my place and planting the shit. I'd be damned if I was going to spend thirteen months for something I hadn't done.

Discovering a horse path, I headed north, reaching a country road twenty minutes later. Sue's map showed that the road led east over a hill, and the stables were on the other side. Right before I reached the top of the hill my heart stopped. An empty cop car was parked, half hidden, by the side of the road. The cops must've been out searching the woods. Just then a voice called out behind me.

"Stop or I'll shoot!"

A middle-aged cop, his voice quaking nervously looked at me from the bottom of the hill. I ran like hell. "Bang!" A warning shot rang out. I thought "He wouldn't dare shoot again." But I half expected a bullet to enter my spine. What if it paralyzed me for life? My mind stopped thinking, my world shrunk to the straining muscles in my legs as they pounded the pavement. Seconds later I was over the hill, out of sight of the cop. My strides got longer, aided by gravity, and I ran almost out of control at the edge of balance. Down the road was the driveway to the stables, and right before the driveway was a small bridge spanning a creek. When I reached the bridge I leaped over its side and hid in the concrete culvert.

Minutes later the cop car rumbled over the bridge and cruised down the road past the stables. My throbbing heart seemed to echo in the culvert. Bending over I submerged my blood stained hands, torn by the thorn bush, into the cool stream. As fifteen minutes dragged by, the only sounds were the water and the breeze weaving their way through the culvert. When the quiet inside me matched the quiet that surrounded me I emerged from the culvert, climbed the bank, and jogged to the long dirt driveway. Up ahead the stable and phone were only a few hundred yards away. I picked up my pace.

Suddenly, the cop car, its lights

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Internal Dialogue Torments Dane

He had lost weight. He ran his hands over his arms and the muscles of his legs and critically sized himself up. He was well-built and in good shape. Yup. That was really all there was. A touchstone. Take care of your body and be in good shape, so your body became a beautiful and good thing, which one could be happy about. It also got you women.

Your brain wasn't such a sure source of happiness. One could stuff it full, and exercise it, and then all of a sudden it started thinking all by itself and getting you frustrated as hell. The brain was an unruly and irritable thing.

One could be sitting quite peacefully studying, law for example, and POW! it started to act up.

"Of course I can learn this stuff, if you're so damned set on it that I learn it, O.K. I'll do it. But it bores me! You hear?

And you move like mad to hush and calm it down.

"Of course I want you to learn it. Haven't you always told me you enjoy this kind of thing? You like logic, don't you? And this is something you can really sink your teeth into. Don't you see how it all fits together? And how useful it's going to be later on? You're going to be hot-shot and razor-sharp, remember? We could end up Supreme Court Justice; we could end up President! Start a revolution! Marxism, for example. Danton! Remember him?

"President?! You are a fool. Do you think I can make you into a president? I can just as well make you into a common, greedy money-mad timecard-puncher. Why didn't you . . . "

"O.K. Fine! Make me into a money-maniac for God's sake! then SHUT UP!

" . . . Why didn't you become a doctor," your brain might continue," that's far more prestigious in its own little way. --President! Ha! Anyway, let me call it to your attention that that bit about Marxism doesn't work anymore. That was last week. Day before yesterday we decided we couldn't make heads or tails out of that issue. We kind of believe in capitalism right now, remember? I came up with some incredibly astute arguments. Irrefutable, or just about."

"So find some rebuttals. Everyone knows how smart you are!"

"Don't be an ass. Listen here, this is serious. You've got to get yourself an interest, a belief! You've got to give me a goal, so I can see some results. I feel like a spent arrow in open air. I'm losing control. I'm going to torture and pester you every waking hour. I'm going to make us crazy!!

"How about becoming a fascist," one suggests quietly. "Fascists are happy, and they've got faith."

"Thanks a bunch, but fascists are hysterical. I'm a pacifist."

"O.K. let's be pacifists! Pax eternal!—?

And you revel in the new idea. Here's something to believe in, here's a philosophy. But all of a sudden you hear, somewhere in your brain, a hysterical, helpless laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Such a deal. Let's fight wars with words not weapons! Let's go around with wild eyes fighting battles with words. Let's drown in words!"

It makes you sick to your stomach and weary and you give up:

"You're a dumb brain! You don't know anything. You can't take a stand on anything!"

"If I'm a dumb brain, that's all the worse for you. All the worse for us! We should have never started thinking this way. We should be riding on the beach on a white horse."

"I'm getting out of here. I'm sick and tired of you. I'm going dancing and drinking, woman-chasing. I'm going to go out and have some FUN!"

"Where you go, I go. I'm sick and tired of it all too. Dead tired."

Knud Sønderby, from the Danish Novel, *Midt i en jazztid*, (In the Middle of Jazztime), 1931. Excerpt translated by Dan Nye.

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flashing and siren wailing pulled into the driveway from off the road. I jumped to the side as the car ground to a halt next to me. Both cops leaped out and pulled their guns.

"Freeze!" They shouted. It was as though someone had pulled a plug in the soles of my feet, and all the hope in my body drained onto the ground. I stood there empty and tired, my hands on my head. The cop who gave the warning shot frisked me while his partner pointed a gun at my chest. He looked me in the eye and seemed kinda surprised, "How old are you anyway?"

"Nineteen." The cop shook his head. What did he know? I didn't need his sympathy. He handcuffed my wrists and put me in the rear of the cop car. Heading back to the compound I stared at the backs of their necks and cursed to myself, "One day I'm going to get you bastards." I was thinking not only of the cops but of the whole phony system. "One day I'm going to be a lawyer; and then you pigs will be working for me."

Gary Marcus