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Justinian

Volume XXXIII - No. 3

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1972

Page One

SBA Distributes Activity Fee

Funding of Some Groups Spark Lively Debates

By Charles W. Segal and
Hannah K. Flamenbaum

The SBA Delegate Assembly held its opening meeting 3 times this year as the delegates struggled to complete a large volume of new and unfinished business.

In its Oct. 26 meeting — the climax of the 3 part meeting — the Assembly put the students money where the requests were by distributing the \$16,000 (60% of the student fee), turned over to the SBA by the Administration.

Each item on the SBA Executive Board-approved budget was considered separately. Debate, at times heated, was heard on each appropriation in accordance with a previously passed motion to consider the budget serially.

The SBA Delegate Chamber was filled to capacity, with all but

two delegates attending in person or by proxy, as lively debates were heard during the consideration of the budgets for BALSA, the Womens Group, and the International Law Society.

The Balsa and Womens Group debates centered around the exclusivity of their membership and the propriety of student funding. Debate on The BALSA and Womens Group budgets was limited by executive ruling to 10 min. each

See Chart Page 8 for all students appropriations.

with 2 speakers for each pro and con allowed 2½ min. Both budgets were approved in roll call votes.

The International Law Society debate centered around the size of the budget and again 10 min. debate time was divided among pro and con speakers. In addition, Mike Faltischek, the Editor-in-



Full Delegate Assembly meets to debate appropriations.

Chief of the International Law Journal, although a non delegate, was allowed to answer points of information with regard to technical matters concerning the Journal. The ILS budget, which is for the publishing of a student run and written International Law

Journal, was approved in a roll call vote.

The votes to approve the budget were as follows:

	Yes	No	Abs.
BALSA	35	15	5
Women's group	38	15	1
ILS	35	5	0

All other appropriations: unanimous.

* (Variance in figures here is due

to the exit of many delegates after the BALSA and Womens Group budgets were approved).

In the final 15 min. and with the remaining delegates the Delegate Assembly considered several other matters including:

a) A motion by Delegate Karle (501-Day) that the former Cultural Affairs Committee Chairman, Delegate Kirschenbaum (600-Day) return a list of theatres, etc., to the present committee. On a point of information by this author Delegate Kirschenbaum denied the possession of such a list and the matter was tabled for further investigation.

b) A motion to appoint a night student, in addition to the present day student, to the final exam committee to facilitate scheduling was unanimously approved.

c) A motion to establish a committee to formulate and set up a cooperative bookstore by Delegate Dunbar (602-Day) was ruled not to be a motion and was referred to the SBA Executive Board for appropriate action.

After a request by SBA President Alter that all delegates sign up for the various committees being established, the meeting adjourned. The next meeting was called by President Alter for Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 4:30 P.M.

BALSA Recruits At Brooklyn Law

In Saturday, October 21, 1972, the Metropolitan Coordinating Committee of the Black American Law Student Association sponsored a Law Day program at Brooklyn Law School. The primary function of the program was recruitment of black college students for law schools located in the northeast region. The program was deemed a success both by the sponsoring committee and by persons attending the function.

The Metropolitan Coordinating Committee (MCC) was formed at the end of the spring term by the chairmen

of the BALSA chapters in the Metropolitan area in conjunction with the Regional Director of the northeast region. It was thought at that time that such a committee could coordinate and sponsor activities beneficial to both law students and the community. The Law Day was the second joint effort put on by MCC. The first was an Orientation program for entering black law students. It was significant that the Orientation was held within the Bedford Stuyvesant community at "The East" which is the site of the Uhura Sasa School. That

meeting was also considered highly successful.

The MCC's motivation for the recruitment program was two-fold. First, they saw a need to respond to what has developed as a presumption, i.e., the common expression that there are not enough qualified black students available to fill the need for more black lawyers. To the contrary, the MCC offered a bank of interested students to draw from. Secondly, they saw a need to stimulate an interest within black college students to enter the legal field. No other such major effort has been sponsored in the Metropolitan area before the Law Day.

The key speaker was Professor Napoleon Williams of New York University Law School. Professor Williams gave an inspiring speech to the capacity crowd of aspiring lawyers in the Moot Court Room. He recognized the serious need for more black law students and lawyers, and urged the many college students and graduate present to embark upon a law career for whatever reason motivated them. It was overwhelmingly agreed that no matter what inspired a student to become a lawyer, a benefit would accrue to his people.

The program got high praise from Harold Seligson, Esq. of the Consortium of Metropolitan Law Schools. Mr. Seligson noted that when

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BALSA rap session at conference.

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BLS v NYU In Moot Court Meet

By Harriet Phillips

A recurring day dream of most law students, says one ancient sage of the law, is to be standing before the bar and captivating judge and jury with the masterful eloquence of Clarence Darrow. Some law students do more than dream. They compete on the National Moot Court Team.

This year's annual competition finds John Rothblatt, Donald Tanen, and Sally Weinraub darrowing for BLS on November 2 at the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. They were selected from among the first and second year students who showed outstanding aptitude in their first

school moot court competition.

The national competition is divided regionally for the beginning rounds. BLS competes in a region composed of all New Jersey law schools and those of New York City. This year, by lot, BLS faces New York University and then Rutgers.

Both arguments, once as petitioner, once as respondent, are scored by the judges who then add in the points earned on the anonymous brief that has previously been scored. Highest scores go on to the semifinals the next day.

Both arguments, once as petitioner once as respondent, are

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Nixon Night In Nassau

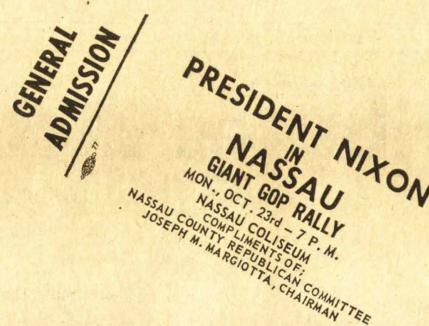
By John Miller

Oct. 23 — The Nassau Coliseum stands aglitter amidst the remains of old Mitchell Field, the dormitory towers of Hofstra University to the south, Air Force hangers housing classrooms for Nassau Community College, to the west and rows of boxes symbolizing the great American dream, the typical green and white Long Island suburban community, to the east.

It was built as a monument to suburbia on a huge tract of land at taxpayer's expense. While other things could have been constructed there, those who conceived the arena rejected alternatives which they felt threatened their very way of life i.e. low income, veteran's, old-age housing and/or a business and cultural complex serving as central hub to the largest suburban county in the country (one supposes a logical outgrowth of the bi-ennial exercise in local political demagoguery by the dominant party in Nassau to promote its candidates — "Save suburbia and the suburban way of life!").

Tonight, this edifice was transformed into the site of the largest and most ostentatious political gettogether ever to be held in Nassau County. The county Republican Committee, aided by a million dollar campaign chest, put on a production unmatched in size or color (20,000 people and a dozen high school bands), unequaled in enthusiasm or spirit (4000 young students bussed in to act as puppet cheerleaders) and unrivaled by some of the other attractions which have made the Coliseum, Barnum and Bailey or Sly and the Family Stone. Tonight, the campaign to re-elect the President rolled into town.

This article is neither written to promote a candidate nor demean Richard Nixon. This columnist has made his view very clear over the past year that this country, its citizenry and the ideals which stand behind it, would be far more secure with the early retirement of our incum-



bent President. That view stands, and rightly so, as but one opinion and may and should be challenged by any and all who take exception to it. Thus, the chronology that will follow does not touch upon either the crucial issues or candidates of 1972 per se. For in making this choice not to write about the substance of this campaign prior to Election Day, two essential factors are being taken into consideration:

First, while there are those who doubt both the inevitability and accuracy of polls, the fact remains that every respected pollster in this county project that if October 23 were November 7, Richard Nixon would win a landslide victory. As the election grows nearer and the margin remains large, an effort to rationally discuss programs or weigh issues becomes muted.

Secondly, George McGovern, for all the idealism and

hope that his candidacy evokes, for all of the issues on which he stands on the right (left) side and Nixon the wrong, has waged a bad and generally ineffective campaign. Richard Nixon did not pick Tom Eagleton and Richard Nixon did not propose the \$1000 plan. For all of the rationalizations and explanations of but these two episodes, they were, with others, just stupid politics in 1972, taking the spotlight off other vital issues for over a month. McGovern is more than a victim of circumstance and in his own clumsy way, is responsible as anyone else for clouding the real questions of 1972 and in the end, as the pollsters predict, bringing about his own electoral demise.

I did not plan to go to the Nassau Coliseum tonight. My friend, whose hobby it is to poster his walls off — Nixon, had picked up tickets at G.O.P. headquarters in Hempstead with the motive of procuring additional paste-ups for his ceiling. When I saw that his intentions were serious, I couldn't resist being alone dissenter among the party faithful gathered. Nothing rash or obstreperous; only a banner painted with "STOP THE BOMBING", for of all the many low points over the past few years, this one remains today the most barbarous.

The spectacle, though open to the public, was primarily for the party faithful (spelled MONEY) and young students (spelled RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE TV CAMERAS). Thus, when my friend, a semi-longhair, went to get tickets, while he wasn't asked to recite Richard Nixon's "Checker's" speech nor produce a party loyalty card, he had to verbally exchange his name and addresses for the ticket. (I didn't get the same treatment).

The arena was packed to the rafters. The floor was packed with under 18 year olds (as noted above, students purposely bussed in, and not by Court order) who, on cue, like the West Point Cadets before a kickoff, chanted "four more years" and other con-

temporary slogans. (Evidently, they didn't bother screening the high-schoolers as, throughout the evening, unscheduled choruses of "no more years" and other, less printable slogans, could be heard emanating from the floor.)

The money was evident. Noise-makers, American flags, buttons, posters, banners—all by the truckload — were distributed like the water in the last oasis discovered in the Mohabi Desert. The stalwart contributors and party faithful who came were waving, seeing, hearing, wearing and smelling the dollars they had given.

I had the not-so-novel nor politically sophisticated plan to display my banner so that it faced the battery of T.V. cameras on the floor in back of the Peanut gallery. For, if they could put on this display of the children's crusade for Nixon, then I could make the moral imperative of my banner as evident as possible to those gathered and to the world that watched the 11 P.M. news. Thus, we seated ourselves as directly as we could behind the podium in the last row of the middle section of the arena.

Police and Secret Service men were prominent throughout looking for any real crazies who might appear, while local political hacks were prominent throughout looking for people like me who came to put a crimp in that two minute segment of the late news. I kept it hidden in my pocket, furtively awaiting the entrance of the President.

I felt lonely. While my friend was there, he wanted no part of me and my sign for fear of getting thrown out before having a chance to rip off some of the newer collection of Nixon posters on display. I hadn't brought any headgear or other protection for the possibility of a party exuberant clobbering me when the sign went up. Then, I saw them. The real "d'srupters" (as my friend called them), a group of longhaired Hofstra students who subscribed to my TV strategy by placing themselves across the aisle in the same row.

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ABA-LSD: 2nd Circuit Conference in Albany

By Mitch Alter

The Conference of ABA-LSD 2nd Circuit SBA Presidents and Editors-in-Chief took place in Albany, New York, on the weekend of October 14th at the New York State Bar Association's Headquarters. Brooklyn Law School was represented by myself, as SBA President, Elliot Schaeffer, Editor-in-Chief of our local *Justinian*, and Howard Kane, Division Delegate of the ABA-LSD.

After coffee and miniature danishes were served, the Circuit Governor of ABA-LSD, introduced the topic for our morning colloquium — the problems of the various SBA's at the 2nd Circuit Law Schools. The SBA President of Fordham (I forget his name) rambled on about his school, the fact that Professor McLaughlin, author of McKinney's CPLR Commentaries, was still there and the school was proud to have him, and the fact that Fordham has a good location. These were all very important considerations to him, but most of the delegates were yawning like crazy, including myself and Elliot. We heard a few more "informative" discussions from other schools, and then we were introduced to the SBA President at New York Law School Lorin Duckman. Lorin proceeded to tell us that law school was no bed of roses, that it was probably one of the worst experiences of his life, and that the apathy of the students was incredible (sounds familiar, doesn't it). Then I came next along with Elliot. The two of us discussed the problems of our law school which were strikingly familiar to the problems at Lorin's school, the fact that students had very little say over their existences in the institution, that we were treated like children, and that the administration of our law school isn't as reasonable as they would like you to believe, etc., etc., etc.

Then lunch came and I must say that the food was probably the best thing offered all day. The interesting thing about the lunch was to hear Lorin call his Editor-in-Chief an idiot. Interested in hearing the reason, I asked. It seems as though the Editor-in-Chief was appointed by the Dean and refused to print an article written by Lorin which was critical of the law school. It seems as though the Editor was the Dean's puppet. This was true, but the Editor defended this on the ground that the failure to print the president's article was a mere oversight, but the truth of the matter is the Editor is responsible to the Dean for his job and thus becomes Mr. Censor instead of the Editor. At the conference I had a chance to pick up a copy of their paper, *Equitas*, and indeed it is a piece of garbage, a self-congratulatory hunk of trash.

Then the afternoon roundtable commenced. The exciting resolutions of the day were introduced by Syracuse Law School which related to law placement offices for law clerks and then more important resolutions were introduced by the Circuit Governor which related to the institution of a legislative lobbying service for law school issues before our legislature. The resolution in its original form was worthless because only two issues a year come before the legislature that directly relate to law schools and it isn't worth having a paid lobbyist there. But I further added that our lobbyist should lobby on important issues that reach the legislature, i.e. abortion, welfare rights, etc. That met with some disapproval since St. John's and Fordham Law Schools were both there. Thus any attempt to lobby on key issues seemed fruitless and thus the resolution went nowhere except to the wastebasket.

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BALSA

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his organization attempted a similar venture in 1969 it fell far short of the MCC's program. He was surprised how students without access to nearly as many resources as his organization was able to sponsor their program on a lower budget while at the



same time drawing a larger and more orderly attendance.

The MCC agrees that it owes much credit for the success of the program to the administration of BLS for their generosity in lending the facilities of the school. BLS proved to be almost perfectly designed for the meeting. The Moot Court Room adequately seated the enthusiastic crowd, the classrooms served more than adequately for the workshops held by the participating law schools, and the Lounge was a perfect setting for the sumptuous buffet meal that was served to the hungry participants during the afternoon intermission and mixer. The MCC also expressed its thanks to the members of BLS chapter of BALSA and the SBA for their hospitality.

The participating law

schools were: Yale, University of Maine, Northeastern, Buffalo (SUNY), Boston University, Boston College, Hofstra, Fordham, N.Y.U., Cornell, Rutgers, Seton Hall, St. John's, Albany, Syracuse, University of Connecticut, New York, and Brooklyn. The few schools that did not participate either had their own program or were unconcerned. However, they were not missed.

INTERNATIONAL LAW SOCIETY AND MOOT COURT

The International Law Society has received the 1973 Jessup Moot Court Competition problem. The Jessup competition offers students the opportunity of oral and written argument with students from other schools both in the United States and abroad. Last year's competition drew students from Africa, Europe, Canada and South America. This is a truly international competition. Regional competition is scheduled for March, which gives students a substantial opportunity to prepare for their round. Finals take place at the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law where notable practitioners view the competition. These rounds are to be held in Washington.

Students who are interested in joining the Moot Court team or the International Law Society should contact Steve Weinstein, Room 600, Seat 115. Steve can also be contacted through the Society's mailbox in the SBA office. Contact should be made as soon as possible so that preparations can be made to submit memorials by February. First year students are urged to participate for the benefit of future teams.

Campaigning For Court

MEYER

By Jeff Habernan

State Supreme Court Judge Bernard Meyer, a candidate for the State Court of Appeals spoke at Brooklyn Law School this past Thursday. A tall, distinguished gentleman who finished college and law school simultaneously, the Judge felt it improper to discuss particular issues which he felt might possibly come before the court but spoke on a number of topics which have been the major thrust of his campaign.

It is the Judge's view that legal services are closed to the bulk of the population. While the poor have available to the OEO and various community legal services and the rich can afford to hire counsel, the 70% in the middle, in the \$5-20,000 range are unable to procure necessary legal aid. To combat this inequity, the Judge proposed a pre-paid plan of some kind, though not advocating any particular model. He did consider what was termed an open panel, analogous to Blue Cross medical coverage and a closed-panel, similar to GHI or HIP. In the first instance persons with legal problems consult an attorney of their choice and are reimbursed from payments made to a central fund. A GHI-oriented plan would require that a person use the group's lawyer as designated by them but would have no additional funds to pay. Government would not be involved in this at all with all funds being raised through the private sector.

Pilot programs have been set up through bar associations (California State Bar Association and



labor unions (Teamsters in Toledo) which demonstrate its feasibility. The primary focus would be on Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant, family law, preventive law and possibly an annual "legal check-up". At present Judge Meyer is urging that congressmen be influenced to support a bill which would amend the Taft-



Judge Bernard Meyer

Hartley Act to permit employer-union negotiations with respect to legal services in the same manner as medical.

To a question directed from the

floor, Judge Meyer spoke of the need for judicial reforms, particularly of the need to substantially change sentencing procedures. He favors a four part plan, a requirement that sentences be imposed after a conference of the trial judge and two of his colleagues, that a written statement of reasons accompany each sentence, a once-yearly sentencing institute be held at which particularly difficult cases would be discussed and a sentence review board. Such a board would be composed of penologists, sociologists, psychiatrists and others who could apply other than judicial criteria.

By way of 14 years experience on the bench and discussion with colleagues, it is Judge Meyer's contention that the judiciary must be reformed in other ways. A unified trial court and budget would provide greater efficiency and would eliminate much of the plea-bargaining required by crowded court calendars. Tied to this latter question is one of what the court must handle. It is felt by the Judge that the Court of Appeals should be able to choose which cases it feels appropriate for review and

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DEMBITZ

By Pat Kane

Netette Dembitz is a Judge of the Family Court and Democratic Candidate for the Court of Appeals in New York.

"They" are the members of the New York State Bar Association who reviewed all the candidates for the Court of Appeals, and found only Judge Dembitz ungratified.

And it's terrible because the criteria by which the State Bar Association reaches its decision as to a person's qualifications are not known, and there is no appeal from a dissatisfactory rating.

As part of the SBA's Speakers Program, Judge Dembitz appeared on Tuesday, October 24 and spoke in the Moot Court Room.

Since her candidacy is controversial — both because of the State Bar Association's decision and the fact that Judge Dembitz is the first woman ever to be running for a position on the State Court of Appeals — I expected the judge to be perhaps a militant feminist like Bella Abrug or even an aggressive politician like Judge Wachtler. But Judge Dembitz turned out to be a lady. And I don't mean that in the derogatory sense that the word "lady" has in women's lib. It's the only way to describe a soft-spoken, dignified and quite restrained person.

And get she was a bit disappointing in that she seemed very

low — about her candidacy. She certainly wants to be elected, but she really didn't seem to provide any reasons why she should be.

The few legal questions raised by students in a very brief question and answer period were dealt with somewhat superficially. Was her thinking really a bit slipshod or was it the pressure of time and a state-wide campaign?

The Judge did convey a sense of openness generally. She said she personally felt that a judge should have one foot in the law library and one foot in the society. In other words, she would not make judicial decision exclusively upon legal principles, but with the consideration for the social implications.

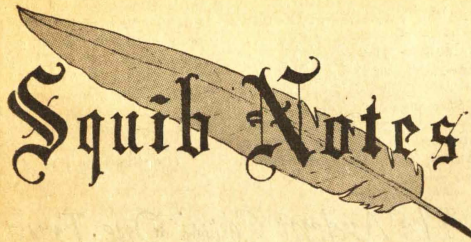
Since I'll be voting on November 7, I wonder just what my own criteria should be for deciding who is best — to sit on the Court of Appeals.

The best-known candidate, of course, is Judge Sol Wachter from Nassau County. His television commercials appear daily and are what I would call slick. His basic message seems to be deliberately confused so that he can be interpreted as both enlightened and progressive ("criminals are not born; they are made") or a strict "law and order" proponent ("Let's put them behind bars where they belong").

I have no idea what he really offers, but he does seem to enjoy banging that cell door closed!

As for Judge Dembitz, she was Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Michigan, Kene Scholar and Editor of the Law Review at Columbia. She has had 30 years of practice in a variety of legal fields and has published books and articles regularly. From 1955 to 1957 she was General Counsel to the N.Y. Civil Liberties Union and submitted — briefs in

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UP ON THE ROOF

There's a 10th floor in this building, even though the elevators don't go there. Its got the maintenance department, the air conditioning units, the boilers — and a small but flourishing garden out on the sun roof.

Last June, the maintenance crew

headed by Bob Hudson built a 15 foot long flower pot in which to plant tomatoe plants brought in by Professor Al DeMeo. The professor would come up to the roof occasionally and sit for a spell and watch the plants grow. By the end of the season, he'd picked 20 lbs. of tomatoes.



Bob Hudson with DeMeo's Tomatoes.

CRIMINAL INTERNS

BLS students were given the opportunity to intern in one of three areas of the criminal court system. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Gary Schultz, the director of clinical services, representatives from three different offices discussed the placement of students with criminal court judges in all counties, the District Attorney's office in Kings County and the New Neighborhood Office of the Legal Aid Society in Bedford Stuyvesant.

Students working with the Criminal Court judges will prepare memoranda of law and aid in the preparation of decisions; those working with the District Attorney will be assigned to an Assistant D.A. in one of the various divisions of the D.A.'s office and aid in the interviewing of witnesses and preparation of cases for trial; interns working for the Legal Aid Society will interview clients and prepare briefs and defenses. All work will be completely voluntary and the program is seen by Mr. Schultz as the possible forerunner of future accredited clinical service programs at BLS.

The program will enable those students who have completed the course in criminal law to gain invaluable experience and on the job training. —HF & CS

FISHER FEVER

The Cultural Affairs committee of the SBA is sponsoring a Chess Tournament. All students and faculty interested in participating should submit their name, class room and seat number, and approximate hours of availability in an envelope that will be posted on the door of the S.B.A. office.

Please set aside at least a two hour block of time.

Prizes will be offered to the finalists and FREE refreshments will be provided to all participants.

No entries will be accepted after Friday, November 3.

WHAT MYTHS?

Last Wednesday, Prof. Herrmann held an informal discussion with his Creditors Rights class, section 600, in the Student Lounge. The aim of the meeting was to establish a rapport between the class and the Professor and to set aright or confirm certain myths surrounding Prof. Herrmann.

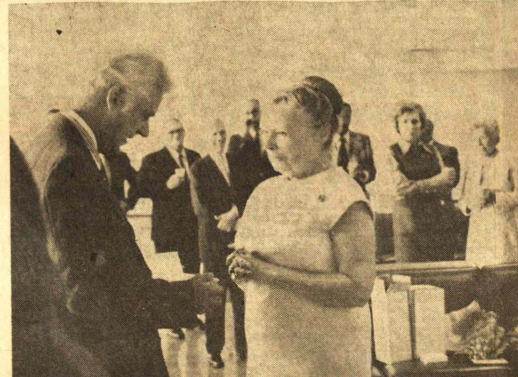
The meeting was well lubricated as a result of the Professor's generous purchase of eight bottles of wine. Subject covered included the supposed antipathy of Prof.

Herrmann to students and vice versa; the grading pattern, if any, followed by the Professor; methods of enhancing the Law School's reputations; the idea of imposing a writing requirement upon newly hired faculty. The inter-changes disclosed an honest attempt to establish rapport and it was agreed that other sessions would be held.

CAREER CHOICES

There's a seminar on Practicing Law With A Large Firm, Small Firm, Government Or Business. Sponsored by the Bar Association.

Good speakers. A lot of up-to-date information. Wednesday, November 8, 1972, 8:00 P.M. at the House of the Bar Association, 42 West 44th St.



Ass't. Dean Gerard Gilbride presents Ms. Elizabeth Cogan with a small gift at the party in honor of her retirement. Ms. Cogan was secretary to the dean for 12 years.

OLYMPIC BACKWASH

By David M. Werfel

The competition of the XX Olympic games, recently held in Munich, has been over for several months, but the controversies surrounding this unique Olympic may continue forever. One of the most controversial topics is whether or not the Olympics are worth continuing in light of the negative aspects of the Munich games.

The modern Olympics were revived in 1896 through the efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin who felt that one of the reasons for the glory of the Golden Age of Greece was the promotion of physical culture and frequent athletic competition. The Baron concluded that world peace could be promoted by bringing the athletes of the world together once every four years without regard to politics, religion, race, wealth or social status. This remains the goal of the present-day Olympics.

Today, however, politicians, athletes taxpayers and Olympic fans around the world are questioning whether the Olympics are contributing more toward world peace and harmony: the seizure and subsequent slaying of members of the Israeli team by the Arab terrorists; the disqualification of certain material which had been previously acceptable i.e. the pole used by Bob Seagren for the pole vault; the extremely partial judging of the diving and boxing competition; the Vince Matthews-Wayne Collett incident and other demonstrations by the black athletes of the U.S.; the comedy routine employed by the referees in the US-USSR basketball game; the nationalistic decisions of the Olympic Appeals Committee; the "amateur" status of many professional; the taking away of Rick DeMont's gold Medal and chances of more in other competition because of an oversight by the American officials; and other similar incidents.

Despite these incidents, it does not seem right that many thousands of athletes and millions of viewers may be deprived of the Olympic games because of the actions of those few who use the Olympics for their own political forum. The Olympics should provide the one spot on Earth where the desire to compete and win takes preference over politics, religion, race, and other prejudices, even if only for a few weeks.

In considering the future of the modern Olympic games it is interesting to reflect on the fate of the ancient Olympic games.

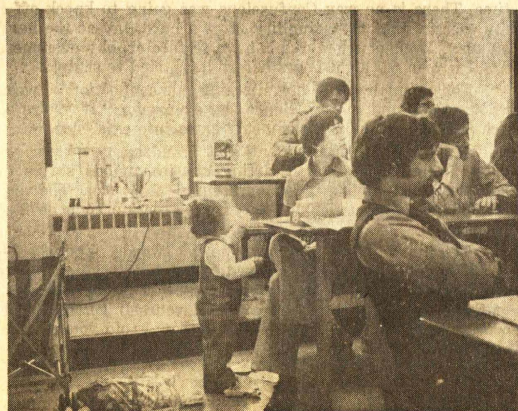
The ancient Olympics began in 776 B.C. A sacred

truce was declared to permit competitors to travel unimpeded to Olympia. The Olympics became a recognized Panhellenic institution and remained an expression of the Greek belief that man's body had a glory as well as his intellect and spirit, that mind and body be disciplined alike and that though this discipline men best honored Zeus. Olympia survived all political battles in Greece, the overthrow of Greek independence, and the Macedonian and Roman eras.

The Greeks had always dominated the Olympics until the 293 Olympiad (392 A.D.),

in which the Romans succeeded in capturing the top honors. The Greeks accused the Romans of violations of the rules by using professional athletes and not amateurs as required by Olympic rules. Several of the accused athletes and their followers, enraged by these protests, set fire to the housing facilities at Olympia and seriously damaged the Olympic Stadium. The aftermath of these rampages was that the Roman Emperor Theodosius abolished the games in 393 A.D.

Will positive action be taken or will history repeat itself?



This toddler's taking a break during the heated issues of the day at the SBA meeting. Well, we all can't find the teachings of Chairman Mitch fascinating.



joanna
bukszan

Minding My Own Business

We are all aware of that popular phrase "reordering of priorities". I have just witnessed an example of what that phrase means, when applied to our school, and I must say I am dismayed.

At the SBA meeting the other day, the agenda was set up in such a way that, prior to discussing the budget, the establishment of committees for curriculum, student activities, student grievances, etc., the first order of business was a discussion of whether we should send \$50.00 from the general student government fund to help defray costs for a man who is presently in jail on what appears to be an excessive sentence for the sale of marijuana. There was no reason given — or deemed necessary to be given — why this item should be number one. One student gave an obviously biased and inflammatory detailing of the case and then said, in so many words, that it was crucial for us to make a commitment in this matter because, as we all know, we are all either marijuana users or all of our best friends are. Then, although the trial record was not produced (which would have, of course, given a clearer idea of the merits of the case), the vote was railroaded through, and, as it turned out, this was the only completed piece of business in the entire 1½ hour meeting.

One of the students pointed out that last year's SBA elections involved questions of whether our school should be more "responsive to the issues", to coin a phrase. Apparently, most of the student representatives are taking this supposed mandate to mean that "the issues" come first, ahead of school

Mitch Alter

From The Desk Of The President

With so many important goals needed to be accomplished by the Student Bar Association at this Law School and in the surrounding society, it is a damn shame that our attentions and energies were diverted to the non-existent question of the BALSA (Black-American Law Students Association) and the BLS Women's Group Appropriations this week. With 127 students crammed into a totally unlivable classroom environment, with little choice in meaningful electives, with so many problems that exist here and in the surrounding society, our attention had to be diverted to an issue that really didn't exist, but which seemed to arouse many students into righteous indignation. This was truly amazing since in most cases when these same students were sometimes treated to a subhuman manner by the administration or the faculty, there was a marked silence.

The alleged main issue was of the alleged exclusionary tactics by BALSA and the BLS Women's Group. It was said that the former group excluded all whites from membership, not from meetings and activities, and the latter all men from membership, although one meeting every month was open to the school. Without determining the reasons as to why this must be so, or if indeed it make any difference since even if membership was open, nobody but the people for whom the groups were intended would participate anyway, some students rose up into righteous indignation.

This was totally unreasonable. First, almost every student believed that the groups' activities should exist and had to continue. The groups conducting these activities felt that the manner in which their membership was chosen was best suited for the group to properly conduct those activities. Then there is no reason not to give the groups the money. The SBA is not "big daddy" telling the groups how they must be constituted. If we, as an organization, are satisfied that the groups are conducting an important activity, one that is a must for our law school, then that should be the criterion and nothing more.

This unnecessary fight could have ripped apart the SBA. Now that the issue has been decided in favor of funding the groups, let it be laid to rest, and let us now set out to accomplish the important goals.

There were many students besides delegates at the SBA meeting in which that issue was decided. Those students who then have shown interest in the SBA should continue to do so and participate in the rest of our activities. This goes for all students. I sincerely call upon you to do so.

business. I seriously wonder if this was really the mandate received.

The question arises as to what the function of the SBA is. A point can be made that one of its roles should be to respond to or initiate programs and situations in the "outside world." Although this is a debatable point, the problem arises when this additional function of the SBA is given priority over its legitimate and obvious function — governing the student business of the school. A responsible student government, before taking up questions which are only at best indirectly related to its constituents, first should take care of the real and immediate business at hand. There are so many substantive issues that are the legitimate concern of student government that peripheral matter should be tackled, if at all, only when we are finished with the basic problems of school activities. Otherwise, we get an anarchistic situation, such as at the recent meeting, where it happened that before we had even decided what the SBA budget was to be, we had already allocated \$50.00 of it for a cause of only-at best-tangential interest to the student body.

I think the students of this school should be aware that they are being disenfranchised by the SBA. The priorities have been reordered to such an extent that their basic and immediate interests and problems, as directly related to their situation as members of this school, are being pushed aside by politicizing and rhetoric.

Howard Feller

The Lower Middle

I've been losing control of my mind for the past few weeks. The process is very selective as well as punctual. Every day when I hit 14th St. as part of my walk to the Brooklyn-bound Lex, it happens. Deep inside my skull a bunch of ganglions refuse to believe my eyes, ears, and nose. Pretty soon the rest of my mind takes the path of least resistance. The insurgents have won.

All the cars, trucks and busses that graze me for daring to cross the street know where I am. The horde of derelicts collecting for the Ripple of the Day Fund manage to find me. Even the junkies nod nod at me.

But I'm not on 14th St. at all. I am on my way to work (pretty weird huh). I am on my way to work driving down a tree-lined country road. The air smells great. The sky is blue. Garbage isn't. Talk about being out of touch with reality.

First I thought these hallucinations were sort of fun. But today something happened that made me realize the situation is very serious. Today I was driving down the road in a twelve cylinder, fuel injected, dual overhead cammed, air conditioned Lamborghini. What makes this entirely out of hand is the fact that I don't even know if Lamborghini makes a car with fuel injection.

Anyway, I came to in the subway station. Even my wierd ganglions couldn't shut out the incredible racket. "Please stay off the moving . . . moving . . . moving platform as trains . . . trains . . . trains enter and leave this station, thank you." It suddenly occurred to me that the N.Y.C. subway gave new meaning to the term common carrier.

Speaking of school, I ran into a girl from class. We had a great discussion about how the Daily News seemed so at home on the IRT-along with Fast Eddie, Sweet Duke and

Hairy Harry from 125th St. with the big one. Its at least as big as his magic marker I hear.

On the way out I ran into a fellow Justinian writer. We decided the Justinian should try and pattern itself after the News. That way we might be able to get jobs, come graduation.

* * *

"Why yes Mr. Feller, this is a great paper you worked for. I think the News can use talent like yours. You better take out the law school reference on your resume though. People might get the wrong idea. Say you were in the Marines or something."

Then it happened. The ultimate crash. The whole problem crystalized before my eyes. I knew why I was so maladjusted.

I've spent 75% of my life in school. In school one often studies things written by other people. It never occurred to me that what those people did when they weren't writing and discovering could be responsible for my problem. I'll explain.

Back in acient times they had some awfully brilliant men around. Pythagoras figured out things about triangles for example. Socrates, Plato and their friends philosophized day and night whenever the Muse struck, (or until they were strung up by the locals, but that's a different problem.) If you took all these early famous people and added them up you would find out they had one thing in common; money and leisure time. There is no way Confucius was going to knock off a few classic lines of profundity after a hard day at the hand laundry. Michaelangelo didn't have to face crabby customers in a Pizzeria for eight hours before he started to sculpt.

The common people began seeing this connection between great minds and money. Hence the expression "If you're so rich how come you're not smart?" came into existence.

It should be quite evident that I and many of you are doing things backwards. Starting out in various stages of poverty we are trying to use our brains to get rich. The very idea is perposterous. History does not sanction such deviant behavior.

Yet many things can be done backwards. You should, however, consider yourself warned. If you keep trying to enter the world of the financial elite by virtue of being a member of the educational elite, and you find yourself getting headaches, ulcers and hallucinations, remember, I told you so.

Moot Court

(Continued from Page 1)

scored by the judges who then add in the points earned on the anonymous brief that has previously been scored. Highest scores go on to the semifinals the next day.

All students and faculty are invited to hear the arguments: November 2 at 4:00 p.m. and at 8:00 p.m. at the House of the Association, 42 West 4th Street, Manhattan. First year students who will be giving their appellate arguments next spring might find the sessions particularly worth their time.

* * *

Yes, there is a BLS Moot Court Honor Society, under the direction this year of third year students John Hester and Craig Purcell who, along with Bill Paul, represented BLS at last year's national regional moot court competition. Presently first year students are writing legal memoranda, with the guidance of second year students who are members of the Moot Court Honor Society. In the spring semester, students will be given topics for appellate briefs which they will argue in the required Moot Court competition. Finalists are urged to try out for the national moot court competition. Craig and John, Room 502, will be pleased to answer any questions.

MEYER

(Continued from Page 3)

so avoid spending precious court time with minor matters, further boosting efficiency of operation and promoting justice.

Judge Meyer, as does Judge Dembitz and the other candidates favors the appointment of judges rather than election via a commission system. Persons holding community positions would hold hearings and suggest persons among whom appointments are to be made. After two or three years, the electorate would decide whether the judge should serve a full term and upon expiration, another balloting would be held decide whether another term is to be served.

Professor Schlissel, and former law secretary to Judge Meyer, introduced him to the gathering spoke glowingly of the Judge, citing a number of endorsements by various bar associations throughout the state as well as participation by the candidate on several major committees including the National Conference of State Trial Judges and chairmanship of the State Conference of Supreme Court Judges.



CHESS TOURNAMENT

Information is in the "Squib Notes" on Page 3.

NIXON

(Continued from Page 2)

I feel compelled to explain that while I have often sympathized with the end goals of radicals and "d'sruptors" (end the war, racial equality, civil liberties, etc.), I am steadfastly opposed to their tactics. (I remember vividly, at the time of the Cambodian incursion, William Kuntzler leading a band of campus radicals from a huge rally at the U. Va. field house to the doorsteps of the University President via state highway, demanding an end to the war — as if the President of the University of Virginia could have unilaterally declared a ceasefire in Southeast Asia.) Thus, while I felt a small degree of comfort in their presence this night, I felt the symbolism of the aisle which separated us was not insignificant.

The moment had come. We were informed that in seven minutes he would take his first step into the arena. The kids were given their cue. The "d'sruptors" waived their Nixon sign (the one in which the President posed with a beard and devil's horns). I pulled out the banner from my pocket letting it drop to the floor in front of me. He entered the arena. The crowd let out a roar.

I stood on top of my chair, arms outstretched with the banner unfurled as high as I could make it reach. Since I was in the last row in the section, I didn't have to worry about blocking the view of anyone behind me for only the county Police, Secret Service and political hacks were there going through their respective routines. To my surprise, the hacks didn't spot me because the banner was facing away from them (Perhaps they thought I was trying to save them money by bringing my own

"four more years" sign on a quarter of a bed sheet) and because the hacks on the opposite side of the arena who might have seen it had an awfully long run to get to me.

He started talking. They all sat down. I stayed up. The banner was in my face so that I couldn't see him, but the phrases were pure Nixonian (" . . . and this is, ladies and gentlemen, the heartland of America."—Nixon's heartland is one of the four richest counties in America and 94 and 99% lilly white pure). The hack from the far side of the arena finally reached me and started tugging at my banner. I turned around and pulled it out of his hands. While I knew my constitutional rights, I was unsure whether my ticket stub evidenced a unilateral contract with a condition precedent that they not throw me out while I remained relatively passive, so I quietly took my seat until a more auspicious moment.

The speech went on. It wasn't the arm waving or fist pounding show of four years ago, a performance that almost pulled a sure election victory from under his feet. I was low-key and programmed to project that "Presidential" image of one above the battle on the 11 P.M. news blurb (lines like " . . . and we will conquer cancer"). Even his Presidential vocabulary had expanded in four years (his reference to "law, order and justice"). Generally, he was boring the crowd and the "d'sruptors", sensing the strategy that was being used to keep them in check (lulling them to sleep) jumped to their feet and started chanting. The speech continued. Two dozen hacks and county Police moved in and pounced on the ten or so "d'sruptors". The T.V. cameras started rolling. I sensed my chance. While the hack who was assigned to watch me was diverted to the main battleground, I jumped onto my chair unfurling

the banner. Across the aisle they were gently brutalizing the "d'sruptors" out of the arena. Some of them passed right in back of me. Had the T.V. cameras caught notice of the banner? My friend, abandoning his former neutral position, urged me to keep the banner up as the cameras continued to scar our area. Finally, my friend blurted out: "You're on, Jonny, you're on!". I kept the banner up but my hack who had briefly left, caught on to my strategy and returned to once again play tug-of-war with me. I pulled it away, this time orally inserting my Constitutional prerogative.

But by now, the loyal partisans in the arena knew who I was and what the banner said. They tried a new ploy. I was firmly instructed by the County Police that I was blocking the view of those in back of me (although they sat over ten feet above me) and that I should rapidly seat myself lest I get the same treatment as the "d'sruptors". Having felt that my mission had been successfully undertaken, I took my seat to wait out the conclusion of the evening.

* * *

The Presidential helicopter lifted off from outside the Coliseum door swinging over the "heartland of America". The school kids got into their buses to return to their respective communities. The camera crews were on their way back to the city to extract that two minute blurb. The custodial crew began the cleanup job of the arena, scraping the tons of garbage from the Coliseum's wast interior. The hacks went back to their smoke-filled rooms and the county Police to their normal posts. The party faithful drove happily out the gate to return to their respective green and white boxes. The Coliseum seemed lonely in the night as it awaited its transition to a basketball court. America, you deserve much better.

DEMBITZ

(Continued from Page 3)

a number of landmark cases, among them the *New York Times v. Sullivan*, *In re Gault* and *Rochin vs. California*. Since 1967 she has been a Judge of the Family Court.

The issue of campaign advertising was raised by a student, and Judge Dembitz was critical of the advantage a well-funded candidate has in regard to using the media.

The fact is that Judge Wachther's campaign is effective in at least making his candidacy known. Should we condemn a candidate for at least escaping anonymity or should we work on the problem of communicating the issues and the personalities to the electorate?

If I, as a law student with a genuine interest in who sits on the Court of Appeals, admit that I don't even know who the other candidates are or what they stand for, how are my neighbors weighing their decision?

Maybe money is the crucial factor. Maybe our attitudes about what is proper and dignified in respect to lawyers and judges is a bit dared though. It may have been appropriate to hang out a shingle in 19th century New England, but in 20th century New York it might take Day-Glo and neon signs to get the message across.

I haven't made up my mind yet whom to vote for, but if I decide to vote for Judge Dembitz, it will not be because she is a woman and the sisters should stick together. I imagine that Judge Dembitz herself would be appalled that that was the best reason anyone could come up with. Either she is qualified or she isn't, and that will be my basis for deciding.

Plea From Prison

Green Haven Prison
September 6, 1972

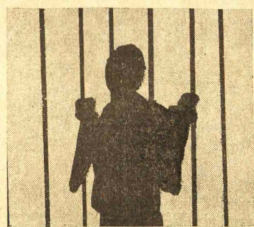
To Whom it may concern:

This letter is being written in the hope that it will come to the attention of some people who will be willing to raise their voices in support of an effort to right what I can only see as an unjust situation.

The situation has its roots in "Operation Stony Brook," the pre-dawn, Suffolk County Police raid in January of 1968 on the campus of Stony Brook University. The raid was carried out in classical style by the politically over-eager County Police Commissioner and his Narcotic Squad. Armed with numerous "secret" indictments, a publicity booklet paid for and distributed before the raid by public funds, news reporters from four

politicians toward county officials regarding the pros and cons of convicting a University student of a felony resulting from the raid — the belief on both sides apparently being that a student conviction would bring public pressure for a reduction of state appropriations for the University.

Then, in June of 1969, I was summoned to court for what was to be a final disposition of my case. My confidence that I would be treated as had everyone else had been — I was one of the last cases remaining and nine months on the county honor farm had been the stiffest sentence handed out — was fortified when an Assistant District Attorney offered a plea of guilty to two misdemeanor possession charges. I accepted the offer feeling it to be equitable.



But, throughout the pretrial hearings I had been made aware that my case was apparently looked upon differently.

There were both students and non-students arrested in the Stony Brook raid, but I was the only ex-student. At times I had been told that it was county policy to offer

fall in the face of my record, having come across a continent to surrender myself and having patiently waited around and come to court on every scheduled day for a year and a half instead of "taking off" into the enormous and effective youth underground. But I was to learn differently. Apparently I had been selected early because as an ex-student I satisfied too many people: the locals who could point to student pushers, the school supporters who could point to outside agitator/pushers, and the criticized police who could point to a "big" dealer being caught in the raid as justification for it.

The trial followed within a week, on the indictment charging me with two sales of one half ounce of marijuana each to an

weather bureau and discovered that on that date the sun had set at 8:11 and it had been intermittently cloudy and rainy all day. This information was discovered too late to be of any use.

Suffice to say that, although I

"We need a felony from the raid."

did not testify that I had actually given the marijuana to a friend, I did tell more of the truth on the stand than did the police undercover agents. Had I had better advice or more experience and been less scared, I would have told exactly what did happen and subpoenaed the informant, who had a fairly extensive police record, to verify my tale. For

different types of media, including television camera crews, and militaristic, 24-hour pre-raid radio silence, 200 police descended upon and managed to capture thirty-some-odd arch enemies of the state whose median age was about 19, and none of whom had any prior police record. The kids were hauled off and booked, then held in bails of up to \$5000 on a variety of charges of sales of dangerous drugs ranging from marijuana to LSD. Within a month, after much of the publicity had died down, all of those arrested were either released on reduced bail or in their own recognizance.

I was one of those arrested, but not in the raid. I was in California at the time of the raid, and so I was not put under arrest until a few days later when I re-

turned and surrendered myself at the District Attorney's office in Riverhead. One of the "secret" indictments charged me with sale

"... 200 police descended upon and manage to capture thirty-some-odd arch enemies of the state whose median age was about 19 ..."

of marijuana under the old penal law which had been replaced in September of 1967. Because I was not listed among the names of those arrested on the first day, I was released in my own recognizance though I was only 19 years old. For the next year and a half, I stayed at my parents' home in Port Jefferson while awaiting

some disposition of my case and while watching case after case of those arrested be reduced to misdemeanors or youthful offender charges.

In 1965 and 1966 I had been a student at Stony Brook, but had left. While awaiting a disposition of my case, I returned to college at night school at Suffolk Community College and worked during the day to meet my legal expenses. With interest, I read of the legislative investigations into the manner of execution of, and the reasons for, the Stony Brook raid. I became aware of the strong local political opposition to the burgeoning multiversity at Stony Brook, and the equally strong upstate political support of the University. And I heard very believable rumors of threats being directed by both upstate and local

me reduced charges because I was a student, and at other times I had been told that it was county policy not to offer me reduced charges because I was a non-student, despite the fact that by that time all of the non-students arrested had actually been given cop-outs. It was puzzling, especially since both statements often came from the same man on the same day, but I paid little attention to it, particularly after having been offered and having accepted the misdemeanor pleas.

But, as we were waiting outside the courtroom during the lunch recess, expecting to finalize the plea as soon as court reconvened, two of the narcotic squad agents who were apparently to testify at my trial, which had been scheduled, showed up in the hallway. When the Assistant District At-

torney who had offered me the plea told the police what was about to occur, one of them, whom I later learned was to be the "star" witness at my trial, hit the roof. Amid threats from him of going to the District Attorney, of assurances of a felony, of going to the Police Commissioner, and of going to anyone who had power because "we need a felony from the raid," I saw the Assistant D.A. wilt and come over to me to withdraw his offer. No further offer was made, and the same man who had one half hour earlier offered me leniency because I was a Stony Brook student and not really a big pusher, was soon telling the court that I was not a student, but an outside agitator, and not merely a marijuana user, but a big supplier.

I thought such allegations would

undercover police agent in the summer of 1967. The agent I was supposed to have made the sales to turned out to be a relatively minor witness, the star being the agent who had gotten so upset in the hallway, and who, incidentally, had been in charge of the six month long investigation and had been grilled by three legislative committees, and, in fact, had not met me until two months after the sales were supposed to have been made to his fellow agent. All told there were four prosecution witnesses, including a police lab technician, and four defense witnesses, including myself.

The factual basis for the charges of sales were two half ounces of marijuana I had sold, one for the \$10 it had cost me, the other a gift, to a "friend" in the privacy

of my own bedroom. But the "friend" was an informer, and when I got to court the story had been converted into one of underworld jargon and roadside rendezvous with strangers (the police

"... the same man who one half hour earlier offered me leniency because I was a student and not a really big pusher, was soon telling the court that I was not a student, but an outside agitator and not merely a marijuana user but a big supplier."

agents) with sales made for a total over \$40.

The outrageous testimony on the first "sale" was that the agent, by his own testimony a complete

stranger to me, had pulled up in front of the house of a friend of mine (not the informer), beeped his horn, and waited while I came bounding out of the house to his car, jumped in and offered to sell him "stuff." All apparently out of the blue. The testimony of the second "sale" was that at 8:36 P.M. the star agent witnessed me making a sale over the back seat of the first agent's car on a different occasion. This was supposedly seen from inside of another car while both were slowly moving down a street — the star observation made while driving, without the aid of binoculars, headlights, or street lights, since "it was still daylight and I could see well." Not having actually been there on the date in question, it did not occur to me during the trial, but later. I wrote to the

about my getting the college degree and seeking clemency have resulted in some letters of support for my attempt. I am seeking more support.

For despite my being a first offender, nineteen years old at the time of the crime; regardless of my having voluntarily turned myself in, being convicted of sale of a small amount of marijuana — a crime even Governor Rockefeller had proposed a four year maximum for — and having already served well over three years, and in spite of the A average I maintained while at college both awaiting trial and while earning my A.A. in prison, it will not be easy to get clemency. With only a handful of executive pardons or commutations given out each year, I will need all the support I can get if I am to win

release from prison before my 1974 first parole appearance or my 1984 maximum expiration date. And I want to be released both for the freedom it means and for the opportunity it will give me to put to work what I have learned, some of which could only have been learned in here.

And, so, the purpose of this letter is to ask anyone who reads it to write a letter to Governor Rockefeller asking that I be granted executive clemency this year. Each letter of such support that I get is that much closer to the front gate of the prison for me, to a resumption of life.

Thank you for your attention and hopefully for your aid.

Peace & Life,
Jeffrey Smith
Green Haven Prison #14644

BAR NONE

By ED SHALFI

The silence of the night is rent by the wail of a siren. An ambulance comes to a screeching halt, and its doors are flung open. Attendants wheel a straight jacketed individual into a dimly lit padded cell, empty except for a solitary desk. Floating down from nowhere, and coming to rest on the desk is a booklet which as the light strengthens reveals itself to be the July, 1972 Bar Examination. The siren (or is it an alarm clock?) is still ringing. As there remains some last shred of U.C.C. to restudy, I manage to turn it off. It is the morning of July 28, the second day.

Yesterday was ruined by 6½ traumatic hours at desk 564, and today promises the same fun. The necessity for marathons of this kind is questionable. If one has the capacity (or the stomach) to digest some of the garbage dished out at BLS, there should be no need to run this gauntlet. Perhaps brilliant Harvard scholars must prove their mettle here in New York, but why we Brooklynites? Haven't we been well enough prepared to take our places on Court Street?

It is almost nine o'clock and a huge crowd is besieging the steps of Fordham Law School, scene of the coming struggle. Though somewhat diminished from the previous morning, the tension vibes in the air can be felt like electricity. And it is no wonder; for three long years horrible stories about the Bar have run rampant, and in many minds it has assumed the shape of a less than pleasant nightmare. It's time the true nature of this examination be revealed for what it really is — a less than pleasant nightmare. Most of us know the delights of cramming for the likes of Property, Bankruptcy, and Tax. For an idea of what the Bar and the preceding two months of study are really like, one must picture the frustration of Helacles trying to decapitate the nine-headed hydra. When one head was dealt with, there were always two others to take its place. By the time one subject has been poured over, another may very well have been forgotten.

Nonetheless, about 75% of those taking the last few July exams passed. This refutes any justification for feeding us a monotonous diet of New York law. True, BLS has achieved an 85-90 percentage in the past, but does this small difference really justify a narrow and provincial curriculum? When all is said, there is nothing inherently evil about turning BLS into a 'School of Social Engineering.'

The bar itself consists of four 3¼ hour examinations given over the space of two days. There are thirty short answer questions and three essays in each part. The essays bear a striking resemblance

to the type we are so familiar with at BLS — so much so that it seems the Bar Examiners might all be members of the Alumni Association. The short answer questions are of the 'yes-no' and multiple choice varieties. A frequently asked question concerns the difficulty of the Bar. This question must remain unanswered until December when the passing lists are published in the Law Journal. At that time those who passed will say it wasn't too bad while the others will shake their heads and walk away.

Now for the Bar Review courses. Whether one takes PLI, Marino, or nothing, depends on your law school, and whether you learned anything there. PLI undoubtedly has the better written materials. (Who ever used the Marino books to study for a BLS exam?) PLI students also have the privilege of being lectured at by Professor Hauptman. And one also has the assurance that if he or she does not pass, he may sit in on next year's lecture course for free.

On the other hand Marino places more stress on former Bar Exam questions, and tries to guess what will be on this year's exam. One who takes Marino also takes about 450 pages of notes. (At least this keeps your writing hand in shape for the Bar). For those on the edge of their seats, I must reveal that Marino was my choice. One generally takes PLI when totally lacking any background in New York law. Most of the graduation class therefor did not fit into this category.

Both courses do have much in common: 150 hours of lecture, banquet hall atmosphere, and outrageous profiteering. Yet these purveyors of nutshell law had the chutzpah to condemn those enterprising Horatio Algiers who succeeded in reducing their Bar Review cost. Each course offered live and a week later taped lectures. Almost everyone attended the live lectures given in the evening. The others were smart. They took the taped course during the day under far more favorable and less crowded conditions. The tape is in now way inferior to the live lecture, and I recommend it.

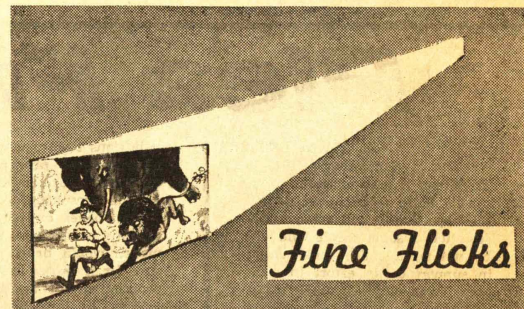
It is the evening of the second day, and the Bar seems like a dream. The weather is bitter cold for this time of year, yet a fearful sweat pervades the galley. Quiet minutes have fled since we oarsmen stopped rowing, and our good ship slowly plows its course towards the awful straits. As foretold, the dreaded shapes loom up just ahead: Scylla is dead on the right, Charybdis a menace on the left. Before we pass this bar to the open sea, a preordained number of us oarsmen will be plucked off the ship, never to be heard of again. Yet we must pass the straits. After all, Odysseus is supposed to know what he is doing.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

he lent valuable assistance in the discussion of that offices hiring policies. Secondly, he has conducted, in conjunction with a representative of Legal Aid, a pro bono placement forum. This highly informative meeting, gave the students who attended some little known facts about applying for legal services jobs through out the country. Finally, it should be mentioned that Professor Chase has taken an interest in other programs within the school (be they the legal services clinic or the program of staffing a legal services office at New York Community College with Brooklyn Law School student, which the SBA has been attempting to get off the ground). This, plus the fact that just being a new member of the faculty, in and of itself is time consuming, shows Professor Chase's true concern about this law school. All this goes to show that the faculty selection committee has given us a valuable new addition. Professor Chase welcome aboard!

Mike Stone



DELIVERANCE

At the Loews Tower East on 3rd Ave. and 72nd St. one may view, for \$3.50, the story of four businessmen from Atlant, Ga. who take a canoe trip down a river winding through the backwoods of Georgia.

These men are subjected to a horrifying experience and eventually have to defend themselves against the results of genetic deficiencies exhibited among the "mountain men" of rural Georgia.

The film no doubt will be a dollar success. This is the second film, remember *Easy Rider*, which tells city folks that they better stay out of the country folk's way.

The mountain men, one wears suspenders and the other one totes a shot gun and is toothless, are shown as hostile human beings who will engage in forceable deviant sexual conduct at the drop of a coonskin hat.

Horrifying as the acts of these mountain men may seem to be, apprehensions of city folk to mountain men is unwarranted.

To prove my point, I have written up a list of ten questions geared to expose those among you who are unduly prejudiced against mountain men. A score of 4 or more YES answers, coupled with 6 NO answers or 1 NO answer and 5 MAYBE answers qualifies you for a free pin up of Burt Reynolds and/or a chance to photograph this author for the next issue of the Justinian.

The following questions can be answered in the affirmative or the negative (YES NO's) or in the middle (MAYBE's). The MAYBE's are strictly restricted to fully accredited representatives of one of the blue collar, white, middle class, European ethnic, believers in "you get what you pay for," Catholic, Protestant work ethic groups currently being wooed by a major, national, "come from behind," minority political party; said leaders of whom are only allowed to stand, talk, sit, cradle and walk but not march in a New York celebration of a Hispanic financed, capitalistic motivated even formerly known as the re-discovery, post Leif Erickson, discovery of America which is presently identified as the Columbus Day Parade.

Questions	Yes	No	Maybe
1. If you were a mountain man would you be toothless?
2. If you were a mountain man would you wear suspenders?
3. If you were a city man would you care if a mountain man was toothless and/or wore suspenders?
4. Where is Appalachia? (indicate on map)	L.A.	N.Y.	Miami Beach
5. If you were a mountain man would you be prone towards deviant sexual conduct?
6. If you were a city man would you be prone towards any type of sexual conduct?
7. If you were a Middle Atlantic (I never could figure out what area this term represents) man would you be prone towards deviant sexual conduct with a toothless mountain man, wearing suspenders?
8. Have you ever been on a canoe trip?
9. After seeing <i>Deliverance</i> would you under any circumstances go on any canoe trip?
10. Will you invest \$500 in canoe stock? (not to be confused with the lotion one puts on one's face after shaving)

—J. J. Titone

LSD Conference

(Continued from Page 2)

My own view of the conference was that it was a general waste of time. The exception to this was meeting Lorin and NYU's SBA President, John Robinson, thereby

increasing the possibilities for inter-school activities. If the ABA-LSD courtroom just exist to have round tables and chit-chat, and get nothing constructive done, then why do they exist.

WHERE THAT \$10 GOES

The school collects \$10 per student per semester. That's \$24,000 of which \$8,000 goes to Law Review. The remaining \$16,000 was given to the SBA to apportion among the several student groups. The '72-'73 budget allocations shown below represent the maximum that group will be funded for. Unused sums remain in the general fund.

Group	'71-2 Budget	This Year's Request	'72-3 Budget
JUSTINIAN	\$6,100	\$7,000	\$6,600
SBA	4,085	6,500	3,700
INT'L L. J.		9,000	2,400
MOOT COURT	1,565	1,565	900
BALSA	386*	1,350	850
WOMEN'S GROUP	500	1,350	850
NAT'L LAWYERS GUILD	175	350	200
PLAY		(500)	(500)

(loan — to be returned)

* for one-half year only