HOME COURT CHECK BOUNCES SCHWAHER MISSING

by Bobby Vesco

"Home Court" founder and activist for the homeless Jeff "They Call Me "dang" Schwaher was reported missing after it was discovered that over $40,000 was missing from the Home Court bank account. Suzanne Smith, the director of the Legal Assistance Program of the Clinic for the Homeless, discovered that the $40,000 check presented to her by Schwaher at the March 23rd Home Court basketball game was forged. Smith said that she became suspicious when she realized that the check presented by Schwaher was drawn on his personal account. "We cannot believe this has happened," said Smith, "he seemed like such a nice young man."

Besides organizing "Home Court", Schwaher was well known around GULC for his selfless support of liberal causes. Schwaher became a celebrity last year after undertaking a twenty-seven day fast on behalf of third year students who were denied admission to the A Paper seminars. Said registrar spokesperson Lauren Crawford, "I just don't understand it, Jeff seemed so committed to his fellow students. (Schwaher's fast was abandoned after repeated attempts to meet with Barbara King failed)."

Sources close to Schwaher were shaken by the news. Home Court volunteer Brian Burke said they were "confused and disoriented" by Schwaher's disappearance. (Home Court staffer Rick Salaman was reportedly in tears). Yet others close to Schwaher painted a different picture. "I'm not surprised," said Home Court staffer Larry Rothenberg. "The guy had loads of cash just lying around the house." Dwight Bostwick, a close friend of Schwaher's, said that he could not imagine Jeff "just disappearing" unless there was some sort of trouble. Asked what kind of trouble Schwaher might be in, Bostwick noted that Schwaher had been receiving threatening phone calls from a group "opposed to liberal social causes."

INSIDE

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NANA SEIZES POWER IN SBA COUP

by Dr. Duvalier

Amid widespread rumors of the SBA's former strong man Nana "Uncle Doc" Asamoah and his cohorts seized power as Nana declared a state of emergency and announced that martial law was being imposed. Nana stated that he was acting in the best interests of the SBA and that no elections would be held as soon as the coup was restored.

Reaching his Santa Barbara vacation home, Dean Pitofsky said that the University wouldn't stand for this "Banana Republic type behavior." Pitofsky added that "if necessary we will raise tuition and shut down the food service in order to force Asamoah to resign."

Ken Blanco, the SBA Vice-President who was chairing the meeting, initially refused to accede to Asamoah's demands for him to surrender the SBA gavel, the SBA's prized symbol of political power. The gavel, which has been missing for most of the year, had mysteriously reappeared for this meeting. Some delegates contended that Blanco covets power, and has been secretly sleeping with the gavel under his pillow waiting for the opportunity to use it when he could chair a meeting.

Blanco's attempts to maintain order were in vain. Delegates, fearing that the meeting would run overtime and interfere with the viewing of "L.A. Law," unanimously voted to allow Asamoah to speak. Asamoah attacked the current SBA administration for not following proper procedures in conducting this year's SBA election.

Throughout the entire political upheaval, the SBA Parliamentarian, Wayne Kimball, shouted that Asamoah was ignoring Roberts' Rules of Order, the SBA's powerful tool which allows for the manipulation of debate on controversial issues. When members of Asamoah's army mercilessly shredded Kimball's personal copies of the Rules and the SBA Constitution, everyone cheered, including current SBA delegates.

After the Kimball shredding, Asamoah moved to consolidate power. He rallied on the need for "more one-hour parking meters" and "good entertainment at SBA functions."

After receiving a rousing standing ovation from the delegates in attendance, Asamoah then gave the gavel. (Reports that Blanco had suffered a broken hand in the struggle to retain possession of the gavel were unconfirmed.) "Uncle Doc" and his merry band of followers then made a hasty exit from the meeting. Apparently, they were late for a piano recital held in Mayor Barry's honor.

At the Schwaer household, Mrs. Schwaer was reluctant to speak with the press out of fear that "they would get her too." Police spokesperson Martin Applebaum speculated that Schwaer "simply skipped the country with the cash, leaving his wife behind to pay off the student loans."

Reportedly, Schwaer was last seen wearing a LAKERS t-shirt en route to National Airport. If you have any information related to Schwaer's disappearance, please contact the Law Weekly.

Asamoah Returns from exile

Isam is not involved in his efforts to beat the pants off of Wattiez in any upcoming elections.

Dean Bellamy, student liaison to the Fourth Floor, assured the student body that he would look into the entire affair and get back to the students with a report in six months.
Dear Sirs:

That does it! We've through, got it COMPLETELY THROUGH! We are sick of just being a bunch of pasty-faced liberals walking around the Law Center content with the knowledge that we're getting to heaven faster than the rest of you soulless money-grubbing bastards. No more prostrating ourselves for a few measly bucks to fund a summer fellowship. No more pro forma addition of our signature to letters written to protest crimes against other down-trodden liberal groups at GULC. From now on we're going to KICK SOME SERIOUS ASS!

For starters, take a look on the B-1 level when you next walk into school. Notice that all the soda machines are empty and the coffee machines are missing from guest services. We're responsible.

Until you self-centered, spoiled brats come up with some serious cash, they'll remain that way. And don't try and circumvent our actions by sneaking in cans or thermoses. We've posted EJF security forces in conjunction with LAGA, BALS, JLSA and the WRC at every entrance to the building. Anyone caught with a prohibited beverage on their person will be stripped naked and carried to hall six where they will be subjected to incessant whining by volunteers from our organization. Don't say we weren't warned.

XOXOX, EJF

SEXIST LANGUAGE?

To Editor:

Yours is a sexist publication. Since last year, you have used a combination of letters "he" and "his" over 50,000 times, not only alone, but also in words such as "the", "this", and "shadeparty," As concerned Rapehabe people, we must strike a blow against use of male dominated language in society. How long must we intelligent, vibrant and successful wopeople struggle to defeat sexist slurs like yourselves, who refuse to accept our rightful place as your intellectual and moral superiors? We have worked long and hard to attain our present status in society, and must still fight every day to avoid using male dominated combinations of consonants and vowels in our articles, nouns and adjectives. Wopeople's rights in our nation will not be complete until English is neutered. For starters, we will no longer use "person" because of its male dominated second syllable. From now on, we will be known as "Wopeople's Rights Collective." You can start by changing your paper from "Georgetown Law Weekly" to "Town Law Weekly."

Viva La coalición Wopeople's Rights Collective

OPUS Eaten

To the Editor:

I would like to complain about the parody of my cartoon which appeared in last week's Law Weekly. Not only was the comic pretty lame, but it was poorly drawn to boot. Also, you killed off the strip's only lucrative character, Opus. Do you think "Blinkley" dolls sell? Do you know how many "Milo"-driving hand warmers we have left on the warehouse shelf? But

Sincerely, Berke Breathed

DEAR ALEX

Dear Editor in Chief;

Why do you always have so much stuff in the paper about your dad. We're sick of it. Just because he's Dean doesn't mean he has anything interesting to say. You also have too much junk by Beckman and Aronds. They're egotistical bastards in case you haven't noticed. Quit letting them push you around. Cut their columns and send them out of town on a rail. Also, get rid of all those repetitious letters to the editor. Nobody reads these things anyway. You probably don't either. Finally, you look like hell lately. You're under too much stress. Try to loosen up a little, guy.

Sincerely, your fellow editors

Quote of the Week

"Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government. If I had been emperor..." by Dennis responding to King Arthur's description of receiving English crown from the Lady of the Lake. Monty Python and The Holy Grail

Compiled by Vermin Sayscomes
**A Tale of Two Journals**

The good and the bad. An ebullient outgoing EIC of one journal and the exhausted entering EIC of another.

We came upon a young editor wincing and moaning about a broken hand. We felt bad for him—until we saw the poor staff person he had just belted. Kayo! Unconscious—and not because of a lengthy bluesocket session.

The ultra-professional bulletin board, once the orderly nerve center of the journal’s affairs, was now a mass of splattered ink, smudged grotesquely—finger-paint style. What a mess. At the bottom of the overcrowded board, a despairing journal member had scrawled “Who cares? I mean, who cares about this journal? Good gag. Useless...” Then it was illegible.

We were horrified. Just a year or two ago membership in this journal was a sure ticket to “set for life” status. Now, with its little reputation overall, it was a modest success.”

A lot of votes in favor of dropping this article altogether. In summary, this is embarrassing. We have serious problems here. Do they know we exist?

Despite the criticism, the journal continued to flourish. The editor-in-chief was slump over a desk. We had no words to describe his air of despair and dread. We’ll let the picture speak for us. Poor lad... After that downer, there were

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**A Chat With The Dean**

When you think about it, Dean Pitofsky is one of the most prolific contributors to the Law Weekly. He has regaled us with the “Ask the Dean” column upon request and has chimed in voluntarily with other commentary under the heading of “Nobody Asked Me, But...”

So we can’t say he has been absent from our publication, but he never seems willing to rap with us face to face. He just sits upstairs, carefully wording his clever, unassailable articles in that antiseptic atmosphere of his with no interruptions or tough journalistic probing. We got tired of letting him call the shots, so we sent a reporter upstairs to ask some of the tough questions our way. The following is a transcript of our hard-hitting talk with the Big Chief of the Law Center.

**LAW WEEKLY:** Listen, Dean, you’ve heard it before and you’ll hear it again—we can’t find a place to park! When is the day going to arrive when I don’t have to find a car, break in, take off the emergency brake, and push it into a no parking any-time zone in order to get one of those three-hour spaces?  

**DEAN PITOFSKY:** First of all, let me say that I emphasize completely. I never see a space open around the school. If you’re not for my spot in the garage, I’m sure I would be taking the street! But I can tell you this: if you think we’ve got it bad here, you should hear about what’s going on at Harvard Law School. Their parking problems are much worse than ours.

**LW:** Oh, come on!  

**DP:** Much worse.  

**LW:** But they ticket us every day.

**DP:** In Cambridge they boot.

**LW:** Yeah, they do that here, too. Dean, and they tow.

**DP:** Fine, but in Cambridge they take your car to a sheet metal plant and put it into one of those compressor machines, like in that James Bond movie. Then they put your car back in the parking space as a rectangular box—the dimensions are one foot by eighteen inches, if memory serves.

**LW:** James Bond movie, huh? OK, but what about the cafeteria? The other day I paid three fifty for a stale bagel and the styrofoam plate I put it on cost me another couple of nickels.

**DP:** Be thankful. At Stanford they don’t even have bagels and the styrofoam costs $2.25.

**LW:** Fine, but don’t you think it’s appalling that I was charged extra for taking more than one paper napkin yesterday?

**DP:** Absolutely not. At NYU Law the cafeteria has a five-dollar cover charge and a three-drink minimum. A pizza is forty bucks there. God, you people are complainers! Wake up and count your blessings for God’s sake!

**LW:** OK, maybe the cafeteria isn’t such a bad deal after all. But come now—you can’t defend the dangerous city streets around here. Why don’t you beef up security at night outside the building?

**DP:** Jean, I’d like to see you at Columbia Law. They have execution-style shootings outside their library on a nightly basis. Sports. Crack dealers habitually go in the stacks where the F.2d’s are, and... get the picture? Comparatively speaking, you’re very safe here.

At this point, the Dean called his secretary on the intercom, “Kitty,” he said, “send in my two o’clock appointment, will you?” These spoiled children from the Law Weekly are wearing me out. Jean, who raised these brats, anyway?”

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**SBA**

by Henry Kissinger

Despite heated debate at last week’s SBA senior level cabinet meeting, SBA President Glyn Lobo signed the controversial INF treaty. Lobo said the move was to “guarantee” that the Reagan administration would go to Moscow with the GULC student body “behind him all the way.” Asked to comment on this unprecedented move, White House Spokesperson Martin Flitewater said, “Who are these people and who cares?”

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**ANON. $40,000 GIFT**

by Bob Woodward & Bill Casey

The Federalist Society announced Friday that they had received a $40,000 gift from an anonymous donor. Federalist president Nick Gutierrez said, “The money will be used to fund a series of projects for the upcoming year. These projects will include a Banana Republic Speaker Series featuring the likes of Rodolfo Colero, Robert D'Alton, and General Augusto Pinolch.”

The Federalist will also help to sponsor a “contra fellow-ship,” which, according to Gutierrez, will allow some lucky law student to study Jungle Law in the mountains of Northern Nicaragua and Southern Honduras. Interested applicants should submit a brief resume to the Federalists, noting any experience in small arms and implementations of torture.
**Boss at GULC**

Springsteen groupie Barbara King will announce sometime this week a one night performance by "The Boss" in the Moot Court room. Tickets will be provided on a lottery basis. Please contact the registrar's office for more details.

**LEXIS Expansion**

April arrives, the cherry blossoms bloom and spring fever hits. The sight of law students sneaking a peek in the library becomes more frequent. Romances between section mates, kept secret throughout the long winter months are suddenly as obvious as strict liability on the Torts exam.

We have all been warned, but have chosen to ignore the advice to never date another law student. Boredom battled with common sense and won. Now you find yourself gazing longingly at the guy in the smoking section wearing the aqua tie.

So what do you do? This is the eighties after all, and every day the Style section reveals yet another one of your idols has been struck down by a nasty incurable disease. Yet the idea of talking sexual history as you stand in front of the Jefferson Memorial before you turn to make your way to your place or his just doesn't do it for ya.

The solution is inevitable and we have the technology to do it. Shepardize your dates. Stick his or her name onto the data base and get a full sexual and emotional printout. Who was that woman freshman year in Fort Lauderdale? Why did her boyfriend try to push her from his tenth story dormitory window? The convenience and necessity of Shepardizing is obvious. Send all relevant opinions and case history to SEXIS, c/o GULC.

*Fed Sex: Federalist Society President Nick Gutierrez, proponent of new SEXIS social history retrieval system takes a pause from doing some research on GULC's first terminal to pose for our photographer.*

**FED/Sex Symposium**

On April 4th, the Federalist Society will be hosting a "Natural Sex Symposium" in the Moot Court room beginning at 12:30 pm. Highlights of the symposium will include the international premiere of a new video titled "Sadomy Madness," and a question and answer period with former orange juice salesperson Anita Bryant, television personality Mr. Rogers, and M.

Newly elected Federalist Society president John Vecchione said the seminar was intended as a response to what appeared to be a growing trend among GULC students to engage in "deviant sexual practices." According to the Sexual Practice Committee of the Federalist Society, the goal of the symposium is to encourage students to "just say no."

When asked whether such a symposium will only serve to fuel student speculation as to why the "Feds" have become preoccupied with the student body's genitalia, lame duck Federalist Society president Nick Gutierrez said that while the "Feds" are indeed concerned with the student body's private parts, their real aim is to help the students avoid the "slippery slope" to homosexuality by nipping abnormal sexual activities in the bud. Gutierrez explained that oftentimes homosexuality "all starts with a French kiss, and the next thing you know, you're wearing dresses and sleeping with the guy next door."

Gutierrez also added that, contrary to popular student opinion, the "Feds" are not "anti-faggot" as much as they are just trying to "protect these people from themselves." Tickets will be on sale at the kiosk and at the door.

**The Grapes of Wrath**

*By John Steinbeck*
Sea Food Snack Donates 10 Mil

by Jacques Courteau

Dean Pitofsky today announced that Georgetown University has decided to accept a donation from the Seafood Snack Bar for the construction of the new Sea Law Center. The donation, located around the corner from the law center on 2nd Street NW, is in the form of a donation conditional upon the design plans for the library to include an open air grill in the atrium. This condition led some members of the administration to label the donation unacceptable. However, early resistance gave way as the University's money problems worsened and the snack bar raised the initial offer of $8 million to $10 million.

While the architect for the new Law Center building was unavailable for comment, Dean Pitofsky reported that he agreed to undertake the modification of the design plan with a great deal of excitement. The redesigned atrium will include an open air grill on which the cafeteria staff will cook fish every Friday. It will also be made available to student groups for "fish fries, parry parties, Mackegg meetings, and other fish activities designed to improve students' understanding of marine law." According to new regulations drawn up by the administration last week, the redesign will take approximately one month but should not delay the completion of the new building according to the Dean. The modifications are made more complex by the required installation of a new ventilation system able to handle the increased fumes and smoke from the grill.

At the request of the snack bar, the ventilation system will feed directly into the heating/air conditioning system. Part of the deal cut between University officials and the snack bar includes a covenant by the law school to pump the fishy smells from the grill throughout the building one hour prior to lunchtime. While the Law Center administration appears to have accepted the University's decision with great aplomb, some Law Center student organizations have been left with a bad taste in their mouths from the deal. The GUCL Greenpeace Society is concerned that no provisions have been made to assure that all fish cooked on the grill are caught and killed humanely. The Society is especially critical that fish caught in the nets of Japanese fishermen are not to be cooked in the Law Center as these nets are responsible for the drowning of hundreds of dolphins every year.

The Law Students Saying No group (LSSN), recently organized to vestigate Navy Lieutenant and promote drug-free studying, has filed an official protest with the university. LSSN believes the large sum raised by the Seafood Snack Bar seems fishy. Susie Lab, president of the group, said in a recent interview, "Ten million dollars is one heck of a lot of fish sandwiches. We have proof that the snack bar is merely fronting for a Colombian drug-trafficking cartel, but the University refuses to even look at it." Fr. Healy, University President, said the University was refusing to meet with LSSN because it would not address the fact that Ronald Reagan, an ultra-conservative, and the University administration is composed primarily of knee-jerk liberals.

The SBA plans to discuss the donation at its next meeting.

DULSPA Troubles

by Josef Van der Merr

Roslyn city police reported yesterday that a group of GULC students identifying themselves as members of the Georgetown Chapter of the Dutch Underground Law Students Association ("DULSPA") had taken over the Netherlands Carillon located near the two Jirna Memorial in the northern Virginia suburb. The group's action, though technically unlawful, was said by police observers to be peaceful, and many doubted if the students would be removed from the building, let alone charged with trespassing.

Word of this reached a DULSPA treasurer and spokesperson Jon Guilder. It was learned that the group had been halted in Holland by a broken inmate at once. "That's exactly why we stormed the Carillon in the first place," Guilder whined. "We're sick of being taken for granted, and we're tired of being the only group at the law center without a self-righteous ax to grind. By occupying the Carillon and then getting arrested, we hoped to draw attention to our plight." Guilder emphasised this point by stamping his foot so hard he broke his wooden shoe. He had to be taken to an emergency room to have the splinters removed. In his place, DULSPA faculty advisor Jim Feinerman continued the saga. "Face it," began Feinerman, "these kids really don't have anyone on their side. They've all come from a country that has a nice standard of living, government regulated prostitution and legalized drugs. In fact, I'm not even Dutch myself, but I was so jealous of how well they have it that I readily agreed when they asked me to be their moderator. If it weren't for that I would just join DULSPA."

Feinerman further explained that with the exception of the recently departed Tom Krattenmaker, there was not one Dutch surmised faculty member at GULC. Since Jim is of, among other things, German ancestry, he was asked to be the group's advisor since he was the geographically next best choice.

"FULSA," stated Feinerman, "is the Flemish Underground Law Students Association. By comparison to DULSPA, FULSA members are just a bunch of party-wasties. They're not even sure what to base their sense of identity on. We at least have windmills, wooden shoes, and that kid with his finger in the dike. The only value their God forsaken country has is that it lies along a shorter route to Paris."

Allegedly, FULSA had recently begun a surreptitious terrorist campaign against DULSPA members. Among other atrocities committed were the flooding of DULSPA offices with a note hoping that the results would make the group feel "more at home" and the toilet papering of the windmill the group used to commemorate "Finger in the Dike Day" last month.

Exactly what effects the occult-influenced Carillon will have are not yet known. Feinerman didn't mind, however, that since there were no complaints, he thought the group would use the funding it had earmarked for bail money to rent a goodump pimp.

Who Cares? Rarely recognized stormed recently by DULSA members.

EJF Pardons Cookie Monster

by Big Bird

During the EJF fellowship fund-raising drive completed last week, a member of the Georgetown faculty managed to obtain nearly 200 of the over 500 cookies given out to contributors. The faculty member used a wide assortment of disguises to repeatedly obtain cookies for small pledges of one to five dollars. Campus security was alerted to the misdeed on Tuesday of last week. After a brief investigation, security forces confronted the culprit and cited him for abuse of good taste. This misappropriation of baked goods might have gone unnoticed if one EJF member, Renee Brooker, had not witnessed a UPS delivery to the guilty faculty member's office.

Ms. Brooker described the package as a crate with a postcard titled, "Disguise for Dirty Deeds." Written in bright pink letters on all sides. Her suspicions lead the EJF Board to call a special meeting on Thursday, March 24. The Board's worst fears were confirmed when all members of the delegation described taking pledges from a big man with a bushy gray beard and moustache wearing large, reflective sunglasses. This man, sometimes with a hat, sometimes with a large red nose, sometimes with a pipe, reportedly contributed over 193 times.

Members of the security forces admitted the investigation centered on one man from the very beginning. One source was quoted as saying, "With so many cookies missing, there was only one possible suspect." Specially trained, cookie-sniffing mice were used to locate the miscreant's lair. When the police mice ran directly to the door of the office that Ms. Brooker had indicated, a warrant was obtained to search for the crate she had described. Upon entering the office, campus security forces found the crate along with a pair of large, reflective sunglasses, 29 hats, 3 rubber noses, and 5 pipes. Cookie crumbs found near glasses matched those from the few cookies left at the EJF table. EJF Co-Chairman Mr. Cribb stated that the EJF Board has decided not to press charges so long as the faculty member commits himself to an outpatient program for cookie substance abusers such as Cookie-Catchers, a new organization that Mr. Cribb has formed. Mr. Cribb also wished to thank this troubled man for his cumulative pledge of nearly $600. Dr. Cribb expressed hope for the饼干的今后工作 reform under CCCA's new electric shock therapy. He said cookie abuse is a growing concern nationwide and may soon overtake ingrown toenails as the 432nd leading cause of death in males over 30. The EJF, the staff of the Law Weekly, and all of his students wish Professor McCar- thy the best of luck with his treatment.
Krat Goes Hardship
by Howard Cosell

Tom "Big Gun" Krattenmaker has announced his decision to forgo his final year of eligibility and enter this year's NBA draft. Krattenmaker based his decision on the weakness of this year's draft, the success of diminutive NBA rookie Tyrone Bogues and the high salaries of the NBA. Krattenmaker said "why should I hang around making peanuts wiping the noses of privileged kids when I can make a bundle hitting jumpers over Jabbar or Ewing?"

Dean Pitofsky was somewhat skeptical of Krattenmaker's new plans. "We all knew Tom could hit the three pointer, but that's only against a bunch of fat Congressmen." Pitofsky concluded that Tom's decision was probably "premature" in light of other NBA rules which prohibit the signing of law school professors without first compensating the university for the loss. Pitofsky said that if Krat is signed it could mean GULC could pick up one major leaguer from the Ivy League, or possibly three or four bush league professors from American or Catholic as compensation under the new rule.

At a news conference, Krattenmaker said that if the new rules impede his entrance into the NBA he will file an anti-trust suit against the NBA and the University. In response, Dean Pitofsky fired back, "Go ahead, Tom, and make my day."

L.W. Contest

One of these things is not like the other, one of these things just doesn't belong, Can you guess which thing is not like the other? Before we contact the ABA ethics committee?

On the Reich
by Jackson Eristoff Bork Vecchione, Esq.
(sung to the tune of King of the Hill by the Thompson Twins)

We're on the right,
And we will fight,
For whatever's on our mind.
Roll the change,
And die and engage
We only want to look behind.

You say you wonder
'bout what we really want to do,
Well here's the story, finally.

If we were kings for just one day,
We would take all rights away,
We don't think we need anything new.
'Cause equal rights and open nights,
They really make us mad,
And as for gays,
We don't like their ways,
And the court order really makes us sad.

You say you wonder
'bout what we really want to do,
Well here's the story, finally.

If we were kings for just one day,
We would take all rights away,
Everything ever won would be through.

If we were kings for just one day,
We would take all rights away,
We don't need anything new.

We'll cut out the vote,
And dig a moat,
And buy lots of guns and guards.
All the poor,
Won't get no more,
We'll never give them our regards.

You say you wonder
'bout what we really want to do,
Well here's the story, finally.

Money is all, money is all, money is all you need.
Money is all, money is all, money is all you need.
Money is all, money is all, money is all you need.

If we were kings for just one day,
We would take all rights away,
We don't need anything new.

If we were kings for just one day,
We would take all rights away,
Everything ever won would be through.
Back of the Psychiatrist’s Couch

By JOE BECKMAN

April Fools... Every year when it rolls around I’m reminded of my childhood in the South side of Chicago, etc. When I was five, my sister spent the evening of March 31 carefully sewing an extra stitch on my school uniform while I was plotting devilish pranks to play on my schoolmates. The next morning I rushed through breakfast anticipating all of the great gags I would soon be inflicting on the more gullible kindergarteners. I’ll never forget my sister’s expression as I ran to the bus stop that morning. My shirt, jacket, and pants fell around my ankles as I stepped up to the bus and she was absolutely amazed by her own prank! A couple years later Sister Mary Katherine at my school spent the winter trying to get us to master World Geography. All through March she was getting impatient with my class’s inability to memorize the capitals of Africa and South America. Finally she brought a forty-four ounce Louisville Slugger to class and put it on her desk where we all could see it. She explained that getting our capitals right or she would “use it.” To demonstrate, she brought a round melon to class and obliterated it in plain view. For two weeks, nobody missed a capital.

On April Fools’ Day, sure enough, she called my name. “Joseph Patrick Beckman?” I said, Sister Mary Katherine.

“Please tell the class the capital of Montenegro.”

“Montenegro?”

“You heard me, Little Montenegro on the Adriatic Sea.”

The chuckles that went around the classroom were not enough to drown out the pounding in my ears. I turned red and began to feel dizzy. A forty-four ounce Louisville Slugger! Ah, would that be Montenegro?

Sister Mary Katherine picked up the bat. Last thing I remember, she was walking down the aisle, pulling up the sleeves on her habit. I woke up strapped to the examination table in the infirmary.

My April Fools memories aren’t confined to my childhood. No, Sister Mary Katherine has never stopped. Like in college when my sophomore roommate at Loyola left an anonymous note in the Dean’s office that explained in detail how I was moving two thousand bucks a week from LSD out of headboard pockets and yet we all bought two hundred bucks a week of LSD from a headboard pocket. As they led me off the campus in cuffs, I just couldn’t help wishing I could have come up with such a great April Fools gag. The other students looked askance at the boys in blue. They were in the back of the squad car. I tried telling Chicago’s finest it was all a college prank, but they put me in the holding pen for a couple of days anyway while they ran tests on the sheets of blotter acid they had found under the bed in my dorm room.

And how about Law School? That was one of the best. First year, I was awakened at six a.m. on the first of April by someone claiming to be my property professor. He insisted that I wouldn’t pass me unless I temporarily described the feudal origins of the fee estate in twenty-five words of less. “Shut up, Aronds, you lame-o pinhead.” I shouted into the receiver. What a jerk. That is not funny. But still, to this day I remember walking up to the grade board after finals, seeing my property grade, and thinking that April Fools is the best: everyone likes it from nun to law professors.

13th Part XIII: A Perfect 10

By ALEX PITOSKY

I’ve a confession to make: I’ve fallen in love with that man in the green suit. That’s right, I’ve an obsession with Jason, the wacky, never-say-die hero from avant-garde film director Thrash Vivisection’s Friday The 13th series. In and of itself, my obsession may not seem like too abnor- mal a thing, however for an arts reviewer of my stature, this should not be; such a fixation is poison. You see, a critic like me spends the bulk of his time attempting to review the indecipherable works of unpronounceable artists to play on my school. The remainder of my time is split between seeing obscure movies in small theaters (most of which should have been condemned years ago), reading and pondering books that are even more obtuse than the Congolese artists, and workshops at my private altar to "THE BOSS" mention an affection for utilizing the random spellings of words whenever possible) de- tailed above serves two purposes. First it allows me to bet- ter experience, feel and become a part of the art I am reviewing. Second, the resulting in- trospective, yet faceted manner in which I carry myself lends creduence to my claim that I am a true critique d’art.

This is when the cognitive dissonance grows the loudest. I am afraid my tastes are much more earthy than I’d care to admit. In fact, I only give four stars to a movie if it contains at least one scene with the female lead topless. In essence I am more a sau de merde than an critique d’art. Ever since the original “Fri- day The 13th" movie came out in 1975, this reviewer has been consistently amused and amused by Jason’s madcap antics. By observing Jason’s character grow and develop over the intervening thirteen years I have been able to stay on the cutting edge of the latest trends in slasher film making. Director Vivisection’s latest effort, Friday The 13th part XIII, the Epiologue Guest, is an exception. Vivisection has improved his product by injecting some fresh blood into the script for this chapter. Perhaps because of years that have passed since the young Jason made his initial appearance, first time screenwriter (and former GULC professor) Norman Blumstein decided to portray Jason as a fast-approaching forty family man.

This is the work of genius. Jason (played brilliantly by Mark Hamill, a decent actor who is best known for his work in Red Dawn... I also believe he made a Spellbottle of other, more popular movies, but I’ve never seen them) has "settled down" and married to Trixie (Jamie Lee Curtis), his would be victim from Chapter IX. Meat Cleavers are Past. Jason is now employed as a supervisor at the Fermi Reactor outside of Chicago, Illinois. Meanwhile, Trixie manages a cutlery shop at the local mall and is pregnant with their second child.

As a result of this newfound stability, many changes have taken place in Jason’s life. He apparently cares deeply for his oldest boy, Damien, and the affection shows when Papa Jason teaches his young son how to fire up the Poulan (chain saw). Furthermore, one can see the Friday’s struggling with epochal problems of the Yuppie generation.

For example, Jason’s posi- tion at the Fermi lab is one of some importance and author- ity. For that reason he finds that he can no longer lumber about in the comfortable clothes he wore in college. This means that the flannel shirts and heavy work shoes we’ve come to love are gone. Jason manages to keep the hockey mask, howev- er, as all of the employees at a healthy dose of reality into the script for this chapter. Perhaps because of years that have passed since the young Jason made his initial appearance, first time screenwriter (and former GULC professor) Norman Blumstein decided to portray Jason as a fast-approaching forty family man.

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Res Pends

Registrar's Office
Office Hours
The Office of the Registrar is open to assist you with your academic concerns during the following hours: M, W, Th: 1:00pm-1:05pm; Tu(except those preceded by a Monday); 8:30am-8:00pm Fri: Closed due to snow.

Grades
Were probably a lot lower than you would have liked. (NB: Prof. Gordon promises to have his in by the time the library is finished.)

Potential May Graduates
All those who were unaware of the requirement that graduating students have taken at least 12 hour of Corporate Taxation of International Shipping between 1873-1904 should contact this office to enroll for another year.

Exam Conflicts
If you have a 24-hour exam conflict you should kneel at the base of the Washington Monument when Venus is aligned with Jupiter, sprinkle Sage and dried Goat's Cheese around yourself, and chant: "Evidences is at the same time as Corporations." If, at moonrise, you can see Barbara King in the Reflecting Pool then either the conflict is resolved or you are the next King of England.

Exam Review
The most recent Exam releases by GULC faculty show a lot of promise. The exam writers combined wit and substance; they displayed growing artistic subtlety and an ever stronger ability to make myriad themes overlap. Many even dared to do spicy, modern covers of old hits: "Tort Exam of '81" and, our favorite, "Antitrust Exam of '86." We can only hope for more contributions from this multi-faced group in the future.

Financial Aid

Rate Readjustment
The Financial Aid Office has discovered an oversight in its books which reveals that the Law Center did not really need each student to pay $11,300 for the past year. Those who would rather have a refund than allow the surplus to go to another catheredation at the foot of the library stairs should fill out the correct forms, which are available at the Registrar's Office on Fridays only.

Exit Interviews
Any student who is planning to graduate this May, and who has at any time known an NDLS, BFD, ABC's, or LSD loan, must arrange for an exit interview this week. Interviews will be conducted by Vito Spivianelli, or members of his family, on the B3 level of the parking garage.

1987 Tax Returns
Be sure to keep a copy of your 1987 tax returns. If you send them to the IRS you will have to pay a lot of money.

Placement Office
Job Fair
On April the 8th, at the Hyatt Regency, the Placement Office is sponsoring a job fair for students interested in pursuing a career in Making Too Much Money. 25 firms who pay far more than any recent graduate could be worth will attend: information on these firms is available in the Office. Students are encouraged to stop by beforehand to pick up The Avarice Handbook.

Women in the Law as a Non-Career Career Options Program
The Women in the Law as Non-Career in conjunction with the Career Planning and Placement Office will sponsor a panel on April 8th on using the law to avoid work. Panelists will discuss the extended business lunch, the need for, and the general philosophy of resting on your laurels. There will be a slide presentation on the life of retirees in the Bahamas.

Library
Now YOU can USE Nexis! The library has been taken over by The Cat-in-the-hat, who will be offering classes on Nexis, Lexis, casting Hexis, locating Texis, and using weights to develop your Pecxis. Thing-One and Thing-Two will take on the knottier topics of dis-tangling between the Sexis, and how the Allies overcame the Axis. Ask the Reference Librarian for details.

Student Activities
Irish Law Students
The Irish Law Students Association has recognized the inopportunity of being Irish and celebrating a "happy hour." This Friday the group will be sponsoring a Glorious Hour, during which everyone is invited to accompany the customary drinking excesses with a variety of new entertainments, including cursing Cromwell's name and descendents, singing "Danny Boy," and crying at card tricks. 4-6 in the Student Lounge.

Amnesty International
Amnesty International will be managing their table this week for a letter drive to have the Truth released from George Bush. "AI" estimates that it has been held there in his mind for at least two years, and would like people in their letters to stress the human prison conditions.

In the wake of the Beauty and Leathly competitions, the Moot Court Board found that it still wanted to distribute $5 bargain packets. Drop by 19-9A any day this week for a personalized travel kit. The $5 covers the cost of printing your name on the toothbrush.

GULC to Offer Dorms

Dean/Social Coordinator June Jones announced last week that GULC has acquired recently renovated Homeless Shelter as a residence for students. Asked where the homeless would go once GULC students moved in, and how a school with a total enrollment of 2200 would fill the 2500 bad facility, Jones explained that residence at the "GULC Arms" would be mandatory for all the years, regardless of their previous housing situation or marital status. The cost would be $13,356 a semester, or $12,563 if one chose to opt out of the gourmet meal plan. Furthermore, she stated that the homeless would be allowed to remain as long as they observed the rules concerning food or drink in the designated study areas.

GLW
FULSA
The Flemish Underground Law Students Association has discovered that it does not exist. This week, members will be sponsoring a scavenger hunt to see if anyone can find them. Stop by the 5th floor for details.

FED Society
The Federalist Society has formally asked member John Vecchione to leave the group for his inappropriate use of metaphors in the recent panel on Independent Counsel. John's reply? "I'll be back."

WRC
On Thursday at 7:30 in Hall 3 the Women's Rights Collective will be sponsoring a forum on feminists and humor. They will discuss the impact of Cathy on the failure of ERA, the unexploited potential of the women in Apartment 3-G, the consequences of having women who only wear cat-glasses in The Far Side, and the white male-dominant socio-economic underpinnings of Calvin and Hobbes A risible time to be had by all.

DULSA
The Dutch Underground Law Students Association has introduced a referendum for the next election, requesting that they receive a larger portion of SBA funds. Members would like to spend next year "investigating the drug and prostitution industries" in Holland. They need your vote!

Brown Bag Lunch
The Evangelical Society brown bag lunch series is proud to present the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart on Tues., April 6 in the Moot Court room.

LAW WEEKLY
The Law Weekly has announced that in the future, the paper will come out on time, will contain no typos, and will never again print large ads for BAR-B-Q. Stop by 1B for details.