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Plug Pulled on Student Body

by Freddie Prinze

In what was termed "an act of mercy," by attending physicians, the respirator sustaining the terminally apathetic student body was disconnected early morning.

"We had been getting a flat EEG since late August," said Marvin Kaplan, chief neurological resident at nearby Roosevelt Hospital. "That's conclusive evidence of brain death. All we were doing the last few months was pumping blood and oxygen through an utterly lifeless carcass."

Kaplan said that the death was attributable to a disorder known as the Middle Echelon Law School Syndrome (MELS). "The classic MELS symptomology was present here," Kaplan observed. "In the first year after onset we generally see extreme agitation, anorexia, cardiac arrhythmia, and the heartbeat of psoriasis. These symptoms abate in the second year and the patient seems to be in remission until he realizes his prospects for employment. Then the first signs of flaccidity and mental lethargy set in."

"In the third year, the patient's condition deteriorates drastically. This was manifested here by poor attendance at law school functions, lack of a speaker's program, and even the inability to elect a full complement of class officers. In the most advanced stages there is apathetic coma, morbidity, and, finally, death."

Kaplan went on to say that recent research suggests "environmental poverty" may contribute to the lethal syndrome, and that the environment at the law school was, in his medical opinion, "utterly devoid of life-giving stimuli."

(Continued on page 4)

SBA Overthrown in Bloodless Coup

by Ernesto Miranda

Unarmed insurrectionists, led by the urban guerrilla and former semi-pro shortstop Castro "Cookies" Convertibles, broke into the SBA meeting in the Moot Court room yesterday, and declared themselves the new ruling organization of the student body.

Several hostages were taken in order to insure the success of the rebellion. While no injuries were sustained, one of the rebels' cars was towed away.

The insurrectionist group, consisting of unemployed law students, immediately issued their list of demands, to be met before the hostages would be released. The first was an order for several pizzas, without anchovies, a case of Schaeffer beer, and a "Checkers sand"

Guard Stolen from Front Desk

by Ernest and Julio Gallo

The crime wave that has been plaguing the law school recently continues to run rampant, as evidenced by the latest shocking incident. In a daring heist, perpetrated in broad daylight, a gang of young thugs yesterday snatched the security guard from this station at the front desk.

The Badvocate has learned the details of the crime from the chief investigating officer, Paddy O'Shillelagh. The criminals entered the building early in the afternoon, and strolled into the library undetected.

They then masqueraded as law students by removing U.S. Reports from the stacks and scattering them willy-nilly on the tables in the library.

Loading up a snatch with the latest editions of A.L.R., Shepard's, and the CCH, the crooks locked the library and confronted the unsuspecting guard. When the guard nodded for them to go ahead, the crooks seized their opportunity. For what appeared to be a nod was actually the natural waving motion of the human body in mid-snooze. The still unconscious security officer was then hoisted from his seat and whisked out the front door.

The thieves, who remain at large, then pushed Prof. Kissler aside and jumped into a waiting cab. The cab sped off in a cloud of carbon monoxide, bearing the insensate victim of crime with it. According to Officer O'Shillelagh, the guard awoke in a coffee warehouse, where he had been exchanged for fifteen pounds of Columbia coffee, with a street value of $5,000.

Anyone with information concerning these dangerous plunderers is urged to keep it under his or her hat.

(Continued on page 4)

Vol. I No. 1
April 1, 1977

The Student Newspaper of Fordham Law School

SBA Overthrown in Bloodless Coup

by Dorothy Kilgallen

In what he termed "a very personal decision", Dean Joseph McLaughlin has resigned, effective the first of June, in order to assume the vacant Placement Director position.

In an exclusive interview with the Badvocate, the Dean discussed his reasons for his startling resignation. "Ms. Goldman, excuse me, Ms. Goldperson has a much nicer view from her office than I do," was the first reason cited by the Dean. "I mean, how long can you stay at that blank marble wall across the street without going bananas? It would drive a man to drink!"

After pouring himself a neat Jack Daniels, the Dean further explained the source of his dissatisfaction. "I want to get closer to the student body. For some reason, I don't feel that I have established a particularly intimate relationship with the students here. Perhaps our lack of rapport has something to do with my superior intelligence. I just can't figure it out."

When questioned about the possibility that such a position leads to a professional "dead end," the Dean replied, "Well, it certainly can't be any worse than where I am now. The only place I can go from here is to the bench, and who wants all that responsibility? I certainly don't!"

The Dean added that his fondness for the Lincoln Center area was another significant factor in his decision. "After all, a day without lunch at Caracella's is like a day without sunshine," said the Dean.

As for the qualifications for the job, the Dean expressed confidently that he was just the man for the job. "I have established many contacts in the legal profession over the years," he stated. "Why, I could get on the phone right now and land 3 or 4 students jobs as reps for PLI with just one call. I also used to know some people in Wall Street firms. They always used to have plenty of openings. Don't worry, you will all have jobs."

Dean Resigns to Head Placement

by Dorothy Kilgallen

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Pens and Pencils Banned from Classrooms

by Idi Amin Dada

The fears of many were confirmed today when the Faculty Committee to End the Copyright Emergency announced that the classroom ban on tape recorders would be extended immediately to "pens, pencils, and other devices for written notation."

None of the committee members were available for comment; however, at a faculty luncheon held at Caracella's last Monday, Dean Joseph McLaughlin attempted to ex-
AROUND THE CIRCUIT... It is with great sadness that we mark the passing of the Presidential Box. Well, not really the passing; the column has merely changed sexes. Thus, we are faced with a puzzling anomaly. When the president of the S.B.A. was a male, the article was called the Box. Now that a woman has been elected, and the title seemed appropriate, the column has been changed to the Presidential Corner. You figure it out.... Plans for the installation of an OTB office in the facilities now occupied by the Placement Office had been finalized. The student lounge, newly christened the Eddie Arcaro Lounge, will offer Ripple to the New York Bets 24 hours a day. The Placement Office has added the ban on tape recorders, faculty tenure, and the refusal of the school to provide the security guards with a chaise lounge in the front hall. And speaking of the security guards, has off to them for their spitfire new uniforms. If books and bikes keep disappearing, they are liable to show up for work in chastened limos.... In an effort to increase the University's revenues, Fr. Finley has announced plans to erect a McDonald's Town House on Robert Moses Plaza. The location was described as ideal, because of its access to the large student body and for its proximity to the emergency room at Roosevelt Hospital.... The Placement Office has finally landed a third year student a job, according to Placement Director, Leslie Goldperson. The lucky employee, who requested anonymity, graduated from Harvard, and was on law review. This person will spearhead the "Quarter Pounder with Cheese" Department in the new Town House on Moses Plaza. Laura Ward will make good on one of her campaign promises next Monday. Instead of holding a Tang, the SBA will provide free coffee in Blackacre. Because of the high price of coffee, contestants will be required to chug only 8 ounces of piping hot Mayflower, instead of the usual 16 ounces. Prof. Birnbaum has recently inked a contract with Memores Co., agreeing to do a series ofmercials for television, Prof. Birnbaum give a lecture on red judicator, shattering stemmed glass and Ellis's bifocals. The tumbler will replay the tape, and shatter a d Melissa Manchester's cardinals.... The occupant of the John Dillinger Wall will depart this campus for the last time. The Chair has been selected by this year's js. After scrutinizing closely the graffiti in various parts of the campus, one conclusion is reached. the new occupant of the John Dillinger Wall will be one but one conclusion. The new occupant renowned expert at piercing the corporate profligate, the SBA is reporting that the latest development, Yustateclaf "Burger & Beaujolais, the counter man in Black actually washed his hands the other day, complete amazement, he found that underneath the many layers of crust he still poses the normal complement of 10 fingers, last several years, Mr. Beaujolais had only to find 8.

"JUSTICE IS BLIND" ITEMS... What ex-president was seen cavorting semi-long along with similarly attired friends female classmates. Is this a step in the right direction? As far as we are concerned, it's good riddance!

In our editorial on January 14, we heaped encomia upon the depart- ment of Prof. Daniel J. Richard's, who will continue his academic career at New York University Law School. In keeping with the Badvocate's policy of entertaining thoughtful replies to its editorials, and in view... the grades the professor handed out in his criminal law course, we feel compelled to offer the following reply:

So who does the great philosopher—king think he is, anyway? Maybe those abysmal grades he's been tossing around so lightly the last few years means he isn't the paragon of pedagogy he's cracked up to be. (Ever think of that, Mr. Plato Aristotle?) And just what was he trying to prove with all that nonsense about committees of vice and virtue? Maybe those drug crazed hopheads down in Washington Square will enjoy all that bombastic pettifoggery, but as far as we are concerned, it's good riddance!

Besides, we want to be taught by REAL lawyers, who aren't above intellectual baggage, Locke, stock and barrel, and go wallow in the sty of trying to prove with all that nonsense about committees of vice and virtue? Has the great professor ever enjoyed all that bombastic pettifoggery, but as far as we are concerned, it's good riddance!

The Badvocate, in the interest of professional journalism, presents a guest editorial by Ms. Emily Litella, of NBC's Square contentment with all those sniggering boho domeheads at that Federal Courthouse and the men's room at Balliol college, drop us a pocket parts he hasn't!

So, hail and farewell, Professor Richards. Bundle up your intellectual baggage, Locke, stock and barrel, and go wallow in the sty of trying to prove with all that nonsense about committees of vice and virtue? Has the great professor ever enjoyed all that bombastic pettifoggery, but as far as we are concerned, it's good riddance!

The 2-E's "Chuggers" slammed off the 3-B "Turk" last month in the final game of the law school Tang Competi

2E Tip Bottle

The 2-E's "Chuggers" slammed off the 3-B "Turk" last month in the final game of the law school Tang Competi... was all the more impressive since their feat was tops in showing at halftime of ECAC basketball "Gan the Week", which was last Saturday.

The show was of particular interest to the legion of ECAC basketball fans who study on Sat-

Guest Editorial: SBA Bong

The Badvocate, in the interest of professional journalism, presents a guest editorial by Ms. Emily Litella, of NBC's "Saturday Night".

"What all this has to do about the SBA Bong? I think it's a disgrace! Doesn't the SBA know that a Bong is considered drug paraphernalia, and is used to smoke, dare I say it, Marijuana? I don't care if those spaceless lechers in Congress want to legalize it. I still think it's no good! I'm with Robert Blake, who's against softer drug laws, and you can take that to the bank! Don't you people know what cannabis does to you? One cigarette, and you are turned into an over-sexed mass murderer! I saw "Reefer Madness" and I know what happens. And what happens when the mad munchies strike? You have to eat or you go crazy! And if that's not enough, it makes men grow breasts, although it didn't do much for me. And to top it off, once you smoke marijuana, then the next step is the big H; that's right, heroin. One tke of pot, and the next thing you know, you'll be shooting heroin in your eyeball! Right, Jim? Besides, that Bong isn't so hot, anyway. I've got this one where you blow in one end while... What? What? It's an SBA Bong, not Bong? With a P, instead of a B? Oh—Never mind!

Yours in the law, Sour Grapes

Trish ("Norton") van Peebles of 2B, former Las Vegas chorine and member of the National Moot Court team, entering the Supreme Court Motor Lodge where she will prepare for oral arguments in next week's Las Vegas Showgirl Moot Court Competition. She is accompanied by her tax accountant and an unidentified man wearing a sily hat.

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Coed Killed in Bathroom Mishap

Anna Palsgraf of 3A, great-granddaughter of the famous tort plaintiff, was killed today when a spring loaded toilet seat in the second floor ladies' room catapulted her into the ceiling.

Palsgraf, who was pronounced dead after arrival at nearby Roosevelt Hospital, suffered massive internal injuries when she slammed into the ceiling at a velocity similar to 100, maybe 150 miles an hour." Svensson based his conclusion on an examination of the impact crater left in the ceiling tile by Palsgraf's body.

Memorial services will be held in the Lowenstein meditation room. Professor Sweeney will deliver a eulogy.

To whom it may concern,

As the social director for the class of 3-B, I would like to announce that 3-B is giving a huge bash in honor of all the social butterflies in 3-A. Also invited are all of the schools in the recently formed Metropolitan Council, which was founded after last year's Student Bore Association election. In addition, before the Big Dance, we will have a Big Meeting to discuss raising funds for the construction of a dormitory, so we can become a national law school. (God, how I wish I went to Columbia!)

We know that 3-A and 3-B have been drifting apart this year, and if we took some of the money our singing Tanga, revolting Tanga, hired a few new professors, or scheduled a few extra tax classes, perhaps we could get the sections back together again.

We hope all you butterflies can attend.

Yours truly,
Fred Cowan

Dear Bobby,

Don't forget to bring home some milk, to have with your cookies before bedtime. Love, Mommy

The Law School Of J. Alfred Prufrock

It's 6:30 AM and the ghastly light of another post-TANG dawn oozes through the venetian blinds like the rancid contents of a zillion ruptured Budweiser cans. A team of jack-booted midget mountaineers out over the gales of laughter prompted by spicy ethnic jokes, the swilling of martinis, and the munching of meatballs.

The demands were greeted with a sincere expression of deep concern by the faculty, who had hastily convened an emergency meeting at Caracalia's. This earnest expression of concern could barely be heard over the gales of laughter.

Edward Blooms

Speaking of Sports

SPEAKING OF SPORTS
by Bruce Burned

NUANCES

by P. Leo Nasm

WIMMIN'S AKTVITIEKS KALENDAR

4/4 Alice Crimmins Defense Fund meeting.
4/11 Do It Yourself Abortion Workshop, at the Margaret Mead Abortion Clinic. Swen Swenson, guest lecturer.
4/18 Lecture on "Sexist Themes in Popular Mechanics". The featured speaker will be Letty Conen Potrzebke, Esq., from MC Magazine.
4/25 Pillsbury Bakeoff. Tea and crumpets served at 4:00 p.m.
4/32 Discussions on "The Rights of Transsexual Lesbians"
5/7 "Women in Law", lecture by D.H. Lawrence.
5/14 "Quotas for Broads in Law Firm Hiring" by Marion Jay Epley III, Esq., of White and Case.

convertibles with tiltillated hostage

APOLoGy
In its last issue the Advo­
cate inadvertently suggested that Ms. Laura Ward ran for the SBA Presidency only to secure free tuition. We intended to suggest only that Ms. Ward is a buoyant play­
ning one of us who

bounces furiously off the por­

tains in the courtroom.

It's 6:30 AM and the ghastly light of another post-TANG dawn oozes through the venetian blinds like the rancid contents of a zillion ruptured Budweiser cans. A team of jack-booted midget mountaineers pounds chromalloy pins into my throbbing skull, while a demented dwarf butcher runs out ostinato drum riffs on my eyeballs with a pair of stain­

less steel meat hammers. Flail­
ing at my invisible tormentors, I hurl from the bed in a

storm of agony and, stumbling blindly through a myopic fog, stomp on the furry white underbelly of my sleeping cat. His strangled, gurgling cries are just his little kitty-cat way of telling me that I've purred his insides.

A touch too dramatic? Hard­

ly. It's just another law school Thursday and already I'm hip deep in nuances.

I attempt breakfast: A dying roach drops from the ceiling into my Frost Loops and flaps about in the final agonies of frogs poisoning. "And time for all the works and days of hands! That lift and drop a question in your plate." Eliot's lines reverberate through the low-rent district of my mind as I leave my basement walk-up. Ah, Eliot. How well he knew the nuances of mundanity: Bald spots in the middle of one's hair. The sound of scrat­

chy granophone records in tacky parlors. The blasted, semi-educa­

ted prose of boring "thought" pieces in student newspapers.

As I sit through the fourth hour of my class in Banana Republic Planning I view my soporific classmates with dis­
interested contempt. I wonder at their dearth of perception; their rible inability to appre­

ciate the utter sadness of their

buried lives. I marveled at my own existent level of awareness and gay on the run liver bile which is even now streaming up my con­

phalanges.

If Boston in the early 1900's was Prufrock's urban tomb then Fordham Law School in the seventies must be his law school. Ah, the exquisite pain of these apperceptions. Oh, the buffeting rip tides of nuance. If only they could share the pain of insight. If only they could understand, see, touch, feel, misinterpre­

ter. If only... (If only he could write—ED.)
Faculty Bans Pens and Pencils From Classrooms


When asked to clarify these remarks, the Dean produced a spaghetti sauce stained copy of the committee's joint statement which cited "environmental protection" as the principal reason for the pen and pencil ban.

It seemed clear that he had done to prevent students from pirating their notes on the black letter law market, and unhygienically enriching themselves at their professors' expense," he said. "And besides, the lectures of some of these professors, particularly in the area of property law, are veritable Old Testament of New York tax jurisprudence. They haven't been changed in years! We can't give these manuscripts the protection from the propagation of error that they richly deserve if we let every student take home and circulate his own versions of the originals."

When asked if that explanation weren't a little far-fetched, McLaughlin replied, "Slurp. Of course not. Crunch, crunch.

When pressed further on the matter, he seized this reporter's note pad and plunged it into a tureen of sour and sour meatballs, signaling an end to the interview.

News of the committee's unprecedented decision swept through this somnolent academy like a vast intractable tidal wave of raw industrial sewage. Student reactions ranged from an icky rash of the lower extremities to paroxysms of despair.

A group of the poorer students, members of the newly formed Upper Ninety Percenters, greeted the news joyously hoisting another round at McGlade's, the popular campus watering hole.

"Hot damn, this'll close the old gaperoo between us and those double-breasted donks on law review," enthused one celebrant, as he poured beer all over an unconscious companion. "Damm straight!!!" agreed another, Heinlein focc saucers from his eye socket. Refusing this sentiment, one law review Egghead remarked, "I don't care if they make us wear blindfolds, just as long as I can still brown nose the prof at the break!"

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Call to us for your elective surgery. You'll be surprised at the results!

At Roosevelt Hospital, "Agony is our middle name." Present this advertisement for a free barium enema! 

Pull Plug On FLs

(Continued from Page 1) "My God, this place makes the Port Authority Terminal look homely," he remarked. "If I'd attended medical school in a tomb like this they'd have been checking me into Rubber City after one semester."

The physician contended that this lack of stimuli made resuscitation impossible. "Hell, we threw everything we had at it," he said. "We showed the body a copy of Calamari and Perillo and the respiration rate declined alarmingly. A Remedies casebook sent the subject into ventricular fibrillation. And when we prepared a copy of this year's NY Practice midterm into view, the vital signs dropped off the lower end of the scale like a B-52 in a nose dive. We had to zap its ticker with 700 volts D.C. It smelled like a pygmy barbecue in here."

Negotiations are underway with the major networks for the sale of the television rights to this tragic story. The Quixian family's agent, a specialist in this field, represents the estate of the student body. A pilot film is planned, with the hope of creating a weekly series.

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