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CATCH SB-22
OR
THE TOILET PAPER CHASE
BY MONTAGEAU BEEFY

Yes, there had to be a catch. But Riparian couldn't quite figure out what it was. He had Dean Crystalclear's Modus Operandi down to a science; yet his curving perception could not seem to negotiate the morass. Riparian knew, for example, that Dean Crystalclear's philosophy was that in order to get anywhere you have to be elsewhere. The beauty of it ever amazed Riparian. Whenever a pressing administrative problem needed to be solved, or a difficult academic situation needed to be ironed out, Dean Crystalclear was almost never there to solve it or iron it out. He always let on that he had more urgent, if-it-wasn't-for-me-out-busting-my-ass-where-would-I-ever-be unfinished business. His students could enter his office almost at their leisure, and he would almost always be available. Riparian could just see Dean Crystalclear chortling at the thought that, by never being "in", he must always be "out", attending to more imperative matters, but always by the tenor of his pink "Sorry I missed you" notes, which cluttered his office, having the best intentions of returning to his students with all deliberate speed; which he never did.

Nor did the inherent beauty of the system cease here. It embodied the great Nixonian tenet—anything you don't know about, you can't be blamed for. He could thereby shift the burden to his incompetent subordinates and he preferred them no other way—for any bungling which may have occurred while he was "away", which was, of course nearly all the time. Subordinates like Professor A. Fortiori and Professor Dean are two of the more current gems of Dean Crystalclear's process of appointment by whim. Dean Crystalclear was a remarkable judge of character, and Professor A. Fortiori's character embodied the perfect attitude for a law professor. Notwithstanding his own incompetence, he was convinced everyone else was incompetent. No one recognized Professor A. Fortiori's gift more than Dean Crystalclear; and he wanted to do everything in his power to keep him around. He decided to make him a Dean.

Professor Dean was a somewhat different story. His baptismal name was Dean Dean Dean. Dean Crystalclear appointed him Dean just on general principles. What other law school in either hemisphere, could boast a Dean Dean Dean Dean? The prospect was too irresistible to pass up. And Dean Crystalclear didn't have to worry about Dean Dean Dean making any waves. He was hopelessly suffocating from a massive inferiority complex as a result of the cruel joke his father played upon him at his baptism. All one had to do to shut Dean Dean Dean Dean up was to require him to say something beginning with "I", and he would lapse into an uncontrollable stuttering fit, and soon go away. Dean Dean Dean didn't have a desk in his office, but a bureau. He would not go to the fountain for d-drink, but for sip. He would not speak of d-damages in class, but relief.

Meanwhile, Riparian simply could not see the forest from this morass of trees. He decided to enlist the unique intuitive talents of his closest friend, Obar. Obar was the type of student who could sort the elements of any crime or perceive the application of the Rule in Shelley's case with ease while showering or defecating, but who became transformed into a blithering idiot when called upon to recite in class or write an exam. Obar was a distinctive yet likeable little fellow, with eyes that continually looked like they had just witnessed a FORCE MAJOR, and who was obsessed with the notion that the faculty was perpetrating an ongoing conspiracy to flunk him out of school. "Ya gotta help me Riparian," he would implore. "They're all out to flunk me. I can tell. He was neurotic, schizophrenic, and probably dangerous. He was the only one Riparian could trust. Although he never questioned how Obar could "tell", Riparian respected his intuition enough to steer his little friend through school with enviable 2.000 GPA by recommending the right professors. Now for the sake of his own sanity, Riparian needed Obar to "tell" him the catch.

"The Catch?" responded Obar. "The catch is elementary, Riparian. It's quite a good one, too. "Well then tell me, for Chrissake!" demanded Riparian. "I'll tell you, if you tell me who to take for corporations."

Riparian reflected a moment and said, "Take Mooty. She's a cinch for a C. Now you tell me-what's the catch?"

"The Catch? You'll find it in SB-22."

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"the reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself, therefore, all progress depends upon the unreasonable man."

—George Bernard Shaw
Dean Christensen called the meeting to order at 3:00 p.m. on Friday, April 19. He first announced that University-wide budget hearings would begin on April 25. The Dean has asked for one or two faculty members to represent the Law School at these hearings. The next item that the Dean discussed was the issue of a separate commencement for the Law School. Apparently, Dean Sierck with some other faculty and students had discussed the idea with President Vaetjen. The result was that Vaetjen said no separate commencement; but the Law School could have a convocation of its own, if the administration wanted it, so this issue will be discussed further.

There will be a community affair honoring Professors Oleck and Auerbach on May 20, announced the Dean, but precise details were not forthcoming. In reference to the growing graffitti on John halls, Professor Sheard said that he enjoyed most of the graffitti, except the ones that contained racial slurs. Professor Goshien introduced a resolution commending Carl Roll and Tom Harper on the excellent speakers program. The resolution was passed unanimously.

FACULTY MEETING

BY SHELDON JACOBS

The following article was voted to be the Outstanding article on page four of the Gavel, Vol. 21 Number 9, April 19, 1974. It is reprinted for your reading pleasure.

There was one thing about law school that still bothers the hell out of me. The most madman sort of stuff that happened to me during law school always happened with one of the hot shot professors they had there. I swear, teachers are the craziest slimy people I ever met. It's not that they're all phonies or queers, for God's sake, but if you don't watch out, they'll ruin you. They really will—especially in law school.

There were some teachers at our law school that tried to charm the hell out of you with the old "I'm only a couple of years older than you" routine. Strictly phoney. I went to high school with guys that I knew would turn out to be "cool, young guy" type teachers: Always fifty times smarter than anybody else, always chairman of about eighty-three organizations, and always breaking their necks trying to be "just like us guys." And then after school, they'd spend about two evenings shooting the breeze with some "cool young guy" type high school teacher. What crap!

It's not that these cool young guys really phoney—it's just that you can't trust them. I mean if I couldn't understand something we were taking in class or even if I were feeling really vomit-y and depressed I just couldn't call up one of those guys on the phone and talk to him about it. I just couldn't, I get this madman feeling that they'd answer the phone and say something like, "I can't talk to you now, I'm practicing how to be Dean next year." If you want to know the truth, lots of young teachers are swell guys, they really are, and the good ones don't even bother to try and impress the hell out of you with how young they are.

Then there's another kind of law professor—the kind that never tries to impress the hell out of you, mostly because the bastard is too damn busy being impressed with himself. You can just picture the guy standing in front of the class and smiling at his gold-filled teeth. Then he arranges his gorgeous locks with a goddamn electric comb while he recites the briefs from his biggest case out loud for about the ninety-millionth time. I swear, those guys kill me, they really do. And whenever you make a mistake they always say "Now look here, old chap" or "Just a moment, my good man." For God's sake, can't they tell I'm a law student and not David Hiven?

Another type that hangs around law school faculties is the sarcastic clod who thinks he's funny as hell, like Ring Lardner and twice as smart and knows that every damn judge who has an opinion printed in the damn case book he happened to be forced into using until he writes his own, was the biggest damn moron in the field of law. I really can't understand what they really are. They'll just go to the library for about three years and finish their lousy casebooks. Honest to God, I really wish they would. I mean, maybe they really are the most brilliant bastards that ever walked into a courtroom.

And then—there's always the kind you have to watch out for the most—the good guys, the ones trying to make it easy for you. Unless they're about sixty years old and it's obvious that they're good old teachers they can really kill you. Teachers who always tell you how good and nice they want you to be and they always have some funny way of discovering how hurt they are because they have to be so hard on you because you turned out to be such a dummy. Anyone who knows about the crummy, phoney kinds of teachers it's possible to get in law school. There's lots of other kinds that are really swell, but these are the kind of guys you don't need to write about because it always wrecks it to talk about stuff that really makes you feel good. I mean you like to keep it all to your own. Once you start to talk about it, it turns lousy, not at all like it was meant to be. So, no, not you, you always have to watch it because talking can really ruin you. I swear, it really can.

NEWS BRIEFS

THE COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL NEWS REPORTS

Who says the legal profession isn't sexist? The Indiana State Bar Examination given on July 19, 1973 included a question in which the central figure is Clytemnestra Toris (com­bination of Clitonists and the curse of seri­mon's ghost "that woman defiled herself and all her sex, all women yet to come she was a blis­ piqued that his wife Clytemnestra succeeded in plotting his murder.) While pursuing a graduate degree in mind-ben­ ding Ms. Toris publishes a newsletter devoted to "the elimination of all men" and titled "The Daily Dildo"...Prof. Ruth Ginsburg is inves­ tigating.

The Brooklyn Law School Justification reported the change of the grading system from letters to numbers. Also, the law school approved a clinical program for law students. They will work with an attorney on consumer issues, Medicare, and Medicare benefits, Social Security, landlord and tenant housing problems and family problems.

The Canons of Construction, study­er newspaper of the Faculty of Law University of Alberta had an article published by Roger Davis where he noted that the average income of an Alberta law student's father is in excess of $20,000. The average income in Alberta in 1973 was $164.68 per week.
MAYBE WE SHOULD DO IT BY LOTTERY

BY STEVEN NOVAK

Although each of us who reads this has, presumably, filled out his law school application, recent developments call our attention to the question of what should the school that gets the applications do with them. Inasmuch as we have seen Cleveland-Marshall's minority recruitment program called "racist" by a candidate for SBA President, and in the light of the Defunis case currently pending before the Supreme Court, it seems appropriate that we examine this subject.

I am going to avoid the "white man's burden," like most "liberal" or "radical" arguments, it impresses only those who are already convinced. To say that minority students (you may substitute "non-white, third-world" or any other term you like for a minority) should receive special consideration because— at least when we refer to their ancestors—their ancestors were enslaved by our ancestors is fine. However, unless you are speaking to a WASP audience you invite a fairly typical and unjustified response: "My great-grandfather came over on the boat from Germany, Poland, Italy, Ireland, or other of the above 20 years after the Civil War. What the hell did he have to do with enslaving black people?"

Instead, let's look at the problem from another angle. Law School applications have grown at an incredible rate over the past 10 years. The number of schools and places has grown nowhere near as fast. Obviously, then, more people are being rejected now than ever before. Including many people who, had they been applying 10 years ago, would have been accepted with relative ease. We have all heard of people, and in some cases the people might be ourselves, who were rejected at 8 or 10 different schools, and some of whom had to wait an extra year and re-apply to "easier" schools; that is, schools which admit persons whose grades are lower or who, for one reason or another, do not meet the standards of the "prestige" schools.

The problem comes down to this: How should this school, or any school, make its choice? What criteria should be employed in the admissions procedure? Perhaps those who attack the current standards would prefer a system like that used at Louisiana State.

The LSU system, for those of you who never considered the place, works something like this. First, they take the applicant's undergraduate average and drop the decimal point. Thus a 2.75 becomes 275. To this they add his LSAT score. If he is a Louisiana resident, and his total exceeds 850, he is accepted. For out of state students the limit is 950. These figures may have gone up in the past two years, but the basic premise remains the same.

This certainly appears to be a fair procedure. It does, in fact, tell us what you have to do to get in. But it also raises some problems. First, they don't tell you at the outset how many of the people who are automatically rejected have to be intentionally flunked out in the first year. The whole situation brings to mind the old Harvard orientation speech story, in which the speaker says to the assembled freshmen: "Look at the man on your left. Look at the man on your right. One of you won't be here next fall." Probably the best thing that can be said about Cleveland-Marshall is that it lacks some of the cut-throat atmosphere which we had been led to expect in law school. I submit that the atmosphere would change if an LSU-type system, which forces the school to flunk people out, were to be adopted here. Flunking out of Harvard is one thing, but could your ego take a flunking out of Cleveland State?

I bear the counter-argument ready; that we don't have to accept everyone above a certain numerical level, but that we can cut-off, at whatever grade/board level we are at when the last available place is filled. This doesn't really help either. Does anyone really believe that a 3.0 undergraduate average from Cleveland State or Parsons is the equivalent of a 3.0 from Princeton or Michigan? For that matter, why kid ourselves: Is there any validity in the assumption that two people who went to the same school and graduated with the same average are necessarily equally qualified?

None of us is so far removed from the undergraduate ranks to have forgotten the jock courses, the A-B courses, the no-work courses. Even now, many of us choose our courses based on the grading policies and classroom practices of the teacher. Those considerations were a lot more important in undergraduate school, where we didn't have the dubious protection of grading guidelines.

There is another point about grades. Think about the people in your high school or college class who graduated with 4.0 averages. There are exceptions of course, but how many if those people could you stand to be with for more than ninety minutes? My college graduating class was small enough that I knew most of its members (even though our class was larger than Cleveland-Marshall's entire enrollment), but those of you who went to schools of 12,000 or more can consider another question— How many people with 4.0 averages did you know? They were out there somewhere, but did you ever see them? There are, as I said, exceptions to this (some of my best friends had 4.0's), but basically the guys/girls who got the straight A's were the ones who buried themselves in the library. Certainly there is nothing inherently wrong with getting a B, but if we are going to judge prospective law students—and, more importantly, prospective

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$ $ SCHOLARSHIPS $ $
Student leaders from about twelve area colleges and universities interested in the formation of Student Public Interest Research Groups (SPIRG) in Ohio will converge on Cleveland State University Law School this Saturday, April 27, for a conference and workshops, beginning at 11:00 a.m. The conference is being sponsored by the Organizing Committee for the Cleveland Student Public Interest Research Group at C.S.U. and the Cleveland Citizen Action Group. In addition to representatives from such schools as Cuyahoga Community College, Case Western Reserve, Toledo and Kent State, professional staff members from the Michigan and New York Public Interest Research Groups will be in attendance. Inspired by Ralph Nader, students in 14 other states are presently supporting professional P.I.R.G. staffs to represent them on issues of public interest. The student groups at C.S.U. and C.C.C. are the first in Ohio to organize and petition for the establishment of such a student supported public interest group which will work on issues in such areas of the environment, consumer protection, human rights, and health care delivery. The C-SPIRG Organizing Committee office is located at CB 77 in the basement of the Law School.

The board also considered the effect on the island's economy. The ABA meeting represents 15 percent of the island's 1974 convention business. Much pre-meeting work has already been done for the August 12-16 meeting, including retention of a travel agency and bookings of more than 6,000 rooms at 24 Hawaii hotels.

Smith pointed out that Vice President Gerald R. Ford is on record as saying that travel "is an essential part of our national financial picture...For that reason, we must make every effort to protect it."

Dr. William A. Johnson, assistant administrator for policy analysis of the Federal Energy Office, has assured state tourism directors and commissioners that "the tourist industry is deemed to be important to the economy and will not be ignored in the federal allocation program."

Dr. Johnson added: "Recognizing the contribution of tourism to our economy, we have attempted to allocate adequate supplies of fuel to the commercial transportation sector to permit nearly normal schedules for all carriers."

He said that, with only slight variations, the commercial airlines will receive 95 percent of their 1972 base demand.

Other organizations that have decided to honor their commitment to hold meetings in Hawaii this year and next include the American Bankers Association, Boy Scouts of America and American Medical Association.