November 1, 1974

University of Michigan Law School

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After a bad interview...

(... who would want to work for a pig like that?
Not me!)

After a good interview...

(... Covington, Burling, and Aloysius...)

With apologies, to Esquire Fox.
Coopers & Lybrand - Joseph E. DeCaminada, Partner-In-Charge of Taxes, and Alvin H. Carley, Personnel Partner for the Detroit Group of offices will be present at 4:00 p.m. on Monday, November 4th in Room 150 of Hutchins Hall for the purpose of an informal discussion of the tax services of Coopers & Lybrand, an International Firm of Certified Public Accountants. Tax services of Coopers & Lybrand are performed generally by individuals with legal backgrounds who ultimately obtain their CPA Certificate. Undergraduate courses in accounting, although useful, are not essential. The work is essentially planning and problem solving in nature. Please feel free to "come as you are" for a more elaborate but informal discussion of the opportunities available to law graduates in a tax advisor role of a large CPA firm.

Securities and Exchange Commission - If you interviewed with these people, please stop by the Placement Office to pick up the supplemental application.

-Nancy Krieger

ABA PUBLISHES PAMPHLET SUMMARIZING DATA ON WOMEN IN JAIL

CHICAGO, Oct. 24--Data on women in U.S. jails are summarized in a pamphlet being published by the American Bar Association.

The 40-page publication, "Women in Dention and Statewide Jail Standards," also reviews individual jail studies on the special situation of women defendants and describes how state jail standards apply to female residents.

The pamphlet is part of the ABA Statewide Jail Standards and Inspection Systems Project.

For further information, contact: Daniel L. Skoler, 1705 DeSales St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

WLS

WLS invites you to join Phyllis Reha, supervising attorney for Michigan Migrant Legal Services, for lunch and informal discussion. She will be in the Faculty Dining Room on Wednesday, November 6 at noon. Bring a lunch--coffee provided. Everyone is welcome!

POLL

The Faculty Ranking Poll results have been tabulated, and are available for publication next week.

Several students have requested, via letters to R.G. (which we were unable to re-produce), that publication of the results be withheld. In addition, a petition so requesting--signed by sixty-eight students, largely first year--has been submitted.

Res Gestae welcomes all opinions in this matter. In any event, with the help of all such good counsel, the decision will be made by R.G.
Julie Nixon Eisenhower co-hosted the Mike Douglas Show last week. On Friday, her husband David Eisenhower was a special guest along with an insidious psychiatrist from U.S.C. David, a tall, stooped ganging piece of misbred American, who seemed to be constantly restraining himself from drooling, nervously defended the position that psychiatry could only hurt man in that it stripped him of necessary illusion, of layers of character armor that protect him from an unstable, harsh reality. Watching David uncomfortably defending his role playing it made me think of his spiritual father, the Dick, and my strange connection with him.

I was brought up in Whitter, California, famous for Whittier College and little else. Named after John Greenleaf Whittier, who found it a boring and provincial place to stay, Whittier in my time went from a dusty, orange and apple-groved town, to an adjunct of Los Angeles, littered with Taco Bells and McDonalds, used car lots and liquor stores. Nixon made it his home town, in his own election myth, although he was really from nearby Yorba Linda. Lies from the beginning.

There was hope that someday the Richard Nixon library would be built in Whittier, but now its board of directors, Dean, Mitchell, Haldeman et al, in jail or awaiting their turn in the clink, the "Whittier-Home Town of Richard Nixon" signs are gathering dust in cellars and the plaques, ashtrays and other knick-knacks that spring up like weeds in an empty lot when a small town's native son catches the brass ring have found their way to the back shelves in the five and dime stores.

Nixon's honeymoon with Whittier, however, was over well before Watergate. He was never popular, never liked. But he was feared, and his malignant presence mirroring a mixture of Horatio Alger and a mundane secular Ahab hovered over the growing

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By Joe Fenech

A motion picture on life at the University of Michigan Law School.

CAST

The protagonist of our film is first year law student Moe Mentummm, who has been trained from birth in loquacity, mendacity, tenacity, audacity, and in a predatory capacity—in short, all the qualities necessary to be a successful law student. Moe Mentummm is played in the film The Law Revue Flea.

Our antagonist is Professor T. Deious, who symbolizes the law school's establishment. Professor T. Deious's last publication was: Riparian Rights in Death Valley. No one has yet been selected to play the role of Professor T. Deious. It will suffice for the moment if the student uses his imagination to provide an appropriate individual, gleaned from his law school experiences.

The third major character is, of course, the girl. She is the love of our hero's heart, but complications arise in that she is Professor T. Decious's niece. Her name is Strictly Layable—Strictly Layable to be exact. Our tentative choice for the role is Martha Cookie. However, in the event that no suitable actress for the part is found, again we ask students to draw from their own law school experiences in providing an appropriate figure. In the meantime, this writer will be holding auditions.

Plot

Scene One:

The film opens with Moe Mentummm striding down the corridor on his very first day of law school, going to his very first class. He had pinned his LSAT score of 850 on his chest, and his undergrad G.P.A. of 4.5 on Strictly's chest earlier this morning.
I went to the junior high school he attended as a grade school. We both were East Whittier Eagles and when an old grey teacher of his came into our classroom and told us that if we worked as hard as he had, worked to the bone and more, covered every option, gauged each competitor, guarded each action we too could be Vice President, we too could Algerize on Time Magazine’s front cover arguing with chubby dictators over washing machines in Kansas.

Nixon is alone now, but then he has been alone all his life: as a student, as a public figure. He never enjoyed being in the Oval Office and preferred working in the Executive Office building next door, scutting over for official pictures and then back to his privacy, back into the cold.

He is leaving us now, like a shadowy citizen kane in a surfside Xandu, and few tears will fall when he goes. The earth will shudder as I do when I see his face on t.v., he who tried to send me to kill other humans across the ocean, who killed my friends who went there, who killed us all in a small way when his patented form of death weasel-ed itself into the White House.

The Richard Nixon room at the Whittier Public Library is an odd place. At one time it housed books that tickled the fancies of young readers like myself. Now he lives there, grudgingly driving Pat on dates with other men, talking to George Allen on the White House telephone, wired on drugs in the early morning hours. Conversing with anti-war demonstrators about professional football, trying to reach them with someone else’s tongue.

My little sister met him once. On a patriotic tour with fellow Whittierites she was separated from the other White House tourists and led to the oval office where she shook the icy hand. She and hundreds of other young girls had his re-election on the vague promise of a Hollywood party at Chad Everett’s ranch. Her Nixon died when the tapes revealed his "jewboys" and "renchbergs."

My Nixon died when he drove by our house that overcast day in 1960; he waved like a man drunk on emptiness, his value mask, and his mask a noose of his own making. He could have destroyed the tapes you know. His close relative and fellow Quaker Jessamyn West said it best, said it for forever when she told us that even as a child you didn’t want to touch him. The earth will shudder.
Moe Mentumm's curiosity was suddenly aroused by a loud rumbling noise spilling out into the hall. He went over to investigate. On the door was a sign: "Ethics in the Legal Profession". He stuck his head inside, and there in neat rows were other first year law students rhythmically chanting at a 100 decibel level, under the guidance of a law professor.

Students: "Kill, kill, kill."

Professor: "Kill who?"

Students: "Kill Mother, Kill Mother, Kill, Kill, Kill!"

"So that's where the marines got it."

thought Moe Mentumm to himself as he hurried to class.

Scene Two

(Moe Mentumm's first class, into which he had walked in late...Unfortunately it is also Professor T. Deious's class.)

Professor T. Deious: "Mr. Menthalatum, why is it that you are late on the first day of class?"

Moe Mentumm: "I beg your pardon sir, my name is Mentumm not Menthalatum."

Professor T. Deious: "Don't beg the question Mr. Meetham, your conduct hardly befits an aspiring first year law student."

Moe Mentumm: "Mentumm, not Meetham"

Professor T. Deious (in an outraged voice): "Here's a dime, Mr. Motham (tossing a dime). Call your mother to pick you up, you don't belong in law school!"

Moe Mentumm: "The name is still Mentumm, and a call to my mother is long distance. Toss me another quarter."

Obviously then, our hero has gotten off to a bad start with Strictly's uncle.

Scene Three

Our hero is by now a bit disillusioned with law school, and a bit apprehensive about his next class.

According to the schedule, the class was taught by the esteemed Professor Hipot Hetical. As fate would have it, Professor Hipot Hetical addressed his first question to our hero.

Professor: "Mr. Moe Mentumm, listen to the following fact situation: Loveland lets her dog, Iago, run loose--a violation of various city ordinances. In the meantime, Schwartz negligently leaves out a bucket of nitroglycerin, dog Iago drinks this nitroglycerin. Pagano comes along, kicks the dog, and both are blown to smithereens. Who is liable to whom and for what?"

Moe Mentumm: "ah...ah...ah".

Professor Hipot Hetical: "Well?"

Moe Mentumm: "I don't know the answer Sir. Is anyone liable for anything?"

Professor Hipot Hetical: "I'll give you a succinct answer that you can use on the bar exam...One may be unless, of course, one is not, presuming that one is and the other isn't. Maybe the other is not unless, of course, he is, and consequently perhaps neither is providing that the other may be, of course....Do you understand now?"

Moe Mentumm: "why, of course, Sir! After such a lucid explanation who could fail to understand, unless, of course, he did, whereupon he wouldn't, therefore not knowing what it is, he would, unless he didn't."

Scene Four

The screen is now filled with a close up of a part of our hero's first law school exam:

Instructions: Match the key phrase with the letter below which is most correct.

1) "Incorporeal Hereditament"
   a Neigent Rape
   b Murder in the First Degree
   c Res Ipsa Loquitur
   d Order of the Coif
   e Law Review Staff Member

2) "Mens Rea"
   a Type of diarrhea
   b Men's john, written in Spanish
   c Riparian Rights
   d Judicial Notice
   e Opposite of Women's Rea
"ADVERSE SELECTION"

By R. Richard Livorine

The election next week is one of crucial importance they tell me. Therefore I feel obligated to provide what I consider some crucially important 'do's' and 'don'ts' in selecting a candidate. Simply tear this sheet out of this week's RG and take it to the polls with you after checking each candidate in reference to it. The fate of the nation is in your hands.

Do vote for the candidate with the best physical appearance.

Don't vote for a candidate with a speech impediment.

Do vote for a candidate who is married. (In case both candidates are married, select the one with the most children. In case there is a tie there, vote for the candidate with the most daughters. (Women are 'in' this year).

Don't vote for a candidate that drinks Gallo wine.

Do vote for a candidate with hair over his ears. (If both candidates seem to be equally hairy, vote for the one with the widest tie.) If it is a case of a male against female, the 'hair' test is inoperative. In such a case vote for the candidate last seen with an issue of New Republic. If two women are running vote for the one who wears the least make-up. (The other has obviously 'sold-out'.)

Don't vote for any candidate from a suburb.

Do vote for any candidate who knows William Kuntsler's middle name.

Don't vote for a candidate who can't play a musical instrument.

Do vote for a candidate who is an attorney.

Don't vote for any candidate that appeared on Johnny Carson.

Do vote for any candidate that drives a Volkswagon.
Don't vote for a candidate that likes mayonnaise on a BLT.

Do vote for any candidate that thinks we must restructure our priorities.

Don't vote for any candidate who doesn't trust Walter Cronkite.

Do vote for any candidate that resembles Walter Cronkite and one of your parents, or where one candidate resembles Walter Cronkite and the other resembles one of your parents the choice is obvious.

Don't vote for a candidate that doesn't like dogs.

Do vote for a candidate with a canary.

Don't vote for a candidate who thinks this election is of crucial importance.

Do vote for a candidate who thinks this election is of crucial importance.

I hope this will be of some assistance. At any rate, vote. You'll never know it doesn't work until you do.

DRIVEL

We are printing this rather banal piece since it is relatively harmless. We would like to remind potential contributors, however, that R.G. is not a medium for "cheap shots."

--J.C.F.

RES IPSA'S LOQUITUR

By Res Ipsa (of course!)

OUR MOTTO:
"Don't Name Names---Just Defame."

This is Res Ipsa giving you the inside dope on what's really going on here at M.L.S....and speaking of dope, who are the seven faculty members who smoke dope?... (including one aging professor no one would suspect)...

What faculty member recently told a student that he didn't know whether Ms. Norbday wanted a job here?...and which of the personnel committee members have spoken to her?...What third year law student put a friend in the hospital with her lasagna?...What law review junior turned in his first draft three weeks early?...And how about the third year law review member who was heard to say during interview sign-ups, "Why don't you fools pass that sheet back here? You're not on law review, you won't get the job anyway."...And what aging professor made a pass at a female law student?...And what young law professor made a pass at a male law student?...What aging (and we mean aging) law professor designates the female (and occasionally the male) entries on his seating chart as "girls"?...Which professor who browbeat half the class into signing up for pass/fail has blown up at his class three times for being unprepared?...And which professor was unprepared himself at least three times?...What bizarre group of law students is sick enough to write this column?...And what renowned law review editor was seen doing the polka in the lawyer's club dining room?...What dean of a renowned midwestern law school was known to have mistaken a black law student for the hired help?...Who wanted to know how to cheat in the ethic lectures?...And what professor was seen recently patronizing a co-ed urinal? (or was it a co-ed patronizing a professor's urinal?)...And what would-be Vince Lombardi wants to cut people from the Law Gold team?...What law professor made law review by cheating on his torts exam?...

We're rather short on gossip this week, but what can two people do?...But what can two people do that four people can't do better?...If you have some gossip, (even if it's not true) send it in to Res Ipsa, care of the lawyer's club desk.

Th-th-that's all. folks-------R.I.
THE ADVENTURES OF EPHRAIM TUTT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, by Arturo Train, (NY, C. Scribner's Sons, 1930)

Harry Zeliff

This is one of several volumes of short stories originally published in various national periodicals and centered on old Ephraim Tutt a wily, noble, generous scoundrel of a lawyer. Mr. Tutt—not to be confused with his roly-poly junior partner Tutt (no relation)—spends most of his adventures befriending the friendless, enriching the poor and defending the oppressed against those who would use the quirks and fobles of the law for selfish gain (saying, "Nothing personal, mind you, I'm only after my just do"). Mr. Tutt, himself, is an outrageous snowboat, a perfect legal scholar, an eccentric in dress a lawyer who levels moral evaluations not at the law but rather at persons whose actions are limited to purusing rights rather than pursuing right. He is surrounded by, besides Tutt, a dandy of an office boy, a drunken scribbler, and one Minerva Wiggles, a lawyer herself effusively described by Train with all those compliments with which grateful men try to reward those talented women who chose not to compete with them.

Tutt's adventures are fun to read. Train lightly follows the comic progression of introducing the central characters of each episode and at the same time unfolding their problem; matters quickly get worse but at the last moment victory appears in the form of the tall, old, frock-coated lawyer puffing his 10 (or is it 12?) inch stogie. Sometimes the saving device is a legal obscurity but more normally it's a special insight into the nature of the human beings who form the subject matter of the story. Sometimes Mr. Tutt can educate a well meaning but short sighted antagonists but never is there a Perry

See Tutt, p. 9

A REVIEW OF LEONARD BAKER'S JOHN MARSHALL: A LIFE IN LAW

When I was younger and a good deal less cynical about the motives of writers, editors, and publishers I was taken aside by my major professor in my Master's program and told "Jones, you have a glimmering of academic talent. No, don't stop me and regale me with that country-boy self-effacing bullshit. I think that you can go a long way in the academic game. And because of that, because of my belief in your potential, I'm going to tell you a secret." He lowered his voice and leaned closer, "Publications!" he whispered. I nodded dumbly and indicated that he should continue.

"Not just and bludly publication, mind you, but one that will sell. What you have to do is pick something or someone that no one knows anything about, preferably one that everyone thinks that he does or should know about, especially editors (who consider themselves marvelously erudite), and write about that. It would be best if you could tie whatever you're writing in with some monstrous national shuck, like Dick Schaap is doing with his sports books, you know, the Jerry Kramer thing or, well hell, you remember the plethora of Civil War books that were out a few years ago, the Ben Butler, Hero of New Orleans and the Draft Riots business. Christ, any hack with a typewriter and calluses on his ass could get himself published then. What you do, see, is take a bunch of speed and spend a weekend in the library doing research, then the next weekend you take another batch of speed, write a first chapter, and phony up an outline. Then tie the whole thing up in a shoebox and send it to a publisher. With any sort of luck you should have an acceptance and a check for two or three grand within a month. You invest the three grand in more speed then take a month out of your life and write the book. After you have written, sit on it for a while and pry more money out of the publisher. With a bit more luck you can force him to give you

See Marshall, p. 9
It is unfair to infer that Train actually held such a belief. Mr. Tutt's world is a comic world, a place to escape to where things are simple and come out the way they ought to be. But I found it a delightful place to visit. Each story takes about a half-hour to read and they go well before bed. Perhaps most of us have no time for such unproductive nonsense but that speaks more to the limits of our present world than to the importance of this type of book. It is a shame that the mere time and competitive pressures of law school conspire to eliminate the human and humane in us at the very time when each new law we study should be evaluated not by its usefulness to us but by its usefulness to everyone besides us.

I did not take my professor's advice, something I've regretted almost as much as not buying ten thousand bushels of soybeans in February, 1972, when they were selling at $3.05/bushel. I cannot say for sure whether Leonard Baker wrote John Marshall: A Life in Law this way, but if he did not it sure looks as though he did. It is exactly the type of book you would expect to find in a Bicentennial Rip-off Period, it is about a figure of some repute in early American History, a figure about whom we should all know something but do not, it is long and in spots nearly as incomprehensible as a RYM-II leaflet turned out by an Ar-Why gone totally around the bend into self-righteousness, and it received a massive publicity blitz when it was released.

It is a pity that this biography was not turned over to a competent historian to write, a T. Harry Williams or an Isaac Duetscher for example. John Marshall deserves better than this, readers of the book deserve better, and American scholarship deserves better.

There has been for years a crying need for an adequate modern biography of John Marshall. Despite the publication of John Marshall: A Life in Law, or perhaps because of it, the need remains.
RG offers an added attraction this week with a pick-the-winners Election Day Contest. No point spreads to fool around with here. Just circle the winners and cross out the losers. Put entries in the Election Poll box next to the Football Poll box, outside Room 100, by 5:00 Friday.

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(* denotes incumbent)

**TIEBREAKER**: There are presently 248 Democrats and 187 Republicans in the House. How many Democrats will be elected to House Seats this year? _____
"With the exception of Indian massacres in the late 19th century, the State Police assault which ended the four-day prison uprising was the bloodiest one-day encounter between Americans since the Civil War." --from the report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica (McKay Commission)

On September 13, 1971, New York State troopers put an abrupt and deadly end to the four-day Attica prison rebellion. The uprising grew out of prisoner's bitterness and frustration, engendered by the degrading and inhuman prison experience in which demands for adequate food, wages, rehabilitation, etc., were ignored, despite repeated attempts to change the subhuman conditions under which they were forced to live.

Thirty-nine men died, more than eighty were wounded, and terror, brutality and torture of the prisoners by troopers and guards was widespread after the officers were once again in control of the prison. The McKay commission, officially appointed to investigate the rebellion, did much to correct distorted media reports by revealing its findings that, in addition to all of the above, hostages and inmates alike—all of those died—had been murdered by New York State troopers' bullets, and the violent retaking of Attica might well have been averted by state officials in a number of ways, especially if Governor Rockefeller had not refused to come to Attica.

The Attica Brothers are now on trial for the uprising. 43 indictments have been handed down, by a biased grand jury nearly half of whom have friends or relatives who work at Attica prison. The legal problems of the of the defense are monumental, but

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Who has become the most important person in the practice of medicine aside from the doctor and his patient? Not the patient's relatives, not the nurse, not the technician. It's the lawyer. The inescapable fact is that the legal profession has encroached into the practice of medicine. Not let us examine whether the interposition of lawyers in the practice of medicine has made the care of patients better or worse. The other day I saw a patient in the office who had a mole that she wished to have removed. I listened to her, examined her, wrote down all the pertinent details on at least two sheets of paper, made a drawing of the mole and took some photographs. After that, I explained to her the alternatives of electrodesiccation and surgical excision, what I thought the diagnosis was and the likelihood that it was benign. Then I explained to her the possibility of its being malignant was small but that it existed, and that removal of the mole, would not, in all likelihood, incite malignant changes and then explained to her about the procedure of removing the mole: how she would be placed on the operating table, given a local anesthetic, have the lesion excised without pain (other than that from the local anesthetic) and have it sutured and how the lesion would be sent for pathological examination. After that I described how long it would take for the sutures to be removed and how soon the site would "heal." She wanted to know whether there would be a scar, and I had to tell her honestly that there would probably be a small scar. "How big would the scar be?" Approximately so long. "Whoow," she said "Why so big?" Then I went into an explanation of why the removal of a circular lesion by an elliptical excision produced a scar approximately 2-1/2 to three times as long as the lesion itself. I also explained that the scar would be red at first and would later fade, but that I could not guarantee that it would not become hypertrophic. At this she was rather shocked, and I tried to calm her fears saying that most scars become pale and thin and relatively inconsequential. After this, and some further conversation, I filled in a small slip on which
Attica, from p. 11

the first cases to come to trial were dismissed for lack of evidence, and the Attica Brothers Legal Defense successfully challenged the Erie County jury selection process as being unconstitutional, illegal and discriminatory.

The Attica Prison Rebellion was not an isolated incident. Most large prisons in the U.S. have seen major uprisings in the last three or four years, all directed against the racism, brutality and general degradation of prison existence. The uprising is an event that every American should know about and think about. Learning about the criminal justice system of this country, about the limits and possibilities of legal battles, about the struggle for freedom and dignity, and about the strength of unity in that struggle.

A one hour and a half color documentary on Attica, by Cinda Firestone, was released in New York about a year ago, where it received excellent reviews. It will be shown at the law school, on Thursday, November 7th. There will be speakers also present: Reverend Stroble-Smith, the mother of one of the defendants, and John Hill, a defendant.

"We have to understand the way in which Attica is all of us. Attica is symbolic of the way in which power has been taken and abused in this country, the way in which your power has been stolen from you, twisted and distorted and used against you, the way in which officials have become the outstanding criminals."

Hayward Burns, Legal Coordinator Attica Brothers Legal Defense

Sponsored by the National Lawyers Guild and the Attica Brothers Legal Defense (ABLD)
Unfortunately, rather than examine what has brought us to this impasse, we are busy devising new protection mechanisms. All these add complications and paper work, unnecessary medical investigations, the wasteful letting of blood and the uneconomic use of Roentgen rays, each of which may bring their complications. That is to say nothing of the time and energy wasted and the nights of worry, not only about the patient's health but about the aggressiveness or veracity--of the lawyer who lurks behind every patient.

Most of our patients are decent people who come with a problem, ask for advice, request treatment and get it. They are grateful and go away praising us. That is what we are used to. However, among every busload of patients there is one or two who come to challenge, to query, to compare doctors, to check up on another doctor, or even to threaten.

Why has this happened? Not because patients have changed. It is because the malpractice suit has become a public spectacle, because the legal profession has made capital out of it, and because "every man has the right to sue his doctor"--but first you have to find something to sue him for.

The prophets of our profession are advocating greater and greater safeguards, including tighter consent forms, more copious records, longer discussions with patients, the avoidance of drawings or diagrams that might show the patient what one plans to do, the avoidance of forecasting favorable results, not showing photographs of previous successes, guarded optimism, guarded discussions with patients and even making tape recordings of these conversations. What have we come from treatment of the patient for a specific condition by the best available means? We are now practicing the same verbal convolutions as the lawyers, and are being encouraged to follow the same evasive tactics.

Look at your hospital chart: 20 sheets of paper for one day of hospitalization with six or seven places where you must sign or you are held delinquent. Who designed those things? Doctors, hospital administrators, lawyers? Why are they so voluminous? Is it because of medical necessity, or is it in anticipation of having to defend a medical decision, or heaven forbid, a complication? Who writes in these charts? Well, mostly the doctor of course, because if anyone else writes something that might be a mistake, guess who's liable?

We must get these lawyers off our backs. Get them to take care of their own crisis, the crisis in their profession, the crisis of politics in the federal government, at the local level or wherever you look. The only health-care crisis is one of paper work. If we had to do less writing and could take care of more patients, you would need half as many doctors. If fewer doctors were employed defending malpractice suits, if fewer unnecessary but "defensive" investigations were done, there would be less need for medical manpower. If fewer doctors spent their time sitting on those committees and checking up on other doctors, you would find that the medical needs of the community were easily met.

Why should the patient have to worry about the complications of an operation, when his doctors already worry about them and take every precaution to avoid them? Yes we should give patients an honest and accurate appraisal of what to expect, but not frighten them with unnecessary warnings of rare and dire complications that hardly ever happen. And, if those complications do occur, we should treat them sensibly and sanely without having to run for legal protection and without having to worry about a malpractice suit every time the door opens. I would agree with the premise of "a chicken in every pot" and "a car in every garage," but not with the entitlement to a malpractice suit in every closet. The doctors and the medical profession should have the inalienable right to practice without fear. We are even now being enjoined by lawyers and politicians not to practice "defensive medicine." This, too, may soon be a cause for suit.
We must have some defense of doctors against the inroads of lawyers and politicians.

They see that in the practice of medicine there is still hope that patients respect the practitioner and that there is a certain measure of success in medical and surgical treatment. That's more than can be said for the successes at any level of government. In a recent poll of popular opinion, doctors were rated number one in a scale that measured the respect of their fellow citizens. Lawyers along with politicians, who are often lawyers, were at the bottom of the heap. So it is an easy step from this concept to the announced desire to get all of medicine under a political roof—i.e., a nationalized health service. You can just hear them: "Here is a good thing; let's get on to it; let's make it ours."

Don't let us hang around and wait to see how they will run it. What has the law ever done for medicine except add complexities and convolutions undreamed of by Hippocrates or indeed anyone who followed him? Now they are trying to annex it.

A nationalized health service in one form or another seems inevitable. But when it comes, we must see that doctors, not lawyers and politicians, set the tone for it. In the meantime, we should sound a call for the socialization of the legal profession. If nothing else, recent events have shown that lawyers are incapable of policing, regulating and reviewing their own professional activity, and of providing to the populace the services and protection of the law.

Danbury Hospital
Danbury, CT 06810

Robert A. Fischl, M.D.
Scene Five

This is a close up of our hero scanning the placement bureau bulletin boards:

"The following Wall Street Firms will be interviewing next week:
Dewey, Cheetum & Howe
Bee, Fuddle, Obb, Skure & Cloud
Emm, Bezzle & Robb..."

Scene Six

CLIMAX, FINALE, CLOSING...

Some three and one half months later...

Our hero Moe Mentumm and his beloved, Strictly Layable, are sitting on the banks of the Huron River. He is in a pensive mood.

Moe Mentumm: "Strictly, here is my hands I hold the envelope which contains my grades. They would have me believe that these grades are the sum total of my existence, the key to my future."

At this point our hero puts the unopened envelope on a tiny makeshift raft and floats it out into the middle of the river. He and Strictly turn to each other and smile. They begin a tender kiss, when suddenly they are trampled by the feet of three hundred of Moe Mentumm's classmates, the chamber of commerce from his home town, and various law firm recruiters.

As we fade out, all of those people are in the middle of the river fighting over Moe Mentumm's grade envelope.

THE END
FOOTBALL POLL

The Fugawi won the poll with a percentage of .686. Overall the
guess rate was .533, a respectable
figure.

Circle winners. Cross out losers.
Place in the box in front of Room
100 by 5:00 Friday.

College
Alabama at Mississippi St. (14½)
Arkansas (10½) at Texas A&M
Auburn at Florida (3½)
Princeton at Brown (3½)
California (14½) at Southern Cal
Nebraska at Colorado (21½)
Dartmouth (13½) at Yale
Houston (7½) at Georgia
Illinois (29½) at Ohio State
Michigan at Indiana (28½)
Iowa (5) at Purdue
Oklahoma at Iowa St. (34½)
Kansas (6½) at Oklahoma St.
Maryland at Penn State (7½)
Michigan St. (6½) at Wisconsin
Northwestern (7½) at Minnesota
Notre Dame at Navy (28½)
Penn (3½) at Harvard
Texas Tech at Rice (7½)
SMU (20½) at Texas

Pro
St. Louis at Dallas (3½)
Washington at Green Bay (7½)
Philadelphia (10½) at Pittsburgh
NY Giants (8½) at Kansas City
Minnesota at Chicago (10½)
New Orleans (6½) at Detroit
Atlanta (14½) at Miami
Buffalo (3½) at New England
Cincinnati at Baltimore (11½)
Houston (2½) at NY Jets
Cleveland at San Diego (4½)
Oakland at Denver (6½)
Los Angeles at San Francisco (8½)

Tiebreaker: Who will win the Michi­
gan Fifth Congressional District
race? (Indicate R or D)  

Name: of entrant: _______________________

SPORTS LACKEYS
George A. Pagano
Howard M. Bernstein
Thomas Blaske
Craig Gehring
James Rodgers
Paul Ruschmann
Barry White