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WHAT A LIFE?
The lady or the tiger?
"Rub his head and watch"
It speaks for itself

What is the value of a hairy leg?

I got my job through the New York Times.
"Well," said the civilian to the law student, "now that you've been through law school, tell me what it was like."

"What do you mean, 'what it was like'?" responded the law student, pragmatically, "in what way?"

"You know -- how was it? How did it feel to be a law student?" the civilian countered in confusion, "Is that such a hard question?"

"Well, it's not one that I can answer easily," the law student responded, "after all."

"Look" the civilian replied, now somewhat impatient, "can't you just analogize or something?"

"Ah yes! Analogy!" the law student exclaimed, in recognition of the concept. "Being a law student is the best of times and the worst of times. It's like...

... picking the wrong door on "Let's Make a Deal" and winning a herd of cattle
... learning to "disco on a skating rink without skates
... walking through mud in your new $125.00 suede Guccis
... scraping your nails against a blackboard
... turning on the radio at 7 am. Sunday morning
... getting all the vowels in life's game of Scrabble
... trying to do the Times crossword puzzle in India ink
... having your lover tell you "we can always be friends"
... getting a knot in your shoe laces

... tuning into Johnny Carson only to find that his guests for the evening are Monty Rock III, a specialist on snake breeding, the St. Killian's boy's choir, and George Gobel

... waiting on line at the movies in zero degree weather, only to find that it has been sold out
... watching re-runs of "I Love Lucy" for three hours straight
... brushing your teeth with Brylcream
... getting the short end of the wishbone
... being trapped in a phone booth with the Denver Broncos after they played a three hour game
... standing next to a "Perv" on a crowded subway
... writing a doctoral dissertation, and having your roommate use it to line the canary's cage
... running into "Aunt Bluebell" at Pathmark
... learning all the answers, only to find that the questions have been changed
... eating grapefruits with milk ...

"HOLD IT," the civilian interrupted, somewhat disconcerted by the law student's answers. "You just said that law school was 'the best of times and worst of times.' Now tell me about the best of times."

"I just did," said the law student.  

Vicki Lindgren
VERY FEW PICTURES
How I hate Foundation Press, Gilbert's, West
And all the rest
Who nestled heavy 'neath my arm
They never held a bit of charm.

-Bingo Knightly
Did you ever have one of those days?
J. BARISINI

HOME: Hempstead, New York

PROFESSION: Attorney at Law, shoe saleman

HOBBIES: Mah jongg, snow shoveling, watching the Queensboro Bridge rust.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Curious George goes to the zoo; Blashfield on Auto Insurance (8 vols).

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Translated the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure to Swahili.

QUOTE: "Lawyers of today provide the impetus for social change. They are the lubricants of the cogs of society. I am honored to be a member of this profession which prides itself on adversarial finesse, unmitigated respect for justice, and overdressing. The public needs us. After all, most people don't understand every law, especially the unwritten ones."

PROFILE: Prominent jaw, large nose. Outgoing and eager to help, be it a client with a multi-million dollar tort liability suit or an uncontested divorce.

LAW SCHOOL: Hofstra
THE FIRST DAY WAS A YEAR LONG
(Of Law School, Marriage and Life)

The first day was a year long.
The second day was a little longer.
Now the third day has come.

On the first day we stood there touching,
ready to give each other all,
hoping, proud, awed.

The place was full of knowledge and ignorance.
The ignorance overcame,
but the knowledge manipulated and managed
long hours and hard work.
My mind was expanded narrowly
toward the end of the first day.
And I looked and looked but could not see
that the first day was not a victory,
was not the end,
that it was instead the beginning
-- of defeat.

The second day came
but not the old friends
How many times can you say
no thank you, not today.

As the second day got older,
the young dreams of equal justice,
sisterhood, and civil rights,
were confused in legal history
were pushed back
finally strangled
by the knowledge of impotence
before the mountain of numbers
and the wall of join or fail.
And fail if you do not.

As the third day got closer,
I looked back and turned around
but there was nothing behind me.

Now the third day has come,
So I turned around and looked beside me,
what I saw I cannot share.
Too painful to describe

Old job, new job; old teeth, new teeth;
old voice, new voice; looking but not seeing
children growing tall;
pain and loneliness all around me.
When? Why? where was I?

Three days, three years.
Not that there aren't new friends,
not that there aren't new goals,
but instead of three I was four.
Instead of four, I'm alone.

Sandy Bayo
Recently married
Failed to state a claim
THE TEST

Sixteen pens brought to the Test
If one should fail, she'd use the rest.
But, oh, the room! It was too hot
She couldn't write a single jot.
Until her sweater it was off
But then there came distracting cough.
Which caught her ear, would not let go
Until her pace began to slow.
And then her foot began to itch,
Clock's small hand began to twitch,
Should she draw an arrow here?
Isn't this thought just too queer?
Chew another piece of gum
Hurry, make the "bathroom run,"
Shook her cramped and painful hand
Wished she'd studied, wished she'd planned.
Over there he's on book five
But here she sat, unalive.
And on book two!
What should she do?
Oh, the time!
Oh, the pain!
What's that crime?
Her aching brain!
With all this fuss, I'm glad to say
She pulled it off. She got the A.

Academic and Hallowed Halls

Merry merry students we
Who never rose above a C.
Who lurked and prowled middle ground
Who uttered not a brilliant sound.
To whom the cases made no sense
Examinations made us tense.
We bore the slings of smarter peers
Who had more stuffing 'twixt their ears.
We huddled close up to the mean
And law review did make us green.
We couldn't understand the sport
The chase, the thrill, of dull moot court.
And never liked those late work nights
Or all those foolish graded fights
But now all that is in the past.

Bingo Knightly
(Robert Ginsburg)
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF

We're just two ramblin' guys
THE FOURTH KIND . . .

"The best things happen when you're dancing"
Estopped from reliance on the clean hands doctrine.
STAFF

Admissions

Library
Deans'

Secretarial
STAFF