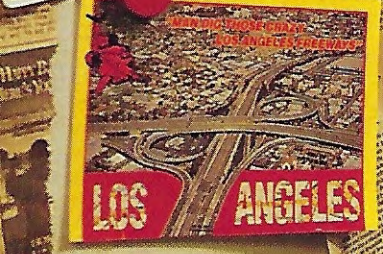




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I ❤️ THE SADDLE RACK
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Public & Private
The (New)
Hillary
Problem

Radical Heterosexuality

or how to love a man and save your feminist soul
by Norm Hottel

THE H.L.S.
FEUDALISTS
WELCOME
JUSTICE
SCALIA

"...because
authoritarianism in
defense of freedom is
no vice."

Beirut on the

By John
Sedgwick

Charles

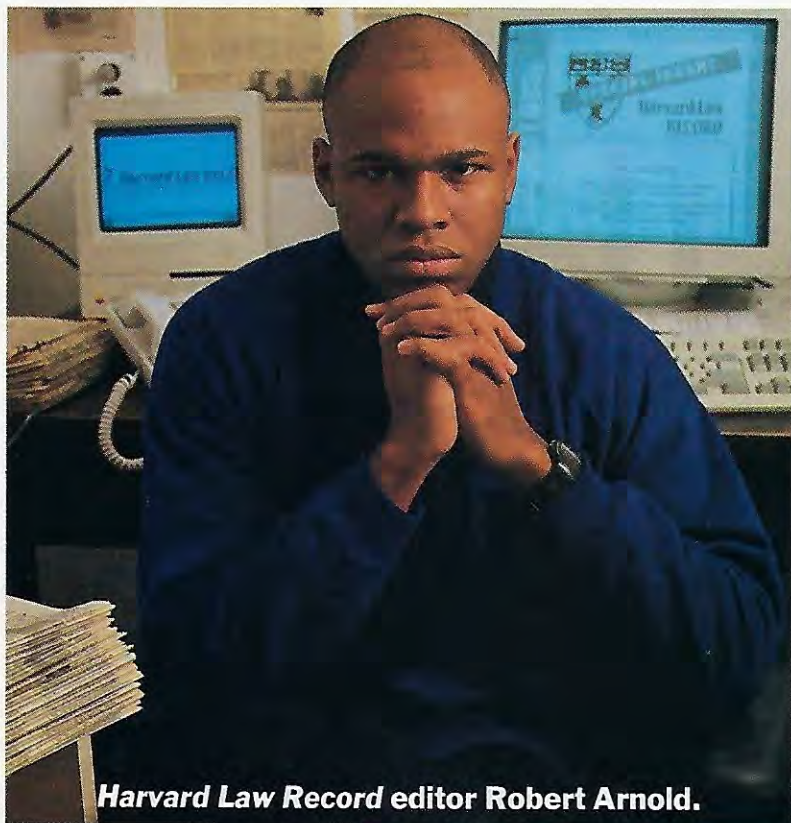
At faction-ridden Harvard Law School, the only natural impulse that remains above suspicion is ambition itself

The Harvard Law School students' vigil for diversity is supposed to be silent, the better to shame the mostly white, mostly male faculty into finally adding a black female professor to its ranks. As one poster declares, "ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS." But no one at Harvard Law School can shut up for very long—especially not now, when the campus is riven by such political strife that it is often sardonically compared to Beirut.

About seventy students—most of them unkempt, like most Harvard law students, and bearing backpacks stuffed with heavy textbooks—have lined the corridors of Pound Hall, a Sixties-modern classroom building where the professors are scheduled to gather for a two o'clock faculty meeting. But it's past two now, and there's no sign of any faculty. "Lateness is endemic in this organization," grumbles a student organizer named Camille Holmes. The motor-mouths cannot hold back. The silence gives way to whispers, then to a general murmur and finally to the low rumble of open talk. Someone goes "Sssh!" and the cycle repeats—*whisperwhisperwhisper-murmurmurmurmurmur-talktalktalktalktalk*. Then word comes back from a student scout that the professors are at last on their way.

For a few minutes, the students do indeed zip it, and the silence is eerie. The faculty file past like first-time visitors to a bad neighborhood. They try to pretend everything's fine, even as they take in all the hate stares around them. The fiercest glares are thrown at tweedy Charles Fried (former Reagan solicitor general and perennial right-winger whose vilification by the Left is tempered only by the fact that he is an easy grader) and at his ideological

Elizabeth Moreno pens a pseudonymous column about the futility of relationships at the school.



Harvard Law Record editor Robert Arnold.

confrere Dean Robert Clark (who, despite a low-key manner, an early career preparing for the priesthood and the recent disappearance of a rather off-putting beard, has emerged as the Harvard Law School designated villain. Both Fried and Clark had their offices taken over by students last spring. Only the recently tenured Kathleen Sullivan wins the students' approval; she gives the protesters a gleeful thumbs-up.

When all the professors have passed, the students huddle together to shout "NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!" four times, in full-throated unison. The sound is thunderous. It shakes the hallways' cinder-block walls, echoes down the corridors and, for a moment, stuns even the students themselves.

The annual *U.S. News & World Report* survey of the nation's law schools likes to tweak Harvard by ranking its law school second to Yale's, but no Harvardian is fooled. After all, Harvard has placed four graduates on the current Supreme Court, twenty-two more in Congress and more CEOs atop Fortune 500 companies than all but the top two business schools. Perhaps more important, it routinely cranks out 25-year-old legal Doo-gie Howsers who can command \$80K salaries from elite Wall Street firms their first year out, recession or no.

The law school's admissions department is so convinced of the school's supremacy that it doesn't even bother to assemble the evidence to prove its case. "I don't think it's necessary for us to tell prospective students that Harvard Law School is better than some other place," explained admissions director Joyce Curll. "The only question is, Is it better for them?" The answer must be yes, because of all the applicants Harvard accepts, a staggering 68 percent end up coming. Stanford, by contrast, is almost equally top-drawer but only 36 percent of its accepted students agree to attend.

Harvard law students are smart, no question. They think fast and talk faster, some of them almost as fast as Congressman Barney Frank, class of '77, who whizzed through his three years while serving as a Massachusetts state representative. It can be tiring to keep up a conversation with such people.

But even these geniuses may not be ready for life at this architecturally cluttered campus just north of fabled Harvard Yard. Ever since *The Paper Chase*, the John Jay Osborn Jr. novel, and the subsequent movie and TV show, and more especially Scott Turow's harrowing *One L*, students have probably been prepared to have their egos cracked by the academic rigors of the place. Of

course, it can still be a little startling to be spat-tered by vomit from an unstrung classmate during an exam, as happened to one student not long ago. But that's nothing compared to the stress fractures caused by the school's heavy politics, which have pitted faculty members against faculty members, faculty members against students and, perhaps most viciously of all, students against students. Relations have broken down so completely that Dean Clark recently appointed Professor Emeritus Roger Fisher, the famed negoti-

ator who has attempted to reconcile Kuwait and Iraq, to act as a kind of marriage counselor for the law school "community." Few expect that he and the faculty members working with him will succeed. "It's a shark tank here," one student said.

Harvard Law School is not the only law school that suffers from such political tensions. "Diversity issues are in the air at all leading law schools and all leading universities," said Harvard Law's Dean Clark. As one might expect, Berkeley's law school, Boalt Hall, and Columbia Law School have been in the vanguard of the movement along with Harvard, but even such laid-back campuses as Florida State University and the University of Nebraska at Lincoln have been the targets of student strikes in the past few years. Still, Harvard captures the attention simply because Harvard is Harvard. "The pro-

"The most important thing at Harvard Law School is just fitting in. You find your group so it's 'You and me against the world.'"

tests are more visible here," Clark smugly explained, "because our students are incredibly articulate and energetic, and they can make their cases better." Plus, the entire nation sits on the jury, thanks to a national media that has turned Harvard Law School into a kind of *Beverly Hills, 90210* for grown-ups. "If this were Oshkosh Law School," said Professor Alan Stone, "people wouldn't be interested."

Partly because of the media scrutiny and partly because of the students' own natural contentiousness, the politics have made life difficult for everyone. The politics are like a too-heavy oil that, instead of lubricating, has gummed up the works at the school—slowing everything down and heating everything up. Stray particles can easily get stuck in it. When I showed up to look around the law school, I found myself instinctively retreating into ironic humor, poking fun at both sides of the omnipresent political debate, just to avoid becoming ensnared. The politics are so all-encompassing, and the issues of race and gender so emotional, I would otherwise have had to turn myself inside out in every conversation. But at Harvard, even if you don't take a side, you are given one. Everyone is typecast by his or her race, gender, sexual orientation and political perspective, be it Left, Right or center. Such details are like being a Virgo or a Gemini to an astrologer. They tell Harvardians everything they need to know about someone.

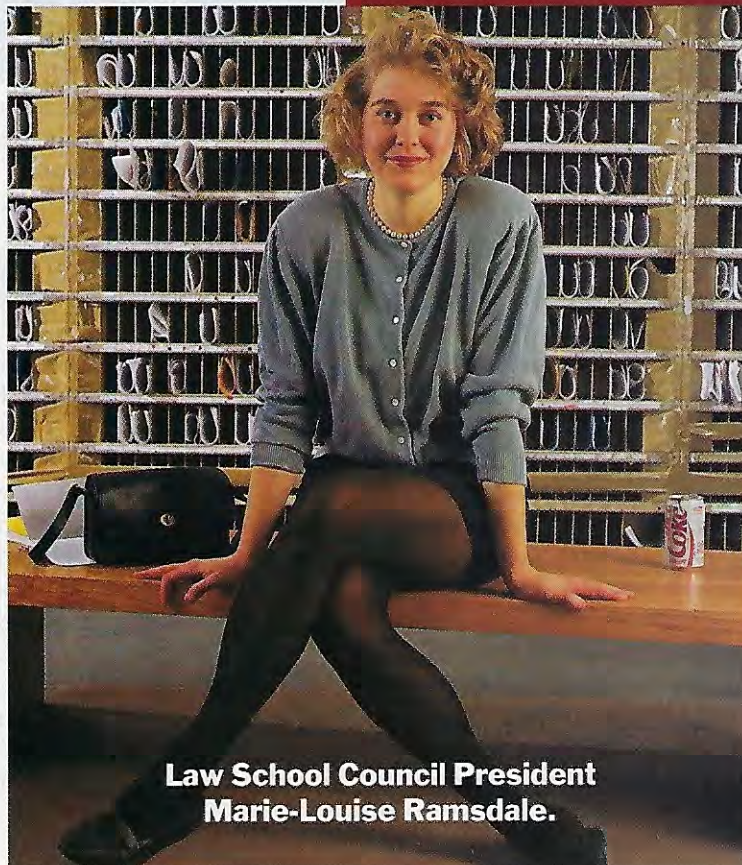
The personal is political at Harvard Law, and the political is personal. Both can get nasty. Marie-Louise Ramsdale, the outspoken, Left-leaning president of the Law School Council, said one male colleague's male roommate has refused to jot down telephone messages she leaves for her associate because, as an intermediary explained, Ramsdale is a "strong woman, and he doesn't like that." Another Harvard man teases her, "Don't worry, Marie-Louise, you'll find a boyfriend soon," as if her problems were merely romantic. And she once heard (everything the least controversial at Harvard Law is widely circulated) that a group of men, including an ex-boyfriend, called her a "cunt" as they sat around together in the student lounge. "That's the worst word," Ramsdale complained bitterly to me. "'Bitch' I can handle. But 'cunt'? What can I possibly say back?" As Ramsdale talked about this, her eyelashes sometimes fluttered like hummingbird wings. It's a nervous tic, and friends have seen a lot of it lately.

This is a nervous time at the law school. In an act so stark and chilling

that it seems to have come from another realm of reality altogether, there was a murder, and it has become more meat for the political grinder. Mary Joe Frug—outspoken feminist, wife of Harvard Law Professor Gerald Frug and a former visiting professor at the law school herself—was killed one evening in the spring of 1991. She was walking to the grocery store from her house, near fashionable Brattle Street. Someone plunged a heavy marine knife into her five times, once into her heart, and ran off into the night. The blows were "passionate, strong and deliberate," in the words of investigating officer Mike Giacoppo, and so powerful they sliced through bone. Frug slumped to the sidewalk by a fire hydrant, and was dead before she reached the hospital.

In the almost two years since the murder, police have

Instead of directly decrying the ruling class, the students pick at its racism, sexism and homophobia—Harvard Law's holy trinity.



**Law School Council President
Marie-Louise Ramsdale.**

interviewed more than 200 people, many of them at Harvard Law, but have yet to make any arrests or name any suspects. One investigator, Sergeant Bill Powers of the Massachusetts State Police, has suggested the killing might well have simply been a random act of violence, since the murder occurred at dusk on a fairly busy street, with neighbors about. "That's not something you'd choose," he said. With so little conclusive evidence, the crime has become a kind of inkblot test for determining the community's mind-set. In the fevered political atmosphere of the law school, the murder is widely believed to have been a hate

crime committed by someone outraged by Frug's brand of feminism. She once critiqued a casebook used in a popular contracts course, noting how it reinforced gender stereotypes of powerful men and powerless women. She had become a heroine to some of the women students on campus, even as she became something else to some of the men.

The murder dropped a pall over the campus. Frug's memorial service, at Harvard's Memorial Church, was packed with mourners, and many people could be seen weeping openly on campus. Political activity was temporarily halted. The year's spring sit-in at the dean's office was aborted, and many classes were canceled. The fire hydrant where Frug died became a kind of shrine, and sprigs of flowers and even a Halloween pumpkin appeared there.

Frug's wounds were figuratively opened up again last spring, when the *Harvard Law Review* published its annual parody issue, the *Revue* (pronounced "Revuey" to distinguish it from the *Review* itself), which contained a good deal of sophomoric—if not preadolescent—humor at the expense of Mary Joe Frug. It called her the "Rigor-Mortis Professor of Law," trashed her "post-mortem legal feminism" and fantasized about her sexual practices. The article pictured Frug gathering with parodies of Andrea Dworkin, Anita Hill and Gennifer Flowers for a "feminists' night on the town," during which the group would "hunt down some hunky men and rip their clothes off. Sure, it's degrading, but we've all carefully selected wimps for husbands. Like Jerry." This last was presumably a dig at Mary Joe's widower, Gerald Frug.

"Wanted" posters went up around campus for the two authors, Craig Coben and Kenneth Fenyo, encouraging students to retaliate in a way that would really sting: by complaining to the federal judges for whom the two would be clerking upon graduation, in hopes of sabotaging their careers. Professor Laurence Tribe, a possible candidate for Clinton's Supreme Court, invoked the Holocaust in his criticism of their parody, only to be jumped on by Professor Alan Dershowitz for "McCarthyism." The student right-wingers piled on by making "*It's the Holocaust!*" a knee-jerk lament for anything that went wrong on campus, as in: "Got a parking ticket? *It's the Holocaust!*" No one was safe. As the pseudonymous columnist Alysse MacIntyre wrote in the *Harvard Law Record*, the student newspaper, the oppressed sense they are always "wearing a bull's eye." At Harvard, nearly everyone knew the feeling.

While the campus was beginning to reel from the *Revue* debacle, nine students, including Marie-Louise Ramsdale, continued what has become a spring ritual and occupied the dean's office in Griswold Hall for more than twenty-four hours. In a Halloween touch, they wore masks bearing the image of Dean Clark to disguise themselves, although that made it difficult to read the textbooks they'd brought along, since exams were coming up. At one point, Clark himself came in and tried to sit down on the floor with them, but, as one student later said, it wouldn't be right that he should sit in at his own sit-in, and the dean departed.

Despite the disguises, the Griswold Nine, as they were called, were all identified and put before a law school tribunal called the Administrative Board. Since this was the law school, the students insisted that correct legal procedures be followed, with witnesses, rules of evidence, cross-examina-

tion and all the rest. The resulting hearing lasted two days, and for drama and intensity, it seemed like an episode of *L. A. Law*, which is heavily watched on campus. At one point, Professor Detlev Vagts, the administration's prosecutor, objected to the fact that one witness, Professor David Charny, was using notes to recall counsel he'd given the nine during the takeover. Outraged by the objection, Charny threw his notes in Vagts's face and then dug into his pocket for his paperback copy of *The Brothers Karamazov* and pitched that



at Vagts too. "You could have heard a pin drop," said one student. "Everyone was so shocked to see a professor throwing things at another professor." When it was all over, the Ad Board let the students off with a warning.

The current troubles may have drifted down to the students, but they started with the faculty, back in the Seventies, with the battles over the Crits, or Critical Legal Studies movement, led by lanky, boot-wearing Professor Duncan "Funky Dunc" Kennedy. The Crits made the fairly strict Marxist argument that, for all its attempts at justice, the law merely perpetuated the interests of the ruling class. Kennedy laid out the philosophy in a small, privately printed volume called *Legal Education and the Reproduction of Hierarchy*, which was quickly nicknamed "Duncan's Little Red Book." He also made some mischievous proposals: that students be chosen by lottery, and that law school professors trade jobs with janitors—a notion that, according to a quick survey by one student, did not go down well with the janitors in question.

All of this might have been merely amusing if the Crits hadn't tried to push their agenda by adding political activists to the student body and intellectual adherents to the faculty. One of the latter was Clare Dalton, wife of Clinton Labor Secretary-designate Robert Reich; her candidacy was actively promoted by Mary Joe Frug, who cofounded a kind of female annex to CLS that was dubbed "the FemCrits." The faculty traditionalists counterattacked, charging that, as Dean Clark put it, the Crits were bent on a "ritual slaying of

At Harvard, everyone is typecast by his or her race, gender, sexual orientation and political perspective. Such details are like being a Virgo or a Gemini to an astrologer.

the elders." They proposed faculty members of their own who were equally unacceptable to the Crits. For nearly a decade, few new faculty members could be agreed upon for tenure. The two groups held the law school in a death grip.

But by 1991, the CLS movement had gradually become so moot that Dean Clark could name Kennedy to the appointments committee of his own volition. By then, CLS had become a relic to students as well, and Kennedy a fossil. "People take Duncan Kennedy's course on jurisprudence as a sociology project," said Gregory Taxin, a cofounder of the newly formed Non-Left Coalition. "They just want to see what makes this lunatic tick. The whole thing is passé. It's like watching a bad movie twice."

But even bad movies occasionally get remade, and, to many observers, those issues of the current PC era that are uppermost in the minds of the students are simply restylings of CLS's neo-Marxism. Now, instead of directly decrying the ruling class, the students pick at its racism, sexism and homophobia. In fact, they invoke those terms so often and so loudly that that troika might stand as Harvard Law's holy trinity.

It was Professor Derrick Bell who first raised the issue of

diversity among faculty members. He took it as an insult to his race that not a single black female law professor had been found worthy of tenure at the school. Practically single-handedly he made the issue a national concern. When he left Harvard in protest, exiling himself to New York University, his move made the national news. His withdrawal also reduced the Harvard faculty's minority representation he was supposedly fighting to increase, but the students carried on his cause, thereby shifting the battleground from the teachers to the taught. "The most important change in the last twelve years," said Dean Clark, "has been from conflict among the faculty to conflicts that involve the students." Through an organization called the Coalition for Civil Rights, the students went so far as to sue the university for discrimination in faculty hiring, claiming that their education has suffered due to the lack of minority and women professors. The suit got as far as the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, perhaps the first student suit ever to reach a state supreme court, but the court finally rejected it last summer on the grounds that the students lacked legal standing in the matter.

The insistence on politically correct thought and speech might be regarded elsewhere as the ultimate rejection of freethinking liberalism, but at Harvard Law it is, among the vast majority of the student body, held as the only appropriate standard of behavior. Buttons bearing the black triangle of lesbianism are widely sported by women and men alike. Whites tactfully call blacks "African-Americans," even outside their hearing. And everyone is ready to go to war over a stray pronoun, such as the accidental reference to a hypothetical judge as "he." One criminal-law professor tried to flout gender stereotypes for humorous effect by calling a rapist "she" and her victim "he"; he got no laughs, "just a couple of snickers and a groan or two," said one student. During last fall's presidential campaign, a common estimate held that President Bush would pull 15 percent of the vote among the students and considerably less from the faculty. Neither group would vote for Perot. "Perot is basically an IQ test for the American people," one student explained. He did not need to add that all Harvardians have very high IQs.

I got my first glimpse of what rampant PC-ness meant when I dropped by last October to see the Black Law Students' Association put Christopher Columbus on trial. It was one of my first forays onto the campus, and I had half-expected this to be done in the lighthearted manner of a *Saturday Night Live* skit with Dana Carvey in the title role. Actually, the event had all the levity of the Nuremberg trials. It was put on in the courtroom used for the first-year students' moot-court competition, and the atmosphere was nearly as tense. A student judge sat behind an imposing desk on a podium, student prosecutors and defense attorneys sat behind tables facing him, and student witnesses for each side mounted the stand to testify about the alleged crimes of the man they called "Mr. Columbus."

Both the prosecution and the defense seemed to have learned most of their courtroom manners from Perry Mason, as they strolled thoughtfully about the room with their finger to their lips. But the charges were the sort that Hamilton

Burger would never have brought—"racism, genocide, greed and peer exploitation," in the words of the prosecutor's opening summary. Two witnesses then spoke for the black and Native American peoples and gave stone-faced accounts of their many sufferings. The defense countered by calling to the stand a black woman playing the person she actually was: a Harvard student who did not feel exploited in the least. "I love it here," she announced with a big smile as the audience stirred uneasily. Finally, the blustery Admiral Don Christopher Columbus himself testified he had come to America only for "God, gold and glory" and that any transgressions attributed to him were the result of pernicious historical revisionism. The audience was the jury. It wasn't polled, but from the general discussion afterward, I sensed strong sentiment in favor of conviction.

Even if they are in basic political agreement, that hasn't stopped the students from waging holy war on one another. Freud once explained nationalism as the "narcissism of small differences," and a similar force seems to be operating at Harvard Law. It distinguishes and magnifies the various subtle variations of political opinion, much as a prism can turn white light into a rainbow. Raul Perez, the vice-president of the Law School Council, whose fiery radicalism has made him a controversial figure on campus, defined himself as a Clinton Democrat for purposes of national politics, but at Harvard he is a far-leftist. "Harvard pushes you to extremes," he said. "If you stay a moderate, you're just a blob."

There aren't many blobs left. Objectively speaking, Marie-Louise Ramsdale and Michael Twomey should be two of them, but they are way past that now. The Law School Council's Ramsdale is fast-talking and athletic. She is a former University of South Carolina sorority sister who claims she was radicalized when her sorority rejected two Asian-American women solely, she says, because of their race. The slim, mustachioed Twomey served on an admissions committee at Stanford (where he earned a Ph.D. in biology) that was determined to increase the number of black candidates in the sciences, and he has petitioned the American Bar Association to extend marital rights to gays for health-insurance purposes. Yet at Harvard, Ramsdale is Che Guevara and Twomey is Benito Mussolini.

Twomey served a year as president of the Law School Council, then tired of the job and, knowing that Ramsdale was politically active, recruited her to campaign for the post. That's when the two started to migrate to opposite political poles. For complicated reasons, Twomey stayed on the ballot too. He says he needed to finish second to Ramsdale so that if she was thrown out for her part in the dean's office sit-in, he could take over the job. "Otherwise, the students would have

no president," he explained to me. Ramsdale claimed he simply suffered a change of heart after inviting her in. Either way, the campaign was hard-fought. Ramsdale won, Twomey finished second, and the two became enemies.

Last fall, when some position statements for candidates running for other Law School Council seats ended up in the wrong mailbox, Ramsdale decided to postpone the cutoff date by a week, with the result that more leftists ended up running. Twomey wrote a nineteen-point article for the *Record* detailing Ramsdale's errors. Vice-president Raul Perez, who acted as Ramsdale's campaign manager, meanwhile attacked Twomey in a letter to the *Record*, conjuring the familiar specters of racism, sexism and homophobia. "Mike Twomey has a hard time with being beaten by a woman," Ramsdale said later. Twomey called that "absolute nonsense. I don't know where Marie-Louise is coming from these days. I felt relieved when I lost. Being president is basically a big pain in the ass." All this over an organization whose major goal is to put an ATM in the student center.

And so it went. Time and time again at Harvard Law School, all hell has broken loose over actions that partisans found absolutely outrageous but left outsiders scratching their head trying to understand what the fuss was all about.

Take the alleged malfeasance of Emily Schulman, who as the president of the *Harvard Law Review* holds the most prestigious student position on campus. In October, she was accused by a number of *Review* associates of being, as one put it, a "power-wielding maniac" who had committed a number



Enjoying some female bonding at the Bow and Arrow, a local tavern, are, from left, Marie-Louise Ramsdale, Elizabeth Moreno and Rebecca Eisenberg.

of overt racist and sexist acts. The most detailed one involved a *Law Review* article written by Charles Ogletree, the popular black professor who is known to the outside world as the adviser to Anita Hill during her Judiciary Committee testimony. Allegedly, Schulman refused to allow a black editor to work on the piece, saying that it would be too politically complicated for a black woman to edit a black author. (Schulman declined to talk about the charge.) The resulting

ill feelings boiled over in one editorial meeting that ended with a call for a vote of no-confidence in Schulman. The vote resulted in a tie, which permitted Schulman's survival in the office, but the distress ran so high that, in a historic move, the trustees of the *Law Review* decided to hire private investigators to look into the accusations. Although no legal charges have been filed, Schulman has hired the prominent criminal attorney Nancy Gertner to defend her, while other *Review* editors have hired attorneys of their own.

One probably shouldn't be too shocked. For the most part, these law students are simply acting like lawyers, with all the aggressiveness and incivility that characterize that little-loved profession. "We're like the French," one student explained with a shrug. "We're rude, but you can't take it personally. It's just our culture." Indeed, one of Roger Fisher's objectives for his Project on Community is to change that culture at its source, by revamping the law school curriculum. "It ingrains in students," he said, "the idea that this is all lawyers do: They argue, they quarrel, they sue each other, they make statements, and they fight."

Even one rather tame class on bankruptcy law taught by a visiting professor named Elizabeth Warren proved to be a lesson in contentiousness. Warren patrolled the floor of the lecture hall like Phil Donahue, frequently reaching out as if to physically pull the ideas out of her students' heads. "C'mon," she'd shout impatiently. "C'mon, now." At one point, when students were slow to recognize an obvious legal

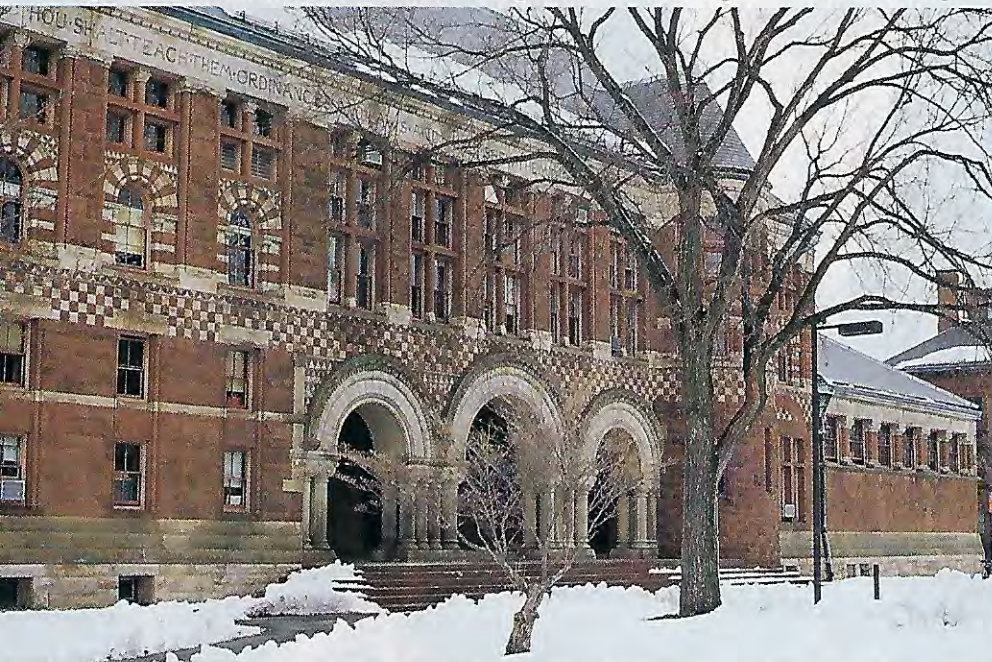
letters. To my surprise, my own appearance on campus for this article was reported in the *Record*. The story sparked one phone call from an angry black woman who suspected that I hadn't spoken to enough minorities in my sampling of student opinion, and another from the female president of the Republican club, who thought I'd be impressed to know that she was actually engaged to a Democrat.

"I try to get as many different perspectives as possible," said the *Record's* editor-in-chief, Robert Arnold, to explain his editorial philosophy. "I just put everything out there." Arnold is 27, soft-spoken, handsome and black. He was sitting in the *Record's* drab basement office, lined with Macintosh computers, that he cheerfully calls his "home away from home." The son of a career army officer, he grew up in Germany and various southern states, then went to the University of Missouri, where he majored in communications. Like all Harvardians, Arnold did extremely well in college, collecting all A's except for two B's in his four years. He originally planned to be a marine fighter pilot, but his eyesight didn't measure up, and he eventually settled on the law. When his LSATs dipped into the 93rd percentile, he feared he would have to resign himself to what he calls a "second-tier" law school. He was genuinely surprised when, despite his score, the first-tier schools started wining and dining him as if he was a legal Michael Jordan. "At first, I figured it was the black thing," he said, "but then I thought that maybe I was better than I thought."

One extra qualification was the time that he had spent with the army's elite unit of airborne infantry, the Rangers. "I was taught to jump out of airplanes," Arnold told me, "to kill people better and faster, that sort of thing." In 1986, he said, he trained for a possible sneak attack on the Palestinian terrorist Abu Nidal that never materialized and has still not been publicly divulged. Arnold was nearly killed when his Chinook helicopter collided with another chopper as it swooped up over a low mountain in the Nevada desert during training. The pilot was killed, but Arnold stepped out unscathed. "I was never scared," he said coolly.

With that behind him, he can take a rather distanced view of all the political skirmishing at Harvard. He figures that the factionalism is nothing more than high-school cliquishness on a larger scale. "The most important thing here is just fitting in," he said. "You find your group so it's 'You and me against the

world.' " At the *Record*, he has found himself on the defensive at least once for his political views. In one of his first editorials, he confessed to being part of a group of men in a coed dorm who put up a poster of a scantily clad Cindy Crawford on a men's-room door, and then, every time the women ripped it down, tacked it back up elsewhere in triumph. "I regret that I was so narrow-minded and insensitive as to think that we were engaging in (continued on page 200)



Despite the relentless infighting at Harvard Law, the school remains one of the preeminent portals into America's legal and political Establishment.

move to obtain redress, she made all of them chant in a loud chorus "Sue 'em! Sue 'em! Sue 'em!"

The problems come when these proto-lawyers stop going after one another and turn to the media, whose agents—since this is Harvard—are never far away. On those rare occasions when there are no reporters around, there is always the *Record* to fan the flames, first in its news columns, then in its editorials, op-ed columns, guest commentaries and reader

American city in which all the riches and varieties of our crazy-quilt national character run wild.

But enough writing. It's midafternoon; the neighbors are out by the pool. I'm going to fix myself a drink and go lie under a banana tree and nap until it's time for the

party. As Blanche said, in New Orleans "an hour isn't just an hour—but a little piece of eternity dropped into your hands," and I aim to make the most of all the hours I can get here. One of these days, I'll get around to answering those letters from New York; in the meantime, I'll just do my best to pass a

good time—dancing the bamboula, cheating on my diet and swarming under the streetlights with the rest of the Quarter.

Walter Russell Mead is a senior fellow in international economics at the World Policy Institute. He is a contributing editor at Harper's.

HARVARD LAW

(continued from page 159) harmless fun," he wrote abjectly.

Despite that setback, Arnold is hooked on his role as the maestro of campus opinion. "The Record shapes the debate here," he said proudly. Rather than pursue a legal career after graduation, he was planning to go into television as an executive producer, "to put out a product every week, like I do here at the Record." Still, he was nervous about being on the receiving end of media scrutiny. When we finally closed our conversation, he asked for one favor: "Would it be possible to request that you please not make me look like an idiot?"

Of all the writers Robert Arnold publishes in the Record, the pseudonymous Alysse MacIntyre gets more letters than anyone,

he said, "including myself." Alysse MacIntyre is a little different. In contrast to the overeager political sermonizing of most of the other columnists, Alysse writes about the campus race-and-gender wars in a humorous, personal vein that ends up getting a lot closer to the truth. In her candor, she provides a glimpse of the students' inner lives. Her second column made her reputation. Why, she wanted to know, wouldn't her Jewish date sleep with her? "I tried everything," she complained. "I suggested that we play 'Ten Commandments.' He could be Moses, I could be the burning bush. . . . He didn't go for it. What do you have to do to get a guy to slip you the Hebrew National?"

Alysse went on from there to confess to forays into the personal ads, to compare Harvard Law men unfavorably to vibrators ("... vibrators never blow off class and then complain that they can't read your notes"); to coin the term "wide-on" as the female equivalent of "hard-on"; and to speculate about a world in which men menstruated: "... they would worry that their flow wasn't as heavy as the other guys'. Their girlfriends would reassure them to their faces that it didn't make a difference. But between ourselves we'd whisper, 'Oh my God, he's so cute. And his flow is so intense! He has to get up twice in the middle of the night to change his maxi.' "

Despite her anonymity, I managed to secure Alysse's phone number, and she agreed to meet for lunch in Harvard Square. She is a pretty, slightly coquettish 28-year-old who smiles quickly, sometimes at jokes that cruise through her mind at warp speed and depart unvoiced. The day we met, she wore a tight black dress, dangly earrings and, around her neck, a crystal purchased, she said, from one of the three local head shops still in existence. Later, we strolled over to her studio apartment, where she lives alone with her rabbit, Lucy, named for Lucille Ball. "I like to come home to her at night and say 'Looooocy, I'm hooooome,'" she said. "And if she's gotten into trouble, I say 'Looocy, you've got some 'splainin' to do.' "

Why the pseudonym? "Harvard Law School is so harsh and judgmental," she replied in a gentle singsong voice. "I had to protect myself." It says something about

the pressures on campus that Alysse could afford to be so personal only by being impersonal. But she'd started to question her dual life, and, after we talked for a while, she decided to come out, as it were.

Alysse is really Elizabeth Moreno, a third-year student who was born and raised in Los Angeles and, despite a good quantity of Irish blood, thinks of herself ethnically as a Californian. Two grandparents were migrant farmworkers, but more-distant ancestors once owned slaves in Kentucky, a fact that causes her a few prickles of shame. She was the first member of her family to go to college; she went to Berkeley, majored in psychology. She once dyed her hair purple, and she dated the actor to whom Clint Eastwood said "Go ahead, make my day," in the Dirty Harry movie *Sudden Impact*.

Although her column might suggest she is merely a boy-crazy Valley Girl, Moreno is a regular at all campus political events. She held a poster at the vigil for diversity, and was only a little put off when an ex-boyfriend also showed up and asked her if she was conducting a "silent vigil" for him too. She just glowered back. Around campus, Moreno herself is probably best known as a member of the Griswold Nine. Unlike the others, she decided to settle her case early. "I couldn't go on with it," she said. "The stress was horrible. The L.A. riots happened at about the same time, and my mother's firm [where she works as a secretary] got hit by a Molotov cocktail. . . . That made me realize there are other issues, and I could do more good getting a Harvard law degree than by getting thrown out."

Unlike most activists, Moreno seemed genuinely open to different points of view, although that didn't stop her from registering what she called her "knee-jerk liberalism" by sending a swift kick under the table when I ventured an occasional un-PC remark (as when, to my endless shame, I used the term "pussy-whipped" to describe some of the more compliant men on campus). She was pleased to find that Harvard has some intelligent conservatives; she hadn't known such creatures existed. But she has her limits. She said that the difference between her and a feminist friend was that her friend will sleep with Republicans and she won't. Still, she does go "Texas two-stepping" with a conservative buddy of

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hers, a pseudo-Texan who claims to have worked on a ranch but in fact served only as the accountant for it. And she organized a Thursday-night club to have a few beers once a week in a Harvard Square bar called the Bow and Arrow.

One Thursday, she invited me along. The Bow, as its intimates call it, is a serious bar, by Harvard Square standards. Years back, it was known as a bikers' bar, and the bikers started just enough fights to keep the number of Harvard kids down. It still has a boisterous, working-class quality. When I arrived, Moreno stood by the bar in a denim jacket; she was knocking back Sam Adamses. She pointed out fellow Harvardians—"There they are," she said with a wave of the hand, "the cultural elite." From their attire, I never would have guessed. It was only when I heard them argue that I knew they were Harvardians.

Even though all political persuasions are invited, all aren't equally welcome. When Mike Twomey stood next to Moreno, I could sense a force field pushing their bodies apart. And when I chatted with Marie-Louise Ramsdale and two of her female friends, I felt that same force field repelling me. The conversation started with dumb-men jokes. "Why do men have no depth perception?" Ramsdale asked. "Because they're always thinking that this"—she held her hands one inch apart—"is six inches." Her *Law Review* friend Rebecca Eisenberg, in a red lumber jacket, proceeded to rattle off six more, like machine-gun fire. Then she went on about her delight in discovering something called "egg-fusion," which allows procreation without any contribution from men. That led to a harangue about how marriage is outmoded and all the best societies are matriarchies. I felt my irritation building. When she announced her enthusiasm for the feminist writer Naomi Wolf, I curtly replied that I preferred Camille Paglia. That stopped Eisenberg, and she gave me a frozen look. "I can't talk to anyone who likes her," she snapped. "She said that if women were in charge, we'd still be living in grass huts." Then she turned her back on me and strode off into the crowd.

Many things are distorted at Harvard Law, not the least of them gender relations. As I looked around the Bow, it seemed to me that the women, for all their talk of victimization, were the sexual predators in this ecosystem, and the men the prey. While the women talked openly among themselves about which men they'd go for, the men meekly sipped their drinks, half-hopping, half-fearing that a woman might notice them. Little wonder that the law school is known as a sex-free zone. As Moreno advised incoming students in one Alysse column: "Cherish sex as a fond

memory." She herself has pretty much given up trying to find a man at Harvard Law. "That's what California is for," she told me.

It is hard to believe that anyone at Harvard Law School is really oppressed by much more than the sexlessness, the heavy work load and the rhetorical overkill. That fact is tacitly acknowledged by the conspicuous absence of oneism on the list of hanging offenses according to the PC police. That is classism, and it is not an issue for the simple reason that all Harvard law students have it made simply by virtue of their presence on campus. While a number of students have certainly risen from poverty to get to the school, now that they are there they are indistinguishable from the rest. Marie-Louise Ramsdale, herself the child of a British steelworker who rose to become a steel-company executive, confided that she was astonished to learn that a law school friend of hers had been born poor. "To look at him, you'd never know," she said. "We're talking Ivy undergrad, crew, the kinds of things you wouldn't associate with poverty." Her eyes grew wide. "He acts like a total prep!" And regardless of their political style, nearly all the Harvard law students were planning to cash in on their diplomas after graduation. In recent years, only 2 percent of the graduates have gone on to public-service law, despite a number of loan-forgiveness programs to compensate for the much lower rates of pay. And the ones who do go that route are instinctively scorned as trust-fund babies who don't know what it's like to have to work.

Politics may be fun for a while, but most students know that it won't last forever. For all the intensity of the political views expressed on campus, everyone eases up during interview season, when their future career is on the line. Ramsdale, for instance, cautiously toned down her strident feminist message on her answering machine, in case the much-desired Cravath, Swaine & Moore called. And one has to marvel at the way even the most revolutionary students are able to look Republican when necessary. Gregory Taxin, of the Non-Left Coalition, had never met Raul Perez, the radical leftist on the LSC, until they showed up simultaneously at a hotel to await their interviews for a corporate-law job. It turned out they were dressed identically, Taxin said: "Nice dark suit, white shirt, red tie." Not knowing each other by anything other than reputation, they didn't speak, but simply sat together in yet another kind of silent vigil. •

John Sedgwick contributes frequently to GQ. In the October 1992 issue, he wrote "Is George Bush a Traitor to His Class?"

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