New dean stresses community and service

By David Feldman

To new BCLS dean Aviam Soifer, whose background and personal beliefs are firmly grounded in public service, Boston College Law School seems like a perfect fit. "I was not anxious to be a dean," Soifer said in an Allledger interview, "but to be dean of this law school had great appeal." Soifer (pronounced SOY-fur) comes to BCLS after 14 years as a professor at Boston University Law School. Dedicated to teaching, Soifer accepted the BCLS deanship in part because of the "unusual if not unique" nature of the BC community. "A lot of law students around the country are concerned about being good people as well as good lawyers, but the culture at most law schools doesn't allow it to be said. Here, people not only say it, they live it. You're not just here to compete like hell and get the highest salary." Soifer's objectives as dean include establishing public interest programs which appeal to 3Ls ("it's important to maintain or restore fact-sensitivity in the third year of law school") and setting up fellowships and an L.L.M. program. These goals are part of Dean Soifer's desire for "more intellectual ferment" at the law school. Soifer foresees an increase in symposia and outside speakers at BCLS—and in different areas; I don't think we are shy about letting their views be heard and are very committed to seeing their views through."

One of Soifer's biggest challenges as dean will be dealing effectively with the main campus of Boston College. Soifer readily concedes that his views allow it to be said about criticism that BCLS is a "second-tier" law school. "I don't think this place works by command and control and I don't think it ought to," Soifer said. "It's a question of convincing people. Students are not shy about letting their views be heard and are very committed to seeing their views through." Soifer's second tier of goals involves giving students a greater voice in the administration of the school. Past student participation has resulted in changes such as the different II, exam policy and the use of more teaching assistants. His plans for new ways to help everyone get more involved in actually running BCLS include monthly "Town Meetings" involving students, faculty and administration, which will often be with Dean Soifer, Dean DiLuna, or Dean Luchi. The idea is that these Town Meetings will provide a forum for all students to voice their ideas and opinions to the rest of the school, particularly the administration and the board of trustees. One of the larger issues Cantwell hopes that these Town Meetings will address is the popular perception of the Law School as a "cash cow." The Law School's physical image does not reflect its Top 20 ranking, Cantwell says, and seriously needs a boost, which he believes will be accomplished by a $35 million expansion project. The expansion, which Cantwell hopes will become the "thumprint" of "The Cantwell Year," will break ground in June.

By Kristen Corbellini

LSA President Jim Cantwell is a busy man. He's been a busy man all summer, actually. He's got to be. As the new leader of our student government, he's got a headful of plans for the upcoming year that he and the 11 other board members of the LSA have been working hard since the summer to make happen.

Cantwell describes his goals for the year as being on two levels. The first level involves an effort "to build on the strong sense of community we have here at Boston College by maintaining some of the great programs we already have." Among the social programs to be continued by the LSA are Bar Review, softball, and the annual Halloween party. Cantwell is particularly excited about the new Bar Review format and hopes that maintaining the tradition—with some improvements—of our beloved Friday afternoon keg parties will help bring the community closer together.

The basic idea is that these sort of activities, involving students, faculty, and administration, will engender a stronger sense of community for the L.S.A. which they could continue to pass on to future classes. So far, Cantwell considers the new Bar Review format a success, judging from the turnout at the first one of the year, which included an appearance by our new dean.

Cantwell is also trying to coordinate student social activities outside the school by buying blocks of tickets to cultural and sports events, such as the Sept. 3 Red Sox game. He is also looking into the possibility of arranging access to the JFK Library for BCLS. Although few students are aware of it, we already have free access to the Museum of Fine Arts with our BCLS IDs. Cantwell intends to encourage more students to take advantage of this and will post the museum's hours.

Cantwell's second tier of goals involves giving students a greater voice in the administration of the school. Past student participation has resulted in changes such as the different II, exam policy and the use of more teaching assistants. His plans for new ways to help everyone get more involved in actually running BCLS include monthly "Town Meetings" in traditional Massachusetts style. All students are encouraged to attend these meetings, which will often be with Dean Soifer, Dean DiLuna, or Dean Luchi. The idea is that these Town Meetings will provide a forum for all students to voice their ideas and opinions to the rest of the school, particularly the administration and the board of trustees. One of the larger issues Cantwell hopes that these Town Meetings will address is the popular perception of the Law School as a "cash cow." The Law School's physical image does not reflect its Top 20 ranking, Cantwell says, and seriously needs a boost, which he believes will be accomplished by a $35 million expansion project. The expansion, which Cantwell hopes will become the "thumprint" of "The Cantwell Year," will break ground in June.
A summer in traffic beats one on LEXIS (But watch out for mirrors)

By Shawna Smith

Well, I can't really say that I mean to drive trolleys this summer, it just kind of happened. During the close of my des- peration-filled first year, when frantically awaiting summer vacation and the chancing after summer employment of the legal breed, I started a decidedly unpaid, albeit very interesting, internship at the State House. Well, I don't especially like unpaid internships any more than my dog, my car insurance company or AT&T does. After much deliberation, I decided that I simply had too many bills to pay and that I would have to find myself a second paying job.

The idea of driving trolleys came to me through a friend from undergrad who had worked her way through college by keeping the joy sporadically for four years. She explained to me how "fun" and, more importantly, lucrative, the job could be. So I decided to give it a shot. The idea of being outdoors (kind of) all summer as well as the $400+ a week in pay really appealed to me. Well, as they say, the rest is history. I got the job and somewhat apprehensively accepted.

As I've learned in the twenty-two years of living, seldom is anything as promising or as exciting as it looks on paper or sounds over the phone. I had to attend a month-long training course which, of course, conflicted a bit with my internship. I also had to pay $300 to obtain the four (corum 1-2-3-4) licenses I needed to transport tourists around this beautiful city of beans and bad drivers. The first time I got behind the wheel of a trolley, I froze. I just knew that if I touched anything the trolley would explode or roll over or some such nonsense. I was also quite overwhelmed by the hasty page copy of Boston's history that I had to memorize. I have never been a great fan of History (bunch of dead people... get on with it) and knew relatively little about the illustrious past of this city I have lived in for five years. And it wasn't just that I had to have a general knowledge of the city, but I desperately never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never drive a trolley again and I probably never 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First Year Students

Are You Finding Law School Overwhelming?

HELP!

We have easy-to-understand Study Books to help you survive your first year

contact a campus rep or call us at 742-3900
The legal job hunt, now with guacamole

By Anthony DePaolo

"The horror...the horror!"
—Marlon Brando as Colonel Kurtz in "Apocalypse Now"

I f you've never been to a Who concert, you may or may not be feeling right right now, you're probably a bit overwhelmed by the fall recruiting program put on by the BCLS Career Services Office. There's nothing like a $60,000 debt over your head to get you up at 4:00 A.M. on a Friday to go to Kinko's to print up a tree's (or two) worth of resumes. It's beside the point that we have classes and some have already been given their law review note assignments (oh to be so lucky). Yeah, I've only written three sentences and I'm already complaining, but isn't that what The Alledger is for? Hey, there was no admissions test, and it's cheaper than therapy. Besides, that Dobrow guy isn't the only one on campus with a lottery-offer intangible benefits that far outweigh any suffering and depression from doing all this work and not getting a single interview. So, in the spirit of the late night talk show wars, I've created this:

The Top Ten Reasons to Participate in the Fall Job Search Program at BCLS

10. Employers choose interview winners based on same format as Ed McMahon's "Star Search."

9. Improve self worth by receiving rejection letters from all over the country.

8. Joey Buttafuoco isn't hiring at the auto repair shop.

7. Most of the students at other Boston area law schools are running for mayor rather than seeking employment at the big firms (By the way, I made these figures up. I don't know the real percentages of success, but that's not my responsibility. I'm here to entertain; it's Career Services' job to depress). However, the job search program—from the resume workshops and mock interviews to the resume submission deadlines and the lottery—offer intangible benefits that far outweigh any suffering and depression from doing all this work and not getting a single interview.

6. M301 has replaced the laundromat as "the singles bar of the 1990s".

5. Career Services Office lifts spirits by using pretty colors in the paper boxes full of resumes.

4. If you've never been to a Who concert, you can just stop by M301 on any Friday morning during the month of September and get the same experience without having your ears ring.

3. Career Services Office lifts spirits by using pretty colors in the paper it uses for announcements and bulletins.

2. Make bets with friends on who can put the word "guacamole" in their resume and still get an interview.

1. You can't win if you don't play.

Happy job hunting everybody, and remember: The insurance companies have big boxes full of resumes.

First year: It's not easy

By Larry Dobrow

Law school sucks. This is not a personal opinion. It is a universally accepted, fundamental truth of nature, along the lines of "grass is green" or "the Boston Red have as much chance of winning the World Series as I do of conceiving a frog." Law school is like banging your head against a cement wall, only more frustrating. Law school is like falling into a sewer, except that you encounter substantially more vermin-like creatures up here.

That said, I heartily welcome this year's fresh crop of One-Ls. Nice to have you aboard.

Most everything you have heard about the first year of law school is true. Over the course of this year, you will spend endless hours toiling in B.C. Law's climate-controlled library. You will resort to as many over-the-counter pharmaceuticals as the CVS pharmacy guy will allow. You will lose friends, gain weight, and experience your first decline in sex drive since dad gave you the birds-and-the-bees primer. However, take one small measure of consolation: In B.C. Law, you've stumbled onto the most humane lawyer factory in the tortfeasance universe. We are the 1 Can't Believe It's A Law School! of law schools, with B-pluses, beer, and tasty pastries for the taking. Them fine folks at U.S. News and World Report aren't onto the scam yet, so they keep nudging us up in their unimportant (yeah, okay) rankings. In the end, everybody gets a job and lives happily ever after.

1. Never, ever listen to your classmates. When some dork from Tufts starts opining about whatever you happen to be learning that particular day, tune him or her out. People who yap a lot aren't necessary smart; however, they do seem to have some kind of mouth-to-brain dysfunction that results in steam-of-consciousness babble a la Larry King. Hey—if they weren't just as clueless as you are, they'd be doing the crossword puzzle as well.

2. Don't join a study group. After reading Scott Turow's definitive (and unbelievably outdated) treatise "One-L," most first-years consider joining a study group a necessary step. Not so, says me. You spend roughly 15 hours a week in class—why...
**A plea for decency: Stop the machine**

By Jason Talerman

"Who wants honey..."

— Smashing Pumpkins

"The human code, stupid. It's gonna take a helluva lot more than a half dozen glazed donuts and a double dose of Theraflu (Warning: May cause drowsiness.) to justify getting swatted by a rolled up copy of the U.C.C. at the crack of dawn. Not that I don't appreciate a fine education, but there's a larger entity out there, and I sure ain't talking about god.

But, getting back to the Thera-flu, it's all about the operation of heavy machinery. No one reads the warning label. Hell the first thing I did before I turned over the big V-8 this morning, was work some phlegm reducer into my breakfast... rolled it up into a greasy slab of Canadian Bacon, just to ease the malaise. And then, I went to "follow the money." The machine doesn't stop at the parking meter though. All the codeine in the world isn't gonna keep any of us from turning the key to the conference room. Best to get an early start, 1800 hours doesn't leave a lot of time for afternoon jaunts to the driving range.

You can't argue against the compensation. If somebody's gonna line your pockets with 60k for using the Mass. Digest and pinch running at the softball game, it be about time to put prep school behind you and start pumping for the machine. But for us jurisprudentialists, the questions transcend hourly rate and eventually fall on complex subjects like decency. It doesn't surprise me that a profession with such cowardly to find the trust to enact it. The law in this country is only beginning to realize that billing policy has gone out in East Grib know about it. Not only might she have some rare encouraging words, but it's probably worth an extra twenty bucks on your holiday check.

Actually, the best advice I could give to any first-year law student is simple: be human. Look people in the eye when you talk to them. Say "please," and "thank you," and compliments graciously. It's easy to come up with some all-encompassing strategy to get good grades. What's difficult is remaining a decent human being in the process. Never lose sight of the obvious. And if all else fails, learn how to maintain a straight face when saying, "I couldn't be in class/didn't do the assignment/was speeding/etc. because I had a problem diarrhea." If you can pull this off (and it will be a challenge, because several Section Two professors and one Massachusetts State Trooper bought the excuse last year), the Socratic Method will be a piece of cake. Trust me.

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**Rugbyball**

**Ouija Board**

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**To determine Original Intent - Tools.**

**Rugbyball**

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**easy, but at least it's unpleasant**

Your professors will try to convince you to slog through the law at a snail's pace, the way they had to during their Mesozoic Era law school careers. No matter how ardently these relics try to convince you to do your own work, let Mr. Emmanuel and Mr. Gilbert speed up the whole process. Study aids are your friends; do not hesitate to give them the love and respect they deserve.

4. Watch "Seinfeld" and "Beverly Hills 90210". Let's face it: your classmates are not an inherently interesting bunch of people. Assuming that you will want to go through the motions and be polite, these two shows are about the most accessible conversational common ground you're likely to find.

5. Whenever somebody asks you how you did on a particular exam or paper, always say that you got an A. Just because you happen to be well-mannered enough not to ask such intrusive questions, it doesn't mean that your classmates will be equally tactful. Thus, if somebody tries to size you up gradewise with a simple fib you can ensure that they'll be logging extra literary time. Cut-throats are particularly susceptible to this one.

6. Never call me. Really. I'm much too busy. I've got a whole summer's worth of "Larry Sanders's Show" reruns on video, and am the chief statistician for two Rotisserie leagues. You have a problem, let Aunt Sirolta know about it. Not only might she have some rare encouraging words, but it's probably worth an extra twenty bucks on your holiday check.

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BCLS SPORTS

Law student-athletes rev up for 1993-94

By Stephanie Munro

It's not a pretty story. A desperately IL is glued to her Macintosh. Above the computer, a golden maple leaf is thumbtacked to the wall—this is her only indication of the gorgeous New England autumn day outside.

Don't let it happen to you. Get out! Grab some people and make yourselves a team. No experience necessary. LSA Wants You for BCLS intramural sports. Currently there is a softball league. To join: form a team (co-ed), submit your roster to the LSA office, and elect a captain to attend the organizational meeting (see The Counselor for time and place). Also drop a note to Eddie Carbone (3L), who is the LSA's Commissioner of Intramural Sports.

Last year, a BCLS softball team won the National Law School Softball Championship, which is held at the University of Virginia in the spring (LSA pays the entry fee). Unfortunately, the team members were all 3Ls, and are now out trying to pay off their law school loans. So we need new members to pick up the challenge and defend the title.

Carbone hopes to re-start the basketball intrastural program during the spring semester. He is also open to suggestions for more intramuralsports; right now there are tentative plans for a street hockey league. Interested parties should drop a note in his mailbox; also sign up with the LSA's Social and Sports Committee.

Apparently, there is also a phantom soccer league; watch for random notices posted in the hallways. Likewise, there is a squash ladder that is posted on the fourth-floor outside the Board of Student Affairs offices. The Shakokan Karate Club on the main campus welcomes graduate students; no experience is necessary. The club was founded by Sensei Kazunori Tabata, a 6th degree black belt. It is taught and run by BC undergraduates who have studied under Tabata. For practice times, try BC's undergraduate newspaper, The Heights.

In addition to intramurals, BCLS has two club teams—ice hockey and rugby—which play against other graduate schools. Rugby is beginning as we speak; for random notices posted in the hallways. Likewise, there is a squash ladder that is posted on the fourth-floor outside the Board of Student Affairs offices. The Shakokan Karate Club on the main campus welcomes graduate students; no experience is necessary. The club was founded by Sensei Kazunori Tabata, a 6th degree black belt. It is taught and run by BC undergraduates who have studied under Tabata. For practice times, try BC's undergraduate newspaper, The Heights.

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That about wraps it up. ILs: don't be afraid to insert the books for a while! Extended casebook reading may lead to severe brain cramps or worse yet, the dreaded 1-am-inecapable-of-discussing-anything-except-law-school-speech implosion! (In laypeople terms, that means that none of your non-law school friends will want to talk to you anymore). BCLS alumni: that's what we'd get from Career Services; they're blunt, frank, and without sugar coating.

As for Jim Cantwell's thoughts on our new dean, simply put, he loves the guy. Cantwell said he really "enjoys" Dean Soifer. He lauded Dean Soifer's credentials and "seriousness of purpose" in that he is committed to the use of law for the public good. Aside from all the plans for student services to expand their hours and plans to co-sponsor events and programs with BC lawyers, law clerks, etc., that can give current job-seeking students their perspectives. Those perspectives, Cantwell asserts, are not what we'd get from Career Services; they're blunt, frank, and without sugar coating.

Cantwell truly wants everyone to remember that the LSA is our student government. He encourages students to participate in the LSA and come to them with any issues or concerns that need to be addressed. Of course, Cantwell reminds, "we can't get too much parking spaces..." but aside from that, they'll always be happy to work with the administration and try to make everyone happy. If enthusiasm is an indication, Jim Cantwell should be an effective LSA president.
Bar Review gets facelift, move upstairs

By David Feldman

Bar Review has changed. BCLS Friday beer drinking has moved upstairs from the student lounge to the snack bar. The token bags of chips and popcorn have been replaced by a wider variety of toothsome delicacies such as meatballs, chicken wings, and nachos (with cheese)! Students dedicated to drinking more than 36 ounces of beer now need to engage in some creative hoarding of tickets instead of merely hanging out by the keg for as long as they can muster the energy to lift cup to nozzle. It's still on Fridays. It's still from 3 p.m. until 6 p.m. And it's still free.

LSA initiated the new Bar Review in order to restore a more open atmosphere to the event and to bring it within city, state, and university laws. LSA President Jim Cantwell feels that students and faculty are more likely to interact in the roomier snack bar than in the frat party-type atmosphere of student lounge Bar Reviews. Perhaps more important, according to LSA social chair Paul Mastroccla, is that LSA was able "to preserve the tradition of Bar Review and bring it in compliance with all the rules and regulations." City and state law require that a liquor license be obtained if alcohol is being distributed outside of a private home. Boston College requires that there be $3.00 of food per person at any event where alcohol is served. Cantwell and Mastroccla both emphasized that Michael Cunningham and Dining Services were extremely helpful in bringing about the new format. Dining Services provides the liquor license, the bartenders, and the food for the new Bar Review. The old format was also done away with in part because of the potential liability for the LSA members who purchased the beer.

The first new Bar Review took place on Friday, Sept. 10. BCLS guitarist supreme David Hammer entertained an audience of approximately 200. Student reaction to the new set-up, although tinged with occasional regrets about a long beer line and the lack of infinite beer, seemed positive because of the food and increased space.

Soifer: B.C. Law School a potential “leader”

Soifer identifies technology (“things that were a lawyer’s stock and trade in the past have suddenly become accessible to people with the use of computers”) as one major culprit. Another is the way in which law firms are increasingly being conducted like businesses. This, says Soifer, leads to questions about whether lawyers have lost some of their professionalism.

Soifer views some of the negative perception of lawyers as unavoidable. “The lawyer jokes are always going to be there. Lawyers deal with power and people rightfully are suspicious of power.”

“We are being asked to deal directly with the world,” Soifer said. Soifer’s father was a Jewish community organizer and activists and his mother is “still teaching...” Soifer and his wife, Marlene is a documentary filmmaker who is active in children’s educational programming.

Soifer is the first Jewish dean of BCLS. Soifer believes that his Judaism “resonates with the people we would like our graduates to be. People are doing amazing things in public interest” and other areas.

Soifer’s focus on public interest has also been reinforced by his family. “My parents were part of a generation that thought social work was going to change the world,” Soifer said. Soifer’s father was a Jewish community organizer and activist and his mother is “still teaching...” Soifer and his wife, Marlene is a documentary filmmaker who is active in children’s educational programming.

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“There’s a notion of affirmative obligation; it’s not just accepting of the status quo,” Soifer said. Both traditions encourage an ongoing dialogue “with what’s come before in an attempt to change what can be changed in a context of obligation, of giving back. It’s not inconsistent at all.”

In addition to similarities between Judaism and the Jesuit tradition, Soifer also sees similarities between himself and his predecessor, Daniel Coquillette. Both Soifer and Coquillette are legal historians. Like Coquillette, Soifer feels that “a dean ought to be a scholar involved in the world of ideas.” Soifer even has a Coquillette-esque complaint: “I need a joke book. Coquillette’s work is extremely helpful in bringing about the new format. Dining Services provides the liquor license, the bartenders, and the food for the new Bar Review. The old format was also done away with in part because of the potential liability for the LSA members who purchased the beer.

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Restaurant Review: IHOP eggs the best

By Michael Jacobson, Gary Kaisen, and Dave Kalikhman

Driving along Soldiers Field Road at 2 a.m. on a recent Saturday night, we were three hungry travelers on the road of life. We weren’t sure what we were looking for, but we knew if we kept driving we’d find it. Rounding a corner, we were struck by a bluish-purple neon haze on the horizon. As we approached we realized that it was something incredibly dope. It was in fact, IHOP, the International House of Pancakes—the Essence. Our excitement was immediately tapered by the fact that we had no reservation. However, IHOP had never let us down before. We entered.

Lynette, the beautiful and gracious hostess, greeted us by name at the reservations center. Lynette is fairly new at IHOP, but our names are already permanently emblazoned into her memory (perhaps by that one Halloween visit where one of us wore a pantless Jolly Green Giant costume or perhaps by our thrice-weekly visits). After exchanging pleasantries, she told us it would only be a 25 minute wait. We took the time to scan the gift items and made mental notes to purchase a neon-blue IHOP hat on the way out. We then explored IHOP’s entertainment lounge— including the machine rating one’s sex drive, the video games and the cigarette and newspaper machines. Finally, we heard the sound of our names being announced over the P.A. system and we were escorted to our table.

Our waiter, Tony, came to the table and gave us our menus. We admired the six-color press-printed, tri-folded, large, glossy, laminated instruments of food selection. Despite our extensive IHOP experience, some of the more unique items neverthless still impressed us. The Young Peoples Plate—pancakes with cherry eyes and a pineapple smile—is always a favorite for young and old alike. As always, we began with coffee topped with whipped cream (actually just an excuse to get whipped cream) and a carafe of orange juice. Tony promptly brought back our orange juice in an authentic IHOP carafe (now only $3.99!). After a mere two requests for additional whipped cream for our coffee, Tony graciously brought over the entire can.

It was time to order the meal. Our eyes darted across the menu and simultaneously focused on one item: EGGS. If it had been possible to convert our thoughts into words, they would have been these: I love eggs, and that’s truth. I feel free with eggs on my tooth. When I’m stranded on an island, The message I’ll be sending, Is that no matter what, my love for eggs is never-ending. Eggs, Eggs, big or small, a few or a lot, I love ’em all. Eggs, eggs, I eat ’em all day. Why, you ask? I love ’em I say. Eggs, Eggs, Kosher or not, I don’t care, cuz they hit the spot. I love ’em in the morning, I love ’em at night. This love is so strong, wrong or right. Eggs, Eggs, this is so weird, Oy, I’ve gotten eggs in my beard.

Our eggs arrived and were quickly consumed. Once again, IHOP did not disappoint. The eggs were perfectly cooked: crisp yet soft, crunchy yet quiet, thunderous yet understated. In other words, damn good. In yet other words, utterly awesome. In one word: jantheks-eggs we’ve ever had. So, if you’re in Brighton, it’s late, you’re hungry, and looking for a nice place to eat, why don’t you drop in and see Lynette and the crew. Tell them the Jolly Green Giant sent you.

For more information call 1-800-625-3345.