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# ESSAYS

## BARBECUE OF THE VANITIES

Anonymous\*

IT WAS AGAIN GETTING CLOSE TO BUDGET COMMITTEE SEASON, and the law school gossip-mill was awash in rumors concerning which guys would be appointed in the annual Chairs sweepstakes. The betting money was on, and the game players were out covering their bases. The leading Alpha-male strategists had been avidly funneling tons of self-promoting information, through rumor and back channels, in the hallways, in the lounge, at lunch, and through buddies and stooges on the Committee. Rumor had it that what counted were frequent law review and newspaper citations (the Who factors); a top spot on at least one Lighter ranking list (the Lighter factor); teaching awards received, the number of students in advanced courses, the number of casebooks, treatises, and study-aids sold, conferences attended, bar review courses given, bar lectures given, consultant appointments, meetings and telephone calls with attorneys to discuss legal issues (the Stratosphere factors); time spent abroad, building a house, participation in car shows, and frequenting the Broken Spoke (the Hans Christian factors).

Professor Sally Certifiable (also known as "Sally No-Smile") was now in her twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year of teaching. From her office, exiled in the law school's designated loony-ward, she watched helplessly as her male colleagues went through their annual preening and puffery routines, positioning themselves for a CHAIR appointment. She had been promised a Chair nearly a decade ago when she was hired by Dean Yukoff. Upon hearing this contention, Dean Yukoff, who had left UT to become President of U.F.N. (University of the Frozen North), wagged his ci-

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\* Joe Klein

gar at the guys, scoffed, and denied that he had ever, ever made THAT promise to THAT woefully misguided and loony Sally Certifiable, who, he repeatedly told his die-hard loyalists at UT, Yukoff always knew was a very crazy woman who had very aggressively stalked an associate Deanship (and therefore why would he ever even have made such a suggestion to such a crazy woman, and who should believe a word that she says, anyway?). And because she was such a loony, aggressive woman who had aggressively stalked an associate Deanship, he would oppose her forever to a CHAIR appointment at Texas, even though he was now the President of the entire Frozen North. And he had been very right, in hindsight, yes — very right — to deny her that Deanship.

Sally Certifiable, however, believed in Merit, Truth, Justice, and the American Way. She was, after all, a lawyer and a law professor. Surely, she told herself, her fair-minded colleagues would review her entire record and this year, maybe this year, they would finally see the enormity of her professional career and would award her a Chair. After all, the law school had given out over twenty Chairs to guys, and a whole flock of them had lesser records. She knew this; surely, they must know this. Surely, the Budget Committee and the Dean would this year see the blatant, manifest unfairness of it all. And so Sally Certifiable waited, and waited, and waited . . . and another year went by.

Sally Certifiable reflected on her career and the growing list of rumored requirements you needed to do to get a Chair. Out of sixty-five members of the UT law faculty, she was the fifth-most-cited scholar, and even Professor Lighter agreed she made one of his top-ten lists. She had more than half a dozen advanced degrees from prestigious institutions, more than almost anyone else on the entire faculty. She was an excellent, excellent teacher, and had received teaching awards, and she also taught popular and heavily enrolled upper-level specialized courses. She'd published, let's see, thousands of articles and — how many was it? — eight or ten casebooks, and written two or three treatises, and twenty or thirty (how many was it now?) student aids. She attended oh, maybe two or three dozen academic conferences a year, and always participated as a lecturer, or a panelist, or the featured luncheon speaker. She had a gazillion frequent-flyer miles, and was surely one of the top-ten faculty members in accumulated frequent flyer miles. She just knew this — but did they know it? She was widely consulted and always on the phone

talking with attorneys about legal issues and pending cases; she wrote appellate briefs and had worked on every major litigation in her field of expertise. She'd visited at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Stanford, Duke, Virginia, and Michigan, but she hadn't yet made it up to Northwestern, although the Dean there called her every year and entreated her to please come and visit and that they'd really like to hire her full time. She'd been nominated for every open Deanship in the country. She worked every year on some new project or committee or task force for the A.B.A. and the A.L.I. and the A.A.L.S. She spent every summer teaching abroad, making international contacts, yodeling in the Alps, and rappelling off cliffs. She'd built a farm complete with a corral and outbuildings, had plowed the lower forty by hand, and could handle a rooter-tiller. She could fix the well pump and maintain not one, but two complicatedly-engineered septic fields (a lower septic field and an upper septic field). She tended cows, sheep, and chickens; bred dogs; baked her own bread; made pasta noodles from scratch; and her own clothes, in her spare time. She rebuilt the engine on her stock-car racer; and she frequented not only the Broken Spoke, but the Backyard, Antone's, La Zona Rosa, and various dives in South Austin. Even though she grew up back East, she could do a moderately passable Texas two-step. She had been to Kermit, Texas. She knew the Texas Ranger Creed by heart, which a lot of the guys on the faculty, didn't, actually. She was a medallion-winning tri-athlete, a single mother of three teenage sons, and traveled every Friday night with the 180-piece Westlake High School Marching band, working with the band pit crew.

She worried, though, because she hadn't yet been able to crack the male-dominated bar review lecture market, and hadn't yet given a bar review lecture. She realized that under the newly rumored Stratosphere factors, this might count against her and prevent her from getting a Chair again this year. Obviously, she had made a career mistake. Up until this year, she hadn't realized that giving bar review lectures was a criterion for being awarded a Chair. This Chair thing was very tricky. Every year the guys seemed to come up with something new, something she still hadn't done yet. The guys, she knew, were sure to talk about this in the lounge and the hallways and at lunch. "Well, you know," they would snicker, "Sally Certifiable hasn't done a bar review lecture."

Professor Tom Evasive, who had voted against every woman who had ever been on the faculty, or considered for the faculty, or might someday be on the faculty, would add: "Yeah, but even if she ever gave a bar review lecture, it really wouldn't be very good, because I hear that she's really not a very good teacher, and it was a big mistake hiring her. I mean, after all, the only reason we ever hired her was because she was supposed to be a good teacher, but well, that hasn't worked out — and that was the only reason we ever hired her — and I hear she's not a good teacher. Hiring her was a big, big mistake. And now we're stuck with her. She should shut up. And she's uncivil. And she never smiles."

So Sally Certifiable fretted, sure that someone, someone, would bring up this bar review lecture deficiency in the Budget Committee deliberations. If only, she fretted, she could pull down a bar review gig, maybe that would satisfy the law school. Maybe if she worked just a little bit harder, and could land a bar review gig, then maybe the Budget Committee would realize what a hidden gem they had on the faculty and would finally, after twenty-five years, give her a Chair.

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**IT WAS GETTING CLOSER TO THE BEGINNING OF THE BUDGET** Committee meetings. Professor Ram (short for "Rambo") Hackheroff drifted into the Office of Professor Will Allpowers, a long running but disappointed Dean aspirant. Allpowers actually was pretty shrewd, having assembled around him a small loyal cadre of lieutenants. Over the course of his long career at the law school, Allpowers had managed to sabotage or block the careers of at least a dozen women, but the beauty of it all was that he never left a trace. Ever the diplomat, ever the statesman — no, you would never find a negative word or comment about women and minorities from Allpowers left anywhere. Never. He was way too smart for that. Not a single memo, not a single e-mail, not a single written word could ever be traced to Allpowers. He cultivated discretion; he projected an aura of decanality; he had a fine appreciation for the concept of eminent deniability. As Ram walked in, Allpowers was working the phone, wagging a cigar through the air. He was talking to a very important client. Allpowers eyed Ram with satisfaction and a knowing kinship. Ram and Allpowers were buds.

Ram was married to the law school's Associate Dean for Handling the Media on Really Bad Women's Issues, Candy ("I am a Babe") Northlund. But Ram's best bud on the faculty was Harley Platinum. Harley and Ram double-teamed on billions of dollars worth of consulting work. The two of them, along with Allpowers sometimes, were the country's leading brilliant litigators and great, great legal minds. And, they were all tall. Very very tall. And big. Oh, so *what* that Harley had come into teaching straight from law school. Who cared? Who remembered? That Harley, he was some heck of a guy and some hell of a litigator, but, well, maybe not quite so good as Ram.

Ram was the MAN. Ram had applied for the Harvard Law School Deanship after just three years in teaching, and he almost took that Deanship, he told everyone, but then Candy would just be Harvard faculty, and she wasn't so sure about that arrangement. It was kind of mortifying, actually. So rather than sacrificing Candy's career, Ram and Candy decided that they'd rather stay in Texas, which they loved so much, so he turned down the Harvard Deanship. Ram was, as he repeatedly told everyone, and everything, whether animate or inanimate, moving or potted plant, the country's leading trial lawyer and was expert in absolutely everything. Just give him a call and lickidity split, by God, he had an expert opinion. He could run the case. He could analyze the evidence and conduct the depositions and win, win, win. Beat those asshole fuckers into the ground. He could bully and intimidate and sanction, sanction, sanction. He was Rambo-man litigator. Carthage must go! Salt the earth! Screw the competition! Why, Ram was so brilliant, he repeatedly told everyone, that a really, really grateful client had given him a Learjet parked over in Mueller airport.

And Harley, Harley was no slouch, either. Harley, there, he too had a grateful client who had given him the Queen Mary II. Parked that sucker right out there in the faculty lot. Auctioned off boat rides to students on Town Lake. Ram had to admit, that Queen Mary was pretty flashy when Harley parked it in the lot, but the Lear had more class.

Ram really, really hated Sally Certifiable. What a bitch. He could never understand why the law school hired her, ever. That had been a big mistake for him. And he would never, ever forgive that bitch who had tried to change — imagine! — a sentence he had written in a committee report. **IT WAS ENTIRELY UNTHINKABLE! NO WOMAN COULD EVER, EVER**

CHANGE A WORD THAT RAM WROTE! Ram watched in dismay as Sally got offers to visit at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Stanford, Duke, Virginia, and Michigan. He just couldn't understand it. It made no sense. Why, *he* had gone to the Yale Law School!! *He* was entitled to these jobs, not her! Why were these places giving HER a visit? What had SHE ever done? *He* was so much smarter than SHE. And she was not even brilliant, like RAM! And she was short. And she changed words in reports that guys wrote. And, if she got a job at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Stanford, Duke, Virginia, or Michigan, that would be one less place for him, and by God, *he* was entitled to a job at one of these places, not Sally. After all, he and Candy were woefully underplaced at Texas — stuck down here in this unsophisticated, God-forsaken redneck hick state — and how long, how long was it going to be before some top ten school recognized his genius?

And so something needed to be done about this Woman and, so, in addition to his all the hours he put into bragging to his students about his great litigation exploits, and reviewing the drafts of his numerous co-authors (God, what dumb-assed fool ever wrote an article by himself, when you can get a bunch of other people to do it for you?); and in addition to the ten thousand hours of consulting work (it was exhausting, formulating all those opinions and keeping them straight, but, heck, no one cared about that, either — and he would just leave the state before anyone caught up); and in addition to running the state's biggest litigation on great Constitutional Law issues; and in addition to working as a special master; and in addition to single-handedly supervising and running the entire Texas State Attorney General's Office (boy, what an ignorant bunch of fools they were!); and in addition to supervising brilliant law students who wrote brilliant articles that got quoted by the Supreme Court; Ram found time in his day to call the lateral hiring committees at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Stanford, Duke, Virginia, and Michigan, and to write them letters, too, on UT LAW stationery (make it official!) to warn them off about how Sally Certifiable really wasn't all that good. And so Ram went on down to the faculty lounge and ran all his thoughts by the guys in the lounge — chocked full of Constitutional Law scholars — and they all agreed that Ram's opinions were **PROTECTED BY THE FIRST AMENDMENT**, and **HE COULD NOT BE SUED IN LIBEL!** Emboldened and fortified by the constitutional law

faculty (well, he really didn't need those guys but it was collegial to ask for their opinions, and then he could always blame things on them), Ram worked the phones with all his buds at these other schools, and he ventured that Sally Certifiable was pedantic, and even worse, a dreaded doctrinalist (no brains there!) and had been, well, a deep, deep disappointment to Texas — and don't get him wrong, he had supported her appointment — he was a great supporter of women — but well, you really needed to know about THIS woman, and sad as it was, although she was movable, she was a BAD COLLEAGUE. And, where there was smoke, there was fire.

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**ALLPOWERS GOT OFF THE PHONE AND LEANED BACK IN HIS** Chair, put his cigar in his mouth, put his hands behind his head and stretched. He smiled at Ram.

“What's up Ram?”

“Oh, well, I just got off the phone with Steve Susman, Fred Baron, Joe Jamail, Gerry Spence, Mel Weiss, Melvin Belli, and Johnnie Cochran, and they all told me that I'm the world's greatest litigator.”

“Oh, yeah, Ram? That's great.”

“Yeah, and we're all going to work on this mega-gigantic trial of the century, and they asked me to be lead counsel.”

“Oh well, Ram, that's great.”

“So I'm organizing all these lawyers and I also have to take care of that mess over there at the A.G.'s Office — those turkeys over there just don't have a clue.”

“Hmm. . . . Well I'm sure you'll get it all worked out. You know, Ram, I think our course together is going pretty well.”

“Well, I know it's going well because my students tell me I'm brilliant and my book is brilliant, so yeah, I think it's going very well.”

Allpowers rocked forward in his Chair and eyed Ram. Ram changed the subject.

“That bitch Sally Certifiable doesn't know what she's talking about — she's so dumb I can't believe it.”

“How's that Ram?”

“Well, Harley and I are working on this really big and really important case with all these really big-time lawyers, and Sally, she's been hired by the other side, and she's just so stupid I can't



believe it. She says these dumb things and she's just trying to ruin our case and ruin our fees. I mean, I don't know what she's doing. She's just not in our league. And all her books, I mean, they're not really all that good. I mean, she's a doctrinalist. Give me a break. And she's not brilliant. What's she doing in a case with brilliant guys like us? And the lawyers complain about her. And she changes sentences in my memos. You remember that, don't you? **THAT LADY FUCKING CHANGED MY SENTENCE!** And the guys I work with say she doesn't have all that good a reputation because she's always coming in and ruining things for us. And just what does she think she's doing? We're just going to have to fuckin' take her out. I mean I can't believe she just keeps turning up in all these cases that Harley and I work on. And Professor Latte, from Columbia — well, he's working with us too — he says her views are pretty weird, too, and we have this other big-time Harvard law professor also working with us and he says, yeah, he knows all about Sally and we'll just have to take care of her.”

“I'm sure you'll be able to take care of her.” Allpowers leaned back, looked decanal, and thoughtfully waved his cigar.

Candy came into the office.

“Oh, excuse me, but I'm so, so tired, running everything.” She sat down uninvited.

“I mean, I have to make the schedule, and deal with all the adjuncts, and deal with student problems, and deal with late grades, and deal with professor complaints, and deal with student complaints, and deal with visitors, and sit through recruitment interviews, and sit on the *ad hoc* committee for dealing with ethnicity eruptions, and run the Women's Caucus, and run my book club, and run the Law Review, and set up the festschrift for Professor Head, and I just don't have enough time for my singing any more.”

Candy hardly came up for breath. “And just last week I had to turn down a possible appointment as the Under-secretary of the Treasury in the Clinton Administration, and an offer of the ambassadorship to Switzerland, but I told them I didn't think that was good enough for me but that I would consider the ambassadorship to France — you know Pamela Harriman died — I told them I really thought that would be more suitable for me . . .

“And on top of everything else, I have to deal with Sally Certifiable who is a really awful woman. I mean, I just don't know how she ever got it into her head that she, rather than me,

was going to be an Associate Dean, and she's such an awful, awful person; and I have tried to think of all the ways I can help her, but she won't return any of my calls. So I keep thinking of all the ways that I can counsel her. I really have tried with her. She's really very crazy and she was loony back then, and Dean Yukoff was right not to make her the Associate Dean and make me the Associate Dean instead, because I can sing and I went to Yale."

Candy seemed to have lost her thread. "Oh, and did I say I went to Yale?"

Professor Edgar Alan Poe, Jr. was just then passing by Allpowers' office and saw the gathering. Poe disliked his name, Edgar, which he thought was dopey, so he called himself by his nickname, "Snot."

Poe walked into Allpowers' office. "Oh!" he screeched. "Oh! Are you talking about that crazy, loony woman? She ought to be put away! She's really certifiable! Nutty! Totally loony! Off the deep end! Postal!" Poe was working himself up into a lather. "I mean, she's worse than that woman drunk we used to have on the faculty! Boy, that drunk owes the taxpayers back their money for all the times she taught class drunk."

Allpowers sucked on his cigar. And chuckled decanally. "O.K. guys, I've got a few dozen consulting calls I've got to make," and he waved them out of his office.

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**THE LAW SCHOOL WAS PRESIDED OVER BY DEAN RUDY** Boorish, whose greatest claims to fame were his uncanny resemblance to Rhett Butler, and his remarkable vocabulary. His Rhett Butler looks served him well in the South, but his use of euphemisms and archaic terminology was near legendary. Not only did the Dean know every slang word for every ethnic group on the planet, but he could command the most remarkable euphemisms for the old, the disabled, the infirm, and the incapacitated. But his true forte was his formidable lexicon to describe women, and here the Dean's mental dictionary was truly, truly remarkable. In an instant he could summon, at will, more than four dozen terms to describe impossibly irritating women. Irritating women were indeed the Dean's specialty, and the Dean's entire life — his entire decanal tenure — had been sorely vexed by irritating women.

The Dean yearned for the good old days. Nothing had been the same since the law school had been forced to let *them* in. This group, that group, the women, the Hispanics, the Latinos, the Latinas, the gays, the lesbians, the Negroes (and what was the politically correct term we were supposed to use now?), the Indians (or was that Native Americans? Or Indigenous Peoples?) it just went on and on. There was no end. And they caused trouble, all of *them*. And they took up valuable faculty slots that really should go to truly deserving brilliant male Yale graduates. And the law school always had to make these big concessions in standards to hire *these people*; the faculty always had to put its collective thumb on the scale because none of *them* really measured up. But, well, you did what you had to do, because the State legislature would be on the law school's back, and you held your nose and you just hired *them*.

Dean Boorish had labored for half his career as Yukoff's Associate Dean. Yukoff had once famously described the ideal Associate Dean as someone "Not smart, doesn't publish, team player, not ambitious, and there when there's a crisis." Boorish kept his job for years and years and years. And now he had the prize: He was Dean. For years he had played second fiddle to the master politician and now he could run his own shop in his own way.

Boorish was a nothing if not a creative innovator. He had, early in his tenure as Dean, come up with a brilliant strategy to deal with the law school's political-correctness eruptions. As a consequence of his plan, Texas law school now had no fewer than seven Associate Deans. As a matter of fact, Texas had more Associate Deans than any other law school in the entire country, a better than a nine-to-one Faculty-to-Associate Dean ratio. The law school was awash in Associate Deans. Spit and you hit an Associate Dean. He often wistfully thought that if only *U.S. News and World Report* had a category for Faculty-to-Associate Dean ratio, Texas might be able pull itself back up into the top twenty tier of law schools. And, if he could convince them that the Faculty-to-Associate Dean ratio was the only relevant criterion for ranking law schools, why then Texas would be Number One! Now, that would be THE accomplishment of his tenure as Dean. And that didn't even count his full flush of Assistant Deans — he had lost count — an all Hispanic-American team. No siree, this Dean wasn't going to get caught out by his South Texas constituency.

So, Dean Boorish appointed Candy as his Associate Dean for Handling the Media on Really Bad Women's Issues; and then he appointed Professor Guy Goody as the Associate Dean for Handling Really Bad Women's Litigation; and then he appointed Hector Alonzo Rodriguez Gonzales as his Associate Dean for Protecting the Law School's Hispanic Flank. He appointed Ram Hackheroff, *ex officio*, as Associate Dean For Rambo Litigation and All Purpose Intimidation. He appointed Professor Harry Who as Associate Dean for Asian Affairs, but nobody could find any work for Who to do, and Who kept demanding a bigger and bigger salary every year, and Who kept publicly opposing affirmative action as discriminatory against Asians and white male Yale graduates. This didn't sit well with the Hispanics, the women, and the Negroes, so, that particular appointment just didn't work out very well. Texas really didn't have a very big Asian constituency, anyway, and Who was given a gigantic raise and eased out of the job. Then the Dean discovered that he had a faculty member who was irrationally, compulsively obsessed with rankings — a socially useful obsession, he thought — and the Dean appointed him as the Associate Dean to Deal With *U.S. News and World Report*.

The Dean also had fleetingly toyed with creating an Associate Dean for Negroes, but there were hardly any left in the law school after the *Hardwood* decision, so he decided to hold back on that until absolutely necessary. He had one good Negro faculty member in line and at the ready, though, just in case of the need for a special emergency Associate Deanship appointment. Next time Jesse Jackson showed up with a mob at the law school, Dean Boorish was ready, yes indeedy.

The Dean's greatest political inspiration, however, was to seek approval in the Central University Administration for creation of yet another new Associate Deanship: the Associate Dean for All the Other Associate Deans. He strategically filled this position with senior lecturer Samantha ("Sam") Dimlight, a well-connected Texas woman faculty member, who had been denied tenure and was really, really pissed at the law school. Boorish had always taken some slim, faint hope that when the *Texas Lawyer* periodically hunted down all the women's tenure denials — and there were many — that they would get confused when they heard Sam's name and maybe assume incorrectly that she was a guy. But no such luck. Anyway, by installing Sam as the new Associate Dean for All The Other Associate Deans, he had put

Sam on the Team and now didn't have to worry that he would have to tax Guy Goody overtime with dealing with Sam as a witness in yet another horrible Woman's Litigation.

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**THE GUYS WERE DRIFTING INTO THE FACULTY LOUNGE.** The Texas law school day had an interesting rhythm. The faculty congregated in the faculty lounge for morning coffee from 9:30 to 10:30, or maybe 11:00, depending on the volume of the day's gossip. Then, like clockwork, all the guys went to lunch from 11:30-12:30. Afternoon coffee began at 3:00 and went to 4:00 or 4:30, depending on the hot controversy. In the down-time between morning coffee, lunch, and afternoon coffee, the guys brilliantly taught their classes, brilliantly wrote their books, brilliantly consulted, brilliantly ran the A.G.'s office, and brilliantly straightened out the universe. And, it was entirely possible to stretch the morning coffee all the way through to the afternoon coffee and on into the next morning's coffee. A person could literally live in the lounge.

The core lounge crowd always was the same. Arranged on one couch were Allpowers, Goody, and Professor Shark Gorgon, this year's head of the Budget Committee. Seated across from them, on another long leather sofa, were Poe, Evasive, and Ram. Dean Boorish sat in a corner wingchair. Harley was on the phone working on a really big and important litigation, but he would be in soon, too. Other guys would drift in and out. But if there was an enduring legend at Texas, it concerned the central front leather loveseat, a two-seater reserved for the august, legendary Professor Wright E. Right. No one sat in Professor Wright Right's seat. It was taboo and verboten. So strong was this legend that when one came to the Texas faculty, one just simply knew. That was Professor Wright Right's place. So, at the front of the lounge, hidden behind the expansively spread pages of the *Wall Street Journal*, in an impeccably tailored, starched, and pressed three-piece suit, sat the legendary Professor Wright Right. And behind the impenetrable *Wall Street Journal* barrier, Professor Right held court. Ensconced behind his paper, the lounge discussion swirled around him. And when he finished the *Wall Street Journal*, at 9:30 promptly on the dot, Professor Right arose and strode from the lounge.

Everyone on the Texas faculty was a Constitutional Law professor, with the exception of Sally Certifiable, who was a ped-

ant and a doctrinalist (no brains there!). The guys were discussing the constitutional issues involved in the impeachment hearings. Evasive was already talking: "I heard from my Washington friends that Monica really was a stalker." Evasive had been the first of the Texas faculty to have put that information out on the faculty e-mail, way in advance of the national press, even. "That bitch is just a slut." Poe piped up. "Yeah, and a crazy bitch, too." The guys then moved on to Linda Tripp, Kathleen Willey, Paula Jones, and ranged all the way back to Anita Hill. And remember that woman, who was it, the one who accused Kennedy of rape on the beach? What was her name? What a bunch of crazy, lying, sluts and bitches. All these women's discrimination suits were an impossible nuisance — just unfounded ways of getting guys into trouble. All a woman had to do was bring a lying, fibbing accusation against a guy and it was all over. But the feminists, well, they really had themselves tied in knots over defending Clinton. Ha ha. Just showed what their politics were all about.

Professor Allpowers nodded his head gravely and decanally. "Yes," he said, "It all reminds me of Ishiguro's *Remains of the Day*. Has anyone read Ishiguro's *Remains of the Day*? That is a really good book."

The guys all looked at each other quizzically. After a temporary pause, Ram jumped in: "Yeah, I know that book," said Ram, lying. "It really is a very brilliant book. It's the kind of book we ought to encourage here. As a matter of fact, my book's a lot like Ishiguro's book. . . ." Everyone looked around. The conversation had ground to a temporary halt. There was a millisecond of silence, punctuated by the Dean suggesting, "I think Hans Christian should get a Chair this year."

Everyone perked up. Thank God. Something to talk about. The Dean went on, expansively: "Hans has been such a good guy, and he's such a good citizen, and he comes to all our meetings, and to all our receptions, and he's been coming around to all my alumni functions, and he's just long overdue for a Chair."

All the guys nodded. It made good sense and everyone felt good about it. Allpowers added: "Yes, he's been a very good institutional citizen, and I've found him very helpful, and he built a house."

Guy Goody looked at Allpowers. "Yes, I know all about building that house, and that took a lot, and I give Hans a lot of

credit for that, and I think it's time, too, because it's hard building a house."

Poe weighed in: "Look, Hans is a regular guy and he goes to the Broken Spoke. And, he's not crazy."

There was gaining momentum for Hans, when Gorgon interrupted. "Well, sure, Hans is a very logical choice, and we all like him a lot, but I think we also ought to think about Spleeno. You know Spleeno's been overlooked for years, and if anybody has a good claim to a Chair, it's got to be Spleeno. After all, he is the senior guy who still does not have a Chair."

The suggestion of Spleeno caused a near riot. "Well, yes," yelled the Dean, "but how on earth can I possibly give Spleeno a Chair? Are you out of your mind? After last year's Spleeno eruption, we couldn't endure the press. The television stations! NPR, that liberal, wacky, extremist outfit! They'll be picketing here, right in our atrium! Outside my office! Oh God! *The Austin-American Statesman!* *The Chronicle!* *The Texas Lawyer!* The Goddam *New York Times*, for God's sake! Are you going to handle all the reporters on my doorstep? We'll have the Reverend Jesse Jackson picketing outside! And the NAACP! And CORE! And the Hispanics! All of South Texas will be at my doorstep! La Raza! La Junta! La Hueva! Whatever. *Are you going to deal with all these people?*"

Harley walked into the lounge. "What are you talking about? Giving Spleeno a Chair? Yes, I agree with Gorgon. We definitely should appoint Spleeno to a Chair this year. Spleeno's been done a terrible injustice by this law school. He's done very significant work, and he's never been given any recognition by this law school. And he's near the end of his career. This is very terrible. And we should not buckle to political pressures from the outside. So what if he has said things that have been interpreted by politically correct people to be racist. People are so, so super-sensitive these days. And Spleeno has a First Amendment right to voice his views. I am very, very opposed to buckling to political pressure from the outside, and if the Budget Committee is going to make a decision not to give Spleeno a Chair based on outside political considerations, then I am going to demand to be there to listen to the deliberations just to keep everything honest. Because I think we ought to make decisions on the merits and not buckle to political pressure. And giving Spleeno a Chair may be a very unpopular decision, but the Budget Committee has got

to do the right thing. So I'm going to demand to sit in on the Budget Committee deliberations to keep everything honest."

Gorgon looked at Harley. "Harley, what are you talking about? You're on the Budget Committee."

"Oh, wrong committee. My mind must be, heh, heh, distracted by the phone call I just finished about this very, very, very important litigation I'm running. I must have meant the Tenure Committee. Yes, yes, that's the one that I also don't want to cave to political pressure, although I have supported women on this faculty my entire life. You all know my record on that score. Well, in any case, I will vehemently oppose not giving a Chair to Spleeno for political reasons, because this is against my principles. And that's without pre-judging the merits of Spleeno's case, but these are just my principles."

Guy Goody cleared his throat and spoke very softly. "Well, I agree with what Gorgon says, and I agree with what Harley says, and I agree with the Dean, and I agree with Will. But, shouldn't we maybe think about the fact that last year we all signed a petition denouncing Spleeno? I mean, wouldn't that look bad?"

"Oh poof," interjected Poe. "That was last year. This is this year. Who even remembers last year? Look, we all repudiated Spleeno, and that crisis blew over, and now we should just give him a Chair. That seems right to me."

"Yes," said Guy, "I guess it also will give us a chance to tell Spleeno that we really do love him and to make amends for last year."

"You know," said Ram, "I really think, since I got my Chair at a very early age, that we ought to continue the tradition of giving Chairs for brilliance, and Dick's a brilliant guy who's been also long overlooked. And he finally got his act together this year and started publishing finally."

Allpowers stirred. "Yes, Dick's a very brilliant guy. He's due for a Chair, I think. He's a very, very brilliant guy. The body of his work is not large, but what is there is very, very brilliant."

Poe interjected: "Well, has anyone actually read Dick's work? It's inscrutable. Who the hell even knows what Dick is talking about? I mean, can you get through that turgid, inscrutable, technical jargon?"



“Well I have read Dick’s work,” said Ram, lying, “And I can tell you it’s really brilliant. And Harley, here, he thinks Dick’s work is brilliant too. Dick’s work is like Ishiguro’s *Remains of the Day* and my book, both of which are brilliant. So I know Dick’s brilliant and so does Akil Amar and Jules Coleman and Bruce Ackerman and Robert Post and Guido Calabresi and Ian Ayres and George Priest and Robert Rabin and Dick Epstein and Greg Easterbrook and Dick Posner and Tony Kronman and I could go on and on, but everybody who’s anybody thinks that Dick’s work is really brilliant. And I went to the Bronx High School of Science and Yale.”

Harley weighed in: “Yes, Dick’s definitely brilliant. And he’s been a good institutional citizen. And Gerta’s a good institutional citizen. They always have these brilliant lunches at their house, where they invite all the brilliant people on this faculty. It’s just a meeting place for all the brilliant people, what can I say? That’s very important to the institution. And Gerta’s a good cook. And a good mother. They’re just two brilliant people and we’re lucky to have them.”

Guy Goody joined the discussion, and very softly added, “And I agree with Ram and Harley and Will and the Dean, of course. And I agree with everybody else. We should give Hans a Chair. And we should give Spleeno a Chair. And we should give Dick a Chair. But now I have to go off down to the Travis County District Court to sit in on another trial of another woman complaining about totally unfounded discrimination by the law school. So you’ll please have to excuse me, now.”

And with that the morning coffee hour slowly wound down, and the guys drifted off to lunch.

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**THE DEAN COLLECTED HIS THINGS TO ATTEND THE FIRST** meeting of the Budget Committee. The Budget Committee actually met several times during February, at undisclosed times and in undisclosed places, and they didn’t keep any records of their proceedings, either. No attendance records or minutes, or anything like that. No, siree, thought the Dean to himself, we certainly do not want any paper, any Goddam paper floating around the law school about what we do. He was *that* smart, at least. It really all worked very, very well, the Dean thought, much better this way — you didn’t want any quarrelsome people turning up, or any paper records — and besides, that’s how the law school

had been doing things since the War of Northern Aggression. And without paper records, the law school had plausible deniability, and Thank God there were some very talented guys on the faculty who had absolutely remarkable memory lapses.

That memory lapse thing was very excellent. It was one of the very best things the legal profession had learned from Watergate and now this outrageous attack against the President by these lying, fibbing, bitch-sluts. Yes, we all now knew that when caught in a particularly perilous legal situation, you just said: "Well, I don't think I was there. I can't recall if I was there." And then if some fool on the Budget Committee actually recalled that you were there, why, then you moved to Plan B: "Well, I really can't recall what was said. I just don't remember that." Boy, that was a conversation stopper. So everything worked out fine and dandy, and because whenever someone started asking totally unnecessary questions, like that Sally Certifiable she-goat, no one could quite remember who the hell had actually attended any Budget Committee meetings, and not a single person on that Committee could remember what was said, exactly.

It was so, so difficult being a Dean — nobody appreciated how hard a job it was. There were all these bothersome people on the faculty who, every year, year-in, year-out, came to talk to him about their salaries and why they hadn't been given a raise, or promoted, or appointed to Chairs. It was so wearisome. That Goddam Sally Certifiable never gave up. What a hectoring, challenging, confrontational, ball-busting, feminazi, werewolf bitch! She just didn't get it. The Dean was never, ever going to appoint her to a Chair. Never! Ever! Imagine! These people were really horrible, horrible cranks and nut cases and he hated, absolutely hated, having to deal with these crotchety, cantankerous, hectoring, meddlesome, noisome, fulminating, wretches. So, the Dean was really glad that Yukoff had created this wonderful thing, this Budget Committee, because he had learned from Yukoff that the way to handle faculty member's questions about their salaries was simply to say: "Well, this wasn't my decision. This was the decision of your colleagues, who carefully reviewed your record."

Ha, ha, thought the Dean — yes siree, this Budget Committee thing was a very good device, indeed. Got him off the hook. The Dean had used it to put off at least two dozen complaining, quarrelsome, disgruntled, peevish faculty members, and most of them were intelligent — intelligent, mind you, not brilliant, be-

cause if they were brilliant we'd give them a raise — but they were intelligent enough to realize that it was hopeless and they weren't going to get anywhere with their questions. So they were, well, minimally smart enough to give up. Except for that horrible, horrible Sally Certifiable who never gave up. Boy, was she a pathetic case. She just didn't get it. Not only was she not brilliant, she wasn't even smart enough to give up. She actually believed in fairness. And she was almost fifty! Hoo ha! Who on earth, over the age of twelve, actually believed in fairness? What a dope. She really was certifiable.

No, he knew how to take care of Sally. There actually were some guys on the faculty who either thought she had a legitimate claim to a Chair, or were just tired of her constant harping, and wanted her to shut up — so the Dean had gotten in some letters supporting her appointment to a Chair. Professor Wright Right had written, and Professor Earnest Ernest (he wrote to support fair play), and there were others — but by God, the Dean most certainly was not going to create any good paper record for that Woman. No, this Dean knew a thing or two about litigation, he did. He had learned something or two by listening to Ram and Harley, and then there was Guy Goody, who sat in on all those unfounded, totally untrue, nuisance women's discrimination trials. No paper records! No paper records! Destroy the evidence! It was not like the law school had ever not destroyed, or conveniently lost, or creatively misplaced, evidence. Yes, we knew how to do that, too. He would outfox that Woman. There would be no Sally Certifiable file. Let her sue! The Dean most certainly was not going to help make her case for her by building a positive file. No way. No, without a file, and without any records that anyone on the faculty actually supported Sally, the Dean could go tell his Budget Committee: "Not only does Sally not merit a Chair, but no one here supports her." That was a killer comment. What dope wanted to support Sally when no one did? Ha. Ha. He got her by the balls there.

And the other clever thing he thought of — this was in addition to creating seven Associate Deans — was changing the Budget Committee Chairperson every year. That was a good gambit, too. Why, the running bibliography and correspondence the Budget Committee did get in — why that was spread out all over the law school. Hee hee. These guys were absolute slobs. It was very useful to pick a totally disorganized, distracted, messy slob for Budget Committee Chairperson. And, a good loyalist,

too. That was very, very important. What you needed in this position, each year, **WAS A TRUE DEFENDER OF THE SYSTEM.** A person who knew that the law school's mantra, and would willingly invoke it: **"EVERYTHING IS FINE. WE'VE ALWAYS DONE IT THIS WAY. AND NO, WE WON'T TRY IT YOUR WAY, BECAUSE THAT'S NOT THE WAY WE DO THINGS HERE. AND IF IT WAS GOOD DURING THE WAR OF NORTHERN AGGRESSION, IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME, AND SO WE ARE NEVER, EVER GOING TO CHANGE UNLESS THE FIFTH CIRCUIT OR THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT ORDERS US TO DO SO. SO THERE. NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH."**

Yes, we certainly didn't want anyone who was organized, or God forbid, someone who kept good records. And, we needed someone with absolute discretion and good sense who would know, without being told, to fortuitously lose or misplace or deep-six any favorable correspondence relating to the problem cases, like Sally. No, the Budget Committee Chairperson had to be a messy and disorganized, distracted person, a good team player, who knew the drill. Lose the paper! Memory lapse! Make up some other story! Lie, if necessary! Creative distortion! Attack the women! No, this system was much, much better. It absolutely protected the Dean and the law school. Who the hell could ever find anything? And one Chairperson never turned over last year's stuff to this year's guys. It was all so, well, messy! It worked absolutely, wonderfully well. It was a great, great, great system!

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**THE DEAN WALKED INTO THE SECRET, HIDDEN CONFERENCE** room to meet with the assembled Budget Committee. He looked around the table and felt good. Everything would work out fine, just as it had in years past. It was an excellent, hand-picked Committee, put together with advice from Allpowers, Candy, Ram, Harley, Goody, and Gorgon. Yes, they had put together a very fine Budget Committee this year.

The Budget Committee consisted of the Dean, Allpowers, Candy, Ram, Harley, Goody, Gorgon, and they had added in Evasive, Poe, and Dick Head's wife, Gerta Günter (they needed another woman, but actually this worked out well, because with Candy and Gerta they really had two more guys, but it looked

like two women to the outside world, and they could always tell this to that pesky *Texas Lawyer* that was constantly writing those totally untrue stories about women on the Texas faculty), and the Associate Dean for Protecting Our Hispanic Flank, Hector Alonzo Rodriguez Gonzales. Or, was that Gonzales Rodriguez? Oh well. Also sitting on the Committee, *ex officio*, was Associate Dean Tug Halfcock, the Associate Dean for Research and Mentoring Truly Hopelessly Foredoomed Untenured Women.

The Associate Dean for Research and Mentoring Truly Hopelessly Foredoomed Untenured Women actually had been the inspired creation of Dean Yukoff, not Dean Boorish. Dean Boorish had inherited this particular Associate Deanship, and Tug Halfcock was the perfect person for this job. And, Dean Boorish was a quick study, and he absorbed the tactical lessons of Dean Yukoff's creation of this special Associate Deanship, then Dean Boorish simply expanded on the concept. Why, if one such Associate Deanship worked well, and it had, then by God we really could armor the entire law school with Seven Associate Deanships! It was brilliant! Well, maybe only very smart. Allpowers and Ram and Harley and all those other guys were brilliant. The Dean didn't want to stretch too much here.

Tug Halfcock actually had an impossibly difficult job, but he was willing to help the law school and he was endlessly loyal to Yukoff. Halfcock was, theoretically, in charge of mentoring all the untenured faculty, but everyone knew that none of the untenured male Yale law graduates needed any mentoring — that was just too patronizing — and they were all brilliant, anyway — the faculty had made that point in hiring them. Yes, we knew those guys were brilliant and they would get their tenure, no problems at all. We knew that four, five years in advance of their tenure decisions. Mentoring! Who ever heard of such a thing! No red-blooded male Yale law graduate needed mentoring! Posh! Well, perilous politically-correct times demand flexible, defensive solutions, and so Texas demonstrated it *could change* to accommodate inferior women who might cause some problems down the road when the law school had to actually bite the bullet and tell them that they weren't so good — just not as good as the guys. And everyone knew this, too, four-five years in advance — it was such a repetitive exercise, but thank God none of these women had sued the law school yet. But the law school was ready for a lawsuit by one of them, by golly, and that was the brilliance of Yukoff's creation.

No, Halfcock was made a special Associate Dean to work with the untenured women, and to help them, and guide them, and assist them, and do everything, just everything imaginable to help them, these poor not-so-smart women — the faculty had made that point when we hired them — to do his very best on behalf of the law school, to make sure that these women had every support, and every help, and everything, everything done for them, so that when the law school denied them tenure, it could drag out the Associate Dean for Research and Mentoring Truly Hopelessly Foredoomed Untenured Women and say: “See, we did **EVERYTHING FOR THEM! IT’S JUST NOT OUR FAULT. IT’S THEIR FAULT! WE GAVE THEM EVERY HELP AND OPPORTUNITY AND ADVANTAGE! AND IT JUST HAPPENS TO TURN OUT THAT THESE WOMEN, WELL, THEY ARE JUST NOT AS GOOD AS THE MEN. AND THEY JUST CAN’T ACCEPT THAT. BUT WE DID EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING TO HELP THEM.**”

And so Halfcock labored mightily and there were times that even he became vaguely depressed by it all. It was a very, very hard job they had given him. He couldn’t figure out if he was doing his job well, or doing it poorly. On the one hand, he told himself, he was doing his job well, because he was serving the law school by helping these poor, inferior, not-so-brilliant women with their career development. And, he told himself, he was helping the law school because the women then were all denied tenure. So he was producing results for the law school. And, he knew he was helping the law school because if any of these women were nutty enough to sue, he would be called as the Associate Dean to testify that the law school had done everything to help these women. Yes, by God, he knew he was serving the law school well. But, then, on the other hand, all the women kept getting denied tenure and all the men kept getting tenure. And so what troubled Halfcock, sometimes, because he was a thoughtful man of some conscience — he liked to think — was the conundrum that if he was doing his job well, then wouldn’t the women be getting tenure? And sometimes, at night, he was kept awake by this conundrum: What did it mean to do his job well? It was all very stressful. He constantly was squeezed between his faculty and his mentees. And, did he have a good track record with four straight women’s tenure denials, or a bad track record with four straight women’s tenure denials? It was all so confusing, even he — who also was brilliant — even he could not

figure it out. And so, wrestling with his conscience, Halfcock wrote long, deliberate, balanced, fair-minded memoranda that everyone praised highly and then ignored.

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**THE DEAN BEGAN THE MEETING WITH AN EXHAUSTED SIGH.** "Oh," he complained, "It's just so, so difficult being a Dean. You have no idea. First it was the *Hardwood* decision, and I had to deal with all these incredibly stupid people falsely accusing the law school of being racist, and then there was the Spleeno eruption, and I had to deal with all these incredibly stupid people falsely accusing the law school of being racist, and now — now! Now I have to deal with all these lying, fibbing women falsely accusing the law school of being sexist! And misogynist! When, when will it ever end?"

"And then there's this Sally Certifiable woman. She just never lets up. She wants files! And records! And outside references! And a fair evaluation! Well, we've never done it that way, and there is nothing wrong with our way, and our way is very, very fair. We've been doing this process this way since the War of Northern Aggression, and it has served us very well. It has given us twenty-two or twenty-three very fine male Chairholders. All very brilliant guys. The pride of Texas law school. The Golden Age of Guys. And that has been the result of a very, very fair process, and Sally's got a deep psychological problem — and *we all know* she has a very deep psychological problem and personality disorder — I hear she is borderline psychotic, yes, a very, very serious psychological problem — she just can't accept that she is not as good as the guys. Why, that's proof right there. She's a woman who cannot accept her natural limitations as a woman. No woman is as smart as a man, everyone knows that. So, she's in serious, serious denial believing that she is as good as the men on this faculty.

"And just stop and think, that if we did what this woman wants, just think of all the work that would create for us. Files! Papers! References! Evaluations! A thorough career review! What an enormous, enormous, enormous amount of work that would entail. Why, if we did what she wanted, we would never have any time do all our outside consulting work. So you should just think about that for awhile. Just let *that point* sink in. Much, much, much too much work. All that paper! All those trees! Yes, indeed, no environmentally conscious person — see, I'm a

liberal, too — would create all this wasteful paper. And for what? What a waste! We can reach our same, fine, trustworthy conclusions without this needless, stupid creation of a file. So there will be no file. No file. Never, ever any file. We definitely do not want a file. So our way is the best way and there will be no file and that's that."

All the guys looked at the Dean and eagerly nodded in agreement. A vast, deep, baritone "Hubba Hubba" swept the room.

"And," the Dean continued, "I just want you all to know that there is absolutely nothing wrong with giving every single Chair to a male faculty member, because this accords with natural law. She just can't accept that, too, and that's just too bad."

The Dean leaned back in his Chair and pulled out a cigar. He needed to suck on a cigar. He needed some rest, here. It was so tiring, but he knew he had done well. This is what it meant to be a good, strong, forceful Dean. He was up to the task, but it was so tiring.

Candy picked up to fill in the lull. "Yes," she said, "I know what you mean. It is so, so tiring being a Dean. Why, just today, I had to make the schedule, and deal with all the adjuncts, and deal with student problems, and deal with late grades, and deal with professor complaints, and deal with student complaints, and deal with visitors, and sit through recruitment interviews, and sit on the *ad hoc* committee for dealing with ethnicity eruptions, and run the Women's Caucus, and run my book club, and run the Law Review, and set up the festschrift for Professor Head, and I just don't have enough time for my singing any more.

"And, I just want you all to know, that last week I turned down the offer of the ambassadorship to France, and that was a very tough decision, but the Clinton people couldn't work out an acceptable job for Ram. When they offered me France, we tried to negotiate a good position for Ram, and they offered him Switzerland, but Ram said that wasn't acceptable to him, because France was bigger than Switzerland. So I tried to reason with Ram and pointed out that Switzerland had the Matterhorn, which is a very big mountain, but then Ram reminded me that he had turned down the Deanship at Harvard for me, so that I should now turn down France for him. So reluctantly, Ram and I decided that we really just love Texas too much, and we want to raise our kids in this cute, down-home, friendly environment, and



in the end we made the decision to stay here in the best interests of our children.

“But you also should know that the Clinton Administration — you all know that we are very special FOBs and FOHs, and just know so many, many people in the Administration — well, we are talking about an appointment for Ram and me to the Fifth Circuit. Now that they finally got Willy Fletcher through and resolved that stupid nepotism issue, this should open the way for Ram and me to sit on the bench in the same place at the same time.”

Ram interrupted. “Yeah, but I’m talking to them and I don’t want to sit on the Fifth Circuit because that’s a dead-end job. So I’m trying to line up the Second, Seventh, or Ninth Circuits, because there are just more brilliant judges on those benches. Actually, Candy and I have floated up the trial balloon of just skipping the Courts of Appeals altogether, and going straight to the Supreme Court. What we need are two simultaneous resignations, or closely spaced resignations, but two simultaneous resignations would be better, of course. Anyway, I’m hoping Rehnquist resigns soon, because I really think with the caliber of my legal mind that’s the best spot for me, and I did go to the Bronx High School of Science and Yale.”

Gorgon interrupted. He was the Budget Committee Chairperson this year, and a GREAT DEFENDER OF THE SYSTEM. “Uh,” he said, “could we possibly turn to reviewing faculty members?”

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**THE DEAN STIRRED FROM HIS LETHARGY. SUCKING ON HIS** cigar had made him feel better, already. What he really, really wanted though, was a smoke. God, he really just wanted to light up an unfiltered Camel right there, right in this secret conference room. And a bourbon. He wanted a bourbon. But damn, you couldn’t even do that anymore. Had to go clear outside the building, and all the way off campus — it was a smoke-free campus, of course — and stand out there clear in the middle of East Dean Keeton Street, with all the traffic whizzing by, just to take a damn smoke. Just another one of the many excesses of political correctness. In the good old days guys could just light up and stink up rooms any way they wanted, and now they had taken that pleasure away, too. Couldn’t tell a good dirty joke anymore, either, although, well, we actually still did that in the lounge, I

guess. Couldn't say this or that. Everyone was just so, so sensitive. It was the women's fault. Before the women came, we could smoke our eyeballs out, and piss, and scratch, and tell dirty jokes, right here in our classrooms and offices. Now you couldn't do anything without the political correctness police on your ass. Had to go all the way clear out in the middle of Dean Keeton Street, just to take a smoke. Pretty soon they'd be telling a guy how to take a piss.

The Dean looked around the table at his assembled Budget Committee. God damn, he thought, they all want to be Dean. Almost every last one of them was a Dean wannabe. Allpowers, there, he certainly wanted to be Dean. He had gotten royally screwed last time around, but the Dean tried to put that out of his mind because, after all, that was how he had gotten to be the Dean. Well, someone had to get screwed. And Ram wanted to be Dean and Candy wanted to be Dean, too, but it was hard to figure out how that ever would work. Candy had an edge as a Woman, of course, but if they made her the next Dean, then what would they do with Ram? No, Ram just wouldn't have that, so if they made Candy the Dean then they would have to make Ram the Provost. And if they made Ram the Provost, then they would have to make Candy the President. And if they made Candy the President, they would have to make Ram the Chancellor. No, it was just too complicated, so maybe it was better if they went off to the Fifth Circuit, or maybe Rehnquist mercifully would die and someone else on the Court would resign in grief and that would solve Texas's problem and the two of them could go off to the Supreme Court.

And Goody, well, Goody wanted to be the Dean also, and was acting very quiet, and humble, and decanal, as best he could. And such a damn good job sitting there through all those Women's discrimination trials. Yes, that would not go unnoticed. Texas owed Goody a big major debt, there. And then, of course, there was Hector Alonzo Rodriguez Gonzales, (or was that Gonzales Rodriguez?) and by God, he really, really, really wanted to be Dean, and he actually was a very fine politician — that boy had great potential, he did — working the Hispanic angle. Well, that was the wave of the future, Boorish had to admit. The day of the Anglos was over, let's face it. That Hector sure knew how to work the State legislature. Might outsmart all of them, that Hector. Big, broad smile, good firm back-slapper, there, and was

perfectly willing to sell out the Women to get where he was going. So, he was a game-player to watch.

And then there was Halfcock. Poor Halfcock. Halfcock occasionally had had dreams or visions of being the Dean, but his time had passed and he wasn't quite as good a game-player as Allpowers or Hector or Ram or Candy or Goody, even. And being the Associate Dean for Research and Mentoring the Truly, Hopelessly, Foredoomed Untenured Women had been a dead-end Deanship after all, and had caused him conflict with some faculty members. No, Halfcock had a fatal defect, an Achilles heel; he actually had a scintilla of a conscience — just an itty, bitty flicker of introspective self-searching — and it actually bothered him sometimes, not often, but just often enough that it was clear he wasn't suitable to be a Dean.

Yes, and then there was Harley. At one time Harley had actually been touting himself as the next Dean, going around telling everyone how everyone loved him — all the lawyers, and all his students, and just everyone, everyone loved Harley — why, he put a big sign up on his office door about that — but then Harley realized that if he was the Dean it might crimp into his consulting work time, so he began to rethink the Deanship situation. Was it better to be the Texas Dean, or a zillionaire? Hmm.

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**DEAN BOORISH SHOOK HIMSELF OUT OF HIS REVERIE.** “Ehmmm,” the Dean said, clearing his cigarette throat. “O.K. Let's begin here. I think we should give Chairs this year to Hans and Spleeno and Dick.” The Dean looked around the table. He knew no one was going to object, or maybe only object half-heartedly, but it would be friendly objections. That was because no professor could ever let any proposition go by unchallenged. It was what they were there for, to offer their challenging opinions. And, because law professors, on principle, never agreed to anything without qualification — they had to interject possible arguments, and counter-arguments, and quibbles, and qualifications, and nuance, just to show each other how smart they were. But the Dean and everyone there knew it would all come out all right, so he would let them bloviate, for awhile. And, it really didn't matter what they said, he would just zonk off into a trance, and look like he was paying attention, but it was his final decision and he was going to give Chairs to Hans, and Spleeno, and Dick.

Gorgon picked up the ball. "Well, Dean," he said — and Gorgon here was trying his best to make an impression as a fair-minded guy who believed in fair process — "Well, I agree that we should give Hans and Spleeno and Dick Chairs, because I know we have already discussed this in the lounge, and I've personally discussed this with the Committee members, at least some of them in their offices, and we all agree, but, in the interests of orderly process, don't you think we should take them up in alphabetical order, when we get to them on the list?"

Oh, the Dean thought, a God damn budding proceduralist. I'll have to remove Gorgon as Budget Committee Chairperson next year. Don't want any of this procedure stuff. What did he think he was doing? Who cared? Well, if he wanted alphabetical order, he could have it — if it made him feel better. "All right," said the Dean, "I have no objection to that just so long as you all know that I think this year Hans and Spleeno and Dick are ripe and due for Chairs."

"Well, then," Gorgon said, shuffling some papers — what a mess in front of him! — "Um, let's see, er, the first alphabetical faculty member is Pike Burley. Who had Pike Burley?"

Poe raised his hand. "I had Burley."

Gorgon rifled through his papers. "Er, can anyone find the list of publications? There are so many papers here. You know, I want the running list of publications going back five or six years. Oh, here it is. Is this it? Or was that last year's list? And somewhere we have the annual reports. That's in another stack somewhere. And I have our graphs and charts here. And someplace are the Stats on faculty evaluations, but my secretary hasn't put that together yet, so we'll just have to go ahead and evaluate Burley without some of this stuff, and when we get done four of five weeks from now, and my secretary gets done completing the Stats on the teaching evaluations, we can go back and review things. But the teaching Stats don't matter all that much, anyway, as we all know. O.K.? O.K. So I see here from the six year publication list that Burley has been writing two or three pieces a year. What can you tell us, Poe?"

"I had this piece on NFHSTR. I don't know anything about NFHSTR, and I don't really care about NFHSTR. This is Burley's twentieth piece on NFHSTR, and as far as I can tell, it seems that the only thing that Burley writes on is NFHSTR. And they all are the same."

The Committee members nodded in agreement. It was true. Burley was the faculty's, indeed the entire country's, leading expert on NFHSTR and it also was true that nobody knew or cared a thing about NFHSTR.

"I mean," continued Poe, "this is a really very, very narrow field, here. How on earth can any one person find so much to write on NFHSTR?"

Halfcock interjected, "You know, I think we're being a little unfair to Burley. I used to play racquetball with him when he first joined the faculty."

The entire Budget Committee looked down the table at Halfcock, in complete shock. They were stunned. The thought that Halfcock engaged in any athletic sport took them completely by surprise. They lost their focus on Burley and NFHSTR. Allpowers, in particular, raised an eyebrow. It was too horrifying to contemplate. It was hard to summon up the image of Halfcock and Burley running around a racquetball court, in gym shorts, no less, with rackets in their hands. Arrghh! So, at that very instant, every committee member was intently trying to summon up exactly that mental picture. Everyone got completely distracted. The Dean got positively bug-eyed.

Halfcock continued, unfazed, "Burley's a good guy, and we just don't know a lot about him. So I don't think we should penalize him just because we don't know a lot about him. He keeps a pretty low profile. And NFHSTR is very important, if you happen to do NFHSTR. So, it seems to me that anyone out there doing NFHSTR would be familiar with Burley's work."

Everyone remained silent. They had exhausted the Burley discussion and no one else was going to rise to the defense of NFHSTR, since no one had a clue what the fuck NFHSTR was about. And no one cared. And besides, everyone was trying to picture what Halfcock looked like playing racquetball.

"All right," the Dean sighed. "What are we going to do here? Raise or no raise?"

No one said a word.

"All right, then," said the Dean, "we are all in agreement, no raise this year. I think Burley's just about correctly placed in our salary array, down there at the bottom, so let's move along."

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“WELL, LET’S SEE HERE, THE NEXT PERSON ALPHABETICALLY is Sally Certifiable,” Gorgon paused and, out of the corner of his eye, could see the veins in the Dean’s head beginning to bulge out. “I, er, let’s see, Sally submitted to the Committee this year, a two-foot stack of stuff, and . . . .”

Evasive was looking at his watch and interrupted Gorgon. “Uh, look, we’ve already been at this for two hours now, and we just got through the Bs, and I was assigned Harry Who, and I really have to go off to this important consulting conference call this afternoon very soon, and we’re just never going to get to the Ws. So if you all don’t mind, I’d like it if we could just take Harry out of order, and skip over to the Ws, so that I can speak about Harry and go. And before I go I also want to say I’m against Sally Certifiable because she’s crazy and a bad teacher and her writing is no good and she doesn’t deserve a raise. And if she ever gave a bar review lecture, I already know it would be no good.”

Gorgon looked around the table. This wasn’t going so easy. His procedure already was falling apart. “Well,” said Gorgon, “Since Evasive’s going to have to leave early, does anyone have any objection to taking Who out of order?”

“Who?” asked Poe.

“Who, that’s Who,” responded Gorgon. “You know Who, Who.”

“OH, Who. O.K. let’s do Who.” So they all nodded and agreed to do Who.

Gorgon riffled through his paper again. “Er, you have to give me a minute here, because the Ws are in here somewhere in this mess. And he’s a W so I definitely won’t have his teaching stats, because my secretary is still working on that, but that’s O.K. because teaching stats don’t count all that much so we can go ahead and talk about Harry without that. Now, let’s see. By my records Harry’s written, oh, three articles over the past six years. So that, er, let me see, comes out to about one article every two years, which is about on target and what we would expect from a highly productive brilliant faculty member. And what can you tell us about what you read, Evasive?”

Evasive pulled an article reprint from a pile of papers in front of him. “I read this article by Harry, *The Doctrine of Dependent Relative Revocation in Declining Markets*, that was pub-

lished in the *Journal of Econometrics*. Now, you know I don't exactly teach in Harry's field — I teach Environmental Law and he teaches Decedents Estates — but we both broadly teach and think about things that go into the ground. So I feel fairly comfortable in commenting on Harry's article. And, even though I don't understand it, and I didn't get all the way through it — I read the introduction and the conclusion, which was tough going, let me tell you — I just know it is a brilliant article."

Poe looked down at Evasive. "Well, what the hell is the article about?"

"It's about the doctrine of dependent relative revocation, like the title says. Look, I never understood that when I was in law school, and I'm trying to do my best here. And I don't know why I got assigned Harry's stuff, anyway. But it's brilliant because we all know that Harry's stuff is brilliant because we've been saying that every year in Committee."

The Dean interrupted, sensing that this discussion was going nowhere. "You need to know I have, again, another Harry problem." The Dean sighed, "Every year I have a Harry problem. Harry came down to my office this past week and told me that he had been offered an Endowed Chair at Cambridge — they are going to make him a Distinguished Don, or something — and that if the law school didn't pay him at least a half-mil, that's right \$500,000 — he would accept Cambridge's offer. And Harry also explained to me that he couldn't understand why the law school was paying Professor Wright Right a higher salary than he was getting. And so I told Harry that I couldn't possibly pay him \$500,000, but that I would bring it up with the Budget Committee."

Gorgon took his cue to broker some kind of solution to the Harry problem. "Well, it seems we have to do something to keep Harry here and to make him happy. We really don't want Harry going off to Cambridge or anyplace else, because he actually really is the big name in dependent relative revocation, and it's clear he's very very brilliant. And, Harry also told me that he was on the short list for the Nobel Prize in Economics, and I don't think we want to embarrass ourselves with Harry just holding that Chair we gave him last year. So maybe his request for a salary higher than Professor Wright Right's is not so unreasonable. So, maybe we should offer him \$400,000."

The Dean looked around the table. Harry was such a pain in the ass. "Well, does anyone have anything to add?"

Allpowers spoke up. "Yes, I think we need to do something here for Harry, and yes he is brilliant. That stuff he's written on dependent relative revocation is extraordinary, it reminds me of Ishiguro's *Remains of the Day*. And Harry told me that he's been cited favorably by Michael Eisner, who you know almost died and had that quadruple heart bypass, well, that got Eisner to reading about the doctrine of dependent relative revocation, and he thinks highly of Harry's work. So, I think that's something we should pay attention to."

Candy stirred. "Oh, yes, that reminds me! Harry told me that Madonna — you know Madonna is into studying the cabala now with a rabbi — well, Madonna cited Harry's work."

Halfcock got in the final words. "Madonna's impressive, but Harry told me that the Pope cited his work. The Pope. In the Vatican. And I checked with my wife. And the Pope has reason to focus on the doctrine of dependent relative revocation and probably knows more about it than most of us. And who are we to question the judgment of the Pope? So, I think we should give Harry a big, big, raise because none of us have been cited by the Pope."

That did it.

And so the Dean brought the discussion of Harry to a close. "All right, I guess the only question here is, does Harry get a very, very, very big raise, or a very, very, very, very, big raise? I see. O.K. I'll just have to find the money by exploiting three or four Chairs, but Harry gets the very, very, very, very, big raise."

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**BY NOW EVERYONE WAS EXTREMELY TIRED AND CRANKY.** The Budget Committee had been meeting for three-and-a-half hours and had considered just two faculty members. Everyone wanted to go. Gorgon looked around and said, "Can't we just do one more for today, we'll make it very quick, but we have to move this along or else the Dean will have to set the faculty salaries for the last part of the alphabet without our input. I'd like it if you all would just stay for another five minutes and let's finish off one more person. I promise we can do this quickly."

The Dean looked over at Gorgon with a new, fine appreciation. Maybe he had under-estimated Gorgon. Way to go, Shark! Maybe the Dean would keep him on another year.



Everyone grumbled but agreed to stay. "O.K., then, let's go back and finish off Sally Certifiable."

Gorgon heaved all his papers all over the conference table. The table was a huge confused mess of papers. The Dean loved it. "Just bear with me here — I have to go back from the Ws back to the Cs, now. And, I also don't have the teaching Stats, because my secretary couldn't compile them on time, but teaching Stats aren't all that important, and we can back-track when we get them anyway."

"O.K., as I said, Sally submitted a two-foot pile of stuff to the Committee this year, which is consistent with the two-to-four foot piles of stuff she has submitted to us every year. This year there were two new casebooks, another volume of the Moor's treatise, the ALI Restatement she worked on was finally completed and published, there were ten law review articles, six analyses of Supreme Court cases, twenty columns and op-ed pieces in the *National Law Journal*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, the *New Republic*, *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *Foreign Affairs*, the *American Scholar*, and one piece, actually in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. For Sally, I'd say, this was just an average year. How do we want to proceed?"

No one said a word.

"Well, you all were assigned this stuff, who has something to say?"

Poe began. "First of all, she really is burdening this Committee. I think we ought to make a new rule that all columns and articles that are not published in law reviews don't count. We just can't be bothered with reading all this stuff."

Ram nodded and pitched in, "Yeah, that sounds like a very good rule to me, except if it doesn't apply to me."

Poe: "I have no problem with that."

The Dean looked at his watch and crunched down hard on his cigar. "Look, there's too much stuff here, and it's the same thing every year, just more and more of this stuff, so I see little point in going through this item by item. So why don't we just get to the point, and I need to know from you all whether we should give Sally a Chair that she keeps demanding and she hectors me about every year. Hector, Hector, Hector."

Hector Alonzo Rodriguez Gonzales looked up. He had been sitting there smiling through the entire exercise. "Yes?"

“Oh God, not you Hector. She, Hector. And can we please move this along?”

“Wait a minute,” said Poe. “Not so fast. I just want to say that casebooks don’t count. Everyone knows that casebooks are just cut-and-paste jobs, so casebooks don’t count unless they’re very original casebooks like Ram did brilliantly here last year, and that’s why we gave him a festschrift to honor the publication of the casebook he did with two co-authors. And that’s why we gave him his Chair. But Sally’s casebooks don’t count.”

Halfcock interrupted. “O.K., we’ve had that rule of thumb for some time, but I thought Sally’s casebooks were original. She put out the first ever casebook on Outer Space Law, and that’s very forward-looking and she’s created the entire field all by herself. And her second casebook, she did that with three of the most prestigious scholars in the country, all at top law schools.”

“I don’t care,” said Poe. “They still don’t count.”

The Dean was growing impatient. “Look, we really really can’t take the time here to have a philosophical debate about kinds of scholarship. So just tell me, is her work good enough for a Chair?”

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**GERTA SAT UPRIGHT AND THUNDERED DOWN THE TABLE.** “No Chair! No Chair for this Woman! She is not an intellectual! She is a plumber!”

Everyone suddenly woke up. All eyes turned to Gerta. Gerta was in her late 50s and was Swedish and was married to Dick Head. Gerta had published very little over her long career, and no one knew exactly what Gerta did — it was something European — and actually for the longest time Gerta was one of the lowest paid members of the faculty, something she never knew. But then, five years ago she suddenly published a quirky book, in Swedish, on Swedish furniture reform and its impact on the European Union. And exactly five years ago Sally Certifiable started making noises about the complete lack of women Chairholders at Texas. It was a kind of lucky coincidence, Gerta’s book. So the all male Budget Committee conferred with the Dean, and they agreed that Gerta’s book in Swedish on furniture reform and its impact on the European Union was a brilliant and intellectual landmark book, although no one in his right mind read Swedish, and no one read the book. At any rate, they

agreed that Gerta was a brilliant European scholar, and she also deserved a Chair because she was, among other things, married to Dick — that ought to earn any woman a Chair, right there — and a good mother, and a good cook, and so for all these reasons they decided that Gerta deserved to be the First Woman Chairholder at Texas. So they appointed Gerta to a Chair, which would also work out fine because if Sally sued the law school, the Dean could demonstrate that it did not discriminate against women on a gender basis. And even better, Gerta had never, ever encountered another woman faculty member who was smart enough to be on a law faculty.

They all looked to Gerta with deep appreciation. In her middle age — and no one could remember Gerta in any other way — Gerta had settled into that universal middle-aged, iron-willed, domineering, strong-woman look. She had physically morphed into a combination of Golda Meier, Margaret Thatcher, and Madeline Albright: squat, no-waisted, sharp-eyed, pursed-lipped, close cropped graying well-groomed hair. Yet, there was something residually pretty in Gerta; it was in her eyes when she was caught unguarded, which was virtually never. But it was there. She might even have been gay at one time, but that must have been a long, long time ago. Well, Gerta was about to blow, and they knew it.

“No Chair! This woman is stupid! A plumber! She is not an intellectual! And she cannot read Swedish! And she is not European! And she is a Junior Leaguer!”

Candy looked over at Gerta. “No, Gerta, that was Sam. You have them mixed up. Sam was the Junior Leaguer.”

Gerta had been on a very good roll, but now the entire Budget Committee sucked wind, collectively turning to the Dean. They were dreading what was coming next.

“Oh,” said the Dean sarcastically, “Well, that’s an interesting point. And, please, can anyone in this room tell me, please, just what is Sally Certifiable? I have never been able to figure this out. If I don’t give her a Chair I want to make sure I’m not going to be attacked by some group out there. She doesn’t have any Negro blood in her, does she? Does anybody know? For all we know, she could be Hispanic. Isn’t that right? Just because her name is Certifiable, she could be some kind of Hispanic. Is she Hispanic, Hector? Is she any kind of Hispanic we should be concerned about? Is she Mexican Hispanic, or Puerto Rican Hispanic, or Costa Rican Hispanic, or El Salvadoran Hispanic, or

Dominican Hispanic, or Haitian Hispanic? Or . . . what the hell is she?"

Hector cringed and smiled and looked weakly at the Dean. "Er, no, I've known Sally for a very long time and I don't think she's Mexican Hispanic, which is the only kind of Hispanic we need to worry about here. So, O.K. Dean?" And Hector smiled again. That winning smile.

Halfcock intervened. He had to get the Dean off this. "Look, I think Certifiable is derived from the French — you know, the suffix to her name is *'iable,'* which sounds French to me. Which means we're O.K. Unless, maybe, if she is descended from French Huguenots, in which case she might be Arcadian, or perhaps Cajun. Maybe even Louisiana Cajun."

The Dean looked darkly at Halfcock. Maybe it was time to remove Halfcock as the Associate Dean for Research and the Truly Hopelessly Foredoomed Untenured Women. Lately Halfcock had mellowed and had been making special efforts to present balanced views, and that was just not on task. No sir, we didn't want balanced views. And now, trying to be helpful, Halfcock was suggesting that Certifiable might actually be Cajun. Well, that wasn't helpful at all.

"Cajun!" the Dean exploded. "Cajun! Well, now that's fine. Why, I bet, we're so close to Louisiana, I bet we have some hidden Cajuns at this law school. Well that's great. And Cajun alumni! Now I'm going to have the entire God Damn Cajun swamp population camping outside my office."

The Dean sank into a funk.

Allpowers decided to break the tension in the room. Everyone was very, very, very tired. "Speaking of Cajuns, has anyone here read *Evangeline?*"

All eyes turned to Allpowers. What the hell was he talking about? Ram sat up straight. "Why yes," Ram lied, "I've read *Evangeline*. When I was at the Bronx High School of Science. It's a brilliant book, just like *Remains of the Day* and my casebook. It's a very, very fine book and that's exactly the kind of work we want to encourage here now."

Allpowers looked at Ram. "It's an epic poem."

"Oh," said Ram "Hey, hey, I knew that. It's an epic poem printed inside a book. It depends on what you mean by the term 'book.' I knew it was a poem, but I was referring generically to poems printed inside books. I mean, you can't have an epic

poem that's not printed in a book. So calling it a book was perfectly accurate. And so it is a brilliant poem book and we should encourage this kind of brilliant work here."

Everyone was beyond the point of exhaustion. Gorgon needed to bring this matter to closure. "Does anyone have anything else to say about awarding a Chair to Sally? It's already eight at night, and we need to wrap this meeting up."

Poe spoke up. "Yeah, I have two things to say. We shouldn't give her a Chair because she's absolutely certifiable, and because she doesn't have enough seniority."

Halfcock looked at Poe. They were good friends. Poe wouldn't mind if he stood up for Sally, one more time. "Well, I think that's also being a little unfair to Sally, because she says she's been teaching for twenty-four or twenty-five years now, and that ought to count for something."

Harley stirred himself. He had promised himself to stay out of the Sally debate, but he could no longer contain himself. "No, Poe's right. She really doesn't have all that much seniority. She's counting in that total six years that she taught college, and that doesn't count. Besides, her Ph.D is a very old Ph.D, and we just can't be bothered with claims to old Ph.Ds. So you have to reduce that down to eighteen years."

Halfcock wasn't going to just let that go by. "But, we count Beachy's years teaching college, and he got his Ph.D degree in exactly the same discipline as Sally. So if we count his years teaching college, why not hers?"

All the Committee members remained silent. Why wouldn't Halfcock just let it go? They wanted to go home. Then Poe had an inspiration. "Because Beachy taught at Princeton, and Sally taught at Fordham. And everyone knows that Princeton counts, and Fordham doesn't count. So Harley's right. She only has eighteen years seniority, and that's not enough for a Chair."

Now Hector looked confused. "You know, I just recently came on this Committee, but I thought that the rule for seniority for appointment to a Chair was fifteen years. I thought that when Sally first requested a Chair appointment, she had been teaching fourteen years of law school, and so you then decided that the rule for eligibility was fifteen years. So, she wasn't eligible that year. But now, now she's past the fifteen year rule with eighteen years. So it sounds to me like she has enough seniority. Under your fifteen year rule."

Poe was working up a lather. “No! No! No! That fifteen year rule means fifteen years teaching at Texas. And she hasn’t been teaching fifteen years at Texas! So she doesn’t have enough seniority.”

Everyone was getting brain dead. What Poe said made sense, but then Hector came back: “But, excuse me, but you gave Chairs last year to Ram and Who, and they haven’t been teaching at Texas for fifteen years. Right?”

Everyone turned to Hector. He was blowing his prospects for the Deanship. Now they had to find an answer to *that*. There was a long, long, silence. Everyone was racking his brain. Someone needed to come up with an answer to *that*, so they could all go home. The Dean looked at the clock on the wall. It was 8:45. God, this was tiring.

It was hard finding answers to this mathematical stuff this late at night, after all their intense deliberations. Fatigued minds were working as best they could.

“I’ve got it,” said Ram. “We count seniority this way. It’s a formula. The way the formula works it that you get so many points for every year you teach at Texas law school on this faculty, and then you get a weighted point value for the law school you graduated from, based on rankings in the *U.S. News and World Report*. But you have to have graduated from a top ten law school. If you didn’t graduate from a top ten law school, then you have a negative seniority value. So, for example, if you graduated from Yale law school, that counts as ten points, because we all know that’s the best, and if you graduated from Harvard, that counts as nine points, and if you graduated from Chicago, that counts as eight points, and so on. So, using this formula, at the time Harry was appointed to his Chair, he had been teaching at Texas for ten years and was a Yale graduate, so he had twenty effective seniority points, and I had been teaching at Texas for eight years and am a graduate of Yale, which counts for ten points, for a total of eighteen effective years of seniority. So we clearly had enough seniority under the fifteen year seniority rule. Sally went to Georgetown, so she has only eight years teaching at Texas, minus three points for attending Georgetown, so by my formula, she has only five years of seniority for Chair purposes, and cannot come up for a Chair for another ten years, at least.”

The Dean beamed. Everyone looked at Ram. He had just demonstrated his brilliance. That’s why we gave Ram his Chair!

Of course, that was exactly the way Texas calculated seniority! Everybody knew that! And he had explained it so lucidly, when everyone else was fatigued.

Allpowers wanted to go home. He put on his best, serious, profound decanal face. "Look," he said, "I think this needs to be said about Sally. I was a big fan of hers when she came here, and I supported her for the Associate Deanship, but something happened. She has just been on this downward trajectory. And yes, she's published a lot, and is prolific, but her work just isn't very good. It lacks gravitas. She thinks she's very good, but Professor Latte and this prominent professor at Harvard don't think her work is very good. And the lawyers out there, they don't think she's very good either. So, I just don't think she's ready for a Chair yet, not yet, and maybe never."

"Well," said the Dean, "Then we're all in agreement. No Chair, no raise this year. And that's it. It's time to go home."

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#### EPILOGUE

**AND SO, THE BUDGET COMMITTEE LABORED THROUGH** February and into March, and they got as far as the Gs, but Committee attendance started thinning out, and so Gorgon and the Dean started asking Committee members to send their evaluations by e-mail, which they did.

In late June, when everyone was gone for the summer, except for Sally Certifiable, who was teaching summer school, the Dean put out a memorandum announcing the 1999 Chair appointments to Professors Christian, Head, and Spleeno.

And all was well, and quiet, at UT law school.