

5-1-1967

Conclusion

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Recommended Citation

Conclusion, 21 U. Miami L. Rev. 571 (1967)

Available at: <http://repository.law.miami.edu/umlr/vol21/iss3/10>

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CONCLUSION

MR. JOHNSTONE: Gene Mooney had been pestering me when Walter was talking, and he asked either to wrestle Walter down here in front or have one minute at the microphone, and since I think Walter can whip him, I will give him one minute, even though it is against the rules of this proceeding.

Mr. Mooney: Out of the threads of my hair shirt, I have woven a new one, which I will dedicate to the entire body here, and again I hope "the media is the message."

The millpond where we teach the law is lost in Academe's Glade,
Obscured by the fog of the Pedagogue's awe and jurisprudential shade.

Each generation a revisionist breeze, in disregard of the rule,
Breaks through the staid professorial trees and ripples the murky pool.

The fog starts to swirl and begins to lift from the Vale of Theology,
And arcing through an occasional rift shine beams of reality.

The breeze kicks up ripples, wavelets—then waves—to wash the opposite shore.

And erode a bank 'til it finally caves, collapsing with a slight roar.

"I say," says the Assistant Professor Frog, "Waves on our personal sea?"

"Is that so?" comes a croak from the nearby log, "That sound almost deafened me."

"I'm sure we can settle it frog to frog in our traditional way."

"We will open a fruitful dialogue and give all the frogs their say."

From the mudbanks around the stagnant slough, frog voices rise from the mist.

Shouting his tribe's own point of view, each urges his friends to desist.

But the waves continue, the fog dispels, the chorus becomes a rout.

"Who's rocking our world?" an alarmed frog yells, "He will just have to get out."

"Why not seek out intellectual aid?" says the frog in mottled grey.

"Let us solicit the Scholar Brigade—what does Dean Mud Turtle say?"

The kindly old Dean, awakened at last, is told the facts of the day.

Then filming his eyes, consulting the past, he scratches around in the clay.

“Quite so,” he says, “this has happened anon, so the Oracles have said.”

“A nefarious fish once swirled the pond; but I’m sure he is now dead.”

“Today’s tidal wave was caused by his fry, whom you can easily quell.”

“Deny him tenure, and then he will die.” And the Dean snapped shut his shell.

The breeze subsided, the fog soon returned; the pond grew quiet once more.

The frogs were happy with what they had learned and each had guarded his shore.

No fish could live in the dark, gloomy slough, and nothing had rocked the land.

The breeze would return in a day or two and the waves erode the sand.

But over the brow of the nearby ridge catastrophe is lurking.

For the State has decided to build a bridge and the powder crews are working.

The concrete bridge will bring permanent shade and the pilings take up room;

The calm of our peaceful law-teaching Glade will vibrate with big trucks’ VAROOM!