

Vic Marrero officiated at my marriage to Pia Lindstrom twenty years ago this past month (August 3) on the terrace of the then Manhattan penthouse apartment of my sister-in-law Isabella Rossellini right before it rained.

I have a picture of Vic either laughing or smiling as I delivered remarks about what I expected from a second marriage, using lyrics from Broadway songs.

I think Vic was also in the writing course, "Law and Public Opinion," Fred "the Red" Rodell, as some called him, gave to nine students selected after reading their written submissions on why they wanted to take the course. The idea was to write about the law in language the ordinary citizen could understand as he had advocated in a book he had written years before.

Peter Bradford was also in the class, and we chose each other to critique our weekly essays.

I recall being invited to dinner at Fred's home. When I went to the bathroom and flipped up the toilet seat, staring back at me from the bowl was a picture of Felix Frankfurter. When Fred found out I was actually working for Richard Nixon in the 1968 Presidential primaries (taking very long weekends by leaving Wednesday after my last class and returning Sunday night in time for Monday classes from either New Hampshire or Wisconsin), his reaction was and remains unprintable. (Bradford carries on his tradition to this day via our email exchanges).

But I remember Fred as one of my favorite teachers.

Other recollections.

The very first exam I took was Tax. I was very nervous as a new transfer student as I looked around the room at my classmates. They seemed so confident. Professor Bittker told us we could bring anything or anyone (including an actual lawyer) to the exam. One classmate rolled in a metal file cabinet containing index cards summarizing every case in the casebook we used.

I sat next to Richard Markovitz whom I did not know. As I was trying to understand the second question of three on the test, something about the effects of a Section 1231 depreciation, Markovitz got up and left. He was finished! Oh my God, I thought, what am I doing here when I am still trying to figure out what the second question of three is asking, and he is already done! I did not know he was to be at the top of our class.

And there was Clyde Summers' course on Urban Planning. His examination was a take-home test handed out after the Wednesday class and due the following Monday at 9 A.M. with a limitation of 2500 words. On Saturdays the Library closed up tight at

5 P.M., but somehow several of us managed to get in after hours to continue working in the virtual dark to avoid outside detection.

Or Bart Tiernan wandering through the halls not having written a word but thinking about Guido's 24-hour take-home Estates and Gift Tax exam in which he devised a transaction using the name of every student in the class.

And finally my moot court opponent was Richard Epstein. Need I say more about how it went?

Richard and I became friends and shared a one-bedroom apartment in New York City at 40 West 88th Street as summer clerks when the West Side was not what it is today. I remember seeing a man walking down our block with a huge knife strapped to his leg.

My summer clerk class included the future Mayor, Rudy Giuliani, who did not get a job offer.

Richard was at Paul Weiss where they ran out of assignments to give him because he finished them so fast.

As I reflect on those days over 50 years ago with all the social tumult at that time in the country, they were good days. I treasure my time at Yale Law School.

*- Recycled from Jack's Summer 2021 Class Notes*