

social gathering at his home. I was acutely uncomfortable that evening. I now realize that it was a significant gesture of inclusion and revealed to me a camaraderie between faculty and students of which I experienced only enough to comprehend its possibilities.

In looking back, I know that I quickly figured out that my interpretations of the facts in appellate opinions were at odds with the prevailing discourse in the classroom, regardless of the subject matter. Much of the discussion assumed that we all had shared life experiences. I remember being called on in Tax and being utterly befuddled by a case [involving the tax liability of a father for a gift to his son of unredeemed bond coupons]<sup>15</sup>. Looking at his notes on the table, the professor asked annoyedly whether I had ever seen a bond. My voice quivering, I answered that I had not. His head shot up in surprise. He focused on who I was; I waited, unmasked. He became visibly embarrassed and flustered as he carefully described the bond with its tear-off coupons to me. Finally, he tossed me an easy question, and I choked out the answer. To the relief of everyone, he went on to the next student and then ended the class. The economic and social gulf between us was obvious to all in that classroom.

I imagined then that my classmates identified with the decision-makers in the cases, with the protagonists in the stories. From what I could deduce, their fathers and grandfathers were, or were like, the judges, the landlords, the stockholders, the trustees, the legatees. But, for the most part, my reality did not