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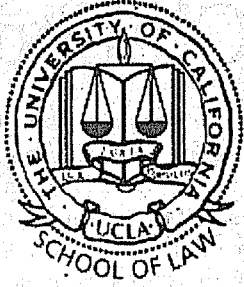
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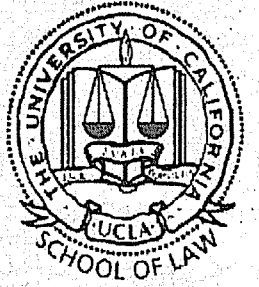
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The Docket

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW



VOLUME 51, NUMBER 6

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MAY 2003

UCLAW Vets Give Legal Aid

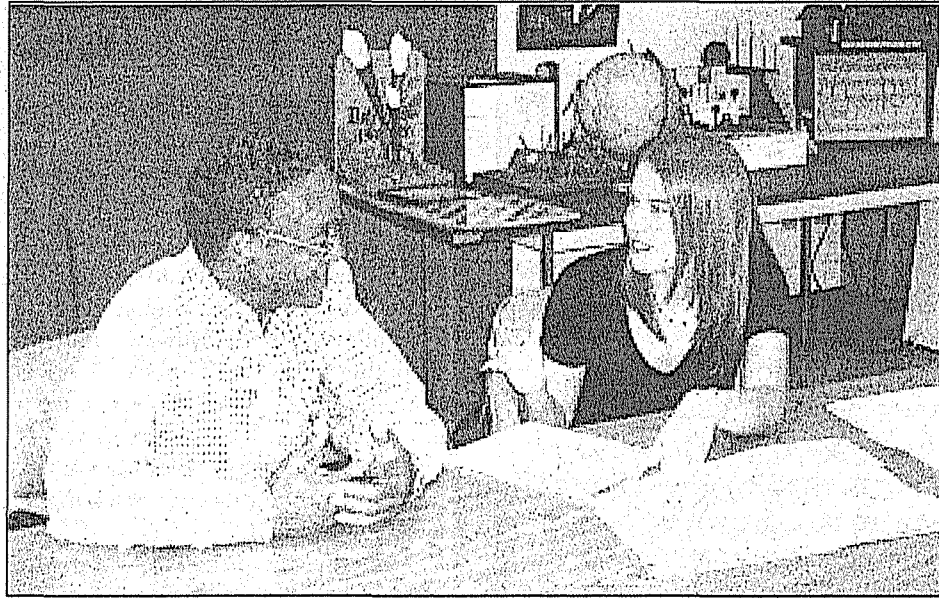
Christopher Baker
2L

The relatively unknown UCLA Law School Veterans Society was founded during the fall of 2001 by 3L Franc Shelton, a veteran of the Army intelligence community. Shelton said he created the organization "because I noticed that there were several veteran reservist and active duty students at the law school. I have fond memories of the community and camaraderie in the military...and thought it would be nice to reestablish that bond here."

While military veterans currently make up less than 3 percent of the UCLA Law School student population, a shared experience of serving their country makes the small group especially cohesive. Fifteen students have joined the Veterans Society. The current student group represents officers and enlisted from every branch of the military (except the Coast Guard), and is even advised by a former Army soldier, Professor Grant Nelson.

Two former Marines and four former Army soldiers from the Law School Veterans Society recently spent a Friday afternoon using their legal knowledge to help a needy population of local veterans. Located right around the corner from UCLA, New Directions, Inc. is a long-term resident rehabilitation center for homeless military veterans who are fighting substance addiction. At the request of in-house attorney Ted Schirmer, the Veterans Society traveled to New Directions to sponsor an interview and intake legal clinic for new residents.

"All rehabilitation centers should have a legal department," said Mr.



3L Veterans Society member Shelley Cobos interviews a client at New Directions

Schirmer. "People struggling with serious legal issues need to know that their problems are going to be cleared up. I tell guys they don't need to worry about their legal matters...It's like a big weight being taken off their shoulders."

Indeed, Mr. Schirmer considers his legal office's mission crucial to the success of the clients who commit themselves to New Directions. A complete detoxification, treatment and rehabilitation facility, the six- to nine-month program is as a "highly structured, no nonsense program designed to stop the revolving door for chronic substance abusers." As Ted Schirmer sees it, residents can't focus on their recovery if they have ugly legal problems hanging over their heads.

To that end, the Veterans Society interviewed and processed paperwork for over 30 New Directions clients, many of whom are burdened with multiple legal

problems. Many of the legal matters involved outstanding misdemeanor warrants, probation violations, and missed court appearances. The most common legal issue involved child support obligations, often reflecting substantial past-due installments that accrued while the veteran was homeless. The students representing the Veterans Society dutifully listened to the New Directions residents explain their legal problems, made notes for each client. In Franc Shelton's eyes, the legal clinic was a huge success.

"I think the event at New Directions was invaluable," Shelton said after eating dinner in the dining hall and taking an evening tour of the facility. "This kind of community service should probably be one of the most important missions of

SEE VETS, PAGE 10

Slacker's Bar Guide

Lelian Hanna
Class of 2002

The Bar is a test of minimum competency. We have no use for the brilliant or the extraordinary in the field of law. You are certified to practice law whether you pass by one point or get the highest score in the state. And the best part is that unless you are among the top 10% or unless you slack a little too much, no one ever finds out exactly how you performed. And so, the moral of the story is to study enough to just very barely pass.

Granted, California is the hardest Bar in the nation. But this doesn't negate the fact that you can fail each section of the Bar, and still pass the exam. Does that help explain all the schmuck attorneys out there?

So here's the skinny on what to expect. The Bar is a three-day examination, and each day is broken down into two three-hour sessions. There are three types of testing: essays, multiple choice, and performance tests.

Each session of essays is three hours and comprised of three essay questions. Since most of us chose law because we could not do math, that's one hour for each essay. These essays are not the convoluted curve balls we've seen in law school. These are fact patterns where the main challenge is to spend no more than one hour on each essay. My recommendation is to write out four practice essays per subject. Essays comprise the first part of the first and last day.

The second day is all multiple choice. My notion was that it was a bit like playing "Who wants to be a Millionaire."

SEE EXAM, PAGE 10

WHAT'S INSIDE

Speech Not Chilled	2
Success Tips	2
3L Recollections	
Be a Lawyer	3
Farewell to UCLAW	8
My Hero	10
Bar Review	3
No Kill Proposal	3
Peter Santos	4, 5
Law Review	6
Loan Consolidation	6
To a Friend	6
After the Madness	8
Entertainment Review	8, 13
Cream Cheese	8
Professed: Kang	9
Iraq in Perspective	9
Comics	10, 12, 14, 18, 19
Years in Review	
2000	11
2001	14
2002	18
2003	19



Peter Santos Remembered
Memorial on pages 4 & 5

EDITORIAL

Saying "Aidos"

Parting is such sad sorrow. Especially when facing unemployment. As the final issue of the year, I (EIC Willow Mc Jilton) have commandeered the editorial for my own selfish reasons.

Many of my fellow law students are running towards their futures, bright eyed with hearts full of hope. Not me. I'm clinging on to Dean Cheadle's skirt, crying like a wee babe. I begged to stay. "Just one more year" I said. But alas, there is no justice in this cruel, cruel world.

So, it is off to an uncertain future. I leave with dread, realizing that in all likelihood I am walking away from student life forever. I will never again know the freedom of walking into an 11:30 class at 11:45 wearing jeans, a ratty t-shirt, no make-up, hair thrown in a bun, and not giving a damn because the person sitting next to me hasn't bathed for days.

The worst part about this life change is leaving all of the people I have met behind. We exchange addresses and promises to "keep in touch." But alas, does that ever really happen? I can only hope so.

I ask the central question: does this mean I have to be a grown up now? Pigtailed and Cartoon Network out the window? No more starting my day with Bear in the Big Blue House? But I don't know how to be a grown up.

And what of *The Docket*? My only creative outlet. While leaving it in very capable hands, I cannot help but feel the hole.

I try desperately to look ahead. To realize that life is a series of paths and it is time for me to take another. This provides little comfort. While I look forward to the adventures yet to come, I cannot help but mourn the passing of an era in my life.

Many students say they hate law school. I can honestly say it has been the most challenging, joyous, stressful, happiest, broadening time of my life.

Our Speech is Not Chilled

Nisha Vyas & Zak Smith
3Ls

The last issue of *The Docket* included an article written by Jared Gordon, entitled "Unsubstantiated Rumors of Censorship." The article was part protest over the supposed censorship of the SBA Secretary, Jamie Morikawa, part defense of Ms. Morikawa's "Unsubstantiated Rumor" on the Taliban School of Law in Afghanistan, and part lesson on the meaning of political satire. At its close, the article makes an impassioned plea for the kind of law school we should have: one in which "everyone should be free to think as they want, to express themselves as they please, and to criticize those who are deserving of criticism without fear of unjust reprisals." This statement would be fine if it did not come at the end of an article that goes out of its way to deride people who expressed their displeasure with the "Unsubstantiated Rumor" and lambaste the criticism of the "Rumor" as an unjust reprisal. Nonetheless, in the spirit of the law school that the author hopes UCLA has, we are happy to write this response to the article. Given this statement, Mr. Gordon should be pleased to see us expressing our thoughts and criticizing his own.

The article begins by describing the inclusion of "Unsubstantiated Rumors" in the weekly SBA Announcements, as a humorous tool to spice up the material. It goes on to tell the story of the February 5 "rumor," in which the butt of the joke is the idea of a Taliban Law School, of-

fering summer study abroad classes at a new Afghani campus "featuring high-speed Internet connections in every cave" and classes that highlight the nature of the Taliban regime, such as "Utilitarian and Retributive Perspectives on Stoning, Amputation and Public Executions." The article goes on to describe the negative reaction that Ms. Morikawa received with respect to this particular joke and how this supposedly lead to some kind of censorship over her future Announcements.

We have attempted to uncover the censorship that the article expresses concern about, but we cannot find it. The article implies that the Administration applied "pressure" on the SBA to apologize for the joke or take other action in response to the complaints. As an initial matter, we note that, at the point at which the Administration supposedly got involved, Ms. Morikawa had already issued a general apology. Second, we sincerely doubt that the Administration made any demands upon the SBA. The Administration must know that such "demands" would not be welcome, as the SBA is an independent student-run organization and is not an Administration lapdog.

Furthermore, our law school is a community, one in which dialogue between students, administrators, and professors occurs on a regular basis. The Administration does not make demands on the SBA, rather it enters into a dialogue with the organization's leaders in

SEE CHILL, PAGE 11

Summer Associate Success

J.D. Henderson
2L

Ok, you lucked out and have that summer position so many of your peers would kill for. Congratulations - and keep it to yourself, many of your friends aren't as fortunate. But now that summer is approaching you may be wondering how you can turn your summer into a full-time job offer. Here are 12 tips:

One. Be enthusiastic! I can't emphasize this enough. Law firms are looking for people who are excited by their assignments. People that work at top law firms are proud of what they do. They enjoy the work. They want to be around others that enjoy it too.

Two. Be someone others want to be around. The people you work with over the summer are deciding if they want to spend 2,000+ hours a year with you. They are looking to see how you handle stress, how you treat the staff, how you treat other summer associates. You can do great work, but will the others that do great work want to be around you?

Three. Dress for success. The summer position is actually a paid, summer-long job interview. That said, if everyone wears Hawaiian shirts you may want to relax a little. Just don't think that if that associate in the corner can wear jeans to work that you can too, especially if the partners dress more formally.

Four. Be yourself. If you aren't sure that you want to work in a firm don't lie about it. Many people have wondered the same. If you are more conservative than Ashcroft and you are working with Nader supporters don't lie about it, just don't talk politics or refer to the French

as "cheese-eating surrender monkeys." Be your nice self, but don't fake it. It won't work. People will see through your act.

Five. Be proud of UCLA School of Law, but NEVER be a school snob. Our reputation depends on you. Don't be intimidated by Yale or Stanford, and don't look down at Loyola or Southwestern either. If you treat a Yale student like they are better than you then everyone else will agree. If you assume you are better than a Loyola student you might (and probably will) find that they are twice as good as you. Just do a good job so that we can keep building our ever-rising national reputation, but don't give a darn where someone else goes to school.

Six. Make sure you understand the assignment. It is ok to ask questions. You don't want to turn in work product that isn't what the assigning attorney expected. If you have a question later, try to figure out the answer on your own first, then write down the question and try and think of any others that you have. When you go back in for more info, you can show that you tried to find the answer, and you can ask several questions in a single visit rather than making repeated trips.

Seven. Ask where you should start. The assigning attorney probably has some idea and this can save you hours of time. They also might have an old document that can show you the appropriate format. A good place to start is a practice guide (such as the Rutter guides) or the Westlaw/Lexis hotline. Don't just sit down and start crafting a query that

SEE TIPS, PAGE 11

THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW

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"I'm Going to be a Lawyer"

Steve Kwon
Nearly J.D.

My name is Steve Kwon and I no longer have to say 1L or 2L or 3L after my name anymore. Soon I'll all be able to say "J.D."

These three years of law school have been a long and wild ride, although in hindsight, it feels like it flashed by faster than the blink of an eye it takes to form premeditation. (Ha! Ha! OK, Dorky law school joke. Sorry.) It feels like only a week ago when I first entered the law school building. I was here for a make-up LSAT class in Room 1420. Of course, I thought it was on the 14th floor, because, you know, that would make sense. I guess, at that time, the building looked to me to be as big as a castle.

As I wandered around looking for an elevator to the 14th floor, I saw current law students hanging out in the lounge, standing in the halls talking about topics I couldn't even begin to fathom, and all looking very beleaguered. Every single one of them carried little red textbooks. I watched them with envy and wondered what secrets lay in those little red books, and sighed, believing I had no chance of being admitted to UCLA.

About a month before school started, I went to the Cashier's Office in Murphy Hall to pay my initial fee. The nice lady behind the counter asked me if I was a med student. I said, "No. I'm a law student. [Pause. Throw fists up in the air.] THAT'S RIGHT! I'm a LAWWWW STUDENT!"

On August 16, 2000, we became 1Ls, filled with some mixture of excitement, relief, and joy. (The stress and terror didn't really hit us until the first Lawyering Skills memo.) Some of the unfamiliar faces I met that day have become my best friends over the past three years. During this time, we've learned to reach in, reach out, and reach up.

We reached in and found strength and joy in each other. We've cried. We mourned after 9-11 as our nation suffered the terrible tragedy. We comforted each other after we lost Peter this year. We sought refuge in each other when life would sneak up on us to break our hearts. We remembered when Prof. Schwartz on Torts passed away. Hey, Prof. Schwartz, I quit smoking like I promised you.

We've laughed and celebrated together. In the chaos that is law school life, some of us have gotten engaged and/or married. Some brave souls like Amara and Christina even had babies. [Ed note: Andrea too!] We cheered for Sam and his band, Prof. Graham and his musicals, Spilly and his rockin' jazz group, and Susan and her adventure races. We've laughed with, and occasionally at, professors. Best line by a professor ever: Prof. Wiley after a student kept asking about anti-gay laws: "Class, I don't really want to get into the ins and outs of sodomy."

We've reached out to take the blessings we have been given and aided others. We've fought together. We've fought for the indigent at the numerous legal

clinics in L.A. We've fought for affirmative action, even filing an amicus curiae brief with the United States Supreme Court. We've fought for the environment, animals, children, women's rights, storm water, free speech, peace, and the last copy of Emanuel's Con Law at Luvalle.

We've worked on journals to push the boundaries of knowledge one more step. We've worked in student organizations to try to make the law school ride a little less bumpy for other students. And along the entire way, we have been reaching up. We have been reaching up to the skies, to our dreams of becoming lawyers, to the promise of a vast tomorrow that kept us fighting the good fight today.

We've learned together. We learned that trains are really, really, really dangerous, that the "J" before a judge's name isn't really his initial after all, that "three generations of imbeciles are enough" and most importantly, if ever stranded on a ship, draw straws before you decide to eat the cabin boy.

We learned to deal with deadlines; to balance work with life; to manage stress; to work with people we may detest; and just to live with a sense of guilt for being at a bar review instead of outlining. Ah, the bar reviews. From the porn party bar review at Lush to the dozens of us who have been thrown from the Saddle Ranch bull to, well, the ones we can't remember, the bar reviews provided a haven from the law school so

SEE SPEECH, PAGE 18

Adventures in Bar Review

Gabriel Rothstein
Columnist

(This article is written by a mildly to heavily intoxicated 3L who while often well-meaning has a tendency to come off as a self-absorbed, shallow, obnoxious asshole. However, nothing in this article is meant to offend and most names have been altered to protect the innocent as well as the foolhardy.)

It's about 10:45 on a cool Thursday night and I'm on my way to pick up my friend Dana from the airport. Dana is from the Bay area and is coming down to LA for the weekend for her friend's wedding. I, being the nice guy that I am, allow her to crash at my pad for the weekend. Additionally, I get the added privilege of being her "date" for the wedding. I use the term "date" lightly. Dana and I have been good friends for a while and the possibility of us "hooking up" is extremely remote - it's sort of one of those, if it hasn't happened by now, it never will.

Her flight was supposed to get in around 10:35, and I promised her that I'd be there on time to pick her up. By 10:40, I hadn't even left my apartment yet. This meant that I was going to be at least 15 minutes late, well I guess that's what she gets for making the foolish mistake of trusting my ability to be punctual.

I finally show up around 11 p.m. As soon as Dana gets in the car, before she can complain about having to wait outside, I immediately start bitching about the horrible traffic and about how it took me 40 minutes to get the airport. Dana clearly doesn't give a shit, she's half in the bag, having already polished off a

full liter of vodka and OJ on the plane. (Gotta love a girl that knows how to fly right!)

On the drive home I inform her that I have to write this article about bar review for the school newspaper, and that bitch of an editor Willow Mc Jilton refused to give me a time extension, so we have to hit bar review tonight. This doesn't bother Dana one bit, she's already half drunk and always loves a good time. Besides she says she's not worried about hanging out with a bunch of law students because she's a middle school teacher and therefore used to dealing with whiny obnoxious types.

We get to my apartment and I begin to mix us a few drinks for the road. Fortunately, bar review is at "The Arsenal" on Pico, which if you live in the "law school ghetto" (as I do) is conveniently located about 10 blocks away, well within stumbling distance. One may argue that such a short drive, mostly on side streets, is also definitely manageable. But I disagree, mainly because (1) both Dana and I plan to get shit-faced and (2) I am not about to risk no DUI three months before the bar exam. Dana and I head out, she's holding a plastic 7-11 cup full of Vodka and OJ, I'm holding my Blue Law Library Cup full of Rum and diet coke (I knew that ugly ass cup would come in handy some day).

About 10 minutes later we arrive at the Arsenal and on our way in we catch about four law students walking out. I view this as a bad sign, especially considering that lately bar reviews have been really lame with ridiculously poor attendance. We walk inside to a rectangular open room. To the right is a table of law students and to the left a large wrap-

around couch, also filled with law students. Thus far the turnout looks promising. But as I make my way into the two other rooms that make up "the arsenal," (the first "room" is merely an outdoor patio (very convenient for the smoker in all of us) and the last room is filled with diner-like plastic booths) I don't see anymore law students.

As I'm scoping out the scene Dana heads straight to the bar and gets us some drinks. When I find her at the bar she is flanked on either side by dudes trying to talk to her. (This isn't surprising; Dana is pretty hot, petite, with a great body and a sweet smile) I walk up, take my drink, and immediately make my exit from that scene as I have no desire to bust up Dana's game.

I wander over to talk with some of the law students that actually made it out tonight. It ain't much of a party - three girls, who coincidentally look great that night, told me that they were on their way out the door, and the rest of the crew looked downright sluggish. Well, all except for my friend Andy, who is always in good spirits. He was doing his usual thing, talking shit and gallantly trying to prevent another attractive lady from going home all alone (the guy is practically a saint).

I start to head back towards the bar and I'm feeling a little bummed about the night when all of a sudden I'm face to face with Andromeda. Andromeda, for those of you who don't know, is this totally hot, totally out of my league "professional rock climber." I met her at a bar review at "14 Below" about 2 months

SEE REVIEW, PAGE 12

An Ambitious Proposal

Elena Gerli
Columnist

Did you know that over the period 1997-1999, an average of 42,433 adoptable animals were euthanized yearly by the City of Los Angeles? I thought not. If you are one of those people who paid money to purchase your pet from a pet store, or are thinking of doing it, you really need to read this. If you are thinking of adopting an animal, whether you already have pets or not, stop reading this rag and go get yourself a new pet!!!

How would it be if Los Angeles (and adjacent cities) became a no-kill city? According to the good people of Humane America and 1-800-Save-A-Pet.com, it can be done. All we need is about \$3 million to start us off, and almost \$13 million to maintain the project over five years. I know I sound flippant, but I don't mean to be. The plan is expensive, although less expensive than one F-16, but possible.

About three years ago, Humane America came up with a detailed and thorough plan to make Los Angeles a no-kill city. The plan was drawn up for the specific purpose of submitting it to a private fund, which ultimately declined to fund it. However, even though the plan is currently dead in the water, one aspect of it was implemented, the 1-800-Save-A-Pet.com website. And anyway, the plan is interesting enough to write about, so here it is.

The core of the plan centers around educating the pet owning population about the advantages of spaying and neutering their pets, and making low-cost and no-cost operations easily accessible to all pet-owners. Humane America provides a comprehensive service which links corporate sponsors, non-profit rescue groups, shelters and vets through the website to people who want animals, as well as providing customer-oriented phone support to pet adopters. By linking all these different organizations, Humane America hopes to lower the demand for pure-bred, store-bought animals, by making it easy for people who are looking for a particular breed to find an animal of that breed within the shelter/rescue groups system.

Humane America believes that adoptions would increase and euthanasias would decrease if: (a) people were made aware of the number of healthy animals being killed; (b) the public were more educated as to the availability of adoptable purebred animals at non-profit breed rescue organizations; (c) there was an easily available citywide source for information linking potential adopters directly with the description and location of specific animals, and; (d) the animals were presented to the public in a pleasant and convenient environment.¹¹

Humane America conducted a series of studies, and found that 147,000 people would consider adopting a pet "in the next year (i.e., in 2001)," and estimated that 70,300 people would be willing to spay/neuter their pet immediately if it were free and easy. Even though low-cost spay/neuters are available in the city, the demand currently far exceeds availability.

In order to achieve zero euthanasias, the plan suggests the following multi-pronged approach: [1] Decrease produc-

SEE PROPOSAL, PAGE 14

IN LOVING MEMORY OF PETER SANTOS

Dear Law School Community,

I just wanted to take a few minutes to thank everyone for the outpouring of support and sympathy I have received over the last month. The calls, cards and emails have been a source of comfort for me. I also want to thank everyone who made the trip up to Sacramento for the services. I am sure that Peter's family appreciated seeing how many people love Peter and will miss him dearly. I know that many more of you were there in spirit.

I must also thank everyone who participated in the memorial service at school, particularly Dean Cheadle, who was incredibly supportive and respectful of my feelings. Thank you to everyone who got up and shared their memories of Peter. I know it must have been a very difficult task, one that unfortunately I was too emotional to attempt.

Words are inadequate to express my pain over losing Peter. When we began dating, everything in my life became brighter and better somehow. He had an incredible ability to make people around him feel loved. The more I got to know him, the more I started to feel like I was living a fairy tale; that if I had been able to create the perfect person for me, he would have turned out exactly like Peter. And although we definitely had our share of hard times, I never stopped believing that. Being loved by Peter for the last two and a half years was a privilege that I will carry with me always.

Peter helped to make me the person I am today, and I mourn for the person I will never get to be because he is gone. We had so many plans that will never become reality. I am angry on Peter's behalf for all of the things he will never get to do. I know that he would have been a kind and loving father, and my heart breaks that he won't get that chance. But I do know that in his short life, he left an indelible mark on the people he loved. He was a beautiful person, inside and out.

I will be forever grateful to Peter for giving me the gift of knowing his family. They are an amazing group of people who have been faced with an unreal amount of sorrow in the last month. As many of you know, Peter's mother Theresa died on April 14th. From the instant I met Theresa, she welcomed me into her life whole-heartedly. I will miss her kindness and generosity immensely. I hope that the rest of Peter's family will continue to be a part of my life.

For now, I must try to comfort myself with memories of all of the wonderful times I spent with Peter. Every moment I had with him, even those that at the time seemed unhappy or mundane, has become precious to me. I'm sure everyone who knew him feels the same way. So again, thank you to everyone who has offered their condolences to me. I hope that all of you will keep Peter's spirit alive in your hearts.
Damare' Theriot

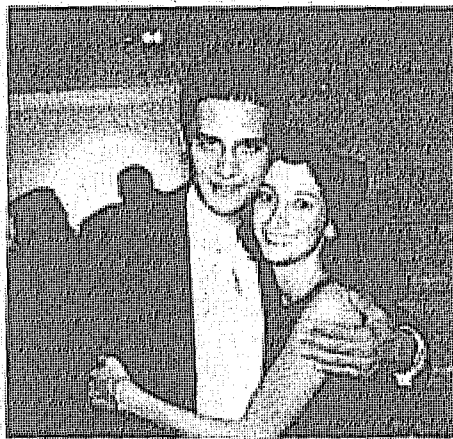


The death of Peter is not something that I can explain nor that I want to accept. I cannot begin to express my sorrow for his family and girlfriend at this immense loss. Yet, I do not want to sit and let this life pass without taking a moment to recognize the gravity of this tragedy. All I can do is to share a few words about what an incredible person Peter was. As much as he would hate it, I am writing this as a tribute to Peter.

Probably the one trait Peter is most "well known" for is his humor. Un-

doubtedly, Peter's witty remarks made many an endless lecture much more interesting. There are two kinds of funny people in this world. People who tell jokes just to gain a little attention and recognition and those that are genuinely witty and joke for the pure enjoyment of making others laugh. Peter was the latter. He was self deprecating and humble. He could put a smile on anyone's face, and for him, that was the greatest payoff. I remember when we were in the middle of "memohell", Peter had an idea of having glow in the dark t-shirts made that read HUMMELL across them and wearing them to school. Every time I would look at my pathetic memo, I would think about that silly shirt and just laugh.

While Peter will be remembered for his humor, I will miss him most for his enormous heart and caring spirit. Peter never wanted to make or see anyone upset. He was a great friend. He was always there to buy you a drink, tell you a story or let you vent. After one winter break, I remember him telling me that he went to LAX 4 times in 2 days to pick up



My Last Words to Peter at the Wake

*Why are you just lying there?
Face so pale.
Hair slicked back with too much gel.
Expressionless.
Emotionless.*

*What happened?
I used to envy your natural golden tan-
it made you look healthy and strong.
I used to think you had such great hair-
perfectly sculpted into a mess with Bedhead.
I used to love how you were so expressive
with your face-
I especially adored your smirk.
I used to wonder how you were always so
happy-
so eager to make everyone around you laugh
and smile.*

*Do you remember?
You used to call me your law school best
friend.
You used to even say we'd get married if we
were both single at thirty.
You used make me laugh 'til my stomach
ached.
You used make me feel so special each time
you laughed at my jokes.*

*Peter, I'll remember you forever.
I'll love and adore you forever.
Forever and forever.
I promise.*

-Jessica Han 3L

various people returning home from the holidays. I told him he was crazy, he told me he didn't mind doing it: He was the guy that would burn you a CD just because he thought you might like it, or tape your favorite show for you if you had to miss it.

While Peter and I remained close, inevitably, it became harder to see each other as often, with differing class and work schedules. I am sure it has happened to many people here over the past 3 years. But Peter wouldn't let a friendship fade out. He'd send emails and we'd make lunch plans. And even though we no longer saw each other every day of every week, we remained a part of each others lives, sharing in our happiness and in our grief. Friendship meant a lot of Peter and those of us that were lucky enough to have been his friend probably didn't even realize how lucky we were until now.

Peter also had an incredible amount of potential. He boycotted a class that we had together and told me he was still going to get an A. I doubted his ability,

I met Peter on the summer program before our 1L year and for the time that our friendship was close, I have never known a better friend. Peter had the ability to make the possibilities seem endless. He had a certain magic that surrounded him and infused everything he did. He was smart and funny – but most importantly he made everyday events magical: whether it was going for coffee, working out at Barry's BootCamp, shopping for an LA wardrobe for me, or having lunch at the Ivy after finals.

Somehow Peter made our 1L year seem grand, and of course he never stopped making law school more fun. After we got our grades the first semester and were shocked that we had done well in the classes we knew the least about, and the worst in the classes we knew best; Peter was convinced that our finals had been graded by our professors standing at the top of a flight of stairs and throwing the entire stack of finals down them. The ones that landed the highest on the stairs got the A's, the ones that flew the farthest for the C's, and all the ones in the middle got the B's. I'm still on Peter's side on this.

Years from now I will honestly say that I loved my time at UCLA Law. The primary reason for this will be that during my 1L year I had such an amazing time sharing the experience with Peter and seeing the world as he saw it. Every little hurdle we passed was cause for celebration in Peter's mind and no one could celebrate as well as he could.

We would meet at John O'Groats on Pico for breakfast after a heavy night of partying and at Peter's insistence, and in true Peter fashion, we would always order the Porterhouse and Eggs. Peter never did anything small – he lived hard and beautifully and his generosity was boundless. Peter's magic is gone from this world much too soon!

I miss him!

-Greg Miner 3L



simply because it was a curved class and failing to read and take notes didn't seem like a good plan for an A. But he said that he had decided that he was going to get an A and that's all there was to it. So, he did some work on his own and when we sat down to take the 8 hour beast, he drank 3 energy drinks and didn't get up once. And you know what. He got an A. He had an incredibly bright future ahead of him and I had no doubt that he would reach his goal of being president of NBC one day. It's like that A. It sounds like an irrational goal, but knowing Peter, I know he could have done it.

People have given me a lot of different advice about dealing with Peter's death. But perhaps the best piece of advice came from a friend who lost someone very close to her as well. I would like to share it with you: "The pain fades, but so do the memories. Hold on to your memories and revisit them as often as you can so you never forget them"

I will hold on to my memories of Peter and I hope you will too.

-Brenda Tavakoli 3L

A Valentine's Day Rant

Peter Santos
Reprinted from February 2002

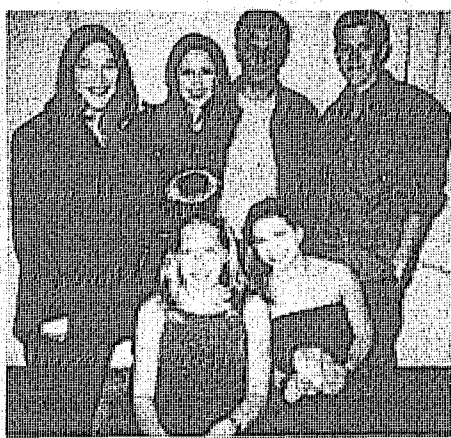
When I think of Valentines Day, I think of one thing, and one thing alone: Mario Lopez. You know him as Slater from *Saved by the Bell*. Without getting into specifics, let me just say that he has mad my life a living hell. His presence in popular culture has been destructive to my psyche in more ways than I care to share. My pubescent years were spent stewing in a giant pool of my own inferiority wishing on a daily basis that I could somehow "Slater" up my look and personality. In my first few years of high school I tried to emulate everything he did: I got a perm. I started wearing a half-shirt that said "Bayside Wrestling." I began referring to my then girlfriend exclusively as "Lil' Mama."

I learned two valuable lessons from those years. First, girls generally don't like to be called "Lil' Mama" (Although I would note that Susan was like three foot eleven inches and had a kid, so calling her "Lil' Mama" was technically ac-

curate, and I guess I still don't understand why she had to make such a big scene and dump me at homecoming) [DEEP BREATH] Sorry. The second lesson was that when you're 135 pounds, and 28% muscle, the half shirt is not a flattering look. It kind of made me look like a lamp, actually.

But then college started. The year was 1994. Things were starting to pick up for me, and oh wait, as far as I could tell fancy pants Mario Lopez was nowhere to be found. I was at a good college on my way to law school, and he was a has-been teen actor probably working part-time at the Norm's in Pasadena waiting hopelessly for his agent to call. As I was completing college, I bitterly hoped that Mario Lopez was out in the Valley somewhere getting fat, occasionally getting recognized by a fellow Ralph's shopper, who knew he looked familiar, but couldn't figure out from where. Could it be? Was the divide between Slater and Santos quickly becoming less as the years went on? Mario

SEE V-DAY, PAGE 18



How do you sum up all your thoughts, memories, laughs, smiles, & tears about someone in such a little space? I know I can not. I know others will do better. But Peter is one of those people that makes me want to try.

He was one of those people that you connect with instantly your first year of law school and somehow you do not see each other as much over the next couple of years.

Yet, you have shared this immense, intense experience together and you always share that.

Those moments huddled around Peter's Kitchen table, with Greg, Brenda, and Peter trying to figure out the mys-

tery of contracts. Laughing, laughing hysterically at the possibility that while we might not discover the secret, no matter what somehow Miner was going to do better than the rest of us.

Peter's generosity. That amazing generosity of rearranging his entire apartment and his stock of goodies for weeks just for the three of us. Of taking people out and treating them.

His kind eyes. The hug he was always ready to give me even when we hadn't seen each other in awhile. One of the first to hug me when he found out about my engagement.

And Peter's wit! Those moments when his dry humor would make you laugh, make me just burst out in the loudest cackle.

How did we all lose you Peter? I still expect to turn a corner in the hallways and see that amazing smile!

Yes, Peter's dry, sarcastic wit coupled with those sweet, sweet eyes that just seem to put you at ease. What a unique person. That is what I will always keep with me to remember.

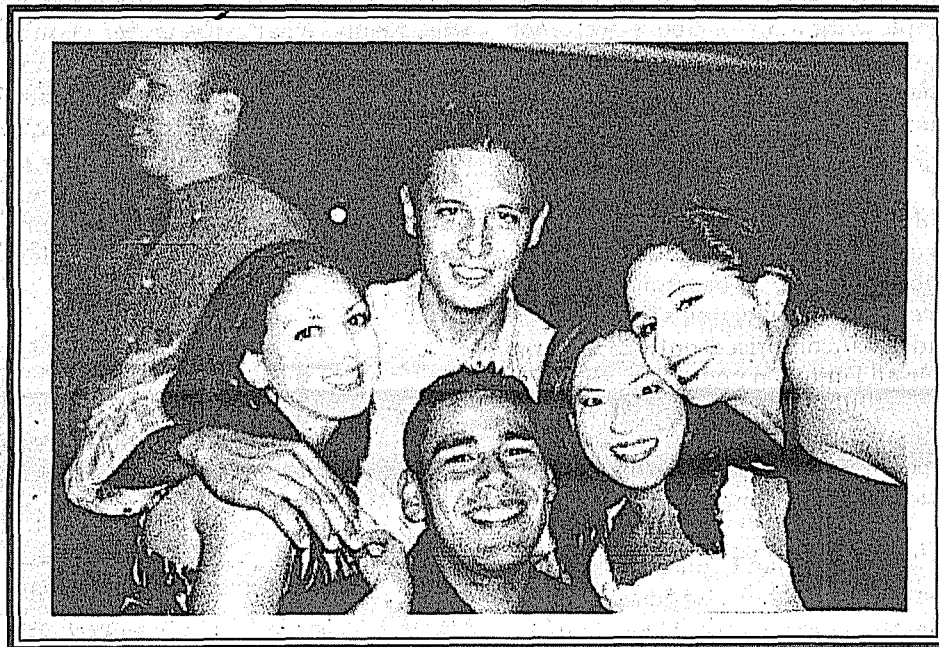
Thank you Peter for having been a part of my life.

-Anne Swoboda 3L

Peter was the first person I met in law school, during the Summer Orientation Program in 2000 and was the most easygoing law student I ever met. I never saw him in a bad mood and the only times we had differing views were on the subject of the Sacramento Kings (his team) versus the L.A. Lakers (my team). Nothing major, just normal sports bantering.

He and his girlfriend sat behind me in Business Associations a year ago. He was so quiet, I thought he was asleep most of the time (maybe he was). A great guy, a good friend and I'll miss him tremendously.

-Ken Yee 3L



Last year on our trip to Belize, Peter braved the insane rantings of a self-proclaimed Mayan Kind, some of the worst bathroom facilities known to man, a river bathtub, and a water taxi association run amuck; all with a smile on his face. Peter had a way of making light of any situation and having fun no matter what life threw at him. He was willing to try anything once. I will miss his special sense of humor and the way he could always put a smile on my face in any situation.

-Jennifer Niedenthal 3L

I have many fond memories of Peter Santos. Most of them involve taking shots at bars and having conversations about our hometown of Sacramento and our beloved basketball team, the underrated Sacramento Kings. However, there are two memories that stand out so much in my mind that I want to share them with all of you because they make me laugh and I want to always think of Peter and smile.

I showed up at school one Friday morning of our 1L year and found that Peter and I were wearing the same exact outfit. I know what you're thinking, what's the big deal about two people showing up at school in jeans and a t-shirt. Well, Peter had chosen that day to be fashion forward. Some, including myself, may argue a little too fashion forward. We were both wearing tight shirts,



black Banana Republic capri pants and black slip on sandals. That's right Peter was wearing mandles. I laughed and made fun of him. Peter never wore that outfit again but I will never forget the day he did.

My absolute favorite moment with Peter happened very recently. It was the night before the last day of finals last semester and Peter and I had agreed to meet at the library to study for our Professional Responsibility final the next day. I'm sitting there at a table in the back of the library with Jenn Nelson cramming as much as I possibly can off my friend's outline and in comes Peter, totally plastered. He had just gone to his office Christmas party and swore to me that he only had a few drinks. He sat there, 'studying' with me and cracking jokes. We had a blast. The best part of this story is that Peter had attended that class twice last semester. Twice. He studied for one night. Drunk. And he got a B-. So, for all you 1Ls that didn't get a chance to meet Peter learn from him: he knew what mattered.

Peter was smart, funny, arguably fashionable and extremely kind. He was a fan of the Sacramento Kings and Professor Munzer. He liked to go out, have a good time and make people laugh. I miss him tremendously and will always remember him in his capris and mandals.

-Liz Smagala 3L

RANTING AND RAVING

PETER SANTOS

Reprinted from March 2002

I honestly don't know a thing about Hugh and Hazel Darling, but I'll bet they were nice people. Something tells me they wore a lot of Ralph Lauren, and occasionally had picnics with Focaccia bread sandwiches. Once in a while I'll bet Hugh would have to stay late at the office while Hazel prepared her special meatloaf with steamed baby carrots; she knew the way to Hugh's heart was through his stomach. So why didn't Hugh just call and say he was going to be late? Oh, Hugh, you old workaholic so and so. I know you love Hazel, but you have to work at a marriage. If Hazel's going to prepare your favorite dinner, and you're going to be two hours late, the least you can do is call her up and tell her. Hazel asks so little of you. Hugh, I appreciate your prompt attention to this matter, and P.S., thanks for the library, the mug with the spill proof top, and the decorative coin purse. Some days I don't particularly want to iden-



tify myself as a law student, but with that glaring neon blue coin purse stuck to my backpack it's kind of hard to miss. We're like the condors that wildlife scientists attach special color coded markers to in order to track their eating

and mating habits: "Look Dr. Johnson, that one has a maroon tag, its of the 1L species."

Speaking of 1Ls, let me just apologize to all of you up front, but I must say that there is nothin' sweeter than being a 2L during Graded Memo 2 season. You adorable little 1L's, walking around with your fancy printed cases. I remember last year at this time. My hatred for that memo could be measured by which words I used to immediately precede "memo" as I spoke of it: the first week it was the memo, then it went the fucking memo, and finally I ended up referring to it as my mother fucking piece of shit memo. In discussions with people from

SEE R&R, PAGE 14

Law Review: Diverse?

Susan Padnick and Christine Trinh
3Ls

As many of the current 2Ls may recall, during the 2002 Spring Write-On Competition, the Volume 50 Board of the Law Review (current 3L class) conducted a survey regarding perceptions of the journal by the law school community. The idea for a survey began at the first meeting of our Board in March 2002, when a board member expressed concern about the lack of ethnic diversity among Law Review members. Although there were a few objections, the general consensus supported collecting information to determine why Law Review membership consistently seems less diverse than the law student population. A group of Law Review members interested in this issue drafted a survey that addressed many diversity factors, including socio-economic background, family status, gender, and race. Initially, we only surveyed the 1Ls who participated in the competition. After the Write-On, we issued a similar survey to 1Ls who did not write on, to understand what factors contributed to their decisions not to participate. To ensure anonymity, the surveys were not reviewed until after membership decisions were completed. The Records Office retained the surveys until that time and then sorted them for us.

Our goals included gathering enough information to determine whether the pool of Write-On candidates was representative of the general law school student body and whether there were any perceived or actual barriers that discouraged certain groups, particularly racial and ethnic minorities, from participating in the Write-On process. The overarching goal of the project was to discover ways that the Law Review can break down real or perceived barriers that unnecessarily discourage students from competing so that the broadest number of students may participate in the Write-On. For example, survey questions probed the extent to which students felt pressured to write on to help their job prospects, or were turned off by Law Review because they believed it to be exclusive or snobby.

Like good law students, we must include some disclaimers: We are not professional statisticians. Some of the survey questions were poorly phrased, confusing, even leading. And our sample was not extensive, as not everyone completed the survey. That being said, the survey nevertheless generated some interesting statistical and anecdotal results, and certain themes emerged that we thought important enough to share with the entire law school community.

A repeated concern was the idea that the Law Review is elitist or not inclusive of students interested in less mainstream careers. One student said: "It seemed geared toward students on a more 'traditional' law school path." And another: "Law Review is seen as something for the elite, or for students who are planning a certain type of career. I didn't see any efforts to dispel that image." Although only 22 students who did not write on completed the survey, nine of them (41%) thought Law Review was elitist.

Not surprisingly, the overwhelming factor dissuading students from writing on was the timing of the competition. The "Spring Break factor" included individuals who had already made vacation

plans and those who wanted to use that time to study, particularly when they weighed the time commitment that the competition required against the possibility of not getting on. (At information sessions, 1Ls are usually told that one-third of the 1L class participates in the Write-On Competition and of those, about one-third are accepted).

Despite the fact that grades are not a consideration in the Competition, many of those surveyed felt that only students with high GPAs can get on to the Law Review. "It is viewed as being something for only the highest in the class. Putting the Write-On during the most stressful month of law school compounds this." The survey results indicate that although grades seem to have been a major factor in the decision whether or not to write on, Law Review members' grades span the spectrum (based solely on first-year, first semester grades). There are students with exceptional GPAs who did not get on, and there are students with average and "low" GPAs who did get on. For instance, among students in the highest GPA range, more students did not get on than did: seven people with GPAs of 3.7 and above were accepted, while eight people with a 3.7 or above were not. Additionally, there were nine people who got on with a GPA of 3.19 or below. Students with higher than 3.0 GPAs do appear to have a better chance of getting on: 14% of the Write-On participants with GPAs of under 3.0 were accepted for membership, while 47% of the participants with GPAs of 3.0 or above were accepted. However, folks with GPAs of under 3.0 comprised only 23% of the over-all Write-On pool. The other 77% percent of participants had GPAs of 3.0 or above. If anything can be said about the influence of grades, it's that they affected who wrote on more than who got on.

Concerns about minority participation on Law Review also generated considerable commentary: "I feel that few minority students chose to write on, making the pool less diverse." Many students indicated that the Law Review pool would benefit from more individualized presentations to student groups. "I don't feel that there was a specific pitch to students of color, [and] most people on the panel at info session were Caucasian." These concerns are justified by the survey results. Among the current 2L Law Review members, there are no students who self-identified on the surveys as African-American, Latino/Chicano, or Native American (the historically disadvantaged groups that are currently recognized as underrepresented at the law school). Although Asians have a healthy representation in the law school and on the Law Review, we recognize that there is a great diversity within this group, and some of these populations are underrepresented. Unfortunately, we were unable to obtain enough information to explore this further. Also, gender was not a concern expressed in the surveys and the membership seems reflective of the general law school population in this respect. Of the members accepted from the 2002 Competition, 44% were male and 56% female.

The surveys indicated that minority student participation in the Write-On Competition was low. 13.25% of students in the then-1L class self-identify as African-American, Latino/Chicano,

SEE DIVERSE, PAGE 15

Simple Loan Consolidation

Catherine OliverSmith
Managing Editor

So you are graduating from Law School (you hope) and you are about, - what?-, \$90,000 in debt. You owe good ole Uncle Sam tons of money in the form of Federal Stafford (subsidized and unsubsidized), Perkins, and other loans. You also sold your soul (if you had one) to various credit card companies. You, like so many of your classmates, have counted on law school and your JD leading to a lucrative career at a big firm where you would make partner in an unheard of 7 years. You assumed that you would make incredible amounts of money and that the loans would be paid off easily.

The reality however, is that the economy is down, jobs aren't nearly so available, and you are tired of wearing the same clothes you've had for three years, driving the same car, living in that shared apartment, and eating out at the "buy one get one free night" at Acapulco's. Plus interest rates are so damn low, lower even than they were just 2 years ago.

However, you are locked in, aren't you? Really, what can you do? Didn't you pay any attention at all during your exit interview? You don't have to write out three or four checks per month to each separate loan. You don't have to pay 4 different interest rates, all of which are probably higher than your new damn credit card. What you can do is consider

consolidation.

What is a loan consolidation? When you consolidate your loan you are basically refinancing your loans, rolling all of them together into one loan, and more likely than not lowering your interest rate all in one fell swoop. You only have one payment to make and depending on how you want to do this, you could extend your pay back period to 30 years (pretty much the length of time for a traditional mortgage). Also, interest rates are pretty much the lowest they have been in decades, so the concern that you will end up locking in at a rate only to see them drop just doesn't seem to apply in today's market.

Granted, consolidation loans are not for everyone, but one could be right for you. In fact, you could save money and time through loan consolidation, and you could reduce some of the pressure as well. Wouldn't you rather get one bill per month than 3 or 4?

Where to go to find lenders? There are a lot of different vendors out there to choose from, including government and private lenders. There are also companies who will work with you to get a loan, finding the right lender (like a broker). This article isn't going to break down all the different companies for you; you do have to make that decision yourself.

Some ideas of how to go about making this decision follow. Start off by doing some research. You can ask other stu

SEE LOAN, PAGE 12

To A Friend

Sapna Kanoor
2L

It's been almost a year and a half since we've spoken and I've wondered if he's been angry with me. Looking back at the things I said in anger and frustration, shortly after the cataclysmic Tuesday when the world as we know it changed forever, perhaps I didn't realize that I was disrespecting everything that he has worked for, everything that he stands for. In my anguish at the senseless loss of life on September 11, 2001, and my rash, hawkish comments to one of the people who must actually experience war rather than simply ruminate about it, perhaps I inadvertently was dispensing dishonor on one of the most honorable individuals I have ever met.

His name is Adan, and he is an officer in the United States Marine Corps.

I first met Adan when we were in undergrad together in Champaign, IL. We trained in the same Tae Kwon Do club, and it didn't take long for all of us to realize that he was an intense one, driven and determined. Free-sparring against him was, at the very least, formidable (as my many bruises could attest to). He attended college on a military scholarship in his late 20's, and served as an experienced squad leader for the ROTC crew, having already been stationed overseas in the Corps.

I still remember cruising back into town after a weekend in Chicago at 5:30 on a Monday morning and seeing him with his squad on an early run up Lincoln Avenue. I swear, that perennially determined look on his face was visible

from the street. He probably doesn't even know that I was there, or that for some reason I just can't forget that look.

My admiration for soldiers runs deep—deeper than patriotism, deeper than my fractured American identity. Maybe they symbolize strength to me, an intangible to which I have always been drawn. Maybe there's a person inside of me that always wanted to be brave, but could never go the distance.

Whatever the reason, to me, it seems that there is something hauntingly and painfully beautiful about an individual who is willing to lay down his or her life for this amorphous, variegated, and yet powerful ideal we call a nation. They will never know your name, nor match it with a face, and yet they will die for you. They will die so that we can maintain our way of life. To me, that is absolutely incredible.

Some end up there and die because they had nowhere else to go; young people stumbling into the fray for which they could never have prepared themselves. But Adan is there because he feels that it is his calling, and his purpose. He is there because he feels that he was born to be a soldier.

I once asked him during an e-mail exchange how he could just follow orders, how he could just do whatever the government told him to do. "What do you do if you don't agree with the government's policy?" was my question.

"It's not my job to question that," he replied. "I leave that to people like you, who are the future leaders and policymakers. I'll do whatever you tell

SEE FRIEND, PAGE 14

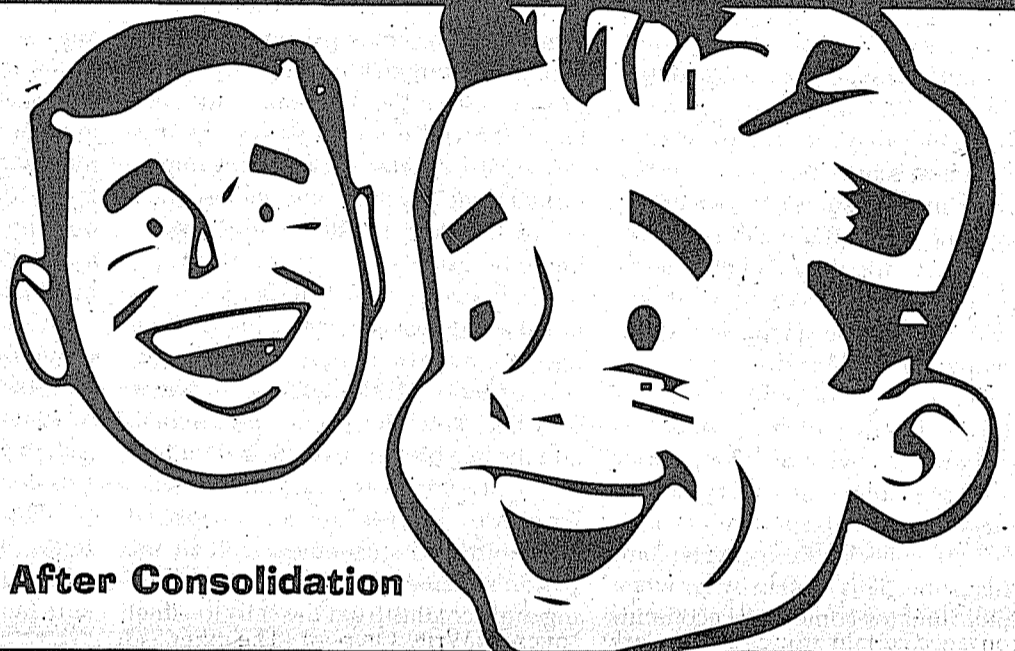
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“After the Madness”

Michael Lee
Columnist

The more I read of Solomon Wachtler, the more I feel I would have liked him as a judge. His record as Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals paints him as a conscientious administrator, a lucid writer, and a man who often managed to use the law to achieve a moral result.

Of course, none of this is what people remember first. What they remember is that in 1993, Wachtler was convicted of stalking his mistress and sentenced to sixteen months in federal prison. Wachtler's book, "After The Madness: A Judge's Prison Memoir," is a very readable journal that seeks to inform about the realities of American imprisonment.

In a way, the literature on this subject was crying out for a judge to write a book from prison – and not because judges have a unique knowledge of the law. Indeed, Wachtler observes wryly that by the time they are sent up, all convicted criminals have become expert in the law as it applies to their own cases, having gone through the whole torturous process from arraignment to trial to appeal. What makes Wachtler's book compelling is that he speaks in a voice that people can understand.

"Wachtler was a public figure – people can identify with him," said Professor Sharon Dolovich, speaking about the general public's unwillingness or inability to relate to the particulars of an inmate's life, either before or after he commits his crime. This is often easier when so many inmates come from economically disadvantaged or unstable family backgrounds. "You want to distinguish

yourself from a 'criminal,'" she said.

As long as people refuse to acknowledge any commonality between themselves and inmates, Dolovich said, they continue to make ignorant "generalizations [about life in prison] when they don't have the first idea what it's really like."

Wachtler was, as far as the law was concerned, a criminal; however, he's also a good read and a keen observer who knows how to communicate complex ideas clearly, and even entertainingly – it's what he did for a living.

His sentence was probably not excessive. He could have been sent to a state prison, which as a rule is much worse than its federal counterpart; his sentence could have been longer; or he could have been a trial judge instead of an appellate one, which would have meant an actual chance of running into someone he'd sent to prison. As it happened, the inmates in the two federal prisons where Wachtler spent his sentence showed a weird esteem for his former office (often because they hoped he had some key that could shorten their own sentences), an esteem wholly lacking in his guards.

However, even a brief sentence entailed a long list of frightening and dehumanizing experiences. Upon his arrival at Butner Federal Prison in North Carolina, Wachtler was strip-searched, and the bag his wife had packed for him the night before was confiscated, as were his glasses. He was immediately placed in a solitary confinement cell in the prison's mental ward, listening to raving and screams from the cells to either side of him. He received his meals from an anonymous pair of rubber gloves

through a slot in his door. One night, he woke up and realized that his toilet had backed up and overflowed onto the floor; when he called for help, the guard forced him to walk barefoot through the sludge so he could put his hands through the slot to be cuffed, before being let out.

Yet Wachtler's story does not mean to horrify, or disgust. At times, he's even funny:

January 29, 1994 "This morning my hair froze. I had to go for blood tests on the other side of the compound – about three city blocks away from my unit. I had just finished my morning shower, my hair was not yet dry, and on my way to lab it froze. This will give you some idea of what a -73° chill factor can do to a damp head. One of the inducements for my plea of guilty had been the promise of a sentence of confinement in warm and sunny Florida. This thought crossed my mind as my hair froze."

Wachtler he paints a picture of a surreal, Kafka-esque existence, where the most persistent punishment is slow dehumanization, full of petty punishments inflicted by an indifferent system, without any hint of what he'd done to deserve them. His story does not shock, but it does anger.

Cases in point: while lying asleep in his cell at Butner, facedown, Wachtler was stabbed twice in the back. The prison officials assumed he had done it himself, to gain early release. His assailant was never identified.

During the second part of his sentence, at Rochester in Minnesota, he waited for hours to have his blood pressure taken, afraid he was hypertensive.

SEE MAD, PAGE 15

Entertainment

Review:

Trivia Challenge

Kenneth Roost
Entertainment Editor

Entertainment Trivia Challenge:
Shlock or Not?

The en vogue mode of exploitation for 80's music is via 1-Hit Wonder compilations. And I love them – especially the Living in Oblivion series. But many 80's groups, often despite outrageously plastic hair and production, were respectably good and get a bum rap when mislabeled as 1-Hit Wonders.

The following is an entertainment trivia game where you, the reader, guess whether I, the entertainment editor, consider a bunch of bands to be defined by a fine single or something finer – a great album or career worthy of some best of. Be wary, because many 1-Hit Wonders still have best ofs (examples to get you in the mood: Level 42, Spandau Ballet, and Ultravox – who, to be fair, are all actually 2-Hit Wonders, but that's close enough to round down), so you must rely on taste instead of market science. Ask yourself, is this group musically relevant – or are they eclipsed by a song? Ready, set, here are the groups:

Toto, Culture Club, Thomas Dolby, Dexy's Midnight Runners, Talk Talk, Til Tuesday, Wall of Voodoo, Cutting Crew, Men Without Hats, A-Ha, Duran Duran, Bon Jovi.

SEE ANSWERS, PAGE 17

Farewell to Law School

Elena Gerli
Columnist

I want to tell you a little story about one of my first classes in law school. It was Criminal Law, and our professor was John Wiley, who is now Judge Wiley. This was still the first week, when most of us were already starting to feel overwhelmed and terrified, and the rest of us were just in denial. So we all trooped into the big classroom, the computers came out, the casebooks opened, and we were ready to learn. Prof. Wiley was impeccably dressed, as he pretty much always was, and the first thing he said to us was "I love being a lawyer."

Well, it was a great, inspiring way to start this journey, and I think it's a great way to end it, or at least the academic part of it. I'm writing today because I want to tell you that I'm going to love being a lawyer, because it is here in law school that I found my passion. It's a little weird to talk about passion and the law. I can almost hear the groans, and see the rolling eyes. But talk about it I will, and if you think it's corny, too bad, I have the floor.

I'm going to back up a bit. I came to law school fully intending to sell out. Not that there's anything wrong with that, mind you, some of my best friends are selling out! But then I discovered criminal law, and that I wanted to be a prosecutor. Being passionate about

criminal law might also sound a little weird. But criminal law is interesting, and that you cannot deny. After all, no one has yet made a riveting courtroom drama about the UCC, or the UPC, for that matter. And for all you non-lawyers who just went Huh, what are the heck are the UCC and the UPC, well, you just proved my point.

But mostly, being a prosecutor is about doing justice, about doing the right thing. This is what Prof. Wiley taught us in his class; that being fair and just is not merely desirable, but it is an absolute responsibility of the prosecutor. In criminal law, lives are at stake: the lives of the victims of the crime, and the lives of the accused and of the convicted. It's important work, and I feel it will be a privilege to do it.

I also got to do amazing things while in law school. I watched and helped Assistant United States Attorneys be prosecutors extraordinaire in federal court. I got to write appellate briefs for the California Office of the Attorney General, addressing First, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Amendment issues, like whether or not a Three Strikes sentence imposed by the trial court violated the Constitution's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. I assisted in the preparation of a murder trial. And I wrote bench memos to assist a District

SEE CIAO, PAGE 18

Brother, Can You Spare Some Cream Cheese?

Justin Radell
Columnist

In my best Seinfeld voice, I ask, "What's the deal with cream cheese? Did they start putting gold nuggets in it when I wasn't looking? Does OPEC now control a large portion of the world's coveted cream cheese reserves? You know how platinum has become the *new* gold? Is cream cheese the new platinum?"

I went to a deli the other day and the bagels were 60 cents each. I asked for two bagels toasted with cream cheese and I ended up dropping \$3.50. I'll help you with the math because I know that it has been a long time for all of us. The cost of the bagels alone, 60 cents times two, is \$1.20. I paid nearly three times that amount for a little bit of cream cheese on each of them. Isn't that ridiculous? The answer that I am looking for is three letters long and starts with a "y." How does cream cheese increase the value of my bagel from 60 cents to \$1.60?

A friend thought that it was so much more expensive because of the labor involved to toast the bagel. He claimed that I paid an extra \$1 to have my bagel sliced, toasted and spread with cream cheese. Sorry Mike D., I love you like a brother, but you are wrong. You've fallen victim to one of the classic blunders. The most famous is never get involved in a land war in Asia. But only slightly less well known is never go in against a Jew

when bagels are on the line.

If I had purchased a 60-cent bagel and asked for it sliced, the shopkeeper would have gladly done it for free. If I had asked for my bagel toasted without having anything placed upon it, the bagel-guy would have gladly done it for free. It is only when I asked for cream cheese in addition to the slicing and the toasting that he charged me an extra \$1. You must now think that I have a dizzying intellect. Have you ever heard of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates and Zasloff? Next to me, they're all morons.

What can you take away from this article? You definitely can't take away the last 20 seconds of your life that you spent reading it (sorry about that). You can take away a keen observation of the world that will suit you well in all of your endeavors. If cream cheese adds that much value to a bagel, think of what it could do to your resume. Next time you turn one in to an employer, spread a little on the edges. For those of you who are homeowners or looking to buy, think about how cream cheese can quickly boost the value of your home. I am sure you have heard of cottage cheese ceilings, right? I think it is time to introduce the cream cheese ceiling. I bet you haven't seen that one on *Trading Spaces* – be ahead of the curve and give it a shot. The possibilities are endless. Think about it – *think about it.*

Come See Us On Campus

2003 On-Campus Interviews
September 17, 2003

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Professed

Betty Chia
2L

Your sentiments about Professor Jerry Kang may depend on if you ever took a class with him and what grade you received in that class. But regardless, since he started his career in 1995, Professor Kang's involvement with the student body at UCLA Law extends far beyond the classroom. His enthusiasm towards students accorded him Professor of the Year for the 1998 class.

Today, Professor Kang is one of the involved faculty members in UCLA's Critical Race Studies Program. Contributing his time to teach exam writing workshops to the first year class and getting dunked (always a popular choice for students for some reason) in the annual APILSA dunk tank, he has been a familiar face to many, and will be missed as he plans to teach at Harvard and Georgetown Law respectively for the next two years. Read on to find out what he has to say.

Q: If your students only knew...A: My current favorite radio station is 103.1. Really

Q: If the dean only knew...A: about the Wireless LAN I'm running out of my office.

Q: If you were a student at UCLA, what professor would you want to take a class with? Why? A: Devon Carbado-being awarded the Rutter Award this year. He's smart, got class, and dresses way better

than me.

Q: Why did you go to law school? A: My undergraduate degree is in physics, and I spent all of my summers working at Department of Energy laboratories, such as Los Alamos. But I found that path wanting on both personal and political grounds. In college, I started thinking more about what it meant to be both an immigrant and racial minority in America. My interest in civil rights grew as well as a desire to have a more direct impact on the social issues I cared about. Theoretical physics wasn't going to satisfy those goals. Law was a natural choice.

Q: Tell me... do you have a hidden talent or skill? A: I hold a Black Sash in Hwarangdo, a Korean martial art. That means I have a substantial knowledge of how to cause pain and damage to the human body. And how to avoid it.

Q: If you weren't a law professor, what would you be doing right now? A: Civil rights appellate litigation.

Q: If law students would like to become law professors, what advice would you give them as steps to take? A: Learn how to think deeply and communicate clearly. Of course, the best way to do this is to mimic those law professors that seem to think deeply and communicate clearly. I would recommend trying to work as a research assistant for just such a professor. It provides an invaluable glimpse into the life and processes of law professing.

Q: You have developed an interest in "cyber race." Can you tell us some more about this? A: This was an attempt to

merge my two principal research interests, communications/cyberspace and critical race studies. The Hollywood pitch goes something like this. It is common for race academics to point out that race is a "social construction." In cybersocial theory, it is also common to hear that cyberspace is a social construction, made up of technology and code. What then happens when a social construction evolves within a social construction? The answer can be found in an 80-page article published in the Harvard Law Review (2000).

Q: What's your favorite class to teach? Why? A: I can't say that I have any favorite. I enjoy teaching all of my classes for very different reasons. Teaching civil procedure to first years, in the first semester, is a wonderful opportunity. It allows me to introduce my students to the very idea and process of legal reasoning and the self-respect inherent in taking each others' ideas seriously. Teaching Asian American Jurisprudence allows me to fill an important gap in modern race discourse, to put Asian Americans, their legal history, their social issues front and center. Teaching communications law allows me to give future lawyers and policymakers the basic toolset necessary to create and alter the ground rules that shape our extraordinary information environment.

Q: How did you get involved in Critical Race Theory? What do you hope it will accomplish? A: My intellectual involvement came from anger at what I saw to

Iraq in Perspective

Kraig Odabashian
Columnist

The President's eyes loom sternly around the room, as though challenging someone to speak. He looks tired, stressed, unshaven. He's been up all night dealing with the latest foreign policy crisis, and he's come to an epiphany. "You heard me," he repeats, "This is going to be the first administration in history to have a purely humanitarian foreign policy." The staff looks shocked. They turn to one another and back to the President.

Was this George W. last week? Of course not. It was Martin Sheen in a recent episode of ABC's *The West Wing*. Sure, we would all love to say that we have a government that acts for the good of all humanity. But when we take a slightly harder look at what has been going on in the world since September 11, this is just not the reality. As critics of the Bush Administration will all too gleefully point out, the Administration's policy in Iraq and Afghanistan are not humanitarian by design. The U.S. tolerates defections from internationally recognized standards of human rights all over the Near East. Yet our government and our media both insist on spinning operations like Iraq as humanitarian in design. As soon as our troops crossed the border into Iraq this March, FOX

SEE KANG, PAGE 17

SEE IRAQ, PAGE 19

My Hero, the Lawyer

A Graduation Address

Christopher W. Decker
3L

In our years together we have come to know many distinguished members of the profession we are about to join. We have met them through the cases we have read, the jobs we have held, the lectures we have attended, and the stories we have heard told. At this point, I suspect each of us could list several lawyers, judges, and legal scholars whom we admire, who have inspired us, and whom we hope to imitate. As we stand ready to go forth and follow their example, I would like to offer one more name to add to your lists. He is the lawyer who inspired me to come to law school, and who continues to inspire me as I begin my own legal career.

Joseph Grand was born in Kolki, Poland in 1896, the eldest son of a tradesman who made a living cutting trees from the forest and fashioning them into wooden boards used to make barrels. It was a decent business, but these were not good times to be a Jew in Eastern Europe. Anti-semitism was widespread, the authorities treated Jews harshly, and there were occasional pogroms. When Joseph was 10, his father left Poland to start a new life in America, and after two years, sent for the rest of the family. The local authorities, however, would not allow the family to leave Poland, so they were smuggled across the border in a farmer's wagon, hidden underneath bales of hay.

Joseph arrived in this country at the age of 12, knowing no English. Nonetheless, he showed so much promise in school that a teacher took him into her own home to tutor him and prepare him for higher education. A few years later he was awarded a full scholarship to attend Brown University. He did not finish his degree, however, because the fam-

ily relocated to St. Louis, Missouri. Joseph then enrolled in Washington University Law School, without even having completed his undergraduate studies. He finished law school second in his class.

Joseph Grand began practicing law and showed enough promise that, within a few years, an established, prominent Jewish lawyer in St. Louis invited Joseph to join him as a partner. Joseph's career continued to prosper after that, and led to opportunities to participate in business ventures, many of which proved quite fruitful. Both in his law practice and in his business activities, Joseph enjoyed a good degree of material success.

Obviously, Joseph and his immediate family benefited from this material success, but so did many others. Joseph invited his brother to join him in his business ventures, making it possible for his brother to support his family as well. Joseph supported his wife's mother financially when she was no longer able to provide for herself. He also supported his wife's brother whose career had been permanently destroyed when he was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. He supported people outside the family as well. He funded an annual scholarship at Brown University, in gratitude for the scholarship he had received. He and his wife established a family charitable foundation, and his wife served on the board of a major local charity. And, before he died, he made sure that financial obstacles would not prevent any of his nine grandchildren from pursuing a professional education, if they so desired.

Joseph Grand's talent, hard work, and ambition created opportunities, and he made the most of them. Because he did, he was able to benefit a wide circle

SEE HERO, PAGE 19

VETS

FROM PAGE 1

the UCLA Law Veterans Society, along with supporting our vet student population and trying to increase the number of vets attending UCLA Law."

One of the most junior of the Veteran Society's members, 1L Brent Ferguson, reflected on his unique exposure to Los Angeles's homeless population as a former policeman. "Most of my contact with them involved custodial arrest type situations, which are often humiliating and never fun," Ferguson said. "I found that no matter how far these guys fell; there was always an element of pride that would come back when they talked about the military. I thought that helping at New Directions would allow me to do something positive for these guys for a change."

In describing the legal clinic at New Directions a "worthwhile event," Ferguson also said that the clients he interviewed "seemed relieved to have someone talk to them, tell them the truth, and let them know that these problems could get solved."

From New Directions, Ted Schirmer echoed a similar sentiment. "Some of the guys have already commented that they enjoyed speaking to a veteran who would soon be an attorney," he said. "It meant a lot to them." Schirmer hopes that the UCLA Law Veterans Society will volunteer to make the legal clinic a recurring semi-annual event. Though the Society's founder will soon graduate, the remaining 2L leadership expect to make legal aid activities for needy military veterans a hallmark of their continued service while students at the Law School.

For more information about New Directions, Inc., visit <http://www.newdirectionsinc.org>. For more information about the UCLA Law School Veterans Society, e-mail: Christopher Baker or J.D. Henderson.

EXAM

FROM PAGE 1

You get four answer choices, two of which will be obviously wrong. Then it's just a matter of narrowing down between the remaining two answer choices. Not bad considering the 50/50 odds (better than Vegas, baby!!). You don't get any lifelines, but my recommendation is to go with the one that looks wrong. Why? Because the Bar examiners are rat-bastards.

And so what do you do the last half of the first and last day? If you are at the LAX location, you can hop a flight to the Bahamas or take the performance tests. If you are in Pasadena or Ontario, the options are not so great. Although law school does not prepare you for performance tests, it's all about common sense. Performance tests evaluate how well you can follow directions. There's a fact pattern, a booklet of case law and statutes, and directions from a "senior attorney or judge." Your job is simply to do what the boss man tells you to do. In fact, studies have found that your ability to do a performance test correlates to your ability to put together Ikea furniture.

You are given two months and change to study for this exam which will determine whether you are competent to receive a ridiculously enormous paycheck accessorized with a lovely 401K. As most everyone is already signed up with one of the two, if not both of the, hi-I'm-in-violation-of-the-anti-trust-laws-but-the-kick-backs-to-the-DOJ-have-really-paid-off Bar prep courses, you can expect to spend approximately four hours per day in class. After that, you will need to dedicate approximately three to four hours per day to review and studying. It's not as bad as it sounds. The way it breaks down, you will spend two months of your life learning an enormous amount of superficial information about each body of law, and then spend your Bar trip trying to drink yourself into oblivion in order to forget it.

And that, in a nutshell, is the Bar. To wax philosophical, no, the next few months of bar prep will not be relevant to anything you will ever do in the remainder of your lifetime, and, yes, this is just job security for a lot of old, incompetent people who are also known as Bar Examiners. Most important though is that this is a mind*&%^ and it's all about keeping your calm. And, even more importantly, if you don't pass, it does not reflect on your intelligence, your ability or your competence. It just means that, God forbid, you were unable to read the mind of the Bar examiners.

So, from the depths of my infinite wisdom, these are my recommendations:

First: Do not plan your Bar trip until you have begun studying for the Bar, as it is an amazing source of distraction.

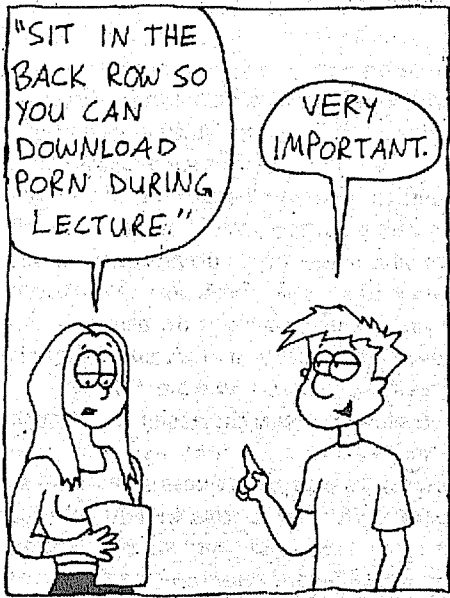
Second: Do not change your daily routine, whether it involves sleeping in, getting drunk off your ass, working part time, smoking a joint... if it's worked for you, there's no reason to stop.

Third: Cardiovascular exercise is our friend. Bar studying translates into 15 pounds of excess weight, or for the lay person, a pot belly that jiggles.

Fourth: If you are not in a regular relationship, make sure you have a backup source of sex lined up for the night before Bar and the two ensuing nights. It's all about stress-relief, right?

Fifth: If you're in a relationship, do not rub it in the face of those who are not.

SEE EXAM, PAGE 19



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CHILL

FROM PAGE 2

an attempt to solve perceived problems. If the Administration did comment on the matter to the SBA President or Ms. Morikawa, any suggestions to aid in the avoidance of future controversies were probably welcomed. Censorship by the Administration? Hardly.

Mr. Gordon also appears to take issue with Ms. Morikawa's statement that she is now "self-censoring." Our understanding of censorship is that it is applied from an external source on the thoughts and activities of another. "Self-censorship" on the other hand suggests that a person exercises internal contemplation before speaking or taking action. In that light, we applaud Ms. Morikawa's efforts to consider the nature and substance of material included in announcements before they are distributed. It seems only appropriate that Ms. Morikawa, an elected SBA official, representing an organization that represents the ENTIRE student body, would give careful consideration to how her communications will be received. Kudos to Ms. Morikawa for recognizing that, with respect to the SBA, she is operating within a political environment, and will be called to task over any comments she makes in her official capacity. In this instance she acted appropriately. She made a statement, people complained, she chose to apologize for her actions, and has now decided to give greater thought to items before including them in SBA Announcements. Censorship? Hardly, it sounds more to us like she was responding to her constituents and has given thought to avoiding such controversies in the future.

It is ironic that the article characterizes the complaints received by Ms. Morikawa as "the further chilling of speech" at UCLA School of Law. The students who wrote to her in response to the joke were simply exercising their right to express their views on what is or is not appropriate for their SBA Secretary to make jokes about. Characterized in this way, one can see that in fact, Mr. Gordon's article itself serves to chill the speech of those who dare register a complaint about racially (or other) insensitive comments made by their own representative student government.

After deriding the supposed censorship of Ms. Morikawa, the article then attempts to defend the joke. It expresses surprise that anyone would be offended by an attack on the Taliban. Unfortunately, Mr. Gordon still does not seem to understand why some people found the attempt at humor to be offensive. While we would agree that the Taliban regime is a legitimate target for our abhorrence, we and others who were offended question whether, during these times, poking fun at a part of the world that is so misunderstood does not simply add to a general climate of distrust and condescension toward all peoples of this region.

The article appears to be saying that because Ms. Morikawa is a person that strives to avoid causing offense to anyone in her everyday life and that because the joke was well-researched in who it was targeting, it is unreasonable to consider it offensive; basically, because there was good intent, it follows that the comment was inoffensive. Yet, simply because there is good intent does not mean that no one should be offended. If we, with the purest of intent, make a joke about the practices of evangelical Christians in the Bible belt, does that mean

that no one but evangelical Christians from the Bible belt can take issue with the comment, and that if they do so, they are being oversensitive in light of the fact that we strive not to offend people in our everyday lives? Of course not.

The article contains an undercurrent of hostility towards those who were offended by the joke and is dismissive of their explanations of why it offended them. It states that people who "took offense at her criticism of the Taliban are jumping at shadows of prejudice where there are none" and complains about the "self-appointed guardians of tolerance." Shadows of prejudice? With regard to a part of the world that is repeatedly attacked for being different than our own, it is legitimate to question how generalizations made about any part of that world, even for the sake of humor, contribute to the stereotyping of the region as backward and lawless.

Mr. Gordon states, "The idea that any mention of the Taliban instantly conveys equivalence to other peoples, such as Afghanis, Arabs, Middle Easterners, or Muslims generally, requires an assumption about the ignorance of our law school audience that is frankly insulting. I find it difficult to believe that anyone at the UCLA School of Law is so ignorant of world affairs that they believe that all Afghanis are members of the Taliban, let alone all Muslims." We wish we could believe that all law students are aware of world affairs and could make the distinctions Mr. Gordon is able to make; however, simply because one is a law student does not mean one is above being ignorant. For some the joke may have been taken in the manner that the article suggests it should have been; for others it may have reinforced stereotypes about entire groups of people. We simply do not know, and given this lack of knowledge, it is not unreasonable to question the appropriateness of such a joke considering the very real consequences of ignorance and intolerance.

We are treated at the close of the article with a condescending lesson on the nature of political satire. It is unclear what the exact goal in this portion of the article is, as the lesson on political satire appears more as a means of showing to the readers how well-read Mr. Gordon is than actually addressing people's real concerns over the consequences of this supposed political satire. We are pleased to see that he is so well-read as he cites George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, etc., to demonstrate his knowledge about political satire. We suggest that he add *Orientalism* by Edward Said and the collected works of Michel Foucault to help him understand that what underlies people's concerns about jokes like these is the process of "other"-ing. By which we mean the creation of artificial divisions of "in-groups" and "out-groups," by the systemic dehumanization of a group different from your own through the use of generalizations that highlight differences and supposed superiority, leading to ideas of those who are "more worthy" and those who are "less worthy," or those who are "us" and those who are "them," usually closely tied to power relations and domination.

As noted at the outset, the article closes with a plea for a law school where

SEE CHILL, PAGE 14

SEDGWICK

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TIPS

FROM PAGE 2

leads to 24,000 cases and 12,000 law review articles. Hit a practice guide first to narrow your focus. If you don't know what a practice guide is, find out. Now. Don't finish this article - go find out what a practice guide is!

Eight. Be on time and accurate with your time. Be professional, on time in the morning and on time with your assignments. Keep your hours daily - don't try filling out a timesheet on Friday and be forced to guess how much time you spent on an assignment on Monday. It is inaccurate, and it is probably unethical. Don't shave your hours. That is probably unethical too. You will appear more efficient than you really are - except that you aren't fooling anyone, and they will not hire someone with questionable ethics. If you make a mistake and go down the wrong research trail and don't think the client should pay for it, tell the assigning partner and ask for their feedback, but don't write down four hours for an assignment that took you eight. It is dishonest.

Nine. Bad news does not improve with age. If you can't finish an assignment on time, or if you made a mistake, tell the person who gave you the assignment as soon as possible, not later when it might be too late to do anything about it. For instance, if you are told to bill around four hours on an assignment, and two hours into it you realize there is no way to finish it on time, tell the person who gave you the assignment right away. You may be told, as I was, that four hours was just a guess and if it takes six or eight that is fine, or you may be told to do the best you can and turn in what you have in four hours. Don't wait until four hours are gone and then tell

them you can't do it. They will wonder why you needed the full four hours to figure that out.

Ten. Beg for feedback. Don't make a pest of yourself, but seek it out. If you get an assignment back marked in red ink, consider yourself lucky. You can see what they like and what they don't like and make changes. Don't be upset that you aren't perfect, because guess what? You aren't. It would be easier for the lawyer to do it themselves than have you do it. You will take at least twice as long, and then they will still have to rewrite it anyway. If they take the time out to give you feedback on top of that, then they are really going out of their way to help you out. Be thankful for it, and take advantage of it. You should see your writing skills improve dramatically over the summer. Feedback helps you improve.

Eleven. Shepardize your cases. Don't expect anyone to go over your work to make sure you are right. They expect you to do that. If you don't Shepardize your cases, the result could be that a lawyer will quote bad law. Kiss any chance of a job goodbye, even if they do catch it before it goes into a finished work product.

Twelve. Have fun! A summer associate position is hard work, but it is a great learning experience, it pays well, and you will probably meet some great people. Good luck!!!

J.D. Henderson summered with Winston & Strawn's LA office last summer, and will split his summer with Jones Day LA and Winston & Strawn LA this summer. He is married to the former Svetlana Fortner. They have the world's cutest baby, Jacob, who is 2. Jacob plans on summering with the firm of Mommy & Daddy.

CAN YOU REMEMBER - 2000?

September 2000 - Judge Throw's Out Bicyclists' Charges. The Los Angeles city attorney's office has agreed to drop all charges against 70 bicycle riders taken into custody during the critical mass bicycle ride during the DNC festival of resistance. According to the LA Times "veteran attorneys who normally handle felonies - including death penalty cases - were assigned by the public defenders office to represent the cyclists because the lawyers were angered by the nature of the arrests and reports that female cyclists had each been subjected to at least two strip searches in the County Jail." Could you even imagine as a 1L that in just three years you would be discussing the strategies used by the lawyer in your dissidence class with Professor Olsen?

November 2000 - The Presidential Elections. How did you feel about the elections and the Supreme Court's decision? Did you pay more attention because of being in Law School? Did you get into heated discussions in the lounge? Do you still have heated discussions? Are you still passionate about the law?

Winter 2000 - Top Grossing Movies Exam Week. Did you blow off studying in order to see any of the following: The Grinch, Cast Away, Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon, Dude, Where's My Car, Vertical Limit.

LOAN

FROM PAGE 6

dents or alumni, look online, pay attention during your exit interview (oops – too late for that), ask at your bank, check with your student loan office, read the information sent to you in the mail. Do some or all of these before you choose a company or lender to handle your loan.

One fairly obvious point to doing your research is to evaluate which rates and pay back plans best meet your actual needs. A word of caution: don't think only of what your immediate needs are, but project what will work best for you over the life of the loan. While you may be constrained by needing really low payments over the next few years, which could lead you to thinking that extending your payment over 20 or 30 years is the best for you, you should keep in mind that 20 to 30 years from now you could be paying for a child to get through undergraduate or even law school. You may want to prepay the loan. Therefore, you want to check about early payment penalties. Also, though it probably won't be a problem with rates as low as they currently are, some programs don't want you to consolidate ever again.

In general some other benefits of consolidation include potentially improving your credit score by reducing the number of lenders you owe. Raising the credit score can help you get lower rates on credit cards, better mortgage terms and lower down payment requirements, special deals on auto lending, and other things.

You should also check with the company to see if they have other special deals or incentives. Look for companies that offer to lower your rate if you have a few years of on-time payments with them or ones that offer special rates for direct debit payments from your checking account. You may also find companies that will allow you to pay with a credit card

so you can earn miles. One final note regarding going with a private consolidation is that other debt (like that pesky, soul stealing, credit card debt) can be combined with your student loans.

Whatever you do about choosing your lender, think things through pretty thoroughly (but maybe not so thoroughly you fail to ever get it done): You can wait until the end of your grace period to take care of your consolidation and this might be well worth it for you if there isn't going to be any huge rate change, but don't miss the chance by waiting past the 6 month grace period. Also, the next scheduled rate change will occur on July 1, 2003. If you contact any lending organization after June 1, 2003, they will be able to tell you what the rate increase will be. By following the rates and staying up on things, you won't be taken by surprise or have a rude awakening if the rates do decide to climb.

Finally, about loan consolidation: it's something you should think about and research and it can make a big impact on your financial life. However, it isn't quite as big a decision as which law school to attend. It could be as important as who you hook up with at a party though (you might end up marrying them and having kids with them and then watching them grow old and gray so ease up on the jaeger shots for God's sake).

P.S. You don't have to be a 3L to start thinking and doing the research on loan consolidation, and if you have already graduated and are in the "real" world, some companies may still be able to help you with a loan consolidation, so don't think it is too late, because that just isn't necessarily so. There also may be a way to reconsolidate if you got stuck with higher rates just a few years ago, but like I mentioned, you'd have to do some research on that one.

REVIEW

FROM PAGE 3

ago, we had a great conversation and she disappeared before I could get her number (not like I had a shot anyway).

She says, "Hey, what's up, Gabe!!" throws her arms around me, and gives me long excited hug! I'm amazed that she remembers my name and I'm temporarily stunned by her reaction to seeing me. I am convinced that her exuberance is due more to her level of intoxication rather than my charm and good looks. Andromeda looks amazing, she's wearing a cool looking tribal necklace, her nose is pierced and her hair is in braids (my favorite). She's also shit-faced drunk and is extremely touchy-feely with me.

We start talking and she tells me that she came here with a few of her friends. She haphazardly waves her hand in the direction of a few sour looking women sitting in a back corner of the bar. She also tells me that she just broke up with her boyfriend of three years and that's why she's out getting wasted. Holy shit this is a dream come true!! This totally hot, totally cool chick is wasted AND she just broke up with her boyfriend! She's probably feeling upset and in dire need of validation from a man. If ever in my life I had a shot with this girl, this is it, and I am not the type of guy to pass on such opportunities. I take a quick look over at the bar and see that Dana is doing fine, she's still talking to the two dudes from before and it looks like she's having a good time.

Just before I can grab Andromeda and usher her out into the patio room (where we could "talk"), one of her "friends" shows up and attempts to bring Andromeda back to the table. Apparently, Kendra (the friend) thinks that Andromeda is too drunk, and should be sitting with her friends instead of talking to me. Kendra tells me that Andromeda is not interested and that she has to go sit down.

Now, I've been in this situation many times before. Here I am, a cool happy guy just trying to "hook-up" with a cool happy girl. But the cool happy girl's friends are a bunch of ugly, jaded porkers who are sitting alone in the corner. They see their cool friend having a great time and they can't help but bust up the scene. They act like they are doing their friend a favor, saving her from making a mistake she'll regret, but I don't buy that shit, they're just pissed no dude is drunk enough to talk to them.

This, my friends, is called "cock-blocking," and if I were ever made king of the world it would be a jailable offense. Luckily the day is saved for me by Dana. Seeing me in dire straits, she (and the two dudes she was talking to) rush over and jump in the conversation. Dana quickly introduces Kendra to the two dudes. Kendra is so distracted by the interruption (and by the presence of a guy actually talking to her) that Andromeda and I are able to slip out onto the patio unnoticed.

We find a seat in the back right corner of the patio and start making out almost immediately. I think Kendra's attempt to cock-block me only helped the situation, as now there is an element of naughtiness in our interaction. I basically stayed in the back corner of the patio for the next hour or so, talking and making out with Andromeda.

I'd like to say that I successfully ushered her out the door and over to my apartment; but in the end, her cock-blocking friends won the battle. They found

the two of us and dragged her out of the bar. It was quite a scene, two friends were semi-carrying her out, while two others stood in front of me. Obviously this was not the first time they'd had to do this. They wouldn't even let me get her number! (Second time I failed to get this girl's number).

By the time that debacle was over I was way beyond drunk, barely standing, and itching to leave. Luckily, Dana was in a similar state. I found her a few minutes after the player-hater squad took Andromeda out. When I found her she was leaning up against the wall next to the women's bathroom with a glazed look in her eye, spilling her drink as she tried to maintain her balance. It was a pretty pathetic yet amusing sight. She said that she had just finished peeing and now she was resting, but that she was ready to go. It turns out that the two dudes at the bar had been buying her shots. They must have bought her a lot to get her that wasted, because this chick has a serious tolerance. Dana and I stumble out of the bar and begin our meandering walk home.

I don't know if it was the full moon that night or what, but once we started walking Dana got a second wind. She was skipping down street and singing "Damn it feels good to be a gangster." On our way home we pass Mississippi Ave and notice a hole in the wall, standing in front of which is a guy and a velvet rope. We check the place out, it's a strip bar. Whoa there's a strip bar five blocks from my house! Dana gets really excited and says we have to check the place out. As she runs I try to tell her the place doesn't serve booze and probably has a ridiculously high cover charge. She doesn't care, she even pays for my admission. (which was \$22 dollars each, \$10 for the door, and a \$12 two-drink minimum that is paid at the door. Oh, and as I suspected, the place doesn't serve alcohol, so you end up buying two \$6 sodas!)

We walk in, and the place is dead, it's sort of pathetic. We sit down right in front of the stage. There are a few couches around, and on every couch there is some goofy faced shady guy talking to a naked girl. We sit down and not five minutes later girls are all over us, trying to get us to buy dances.

Normally this would be fun, but because the place is so dead you know the girls aren't making shit so you feel guilty/obligated to hook them up. So we did. Or at least Dana did. She bought me a lap dance which was cool, but after it was over, the waitress tried to get me to buy a drink for the dancer. I ask how much, she says \$10. I start laughing, and I tell her she's got to be nuts if she thinks I'm buying this chick a \$10 Sprite. The waitress tells me I'm cheap. Cheap I may be, but stupid I am not, and there was no way I was buying anybody a \$10 soda. I think the rest of the girls heard about this little incident, because none of them came near us again.

A little while later and a bit more sober than before, Dana and I decide to leave the bar. The walk home is pretty uneventful, I stop once to piss, and Dana pukes on some guy's lawn. All in all a very interesting night. This is my last year and probably my last article so, I just want to thank everyone who's made these last two years of bar review such a good time. Thanks, yo.

PARADE OF HORRIBLES

THE LAW REVIEW IS RUN BY UNQUALIFIED STUDENTS.
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- CAN YOU REALLY TRUST THOSE STUDENT-GOVERNMENT TYPES WITH ANY MORE POWER?

*EXCEPTING, OF COURSE OUR FEARLESS LEADERS,
W. MCJILTON AND C.M. OLINERSMITH

BY DR. D. UNQUALIFIED STUDENT - 4/15/2003



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PROPOSAL

FROM PAGE 3

tion surplus' through a top-notch public outreach campaign bringing customers (pet owners) to a user-friendly delivery system of spay/neuter. This system includes easy access to spay/neuter services through our toll-free number staffed by operators fluent in English and Spanish, stationary and mobile high-volume clinics in convenient locations, and free spay/neuter services supplemented by cash and product incentives. These services will be targeted specifically at those people research has shown to have animals most likely to reproduce.

[2] Increase 'storage space' by maximizing humane animal holding capability with a major emphasis on increasing the supply of foster homes. This gives a larger number and variety of animals more time to be socialized and adopted.

[3] Increase 'sales' by a state of the art advertising campaign and by making animals easily available to the public in the places where prospective adopters frequent - without compromising on adoption standards. This includes on-site adoptions placing animals in all 25 Los Angeles area PETCO stores from store opening until closing, high profile publicity events involving celebrity spokespeople, a web site database with immediate contact information for all animals in the city awaiting adoption, and our toll-free number staffed by "Matchmakers" who will assist callers in finding the specific type of animal they desire.

[4] Apply an attitude of customer service and follow-up support through user-friendly resources to help insure adoptions remain permanent. This includes free behavioral training classes, pre-recorded behavioral and health information, referrals to local veterinarians, coupons for free products and supplies, and pro-active outreach to improve owner retention of companion animals.

[5] Generate ongoing revenues, which will allow the project to continue indefinitely beyond the five year funding we are requesting from charitable foundations. This includes other grant sources, corporate partnerships, product marketing, fundraising events, and individual donor solicitation.

The most innovative aspect of the plan is the "Females First" approach to altering animals. This approach is quite obvious when you think about it, but I had never heard it before, and neither had it occurred to me. Essentially, the point is that even though spaying fe-

males is more expensive per operation, it is actually the most cost-effective and efficient way to decrease the companion animal population. Here is the math. Say we have 100 females and 100 males. If we manage to neuter 90 males, the remaining 10 will easily impregnate the 100 females, resulting in 100 litters. That's a lot of puppies or kittens. If, on the other hand, we spay 90 females, the most litters we will have is 10. That's way less puppies and kittens. So that's it. Pretty simple, huh? Please spread the word.

As I said at the beginning, the plan never came to fruition because the funding didn't materialize. But it's good to know that it could be done, if only. So Los Angeles continues to euthanize a hair-raising number of companion animals every year. But at least Humane America was able to set up the 1-800-Save-A-Pet.com website, which I encourage you to visit. They have many doggies and kitties looking for loving homes, and almost all of them have pictures. You can look for cats or dogs, choose the age, and the geographic area, so that you can narrow your search a little. Please visit.

Finally, I want to again make a plug for adopting a pet. If for whatever reason you must have a purebred animal, with a pedigree, so be it - but what the HELL is wrong with you???? Get over yourself, already. Remember that almost any breed can be found out there, and if you're a little patient, you can probably find a puppy of the breed you seek. But please think about adopting a mutt, even a fully-grown mutt. As a general rule, they are smarter and healthier than purebreds, and they come a lot cheaper. And if you choose a pet who is no longer a baby, you will not have to clean up poop from the living room carpet (except maybe your child's), you will not have to lock up all your shoes; you will not have little saber-like claws running up your bare legs or across your face or up and down every piece of furniture you own.

And that's all I have to say about that.

¹ 1-800-Save-A-Pet.com, Humane America Animal Foundation, No-Kill Plan for Los Angeles, A collaborative project that will reduce the killing of adoptable animals in the City of Los Angeles to zero by the end of the year 2005 (March 21, 2000), p. 5. Reprinted by permission of 1-800-Save-A-Pet.com.

CAN YOU REMEMBER - 2001?

Spring Break 2001 - Did you hit the sand, the slopes, the books, or write-on? In looking back at March of 2001, what did you do for your Spring Break? Did you go away with a group of friends (are you still good friends today?) Did you do the Law Review write-on and did you get on and do you think in looking back that it was the right decision?

Summer 2001 - All Work and No Play Makes for a Stressed Out Law Student. What did you do with your first summer? Did you work? Where? Did you take advantage of the time to study abroad? Did you look back on your first year and feel good, scared, unhappy, a little of all? Now when you look back, are you the same person? What do you think the next three years are going to bring?

September 2001 - 9/11 - Terrorism Hits US at Home. 8:45 am EST a Hi-jacked plane flying from Boston crashes into the north tower of the World Trade Center, setting it aflame. 9:43 am EST an American Airlines flight crashes into the Pentagon. 10:10 am EST a United flight crashes to the ground in Pennsylvania. Did your whole life change in a day? Are you still planning the same future you did then?

Winter Break 2001-2002 - You are half way there! Has the time really gone by this quickly?

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"How much do you know?
And how much do you just suspect?"

FRIEND

FROM PAGE 6

me to do. The power is in your hands. It's not my decision. I'm trusting you to know what the right policy is. And once you decide what needs to be done, I can guarantee you I'll get in there and get it done."

"Do you ever get scared that maybe you won't make it back?" was my next question.

He was firm. "You can't think about what might happen. We are trained to take care of business, and a lot is invested in us. When the time comes, I have to be ready to go. The orders come down, and I'll write my will, pack my bag, and go. That's it."

Wow, I thought. *Wow.*

It's not cockiness. I can smell that a mile away. It's something greater than that. You can see it in the vivid blue-green eyes that contrast strikingly with his deep brown hair. When you listen to him talk about his beliefs, when you read the words that he writes, you know that this is a man that speaks candidly from the bottom of his heart.

Adan doesn't have a law degree from Yale. He wasn't a Rhodes Scholar. He hasn't become a millionaire before the age of 30, nor has he created an information technology dynasty. He will probably never run for the Senate, and he has no aspirations to seek fame or glory, money or status - or whatever the hell constitutes success to our confused and misguided modern world.

But he is an impressive and profoundly successful human being. And he's also someone that I am proud to call my friend.

I hope he will return soon so I can tell him that I never could have meant him any dishonor.

CHILL

FROM PAGE 11

people are "free to think as they want, express themselves as they please, and to criticize those who are deserving of criticism without unjust reprisals." It asks whether it is absurd to think that our school can be such a law school. We have a simple answer for the author: the law school you supposedly hope for IS the law school we have. People are free to think as they wish, express themselves as they please, and criticize without fear of unjust retribution. But understand that with those rights comes the consequence of having to own what you have said; asking people to take responsibility for their statements should not be considered "unjust reprisal," it should be considered part of the dialogue that occurs in an educational environment.

R&R

FROM PAGE 5

my section, I'd used that funny little word "memo" so many times in such a short span of weeks that the term became inherently funny to me. It wasn't even a word by the final week, it was just a sound: MEH-MO, MEH-MO, MEH-MO. By the final few days a sub-English dialect had sprouted up with the word memo as our base, following in the linguistic tradition of the Smurfs: "Dave, I'm feeling all memoed out, I don't know if I'm gonna memo tonight.... But Bill, whether or not you're feeling memoish, you're running out of days to memo."

I reached my low point for the year on the weekend before the memo was due. My apartment looked like a memo retail outlet during a going out of business sale; cases that had been tabbed, highlighted, numbered, and stacked in logical piles were becoming nothing more than floor covering. It was like I had parakeet that wanted to let fly around the apartment for a bit; I was spreading the cases on the floor so that his droppings wouldn't stain my carpet.

With 24 hours to go, three pages completed, and tears streaming down my face... (Not from the memo. *Steel Magnolias* was on. It was that part after Julia Roberts dies, where Shirley McInain and Dolly Parton start singing in the hair salon... I don't want to get into it, it's making me cry just thinking about it.) I realized I had a fraction of the project completed and so little motivation to finish, that I basically needed a miracle to be able to finish in time. Otherwise, I'd seriously have to drop out of law school. Then that miracle occurred. Out of nowhere, a wonderful set of voices from the heavens, guiding me through that final night. The voice wasn't God. It was Boyz II Men.

As I listened to their wonderful hit "I'll Make Love to You", I was inspired. I realized that what the Boyz were explaining in that song is that you have to devote love, time, and attention to your lady if you want to make it work. But wasn't my memo a lady? Why should making a memo work be any different? A passage midway through the song explained step by step how I needed to treat my memo that evening:

Memo relax, let's go slow
I ain't got nowhere to go
I'm just gonna concentrate on you
Memo are you ready, it's gonna be a long night
Throw your clothes on the floor
I'm gonna take my clothes off too
I made plans to be with you
Memo whatever you ask me you know
I'll do

Memo tonight is your night
And I will do you right
Just make a wish on your night
Anything that you ask
I will give you the love of your life

The words still send chills down my spine. As I sat there buck naked typing feverishly with a renewed spirit and focus, two things immediately became obvious: 1) I was going to do OK on the memo 2) I was almost certainly about to be kicked out of the library. (*RIMSHOT*)

But enough memo talk. I got my Datamatch the other day, and I must say, I'm absolutely delighted. I didn't realize that half of the people on my list were

SEE R&R, PAGE 19

DIVERSE

FROM PAGE 6

or Native American (as determined from enrollment statistics which did not correspond exactly with the survey categories), yet only 6.25% of the Write-On competitors self-identified as being from one of these three groups. Conversely, 61% of the then-1L class self-identify as White or Asian, but 77% of the students who participated in the Write-On identified themselves as White/Caucasian or Asian/Pacific Islander. 85% of the people accepted for Law Review membership were Asian or White. Of the remaining 15% (6 people) accepted, two people declined to state their race or ethnicity and four people categorized themselves as "other."

In mid-March 2003, we presented the survey results and recommendations to the Volume 51 Executive Board (current 2Ls). They are essentially as follows:

First: Make Law Review presentations, or at least directed emails, to all minority student organizations, and hold one-on-one meetings with leaders of these organizations to explain why they should encourage their members to write on.

Second: Ask certain professors, such as those teaching first-year courses and/or serving as faculty advisors to minority student organizations, to encourage their students to write on.

Third: Create and distribute a similar survey to the class of 2005 (i.e., the current 1L class which has just completed the Write-On Competition) to increase sample and obtain more information.

Fourth: Report key statistics that may help combat the perception that Law Review is elitist. These can include statistics such as the average GPA of Law Review members and statistics regarding the racial and ethnic breakdown of the Law Review membership compared to that for the law school overall and further compared to that of the overall Write-On applicant pool.

Fifth: Provide a list of reasons to write on (e.g., helps with jobs and clerkships, especially for those students with lower GPAs, practice writing, develop relationships with professors,

work on personal interests and possibly share your interests with the academic community, meet new people, etc.).

Sixth: Plan future Write-On Competitions for the summer, or alternatively, give first-years plenty of advance notice so that they do not make plans for their Spring Break vacations.

We personally believe the Write-On should be held over the summer so that those who are concerned about their grades and want to study during Spring Break may do so but still have an opportunity to participate. Although the comment and production test format of the Write-On Competition are geared toward opening Law Review membership up to all students, our current practice of holding the Competition during Spring Break constructively limits Law Review membership to people with higher GPAs. Although there are significant institutional hurdles involved in changing the timing of the Write-On, we think the long-term benefits outweigh the short-term sacrifices.

By the time we were able to present our recommendations to the current Board, it was too late to change the timing of the 2003 Write-On Competition, and it is unclear whether the current 1L class will be similarly surveyed as we have recommended. However, the Volume 51 Board seems open to addressing the concerns revealed by the survey. They held an information session for the ethnic student organizations prior to this year's Write-On.

We are willing to discuss the surveys and these issues with anyone who is interested. While we hope that current and future Law Review members will continue focusing and working on these issues, we are not aware of the current Board organizing any new committee to do so after we graduate (in less than four weeks!) The Law Review can best fulfill its role as the law school's leading academic journal by recognizing the importance of diversity issues in public law schools such as UCLA, and doing its part to develop unbiased knowledge, raise awareness, and continue the dialogue.

MAD

FROM PAGE 8

When he saw the prison nurse leave for the night, he asked who would take his blood pressure, and she replied that someone else would see to it in the morning. He said thank you and wished her goodnight. Less than ten minutes later, he was hauled up in front of one of the guards, who hotly accused him of making sexual innuendos and threatened to throw him back into "the hole."

And, not one guard or official at either prison ever pronounced his name right (the most oft-recurring version was "Washtler"). Trivial this may seem, but in fact it simply represents how few basic dignities prisoners are accorded; the system assumes that once you're convicted, you are less than an animal – a non-person.

Wachtler emphasizes that the punishment purpose of incarceration is meant to occur when criminals are sent to prison; additional penalties should not be inflicted on them behind bars.

Of course, some of his story should be taken with a grain of salt. Wachtler observed that most or all of his fellow inmates admitted their guilt, but painted themselves as the victims of arbitrary sentencing guidelines or hawkish prosecutors. Without expressly acknowledging it, Wachtler describes his own case in much the same way.

In his introduction, he explains that he suffered from chronic depression after he broke off the affair with his mistress, which led to him taking massive doses of prescription drugs, resulting in bipolar disorder. The effect of this was an Olympian confidence in whatever he did, no matter how absurd it was in retrospect. When he wanted his mistress back, he sent her threatening letters under an alias, believing that she would run to him for protection from a mysterious maniac. In his manic state, it seemed like a brilliant idea; looking back, it was idiotic. Though he did not seek to excuse himself from criminal liability, Wachtler lamented that his mistress chose to sic the F.B.I. on him where she could have alerted mental health authorities and gotten him treatment; he also lamented that the prosecutor, once alerted to Wachtler's behavior, allowed the F.B.I. to shadow him for several months in order to build a more damning case that would certainly result in a more severe penalty.

Some of this may be dubious. But Wachtler's judicial decisions are a matter of public record, the most famous of which might be the majority opinion in *New York v. Goetz*, the landmark case which established that the self-defense justification had to include an objective as well as a subjective component. In other words, the Court ruled that it was not enough for subway vigilante Bernhard Goetz to convince that he honestly believed it was necessary to gun down five unarmed African-American teenagers (two of them execution-style) whom he believed were about to mug him; he had to prove that someone else in his position would have believed the same.

Another opinion Wachtler recalls is *Curie v. Ward*, in which he dissented, vehemently, with the majority's holding, overturning a statute barring prison guards from joining the Ku Klux Klan. Two other actions he points to were when, as Chief Judge, he sued Governor Mario Cuomo for slashing the judicial budget in violation of the state constitution; and, imposing a requirement on all

New York state judges to spend at least two days visiting prisons. After his incarceration, Wachtler would recommend stopping this practice – having seen the prisons from a 24/7 - 365 inmate's perspective, he saw how much the prisons sweep under the rug before the visits, thus perpetuating the myth that life in prison is comfy, or even too good.

Tip: Wachtler also learned how to improvise a hotplate by sticking a spoon into whatever you wanted to heat, then touching a live electrical wire to the spoon.

Many of Wachtler's recommendations, both as a prisoner and as a judge, bear repeating.

First, he advocates separating violent and non-violent offenders (this is NOT standard practice, as one might assume; Wachtler recalls sitting down in the mess hall with a very polite middle-aged man whom all the other prisoners carefully avoided – because, as Wachtler later found, he was a homicidal necrophiliac. "I will not sit with him again.")

Second, and more importantly, Wachtler urges an end to the statutory penalties and minimum sentences that were passed in the early 80's as part of the "war on crime." The effect of these is not to make the criminal justice system more evenhanded, but rather to remove sentencing discretion from judges and place it in the hands of prosecutors. The prosecutor in a criminal case has a list of statutory crimes with which he can charge the defendant; if he obtains a conviction, the penalty kicks in. As a result, jurisprudence becomes totally blind to the particulars of a defendant's crime. "A prosecutor," Wachtler said some years before his arrest, "could indict a ham sandwich if he wanted to."

It's almost like a return to the writ system, and just as inflexible. Wachtler gives an example: at Butner he met a farmer who mortgaged his livestock in order to secure a bank loan; when he couldn't keep up with the payments, he sold off some of the pigs, technically reducing his collateral for the loan; a second inmate worked an elaborate con to defraud a bank. Both inmates were convicted of bank fraud, and received the same prescribed prison term. Wachtler asks, "what kind of justice are we asking for?"

The effect of long mandatory sentences for a multiplicity of crimes has been to horrendously overcrowd America's prisons. Prof. Dolovich said that in 1980, 350,000 Americans were in prison; today, there are more two million, and rising. How many does it take for people to care – especially when prisoners are unique among disadvantaged minorities in being totally cut off from legislative channels?

In fact, the number rises exponentially when one considers how many released prisoners return to broken homes, a complete lack of prospects, and stigmatization by a society that wouldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole. In the year before his arrest, Wachtler received offers of million-dollar partnerships from law firms, professorships from law schools, and was considered a shoe-in to succeed Mario Cuomo as Governor of New York. After his release from prison, the well had dried up. Pace Law School tentatively offered him a professorship, which it rescinded six weeks after he

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THE DOCKET WISHES THE CLASS OF 2003
THE BEST OF LUCK AND THE BRIGHTEST OF FUTURES
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UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW

KANG

FROM PAGE 9

be hypocrisy, sophistry, and injustice in the very law that promised to provide "equal protection under the laws." This passion prompted me to understand, critique, and reconstruct conventional understandings of race, racism, and the constitutive role played by law. That naturally led me to Critical Race Theory. I also helped found the Critical Race Studies Concentration and acted as its founding co-director with Prof. Laura Gómez. This Concentration was both a political and intellectual response to the depressing ethos post-Proposition 209.

Q: What are some of the challenges that you believe ethnic minority lawyers or law students might have to face? **A:** Race is one of the basic cognitive schemas by which we parse our social interactions. Race is influential, pervasive, and sometimes unfairly limiting. In the practice of law, snap judgments are constantly made-by superiors, judges, juries, clients. Those judgments are always influenced by the schemas triggered in our minds.

Q: What are some ways that they can combat these challenges? **A:** I recommend young minority lawyers just to make sure they know what the "deal" is. In other words, open your eyes, see what's going on, don't necessarily assume a meritocracy is in place or that it is not in place. Savviness, fortified by community (however you define it), is what's needed. It also helps always to seek and demand from oneself excellence, which requires the ability to engage in constructive self-criticism. Finally, it's important to know that sometimes, you have to stand up and speak truth to power.

Q: People are most impressed with you when you tell them...**A:** How much time I spend with my daughter.

Q: What are the benefits and the downsides of marrying a fellow lawyer? Do you recommend it? **A:** Finding a lifetime partner is about love; it's not about the career of the person whom you fall for.

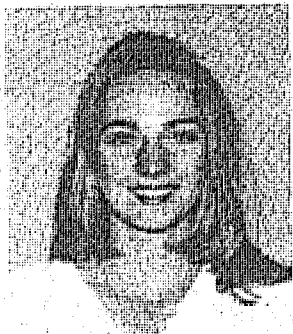
Q: What was the best organization that you joined in law school? **A:** The Asian Pacific American Law Students Association-it is how I met my wife. The Law Review was also useful since it taught me how to write. That said, the Law Review was deeply dysfunctional and at cross-purposes with any social life.

Q: What is the best organization that you are part of today? **A:** My nuclear family, which includes my wife and two year old daughter.

Q: What are some things you know now only after being out of law school, that you didn't know then? **A:** That everything during law school is actually a dry run for everything after law school. Who you are now is who you will be later.

Q: What are your words of advice to the classes of 2003, 2004 and 2005? **A:** During law school, make sure to find at least one thing you love about the law. And in your practice, never forget what that one thing is.

OUT WITH THE OLD...



WILLOW MCJILTON,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF 2002-2003

ANSWERS TO ENTERTAINMENT TRIVIA QUESTIONS

FROM PAGE 8

BY KENNY ROOST
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

Welcome back to the ENTERTAINMENT TRIVIA CHALLENGE! There are twelve groups you should have properly labeled 1-Hit Wonder or not. One point per right answer. If you score in the double-digits, you're creepily prescient and flabbergast me. Between nine and seven, inclusively, you display a solid grasp of good 80's taste. Between six and four, you've probably at least been to an 80's theme dance in high school, or went to high school in the 80's. And anything less is uncivilized. So good luck - note the 1-Hit Wonders are italicized for easy recognition.

ANSWERS:

Toto. A toughie. They're a 2-hit wonder (Africa and Rosanna), which should be the end of it. But those songs are both incredibly good and, more importantly, they made a fabulous score for David Lynch's fabulous movie, *Dune*. So *The Docket* respects Toto.

Culture Club. Easy money - a band well worth a best of (especially since it includes Boy George's song from *The Crying Game*), though not an ounce more.

Thomas Dolby. Neat guy, a coupla super-fun songs, but not a consistent talent. We'll chalk the 1-Hit Wonder status up to *She Blinded Me With Science*, though *Hyperactive!* is a jolly aural blur.

Dexy's Midnight Runners. Can you name anything but *Come On Eileen*? You shouldn't.

Talk Talk. These guys could fool you as they are occasional fodder for 1-Hit Wonder compilations, but you'd be making a grave mistake. Their 80's outpour was kitschy but increasingly mature, and they exploded in the 90's with two spectacularly original and excellent albums that would be worshipped more by bands than fans (akin to *The Velvet Underground* in that respect), *Laughing Stock* and *Spirit of Eden*. Their sound made *Radiohead* possible.

Til Tuesday. Voices Carry popularly brands the group a 1-Hit Wonder, but wrongly. Aimee Mann is spectacular and each successive *Til Tuesday* release progressed in leaps; the whole third one is good, and Aimee's first solo release is one of the best ever.

Wall of Voodoo. Mexican Radio, 'nuff said. Which is to say, classic 1-Hit Wonder. (That was a joke, because only an attorney would proceed to say something after saying 'nuff said. You'd think judges were paid by the word.)

Cutting Crew. Difficult, as just a little knowledge will mislead you. Yes, *I Just Died In Your Arms Tonight* is a classic 1-Hit Wonder song. But anyone ballsy enough to buy that album *The Broadcast* could tell you it's actually thoroughly delicious and grows on you like nails.

Men Without Hats. A fair follow-up album to *The Safety Dance* song featured two more groovy singles, making these Canadians worth a best of (albeit barely). This was the closest call, but three hits spread over two albums is too prolific to dismiss.

A-Ha. Don't let *Take On Me* mislead you - this was a kick-ass group. I don't know about their individual albums, but their best of is a revelation.

Duran Duran. Obviously huge and merely here for easy name recognition. There are too many hits to count as every song on every album through *Notorious* was too worthy. Even their 90's material is radio-worthy.

Bon Jovi. Definitive 1-Hit Wonder, as measured by art. Although *Shot Down in the Blaze of Glory* was suitable for *Young Guns*, these boys are nothing more than *Livin' On a Prayer*. Ha ha, take that Jon Bon! Revenge is mine.

V-DAY

FROM PAGE 5

Lopez had to be living in a studio apartment wishing he had a life more like mine, right?

Wrong. The day that for me will always live in infamy, August 23, 2001. As I flipped through the channels at 9:40 a.m. hoping for some Britney Spears related programming would be on MTV, my worst nightmare came on: "The Other Half." The pain of that day brought me back to a time when I had a locker, and acne (though I realized moments later that I actually still have both of those things). There he was. Buffer than ever. No longer in wrestling shoes and a cut off shirt, but in a Banana Republic fitted number that he filled out significantly better than I ever could dream of. All 98 women in the studio audience with smiles from ear to ear in delight. "Oh Mario, you're so dreamy, come over here and let me touch your dimples." Were his dimples actually increasing in circumference? Either way, I was nauseous. I had to skip school that day.

That's when it hit me. The battle between Mario and I would not end that day or even that year (**I use the term battle loosely, given that he has no idea who I am. Perhaps technically I'm sort of "stalking" him, but I don't want to get all caught up in semantics). I'm reminded of the great struggle that ensued in *Bell Episode #119 "The Christmas Sweater"*. As you'll recall, Zack was into that girl he worked with at the Mall.....only to find out that she and her Dad were living in their car....but she didn't steal the sweater, Kelly bought it.....then Zack's mom says that the blonde girl that Zack is into and her Dad can stay with them until they get back on their feet, and then they all sing. I forget where I was going with that, but I saw that one again over Christmas break, and man, Tiffany Amber-Thiessen was really hot back then. Not so much now. Her face got kind of piggy.

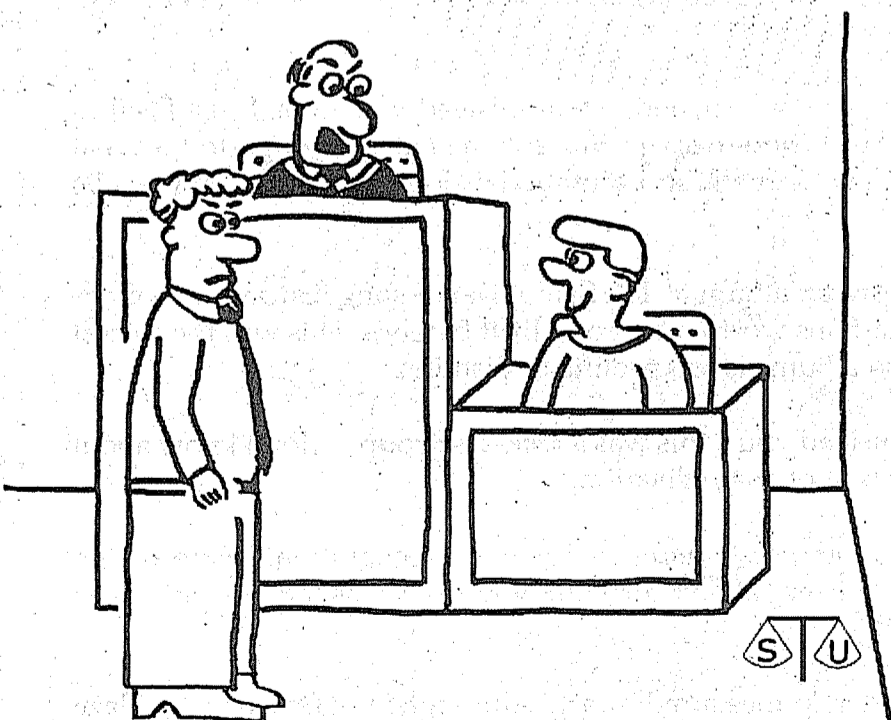
But back to Valentines Day. What else does Valentines Day mean to me? I'm not really sure, but I am fairly certain that if they perfect that machine from *Honey I Shrank the Kids* before I get out of law school, I'd probably just shrink my-

self down and sleep on a bunch of tissue paper in my box in the lounge. I would save a bunch of money on rent, and my commute would be practically nothing. Although, now that I think about it, I hadn't factored in the additional time it would take with the half-inch legs. On the upside, I'd be so small I doubt I'd ever get called on in class. But now that I think about it, Cheadle probably would probably never allow it. In fact, she'd probably send out an email saying "Please do not shrink yourself down and sleep in your law school mailbox. Thank You. - Dean Cheadle."

So in conclusion, what does Valentines Day mean to me? It means love. For me, love mans one thing. The thing that has come into my life this year, and made coming to school everyday a delight: Honorable Subs. You heard me. I'll admit it, when I first ate at the Lu Valle quasi-Quiznos-Subway establishment a year and a half ago as a 1L, when it wasn't yet called the Honorable Subs, I was skeptical. The bread was stale, the meat was of questionable animal origin, the "guacamole" looked and tasted surprisingly like Mayonnaise with green food coloring. But all of that changed one fateful day about 6 months ago. As I walked up to the counter, the most delightful thing I could have ever imagined occurred. All of the sandwiches get this, HAD LEGAL NAMES. Can you imagine? As I ordered my "Three Strikes" (formerly the number 4), I nearly had a seizure from my laughter and delight. The stale rolls, the colored mayonnaise pretending to be guacamole, the gray ham, it suddenly didn't bother me anymore. I learned another valuable lesson that day: when you're eating something called the "Rule Against Perpetuities" or "Model Penal Code", and you're actually in law school, the food is just better. So Honorable Subs, for taking terrible subs, not changing the ingredients one bit, and breathing new life into them with your wit and obvious enthusiasm for our sacred institution of law, I dedicate this Valentines Day to you. You will always have my heart, and my \$3.69.

Stu's Views

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This Court is aware of Witness's enthusiasm for the size of his pickup truck. But, hereafter, you will refrain from statements that you "won" the accident.

CIAO

FROM PAGE 8

Court Judge in making his rulings. That's the kind of cool stuff you can do while in law school.

My point in telling you all this is not that criminal law is better. My point is that here at law school many of us discovered we had a passion for a certain field of law, or that we wanted to change the world, or help the poor, or just make buckets of money so our kids can have a bright and comfortable future. Either way, this is where we found it, and where we had the opportunity to try it on for size.

So now I know that I want to be a prosecutor, more than anything else, and I know that this is my passion. I know it because I came here, because some doors opened, and a number of others closed, and I had the chance to really find out that this was what I wanted to do. And I know that I will love being a lawyer.

There is another reason why I wanted to write today. And that is to tell you that when I came to UCLA School of Law and met the Class of 2003, I fell in love with you. You are a class of smart, cool, funny, interesting, compassionate and passionate people, and I feel great pride in having gone through this experience with you. Some of you are now my closest friends, and I know we will all run across each other and help each other throughout our careers. This law school thing was hard, but you inspired me through it all, and when I thought I would lose my mind, all I had to do was look around me and see that you all were hanging on, and it made want to hang on, too.

I tried to stay away from being corny as much as possible, and I'm sure I have failed miserably, but here is where I fail utterly. I have one more thing to say, and that is my personal wish to every single one of you graduating today. I wish that when you get out there and you do your thing, you can say from the bottom of your heart that you love being a lawyer.

MAD

FROM PAGE 15

started teaching there. Even after prison, he was a non-person.

Sol Wachtler's story might not be the be-all and end-all of the American prisoner's experience; in fact, it's probably the tame tip of the iceberg. But it's insightful, entertaining, and not nearly so bleak that you can't enjoy it while you're gaining some important knowledge. And before people pass judgment on the American penal system, (or worse, refrain from doing so) it's only fair that they read at least one book from someone who's been closer to it than they (hopefully) ever will be.

SPEECH

FROM PAGE 3

that we could meet... well, the same law students.

Let me leave you now with the words that started it all for us. Prof. Rubenstein presented the keynote address during our Orientation where he taught us a mantra that he assured us would get us through law school. In times of stress and low confidence, he taught us to say out loud: "I'm good enough, I can do this, I'm going to be a lawyer." As we head into the next few weeks of bar exam preparation, let's say it one more time together: "I'm good enough, I can do this, I'm going to be a lawyer."

Thank you and God bless.

IN WITH THE NEW...

CATHERINE OLIVER SMITH,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF 2003-2004

CAN YOU REMEMBER - 2002?

June 2002 - The 9th Circuit Ruling on the Pledge of Allegiance. Outraged lawmakers on both sides of the aisle blasted the ruling as "outrageous," "nuts," and "stupid." The U.S. Senate was so outraged by the decision that it passed a resolution 99-0 "expressing support for the Pledge of Allegiance" and asking Senate counsel to "seek to intervene in the case." Did you talk about it with your law friends? How about your non-law friends and family? Which position did you take and why? Was it a legal decision or an emotional one?

September 2002 - Big Business in Big Trouble. Think Tyco, Enron, and Worldcom. Of Tyco, L. Dennis Kozlowski, former CEO, and Mark Swartz, former CFO, charged with bilking the company out of \$600 million in a stock-fraud scheme. Mark Belnick, former chief counsel, was also charged with falsifying company records. Still thinking you want to get a job as a corporate lawyer? Think maybe you should, so that at least one moral, honest, upright attorney is in the business world?

IRAQ

FROM PAGE 9

News and CNN already had their screen graphics and embedded reporters all too ready to report on "Operation Iraqi Freedom," the government code name for what was basically an invasion of a hostile state.

Let's face it. We didn't invade Iraq to save the children, and the reason for this is simple. The United States, despite our pretensions to be the global hegemon, doesn't really have enough power to make the world what we'd all like it to be, safe and democratic, for everyone all the time. When human rights abuses become aggravated by other factors, that's when we start paying attention. Our failure to do this when Osama bin Laden was running terrorist camps in Afghanistan proved costly on September 11.

The spin of missions like Iraq as humanitarian in nature, besides insulting the public's intelligence, undermines the good reasons the U.S. has for employing an aggressive foreign policy against particularly problematic regimes. Furthermore, it creates an atmosphere of unclarity and confusion. It brings the Administration's ability to articulate a clear foreign policy into question, and opens the floodgates for paranoid critiques that the United States has become an "imperialist" state.

The Bush Administration's policy in Afghanistan and Iraq has essentially strived to do what any Realist would expect. The United States has maximized its security by destroying potentially harmful or problematic regimes. It would be possible on this basis to send a clear ultimatum to the world: "The United States intends to retain its security and political power in the world. States which jeopardize this by sympathizing with terrorist organizations, accumulating nuclear arsenals, and acting aggressively towards populations risk military action." This morality, while aggressive, is distinct from one in which the United States uses military power in order to secure purely economic interests, and it is one which the American people and the global community will accept.

By claiming "humanitarian" grounds for military campaigns, we assert an indefensible position that causes the rest of the world to assume the worst—that the United States is simply using its military to secure energy interests. That we are engaging an "imperialist" foreign policy. The fact that the new regime in Iraq will be democratic and less repressive than Saddam Hussein's Iraq is a serendipitous consequence of, but not the motivating factor for, the U.S. led invasion. By failing to distinguish between the two, the United States appears duplicitous and gives credence to the proposition that we have ulterior motives.

The Bush Administration made the right decision by describing our invasion of Iraq as "preemptive" warfare. The humanitarian defense of U.S. intervention complicates the post-war scenario. Some rhetoric coming from the White House and the media promises what may be impossible, a Western-style democracy in Iraq. But by glossing this with humanitarian rhetoric, the U.S. fogged and further complicated its moral imperative. The Bush administration has ventured far too much political capital and risks enormous backlash from the international community by essentially boasting the capability to transform

Iraq into a nation of happy Jeffersonian democrats.

In short, it's like when you have three or four different reasons why you were late to class, and the professor just smiles and nods. Just stick with one good one and leave the pretentious savior of the world thing for Hollywood. Okay George?

HERO

FROM PAGE 10

of people, including people he hardly knew, like me. Each of us, by virtue of the diploma we are about to receive, will also have opportunities, and if we make the most of them, we too will be in a position to benefit many, many people, be it through supporting them financially, representing them in legal matters, advocating for them in the political arena, or in yet some other way. I suspect that each of us can already list many people he or she would like to help. I know I can. My hope for each of us is that we will have opportunities, excellent opportunities, that we will make the most of them, and that we will use them to benefit others, many others, so that somewhere, some day, someone we hardly knew will have reason to say, "Thank you."

Thank you, Grandpa.

R&R

FROM PAGE 14

even affiliated with the law school. Nevertheless I'm looking forward to meeting all these people that I have so much in common with. Here are the people the computer says I'm most compatible with: 10) Dean Varat 9) Ron Grim 8) Martina Navratilova 8) Roger Lodge 7) Sam Clover 6) Don Cheadle 5) Dean Cheadle 4) Skeletor 3) Todd Piro 2) Milli 1) Vanilli.

Needless to say, I'm more than a little surprised that out of all the people at the law school I'm most compatible with Vanilli. Largely because he's been dead for like five years, and I'm also pretty sure he never went to law school here, but hey, the Datamatch don't lie. So Vanilli, if you can hear me, I'd like to say a few words:

Dear Vanilli (or Rob or Fab, whatever you call yourself),

Hi, my name is Peter. According to the Datamatch, you and I have a lot in common. I see from the results that like me you enjoy Quiznos, midget porn, longs walks on the beach, and the music of Reba McEntire. Wow, we really do have a lot in common. I really liked that one song you did "Girl You Know it's True," and that other one that I can't remember the name of, but it sounded exactly the same. I'm sorry that you got all messed up on drugs, and ended up killing yourself, although it did make for a damn good ending to your Behind the Music. Perhaps I'll try to be nicer to people with substance abuse problems in your honor. Next time mullet lady comes up to me in the Courtyard and tries to sell me tickets to the Crackhead Pancake Breakfast, maybe I'll buy one. Although, I don't really want go to the Crackhead Pancake Breakfast, so how about this: Next time mullet lady wants to sell me a ticket to the Crackhead Pancake Breakfast I'll kindly decline rather than do what I usually do which is pretend I don't speak English. Anyway, Vanilli, I'm sorry we didn't get the chance to hang out more, I guess we had a lot in common. Stay cool. Love, Peter.

CAN YOU REMEMBER - 2003?

Winter 2003 – Shock and Awe. We're at war with Iraq and the world, the country, our city are all split over the decision to attack Iraq. Did you support this war? Did you think it was premature? Did you think it was entirely unfounded? If you didn't support the war, were you vocal about it? What will you tell people (your own children perhaps) about your stance on this war?

Spring 2003 - SARS. The new epidemic that spread from China to Toronto in a matter of weeks and leads the World Health Organization to issue a first ever worldwide warning. Have you changed any travel plans? When you look back on this, will SARs be old news with vaccines and treatments.

May 11, 2003 – Graduation. Looking back years from now will you remember the speaker? Will you remember the speech? Will you remember the weather, how the sun was shining down and how the whole world seemed to glow with hope and promise as you accepted your diploma, getting that degree, earning your J.D.?

EXAM

FROM PAGE 10

This was the 12th Commandment before Moses dropped the clay tablets and broke them. Sorry, back to the Bar.

Sixth: If you live in driving distance from a testing center, consider staying at home. There are few things worse than overhearing another law student say that the answer you picked is clearly wrong or the obsolete issue you never saw was the focal point of the essay.

Seventh: There are lots of places to study besides the law library. Try Literati Café on Wilshire & Bundy, Anesthesia's Asylum on Wilshire & 11th, The Novel Café on Main & Pier, Rooms on Westwood & Santa Monica, or even the beach or a park. Studying in different places helps memory recall, and nothing helps sanity more than being with normal, non-law-oriented people.

Eighth: Take advantage of the fact

that you only need to study seven to eight hours per day. For the math-stupid, that leaves twenty-seven, oops, I mean sixteen hours of free time in the day. Although it's a depressing thought, that's a whole lot more free time than you'll have when you have minimum billables.

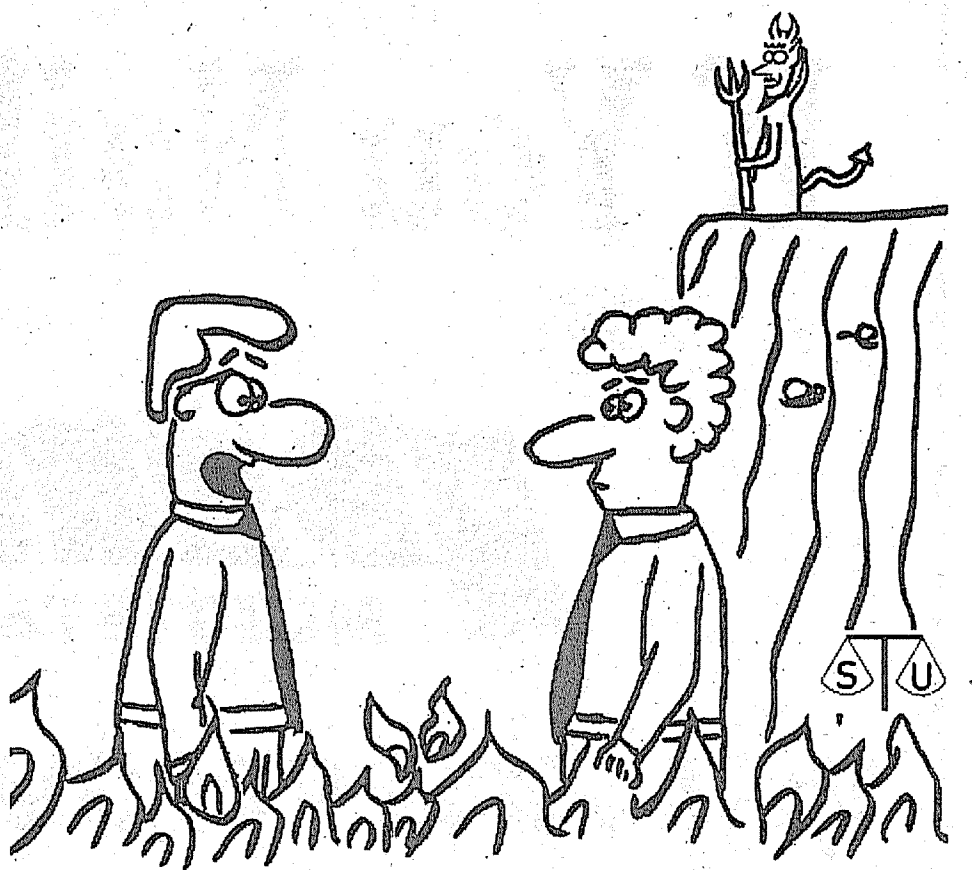
Ninth: If you don't have a job lined up, this is not the time to stress. Job openings are tremendous after Bar results come out. And don't forget that there's always the Peace Corp.

Tenth: If you do not pass, it merely means that you dicked around too much or stressed out way too much. The silver lining is that failing the Bar is an excuse to take a second Bar trip.

Other than that, it's pretty hard to fail the Bar. So take it easy and aim for minimum competence. To all of you 3Ls, kick some ass!!

Stu's Views

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Bob said, "Let's negotiate."
I said, "Over my dead body."

Can You Fail Every Essay & Still Pass CA Bar Exam?

150 MBE Score	155 MBE Score	160 MBE Score																																																															
<p>STEP 1: Multiply MBE Score by 10 (150 x 10 = 1500)</p> <p>STEP 2: Take extra MBE points and multiply by conversion factor of .35:</p> $\begin{array}{r} 1500 \\ - 1450 \\ \hline 50 \text{ points} \\ \times .35 \\ \hline 17.5 \text{ MBE points} \end{array}$ <p>STEP 3: These 17.5 points then "carry over" to the essay section. Thus, you could fail <i>every</i> essay with the following scores and still pass!</p> <table> <tr><td>Essay 1</td><td>-</td><td>67.5</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 2</td><td>-</td><td>67.5</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 3</td><td>-</td><td>67.5</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 4</td><td>-</td><td>67.5</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 5</td><td>-</td><td>67.5</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 6</td><td>-</td><td>67.5</td></tr> <tr><td>Add MBE pts.</td><td>-</td><td>17.5</td></tr> </table> <p>YOU PASS!</p>	Essay 1	-	67.5	Essay 2	-	67.5	Essay 3	-	67.5	Essay 4	-	67.5	Essay 5	-	67.5	Essay 6	-	67.5	Add MBE pts.	-	17.5	<p>STEP 1: 155 x 10 = 1550</p> <p>STEP 2:</p> $\begin{array}{r} 1550 \\ - 1450 \\ \hline 100 \text{ points} \\ \times .35 \\ \hline 35 \text{ MBE points} \end{array}$ <p>STEP 3: These 35 points then "carry over" to the essay section. Thus, you could fail <i>every</i> essay with the following scores and still pass!</p> <p><i>(Passing Essay Score is 70)</i></p> <table> <tr><td>Essay 1</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 2</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 3</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 4</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 5</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 6</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Add MBE pts.</td><td>-</td><td>35</td></tr> </table> <p>YOU PASS!</p>	Essay 1	-	65	Essay 2	-	65	Essay 3	-	65	Essay 4	-	65	Essay 5	-	65	Essay 6	-	65	Add MBE pts.	-	35	<p>STEP 1: 160 x 10 = 1600</p> <p>STEP 2:</p> $\begin{array}{r} 1600 \\ - 1450 \\ \hline 150 \text{ points} \\ \times .35 \\ \hline 52.5 \text{ MBE points} \end{array}$ <p>STEP 3: These 52.5 points then "carry over" to the essay section. Thus, you could fail <i>every</i> essay with the following scores and still pass!</p> <table> <tr><td>Essay 1</td><td>-</td><td>60</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 2</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 3</td><td>-</td><td>60</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 4</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 5</td><td>-</td><td>60</td></tr> <tr><td>Essay 6</td><td>-</td><td>65</td></tr> <tr><td>Add MBE pts.</td><td>-</td><td>52.5</td></tr> </table> <p>YOU PASS!</p>	Essay 1	-	60	Essay 2	-	65	Essay 3	-	60	Essay 4	-	65	Essay 5	-	60	Essay 6	-	65	Add MBE pts.	-	52.5
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