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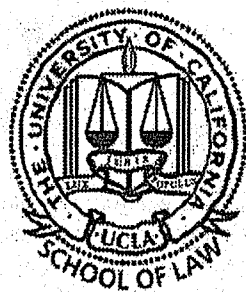
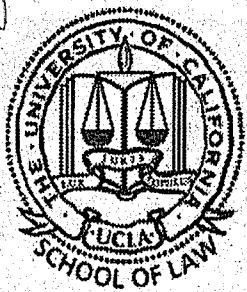
UCLA Law School

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UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW



VOLUME 49, NUMBER 1

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OCTOBER 2000

“Ride A Bike, Go To Jail,” Judge Tells Student

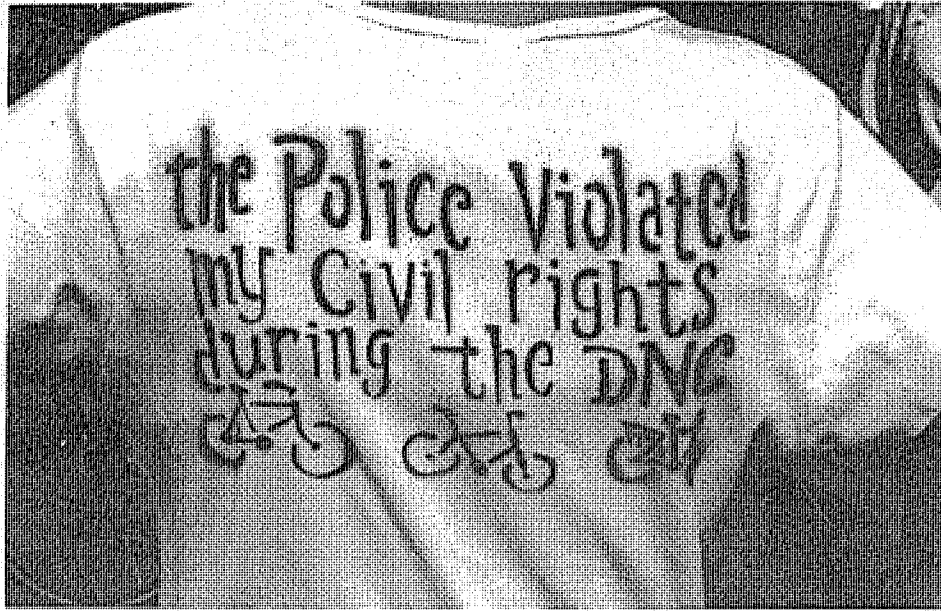
UCLAW student gets arrested at Democratic National Convention

By Susanne Blossom

3L

I want to tell the story of how I was arrested, and what happened to me in jail, rather than talk about the balance between order and liberty, the role of police in democracy, or the precarious state of our civil liberties. I want to tell you what happened because it is rather unbelievable, and yet it happens with alarming frequency – and greater brutality – in communities less privileged than ours here at the law school. A man arrested alongside me was a writer. At the end of it all, sitting in court, he said to me, “You know, if I wrote this story, no publisher would accept it. It’s like cheap Kafka.” Fortunately, the Docket has generously agreed to print my story anyway.

I ride my bike to school most days. Beyond that, I have little experience as a cyclist. I had heard about Critical Mass before and had on several occasions attempted



A Critical Mass cyclist stenciled shirts to express outrage over their treatment at the hands of police and sheriffs.

to join their rides but been thwarted by homework, lack of planning – whatever. So when I learned of the opportunity to attend my first ever group bicycle ride in the middle of a spectacle of American democracy – the Democratic National Convention – I jumped at the chance. Living in Los Angeles I know better than to trust the police to behave ra-

tionally, particularly as of late. For that reason, I was somewhat wary of heading downtown at all during the convention. But I thought long and hard and figured that a bicycle was the best way to go. I would not

See ARREST, page 6

Why Was Mr. Butts Smoking Mac and Cheese at the DNC?

By Johnny Lai

3L

“Hey, that’s Mr. Butts!” The giant 12-foot cigarette puppet dressed like Uncle Sam held a sign: “Phillip Morris for President.” A young woman next to Mr. Butts held a large image of cigarettes popping out of a box of “Krafty” Macaroni and Cheese, reading “Stop Tobacco Marketing to Kids! Boycott Kraft!” Like a number of other UCLA law students this summer, I was at the DNC protests serving as a legal observer and marched with protestors on one or two afternoons. I excited to see the giant Mr. Butts

See BUTTS, page 4

UCLAW Gears Up For Nineteenth Annual Musical

Care or Sell premieres in February, auditions coming soon

By Yvette Neukian

3L

Yet another school year has officially begun, and with it has brought the possibility of new experiences and events. There’s something for everyone. Some law students look forward to (and some dread), new classes, new professors, sports, the joys of journal membership, community service projects, interviews and job prospects, or weekly Thursday night bar reviews. But for me, there is only one activity that I wait for with giddy anticipation and that truly makes my law school experience complete: the Annual UCLAW Musical.

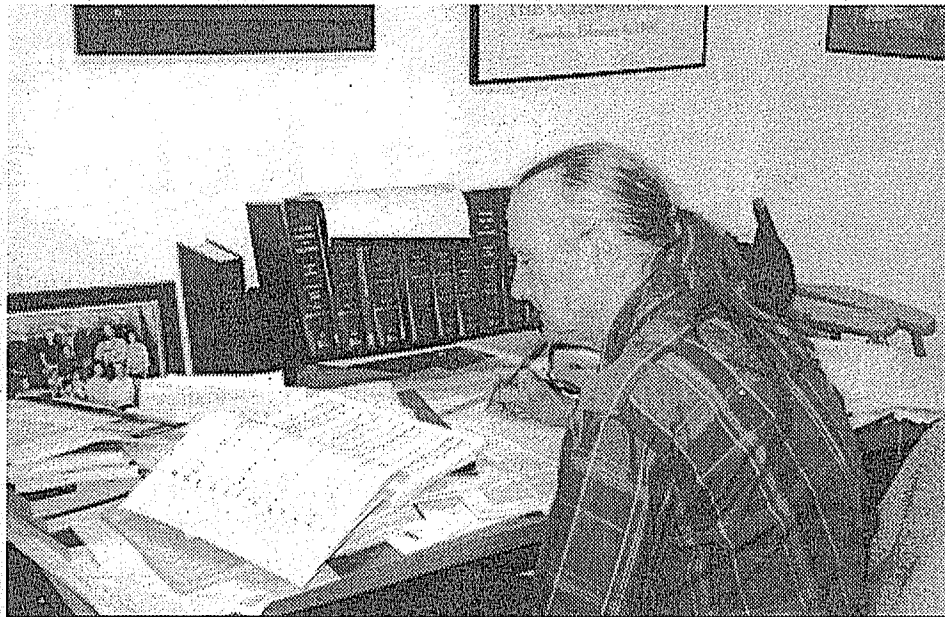
The Musical has had a long history at UCLAW. It began right around the time that fire was discovered, with first year students lampooning their professors in songs and skits. Next in the evolutionary process came the now defunct “Law Revue,” which was a variety show comprised of a series of musical comedy parodies. When Bryan Hull (now a professor at Loyola Law School) and Bill Peters asked Ken Graham to help with a number for the Law Revue, a collaboration was born that produced a successful, but lengthy script. Because their number had to be trimmed down to fit into the time constraints of the Law Revue, the trio branched out the next year into a separate event, a fund raiser for the then infant Public Interest Law Foundation. The Musical was thus born, and the rest is history. Professor Ken Graham has remained dedicated to the Musical since 1981. He is the man single-

handedly responsible for the script, the direction, and the casting, and he has helped keep the tradition alive with all of the hard work he happily puts in to make the Musical happen each year.

My involvement with the Musical started as a 1L, with a section mate’s recommendation that I join. I had mentioned that I missed the high school dance productions I used to be a part of, and he recommended the Musical as an excellent way to continue dancing in law school. I admit, I had my reservations about singing. I am not exactly the quintessential singer. My section mate, however, reassured me that although singing was an integral part of the Musical (it is, after all, a musical), the ability to sing well was not a requirement in the least. (It’s amazing how much better you sound when there are a multitude of voices accompanying yours, most of which are quite beautifully on key). In fact, the only real requirement was a willingness to put in the time to learn the numbers and the lines. And that is easily accomplished during the five weeks of rehearsals, conveniently located at the beginning of second semester, when the availability of free time is less limited. (I do not say “bountiful,” for we are law students...)

There was a formal audition process for the major roles, but as I soon learned, they were doled out at least in part on the basis of past-demonstrated commitment to the Musical, and not strictly on the basis of talent. I also soon learned that individual law students could involve themselves as little or as much as possible. From being an usher, to having a small role as a chorus member, to being the lead, law students were able participate on many different levels. After all, as the oft-quoted line goes, “there are no small roles, only small actors.”

There may be a drawback to par-



Professor Ken Graham completing the script for Care or Sell.

ticipating in the musical, and it is this: it is difficult, if not impossible, to hear a perfectly wonderful song from “The King and I” without hearing Professor Graham’s irreverent, brilliant, riotous, and sometimes risqué parody in its place. But given the smiles these tunes have brought me the last two years, I find this a small price to pay.

This year, the 19th Annual UCLAW Musical, made possible by the group of law students, faculty, and staff who dub themselves “403 N.W. 2d 143,” is called *Care or Sell*. It will be based on the Rogers & Hammerstein musical, “Carousel,” and will attempt to comically depict the conflict that arises when the head of a group of environmental lawyers tries to prevent the best lawyer from leaving for a less stressful and better paying job in the private sector. The actual night of the Musical is **Saturday, February 3, 2001 at 7:30 PM** in the Northwest Campus Auditorium.

I encourage any law student who has the slightest bit of interest in performing (even if it’s for the first time), to be a part of this year’s production. It is truly a fun experience you will not soon forget. I did it as a first year student and found it to be a wonderful release from the academic rigors of law school. Alumni have often commented that the fondest memories they have of law school are from the Musical. But even if participation in the Musical is not your cup of tea, I encourage everyone to come see the show. At the least, you can see your fellow students and your professors as you have (probably) never seen them before.

Any interest in the Musical should be directed to Professor Ken Graham via either e-mail (cageyjd@fastpointcom.com or graham@law.ucla.edu) or messages in his mailbox, which can be dropped of (with his name written clearly on them) at the Information Desk.

Letters

Dear Editor:

I am wondering what has happened to the life-saving television that got me through my first year of law school, but was rudely disconnected before the two big games (Cal-Stanford and UCLA-USC) and then totally removed from the lounge. The student body has received no explanation for why the television was removed, or how we can get it back.

Brian Bark

Dear Editors,

I couldn't help but notice that you never seem to have many letters to the editor. What is this!?

Juan L.

We generally print all submitted letters. Any dirth of letters is due to a shortage of submissions. Only the student body can fix this. E-mail your letters to docket@orgs.ucla.edu

Ed.

Dear Editors,

I wanted to publicly express my disappointment with this year's course offerings. There was little variety to speak of, and the scheduling was difficult at best. Having Fridays off is wonderful, but the upper-division curriculum needs to take better advantage of the morning hours.

Kevin Leung

Letters Wanted

Please send us your dirty letters...

... with polaroids.

EDITORIAL

The Olympics Are Beautiful, The Olympics Suck

By Michael Lopez
Editor-In-Chief

The Olympics are beautiful. In their own way, and in the forum of physical competition, the Olympic Games symbolize all that is greatest in the human race. Only the Olympics could bring North and South Korea together in the way, as symbolic as it may have been, that they were in the opening ceremonies. The Olympics are beautiful. All the nations of the earth come together, not to kill, not to impose economic sanctions, but to compete for prestige and honor, and to show their best to the rest of the world. They do not lose their identities, but instead put themselves forth as they are, and as they wish to be. The Olympics are beautiful. They are pageantry and performance on a scope unrivaled anywhere in the world. This spirit, this striving, represents some of what is best in humanity. *Citius, Altius, Fortius*. The Olympics are Beautiful.

The Olympics suck. We are far removed from those august games, over ten thousand miles away. We are witness not to the Olympic Games of Sydney, but to a construction known as the "Olympics" which bears only a passing resemblance to the sublime nobility permeating Southeast Australia. It is not the Olympic Games we see, but rather what those who present us with their "Olympics" wish us to see. We are like inhabitants of Plato's cave, never seeing the real thing. Only in this cave, people play with the lights.

For instance, ask yourselves how many times the Russian or Chinese (especially the Chinese) athletes have been likened - by simile or metaphor - machines? There were at least five just during the Women's Platform Finals. Why is it that the profiles of their teams are viewed to the

staccato refrain of a militareque snare drum, whilst our athletes are accompanied by a groundswell of strings and heavenly brass?

It would be heartening to be able to claim "But that's just the coverage of the Olympics, not the Olympics themselves." But to two hundred and eighty million Americans, the coverage of the Olympics is the Olympics. And as if the inculcation of nationalistic pride and even racism at times wasn't bad enough...

"A heartbreaking loss for [insert athlete's name here]. To come so far and go home only with a silver." Cue the somber music.

Is this the Twilight Zone? *Citius, Altius Fortius*. Nowhere in that simple and wonderful phrase does it say *Citissime, Altissime, Fortissime*. Is being second best in the entire world at something really cause for anguish and despair? Perhaps some might think so, but is it necessary to lace the Olympics with the emotional vicissitudes of its providers? As hard as it may be for some to believe, the television-viewing public have hearts and minds of their own, capable of making their own judgments.

We are past the point where we can expect a CSPAN Olympics. We will never get just the events as they are performed, not unless we buy a ticket. We will never get to see all the events. Even broadcast on three channels, the Olympics we see does not include fencing. But we can, and should, ask that those who bring us their Olympics, let us discover on our own what emotional content we can in this hallowed competition. Let us develop a sense of national pride on our own, if we choose to.

The Olympics are. Perhaps someday we may see them and decide for ourselves how beautiful they really can be.

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UCLA School of Law

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Your name could be here, too!

Photographs submitted by Susanne Blossom and Michael Lopez

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ATTENTION 1LS

INTERESTED IN
MOOT COURT?

Interested in participating in the Moot Court Program as a 2L?

Volunteer to be a timekeeper during the oral rounds on October 28 and gain the opportunity to observe the procedure and techniques of appellate advocacy!

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Vox Populi, Vox Populi!!!

What I can't understand is why all these people spend so much time and effort trying to change the world. They write academic articles on academic articles on studies

about empirical data that has yet to be unearthed. Careers are spent trying to highlight a tenuous position that if proven right will only affect future academic careers.



Sam Fortenbaugh
Staff Columnist

Then there are the protestors who march.

There's something about marching that must give them a sense of power. It must be something like when a child learns how to walk. It's all they want to do.

But do they really get anywhere. Rarely. That's why I don't march. I don't want to feel like I'm on a Stairmaster of social change, that no matter how fast or hard I march, all I do is burn a lot of calories. At least the Stairmaster tells you how many you've burned.

But don't get depressed. It may seem bleak, but I'm here to tell you that there are a lot easier ways to bring about social change. Just the other day I discovered that I had gotten Doritos to put more "Cool Ranch Flavor" into their "Cool Ranch Style" Doritos. At first I couldn't figure out how. I never said anything. I never went to Mr. Doritos and said, "These chips aren't living up to their potential." The truth is, I didn't have to. All I did was go to the store one day to buy Cool Ranch Doritos, but decide not to because they bored me. You see, they didn't have enough "Cool Ranch Flavor," so I bought pretzels.

That's when all my effort started to pay off. The next time the Doritos's delivery truck showed up, the guy didn't have to restock the shelves. Factory orders went

down. Production slowed and people started getting laid off. Those Doritos workers couldn't make their car payments, meet their mortgages. Banks neared the point of insolvency. The economy hovered on the brink of recession. Alan Greenspan lowered interest rates. And that's when Mr. Doritos knew he had a problem.

So he started running around, re-designing his chips, doing test market surveys till he realized they needed more "Cool Ranch Flavor." It's as if they asked me in person. And I was heard. You see, I am the voice of the people. Vox Populi, Vox Populi!

No matter what I want, I get it. How else would I've gotten someone to make 29 different Elvis Presley plates if I wasn't the voice of the people? I couldn't have. But every time I ordered one after another, another plate came into being. The same thing happened with Budweiser. I wanted fresher beer and proof of it. So they put a born-on-date on every can. It's as if I went right up to August Busch the fourth shook my fist in his face and said, "I want to make sure I get fresh beer." Vox Populi, Vox Populi.

You know, people think I just sit around and do nothing. They're right. But still I am heard, whether it's food, beer or politics.

Politics, now that's where I do or best work. I keep them politicians from getting too complicated. If I wanted real issues discussed in depth, I would read a newspaper; and those candidates know I don't. Let's face it, who wants to know about genocide in "whatever-that-place-is" in Africa or Europe? Not me. I only want to know that America's great, and will continue to get better in the future - even if they don't tell me how they're going to do it. Simple issues for simple people.

I don't want our leaders to be high-minded moralists who'll make me feel bad every time I do something wrong. They're there to make us feel good about our lives. If I cheat on my wife I want to know they have. If I eat too much junk food, smoke a little pot or get a blowjob from a young girl, they can't complain. I want to be able to look at my political leaders

and say, "If he can be President, so can I." That my friend is the American Dream in action. Abe Lincoln would have been proud. Vox Populi. Vox Populi.

Some people ask me if I ever worry about how much power I have. Of course I do; I'd be lying if I said I didn't. I mean, I never feel great when I make one of those smart, intelligent, low-budget movies bomb. They are so poignant and thought provoking, it would be nice if they were more appreciated. I even feel worse when I get a bill shelved in Congress because I didn't

know what it was about, because I didn't watch the news, because Jerry Springer had a really excellent show about nuns who became strippers.

It's this whole sense of remorse that made me come to law school. I thought there had to be a better way; that I, with an enlightened legal education, could become part of some small cadre of intelligentsia who would apply logical thinking and careful analysis in a detached rational fashion to the problems

See POPULI, page 8

Death Penalty Fatally Flawed

By Toby Bordelon
Senior Editor

Opposition to the death penalty has been building in recent years. But it seems to me that the tactics many opponents of capital punishment engage in are counterproductive. Most of the arguments you hear are centered around how the death penalty is unfair, or how the system is flawed. It's racist, police departments are corrupt, juries are prejudiced, innocent people are wrongly convicted and condemned to die.

At the end of the day, these arguments really get us nowhere. Implicit in these type of arguments is the idea that the death penalty itself is okay. The only problem is that it isn't administered correctly. This path suggests that the current application of the death penalty is unconstitutional because it violates the equal protection clause or due process.

So what? That's not really a big problem when you think about it. Administrative flaws can be fixed. Yes, it will really difficult to eliminate racism from the criminal justice system, but not impossible. (And that's something that should be done throughout the criminal justice system, not just with respect to capital punishment.) False convictions can theoretically be eliminated, too, eventually. Already DNA evidence has freed people on death row. Technology will only get better. It is not outside the realm of possibility that one day we can say with 100% accuracy that that this person com-

mitted the crime. And if that never happens, we can always set up a system whereby a person cannot be executed unless the jury reaches their verdict beyond any doubt, not just reasonable doubt.

What happens when we are able to fix all these problems? Will the opponents of the death penalty then support it? I doubt it. The real problem with the death penalty is not that it is racist, or that it sometimes leads to the death of innocent people. The problem is that it leads to the death of any person. Capital punishment is wrong because it is immoral. I suspect that's what many opponents of capital punishment really believe. That is the position we should stand on. All these technical arguments are at best delaying tactics. The Supreme Court ordered a moratorium on capital punishment once. The states fixed the problems, and now its back. We're right back where we started. Are we going to keep going in circles like this?

If you're going to take a stand, take a stand. Don't water it down. Stand on moral ground, fight for moral justice. The time for seeking temporary delays is over.

I should also point out that attempting to abolish the death penalty through litigation is probably a lost cause. The constitution itself implicitly approves of capital punishment by implying that a person can be deprived of life through due process of law. This fight will have to be won in the legislatures, in Congress. Enough "test cases." Enough stop gap measures enforced through the courts. If we want to end the death penalty, let's quit playing around with technical arguments and really, truly end it.

BUTTS

From page 1

puppet and the Kraft Boycott sign because I was familiar with the campaign, but had only been able to see INFACT in action vicariously, through their newsletters. As the protest winded down, I took off my observer's cap and helped them dismantle and carry the puppet.

I have admired INFACT's campaign for their ability to subvert the corporate image by appropriating corporate symbols for biting political satire. The "Krafty" sign signals to viewers that Kraft is subsidiary of Philip Morris Companies Inc and that your support of Kraft Foods supports the tobacco giant Phillip Morris, which markets tobacco to children internationally and is the top soft money contributor in the U.S. Moreover, my support for their work is based in part on my growing belief that a citizen's movement is needed to take back democratic control of our government from corporate political influence. Mr. Butt's sign satirized the excessive influence of corporations in American political life, a sentiment that most Americans now agree with. According to a recent poll, two-thirds of US adults believe the political influence of giant corporations—such as the tobacco companies—weakens our

democracy.

INFACT, the nonprofit organization sponsoring the puppet, is asking Phillip Morris to stop Tobacco marketing to children, stop spreading tobacco addiction internationally, and stop influence and to "butt out" of public policy making in Congress. They are asking Phillip Morris to stop deceiving people about the dangers of tobacco and to pay the high costs of health case associated with the tobacco epidemic. Phillip Morris is currently on INFACT's "Hall of Shame," a campaign it has been organizing since 1996 to expose corporations that exert undue influence over public policy for profit at the expense of health and the environment.

Phillip Morris and Kraft: Marketing & Children

Phillip Morris is not afraid to engage children in its marketing campaigns. The Marlboro Man, which was directed towards youth, was one example of its marketing to children. Many people assume tobacco marketing to children ended with the tobacco settlement, but that settlement did not cover marketing to children overseas. As a picture in INFACT's newsletter shows, a Phillip Morris promotion in Cambodia has young

schoolgirls dressed in matching Marlboros caps and fanny packs giving out free boxes of Marlboros. Here in the U.S., Phillip Morris is has to be less obvious. In a recent landmark class action trial in Florida, experts testified that Philip Morris's "Think, Don't Smoke" youth anti-smoking ads do more to promote smoking than to discourage it.

When Kraft lobbyists lobby on behalf of tobacco interests, they hide behind the wholesome, family-oriented image of Kraft foods. Indeed, Phillip Morris has also sent pushed Kraft employees to call legislators on behalf of tobacco interests.

What's Law got to Do with It?

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country... [C]orporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow." — Abraham Lincoln

Mr. Butt's sign also points to the existence of a court-created legal fiction. When we see Mr. Butts holding a Phillip Morris for President sign, who know that Phillip Morris cannot actually run for President, just as corporations do not have the right to vote. However, corporations have tremendous power to influence politics

through campaign donations and soft money donations. Phillip Morris has been the number one soft money contributor in the nation. Can you think of any human citizen with that much political influence over politicians and policy-making?

Corporations like Phillip Morris have been given Constitutionally protected free speech rights because of the legal fiction of corporate personhood. Corporations became constitutional persons through a legal accident, wherein courts analogized that corporations are like persons and so should be allowed to own property. Over time, analogy of corporate personhood has been constantly extended so that corporations now receive many Constitutional rights, such as freedom of speech. The persistent legal fiction that Corporations are persons combined with the Supreme Court's insistence that money equals speech has provided a system of gross corporate influence in politics.

The Supreme Court has held that money is speech, so corporations are free to spend their stockpayer's money (tax-free) on donations to political candidates and issues to influence politics. The purpose of free speech

See BUTTS, page 5

McBeal Wouldn't Last Two Minutes...

By R. Barrett Rost

2L

I recently read Professor Asimov's article in the UCLA Law Magazine about lawyers in the movies, and it got me thinking. Specifically, it got me thinking that he probably was busy taking notes on Paul Newman in *The Verdict* when he was supposed to be grading my Contracts exam. But what it also got me thinking about was the portrayals of attorneys in popular culture. Anyway, I thought it might be interesting to take a quick look at some of the more amusing fictional attorneys out there. Note: this list will not include Ally McBeal, as her show is without a doubt the most irritating program in the history of television. This normally wouldn't be enough to stop me, except that if I did discuss her, I'd probably have to libel Calista Flockhart and David E. Kelly. As I've only got about ten bucks to my name, I'd rather just avoid that. So here we go...

Daredevil (a.k.a. Matt Murdock)

You have to love a superhero who is a lawyer in his alter ego, because as we all know, lawyers are much more likely to be super-villains (Baron Big Fee, Malpractice Man, etc.). But it must be somewhat conflicting to beat the hell out of criminals as a superhero and then end up springing them as their defense attorney. Then again, this opens up all sorts of fee generation possibilities. Bust a ring of jewel thieves, and then leave your card on their unconscious bodies. You can practically guarantee that they'll be calling you from jail! Unfortunately, Daredevil lacks the super power that would be most useful to lawyers: telepathy. I can think of numerous situations where this ability could more than compensate for questionable legal skills. "Denying my motion, your honor? How would you like your wife and kids to know about what you did to that unfortunate goat back in 1978?" If you

find this joke offensive, remember that it's okay to blackmail judges, but only if you are telepathic.

Perry Mason and Matlock

These two are included together because they obviously went to the same law school. You know, the one that teaches you that the best way to win a criminal case is to track down the real culprit, then get him or her to confess on the stand. I'd certainly like to use this method, mainly because it requires absolutely no knowledge of actual law. Of course, when you talk about no knowledge of the law, you must mention...

Hamilton Berger

This poor guy lost every single case he ever prosecuted. Why? Because they were all against Perry Mason. It must have been really depressing for Hamilton. Every week he would think he had another airtight murder case, then every week he'd walk into court, see Perry there, and realize he was in for yet another beating. Then again, maybe his problem wasn't so much Perry as it was the fact that he kept prosecuting innocent people for murder, which brings us to...

Atticus Finch

This character from *To Kill a Mockingbird* was honest (yawn), ethical, a downright paragon of virt—
 //

Dan Fielding

This *Night Court* prosecutor typifies the qualities usually associated with fictional attorneys: he's lecherous, conniving, and happy to order a homeless guy to sell his blood and hand over the proceeds. Dan did have an impressive win percentage, but it must have been irritating to never be able to get any sentence besides "\$50 and time served." And speaking of win percentages...

Lionel Hutz

(a.k.a. Miguel Sanchez)

The senior partner in the firms of "Lionel Hutz Attorney at Law (Also Expert Shoe Repair" and "I Can't Believe It's a Law Firm!" is of course the greatest of all fictional attorneys. I think it's best to let Lionel speak for himself.

Hutz on Procedure: "Your Honor, I move for a...bad...court...thingy."

Hutz on being asked if he meant a "mistrial": "Yeah! That's why you're the judge and I'm the law...talkin'...guy."

Hutz on False Advertising: "This is the most blatant case of false advertising since my suit against the film *The Neverending Story*."

Hutz assuring his clients: "Mr. Simpson, don't you worry. I watched *Matlock* in a bar last night. The sound wasn't on, but I think I got the gist of it."

I just wish Lionel didn't already have the slogan that I'd like to use in a few years: "Cases won in thirty minutes, or you pizza's free!" I guess that must be some sort of contingency arrangement.

So what can we glean from looking at all these fictional lawyers? Probably that the easiest way to make a lawyer character entertaining is to make him or her "bad." For whatever reason, many people have negative conceptions about lawyers, and the simplest way to get a reaction is to play into that (as I've done several times here). After all, who really wants to see a good lawyer doing her job in a realistic fashion on television?

"*The Lawyer Show* will be right back with another seven hours of brief writing after these messages..." Not great entertainment.

At least the popular culture stereotypes of lawyers are better than those of plumbers (pants always falling down). That's something.

BUTTS

From page 4

is for democratic participation and discussion. But, when fictional entities like Mr. Butts (aka Phillip Morris) and Joe Camel have more political influence through donations than you or I have. In the long term, the courts and the legal community needs to recognize the difference between corporate speaking for commercial purposes and corporations directly influencing the political process.

Is Corporate Political Influence "Just the Way it Is"?

Even many corporate leaders are starting to realize that the current system of unlimited soft money contributions is distorting the electoral process. As of this summer, thirty-one corporations that gave six-figure soft money contributions in the past three election cycles have not given money yet in 2000. In addition, Time Warner President Richard Parsons recently announced that Time Warner would no longer give soft money contributions because they have "a growing concern about the current system" and the current system is "increasingly distorting the electoral process." Parsons stepped down from the Board of Directors of Phillip Morris, the #1 Soft Money contributor in each of the last two election cycles.

Boycott These Products

In order to support the Boycott, refuse to buy these familiar name-brands and products brought to you by Phillip Morris Companies, the Number One corporate influence-peddler in America!

Kraft
Oscar Mayer
Tombstone Pizza
Jell-O
Maxwell House
Miller Beers
Post Cereals
Miracle Whip

For more information go to www.infact.org.

Wells Fargo, Surly ATMs, and Fascists in Customer Service

By John Targowski

2L

It is a late summer evening and I am on a bender. Taking a gap month between law school 1L and my summer job, my lifestyle moves in extremes. I am finally shrugging off the nightly cries for help that came with the 1L cult of outlines, practice exams, making the curve, conspiring to kill a certain classmate, and clandestine rain dances to fend off Examsoft meltdowns (Note to 1Ls: I think you can still drop out now and get most of your money back.)

I am rehabbing on the 12 step program of regressive masculinity that, in tune to the Millennial Male's I Will Pee Sitting Down Flag of Surrender, is prohibitive to positively resolving my need to lose control.

I am intoxicated with friends at a South Bay Ralph's trying to buy more Soma before the 2AM deadline. Mission Impossible is further complicated by the \$600 check from Mom and Dad burning a hole in my pocket that has "Unpaid Summer Position" written all over it. Intoxication has made me find amazement in what is mundanely purposeful in Sunday afternoon sobriety. It has me wanting to award a Nobel Prize to whoever mated the Wells Fargo Banking Empire with the Ralph's Grocery Reich.

I know the drill. I insert my ATM/MasterCard/Checkcard into the little mouth of the ATM of Doom located conveniently right behind the prepackaged "I cannot cook my own food" sandwich and sushi pavilion in the front of the store. First though, I stare

at my little plastic ATM Consumer Identity Badge and marvel in ethanoled amazement at the Old West mural of a team of horses pulling a stagecoach. I momentarily buy into Wells Fargo's marketing psychology. The stagecoach's American Frontier is metaphoric to an untamed cyberspace where paper money is slowly garnering a Pony Express semblance of extinction in favor of a MasterCard Elixir. But I digress...

The nightmare begins. Somehow, through all of this hazy philosophizing, I manage to forget to put the actual check inside the deposit envelope prior to its disappearance inside the ATM of Doom. As Your Humble Narrator (YHN) will soon illustrate, this oversight will mark me forever as a lout not to be trusted with the convenient ATM privileges of the modern checking account so many of you take for granted. My financial identity, once the pride of MasterCard, has been slandered. I am a citizen of Capitalism no longer.

However, I do not realize the depth of how far my convenience has been damaged until several days after that fateful evening. You see, Wells Fargo deemed my error to be an intentional effort to defraud them via ATM. My crime is punished by freezing my ATM card, which leaves me strapped for cash on demand and relying solely on checks and an outside credit card which I have luckily reserved for these sorts of bender-related fuck ups.

The only due process I have is through Customer Service. Not only do I have to wait on the phone for an ice age, but I am a

captive audience to the Holding Pattern Audio Jingle that consists of a soulless female voice repeating: "*Your call is important to us. All of our representatives are currently assisting other customers, please hold and your call will be answered in the order it was received.*" The idle time has me wondering what Miss Monotone's head would look like on a stick.

I am finally connected to someone with a pulse, although this does not bring the good cheer that I sadly deserve. The type of person I must speak to is one who sits in front of a computer screen all day with a telephone headset pretending to be happy talking to hundreds of unhappy Wells Fargo customers day in and day out of his or her miserable little life. I know this tragedy because I once moonlighted in front of a similar computer screen, with matching headphones, Best-Friendly personality on demand, and a never ending supply of people listening to the above-mentioned Holding Pattern Audio Jingle. Usually I am sympathetic to those who must repeatedly utter insanities like "*Thank you for banking with Wells Fargo, my name is Loretta, how can I assist you?*" Today is not that day.

I will refer to my customer service representative as Madame ATM Nazi. The first thing ATM Nazi asks for is my account number, which I remember plugging in via my touch-tone phone prior to being put on hold sometime during the Reagan Era. Putting my best face forward, I decide not to express hostility toward ATM Nazi and her Wells Fargo Puppeteer for lacking the

Flintstones-era technology needed to synchronize the automated telephone system with her computer screen.

I take a minute and explain my grievance and the relevant points of history that have led up to this fateful call. ATM Nazi is none too pleased.

ATM NAZI: *Oh, yes. Our records show that your ATM privileges have been terminated.* [Said as if reciting the weather.]

YHN: *Terminated?* [Oh shit!!!]

ATM NAZI: *It appears from our records that you put an empty deposit envelope into one of our ATMs. Because of the strain on our system, we must suspend your ATM privileges at this time.* [Only five more minutes until I can go outside again and smoke a Merit Menthol with Loni.]

YHN: *Huh?* [Huh!]

ATM NAZI: *You may reapply to use your ATM card in six months. We will review your case and make a decision to reactivate your card then.* [If I have to deal with one more dumbass, I am going to go postal and paint my brains all over this fucking cubicle!]

YHN: *Six months!?* [Fuck!]

ATM NAZI: *I'm sorry.* [Only four more minutes ;-)]

See ATM, page 8

ARREST

From page 1

get caught on foot in the middle of a police sweep, or get caught in traffic with my windows rolled up trying to avoid clouds of wanted to ensure that I was following official commands. We proceeded peacefully in this manner for thirty-five minutes before the wolves jumped out of their sheep's clothing.

As we approached, and then passed, the area around the Staples Center, the environment turned frantic. Officers began shouting for us to pick up the pace and stick together. A column of motorcycle police shot out from the middle of the bicycle cops and flanked the civilian riders. Squad cars blocked intersections and controlled our route. Sensing pending terror, I tried to leave the ride. I pulled over and was lifting my bike to the sidewalk when a crew of bicycle cops noticed my defection. They ordered me to get back on my bike and catch up to the rest of the riders, and one of them shouted to me, "You chose this ride — you can't leave it now."

The cyclists were being herded aggressively through successive police gauntlets made of motorcycles, squad cars, and riot police to the intersection of 18th and Flower where they were greeted by scores of officers from all departments of law enforcement and, ominously, an empty prison bus. I rejoined my fellow riders just in time to receive the next set of commands from dismounted bicycle cops, approaching with batons drawn. "Walk your bikes!" they barked. "Get on the sidewalk!" "Drop your bikes!" And finally, "Face the fence and put your hands

in the air!" We were underneath the 10 Freeway, wedged between the metro train tracks and a rusty chain link fence. Press and passersby had at most an obscured view of the arrests. This secluded spot ultimately provided a spacious staging ground for scores of vehicles teeming with eager riot police.

Several of my fellow cyclists, frightened and bewildered, attempted to ascertain the reason for our arrest. Their inquiries were met with hostility. One officer responded, "You'll find out soon enough." Other commands that were given throughout our initial sidewalk detention included "look straight ahead" (i.e. away from the police — ignore that man behind the curtain) and "no talking" (or more colorfully, "shut the fuck up," a phrase elicited when I attempted to inform officers that my only identification was strapped to my bicycle twenty feet behind me).

Although I stood cuffed, dressed in bike shorts and a tank top, in enforced silence, and ignorant of the reason for my arrest, for over three hours in a dark alley away from the sweep of the press helicopter's spotlight, it was not until I boarded the prison bus that my disbelief ripened into fear. It was then that I began to understand that there was no rational way out of this predicament: no cite and release, no opportunity to disperse, no way out of this trap. There was an ugly and predetermined path we would all have to travel before we ever had an opportunity to be heard. It was as if a large, brutal, and unthinking machine was set in motion under that freeway, a machine whose course could not be swayed by anything, least of all reason, justice, or the truth. We were going to jail.

On the bus we introduced ourselves and began to compare notes. I had managed to bend the ear of a young officer in riot gear as I was loaded onto the bus, and had learned the pretext for our arrest: felony reckless driving. I was stunned, and even managed to laugh before I asked him how that made any sense. He told me that three counts became a felony, and that "you ran at least three red lights." I shared this information on the bus. An indignant reporter from the Chicago Tribune laughed heartily. A young bike messenger hung his head, and muttered that he would lose his job. Someone started a round of Irish drinking songs.

Word spread from the front of the bus that a husband and wife team had been arrested. They were theology students celebrating his birthday with friends, and had planned on having dinner after the ride. The whole crew of shackled cyclists burst into song — the most heartfelt and rousing rendition of Happy Birthday ever sung on a prison bus, I'm sure. Our levity incited the anger of the sheriff's department, and an officer promptly boarded the idling bus and cranked the stereo to full blast. "Two Tickets to Paradise" blared startlingly from the grimy speakers as we looked around at each other in amazement and disbelief. It was eerily reminiscent of the Marine Corps efforts to drive Noriega from the palace at Nicaragua.

Soon after the start of our rock and roll inundation, the motorcade-escorted bus began its journey directly to Los Angeles County Jail, better known as Twin Towers, just northeast of downtown. When we left the bus we were separated into lines by gender and received our introduction to the jailhouse shuffle. From that point forward

whenever we were moved from one place to another we were required, under threat of solitary confinement, to walk with our toes touching the heels of the person in front of us, right shoulder against the wall, eyes cast downward. I have learned that inmates do not shuffle along wearily because they are guilt-ridden, remorseful, or ashamed as one might imagine from television. Rather, they do so because if they do not, when the camera looks away, they face at a minimum solitary confinement and verbal abuse. This introduction marked the beginning of a humiliating five-hour booking process for the twenty-two women cyclists. We did not see the forty-nine men with whom we were arrested until our staggered releases days later.

Booking was a chain of redundant and dehumanizing tasks. Photos are taken three times, in three separate rooms. The booking officer solicits personal information from your commemorative jailhouse bracelet. The nurses ask about medication (who knows why — the epileptic in my cell never got hers). There is one room for a clothed pat-down, and another for handcuff adjustments, a treat I qualified for by virtue of the blue tint my left hand had acquired.

When your cuffs are finally removed, you may use your freed hands to empty your pockets, hand over your shoelaces, and remove that ring that never before fit over your knuckle. All of this takes place amidst a barrage of barked insults, commands, and threats from a tag team of sheriff's deputies. A young woman next to me was crying. She could not remove her shoelaces fast enough

See ARREST, page 10

Hum a Few Bar Exam

By Professor Eugene Volokh

CONTRACTS

You couldn't get what you wanted, but you got what you needed instead. You sue for breach of warranty. What is the measure of damages?

ENVIRONMENTALLAW

Big wheel keeps on turning; Proud Mary keeps on burning (or "boining"). What is the maximum level of particulate emissions Proud Mary may put out? Is an Environmental Impact Statement required?

EVIDENCE

Can my admitting that I shot the sheriff be used as prior bad act evidence in my trial for shooting the deputy? If I want to introduce my prior denial of shooting the deputy, will I be barred by the hearsay rule?

FAMILYLAW

I've got a wife and kids in Baltimore, Jack — I went out for a ride and I never went back. How much alimony and child support do I owe? Am I within reach of the long-arm statute?

CRIMINALLAW

I'm an ordinary guy, burning down the house. That's right — don't want to hurt nobody. People on their way to work, and baby what do you expect? What sentence would I get under the Federal Guidelines for my arson?

This item originally published at 2 Green Bag 2d 125 (1998).

What is PILF?

By Maggie McLetchie

2L

UCLA's Public Interest Law Foundation "PILF", not to be mistaken for PPILP (Program in Public Interest Law and Policy), is dedicated to promoting public interest law at UCLA. PILF is unique among student organizations because it is an independent incorporated student organization. As a non-profit corporation, PILF requires intensive service from its board members. There are PILFs at law schools across the country.

Premised on the belief that supporting public interest legal work is the responsibility of the entire legal community, PILF reaches out to the law school student body to help support summer internships at non-profit legal centers. Last summer, PILF grants enabled students to work at organizations that obtain post-conviction relief for death row inmates in Mississippi, provide legal services to homeless youth in Los Angeles, represent tenants living in slum conditions in actions against their landlords, help low-income clients with wage claims, and address environmental issues in the Greater Los Angeles area.

PILF raises most of the money for projects like these through events for the law school community such as the Trivia Challenge and Auction. PILF also raises awareness of public interest law through a discussion series on cutting edge social issues.

What does PILF have to do with you?

This year's board hopes to involve as many members of the law school community as possible in public interest activities. Broad-based support is vital in helping PILF meet its fundraising goal of \$60,000 and to allow as many students as possible to work for nonprofit legal centers during the summer.

PILF is a great opportunity to volunteer .. and a potential source of funding for a summer job. You can get involved as a volunteer for many projects, such as helping get donations for the Auction or helping out at the Trivia Challenge.

PILF Trivia Challenge:

When 1Ls ask upper year students about the Trivia Challenge, they hear "don't miss it!" Where else do you get to see students take on their professors? This year the feisty competition between students and faculty will go down on Thursday, October 19 at 5 pm. About 50 people have volunteered to be nominees for the faculty and student teams. Now, it's up to the law school community, to select the final team members through "voting" through donations to PILF. Those with the most donation "votes" will be on the final teams. Make your voice heard and vote for who you think would be the most entertaining members starting October 2nd, Monday - Thursday, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. in the Student Lounge.

Professor Sklansky will reprise his role as emcee. And this year, questions will involve multimedia, just like "Audio Daily Doubles" on Jeopardy! Last year, the event's first, over 120 people attended. This year, organizers fully expect that the event will quickly reach room 1347's maximum capacity of 160. Buy your tickets (only \$5 each)! Contact: Catherine Elkes (elkes@2002.law.ucla.edu) or Kim Worbec (worbec@2001.law.ucla.edu), Co-Chairs.

Auction

The Auction is PILF's largest fundraiser and last year it raised more than \$20,000 for public interest summer grants. The event includes both a silent and live auction where professors, like Professor Sklansky and Professor Freeman, act as the auctioneers. Auction items have included a pair of scrubs signed by the entire cast of ER, a home-cooked dinner for 6 with two professors, and vintage wines.

Beginning as early as October, pairs of volunteers are needed to go around to

local shops and restaurants asking for donation items (don't worry, we tell you where to go and what to say!). Then volunteers are needed to make follow-up calls and update the database. Finally, volunteers are needed the day of the auction itself. There are a variety of volunteer opportunities to suit any student's preferences! We would love to have you join us.

Contact: Ines Kuperschmit (kupersch@2002.law.ucla.edu).

Other Fundraising: Pledge Drive and Corporate Fundraising

The pledge drive collects funding for grant recipients by encouraging students who work at firms to donate one day's salary. Additionally, law firms are contacted to participate in matching grant challenges and to make donations. Because PILF is a non-profit corporation, all donations are fully tax-deductible.

Contact: Vivian Lee (leevivi@2002.law.ucla.edu) and Laura Probst (probst@2002.law.ucla.edu), Co-Chairs

Grants

This year, the PILF board voted to raise the summer grants by \$500, providing up to \$4,000 for 10 weeks full time work at a non-profit public interest legal center. Application requirements, details and deadlines will be made available to students toward the end of the fall semester. Please note: students who volunteer are given preference in the application process.

Contact: Cecile Divino (divino@2002.law.ucla.edu), Katy Erskine (erskine@2002.law.ucla.edu), and John Littell (littrell@2002.law.ucla.edu), co-chairs

First Event in Discussion Series to Grapple with Nexus Between Anti-Gun Legislation and Criminal Justice

The PILF Discussion Series seeks to bring together students interested in public interest law to talk about current public in-

See PILF, page 10

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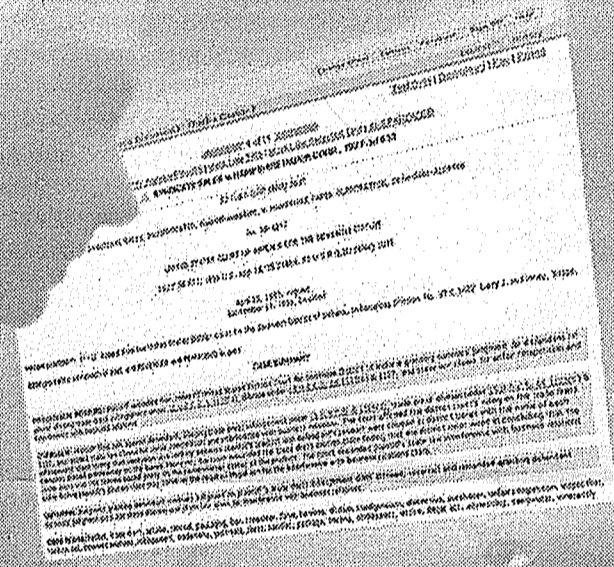
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By entering this Sweepstakes, entrants agree to be bound by these Official Rules and the decisions of the judges, which shall be final and conclusive on all matters. Sweepstakes starts September 3, 2000 at 12:00:01 a.m., Mountain Time, and ends December 2, 2000 at 11:59:59 p.m., Mountain Time. **PRIZES: GRAND PRIZE (1):** One Grand Prize winner will receive a check in an amount equal to 3 years of full-time student tuition at the annual rate that would have been charged to the winning student as of September 3, 2000 at the law school where the student is enrolled, up to a maximum of \$90,000. Exact amount awarded will be determined by winner's specific law school tuition rates. The number of eligible entries received between September 3, 2000, and December 2, 2000 will determine odds of winning the Grand Prize. (ARV: Maximum of \$90,000) **FIRST PRIZE (591):** One thousand dollars towards law school tuition. Prize will be awarded in the form of a check, payable to each winning student. (ARV: \$1,000) **SECOND PRIZE (2,561):** A \$100 American Express Gift Cheque. (ARV: \$100) The total number of valid entries received each month for the First Prize, and each week for the Second Prize will determine odds of winning any First or Second Prize. **DRAWINGS: Second Prize Drawings:** At each eligible law school, a Second Prize winner will be randomly selected weekly from all eligible entries received that week. You must enter each week to be eligible for each weekly drawing. Second Prize drawings will be held on Tuesdays (on or about 9/12, 9/19, 9/26, 10/3, 10/10, 10/17, 10/24, 10/31, 11/7, 11/14, 11/21, 11/28 and 12/5 of the Sweepstakes period). The names of the Second Prize winners are expected to be posted on this Web site on or about the Friday following each drawing. **First Prize Drawings:** At each eligible law school, a First Prize winner will be randomly selected monthly from all eligible entries received for the months of September, October and November. You must enter each month to be eligible for each monthly drawing. First Prize drawings will be held on or about 10/3, 11/7 and 12/5. The names of the First Prize winners are expected to be posted on this Web site on or about the Friday following each drawing, subject to each winner meeting all qualifications and final eligibility criteria. **Grand Prize Drawing:** One Grand Prize will be randomly selected on or about December 3, 2000. The name of the Grand Prize winner is expected to be posted on this Web site within 14 days of being selected, subject to winner meeting all qualifications and final eligibility criteria. 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Relevant information without wasting time.

SBA Board Members Offer Insight On Their Roles And Plans

David Simonds, 3L, SBA President

My name is David Simonds and I am your SBA President.

My goal this year is to solidify the place of the SBA in our law school community. I believe that the SBA is our community's best resource for bringing the students together. Acting as a liaison between the faculty and students, and providing an abundance of social activities, only the SBA has the ability to include every student at UCLA in a unifying law school environment.

I welcome the opportunity to meet as many of you as possible this year and to hear your ideas on how we can make UCLA a place we are proud of long after we have left the classroom.

Yvette Neukian, 3L, Section Rep (5/6)

No one ran to represent my infamous section, 5/6. Because duty called, I stepped up to the plate and put myself in the running for this important position that if not filled, would leave a gaping hole in the SBA.

I pledge to them in this statement of undying loyalty and eternal vigilance, to lobby vigorously for their interest with unprecedented persistence and fortitude. I will listen to their complaints, heed their suggestions, and act on their requests.

Not only my constituents, but all 3Ls are welcome to voice their concerns to me or any other SBA member about virtually any issue that concerns the school.

Anna Song, 3L, SBA Vice President

I am committed to making UCLA not only a place where students are comfortable to learn, but, and more importantly, a place where students are able to have diverse experience so that we can all grow as people in our understanding and compassion for others.

Also, I am committed to making changes, not only complaining about the problems. I feel that being a part of SBA allows me to accomplish this goal.

Devin McCrae, 2L, Section Rep (7/8)

The purpose of this statement, I am told, is to introduce myself to the student body and present my goals as an SBA rep.

One might ask: "What the hell does SBA do?"

SBA provides many activities that may, individually, seem trivial and of little importance. But together, they provide several opportunities to create and cultivate personal relationships among students that otherwise would not have developed; and it is these relationships that will provide us with some of our fondest memories of law school.

Therefore, it is my goal that SBA continues to create opportunities, and that ALL students will take advantage of these opportunities. SO COME TO THE NEXT BAR

POPULI

From page 4

of the day, to come up with well thought-out plans that aren't tainted with partisan politics or maniacal personal ambitions. That, transformed by this legal education, I could be part of a movement, a march if you will, to bring back the days when real news was reported, not just murders and car chases; when foreign aid was not just a media subsidy; and when we never thought Ralph Nader would do big things for the world instead being forced to keep acting like, well, Ralph Nader. It would be a world like Greece during the age of Plato where reason will protect us from the excesses of human greed and wanton lust.

Nah! Who's kidding whom? Society is what it is, because its citizens are who



Top Row, L to R: Michael Levitor, Rob Pryor, Chris Scott, Devin McCrae, Andy Tran, Dave Simonds, David Alvarez

Bottom Row, L-R: Yvette Neukian, Songhay Miguda-Armstead, Ami Gerrish, Anna Song, Nisha Vyas, Celeste Drake

REVIEW, DRINK UP, AND PARRRTAY WITH YOUR CLASSMATES!

Adam Lang, 2L, SBA Treasurer

My name is Adam Lang and I am your SBA treasurer. I am splitting my time this year between the law school and the public policy school. I currently have no money in my bank account and neither does the SBA. So pay your dues and help us both out.

Celeste Drake, 2L, SBA Secretary

I decided to run for Secretary in order to offer a new voice in SBA decisions. My goal is to build a reputation for SBA as inclusive, helpful, and active in advocating for student interests. I'd like SBA to be a resource for students when they have an idea or a concern.

Since being elected, the other officers and I have made creating a positive student environment a priority. With this in mind, we are attempting to offer new services and create new traditions as we continue the successful traditions of the past.

I look forward to seeing you at SBA's first Town Hall Meeting.

Amy Gerrish, 1L, Section Rep (1/2)

Hi! My name is Amy Gerrish and I am the section representative for the 1L class, sections 1 & 2. A California native, I graduated from Indiana University in 1998 and moved back here.

So what do I hope to accomplish through my involvement with SBA? Mostly, I want to make our law school experience as enjoyable as possible. One of the reasons I came to UCLA (besides the fact that I already lived in Westwood) was the camaraderie of the students, coupled with a great

they are. Until these legal thinkers start realizing the fact that most legal issues really boil down to what I call the "Burger and Beer" factor no progress will be made at all, because all this social and political posturing is really just a very complicated and circuitous way to make sure that at the end of the day you get your chance to have a burger and beer. Some people want steak and champagne but that's just a fancier form of burger and beer. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not advocating making Homer Simpson the high priest of legal thinking. But until our thinkers start realizing that there is a little Homer Simpson in them, as there is in all of us, society can't afford to have these uptight philosophers running around in togas telling us what to do. Until then, I'll be forced to make it my job. And I'll do it everyday. Vox Populi. Vox Populi.

laid-back atmosphere. I hope to see SBA continue to encourage both of those things throughout the year.

If you have any questions or suggestions, please don't hesitate to email me at gerrish@2003!

Nisha Vyas, 1L, Section Rep (7/8)

My first impression of SBA was that you give them \$15, and they give you cheap beer on Thursdays. But SBA also plays a significant role as an advocate for student concerns, and in supporting our student groups. It's important to me that the SBA addresses student concerns and helps to build a sense of community.

I've got some ideas for improving communication about SBA happenings, such as setting up a website that people can look at to find out about upcoming events, and consolidating the amount of email people receive.

Please pass along your suggestions, concerns, and comments to: vyas@2003.law.ucla.edu.

Songhay D. Miguda-Armstead, 1L, 1L President

If I were a fruit, I'd be a passion fruit.

If I were an animal, I'd be a jaguar.

If I were a landmass, I'd be Maui.

And as 1L president, I hope to be a voice for all students.

ATM

From page 5

YHN: *Don't you think that's a little unreasonable? I mean I could just go to another bank. This all just seems a little, you know, Orwellian.* [I am going to detonate a low yield nuclear device in the underground parking structure of Wells Fargo's downtown office plaza.]

ATM NAZI: *I'm sorry sir. Its our company's policy to suspend ATM service when this sort of behavior happens.* [I am a child of divorce. My broken home and stagnated life have led me to this dead end job being nice to people who cannot manage simple tasks like ATM deposits. My addiction to stale cigarettes and lonely truck drivers is a cry for help.]

YHN: *Well, thanks for nothing. We'll see how long I keep that account open if you don't let me use my ATM card. This is ridiculous.* [I will destroy you, Wells Fargo!]

ATM NAZI: *Once again, I'm sorry sir. Thank you for banking with Wells Fargo. Goodbye.* [uhhhhhh. Long sustained

When I decided to run for 1L president I had two primary goals in mind. First, I wanted to make this year as enjoyable as possible for all 1Ls. And second, I wanted to be an effective voice for all 1L students.

Christopher Scott, 1L, Section Rep (3/4)

When I first arrived here from Georgia, I was subject to a bit of culture shock. But on the very first day of orientation, I made a commitment to make the most of the next three years, and to make the campus, school, and culture my own.

My involvement in SBA is an integral part of my "jump in head first" commitment. I am amazed by the aptitude and spunk of the people in my class, and desperately want to help develop a sense of cohesion.

Tim Grubb, ABA Representative

I am a Leo and enjoy long weekend binges, red meat, and water. I am at your service and can be freely contacted if you have any questions regarding the ABA or its involvement in the Iran-Contra scandal.

Diego Arp, 1L, Section Rep (5/6)

I joined the SBA in hopes of meeting new people and creating friendships. I ran for representative because I wanted to get the most out of my time here at UCLA and help others to do the same.

pause. Where has my life gone?

And so there you have it. I lost my coveted ATM privileges and subsequently found myself at the Westwood Wells Fargo located on Wilshire Blvd. In an act of defiance, I withdrew the remainder of my three figure checking account and tried not to get high off of the burning fumes of the ATM bonfire I created in my building's courtyard. But fear not. YHN has opened a new checking account with Washington Mutual, located conveniently across the street from Wells Fargo on Wilshire.

Although going from one Globalized Banking Conglomerate to another seems on the surface to be a poor remedy to losing to Goliath, I find that my brand spanking new Washington Mutual ATM card with its solid background beautifully shaded in blue is preferable to Wells Fargo's stagecoach iconery that sears my mind with that hypocritical American Frontier motif propagated by Wells Fargo's own in-house Ministry of Half-Truths. Additionally, I feel that the negative exposure through The Docket's media outlet is substantial enough to cause widespread panic among Wells Fargo shareholders. That, my friends, is reward enough.

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ARREST

From page 6

to satisfy the sheriff who was berating her. In his anger and impatience, the sheriff kicked the shoe from her hands so that it landed across the room. The girl stopped crying and looked at him helplessly. The shoe was on the other side of the red line, the line we were told never to cross. The sheriff yelled at her to "pick up the fucking shoe!" She flinched, and then stood perfectly still, terrified to cross the red line. The sheriff continued to yell - accused her of doubting his authority. She took a breath, closed her eyes, and crossed the line. When she returned with her shoe, the sheriff smiled and said, "Don't do it again."

We continued to shuffle through the booking process, giving finger and palm prints four times, standing for photos three times. Around 1 a.m. they put us in a holding cell for dinner - stale brown hamburger buns, "prison loaf" (an unidentifiable package of processed meat), a packet of mustard, and an apple. After dinner we took an involuntary tour of the men's side. The deputies marched the twenty-two women cyclists into a corridor of cells teeming with jailed and hungry men, and left us standing there to experience the calls and whistles before they turned us around and marched us out the way we came in, without explanation.

Our next destination was a long cinderblock hallway. The corridor was freezing, which was not by itself unusual, but the temperature became particularly relevant when we were forced to strip. As we were shuffling in line, toe to heel, shoulders against cold cement, they shut the doors at both ends of the corridor and ordered us to stop and face the wall, to lean against our foreheads, and to put our hands behind our backs. Thus began our first cavity search.

It was a meticulous and humiliating process, made no less dehumanizing by the insults of the deputies - all women - who gleefully accused us of not knowing the "difference between your ass and your vagina" when we failed to perform the "bend over and spread" acrobatics properly. Standing naked and restrained in a cold hallway with twenty-one other woman, some crying, presided over by verbally abusive uniformed officers, may have been, I imagine, reminiscent of certain hallways in pre-war Germany.

We were finally put into two-person cells with blankets around 3 a.m. At this point, we had been in custody for eight hours. I lay down on my bunk and, rather than contemplate my regrettable situation, I fell fast asleep. But not for long. One hour later, at four o'clock, the lights went on and a voice came through the intercom, commanding us to get up "for court." The steel and glass doors slid open, and we emerged from our small cells into a common room, weary and confused. We lined up for eggs, bread, and milk served on Styrofoam trays by inmates from general population. Nobody touched the food, not because it was

foul (which it was), but because we had no appetites. We sat on metal benches looking at our food and shivering, still dressed in shorts and tank tops, and we had been forbidden to remove our blankets from our cells. After a few minutes, rather than prepare us for "court," the same intercom ordered us back to our cells. The doors slid shut again, and the lights went out, again. It was 5 a.m.

At 7 a.m. we were removed from our cells to the shower room. We were not, however, given any opportunity to shower. It was merely a cold place to force us into our new L.A. County Jail uniforms. Next we were shackled, four to a chain, and taken in a bus to the arraignment court. We were placed with general population inmates in a cement room with no windows or bars, no ventilation, and a toilet in the corner. Twelve hours later the air had ripened substantially, and I had not been arraigned.

At 8 p.m. I was finally called out of the holding cell into a caged visiting booth where I gave my name, occupation, and personal information to a public defender. I was taken from there down another cement hallway and stood on the threshold of another metal door. What I saw when it opened stunned me.

I went from a rank and offensive holding cell into a formal courtroom, complete with carpet, air conditioning, and a robed judge. I could immediately hear my little niece chattering away to a court clerk. I turned and saw my mother, sister, and five-year-old niece, and my boyfriend, sitting in a row in the late-night courtroom. When my mom waved and my niece squealed a deputy rushed over and threatened them with jail if they tried to talk to me.

My joy at seeing them abruptly melted into shame. I remembered my dirty face - still criss-crossed with the chain-link rust marks of our initial detention, the bags under my eyes from worry and lack of sleep - and my humiliating and criminalizing blue jail jumper. I was not free in the courtroom. I was in a darkened cage where the jury box would normally be - and I sunk in my seat behind a metal pole so that my family could not look at me anymore. I knew I had done nothing wrong, but I was nonetheless overwhelmed with shame. I felt dirty and criminal.

Judge Dale Fischer presided over the arraignment. She had been called from her home, she said, to arraign us at the last moment. She made this clear on several occasions. Considering that I had been in jail waiting for this moment for twenty-four hours, I was not impressed by her tales of hardship. Nor was I persuaded that if she had in fact been called in at the last moment, it was in any way my fault. Nonetheless, in her irritation she searched diligently for reasons to demand that we post bail before being released. The three women arraigned before me were released on bails ranging from \$250 to \$2500. I was released on my own recognizance, with the following express condition (quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*): "Ride a bike, go to jail!"

What had we done that had been so grave as to cause fear that we might flee to South America... on our bikes? Gone were the threats of felony reckless driving. The charges on which we were arraigned consisted of one misdemeanor, willfully and maliciously obstructing the flow of traffic, and two traffic infractions for failure to stop at a crosswalk and crossing a double yellow line.

At the end of my hearing my release papers were passed through the cage to me. This, apparently, was merely symbolic. We were returned to the cement holding cell next door, where we remained until midnight. Then we were taken back to the main jail facility where we endured a second body cavity search. They told us our cells were not ready and that we would have to wait in a "tank." This struck me as somewhat irrelevant, since according to me papers I had been released four hours earlier. Nevertheless, we were put in the "tank." It turned out to be the smallest room we had occupied yet - another square-shaped room with a metal toilet, but no benches. The room was so small that it was not possible for us to stretch our legs in front of us on the floor. All twenty-two of us sat cross-legged on concrete for two hours, until our cells were "ready" for us. At 2 a.m. I went to bed in jail for the second time. At 4 a.m. I was awakened in jail, for a second time. And finally, at 5 a.m., I was released from jail - for the first time.

I stood in the dark on the street outside the Twin Towers in the same bike shorts, tank top, and sneakers I had put on two days earlier for a bike ride. I held a plastic bag with my ring, my shoelaces, my driver's license, and five dollars. I found a phone, and I called my mom.

POST-SCRIPT

On September 1, fifty-six of the seventy-one cases were dismissed "in the interests of justice," in Los Angeles Superior Court. The remainder were dismissed the following Tuesday. No cyclist was convicted of any felony, misdemeanor, or traffic infraction.

PILF

From page 6

terest topics. Last year, PILF's discussion series was launched with programs on such topics such as juvenile justice and globalization. This year, we plan to show a series of documentaries throughout the school year and will have other programs featuring speakers. The first event of the discussion series will be "Beyond Criminalization: A discussion about the nexus between anti-gun legislation and criminal justice." It will take place on Monday, October 16, at 6 p.m. in room 1447. It will be a follow-up to the "First Monday" panel on Gun Violence.

The "First Monday event is part of a nationwide campaign to promote student activism on social justice issues. Please come and share your perspective, and stay tuned for future discussion series topics.

Contact: Andrew Elmore (elmore@2002.law.ucla.edu) and Beth Caldwell (caldwell@2002.law.ucla.edu), Co-Chairs

Questions? Comments? Ideas?

To get involved:

E-mail: Sue Meyer, the Volunteer Coordinator at Meyer@2002.law.ucla.edu. With questions or comments about PILF in general, contact PILF@orgs.law.ucla.edu or call (310)206-8625.

Contact: Maggie McLetchie, Chair (mcletchi@2002.law.ucla.edu) Ira Bibbero, Treasurer (bibbero@2001.law.ucla.edu) Sue Meyer, Volunteer Coordinator

Student Outline Recommendations

Thanks to all the students who submitted their suggestions for outlines for various classes. Here's what they had to say...

Civil Procedure

Glannon
Nutshell

Constitutional Law I

Emanuel (the Bible of Con Law)
Chemerinsky

Constitutional Law II

Emanuel

Contracts

Emanuel
Chirelstein
CaseNotes

Criminal Law

Matthew Dressler
Roadmap

Criminal Procedure

Emanuel
Gilbert

Evidence

Bar-Bri Outline

Professional Responsibility

Bar-Bri Outline

Property

Emanuel

Gilbert

Torts

Glannons for the Issues and Explanations series

And more generally...

Legalines for most cases.

Legalines Case Summaries series (not 100% accurate).

For those who can hardly afford food, much less outlines, one thrifty student reminds us that Emanuel outlines are also available online at lexis.com/lawschools.

- edited by Crystal Howard

(meyer@2002.law.ucla.edu)

Meghan Lang, Administrative Director
(langmegh@2002.law.ucla.edu)

Calendar of Upcoming PILF Events

Monday, Oct. 2 - First day to vote for Faculty and Student Team Members for the PILF Trivia Challenge. Look for the voting table in the Student Lounge Monday through Thursday from 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. And be sure to buy your ticket.

Thursday, Oct. 12 - Last day to vote for Faculty Team Members for the PILF Trivia Challenge. Vote between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in the Student Lounge.

Monday, Oct. 16 - First Discussion Series Event: "Beyond Criminalization: A discussion about the nexus between anti-gun legislation and criminal justice" 6 p.m. in room 1447.

Monday, Oct. 16 - The Faculty Team Members for the PILF Trivia Challenge will be announced. Be sure to buy your ticket before the event sells out!

Tuesday, Oct. 17 - Last day to vote for Student Team Members for the PILF Trivia Challenge. Be sure to vote between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in the Student Lounge.

Wednesday, Oct. 18 - The Student Team Members for the PILF Trivia Challenge will be announced. Be sure to buy your ticket before the event sells out!

Thursday, Oct. 19 - Don't miss the PILF Trivia Challenge, 5-6 p.m.

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