

# **UCLA**

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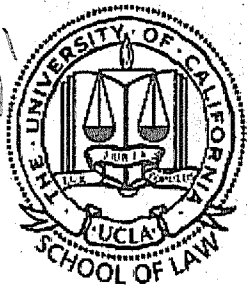
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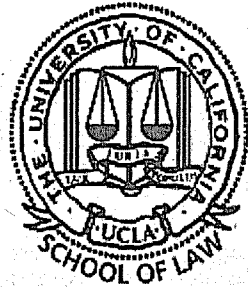
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# THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW



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FEBRUARY 2002

## Fanfare for the Common Man

Patricia Kosich  
2L

January 17, 2002 was a cold, damp, foggy morning in Paso Robles California when runner #007 reached back to ignite her torch from the flame carried by runner #006. A flame that, in the end, would wind its way through 46 states including Alaska and ignite the torches of over 13,500 runners: each running 2/10's of a mile. But the flame itself and the 66 day journey it is taking from Atlanta to Salt Lake City merely symbolizes a greater phenomenon unique to the human condition: perseverance in the face of adversity. It is this perseverance that inspires all who come in contact with those who triumph over life's most challenging obstacles.

Amy Gerrish, runner #007 of UCLAW Class of 2003, was infected by the inspiration her mother engendered when she beat the odds and overcame a potentially fatal diagnosis of breast cancer just two years ago. Under optimal circumstances, teaching English to high school freshman takes a certain amount of moxie but imagine doing that while undergoing chemotherapy and radiation therapy! For six grueling months Nancy Gerrish endured the ravages of chemotherapy and radiation not knowing if, in the end, the therapy aimed at ridding her body of cancer would take a bigger toll on her health. Yet, deep in-

side Nancy Gerrish found her strength and continued to support and give to those around her, inspiring each to find his or her inner strength. Now cancer free for two and a half years, Nancy continues to volunteer helping other cancer patients persevere over one of life's biggest challenges.

Limited to one-hundred words, Amy's essay conveyed to the US Olympic Torch Bearer Selection Committee the inspiration she had found in her

mother's triumph over cancer, leading the committee to select Nancy Gerrish as torchbearer #008. Indeed, Amy's words aimed at describing the inspirational acts of her mother were themselves so inspirational to committee members that she too was selected to carry the torch. Amy and Nancy, an "inspirational duo", carried the torch on the San Luis Obispo leg of its cross-country journey. The duo was indeed inspirational as Amy's UCLAW classmates Annie Lu,

Samantha Black, Elizabeth Logan and Tiffany Hofeldt who made the 360-mile roundtrip trek in the middle of the night and endured 30 degree temperatures to cheer the Gerrish women on can attest to.

9/11/01 spotlighted the courage, bravery, perseverance and undaunted spirit that human beings can muster in the face of horrendous adversity. Yet, it need not take the collapse of great monuments and exponential losses of life to find phenomenal stories of heroism all around us. The flame of the human spirit burns brightly in commonplace heroes, like Nancy Gerrish, who overcome unlikely odds through their own courageous acts of perseverance and an inimitable will to survive. Amy Gerrish recognized that and the contagious inspiration she found in her mother's triumph over cancer affects all who hear her tell the story. One need not search the headlines looking for those who courageously run into burning buildings, for heroes permeate our everyday lives if, as Amy did, we stop and take a moment to really see and honor them.

-Ed. "Fanfare for the Common Man" is played at the Olympics.



Amy Gerrish with the Olympic Torch.

## 20<sup>th</sup> Annual Law School Musical Smashing Success *No Diploma! Wow!*

Catherine OliverSmith  
1L

Very loosely based on the Rogers and Hammerstein, Oscar winning musical, Oklahoma, *No Diploma!* wowed the crowd and brought down the house, Saturday, February 2, 2002. Playing to a sold out audience, the cast performed splendidly.

Of course, this review is written a week ahead of the actual performance, but having intimate knowledge of the costuming, choreography, pure raw talent and incomparable (incomprehensible) script, this critic knows that between the heavy drinking of the cast and the liberal saucing of the audience, there is absolutely no way this year's musical was not a rousing success.

Professor Graham, prolific writer extraordinaire, captured with breathtaking accuracy the trials and tribulations of the law school experience, from the first year law students as they traverse the harrows of lawyering skills, outlining, and study-group creation, to the third-year students battling the demon of high debt and cringing as they see their high ideals finally vanquished. He masterfully developed the "Everyman" who transcends definition, but is immediately

recognizable. This play resonated like a gong.

First year Kimber Rudo brought years of dance, voice and theater training to the stage as the vivacious ingénue, Laurey. Rudo has a fabulous future as a leading lady in Graham productions. We expect to see her in years to come (the next two that is). Catch her soon in her Ethel Merman revival performed with Laura Hill, Annie in this production, as the two show off their prowess in the water. Both stars competed in synchronized swimming before making their break into acting.

Our own version of ado Annie, played by talented and devoted Laura Hill, brought audience members to the edges of their seats with her thrilling rendition of "I Cain't Say No." She danced, she sang, she whipped Will into shape, all to the great enjoyment of her audience.

Of course, there can be no Annie without Will, and this production's Will leaves past comedic musical star greats like Buddy Hackett green with envy (*The Music Man* with Robert Preston and Mrs. Partridge). Who better to play the bewildered yet adorable Will than first year talent, Chris Marvin. The skill with

which he tackled and made his own the vacant, blithering-idiot look was astounding. His talent knows no bounds, his acting no peers.

Poor Judd is dead, poor Judd Frye is dead - well, not factually or actually dead but his love life was left gasping for its final breath. Shot down by character actors left and right, our sleazy, coniving Judd was well played by Sean Westrick. Sean, a natural for the part, looks forward to future roles as Othello's close confidant, Iago, and Caesar's most trusted amicus Brutus.

Kate Bushman, Michelle Dombrovskya, and your very own Catherine OliverSmith tackled the challenges of the study group trio. Kate played Joanna, the earthy feminist from Texas struggling with a smoldering passion for curly (and any man within the vicinity other than Judd). She enchanted the audience with her "Yoohoo, curly" line accompanied by the quick breast boost. She later had to beat away admirers with her Torts book and was last heard to say "I just want to be alone".

As Dottie Chadbourne, Michelle captured the essence of a neurotic intellectual with a germ issue, and never let it falter. Though built like a bombshell,

Michelle reigned in her sexuality to play the inhibited Dottie with great steadiness and the kind of character ability rarely seen in today's Hollywood.

Catherine, concerned with being typecast, but nevertheless willing to give it her all, outdid herself playing the frigid intellectual snob bitch, Phillipa Jahn. Who will ever forget the style and panache with which she delivered her lines? Many were heard to say at the fabulous cast/birthday party following that she stole the show. Though her lines were limited, she did not have to speak to capture the audience's rapt attention and enflame their imagination. Ever since playing the Big Billy Goat Gruff, Catherine has wowed audiences nationwide. UCLAW is lucky to have talent of her caliber.

Michelle Ilcyszyn, tackled the gripping part of Professor Ellerby, Law Skills Professor and friend of the students, and further, proceeded to take on the additional role of Crunshore, the recruiter for Slaveum and Dropum in Century City. Such a display of unbridled ability and skill in deftly maneuvering between characters put the likes of Eddie Murphy and

SEE MUSICAL, PAGE 10

## EDITORIAL

It's that time of year again; the beginning of the second semester. And once again, students are having the same conversations they always do. Talking about what they did over break, about last semester, about the new semester, or perhaps about what they're doing this summer. And, of course, complaining about professors who turn in grades late.

There is a fundamental injustice in the acceptance of this practice. Students are expected to prepare for exams and show up on the day of the final. Professors in turn, are expected to prepare a final exam and grade it in a timely fashion. If a student fails to take the exam, the consequence is failing the class. However, if professors fail to grade exams in a timely manner, a general, nicely worded memo is sent to all faculty. This seems inherently mismatched.

This trend is inexcusable given the many ways in which a professor can remedy this problem. If a professor has difficulty grading an abundance of all-essay exams then the solution is simply not to have all-essay exams. Include a

section of multiple choice, fill-it-ins, or short answer. Additionally, some professors limit the word count on exams to avoid student rambling and excess grading time. If a professor still chooses an all-essay exam then he/she should suck it up and make sure the exams are graded on time.

It is understood that things come up (after all even we students know that professors are only human). The Record's Office may be delayed in giving the exams to a professor, or the professor may have personal issues. However, this should be the exception and not the rule. In addition, a two-minute, general email to the class informing them of the delay and giving a realistic target date seems only common courtesy and basic respect.

Why does it matter to students? Late grades create an annoyance for students. It causes unnecessary anxiety. Additionally, those students looking for summer employment need to have the grades to put on their resume, particularly first years (who only have a semester's worth of grades) or if there has been an improvement. This semesterly occurrence of late grades needs to stop.

## Letters

Editor,

I am writing to give everyone a heads up about a proposed fee increase. You may be surprised to learn that it is not the Regents that are looking to increase our fees (although I'm sure they'll get around to it eventually). No, it is Dean Varat's administration that wants a fee increase and it has come to the students seeking our endorsement. The proposal is as follows: the materials fee, which is currently \$40 a year, will be increased to \$600 a year and will be renamed the materials and technology fee (current students will pay \$300 a year, which makes the increase a bit more palatable for us, but not too great for next year's 1Ls). Thus, for new students it will mean an overall fee increase of \$1800. Over a ten-year loan-payback schedule, students will end up paying over \$4000.

So, it seems that the administration would like to fix up the technology at our school. Perhaps it will use the money to make sure that the computers in the student lounge work all the time. Perhaps the money will be used to ensure that the computer jacks throughout the library and classrooms actually work. There's also talk of letting people print from their laptops instead of having to use the terminals in the computer center and giving students access to their "H" drives from their laptops. These things sound great, but would they really cost around \$500,000 a year? And should students without laptops be paying for such "cutting edge" technology? I'm no techie, but do such "advances" really require \$600 a year from each student?

Maybe we really do need to spend more money on technological advances and maybe \$600 a year is the right number, but has the administration made its case to the students? We never received anything from the administration in our boxes. Nor did we receive an e-mail from the administration detailing its proposal. I realize that this is not a democracy and students have no real input with respect to the school's administration, but I would hope that when the administration wants more money from us, it would at least have the decency to inform all students about its proposal and allow for our feedback.

So what did the administration do? It took its proposal to the SBA and asked for the SBA's endorsement. Not really a bad idea, the SBA after all is made up of elected student representatives, but for me it doesn't pass the smell test. Now, as the proposal works its way through the system (Chancellor, Office of the President, Regents, Grand Wizard, whatever), the Dean can say that he informed students and sought their approval. This sounds great but is a bit misleading. In actuality, the administration did not directly inform or make its case to the students. Instead it decided to bring its case to a small group of students who can feel warm and fuzzy because the Dean is actually asking something of them. Now, the SBA is in a bind. If the SBA does not endorse the Dean's proposal, such a move may threaten the

working relationships that many members of student government have forged with the administration. The SBA may be seen by members of the administration as not being a "team player," which will be remembered the next time the students bring forward their own proposals. Conversely, if it does endorse the fee increase, unhappy students can attack the messenger, the SBA, and not the administration.

This brings us to the conduct of the SBA. On short notice, members were asked to take action on the proposed fee increase. Having just received information on the matter, the proposal was tabled until the next meeting and the Dean was invited to speak directly to the SBA. Between meetings, the SBA sent out a message in one of its weekly announcements that addressed the issue in a peripheral manner. Students were asked if they would be willing to pay more money for improved and new technologies. Not a particularly informative e-mail; I don't believe it mentioned the \$600 a year price tag. Nonetheless, some effort was made to see what the general student body thought about such an increase. Furthermore, some SBA officials spoke to students on an individual basis and tried to gauge their positions. Finally, the Dean and other members of the administration showed up to the SBA meeting, asked for the endorsement, and answered questions.

Unfortunately, I was not happy with many of the answers. When asked how the administration came up with the \$600 per year figure or if the figure could be reduced, the Dean indicated that the figure was not negotiable and we were told something to the effect of, if I may paraphrase, "you're lucky it's not higher." When asked what exactly the money would be spent on, there was no clear answer. The Dean did indicate that student needs would be the focus of technological advances and expenditures would not be made just for the sake of having cool technology, but he was unclear on how "student needs" would be assessed. There was talk of consulting current committees that some students sit on (I believe it's three students in all) and doing yearly surveys, but no guarantees.

At the end of the meeting, after the Dean left, a straw poll was taken and a majority of those SBA officers that were present indicated their support for the increase. So, we're in the process of drafting an endorsement, which will include the SBA's reservations. It is likely that the SBA will take final action, for or against endorsement, at its next meeting, which is currently scheduled for February 5, at 6:00pm. If you have any questions or would like to weigh in before our final vote, please feel free to contact me or show up at the meeting. Of course, I'm sure than any SBA officer would be happy to hear from you as well (our names are on the board in the lounge).

Zak Smith  
smiths@2003.law.ucla.edu

## THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW

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IL receives grades and gives up all hope for a big-firm job.  
Convinces himself public interest is where he always belonged.  
See page 23.

# Cupid's Stupid

Amanda Luna  
2L

Valentine's Day sucks. There I said it. I refuse to be a slave to the calendar and hype that ties a naked fat baby in a loincloth sporting love-tipped arrows with a dead guy who was killed for his faith. Somehow my apparently unimaginative mind cannot link those two figures with the need to "have someone special" or "show them how much you care" by buying flowers that wither and silly knick-knacks that land in the trash three days later.

Lest you blame early environmental conditioning for leading me to this distaste for all things Valentine, let me assure you that my childhood V-Days were fruitful ones. The box hanging from my desk in grade school was always packed with tiny cards and stickers and chocolates. My father brought me a miniature version of the gift he gave my mother. I was no Charlie Brown wishing for a Valentine. And yet I always associated the day with a mob massacre in Chicago. So I simply made a practice of observing people each February 14, and I inevitably wondered if there wasn't a better alternative to lace hearts and tasteless "Be Mine" candies. I've tried to participate many years and have failed miserably due to lack of enthusiasm. So I've decided to deal with this in my own way. Knowledge and observation have created this Anti-Valentine.

It seems that few people know that V-Day was originally instituted as a replacement for the Roman celebration

of Lupercalia, a festival of eroticism that celebrated a goddess of "feverish" love. It was basically a day of debauchery in every sense, from feasting to drinking to let the games begin. People, whether married or single by most historical accounts, drew cards in a lottery for the name of their "partner" of the day or even the year. The pagan funfest seemed to work rather well until the Catholic Church stepped in.

The Church declared a day of devotion to one of several saints or bishops named Valentine. No one knows quite which one. Depending on which religious martyr you pick, the guy was either beaten to death with clubs, scourged, had his head chopped off, or experienced a happy combination of those torture and execution methods. Sounds like the perfect romantic figure to pay homage to with chocolates and furry stuffed hearts; doesn't it?

That brings us to the era when "Hallmark Generations" took a stab at Valentine's Day. Now in grade school we swap cards with bad puns and cartoon characters, decorate with foil hearts and fat winged babies, wear pastel pinks which look ghastly on the majority of the population, gorge on fattening, syrupy candies from heart-shaped boxes, and deal with the psyche problems that February 14 brings each year.

Let's take a look at those problems, starting with residents of Couplodom. My favorite is the couple that began dating after the previous Valentine's Day. Inevitably, the ques-

tion arises, "What the hell do I give her/him?" For you see, the gift is more than a token of devotion. It is a statement of commitment. It is a reflection of the giver's answer to that age-old question, "Where are we in this relationship?" Now for the commitment-phobe who has been fervently dodging this question and its infamous "talk" for the past year, the idea of confronting it tied in wrapping paper and bows is just plain scary. That alone can bring on the quickened breath, racing heartbeat, and sweaty palms of... a panic attack (not what you expected?). V-Day alone is enough to break a relationship.

I have always maintained a "no present and no celebration" creed for V-Day. I would rather receive a gift because someone genuinely wants to give it to me, not because he gave in to the pressure of constant advertising and bombardment by general commercialism. For this sensible sentiment, I was once told I was nothing more than an unromantic, cynical (rhymes with witch). I smiled and said thank you. He was crushed and inclined to wallow, so I proceeded to rid myself of such a sensitive crybaby. Apparently not every guy appreciates a practical minded girl, but his best friend did immediately ask me out after hearing about the V-Day ordeal. So I suppose not everyone is adverse to straightforward practicality.

On the other end of the spectrum, my best friend is so desperate to participate in the "Couplodom" of V-Day that she will find a person for a one-week

relationship, celebrate the occasion, and cut off all communication directly afterward. She has been known to break up with someone while standing on her doorstep after the obligatory V-Day dinner. That's considered fair by many V-Day supporters. Go figure.

V-Day problems are certainly not limited to those involved in a relationship. Singles have their own V-day issues. Depression, loneliness, and the general blahs have been routinely documented as a common vexation of single people on V-Day. With the residual tension of exams and the holidays, it only multiplies. It's hard to watch the world around you revel in their perfect-for-a-day-see-what-my-significant-other-gave/did-for-me world. Not only do they revel, most members of Couplodom generally gloat. All this leads to the feeling that the Single needs to conjure creative excuses to explain away his/her Singleness. "I'm too busy, I'm studying, I'm in law school." Few come forward with the plain, "I am content this way and need no one else right now." Given the fact that I was raised in the marriage-happy Southern states and am routinely asked if I have finally caught a husband yet, I completely understand this need to explain Singleness away. Yet it still saddens me.

Maybe instead we should honor the status of Single. Remember:

You don't have to figure out what V-Day present to give.

SEE CUPID, PAGE 6

## MEDICATION TIME

JONATHAN SHIMKUS  
STAFF COLUMNIST

This month, I've been asked to list a few drinks for Valentine's Day. But let's be honest, you should either be enjoying a nice glass of wine with your honey (any more than one, and he/she might be a little disappointed later in the evening) or you should go out to the liquor store and buy yourself a fifth of whiskey. Then, find a corner, sit in it, and drink.

However, I would be remiss not to suggest you buy your sweetie some Irish liquor truffles. They're really good, so you'll eat quite a few. But then, you get the added bonus of a buzz. Liquor and chocolate, what's next? A bottomless glass?

But I am nothing if not a cog in the wheel of the corporate machine, driven by a cruel taskmaster... so here goes!

### DAIQUIRI

Maybe you want to start off by impressing him by making a real *Daiquiri* (not that crap from the freezer you usually serve up.)

Start off by using those two nice glasses you have and get out your shaker or blender.

Throw in:

One ounce of Rum  
One and a half ounce of Sweet and Sour  
One half ounce of lime juice  
shake and strain/blend

If you want a flavored one, substitute for the lime juice. (Look, it's valentines day, fresh strawberries are \$2.99/lb at Ralphs.)

The first person to get up in the morning should finish off the champagne with a *mimosa*. In a champagne glass:

Fill it half with champagne and half with orange juice.

I'd hate to have to go to a funeral right after Valentines Day, so please don't drink and drive. (Yes, I'd show up, I'm sure it's at least a day off of work.)

### CREAMSICKLE

Maybe after that, he'll slip you a *creamsickle*.

Clean out your shaker or blender and pour into a nice glass:

A half ounce of crème de banana  
A half ounce of triple sec  
One ounce of half and half/milk  
One ounce of Orange juice

Shake and strain it.

If you got some ice cream, sub for the half and half in the blender.

### BANSHEE

So if it's all going good, maybe she'll scream like a *Banshee*.

Wow! You sure are using your shaker or blender tonight!

A half ounce of crème de banana (I told you that was a good purchase)

A half ounce of white crème de cacao

Two ounces of half and half/milk

Shake and strain it, use ice cream, whatever, it's time to roll over and go to sleep.

## SUMMER LAW STUDY

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# A Simple, Small-town Life

**Toby Bordelon**  
Editor-In-Chief

Have you ever thought about a simpler life? That would nice, wouldn't it? To be able live out your life in relative peace, without too many complications or stresses. Most of us here are aiming for just the opposite, though, a life full of complications, face-paced, with lots of stress headaches.

I pondered such things over the winter break. I spent some time in rural Louisiana visiting my relatives. And when I say rural, I mean it. There were cows in the backyard. This is a town where you can't buy milk, or anything for that matter, on Sunday mornings, and where if you don't show up in church people assume you died, because why else would you not be there?

Life is simpler there in many ways. Slower, more even paced. People don't worry about the things that lawyers tend to, like how you're going to win that million-dollar verdict or close the billion-dollar deal. The biggest concern in these parts is providing for your family, and helping any neighbors that might need it. And if you really think about, maybe that's what life should be about.

Even out here in LA, amidst the law school community, the terrorist attacks seemed close someone, they took center

stage. Everyone's life here revolves around world events, people follow international politics and business closely, convinced that what happens to someone else 3000 miles away will have a major impact on them. And for some of us, given our chosen profession, it probably will.

But in Pine, Louisiana, such concerns are distant. Sure, people there were affected by September 11, you can't be American and not be. But they don't worry about the goings on of foreign armies so much. That's what the government is for, to take care of those distant problems and let the people back home live their lives.

I don't want to make small town America out to be a utopia, its not. It has its problems and disadvantages, just like everywhere else. For one thing, the standard of living is lower. And unlike we law students, these people actually work hard. Very hard. Making a living isn't easy, especially without a college education, which is something a lot of people out there lack. I heard my uncle tell his young son that he's going to college so he won't have to work for a living like his daddy. Maybe this is a case of me just looking at a life I don't live and seeing the good things in it while ignoring most of the bad. But still, I think there is some charm in it. Let's be honest, how

many of us have seen documentaries about the Amish and thought there's something there? A simpler lifestyle isn't necessarily easier, but it does have its pluses.

The mindset of small-town America isn't limited to places like Pine, though; its just easier to see there. I noticed the same thing in my home-town of Pensacola, and you'll see it in the big cities like New York, as long as you focus on the real people there and take your eyes off the stockbrokers and investment bankers for a minute.

Back home in Pensacola, I talked to several friends I had known growing up. A lot of them are married now, or getting married. A few have kids. They have real jobs, decent ones, that they are content with. All in all, I think that's what most people in America, and around the world, really want. They want to raise their families in peace, make sure their children do a little better than they did, and live long enough to rock their grandchildren to sleep. Doesn't seem like too much to ask, really. Though there are many places in the world where even that simple dream seems beyond reach right now.

We let our lives get so complicated so fast don't we? We come to law school, ready to join the intellectual elite of the world, solve all these big problems, be a

part of transforming society, and we forget that most people in the world really don't give a damn about any of that. There was a great episode of *Ed* a few weeks back. A guy came to Ed to help him in a lawsuit someone had filed against him. A big name lawyer heard about the case and offered his services. He tried to turn it into a Supreme Court free speech crusade. The client didn't want that, though. All he wanted was for the lawsuit to go away so he could go home and live his life in peace.

We often talk about the "big picture" in law school, especially in constitutional law classes, but how often do we really focus on the small picture? There are people behind these cases, real clients like the ones we will represent very soon. Grand theories and lofty principles are nice, but we forget that thinking about those things is a luxury most people in the world don't have. You tend not to care too much about original interpretation when you're not sure where your next meal is coming from.

A few times at home this winter I caught myself thinking that I had moved "beyond" the simpler life of my hometown. Maybe I have. For whatever reason, either because of the experiences I've had, or because it's the way I was born,

SEE SIMPLE, PAGE 10

## Law Students Run For Public Interest

**Dawn Mortazavi**  
3L

On your marks, get set, STUDY! I mean GO! UCLA Law students, professors, and friends started running, rather than studying, at 10:45am on Saturday, January 26. The pounding of the feet of a large group of physically fit legal minds and bodies marked the beginning of the first annual Paper Chase 5k Fun Run/walk.

The participants ran, jogged, and walked 1.5 miles in an eastward direction on San Vicente Blvd. in Santa Monica. Upon reaching 20<sup>th</sup> Street, the group turned around and raced back for the smorgasbord of carbohydrates that were waiting for them in the park on Ocean Blvd. Although San Vicente is always filled with runners, the UCLA Law runners stood out with their t-shirts that Laurie Manus, 3L, designed.

PILF, UCLA Law's Public Interest Law Foundation, sponsored the Paper Chase 5k Fun Run. The money raised will benefit UCLA Law students who receive grants for working in the area of public interest law during the summer.

The Paper Chase raised \$2,700 from donations from two law firms, one legal research company, and the 95 people who registered for the run. After

all expenses are deducted, \$2125 dollars of the \$2700 will go directly to PILF grants.

The law firm of Klee, Tutchin, Bogdanoff, & Stern, LLP donated \$1,000 to the Paper Chase. Without the financial support of Professor Klee, who teaches bankruptcy law at UCLA Law, and his firm, the Paper Chase would never have come to fruition. The PILF board is also very appreciative of LexisNexis' \$500 donation and Morrison & Foerster's LLP \$250 donation. Bagel Nosh, a local bagel store, donated all of the bagels that served as the primary source of post-run energy.

Manus, who is a marathon runner, thought of the idea for the Paper Chase, and she organized and directed it with the help of PILF volunteers. Manus said, "I had always been surprised that none of the organizations at UCLA Law organized a running race as a fundraiser because it seemed to me that it is the easiest way to raise a lot of money."

Manus suggested the idea to the PILF board members during the summer, and they were very receptive of the idea.

Dean Varat told Manus that the SBA in the past had organized a Turkey Trot run, but that event ended many years ago. Manus said, "Because PILF had



Runners pose in their Paper Chase shirts.



A small group of the jocks.

## Students rejoice in not having reading days

**Bryan McMichael**  
Production Manager

Students throughout UCLAW had nothing but positive comments about the faculty's decision to axe the normal reading day period before finals. As one 2L stated, "I'm glad the faculty chose to fuck me over. To think,

I was going to spend those days reviewing for finals because I had no extra time during the school year. Well, I showed them. I didn't study for finals. How about them apples!"

A 3L stated, "I'm so glad the faculty got a few extra days of vacation. My GPA can take a few hits for the team. I don't have a job and I wasn't planning on get-

ting one anyway. I hope you fuckers enjoyed Christmas."

A 1L stated, "Reading days? You mean I could have gone home to see my family over Thanksgiving instead of slaving away in the cold library because we had no time during finals to study? My parents haven't seen me in 7 years as it is. I'm sure dad's cancer won't kill him

off till spring break when I can next see him. Thanks faculty."

*The Docket* can't help but be amazed by the overjoyous support received from students. We hope the faculty continues their support of the student body.

# Stuff To Spend Money On For Valentine's Day

Willow McJilton  
Managing Editor

Are you looking for that special Valentine's Day gift? How about an adventure? Even if you don't believe in the commercialism of Valentine's Day, it is a great opportunity to "stock up" for the rest of the year. You just can't beat the selection. But what? No time? No worries mate. Here's the Valentine's Day lowdown.

## Great Adventures

**Jumbo Fantasy Dice.** One die includes body parts such as "boobs" or just the general "body." The other die has various actions like "kiss" and "blow." The kit comes complete with "Body Topping" and "Liquid Love." \$8.99 at Aahs. Aahs also carries Oral Sex Dice for him or her for \$5.99. The Pleasure Chest carries small erotic dice that glow in the dark for \$3.95.

**Furry Cuffs.** For those who are adventurous but don't like the feel of cold steel. Also available in leopard print! A bargain at Aahs for \$11.95.

**Prisoner of Love.** This wicked little box of mischief includes four fur and satin restraints with Velcro enclosures. Also included is a satin blindfold. Definitely a walk on the wild side. \$34.95 at the Pleasure Chest.

**Fantasy Cards - Erotic Role Playing Game.** Many nights of role-playing adventures! Scenarios include: you are undercover super spy trying to get information from an amorous informant. The game includes character

descriptions, locations, and clothing suggestions. At Aahs for \$12.99.

**Kama Sutra Oil of Love.** This exotic oil heats up when you blow on it. Available in a variety of flavors, I recommend "Raspberry Kiss." This and many other Kama Sutra products, which are very high quality, are available at the Pleasure Chest for \$12.50 (much cheaper than the usual \$15 at other places).

**A Bed of Roses.** I have saved the best for last. This is definitely the most romantic Valentine's Day adventure I have seen. The box comes with 100 scented rose pedals that you strew to a luxurious bath or other romantic place. There are also four tealight candles and a special invitation. The Pleasure Chest is well stocked and the cost is \$13.95.

## Get Togethers

**Mama Peckeroni.** If you are having a few friends over for valentines, why not prepare a little pasta dish? Mama Peckeroni boasts to be "Traditional style pecker pasta." The side of the box even has a recipe for "You can't Beat - a my Meat - a sauce." \$4.95 at Aahs. Enhance or substitute with Pasta Boobs, also available at Aahs for \$7.95.

**Dirty Minds.** This party game gives you three clues to guess a word. The clues are very suggestive but the word is perfectly innocent. But once your mind is in the gutter, it is very hard to get it out. Available at the Pleasure Chest for \$22.50.

SEE GIFTS, PAGE 6

# The California Bar Exam

Crystal Howard  
Class of 2001

I took the California Bar exam last July, so I thought I'd share with all of you what the Bar is actually about (I figure that if I had no clue before May, at least a few of you will be in the same boat).

## BEFORE THE BAR: THE SUBJECT MATTER:

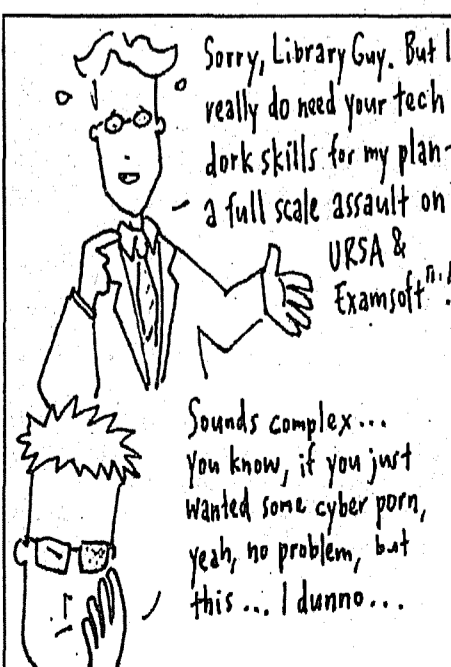
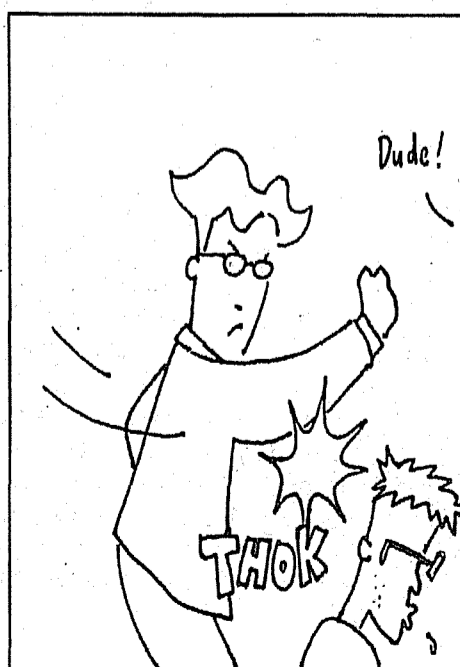
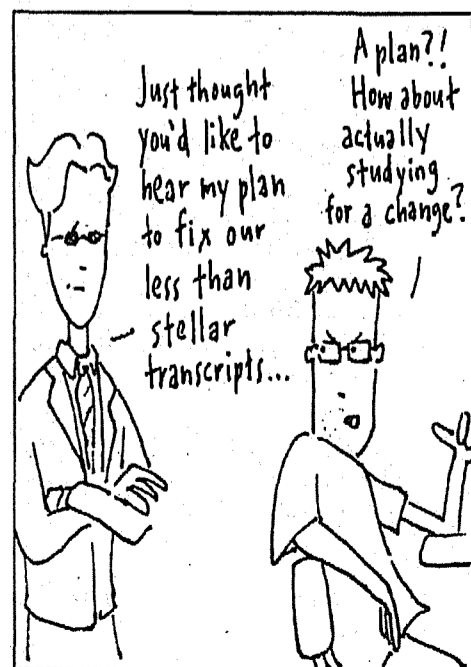
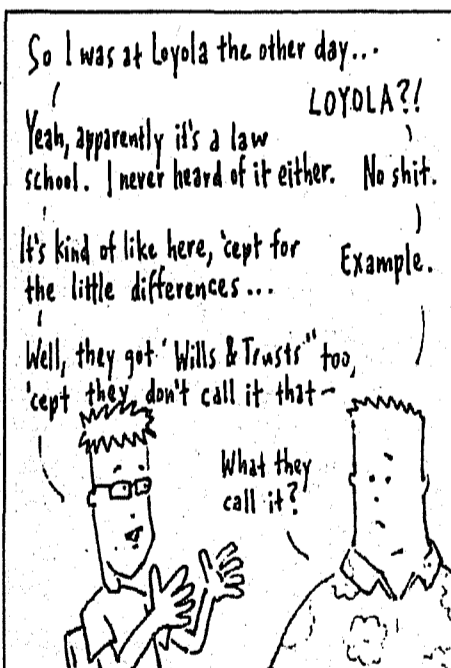
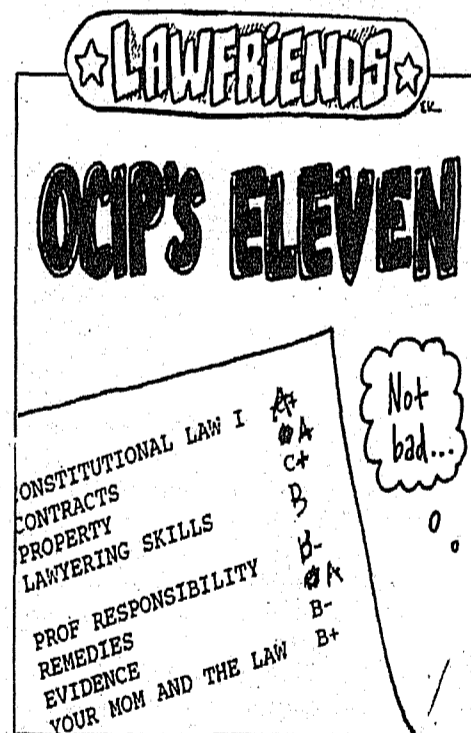
Law school told me that the Bar would cover Constitutional Law I & II, Civil Procedure, Criminal Procedure, Criminal Law, Contracts, Torts, Property, Community Property, Evidence, and Corporations (taught as Business Associations at UCLA). What they didn't tell me is that there is a lot of information from other classes on the exam, including, for example, peremptory challenges in jury selection, transfer of estates, mortgages, and presidential powers. If you did not take every course that law school has to offer, you will soon learn some of Federal Courts, Secured Transactions, Real Estate Law, and Advanced Criminal Procedure. Since contracts and property overlap when selling real estate and obtaining a mortgage, these subjects are tested a lot (especially on the multiple choice). And the one subject that is tested in some essay form on every bar exam is everyone's favorite—Professional Responsibility. You thought you were done with it when you passed PR and took the MPRE. But you're not. You could get a full hour of it on the Bar. Or, it could sneak its way into the performance test (see below).

Many of my 3L friends have asked me, "Do I really need to take all the Bar classes? The answer is easy: no, you

don't have to. But it would make your life a lot easier in the end. There is so much information that you have never seen before to learn in two months. You might not want to waste time learning something you could have picked up in the previous two years. You probably will not fail simply because you didn't take every class. But taking every bar class will reduce your stress load which, as you might have guessed, will be very high. I did not take every class, and the one that I missed was not even on the exam (I hope—otherwise I really blew it). But if I had to do it over again I would have taken them all because avoiding a dreaded class in law school only put me in a worse position in May.

Another FAQ has been, "should I take Bar-Bri and PMBR?" This is tougher. I strongly recommend Bar-Bri, because otherwise you will not have any idea how to study or what to study, and believe it or not most of their professors are really good. It is expensive, yes, but think of it just as more law school tuition. There even are loans to cover it. The next question to ponder is whether to worry about "live" or videotaped lecture. Unless you get to class a half hour early you will not have much choice because all the "live" seats will be taken and you will find yourself upstairs watching live via video. I eventually just gave up trying to make it to "live"—why waste that half hour sitting there—and just headed to the video room. Contrary to what you might think, you really do not miss anything and the live room is so big most people end up staring at the video monitors anyway. If you live

SEE BAR, PAGE 6



# CUPID

FROM PAGE 3

Instead of buying that present for someone else, buy yourself something.

You don't have to pretend to like football/figure skating/chick flicks, you fill in the blank.

No compromising on the restaurant.

No "oh, that's exactly what I wanted" Oscar-worthy performances are necessary.

You get all the chocolate for yourself.

Or better yet, go all out and opt to find gifts for the cynical. There are actually bakeries that sell black frosted pastries in the shape of broken hearts and

Hershey's Kisses of Death in black foil. I love the Valentine depicting a peeling wall that a friend of mine received. It reads, "I don't have anyone, you don't have anyone, let's go get plastered." And if all else fails, those candy hearts are made in all sorts of witty Anti V-Dayisms. Among my favorites: As If, No Way, Bite Me, F Off, You've Got to Be Kidding. Finally, an Internet suggestion - nothing says affection like a candy heart that reads You Are Doomed to Die Alone.

If none of these suggestions appeal to you, perhaps you would prefer a return to the day's pagan roots. We could institute Free Love Day, Lust Day, or the ever popular I Don't Want A Relationship, Let's Just F\*\*k Day.

See, V-Day doesn't have to be all bad. We can break away from the tradition of the loincloth-clad flying baby and sugary evils that proliferate the American fat epidemic. It's not just cynicism (although that is probably a large portion of it), it is a practical and logical - though somewhat twisted - approach to changing the way we celebrate a day. Key lessons: Cupid's stupid. You're right Virginia, the happily ever after Hallmark couples don't really exist. Commercialized love sucks. Be merry and revert to the jubilant days of yore.

So get out there and assert your right to be an Anti-Valentine. I know I will.

# GIFTS

FROM PAGE 5

**The Book of Questions - Love and Sex** by Grogory Stock, PHD. I HIGHLY recommend this book. Great for groups, close friends, and couples. Somewhat like the game Scruples only much more thought provoking. Sold at Aahs for \$5.95.

## Gifts For Friends

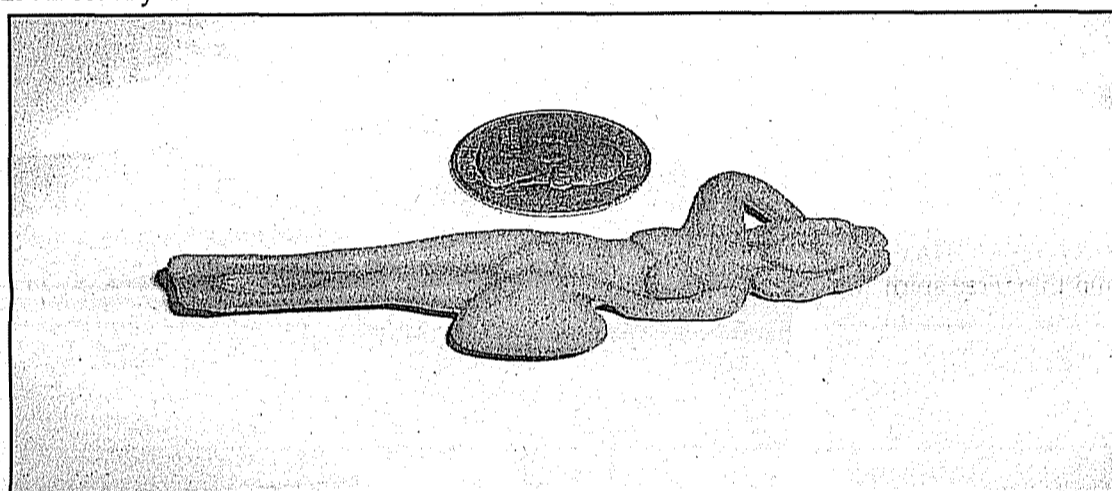
**Grow-A-Date.** Great gift for that pal who just can't meet anyone. Male and

Female available. Put your date in the sink or tub and your date grows before your very eyes! Warning. Last year our Editor-In-Chief received one and his only grew wider. Two kinds at Aahs: deluxe costs \$2.99, cheapo costs \$1.99.

**The Original Dump Kit.** This is wonderful for that friend who just got dumped. It includes the "stick it to him Voodoo doll", the ever important "Dear Jerk" sample letter, and the "His photo

goes here" bull's-eye with dart. Lots more in the package. Find it at Aahs for \$11.99.

**Wash Your Sins Away Lip Balm.** A simple way to help lead your friends back to a purer way of live. Even comes in "cheap red wine flavor." The slogan on the package states "Handy Salvation for a Sinner on the Go!" \$5.95 at Aahs. Also look for Wash Your Sins Away towlettes, bubble bath, and hand cleanser.



The Grow-A-Date Deluxe Model.

# BAR

FROM PAGE 5

nearer to a taped lecture, forget trying to get to the Motor location. Another advantage to accepting videotape is that is might allow you more of a break after finals—for example, this year the Manhattan Beach BarBri started a week after the classes on Motor, and they were just videos of the same lecture. Those lucky souls got to get a week off in addition to studying on the beach.

As for PMBR, my experience was not the best because it just confused me and I ended up ignoring most of what I learned because it was too complicated. But I know that other people found it very helpful. So you will have to track down other grads to find out their take on it. PMBR prepares only for the multistate (multiple choice or "MBE") part of the exam. Still, that's a third of the test. **MECHANICS:**

The Bar is three days of absolute hell. Book a hotel room early (like in March) and don't add the stress of commuting.

## Tuesday:

Tuesday morning is three essays in three hours. Basic law school essay writing in a nutshell. Except that you are expected to put in absolutely everything and then say it does not apply (for example, you better write a section on battery every time there's a personal injury torts question). Tuesday afternoon

is a performance test. What is a performance test, you ask? It's LAW SKILLS IN THREE HOURS. That's right - write a memo, case strategy, contract, motion, appellate brief, or opening statement. The Bar Examiners give you all the materials for your memo, including the case file and any applicable law. So this is the one time you don't have to know the law; all you have to know is how to apply the law that they give you. But you better know CRRPAP and you better be looking for ethical violations. PR is tested in some form on every Bar Exam. It might be in an hour-long essay, or it might appear on the performance test—and it's the one part of the performance test on which they don't hand you the relevant rules. So you have to think every time you get a performance test, "are there any ethical violations here?" Ugh.

## Wednesday:

Wednesday morning and afternoon consists of three hours each. Each session contains 100 multiple choice questions. They are the same questions that people take in other states (that is why its official name is "multistate bar exam"), so it's only "common law" and no specific "California" law. But you do have to know majority rules, minority rules, etc. The question might say, "in a state that follows the New Hampshire insanity rule...."

## Thursday:

A repeat of Tuesday, including three more essays and ANOTHER THREE HOURS OF LAW SKILLS. By the end of Thursday your fingers will be blue from writing so furiously and you will be in pain (and you are panicking if haven't seen any PR question). You also are thinking, crap, I really messed up on that Civ Pro question, I really really hope I managed to make it up. But at the end, everybody claps. If you are lucky you were not sitting next to someone who felt obliged to discuss the exam at every opportunity.

## AFTER THE BAR:

After the Bar also is stressful. You will not get results until mid-November. So for three and a half months you will be worrying. Everyone will ask you, "How'd it go? How do you think you did?" You will be trying to enjoy a little vacation and someone will bring it up. For me this occurred while taking a nap on a sand bar in the Grand Canyon. Someone said, "just think, two weeks ago..." It was all I could do to hide my fury: "actually, I didn't want to think about it, that's why I took a vacation, #\*%!" And you can tell off your parents, partner, and maybe even a few (forgiving) friends, but you can't yell at your boss, the person at your interview, or the Superior Court judge. You just have to smile and pretend that you don't feel like vomiting.

# PILF Summer Pledge Drive

Elizabeth Hilman  
2L

This year's PILF Pledge Drive has begun. We're asking you to donate one day's pay this coming summer to HELP YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS HELP OTHERS!!!

PILF raises money to provide grants to UCLAW students who will work in otherwise unpaid public interest jobs during the summer. Any student contribution is tax-deductible and goes to help build PILF's summer grant fund. Often, firms have a policy of matching student donations with equal donations of their own. Students are highly encouraged to take advantage of these matching gift programs.

Many public interest organizations do not have funds to pay summer law clerks even though they have a need for the clerks. PILF grants award up to \$4,000 to students who otherwise would work without pay. By donating one day's pay at a law firm, a student in effect could pay an entire week's salary for one of their classmates.

Students who wish to donate do not have to write out a check now. PILF will contact those who volunteered to contribute shortly after June 19, 2002 to collect the pledge.

Last year, 28 PILF grants were awarded. This is obviously an impressive number, but there were applicants who were turned away for lack of funds. Last year, the PILF Pledge Drive raised upwards of \$34,000 to contribute towards the PILF grants. We would like to beat this amount this year for two reasons: (1) to provide ALL students who wish to work in otherwise unpaid public interest positions, and (2) to compensate for the expected lower contributions from businesses this year due to the state of the economy.

Thanks for your contribution!!!

# Pick-up Lines Guaranteed to Keep you a Virgin

We've polled women across the country to compile a list of the worst pick-up lines they've heard. Here's what we found:

Is that a mirror in your pocket? Because I can see myself in your pants.

Let's play army soldier. I'll lie down and you blow me away.

Ever have your belly-button tickled from the inside?

Can I buy you a drink, or do you just want the money?

I may not be the best looking guy here, but I'm the only one talking to you.

I can't find my puppy. Can you help me find him? I think he went into this cheap Motel room.

I'm not trying to pick you up. You're too heavy.

Bond. James Bond.

Fuck me if I'm wrong, but you want to screw me, don't you?

# You Aren't That Pathetic

Willow McJilton  
Managing Editor

Are you lonely? Single? Very desperate??? Feeling a little blue because you think you are such a looser and no one will ever go out with you? Well, you may be right...but there are worse people than you out there! Here are some REAL personal ads (so real in fact, that we left in the typos!) just to reassure you that you are not the freakiest person alive.

## LATIN TV SEEKS HAIRY MAN

Sexy, long-legged, long haired, smooth and shapely TV, 33, 5'7", 150, seeks nice, hairy man, 25, 50, for sensuous, clandenstine evenings and possible LTR. No drugs. No curiosity seekers. Know what you want.

## HAIRY WOMAN WANTED

Naturally hairy pubic area, not shaved downstairs, is more feminine. Nice SWPM, 40, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", muscular, seeks SF, age (18+)/race open, smart, healthy, warm, for dating. Abundantly full grown very much admired. Sincere.

## SEEKING BUSTY

Great professional gentleman seeking LTR with a sharp woman, D's or larger. I'm 5'11", 38, fit, good looking, respectful, fun, have sense of humor and integrity, know how to treat and spoil a woman. Wine, dine on me. Well-endowed.

## MASSAGE MY BI WIFE

Couples and single guys welcome for a free full-body massage. The more hands, the better. Call for more details.

## CUTE GUITARIST SURFER

Blond/green seeks busty complaint for summer fun. Horny housewives and couples welcome.

## DOMINANT MALE PSYCHOLOGIST

Handsome, single, Jewish, 52, 6'0, 175., seeks smart, spiritual, submissive woman. Ideal woman is open, strong, intuitive, wise with traditional values, yet is unconventional and needs spankings and a firm hand.

## BREA WALMART

Tues. 1/8/02, 3pm-ish. You: wearing ponytail and "Mexico" shirt with a surfboard on it. You made room for me at checkout. We chatted. Me: Glasses, wearing red. Chivalry didn't go unnoticed.

## WELL HUNG ONLY

Happily attached White couple, early 40s, seeks first 3-way experience. We're both in-shape, attractive, intelligent, humorous, easy going, safe and straight, and would like to meet a very well-hung SWM with the same qualities for long-term weekly get-togethers. Let's have coffee first. She can't wait to meet you!

## GENEROUS BENEFACTOR

Surprisingly normal SWM, 40s, sometimes mistaken for good looking, even witty, seeks very good looking, sensual woman, 18-34, for fun, sexy, mutually beneficial friendship. You've met the weirdos and flakes, now try me.

## COEDS ONLY

If you are an attractive coed struggling in your academic/financial pursuits, a VGL benefactor could be the answer. Let's talk.

## ORAL LOVE

Are you a hungry single woman who loves to give oral love? (And possibly receive) but doesn't want to go any further? I am a clean, caring SWM, 40, 5'10", 165. Overweight welcome.

## PEACH LOVER

Seeking females 18-35, attached or single that like receiving oral pleasure and other attention. I'm a casual, good looking Hispanic male, 5'9", 28, in shape, open-minded.

## IN HEAT

WM, 31, 185, masculine, wants to meet in private, in my poad, masculing, thin, W/HM, 18-45.

## WICKED DYKE CHIX

Sought by femme redhead. I'm 30, 5'6", under-disciplined, over-educated and looking for randy gals (of all gender identities) who can give it & take it. No, I'm not into men. Yes, I'll curl your toes.

## DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Dec. 21, 2001, 6pm, luggage carousel #3. You: from LA. I: from Germany. Both went to HS and have family in CO. Would enjoy seeing/talking with you again. David.

## I LIKE GUYS WITH MOHAWKS

Who are tall and thin. Free spirit who likes to travel. Hitchhike. Guitar punx. No trendy punkers. Any age (18+). I'm attractive SHF, 25, 5'7", 120. Mohawks are a prerequisite.

## BRITNEY SPEARS & JAMES BOND-TYPE

Both 49 (Ed. Note: If you are 49 then you inherently do not look like Britney Spears.), and Straight seeks women who enjoy walks, movies, and occasional parties. No pressure! Just fun and real quality friendship. No losers please! Nice girls go to heaven, bad girls for everywhere!

## SHALL WE PLAY "JEOPARDY"?

Today's answer: Yes. It certainly is. The question: Is it still possible in Southern California for a vivacious, good looking S/DWF, 33-48, to meet a successful, intelligent, classy, sophisticated, handsome, professional, SWM?

## MARRIAGE AND HAVING KIDS

Is too much like a job. Good looking, affectionate psychologist, 46, seeks an attractive, intelligent, sensual woman who can commit to a satisfying relationship and love a man without being married.

## LEGEND OF ABBREV.

TV: Transvestite  
SWM/ SWF: Single White male/  
Single White female  
SHF: Single Hispanic female  
VGL: Very good looking  
LTR: Long term relationship

Docket seeks long-term relationship with a computer savvy Production Manager. Will pay for services.  
Docket@orgs.law.ucla.edu

# School Voucher Debate an Overwhelming Success

Kraig Odabashian  
2L

In what proved to be an intellectually vibrant and ideologically driven debate, an unusually large portion of the law school community crowded into one of the buildings smaller lecture halls to see Erwin Chemerinsky and Clint Bolick face off on the issue of school choice. "Well it's great to be here, I think this is the largest Federalist Society event I've ever been to that did not feature pizza!" exclaimed Bolick looking out on the crowd that was trickling out into the hallways by the time he began speaking. The event was the first in a series of policy lectures and debates sponsored by the UCLA chapter of the Federalist Society, a judicial public policy group with student as well as professional development events.

But despite the noticeable lack of pizza, a hallmark of almost any successful extra-curricular event, Chemerinsky, a law professor at the University of Southern California and author of a recently published textbook on Constitutional law, and Bolick, Vice-President of the Institute for Justice, a libertarian public-interest law firm based in Washington, DC., gave students some interesting food for thought in what amounted to a sneak preview of oral arguments in *Zelman v. Simmons-Harris*, which will be heard by the Supreme Court next month. The case is likely to become a significant judicial milestone

in the ongoing controversy over school choice and the use of vouchers in the disbursement of public funds for education. The debate largely pitted Mr. Chemerinsky's acute academic agility against Mr. Bolick's almost Reaganesque conversational demeanor and humorous asides.

The two most ideologically divisive issues between the two men seemed to be first, whether the use of money-vouchers as a mechanism for redistributing public funds for education is Constitutional, and second, whether such a system is preferable to one which would leave all public education dollars under strict state control, but at the same time preclude those dollars from being transplanted with students and parents wishing to experiment beyond the traditional public education system, for instance, in private, parochial, or "charter" schools. Quoting Thomas Jefferson, Chemerinsky vehemently argued that voucher programs implemented in Cleveland, Milwaukee, and other cities violate the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment because these programs allow tax dollars to be spent on what Mr. Chemerinsky referred to as "religious indoctrination" in parochial schools. Chemerinsky insisted that the First Amendment requires a "wall" between Church and State and that voucher programs favor parochial schools over

SEE DEBATE, PAGE 8

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# Stan Appointed New Dean of Academics

Bryan McMichael  
Production Manager

UCLAW administration announced Thursday that Stan would be the school's new Dean of Academics. The Dean of Academics is a new admin-

cabulary and can read through the 12<sup>th</sup> grade. *The Docket* tested this claim by placing a Property textbook in front of him, at which time he began screaming and flailing his arms about. "That's what Property did to me. He must un-



Stan

istrative position at UCLAW, created to oversee and revamp the school's final exam grading procedures. Faculty spokesman, Harry Bals, reported on why the new Dean was necessary, "Even though students appear pleased with their final grades and have voiced no discontent that we care about, we had a budget surplus and we thought that creating a new Dean would look good for the ABA re-accreditation process." The budget surplus Bals referred to comes from the administration's decision to sell students' email addressees to "anybody with enough money."

Stan comes to the school highly qualified and from excellent breeding. Son of Max, the first chimp in space, and son of #B-24, the first chimp to help test the effects of Anthrax, Stan promises a fine and illustrious career. Stan's breeders report that he has an extensive vo-

derstand that shit," reported the lead *Docket* tester.

The faculty plans on giving Stan all the final exams to grade. They anticipate that the usual 6-week turnaround time will give Stan plenty of time to enact his new grading system. This will relieve the faculty of an enormous burden and give them more time to revise their textbooks, thus totally destroying any resale value they might have.

When asked about his plans to change the grading system, Stan repeatedly slapped his head and made kissing faces. Unable to compete with Stan's intellect, *Docket* reporters decided to break into his office the following evening, but were thwarted by sheer laziness. Maybe they will try to again tonight, but probably not.

## Barrister's Ball 2002

Friday, Feb. 22, 7:00pm

The Olympic Collection

Cocktail Hour w/ Hors D'Oeuvres  
Three Course Sit-Down Dinner  
Cash Bar

Semi-Formal Attire

SBA Members = \$37  
Non-SBA Members = \$42  
Staff = \$42  
Faculty = \$47

Tickets available now through Tritia at [setoquchi@2004.law.ucla.edu](mailto:setoquchi@2004.law.ucla.edu)  
(or send suggestions or comments for the event)

# PILF Auction

The Public Interest Law Foundation's Auction is one month away — on Friday, March 1<sup>st</sup>. This will mark PILF's 9<sup>th</sup> annual auction, and the coming event is positioned to be bigger and better than ever! First off, for those who are unfamiliar with PILF, it is the organization that brought the law school last semester's wonderfully entertaining student versus professor Trivia Challenge and last week's exhilarating Paper Chase Fun Run. PILF is also the organization responsible for funding twenty eight grants of up to \$4,000 for UCLA law students in the summer of 2001. This year, PILF hopes to raise enough to fund *every* student who qualifies for a summer grant. However, while PILF's goal remains the same, attendees at the March 1<sup>st</sup> fundraiser will notice some significant changes from last year's event.

We have a new location this year — the J.D. Morgan Center, on campus near Ackerman Union. The J.D. Morgan Center houses UCLA's Athletic programs and is also home to the UCLA "Hall of Fame," a wonderful collection of UCLA sports memorabilia. You will be able to peruse the trophy cases and other items as you look at the wide array of silent auction items. The live auction will be held in the Morgan Center's large press room. To entertain you, there will be both live music, and a DJ to heat things up at the end. The "Usual Suspects," which includes musicians from our very own faculty, will be playing at the event and may be joined by some student performances. Professor Grant Nelson will serve as one of our auctioneers — the

other two "celebrity auctioneers" are still being selected.

Hopefully the stampede of students kicking back at the open bar will be able to pull themselves away from the beer, wine, and hors d'oeuvres long enough to hear about and bid on some of the amazing donations that have been collected throughout the semester with the help of many dedicated volunteers.

While we are still in the process of collecting donations, some exciting items already received are:

A two night stay at a luxurious Hollywood hotel.

A bar review course from BarBri.

A tour for four of the Playboy mansion (Ed. - Yeah baby!).

Handmade items such as knit hats, jewelry, and vases.

A weekend stay at a cabin in Big Bear.

Dinner for two at some of LA's top restaurants.

An autographed copy of Erin Brockovich's autobiography.

Premier tickets to Lakers, Kings and Clippers games.  
Gym memberships.

Come one, come all, and bring a friend or two. If you have items to donate or want to help with the auction email Janis Felderstein at [felderstein@2003.law.ucla.edu](mailto:felderstein@2003.law.ucla.edu). Remember that all the fun you have on Friday March 1<sup>st</sup> at the auction goes towards serving the country's neediest populations...so eat, drink, and bid liberally without guilt.

## DEBATE

### FROM PAGE 7

other private schools because they receive additional funding from religious institutions. These institutions, Chemerinsky argued, make up the gap between tuition prices and government funds allotted through voucher programs.

Mr. Bolick retorted that funds were not being directly appropriated to parochial institutions, but were being given to parents to use at their own discretion. Yet while Mr. Bolick did not ignore Mr. Chemerinsky's legal arguments, Bolick often chose to focus more on the benefit that introducing market competition to public education could bring to inner city schools. Asked by one second year student how he expected a voucher program to cope with market failures and inadequacies, Bolick replied that he viewed government failure and inaction as a far greater threat to education than the inadequacies of free

market-style competition in public education. Chemerinsky argued in response to that analysis that the market generally drives students to Catholic schools which are most financially able to accept additional students with the aid of government vouchers. He further stressed that because of this effect, the programs are in clear violation of the Establishment Clause.

Both Mr. Bolick and Mr. Chemerinsky agreed that Justice Sandra Day O'Connor would be a critical "swing" vote in the upcoming Supreme Court battle. Both participants cited Justice O'Connor's recent concurring opinion in *Mitchell v. Helms* (2000) as supportive of their views and indicative of the likely outcome in the upcoming case. There was no majority opinion in that case. Oral arguments for *Zelman v. Simmons-Harris* are scheduled for February 20.

Your friends at *The Docket* would like to remind you that your parking applications for Spring are due Feb. 1.

Shit, that was last week.

## Halfway Through the Season

**Toby Bordelon**  
Editor-In-Chief

As we embark upon one of the four Holy Months of the year, February Sweeps (the other 3 of course being November, May, and July Sweeps), I thought I'd take the opportunity to review the first half of the 2001-2002 television season. Granted, February traditionally doesn't have the same impact as its two more important brethren, November, which kicks off the season, and May, which wraps it up, but it certainly is more momentous than the summer rerun-intensive July. And February, being somewhat less momentous than the other two, is perhaps an appropriate time for some introspective reflection on this year's viewing fare. So let's look at a few of the shows we've had thus far, network by network.

### CBS

#### First Mondays

This is a midseason replacement, which traditionally has meant not good enough for fall TV, but a little bit better than has-been sitcom reruns. This show is in the running for worst show on TV. For those of you who have not seen it, it's about the Supreme Court, and tries to do for the Court what the West Wing did for the White House. "Tries" is the operative word here, as it fails miserably. For one thing, it's loaded with inaccuracies. But factual inaccuracies can be forgiven, if the story is compelling, as evidenced by the large numbers of lawyers and law students who tune in to Ally McBeal and The Practice each week. First Mondays, however, is not a compelling story. It's crap. (And that's being nice.) The acting leaves something to be desired, but you can't blame this slop on the actors. The writing is probably the worst on network television. It was obvious from the dialogue that the show is being written by a least one lawyer, probably someone who thought they were as good as David E. Kelly. They're not. In the event that you don't have a date on Friday night, you might want to check this out, just to remind yourself that despite your lawyering skills grade, you really are a decent writer. But you better do it soon, because this show probably won't be around very long.

### CSI

CSI, by contrast, is a fantastic show. Set in America's Playground (Las Vegas), this is easily the best drama on CBS. One has to wonder how CBS can come up with a show this good, and then consistently continue to turn out crap like First Mondays. The network obviously knows what they've got, though, as they think it strong enough to go up against the once invincible NBC juggernaut, ER. (The network thinks CSI is so good, it is their show of choice when they need to drag out a few reruns to fill some gaps in the schedule. Gaps which are often caused by the last-minute yanking of shows like First Mondays.) CSI fans can take heart. The show is apparently spawning a spin-off. It'll deal with another crime lab unit in some other city. Look for the CSI team to take a field trip later in the season to set up the new show. One hopes CBS doesn't try to beat this into the ground, like NBC has done with the Law & Order spin-offs.

### Wolf Lake

Wolf Lake is no longer with us, a victim of low ratings. It dealt with a small town whose residents could turn into wolves. While not the most intriguing show of the new season, it did have prom-

ise. I applaud CBS for attempting a show of this nature, an apparent attempt to shed themselves of their fuddy-duddy reputation. Didn't quite work out, but who knows? Maybe this will pave the way for another really good werewolf show down the line, which would be nice. The vampire thing is beginning to get blasé.

### NBC

#### Ed

Ed is a charming little show about a big city lawyer, Ed Stevens, who got fired for putting a comma in the wrong place in a contract, and then bought a bowling alley in his hometown in order to be closer to the woman of his dreams, who just happens to be dating someone else. (We all know how that goes.) Now in its second season, Ed is a great show for all you hopeless romantics out there. And it's also a great reminder of how lawyers really can do good in people's lives.

### The West Wing

In my opinion, the best show on television. Fantastic writing, great acting, engaging characters and story lines. Those of you who haven't seen it should check it out. Martin Sheen is at his best, and the show often makes you think, without being too preachy.

### ABC

#### Alias

This is perhaps the best new show on television this season. Great writing, good acting by a very capable cast, intricate plot lines, captivating action scenes, suspenseful, this show has it all. It stars Jennifer Garner, whom some of you may remember from *Dude, Where's My Car?*, as double agent Sydney Bristow. After watching that movie, one might think she has no talent at all. Au contraire. She is quite talented, and *Alias* makes full use of her vast array of abilities. For those of you who have not seen this show, Sydney is what James Bond would be if James Bond were a hot chick. She even has her own Q. (I'm actually a bit surprised the MGM people haven't sued yet, given how hard they're going after Austin Powers.) I tell you, that scene at the end of the premiere, with Sydney striding down the halls of SD-6 in that red wig, damn. Gives me chills just thinking about it. And she's a good fighter, too. Sydney could give Buffy a run for her money in the ass-kicking department. On top of all that, we have an ongoing plot line that might even involve time travel. This show should not be missed.

### The Practice

Now, I like The Practice. But I must say, it's getting a little outrageous now. It's just not as cool as it once was, too melodramatic at times. But that being said, it's still a good way to spend a Sunday evening before getting back to the grind of class the next day. And, though it has gotten somewhat predictable, it still does have the ability to surprise. The writing is still good, and occasionally it still produces a very compelling, emotional story, such as the recent episode involving an Arab immigrant who was being held for questioning and not allowed to speak to his wife or the lawyer she hired. (You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out where that one came from.)

### Thieves

Another victim of poor ratings, this show used to be on Friday nights. Not that great, but it was entertaining. And

## A Valentine's Day Rant

**Peter Santos**  
2L

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 accurate, 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 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 Shrunk the Kids* before I get out of law school, I'd probably just shrink myself 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 means 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.

*Docket to publish "Girls of UCLAW" in May issue.*

SEE TV, PAGE 10

MUSICAL

FROM PAGE 1

Dick Van Dyke to shame. In France they already are talking of her being the next Jerry Lewis. We wish her great success.

Providing a foil to Crunshore, the flunkey character of Beagle was stunningly portrayed by Tim Whalen. When he and Michelle danced their way into the audience's heart in "Everything's Up To Date in Cent-chree City", choreographed by the inimitable Kate Bushman, critics roared with approval.

Michelle Ilczyszyn and Jared Gordon provided additional choreography. With years of ballroom and swing dance competition under his belt, Jared outdid himself by not only joining the cast but also developing dance routines Astaire and Rogers would have begged to do.

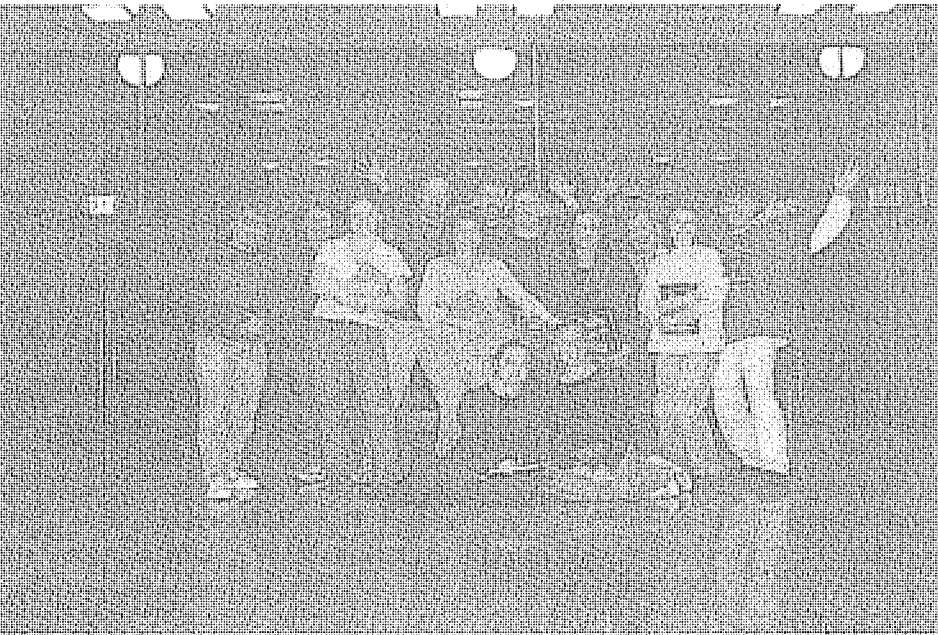
Scott Dewey, speaking of roaring, bellowed his way through the *No Diploma!* rendition of the "Surrey with the Fringe on Top", dazzling actors and audience alike with his outrageously fabulous part of Professor Grim. This critic was disappointed when he chose the safe route and downplayed the character, but many others found the dramatization delightful.

Joining in the chorus and as various students and bar review salespeople,

were the talents of Kavita Aggarwal, Glenn Carrington, Jared Gordon, Ben Liu, and Michael McCollum. Without the exceptional singing, dancing and acting talents of these fine cast members, the show would have fallen far short of the huge hit it was. With their various skills and abilities they really created the blockbuster success that is *No Diploma!*

Finally, we would be remiss in not discussing the actor who tackled the challenging role of the romantic leading man, Curly. Dark horse, outsider, Brian OliverSmith, took the stage by storm. His manly physique caused much swooning on and off stage as he swept the entire study group and Laurey off their feet. One wonders if it was his exceptional voice, his captivating presence, his powerful delivery or all that and more that wooed audience and cast alike. Rumor has it that at least one cast member may have caught his fancy. One anonymous source was heard to say, "He has such a big talent, and he can sing!" Maybe that answers the question.

If you missed *No Diploma!* (went to Vegas for Super Bowl, went up North to a "party" or wrote your law skills paper) this critic simply wants to say: "Sucks for you."



The cast celebrates.

SIMPLE

FROM PAGE 4

the simple pleasures of raising a family aren't enough to satisfy me. A part of me wishes it were. When I was growing up, I wanted to do great things, I wanted to be one of the people who did the things that made it possible for the average person to live out his life in peace, without worry, content that people like me were taking care of all the big things like war and famine. Now, I think what I really want is a house on the beach or in the mountains, where the biggest decision I

have to make every day is whether to eat dinner before or after the I watch the sunset. I wish that would satisfy me, but for now at least, I know it won't. I suppose I'll have to be content with trips back home at Christmas time to get that peace of mind.

One thing I am sure of, the "unsophisticated" people of America at least understand that happiness doesn't come from wealth or career status, something many lawyers in America seem to have forgotten.

Romance for Dummies

Your romance gurus at *The Docket* want to save you from yourself this Valentine's Day.

- |                                    |                                               |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Do: Compliment her on her eyes.    | Don't: Compliment her "rack".                 |
| Do: Pay the dinner tab.            | Don't: Pimp her out to raise the money.       |
| Do: Get her chocolates.            | Don't: Tell her how good they were.           |
| Do: Be courteous to her father.    | Don't: Ask him for an extra condom.           |
| Do: Introduce her to your friends. | Don't: Offer to share her with your friends.  |
| Do: Stroll down the beach.         | Don't: Nudge her off the pier.                |
| Do: Pick her up on time.           | Don't: Pick her up in your piece of shit car. |

TV

FROM PAGE 9

its nice to see that John Stamos (Uncle Jesse of *Full House* fame) is still able to find work, which is more than Dave Coulier or Bob Saget can say. (BTW, if you want to catch a glimpse of these two Hollywood power brokers, hang out at Q's in Brentwood. I'm told they patronize the establishment from time to time.)

FOX  
X-Files

This is the cult-favorite's last season, which is about one season too many. The *X-Files* is not what it once was. The show has gone downhill since the departure of David Duchovny. Nothing against the new cast members, they've done a good job, but it's just not the same. Without the passion of Mulder driving the storylines, the show doesn't pack the same punch. Last year's kiss between Mulder and Scully should have been the end of it. It was a perfect moment, a great opportunity to go out on a high note. Unfortunately, Fox tried to milk this thing for more than it had. With the ratings of this year's season premiere the lowest since the show moved to Sunday nights several years back, it's probably a good thing the producers have decided to put it out of its misery.

Sunday Night Sitcoms

If you need a break, this is a great time to take it. *Futurama*, *King of the Hill*, the *Simpsons*, and *Malcolm in the Middle*. All highly entertaining programs. The *Simpsons*, while not as good as the Conan O'Brien years, still has its moments, like a recent episode's homage to *Popeye*.

Boston Public

Like *The Practice*, this David E. Kelley show on Fox can be a bit too much to swallow at times, but it does highlight everything that is good and noble in the teaching profession. Consistently tugging at the heartstrings, it chronicles the struggles of a faculty struggling to do the best they can in a public school with limited resources, a story that is familiar to anyone who teaches or knows someone who does. Excellent writing, just as we have come to expect from a Kelley production.

WB

(Okay, okay, I know that it's hard to call the WB a real network and keep a straight face, but nevertheless, it does have a few good shows.)

Angel

*Angel*, a spin-off of the ever-popular *Buffy*, has come into its own this season, with its parent show moving to another network. Actually, this season, *Angel* has tended to be far better than *Buffy*. The writing has generally been more solid, and the cast seems to be working together very well. *Angel* has recently become a father, adding yet another element to this already complex drama. There's a lot of great stuff in here.

Smallville

Young Superman. Early this season, *Smallville* was very formulaic. Bad guy gets mutated by kryptonite. Gets super powers. Does bad things to other people. Clark tries to stop bad guy. Gets weak by exposure to kryptonite. Manages to get away from said kryptonite and kicks the bad guy's ass. Recently, however, they've gotten away from this formula, and the show seems to be hitting its stride. Clark's developing relationship with the very hot Lana Lang is interest-

ing, and will get even more interesting when his reporter friend Chloe (yes, she's also hot, what do you expect from a WB show?) eventually reveals her feelings for him.

UPN  
Enterprise

The latest installment of the apparently never-ending *Star Trek* franchise. I must admit, I was skeptical going into this one. I expected more of the same crap I had gotten with *Voyager*, which is to say great potential and incredibly poor execution. But, to my pleasant surprise, *Enterprise* has actually been entertaining. Set in the pre-Federation era, it offers a refreshing take on the *Star Trek* universe. We get to the first stages of human exploration. Unlike the previous several *Trek* shows, in which going out among the stars was nothing impressive, everything is fresh with these characters. We get to see the wonder of exploring new worlds through their eyes, and that's pretty cool. As one would expect with any *Trek* show by now, the writing isn't great, but it does have its moments. The cast seems to work well together (though star Scott Bakula has turned out to be the least energetic of them all). And you just gotta love a show where the captain's closest confidant is a puppy named Porthos.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Sixth season, new network. While still one of the best shows on television, *Buffy* is having a bit of a midlife crisis. Things just don't seem to be clicking as well as the once did. Oh it still has its great moments, but there aren't as many of them as there were in the past few seasons, and at least one person I know is of the opinion that the recent *Doublemeat* episode was the worst *Buffy* installment ever. I suspect some of the problems come from the departure of Anthony Head, who was really the anchor of the cast, and creator Joss Whedon's involvement in developing three new projects, which one can only assume limits the amount of time he has available to focus on *Buffy*. I do like *Buffy*'s romance with Spike.

Roswell

I hear rumors that *Roswell* isn't going to be back next year, which is probably just as well. Last year it was great. Had everything you want in a science fiction show—space ships, inter planetary wars, alien sex, cool powers. The plot really hasn't moved forward much this year, which is unfortunate. This show doesn't really know what it wants to be. That's a shame, because as of the season finale last year it had so much potential.

In closing, I'd like to comment on last week's State of the Union Address, something that has become an annual part of February sweeps. I'm a bit concerned about such things as "Homeland Security" and the "Freedom Corps." Those words put me on edge for some reason. Now I'm not ready to compare the Freedom Corps to Hitler Youth just yet, but I do think that we need to be a little careful right now. Let's make sure we don't go too far.

Well, there you have it. There are of course many other fine shows out there, but that's all I have time to talk about for now. And yes, to answer the question I'm sure is on everyone's mind, I do have far too much time on my hands.

After months of working out our Editor-In-Chief finally obtained a six-pack!  
In the fridge.

# ENTERTAINMENT REVIEWS

## SEX SELECTIONS: SWOONING TO CROONING

BY KENNY ROOST  
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

For Valentine's, Willow asked me to write a critique of sex music.

Selecting good tunes for sex is tricky; you invariably develop a Pavlovian fondness for whatever scores your score. In which case, choice of partner logically should take priority over choice of music, as that arguably more directly affects the quality of one's experience.

Why mention music at all?

Tori Amos, while introducing **Playboy Mommy**, commented that guys always remember what music was playing while she always remembers what shoes she was wearing.

So perhaps this is for the guys in my loyal readership. Because you want to remember the right songs. And, as a significant writer of your generation, I tell you what the right songs are. You want tunes devoid of deeper meaning (no one fucks to a Dylan protest song – the answer being blown in the wind wasn't a penis); tunes with simple and solid rhythmic figures (sex in 7/8 can get awkward for amateurs); tunes that aren't saccharine; tunes that aren't from MTV, elevators, or your mom's collection (unless she likes anything specifically noted below).

So much as music may heighten (or destroy) a sexual experience, here are some off-the-cusp suggestions:

### Kinky Standards



Tom Jones sweats sex appeal.

Barry White is the definitive sex monger. His music combines humor (lyrics obsessively focused on whoopee are funny), thumping orchestral grandeur, and a deep, hungry voice. Barry's best of is where to begin. Other artists tapping a similar vein of hyper-machismo include Isaac Hayes (the man responsible for the **Theme from Shaft**, not to mention Chef's voice on *Southpark*) and my favorite – Mr. "It's Not Unusual" – Tom Jones! I can't wait to catch one of his performances in Vegas someday; hips would shake, and not just Tom's. His cover of Prince's **Kiss** is genius, as is most of his best of.

### Quickies

Fiona Apple's **Fast As You Can** (from her brilliant *When the Pawn*).

### Suave 80's

Bryan Ferry's silky-smooth voice is as sexy as his cover of John Lennon's **Jealous Guy** is beautiful. His 80's standard **Slave to Love** is a great make-out tune, like everything he sings. *More Than This: Best of Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music* is perfect for slow-paced intimacies. For a more danceable screw, some might figure you can't go wrong with 80's Prince. This is potentially hazardous thinking – Prince is too cute and attention-arresting, and your partner may fantasize about him in place of you. Plus, who could defile **Little Red Corvette** or **Raspberry Beret**? Now, Prince in the 90's is another story, but that stuff is potentially hazardous for a whole different reason: suckiness.

### Salacious Shadows

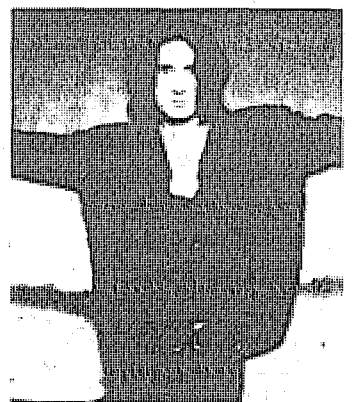
The best goth and sex album is Sisters of Mercy's *Floodland*. The name only hints at it – drum machine fleshed out by melodic baselines, keyboard smears, guitar riffs, and the deepest voice you'll ever hear a white guy muster. The album boasts epic tracks of varied pace which can be the perfect conductor to your own epic adventures between sheets, or on the kitchen table, or what have you...



Sisters of Mercy frontman, Andrew Eldritch, smokes sex appeal.

### B&D

Trent Reznor's cuts receive such prolific play in strip clubs that he once quipped the title of his next album should be "Music for Titty Bars." It turned out to be *The Fragile*, a work which is too slow-paced and drawn out to compliment sweet love (though it's wonderfully artistic); stick to *Pretty Hate Machine*, *The Downward Spiral*, and the novel remix album *Further Down the Spiral*. A good rule of thumb is that what's good enough for strippers is good enough for you. If you'd like more industrial music to add to your list (for sex or simple listening pleasure), try X Marks the Pedwalk (their *Retrospective*), Clan of Xymox (their self-titled debut, *Medusa*, or *Twist of Shadows*), and Switchblade Symphony (the underground classic *Serpentine Gallery*).



Trent Reznor died for your sex appeal.

### Erudite Romance

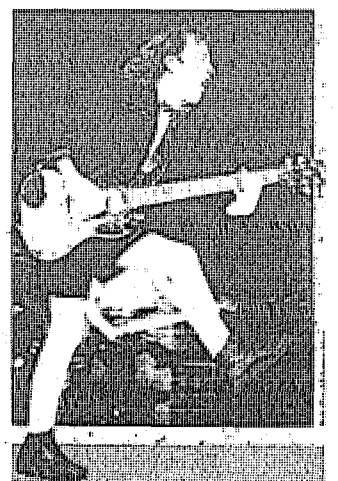
When the heavens rain, my favorite thing is to listen to Rachmaninov's **Vocalise**. Classical music can be lovely backing to many moments, including ones focused around reproduction. Dudley Moore's "10" cites a famous example, in Ravel's **Bolero** (there's even a CD called *Bolero & Other Sensuous Classics*). Alternately, Tchaikovsky's **1812 Overture** is splendid, with its swelling climax complete with cannonball fire (some high school friends claimed to head-bang to this). For more of an S&M twinge, Beethoven's **Fifth** would lend an appropriately eerie flair. And **A Fifth of Beethoven** from the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack would make for a more comical experience than even Barry White.



Ludwig Van, given sex appeal by Gary Oldman (but not in this picture).

### Athletic Rock

Mentioning the cannonball fire in Tchaikovsky's **1812** reminded me of ACDC's **For Those About to Rock**. While ACDC's first singer, Bon Scott, wrote intelligent lyrics, sang well and was charismatic, Brian Johnson's era with ACDC (which began on *Back in Black*) is more suitable for sex. All Johnson sings about is sex and drinking, and he often combines the two. Appropriate ACDC tunes include **Hard As A Rock**, **Cover You In Oil**, and, of course, **You Shook Me All Night Long**. In the same "classic rock" vein as ACDC, try the Black Crows' *Shake Your Moneymaker*. Even Motley Crue's *Dr. Feelgood* may add an interesting spin to the evening, for fans of down-home butt-rock. For a more sophisticated groove that doesn't fit here but deserves mention, U2's *Achtung Baby* is stellar.



Angus Young - not much sex appeal, but plenty of money.

### Improvised Action

An anonymous informant reminded me you can't go wrong with jazz. Slip on some Coltrane (*A Love Supreme* is my favorite) or Davis (*Kind of Blue*, or nearly anything) and you're set.

### Lonely Nights

Devo's **Whip It**.

### Technophiles

When Willow approached me about this column, she added that her friends recommend Deep Forest. I frankly find that disturbing – there is nothing hot and/or heavy about chirps, chants and ethnic instruments performed to rainforest samples and techno drums. If you're in the mood for an electronic sound, the Run Lola Run soundtrack is exceptionally cool and also inspirational, like having a crowd cheering you on. So it goes well with Viagra. If you're vertically challenged, in your old age or cocaine habit.

P.S. If you've any comments on this month's column, witty, charming, or otherwise, freely email me at [roost@2003.law.ucla.edu](mailto:roost@2003.law.ucla.edu) and I'll be sure to get back to you. Or otherwise.

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