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The Docket Vol. 50 No. 5

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The Docket, 50(5)

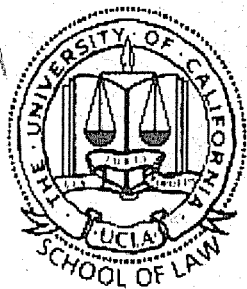
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Publication Date

2002-03-01

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THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW



Celebrating 50 years of journalism

VOLUME 50, NUMBER 5

405 HILGARD AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CA 90095

MARCH 2002

Knaplund to leave UCLAW

Erika Woods
2L

The first time I stepped into a classroom as a law student I must admit I was scared to death. It was August of 2000 and I was participating in the UCLAW Summer program. I had no idea what to expect. More than anything, I was overwhelmed by the feeling that I did not belong and that I would never succeed academically. As I silently tried to calm myself down, Professor Knaplund walked to the front of the room and introduced herself as a professor and the leader of the summer program. The more Professor Knaplund talked, the more at ease I began to feel. She was the antithesis of every image and stereotype I had of a law professor. She was a woman, she seemed down to earth, and most surprisingly, she was, dare I say, nice.

Before getting to know Professor Knaplund, I imagined that most law professors would be akin to the contracts professors in the Paper Chase or Scott Furrow's 1L. Although during the 18-month sentence I've served at the law school, none of my professor's has been as bad as those contracts professors, none has been as good as Professor Knaplund either.

Professor Knaplund joined the UCLAW faculty in 1983. Over the past 18 years, she took the lead in establishing the academic support program that UCLAW boasts about today. She also established herself as the nation's premier academic support teacher and in-

novator. Every student at UCLAW has been touched by Professor Knaplund's academic support programs in some form or fashion. The summer program, exam writing workshops, teaching fellows program and the torts section 9 programs were all created and run by Professor Knaplund.

UCLA is the only top 20 ABA accredited law school that has an academic support program of this magnitude. Moreover, many of the ABA-accredited law schools that have academic support programs have modeled their programs on the program created by Professor Knaplund here at UCLA. Professor Knaplund has been recognized many times for her tremendous teaching ability. She was the recipient of the law school's Rutter Award for Excellence in teaching as well as the prestigious Harriet and Charles Luckman Distinguished Teaching award.

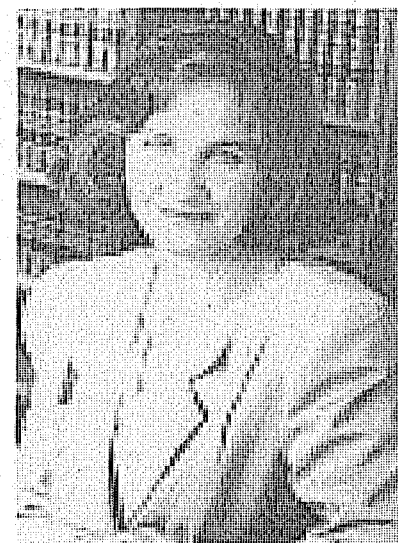
Despite the many contributions Professor Knaplund has made to the law school, and the many awards she has received, the powers that be (the ones who decide which professors are worthy of tenure) decided that Professor Knaplund's many contributions to the law school were not good enough for her to be a tenured professor here.

Consequently, at the end of the spring term, Professor Knaplund will be leaving the UCLAW faculty in order to join the tenure track at Pepperdine University. Although I am very upset that Professor Knaplund will no longer be a member of the UCLAW faculty, I applaud her decision to cash in on the opportu-

nity to be a tenured professor. If, after 18 years of service, the powers that be cannot appreciate all that Professor Knaplund has contributed to the law school faculty and community, then the law school does not deserve to have her here. Professor Knaplund deserves better than what she has been given. By allowing her to move over to Pepperdine, the current UCLAW administration has placed itself in the same category of stupidity as Jerry Krause and Jerry Reisdorf of the Chicago Bulls. (Yes, I am bold enough to make the statement that allowing Professor Knaplund to leave is just as absurd as breaking up the Chicago Bulls dynasty that won six world championships.) Unfortunately, like the Chicago Bulls, UCLAW is taking a gigantic step backwards. Even though the administration has pledged to continue the academic support programs, it is debatable whether the programs will continue to be as effective without a leader like Professor Knaplund overseeing them.

The fact that the law school is willing to allow a professor of Professor Knaplund's stature to leave, is a microcosm of everything that is wrong with the law school today. Admittedly, I am not privy to all the factors that go into deciding whether a professor gets tenure, however I can say that the only way the law school could be willing to allow such a great professor to leave is that they do not place enough value on what Professor Knaplund does.

When Professor Knaplund walks into a classroom, she does some-



thing that very few professors actually do: She teaches. We've all had a professor who can give one of hell of a lecture and yet we still walk out of the classroom wondering exactly what it was we were supposed to take away from their performance. In contrast, Professor Knaplund teaches us what it is we need to know both inside and outside of the classroom. I am sure there are several students and alumni today who may have seriously considering transferring schools or dropping out of law school all together if it were not for Professor Knaplund's guidance. On a personal note, I can honestly say that Professor Knaplund has helped me to stave off a nervous breakdown or two simply by lis-

SEE KNAPLUND, PAGE 6

Willow Mc Jilton
Managing Editor

Many law students snubbed this year's Barrister's Ball as the "Law School Prom" and felt that it would be a replay of last year's less than satisfying evening. Wrong on both accounts. It was better than prom and it was a blast. So if you missed it - sucks to be you!

Prom v. Barrister's Ball

Admittedly, the Barrister's ball shares many characteristics of the high school prom. Everyone gets dressed up, goes to a ballroom, and eats large-group catered food usually consisting of rubber chicken with some sauce or mystery pasta. However, the Barrister's ball is more like prom plus benefits minus the pressure. First, since we are now much older, there is booze. Although the bar is expensive, no one said a word when we walked in with our own provisions. Second, it is a great chance to meet everyone's significant others. And third there is no pressure to bring a date. In fact, four out of the ten people at our table where happily single at the event. Therefore, the major stigma associated with prom is nonexistent.

This Year Ruled, Last Year Sucked

No doubt that if you attended

Barrister's Ball



Party animals at the ball.

the Barrister's Ball last year you were understandably less than enthusiastic about spending the money to go again. However, this year far surpassed last. The DJ actually played music that most people liked. And he played a variety of music including requests! Who would've thunk? Having learned their lesson from last year, the Barrister's Ball committee told the DJ that the remaining half of his fee was dependent upon his performance. So, the DJ mainly stuck to oldies (the universal music) playing hits from the 70s and 80s. He also played hip-hop, salsa, and swing. An estimated 2/3 of the people where on the dance floor at any one time once the dancing got going (including Dean Varat, Dean Cheadle, and Sean Pine). In addition the

venue was smaller and better lit so it was easier to socialize.

Highlights From This Year

First, let me say that on an everyday basis I think we are a fairly ugly lot of people (and boring too!). What else would you expect from a group that spends 90% of their time reading indoors, is sleep deprived, has poor nutrition, and has little fun? But we definitely do clean up nicely (especially the 1Ls). Here is the lowdown. 1L Eileen O'Brien really made the "little black dress" look good. 1L Catherine Oliversmith made quite the fashion statement in her hot pink, strapless dress (whoa mama!) which was a drastic improvement on her face book photo. Next, they say that pregnant women have a glow and now I believe 'em - 2L Amara Andrews was absolutely radiant on the dance floor. However, if there is a beauty award it must go to 2L Rasheda Kilpatrick who looked unbelievable in a black gown with purple roses down the front (it really was much more beautiful than my description leads

you to believe).

For the guys... Peter Santos, 2L, fashionably donned a baby blue, ruffled tuxedo and at times was sporting 3L Damare Theriot's black feather boa. By the way, I had never before seen a boa used as a dance prop before; kudos for creativity. 2L Christopher Scott arrived in black leather pants. One question: did they chafe?

In addition to the beautiful people, there were also some dance freaks. 3L Michael Selph was all over the dance floor and proved himself a master in the 70's dance category. Celeste Drake, 3L and our humble SBA president, was also cutting a pretty fine rug. And Adam Fraser (1L) was kind enough to come out on the dance floor and teach us old fogies some new moves.

All in all it was a wonderful evening and I highly recommend coming next year if you have the opportunity. Kudos

The great time that was had by all is due to the hard work of 1Ls Tritia Setoguchi and Laura Sanchez. Also, special thanks to Mary Ann Stuehrmann, the photographer, who not only took our pictures but also made sure our faces weren't shiny.

EDITORIAL

The law school bureaucracy is comprised of several committees. There's the Corporate Law committee, the Library and Technology Committee, and the Standards Committee; just to name a few. Students have voting representation on most committees via annual appointment by the SBA. On two committees dealing with areas of vital importance to the student body, the student members of the committees are merely window dressing, as they have no vote. We speak of the External Appointments Committee and the Admissions Committee.

First, let's talk about the External Appointments Committee. This is the committee that deals with hiring new professors for the law school. This is obviously of vital concern to UCLAW students. Realizing the importance of student participation in this area, the administration has graciously allowed SBA appointed students to sit on the committee. Unfortunately, these student members don't have a vote. Why is that? We think they should.

Students have an interest in UCLAW faculty members. They're the ones who teach us. Students bring a unique perspective to the table, one that is primarily concerned with teaching ability, a skill that at times seems to be undervalued by academia in this country. Students are the ones who pay for this law school and its faculty members. In theory, the students are the reason the law school exists in the first place. Why have a school if you're not going to teach people? It doesn't seem too much to ask that the students, the heart and soul of

this school, have a say in deciding who provides their education.

The need for a student voice on this committee is exemplified by the research v. teaching debate. Oftentimes teaching ability is ignored in light of an excellent academic résumé. The administration desires grant money and academic prestige leading to higher alumni donations and teaching capabilities receive little, if any, notice. The refusal to offer Christine Knaplund a tenure position is a perfect example. Therefore, student votes on this committee is essential to ensure a balance and protect student needs from falling through the cracks.

Along those same lines, we think students should also have a vote on the Admissions committee. We've been through the process very recently, and we all know what's involved from the other side. Students have first hand knowledge of what the student body is like, and they have insights into how it should be enriched and strengthened. The lack of life diversity in this school is disturbingly obvious. The administration seems to favor the cookie-cutter law student and admits only a few that don't fall within the mold. Students, being most directly impacted by the make up of the student body, should have a voice to expand the narrow scope of admissions. These insights should be utilized.

A student vote on the External Appointments and Admissions committees is an idea whose time is overdue. If anyone out there cares about these issues, we urge you to express your views to the SBA and the administration or email a letter to *The Docket* at docket@orgs.law.ucla.edu.

Letters

Dear Docket,

I am writing to express my dissatisfaction with the rag that claims to be the docket. Last year we had the intellectual homosexual rants of Bruce Gibney, and the somewhat less stimulating babblings of the obese capitalist Sam Fortenbaugh. I thought in my last year of law school, I could hope to find irreverent, opinionated takes on the world of law school. At least something that could offend Dolovich. Unfortunately, as I pulled the usual pile of junk mail from my schoolbox, I was greeted with the bald eagle and the American flag on the cover of the first issue of the Docket. Amazing how an act of terrorism by foreigners can stimulate such orgiastic nationalism in a manner that Tim McVeigh could not. Where have all the Gibneys and Fortenbaughs gone?

- Luke Jackson

Dear Skywalker,

The Docket wishes to congratulate you as this year's first person to slam us. We were afraid that the whole year would pass by without us having pissed off anyone at the school. Still, we are a bit disappointed that it took you over 6 months to respond. America... home of the brave, free, and apathetic.

February 11, 2002

Dear Dean Varat:

The Student Bar Association Representative Council supports, with reservations, the UCLA School of Law Administration's proposal to increase student fees for technology costs. We do so under the impression that these funds will be used on specific projects aimed at upgrading the technology available to our student body. We anticipate significant changes in this technology over the next 2-3 years, and we strongly support the efforts to make the Law School more technologically user friendly and on par with other highly ranked law schools. We have noticed a trend toward more technology with each incoming class. We believe that incoming students will only continue to demand even more educational technology, and as such, it is appropriate to spend student fees on upgrading Law School technology.

However, as noted above, while we support the proposal to increase the materials fee for the purpose of improving technological offerings at the Law School, we do so with reservations.

First, the administration has not demonstrated that the proposed fee increase is actually commensurate with any specific need. Students have indicated on numerous occasions that they would like the option of printing from laptops throughout the school (as opposed to only in the computer lab) and the ability to remotely access network drives. The administration has indicated that these will be primary goals under the fee increase. Yet, these items carry a relatively small price tag that does not seem to justify the proposed increase. We hope that when others review this fee increase proposal, the administration will be able to demonstrate how the resulting figures were arrived at and that such figures are justified. We hope that before this fee increase is approved, the administration will be held accountable to a specific proposal of technological advancement.

Lastly, and perhaps more importantly, we are concerned about how this fee increase will add to the ever-growing financial burden placed on UCLA law students. Incoming students will face an \$1,800 increase to their total expenses. Paying back this amount over ten years, students will pay more than \$4,000. In presenting its proposal to the student government, the administration did not indicate that it had reviewed the impact that such an increase will have on student budgets, other than saying that it would be covered by unsubsidized loans for students on a California-resident budget. The administration did not indicate that it would use any of the fees to offset the increase for the neediest students. It is our hope that in the interest of fostering career choices in all fields (including public interest law), some of these fees will be used to offset the cost for needy students.

Sincerely,

Celeste Drake

President, Student Bar Association

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THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW

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BRYAN A. McMICHAEL
Production Manager

WILLOW MC JILTON
Managing Editor

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Columnist

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CATHERINE OLIVERSMITH
Columnist

Contributors

PETE DENNO, ELENA GERLI, ADENA HADAR, CHRISTINA JOHNSON,
ERIC KIM, LAWRENCE MARKEY JR., GABRIEL ROTHSTEIN, JEN TOBKIN,
ANDREW TURNEY, ERIKA WOODS

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“I Always Had Trouble With Standardized Tests...

April 25, 2001

Re: July 2000 Multistate Bar Examination

Dear PMBR:

Thank you for making the MBE the easiest portion of the Texas Bar exam. Without question, your MBE materials are a must for those who wish to get a high score on the MBE. Traditionally, I always had trouble with standardized tests (e.g., LSAT), but thanks to PMBR I scored a 165 on the MBE.

You should also know that I took very few Bar courses during the course of my law school career and felt less than prepared for the short answer and essay portions of the bar. Yet, thanks to PMBR, I scored high enough on the MBE to enable me to pass the Texas Bar Exam on my first try! Your simulated MBE questions, audio tapes, MIG outlines and Multistate lecturers are simply the best.

Very Truly Yours,

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Adventures in Bar Review

Gabriel Rothstein
2L

(I need to preface this article by saying: first, all names are pseudonyms and any similarity to anyone's real name is purely coincidental. Second, this review of bar review is from the perspective of a mildly to heavily intoxicated, single male 2L, (depending on the time of the evening) and is not meant to offend anyone in its content or conjecture.

So there I was minding my own business having dinner with a few friends on a happy Thursday evening when "Jill" told me that she was going to bar review and asked me if I wanted to go with her and her friend, Lisa. I only knew Jill as an acquaintance, and I had never met Lisa before, but they seemed cool and I am never one to pass up a free ride to and from bar review. It must be noted that the best part of getting the free ride is that it gave me the opportunity to drink heavily, which I decided was necessary considering that I had agreed to write this article. I was already buzzing from the drinks I had at dinner when we headed for the car. As we approached, being the antithesis of a gentleman, I called shotgun, thus stealing the front seat from Jill, who rightly deserved it considering it was her friend that was driving.

We pulled up to Dublin's around 10:30. Too lazy to find a parking spot on the street, we chose to valet the car. I volunteered to pay, knowing that the generosity would come back to me by way of a free drink or two from one of the girls once we got inside. Dublin's

has a very interesting lay out — a bar and a dance floor and a cool-ass patio for smoking cigarettes. I'd describe the lay out better, but my memory is a little foggy. Anyway, as soon as we entered, I spotted this annoying guy from one of my classes sitting at the far right side of the bar. I made a quick left, avoided his gaze, and ordered a drink. I realized that there was no way that I was going to avoid "annoying guy" all night, and eventually I was going to find myself in some stupid conversation with him. Now some would say that I should just get it over with right away, but I wasn't ready to deal with him just yet. Instead, I resolved to talk to "annoying guy" only after I'd had a number of drinks, perhaps giving me the opportunity to annoy him, thus giving him a taste of his own medicine.

As luck would have it Lisa saw me ordering a drink, and immediately insisted that she pay for it. Rule number one for poor law students like me, never turn down a free drink, so I happily accepted. Normally, I drink beer or perhaps a Malibu and coke (strange combination, I know) but knowing that I would have to write an article based on my bar review experience I chose to order a red bull and vodka. Now I'm not sure if other people have shared this experience, but red bull and vodka does some strange shit to me, and every time I make it my drink of choice, it's a night to remember.

After thanking Lisa for the drink, (and making sure she tipped the bartender) I started a conversation with Ralph, a bar review regular and a cool guy despite his conservative politics. He

said that tonight's bar review was living up to its typical rep, the usual crowd, doing the usual shit. We then engaged in a conversation about hooking up at bar review. Ralph, said that hooking up at bar review is shady, and only leads to people talking shit about you, and who needs that. He also mentioned that hooking up with someone at bar review while wearing "beer goggles" can be quite a humiliating experience. Overall I had to agree with Ralph. Drunken indiscretion, in full view of peers, can be pretty embarrassing.

After ordering another drink (I switched to beer, fearing the effects of the red bull) I headed to the back bar where I distinctly heard the cry of, "Section Two is in the house!" I knew immediately that these were people that I needed to talk to. I found myself talking to Beth and Randi, who told me that Section Two always came out in force for bar review. They said that bar review was a great time for kicking back and having a few drinks with friends. They couldn't help but diss on the other sections for their typical weak bar review attendance. During this conversation a cute 1L slipped her hand around my arm and thanked me for sticking up for a friend of hers the other night. This was interesting because I had no idea who she was, what the hell she was talking about, and rarely if ever do I stick up for anyone, except myself. Not being the smooth type, I told her so. I also explained that its not abnormal for me to forget stuff. I've been told that I have the memory of a pot-head at a Cypress Hill concert (and the bladder of an infant, but that's a story for an-

other day.) After hanging out with the Section Two crowd for a little while, I got the urge to wander around the bar and shoot the shit with other members of the bar review crowd

My wandering (and craving for nicotine) brought me outside, which is one of my favorite places to hang out at bar review. While outside I bump into Sara, a happy-go-lucky 1L who I talk to a lot these days, but never saw before finals last semester. Sara said that she was feeling good, and just bumped into some dude that she hooked up with in Barbados like four years ago. Sara and I talked for a little while about the no smoking indoors rule. She said that it was blatantly unfair and discriminatory against people like us who have weak resistance for nicotine and an inability to resist the incredible allure of Joe Camel and the Marlboro man. I agreed that I didn't love the anti-smoking law, but I acknowledged that it has some positive effects. First, it pushes all the cool kids (the smokers) into one general area. Second, it gives you an excuse to walk away from a bad conversation, and third it gives you the opportunity to have a private conversation in a secluded area with a "special friend."

I headed back inside, realizing that I should talk to a few people about their bar review experience that night, and about bar review in general. One 2L said that she likes coming to bar review, but hates when they have it at sleazy places. I can't remember if she said that Dublin's was sleazy or not. Another 2L

SEE BAR, PAGE 9

The Law Review Lowdown

Adena Hadar
2L

The summer before law school, I visited my friend Catherine at a posh law firm downtown. As she introduced me to the other summers, I met a UCLA student—a student on the LAW REVIEW. This was my first introduction to the mystique surrounding the UCLA Law Review, an air of mystery I may or may not deflate in this article.

So why did I go out for the law review?

The answer is simple. I wanted to write a comment—a student written article I hope to publish. To write a comment you don't have to be on law review, it just requires some initiative and self discipline; but for me, I appreciated (if not needed) the structure as well as the student and faculty support guaranteed in writing a comment for the law review. But there are plenty of other reasons people write on to law review, while not my own, I'll just give you some insight into what they are. One word: J-O-B. On every OCIP or clerkship interview I had, the fact that I was on UCLA law review invariably became a topic of conversation. With a glint in the interviewer's eye, many of whom weren't even accepted to their own law reviews, the respect that law review membership garners became clear. Although law review might not insure a job offer, there is no denying it helps. Moreover, for those of you interested in academia, publication of your original work, as I understand it, is vital and your law review comment might be the very writing that achieves this goal.

Now that you have some idea why to join law review, how do you do it?

The bulk of law review membership comes from participating in the spring write on competition. Roughly one-third of the 1L class participates in the write-on. Although, of the present 2Ls, 115+ people applied, which is greater than the typical one-third percentage. Of these applicants, the law review, historically, accepts about one-third of all write-on candidates. (Of the present 2L class, 38 new staffers were accepted.) That means, the more people who write on, the more acceptances there may be.

The competition is comprised of two parts: a 25 page comment (a maximum of 10 pages of text and 15 pages of footnotes) and a production test. On Thursday, March 21 at 3:00 PM a packet of materials will be placed every 1L box. This packet contains the ONLY materials that may be consulted in composing the comment and production test; there are approximately 200-300 pages of text incorporating i.e. caselaw, treatises, law review articles, books, newspaper articles, etc. The comment will be due at 12:00 PM on March 27 to the records office. All submissions are anonymous-labeled only by your fall semester exam number. Even the office hours conducted over spring break are anonymous-by telephone only, no names may be used or anything else to compromise your identity. More information about these office hours will be provided to you in the instructions for the comment portion of the write-on. I did not take advantage of these office hours so I cannot provide any an-

ecdotes of what purpose they served. But, I am sure that no discussion of the contents of your write-on comment may be addressed. This is a forum more suitable for discussion of the structure and progress of your write-on comment and to address any anxieties you may be having.

Prior to its distribution, the write on topic is top secret, known only to five people out of the entire law review. The question for last year's write on focused on how the Supreme Court should decide the issue of whether the forcible administration of medication to make a defendant competent to stand trial is a violation of the Sixth Amendment. The comment focused on mentally ill defendants who without the medication could not stand trial, but on the medication were deemed competent. The difficulty was that this medication had, arguably, deleterious effects on the defendant's capacity to participate in his/her defense. Clearly this year's topic will be on a different issue. However, like years past, the write-on comment topic will be one on which reasonable people may differ and also a topic that is salient and hopefully interesting.

The production tests will be distributed the first weekend following the end of spring break. This is an exercise in bluebooking. It will be placed in your box on Friday April 5 at noon and due to the library circulation desk at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday, April 7. This is more or less the structure of the write-on/production test that current 3Ls underwent. (This is not the same process of the write-on last year. This decision was made because of the start of Easter and Passover this year,

interrupting a portion of Spring break. However, this is the structure of the write-on that has been successfully employed in the past.) It is also important to note that although you will have April 5-7 to finish the production test, it should not take the entire time. I think this is important to mention because of any additional religious holidays or commitments you might have this weekend as well.

What's life like during the competition?

It is a lot of work. For those days that I worked on the competition, I practically lived and breathed the topic, and I slept a lot less than I wanted to or am accustomed. The upside is that the law review puts a lot of effort to choose an interesting topic, so toiling over it isn't all that bad. I encourage you all to ask anyone you meet who wrote on to law review about his/her experiences. There will be office hours on March 12-14 at the Law Review office (on the 2nd floor not near the locker room), where various law review members will be available for any questions you might have and previous write on submissions will be on hand for you to look at to get a sense of what is expected.

I will describe my own write-on comment lifestyle, just to give a sense of how much time one person might spend. For those of you who attended the law review panel on Wednesday, February 27, you will know that I qualified as one of the participants more on the "stressy-side." I averaged 14 hours a day spent on the write-on: this figure represents a lighter load when we first received our

SEE REVIEW, PAGE 13

Opening to the Possibilities

Toby Bordelon
Editor-In-Chief

I like to get philosophical every now and then, and sometimes my thoughts wander to what others would consider odd. Crazy even. Like, for instance, the idea that we could fly if we tried hard enough, and I don't mean on planes. However unlikely you might think that to be, you've got to admit, it would be cool. As would instantaneous transportation from one spot to another.

These things might seem like magic, and many rational people dismiss such ideas out of hand. Supposedly, flying is impossible for human beings. Why? I forget where I heard this, but someone once said that any technology sufficiently advanced will seem like magic to those who don't understand it. Flying, teleportation, telepathy, telekinesis, and other such things really aren't that far fetched. Think of them as really advanced biological technologies, things we do not with machines, but with force of will, highly trained and focused.

Maybe the reason we dismiss such things out of hand is because we have been conditioned to believe they are impossible. But history teaches us that things we "know" to be true aren't always so. The world isn't flat. Flies don't

come from raw meat. And the earth isn't the center of the solar system.

Even things that many of us believe are true today really aren't. How many people believe that Newton's laws of motion are right? That's what they teach in high school physics classes after all. And yeah, they seem to work pretty well. Except that they don't. They're not entirely accurate; they don't really describe the way the world works, as Einstein proved many years after Newton. Yet people still use them, because here on earth, in our microcosm, they are good enough for most applications.

As Kelvin Throop III said, "Celestial navigation is based on the premise that the Earth is the center of the universe. The premise is wrong, but the navigation works." Just because something works, or seems to, doesn't mean it's right. And just because something seems impossible based on our current understanding of the way the world works, doesn't mean it is.

Once we break out beyond the earth, into deep space or into the realm of the subatomic, Newton's laws break down, and we have to rely on relativity, quantum physics, string theory, or some other model to figure things out. Perhaps if we break out of our current

mindset we will see that many of the things we think to be impossible, really aren't. We'll see that the things we take for granted every day don't hold up, and something more is required to understand the universe.

On some level, we know that the sterile world we live in on an everyday basis isn't all there is. Today, in our modern, scientific, rational world, people still believe in some kind of God. Many of us believe in angels. We believe in miracles. Maybe not the kind where God smites you dead with a bolt of lightning for blasphemy, but certainly things like unexplained healings. Sure, some would explain that away as a natural occurrence we don't understand just yet, but isn't that what miracles really are? Unexplained natural events.

What is it about western society that places so much faith in the acts of chemicals and surgical tools, but doesn't take seriously the idea that energy can be channeled through a human body to accomplish the same thing? I think part of it is a mental block. Humans do things that can be explained by science. Miracles are things that God or other spiritual beings do, and they are beyond our reach. Why the distinction? Maybe I'm a little strange, but such artificial line drawing doesn't make sense to me. We

know that western science doesn't have all the answers. Who hasn't watched a child dying of terminal illness, incurable by all our medicines and machines, and longed to put your hands on them and heal them? That possibility alone makes this line of thought worth pursuing.

Of course, it's one thing to talk about these things. It's quite another to actually do them. I have a friend who tends to be far more skeptical about psychic phenomena than I am. She once told me that if I really believed I could fly, I'd go jump off a roof. I haven't done that yet. I like to think that I could, if I only had enough faith. And yet.... Maybe one day.

There is a vast universe out there, full of possibilities. In the midst of this era of rapid scientific advancement, it's worth our while to take some time to think about human advancement. Maybe we don't really need new tools to do all these things that make society possible, like travel and communication. Just because we have pursued mechanical means to solve our problems in the past doesn't mean it's the only way to do so. Haven't we all at some point in our childhood watched a bird in flight and wished we could do that too? Who's to say we can't?

The Transfer Experience and Enlightened Perspectives

Andrew Turney

2L

You made it through your first year of law school. Whew! Made some great friends. Significant other. Made it onto Moot Court and Law Review. Great rank/GPA. Figured out the weekly happy hour circuit. Finally, found a great parking spot for \$25 a year (really!). Now you decide to transfer to a different school. What are you thinking? Well in the following article, I'll talk a little about my experience and the substance of my conversations with other transfer students.

From Loyola and Southwestern locally, to Cornell & Vanderbilt across country, students transferred to UCLA Law for a variety of reasons: prestige, ranking, curriculum and programs, connections, family, ex-girlfriend stalkers (true, but it wasn't the only reason), and, of course, the sun. George Chiu transferred from Vanderbilt to pursue his recently discovered dream of producing movies (ask him to do his imitation of a Southern Gentleman). Aaron Beard and Shelley Cobos made the move across town, from Loyola and Southwestern respectively, primarily for the opportunity that UCLA's reputation offers.

The move itself can be painful, especially if you're relocating from a different city. After finishing a summer DOJ internship and a week of Naval Reserve training, I hopped in a Ryder truck with a car carrier attached to drive across country with my Dad (and only five days to get there). Despite my hesitation, it turned out to be a great father-son bonding experience, especially when the truck started positive longitudinal oscillations when we went over 75 mph on the downhills (the trailer disclaimer said it was only rated at 45 mph). I had to admit after driving three quarters of the way across country, he was right, the brakes were grinding apart (I knew there was a reason I brought him along, but it wasn't easy to admit that he was right). So we were stuck in Albuquerque - I felt some-

what vindicated because if we had never had the brakes checked out we wouldn't have lost a day in Albuquerque, of course, there is that whole no brakes thing but... I digress.

So I arrive just in time for orientation, which was excellent. Scheduling classes was difficult though. I was told that everything on my list was full, despite having complied with the submission deadline. I eventually figured out a manageable schedule, but I was forced to take some classes that I wouldn't have ordinarily taken. This seems to be a common problem for transfers.

Two days later, I had my first OCIP deadline so I randomly picked firms that sounded interesting for the OCIP bid process. Besides attending classes, I spent the first few weeks looking for a spacious one-bedroom apartment in Westwood or Brentwood. I was hit with a little sticker shock, so I commuted from my sister's in Camarillo for several months (what was I thinking). The Kato Kaelin house-sitting gig never materialized. The pressure really got intense when I had to share a bunkbed with my seven year-old nephew (I had to settle for top bunk). I resolved my housing crisis in November when things began to settle down after interviews, law review write-on, etc.

Most transfers indicated a little remorse in giving up their top position at another school. Several noted the big fish, small pond phenomenon. More than a few students mentioned that the size of UCLA made it feel like less of a community. Some students noted the lack of diversity. In my case, UCLA is much more diverse than George Mason, where I transferred from (George Mason is a small, state school a few minutes outside Washington, D.C. where Mark Grady, a UCLA Law alumni and former UCLA Law Professor is the dean). Gabe Rothstein, who moved from Rutgers, said he was dumbfounded by the lack of Black

and Latino students. Rutgers maintains an affirmative action program.

UCLA has a very different atmosphere than George Mason. The lack of a part-time program, the younger student body, and location on a large college campus give UCLA Law more of a college feel. I tend to think you lose something without the diversity of work experience and life experience that older students bring to the classroom. At Mason, I felt the professors were much more in touch with the students and they would regularly attend the SBA courtyard socials.

The social scene at UCLA is rated highly by most transfers. Some complained that it was a bit more cliqueish than their old schools and that students weren't as approachable. To most, the social scene is much better than their previous schools. Gabe Rothstein exclaimed, "compared to my old school, these Kats party like rock stars"

I was surprised to hear the different perspectives on the ideological bent of UCLA Law among transfer students. George Mason, has a somewhat conservative/libertarian approach and the curriculum tended to focus on Law & Economics. In fact, there was a one-year Economics requirement as part of the first year curriculum. UCLA's classes on Critical Race Theory and Feminism were a stark change for me. On the flip side, I turn to Gabe Rothstein again, who views UCLA as moderate when compared to the more liberal Rutgers.

OCIP presented an interesting situation for those of us that transferred, we were meeting with employers that were interested in UCLA law students, but we were all new to UCLA. Transfers, I spoke with had mixed results. I think it tended to be very dependent upon the firm you interviewed with. Some firms didn't care at all about transfer status, while others were surprised to see it. A few students encountered problems with firms who weren't happy

about interviewing a transfer student, and the students considered their transfer status to be a liability in the interviews.

One thing that is surprisingly absent is the extremely competitive environment that some of the smaller schools tend to foster. At a lot of schools, the ranking list, which comes out each semester, is a major source of anxiety as it ranks students to the very last position. The ranking is key to your future employment at a less competitive school. Here, although very competitive, it tends to be a little more relaxed, since the reputation of the school carries a lot of weight. At UCLA, a mediocre performance doesn't mean no job upon graduation (I'm betting on this). A few transfers indicated that people tend to be friendlier and more open because of this.

This is the part in the article where I get to bitch about school policy stuff given my enlightenment by virtue of having so recently attended another law school. I surprised to find substantial agreement among transfers on most of these issues.

1. Reading days - All transfers have complained about the absence of a reading period, which seems to be the standard elsewhere. I think the Docket has covered this one, but I don't think they mentioned the semester has been longer than required, and thus there was no need for the loss of reading days or the review sessions.

2. No eating/drinking policy for exams - I was a little surprised to see this in writing (and wondered what I would do without my stash of water, bananas, and candy to fuel my exam performance), but I was quickly reassured that everyone ignores it. What's the purpose of this? It's absurd to think that you have the time to go to the vending machine and eat and drink.

PILF

The following individuals have generously pledged one day's salary to PILF. The funds will be used for grants to subsidize students that are working for public interest organizations this summer. If you have not yet pledged and are interested in doing so, please contact either Betsey Hillman at hillman@2003 or Mary Ahrens at ahrens@2003. And a big "Thank You" to those who have already pledged!

Erica Lepping
John Hribar
Ryan Tacorda
Samantha Black

Matthew Henderson
Willow McJilton
Todd Piro
Brenda Tavakoli

Jennifer Walwyn
Pitter Hogan
Susan Padnick
Jeremy Gladstone

Mieke Biesheuvel
So-Yon Ahn
Zak Smith
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Azalea Park
Emily Daughtry
Samantha Eisner
Patricia Kosich
Jody Knight
Tim Whalen
Kregg Koch
Katherine Nicols
Kathleen Poole

MEDICATION TIME

JONATHAN SHIMKUS STAFF COLUMNIST

Readers, I have sinned. What I intended to do was wrong. The reasons are pointless to mention, the desired result, that's important. Since its about to be St. Patrick's day, I was just going to grab last year's march column and slap a new coat of paint on it.¹ That means I have to come up with some new content.²

So thousands of years ago, this dude kicked all these snakes off a little island somewhere east of here, and now we have a legitimate excuse to show up on a Monday morning with a huge hangover. Right? Well, not exactly.³ SCHOOL? A place, where I pay them to present material to ME? Its uncouth to show up after a night of drinking?⁴ As a customer, if I take the bus to school, I can show up loaded. How many of us have ever thought "Jeez, this might be interesting if I had brought my flask today."⁵ The key understanding that seems to be lacking, is that we're all adults⁶ Go ahead and have fun, just accept the consequences.⁷

Cliff notes version of the last paragraph: Go ahead and enjoy St. Patrick's Day. It's a freaking holiday for heaven's sake. If you show up on Monday, March 18, with a hangover, and people don't like it, tell them where to shove it.

Many people celebrate the holiday by having green beer. Don't do that. Its sick. Its sacrilege.⁸ Have a nice Irish whiskey. Have a Guinness. By the way, The Guinness tastes MUCH better in Ireland. I don't like it out of the tap here. In Ireland, its great. It is a meal in a can. It is good for you. Its nectar of the gods, its like nothing you've ever had before.⁹ The new bottles, they're brewed at the St. James Gate brewery in Dublin. Maybe they've wised up and realized we don't want one of the 100+ variations of the Guinness formula, just give us what you'd give a Dubliner.¹⁰ The best beer you ever will have is at the top of the Guinness brewery tour in a 360-degree super bar. You will not want to leave before they kick you out.¹¹ By the way, you're never supposed to finish your Guinness. Leave a bit for the faeries. Additionally, if you have any compassion, never ask for a Black and Tan. To an Irish person, it can be very insulting. The Black and Tan were a regiment of British soldiers that were among the most brutal to ever fight.¹² They left destruction and massacres in their wake upon the Irish countryside, and those pains still run deep for some. Ask for a half and half instead... that's the proper way. Another variation, that I don't particularly like, but is coveted by some: replace the lager in the half and half with cider. Like I said, I don't like it... its rather sweet. Worth a try for you though.

But St. Patrick's Day doesn't have to be about drinking. Its about spending some time with your family and friends. Everyone goes to the pubs back in Ireland. Seems like people go everyday.¹³ The pub is where you meet your friends. Its where you meet your future mate. They have 4 channels of TV out there, and its all rugby, and its on the TV at the pub anyway. The friendliest people I've ever met were the people in the pubs in Ireland. Old men wanting to share their experiences with you, foreigners looking for a kindred spirit, a pretty young lady fascinated with your Yankee accent. The spirit of St. Patrick's Day, and perhaps Ireland, is best enjoyed in the company of friends, with or without alcohol.

By now, you're asking where the fuck are the drinks. Well, I'm only going to list one. I am only listing it because I want to "fix" my creation. Someone recently said to me "Why the hell isn't your fucking article done? All you have to do is open up your bartending manual and write it down."¹⁴ Well, that's not what I am about. I like to give you all stuff I like, stuff my customers have liked. You are capable of getting your own guides¹⁵ So today, you're getting something I made up myself, and I call it the *trout*. Its simple, its tasty, and goshdarnit, people like it.

TROUT

In a nice rocks glass over ice add:

One and a half ounces of raspberry vodka

Three ounces of grapefruit juice

Mix it.

Think of all the poor salmon that have to traverse the rapids to breed. Feel it, know that as a trout, you're an elite tasty, delectable delight!

Then float a dash of grenadine

Trout like to eat at the top of the water. (more than a pinch, less than a teaspoon!)

Now you're looking at the soft underbelly of a rainbow trout.

Add a cherry, because you need some bait.

And drink it up. The next one is already chasing your lure.

I have lots of stories, information, anecdotes, and pictures from Ireland. Someone should really write it down somewhere. Until someone does, feel free to come up to me and ask me about it, especially if you're looking for somewhere to go this summer. I'll fill you in on all the places worth going to... and practical information too!¹⁶

Take care, Irish funerals are fun, but I can wait a bit for yours. Don't use this information for evil and drink and drive!

¹ Unfortunately for both of us, I spent last year's column rambling on about Mardi Gras and the barrister's ball

² That sucks, for both of us.

³ I don't really need a legitimate excuse to show up hungover.

⁴ That's bullshit.

⁵ A better question is, "Would this article make any freaking sense if I had brought my flask today." (Nope, probably not.)

⁶ well, mostly

⁷ You might have to get loaded again to take the exam, to activate the same recall portions of the brain... look it up.

⁸ Much like killing people in church

⁹ I don't know if its just that I've gotten accustomed to the swill they call Guinness out of a tap here, but the new bottles with the mini rocket in it, that's good stuff. Don't get the cans, those are brewed in Canada and taste bad (you expected something else from canadian beer?)

¹⁰ After the utter ignorance to my column title, I realize there might be some cultural deficiencies here. See James Joyce, famous Irish author.

¹¹ They make little shamrocks in the head of your beer

¹² key braveheart music. (It was filmed in Ireland too!)

¹³ Its not because they're all drunks.

¹⁴ Loosely paraphrased

¹⁵ its not my commercial guide, but Mr. Boston's sure is a nice reference.

¹⁶ Like quay is pronounced "key." That may save you from an argument with your new Irish friend who is pissed she's been waiting for you for over an hour. (an example, not necessarily something that happened to me last summer.)

KNAPLUND

FROM PAGE 1

tening to what was going on and giving me practical advice to help keep me head above water, even if I was not 'technically' enrolled in one of her classes.

Maybe Professor Knaplund has not authored the world's greatest 'scholarly' article, but the contributions that she makes to student lives is worth more than some so called scholarly article. The fact that Professor Knaplund's contributions to the student body and overall law school community alone were not enough to qualify her for the tenure track in my opinion shows what is really valued around here. When, if ever, does the quality of life for the students (both academically and socially) ever matter? The administration seems so bent on what the school looks like to the outside world that it seems to truly care little about what really goes on inside the law school. As with most other things, the administration seems to believe that perception is reality. As long as it appears that the academic support programs are still in place, who cares if the heart and soul of those programs is at another school? As long as they can still print the various lists of academic support programs on the recruiting brochure or on the US News and World Report website, the 'powers that be' are satisfied. Unfortunately, the law school will learn one way or another that perception is not reality. Today's students are tomorrow's alumni. In other words, the chickens will come home to roost.

As for Professor Knaplund, on behalf of the many students whom you have helped make it out of UCLA a little bit less insane than we would have been without you, Thank You!!! I am sure you will be greatly appreciated and loved at Pepperdine. We will definitely miss the warmth of your presence, as you have added a ray of sunshine to a place that is slowly but surely sinking into permanent darkness.

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Mar. 17 th	CORPORATIONS 9am - 1pm
Mar. 17 th	1 st Year REAL PROPERTY 9am - 5pm
Mar. 23 rd	EVIDENCE 1 9am - 1pm
Mar. 23 rd	CRIMINAL PROCEDURE 2pm - 5pm
Mar. 24 th	EVIDENCE 2 9am - 1pm
Mar. 24 th	CRIMINAL LAW 1pm - 4pm
Apr. 6 th	TORTS 9am - 5pm
Apr. 7 th	CONSTITUTIONAL LAW 9am - 5pm
Apr. 13 th	WILLS & TRUSTS 9am - 5pm
Apr. 14 th	1 st YEAR CONTRACTS 9am - 5pm
Apr. 20 th	COMMUNITY PROPERTY 9am - 1pm
Apr. 20 th	1 st YEAR CIVIL PROCEDURE 9am - 5pm
Apr. 21 st	EVIDENCE 9am - 5pm
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Why the ATLA Mock Trial Competition Sucked (Or how I wasted a perfectly good weekend)

Lawrence M. Markey, Jr.

2L

The Association of Trial Lawyers of America held the Regional Finals for its Nationwide Mock Trial Competition on Feb. 28th through March 1st. Having been a member of the UCLA team, I've now realized that it would have been more fun to shave with a belt-sander. More educational, too.

The competition gives law students a chance to learn trial skills and to compete with other students from all over the country. Participants are given a fact pattern, and must learn it and patch together a case from scratch. This includes formulating a theory of the case, drafting an opening statement, closing argument, and direct and cross examinations. In the Western Regional, our team from UCLA entered a field populated with the likes of Boalt Hall, McGeorge, Golden Gate, Loyola and Southwestern, among many others.

Our team consisted of your classmates Clay Robertson, Eric Troutman, Dana Beale, and myself. We prepared extensively for the two weeks leading up to the competition, and we felt invincible after receiving the priceless advice of our advisor, Professor Moore.

Everything was going well until*well*actually, things were never going well. While most teams had been preparing since early November, our team finally sent in our application in February, on the last day we were allowed to sign up. We hadn't even found our fourth member until earlier that day. But we insisted that what we lacked in preparation time we more than made up for in talent.

What follows is a daily diary of the action:

Thursday night: Beale and Troutman tussle with one of the teams from Southwestern. The Southwestern team is lackluster, and the far greater challenge for Beale and Troutman are the judges' cellphones. They take calls DURING the trial: "Hello? Yeah, they're in closing argument right now, so I can't talk. Uh huh. Yeah. Ok, I'll talk to you later. All right." Ya think it could wait till the break, buddy? (And I'm guessing they billed the client for the time, too). Anyway, Troutman and Beale were clearly the better team, but apparently the judges were getting a lot of static because we came away with a narrow loss: one judge for us, two against.

Friday Night: Robertson and I tangle with the rocket scientists at McGeorge Law School. (No, I'm not making that up, it's really a school). The respect I had for McGeorge evaporates when the Coach for that team gets up from her seat in the audience and stops the trial in the middle of a cross examination to challenge the judge on a ruling. It seems she was worried that her team was losing points because they were getting killed on the cross. So they stop the trial, order our team out of the room, and the judges have a conference. The brain trust at the McGeorge Law School learns a valuable lesson for their future careers: If things aren't going your way, have your coach overrule the judge and pro-

ceed from there. Of course, the UCLA team, desirous of more than "mock" careers, ignores this lesson which won't be so helpful in a "real" trial. McGeorge, on the other hand, apparently has "mock" lawyers graduating on a regular basis (and I'm not talking about the geniuses on the Mock Trial team).

The curious thing is that Robertson and I didn't seem to need a coach to intervene during our cross examinations. In fact, the witnesses we cross-examined left the stand in tatters after suffering one withering impeachment after another. What were they thinking trying to go up against UCLA Law? In each facet of the trial we controlled. In short, the mock-lawyers from McGeorge, while procedurally polished, found themselves in a legal meat-grinder from which they never escaped.

So what do we get for this nearly flawless performance? A unanimous decision for the McGeorge team: Three judges to none (a result no doubt influenced by the ex-parte communication by the McGeorge coach).

Saturday morning: it's all I can do to even care at this point. Clay and I are on again, and we battle Golden Gate. Robertson tells me he's going to argue the illegitimacy of this court proceeding, like a political prisoner

Unbelievably, these Golden Gate (again, I'm not making this up) hacks are even WORSE than McGeorge. After five minutes I'm convinced ANYONE can get into law school. (Please God, please let me be able to afford an attorney better than these frauds if I ever need one). Halfway through, the idiocy of our opponents is so apparent, I stop objecting. I just want the trial to end. From the audience, I hear their coach whispering what objections they should be making. Obviously he knows little

SEE ATLA, PAGE 9

Cause for Social Eradication

Pete Denno

2L

It is, or was, the zeitgeist attitude that each and every person has something to contribute to society, and that we all have intrinsic value. Well, that may be a pleasant notion in the abstract, but in reality social outcomes are not nearly so felicitous. It is my contention that our contemporary popular culture has been a wellspring of useless celebrity. This article seeks to ferret out the most egregiously valueless of the pop-cultural progeny. The following is a list of 10 people who have zero net "social utility" or "social value added." They bring nothing to the table. They are indefensible. They are the absolute dregs.

I believe it was Oscar Wilde, the scourge of homophobes, teetotalers, and presumably the infamous Mr. Pritchard (cf. "Dead Poets' Society"), who said something to the effect that "I may be lying in the gutter, but I am staring up at the stars." By contrast, the people who comprise this list may be characterized as "lying in the gutter, staring down into the sewage drain." Here are your Top 10 worthless persons of some notoriety (in no particular order of non-value):

- 1) **Geraldo Rivera** (and his ilk). Geraldo's "contributions" to society include the following:
 - a. Captivating the nation as he futilely attempts to discover the hidden contents of Al Capone's secret vault; this proved to be a misadventure of nearly Ponce de Leon-ic proportions, as Geraldo discovered nothing but thorough public humiliation. Who would be so cavalierly vacuous as to open an empty vault on national TV without acquiring some kind of concrete information regarding its contents (or lack thereof)? Well, now we know.
 - b. Blazing the trail for Jerry Springer et al. with his most debased display of all time: Inciting a miniature race-riot on his

ridiculous talk show and getting his nose broken by an incensed member of the Ku Klux Klan and a projectile chair. I mean, I'm not lamenting the physical malady, because it was clearly merited. But the display of crass exploitation of racial animosity for television ratings was just callow. Please get some content!

c. The most recent embarrassment: Trekking off to the war zone to get the skinny on our anti-terrorism efforts, and making it publicly known that he was "packing heat" in case things escalated to where media retaliation was warranted. Please Geraldo, spare us.

In sum, Geraldo would best serve society by sealing himself in Capone's vault along with his "piece."

- 2) **Martha Stewart**. OK, OK, I acknowledge she does bring something to bear in terms of fodder for humor (as I suppose every member of this list might). However, that is why the calculus is the net effect, not a gross figure. Using aggregate accounting, she brings us nothing. A hypothetical (sorry!) illustration: You tune into "Martha Stewart Living" to learn how to improve the quality of your life. You spend hours learning how to make a strudel from scratch, petrify it, and convert the delicious pastry into a Christmas ornament. What, I ask, have you gained?? What is the profit to society?? Nothing! Absolutely nothing!! Incremental aesthetic augmentation does NOT qualify a person as having contributed value to society. In fact, an ornate display of dangling pastries might actually detract from the environment (like a pyramidal house?). Stewart should be banished from television and relegated to K-Mart spokesperson extraordinaire.
- 3) **Shawn Kemp, Allen Iverson, and John Rocker** (please insert any professional athlete who eschews any notion of personal or social responsibility here). The breakdown:

SEE TOP TEN, PAGE 11

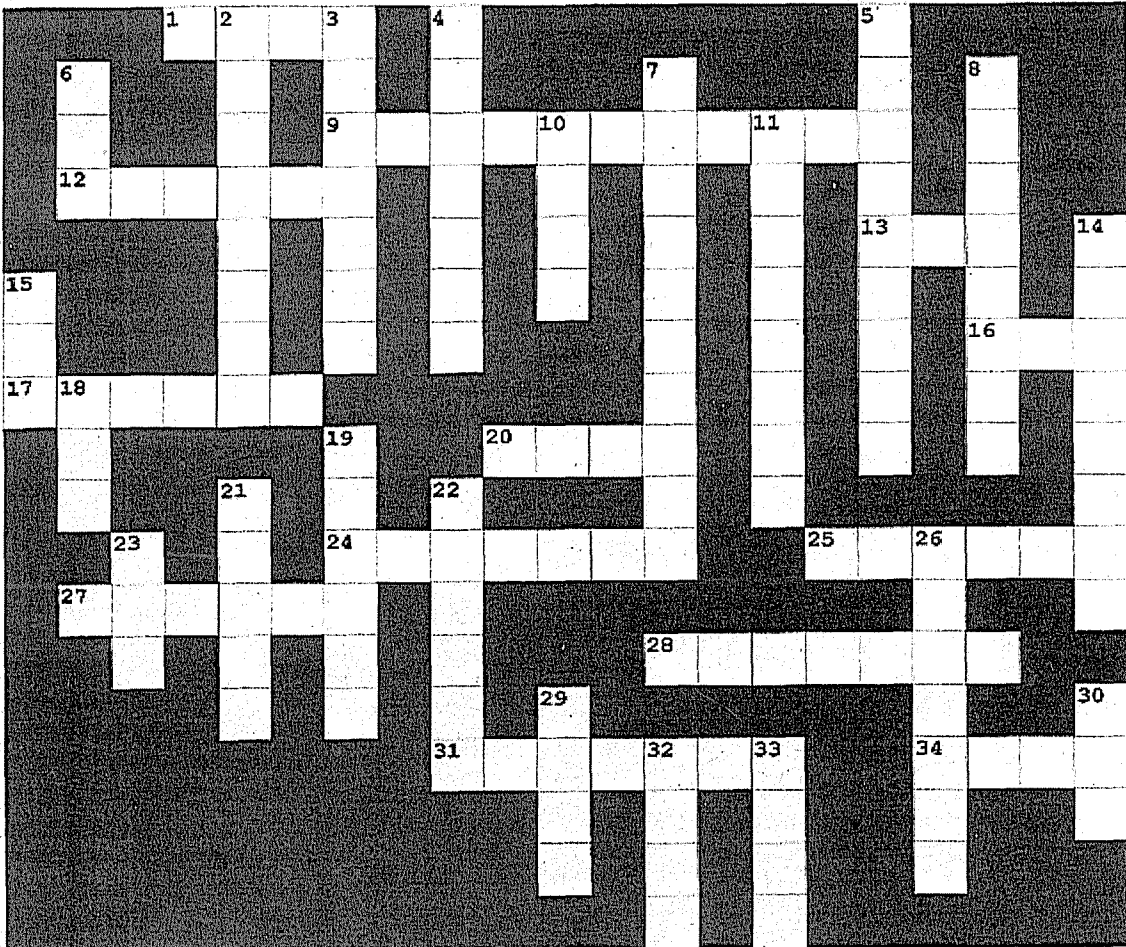
March crossword

ACROSS

- 1 carries blood
- 9 south campus eatery
- 12 single cell organism
- 13 classic sandwich
- 16 chat-room expression
- 17 former UCLAW dean
- 20 french soldier transport to Marne battle
- 24 name of CU's buffalo
- 25 trashy law school rag
- 27 shot Mr. Burns
- 28 stick in property bundle: right to
- 31 Learned's bro
- 34 tomato type

DOWN

- 2 fraudulent appropriation
- 3 Lolita author
- 4 trivial sum
- 5 rock climb essential
- 6 Norm's job on Cheers
- 7 shareholder action
- 8 MP3 download technology
- 10 farm storage
- 11 Mt. Kilimanjaro country
- 14 Fields' cookies' home town
- 15 keg essential
- 18 spirit type
- 19 induced consent
- 21 Bradys' pet's name
- 22 mistress of the dark
- 23 tit for
- 26 new flavor of Mt. Dew
- 29 Homer's beverage
- 30 tabby
- 32 type of intercourse
- 33 LA air



Answers on 13

If you find this lame, let us know at docket@we-don't-give-a-fuck.com

BAR

FROM PAGE 4

said that she prefers bar review on the West Side because it is closer to her apartment, and it always draws a bigger crowd. She complained that this bar review was really tame, but warned me that she and her friends were sober which may have been effecting her assessment.

An extremely drunk guy, sitting with a friend of mine, told me (in a slurred voice) that there weren't enough Asian women at bar review. Perhaps the best comment about bar review came from a fellow transfer student named Reggie. Reggie said that he liked bar review because he got to meet and talk to new people. But he complained that many of the people he talked to at bar review on Thursday acted like they had no idea who he was when they saw him in school on Monday. Now if Reggie was a dork I could understand the Monday morning snubbings, but Reggie is really cool. I decided to do some outside research on the topic. I explained the "Reggie situation" to two of my highly sociable buddies, Mac, and Saige. Both Mac and Saige acknowledged that they often spoke to people at bar review and then pretended that they didn't know who they were come Monday. Both said that they did it because they were usually too drunk to remember the conversation and were fearful of an awkward "sober confrontation." (An understandably scary situation.) Mac reassured me that the snubbing wasn't really that big of a deal, and he usually makes up for his rudeness by talking to the person next time he's drunk. (I guess that makes it all O.K.)

After collecting a few more quotes about bar review, I found myself face to face with my bar review nemesis, Annoying Guy! He headed right toward me, a loquacious look on his face. I looked to my left, hoping to find a refuge, but there were just a few random strangers; I looked to my right, but saw only the really drunk guy sitting alone. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Annoying Guy had me in his cross hairs. Realizing I was stuck, I chugged the rest of my beer and accepted my fate, awaiting a totally boring, pathetically annoying conversation. My plan to annoy him may have worked on a lesser foe, but Annoying Guy was just too powerful for me. Luckily I was feeling pretty hammered, which lessened the pain of the conversation. The second advantage of being hammered is that it gives you an excuse to end the conversation early. I generally just slur something like, "damnshhh, I need to f-ing pee like a muffer, yo" and quickly stumble in the direction of the

ATLA

FROM PAGE 8

more than they do, because his proposed objections are equally inane. The dumber of the two Golden Gate attorneys tries to impeach our witness using a part of the background information. Unfortunately for this Golden Goof, our witness' testimony is consistent with BOTH his own deposition and the background information. Move on, counselor.

At one point, I move the court to recognize my direct examinee as an expert (a step that is supposed to be uncontested per the rules of the competition) and these lame-wads object. I sit down, telling the judge I don't care enough to continue.

True to his promise, Robertson's closing has all the fire of a podium-pounding political speech. His fair skin

bathroom. (I can't tell you how many I've gotten out of bad situations with lines like that.)

It's around midnight; I'm feeling great and suddenly get the urge to do a little dancing. As I walk through the dance floor looking for friendly faces, I spy some of the girls from Section Two that I had been yapping with before. I wander on over, say hello, and dance for a little while. I like dancing, especially when I've been drinking, but I must say I'm usually just trying not to embarrass myself on the dance floor. I soon notice a major draw back of Dublin's. It is super hot in there, and I'm quickly looking for some refuge, and another cigarette. On my way outside I bump into Wally, who coincidentally was headed outside for a smoke as well. After a brief conversation in which we shared our mutual admiration and appreciation for Catholic schoolgirls, I asked him what he thought of bar review. He told me that every bar review he goes to he gets caught in a vicious cycle. I assume he's talking about avoiding Annoying Guy, but Wally said that his cycle was a little different. Wally said that he spends almost every bar review chasing after a girl he's interested in and simultaneously avoiding a girl that he's not interested in. We both immediately agree that the goal is to get the one you want to be the one chasing you. Unfortunately, we both acknowledge the utter futility of that endeavor. Wally says that he's accepted his fate and now tries to enjoy the endless cycle of chasing and avoiding. We head inside both agreeing that if we ever figure out an answer to the "riddle of the chase-avoid cycle" we would immediately tell each other. (I'm actually thinking of doing a law review comment about the cycle, and how it affects Supreme Court decisions.)

As I head inside, I bump into my brother, Adam (real name) who was partying with some pals from work across the street at Miyagi's. I'm extremely excited to see my bro. Not only is he a damn cool guy, but he usually hooks me up with free-drinks. (He understands my pauper status and usually supports my need for booze.) After a quick trip to the bar, I head to the dance floor with some of Adam's friends. It is at this juncture that I run into my second problem of the evening. I'm dancing, having a good time, but it's extremely hot and I'm wearing a white T-shirt under my cool-ass dragon shirt. So I try to take off the undershirt without taking off the cool-ass dragon shirt. This leads to about five minutes of me flailing about like an idiot unable to get out of the undershirt. I'm sure anyone who saw me during these

turns a bright red as he calls our opponents' arguments "preposterous." It is not enough. We lose one judge to two. The trial runs four hours; an hour and a half longer than allowed. Two hours of that time is spent arguing Golden Gate's moronic objections. I begin to think someone's been getting their legal training from "The Practice."

When the time comes to get feedback from the judges, I tell them, "Thank you, but I can't stay for feedback because I'm late for a previous appointment." One judge says, "stop lying," and I admit that I am. I hear from Robertson later that the judge called us "whiney bitches." It's the first thing he gets right all day.

However, I feel strongly that full disclosure is necessary in this editorial.

five minutes must have thought I was a complete idiot. Luckily they couldn't see me because the shirts got stuck over my head, making me a flailing, blind idiot.

A little while later, as I headed toward the bar I saw something that just blew me away. It could not cannot possibly. I must be hallucinating. But it is real! There is my arch-nemesis, my Lex Luthor, my Captain Hook, "Annoying Guy," talking to an attractive woman! Not only does she not seem to mind his presence, she appears to be enjoying the conversation. Just when I think things couldn't get worse, they start kissing!! I'm completely blown away. Just seeing an attractive woman talking to Annoying Guy without looking completely miserable was shocking enough, but seeing the two of them hook up, wow, that was a major shock. Please understand, I am no player-hater and I sincerely wish pleasure, happiness and good sex for all, but to see my arch-enemy hooking up with a hottie while I watched from afar, all alone, was quite disturbing.

My pal, Cooper, noticed my obvious dismay and took me outside for a cigarette, so I could calm down. After I explained the situation to Cooper, he looked even more shocked than I had been. He ran inside to investigate the veracity of my story. When he returned a few seconds later, his face looked pained and he was muttering, "Did I just really see that shit?!" Cooper all of a sudden brightened up, as if he had had some sort of epiphany. He said, "Don't sweat it, yo. Just think of all the times that you're the Annoying Guy who is hooking up with an attractive woman and some loser is watching you, losing his mind. Well that sort of put things in perspective, I'm glad that I have a pal like Cooper to chill me out when I start tweaking about something stupid.

The rest of the evening is sort of a blur and I'm having trouble deciphering my notes, which I'd been cleverly scribbling down on bar napkins as the evening progressed. I remember making at least one or two more trips to the bar, and probably one more attempt to dance. Just as the bartenders were giving last call, I ran into Jill and Lisa who offered to give me a ride home. By this point I was plastered and had no great desire to leave so I tried to convince the ladies that leaving now would be a huge mistake and they should really wait another 20-30 minutes. I wasn't having much luck persuading them to stay, but Ralph happened to overhear the conversation, and told me that I could get a ride home with him and his buddies if Jill and Lisa were bailing now. I immediately took him up

on the offer, and somehow convinced Jill to take my sweaty undershirt (the one I took off while dancing) with her, so I wouldn't have to hold it.

After another walk around the bar and a fun conversation with some nutty chick, Ralph found me and told me that he and his crew were leaving if I wanted a ride. I said, "Phat!, I'm in, let me just hit the pisser." Somehow I got sidetracked and wound up talking to some random people over by the pool tables. Luckily, one of Ralph's friends, a guy I hardly knew, came and found me and told me that they were leaving. Wow, that was really cool of him, I hardly knew this guy, but he and his friends were looking out for me. That unnecessary gesture of kindness made me feel really good, but it turned out that I didn't need the ride after all, because my brother was still at the bar and he had offered me a ride as well. (It may seem strange that I had two simultaneous rides home, but "free-riders" like myself need to be extra diligent when it comes to securing transportation home, getting left at a bar sucks!!)

As my brother and I headed for the door, I ran into one of the more embarrassing situations that can befall someone at bar review. As we were leaving I started talking to my friend "P." Please realize the bar was closing and I was shit-faced, which sorta means that I assumed everyone else was hammered too. I don't remember my conversation with P, and she seemed to be listening to me, but I'm sure that I was rambling on about something stupid. Drunken rambling at the end of the night is usually no big deal, because the person listening is usually wasted as well, making your ramble easily forgettable. Unfortunately P was driving, which meant that she was sober, or somewhere near sober, or at a minimum, the least drunk out of her friends. Either way, I felt pretty embarrassed about my rambling. (I can't remember what I said, but I doubt it was good). But as luck would have it one week later I caught P in the hallways of school, drunk as a sorority girl at a frat party and got my own earful of drunken rambling. I guess that makes us even.

During the car ride home I reminisced about the evening. All in all bar review at Dublin's was a pretty good time, I drank, I danced, I yapped with friends. I made some new pals, and discovered that there are some pretty cool people at this law school. I ended the night in typical post-bar fashion, stumbling inside, and dining on a microwave hot pocket. That's all for now. See you at bar review next Thursday.

There was ONE bright spot during the weekend: the veggie sandwich that was provided to me on Saturday was better than most.

In short, if you're thinking about doing the ATLA Mock Trial Competition next year, allow me to offer you some more worthwhile things to do with your time:

-Spend 18 hours talking to that 74 year old guy that's trying to get reinstated into UCLA Law.

-Spend a day logging all the glitches that occur on the lounge computers.

-Discuss the Rule of Perpetuities with a passing homeless man for an evening.

-Read for Admin Law.
But for god's sake, avoid

ATLA's Mock Trial Competition.

P.S.: I despise the practice of denigrating law schools based on their rank or reputation, and I never do it. However, my first hand experience with the schools mentioned above gave me ample evidence with which to come to my conclusions about those schools' quality, and my conclusions are solely based on that evidence.

Further, I speak only for myself, and I do not mean to speak on behalf of my teammates, who are far more temperate and less childish than myself.

Lastly, I can tell you that ATLA itself is a quality organization, and that joining UCLA's student-run ATLA Chapter is a must for any future litigators out there. Write to me for info: Lawrencemarkey@hotmail.com

GONE, GONE, GONE

UCLAW Students Win Big in 9th Annual PILF Auction

Catherine OliverSmith
1L

If you missed the 9th Annual Public Interest Law Foundation's Auction held at the J.D. Morgan center on Friday, March 1st, then you definitely missed out. Not only did you pass up the chance to bid on the fabulous items generously donated by faculty, staff, students, alumni, and various law firms but also on the food, drinks, and unique musical styling of 2L Sam Feldman. Jammin' Sam wowed attendees before the live auction started and at breaks. The Docket highly recommends Sam for your next party or for your Bar (Bat) Mitzvah.

Bottom line, the PILF team estimates that the auction (after expenses) brought in over \$52,000 with an additional \$7,000 in ticket sales. Last year's auction raised approximately \$40,000, so considering the concerns surrounding the less than stellar economic climate of 2001, the PILF Auction was a rousing success.

More than 600 tickets were sold and at minimum 100 alumni joined in the evening's festivities. This represents a large increase based on significant outreach efforts to bring in the alumni. In addition, many were so impressed with the evening that cash donations continue to roll in, greatly expanding the grant fund for 2002.

Another reason for the tremendous financial success of the auction can be attributed to the incredible caliber of the donations received this year. The top item was the Jamaica Villa valued at \$22,000, which was won by Todd Foreman (and associates) for the bargain basement price of \$11,500. Craig Martin, Class of 1975, donated this spectacular item.

The bidding on Professor Volokh's evening for 4 at a firing range with pizza was highly competitive going for the considerable sum of \$800. (For you law students in the audience, that is \$200 per person.) NOTE: Professor Volokh is the advisor for *The Docket*; therefore, we have the opportunity to dine with him several times per year, at no charge.

Professor Spillenger donated a fantabulous guitar that was a steal at \$350. Newcomer and Law Skills guru Professor Goodman donated hardback, signed *Lord of the Rings* trilogy (misnomer since it really is just one *very long* novel) and helped PILF raise \$150 by his sacrifice.

Competition was *hot* and *sweaty* for the tour for 4 of Hefner's playground,

the Playboy Mansion. This item went for a mere \$2400. Prices also soared for the chance of a lifetime ride in the Goodyear Blimp, which garnered \$750.

Other silent auction notables were the Buffy script, which went for \$250, the full body massage for \$75, and locker of your choice for \$55.

All in all there were 31 live items auctioned by talented volunteer auctioneers, Professors Zasloff, Sklansky, Carlson et al, and Nelson. Silent auction items reached 274 and ranged from homemade baby blankets (Knaplund and others) to tandem skydiving and tattoo/piercing gift certificates.

Butthead volunteer Taylor Ball made the grave error of outbidding a certain easily irritated *Docket* columnist for the tattoo and piercing certificates, may he burn in a thousand hells. 3L Lelian Hanna used the money she would have spent on the tattoos to hire her peeps, the Egyptian Mafioso, to rip out or sand off any piercings or tattoos Taylor should get.

Last year funds raised by PILF were used to provide full or partial grants to 33 students working in public interest. Thanks also to Dean Varat for supplementing the PILF efforts with generous financial support last year, allowing PILF to increase the number of students receiving funds.

Cathy Mayorkas expects a higher number of applications this year due to the increasing awareness of the student body of the many enriching opportunities in public interest (aka: The Economy Stupid). With such a successful auction and walk-a-thon, PILF hopes to be able to provide partial or full grants to more applicants this year, hopefully finding a way to assist all qualified students.

None of this would be possible without the dedication of the PILF chairs and many volunteers. This year's event was chaired by 2Ls Janis Felderstein and Liz Smagala with the support of Valerie Grab (2L), Nicole Kline (2L), Debbie Lintz (1L), and Michael Marsh (1L). Additionally, 24 volunteers gave of their already seriously limited time to assist in planning and many more volunteered the day and night of the auction. Of course there would be no public interest program without the ceaseless efforts of Cathy Mayorkas and faculty advisor Grant Nelson.

Deadline for the application for the summer 2002 PILF grants was Friday, March 8. Good luck to all the applicants and thanks to PILF for their support.

Return of the Women's Law Union

Christina J. Johnson
2L

We are pleased to announce the revival of the Women's Law Union (WLU) at UCLA School of Law. We are also extremely pleased that Professor Christine Littleton has agreed to act as our faculty advisor. After remaining dormant for a couple of years, WLU has been re-established to provide UCLAW with a forum to explore the unique concerns of female lawyers.

WLU is still in the initial stages of being reformed - this is where you come in! WLU welcomes participation by any and all interested students. (Especially 1L's!) Membership is open to anyone

interested in tackling issues facing female law students and lawyers. New members can devote as little or as much time as they want to the group, and are welcome to assume a leadership post. Because WLU is in its reformative period, you have a genuine chance to make a difference.

More than providing mere "résumé enhancement," WLU is a chance for students to help coordinate or participate in programs of real interest and value to them. WLU's planned activities include a mentorship program pairing students with attorneys and other professionals; pro bono projects related specifically to

SEE WLU, PAGE 13

RANTING AND RAVING

PETER SANTOS

I honestly don't know a thing about Hugh and Hazel Darling, but I'll bet they were nice people. Something tells me they wore a lot of Ralph Lauren, and occasionally had picnics with Focaccia bread sandwiches. Once in

a while I'll bet Hugh would have to stay late at the office while Hazel prepared her special meatloaf with steamed baby carrots; she knew the way to Hugh's heart was through his stomach. So why didn't Hugh just call and say he was going to be late? Oh, Hugh, you old workaholic so and so. I know you love Hazel, but you have to work at a marriage. If Hazel's going to prepare your favorite dinner, and you're going to be two hours late, the least you can do is call her up and tell her. Hazel asks so little of you. Hugh, I appreciate your prompt attention to this matter, and P.S., thanks for the library, the mug with the spill proof top, and the decorative coin purse. Some days I don't particularly want to identify myself as a law student, but with that glaring neon blue coin purse stuck to my backpack it's kind of hard to miss. We're like the condors that wildlife scientists attach special color coded markers to in order to track their eating and mating habits: "Look Dr. Johnson, that one has a maroon tag, its of the 1L species."

Speaking of 1Ls, let me just apologize to all of you up front, but I must say that there is nothin' sweeter than being a 2L during Graded Memo 2 season. You adorable little 1L's, walking around with your fancy printed cases. I remember last year at this time: My hatred for that memo could be measured by which words I used to immediately precede "memo" as I spoke of it: the first week it was the memo, then it went the fucking memo, and finally I ended up referring to it as my mother fucking piece of shit memo. In discussions with people from my section, I'd used that funny little word "memo" so many times in such a short span of weeks that the term became inherently funny to me. It wasn't even a word by the final week, it was just a sound: MEH-MO, MEH-MO, MEH-MO. By the final few days a sub-English dialect had sprouted up with the word memo as our base, following in the linguistic tradition of the Smurfs: "Dave, I'm feeling all memoed out, I don't know if I'm gonna memo tonight.... But Bill, whether or not you're feeling memoish, you're running out of days to memo."

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

With 24 hours to go, three pages completed, and tears streaming down my face... (Not from the memo. *Steel Magnolias* was on. It was that part after Julia Roberts dies, where Shirley Mclain and Dolly Parton start singing



in the hair salon... I don't want to get into it, it's making me cry just thinking about it.) I realized I had a fraction of the project completed and so little motivation to finish, that I basically needed a miracle to be able to finish in time.

Otherwise, I'd seriously have to drop out of law school. Then that miracle occurred. Out of nowhere, a wonderful set of voices from the heavens, guiding me through that final night. The voice wasn't God. It was Boyz II Men.

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

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

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

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

But enough memo talk. I got my Datamatch the other day, and I must say, I'm absolutely delighted. I didn't realize that half of the people on my list were even affiliated with the law school. Nevertheless I'm looking forward to meeting all these people that I have so much in common with. Here are the people the computer says I'm most compatible with:

10) Dean Varat 9) Ron Grim 8) Martina Navratilova 8) Roger Lodge 7) Sam Clover 6) Don Cheadle 5) Dean Cheadle 4) Skeletor 3) Todd Piro 2) Milli 1) Vanilli.

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

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

SEE R & R, PAGE 11

TOP TEN

FROM PAGE 8

- a. Kemp has fathered by last count approximately seven illegitimate children by seven different mothers. One would think that a multi-millionaire could afford some condoms.
- b. Iverson (who has at least one child out of wedlock that I am aware of) released a rap album that was replete with homophobic lyrics. Perhaps he is friends with Rocker.....
- c. Rocker, the most infamous of all, inserted his foot in his mouth so many times that I need not recount. Easily the most racist, bigoted and ignorant individual of our time. These athletes should be forced to complete the "student" portion of their "student/athlete" designation by majoring in diversity awareness and social responsibility. They are the contrapositive exemplars of a broad and thorough education.
- 4) Don Lapre. Come on, you know Don Lapre. "I was living in a two-room apartment, and I figured out a way to start making \$50,000 a week just by placing ads in newspapers across America." This is the perpetrator of the "Making Money" scam. I have little to say about him, as his worthlessness is readily apparent. The only way he makes money is by paying people to appear in commercials and attest to their success with his fraud of a program, consequently luring poor suckers into ordering his bunk. He should be forced to wile away hours earning minimum wage at Target and Blockbuster like I did. That will teach him the true value of "making money."
- 5) Howard Stern. I have even less to say about him. He used his position as the "king of all media" to go so far beyond the usual smut he peddles that it literally made me sick. While I was in Boulder, not 20 miles from the Columbine tragedy, I saw a clip on the news exposing Howard Stern's take on the incident. Seems he found it an appropriate occasion to make jokes about sex crimes, suggesting while watching a video of the terrified kids running out of the high school that the "hot girls" should have at least been coerced into sex before letting them evacuate the high school. This

- is perhaps the worst thing ever said in history. Stern should be sent to Rikers Island prison to learn all about sex crimes. Seriously.
- 6) Eric Nies. This was the guy from the original Real World show who ended up pimping himself all over MTV. He managed to finagle a spot hosting The Grind. He parlayed this gig into The Grind Workout Video. His latest "jobs" have included 80's compilation album infomercials, and the Real World/Road Rules challenge. Please Nies, let go of MTV. Just let go. Go back to nude modeling. Just get off my TV!!!
- 7) Fabio. Fabio has accomplished little to nothing in his "career." He first became an unfortunate addition to our pop culture by appearing on myriad harlequin romance novel covers, baring his "man-breasts" and making our grocery store check-out aisle experiences all a little more sickening. If I'm going to make an impulse buy, it's sure as hell not going to be some beefy cromagnon sporting a loincloth. Anyway, what few people have had the displeasure of seeing is his obscure "fantasy video," in which he "acts" out women's private fantasies in a series of vignettes. He actually proclaims himself the object of all women's fantasies, and promises that he "can make all your fantasies come true." My mom bought this for me as a joke, and it became the cult favorite in my college dorm. But now, Fabio just makes me sad. My "private fantasy" is for him to put on a shirt, get a haircut, and to keep his mug away from the grocery aisles!!
- 8) Jessica Simpson. Okay, the musical community must be represented on this list, and what better delegate can they offer up but the most derivative and least talented member of the "teen pop revolution!!" Here's my Jessica Simpson analysis: She doesn't possess half the dancing ability of Britney Spears (who is expertly choreographed by Darin's Dance Grooves, a must-have DVD), she doesn't have near the singing chops of Christina Aguilera, and she can't speak Spanish like Shakira. She is the modern incarnation of Mancur Olson's "freerider." She is a pop parasite. She is most culpable for having desecrated John Cou-

- gar Mellencamp's "Jack and Diane" without remorse. For these crimes, I sentence Jessica Simpson to an eternity of having to listen to her own flat voice in Dolby surround sound.
- 9) Christie Brinkley. The modeling community also must be represented. While there are abundant candidates, I chose Brinkley because she is sort of the archetypal example of a model who wasn't expected to do much of anything besides look pretty. I mean, her progenitors had to do things like act on Charlie's Angels or shake T and A on Battle of the Network Stars. Brinkley just had to brush her teeth and smile. Also, she married Billy Joel, which hammered home the horrible truth that life is unfair, and nice guys do lose out to guys with money, power and status. While she had a nice turn in National Lampoon's Vacation, her role was not a reach, and was dialogue-light. Her penance should be to jump out of the cakes of bachelor parties for nice guys whom she never gave a fighting chance.
- 10) Chuck Norris. I selected Norris because he is the quintessential vapid action hero. He displays no emotion, no affect. He is an automaton, set upon exacting "vengeance" for something or other. Maybe for being the only black belt who can't actually kick anybody's ass. Anyway, all he's done besides bestow upon society such celluloid gems as the "M.I.A." series and insipid television masterpieces like "Walker, Texas Ranger" is schlep crappy exercise equipment on infomercials. Wait, come to think of it, his exercise infomercials feature none other than.....Christie Brinkley!! Wow, it really all does come out in the end, doesn't it?

Okay, well there you have it. Ten people without whom society would likely be better off. For anyone who is friend or relative to any of the aforementioned and takes umbrage, I add the disclaimer that this list is meant purely in jest. I mean, at least these people all provide something for me to make fun of. I am not even that accomplished. Anyway, as this list is by no means exhaustive, I invite you to send me your own lists of persons with zero net utility. Perhaps we can start a crusade.....

R & R
FROM PAGE 10

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

The Semester Long Criminal Trial Advocacy Class

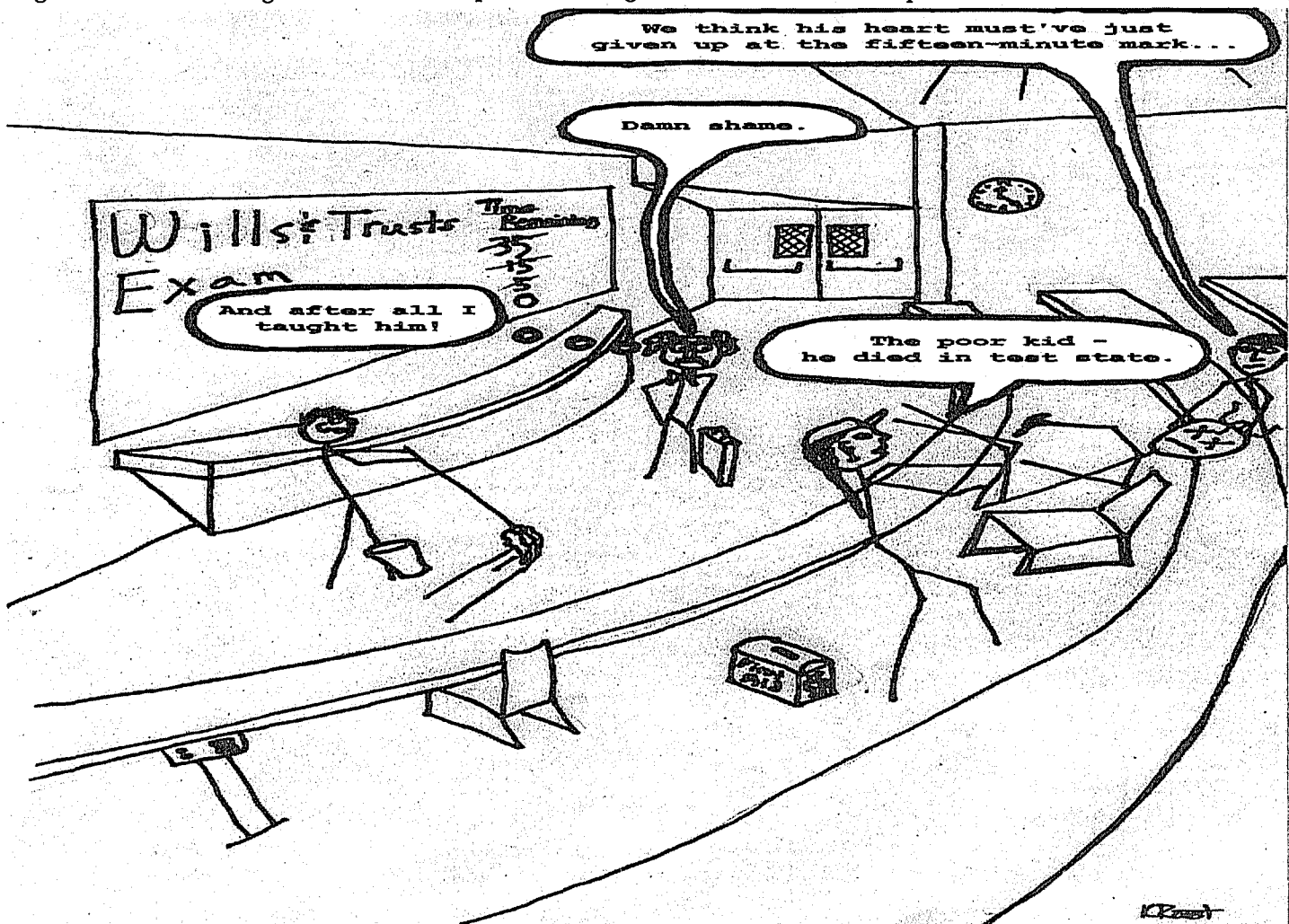
Elena Gerli
2L

Not to take away from my other interesting classes, but the best class ever is Criminal Trial Advocacy, taught by Professors George Cardona and Michael Taggart. I'm going to tell you about this particular class, but consider this a pitch to take any clinical class. There are several, all taught by very talented professors, and you should not miss the opportunity.

If you think you might be interested in trial work, and particularly if you're interested in criminal trial work, this is a class that will put you through the paces. It's two, 2-hour classes a week. There is some reading but it's mostly action.

The first few weeks were torture. Although everyone I talked to told me how much fun the class was, I didn't think that getting hauled in front of the whole class and two professors to do an exercise I was totally unprepared for was in any way fun. But after a while, I got used to it. It helps that the whole class is in the same situation - none of us know what we are doing yet, but we're learning fast. And it's a small class, which means that fairly quickly I got to know everyone and didn't feel so embarrassed messing up in front of them.

Our first case was a coffee shop robbery. The class was randomly divided into prosecutors and defense attorneys (it really depended on which side of the room you were sitting on in this case). We began with case analysis: necessary factual propositions, crucial factual propositions, highly probative evidence, generalizations, inferences, "especially whens" and "except whens," and last but not least, credibility check-



SEE TRIAL AD, PAGE 12

TRIAL AD

FROM PAGE 11

lists! We leaped in. By the third week of class, we delivered closing arguments (taped). Next, direct examination - oh, that's easy, you say. Well, let me tell you, it's not easy at all! We did a few practice directs, then got taped again. And of course, what would trial advocacy be without cross-examination! We also learned how to use exhibits, refresh a witness' memory and impeach a witness, or a combination of any of these three.

Our second case is a drug case, which we will work on until close to the end of semester. Half of the class is composed of prosecutors, the other half is defense. Once again, I am defending. The weeks of March 11 and 18, we will each be conducting two direct examinations, two cross examinations and delivering a closing argument. We will also serve as witnesses for other students in the class.

After that, I imagine that we will begin preparing for our end-of-the-semester mock trial (a murder trial, no less). For that, we will switch roles, so I will be a prosecutor.

"What can I say? The class is intense, it's fun, it's scary, and the professors are amazing. They both have extensive experience as real trial attorneys (Prof. Cardona worked both as a Deputy District Attorney and as an Assistant United States Attorney, and Prof. Taggart was a Federal Public Defender). My advice: Take the class, or at least take a clinical. You will get your money's worth.

The Year Long Civil Trial Advocacy Class

Jen Tobkin, 3L

As I sat in my shared office last summer, scanning the course offerings for the upcoming school year, I was drawn to the year-long trial advocacy class. Of course, I knew that I wanted to be a litigator, and that this class would give me some experience that I would actually be able to use in practice. It would also give me the chance to see if litigation was something I would be good at.

I was also drawn to the class's year-long format and its small enrollment size. (The class is capped at 12 students and we had only 10 students in the class this year.) The class is really two classes that you take one after the other. The first semester is essentially simulated trial advocacy. We worked on three different cases. The first was a criminal case about a robbery. That helped us get our feet wet and test our skills for preparing and giving direct examinations, cross examinations, and closing arguments. We worked in teams for many exercises. We learned how difficult it can be to act as a witness - we took turns playing the witnesses as each one of us delivered our assignment. All the exercises are taped, and you're encouraged to review your work and monitor your progress as the semester proceeds. Professor Steven Derian or Jill Brown critiqued all the simulations, providing us with valuable insights and suggestions for our presentations.

The second case - an employment case - allowed us to work on theory development. We also got to use exhibits, and make and respond to evidentiary objections. Those subjects are presented through a combination of lecture discussion, demonstration, and simulated role-playing exercises. The simulations culminate in a videotaped mock trial of our third case - tried in front of an actual judge. Working in teams, we prepared all aspects of the case - opening and closing statements, and direct and cross-examinations. We prepared our witnesses (this time, we got witnesses from the clinical volunteer witness program) and attempted to prepare for everything that might come up at trial.

The trial was held in the evening, in front of a real judge (and a court reporter, too), and we had a small jury present. Dressed up in our best lawyer suits, we presented our full case, including all the direct examinations, and, my favorite part, the cross examinations. As soon as we finished, the jury went into a classroom to deliberate, and we were able to later watch their deliberations. To me, this was best thing about the process - seeing how they reacted to the case that my partner and I had presented, as well as how they reacted to the other side's arguments.

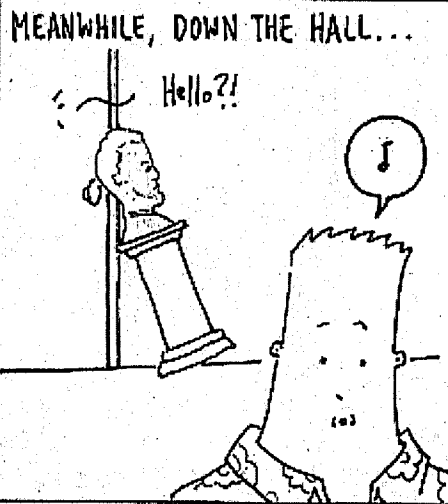
But the best lesson we learned that night was that no matter how much you prepare, it is likely something will come up that you never could have prepared for. For us, it turned out to be a hearsay problem! Even though we knew the evidence should have been admitted, the judge thought otherwise. We were forced to deal with the problem as best as we could and go on.

During the spring semester the tone of the class shifts as you move from preparing for make-believe cases to tackling to real ones! For me, this has been the best part of the course. Throughout this semester, we have been representing actual clients in administrative hearings. Although we work closely with Professors Derian and Brown, we have primary responsibility for interviewing clients and witnesses, planning and investigating cases, and representing clients at the hearing. The class has turned into a small law firm, as we all discuss case theory and ways to approach each case. Cases come p throughout the semester, and are assigned to pairs of students.

My partner and I have worked on two cases this semester, both wage claims. My case involving a garment worker has already gone to hearing; the other case will get a hearing early in April. The cases are held in front of the Labor Commission, and the hearings resemble mini trials, complete with opening and closing statements, and direct and cross examinations. The issues are real, and somehow your attention to preparing is much more critical when you realize that you are working for a client. The client meetings are both fun and challenging, as you gather information about their cases.

This definitely isn't an easy course, and it requires a serious commitment. You must be prepared to sometimes miss your other classes, and you must be able to accept the responsibility of representing clients. On the other hand, Professors Steve Derian and Jill Brown make a great team. Both are a pleasure to work with. The small class format has allowed me to get know the other students quite well, and I've definitely learned a lot from them as well as the professors. You will get a lot of out of this course if you are prepared to make the commitment. I recommend this course to anyone seriously considering trial work.

★ LAWRENDS ★
OJIP'S ELEVEN
 the conclusion: "PART PERFORMANCE"



REVIEW

FROM PAGE 4

write-on packet (in fact I did my Friday Torts homework and went to Torts the next day) and a couple virtual all-nighters near the end of the week. But I feel I should qualify my experience in that I had never in all my life been as diligent or focused as I was during the write-on competition. And while, as you can see, I spent a large number of hours on the write-on, not all of them were qualitatively worth it. My mind slows down substantially at about 1:00 AM so that those of you without this sort of handicap could go to bed much earlier than I. I am also a very slow writer so I felt I needed all the time I could get just to finish, and hopefully edit my write-on comment. Although, I had been forewarned that no one who turns in their write-on comment is satisfied by the final product-even questioning if it was worth turning in-I could never have imagined how rushed even I would feel when the write-on was due.

What do you do once you're on law review?

Your second year on the journal

you have the opportunity to apply for board positions which could very well mean the end of cite checking for the law review (unless you become a managing editor or chief managing editor).

As for new staffers, work does not begin until the summertime, when the first cite checks go out. And cite checks continue throughout the year. In my time on law review, I have completed five cite checks (though this number varies and depends on the number of 1L acceptances to law review). Typically you have three weeks to complete a cite check, which makes it so you can spread out your work. There is also some notice of cite checks, not only is there office buzz about an upcoming cite check, an email warning goes out as well. At first, these cite checks seem time-consuming, but they get better as you learn the bluebook practically cover to cover. Moreover, the articles are often interesting and I have even found them useful when they overlap with my class work.

The only other requirement for staff members is that they must write a comment (of publishable quality) during

their fall semester of their 2L year. When writing your comment, you are supervised by a faculty advisor of your choosing-some of whom are more involved in your comment-writing than others. For guidance in choosing an advisor, the Law Review keeps a notebook of past students experiences. In addition, the comments department has office hours so that staff members can ask questions about the process of writing their comments, finding an advisor, conducting the research, or just about anything else on their minds.

While there is no requirement that these comments ultimately be published, twelve of these student written comments are slated by the comments department for publication in the year's volume of the law review (two in each issue). You are more than welcome to seek publication in other journals as well whether at UCLA or other universities.

In addition to the aforementioned obligations on law review, there are perks to being on law review too: all night law library access; bagels once a week; free printing; mineral water; free

copying; camaraderie, and the privilege to be involved on what is touted as UCLA's most scholarly and prestigious journal.

Is it worth it?

I have sincerely enjoyed my time with the law review, cite checks and all. I vividly remember the day the 1L acceptances were announced. I arrived at Torts early, because I was anxious to learn the outcome of the competition. Of the dozen students in the classroom, everyone who had written on had been accepted. The sense of accomplishment was palpable. It wasn't until more of my section arrived, and some people were clearly disappointed, did some of my own excitement get tempered. I think that this was the hardest thing for me of the whole process: realizing that many people who worked hard, are clearly intelligent, and really wanted to be accepted, were not. But on the bright side, at least they made the effort and knew they tried; there are definitely people I know who regret never having attempted the write on at all and wonder what would have happened had they done so.

TRANSFER

FROM PAGE 5

3. Library and computer room hours - Another policy that surprised many of us was the limited hours of the library, reading room and computer room. One transfer said, it is "irresponsible and unconscionable" that the library closes at 5:30 on Saturday, "particularly for those that don't have computers." Of course, my gut instinct is to say go outside, go the beach, be free; but there are those times when you have to work late or through the weekends. There are a few classrooms that I've found are open on weekends, but they tend to have an array of distractions and don't resolve the computer access problem.

4. Library mug requirement - This is my own personal pet peeve. This is another policy that could be quite annoying (again if it was followed). I for one need to hydrate while studying for hours in the library. The mug-rule may be a requirement of the UC library system, since those mugs seem to be in vogue at libraries around campus. At my previous school they had a similar goal, no spillage, but went about it by allowing any type of quality, closed coffee mug or bottles of water. I suspect enforcement would be a lot better if the rule were better tailored - it's way overbroad.

5. Parking at UCLA - Parking sucks at UCLA and unfortunately this has overshadowed my UCLA experience thus far. Have you every walked from Lot 11? Try it sometime; it's a great workout - particularly when you are late for class. I have received 12 tickets (ranging from \$32-45), since beginning in the fall. Most were my fault, but there were a few that were suspect. How was I to know to look for the little brown sign that indicated electric vehicle recharging station? And one ticket was just wrong (it's still in contention); I think they just got in the habit of ticketing me. Professor McCaffery once said that if they have parking in hell, UCLA runs it. Amen. I'm sticking to the Big Blue Bus, bicycle or motorcycle from now on.

6. Course Scheduling - This seems to be another common issue with

transfers. Besides the initial first semester problems, many transfers report having trouble scheduling courses without conflicts. I think in part there is less flexibility, since there are no night classes (which some of us were used to), but it does seem to be difficult to get the classes you want.

7. Fringe Benefits - Several students noted that the local community is not forking over the freebies that we have come to love. One student opined, "at my [previous] school, lunch would be covered at least three days a week by Lexis, Westlaw, and other groups/programs on campus." I have also noticed that the business school has several food and beverage socials sponsored by firms every week. Where are the law firms? Well, in the meantime, for those of you that are around on Thursdays, pay the B-school a visit at around 5pm.

I certainly don't intend to imply I have a negative impression about UCLA; nothing could be farther from the truth. Overall, the school administration is fantastic and very responsive to student needs. Dean Cheadle, John Abbot, Edna Sasis and the rest of the team made our transfers very pleasant. The career office managed to help me get a job despite my habit of letting my leg fall asleep during interviews. They are definitely doing something right. Also, most transfer students were very appreciative of the Financial Aid Office, who bent over backwards to accommodate transfers at the last minute. Moreover, I feel privileged to be studying law with the high caliber of professors and students at UCLA Law.

So in the end was the transfer worth the hassle? Definitely. I think we all (transfer students) have a refined sense of what we want to get out of law school. For me personally, UCLA has already given me the opportunity to interview with top firms that wouldn't have considered me at my previous school. It has also given me access to more diverse views. For me there is no question, SoCal is where I want to work and play and UCLA is the school.

WLU

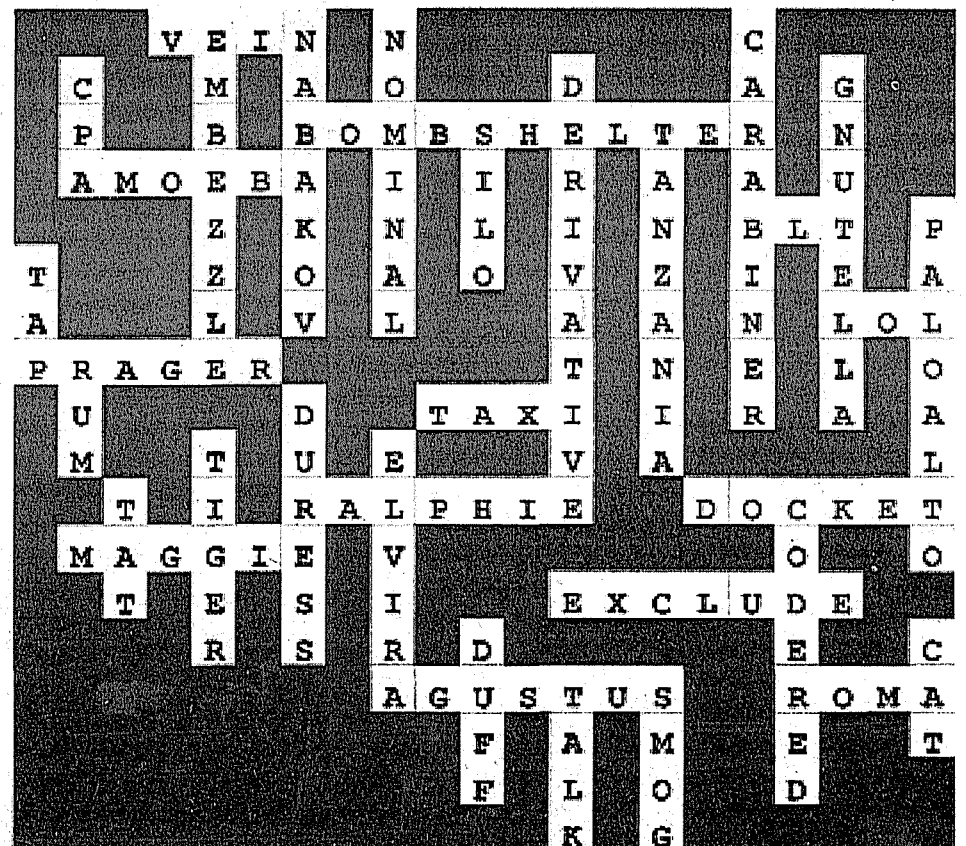
FROM PAGE 10

the needs of women; networking opportunities through various events in the larger legal community; "brown bag" lunch discussions on-campus on a wide variety of topics; and, most importantly, an ongoing series of dinner "salons" centered on often controversial issues relevant to women working in or studying the law. The salons will host about 10 to 15 people in an attorney's home, and will be moderated by someone with expertise on the evening's topic.

WLU's first salon is tentatively scheduled for April 9, 2002, and is entitled "Do you have to be a bitch to succeed?" Attendance is open to all law students and will be filled on a first-come/first-served basis. Future salon

topics may include: managing the family-legal career balance; perceptions of female lawyers in court; whether certain areas of the law have become identified with women, and men's perceptions of the reality female lawyers face. The salons ideally will be as diverse as the individuals who moderate and participate in them.

Please come to WLU's informational meeting on Monday, March 11th at 12:30pm in Room 1420 to learn how you can become involved in this exciting opportunity. Or send an e-mail to wlu@orgs.law.ucla.edu. Also, check out our web site at www.studentgroups.ucla.edu/wlu. We look forward to meeting you!



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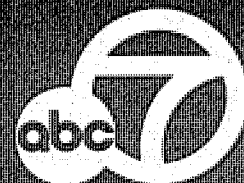
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ENTERTAINMENT REVIEWS

THE DOCKET GOES TO THE OSCARS

BY KENNY ROOST
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

We at *The Docket* took it upon ourselves to be your personal 8-Ball for the 74th Academy Awards, coming March 24 (to which host Whoopi Goldberg promises to bring her Hollywood Squares flair).

By secret ballot, our staff voted for their favorite movies among the Oscar nominees, providing colorful commentary where excited. Selections were then compiled by the Entertainment Editor in a frenzied evening that would cause the Florida recount staff to blush, with results and commentary summarized below...

Best Picture:

A Beautiful Mind Gosford Park In the Bedroom The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring *Moulin Rouge*
Moulin Rouge is the runaway victor. Ewan McGregor, the frantic pace, and the tasteful clash of spliced music will leave you in slack-jawed awe, regardless of whether you like musicals. The film's artistic self-indulgence rivals P.T. Anderson's *Magnolia*, resulting in an extremely unique work. The hyper picture is a visual, auditory, comic, and romantic feast, and a success on every level.

Director:

David Lynch - Mulholland Drive Peter Jackson - *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* Ridley Scott - Black Hawk Down
Robert Altman - Gosford Park Ron Howard - A Beautiful Mind
The absence of *Moulin Rouge* in this category is a fat and inappropriate middle-finger to my write-in vote, Baz Luhrmann. But indulging the mysterious ways of the Academy, The Docket endorses Peter Jackson's spectacular treatment of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Fellowship of the Ring*. After *Harry Potter*, I was put in the mood for anticipating a thoughtless and thoroughly uninspired pile of stinking cat crap, but my expectations were razed and transcended by a breathtaking film which I ended up seeing twice in 24 hours on opening night. As Jackson's epic spans three hours, that's a significant portion of the day spent Lord of the Ringing. And it was bloody worth it!

Actor:

Denzel Washington - Training Day Russell Crowe - *A Beautiful Mind* Sean Penn - I Am Sam Tom Wilkinson - In the Bedroom
Will Smith - Ali
Ewan McGregor earned some write-on votes for a performance I felt outshined Nicole Kidman's by gigawatts. Regardless, Russell Crowe was the clear choice. Pundits explained Crowe won last year for *The Gladiator* because he was great in *The Insider*, which makes as much sense as ice-skating judgments. The Academy can snort whatever drugs they choose; The Docket awards excellence when it arrives, and not a movie later. *The Gladiator* may have been a brawny no-brainer, but Crowe in *A Beautiful Mind* is everything acting should be - emotional and real, and in a tantalizingly challenging role.

Actress:

Halle Berry - Monster's Ball Judi Dench - Iris Nicole Kidman - Moulin Rouge Renee Zellweger - *Bridget Jones's Diary*
Sissy Spacek - In the Bedroom
A queer thing about Hollywood is that there's generally little room for women, except where sex scenes are concerned. It's tough to know the good actresses because they're gorgeous foremost, and talented as an afterthought, if the movie got lucky (one such male equivalent is Keanu Reeves, though his movies never get lucky). Nevertheless, this year's group of actresses was great. Of course, I disliked *Bridget Jones's Diary* and am embarrassed Renee Zellweger proved to be the decisive victor, but suspect the reason is few saw the more obscure competition.

Supporting Actor:

Ben Kingsley - Sexy Beast Ethan Hawke - Training Day Ian McKellen - *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* Jim Broadbent - Iris
Jon Voight - Ali
This is a bald-faced travesty! While *A.I.* was a bad movie with a historically horrific ending, Jude Law put in the best acting I've ever seen, single-handedly making the middle of the film interesting. Gross oversights aside, and dropping standards from Shangri-La to LA, McKellen's Gandolf role earns our Best Supporting Actor nod. During second viewings of *The Lord of the Rings*, folks still laugh at McKellen's jokes - the fruit of brilliant delivery, not script. The man was simply adorable, and a bit awesome. As he should have been.

Supporting Actress:

Helen Mirren - Gosford Park Jennifer Connelly - A Beautiful Mind Kate Winslet - Iris Maggie Smith - Gosford Park Marisa Tomei - In the Bedroom
The only consistent commentary was that Jennifer Connelly seemed as insipid as water.

Original Screenplay:

Amelie - Guillaume Laurant & Jean-Pierre Jeunet Gosford Park - Julian Fellowes Monster's Ball - Milo Addica & Will Rokos
Memento - Christopher Nolan & Jonathan Nolan *The Royal Tenenbaums* - Wes Anderson & Owen Wilson
The Royal Tenenbaums drew me to the theater a record-smashing three(!) times, and each progressive take was funnier. The movie is frankly better than *Rushmore*, which is like saying my second-born is cuter than my first.

Adapted Screenplay:

A Beautiful Mind - Akiva Goldsman Ghost World - Daniel Clowes & Terry Zwigoff In the Bedroom - Stephen Gaghan & Todd Field
The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring - Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens & Peter Jackson Shrek - Ted Elliot, Ted Elliot, Joe Stilman & Roger S.H. Schulman
The Fellowship of the Ring cut unnecessary content while keeping the book's flavor and pace.

Film Editing:

A Beautiful Mind Black Hawk Down The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring Memento *Moulin Rouge*
Memento was well-done, but *Moulin Rouge* was a roller-coaster, three lines of coke and a drop of acid translated into coherence. Some dreaded its fiercely-paced editing, but I was too engrossed to notice.

Cinematography:

Amelie Black Hawk Down *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* The Man Who Wasn't There *Moulin Rouge*
If you saw *The Lord of the Rings* and didn't instantly book an impulse getaway to New Zealand, check your pulse or eyes' prescription. *Moulin Rouge* finished a close second.

Original Score:

A.I.: Artificial Intelligence - John Williams A Beautiful Mind - James Horner Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone - John Williams
The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring - Howard Shore Monsters, Inc. - Randy Newman

A.I. had a notably pretty score tragically wasted on a notably cruddy film. James Horner collected the remainder of votes for a decent job on a notably pretty movie.

Original Song:

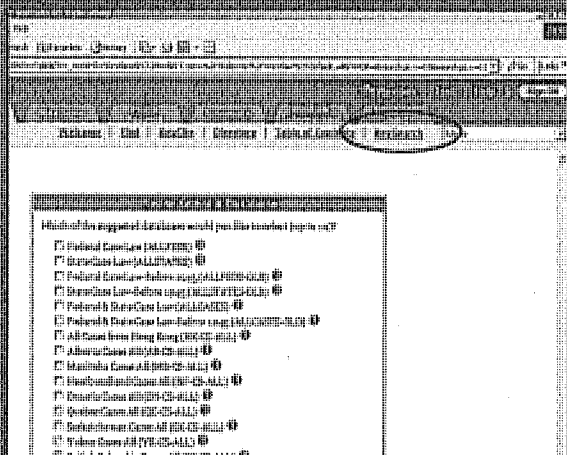
"If I Didn't Have You" - Randy Newman from *Monsters, Inc.* "May It Be" - Enya, Nicky Ryan & Roma Ryan, from *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*
"There You'll Be" - Diane Warren, from *Pearl Harbor* "Until" - Sting, from *Kate & Leopold* "Vanilla Sky" - Paul McCartney, from *Vanilla Sky*
This was a tough race; I simply cast my vote as "anything but that pathetic song from that pathetic movie *Pearl Harbor*." Who would've guessed my indecisive voting would lodge this category into a four-way tie? *Vanilla Sky's* cuteness is offset by frivolous lyrics. *Until* is similar, but with sophistication and a string arrangement; unfortunately, it was featured in a film with time-travel. *May It Be* served its movie nicely but, alone, is exhausted Enya reprisal. Now, Randy Newman is annually nominated and passed over for Oscar. Let this year be different - because all the music in this category is tired, the decisive element is lyric, and Newman's words are hilarious and perfect for their movie. They ARE the movie.

And hey, to paraphrase some, if The Docket didn't have you, we'd be nothing too. Happy Oscar-watching!

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 and I'll be sure to get back to you. Or otherwise.

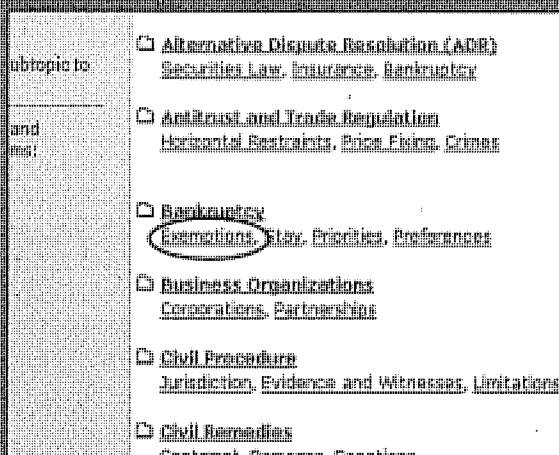
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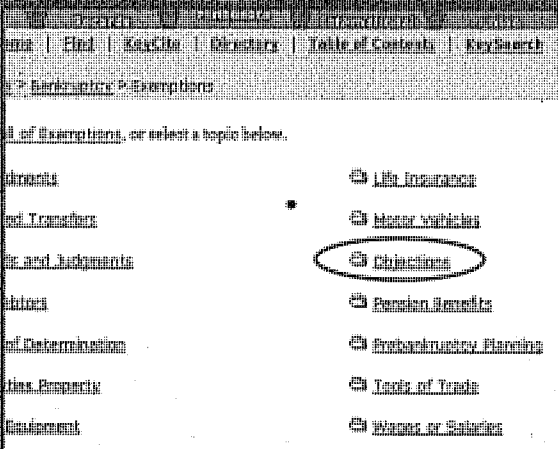
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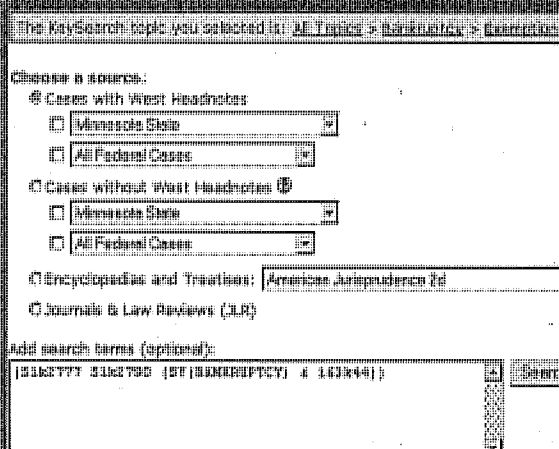
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