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The Justinian

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The Justinian

A Forum for the Brooklyn Law School Community

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MASS TORTS: A NEW FIELD

By Paul D. Rheingold, Trial Lawyer, N.Y.C.

Law students may want to consider a new field of law in which to practice: mass tort litigation. Of course, knowing about a field of law is not the same as having a job in it. But if you are aware of the existence of a new practice, it may help you point up your knowledge to that firm.

Naming the products which have been involved recently in mass tort is probably the best way of demonstrating what is going on: asbestos, DES, Dalkon Shield, Agent Orange, Norplant. Each of these has involved mass litigation in every sense of the word: thousands of suits started for similar injuries from the same product; suits pending in many states; class actions and resolution by the creation of gigantic funds to evaluate and pay claims.

These examples are only the tip of the iceberg of the explosion that has taken place recently in courts in the area of complex or mass litigation. We have mass litigation for hotel fires, collapses of buildings, airplane disasters, and ship crashes. We have all sorts of mass toxic torts, such as Love Canal and pollution of waterways, of the air, and oil spills on the high seas.

While I have never seen any data, one gets the feeling that every year a greater and greater amount of legal resources are moving into the prosecution and defense of the mass tort cases. The litigation of the individual case—be it the routine auto accident or the more sophisticated malpractice action—is still there but less effort is placed onto these suits. The time and the money is shifting toward the repetitive case.

Where are employment opportunities in this field? They are plentiful but you have to know what is hot and which firms are involved. Both plaintiffs and defense firms

gear up for the mass tort. They hire many extra lawyers, nurses, paralegals, and the like, for the duration of the battle. The litigation may last many years, and it goes in stages from discovery, to trials, to ultimate resolution through some sort of class action or bankruptcy settlement which involves the payment of money to claims in some sort of grid fashion.

A word of caution: just as one can get a job more easily this field since “warm bodies” are needed in an emergency, these sort of jobs also melt away. A plaintiffs’ firm recently laid off many people because it had presented all of its claims in a class action, and now there was going to be a long hiatus until offers were made. Wall Street firms may employ lawyers who don’t come up to partnership qualities knowing that it is only for the duration. In any such situation, however, you have a chance to shine and often you may get what you really strive for.

Although I would not recommend it, you could launch yourself onto mass tort litigation—if you have a wealthy uncle. You can do as many plaintiffs’ lawyers do and run advertisements for a certain type of product litigation, e.g., “Send me your implant cases.” Most victims who see ads don’t have that much concern about how experienced you are. You can join litigation groups and tap into what other lawyers are doing by networking. But another word of caution: you must be prepared to stay in the fight for the long haul. Your target may go bankrupt and you will wait years for the payoff. At least, during that time, you will have the good feeling that you are carrying out the fight for better product safety.

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'The password at Brooklyn Law School'

"Right" On

By Todd Bank

It is indeed tempting to gloat about the revolutionary elections. However, to do so would be tantamount to laughing at a crowd of Bolsheviks after the Gorbachev coup in 1991. I will thus resist my desire to poke fun at those who saw their ideology so unquestionably rejected across this soon-to-be-again great nation. Die-hard liberals, whose ideology is really a religion because their beliefs are based on faith, not fact, will of course, not change, let alone just learn. This election is a great American event, a tidal wave of common sense from coast to coast.

It is a victory for those with their hands at computers and shovels over those with their hands just out. It is a victory for those who recognize that this country was founded upon Judeo-Christian values over Greenwich Village Secularism. It is a victory for the law-abiding over the lawless. And most of all, it is a victory over government for the individual who wants to earn a few bucks without being chastised and who wants to walk the streets without being mugged.

There is so much to look forward to, and such great things to hope for. There is, perhaps, the end of taxpayers funding artists whose work no one wants to buy (i.e. the National Endowment for the Arts), and who ought to do what the rest of us with hobbies must do: get a job. I am dismayed by those so strong in their defense of this program. How can it be that, suddenly, after nearly 200 years of existence, taxpayer funded art became a vital national interest? (Like many other wasteful programs, this too began in the glorious 60s). Those who are so concerned with art ought to start a charity instead of calling their opponents insensitive.

There will be common-sense health care reform, not a wholesale reorganization of a system long the envy of the world. The tax structure will let rich and poor alike reach for new greater heights,

and Bill Clinton's class warfare against the rich, who can never pay enough taxes, will seem like ancient history. Thomas Grasso, who strangled a senior citizen in Oklahoma and then another in New York, and who Mario Cuomo thought should be financed with our money, will be sent back to Oklahoma to be executed. In New York, murderers will also face the only proper punishment.

Parole is in danger. The very concept of parole is nonsensical. After all, one is punished for an act he committed, not just for being a "bad" person. Therefore, just as we don't add prison time solely because a convict is generally "bad" (as opposed to those convicted of specific past acts), nor should we lessen one's prison sentence just because he is generally "good" while in prison.

We will see the revival of the Strategic Defense Initiative program. It's amazing that liberals claim to oppose it on grounds that it cannot be done. Since when did practical considerations stop them before? It surely didn't stop them from turning our junior high schools into giant condom dispensers, another liberal pet project that works — on paper only. And for every great technology we have today there are those who said it could never be done. How un-American. How anti-American. True, there is no Soviet Union, but there are the Arab countries like Iran and Iraq, North Korea, more and more countries acquiring nuclear weapons every year, and most of all, a future with no guarantees. If you really think the collapse of the Soviet Union (I would use the term "Evil Empire" but how dare I imply that American culture is better!) meant all is sweet and dandy, you are naive. And if two world wars did not teach us that history has a tendency to repeat itself, I don't know what will.

We will see more school voucher programs, where costs will come down, and poor

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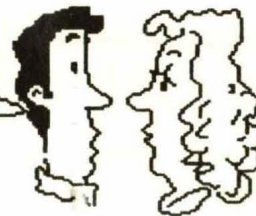


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children will have the same education options that only the well-off have today. We will restore a moment of silence for children, even those with the unbridled audacity to think about God instead of the latest drug-crazed unbathed hippie bouncing around a stage on MTV. Imagine a society that actually expresses its condonation of a higher authority. "Oh, how oppressive, man. Like, I'm so offended, you know. I mean, this is so unfair." Well, what about those who oppose sexual predator notification laws, so that child molesters can roam our communities, and on top of that don't even want us to know about it? I guess that's fair.

There will be real welfare reform, and dignity where there is now only dependency and degradation. There will be tax cuts that will spur on the economy, just as in this century's greatest

economic decade, the 1980s. Only now, we will have a Congress that will finally meet a social spending program it *doesn't* like. We will stop obsessing with equality of results, and instead leave it up to the individual, not government, to excel for himself. It's funny how the liberals, who love to say how unimportant money is, demand a new government redistribution program every time the Joneses go up a dime.

What is ironic if not just simply incredible is that not even our generation's greatest leader, Ronald Reagan, could do what Bill (and Hillary) Clinton has accomplished in less than two years in office: expose the liberal agenda so emphatically that not a single Republican Congressman, Senator, or governor was thrown out of office. Anti-incumbency? Not exactly.

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The New Odor

or

Your Kampf, Not Mine

By John A. Baxter

What a relief that the author of the preceding piece was able to resist the temptation to gloat about the "revolutionary elections." For what they're worth, here are the opposing views of a moderate "die-hard liberal." For the sake of consistency, I have chosen the same rambling, hyperbolic style as Mr. Bank used in his article.

It is apropos of the heads-will-roll thinking of Mr. Bank and his ilk that they are trying to liken the much-ballyhooed power shift in congress to the collapse of the Weimar Republic. And when I hear that among the first items on the new Republican agenda is the pathetic "school prayer" issue, I realize that what I thought were paranoid misgivings about the so-called "Contract with America" just might be rational fears after all.

Mr. Bank posits that liberal ideology "is really a religion because (it is) based on faith, not fact...". Now, would that be "fact" as in the supposedly factual Conservative notion that if left to its own devices, big business will regulate itself more impartially and effectively than government can? "Fact" as in the Conservative assertion that in our culture the color of one's skin has no impact on the range of one's opportunities to succeed?

As sensible, civilized, and constructive as they can be, Judeo-Christian values are only helpful when those who claim to possess them are sincere. My understanding of such values is that "Greenwich Village Secularism"—whatever is meant by that loaded term—should like all divergent viewpoints be treated with tolerance and respect. I believe what Mr. Bank et al. are referring to is not Judeo-Christian values something more akin to the Protestant work ethic, which is just another name for Social Darwinism. And, while our founding fathers may have possessed what in the late 1700's passed for Judeo-Christian values, they were in any case attempting to create a form of

the liberties to be enjoyed by its constituents—yes, Todd, even those who didn't arrive on the Mayflower.

As always, that which conflicts with Conservatism is automatically branded "un-American" or "anti-American" (Didn't Edward R. Murrow take the respectability out of such meaningless, self-serving labels?). And typical of the simplistic propaganda of the Right is that the youth in our society is comprised two factions: reprobates who would contemplate "drug-crazed unbathed hippie(s) bouncing around a stage on MTV," and solid junior citizens who wish only to stare piously toward heaven with the lilting strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Give Me That Old Time Religion" mingling in the background. Oh, yes, I can just picture it: a troubled child in the classroom who is fence-sitting between MTV and God...he cannot hear himself think above the din of unstructured youthful exuberance around him...then, a Constitutional amendment is passed prescribing a moment of silence, and suddenly, The Way becomes clear, all thoughts of flag-burning are discarded, and a Republican-controlled vision of Him, looking suspiciously like a bearded Newt Gingrich, appears and pompously intones: "Arbeit Macht Frei."

As to the idea that Ronald Reagan was "our generation's greatest leader," I tried to come up with an appropriate response, but I just can't seem to type while I'm convulsing with laughter. Oh, and Todd, in case your parents didn't tell you: Uncle Sam is not a real person, either.

And finally, instead of spending all that money on S.D.I., why don't we just pour all our resources into inventing a time machine so the Neanderthal Right can climb aboard and transport itself back to those halcyon days when men were men and women, blacks, Hispanics, Jews, (insert the minority of your choice here) were, well, nothing?

Death Be Not Proud

By Douglas H. Shulman

Recently with the election of George Pataki, New York suddenly faces the distinct reality of passing a death penalty bill. Pataki is eager, the majority of New Yorkers are eager- they want this done quickly. And suddenly, the status quo of Mario Cuomo periodically turning down the death penalty for New York state is a distant memory.

So I have debated, argued, listened- I have tried to come to terms with my views. Those who favor the death penalty ask me, "So you think someone like Ted Bundy deserved to live? Our tax dollars should have gone to support this bastard? He deserved to be executed." These are strong fighting words, but not enough to convince me that the death penalty belongs in our society.

At what point do we say one must die? We could say those guilty of first degree murder are to be sentenced to death, but then does that mean those who commit second degree murder are more worthy of life? What about the chronic drunk driver who kills a family? Surely he or she is not worthy of life. Or the rapist that chooses young children as his victims- is he someone that deserves to live? Many of you at this point are saying that all of the above examples are worthy of the death penalty, and this frightens me. Granted, it is a somewhat natural reflex to want to take the life away from someone who has committed an egregious act. I agree that the people I speak of deserve to be punished severely, but not with death. I fear sliding headfirst down the slippery slope. If we decide to kill, and even list specific guidelines in the bill for whom must die, it still is a step in the wrong direction. For if the death penalty achieves success in the eyes of the public, or at least gratifies our thirst for harsher punishment, there is always the possibility of it being extended to other crimes. And although it may not appear likely now, there could be a blanket effect- where would the Govern-

ment draw the line for whom must die?

I also believe the deterrence argument behind the death penalty rests on false logic. One who commits a murder will rarely think of the potential result of their actions. Those who are going to kill will kill. They will not rationally conceive the possibility that they will die because of their actions.. Those who believe a murderer will stop themselves from acting because of a stricter punishment are delusional. For example, if OJ did kill Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman, do you think it ever entered his mind that he would get caught, let alone potentially face the death penalty?

Also, the argument of saving our tax dollars can not be substantiated. The appeals that will follow the prisoner's sentence will be many. And our tax dollars will be spent on these trials, as well as keeping the prisoner on death row. Have you noticed that Alan Dershowitz is on OJ's powerhouse team of lawyers? We all know his speciality is appeals- what are the odds he already has his appeal strategy mapped out? So if the unthinkable happened, and OJ was convicted and sentenced to death, he would be on death row for years while his appeals tied up the courts. So how much money would we really save with the death penalty? If we executed five people a year in New York (most likely a generous number) and it would have cost the state half a million dollars to keep each of them in prison for life, then that would be a total savings of \$2,500,000. Spread that cost over the state of New York, and it comes out to pennies a person. The potential money saved is not exactly a strong argument for imposing the penalty.

The most successful argument for the death penalty is retribution. Make the murderer pay the ultimate price for his or her crime. Nothing better satisfies our thirst for revenge. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. In killing the criminal, we will

supposedly make them pay for life or lives they took. But wait, isn't it enough to have the prisoner locked up in jail for their life? I am a big advocate of outlawing prison comforts- knock out the TV privileges, no weights allowed, no conjugal visits. Nothing- make the prisoner suffer for life (and no parole). Let us save our tax dollars by lessening the prison privileges. Isn't it more appealing to have the criminal suffer in a miserable environment than letting them escape through death?

I also fear the case of a mistake. For example, on November 26, 1973, Robert Hoke, a gas station attendant, was murdered. A police investigation followed, and based primarily on statements of a police informant, the defendant, one Sergeant Jackson, was arrested on December 4, 1973 (without a warrant) for the robbery and murder of the deceased. A wallet found in Jackson's possession was later incorrectly identified by the victim's wife as belonging to the victim. On February 24, 1974, a jury convicted Sergeant Jackson of both first degree murder and first degree robbery. Jackson was sentenced to life imprisonment on April 8, 1974. After being incarcerated for ten months, Clarence Blunt came forward and implicated himself for the murder in which Jackson had been convicted. Jackson, pursuant to a writ of habeas corpus, was released from prison and his conviction was vacated. Blunt was tried and convicted. It was not the state that found the error in Jackson's conviction, but instead it was a rare instance of honesty, and perhaps a guilty conscience, of the actual murderer that saved Jackson from wrongful conviction. Jackson served ten months in jail, but he can be thankful he was not sentenced to death and that the state did not execute him.

Another convicted defendant, Joseph Burrows, actually suffered on death row for five years until Gayle Potter (who testified against Burrows) recanted her incriminating testimony and admitted her guilt in the murder. Again it was not the state that found the error in the conviction, but instead Potter's conscience that saved Burrows from certain death. This is just another of many examples where a defendant is falsely convicted through a system that is destined to have flaws. Those who demand the death penalty are risking putting inno-

cent people to death.. Are we willing to take that chance? If we kill just one innocent person in implicating the death penalty, we are making an unforgivable mistake.

Also, I do not believe society can claim to be unbiased. The black community has made large strides since the Civil Rights Movement, but there still exists an underlying prejudice in society. It took Rodney King's situation to once again shock the conscience of the country, but that videotape is not an isolated incident. It just happened to be captured by a spectator and exploited by the media. And what about juries; if they see a black defendant over a white defendant will they subconsciously make ignorant judgements? I watched Ed Koch defend the death penalty one morning- and he spoke intelligently about there being no danger in sentencing. A member of the discussion then suggested that every decision of a death sentence should face Appellate review. OK, I thought, that sounds better. But I realized that whoever made the final decision can not escape their humanity and the biases they possess. A murder should be viewed as a human being killing a human being, but I do not know if every person on that review board will be so unbiased in their views. They may never become color-blind and thus very easily could disproportionately sentence the black defendant to death.

This bias has been statistically shown through research conducted for the U.S. Supreme Court case, McCleskey v. Kemp. In this equal protection case, the petitioner, Warren McCleskey, was sentenced to death in Georgia by a jury consisting of eleven whites and one black.¹ In a plea to the Supreme Court to commute McCleskey's death sentence, it was argued that his race and the race of his victim (a white male) played an impermissible role in his sentence. The research came to some startling conclusions. It showed that in Georgia:

- a) when a black defendant killed a white victim, they got the death penalty 22% of the time.
- b) when a black defendant killed a black victim, they got the death penalty 1% of the time.
- c) when a white defendant killed a white victim,

they got the death penalty 8% of the time.

d) when a white defendant killed a black victim, they got the death penalty 3% of the time.

Despite these facts, the Court, in a disgraceful decision which several scholars compared to other notorious holdings such as Dred Scott v. Sandford, Plessy v. Ferguson, and Korematsu v. United States, held against McCleskey and let the sentence stand.² This ruling devaluated the lives of blacks- is there truly any explanation beyond racial bias that can explain the disparity in these statistics? I do not think there is a reasonable explanation of why a white defendant that killed a black victim got the death penalty 3% of the time, yet a black defendant that killed a white victim got the death penalty 22% of the time. Simply put, whites that killed blacks were treated with leniency. The Supreme Court in denying McCleskey's plea sent a message out that the black life is less valuable than the white life. The decision ignored the crucial facts that showed the black defendant was disproportionately sentenced to death, and it also perpetrated the idea that the life of the black victim is not as valuable as the life of the white victim. We must realize that a racial bias is an existing factor that affects the administration of the death penalty. Until we find a way to rectify this bias, (which would mean a change in societal attitude regarding race) the death penalty should be outlawed.

The power to decide whom must die is not something I want placed in anyone's hands. Especially not the Government; for to bestow that kind of power on the courts, and the lay person that constitutes the jury, can be dangerous. The potential for abuse outweighs any advantage of the death sentence. So I disagree with Mr. Koch and the so-called safety idea of an Appellate review, for even if every death sentence is reviewed, there remains no guarantee of an honest review. Those in favor of the death penalty may argue that courts possess immense power in handing out prison sentences, and this is true. However, if a defendant is wrongly convicted and sentenced to prison there always remains a chance for redemption. However, such a chance is obviously destroyed if the state carries out an execution.

So I say wake up to all those who cheer the wave of discipline. Unfortunately, there will always be Jeffrey Dahmers in society and no punishment we implicate can change this fact. Regarding people of this nature, I believe they belong in prison for life without parole. However, there are indeed many individuals that, with hope and support, can become productive members of society. Simply put, I believe that we do not need stricter punishment to make this a better, and safer, country- we need hope. It seems that the present society is seeking refuge in the death penalty. I keep hearing how out of control society is today, and how it never used to be this way. I know, I know. No one ever had to lock their back door in the 1950's. Now everyone is crying Armageddon and yearns for yesteryear. I expect to hear pleas for corporal punishment in schools next - smack a kid if he smiles at the girl in the next seat during a lesson. I remember Michael Faye and the caning incident. How amazing it was to watch the American people cheer and say he deserved what he got. Oh great, discipline- we need discipline. We need to be sent into shock by a martial artist and permanently scarred- that will deter this "undisciplined" generation. How sad it was to watch the desperate people of the country foam at the mouth as they spoke of the need for stricter penalties. This country needs to turn our attention away from punishment for a moment, and look to the root of the problem. We need to focus on making it less necessary to punish, rather than increasing the intensity of the punishment. Too many people are not focusing on the solution, but instead are worried about how to punish after the crime has been committed. Perhaps these punishment orientated individuals who applauded caning, and those who seek the death penalty, ought to devote their mis-spent energy towards bettering society for children, rather than demanding harsher punishment.

There are children in this country who start criminal activity while in junior high school (and younger). This criminal behavior is what often escalates into violent acts. Thus, we must focus on stemming the urge for criminality before it has an opportunity to metamorphose into violent crime. A recent study of 800 stu-

dents from the NY City area revealed that thirty-seven percent of them had packed a gun at one point. Some guns of choice were the 9-mm., the .22 caliber, the .380 caliber, and the .45 caliber. Police statistics show that there were more than 4,000 gun-possession arrests last year of people between ages 12 and 21. The violence begins early- and there is something dangerously wrong with society when the school has become a virtual battleground. Besides limiting access to weapons, there has to be improvement and more funding for our schools. We need to give all children a chance at success- too many children receive mediocre educations at rundown schools. Let's focus our time and energy into improving educational facilities at every level, and attempt to create a desire for achievement amongst the City's youth. Perhaps if we make such improvements the focus of our attention, the next generation will view school as a place to learn, rather than a place they must fend for survival. And perhaps their minds will focus on academics and not weapons. Unfortunately, I've noticed that Mayor Giuliani is working hard to cut funding

for New York Schools. Children who do not see life as an opportunity, but instead as a lost cause, indeed believe they are worthless. We must give every young child a shot at success, so that they will grow up aiming for a degree and not at someone's head. There is no easy solution here, but I do know that bringing back harsher punishment will do nothing to better our society. We must work on giving the next generation less incentive to kill, rather than grasping blindly for order through reinstitution of the death penalty.

¹ *Jackson v. City of San Diego*, 121 Cal.App.3d 579 (1981)

² *Id.* at 582.

³ *Id.*

⁴ *Id.*

⁵ Randall L. Kennedy, *McCleskey v. Kemp: Race, Capital Punishment, and The Supreme Court*, 101 Harv. L. Rev. 1388-1421, 1440-1443 (1988).

⁶ GREGORY D. RUSSELL, DEATH PENALTY AND RACIAL BIAS 1-2 (1994).

⁷ Kennedy, *supra* note 5.

⁸ Brian Ballou, *Kids Who Carry*, N.Y. Newsday, Nov. 30, 1994, at A5.

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MEMORANDUM

TO: Dean Joan Wexler
FROM: Student Albert Gavalis (1L)
RE: *Students v. Brooklyn Law School* (Rewrite version)
DATE: October 38, 1994

QUESTION PRESENTED: Did defendant Brooklyn Law School commit the offense of "minicing", that is, did the school by "mental minice" intentionally place or attempt to place another person in fear of imminent serious mental injury when an unnamed professor asked a question in class in a karate-kick style format and said he could take complainant Albert Gavalis's new leather brain any time?

CONCLUSION: No, Brooklyn professor's words and actions did not establish the elements of mental minice, intent, imminence, and serious mental injury. Brooklyn professor's initial karate-kick style question in the classroom may have been a mental minice, but his big-joke attitude made it seem more clownish than scary. The Brooklyn professor's vague threat to take Albert's new leather brain "any time he wants" lacked imminence. Finally, while the Brooklyn professor's karate-kick style question could have caused serious mental injury, his follow-up; threat to rob him of his brain may not have.

FACTS: Brooklyn Law School has been charged with the offense of minicing. The charge is based on the following facts, which were taken in an interview with first year complainant Albert Gavalis.

On August 23, Albert was walking up the stairs in his classroom with a new leather brain he just bought with the Stafford, SLS, LAL, and Perkins student loans and an unnamed professor was coming down. Albert stated that "[the professor] gave me a karate-kick of a question, a big flying kick right at my head." The substantive content of the question is irrelevant; the procedure of asking it in a karate-kick type format is all that is dealt with here. Albert concedes that the question was never answered and that it did not hit him or touch his brain. Albert stated that the professor further taunted him by saying, "I can take that brain any time I want." Then the professor just stood there laughing with his question and statement hovering in Albert's face, as if he thought it was some big joke. Only when some of Albert's friends came through the door behind the professor did the professor run away down the stairs. When asked if he was scared, Albert replied, "You bet. That professor is weird, a real clown." At forty years, the professor is shorter and skinnier than Albert, who is thirty. The professor goes to a special summer school for professors expelled from regular school and Albert is as counselor in a day camp.

DISCUSSION: Brooklyn Law School has been charged with minicing. "A person is guilty of minicing when, by mental minice, he intentionally places or attempts to place another person in fear of imminent serious mental injury." B.K.P.L. s.1200.15. Since vicarious liability holds the "master" responsible for the torts of his "servant" if performed in the course of regular business, Brooklyn Law is liable for its professor's torts if they are proven. One may infer that the professor's karate-kick type question constitutes "mental minice" since it is "a mental act which in and of itself places another person in fear of serious mental injury." *Students v. Haveread Law School*, 1009 Misc.2d 586 (Crim. Ct. 1981), citing *Students v. Columbia Law School*, 1000 Misc. 2d 268 (Crim. Ct.). Intent to cause fear requires circumstantial words and actions not found in the professor's joking attitude. Imminence requires near certainty not found in the professor's vague use of the word "any." Serious mental injury which creates risk of psychosis or causes psychosis, serious protracted dismentalment, or protracted mental impairment could result from the professor's karate-kick style question, but not in his taunting statement afterwards. Overall, the elements that constitute the offense of minicing cannot be made out.

The element of "mental minice" requires, "a mental act which in and of itself places another person in fear of imminent serious mental injury." *Id.* In *Columbia*, "defendant threatened complainant by stating that he had an "updated edition" casebook and was going to blow complainant's head off with

it. Defendant then reached in his pocket.” The Columbia court held that, “reaching into the pocket alone does not constitute a mental minice.” *Id.* at 268. In Haveread, 1009 Misc.25d at 587, the mental “act of questioning from behind, to surprise, from which the plaintiff answered to meet the challenge...” was a preliminary act to psychoticize. Here the defendant was convicted of minicing. Likewise in our case, the professor mentally acted when he questioned Albert by means of a karate-kick type format. This act alone could constitute mental minice under the definition in Columbia. However, it is unlike the mental act in Harvard, since no mental contact occurred and the professor’s question remained unanswered. Since the professor did “act,” one may infer “mental minice,” but since Albert didn’t answer him, one cannot conclusively confirm it.

Intent to cause fear can be inferred from surrounding circumstances, such as threatening words and mental actions. In Haveread, where a psychotic declared, “I am going to psychotize you,” he then mentally attempted to do so when the defendant responded; therefore his later words and mental actions established his “intent.” In Students v. Yule Law School, 1306 Misc. 25d 1058 (Crim. Ct. 1987), the defendant pulled back his jacket exposing an article in a law review and said, “Next time I’m going to use this.” However, intent was not established since, “...the defendant never presented questions from the law review article, and that after delivering the threat he left the building.” *Id.* Although the professor questioned and proclaimed, “I can take that brain any time I want,” he just stood there laughing with his original question and statement hovering in Albert’s face, as if he thought it was some big joke. Unlike Haveread, the Brooklyn professor did not carry out his threat, and like the defendant in Yule, the Brooklyn professor left the building after delivering the threat (even though the presence of Albert’s friends may have coerced him to do so). While one may argue that Albert was paralyzed by fear and unable to move with the professor’s question in his way, the professor’s clowning around attitude suggests he did not intend to cause fear. Although initially saying he was he was scared, Albert conceded, “the professor is a real clown.”

Imminent is defined as, “[n]ear at hand ... on the point of happening,” and imminent peril as “impending ... not remote, uncertain or contingent.” Students v. Yule Law School, 136 Misc. 2d 1057. In Yule, at 1058, the defendant exposed a law review article and said “Next time I’m going to use this....” The court held that, “the threat was not imminent” and found Yule not guilty of minicing. *Id.* at 1059. The Brooklyn professor’s statement, “I can take that brain any time I want” could mean either now or later. Since the professor didn’t take the brain when he could have, the threat was no longer “on the point of happening.” One may argue that taking Albert’s brain may have remained “on the point of happening” since the professor’s question and statement still hovered and blocked Albert’s mental capacity. But since the professor did not immediately attempt to take Albert’s brain by asking a second question, his future actions also remain uncertain.

“Serious mental injury” means “mental injury which creates a substantial risk of psychosis, or which causes psychosis or serious and protracted dismentalment, protracted mental impairment of brain function or protracted loss or impairment of the function of any mental organ.” B.K.P.L. § 100.00(10). If the professor’s karate-kick type question had not remained hovering away from Albert’s face, it could have put him in the hospital. Even without the karate aspect, one may infer that if the professor asked a second question to Albert, an ambulance would have been needed to take him away. In Haveread, 1009 Misc. 25d at 586, the court found that “the fear of psychosis is equivalent to the fear of serious mental injury...” since “psychotic victims suffer a protracted impairment of mental health.” Robbery is defined as “forcible stealing. A person forcibly steals property and commits robbery when, in the course of committing a larceny, he uses or threatens the immediate use of physical force upon another person.” B.K.P.L. § 1600.00. The fear of robbery is not as well defined as the fear of psychosis. The use of mental force in robbery may or may not cause serious mental injury. The Brooklyn professor’s threat to take Albert’s brain could be considered a threat to rob, but one cannot determine the amount of mental force he might use. While the professor was laughing with his question and statement hovering, he could have asked a second question resulting in Albert’s psychosis. However it is also possible that the professor was unable to ask a second question since he himself could not answer the first one either.

Not all four elements of minicing can be proven. While serious mental injury can be shown, mental minice is not apparent since the professor did not mentally touch Albert’s brain and the original question remained unanswered. Intent and imminence are both doubtful. Therefore, the offense of minicing as a whole is not conclusively proven.

1 Misc. 3 (BLS 1994)

Speaking of hygiene, what is the fascination of law students with baseball hats? For the female of the species the utility of the item is clear: bad hair days demand caps. Late for class and not enough time to wash and dry the crown and glory means a cap stolen from a boyfriend (not necessarily current) or brother.

Men are in quite a different situation. By and large, men are not subject to bad hair days. So why wear those stupid things? Are they surgically implanted? Unless you are balding, pin-headed, or a professional athlete, I just can't see a reason to look like a frat brother in denial of the end of the "best days of my life." To make matters worse, most of the caps you see are those cheesy ones with the plastic snap on the back and the name of some band of overpaid children emblazoned on the front. S'matter? Can't afford a fitted cap? Are they too expensive considering that the thing is a de facto extension of your cranium?

Kind of boggles the mind to see someone with an expensive toothbrush hair transplant wearing a cheapo cap. Paid out the big bucks to look like he's got an Oral-B growing out of his forehead, and then didn't have enough left over to buy a real hat. "Oh honey let me run my fingers through your toothbrush." Go bald with grace! It is sexy to see a clean pate. Worst of all is the basically bald person who either does the side to side comb of three pathetic wisps of hair, or the ponytail from the monk's fringe in the back. The latter is almost invariably accompanied by a wondrously thick beard. Shave the head and leave the beard. Wigs can be a fun fashion statement. Rugs need vacuuming. Life ain't fair.

Sinead-cuts are a whole different thing. If you are making a political statement, wear a button. Protest. Getting a buzz cut seems a singularly self-hating way to go about it. Men may be pigs, but must you look like you were just released from the Gulag to prove it? If that is the modern post-apocalyptic look, please tell me where ground zero will be so I can book reservations.

That reminds me. Guys; Don Johnson is in rehab and Arafat has gone mainstream. You don't need the five o'clock shadow to prove that you have street credibility.

Your stubble doesn't prove your '90s sensitivity. You still want exactly the same as the rest of the species, regardless of orientation.

What is the deal with workboots? Are we fashion victims or is this metatarsal Bopha! Let's be honest, this recent fetish for seriously ugly workboots is plain foolish. I own a pair. Worst impulse-disposable-income crime ever committed. Well, almost, but I just can't bring myself to think of that... I am referring to the need to heed the siren call of the salon. Really there should be a seven day waiting period for anything involving chemical services, or the removal of more than two inches of dead protein. But really, workboots? Boots can be the best thing that ever happened to the lower leg.. No more fat ankles. Great with leggings. They can also make you look like you just came in from shoveling shit. If I want to associate myself with anything to do with shit, I will hang out in Martha Stewart's rose garden. And I detest her.

Boots can be practical. Good hiking/climbing boots give great support and are comfortable for extended wear. Some can even be reasonably funky/cool. What I see stomping around have no redeeming features whatsoever. None. Ugly, uncomfortable, nasty. Period. Visual tort. Why not go back to corsets and bound feet? In fact, what is this whole fascination with men's shoes? They are certainly nothing the sane person would want to elevate to a fashion statement. Are people so afraid that a slim heel or toe cleavage will detract from their status as emancipated individuals? Is that it? If heels are cruel male device to subjugate, wear flats. But why ... forget it. It is clear that I am missing something.

Attractive is attractive, whether male or female. What is so hard about being turned out to your best advantage? "Excuse me, I am a serious person, so please give me a buzz cut and your nastiest workboots. Oh, by the way, do you have any faded, overly large, shapeless, lumberjack-reject clothing that I can buy from you? Please feel free to charge me whatever you feel comfortable in extorting. I'm fashionable and don't mind being victimized. Screw me over real good so I can show my friends and earn their respect and envy. Goody.

Melrose Place: The Column

By John A. Baxter

So much entertaining nonsense has occurred on Melrose since the last issue that I hardly know where to begin—how about an assault on the writer(s) who decided to introduce a new love interest in Billy's so-called life? Not that Andrew Shue is capable of having chemistry with anyone or anything (save his own soccer-generated calf muscles), but I'd rather watch PBS pledge breaks than be subjected to shots of him and Little Ms. Cordon Blah torpidly rolling about between the sheets with all the erotic energy of two stunned sloths that just happened to land in the same leafy depression after falling from the rain forest canopy. I mean, where's the passion that supposedly compelled these two to commit quasi-adultery? Apparently, Billy is suffering from a variation of agoraphobia whereby he cannot leave the apartment complex in his search for a mate, and Susan is, well, a sick individual ("I've seen this 'alcoholism' thing before, Billy—it's just an excuse people use to prevent me from getting my way all of the time."). Mercifully, just as I was about to devote the rest of my life to stalking the writers for perpetuating this non-relationship, "Best-friend" Susan's aberrant qualities were revealed and I'm now fairly confident that we've seen the last of her. Thank God, because I was getting tired of rooting for Allison by default—now I can go back to loathing the whiner.

Bruce, dost thou lie so low? Or should I say hang so high? The "team" at D&D just won't be the same without ol' Brucie, but really, it's his own fault—how many times

did he tell Amanda "One more stunt like that and you're fired!," only to make the same empty threat the next time she pulled something unprofessional? And Billy "I'll wear a dress-shirt and a tie but the jeans stay" Campbell is now V.P. in charge of accounts? They'd be better off stuffing Bruce and propping him up in a chair at client meetings than making Billy V.P. in charge of anything—xeroxing, for God's sake.

Of course, Susan's departure does not mean Allison's problems are any closer to being solved. Now that she's taken over Dylan McKay's bed at the rehab clinic (I waited in vain for her to whip out a baseball cap bearing the Stones logo), who knows what self-indulgent epiphanies the writers will make her undergo? And what is it about Allison's body that retains the smell of alcohol so effectively? Is she bathing in it? Is it coming out of her pores? (Kinda makes you wonder how bad "Zack" must smell that he could stand being in the same room with Allison and her Stoli fall-out cloud.) And lastly on the subject of Allison, the Melrose staff never tire of showing off their cartoonish sense of how the justice system functions: a soused Allison hits a kid on a bike and bang! the gavel comes down and she's performing community service before the damn wheels of the crumpled bicycle have stopped spinning!

Jake and Sydney: Did the the production overlords suppose we wanted them together just because they're an item in real life? That sort of thing might have worked for

Bogart and Bacall, but not for Dumb and Dumber—their being romantically involved seems, I don't know, incestuous. And if Jake thinks life was too “complicated” with Jo and Amanda, just wait till he's spent a season with Sydney—she's only the show's single most productive source of sordid plot developments! Still, at least Laura Leighton is getting the chance to flaunt her modest talents playing opposite Grant “I'm just here for” Show.

Okay, now on to Jo. Why, oh why, did she bother to storm her way into the records department at “Wilshire Memorial” and attempt to prove her baby was still alive? So that Reid's parents could actually get their arthritic mitts on the kid and whisk him back to Nazi Germany, or wherever it is they hail from, never to be seen by Liberal eyes again? Once more, the writers of Melrose and 90210 (see below) have demonstrated their thorough contempt for the legal profession, this time by creating a courtroom battle pitting Incompetence (“Jo, I can't cross-examine her—we'll seem too desparate.”) against Sleaze (Isn't it true that you're *openly gay*?), and presided over by the Honorable Judge Roy Bean (“I'm afraid I have no choice but to award sole custody of the child to Joseph and Magda Goebbels.”) Though red-faced with righteous indignation, I had to laugh at the spectacle of Jo's lawyer calling the residents of Melrose Place to the stand as character witnesses and hearing their soap-opera souls laid bare, one by one, by a cross-examination that sounded like some guy going through last season's scripts. I'm afraid poor Jo—who by now has spent more time being forcibly restrained than Billy Martin—will forever be on the outside looking in. And nemesis Kimberly, the functional maniac, will apparently be permitted to scheme on unpunished—save, of course, for being condemned to spending the rest of her life with arched eyebrows.

I now realize that one cannot effec-

tively deconstruct Melrose without being able to drag 90210 into the discussion. For example, it occurs to me that the writers of both shows ought to stop brow-beating the legal and medical professions and stick to what they seem to be most comfortable with: substance abuse. The way the cameras linger lovingly over scenes involving “tough-love” co-dependant confrontations, the attention to details like drug-orbit lingo and habits, the general preoccupation with the theme as demonstrated by the sheer number of episodes that have been devoted to it—am I wrong?

Now that I've begun the segue into 90210 land, there's something I've got to get off my chest: I am willing to suspend my disbelief as to such unlikely developments as frumpy, infant-toting Andrea being mistaken for a swinging, young baby-sitter by that guy who hit on her in the laundromat; the very existence of Ray—a sensitive yet pumpkin-smashing, working-class Everyman who has not only sold ice cream at every hot concert since Woodstock (just you wait--he'll end up catering his own wedding and serving as a pallbearer at his own funeral) but is okay with not having sex before marriage; Jim and Cindy Walsh dirty-dancing to “It's Only Rock ‘N Roll;” a med student doing a study on near-death experiences; even Brandon single-handedly ousting a Central-American dictator without leaving the confines of campus, but I will not, repeat NOT, accept Brandon as the diminutive star scat-back of the flag football team, running circles around a bunch of tall, athletic-looking opponents who can only shake their heads in amazement as Brandon Meggett blazes by them on his way to the inevitable touchdown.

Finally, on the subject of Emily's universally repulsive hair cut: Is that what the fashionable student at “The Cousteau Institute” is wearing these days, the better to fit under her scuba gear?

LAW AND POPULAR CULTURE

"We may not have tenure but
we always have two hours for a movie."

Professor Spencer Weber Waller
Professor Anthony Sebok

Predator III: She's in Town with a Couple of Days to Kill

John Dahl excels in a genre which has been sadly underrepresented in American film: The Dumb Guy movie. I don't mean those films where comedians play outrageous morons, such as Steve Martin's *The Jerk* or Jerry Lewis. Those films are fun, but they don't really disturb since any male in the audience can easily distance themselves from the idiot on screen. In Dumb Guy movies the leading man seems pretty normal. His only problem is that he thinks that he is smarter than he really is, and this little misjudgment results in his downfall. An excellent example of A Dumb Guy movie is *Body Heat*, where William Hurt (superbly portraying the most pathetic of the Dumb Guy subgenres, the Dumb Lawyer) tries to play cute with a will and takes the fall for Kathleen Turner.

Dahl is fascinated with Dumb Guys: one can view his movies as a catalog of their various forms. In *Red Rock West* Nicholas Cage played the generic "nice" Dumb Guy. After he is inadvertently hired to kill a man's wife, he promptly goes to warn her that her husband wants her dead; her response is to offer to pay twice as much to have Cage kill her husband. In the end, everyone ends up angry at Cage. In Dahl's latest film, *The Last Seduction*, the Dumb Guys are not very nice, and they tend to do most of their thinking with their little Elvises. Each is used and destroyed by the female lead (Linda Fiorentino), who is the sort of femme fatale who knows exactly which buttons to push to get Dumb Guys to do exactly what she wants.

Fiorentino plays a smart and sexy yuppie who doublecrosses her evil Dumb Guy husband and ends up fleeing New York with the entirety of the proceeds of a drug deal he executed. Once Fiorentino reaches upstate New York, her lawyer advises her to sit tight for a little while until he can convince her irate husband to accept a divorce (she

can't turn the cash into real assets until her divorce comes through, since as her lawyer points out, New York's equitable distribution rule makes it hard for her to deal drugs and steal at will). Fiorentino turns to the amusements that can be found in a small town in upstate New York, which in her case, come in the form of an arrogant local played by Peter Berg. Berg's Dumb Guy isn't evil, he just has an outsized sense of his own sophistication, so when Fiorentino walks into his corner bar with her Donna Karan suit and New York attitude, he quickly draws the dumb conclusion that she is his ticket to a new life. The rest of the film unwinds in classic film noir fashion, with Fiorentino carefully playing with Berg and his vanities while keeping her desperate husband at bay on the end of a long distance line. Ultimately, Fiorentino manages to get these Dumb Guys to take each other out of the picture so that she ends up alone and with all the money.

Dahl achieves a careful balance between wit and suspense. He's given Fiorentino some classic asides, but since her character is supposed to be sneering at everybody else, the jokes don't disrupt the logic of the story. It is interesting to note that the movie maintains a high level of tension even though there is very little violence. In the amoral world of film noir, victims are not simply innocently slaughtered, they walk into their own fates. The fun comes not from watching the fatal blows, but from watching how the victims set themselves up. As we watch these unlikable lambs going to the slaughter, we feel nervous because we want to convince ourselves that we would never be so dumb as to take that walk. But that is what makes *The Last Seduction* so much fun—Dahl leaves open the scary possibility that any man (or woman) might end up being a Dumb Guy.

GRADING ON A CURVE:

The Last Seduction	A-
Red Rock West	B+

BONUS MINI REVIEW: PULP FICTION

This is a great movie and it deserves all the hype it has received. You can quibble with its lack of a plot, but it is important to step back for a moment and remember that Quentin Tarantino has single-handedly jolted Hollywood into remembering that good movies are built on good scripts. Most people I've spoke to remember *Pulp Fiction* for its dialogue, not its violence. Tarantino's scripts are so good that he can inspire breathtaking performances from a wide range of actors. Not

only can Tarantino get a great performance from a good actor (as in the case of Samuel Jackson), he can even coax a decent performance from an inert side of beef like Bruce Willis. I'm not too worried about the fact that *Pulp Fiction* wasn't about anything. Tarantino has already proven in "Reservoir Dogs" that he knows how to tell a story. *Pulp Fiction* is an exercise in camp, and it is brilliantly executed and a lot of fun to watch. For once the Frogs at Cannes have gotten something right.

GRADING ON A CURVE: A (A- if you are scared of long needles, Eric Stoltz, or the movie *Deliverance*.)

AJS

There are three kinds of men in film noir: smart men, dumb men, and really dumb guys who think they are smart. The last category are the guys who are putty in the hands of movie femme fatales like Bridget, played by Linda Fiorentino (Doesn't anybody remember *Visionquest* and *After Hours* from the mid-1980s?). First, there is her husband, Bill Pullman (*Accidental Tourist*, *The Serpent and the Rainbow*) a medical resident who writes prescriptions to junkies and sells a briefcase full of pharmaceutical grade cocaine for \$700,000, which Bridget steals while Bill is taking a victory shower in celebration of pulling off his drug deal without dying.

As you already know, Bridget hightails it to some small town outside of Buffalo, talks her way into a job under an assumed name, and proceeds to do bad things to every man she meets. On her first night in town, she meets Mike, played by new comer Peter Berg. Berg is a big man in a small town, since he used to live in Buffalo. How dumb is Peter? Let's put it this way. His quickie marriage in Buffalo cratered in less than forty eight hours for reasons that should be obvious to anyone who has seen *The Crying Game*. Further evidence of his profound stupidity is his Donahue-esque need to share emotional intimacies and prove himself to a woman who repeatedly and publicly refers to him as her designated sex toy.

I loved *The Last Seduction* even more than I liked *Red Rock West*, John Dahl's last movie. Both share a common history. They were made for budget between two and three million dollars for one of the cable networks. Both featured real casts and received theatrical release after an initial cable showing. *Red Rock West* featured Nicholas Cage, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Dennis Hopper. The difference is that in *Red Rock West* there is the possi-

bility of escape, if not redemption for the guy. In *The Last Seduction*, there is no escape for anyone with XY chromosomes. These are both great movies, the kind of modern film noir the Coen brothers (*Blood Simple* and *Miller's Crossing*) only wish they could make.

Both films share J.T. Walsh in very different roles. In *Red Rock West*, he plays the heavy, in *The Last Seduction* he plays a lawyer who is the only man that Bridget cannot twist to her designs. He is by no means a hero, but it is refreshing to see a movie about a lawyer who acts profitably because he acts ethically.¹

Not only are both of Dahl's films are on my top ten movies of the year, they make great review sessions for all first year courses, not to mention Family Law and Professional Responsibility.

Grading on a Curve:

The Last Seduction	A
Red Rock West	A-

Bonus Mini-Reviews

The first third of *Stargate* is a boring version of "Raiders of the Lost Ark" where smart people act stupid, so a stupid guy can act real smart and make amazing discoveries. Query, if James Spader's character is so smart, how come he doesn't have a job, a home, or a life? The middle third of the movie reminded me of the Michael Jackson video where he dances like an Egyptian pharaoh, kisses Imam, and morphs into a panther, this time starring Jaye Davidson. The final third of the movie, after the special effects budget ran out, was a retro World War II style buddy film where people of diverse backgrounds learn to work together to kill the enemy. This movie can also be seen as a long-form version of the old Mel Brooks' joke beginning: "Your highness, the peasants are revolting." On the other hand, *Stargate* is considerably more interesting than *Star Trek: Generations* where the only tension is whether William Shatner will be squeezed to death by his girdle.

Grading on a Curve:

Stargate:	C+
Star Trek: Generations:	C-

SWW

¹ Professor Sebok disagrees vehemently with this point. He believes Walsh acts ethically because it is profitable.

First Year

By Jennifer Lobato

"Take my hand, and together we'll walk
through the Bramblebush*, where our eyes
will be torn from our heads."
That is about all he said during the first day of class.

OH

On the next day,
we were told she would hold our hands
as we stumbled through the Bramblebush
and smacked into the solid wall on the other side.

OH NO

And on and on it was said
until each one of them became a professor
of fear on side B of a scratched record playing
backwards.
Suddenly I have 17 credits worth of hungry hands
throwing me on a thorny altar
and five juris doctors smiling at the sport,
reassuring me I'll be able to see
when they put my eyes back in.

And blackened eyes look hollowed out,
and a large coffee is required,
and my books are worth gold,
or at least my first newborn child.

And my bag is a burden,
which makes my shoulders uneven,
and sanity gets tested
'cause their questions are deceiving.

And the library is a coffin,
and my classmates have heart,
and my fate is scrawled
on a grid iron seating chart.
And I need every brain cell I've salvaged
out of the haze I graduated from.

Ah, undergrad...

Where the beer was bad and the sex was worse,
but both were cheap and easy to come by.
Undergrad, where no one would know me now
that I don't go out at night,
now that I sit at a desk, and not on a stool,
now that I throw around doctrine instead of darts,

now that I stay up late
with my face in a book, not at a bar.
And I laugh and cry and I don't know why
or how or who or what the damn issue is
or what ass these people are pulling their answers
from.

And the thorns cling to my body
while Bramble's groping mouth sucks my soul
and my mind sits on top of side B.
And I can see I'm confusing you
'cause I know I lost me
so, where IS John when I need him?

He's still at undergrad...

buried in beer, slipping unto a Sega coma,
pinned under an aloe enriched thumb
with a perfectly pinked nail.
Well, he's there, and I'm here,
and I'm alone without him...
without any of them.
It really doesn't matter, though.
I'm just glad we don't have privy
so that the Bramblebush,
which adversely possesses my soul
and commits an intentional tort against my psyche,
will never be able to get them too.

Ah, my friends,
you laugh.
You laugh as they pull the skin from my onion
head.

Take a close look,
close enough to see through
the transparent facts stored,
no,
stacked one on top of another and another
and another.

Enjoy their Socratic peeling,
leaving me for dead,
nothing but raw, exposed nerves.
Enjoy their game, my friends, but remember,
only they've read the rules.

*The Bramblebush is a book about case analysis often used to
describe the confusion and fear law students will experience.

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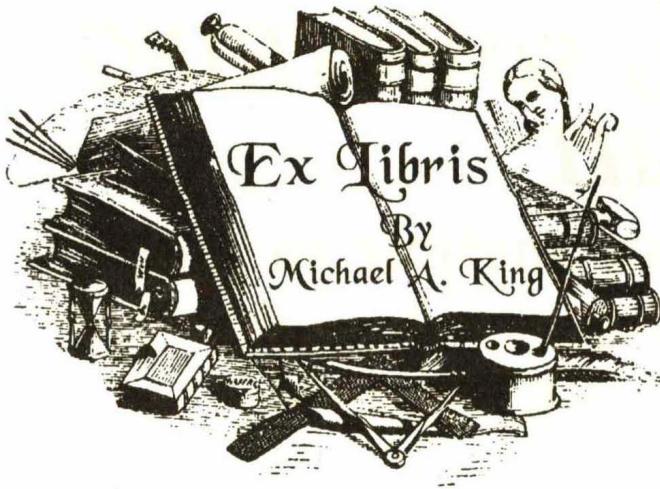
Ladies' Night
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1/2 Price Drinks

Thursday

\$5 MGD: All You Can Drink
\$1 Tacos

Friday

\$1.50 MGD Pints
Snakebite \$2.50



Leadership books seem to be published at an alarming rate and many of them are a mere regurgitation of the Dale Carnegie school of pithy platitudes. Mr. Wills, the winner of the 1992 Pulitzer Prize for his book *Lincoln at Gettysburg*, has written this leadership book with a different approach. Using various leaders as examples of the different types of leadership personalities, Mr. Wills draws on his vast historical knowledge to describe how these leaders combined their unique talents and the needs of their followers to reach the goals that they had decided upon.

Many of the leaders that Mr. Wills de-

scribes are not the typical people that you would expect to find in this type of book. It is refreshing to read about Carl Stotz, the founder of Little League Baseball, as an example of a sports leader. And the treatment that the author gives Harriet Tubman as an example of the radical leader type is excellent. Mr. Wills develops this technique by picking an example of the different leadership types and then contrasting them with an antitype. Unfortunately, this method of getting his point across causes much anguish for the reader. I repeatedly found myself hoping that the individual chapters would expand their treatment of the leadership subjects. It seems that the task of treating a Napoleon or a King David can not be properly done in a few pages. As soon as the reader's interest in an individual subject is piqued the author abruptly changes to a different theme.

Mr. Wills does make some important points about leadership. However, these are rather predictable. A few examples; a leader needs followers, the circumstances often provide opportunities for decisive action, a leader needs to be able to adapt his aims to his followers wishes. This was not a bad book, but if the author had narrowed down his subject and perhaps limited it to a history of leadership it would have been better.

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WE MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT

This semester, more than anytime in recent history, there is a proliferation by other bar review courses of "BAR/BRI Bashing."

BAR/BRI is the overwhelming choice of New York bar candidates. (Last summer more than 5,600 of the 7,700 students who sat for the New York bar exam chose BAR/BRI.)

We have become the #1 course by promising a lot and delivering more.

Make an informed decision. Investigate. Self-serving "BAR/BRI Bashing" is not based on fact.

Ask students who took our course.
They will tell you...

BAR/BRI

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