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ON THE ROAD WITH BLS

The BLS Summer Programs in Bologna and Beijing *This is Bologna's 10th year and Beijing's 8th*

by Ana Luna

The experience over all, both academically and psychologically being in China was amazing. There was something special about the China program. Perhaps it has something to do with the touch of exotic or fantastical thoughts in my psyche in relation to the far east, and about China specifically. My experience on the Great Wall was really beyond words. The constant feeling of change, of a place in transition, of something, just about anything, about to take place - this is what made China so unique. China is a living history, a cultural reality that is intriguing as all old civilizations are. The combination of the old and the new as experi-



Photo by Ana Luna

enced in China right now is very exciting.

Academically, I extremely enjoyed the "WTO & China" course and it did help me focus on what

was of interest to me in the law. When I came to law school, I

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File Sharing Blocked in Feil Hall

by James Renken
SBA Technology Secretary

It has come to my attention that¹ several "peer-to-peer" file-sharing programs do not work on Feil Hall's Internet connection. This is one of many things that the SBA has discussed with the School's IT department, and since it looks like the problem can't be solved this year, it's the topic of this first (and hopefully last) technology column.

First, you don't need to worry about e-mail attachments or instant-message file transfers. The affected protocols are BitTorrent, FastTrack, and Gnutella; the most popular programs that use these protocols are BearShare, BitTorrent, Kazaa, LimeWire, and Morpheus. Why are these protocols broken? IT has had to deliberately block them,² for a reason that begins with an unknown student downloading an episode of a recent TV series using BitTorrent.

Downloading a TV series from an "unofficial" Internet site is, of course, usually going to infringe the owner's copyright. In this case, the rights owner sent a notice to the School, asking that they restrict the student's file-sharing activities. On the BLS network, unlike most school networks, this is not possible: due to the network's design, past Internet traffic cannot be traced to an individual computer.

All Internet traffic from BLS goes through a Network Address Translation (NAT)³ gateway, which "renumbers" outgoing traffic so that it appears to be originating from the gateway itself. This eliminates the need for

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1. Yes, I do mean to reference Up the Down Staircase. Sorry.
2. It is perfectly all right to split infinitives. Ask me why.
3. <http://www.ietf.org/rfc/rfc1631.txt>

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Secret Lives at Brooklyn

by Heather Kalachman

There are some people many of us see every day. While we may recognize them, few of us have had the opportunity to learn what really drives them. These are the faces of people working hard to ensure the safety and happiness of students at Brooklyn Law School. Who are these people?

Read on to find out

FRANK SEDDO

DOB: 3/30/46. Security Guard at Feil Hall, Equestrian

Family: Frank lives with his wife, June (Director of Student Services for Brooklyn Law School), in Dyker Heights. Together they have 3 daughters and 2 granddaughters.

Prior Career: Frank came to BLS after being tired of being

retired! He had worked in food service all of his life, including a 14 year stint at Riker's Island.

Message for Students: "Do the best you can and go as far as you can."

Favorite Aspect of Job: Beyond remarking that "the crew that works here is great," Frank noted that the best thing about working at Feil Hall was interacting with

the students. As opposed to the main building where, "kids are tense, going to school to study - here they are relaxed, you get to laugh with them and hear their jokes, you get to know them." Frank thinks it is important that students are here getting their degrees and he added that he "tries to get along with all the kids and likes to listen to all their stories." The students at Feil Hall like Frank just as much, as they can often be found bringing him cookies and other baked goods.

When He's Not at BLS: Frank is probably babysitting his youngest granddaughter, teaching his older granddaughter how to drive, or horseback riding.

Favorite Activity: Horseback Riding. Frank spent his childhood riding every weekend in Prospect Park. He has taught all of his daughters, and his eldest granddaughter how to ride, and hopes to soon teach his youngest granddaughter to ride as well.

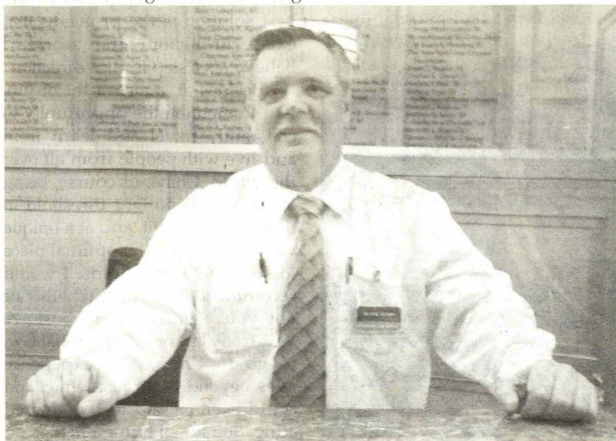
Other Hobbies: Frank loves to "see different states," especially by car. Some of his favorites are Texas, where his wife's family is, Las Vegas, Nevada, where he has relatives, and Branson, Missouri, because "If you like Country, that's the place!"

Favorite Music: Country and Rock and Roll (50's and 60's Rock).

Most Proud of: His granddaughters!

Personal Motto: "Treat people the way you want to be treated."

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Frank Seddo protecting Feil Hall

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THE SBA FEELS YOUR PAIN

by Liz Bracco

In an effort to facilitate communication between the SBA and the rest of the student body, the SBA held two town hall meetings over the last couple of weeks. Attendance was abysmal. While this could mean everything is perfect, the long list of problems generated by the few students that did attend suggests otherwise:

Library

There were several complaints regarding the library. First, carrels are highly preferred to tables or couches for studying, but there aren't enough. One student proposed exchanging the large tables or empty bookshelves for more carrels. Second, there isn't enough study space, period. Perhaps the



Photo by Stephen Harris

school could open up the Subotnick Center during finals as an extra quiet space for reading. Third, the library closes too early. A stand-alone institution, however, lacks the resources of a large university that can hire 24-hour

staff. We cannot afford such luxuries, though perhaps longer hours during finals would be a friendly compromise. Fourth, noise from students loudly whispering to each

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Beijing Summer of 2005

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was with the intention of doing something in public interest.

I have always been interested in various areas of international law that I thought I might want to pursue, although those areas were of a "public interest" type. I never really had much interest in corporate or business law of any kind. However, I surprisingly found that this area of law, specifically trade law, was very much to my liking. I don't know what it is exactly, maybe to some degree it is the "mathematical" nature of the subject, but perhaps it has to do again with the feeling of transition and new begins that permeates ever thing in China. Being an optimist, the idea of working as a "world organization," in peace instead of



Photo by Ana Luna

through bloodshed, of letting down barriers centuries old that exist between nations, is profoundly enticing. As a realist, the power

of money, the power of having power, must come into play in any realistic attempt at accomplishing a united world. Thus the interest in international trade law because, even though it might not be the best solution to the problems that exist throughout the world, I believe it's a step in that direction.

Besides, it is also a lot of fun. Not to mention the opportunity to constantly travel and learn from and live with people from all over the world. China, of course, being at such an important threshold in their development, and at a unique vantage point, is the optimal place to see it all as it unfolds. I would recommend to anyone, whether or not you're interested in business law, trade law or international law, to go to China. The experience goes beyond being academic, and could even be said to be required education for all human beings.

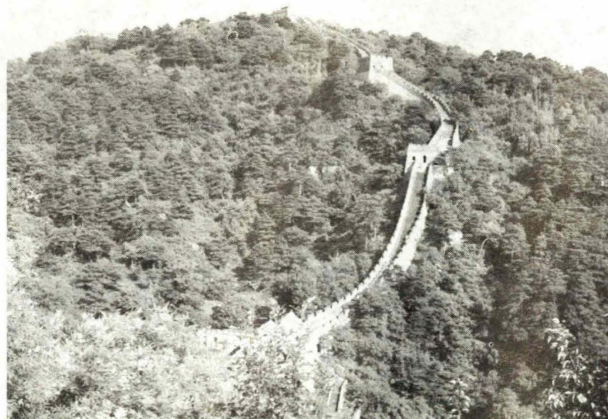


Photo by Ana Luna

Bologna Summer of 2005

by Yael Friedman

Each summer for the last decade or so, after the last final and the 1L journal competition, a few dozen lucky BLS students have the chance to stretch their weary exam-writing muscles abroad, in one of BLS' study abroad programs – 2 or 3 glorious weeks in either Beijing or Bologna. By all accounts (literally all), both programs exceed the expectations of the students, and as one would correctly assume, for different reasons, as the two cities have rather different experiences to offer the curious student-traveler.

Both programs are coordinated in conjunction with Loyola University School of Law (in Los Angeles), a decade-long "joint venture" that began when a professor from BLS left for Loyola and helped form a relationship between the two schools that has persisted beyond his tenure as



Photo by Yael Friedman

Loyola Law School's dean.

This past summer, Professor Pinto, from BLS, and the programs'

director, along with Prof Gerber (also from BLS) and Professor Karl Manheim, from Loyola, experienced the Bologna program alongside 58 students from BLS, Loyola and a few other schools. Professor Manheim had participated in the Beijing program in the past, but this was his first time teaching in Bologna. When asked about the academic part of the program, Professor Manheim replied that he "All the faculty taught content-rich courses and had reasonably high expectations for their students. The students in turn met those expectations (and) they were more engaged than I anticipated." Personally speaking, Professor Manheim's International Telecommunications Regulation class presented as a very pleasant surprise. Having less interest in the most up to date technology than perhaps the average law stu-

dent, and more than a passing interest in spending as much time as possible in the city and its environs, I was completely and fully engaged in Professor Manheim's class for those two hours every day and looked forward to attending it. For students thinking of attending the Beijing program this spring, note that he will be teaching there.

Of course, Professor Manheim had a few more words to say about Bologna itself – "...it is a jewel. Fortunately it is not well known to the tourist circuit. I half considered writing to Rick Steves and thanking him for omitting Bologna from his popular travel book. In explaining Bologna to friends who haven't been, I describe it as the Italian version of Berkeley – a large public university surrounded by a

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FILE SHARING

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every computer on the network to have an Internet-accessible IP address; such addresses are in short supply, and it's often difficult and expensive to get large numbers of them. NAT also provides some incidental security benefits.⁴ Since all Internet traffic appears to be originating from the gateway – p2pwall.brooklaw.edu – the School has no way of knowing which computer within the network was responsible for any given download.

The School has few options other than blocking peer-to-peer file-sharing entirely. One is to risk liability for contributory infringement. Standing up to the RIAA is laudable but, you must admit, not very smart for a private school on a budget. A second option would be to keep records of all Internet traffic. This has very negative privacy implications which I won't go into; needless to say, nobody wants to do this.

My favorite solution would be to redesign the network so that, like most schools' networks, each computer presents its own address (perhaps like feil-1234.res.brooklaw.edu) to the Internet. This solves the problem without affecting privacy, and is usually considered to be the best engineering practice. Unfortunately, it's both difficult and expensive to make major changes like this to an existing network. It would like to do

this eventually, but they have far more pressing issues for their limited staff to worry about, such as improving WebAdvisor, Webmail and the wireless network.

For the time being, the School must continue to block peer-to-peer file-sharing, as unpleasant as that may be. However, you're not without options if this blocking affects you. If you live in Feil Hall, you are now allowed to order a third-party Internet connection.⁵ If you're an advanced user, you might consider using a Virtual Private Network (VPN) or similar "tunnel" to send all of your Internet traffic through an off-site gateway. Finally, of course, there are plenty of on-line DVD rental services out there.⁶

Please look forward to my 4,000-word column and eight-page color diagram in the next issue of BLS News, with full details of the business dispute which affected our portion of the Internet in early October. For each dollar donated to the SBA budget, however, I promise to write two words fewer. How's that for an economic incentive?

4. A full explanation of the security benefits is beyond the scope of this article. Trust me: it's eleven magic (in the Keebler sort of way, not the Dungeons & Dragons sort of way).

5. Die-hard file-sharing enthusiasts may wish to consider Bway.net's AnonDSL™ service, which claims to "make your online activities untraceable." It remains to be seen whether or not this is accurate. I, the SBA, and BLS News do not necessarily endorse this service.

6. I don't recommend Netflix, which has a history of sending spam, but there are plenty of



Photo by Yael Friedman

Feil Hall Profiles

The Stories Behind the Faces

by Marjan Foruzani

Name: Alexander "Alex" Contreras

Favorite Candy: Queen Anne Cherries

Family: Married with a 6-year-old daughter named Alyssa

How do you like living in Feil Hall? "It's great!"

Title: Superintendent

#1 Advice to BLS students:

"Always be happy, friendly, and polite."

Years at BLS: 13 Years

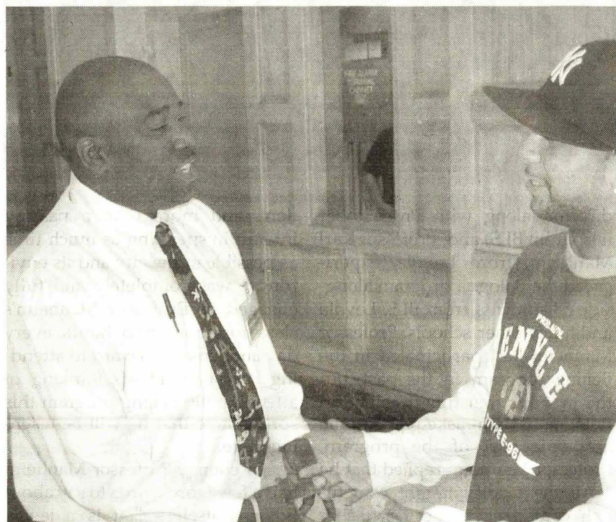
If you weren't working right now, where would you be? Traveling to Europe and Central America

From: New York, New York

Birthday: August 19th

Favorite Food: Chicken Parmesan

Yankees or Mets? Yankees



Carl at Feil Hall
Photo by Stephen Harris



Alex hard at work on a Feil Hall balcony
Photo by Stephen Harris

Name: Carlyle "Carl" R. Logan

Title: Security

Years at BLS: over 3 months

From: Brooklyn, New York

Birthday: November 11th

Favorite Food: Caribbean

Favorite Candy: Snickers, Kit Kat... anything chocolate

Best thing about working at Feil Hall/BLS: The students!

Worst thing: Working on the weekends

If you weren't working right now, where would you be? Playing football in Connecticut

Favorite Football Team: Jets or Giants

Yankees or Mets? Yankees

Funniest story while working at Feil Hall: A visitor (who happens to be a law student) said he was visiting a friend living in an apartment on the 12th floor. After walking up to the elevators, he turns around and walks back to the front desk to ask: "Is that on the 12th floor?" Wow...

LAW FOR THE PEOPLE

by Stephanie Morin,
Mark Taylor, and Dipty Jain

The National Lawyers Guild "Law for the People" annual convention was held in Portland, Oregon this year, and three BLS students made the trip to find out what other radical lawyers and law students in other parts of the country are up to. Portland is a cool town with interesting people and places. As one third of the Guild is comprised of law students, the annual convention is always a really good time. It's inspiring to meet students, legal workers and lawyers from other parts of the country who are like-minded and have many experiences from which to learn. The Guild students at Lewis and Clark Law School put together a fantastic party for the law students (attended not only by students, but also long-time radical lawyers who still love a good party) where an elaborately costumed marching band inspired the crowd with a large brass section

and a number of dancers on stilts. While the never ending battle for social justice motivates the Guild, it's nice to see that we could all still be moved by some good music as well.

Over the course of four days, about 40 workshops and panels were offered. They ranged from topics like massive detention and deportation of immigrants to the struggle of bringing the Latino community into a progressive movement, the over-incarceration of African American communities, the backlash on queer rebels, and from environmental disasters to domestic terrorism. One panel focused on the humanitarian efforts designed to frustrate the expansion of armed anti-immigrant vigilante groups on the Mexican border and stop the murders and injuries caused by these vigilantes.

The Guild's "Mass Defense" committee sponsored a couple of panels dealing with the Committee's work to defend the rights of protesters around the

country. Events in New York featured prominently as lessons learned from defense of protestors during the Republican National Convention were shared with activist defenders from around the country. The Midnight Special Law Collective, based in Oakland, California, also shared its wisdom on how lawyers could best serve activists and their goals, and how to deal with protest tactics, such as jail solidarity. A panel on labor law focused solely on the anti-union tactics at Wal-Mart, contending that, as the country's largest employer with over one million employees, it has become the new business model that employers all over the world look to shape employer-employee relations. A workshop was presented by lawyers and law students who had represented Conscientious Objectors in the armed forces, as well as Conscientious Objectors themselves who spoke of their ordeals opting out of being human shields for the Bush administration. Another plenary was organ-

ized to facilitate the Guild's coordinated legal response to the government's failures among poor communities of color affected by hurricane Katrina.

One of the main focuses of this year's Law for the People conference was to make the elimination of racism a primary objective of the Guild in order to progress towards a truly inclusive and integrated organization. As Guild attorneys, law students and legal workers who fight for an end to racism in society, we must reflect our commitment to racial justice by challenging race and class privilege and actively supporting the leadership of people of color within the Guild itself. In 2003, a fund was initiated by the national student representatives to the Guild for travel stipends for law students of color to attend the 2004 National Convention in Birmingham, Alabama. They expected to raise money to fund just a few people. But with the support of the Guild

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MR. MOM

by Leah Wiederhorn

I am depressed, frustrated, and verging on hopeless. Having just finished Maureen Dowd's article, "What's a Modern Girl to Do?" in a recent New York Times Sunday Magazine, I wonder how to change the course of women's fight for equality. I wonder how we ventured down this backward path. It is not that I don't understand or empathize with the dilemmas we modern women face. I too wonder how to raise my future children and take time off from work to stay at home, while still maintaining a career. In September 20, 2005

an battle? While women debate how to balance work with family, the role of modern men - their responsibilities - is curiously missing from this discussion. A battle must be waged to change men's role in society as well. Perhaps one answer to reversing feminism's downward spiral is to take the focus off of women and our behavior and to place it on men and their conduct.

Women will gain equal status in society only when we accept that parenting responsibilities should be shared equally between

But if we were to truly shift the caretaking responsibilities to rest on both sexes' shoulders, and if more men began taking time off of their careers, working part time, leaving work early to pick up their children from school, perhaps we would begin to see changes in these larger social issues.

Times article by Louise Story about young, female, Ivy League college students who plan to abandon their careers to raise a family and the male students who applaud this decision, I understood those women's desire to place family first. I want that too. But I take issue with giving up on the dream of having it both ways. And I take particular issue with those missing from the debate for women's equality. Men - where are you?

Why should we women have to bear the burden of this egalitari

women and men. Men are no longer the sole wage earners. When women contribute to family income, a fair adjustment has to be made in areas of housekeeping and childcare. Biology dictates that women must shoulder the burden of pregnancy, but why should women give up on their careers to raise children their male partners helped create? Men are just as capable of making beds and dinners, driving car-pool, doing

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leadership and generous donations from members, local chapters, professors, the Southern Poverty Law Center, and the National Office, they were able to provide at least partial funding for 23 students of color to attend the convention. In Birmingham, The United People of Color Caucus was formed to support the work of students and lawyers of color to move the work of the Guild forward, and this committee has already done an outstanding amount of work to raise the consciousness of the Guild around issues of racial justice in the organization. This year, the funding provided travel stipends for over 29 students, and these efforts resulted in over 51 students and young attorneys of color were present at the conference, the largest number to ever attend the national convention.

Finally, the convention also
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cal highlights. Lynne Stewart, who is now awaiting sentencing, gave a dynamic - and unbelievably upbeat - speech about progressive lawyering and the government's backlash on advocates. Michael Franti (of the political group Spearhead) played music and told stories at the banquet Saturday night. The Venezuelan Ambassador to the U.S., Bernardo Alvarez, spoke at the International Committee Reception. And a contingent of PCUN, Oregon's union of farm workers, nursery, and reforestation workers, and Oregon's largest Latino organization, spoke at the banquet about how their organization has worked for years to empower farm workers to realize their rights in the labor movement and the importance that lawyers and legal workers must place on learning from the constituencies with whom they work.

fragile.
by Sarah West

with time
you learn to slay your demons
even as their heat still burns
you conquer and move on

with time
the wounds begin to close
though you'll never forget they existed
under the scars

with time
strength grows
but so does fear
-- fear of a future
you refuse to allow to be run
by your past

2L - This Year Sucks

by Scott Chait

We're fed up. Yup, had enough, ready to check out, drop out, step out. Us 2Ls, that is. "Here we are, only half way done with law school and I just feel...spent. I'm hitting a wall, I don't have the energy or desire to care anymore," said one particularly exasperated friend, her eyes dragging heavy bags, shoulders slumped under the weight of an overstuffed backpack. Like the onset of the flu season, this sentiment has been going around. Yes, it's November of our second year here at BLS and the "2L blues" are raging. Now, for any 'ol red-blooded active human being, November is a tough month. The weather is getting cold for the first time in 8 months. The aforementioned Flu is making its insidious rounds. The sun sets before you can fully digest lunch. But for us 2L's, it is practically unbearable.

Why is it unbearable? Well, I think football can explain it. (Not soccer for your internationals, rather good old fashioned crash-mouth American football.) You see, there is an evil myth perpetuated by otherwise well meaning lawyers, professors, upperclassmen, friends and family. The myth goes something like this: "Well, yeah, it's first year that's the hard year. The rest of the way, second and third year? Ach, easy..." That's what they tell us as 1Ls. And so, with laptops humming and crisp new highlighters gliding, we buy it - hook, line and sinker. We delve into Actual Causation, Rule 12(b)(6), the penumbras, and Fee Simple Absolutes. We are bug-eyed and optimistic, full of energy and naïveté, ready to engage the law, to study and sweat, to get the great grades which would lead to the great jobs.

The world was our oyster, anything was possible! And then first year ended, our class ranks arrived in the mail, and reality swung a big

'ol aluminum baseball bat right into our collective craniums. (Top 10% stop reading now.) But after the initial wallop and let down, the feeling simply passed. You simply accept your class rank and move forward accordingly. I'll just have to pound the pavement a bit harder looking for a job; make more calls, go to more networking events, send out more resumes (or simply call Uncle Joe who's got a firm out in Jersey). And you know what, who cares anyway because I have a THREE month summer vacation followed by two years of jeans, t-shirts, TV, and partying-woo-hoo! I'll refresh, relax and recharge and start anew in September. Yeah, a new semester, an easy time, a fun, downright groovy time, right?

Wrong. No long, glorious summer vacation could prepare us for the crushing reality of what second year has wrought. And, so I finally arrive at why football explains the "2L blues." You see, in football they say that the hit that really injures a player is the one he never saw coming. The blindside. Body crumpled in a heap on the turf. Bring out the med cart, season over. And that's second year. We never saw it coming. The workload is 15 credit heavy - as heavy, if not heavier, than first year. The subject material is far more complex and sophisticated. And in addition to classes and outlining, 2L's have internships, clinics, the summer job search, papers, Moot Court comps, Journal notes, and the innumerable other responsibilities we have taken on that were not available to us during first year. But what we don't have is the blind naïveté, the optimism, the energy that always accompanies something new. All we have is the occasional free pizza lunch. Perhaps I'm just lazy and a complainer. Perhaps I should "suck it up" and "deal." Perhaps.

Creative Writing Section: A Divergence From Law School

everything in this section has been subject to editing

What I learned while living on Saint 22nd Street.

by Adam Defayette

For a time there I was living in this wretched place on Saint 22nd Street. Personally, I didn't have a problem with it, but it was certainly objectively wretched. My place wasn't so much an apartment as it was just an oddly oblong room with a kitchen crammed into the corner. A lone toilet with no shower. I would bathe a week at various friend's houses; they understood where I was coming from I suppose. So this place anyhow, it wasn't so bad. It was rather filthy when I moved in, but I got some harsh cleaning chemicals down at the Safeway and scrubbed that little room clean. I even made some minor repairs. Did a little painting too. It wasn't so bad.

Everyone in this sad little building seemed to take good enough care of their rooms. People were loud, but I was stoic and calm and managed to stay non-confrontational throughout my stay on 22nd. Gunshots and sirens, though nerve-racking for the first few weeks, became in time a distant soundtrack which no longer sent my heart into my throat. I never had understood before how city folk could contend with these noises until I started living there. Now I understand.

There were always children playing in the stairwells, and out in the streets. They were perpetually dirty: hands covered in sticky dirt, lips caked in tomato sauce or dried up chocolate milk, teeth crying out to be brushed and fluoridated, clothes tattered and smudged with the varied filths of the city. They all seemed happy, despite a disturbing propensity towards violence. Sometimes they would attack me with rocks, or their little fists and feet, but it never bothered me—I played along, careful not to hurt anyone. They were all bullies, and so there were no bullies. They would get to be bullies someday I'm sure, instilling character into their schoolmates. Bullies play an important role in most everyone's socialization. For me they instilled a strong identification with the weak and the oppressed—and I'm glad for that. As a middle-class white heterosexual male, I don't know how else I would have gained this perspective. That sense of injustice has followed me around my whole life. Yeah, being bullied usually has one of two long-term outcomes for any given person: a) You actually turn out to be a really cool person, and by that I mean really authentically cool, or b) You turn out really introverted and anti-social, maybe even downright mean and sadistic. I like to think that I turned out pretty cool.

My days on Saint 22nd Street were consistently pleasant. I used to wake up in the mornings, and without the slightest hesitation hop up out of bed ready to meet the day. There were two things I knew how to make for breakfast: oatmeal with toast, or a hearty bowl of cereal with soymilk. After breakfast I'd walk down the street to the newspaper stand to pick up a copy of either the New York Times or The Guardian. I'd make small talk with people at the stand; typically a motley crew of commies, conservatives, and centrists. This was in the year 2001, and everyone's politics felt strangely, yet refreshingly anachronistic. It was somehow nice to know that people still believed in the concepts of both socialism, honest government, or even family values—whatever any of those things could possibly mean. So I'd get my daily dose of macro-politics and be done with it. From there I'd return home to feed my cat ("Jorge") and then take the public transportation to my day job at this obscene buffet place called The Burrito Shack, where I worked contentedly as a dishwasher for 6 bucks an hour. I always got overtime so paying the bills was never a problem—plus I always had extra cash to go to the movies and the occasional indie-rock or hip-hop show. It was a nice time, and I was happy. I appreciated the simple things in life, and was for a time the kind of person who truly would stop and smell the roses. It's easy enough to be happy I suppose.

The psycho-pathology buffet.

by Adam Defayette

Nervous breakdown,
panic attack,
a 6 month fugue in the Bahamas?
What'll it be?
A side of schizophrenia with your manic-depression?
How's about an obsessive compulsive disorder?
It'll help you get your room clean,
your chores done,
the dean's list,
a 4.0.

You see,
what so many humans never thought of
when they were setting themselves up
with material comfort and security,
was the great void they were opening up within themselves.
It allowed for the mind to expand in all sorts of obscene ways,
into all sorts of invisible spaces.
Some trade-off, really.

See the countryside,
see it in places
and read it in their faces.
He's got acne scars
deep pits that were once extroverted.
She's got lines around her eyes,
abusing her access to tears.
They look bloated,
and feel better with each bite.

There's only so much an individual can repress though.
Here, lay down on this table.
You just don't have adequate machinery,
and you'll never get through life with what you've got.
You're sure to end up in a padded cell,
no shoe-laces,
no respect,
handled by a 38 year old boy
who's making minimum wage,
with terrible teeth and repulsive smile,
too much gum, too little enamel.

God, what were we thinking?

My On-line Dating Experience

by Sarah West

His name was Dave.* He was good looking, tall and muscular, with dark skin and eyes. He was pierced and tattooed, and wore his hair spiked up with gel. A cop in New York City, Dave spoke with a typical Brooklyn accent. He wasn't that bright, but then again, I did meet him on J-date.

There I admitted it. I went on J-date. Go ahead and laugh. Okay, are you done now? It was my last desperate attempt to rebound from a recent break-up. Looking back, I can't believe I actually succumbed to the on-line dating craze. I am one of those women that can never go out with a man without having at least one mutual acquaintance in common with him. To be honest, the only reason I signed up for J-date was because a number of my girlfriends had some success with it, and I really just wanted to find the quickest way to meet some poor sap I could parade around. Pretty pathetic, huh? Well, I learned that lesson the hard way.

By New Year's Eve, Dave and I had been dating exclusively for a few weeks. Being a rookie on the force, he didn't get to choose his shifts, and was stuck working late on New Year's Eve.

He called me once during the night, an hour or two before midnight. I was busy with friends

watching a vaudeville show at some divey bar in the village, but I answered anyway to wish him a "Happy New Year." Dave told me he would be getting off work soon, and he would call me when his shift was over because he wanted to see me. He never called.

When I questioned him the next day, he had two excuses. The first was that when he did call, I sounded like I was having so much fun with my friends that he didn't want to bother me again later. The second was that he had an arrest that night, and he had to wait around all night for an ADA. Maybe he was telling the truth, maybe he wasn't. I'll never know. We saw each other two more times, then less than two weeks after New Year's Eve, my grandmother passed away.

Dave was consoling over the phone, but never offered to give me support by coming to the funeral nor or stopping by my house. In fact, I never saw Dave again. Even though we were only dating for a short while, I was surprised that he never even offered to come by. Perhaps he might have felt awkward if that was how he had to meet my family. Still, I thought he would have made an effort to come over while my family wasn't there, just to be with me, to comfort me.

I began to realize from our conversations, mostly about how much he loved himself, that he was actually rather full of himself. I guess

I should have been tipped off by the fact that his AOL profile contained a link to 20 pictures, and every single one of them was a picture of himself, taking a picture of himself, flexing his tattooed muscles in some mirror. What a great catch.

When I got back to school after spending a few days with my family, Dave and I still spoke everyday on the phone, and everyday he asked when he was going to get to see me again. I had some work to catch up on after being absent due to my grandmother's death, so I asked Dave if we could hold off until the weekend. He said he understood, and still ended every phone conversation by saying he couldn't wait to see me that weekend. Throughout that weekend I called Dave twice and IMed him once in an effort to get in touch with him. I wanted to know when we were going to see each other, since he had been so adamant about his desire to do so. He was completely non-responsive and I never heard from him again.

His actions angered me. It wasn't because he failed to return my calls. That may not have been the nicest way to let me know how he was feeling, but in general when a guy stops calling, the girl eventually gets the picture and he can go on in all of his cowardice and never have to face her again. Most people, including myself, are guilty of having done that to someone at least

C-MINUS

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My God, he's such a jerk. He's horrible. I can't believe he said that. He never has anything nice to say, it's always negative. Nothing's ever good enough for him. Who does he think he is? I got 90's in English all through high school, and he gives me a C-minus? He's so mean. This is so unfair. He just hates me, that's all. And it's not my fault. He assigned this paper months ago; how was I supposed to remember it was due? It's not like he reminded us or anything. I had to rush to do it in just one week, or he said he wouldn't have accepted it at all. That was so wrong. What's the difference if it's a week late or two weeks late? It doesn't matter when you do it, as long as it gets done.

There was nothing wrong with my paper. I worked on it for a whole week and I thought it was really good. So did Amber. Amber read it and she said it was really good. Even mom said it was good. Why didn't he give me an A, or at least a B? He really doesn't know how to grade; either that or he just hates me.

He said "five to seven pages," and I wrote five pages. I did what I was supposed to do. I wrote five pages about the Book of Urizen, like he said. He wouldn't explain anything else; he said the assignment was explained on the handout he gave out in September. Well, I don't still have that. Who still has the papers they give out in September?

This professor doesn't even know what he's doing. He's so boring. I hate going to his class. He just talks and talks and never says anything nice to anyone. When people make comments or answer questions, he always says they're wrong or asks another question. He never says, "You're right, good answer, nice job, very good." He has to be right all the time. It's like he has to prove that he's smarter than every one else. And he never just explains it when you get it wrong, he makes you feel stupid by telling you why it's wrong, and asking another question. That's so wrong. Why can't he just explain it himself? Why can't he just give you the answer? And who cares about English poetry? Why should I have to read that crap? I can't understand it, it's so stupid and boring. I'll never use it, so what's the point? He acts as if it's so important, and nobody cares. Nobody likes it. Nobody wants to read it. It's such a stupid class.

He should be fired. They should fire him and get a professor who's not so mean and boring, who doesn't make us read stupid English poetry.

I'm calling mom.

"Hi, mom?...Yeah, hi...I wanted to talk to you about this professor I have...Yeah, the English professor, Dr. What's-his-face. I told you about him...He gave me a C-minus on my paper...I know, right? Me, a C-minus!...I know I got 90's in English...That's what I was thinking, he doesn't know how to grade...He said it was...wait a minute, I have it right here...OK, wait, I'll read you what he wrote...It says: 'A weak interpretation of Blake's work. Your analysis offers only a few vague generalities about the tension between reason and imagination, and the paper does not really support a single thesis. You provide numerous quotes from the text but most are presented out of context, and are either explained superficially, sometimes by repeating the same words, or left entirely unexplained. You needed to explore this tension in greater detail, illustrate specific connections between Blake's work and Milton's, and provide a more coherent thesis to tie these ideas together.'...I know, he's so mean...He never has anything good to say...I don't know what he's talking about either... Something called the Book of Urizen...William Blake...It's just stupid English poetry. I hate it...I know, but he made us read it...No, he didn't explain what a thesis was...September...No, he didn't remind us at all. He just collected them on the last day...I know, they should fire him...I don't know, whoever owns the college...Maybe the head English professor or something...You can call them now, they're probably

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there...OK...I'm going to go hang out with Amber...Thanks mom, you're the best. Love you. Bye."

*

I knew there was something wrong with this paper. I didn't like it before I turned it in, but I didn't know what else to do with it. I really need to do a better job than this.

High school was so much easier. I knew college would be harder. But this sucks; this is a C-minus. I've never gotten a C-minus before.

I really tried hard on this one too. I was at the library every day for a week before it was due. I asked dad to read it and he said he couldn't see the connection between Blake and Milton. Amber liked it, though.

That William Blake is tough; it's so hard to read poetry and interpret it on a college level. You really have to think beyond just the words and what they mean. And the words are hard to understand to begin with. You just have to be patient and really think. That's the hardest part; that's what I really need to learn.

The professor taught us something that really helps. He said, "If you're not sure what it does mean, think about what it could mean, and go from there." That really helped a lot. Although you really have to read it before you go to class, otherwise you can't follow the discussion; you'll have no idea what he's talking about. He talks on such a high level you really have to be prepared and pay attention to keep up. He really knows his stuff, he's got an answer for everything, and I love how he never lets you off the hook until you get the point. If you give the wrong answer, he explains why it's wrong, which helps you figure it out on your own. And if you do get it right, he challenges you with a follow-up question. Keeps you on your toes; you really learn a lot. It's great.

I can't believe I did so badly on this paper. I thought I really understood the concept of reality vs. imagination in Blake's poetry. It's a fascinating concept, really, and Blake's stuff is mind-blowing. I'm glad I read Paradise Lost back in September when we first started. But for some reason I must have misread the assignment; either that or I just didn't know how to write a college paper. I wrote it kind of like a high school book report; I kind of understood the Book of Urizen, but I really didn't have anything meaningful to say about it. Maybe that's why I did so badly. I'll have to re-read the professor's comments later, so I can see what I did wrong and do better on the next one. I think he gave me some good ideas; I think I get it now.

My cell's ringing.

"Hello?...Hey, dad...I'm OK; I just got out of English 127...Yea, I got it back today...C-minus...I know, I blew it...I don't know, dad, college is harder, what can I say?...Well, yea; I think I have an idea what I did wrong, though...Wait, I'll take it out...Hang on...Here's what he wrote: 'A weak interpretation of Blake's work. Your analysis offers only a few vague generalities about the tension between reason and imagination, and the paper does not really support a single thesis. You provide numerous quotes from the text but most are presented out of context, and are either explained superficially, sometimes by repeating the same words, or left entirely unexplained. You needed to explore this tension in greater detail, illustrate specific connections between Blake's work and Milton's, and provide a more coherent thesis to tie these ideas together.'...Yea, it makes a lot of sense; that's pretty much what I did...I kind of figured that, and I knew I had too many quotes, but I wasn't sure until he explained it...Oh, it'll definitely help on the next one...Five to seven, but I ended up with about ten...I know, I know, it's the substance that counts...Well, I'll definitely do better on the next one, now that I know how to...I think it's two things: the thesis, and the analysis; you know, having something to say instead of just spitting back information...Right, definitely...About three weeks...Coleridge...Yea, I'm going over to the library now...I'll talk to you later...I will. Bye."

*

Living Life.

by William Grey

There he stood. The towering Manhattan skyline to his left silhouetted by the setting sun. Brooklyn and Queens darkened to his right. The Manhattan Bridge was straight ahead with the East River meeting out a brisk pace below. It was a brisk autumn evening. Surely there were lovers lined along the Promenade standing hand in hand contemplating the very same view as him. The wind whipped hard against his face. Any other situation and he would have been exhilarated by the prospect of such a perfect evening. Now all he could consider was what the impact would feel like. He wondered if it would render him numb or if the icy chill of the East River would cover him in a watery blanket as the last few gasps of air escaped his lungs.

Conner woke up this morning and acted his part with the perfection that comes from strict routine. 7:15 and its off to the shower. 7:45 and the coffee is on. 8:00 a bagel smothered with cream cheese and the front of page of the New York Times. 8:30 and its time to kiss the wife and kid goodbye. He had been playing this part for years loyal husband, doting father, breadwinner, and all around go-getter. He knew this part well.

Out the door and into the chauffeured Cadillac. Having a good job with a stiff salary afforded the little niceties that life had to offer. The trip from Brooklyn Heights to the Financial District was pleasant upon the finely upholstered leather seats.

Conner is dropped off at the front door to his office building. He feels important walking into this beaux-arts style skyscraper. Italian leather shoes clicking over the 1,500 dollar a square foot marble. Conner thought that the marble probably came from the same region in Italy as his shoes. Into the elevator where the attendant quickly presses his floor without hesitation. Soon the elevator opens into a small office space with four doors and four desks. With a quick hello to the secretary, it seems to be a different girl every month. Conner steps through the large oak door and is enveloped by views of the East River and Brooklyn to the east and the majesty of Manhattan rising to the north. Conner turns on his monitor and work takes first place in his life. This day's performance was coming along without a hitch, just like it had a thousand times before.

Story Continued on page11

once, so I couldn't be angry at him for that. No, what bothered me was how he called everyday just to say how much he was looking forward to seeing me right before he abruptly stop calling. It was the "I can't wait to see you this weekend" that resonated in my head. The last IM I sent him, after waiting another week to see if I would hear from him and then attempting to call him one final time, said something about how I hoped he had a good life and I could see why he had to meet girls on-line. Yea, I know. I had met him online too. This age of instant messaging and text messaging makes it so much easier for you to relay information to someone that sounds great in your head but sounds absurd once you press send. That didn't occur to me at the time though; I just thought I was being a smart-ass and telling him off. At least I knew in my head that I didn't really need to meet anyone online. And I knew in my head that he did. And that was good enough to redeem myself.

It's also possible that Dave was fed up with hearing me complain about my ex. Then again, he was the rebound, so that was his job. I guess he never read the job description.

*Name has been changed

TAKE A WALK ON THE SOUTH SIDE

Celebrating Brooklyn Regionalism Chicago-style with a BLS White Sox Fan

by Yael Friedman

Historically, Brooklyn is nothing if not a working-man's baseball haven. Yet while the borough once again has its own team to boast in Coney Island – at games where one is reassuringly reminded that Brooklyn will never be all Park Slope and Williamsburg – since the Dodgers left in 1957, seasoned baseball fans still find themselves traveling "abroad" to fill the gaping hole left in the heart of Brooklyn where Ebbets Field once stood.

While the trip in quest of a baseball alternative usually takes one no further than Flushing or, for turncoats, those new to Brooklyn, or just the terribly misguided, the South Bronx, perhaps true kindred spirits are a bit further away – on Chicago's South Side, where the White Sox have just won their first World Series since 1917.

Kelly Kocinski, in her second year at BLS, has just returned from a celebratory weekend in her hometown. Born and bred on the South Side of Chicago, she originally planned the trip home with the optimistic plan to gain admission to one of the World Series games when the Sox returned for a 6th or 7th game. However, as a true fan she does not lament the end of their sweep in Houston and happily flew home to celebrate this long awaited victory.

As a fourth generation South-Sider – her great-grandparents emigrated from Poland in 1909 and opened a small grocery store on 85th & Buffalo, where US Steel once stood, at first living behind the store and then moving upstairs, to accommodate more aunts, uncles and cousins that made the trip across the Atlantic – the South Side and the White Sox had a familial and institutional hold on Kelly that predated her

birth (although one sister has apparently defected to the dark side after going to school on the North Side of the city).

The grammar school Kelly attended further solidified this attachment to place and team. In an attempt to encourage scholarship amongst its students, her Catholic school regularly awarded straight A students, and those with perfect attendance, with tickets to Sox games. Although one could easily improve on these bleacher seat tickets by moving up, Kelly and her mother preferred to stay,

when she replied "Death to Disco," referring to Disco's ominous night in 1979 when 90,000 rock fans gathered in Comiskey to order the execution of Disco. However, Veeck provided many stunts to compete with Death to Disco, including signing a 3'7" midget to bat against Detroit (he walked on 4 pitches and baseball soon enacted height requirements for players); or telling his manager to take the night off and literally asking the fans to call the shots by displaying "yes" or "no" cards to his own signs proposing different moves. Kelly



Kelly Kocinski Celebrates
Photo by Stephen Harris

the bleachers always the better seat at old Comiskey. As if to prove them right, one day they noticed Bill "Veeck as in Wreck" himself, the club's famed former owner with the wooden leg (into which he purportedly built an ashtray), sitting in the bleachers as well, just two rows away.

When asked which of Veeck's famous stunts Kelly appreciated most she did not skip a beat

also loved another of Veeck's innovations – the exploding scoreboard – and has yet to accept the bobbing apple that "celebrates" a Met home run. She also has yet to fully accept the new stadium – US Cellular Field – where the only remnant of old Comiskey is found in the parking lot, where old home plate is preserved and roped off for the curious and nostalgic.

MR MOM

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laundry and kissing boo boos. I applaud the emphasis and focus on providing children with a loving and stable family, but I question why society still believes that this is best achieved by mothers leaving their careers to stay at home.

Heterosexual men need to learn that when they decide to create a family, they too are responsible for the care-taking work this family requires. Men, as well as women, should expect to discuss which partner will take time from his or her career to care for the family and which partner will accept the responsibility of providing for the family monetarily. Men too should sit and wonder how to strike balance between work and family.

I acknowledge that women's equality requires much more than men's assumption of caretaking responsibilities. Providing health care and day care contributes greatly to many families' inability to give the time and pay the attention required to raise a family. The tragic fact that working women are still paid less than their male counterparts contributes to many families' decision for the woman to become the primary caretaker. But if we were to truly shift the caretaking responsibilities to rest on both sexes' shoulders, and if more men began taking time off of their careers, working part time, leaving work early to pick up their children from school, perhaps we would begin to see changes in these larger social issues.

Perhaps women would finally receive equal pay for equal work when it was no longer assumed that women alone will take time to run children to doctor's appointments, after school programs, to stay at home and care for a sick child. Perhaps more companies would create day care centers when men too began to leave a position after a few years to start a family. The late Chief Justice Rehnquist voted to uphold the Family Medical Leave Act (which requires that employers offer men and women leave to care for their families on equal terms) in large part because one of his daughters is a single mother and the Chief himself often left work early to pick up his grandchildren from school.

So as I sit and grapple with how I will balance both my intellectual and emotional pursuits I expect my future partner to struggle with how he too will be able to achieve both a successful career and a successful family. I expect to have a discussion about who will take what role. Any man who assumes otherwise need not apply.

CONGRATULATIONS!

to Damani Sims
for winning best oralist
at the Criminal Trial Competition

SBA Informs You

by Jodi Siegel

Our SBA president lets us know what has been happening at BLS

There is more to law school than books...well, that is the SBA's motto anyway. In order to have a successful SBA, that has to be the case. We have been working with the administration to make some great changes at BLS. First and foremost, we have been working on getting students some health coverage. Over the past few weeks, the SBA has been asking a health insurance company to come to the school to talk to students about affordable insurance. This is a temporary solution until we get a more comprehensive health insurance policy through BLS. Dean Rosato is making great headway on getting a more permanent health insurance provider for students.

In recent weeks, the SBA has held two student leader meetings. One of these meetings was between student leaders and the Career Center. This meeting was a chance for student leaders, mostly presidents of student organizations, to ask questions of the Career Center on behalf of the student body. And the Career Center was able to use this meeting to gauge how the students were feeling in regards to specific issues dealing with their department. Many issues were brought up, but one of the most obvious issues that was discussed was why so many students feel as though the Career Center only cares about the top 10% of the class! Joan King, the head of the Career Center, explained that this is a myth at many schools, not only BLS. She went on to say that the Career Center works hard to dispel this myth by asking employers to reach deeper into the class beyond the top 10%; by having one person, Jill Becker, whose sole responsibility is to reach out to law firms to get jobs for the other 90% of the class; and by providing Spring OCI opportunities. This was very helpful for students to hear and our hope is to pass this message along to other students so that they feel as though the Career Center is looking out for their best interests. And of course, to get the most up-to-date information, please make an appointment to meet with your career counselor!

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The other meeting was between student leaders and the IT Department. This meeting was centered around the new servers the school is switching over to in the next few months. These servers will provide better and faster internet service. Additionally, we discussed the wireless system. The system has been upgraded and if you are still having difficulties with the wireless network, please bring your computer to the IT department so they can take a look at it. Many students brought up great ideas such as having a different layout for the events calendar on our website and even a new webmail system. IT has agreed to try out some different programs to see if there is something better out there. We also got to speak for a little while about on-line registration. They don't anticipate any problems registering for the Spring semester, but if you do experience any difficulties please email IT to let them know.

Recently, the SBA 1L Delegates collected questions regarding housing and invited Jennifer Smith, the Director of Residential Life, to a meeting to help get information to bring back to their classmates. Jennifer went over policies regarding guests, security, the heat and many other topics. Please feel free to find your 1L Delegate (if you are a 1L) and pick their brain for some helpful information. In addition, don't hesitate to contact Jennifer Smith if you are interested in student housing or have a question about student housing you are currently living in.

The last few weeks have been very hectic and it is not about to slow down anytime soon. The SBA will keep providing you with the information you need through these articles, but feel free to stop by our office in Room 509 to let us know if you have any ideas. Lastly, on behalf of the SBA we would also like to congratulate Paul Caballero and his wife, and Professor Jayne Ressler and her husband on their new baby boys!

et al.: The Justinian

Secret Lives: PROFILES CONTINUE

continued from page 1

Future Plans: Arizona. "I'd like to retire there and get a couple of horses. That's my dream, to get a couple of horses and ride everyday."

PAUL CABALLERO

DOB: 12/20/72. Porter/Assistant Superintendent of Feil Hall, New Father

Family: Paul lives with his wife and newborn son (born October 17th) at Feil Hall.

On his Wife: They met at Paul's cousin's engagement party and, "right off the bat, since we met, it's been like we've been married...We hit it off, and the rest is history."

Favorite Aspect of Job: "I guess the atmosphere. It's a comfortable atmosphere to work in. It can be stressful, but in the long run everybody is really cooperative."

On Problems at Feil Hall: Sometimes there are "too many Chiefs and not enough Indians, but you live with it and ride with it in the beginning, and as time goes on it begins to level off."

Languages: Originally from Argentina, Paul is fluent in Spanish. He also knows some Portuguese and Italian.

Local Restaurant: La Traviata. However, Paul really likes to cook "anything that has to do with meat or steak."

Message to Students: "Beware of Crickets..." (Explaining an inside joke he has with some students: "If you tell a joke and nobody hears it, all you can hear in

the dead silence is the crickets.")

Favorite Activity: Paul loves to play sports. He played for "NY State Select," a prestigious Youth Soccer League, from the age of 16-19; one of only about 25 soccer players to make it to the team in New York State.

Other Hobbies: Paul likes to fix things around the house, as well as make things such as crafts.

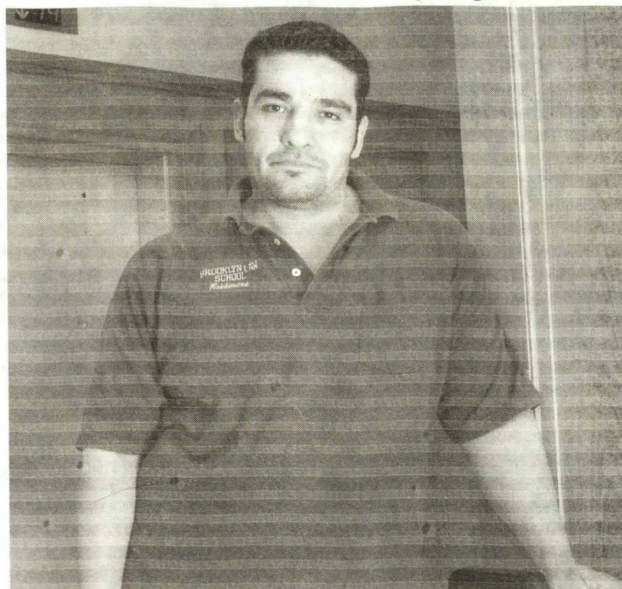
Biggest Fear: Rats. "I can't deal with those! Needless to say, nobody in this building has to worry; if there were any [rats] I wouldn't be here!"

Favorite Sports Team: The Mets. Paul is a "big-time" fan. He predicts that the Mets' big year will be 2 years from now, just in time for his son to be a big fan as well. "My theory is everything runs in cycles. The Yankees have a 10 year run, then the Mets have a 10 year run."

Claim to Fame: Paul and his wife (a Yankee fan!) recently appeared on the "Jumbo-tron" at Shea Stadium, after Paul finally pinned an infant-sized David Wright jersey on his pregnant wife's belly.

Most Proud of: "My newborn!" "I would have to say the birth of my son was one of the highlights of my life so far, if not the highlight."

Last but Not Least: "I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the students and staff members who have sent cards and best wishes to my wife and I. We do incredibly appreciate everyone who has helped out with cards, gifts, etc... It threw us back; we weren't expecting it."



Paul Caballero
Photo by Stephen Harris

Feeling Your Pain cont'd

continued from page 2

other or arguing rambunctiously in the study rooms is distracting. Solution: Earplugs and earphones, since relying on mutual respect is hopeless. Lastly, the doors are too heavy, need automatic opening mechanisms for students with disabilities, and windows in all to see who is approaching from the other side. A couple of motivated students volunteered to look into these issues.

Cafeteria

Mention of the cafeteria raised many questions such as:

"Why is a small coffee only five cents cheaper than a large?"

"Why aren't there more people working the registers during class changes and breaks?"

"Why isn't there a change machine?"

"Why does the bill acceptor on the coffee machine steal money, and why hasn't my requested refund been issued?"

"Why isn't there a refrigerator for students who bring their lunch?"

A forthcoming SBA committee will address these questions. The cafeteria has been receptive to student feedback as evidenced by the many changes over the last year, including the addition of more food options, such as the "A la Minute" Action Station (the made-to-order stand outside the cafe-

teria), spinning salads, and Hale and Hearty soups. There's no reason that receptiveness will fail to continue since Culinar wants our patronage.

Computers

Computer issues abounded, though IT quelled many concerns during a meeting with student body leaders last week. The Webmail sluggishness will end shortly. Four new servers will replace the old, single server within the next couple of weeks. While the new set-up will run far smoother than the current system, keeping our inboxes relatively empty will mitigate future problems even further.

Another issue is the distribution of school event information. 'What's Happening' doesn't translate nicely onto Webmail, and often goes unread. The aesthetic is more pleasing on a program like Outlook or Thunderbird, but most students read their e-mail through the BLS site. One suggestion for getting information out is to convert the week-at-a-glance into an actual calendar format with clickable event titles that would lead to descriptions. IT agreed to look into this possibility, though the conversion did not sound as easy, or cheap, as it seems. Another solution is to e-mail students the link to

the BLS calendar, merely as a reminder to check out upcoming events.

The abundance of e-mail also bothers many students. The saturated BLS inboxes often lead students to instantly delete announcements before reading what they're about. This problem is constantly revisited, and has been somewhat alleviated this year by the student organizations' use of listservs rather than BLS-announce.

A student asked why it is that on the library computers he must go through the setup every time he opens a Word attachment, or answer whether he wants Firefox to be his default browser. IT explained that when the computers change users, they completely clean up the system, deleting anything from the prior user. Therefore, the next time a user signs in, the computer has to start anew. The inconvenience is small compared to the major benefits of maintaining clean computers.

One more issue is the wireless. IT suggests that every student having difficulties should visit them on the fourth floor of One Boerum Place to have their computers' power levels reconfigured to manual. Students have not returned with further wireless complaints after this process. If they notice certain places in the building that

the wireless never seems to work, students should contact IT and let them know. They are more than willing to look into the problem.

Facilities

In terms of facilities, the students had further concerns. Suggestions to make the bathroom-going experience more palatable included toilet seat covers, more sanitary disposal of feminine products, and stronger plumbing. The locker rooms could use security cameras to deter and/or catch thieves and other predators. The elevator maintenance could wait until winter or summer break. Finally, the student lounge needs furniture without rips or stains, better signs posted to describe events as they occur, and digital cable because, hey, we have HDTV.

What Now

The SBA has addressed some of these issues with the administration and will continue to advocate on behalf of the student body. If anyone feels strongly about any of the problems indicated above and would like to work on solutions, or has any other concerns, please e-mail sba@brooklaw.edu. The SBA will keep you updated in future issues of BLS News.



BEST BRIEF PRIZE

Dean Wexler and Professor Walter would like to congratulate the following students who, in 2004-2005, were nominated by the faculty for the Joan Offner Touval Memorial Scholarship. The scholarship is awarded annually to the student who has submitted the Best Brief in the First Year Moot Court Program. Professors Falk, Fajans, Kahn, Kaplan, Ressler, Schneider, and Teitcher chose the six semi-finalists. From this group Professor Walter selected the Best Brief.

Best Brief

Virginia Nimick

Semi-Finalists

Michael Blatchley
Julio Cantre
Ray Cheng
Robert English
Gayle Halvey

Honorable Mention

Benjamin Battles
Michael Bell
Viviana Betrametti Walker
Erin Boardman
Verley Brown
Keri Bruce
Scott Chait
Nora Christansen
James DeLucia
Jessica Kastner
Nathaniel Kunkle
Rachel Levine

Christian Matarese
Jennifer McGovern
Vanessa Pompei
Christopher Prior
Matthew Scoville
Lishani Senaratne
Valentina Shaknes
Sarah Siegel
Ariel Weinstock
Michael Weitman
Reda Woodcock
Benjamin Zeman

BOLOGNA SUMMER

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supporting cast of 200,000 friendly and engaged residents. One would be remiss not to mention the cuisine. I think Bolognese food has got to be among the world's best. If I could eat only 1 cuisine for the rest of my life, it would be Northern Italian. If you can get over 50 varieties of thin-crust pizza at the local pizzeria, what else could you ever want?"

Generally speaking, when one asks past participants of the Bologna program about their experience, they tend to become consumed by the kind of infectious effusiveness that seems endemic to the Italian character itself, not the least of which is exhibited by Professor Pinto, an admitted Italiophil, who, apart from directing the program has taught in it several times. Valentina Shaknes, a 2L who spent three weeks in Bologna (students have an option of participating in either a 2 week or 3 week program in Bologna and 2 weeks in Beijing), loved the city and its location - 50 minutes from Florence, 2 hours from Rome or Venice and Milan. She also raved about the food and recommends I'll Conte for future BLS patrons.

The Beijing program differs in several respects. Since China is

still not as user-friendly and traveled-through as Italy by westerners, students tend to take trips together in a more structured setting. This is perhaps one of the best reasons to participate in the China program, since it is indeed a rare opportunity to travel through the People's Republic in a context that makes it accessible on any level. Furthermore, the academic program appears especially geared towards providing the students with a fuller appreciation of where they are and why China presents one of the most exciting contexts in which to study international law. More than the Bologna program, and without exaggeration, it seems to have left an indelible mark on those who participated in it, leading some to completely change their plans for their career based on what they learned, including Ana Luna, a 2L who went to both Bologna and Beijing.

This year the programs will be held at the same time, in late May, early June. All of the necessary information about them can be found on the BLS site and applications can be submitted as early as December, which is recommended especially as last year the Bologna program reached max enrollment and some students could not go.

Living Life

Continued from page 7

Lunch was drawing near and conferences were running long. Conner felt his part was above due diligence and he had earned unquestioned support. He felt clients should be happy just to hear his legal ruminations that 30 years of diligent practice have honed.

However, the curtain always draws on a meeting and the lights rise on lunch. Today's lunch is, regrettably, with clients, but Conner's lunches long turned away from mere human interaction and turned more into a penchant for the bon vivant. This is where Conner really felt his role came to fruition. He displayed the essence of his character while contemplating whether a dry Chablis from Bourgogne would compliment the poached salmon. Lunch was his performance to the sold out crowd. Conner, at the peak of his performing years, showing the world just how finely attuned he has become at playing himself.

Unfortunately lunch had to come to an end. Clients left happy and partners left congratulated. It was back to the office. Back to the behind the scenes work. Conner was doing everything that was not seen by the crowd. This is where he perched in his roost and tuned his abilities while keeping a keen eye over all those that imitated his craft.

As every day before it, this day came to an end. The call to the wife foreshadowing his arrival had long been made. The night had come calling and the rest of the act was just a prelude to tomorrow's show. Conner cut off his monitor and took a long look up Manhattan at the lingering lights. Then out through the oak door, a quick glance to an unstaffed secretary's desk. The button is pushed and the elevator soon arrives. At the bottom a good evening by the attendant and the night security guard. Out the bronze door and the chill meet his cheek with red implications.

As often happens with a man who is in decent shape and dresses in custom five thousand dollar suits, Conner caught a furtive glance from a very attractive young lady. Now this happens often during his strut from the office door to the open door of the Cadillac car. However, this time was different. Conner took pause. That alone alerted him. Every other time it put a smile on his face and sent him packing in a happier mood. This time he stopped. He was unable to lift the finely grained leather that encompassed his foot.

For a split second Conner thought of stepping off the stage. He imagined where it would take him if he walked down into the audience. This frightened him. He scurried into the car and sat deep into the seats. He felt the car move and he was uneasy. He didn't know how to continue his role. He never had a second thought until tonight.

Half way across the Brooklyn Bridge he yells at his driver to stop the car. He careens up through the sunroof and grabs one of the metal bars overhead. He limberly pulls his body up onto the web of steel and makes his way out to the edge.

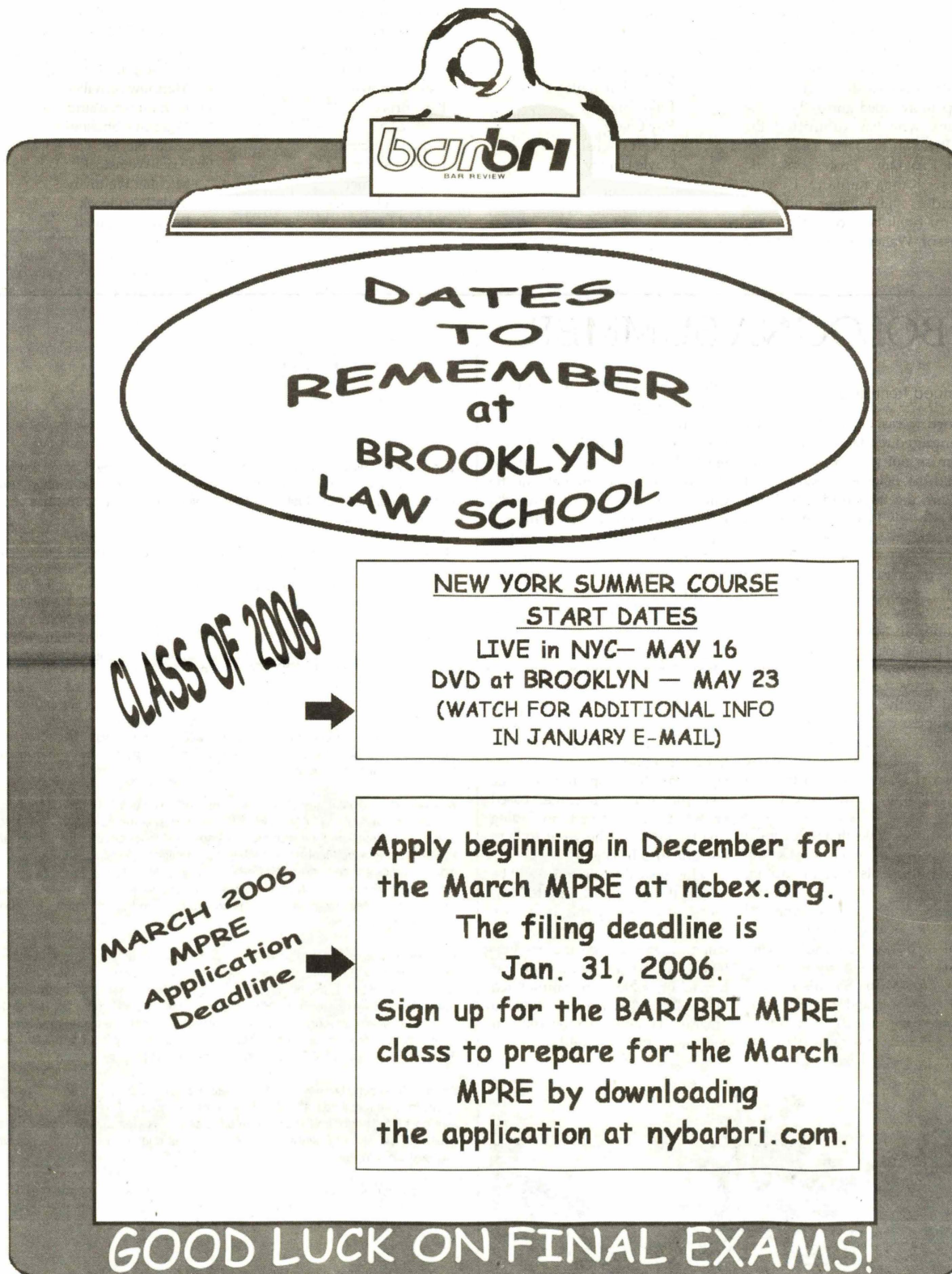
It was the thought of hitting the water that made him feel alive. He felt as if he got down from the stage and left the playhouse. He was now in the outside world. His eyes were trying to adjust to the new images that he felt he was seeing for the first time. He knew this meant that it was the end, but that is what made this minute so much better than the rest of his unexpurgated life.

This is it. This is the part no one would see. This was him living his life for himself.



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