

UCLA
The Docket

Title

The Docket Vol. 52 No. 6

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/8d77z09z>

Journal

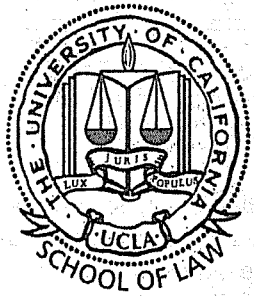
The Docket, 52(6)

Author

UCLA Law School

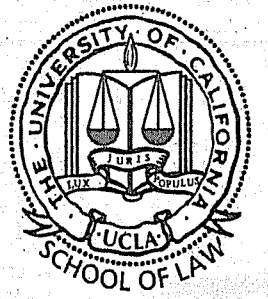
Publication Date

2004-04-01



The Docket

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW



VOLUME 52, NUMBER 6

405 HILGARD AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CA 90095

APRIL 2004

Congratulations Moot Court and Mock Trial

UCLAW was recently represented by one mock trial team in the National Thurgood Marshall Mock Trial Competition and one moot court team in the National Frederick Douglas Moot Court Competition. The Mock Trial team consisting of Erika Dowdell, Vona Ekpebe, Bernice Howse and Kristi Mathews placed in the quarterfinals (the top 6 of about 70 teams nationally) while the Moot Court team of Robin Hazel and Rea Holmes won the moot court competition. The competition was held from March 17-21, 2004 in Boston.

The Frederick Douglas Moot Court Competition is one of the largest moot court competitions in the country. This year the competition

began with over 100 teams nationally and was reduced to 19 by the national competition. In the final round of the competition the UCLA team faced Georgetown (last year's winner) and had the privilege of arguing before two state supreme court justices (Massachusetts and New York), two professors and the senior counsel of the Brennan Center for Justice. Some of the schools that participated in the competition include: Chicago-Kent College of Law, Cornell School of Law, Ohio State University, Seton Hall University, UC Davis, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Yale, University of Texas, University of Chicago, University of Illinois and LSU, among others.

UCLA Environmental Negotiations Team Advances to Finals

Friday, March 26, 2004, 3Ls Mary Henderson and Terri Kandalepas competed in the 5th annual California State Bar Environmental Law Section's Environmental Negotiations Competition and were among four teams to advance to the final round. Twenty-two teams representing thirteen law schools throughout the state participated in the competition, which was held at Golden Gate University School of Law in San Francisco. In this mock negotiation competition, the student competitors receive the facts of a complex environmental dispute in advance, and negotiate on behalf of one of the parties to the dispute in each round of the competition. The participants receive valuable experience, as well as detailed feedback

from the judges in each of the three rounds. The team was coached by UCLA's environmental law clinic staff attorney/lecturer Kelley Hart and volunteer attorney mentor Gary Meyer (an environmental lawyer in private practice and UCLA law graduate).

After two rounds of intense negotiation in the morning, Mary and Terri advanced to the finals in the afternoon, where they negotiated in front of an accomplished group of judges and environmental practitioners. They were one of two teams to receive the "runner-up" prize in the competition, a significant accomplishment in this very competitive event. Congratulations to them!

Grad Speech Seussian Style

Justin Radell
Columnist

Good afternoon Class of 2004, esteemed faculty, UCLA School of Law staff, and distinguished guests.

I've been thinking a great deal about what to say at our graduation. I think that we can all agree that there are certain aspects of law school that we will miss when we are gone. Some might miss the flexible schedule. Others might miss sitting in the courtyard on beautiful days, participating in law school clubs or academic

journals, checking out courtyard socials, going to weekly bar reviews, hanging out in the student lounge, and the like. I will miss these things too, but I will miss the people the most. I'm going to miss all the people that make this law school special including:

(List to be read in a Dr. Seuss manner).

Intramural jocks,
Those without socks.

SEE SEUSS, PAGE 6

Grad Speech - Oscar Style

Catherine OliverSmith
Editor-in-Chief

I don't know about you, but it appears to me that a whole lot has happened over the past three years. More than the entire decade before it seems. A lot of things I didn't expect. Nationally, internationally, regionally, locally, and personally. It has been a turbulent time and it's flown by. However, I don't want to dwell on the big things, and there really have been a lot of big things. I'm also not going to spend my short time before you talking about our bright futures and how we'll make the world a better place. I want to take this time today to reminisce a little about law school. Please indulge me.

If this sounds like an oscar

acceptance speech, I'm sorry. I'll try not to cry, but it's been a great trip and there are just so many people I want to mention....

In April 2001, I was on campus as an incoming 1L. I ate lunch with JD Henderson, though he doesn't remember me. Hard to believe, since in retrospect I was extraordinarily insufferable. 8 years of business experience and I really did think that I had a leg up coming into law school.

On my orientation day I was early, so I went ahead and bought all my books for the semester, thinking I would get my locker and combination to put them away. I didn't. Beth Mora helped me

SEE OSCAR, PAGE 6

Grad Speech - Extemporaneous

Brett Cook
3L

Seems not too long ago, all of us were receiving our library mugs and ID card holders, screaming "class of 2004" for the first time. Now we scream "class of 2004" for the last time. A lot of us will move on to public interest work screaming "for justice and equality." Some will move on to long hours of private practice, "screaming for a raise" But most of us will move on the Bar Examination, and will be screaming in fear. Whichever way you may go, a lot of us, if not all of us, will stop screaming and start listening, listening to reality because our world within the UCLA School of Law has ended and life in the real world must now begin.

Over the past three years we have been living in a community that is not held to the same rules as those that apply to the real world. Our world has been filled with cases, judicial opinions, statutes, and legal arguments. We've

been taught to deconstruct. By taking everything apart, we supposedly learn to become better lawyers. We learn why things are done - not just the idealistic "justice-related" whys, but the legal whys, the strategic whys, the political and practical whys. Within this world of UCLA legal education only four things are certain:

1. The financial aid office and the records office will be closed from 12 to 1, the one time period no one is in class and they are needed the most.
2. The words "don't ever tell this to anyone" doesn't mean anything in a law school.
3. Procrastination still works.
4. When lawyering skills professors say you should easily be able to make your argument within the 12 page limit, they are lying.

As soon as we began law school the most frequently asked question by

SEE EXTEMPOR, PAGE 8

WHAT'S INSIDE

| | |
|--|------|
| SBA Ignores First Amendment-Steals Election..... | 2 |
| SBA Ignores First Amendment, Steals Election, Pelts Homeless Children with Rocks and Garbage, and Gives North Korea, Al Queda the Bomb | 2 |
| Giving Birth Like Getting a Law Degree: Painful, Exhausting, Terrifying, Wonderful..... | 4 |
| In Lieu of Bar Review | 4 |
| A Parting Gift: Quotes from First Year | 5 |
| Comics | 5, 9 |
| In memory - Zeke Webber..... | 7 |

EDITORIAL

Unreality TV

Instead of watching a show called *The Swan* where women undergo radical reconstructive aesthetic surgery only to then enter a beauty contest and be told they couldn't spend enough money to be attractive, we think that there should be a show called *The Swine*. Attractive women should go under the knife and see if they can't ugly themselves up enough to be considered "average".

That's the crime of the show, not that I've seen it or would have even heard about it without my 14-year-old step-daughter filling me in. The crime is that many of these women aren't hideous, malformed, grotesque creatures. Many of them are simply "normal" looking women.

Then there is that assinine show about people undergoing plastic surgery to look more like some favorite celebrity. The one that I heard about that about made me want to pierce my eyes with daggers was the guy who is undergoing surgery to look more like J.Lo. Now, I know that there are a lot of J.Lo fans in my reading audience. Sorry - I just don't see the talent, at least not consistently, and her music just isn't the kind of music I can listen to without blood coming out of my ears. Same goes for Brittany anyone and any boy band. The last boy band that really did it for me was Duran Duran.

I heard that the apprentice was a good show. Didn't watch more than 2 minutes of it. They were in a casino trying to compete to get more people using their "card" while gambling. All it did was remind me of how annoying the casino people are when they try to get you to give them your vital statistics, buying habits, and the ability to track your gambling in exchange for a crappy t-shirt or deck of cards, if you can manage to play that damn long at the nuckle slots.

In all honesty, I watched almost every episode of the first *Average Joe*, but other than that and watching *Real World* on MTV its first season, I cannot stand reality TV. If I want reality, I can look around me. I have a husband, a baby, two step-kids, a mother, in-laws, etc. I have worked at many jobs, been to school for many years, competed for grades, raises, new positions, etc.

Plus, what's so damn real about Reality TV. No-one competes for the last cookie on *Survivor*. I haven't seen a challenge yet where the team has to do laundry, go to Costco, run the dishwasher, and pay the bills all in one day. I want to see a show where people have to get from Venice to Westwood in 20 minutes at 3:45 pm on Wednesday and they have to use both the 10 and 405. I want to see two groups have to fill the tank on their SUV for less than \$45 in Los Angeles. I want to see people manage to get late fees removed from their credit cards and they cannot use the excuse that they just moved and the mail was delayed. I want to see someone talk their way out of a parking ticket at 1:50 am in Santa Monica on Sunday/Monday without promising sexual favors. When, honestly, have you needed to carve a stick into a spear using a rock you find and kill your own dinner?

Thanks for my 2 minute check.

For smarmy sentiment see last month's editorial or my grad speech.

SBA IGNORES FIRST AMENDMENT-STEALS ELECTION

Michael I. Marsh
3L

Truth be known, I have little preference over who controls the SBA. The SBA is an ineffective institution, qualified to encourage alcoholism, but little more. Seldom does the SBA address an issue that is important to me, such as rising tuitions and student debt, grade inequality or affirmative action. That said, I do not believe that the SBA has the right to ridicule the First Amendment. The election results announced today do just that. They are not the product of open and fair elections. Those who aspire to take power in the next SBA do so under a cloud of illegitimacy and uncertainty.

In November of last year, the SBA passed the following rule: "Any further use of e-mail for campaign purposes is prohibited." If the SBA of the School of Medicine had passed such a rule, I wouldn't be shocked. They study spleens, not concepts of free speech. But come on, this is a law

school. I'm sure that everyone on the SBA has read the First Amendment at some point; some may have even taken Con Law II. Didn't anyone on the SBA stop and think that such a rule might be unconstitutional?

The constitutional argument against the SBA election rule goes like this:

1. The rule represents governmental action because the SBA is the body recognized by UCLA Law as the student governmental body organized under UCLAW's rules and regulations. Further, the SBA receives funds and in-kind subsidies from UCLAW. UCLAW is an organ of the State of California, the Fourteenth Amendment incorporates the First Amendment, and as such, the First Amendment's mandates apply to the SBA's actions.

2. The rule attacks core speech that the First Amendment was

SEE STEALS PAGE 5

SBA Ignores First Amendment, Steals Election, Pelts Homeless Children with Rocks and Garbage, and Give North Korea, Al Queda the Bomb

JD Henderson
3L

Mr. Marsh in his editorial states that the SBA is an ineffective institution because it seldom addresses an issue that is important to him. While this may come as a surprise to some, the SBA does not engage in foreign policy debates, or lobby Congress, or the UN, or many other issues. We provide a voice for students in the affairs of our school, plan and execute the Barrister's Ball, help to support student organizations financially, and, yes, have kegs in the courtyard. I think we are quite effective at that kind of thing.

Mr. Marsh says the SBA has no right to ridicule the First Amendment. We did no such thing. I hope that my position disagreeing with his particular interpretation of the First Amendment is permissible, and I hardly think it constitutes ridicule.

Michael alleges that the recent election was not open and fair, and that those who aspire to take power in the next SBA do so under a cloud of illegitimacy and uncertainty. I respectfully disagree. After a fair vote the candidate that received over 50% of the ballots cast was declared the winner - before any penalties, mind you. Michael doesn't like the outcome, but a majority did. What could be more legitimate? Perhaps the only legitimate outcome in Michael's eyes is for his preferred candidate to win, but that isn't how our system works. To allege that we would have treated Bryan any differently had he committed the same mistake as Shaffy is insulting and warranted. Process matters more than who wins, and we worked hard to

ensure a fair process for all candidates, not just for those Michael favored.

Michael says the SBA took the positive step of reversing itself in the face of sustained student pressure. Not true at all. I suggest he re-read my lengthy message to the student body. The sanction was applied, but was moot. We did not reverse our position in the face of pressure. In the face of intense pressure, allegations of racism, of dishonesty, of conflicts of interest, and threats of a lawsuit (by Mr. Marsh), the SBA refused to buckle. Any suggestion that we "turned tail" from our "arbitrary and unconstitutional decision" is as false as the allegations that Bryan's win is illegitimate. I do in fact "cling to the belief that the election results are valid" because the candidate that received the most votes won.

I am especially incensed at his use of the word "arbitrary" even after my description to the student body of the process we used. Mr. Marsh should realize that the right to say something, protected by the 1st Amendment, is not the same as meaning it is right to say it. He is allowed to make such spurious charges - but he is wrong to do so.

Like Mike, I also urge all students, whether you voted for Bryan Dominguez, Shaffy Moeel, Krusty the Clown, or someone else, to stand up for the First Amendment. I also urge you to support the legitimately elected SBA, instead of caving in to a minority that doesn't like the outcome of a free and fair election. That is standing up for democracy - and I don't think that it is the same thing as ridiculing the Constitution at all.

THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW

M. CATHERINE OLIVER SMITH
Editor-in-Chief

OPEN POSITION
Managing Editor

OPEN POSITION
Production Manager

OPEN POSITION
Editor

SHANNON MCMASTERS
Columnist

JUSTIN RADELL
Columnist

STU REES
Cartoonist

Contributors

STEPHANIE CHRISTENSEN, BRETT COOK, MICHELLE DOMBROVSKYA, KATHY FARKAS, JD HENDERSON, MICHAEL MARSH, JAMES STEIN

The Docket is published six times a year by the students of the UCLA School of Law. Copyright 2004. All rights reserved. Points of view expressed in *The Docket* do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editorial board. All submissions are subject to an unrestricted right to revise. *The Docket* is not responsible for unsolicited materials.

When I came to Law School, I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. 3 years later, I still have no idea what I want to do with my life, but I do have a job.

Stephanie Christensen

Why Was There A Dramatic Drop On CA Bar Exam Pass Rates?

| LAW SCHOOL | OVERALL* 2001 % PASS | OVERALL* 2002 % PASS | % CHANGE | LAW SCHOOL | OVERALL* 2001 % PASS | OVERALL* 2002 % PASS | % CHANGE |
|----------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------|------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------|
| Calif. Western | 66% | 66% | — | Berkeley | 90% | 85% | -5% |
| Golden Gate | 60% | 57% | -3% | U.C. Davis | 91% | 77% | -14% |
| Hastings | 84% | 78% | -6% | UCLA | 92% | 93% | +1% |
| Loyola | 81% | 69% | -12% | USD | 83% | 73% | -10% |

Answer: Lower MBE Scores!

| | | | | | | | |
|------------------|-----|-----|------|-------------|-----|-----|------|
| McGeorge | 73% | 71% | -2% | USF | 73% | 67% | -6% |
| Pepperdine | 74% | 63% | -11% | Santa Clara | 83% | 67% | -16% |
| Southwestern | 72% | 71% | -1% | USC | 83% | 81% | -2% |
| Stanford | 93% | 85% | -8% | Whittier | 50% | 42% | -8% |
| Thomas Jefferson | 59% | 48% | -11% | Chapman | 70% | 71% | +1% |

*Official statistics furnished by the California Board of Bar Examiners and reflect pass rates for first-time takers.

**Increase Your MBE Score...
Increase Your Odds Of Passing!**

pmb
MULTISTATE SPECIALIST

Will You Be Better Prepared For The MBE This Summer?

NATIONWIDE TOLL FREE: (800) 523-0777 • www.pnbr.com

Giving Birth Like Getting a Law Degree: Painful, Exhausting, Terrifying, Wonderful

M. Catherine OliverSmith
Editor-in-Chief

Ed. Note: Because people were too busy with finals etc. to write for The Docket's final edition of the year, I am going to indulge myself and tell you all about the birth of Bella OliverSmith. At least I warned you.

This isn't about law or law school. It isn't something many of you could begin to relate to, as having your own children is really still off in the distant (or distant seeming) future. I warn you that this will be more detail than you could possibly want. However, many of you will one day go through the birth of a child. Some of you will do so within weeks and some within months. It's not so unlike law school.

Birth, like law school is full of surprises. You don't really know what to expect. You have some people who really help you out a ton and others who you would think might help who just stand there and watch you sweat and struggle. Your friends and family could really come through for you and give you the emotional support you need when you need it. It will probably take more time and cost more money than you expected. The rest of your life is put completely on hold. You obsess and find that you, many times, cannot stop worrying. There are times you are terrified and sure that you have failed, only to have it turn out all right. You will work your ass off only to have someone come in last minute and tell you you're doing it wrong or that because of something else all your effort has been wasted. You will think you cannot possibly do it, but in the end you will. Congratulations to the graduating class and good luck to those who are still laboring.

Gabriella's Story: The Birth of Bella

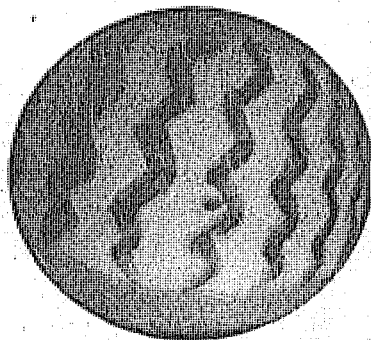
On Sunday, April 4th I went to the hospital after having regular contractions for several hours. The contractions weren't very strong but since I didn't know a lot about whether strength was of prime importance or regularity or duration, we went ahead and packed up all our bags etc. A clue that we were not in labor would be that in stopping to pose for pictures, I smiled. When you are really in labor, you don't smile, at least not so big.



I was 80% effaced (which means that I was actually in the early stages of labor and preparing for birth). Unfortunately, many women walk around at 80% effacement for weeks. I was also dilated 2 to 3 cm. The resident told me I could be admitted or go home and rest and see how things progressed. She felt certain that I would return within a few days at most. I went home.

We picked up Thai food, which I ate while soaking in a warm tub,

watched two movies, had Brian decorate my belly with body paints to look like a big easter egg (using blue and gold - Bruin colors - for the pattern).



Eventually the contractions slowed down and we decided to go to sleep and see how I felt in the morning.

On Monday, April 5th I was still experiencing contractions, so we called my mother and told her to book an earlier flight to come down. We didn't want her to miss the birth. I had contractions all that day and evening, but they would stop for a while as I watched a movie or did some other activity. We were about to walk out on lunch at Acapulco's in Westwood to go to the hospital because my pains were so close together and had been going on for more than 2 hours, when I said let's go by Best Buy and get the video camera we wanted to pick up, just in case we do go into actual full useful labor and need it. It took so long, that the pains lessened. So after buying the camera, I said let's go home, take care of the puppies, be available to pick up mom at the airport and then see if we need to check me in to the hospital.

We put together the bed frame for the guest bed (we moved into this rental house in Mid-March). I was crawling around on the floor and fighting with bad instructions and unwieldy metal bars hoping that such activity would keep the contractions going.

After picking up my mom at midnight, I decided that going home and trying to get some sleep would be better, especially for her with her having traveled on no notice all day across country and still having her body clock be set to East Coast time.

On Tuesday, I went to class. Later we all went for a long walk in the evening at the 3rd street promenade. I felt the contractions start up again. We had planned to go eat at the Fish House off Main in Santa Monica, but I figured, go to the hospital and let them tell me how I'm doing. I was in the exact same position as I had been on Sunday. I began to doubt the resident knew exactly what was going on since on Sunday she had said I would likely go within a day or two and I hadn't progressed hardly at all.

Wednesday and Thursday were uneventful. We walked some. Ate



dinner out with my mom. I had lobster bisque. I really like lobster bisque.

On Friday, April 9th I had an appointment with Dr. Carol Archie. She examined me and told me that effacement was more important than dilation. She said I was 85 to 90% effaced and that I was still at 2 cm. She said if I was still uncomfortable by the next appointment, we would discuss inducing the baby. We picked Kylie, my 14-year-old step-daughter, up that evening from the airport for her spring break and went out for dinner at Gaucho Grill at the 3rd Street Promenade. We bought Brian a bunch of brightly colored button down shirts at the GAP to celebrate spring and for Easter.

On Saturday, April 10th Brian got a tattoo on Venice Beach. We walked a bunch and I sat on my yoga ball and bounced while reading through books on labor at a book store. The tattoo is of a treble clef with a heart at the base. Inside the heart are my initials. It's unique and cool. The guy who did the tattoo also did Pamela Anderson (Lee)'s tattoos.

A full week passed with me being in labor off and on, not getting much sleep, being uncomfortable and anxious. I couldn't sleep or eat. I had acid indigestion that would not go away with tums. I was completely obsessed and could not stay home because then I just sat waiting for pains and watched the clock to time them.

During the day, Easter Sunday, I went for a 4 hour walk around the Pasadena Rose Bowl for the second Sunday flea market with my mother, Brian, and Kylie. We bought a cowboy rubber ducky in honor of our moving to Santa Fe, NM in June. We then went and ate an early dinner at Caiote on Tujunga, where they serve a labor inducing salad. It's been written up in LA Magazine, Playboy, People, etc. They have journals where women who are in the same boat as I am write down their hopes and wishes. Many women come back and fill it in with an update. The salad has crumbled gorgonzola, walnuts, and balsamic with a secret ingredient. I did have some contractions but nothing that progressed. We stopped at the Out of the Closet resale store on Lincoln near our rental home and mom and I bought a bunch of books to read.

As a side note: I am an avid reader and thought I would read in the hospital. I didn't crack one book as I was in labor and after, while I recovered, I only read through the information given me, and that took a ton of concentration and will power.

I think it was this night that Kylie had us watch Quentin Tarantino's movie "Kill Bill". She hoped the graphic violence would push me over into labor. It was too farcical with the spewing Monty Pythonesque blood to bring on labor but a decent enough distraction.

On Tuesday night, I was not paying attention and was upset over the stress about not going into full labor when I was walking to the back bathroom off the master and through the office of this hodgepodge house we are renting. I leaned over to move some box out of my way because there are two steps to

In Lieu of Bar Review

Shannon McMasters
Columnist

My plan for Spring Break was to stay in LA and catch up on all of the reading and outlining I've been avoiding this semester. By Thursday, I had only managed two pages of one outline. I thought that if I wasn't going to get any work done, I deserved rest, relaxation and a little adventure for the last few days of break. Wait...haven't I been doing that all semester? Bygones.

My best friend Hannah and I had never been to San Diego, so we decided to meet up with our friend from college, Cori, who now lives in DC, but was visiting another friend, JW, who lives in San Diego. Get that? Anyway, we left Friday around 7 pm for one night in SD, because Hannah had a flight to Atlanta at 12:30 the following afternoon. You know how we do.

We had no idea where we were going to stay but figured we'd get a cheap motel somewhere close to the night life. However, when we called Cori for directions, she said "by the way, JW said you could stay at his place." That was when the record stopped. Let's rewind so you understand the weight of that statement.

Cori was in LA Thursday night visiting us when she told me the story of JW. He is the son of a family friend that she had never met until that week, but with whom she has had contact over the past year and a half. She said he was really good-looking, but nothing "was there" between them. I tried to explain to her that if he was that hot, who cares? Why worry about Mr. Right when you can have Mr. Right Now? But she's a good girl, and I'm...not.

That's when I got the brilliant idea that I would go hang out with her, JW, and his crew to see if something "was there" with us. So when I heard we could stay at his place, the night was already looking good. Let's just hope this guy is as gorgeous as she said he was.

Oh, shit! Where were we going to get ready?! We wouldn't be getting a motel, it was 10 and we still had an hour's drive left, and they were all already out. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

We knew we had to get ready in a public bathroom somewhere, but the idea of getting ready in a germ-infested gas station bathroom worried me. But then we saw the light...the bright neon lights of Del Taco begging us to get ready in its establishment. Plus, I could get a fountain drink to make my Jack Daniels and Coke cocktail (Drinking and Riding is okay, isn't it?).

Who knew Del Taco could be worse than a gas station bathroom? Stupid! The worst part wasn't the smell or the strange growth on the toilet seat. No, no, the worst part was the 5 in. by 5 in. mirror above the sink. How can I possibly get ready if I cannot see myself? Did Del Taco think I wouldn't appreciate a full-length mirror in which to admire myself as I prepared for the evening? I knew you'd understand.

Even better, Hannah "called" the mirror (bee-otch), so I had to put on my make-up using only my compact. Oh yeah, and it's a single stall bathroom and ladies keep pulling on the handle to see

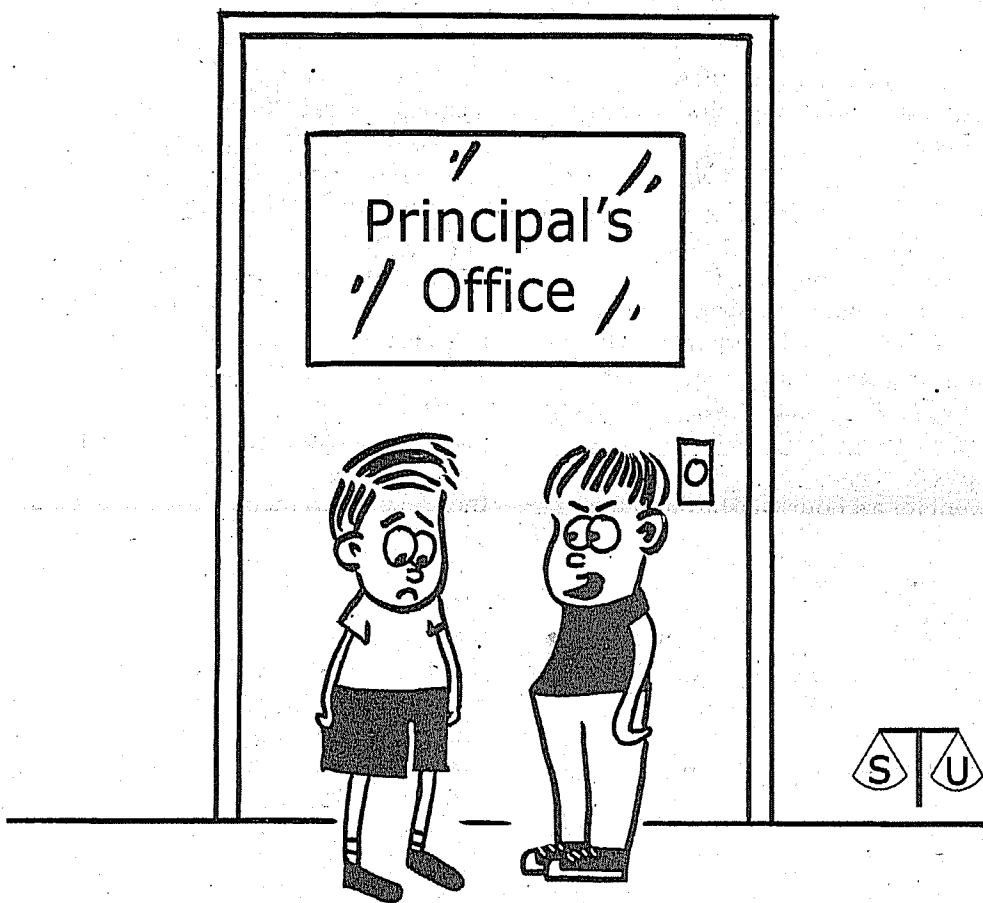
SEE BIRTH, PAGE 6

SEE LIEU, PAGE 7

Congratulations Class of 2004 You're Smarter than the Average Bear

Stu's Views

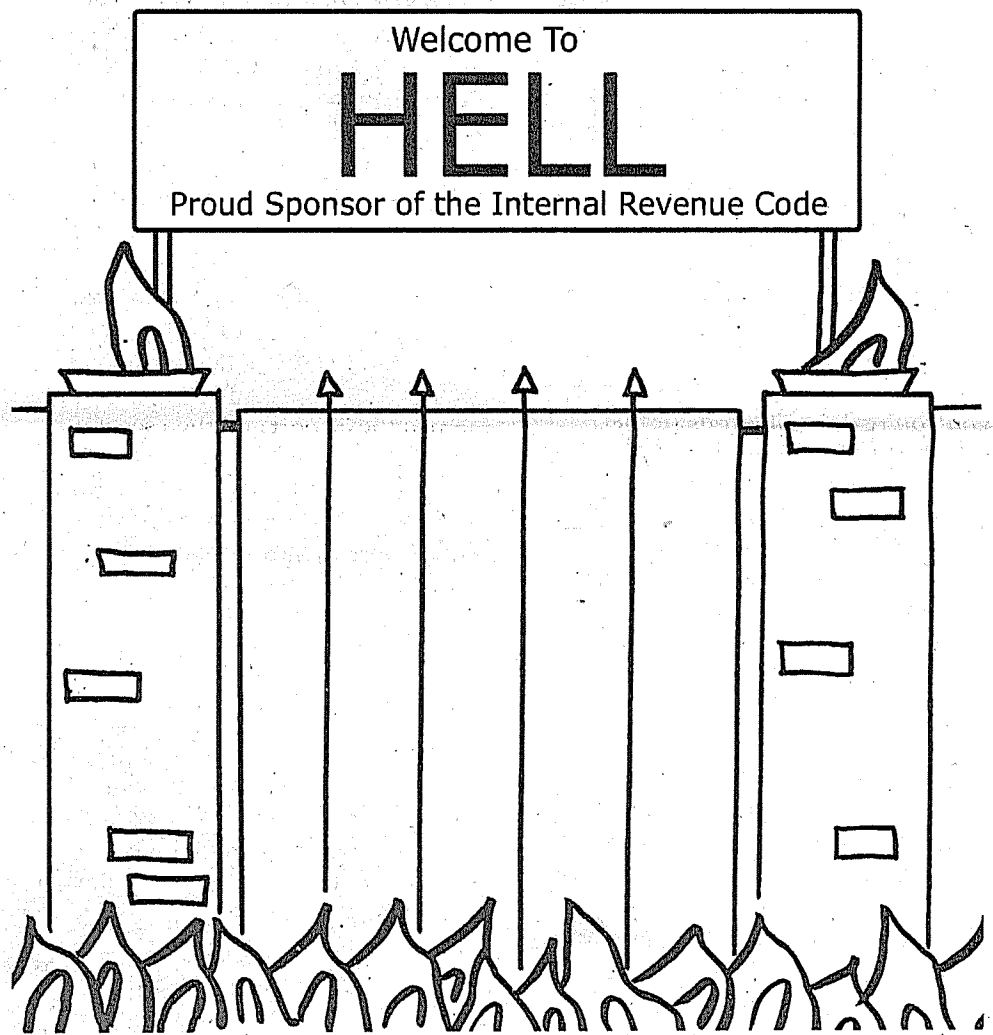
© 2004 Stu All Rights Reserved www.STUS.com



"I'm just mad we got caught for something so small. My daddy made \$72 million before getting busted."

Stu's Views

© 2002 Stu All Rights Reserved www.stus.com



Yikes! I thought law school was just a way to bide my time until I won the lottery. At the moment, I'm trying to figure out a way to avoid graduating. Otherwise, it looks like I'm going to (gulp) work.
Kathy Farkas

A Parting Gift: Quotes from First Year

Michelle Dombrovskya
3L

These were my favorite quotes from Section One back in the days when we were so silly, before three years of law school. Take care everyone, and don't forget your sense of humor so we can keep it all in perspective.

Ars: (after Professor Olsen asked what was the tort for the crime of smoking marijuana): It's a crime?

Kate in Torts: I want a cause of action for all the one-night stands!

Eileen (after Professor Wiley in Criminal Law asked how she advise her client): I would advise her to not shoot a man while sleeping; wait until after he wakes up.

Professor Olsen: (to the class) Do you all preferred to be called by your last name?
Brian Wank: Yes!

Professor Olsen: "...that an employer sexually harasses both sexes will not be enough to get him off."

Ars to Professor Hsu in Lawyering Skills: I was reading this and I just stopped because it was, like, all

bullshit.

Paul to Professor Lester in Contracts: I was reading this and thought it all horseshit.

Professor Olsen in Torts: Brian, you're going to have to be less wimpy...I'm really not getting the feeling that you're heart is in this...am I right?
Brian: yah.

Olsen in Torts: Adam, I want you to give me your money.
Adam: I bet you do.

Professor Olsen (to Matt): You

attack yourself, and I'll defend you.

Adam to Professor Lester in Contracts: Why are we talking about herpes in this contracts class?
Ben: Because she contracts the disease.

Professor Olsen to Kal in Torts: What's the cause of action called Kal?
Kal: I'm sorry, I was asleep.

Melissa: I know a lot of mildly retarded people and you can't tell them apart from anybody in this class.

Ben (in almost every class): Um, if we were like on another planet, ok...

BIRTH

FROM PAGE 4

go down to get to the back area and I didn't want it cluttered when I made my late night treks to the bathroom. Stupid me, I lost my balance and fell. I landed on my knee and forearm. We put me into bed and I waited until the baby moved, a very important test. We called the hospital to tell them we did the kick check and that I didn't think I had landed on the baby, but they told us to come in to be sure I hadn't torn anything and didn't have any internal bleeding etc. We left mom and Kylie at home and went in. This made the third trip in 1 1/2 weeks.

When you go in to the emergency room and are pregnant, they are really sweet and wish you lots of luck. everyone is smiling and asking questions. It can be frustrating when you just know that although you are in labor, they aren't going to admit you and you aren't going to leave the hospital with the baby, but you're going to go home still pregnant.



Big Sister Kylie with Bella

From the ER, they wheel you up to Labor and Delivery but if they don't admit you, you walk all the way back. We called it the married, expectant mother's walk of shame. I was put on a monitor, checked by Dr. Howe, got to tour a labor room because it was a slow night, and then was released to go home.

On Wednesday, April 14, 2004 I saw my doctor again. Kylie and Brian were in the room with me. Dr. Archie asked me if I wanted to induce that night or the next morning. We set an appointment for 10:30 am on Thursday, April 15, 2004.

In all honesty, I was against inducing from the get go. I wanted this to progress naturally. I wanted to learn to accept that I was not in control. In the end, I was so tired and stressed and uncomfortable that I couldn't get anything done and was obsessing. On top of that, my mother was already here and could not just stay indefinitely. The big deciding point however, was Kylie. If we induced, then Kylie would have

the once in a lifetime experience of watching and participating in the labor and delivery of her new baby sibling. Kylie had watched Oprah on how to deliver a baby in preparation, which I think is really cute. She had been talking since August when we learned we were pregnant non-stop about wanting to be there for the birth. By inducing, I could give Kylie and her baby sibling this gift that could never be taken away or lost. In the end, that's why I was ready and willing to induce.

After making our decision, we stopped for Diddy Reese Ice Cream and Cookie Sandwiches and then dropped me off at the law school to audition for

graduation speaker. I did a great job, I think. I had written it between 4 am and 6 am that morning when I was up due to contractions and acid reflux. I first told everyone on the committee that I was in active labor and prone to bursting into tears, as well as burping uncontrollably. I taught everyone

the nursery rhyme about the days of the week and what it means to be born on each day.

Dean Cheadle missed the main portion of the speech but caught the end of my performance. I was picking up my computer rolly bag to go and she took it from me telling me I shouldn't pick it up as I was in labor. I told her I was trying to have the baby. She said "Not in my law school!". We talked about labor and birth. She predicted that I wouldn't need to be induced but would go into labor naturally and have the baby by 6 am. She was set to induce with her second and went into labor before she could be admitted. She has been a real friend throughout the 3 years but especially



SEE BIRTH, PAGE 7

SEUSS

FROM PAGE 4

Lounge rats,
Computer lab cats.

Library lovers,
Soon to be mothers.

Leave the 1L ladies alone-ers,
In the distribution room on the free phone-ers.

Baby bringers
Bathroom singers.

Water wasters,
LuValle tasters.

Loud laptop starter-uppers,
Peeps who don't make it home for supper.

Permanent arm-raisers,
In the lounge left-over food grazers.

Activity whores,
Ultra bores.

Cite-checking minions,
Sharers of their opinions.

Examsoft haters,
Library stacks maters.

Grade Distribution Peekers,
Transcript Copy Seekers.

Cell Phone in the bathroom talkers,
Extremely slow walkers.

PILP heads,
People who sleep in California king sized beds.

Future lawyers of America,
Some for whom smiling is rare-ica.

Enjoying life now-ers,
Took accounting with John Powers.

Journal slaver away-ers,
Always trying to persuade and sway-ers.

Lockers in the bathroom-ers,
A crew of babyboom-ers.

Rumor spreaders,
Credit card debtors.

Intra-section daters,
Drama creators.

Corporate law junkies,
Fans of Brewster comma Punky.

Law Skills TAs,
Library RAs.

PILF auction bidders,
Professor babysitters.

Entering class late-ers,

OSCAR

FROM PAGE 4

carry around those books pretty much all day long. Thanks Beth and congrats on graduating.

I went to the first bar review at Westwood Brewery. I met Sang Park, though he may not remember me talking with him in the courtyard. I hope I didn't distract him to much with playing games, editing stories, and having labor pains when he sat next to me in class this year.

I also met Kathy Farkas. She and I were in the orientation practice class together and I remember her saying she had done investigative work on death row cases. I thought that sounded fascinating, so when I saw her at Westwood Brew Co, I remember asking her about it. I really enjoy our friendship. She's been extraordinarily tolerant of my ribbing her about selling out. I don't know if anyone knows it, but my husband couldn't be with me for a medical procedure, so Kathy took me and held my hand. Thanks so much Kathy. As you can see, everything came

In-the-lounge debaters.

Fashionistas,
Former barristas.

Award winners,
Perpetual grinners.

Rolley bag pullers,
Those who wear wool-ers.

In-class comedians,
Those who can distinguish average from median.

Wishful thinkers,
Heavy drinkers.

NPR listeners,
In the sunlight glisteners.

Environmentalist recyclers,
Avid weekend hikers.

Real loud finals cry-ers,
Those who take refuge in a gallon of Dryers.

Moot court competitors,
Managing editors.

Piano players,
Naysayers.

Lakers supporters,
Docket reporters.

Paperchase runners,
Consistently having fun-ers.

Speakers of many tongues,
Swimmers with big lungs.

Dual degree receivers,
Daydream believers.

Finders of lifelong friends,
Those who never want law school to end.

Future global leaders,
Liberal heart bleeders.

Pessimists,
Optimists,
I think you get the gist.

These people create the supportive community that exists at UCLAW. In my mind, these people made the law school medicine go down a little easier. I ask that when you think back upon your time at UCLA law, you remember the people that made this place special and created the feeling of togetherness that we have each experienced over the last three years. Congratulations Class of 2004. See you on the other side.

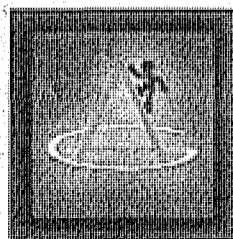
out wonderfully.

I met Sundari Wind there to. She's one of those great people you meet that make a point to remember you. Just talking to her makes you feel good. She and her roommate, Jamie Morikawa, throw the greatest parties. It took me 5 tries to actually make one and I am still kicking myself for not going to every last one of them. I think the two of them managed to take 300+ law students and turn them into friends single-handedly.

I remember wanting to be involved. I had been one of those really involved people all through high school and college but then after school and working a few years I felt that I wasn't doing anything anymore.

I joined the SBA. I was co-social chair and my class section representative. It was my first time being involved in student government. I really enjoyed it be-

SEE OSCAR, PAGE 8



Alan Goodwin, J.D., Ph.D.

Psychotherapy & Executive Coach

Bd. of Psych # PSY19421 CA Bar # 156717

Short-Term Targeted Solution-Focused

Socratic Classroom Anxiety

Self-Doubt

Class Preparation Difficulties

Depressive Symptoms

Relationship Challenges

Irritability

Career Uncertainty

Generalized/Other Anxiety

Sliding Scale
Fees for
Students

310-927-6966

Century City adjacent location

www.DrAlanGoodwin.com

BIRTH

FROM PAGE 6

through the whole pregnancy and birth. There really is a sisterhood that exists among women who have gone through pregnancy and birth, not unlike that bond between lawyers for having survived law school and the bar exam..

Brian picked me up around 6:15 pm and took me home. I don't remember dinner too well. I think I had miso soup and udon noodles. Kylie, Brian and I stayed up until about 1:15 with me having soaked in the tub with my soup, having bounced on my yoga ball, having put my feet up on the love seat for Brian to rub, etc. Kylie went to bed and then Brian and I got into bed. He was just starting to rub my lower back and fall asleep doing so, when I jolted out of bed and said that I would take a shower while he woke everyone up and packed the car.

We got to the hospital around 2 am. They put me back in the triage room again. This time I knew it was real because either they would admit me because I was far enough along or they would admit me early since I was to induce in the morning anyway.

I was 4 cm and 100% effaced. I was prepared to wait on the epidural at this point, but they had me sitting in a small room in bed and, seriously folks, walking around immensely helps with contractions whereas being prone in bed does not.

I was about 5 cm when they moved me to my labor room, the same room Dr. Howe had shown us the night before. Within a few minutes of being in the room and not yet free to walk around, shower, bounce on my ball etc. I said I was ready for the epidural.

I had had almost no sleep for several days (off and on for well over a week). The nurse on duty, Maria Elena (incidentally 26 weeks pregnant with her first), took three shots at least at getting an IV going in my left wrist before moving on to my right where she took another three tries minimum. My blood filled, swollen veins kept rolling over on her. It was painful, and I had to try to remain sitting and still during my contractions. I did start to cry eventually. Not because of the contractions, but because once the IV was in, she had to take it apart because it had too many points of connection and then after she did that she told me I had to take off the gown I bought to wear for the birth and put on a hospital gown to have the epidural. This meant taking the IV apart again. Brian went down the hall and said to the resident on duty that our nurse was incompetent. He hates seeing me cry and really hates seeing me in pain.

Finally, the anesthesiologist came in and hooked me up. He forgot to tell me that I should use the self medication button every 6 minutes. What he told me was that if it hurt, I could use the button. So, I didn't use the button but tried to sleep. When I woke up, I was hurting so I waited a bit and then tried the button. It didn't work within 20 minutes, so I gave it another go. Still wasn't helping, so I told the nurse. She finally told the anesthesiologist. He came in and gave me a direct shot into the IV that helped for a few more hours.

We sent my mom and Kylie home to get some sleep at this point and they were set to return around 10 am. Brian slept on the long lounging sofa and I dozed in the hospital bed. It was about 5 am by this time.

At 6:30 am, the nurse wanted to put me on pitocin to speed up my dilation. I had had the epidural in for about 1 hour. As far as I was concerned, they were premature in wanting the pitocin. I made them wait until almost 9 am. Brian was still on the road driving the 10 minutes back to our house to drop off Kylie and my mom when they came in. I felt that they hadn't given me any time at all to see if I naturally progressed. I was having the first sleep I'd had in over a week, they had finally given me some Mylanta for the acid, and I had progressed from 2 cm to 5 cm over the course of 8 hours. I was willing to wait another few hours to see if I could naturally progress to 8 cm at least. They didn't want to wait, but they called my doctor and she gave the okay to wait a few hours. I didn't need her to give the okay. If I wanted, I could have outright refused the pitocin, but they like to make you think you have to do what they say. If they knew me at all, they would realize that that is one losing proposition.

By 4:00 pm I had slept off and on, had had to get another shot into the IV because there was one area the epidural was not working, and had eaten tons of ice. While napping my water broke on its own. I was so pleased to have gone into active labor naturally and then to not have to have my water broken for me that I was okay with having gotten the epidural so soon after being admitted to the hospital and having let them give me pitocin to speed things along. I also had labored at home (and at the law school) from 4 pm until 1:30 am, so I guess I didn't wimp out too early with the epidural.

Over the course of the day, I had met several students. Leslie Cho, who went to Stanford undergraduate and kind of remembered Kimber Rudo, spent a good deal of time just chatting and talking with us. She asked what it was we liked about Dr. Carol Archie so much. I told her that I assume that my doctor will be competent. What I like about Dr. Archie is that she is calm, she instills confidence, she recognizes that pregnancy and child birth are natural processes, not illnesses. She is just great with people.

The students asked what our birth plan was. I wanted to use the squat if I could. I did not want to put in the eye jelly because it is to protect the baby from certain sexually transmitted diseases the baby could be exposed to in passing through the birth canal and I don't have those sexually transmitted diseases (or any for that matter).

Brian asked what the eye jelly was used to prevent and one medical student said, in a snappish tone, that the baby could go blind. I replied that the baby would only go blind if I had either of the diseases and since I don't, there is no reason for the eye jelly. The med student did not like this at all and I don't remember seeing much more of her over the next 3 to 4 hours. We also declined the Hep vaccine. Some hospitals routinely do this while others don't. UCLA doesn't do it as routine, but I wanted everyone to be clear about our wishes. Since I had been tested and cleared, there was no way the baby had been exposed.

Finally, as we didn't know if we were having a boy or girl, I told them

LIEU

FROM PAGE 4

if anyone is in there. But until someone knocks for me to come out, this was my shitty Del Taco bathroom.

We exited the bathroom in mini-skirts and fuck-me boots, after going in wearing T-shirts and shorts. Surely everyone in the "restaurant" had made their own conclusion: Lesbian Prostitutes. Hey, if it paid well enough...

Finally, we were back on the road to introduce ourselves to San Diego. Once we found Moon Doggies, the real quest was to find Cori and JW amongst the crowd. However, there was always time to stop and find a shot or two of alcohol on the way.

Walking around the bar, I see nothing but beauty. Why are all the guys so good-looking? Was it Hotties Only Night? (This would explain my attendance). Could it be I've finally found my place of residency? Little did I know it could and would get better and better.

We found Cori standing in the middle of about 6 guys. It was perfect, one for her, one for Hannah, and four for me! She introduced us to JW and I swear my jaw hit the floor. GORGEOUS. I pulled her aside and asked her if having "that something" could possibly be more important than a wild night of passion with what resembled a Greek God. Whatever, her need for "that something" certainly works in my favor.

After mingling with the guys, we all headed for Sandbar. The guys in San Diego kept getting hotter, and no, I'm pretty sure it wasn't the beer goggles. Because, I saw some uglies out too. While we were fighting our way to the bar, JW's friend CJ just arrived on the scene (what the hell is with all of these two-letter-named guys?). Two words: Jared Leto. Three more words: DE-LICIOUS. After I shook his hand and said "nice to meet you," I had to use every ounce of will power I had to stop from pulling him into the nearest bathroom stall.

After we were thoroughly hammered, we taxied back to JW's apartment building that was more like a resort hotel. We quickly changed into our

bathing suits and headed for the hot tub. Oh wait, I didn't bring a bathing suit.

We continued to drink in the Jacuzzi and play those classic Jacuzzi games. No, people, come on now. There was no group sex. I know...I was disappointed too. However, we did play Massage, Make-out, Tag Team, and Give Me Some More. Then the damn security guard showed up and tried to ruin our fun. But I told everyone to be quiet and let me handle it. I offered him a drink, which he declined, but he seemed amused by us and took it upon himself to pull up a chair and watch our debauchery. Kinda weird. Kinda kinky. Kinda liked it.

Suddenly the sun was starting to come out. It's all fun and games until they can see what you look like at this time of the morning! Hannah and I sprinted to the apartment before anyone could get a good close look.

Now all this time, JW and I have been doing a little "flirting." Once we were back at the apartment, I crawled in to what I thought was his bed...to go to sleep of course. Unfortunately for me, I passed out within seconds. I woke up thirty minutes later to some random dude crawling into bed with me. So I got out of bed to see what was going on in the living room, and better yet, to find JW.

There it was. JW and Hannah all snuggled up on the couch "watching a movie." I was burning with jealousy. I was filled with rage. We would no longer be friends!

But then again...I was so proud. I was like a proud Mama. Look at my little Hannah with the hottest boy we've ever seen. I felt like she deserved a trophy or a medal that said Score of the Year. I wanted a little mini JW to put in her room, so people could see what Hannah was capable of. You see, if it's not going to be me that gets the prize, it may as well be my best friend. I couldn't really get mad at her over a guy, not even a Greek God.

The moral of Spring Break is to be spontaneous, move to San Diego, and never let a guy come between you and your best friend. Or wait...that could be kinky too.



In Memory Zeke Webber

Zeke will be greatly missed by this community as he was not only fun and funny and smart, but one of the most committed people to others, to LGBT rights, and to making a positive impact in all things. Zeke's involvement in advancing LGBT rights was pervasive, as he was completely committed personally, politically and academically. After giving his time for two years as the business manager of the Journal of Sexual Orientation Law, Zeke was taking over the position of Editor-in-Chief for 2004-2005.

Zeke, an Eagle Scout, also worked for the ACLU of Southern California. At Dartmouth, Zeke, co-chaired the Rainbow Alliance, fundraising and creating a forum to discuss gay issues on campus. At UCLA, Zeke co-chaired the PILF pledge drive and was part of LGBTSA's leadership next year, in addition to his work with JOSOL.

Zeke's passing is a great loss to UCLA, to LGBT rights, to his peers, friends, and family.

SEE BIRTH, PAGE 9

STEALS

FROM PAGE 2

intended to protect.

3. The rule is facially overbroad in that it appears to apply to: a) all e-mail regardless of the server which is used to transit the email; b) all persons, whether or not they, themselves, are candidates; and c) all campaigns.

4. The rule is vague and has a chilling effect on free speech because it does not define what e-mails or campaigns it applies to. Can one non-candidate student send an email from yahoo.com to a friend using hotmail.com regarding a student who is running for SBA vice-president? The rule purports to prohibit such an email.

For these and other reasons, the rule is unconstitutional.

I recently received an email from Professor Volokh and he wrote this about the rule:

It sounds like the least constitutionally troublesome way of interpreting [the rule] is as (1) simply banning candidates using the "announcements@law" system to distribute campaign e-mails, (2) pursuant to school policy. If that's so, then it seems to me like a constitutionally permissible limit on the designation of a designated public forum (the UCLA e-mail system). I agree that if the bylaws are interpreted more broadly, they pose more serious constitutional problems; and I hope the SBA clarifies the definition as I suggest above. If they do, then I think there probably shouldn't be a constitutional problem (though it's not an open-and-shut matter).

The SBA, while yet to acknowledge the constitutional deficiency of the election results, took the positive step of reversing itself in the face of sustained student pressure. The SBA originally stated that it would dock Shaffy Moeel's vote tally by 200 votes, allegedly the number of people who received "prohibited" emails encouraging a write-in campaign on her behalf. To its credit, the SBA turned tail from this arbitrary and unconstitutional decision.

Yet, the SBA (and apparently the Dean of Students) cling to the belief that the election results are valid-despite the fact that candidates were dissuaded from campaigning in accordance with their constitutional rights, and despite the fact that students and student organizations were wrongly pressured not to exercise their free speech rights. How can this be?

I urge all students, whether you voted for Bryan Dominguez, Shaffy Moeel or someone else, to stand up for the First Amendment. I urge us to insist that the SBA reschedule open and transparent elections. We must demand elections and election results that are free from the effects of constitutionally obnoxious provisions such as the rule in question.

1) I thought I would be a consultant for law firms working on biotechnological matters.
2) I am going to be working 14 hour days as a litigator/
Partner's leverage.

James Stein

OSCAR

FROM PAGE 6

cause I got to know so many people from my section. I know I didn't do that much as our rep., although I think I did a pretty good job on buying the end of the semester gifts for our profs.

Professor Munzer has a cow that announces it's pregnant with my voice that he can now use in his contracts class. Now that's a legacy.

I also took Karate and Kung Fu. All the other women in the Kung Fu class said they were taking it for self-defense. I told them I was a first year law student looking for a constructive outlet for my stress. No one wanted to spar with me.

I started writing for The Docket. I know many of you think The Docket is just a rag, but for me, it was a creative outlet and a rag. I hope that as its Editor-In-Chief I've done some good, or at least provided some light-hearted distraction from grades and law school.

I went to several football games and we tailgated for the Cal v UCLA game first year. I wish we had done more of things like that.

I remember second year starting and suddenly not knowing anyone in my classes. I know it was juvenile in a way that we were all put in class together our first year, but in all honesty, I missed my section when school started back. Sure, I got to meet new people, but I missed my Section 7 and 8 people.

I missed AJ. He was a riot in Crim. Law. I no longer could watch Gene Coppa conduct his mortgage business in the middle of class and be a bit jealous that he was making money while I was playing solitaire. Jen Wilson wasn't sitting in front of me watching a dvd, Kimber Rudo wasn't editing the book she's writing. Mike Miles and I didn't sit down for lunch where he would tell us all stories about his navy days until we

laughed so hard we almost wet our pants. Yuval and Bo weren't playing guitar in the lounge as often.

Sorry to rat you all out like this, and possibly in front of family that really believe that you sat for hours on end taking copious notes, spent all your spare time in the law library, and actively volunteering to answer questions. But the truth will eventually out.

I signed up for moot court that first semester. Jessica Thomas asked me if I wanted to go for honors for moot court. When I said I just wanted to get through it, she asked if I'd like to partner. It's great to find someone with like goals.

Justin Radell and I took a class together that year. We would sit and eat candy together while listening to the guest lecturers. I always like seeing Justin. He focuses on the people he is talking with and always has something good or positive to say. He also has been a fabulous supporter of The Docket. My husband's kids still talk about Justin's articles.

I did the musical both first and second year. Kate Bushman choreographed a couple of numbers and always livened up the extraordinarily long rehearsals. Kate's another of those people that always stops to ask how you're doing, and I think she genuinely wants to know. She almost always has a compliment to give, though she's a bit shy about taking them. Kate, you have so much spark and energy, people are drawn to you like butterflies to butterflies.

There were a ton of other great people who did the musicals. Kavita, Mike, Shawn, Michelle and more. It was a wild experience. I don't know how we ever had the time or energy but it's something I'll remember forever about law school.

Third year has been strange. Being pregnant really has been distracting. The

hormones keep you from focusing they say. I say try studying for your Evidence final and feeling the baby move for the first time.

On top of law school, we've all been really busy on the personal side too. In our first year, Michael Chang and his wife had a little girl Olivia. Gene Coppa and his wife had their second girl, Alyssa, March 16th of this year. Oleg and his wife had a baby just recently. I hear through the grapevine that Margie's got a bun in the oven. Tamar and I were due within weeks of one another. Kelly Lindner got married first year and this year finally changed her name. James Stein and Katherine married over the summer last year. Tricia Setaguchi went through foot surgery, not once but twice first year, put on the Barrister's Ball single-handedly and got married over winter break in Hawaii this year.

Over the next several weeks people will study relentlessly for the bar, some people, me included, will move to a new city or state, our lives will become busier-not easier and law school will be just a memory. I, for one, will cherish these years. I've had a great time. I've learned a tremendous amount, very little of it having to do with the law, and I've met some of the most incredible people. I wish I had the time to tell each one of you how you've touched or impacted me over the past three years, but I don't. I wish you all success in every endeavor. I hope you continue to make a difference in people's lives like you have in mine.

I hope we'll see each other again, at reunions, weddings, homecomings, etc.

Thanks to my husband for being so supportive, to my kids (all three of them), to my family and friends.

EXTEMPOR

FROM PAGE 1

those in the real world was, "What is law school like"? I don't think anyone realizes the irony in asking a first year law student about the nature of law school. This question is often followed by an equally loaded question, "Well, do you like it"? Allow me to elaborate for those of you who have ever wondered about life in our world.

Three short years ago the question burning in every new law student's mind was, "How do I prepare for law school? How do I prepare myself for, arguably, the most intellectually challenging experience of my life"?

Before school started, I did what I think every prospective law student does, I ran out and bought every piece of "So You're Going to Law School" literature available, and after a calm reading of the materials, I understood one thing: that if I didn't get straight A's I would be banished to walk the earth humiliated and penniless.

On the first day we were given group numbers, thrust into classes with total strangers and told that they will be our closest friends and our greatest enemy as we were forced to depend on our classmates for notes while competing against them for a position among the top 20% in each class. Because it didn't matter how many group study sessions you lead, it didn't matter how many outlines you shared and it didn't matter how much time you spent discussing doctrinal issues with the

professor... in your class of 80 students 20% were going to receive A's, 60% were going to receive B's and 20% were going to receive a C or below. Period. As the semester moved on we spent sleepless nights wondering about the first exam. How can one exam accurately measure your level of competence after digesting an entire semester of legal theory? And more importantly, how can this exam measure the attorney that you will become?

For many bright-eyed first year law students this grading system was like nothing they had seen before. Even though they may have designed elaborate health programs to fight global disease or had been brilliant military foreign intelligence officers the first year grading procedure was extremely difficult to comprehend and accept. To those of you with us this afternoon who are family members or prospective attorneys here to support a weary and battered law student, this is what law school like.

Adjusting to the struggle between obtaining a legal education and achieving academic excellence completely consumed our lives. It was a time of darkness and uncertainty in our little community. For us life became a mundane exercise in routine. Get up, go to that hated early morning class, read profusely in between classes and find a comfort group of students who were just as lost as you were. On September 10,

2001 our small law community at UCLA was the only world that mattered. But on September 12, 2001 the world around us had changed and the study of law had never been more crucial. Suddenly, the constant stress of being a first year law student within our little community had diminished and the walls that protected our American sense of security were crumbling around us.

I had the privilege of serving as this class's first year president. I was proud to serve the class of 2004 during this time of darkness and uncertainty in the real world. Our three years here at UCLA have been marked with bad news and unfortunate developments. For example, conflicts of interest over the war in Iraq have caused a crisis within the international community and the legal institutions of the UN. Domestically, the longest economic downturn in recent US history has caused uncertainty for many us as we look for employment after law school. But the trials and tribulations of the real world never hindered the progress of our class. The class of 2004 has become a family. Like a family, we have supported each other through tough times and losses. After experiencing three years of law school I have come to the conclusion that the definition of law school is

SEE EXTEMPOR, PAGE 9

BIRTH

FROM PAGE 7

that we would be waiting a day or so to decide on circumcising the baby if we had a boy, since we were not in agreement on whether we would or would not.

The student interns and my nurse, Laura Hill-Jones, wanted me to begin pushing, since my water had broken and I was fully dilated. I asked where Dr. Archie was at this time. She was across the campus seeing her regular patients for her office hours. I said I would wait for her. This irritated one of the students, but I didn't really care. I think it was the same one who told me the baby could be blind without the eye gel. My attitude was and is that Dr. Archie is my doctor and I wanted her there if things progressed rapidly or if there were any problems.

When Dr. Archie was actually at the labor and delivery ward, I told the nurse that I was prepared to push. I had not been feeling that urge that people talk about. I was feeling contractions though because the epidural never did fully block the pain everywhere.

I pushed from a reclining position a few times and then we installed the squat bar. I pulled myself up and pushed a few times that way. Then we tried rolling me to one side. Then we went back to reclining but we used the bar to put my feet over and rest my thighs against as leverage. Brian held one leg and either my mother, a nurse, or sometimes Kylie held the other. Brian was worried about hurting me, very involved in counting, and trying to watch everything that was going on, so he wasn't as focused on holding my leg in for me as he might have been. He also was in charge of the music.

We made up a compilation of songs for the labor and birth. Three is a Magic Number started it off from School House Rock. We had At Last the song we used for our first dance at our wedding. We used the Glenn Miller arrangement. We had Elton John - Blessed. If you want to cry your heart out and you're pregnant or have a baby, listen to this one. We had Lauren Hill-Zion. All total we had 14 songs in particular. After listening to all 14 all the way through twice, Brian put on new music. Earlier we'd listened to Gardel (Tango) music. When I was really pushing in earnest and it had

been close to 3 hours, he put in Reservoir Dogs. Ooga Chucka, Ooga Chucka actually helped a lot.

At one point he did lean over and tell me to really push and I turned on him like a starving dog turns on a piece of meat. "I am pushing. What do you think I'm doing!". Men are so damn clueless. Also after 2 hours we started to have me push on every other contraction instead of on every contraction.

Kylie, for the majority of the time, was videotaping the labor and birth. She did a fair amount of coaching. She held my leg. She was really invaluable. My mom was a trooper too. She got in there and held my leg and got me ice and was really supportive. The nurse was working the whole time except when she had to take a bathroom break. During her break, I had a contraction and pushed with my mom, Brian, and Kylie while three med students stood in the corner watching with their arms crossed over their chests. Brian had joked earlier about putting up a red velvet rope and making people slip him a 20 just to come in the room. I told him to ask if they were on the "list". That was when we still had our sense of humor. Only one of them ever did a damn thing and that was because I think we asked.

Finally, Dr. Archie actually came into the room to see how I was progressing. It was at this time that she determined that the baby was at an angle and no amount of pushing on my part was going to get the baby out. I wish she had checked in about 2 hours earlier. She adjusted the baby and then left again. Back to pushing. And still no baby was coming out. She came back about 1/2 hour later. At this point I was "napping" between pushes. It is also called losing consciousness. Brian was putting ice water across my forehead, which actually felt really good and was a huge help. Dr. Archie found out that baby had moved back into the diagonal position and so after one or two more attempts, she decided it was time for the vacuum.

If you are still reading this, it is now that you may find that I provide too much detail and information. I really don't get into the gross stuff, I promise. And trust me, there is a lot

that is really gross.

Dr. Archie allowed resident Dr. Howe to attempt the vacuum. UCLA is a teaching hospital after all. Sometimes the law school turns us loose on real people too.

After three tries by Dr. Howe, Dr. Archie took over. Now three tries means that three times the suction was attached to the baby's head and three times they pulled with all their might as I pushed with all of mine only to have the suction pull off and baby slide back up the canal. Dr. Archie had the same problem the first time she tried the vacuum. She almost lost it the second time too. But the second time did the trick.

It was extraordinarily hard and I thought I cannot push but if I don't my baby won't be born or will have to come out through cesarian. I really did not want a c-section if I could avoid it at all.

As she came out, I could see a little in the mirror, but leaned up to watch them lift her out. I saw that she was a girl just before they made the announcement. Brian cut the cord. Then she was whisked away. I looked over to where there were about 10 doctors and nurses surrounding her cleaning her and suctioning her. She was not placed on my chest. I didn't hear her cry. I turned to Brian and asked him why she wasn't crying. Her heart rate had stayed strong through the whole delivery. It didn't drop the way so many baby's heart rates do. I kept asking him why my baby wasn't crying. He was terrified too. I kept looking at Dr. Archie, but she was busy sewing me together.

Turns out I was torn on the inside. I don't know how many stitches or where or how much danger I was in, if any. I watched as she removed the placenta. Kylie thought it was gross. It was just a distraction for me.

Finally we heard some whimpers and a soft cry. Then Brian was asked to cut the cord a little closer. I guess they quick had him cut it the first time but were in a big rush to get the baby breathing and out of danger so he cut it way up high. He cut it closer this time and then carried little Gabriella "Bella" Elizabeth to me to hold.

On a 10 point APGAR scale, at

birth, she was a 2. She was blue, unresponsive, not crying or breathing. To be a two, means that out of 5 items, she scored a 0 on 3 or 4 of them. By the end of 5 minutes, she was up to an 8. That's fantastic improvement, but the 2 was terrifying. No one would tell us because they didn't want us too scared.

People cleared out and after a few minutes she was weighed at 7 lbs 9 ozs and measured at 19 inches. Her daddy popped open some champagne but hogged it all and I just got to toast with him. Then, with Bella in his arms, he sang "Quanto e Bella" from The Elixir of Love by Donizetti. The song is sung by the hero, Nemorino, to Adina, the beauty he wants to win over. The song loosely translated is:

What a beauty, what a dear, She is smart and reads and teaches and I'm but an idiot and yet I want her to love me.

I looked over my shoulder and in the corner of the room, Dr. Archie cried as she listened.

The labor was hard. It takes a lot of energy and strength. The recovery was surprising to me because it was 10 times worse than anything I could have expected for the first 2 days. Now, a week later, mom and baby are doing very well. I won't go into the recovery, the pros and cons of being in a teaching hospital, Tyler coming down and holding his baby sister and telling me she's the first infant he's ever held, etc. That's a story for another day.



EXTEMPOR

FROM PAGE 8

different within each student. "There are few earthly things more beautiful than a law school," wrote John Masfield. He was not referring to its shaded courtyard and ivied walls. He admired its splendid beauty, he said, because it was "a place where those who hate ignorance may strive to know, where those who perceive truth may strive to make others see."

The next time I am asked, "What is law school like"? This is what I will tell them.

Congratulations to the class of 2004, this is only the beginning.

Post-law school I thought I would be returning to Iowa to work with foster and adopted youth or to teach grade school, and knock out a few kids of my own. Instead, I will be married to Jones Day, enjoying the ever-glamorous life of a big firm lawyer in NY.

Kate Bushman

Stu's Views

© 2004 Stu All Rights Reserved www.STUS.com



"I hate terrorism, but it sure is keeping the FBI off my back."

SUPREME
BAR REVIEW

Taking a supplemental multistate workshop makes a lot of sense Overpaying for it doesn't

Introducing: DVD Multistate Bar Exam (MBE) Workshop

NOW ONLY

\$695

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!*
REGULAR PRICE: \$995

NEW!

EXCLUSIVELY FROM

**SUPREME
BAR REVIEW**

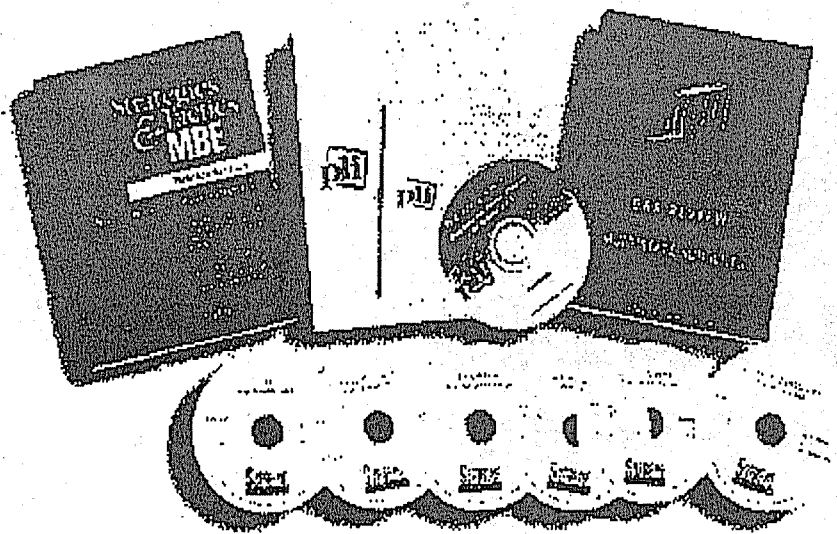
We will credit any deposit made to another supplemental MBE bar review course (up to \$100) with proof of payment.

Why pay more to watch videotaped lectures in a crowded classroom? *Get your own DVD videos and study whenever you choose. Review subjects as many times as you want!*

Our program includes:

- ✓ All the advantages of other supplemental MBE courses, plus DVD videos, for a lot less money!
- ✓ Comprehensive outlines and DVD video lectures for all multistate subjects (just like 6-day workshops offered by others).
- ✓ Testing drills and full-length practice exams with explanatory answer keys (just like 3-day workshops offered by others).
- ✓ Easy-to-follow menu-driven DVD video lectures taught by experienced bar review lecturers.
- ✓ FREE *PLI Multistate Bar Review* course (\$295 value).
- ✓ FREE *Strategies & Tactics for the MBE* workbook (\$43 value).
- ✓ FREE course guarantee.

***Enroll by May 29, 2004 to save \$300 off regular price!**
Program includes everything you need to master the MBE!



LOCK-IN YOUR SAVINGS NOW
WITH \$100 ENROLLMENT DEPOSIT

- ✓ Visit our website at:
www.SupremeBarReview.com
- ✓ Call our office toll-free at:
1-866-BAR-PREP

* Tuition price does not include \$150 refundable materials deposit or \$20 shipping charge.

We Turn Law Students Into Lawyers!™