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Professor Forte Says...

Pass/Fail Option has "de-minimis" effect on G.P.A.

by Cheryl Lane
Staff Writer

A tentative decision made by Judge Lance Ito in January to bar television coverage from the O.J. Simpson trial prompted a Cleveland-Marshall professor to write Judge Ito in an attempt to persuade him otherwise. The letter was submitted to the court, landing Professor Joel Finer a cameo role in the so-called trial of the century.

It threatened to suspend television coverage on January 24th after a Court TV camera mistakenly revealed a juror in violation of Ito's orders. "I felt it would have been a true deprivation to the public," said Finer. "The circus has been going on in the media. If the trial wasn't covered, people would assume there was a circus in the courtroom, too." Finer began drafting the letter within hours after hearing of the suspension of television coverage. Using electronic research to find names and fax numbers, Finer sent copies of his letter to the defense and prosecution, as well as attorneys representing the media.

With a hearing on the matter scheduled for the next morning (8 a.m. PST, 11 a.m. EST), Finer faced a battle against time. "I drafted the letter about 2 a.m., at 3 a.m. I was on my computer trying to get fax numbers for the attorneys." The names of prosecutors and defense attorneys were known and Finer said he learned through media reports that Kelli Sager would be the attorney representing the media.

Using various computer data bases, Finer found the addresses and fax numbers of the attorneys involved. "I researched Nexis to see who was the Chief District Attorney (for Los Angeles County), and cross-researched to find his fax number." Finer used the Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory to find fax numbers for Robert Shapiro and Ms. Sager. About 5 a.m. Finer sent the letters to their respective law firms via fax using his home computer.

A copy of the letter was submitted to the Court by at least one of the parties. Finer says, using Lexis, he found two references to it in the transcripts of the next day's hearings. In one, attorney Sager told the judge,  

"Could it be? Yes, it's O.J.'s house, hiding behind a hedge. A C-M student took this picture while in Los Angeles recently.

C-M Students To Lose Another Parking Lot

by Wendy Zohar

Law students beware! We are about to lose the small "APCOA" lot off E. 17th street as a place to park. Within a month it will fall prey to the jaws of bulldozers and wrecking equipment as construction crews begin to demolish the Price Building on Euclid Avenue. According to John Oden, Director of Parking at CSU, the new multi-level parking facility which is to be built in the 17th-18th street block off Euclid Avenue is scheduled to be ready for service by December 1, 1995. Until then, however, we will experience a serious lack of parking space.

The game of musical chairs (or should I say parking spaces) will get more competitive, with spots gone by 8 or 8:30 in the morning. Meanwhile, Oden is investigating other parking arrangements with commercial lots downtown that are farther from campus but reachable with perhaps a shuttle or loop bus.

For example, the Gateway garage on E. 9th Street is not full during our peak hours, and may possibly have as many as 500 spaces. At issue is cost and practicability. The CSU Parking Services will soon issue a questionnaire directed to students at the Law School to determine student needs and their responses to various options. This will help guide John Oden's decisions in his effort to solve our parking problems for the upcoming months. He predicts the greatest parking crunch will be in late September through the end of November, until the new parking facility is complete. At that time overall enrollment is at its highest. By then he plans to have other parking options in place.

Watch your mailboxes for the Parking Questionnaire. Please participate and help determine the most practical solution.
Due to the construction site of the new law library, the following law clinics have been temporarily relocated to the 12th floor of Fenn Tower: Fair Employment Practices Clinic (Jane Picker, Director), Law and Public Policy Clinic (Alan Weinstein, Director), Environmental Law Clinic (David Bahnzhiher, Director) and Street Law Program (Elisabeth Travis Dreyfuss, Director). The following presentations were delivered at the Law Faculty Seminar Series in January and February. "The Investigatory and Courtroom Procedures for the Fair Employment Practices Commission for a four year term ending December 12, 1999. Community Re-Entry operates numerous programs involving employment, counseling, crisis management, community corrections, and prison visitation. Kay E. Benjamin, Director of Student Records, completed a Ph.D in Urban Education-Policy Studies from CSU. Dr. Benjamin defended her dissertation, A Case Study of a Cleveland Superintendent. Paul Briggs 1964-1979, on January 25. Pamela A. Daiker-Middaugh, Staff Attorney for the Law and Public Policy Program, spoke on "Legal Approaches to Domestic Violence" at the law school in January. Elisabeth Travis Dreyfuss, Assistant Dean and Director of Street Law, received a certificate of appreciation from the Kiwanis Club of East Cleveland. Dreyfuss' African artifacts are part of the Treva in Focus exhibition that opened January 19 at the Cuyahoga Community College Metro Gallery. Dreyfuss spoke on her father's (Paul B. Travis) 1927-28 trip through Africa in February at the Gallery. David Forte, published two op-ed articles in the Wpecter Daily Record in January entitled "NATO vs. The UN" and "The Perils of Appeasement." In February, Professor Forte appeared on WCPN discussing the Republican Contract for America, and he was a discussant on a panel, "The Changing Nature of Sovereignty," at the annual meeting of the International Studies Association in Chicago. In March, Professor Forte delivered two presentations: "Teaching about the Foundation" at the Salvatorian Conference at the Heritage Foundation in Washington D.C., and "Religion and the First Amendment: at the Federalist Society at Tulane Law School in New Orleans.

Adjunct Professor Irene C. Keyse-Walker, a partner at Arter and Hadden, published an article entitled "Legal Reform You Should Know About" in the Cleveland Bar Journal in February. Professor Keyse-Walker is also a member of the Ohio State Bar Association's Committee to Review Ohio's Disciplinary Rules in 1995. Margaret McIntyre, Assistant Dean of Admissions, wrote a play entitled The Story of Ruth, which was selected and produced for the Cleveland Public Theatre's International Play Festival in January.


Adjunct Professor Diane M. Palos, Referees for the Cuyahoga County Domestic Relations Court, Palos was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees as well as chair of the Domestic Relations Practice Section of the Ohio Association of Court Referees and Magistrates in 1995.

Jane Picker, published "The Right to Justice: The Political Economy of Legal Services in the United States by Charles R. Rowley" in the Cleveland State Law Review (1994). Steven H. Steinlass, Associate Dean, was the principal author of the brief amicus curiae submitted by a statewide group of law professors to the Ohio Supreme Court in the Palos vs. Maurer, a case challenging the commutation of a number of capital sentences by the former governor of Ohio. The amicus brief argued that the governor had acted consistent with the Ohio Constitution in commuting these sentences. On December 30, 1994, the Ohio Supreme Court by a 4-3 vote upheld these commutations.

Melody Stewart, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs, performed a program of music written by American composers Nathaniel Dett, Amy Beach, Vincent Persichetti, George Gershwin and Edward McDowell for members of the Cleveland Heights Alumni Chapter of the male fraternity Mu Phi Epsilon in February. Frederic White, Associate Dean, published a 1995 edition of OHIO LANDLORD TENANT LAW with Banks-Baldwin. White also published a chapter on "Renting Residential Property" in the ABA Family Legal Guide, a completely revised and updated edition of You and the Law (Random House, 1994).
NEA Report says Union Faculty Do Better, But C-M Profs Stay Non-Union
Salary Gap Between Male And Female Profs Grows Wider
by Jon Sinclair
Staff Editor

What would the faculty do with $9,000 more in salary? Not much, apparently. A report by the National Education Association (NEA) shows professors in universities with collective bargaining units earned $9,354 more than their non-union counterparts. The C-M faculty voted against forming a collective bargaining unit last school year.

During the 1992-93 school year the average faculty salary at C-M was $66,100. The average salary of full professors was $71,500, almost 26% less than three other schools in the region. At that time, the average full professor at the law schools of OSU, Cleveland and Pittsburgh was $88,200, $75,500, and $93,500, respectively. For the 1993-94 school year, the average national law faculty salary at land grant (public)universities was $75,881.

Dean Smith told the Gavel in May, 1993 that he had lost a number of professors to better-paying schools over the years. Then why would the faculty elect not to form a bargaining unit? There are a myriad of reasons, say faculty members. Some say unionization is simply inconsistent with the ideals of independent-minded lawyers. Though you would think, for an extra $9,000 a year, faculty members in the United States averaged $49,698 in 1992, while male faculty grew by 12% between 1972 and 1992. Male faculty nationwide averaged $49,698 in 1992, while male faculty grew by only 31%. The large growth of new female faculty members may partly explain the salary gap. Large numbers of new female faculty members might have weighed down their average, because their beginning salaries were less than those earned by the crusty veteran male faculty members. Regardless, in 1992 males still held 67% of all faculty positions in the nation. Males held 75% in 1972.

The number of women faculty members in the U.S. grew by 127% between 1972 and 1992, while male faculty grew by only 31%. The large growth of new female faculty members may partly explain the salary gap. Large numbers of new female faculty members might have weighed down their average, because their beginning salaries were less than those earned by the crusty veteran male faculty members. Regardless, in 1992 males still held 67% of all faculty positions in the nation. Males held 75% in 1972.

Environmentalist to speak at C-M

On Monday, April 3, 1995, the Cleveland-Marshall College of Law's Student Public Interest Law Organization (SPILO) will host environmental activist William Sanjour. The event will be held at noon in the College's Mooi Court Room. A Maverick voice in the environmental field, Sanjour will discuss why citizens of Ohio should be concerned about Ohio's health and environmental agencies. Mr. Sanjour's lecture will include a discussion of whether these government agencies are actually protecting the safety of the citizens or whether these agencies are actually protecting the interests of the toxic polluters.

Sanjour has engaged in many high-profile battles with the EPA while working as a policy analyst there. Mr. Sanjour will not be representing the EPA when he speaks at the law school.

Request for Donations of Artwork with an environmental theme
Created by Students, Faculty or Staff

The donated artwork will be sold at The Environmental Art Show Thursday, April 6, 1995 - 4 - 8 p.m. in the Law School Atrium
Proceeds to benefit the Environmental Law Association of Cleveland-Marshall College of Law
Artwork will be accepted up through April 21, 1995. Photographs, sculpture, paintings, collage, and drawings are encouraged.

Please contact ELA President David Epstein at 523-7368

O.J.'s Trial Can Be Addictive
by Robin Wilson
Staff Editor

Okay, I'll admit it. I have become an O.J. trial junkie. For months the murders I had very little interest in what was happening with the case. Even after the trial started, I couldn't have cared less. My only reason for watching the trial was to be able to say that I watched it. Once the trial began I knew it was going to be a fateful trip to L.A. It started with an inept decision to head to the west coast for the weekend. My only concern, being the neurotic that I am, was missing Professor Goldman's Constitutional Law and Professor Myer's Mass Media Law classes. How was I to know that my decision to go would lead me out of the path to addiction?

I arrived in Los Angeles Thursday evening. O.J. Simpson was the last person I thought I would see at a trial. For months the murders had been the focus of my interest. Once I arrived at LAX I vaguely remember glancing to my left and seeing a woman on the plane reading magazines. Every time I looked through the window at the runway they were talking about O.J. Again, the next day, as I dressed for the local TV station I could only think about O.J. I imagined all of the stories were about the O.J. case. It was as though nothing else was happening. The television show I was watching was one of the local stations. The next day station had news crews live at the trial report on the trial related activities there. When I left the office the trial was over and the courthouse was empty.

I left the hotel for the most of the morning then back for lunch. I was going out for dinner and I had planned to spend the next couple of hours doing some law school reading. Before I could stop myself, I had found a TV. On the screen testifying was one of Nicole Simpson's former neighbors on Greendale. She had $35,737 worth of jewelry on 9-1-1 telephone. I called to wonder how far Gretta Green was from my hotel. Nicole Brown's sister came to the stand last that afternoon. She talked about O.J.'s house on North Rockingham where the murders happened and about the Mezzaluna Restaurant nearby. I started to wonder how far those places from my hotel.

The next morning we started off for a tour of the movie stars homes in Beverly Hills. I couldn't believe it was there that I would be taking the tour guide that I had talked to by O.J.'s house. I had no idea that due to the huge demand, the tour company had printed up maps with directions to the homes seen that day. We系数 restaurant, the Mezzaluna Restaurant, the address on Greenda

where the 9-1-1 phone call was made, was the next tour stop. The tour guide had the news crew there the day after the murders and had very nearly been killed. The guide had a very professional way of talking. She spoke about her sister Nicole's condominium on Bundy Drive where the murders happened and about the Mezzaluna Restaurant nearby. I started to wonder how far those places from my hotel.

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While O.J. and Nicole did not live in the same neighborhood as the movie stars on my tour, they lived off the same exit of the highway. You turn west go to their homes in Brentwood and east to go to Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Sunset Boulevard, and Rodeo Drive. Brentwood is about 20 minutes away. Although the cost of real estate in Brentwood is outrageously high in the west coast for the weekend. My only concern, being the neurotic that I am, was missing Professor Goldman's Constitutional Law and Professor Myer's Mass Media Law classes. How was I to know that my decision to go would lead me out of the path to addiction?

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Opinion

Ode to a Game
by Geoffrey Novak
Staff Writer

While eating breakfast Sunday morning, I noticed the sun melting an icicle outside my kitchen window. I was watching it disappear drip by drip when thoughts of green grass, warm breezes, and leaving the house without a five pound jacket came drifting in my head. The thought of spring made my oatmeal taste a little better.

Spring is a time of joy, and love, and baseball. Baseball, the great American pastime. It is the poetry of the sporting world. And come April, millions of boys will be searching for their lost gloves and missing bats, dreaming of hitting a Babe Ruthian shot or throwing a ball faster than Nolan Ryan. Maybe, they hope, they will one day reach the Major leagues.

It is too bad the boys already there are not as excited about spring. The game that was not stopped by World War I, the Great Depression, World War II, Korea, McCarthy, or Vietnam was halted in its tracks by greed; another great icicle will be searching for their lost gloves and missing bats, dreaming of hitting a Babe Ruthian shot or throwing a ball faster than Nolan Ryan. Maybe, they hope, they will one day reach the Major leagues.

But in looking rationally at the situation, I cannot understand why baseball players would go on "strike." (Thinking of the sacrifices some people went through to earn a living wage by striking, it seems absurd to use that term in this context.)

"The game that was not stopped by World War I, the Great Depression, ...McCarthy or Vietnam, was halted in its tracks by greed."”

Have they all gone crazy?

To start, the average salary is over a million a year. While on strike, the players are not receiving a dime of it. (Except for a two thousand dollar weekly check.) Hundreds of thousands of dollars, enough per player to support an average family for five, eight, or ten years. They will never be able to earn that money again.

But, you say, that is the idea of a strike: forfeit now to earn more later. But wait, read my second point.

An athlete has a clock. And that athletic clock is ticking. In five, eight, or ten years most of today's players will be lucky to receive a spring training invitation. The Schmidt's and the Brett's of yesterday become the Thomas's and Griffey's of today. The cycle is continuously running. The bottomline is make it while you can because it will not be there tomorrow. The money the players are losing might not be made back if the strike lasts as long as some predict, and the owners win.

And for the same reasons, the owners are bringing in replacement players - which they should do. They are telling the players: "hey, if you don't want to play there are others who do; and granted, they are not as talented and we will lose money, but in five years they will be the ones losing money and we won." Baseball had to start somewhere. It will start again.

Finally, one of the main negotiation problems is profit sharing and a salary cap. The players want fifty percent of the profits and no salary cap so they can equal the owner's income. They play the game, they say, so they should make the money. But the way it works is the signor of the check makes more money than the signee. A bricklayer, which is a skilled worker, is paid by the owner of the brick-laying company a far lesser salary (I suppose) than the owner makes. What is different about baseball? It is a business. The workers produce a product for the consumers, and are compensated. I think that is the capitalist system. (I don't like it any more than they do.)

But now I am done looking at it rationally. Speaking from my heart, I want baseball to be played and with the players, not replacements. Baseball to me is a Saiman Rushdie, novel compared to football as a Stephen King book. It is lyrical and beautiful, and I cannot think of a summer without it. I want to eat hotdogs and drink beer, and feel the summer breezes as I watch Belle go long. It has to be played.

It seems ridiculous for such rich egos to get in the way of such a tradition. Congress (come on Newt) should force the game to be played. It is hurting a society whose children are already cynical enough.

I would like to respond to a letter from a student expressing her concern that Cleveland-Marshall encouraged the JAG to recruit on campus despite their overt anti-discrimination practices. The letter stated that it was the mission of the OCP "to increase the employment opportunities for all students" (italics added). It went on, however, to qualify that the end of creating opportunity was not to be thwarted by scrutiny of the means such as "what kind of employers recruit on our campus?"

I further emphatically declared that the OCP "cannot be in the business of filtering out employers whose policies or practices may be offensive to some".

I fail to see how OCP can achieve their goal of increasing employment opportunities for all students while at the same time encouraging potential employers to openly discriminate on the basis of age, sexual orientation, or other "practices that may be offensive to some" (italics added).

Who are some? I certainly hope we are not talking about people who happen to be in the minority at Cleveland-Marshall. If so, then isn't discrimination along the lines of sex or race only directly offensive to some? I submit that Cleveland-Marshall must go beyond simply asking that each employer sign an anti-discrimination pledge in order to achieve their goal of increasing employment opportunities for all students. A good starting point would be to adhere to the college's anti-discrimination policy which ensures, inter alia, that it is the policy of the college of Law (and CSU) to avoid discrimination based on age or sexual orientation in school administered programs.

Michael Wilson
3L

Letters To The Editor

Applaud us, amuse us or argue with us. Drop off your Letters to the Editor at the Gavel office in Room 23. Letters must contain the writer's name. Letters will be edited for brevity and for clarity.

Make a Statement...

Write for The Gavel

The Gavel is always seeking interested students, staff, faculty and administrators to contribute to this publication. If you are interested, stop by this office, LB 23, or call 657-4533. Opinion pieces, news articles and cartoons are welcome. Please contact an editor regarding your topic to avoid duplication of efforts.

Contributors become staff writers after publishing two articles in The Gavel. Staff members are eligible to participate in editor elections at the end of the school year. Three editors are elected, each receiving a full stipend (in-state tuition) from the University.

The opinions expressed herein are those of the author and not The Gavel. The Gavel is not responsible for article content, including factual matters.
A Layman Speaks of His Jury Experience

by Rob Wilson

I am neither a lawyer nor a law student. Perhaps that is why I was picked for jury duty, as I understand litigators rarely prefer egalitarian-minded jurors. Anyways, after postponing it twice, I recently served my time on jury duty for the Cuyahoga County Court of Common Pleas. These are my thoughts while the trial was going on:

Day 1:

Waiting, waiting, waiting...: Arriving at 8:30 a.m., we sat for an hour and a half before getting impaneled. Twenty-four of us went to a jury room and waited to be called into the courtroom of Judge Thomas Patrick Curran for a criminal trial.

Choosing the jury: At noon we went into the courtroom. Jurors one through 12 got to sit in the jury box, while the rest of us sat in the back of the courtroom. The judge spoke to the jury first and appeared to be either imitating a patro­nizing relative or campaigning. Next came the prosecutor, who looked like he was six months out of law school. The judge seemed to take great exception to the prosecutor’s line of questioning. He corrected the prosecutor twice and then called him up for a sidebar. After the sidebar, the judge seemed to be trying to give legal definitions to the jury and the judge seemed happier. The defense attorney was much smoother, but asked the prosecutor’s questions to each juror, which got annoying after a while.

Four jurors were dismissed from the panel; all appeared to be people the judge had taken a liking to during voir dire. Being juror number 17, I became an alternate on the case.

Day 2:

Waiting, waiting, waiting...: We were instructed to return at 9:00 a.m. and to be ready to go into court at 9:30. At 11:15, we finally got into the courtroom. We got a good solid hour in before break­ ing for lunch. After lunch, we went from 2:00 to 4:15, when we stopped for the day. I think I understand better why so many people want to go into the legal profession — you can’t beat the hours.

The Case: A former employee of the Cuyahoga County School for Delin­ quents is accused of illegally using a State of Ohio gasoline credit card, presumably to put gas in his own vehicle. He is ac­ cused of charging what appears to be less than $200 of gas over a two month period. He is charged with 25 felony counts — 12 counts of forgery, 12 counts of utter­ ing, and one count of abuse in office by a public official. (Not being of the legal persuasion, I thought uttering was a one­ sided conversation that some homeless people carry on. I was infatuated that uttering is professing to be someone else when you commit a forgery. Forging and uttering go hand in hand, and seem to provide two charges for the same act.)

The Pace: Working at this slow pace is more trying than an active day at work. I have an urge to reach for the remote control so I can fast forward through the boring parts. I have new sympathy for the jurors in the O.J. Simpson case.

Day 3:

Waiting, waiting, waiting...: We report at 9:00 a.m., in order to be ready to resume at 9:30. At 9:45 we are called to the jury room, and travel up the elevator with “His Honor.” We pass a line of 10 people waiting to talk to “His Honor.” The bailiff asks us all to write down our names so that the judge can send us a letter of apology for all of the delays. Court starts at 10:30. We get about four hours of testimony in before calling it a day.

Theory: The courtroom is a sensory deprivation experiment. It is warm and there is no air circulation. The same questions are asked over and over. The judge and the prosecutor play a game called “How should I phrase the question so as not to illicit a hearsay answer?” The prosecutor seems to be losing the game. My brain activity slows to the pace of the trial. I keep wondering if I can patent a simple motor skills test, and consider trying to touch my index finger to my nose while the prosecutor builds his case.

The Prosecution Builds His Case: The whole case hinges on the tes­ timony of an expert witness, who is a profes­sional document examiner. His profes­sional opinion is that the defendant signed other people’s names on the gasoline charge slips. His testimony only lasted about 45 minutes, and left me with many questions, such as “How accurate is handwriting analysis, and what is the margin for error?” I hope someone answers these questions. There are other questions that I would like to ask, but since we are a deliberative body and not an investigative body, I doubt I will get a chance.

Day 4:

How to Win Friends...: Today we got called up to the jury room at 9:35, our best start of the week. Unfortunately, when we went into the court room at 9:45 the defense attorney wasn’t there. The judge seemed vexed. After some check­ing, the bailiff found that the defense at­ torney was still at home. We ended up not starting until 12:15. When we re­ sumed, the defense attorney apologized, but resumed without discussing what happened.

The Defense Builds Its Case: Most of what the defense presented to­ day was characterized as evidence that the witness had signed the affidavit as being an honest, God-loving, choir singing man, who is devoted to youth and community service. The defense asked each charac­ ter witness how the defendant was viewed in the community as far as “truth and ve­ racity.” The defense attorney seemed to have particular trouble pronouncing the word veracity and I wondered why he kept asking it. However the witnesses all agreed that the defendant was honest and truthful.

Shameless Plug: Juror number 10 owns a family bakery and is bring­ing in doughnuts every day. The dough­ nuts are great. The bakery is called Michael’s and it is on Broadview Road in Old Brooklyn.

The Clock is Ticking: We have now spent four days on a case that has had 45 minutes of concrete evidence. The jury is getting restless. Will the case be finished by the end of this week? Or are we going to play a waiting, waiting, waiting... game until 4:30.

Day 5:

Hurry Up: We start at 10:00, the earliest start of the week. The judge apparently wants to end this thing today. I think it is because the defense attorney knows he has no evidence and is trying to give legal definitions to the jury and the judge seemed happier. The defense puts three more character wit­ nesses on the stand, who portray the defen­ dant as a “good guy,” a “service to the people.” They are effective. Toward the middle I find myself thinking that the de­ fendant does seem like a pleasant guy and that convincing him on these felony counts is excessive.

The Defense Concedes: The defense attorney has in his own behalf as the last witness. He categorically denies using the gas credit card or forging other names. He opines that the defendant is “not guilty.” However, he loses some creditibil­ ity when he acts like he doesn’t know that the defendant had been instructed to listen to the prosecutor’s side of the story. The de­ fendant happens are between his resi­ dence and the boys school.

The Closing Arguments: Af­ ter lunch, the closing arguments begin. The prosecutor begins by apologizing to the jury if he offended us in any way, and for letting his Irish temper get the better of him. During the trial he had particularly of­ fended me, although he hasn’t really im­ pressed me either. I have no hard feel­ ings toward the Irish (other than some Notre Dame fans), so I sit and wonder what the hell he is talking about as he is talking. The defense attorney repeats many of his same conspiracy arguments in his closing. He is a much better public speaker and I wonder why he doesn’t use this to his advantage. During the course of the trial he has misrepresented or forgotten virtually ev­ ery name involved in the case.

Money: During the closing ar­ guments, the defense attorney came over, stood in front of me and pointed at my lap. "I don’t understand how you can be the wealthiest thing yet, he points again and says the word “money.” Sure enough a large sum of money was on the table and it was on the chair. I said thanks, and he re­sumed his argument.

Deliberation Begins: At about 4:30 the judge starts his instructions to the jury. After half an hour or so, he sends the jury to the jury room. As an alter­ native to sitting around дня, we talked out of the jury room with 12 envious sets of eyes following me.

Alternate Life Style: On one hand, I was glad to get on the road and be done with my civic duty. On the other hand, I felt slighted that I was not able to discuss the case with the other jury members.

Epilogue:

The Verdict: The trial took approx­ imately one hour to find the defen­ dant not guilty. I believe the fact that decided the case was that the defendant had been instructed to sign the names of all of the people whose names had been forged in his handwriting sample. The other people had only been asked to sign their own names. In an inspired moment, the defense attorney had asked the hand-writing expert “Are you absolutely sure that, had you seen the handwriting sample of the names, that your conclusions might not have been different?”, and the expert witness had to agree.

Beyond a Reasonable Doubt: The defendant may have been guilty. However, the State did not present enough evidence to prove him beyond a reasonable doubt. In my opinion, the State had enough facts to get a con­ viction, but the prosecutor got out-argued in court.

Conclusion: This trial took approx­imately 20 hours of time over a five day period to discuss about an hour’s worth of relevant information. Why did this case ever get to trial? I couldn’t help but speculate that the defendant had in­ volved the State of Ohio for being tried from his job. This “not guilty” verdict may also have had to do with some of the State’s politics. Still, it is hard for me to justify convicting someone of 25 felony counts for taking less than $200 worth of gasoline.

The author, Rob Wilson is the husband of a second year law student at Cleve­ land-Marshall.

Impact from p.1

“...and I received a letter just this morning which I submitted to the Court and I understand was only received an hour ago. I was con­ sulted by the defendant’s legal repre­ sentor concerned about the fact that the Judge was considering terminating elec­ tronic coverage. I put this in concern to the viewing public and the understand­ ing of how the process works. During subsequent proceedings later that day, Prosecutor William Hodgesman also made reference to Finer’s letter in other arguments before Judge ito. Because it was coming from the Court this morning to have the resumption of televised coverage of this case. The Court’s interest is...as I’m sure at least certain par­ ties...was that this would be an opportu­ nity for America, law students, law profes­ sors and perhaps even people around the world to see how the system oper­ ates.”

Judge ito eventually ordered that television coverage continue. It “seems clear that Judge ito does want to make this an educational experience,” said ito’s defense attorney Kelli Sager who thanked him for the letter. “She was very appreciative. She didn’t want my letter. She added ‘Every once in awhile you have to contribute in some way to the issues.”

According to Finer, ito says he is referring to the Simpson trial frequently in his Cincinnati Local Procedure class. “It makes it much more lively.” In addition, Finer has been invited to participate in the subsequent proceedings of the Simpson case in March at the City Club.
Perhaps you’ve been curious about the individuals or groups you’ve noticed on the School Law Library over the last few months. Where are they from and why might they be here? Here are some details for you.

If you’ve noticed the frequent type of individual Library tour group has been for a faculty candidate or a new faculty member. Our focus is generally on aspects of our collection or our services especially helpful in meeting that person’s instructional and/or research needs. We occasionally have special out-of-town company. This past year’s guests have included visiting judges from China and visiting faculty from Russia and other countries.

In our role as the center for legal research on this campus we have significant graduate students, a large number of students from the Colleges of Education, Arts and Sciences, and Urban Affairs who have access to our collection. Many students use law review articles, cases, etc.

Getting more specific, could you imagine a legal administrator in today’s educational environment not having had any exposure to legal issues? The School Law course doesn’t turn your local back-in-the-street citizen into a legal scholar. You can create an awareness of when it might be wise to seek legal advice. (As an aside: high schools have Street Law courses for students; it only seems logical that legal educational opportunities are available for teachers.)

A student in Legal Aspects of Social Work may eventually be planning a career in law, but in the meantime needs to know how to find out how to handle a request related to a piece of federal legislation information critical for a paper or on the job.

Students in the Sports Law class are learning about risk management. This may result in a benefit to individuals in the community in which they may later be employed.

There may be Urban Affairs students in a cross-listed law course. They need some additional information about legal research and the Library Law just to manage in the course.

In today’s sophisticated, multidisciplinary, and financially-connected educational environment, any student can count on needing the resources of many libraries. Libraries are involved in numerous cooperative relationships to serve their users. We are, and we continue to try to develop ways to maximize our resources so as to best provide services for you.

Performance Art in the CSU Art Gallery

The Cleveland State University Art Gallery will host a series of performances, lectures, and video programs March 6 through April 12 as part of the eighth annual Cleveland Performance Art Festival (PAF).

This year’s festival includes over 152 events presented by more than 275 artists and groups from a dozen countries. In addition to the CSU Art Gallery, venues include the Powerhouse Loft, the colonial Arcade Ballroom and Karamu House.

The entire Cleveland Performance Art Festival runs March 2 through April 12.

Five featured artists will present installation performances in the gallery each Tuesday evening at 7:30 p.m. (unless otherwise noted). On Wednesdays at noon, the artists will present live lectures in the gallery. Additionally, the festival will premiere a different 60-minute video program each Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the video premieres each Monday, an interactive Video Resource Room will be open in the gallery Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. It will feature hypertext-linked databases of videos, photos, artist fact sheets and news clips of performance artists featured in the festival over the years.

General admission performance tickets are $10 per person. Admission to performances in the CSU art gallery is free to visitors with a valid CSU ID. Festival passes are available for $25, which is good for four admissions at any venue.
Although most agree that our current welfare system is in need of reform, it is hard to establish just what should be done. Some believe that the system is entirely open-ended and perpetuates dependency upon the government. To many, the system is perceived by a common I overhear from an anonymous source stating "if women have time to flip a burger, they don't have time to flip a buyer." Others will argue that the system fails short of what really needs to be done to eradicate the basic human needs. Many students at Cleveland Marshall have some very good ideas about what they would do if they were in charge of reforming our current welfare system.

Kathy Grey, a 2nd year student, believes that the most important aspect of welfare reform is actually health care reform. Kathy believes that you must first concentrate on a good national health care plan, otherwise people will not get off of welfare because they cannot afford health care. Simply stated, all need health insurance, especially women with children. You have to give people some incentive to get off of welfare, and by providing health care, you would achieve the objective. Grey also believes that the issue of breakdown of the family has to be addressed. The government today supplies too many incentives not to work, such as having a lower minimum wage rate. The government is incorrect when it states that minimum wage is set basically for part-time teen employment, or for part-time students trying to live on minimum wages. Grey also advocates public works programs, where people who are welfare who are able to work but who cannot get jobs otherwise, work for the government for their support.

Money. She also believes that more programs like head start are needed to break the welfare chain early. With a better education that parents have to participate in, the family works together as a unit towards future independence. Grey adds that her ideas would cost more money in the beginning, but there would be less of a cost in the future and less people dependent on the system.

Aaron Reber, also a 2nd year student, states that we need more of an emphasis on education and training, that people really need to survive. This would promote or give an incentive to the people on welfare, employment. Another problem with the current welfare system is the fact that predominantly white males are deciding the fate of predominantly single minority moms. We should take a closer look at the system as it exists and have legislative hearings and talk to these minority single moms to find out what really going on in their lives and what their needs really are. The current welfare system is plagued with stereotypical fallacies which motivate welfare cuts instead of welfare reform. Abuse is not the true issue -- the true issue is that the current system is not meeting the needs of the people. This is because government has failed to address the real problems which are directly under the government's duty and obligation to address these issues.

Third year student Cate Smith agrees that the welfare system needs to be reformed. Although the system was proponent of its inception, it also has too much abuse for too long of a time, like many other governmental policies. Smith thinks the answer lies in setting time limits on the benefits for able bodied persons, during which they are detained for other jobs. She advocates a cut off of services for these able bodied persons of say two to three years -- no matter what. There should also be no additional money for additional children, or we should severely reduce the money for all children, says Smith. This may promote better attention or care in the use of birth control.

Leo Spellacy, also a 3rd year, states that the whole point of welfare is to be a transitional program, such as for people between jobs -- not for people who simply do not want to work. There should be a time limit for benefits, a couple of years or so being the maximum. We need to break cycles of welfare dependence and we have to get the business community involved through programs and incentives, or through non-profit federally subsidized projects like the Hogue Area Partnership in Progress where these people are trained in the community. We have to be realistic though, the whole point is to help people gain independence from the welfare system. We have to do this by providing a transitional program, such as for the private sector, says Spellacy. Spellacy would not take away health insurance from those seeking employment because, he states, "We would just be putting the same people back to work. To work. Spellacy says the federal government should buttress the health insurance programs.

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Only one of every six low-income Ohioans who has a civil legal problem is able to secure legal assistance. This need could be satisfied if each practicing attorney would provide a minimum amount of pro bono service to low-income clients. Two extreme, opposing viewpoints govern this proposition. One can trace back through the works of Ames in Law and Morals, and Epstein, in A Theory of Strict Liability. In the end, the law has remained silent and has not yet taken a stand. Perhaps the law cannot afford to remain silent any longer. By drawing an analogy between indigenous people in Peru, a third world country, where poverty is obvious to all and states like Ohio, where those in need are not as readily apparent, I will illustrate how both are in dire need of assistance due to their propensity to show need.

Imagine, for just a moment, that such a requirement came into existence. The ultimate issue, then, would be whether persons can be liable for nonfeasance, or the failure to act, if there exists an affirmative duty to aid, assist, or protect others from harms that affect them. These harms not only range from poverty, hunger, and homelessness, but also to the inability to afford sound legal advice when in need. Would attorneys who refuse or fail to satisfy the pro bono requirement be penalized in any way? How would the punishment be implemented? Would there need to be a system for checking whether attorneys fulfill their civic duty? These questions need to be answered.

On one side, we have theorists who support the idea of creating an affirmative duty to provide aid for those who are unable to help themselves. As Ames stated in his work, Law and Morals, “The law is utilitarian. It exists for the realization of the reasonable needs of the community” (22 Harv. L. Rev. 97, 110–113 (1908)). In his essay, he poses the question of whether the law should inflict punishment or provide compensation for events which would not have happened but for the willful inaction of another. Ames concludes with the idea that if persons can render aid to others without causing a burden to themselves, they should do so. Consequently, Ames would support enforcement of a requirement for pro bono service hours.

On the other hand, Epstein, in an excerpt from A Theory of Strict Liability, takes an opposing viewpoint. For example, the question whether or not if society is governed by Ames’ prop­ositions, one can be forced or legally obligated to contribute tens of dollars to a charitable organization that ships food and medical supplies each month to countries (2 J. Legal Stud. 151, 198-200 (1973)). Certainly, society would not react too well to the notion of being forced to contribute to such a cause. However, this aversion would be quite a different story, however, if society knew the harm being done to indigent people is not far away in another country, but right here, in this very state. Would it be easier to justify the imposition of a duty when the harm is imminent rather than far removed from our daily lives? Epstein would answer negatively, claiming that since there is no place to draw a clear line between moral obligation and legal obligation, imposing a duty would not be justified regardless of the existence of need, because “need” is a relative concept. Surely he would object to the idea of lawyers being required to perform pro bono work. In contemplation of these issues, I am reminded of a South American city I visited this past summer, tucked deep into the Andes mountains, in Cusco, Peru. It is a beautiful place, where pastures of green abound and the blue sky extends for miles around, interrupted only by tall, snow-peaked mountains. While there, it occurred to me that millions of people enter this land each week, viewing the beautiful sights and observing the customs of the people. Those who see poverty—striken looks on the peoples’ faces amidst the fascinating Inca ruins and the beautiful splendor of the countryside. Similarly, how many law students and others in academia, confronted with law books and dreams of high-paying clients in corporate America, close their eyes to the realities of life? Indigent clients who are entitled to legal aid just as much as top-level executives in big businesses, remain unassisted. Then again, perhaps the response from the legal community would be different if the need were more apparent. What would happen if each day attorneys encountered indigent clients begging for aid at the office doors? Would the situation be any different?

Are things different in countries where poverty abounds, and is obviously a problem? The parallel perceptions found in my travel journal from Peru, provide a valuable analogy:

It is not so much the beautiful ocean or the breathtaking mountains I remember as much as the people. The faces I saw remain ingrained deep in my memory. They all had characteristics in common: dark complexions, deeply inset brown eyes, foreheads, expressions portrayed on weather-beaten faces and then their voices. I can still hear the voices of the small children who approached me from every corner, begging, “Canto, Senorita; Canto in Quechua?” They wished to sing for me, in exchange for a coin or two. At one point I encountered a young boy amidst the Inca ruins, clutching a bouquet of weeds in his small hands. His tom gray sweatshirt and red sweatpants hung from his thin body line. He wrapped his arms around his small frame to keep in warmth that was simply not there. His sad face and wet eyes told a story of cold, enough to roasting the rains for someone with a trace of humanity left, by begging for life, asking for coins from tourists in a language no one could really understand, just to buy a piece of bread for the day. Finally, he reached my small group, and attempted a smile.

I found a coin in my pocket, then placed it in his cold, little hand, and began to walk away, but not without gazing over my shoulder at him. He was watching us, his eyes thankful. We were simply visitors on his mountain, the land he stretches over. We could have he could have possibly been thinking. Was he marveling over the travelers who had enough money to visit his country, yet for some reason did not even offer a coin to him?

Finally, upon leaving Peru, I met an old man who made a living shining shoes at the airport in Lima. He waited at the doorway of the airport cafe, where visitors rested while waiting for their flights. In some unknown language, he attempted to sell his services to those passing by. To his obvious dismay, there were no takers that morning. Defeated, he resorted to sitting on his little shoe cleaning stool, which he propped up in the middle of this airport way of the world. He would watch all the shoes that entered and exited. The man watched not the faces of the people, but the shoes. With great sadness, I watched his head turn with much energy and vigor as each set of shoes passed by, not to be answered to some, but received no answer.

In this the impression we, the legal community, wish to give Ohioans. Should we turn our backs and ignore the disturbing statistics as the travelers ignored the poor old man at the airport in Lima? Are attorneys in Ohio going to wait until the need is as great as the impoverished in Peru before addressing the unmet legal needs? Just because the deficit of legal services was noticed by the poor, should we ignore the need even if it is perceived by the legal community? For we know in our hearts that the same sense that would compel us to place a coin into the cold hand of a poor orphan would also inspire us to help indigent clients in need. I challenge the legal community to change the perception that the public has of our profession. We must remember to listen to the voices of despair, and then answer them.

Student Theater
At CSU

Two student directed plays will be featured at Cleveland State University in the Factory Theatre, 1133 East 22nd St. All tickets are $3.00

“The Game of Chess.” Kenneth Sawyer Goodman’s play which uses the board game as a metaphor for life, is directed by Shannon Kraus. (I Can’t Imagine Tomorrow) will be with “The Game of Chess” as a double bill. The Tennessee Williams play, directed by Dale Fowles, explores the relationship between a morally ill woman and the man who com­forts her. Performances are Friday, March 31, at 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, April 1, at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.; and Sunday, April 2, at 2:30 p.m.

For tickets and information, call 687-2109.
Christmas in The Holyland

by Linda A. Sandish

Some of my fellow students thought I should tell you of my experience this past Christmas break. I had the fortunate opportunity of spending the holidays in the Holy Land.

I left for my getaway only hours after my last exam and arrived in Tel Aviv, Israel the day before Christmas Eve. My husband and I had planned my stay so that we would go to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve and spend Christmas Day in Jerusalem. I couldn't imagine a more appropriate place to be for the holidays if you are a Christian.

I've been to Europe twice and in many different parts of America but nothing prepared me for the culture shock I was in for.

My husband and I, with some friends of ours, walked into Bethlehem after having to leave our rental car about a mile away because there was no parking. I don't mean to say that all the lots were full because so many people were there. I mean they don't have parking lots in this part of the world. You could park on the side of the street, double park, triple park, park in the middle of a road, out in a field, or in a public square next to a sign that said "no parking"; wherever you could find a place. It didn't matter where you parked because cars are not towed. They have no place to park them if they are. You only had to worry about being "parked in" by other cars. Parking in Israel is like organized chaos, if there is such a thing. We found an old, bomb-ed building to park next to and proceeded on our pilgrimage.

As we walked into Bethlehem and tried to reach Manger Square, we were caught up in a PLO demonstration. This is when I realized we were in occupied territory. As you looked up to roof tops, you could see Israeli soldiers patrolling with their guns pointed down at you. Arabs crowded the streets where the demonstration was to take place, waiting for the leaders to arrive. Cars adorned with PLO flags and Yasser Arafat pictures appeared in the middle of the crowd and proceeded as people pushed each other out of the way of the cars. As the cars passed, I found myself, with many others, using the wake from the cars to move forward. I was almost riding on the bumber when a guard proceeded to grab my arm and push me and many others back, away from the cars. I didn't protest as the guard's rifle kept rubbing up against my face. He proceeded to protest as the guard's rifle kept rubbing up against my face. He proceeded to scream in some "foreign" language, not noticing my eyes were as big as saucers from this potential threat to my life.

I somehow caught up with my husband, who was pushed along in a different direction from myself. We then tried to go around Manger Square and come in on a different side, which we succeeded in doing. We had to wait in line to enter through a check point. I still didn't quite comprehend for what we were standing in line; I just wanted to go into Manger Square. What was the problem? After many minutes of waiting, it was finally our turn to get in. My husband showed the guards his passport, walked through the metal detector, told them why he was in Bethlehem and proceeded in. I did just the same but the guards wouldn't let me in. They insisted (in very poor English) that I give them film or a photo. I tried telling them the only film I had was in the camera I was carrying and that the only photo I had was on my passport.

After much pleading with me to give them photos, a soldier who spoke better English appeared and explained to me I needed to take a photo with my camera in order to prove a weapon was not in it. I turned to my husband who stood on the other side of the door to semi-freedom and took a photo. As the guards allowed me to pass, I got a grim look from my husband who wanted to know why I was goofing around back there and taking silly photos.

Once I was on the other side, I just stood still for a moment taking a good look around and absorbing the different cultures that were packed into Manger Square. There were Israeli military personnel posted in strategic locations. Yasser Arafat photos were strewn all over the Square while Christians of all nationalities clambered to the Muslim owned souvenir shops to buy Nativity scenes or other Christmas mementos. There were mosques directly across the square from the church that houses the birth site of Jesus. Arab vendors were selling corn on the cob. One restaurant even had an arabic name, written in English, stating the establishment's specialty was oriental food.

The Christians that now swarmed the Square, after the demonstration, were incredible. You couldn't walk 10' without hearing a different language from the one you last heard. There were Asians, Africans, Europeans, Americans and natives from surrounding areas, all wanting to go into the churches, and shops and wait for Mass.

It was a wonderful sight to see because there was a representative from all of God's people, so close in proximity to each other. Three different religions that all believe in the same God. And yet it was sad. We spend so much time focusing on our differences that we forget what we have in common. This Christmas meant more to me than all the Christmas presents I've ever had. I just thought I'd share it with you.
C-M Student Learns to Love Civil Procedure and
Keep His Sanity
by Marc Stolarz

Civil procedure isn’t exactly the most fruitful topic in which to write a humorous essay. There aren’t many situation comedies written about Rule 11 and most stand-up comics don’t open their acts with a story about joinder. It seems like a challenge though, so I’ll give it a try.

Before my enlightenment at Cleveland-Marshall, I thought civil procedure was a method used to domesticate animals. While I was gratified to learn the casebook wasn’t about house training cats and dogs, my displeasure returned when I read our first case: Pennoyer v. Neff, 95 U.S. (5 Otto) 714 (1878). From then until I completed my final exam, I cursed the memory of Justice Field who wrote that opinion, and started the metaphorical ball rolling that is now the behemoth sized boulder we now know and dread as civil procedure. Id. I’m not ashamed to admit that in struggling with some of the concepts during that year, I often felt as if that boulder had rolled squarely over my head.

The fun didn’t stop with Pennoyer. Id. Oh no. Like the truck driver who barreled through Massachusetts in Hess v. Paskowski (and wreaking much the same havoc), we careened our way through the magical odyssey that is “ Civ Pro.” 274 U.S. 352 (1927). To better recount the experience, let’s take a closer look at some of the unique problems I encountered while struggling to learn the different elements of the course.

At first, jurisdiction seemed straightforward. It’s a fairly simple concept that a residence state can bring suit against someone living or present in that state. Pennoyer, 95 U.S. 714; Milliken v. Meyer, 311 U.S. 457 (1940); Shaffer v. Heitner, 433 U.S. 186 (1977). Unfortunately, that idea is child’s play on the way to grasping the theory of relativity. Jurisdiction can also be obtained by a state if a party committed a tort in the state, owned property there, conducted business or was married in the state. World Wide Volkswagen v. Woodson, 444 U.S. 286 (1980); Dubin v. City of Philadelphia, 433 U.S. 208 (1978); Fleener v. Faron, 248 U.S. 289 (1919).

From there our journey continued on to minimum contacts. Logic would dictate that the Supreme Court could take all the facts and theories about minimum contacts and give us a bright line rule to follow. Well, logic would be wrong. Minimum contacts is even harder to understand than the casebook wasn’t about house training kl_.

Civil procedure had become predictable, removal and remand changed the rules in the middle of the game. We learned that like a jumping bean, a case could leap out from state to federal court, hop from one federal jurisdiction to another, and then drop down into the court of another state. Things really get interesting when cross-claims, counter claims and jenders are thrown into the mix.

Venue is the last pieces in the puzzle to decide in which jurisdiction a case can be brought. I can honestly say there is nothing even remotely funny about venue. The Latin phrases don’t rhyme with anything silly, the case names, like Hoffman and Bumham are unusually ordinary, and unfortunately, even the logic of venue is straightforward. Hoffman v. Blasto, 363 U.S. 338 (1960); Bumham v. Superior Court, 480 U.S. 1 (1990). It’s obvious that the people who developed the element of venue had absolutely no regard for the fact that some day a law student would be trying to mock them. Therefore, because there is no humor in it, I will skip venue as if it didn’t exist (as it sometimes seems that many courts do too).

Rather than going through the other concepts (pleadings, discovery, preclusion, class actions and appeals), let’s cut right to the heart of civil procedure, the star of the show, the big kahuna; Erie R.R. Co. v. Tompkins, 304 U.S. 54 (1938). This is one of the most pivotal cases in civil procedure and imperative to the rules of jurisprudence. An attorney not knowing Erie would be like a farmer not knowing how to grow beans (and as they say, “If you don’t know beans, you don’t know nothin”). Erie and its progeny are supposed to clear up whether procedural or substantive law control when federal and state law conflict. However, as is usually the case with civil procedure, the more you learn about Erie, the more confused you get. In studying this case I wondered if the subject would have been a lot less complicated had Tompkins had the good sense not to walk down the railroad tracks at night, or at least stop away from the speeding train. Id. Nonetheless, I learned the Erie rule, the exception to the rule and then the exception to the exception.

Because removal and remand are personally the most confusing area of civil procedure, it was appropriate that they were a major part of our final exam. In trying to make sense of 20 different parties, with contacts in 15 different jurisdictions, bringing action in 10 different state or federal courts, my scratch paper looked less like an outline and more like a Picasso. Unfortunately, Picasso was an artist and not a legal scholar. Somehow though, by perseverance and dumb luck, I finished the exam and ended up doing pretty well in the course after all.

Looking back now I can say that I’m glad for the experience of learning civil procedure. There are times, when in the still of the night, I think back to that year and get a tear in my eye. (The tear is for all the money I spent on study aids). As an essential part in the practice of law, its importance cannot be doubted. My only suggestion is that on every course schedule under the listing for civil procedure a caveat be offered. It should read, “Warning: this course may be hazardous to your mental health.” I can only wish that those first year law students and soon to be law students good luck, fasten your seat belts and get ready for the ride of your life.

Picture from p.4

The photograph on page four is a picture of the Law School refrigerator freezer that you, the students, get your ice from in the Student Lounge.
Disillusioned Dave's "Horror Scope"

by David Bentkowski
Staff Writer

LEO (July 23 - Aug. 22): I'm very interested in astrology. We haven't met yet, but we've talked on the phone a lot. She's really kooky and loves to talk. Everything is great except my phone bill is extremely high. I am always calling people from other states to tell them about my love for the Statue of Liberty and the Haitians. I'm really a very nice person, really. I'm sure you'd like to know about a statue in the middle of a lake that symbolizes the hard work of the Haitians. No, really. It's really a very nice lake, really.

This has been a real nightmare.

The first thing I should have done was to go to the library and check out a book called "The Statue of Liberty: A History" by John T. Carpenter. It's really a great book, really! I should have read it. I'm sure you'd like to know about the history of the Statue of Liberty.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21): Okay, here's my religious question of the week. The Earth as we know it is supposedly billions of years old. Man is only "X" thousand years old. This leads me to my question of: "If God made us, would He like to explain to us what He knows?"

No, really. I'm sure you'd like to know about what God knows, really. It's cheaper.

LION (July 23 - Aug. 22): I popped on the phone and checked out my horoscope for this week. I'm sure you'd like to know about my horoscope, really!

SAGITTARIUS: (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18): The last thing I need to mention is that I still feel like I'm single.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19): I did mention that I was running for office. Only in America could drugs be legal (technically). And only in America could I write a book about my life and the only place I'd rather be than the GOOD OLD U.S.A. (Of course I mentioned that I was running for office.)

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18): I've come to the conclusion that I should model for kids. I believe the songs go, "It's the end of the world as we know it."

BUREAU: (Feb. 23 - Mar. 20): When you thought you'd seen it all... John Wayne Bobbitt is the star of a new porno movie called, "Un-out" (Talk about your Comeback Player of the Year.) I have been driving around in a circle and haven't been able to decide if I should be thankful of my own manhood.

MISC: (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19): I know you'd like to procrastinate too but a decision has to be made soon. The correct course of running and jumping. The correct course is to give theirs names associated with the Haitians uniforms

TAURUS (Apr. 20 - May 20): I'll never forget the time I was sitting next to a "lady-of-the-evening" at Denny's. The waiter asked her how she liked her eggs and she said, "Unforti-

GEMINI (May 21 - June 21): I've been exploring my Polish roots any I've been trying to express my proud heritage. I don't know what she wants for her birthday, but I'm not having any luck. Although I did discover that nothing kills a party like playing "Who Stole the Kissaha" and "Polka Dot Polka." Anyway, I've come to a conclusion; other than an occa-

CANCER (June 22 - July 22): Cancers tend to be serious people with no sense of humor. They also tend to make sweeping generalizations about entire social groups with no factual foundation.

CANCER: (Jun. 22 - Jul. 22): I hope you don't get this book. I'm sure you'd like to read this book, really!

CANCER (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22): I need your help, fans. I recently bought two puppies - I feel like Noah. (Noah, did you really need to put two termites on the Ark?) I am having trouble naming them. Beavis and Butthead? Thelma and Louise? Bob and Blow? (This is a joke for our dyssic readers.)

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