Loyola Law School Alum on Republican County Committee

By David Paul Bleistein

1995 LLS graduate Gary Pfister has been elected a member of the Los Angeles County Republican Central Committee from Pasadena. He will be sworn in on May 10, 1996.

CCC members engage in what Pfister described as "the grass-roots work of getting the message out." In the November election, CCC members recruit campaign workers whose job it is to go door-to-door seeking support for the candidate for their respective party. CCC members also recruit candidates for local offices like city council and school board member.

In California, CCC members are selected according to state assembly district. LA County has 24 assembly districts; from each district 7 people are selected, except for two small districts in rural areas that select only 1 or 2. Candidates are listed on the ballot in the election and the top seven vote-getters win membership in the CCC. Pfister was 5th out of 13 candidates in the assembly district that includes Pasadena, where Pfister lives.

Pfister's involvement continues an apparent LLS tradition of political involvement by its graduates. LLS is the alma mater of at least two current state governors: Benjamin J. Cayetano, [class of '71] D., Hawaii; and Bob Miller, [class of '71] D., Nevada.

ATTENTION, 1996 GRADS:
WRITE YOUR CLASS WILL AND TELL US WHO IS THE "MOST LIKELY TO..."

By David Paul Bleistein

When graduating students leave LLS, they join the great big world out there. They also become, in many respects, almost like the dead; remembered, thought about, but no longer present. Or maybe, the undead: studying for the bar all day, and walking the streets only at night. If you see them around, we tend to act with surprise and a little dismay: "Oh hey, good to see you; but I thought you were dead!"

To honor the soon-to-be Dead, as we do every year, the Loyola Reporter will post sheets with space for "class will" suggestions. The dead can thus purport to influence events after they are gone. An example could be: "I leave Professor X the Washington Monument knowing he will know where to put it," or "I leave Prof. Y a big hug and a kiss for teaching me Contracts," or even "I'm leaving this hideous place and boy am I glad!" You decide what to say.

In keeping with other grand scholastic traditions, we'll also post sheets with places where you can vote various colleagues as being "the Most Likely To." Examples from last year include: "Most likely to jump out of a cake," or "Most likely to enter solo practice because they can come to the office naked" and a whole bunch of others.

If you don't want to post, write your suggestion[s] on sheet[s] of paper along the names of your intended victim[s] and slip 'em under the Loyola Reporter's office door (Room R122 in the Raines Building, around the corner from the Moot Court). We will edit, but only the libelous ones.

We will publish all of these in the final edition to be distributed before [and at] graduation.

So, let your imaginations run free and see you at LMU on May 19, 1996.

FR. O'BRIEN TEACHES TRUSTS & WILLS IN SHORT SUMMER SESSION

By Loyola Staff Writer

You think trusts & wills is dull? Not when Fr. O'Brien teaches it! Students who have taken his class use the words "riot" and "scream" to describe it. He retired last year and now, after much begging, pleading and lamen- tation, he's back. If you need to do T & W, this may be the way to do it.

This class is specially designed for evening students to give them a great deal of free time during the summer during the month of July. It runs for four days a week from May 23 to June 29, 1996, four days a week. And, it may also allow a new conditional grad a way to get some needed credit as soon as possible after graduation.

If you need T & W, take it from Father, and see what the fuss is about!
MEMORIES OF COSTA RICA
DAVID ACKERLY, '96

Getting around San José is easy: just catch a bus. My family told me there were two buses to the University (known on the buses as "La U."). The little bus was almost twice as expensive as the big bus. I rode them both-the little bus was much more comfortable, especially as few people ride it. But both are the same size. I thought maybe little meant fewer stops: an express bus. No, they both made the same stops. The only difference I ever saw was that the little bus didn't have a back door.

There are no bus schedules or even bus routes available. I confirmed this with my friends at the Tourist Board. They confirmed this with a sign saying they'd moved. Searching through my trusty mound of guidebooks, I came up with two possible locations. Since there are no street addresses, you are just directed to neighborhoods, like in Paris. Once there, you're on your own. So I visited my friend at the Tourist Board. They'd never heard of the National Archives, but called around for me. They finally confirmed one of the guidebooks: the National Archives was located somewhere in Barrio Pinto.

The next day I had lunch where we regularly ate: La Mazorca, a health food restaurant in the University town of San Pedro. Almost everyone had the same favorite: a black bean, avocado, and cheese sandwich. Don't ask, just try it. I set off in another downpour for Barrio Pinto. I wandered around for a couple of hours through small neighborhoods. Finally, soaked through and about to give up, I saw an imposing modern structure up a hill. It was so out of place in the barrio that I hiked up to it. There was the National Archive-just about to close for Barrio Pinto. I wandered around for a couple of hours through small neighborhoods. Finally, soaked through and about to give up, I saw an imposing modern structure up a hill. It was so out of place in the barrio that I hiked up to it. There was the National Archive-just about to close for the day. But they took pity on this drenched tourist who had hiked so far to see the History of Costa Rican Sanitation. I signed in on the second page of the guest book-the exhibit had been open for about a month-and wandered around through the small displays. After all that, I wish I could say it was a revelation. About all I learned was how to move a latrine when it's full.

I went back down the hill. The rain hadn't let up. There were no bus stops anywhere. Suddenly I learned why my language tape had started with dónde es la parada de autobús? The shopkeeper told me to just wait under his awning and eventually, I gathered, a bus would come along. And only twenty minutes later one did: The Titanic!

Bus drivers in San José name their buses. They also paint them. And decorate them. They don't always repair them. I was told that bus drivers are paid a base salary and they are docked pay if they run late. This is an amazing concept in a town that can get some pretty big traffic jams. The drivers' solution? Drive wherever the hell they want. This is very disconcerting the first time it happens. You think you are used to a route, when all of a sudden the bus veers off and heads in another direction. It will always end at the same place, but if yours is one of the stops in the middle, you can have a problem. One morning on the way to school the bus was obviously very late. He turned off to a narrow two-lane alternate route. That too was blocked. So he just swung out into the oncoming traffic, pushing the cars coming towards him off the road. This guy wanted his paycheck.

After a while you become accustomed to the buses going off on their own routes. What was truly disconcerting was one afternoon when people flagged down an errant bus I was riding. If the bus wasn't on a regular route,  

CONT'D PAGE 13
COSTA RICA
Creative Ways Evening Students Do Pro Bono
By Sande Buhai Pond
Faculty Pro Bono Director and Clinical Professor

When the pro bono graduation requirement was adopted, a big concern was whether Evening students would be able to find the time to complete the requirement. However, one thing that Loyola is very proud of is the fact that our Evening students and program are of the highest quality - and treated in exactly the same way as the Day program. When you graduate from Loyola, whether from the Day or Evening program, you have an excellent education. Therefore, it was important to maintain the same requirements for each program.

I do recognize that many Evening students are really pressed for time. Still, I believe that I can help to design a pro bono opportunity for each and every student that will fit in with their schedule, career and academic goals, and their areas of interest. This is not a promise - I don't control every step of the process (for example whether a particular placement is available at a particular time), but so far, it seems to be true.

A few examples might be helpful. One student recently completed a research memorandum for a disability rights organization. She was able to do this project at home and on her own schedule. Other students are currently doing cutting edge research on topics that will assist agencies in providing services to the underserved in our community.

Some students are working with faculty members on their own pro bono projects. Many of our faculty are currently engaged in pro bono work, and some of them could use student assistance. For example, Professor Benson could use student assistance on many projects he has undertaken, all of which are fascinating and would definitely assist the poor and diverse citizens of our community and indeed, world wide. Professor Daar does pro bono work in the area of estate planning for the LA County Bar Hospice/AIDS project and would be delighted to have a student work with her. Finally, Dean Levinson is working to defeat the California Civil Rights Initiative (CCRI) and student assistance would be appreciated.

Also, we are constantly working to develop projects that more closely meet your needs. Evening Advocates, Public Counsel and the LACBA Barristers have a homeless veteran's assistance project in West Los Angeles one Saturday per month. Prof. Silskovich runs the VITA program and works very hard to find appropriate sites for Evening, and Day, students. Evening Advocates has also worked with the Aids Service Center to schedule trainings and opportunities on weekends. Finally, the Womens Law Association has been working to set up opportunities to assist victims of domestic violence on the weekends.

These are just a couple of examples of ways to fulfill the pro bono graduation requirement. Please come visit me (Burns 212) or give me a call (213) 736-1156. I look forward to meeting you and helping to arrange your pro bono experience to serve your education goals and the severe need in our community for your legal assistance.
**BAR/BRI TAKES ON WEST/BARPASSERS CHALLENGE**

*** Recently West/Barpassers has published numerous flyers challenging the BAR/BRI passage rates by stating that you should only trust a passage rate that has been independently verified by an accounting firm. BAR/BRI did just that with the Summer '95 passage rates and the results are in!! Now the question is where are Barpassers’ results from the Summer '95 bar exam???

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<td>Non-BAR/BRI prepared candidates, by deduction</td>
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*Statistics independently verified by John P. Wales, C.P.A.*
BOOK REVIEW
GUERILLA TACTICS FOR GETTING THE LEGAL JOB OF YOUR DREAMS
WRITTEN BY KIMM ALAYNE WALTON, J.D.
HARCOURT BRACE PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.
556 PAGES SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE $24.95

Reviewed By: Rod Rummelsberg, Class of '98

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By Rod Rummelsberg, Class of '98

The unsolicited resumes pile up in the trademark and patent law firm where I work. I have thumped through the stack. Every candidate has done well in law school.

Every resume is nicely formatted. Everyone has a "strong interest" in working for our law firm, even the "top 5%-of-my-UCLA-law-school" applicant who addressed his cover letter to the wrong firm. Not one person in the stack was hired. To my knowledge, not one person in the stack was interviewed. What rule can we learn from this?

RULE #1: Sending an unsolicited resume addressed to "Managing Partner," or "To Whom It May Concern," is not much better than stuffing your resume in a bottle and tossing it into the ocean. The sharks won't read it, nor will the other partners.

Here is the job-seeker's dilemma. You should not blindly send out your resume. And you cannot bank on landing a job through On Campus Interviews, because you are only one applicant of twenty million applying for one opening. How do you market yourself? Guerilla Tactics for Getting the Legal Job of Your Dreams is brim full of suggestions. The suggestions range from common sense, such as having the Career Services department review your cover letter, to subtle points. For example, if you mention extracurricular activities in your resume, even if they do not pertain to law, your chances of landing an interview are increased, because you present yourself as more than a one-dimensional person.

The chapters of the book are logically organized as progressive steps in the job search process: networking basics, cover letters, resumes, interviewing, overcoming rejection, and landing a nontraditional legal job. The book devotes a whole chapter to marketing yourself if your grades are not good. After all, many employers were not the top of their class either. Why should they hold you to a higher standard?

The book is well organized, but it is not a reference book. There is no index. Instead, the reader must select a chapter and browse. But it is fun to read. Author Kimm Walton has received the unsolicited resumes, interviewing, and dealing with aggressive attorneys, and the interviewer thought that the candidate would fit in.

The book confirmed several of my own suspicions about the legal job market. First, mass mailings do not work. If you send out 100 resumes with a form cover letter to a list of firms culled from Martindale Hubbard, a response rate of 2%-3% is considered great. Second, large firms "frequently get several thousand applications for 20 summer clerkships."

And third, only about 12% of law students land jobs through on-campus interviewing. For the rest of us, I recommend this book as an invaluable resource. I picked up many new job hunting tips. Just one of them is effective, it is well worth the price of the book.

LOYOLA LAW SCHOOL STUDENT SPECIALS

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10% Off Oil Change
 Certified Auto Service

15% Off All Tire and Brake Services
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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90017
(213) 484-2233

Between Wilshire Blvd. & 6th St.)
Like most thirteen-year-old boys, the concept that some men could actually govern their erections seemed very foreign to me. So when Barney suggested to Ray that he let himself get erec
turing the rape scene, I was silently mystified as to how Ray would accomplish this. The rape scene in *Man of La Mancha* takes place with all the “muleteers” on stage surrounding Aldonza - the whore. The plan was that Ray would command his penis to rise at the precise moment we violently lowered his body onto hers while the others held her down in front of a few thou-
sand people. Although our costumes were loose-fitting, wasn’t it afraid we’d foul the show? And how would it make it go down after the scene?

All of this I kept to myself, of course. As the youngest in the cast, I despera-
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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

JJ Weston ('99)

Re: Grendel's Notebook by R.J. Comer

I read with interest and sadness the article of February 29, entitled "Can I Watch? Right and Wrong Responses to Finding Out Your Girlfriend is Bisexual: A Guide for Guys." My sadness does not come from the discussion of heterosexuality, homosexuality or bisexuality, but from the blind and insensitive manner in which the article was written. Comer's article could have been about one's preference for ice cream rather than frozen yogurt and another person's ability or desire to deal with such, because the real underlying issue is about power and control in personal relationships.

It is clear from Comer's comments that s/he is attempting to sensitize readers to the reality of varied sexual appetites and the need to shift the focus from a self centered one to the needs of the other partner. This is an essential ingredient in both rich and poor families can costs society at large.

Re: Grendel's Notebook by R.J. Comer

lic educational system in which points out that either result a life of crime at worst. "Ross says, "While I producing kids without hope, who crime, Ross says, "While I leave school with no tools to ble for the fact we're pro- ADAM ROSS cont'd from p.1 making drive- by shooting a capital crime. "That should be a capital crime, and we all feel better for passing 196, but it does nothing to address the real issues: that our drug laws feed gangs economically, and our educational system leaves kids without hope for a real future so gangs have an easy time recruiting new members."

Part of Adam's understanding came from an internship in the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office. Pointing to the link between poor education and crime, Ross says, "While I believe everybody is responsible for their own actions, we as a society have to be responsible for the fact that we're producing kids without hope, who leave school with no tools to build anything but a life of welfare dependence at best and a life of crime at worst." Ross points out that either result costs society at large.

Ross advocates a public educational system in which both rich and poor families can choose which schools their children attend, and a system which hold schools receiving public funds accountable for the success of their students. "It's been shown time and again that parental involvement is what makes the biggest difference in a child's education. We can't legislate that, but we can take away the barriers that prevent parents from having a say in their children's education." Ross sees the role of the Legislature not as legislating how to teach, but as structuring the state's public educational system such that schools determine how to deliver basic skills to their students.

Ross grew up on the Westside, and graduated from UCLA in 1992. He worked in television production until enrolling at Loyola. At UCLA, Ross was well-known on campus for his outspoken views on campus policy and student relations. Never one to follow the crowd, Ross was an opinion editor and columnist for UCLA's Daily Bruin newspaper, and the first openly gay man to initiate into a tradition-AL UCLA social fraternity.

Running a campaign while a Loyola student is a rewarding experience, Ross says. "I am surrounded by the brightest leaders of tomorrow and can call on them today. Several students, and even some faculty, who share my vision are participating in the campaign.... We're not waiting for others to tell us it's our turn to lead - we get to make a difference in the direction of our community today." Students interested in participating in the campaign can call 213-654-3500. An introductory event for people interested in volunteering will be held the evening of Monday, April 15.

Ahhh April!

Sharon Wagner- Wells '97

Don't you just love spring? At least one of the three trees on campus blooms and rainstorms clear the sky. April, especially mid or late April, is a special time. Law students' thoughts turn to romance and...

professors begin to lecture like mad just to catch up on the syllabus;
your health or eyesight begin to fail from overload;
classes get cancelled although the material WILL be on the exam and the whole class is way behind on the syllabus;
you realize there's a problem with your 1040;
an inadvertently neglected extra topic suddenly becomes critical to your law education;
make up classes get scheduled & require 200 extra pages of reading
your mother starts calling daily because you "haven't kept in touch" lately;
mechanical devices (previously quite reliable) suddenly begin to fail - and need several days (or errands) for repair or replacement. The typical spring failure occurs when:
your hard drive crashes;
your car battery goes dead;
your printer cartridge quits;
your telephone (or answering machine) takes a time out;
the electricity (or plumbing, or roof, or hot water heater) decides its time for an overhaul;
ordinary items become untrustworthy, lost, or just break. These usually require at least one special trip just to remedy, or require some research to solve. Watch out for the following:
pagers (do all of the above);
shoes breaking;
losing your keys;
disks developing a virus;
losing contact lenses or breaking glasses;
pens (or highlighters) running out of ink;
voiding your school ID (copy cards do not count)

Last year, a student in my section said "Spring is about tenacity..." She had that right. Tenacity is required just to withstand the several of the above challenges which are sure to occur just about every student this spring. Good luck; enjoy the sky.

THE LOYOLA REPORTER Volume 19, Number 7; March 31, 1996 -- --
VIRTUAL WORLD
Costa Mesa in the Triangle Square
[Also locations in Old Pasadena and San Diego]

CARA BLAKE, '98

Walk through the Virgin Megastore in Costa Mesa and you will find a strange Indiana Jones- type doorway leading to a room decorated to look like an old- fashioned library. Quickly you realize the books are painted on the walls and monitors display video games in progress. Welcome to Virtual World!

There are brochures to read about the two different "missions" in the "Digital Theme Park": BattleTech and Red Planet. You approach a counter and are assigned a time to report to the hidden door. Of course you have to pay first, roughly $7 or $8 on weekdays and $9 on Fridays & weekends. I went for the 2 for $1 deal, one "mission" on each game for $13. You get a nifty barcoded iD card. You also get to choose a "call- sign" - sort of a fantasy CB handle. I choose "Caraboo" and my boyfriend becomes "X-".

The advertisements in the LA Weekly are somewhat misleading - this is not a "virtual reality" experience like the ones in the movie DISCLO- SURE or the cancelled TV show VR5. First- timers watch an instructional video in a small room very much like the entrance to the BACK TO THE FUTURE ride at Universal Studios. You are then instructed to get into your "pod" containing the controls to the game.

Basically, Virtual World is gaming against other people instead of against a computer. You have met your opponents while watching the video. Now you can go after them and blow them to kingdom come. I get into my pod and try out the controls: one gear shift for speed/slow/stop and a joystick for turning and shooting. In BattleTech you are "trans- located" inside a robot battling other robots (or "bots") on a desolate planet. There isn't very much to see landscape- wise, so the main idea is to blast at the other bots until you "kill" them - and it takes a lot of blasting to kill anything. Twice I was frustrated by the bots not blowing up after several "hits" and ran off to shoot at someone else. The other gamers, watching my experience channeled out to the lounge on the monitors, expressed great dismay at my giving up on severely damaged bots.

Red Planet, on the other hand, was definitely my kind of game. It involves driving a "barge" vehicle in a high speed race through a long tunnel with a design reminiscent of the movie TRON. I quickly learned how to bump or shoot other barges into oblivion, and by the end of the game, I lay in wait for a certain vehicle to become turbo- charged in order destroy it with maximum damage and loss of points. Despite all my strategizing, I ended up in second place. My skillful boyfriend won both games. Not bad for two rookies.

The gamers at Virtual World are predominantly male and seem to be either one- time curiosity players or totally addicted pros like "StormTracker" and "Slip- Slide" (I didn't ask for their real names, that might have been rude). Back in the lounge between games, we sat at the non- alcoholic bar where "StormTracker" sheepishly admitted to having spent $350 to date on Red Planet. "Slip- Slide" had only been to Virtual World 4 times previously, but was well enough versed in the technical aspects of BattleTech to request a special robot vehicle. "Be careful when you ask for a Loki," he advised in all seriousness, "it's faster but can't take too many hits. X kept trashing my torso! Have you two played before?"

Virtual World was a fun experience (I also learned a new language), but the visuals are not far enough removed from video games or gaming with others on the Internet to be called virtual reality. The graphics are not as good as some of the cheaper CD- Rom games on the market and blowing up some stranger's bot is a fleeting thrill. If you're cruising around in a Virgin Megastore, leave Virtual World to the serious (and soon to be broke) "pros" - play the free games and save some cash.

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muleteers were taking the opportunity to deflower their younger comrades. I, predictably, was supposed to hesitate and resist a bit.

My stomach crawled into fetal position and waited to die, but I nodded agreeably like the cool, young, controlled professional actor I pretended to be. There was no reason for Terra to think I was in on last night's episode, and there was no reason I couldn't just do the scene straight. No problem, I shook it off. Although I desperately wanted to speak with Terra before the scene, just to check- in with her, Terra's reclusive nature intimidated me. My first intensely intimate scene, the kind of scene every young actor prepares for, yearns for, anticipates, and mine had to be nullified by the indelible ink of a secret offense. It was one of those things you spend your whole life wishing you could undo.

I decided to be very gentle with Terra, to let the wall of muleteers convey the violence of the scene to the audience. As the familiar music rose and the fever on stage became lustful, I saw those sparks flashing all around Terra's face and through her eyes. She faded in and out of character like a film gone bad in the projector, struggling to maintain concentration. She had such ferocious, toiling, prevailing beauty. She could fight back and I warned her for that, to the defiant barrier in her eyes, the sweat trickling down her neck, streaked with tears, with maximum damage and her sweat trickling down her neck, streaked with tears, with maximum damage and blowing up some stranger's bot is a fleeting thrill. If you're cruising around in a Virgin Megastore, leave Virtual World to the serious (and soon to be broke) "pros" - play the free games and save some cash.

But I had lost track of the scene. Barney and the new guy startled me as they scooped me up and carried me toward her. I felt airless and strange floating above the scene, warped out of shape, like a reflection in a doorknob. Flying in on her, she seemed so beautiful and vulnerable.

Suddenly, I tensed, fought hard but fruitlessly against their grip on me. They couldn't lay me down on her, they just couldn't! I had to get away! But they matched me fight for fight, responding as actors will when another actor intensifies a scene. To Hell with the scene, I thought. I had an erection! Damn it, I had an erection! So I fought back, and I'm sure it looked incredible from the audience, a real career- making performance, a show stop- per if there ever was one.

Epilogue

Well, that's what happened. And I'd like to say that this experience transformed me on the spot, but the gap between realizing and operationalizing is sometimes oceanic, especially when the "ought" runs counter to the gulfstream of a socialized "is."

So I continue to learn lessons about how growing up male in a male- dominated society informs my notions of women. Maybe that's the best any man can do, remain open to the idea that sexism is learned behavior which takes a lifetime to unlearn. And it might be that men cannot become feminists, only recovering chauvinists.

"Hi, my name is R.J. and I'm a sexist."

"Hi R.J." Answers the chorus in unison.
VISIT THE ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FAME

DAVID PAUL BLEISTEIN '96

The Rock And Roll Hall of Fame, 1 Key Plaza, Cleveland, OH 44114; (216) 781-7625; Fax (216) 781-1832.

This place has been ballyhooed, dissected, and commented on at length. So go ahead and read that stuff. Then, just go, opportunity pending. I think you'll be satisfied. It's well worth the $12.95 admission price and trip to Cleveland to see. Swing by when you come to Chicago, Indy, Toledo, Pittsburgh or Columbus.

I went expecting to spend a couple of hours and ended up spending almost six, and still needing to come back. That's much to see.

I'm a Cleveland native, and went back to visit for a rip-roarin' X-Mas thang with Mom and Dad and family in general. While I'm there, see the Hall of Fame. Since it opened, the RRHOF has been the most popular tourist attraction Cleveland has ever known. Mind you, that's not really saying that much. This is the biggest thing to hit town since the Cuyahoga River caught fire in 1969 [I'm not joking].

I've never been a big fan of tourist traps. I've lived in California for 11 years [this March] and have never been to Disneyland or Knott's and have no desire to go. I don't like hype and ballyhoo, but rock-n-roll is the music of my life. I think I speak for the overwhelming majority of LLS students-- and professors-- when I say that it's the music of theirs, too.

The building is unique; it's a quarter-pyramid standing right in Lake Erie. I.M. Pei designed it. Like Crazy Frank, Mr. Pei is world-famous; unlike CF, Pei is practical. He doesn't simply ignore such picky details as roofs over the stairs, which is good, considering that it rains in Cleveland a lot.

This is an interactive museum. For example, you can hear samplings of the screamings of the deejays of rock-n-roll in your hometown, wherever in the U.S. it may be. There's movies about the history of rock.

But the showcases full of people's stuff are fascinating, too. You may think, oh, well, it's just a bunch of junk, who cares about peoples' old stuff? It's pretty hard to top stuff like Janis Joplin's psychodelically painted Porsche. Yowsa, gotta see to believe; the weed must have been stupefying cool to drive around in a work of art! One of her roadies painted it; he obviously was quite the artist.

Probably the saddest exhibit was provided by Jim Morrison's family. For those who don't know, JM was probably one of the most revered poets-laureate in Rock-N-Roll. As the front-man for the Doors. He wrote all of the Doors' songs, moody, strange pieces. He had the looks, the words, the mystique, and a deep, enigmatic voice. He also had an addiction to alcohol. Had he lived, who's to say? - Jim Morrison, "Unplugged"; "Morrison Live," sold out for 10 days straight; [move over Babs- baby, Broadway and all?]

JM died in 1972 of an apparent drug overdose; or not, JM's family memorializes the other side of R & R fame. Cast your family to one side. Be famous. Wear your heart and other parts on your sleeve. Who cares about the embarrassments? Jim Morrison's family did.

The RRHOF covers it all in the way of recent popular music. Rap, disco, reggae, county, folk, R & B, you name it, it's there, even if it ain't popular in Cleavage-town. Remember those songs you loved so much, but everybody hates and laughs at now? You can learn about them, along with other people who want to. You can see what little people some stars, like Mick Jagger and Gene Simmons, really are. You also get to see - and hear - Jim Morrison's family meets the rock-n-roll faithful from all over the world, including some people from Germany I bumped into.

The RRHOF is located right at the edge of Cleveland's surprisingly cosmopolitan downtown [which, incidentally, includes the home offices of a few major law firms, like Squire Sanders & Dempsey]. As you'd expect, there's a large record outlet, which had reasonable prices.

All in all, the RRHOF is a good excuse to swing on over to Cleveland.
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Winter's Letter

By John E. Rogers

In 2127, the United States Supreme Court, acting Chief Justice Annabelle Garrazola, alem che平均, granted certiorari on a Virginia death penalty case, People v. Armstrong. For over fifty years, capital punishment had been liberally exercised in every state and federal court. With the Re-allocation of Laws and Responsibilities Act of 2042 (RALR), re-distributing authority, jurisdiction and venue throughout the country, the prevalence and sphere of coverage of the penalty grew enormously. By this point in time, it included all murder crimes, most felony kidnapping crimes, all drug-trafficking and sexual molestation crimes, and several aggravated assaults & grand larcenies. Washington's powerful corporate statement lobby mobilized. The largest legal battle since Campton v. Superior Court (overturning Roe v. Wade), and almost certainly the largest in American history, raged in and out of court. The constitutionality of the Virginia statutes (and through that, the nation's under RALR) was going to be decided one way or the other. Several justices, dissatisfied with their research, turned to other sources for guidance.

"Sino" Russian: "for the time needed"

Text of a letter to United States Supreme Court Justice Arthur Taylor Walters from Abdul Shan-Hallas; Caliph Primus & First Magistrate for the High Court of Applications, Jobhadar Territory, Camilla, New Turkey:

21 AllahKine 2127
Ninthday; sunset

Hon. Arthur T. Walters
United States Supreme Court
Washington, D.C.
United States
Earth

My dear friend:

Word of your recent trouble with capital punishment reached me late last night just after my carvan entered the palace courtyard. My youngest daughter, Ramessa, took a powered all the way from the Communications Station with the diplomatic pouch clutched in her arms. "A letter from Uncle Arthur!" she cried as she burst into my chambers. A letter most welcome! Little Ramessa remembers you well, my friend, though she was but two years of age when our Greatship left Earth. Of course, she is not so little now. Twenty one summers, that one. As you know, winter is hard upon us now. Our second sun, Camilla Duact, is at apogee. The oceans are sealed with heavy brine ice. The cities have closed their thermal domes in preparation for the three year Cold. Soon, as the planet's tectonic plates shift under the pressure of the glaciers, we will see much volcanic activity. As I write this response, I look out my balcony at an endless horizon of snow - - and above it - - a black, alien sky. For some reason, alone like this, I am reminded that there will be no going for us. This place, because of the time lapse in physical transit between worlds, has become our destiny. You and I, alas, will never see each other again. And, my friend, I am aggrieved.

But you probably don't have time for the maudlin reflections of an old judge. Not, I would think, with this mighty legal predicament now facing your tribunal. I recall in law school you were vehemently opposed to the concept of state-mandated death, of the logic (or lack thereof) behind teaching respect for life with its taking. You and I, alas, will never see each other again. And, my friend, I am aggrieved.

But for it.

I can tell you in the Arab Planetary League (fifteen worlds, I think), we have done away with death as a punishment. We, who were so quick to kill and maim in our early centuries! There were studies done, with inconclusive results. Was capital punishment a true deterrence? Was there some "natural law" or "basic justice" which was served by it? Was it more cost-effective for our overburdened church and law courts, or, more importantly, for our bloated orbital penitentiaries?

In the end no rational consensus was ever reached.

But we wrote the capital laws out of our legal scripture nonetheless. Why, you ask?

Two reasons, I believe. One, our people were dwindling away in the deep spaces. It was put forth that criminals, no matter how heinous their offenses, should be pressed into labor, forced to build our cities, dig our mines and so on. It was feared in many circles that, due to the sicknesses that had wreaked havoc during the Migration, our faith would perish from the cosmos.

Two, a movement had sprung up among our youth. I can not quite remember its name - something like the New Order. Its underlying principle was evolution as a raze - - that with the "loop" into space, certain things had to be left behind on the mother planet - - things, they argued, like the death penalty, like surgical domiciliation of repeat offenders, like chem-addiction to pacify political dissidents.

The older clerics refused to even countenance these heretical assertions. But the populace, they were another matter. A few leaders, perhaps I was among them, chose not to announce the movement. Perhaps we were a little afraid of it ourselves - - that we had to change to face the awesomeness of the Migration - - had come so far. The massiveness of space, especially here on the edge, humbles men; making our devices, our dreams, seem laughably puny. There is a sense that to meet space on its own terms we have to become more than what we were. I really can't explain it very well at all.

Nothing I have written here is legal. There are no cases for me to review the bench cases for the madain. It is legal. There are no cases for me. This place, because of the time lapse in physical transit between worlds, has become our destiny. You and I, alas, will never see each other again.

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I understand many other colonies have extremely stern death penalty rules. My brother Hassan, a merchant ship's captain, trades with the Dutch artificial planetoids further inside the Spiral Arm. He has described their practices to me. They still abide by the old ways.

Despite.

What can I say? We do not. My advice to you? Follow the dictates of your heart. Even you, back on the mother world, my beloved Earth, have to evolve at some point, am I right? Might not this be the time?

Enough. I hear the dinner chimes from the kitchen downstairs. My family is all here. Did you tell me my oldest son is now a lawyer? Yes, a criminal defender, no less. Like you were, as I recall. My chambers here have grown dark. Soon I will light a candle and begin to review the bench cases for tomorrow's calendar. There is much to do.

Outside, the polar wolves are howling on the tundra. It is an alien sound, my friend. Allen, to me, is. But, my grandchildren - - evidently put to sleep.

For them, this world is home.

That, I suppose, is the way of things.

Always with you,

/ls/
Abdul Shan- Hallas
Caliph; Jobhadar Territory
New Turkey

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COSTA RICA (cont. from p. 2)

how did these people know he'd be coming down that street? Very Tico.

Back to the Titanic, or El Titanico. No one's Spanish is so limited they couldn't figure that one out. There was a passenger whose job it was to hold the front door closed. I paid and moved back. The other three passengers were all in the front. A few rows back I noticed the back door was missing, rain was coming through the roof, and you could see the pavement

through the rotted-out flooring. I lurched back to the front row—if he couldn't fix these minor problems, he sure wasn't going to pay for shocks. As soon as I noticed a familiar landmark I hopped off the Titanic. But as the passenger shoved and held the front door closed, I thought I heard the others singing, "Nearer My God to Thee."

***

Back to my friends at the Tourist Board. I had seen in a video that there was a weekly folklorico dance recital. I asked them about it. They'd never heard of it. I remembered it was held at the Teatro Melico Salazar downtown, so I went and looked around. No ads, no listings. No one spoke English. I worked with my rudimentary Spanish for a while and ended up with a ticket. No date, no seat location—but a ticket. I went that Tuesday night and saw a wonderful exhibition of the dances of the Guanacaste province. I might have been the only tourist among the well-dressed and appreciative audience. For

three dollars, it was a wonderful deal. I promised myself that I'd come back the next Tuesday night, little knowing that in a week I'd be caught in a downpour walking along a rural highway, both my legs bleeding.

There are several small museums scattered throughout the capital. The one you might miss is the Museum of Criminology. Located across the street from the Supreme Court, it has such displays as a truck tire used to smuggle cocaine, counterfeit money, and a huge display of pickled body parts. If you've every wanted to see a cutaway of the throat of someone who choked to death, this is the place to go.

***

"Achoo!" someone sneezed loudly before class this morning; "Salud!" everyone said. "Achoo!" again. Now this is when the trouble started. Everyone agreed you greeted the first sneeze by wishing the sneezer good health. But no one could agree on that second sneeze, whether you wished love or money. "Achoo!" came the third. Now there was agreement. Whichever didn't come second, money or love, came third. "Achoo!" This was greeted with some long phrase in Spanish that I didn't understand, but which sounded like "You want to stop, or are you trying to kill us all?" Professor Findley gave half the lectures in international environmental law. A local environmental group, AECO-Asociacion Ecologista Costarricense-presented 25%

of the course. The first lecturer, David Maradiaga, didn't show up. He had been to visit some friends in Nicaragua and failed to return. The group was concerned because three of its members had died earlier in the year in a suspicious house fire. Allison de Lucca, a young Californian who'd done down to work with the group, provided a translation from the Spanish. The lectures focused on the effects of development and loss of biodiversity in Central America. Emily Yozell, who coordinates the Loyola program from Costa Rica, had helped organize the first nonprofit environmental law firm in Central America. Justicia para la Natureza. Attorneys practicing environmental law in Costa Rica discussed their cases and the impact of legislation and the courts. A Supreme Court Justice gave us a tour of the Supreme Court building. While six of us had been rafting, the twins from Georgetown had met the Justice at a local beach. We sat around the massive bench

University for the first night. Earth is a large modern project funded in large part by U.S. funds. Students from all over Latin America come to study sustainable development techniques to transplanted their homelands. The first thing I noticed was how much like a U.S. campus this place was. There were well-maintained lawns everywhere. In the countryside, the local grasses are kept under control with machetes. There were pairs of workers with the ever-sustainable weedwhackers. The whole place seemed at odds with its professed mission.

We toured a "model" banana plantation. They had replaced some of the manual labor with motors. Where older plantations use a single man to pull a "train" of banana stalks linked together along a suspended wire, Earth uses a small engine. Now you not only the noise of the engine, but the fumes from incomplete combustion and the threat of gasoline leaks. I'm not sure this is progress. Banana plantations only produce top

where the 20+ justices hear the cases. A few years ago armed gunmen seized the courthouse and held the justices hostage in that room. The terrorists were eventually captured and imprisoned. For the weekend field trip all of us poured onto a bus: the students; Allison and AECO; Emily and the Justicia attorneys; Professor Findley, his wife and daughter; and Dean McLaughlin, down from Loyola. We drove off to Earth quality fruit for about seven years. After that the company abandons them and moves on, leaving not only exhaustible soil but a carved up landscape. Bananas enjoy all the tropical rain but can't tolerate standing water. Small canals are dug along side the rows of bananas to drain off the excess rain. This washes pesticides, plastic bags, and plastic cord out to the rivers and eventually the sea. The giant sea turtles, who live on
Costa Rica (From Page 13)

jellyfish (I guess somebody has to) mistake the plastic bags for their prey, eat them and die. A life a hundred years old or more can be suffoced out by a banana bag.

All of us were tired when we attended a lecture after dinner. The thrust seemed to me to be that we can't condemn or stop the poor farmers who are encroaching on virgin land, as in the Amazon. They are merely pawns of the large countries and especially the transnational corporations. Well, this seemed true to a point. But the rainforest doesn't know causation, it only knows the effect of deforestation. Until the pressures of large corporate development can be reversed, we can still stop the incursion of slash and burn settlers.

We were exhausted, but not too exhausted for a few hours of dancing. We took up a collection for the rainforest. As we were sinking in the mud, I noticed that the Dean was hiking around in his wingtips. Boy, those New Yorkers do things in style. The rainforest had howler monkeys, a friendly, quiet breed. They shriek as you approach, and if you get closer, they hurl their excrement at you or urinate on you. I have no idea what they do if you keep coming, because that's usually pretty effective.

We toured a medical garden, where species are being cultivated to determine if any extracts might have the potential to cure any of the modern illness afflicting the world. We boarded the bus again and left Earth University for a commercial banana plantation.

This visit was under somewhat false pretenses. We were booked as a group of U.S. law students, but Emily and Justicia were suing this company for its environmental practices and this was a great chance to look around. A stalk of bananas grows from a single shoot. Years of research have created the huge yellow banana that consumers in the U.S., Europe, and Japan prefer. Large perforated bags of blue plastic, impregnated with pesticides, are used to cover the bunches. Projected with strips of foam rubber, the stalks, some weighing more than 80 pounds, are cut with a single chop of the machete. A worker carries the stalk and hangs it carefully on a hook.

A long train of these hooked bananas are pulled, usually by one man, along an overhead wire and into the processing plant. Carefully cut into bunches, rinsed, and packed into boxes, they are ready for shipping to the wealthy northern countries. The bananas that aren't first quality go into making Gerber baby food.

We stopped that night at an ecolodge. Accommodations, often four or more to a room, were quaintly rustic. Like summer camp. The people at the hotel told us the river was safe for swimming, so we grabbed some inner tubes and headed down into the strong current. There was a small beach you could swim to, but it was difficult with these huge inner tubes. I went in, followed by Aimee and Donna. Before I knew it, Donna was being washed away— and Aimee was going after her. Chris was on a beach downstream and helped bring Donna to shore. She was only the first of a few people who got caught in the current before we all gave up. That night, everyone who broke their skin struggling in the river got infected. Everyone who swallowed water trying to swim got dysentery. The ecolodge, like all of Costa Rica, discharged its waste, our waste, into the river. And we're all down river from someone.

We met that night with some of the plaintiffs from Emily's suit against the banana plantation: workers whose union was crushed, workers who were permanently disabled from working on the plantation. The physical labor places great strains on the body, from the weight of the stalks to the repetitive stress of cutting bunches off the stalks. There is no workers compensation scheme to help them. And there is no shortage of labor. If Ticos don't want to do the work, unemployment is running over 80% in neighboring Nicaragua.

We wanted to try dancing again that night. There was supposed to be a true rural dance hall about seven miles away. We searched for over an hour trying to find the driver, who had gone up to sleep. When we finally got going, our numbers had dwindled from 20 to 6. We had hoped to just sort of blend in and experience the local culture. We pulled up at this local spot in a forty- person luxury coach. The six of us got out. As we walked along the gravel drive, Aimee turned to me: "I don't think we really fit in." I looked us over. John, and I, at 6'4", were nearly a

The best way to spend the night on the Picuare: In a hammock on the open-air second story.

...
Costa Rica (From Page 14)

foot taller than the average alcohol-pungent, but not hazardous. Less hazardous, in fact, then the diesel fumes from our bus. I got the results of a grab sample later and saw pretty much what I expected: when the waste overflowed it was acidic and had a high biological oxygen demand, both of which will cause fish kills in the immediate vicinity. But there was nothing, at least in this sample, that could cause widespread devastation twenty miles away. It was just rotting oranges.

We met with Doña Maria. She was the leader of the local community, the midwife who had delivered most of the adults and children in the area. She, and the other women of the town, had prepared a huge meal for us. We sat at a long table in her carport while she explained the devastating effects the plant was having on her agricultural community. Allison of AECO translated Doña Maria’s story for us. The community had formed APAZONA, a local environmental group much like the small groups that formed in the U.S. when the environmental movement was beginning in the ’60s and ’70s. We all ordered APAZONA t-shirts and thank the community for sharing their hospitality and their story. I have no doubt that something is effecting their quality of life, but it could be something in addition to Tico Fruit. In a country where there is no sewage treatment and all waste just goes into the stream, the impacts on everyone’s health increase with greater industrial and agricultural development. Costa Rica has no law for assessing the environmental impacts of planned developments, except for mining sites, and no mechanism for regulating the impacts of waste disposal. San José, like many other parts of the world, is running out of space to bury its solid waste and is operating existing dumps past court-ordered closures.

August second is the feast day of the patron saint of Costa Rica, the black virgin. I could never quite get straight the story of the young girl who found the black rock and what the miracle was, but on the day before the feast day over 1,000,000 Ticos make a pilgrimage to worship at the Basilica of Our Lady of the Angeles in the old capital city of Cartago. Of course to hike fourteen miles from San José to Cartago in a downpour you’d have to be a Tico and Catholic. Or crazy.

I had lunch after class, then went home to get changed. For some reason, no one wanted to join me. I had my rubber boots—the largest size available in Costa Rica is 10 1/2, so if you’re tall, bring your own. I slipped on my “water-repellant” long pants, grabbed my rain parks, and headed out. Everyone else along the route was wearing shorts and running shoes, so I felt great as I stepped into foot-deep puddles at every intersection. I had my pants over my boots so the water wouldn’t fill them up. Unfortunately the pants were soaked through in about fifteen minutes. The boots started rubbing against my calves. The route passed through suburbs and onto a rural highway which was closed to traffic. We trudged on uphill. The temperature dropped as we climbed. The sun was going down and it started getting dark. I had brought food and water, which

Enjoying the stench from the holding pond: (counterclockwise) the "twins" from Georgetown, Heather "Give me a Diet Coke or I'll kill you" from Colorado, Mario from Puerto Rico, and Blaine from Colorado.
Costa Rica (From Page 15)

was completely unnecessary, since there were stands set up every 50 feet. By now the boots were really rubbing me, but there were no shops anywhere. Not until the seventh mile did we pass through a small town. There I went into the farmacia for people-and panstrommed bandages. They eventually brought out a couple of ace bandages. I took them outside and sat on a ledge along the route.

I pulled off my boots, which by now held several inches of water. The tops of the boots had worn the flesh off of an inch-wide strip running around each calf. I had brought along antimicrobial moist towelettes to guard against infection. The pain was, well, tremendous. I bound up my legs, pulled on the boots, and resumed my pilgrimage. Now, bleeding away, I was a true pilgrim.

The rest of the way was downhill, and you arrive in Cartago to a group of young people handing out flyers. "Congratulations and welcome, pilgrims," was what I expected to read. No, this was an ad for a restaurant open twenty-four hours a day and having its pilgrim special of half a chicken along with gallo pinto. The steady group joining up from different routes, a mass march down the main street to the Basilica. Instead, I suddenly found myself alone.

I didn't have a map, but I knew generally where the church was. I wandered through the dark streets and came around a comer to find the Basilica beautifully illuminated. The square in front had loudspeakers blaring out the Mass. Every television station was doing a remote. David Maradiaga, the lecturer from AECO who was missing, had been found dead. His body had lain in a morgue unidentified for weeks. That easily the best. There was a huge dance floor. The surrounding walls were decorated with the buildings of a town. So you were literally dancing in the plaza. There was a smaller dance floor where we spent most of our time. Mario was salsa-ing up a storm, as usual. Katie wandered off to dance with some Ticos, Deborah was with her family. The twins never showed up. But the rest of us danced, Seth still doing his bizarre Egyptian thing. People drifted away as the night dragged on. Fara and I had one more day in Costa Rica, so we had booked a bus tour to Tortuguero. I said my goodbyes. A few people were going to be in town the next night, so I said I'd call and we'd go out. And before I left, I had Mario explain the sneeze-blessing thing to me. He told me the right sequence for four sneezes.

* * *

We all took the final for the course on a Saturday morning. Some, like Deborah and Chris, had been studying diligently the entire course. For some others, it had come as a rude shock. We spread out through a large auditorium with our Loyola Bluebooks. Marina was the first to finish. As she was getting ready to leave the room, Professor Findley stopped the exam to make an announcement. David Maradiaga, the lecturer from AECO who was missing, had been found dead. His body had lain in a morgue unidentified for weeks. That was all anyone knew. That night we said our goodbyes. A few people were going to be in town the next night, so I said I'd call and we'd go out. And before I left, I had Mario explain the sneeze-blessing thing to me. He told me the right sequence for four sneezes.

* * *

Professor Findley and Dean McLaughlin explore the medicinal garden at Earth University. An infusion made from the fruit of this tree is said to calm the most savage faculty meeting.
A few weeks after I got back, I met a woman in San Diego who was a good friend of Dana, the chica chaser. I started describing his exploits when she stopped me. "Do you know how I know she asked. "No," I replied. "He's engaged to my best friend." "Oh, that Dana," I told her, "the one we called the Monk." Never left his room, studied all the time." I don't think she believed me. Ok, I know she didn't. A lot of stories have to be left behind in Costa Rica.

***

So to my "family" in San José; to Allison and AECO; Emily and Justicia; Professors Findley and Benson, Karen Parks, and Dean McLaughlin; and to all my fellow students: John, the "twins," Mario, Donna, Fara, Hany, Aimee, Deborah, Chris, José, Katie, and Leitia: ¡Salud! ¡Diner! ¡Amor! And a life long enough to enjoy them all. Hasta la vista y gracias.

***

Loyola is holding its sixth annual summer program in Central America from July 22 - August 10 in Costa Rica. This year Professor Ikemoto will teach a four-unit course in International Protection of Human Rights. I have left two videos and some of the 20 pounds of guide books I lugged around Costa Rica with Karen Parks, the program coordinator, for anyone who would like to plan ahead. The Tico Times is now available on the World Wide Web at URL: http://infoweb.magi.com/circa/times.html. The ITMB map is available from The Map Store on Pico Blvd. in Santa Monica.

For a wonderful one or two day rafting trip down the Pacuare, contact Aventuras Naturales in Los Yoses. Ask for Roberto Fernandez. Our student rate for two days was $120.

David Maradiaga, the AECO member who disappeared while we were in Costa Rica, was pronounced dead of a drinking binge. The police said he had been seen early in the evening at Bar Rio and was found dead in the morning in El Parque de Los Mangos in Zapote. AECO subsequently received four anonymous death threats between September 7th and October 10th. Two calls in late September warned, "Know what, some of bitches, keep one eye open, because we are going to mess with you." The last one warned, "the line is not finished, AECO has continued to oppose a gold mine proposed by the Canadian mining company, Placer Dome, in the northern part of the country.

On New Year's day a Swiss tour guide and a German tourist were kidnapped from a nature lodge near Nicaragua. The kidnappers demanded US $1,000,000 and 1,000,000 colones. In addition they demanded a reduction in the price of basic food items, a freeze in basic service rates, and job security for workers, and the release of the gunmen who kidnapped the Supreme Court three years ago. The police dismissed the political demands as a smoke screen for common criminals. Two months later the kidnapping remains unsolved.

At the end of 1995, the newspaper La Nacion announced the winner of San José's Super Pothole of '95. The winner, in San Pedro de Montes de Oca, measured sixteen feet by seven and a half feet.

Depression.
A flaw in chemistry, not character.

People with cancer aren't expected to heal themselves. People with diabetes can't will themselves out of needing insulin. And yet you probably think, like millions of people do, that you or someone you know should be able to overcome another debilitating disease, depression, through sheer fortitude.

The fact is, in the last decade we've learned that simply snapping out of a depression would be a physical impossibility. Because new medical research has taught us that depression is frequently biological in origin, caused by a chemical imbalance in the brain. This is good news because it reconciles depression as a physical disease instead of a mental illness.

While these recent discoveries should help relieve some of the stigma associated with depression, a look at history also helps. It's a well documented fact that Abraham Lincoln was depressed for most of his adolescent and adult life.

You see, depression doesn't discriminate.

Anyone can get it. And today you can find books written about admitted sufferers Mike Wallace, Joan Rivers, Dick Cavett, and Kitty Dukakis just to name a few.

Please call 1-800-273-8255 if you or someone you know needs help. With this better understanding of depression and a 90% success rate with treatment, we hope you'll see that the only shame would be not calling.
THE Crossword

ACROSS
1. Beer ingredient
5. Largemouth bass
10. Rude building
14. Ready for publication
15. Group of wives
16. Wear
17. Burrowing animal
18. State's a view
19. Otherwise
20. Equity
22. Titled
24. Deep hole
25. Mementos
26. Free from bondage
30. Caved
34. Ancient
35. Liquid mass
36. Make very happy
37. "... be seeing you"
38. Charged with a gas
41. Massage
42. Helicopter blade
44. Brooch
45. Soft drink
46. Fix directions
48. Fireworks item
50. Thin material
52. Murray or West
53. Shaded walk
54. Kind of paste-up art work
56. Sword handle
57. Desert sight
58. Arabian ruler
59. Group of sailors
63. Volcanic peak
64. Non-com
65. Emplpy
66. Emplpy
67. Pasta shell
68. Grooved face of a tire
69. Sweet potatoes

DOWN
1. Strong hair
2. Perfume
3. Heap
4. Placed
5. Extreme lack
6. Steventless wrap
7. "I'm seeing it"
8. Stock buyer's capital
9. "Like a duck to water"
10. "Not bad"

ANSWERS

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- **Handley Hotel**
  - **Live Lectures**
    - FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1996
      - 10:00 am to 2:00 pm
      - **Civil Procedure I**
      - Instructor: Prof. Jeff Fleming
      - Location: Handley Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle North, San Diego

**Orange County**
- **The Hyperlearning Center**
  - **Video Lectures**
    - FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1996
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