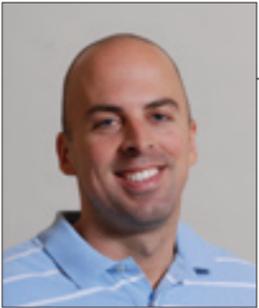




Meet Your Newly Elected SBA Representatives



Section 1 Rep - Scot Goins



Section 2 Rep - Edward Han



Section 3 Rep - Erinn Martin



Section 4 Rep - Evan Goodman



Section 5 Rep - Sam Jackson



LLM Rep - Ana Morales



LLM Rep - Brian Byrne



LLM Rep - Carlos Arevalo

Transfer Rep - Albert M. Levi

Judge M. Blane Michael Speaks at 41st Annual James Madison Lecture

By MOLLY WALLACE '10
STAFF WRITER

Though the audible symptoms of sleep apnea from an audience member might have indicated otherwise, The Honorable M. Blane Michael's ('68) lecture "Reading the Fourth Amendment: Guidance from the Mischief that Gave it Birth" was well-received. Michaels, a judge for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, delivered this address as the keynote speaker for the 41st annual James Madison Lecture.

The lecture, which is sponsored by the Philip Morris Companies, among others, was established to "enhance the appreciation of civil liberty and strengthen the sense of national purpose."

The title of Michael's lecture alludes to a Louis Brandeis dissent in *Olmstead v. United States* in which the justice, quoting an earlier court decision, argued that principles like those contained in the fourth amendment, "must be capable of wider application than the mischief which gave it birth." In *Olmstead*, the court decided that a wire-tap, a technology not contemplated at the time of enactment, does not constitute a search or seizure for the purposes of the Fourth Amendment. This

was a particularly apt case to refer to, as Michael's lecture was focused on whether and how the fourth amendment can offer meaningful privacy protection in the age of e-data.

Michael's message took up where Brandeis left off. Taking issue with the interpretive method of referring to the state of the common law at the time the amendment was passed (a method employed by Justice Antonin Scalia), Michael argued that instead we should look to the history that prompted the passage of the amendment in the first place.

The "unreasonable search and seizure" language of the Fourth Amendment was borrowed from the Massachusetts Constitution that had been drafted by John Adams. John Adams, in turn, had been witness to the arguments of James Otis (a famous Massachusetts lawyer) against "writs of assistance" which were general search warrants. Otis argued that writs of



assistance were "a power that places the liberty of every man in the hands of every petty officer."

Michael paralleled the issues the founders and their predecessor grappled with to modern questions that the fourth amendment confronts. Citing government data mining programs such as the "Total Information Awareness" program, now renamed "Terrorism Information Awareness" and the difficulty of analogizing email to postal mail, he asked, "Does this use of data mining programs place the privacy of every citizen in the hands of every petty officer?"



Students mill about the Vanderbilt Hall courtyard between classes on Monday afternoon.

Stavan Desai

Infra

Everything you always wanted to know about Fall Ball but were afraid to ask. page 2

We are trying to lure you to read a restaurant review with a really obvious pun in the article's title page 4

Your Goal For Fall Ball is to Get Creative

By MICHAEL MIX '11
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Fall Ball is only a day away, which means it's time to drink our livers out and dress up in crazy costumes. However, for most of us, the former is way too easy and the latter is way too hard. Last year, my reaction to hearing that everyone has to dress up was akin to former Indianapolis Colts coach Jim Mora hearing a question about making the playoffs.

I would imagine that many law students are in the same boat. It's often difficult to come up with a creative costume; when you are bogged down in reading, the last thing you want to do is decide between Legolas and Aragorn. I'm sure that the day before Fall Ball, most people's best ideas are to put on cat ears and wear a slutty dress or throw on that sports jersey in your closet and go as your favorite athlete. Yawn. If you fall into that category, I'm here to help. Here is my official guide to creating great timely Fall Ball costumes.

Current Events – dressing up like the latest news event is certainly a good way to go. For example, you can construct a fake silver balloon to carry around all night, and you can go as the infamous Balloon Boy. If you have friends, they could go as overzealous media members, asking you asinine questions all night long and paying way too much attention to you.

Alternatively, you could buy a pig mask, and put a flu mask over it. Voila, you are officially swine flu for Halloween (though if you're looking to find romance, dressing up as a communicable disease might not make you very desirable). If you want to make it a group costume,

you could have your friend wear a big cardboard cylinder around his or torso, and make a sharp pointy hat to be a vial of vaccine. If you go as vaccine, though, you should be careful because if for some reason Glenn Beck shows up at Fall Ball, he might not want to talk to you.

Pop Culture – these are usually pretty fashionable costumes, based on the amount of Joker outfits I saw at Fall Ball last year. This year, given the immense popularity of *Mad Men*, I expect to see some Don Drapers. It's pretty easy; you just have to wear a 50s style suit with a white dress shirt, douse your hair in Brylcreem, and occasionally stare into space and come up with a shockingly brilliant

think an easy costume would be to wear an Alex Rodriguez, David Ortiz or Manny Ramirez jersey, hold a syringe all night and randomly go into a rage for no apparent reason.

Also, if you are a Mets fan like me, and you are still despondent about the horrible 2009 season, you could wear your favorite Mets jersey and bandage yourself all over, representing the litany of injuries that the Mets went through this year.

Law – given that we go to law school, you might feel compelled to make your costume law-related. This is a difficult task so proceed with caution. If brave enough, you could potentially go as your favorite Supreme Court justice. For example, if you like

Comment

The Guy Behind the Guy Behind the Guy

aphorism. However, I'm going to warn any potential Don Draper that you better be very careful, because you don't want to spill wine or beer all over yourself and ruin your nice outfit.

For those of you who have had so much reading that you haven't shaved since the beginning of the semester, you might want to throw on a t-shirt, sunglasses, and carry around a fake baby all night (or a real baby, but that might result in several lawsuits). You would of course be mimicking Zach Galifianakis's character from *The Hangover*, the summer's most popular comedy.

Sports – I'm a huge sports fan so I always keenly take interest in the various sports costumes. This year, I

Scalia, you could find some black robes, comb your hair back, and walk around with a dictionary, interpreting every sign in the law school way too literally, not at all considering the intent of the sign drafters.

Go as the best case you've read. For example, if you really liked the Hairy Hand case from Contracts, you could glue fake hair all over your hands, and put some fake money in your pocket (but not much, because you only get the difference between a perfect hand and your actual hand, and not any punitive damages).

Anyway, I better see some creative costumes this year. And remember, if you are debating whether your costume is too crazy for Fall Ball, the answer is always no.



Staff Predictions

Stavan Desai, Staff Editor

Phillies over Yankees, 4-3
Sevies MVP: Ryan Howard

Elyse Feuer, Staff Editor

Yankees over Phillies, 4-1
Sevies MVP: Derek Jeter

Joseph Jerome, Managing Editor

Yankees over Phillies, 4-2
Series MVP: Alex Rodriguez

Erica Iverson, Staff Writer

Phillies over Yankees, 4-2
Sevies MVP: Chase Utley

Michael Mix, Editor-in-Chief

Phillies over Yankees, 4-2
Sevies MVP: Cliff Lee

Chris Robertson, Crossword Editor

Yankees over Phillies, 4-2
Sevies MVP: Mark Teixeira



Cliff Lee, Pitcher, Phillies



Mark Teixeira, 1B, Yankees

thecommentator

The Student Newspaper of the New York University School of Law

Editor-in-Chief
Michael Mix '11

Managing Editor
Joseph Jerome '11

Staff Editors
Stavan Desai '11
Elyse Feuer '11

Staff Writers

Ashok Ayyar '11
Brian Byrne LL.M. '10
Dennis Chanay '11

Erica Iverson '11
Andrew Kloster '10
Molly Wallace '10

Crossword Editor
Chris Robertson '11

Web Editor
Jason Law '11

The Commentator serves as a forum for news, opinions and ideas of members of the Law School community. The Editorial Board consists of the Editor-in-Chief and the Managing Editor. Only editorials and policies developed by the Editorial Board reflect the opinion of the Editorial Board. All other opinions expressed are those of the author and not necessarily those of The Commentator. The Commentator is issued on alternate Wednesdays during the academic year except during vacations and examination periods. Advertising rates are available on request. Subscriptions are also available at a rate of \$15 per year. Letters to the Editor should be sent to the following address, either on paper or via e-mail. All submissions become property of The Commentator.

240 Mercer Street
New York, NY 10012
212.998.6080 (phone)
law.commentator@nyu.edu

Avoid Fall Ball's Seven Deadly Sins

By ERICA IVERSON '11 &
HOWARD LOCKER '11
SBA SOCIAL CHAIRS

Hello fellow NYUers and greetings from your friendly, neighborhood Bar Czars/Social Chairs, Howard and Erica. As Fall Ball rapidly approaches, we just wanted to share a few tips on how to maximize enjoyment (and memory) of the glorious event. Consider the following the Seven Deadly Sins of the evening and be careful when you find yourself in any of these situations:

1. Gluttony. We know there's a 2-drink maximum, so you plan to pre-game as much as possible, attempt to smuggle in a flask, and possibly go buy 40s from the deli across the street throughout the evening. We are all for letting loose, but just remember how embarrassing it's going to be to face classes for the rest of the year known as "That Guy" or "That Girl" if, as a glutton for alcohol, you manage to vomit all over Vanderbilt Hall in the process of getting as trashed as possible.

2. Greed. Going off of what we discussed in Gluttony, *supra*, try not to be so greedy for more alcohol that you wind up hanging out on the street, drinking from open containers. You may be yearning for more fun/adventure, but just remember that you may someday have to explain those citations/arrests during

the bar character/fitness exam... because believe it or not, the NYPD is less forgiving than NYU officers may be.

3. Pride. Normally a sin, this is something we think you should actually try to hold on to throughout the evening. Girls, this example is especially for you. Both Howard and Erica know from personal experience how difficult it is to walk down the stairs in 5 inch heels, after drinking for five hours, carrying two

all over the place in a fit of subconscious jealousy.

5. Sloth. Don't be so lazy that you neglect to RSVP for the big event. We don't like strangers taking advantage of our Halloween bash. Remember how protective we were of our drink tickets during the Columbia/NYU mixer last week??

6. Wrath. It can take awhile to stand in line and check in when you first arrive. We know it's cold. We know you're already intoxicated,

Comment

The SBA Corner

more drinks, and costume props (ask Howard about his experience with this one—funny story). Yes; you are a tort waiting to happen. Feel free to slip out of those heels during the evening and change into flats. Trust us, falling down (or up) the stairs and exposing (or hurting) yourself is not the easiest thing to live down.

4. Envy. Resentful of the girl who seems to be getting free drinks from the bartenders? Wish you had thought to borrow your mom's wedding dress for your *Bride of Frankenstein* costume? Just try not to get in such an uproar over it that you spill your full glass of red wine

loud, and belligerent. But if you can muster up a bit of patience, that one person (talk about being That Guy or Girl!) studying in the library will be very grateful. As will your fellows in line who don't have to hear you bellowing about how much waiting sucks.

7. Lust. Feel free to go a little wild and let loose; in this economy, this could be the most fun you'll get to have in awhile! So karaoke, hit up the dance floor, get your drink on, and have a blast! Just don't yearn for toooooo much fun. Trust us, keep the lust in check. There's a reason it's called sect-incest.

A Great Revelation Leads to Self-Diagnosis of Face-Blindness

By DENNIS CHANAY '11
STAFF WRITER

In our lifetimes we will all have at least one great moment of revelation. Like Bruce Willis in *The Sixth Sense*, who suddenly realized that instead of helping Haley Joel Osment he was, in fact, a ghost sent to ruin a childhood. Or like Bruce Willis in *Unbreakable*, who suddenly realized that instead of helping Samuel L. Jackson he was, in fact, a superhero sent to ruin a childhood dream. This is the story of my own great moment of revelation, not during a Bruce Willis film but, instead, during *Breaker Morant*.

What is *Breaker Morant*? Glad you asked. *Breaker Morant* is an Australian film with the IMBD tagline: "When they speak of heroes - of villains - of men who look for action, who choose between honor and revenge - they tell the story of Breaker Morant." But this story isn't about heroes, villains, action, honor, or revenge. This, my friends, is a tragedy.

Like many, or perhaps all movies I have ever been forced to watch, I found myself having great trouble distinguishing between a cast of very similar-looking characters onscreen. I asked incessantly, annoying everyone in the

room, "Who is that? Now wait... who is that?" When the film was over, as my friends offered up their deep insights, I tried to rationalize my complete lack of understanding with the following conclusion: all Australians look alike... don't they? As it turns out, no, all Australians do not look alike. And now, the truth: I, Dennis Chanay, am face-blind.

Face-blindness, or Prosopagnosia as it is called by the medical community, is defined as the "inability to recognize faces." Often times, the illness goes unreported during an individual's lifetime because the symptoms can be easily mistaken and blamed on simple forgetfulness. Wikipedia identifies Dr. Jane Goodall, distinguished "Gorilla-Lady," as the sole famous person who suffers from face-blindness. These hard facts have not only left the face-blind community in the shadows of society but have also left us to compete with the great apes for a celebrity spokesman... a humiliating coup de grace.

At this point it is important to stress that I have not come to my self-diagnosis lightly. During a recent Saturday, I had the chance to get cozy with my girlfriend and a big stack of self administered Prosopagnosia exams. For well

over three hours she laughed uproariously as I continually fell in the lower percentiles of face-recognition ability, well within the range of face-blindness. I watched nervously as she completed each test almost perfectly. Taking the tests a second and third time barely increased my scores. Memory tricks and nicknames for

DOES play Wolverine and I can prove it!"

The rabbit hole goes much, much deeper...

The endless enthusiastic high-fives given out to terrified strangers. My belief, upon seeing the *Faces of Meth* public service announcements, that everyone with an unseemly scar was on meth. The time

to my mother she was in denial, asking me to consider the possibility that perhaps I "just don't pay attention." *No mother, perhaps you don't pay attention.*

It seems, like other disabled people, the face-blind community is destined to a life of misunderstanding. Unlike other disabled people we are not offered special parking, special brownies, or Special Olympics. Instead, we are offered only strange looks from the special people closest to us who, coincidentally enough, we were already struggling to recognize.

That's why it is time for me to stand up and speak for the face-blind community. Who is the face-blind community? We are the ones staring at you from across the restaurant. We are the ones who offer unnatural amounts of praise for your new dreadlocks or horrendously unique makeup. We prefer movies with maximum amounts of racial diversity and cartoons starring animals to any movie at all. We are the ones who cried when our parents bought us *Guess Who* for Christmas. We are your neighbors and friends. We are me, and maybe you - who are *you* anyways? Most of all, we are the ones who look adversity in its ugly, amorphous face and say "haven't I seen you before?"

Comment

Full of Sound and Fury

the amorphous figures on the page like "alien man" and "guy who always looks angry at me" were no help either.

Suddenly, moments in my life, which had always been a mystery to me, made all too much sense. Among them were many claims of "knowing" men and women in the Kansas City J.C. Penney's catalog. *How could I know so many regional t-shirt models?* Then there were the indistinguishable classmates running throughout my high school of only 400 students and the countless dollars lost to my movie-buff brother with claims like "Lt. Dan from *Forrest Gump*

when only nine beers was enough to suspend my disbelief and lead me to sit, watching who I thought was my clone playing video poker across a crowded bar. Or the time when only zero beers was enough to convince me that my recent ex was not only pregnant but was doing pregnant internet-porn. My friends laughed at me. And, as it turns out, my angel was not a centerfold. Nor was she expecting. I just have a defective brain.

So here I sat all these years, watching the faces pass by, believing that I was an asshole for not recognizing them when, in fact, I was the victim! When I came out

Cutting Out Unnecessary Pillow Talk

By HONEY RYDER

The best part about hooking up is the part where I don't have to talk to the guy after we're done. Sure, it's one thing if you have a boyfriend, and you want to compliment that new thing he did with his hips ("See I *told* you you'd be a natural on the dance floor.") If you're in the early stages of marriage or a serious monogamous relationship, you may even be able to launch into some sort of casual conversation about who has to get up and go make lunch. Fine.

get on with it, get it over with, and make sons. One extreme example stated that not only does he have no desire to cuddle afterwards, he just wants to leave and be alone. Maybe he's an anomaly, or maybe other guys are too cowardly to admit they feel the same way.

Nature further throws a wrench in things by designing women to be all motherly. They want to be close, to keep the man nearby, etc. In short, they are preparing to nest. I just want to give a big, fat, sardonic "Thank You" to whoever designed this system. It's about as useful as your

the verge of rising I am tired. All I want to do is have a lovely dream where I'm alone in my bed and can stretch, toss, and turn without worrying about kicking you or waking you up. Considering the services just rendered, I don't think that's such an outrageous request.

To all the ladies out there who need to have bed banter, I ask only that you really think about why you're doing this. Is it to feel less like a prostitute after a one-night stand? ("No really, we have *so* much in common! I think this could be the start of something real! Giggle"). If so, consider not having the one-night stand in the first place if it's going to make you feel like a Spitzerette (not that it should... there's nothing wrong with a solid one-nighter every now and again).

Just think back, instead, to how great the conversation was in the bar when you were first getting your flirt on. There's probably a reason why you gave up and decided to hook up with the guy in the first place and not seek out a second (or first) date, right? Basically, when you screw the guy, you can screw the chit-chat as well.

So feign sleep, go to the bathroom, tell him you have a sore throat, do whatever it takes to avoid the annoyance of pillow talk. If all else fails, you can let him know that your boyfriend is coming home soon and has a double-barrel shotgun hidden somewhere in the kitchen. I know I read something about lovers getting shot in my Crim class, so maybe that will do the trick and send him packing before he can utter anything more intelligible than a yelp of fright.

wisdom teeth or your appendix.

Maybe it's the fact that rebellion against the way things be is in my nature, and it overrides the need to cling, or perhaps I have an extra shot of testosterone in me somewhere (honestly, considering my track record, that wouldn't be so out of the question...), but whatever the case I'm with the guys on this one. Especially if our encounter has been pleasurable, but hasn't been a night for the history books, I would like silence.

It doesn't have to last forever. You can even stay in my bed for awhile and if/when you leave, you are welcome to say goodbye. But if we're just hooking up once, there is no need to talk. We're not friends. We probably wouldn't even like each other in daylight. We are likely intoxicated and the sun may be on

Comment

There's Always Money in the Banana Stand

But if I've taken you home after a long night of flirting and boozing, then chances are that I just used up my last ounce of energy faking it. So now the only thing I ask is that you not speak. I don't care if you have a funny joke, I don't even care if you want to hold me in your arms and whisper about how great that was. Don't worry, I know it rocked, but I just don't have the strength to muster up a feminine giggle and return the smirking favor.

Besides, based on the polls I have conducted, guys just want to be left alone after doing it anyway. Biologically, it makes sense. Men are programmed to spread their seed as thoroughly as possible; procreation is the only aim of these sperms of endearment. They don't give a crap about cuddling, spooning, or "just being close." They want to get in,

Back to Silent Hill Saturday



By JOSEPH JEROME '11
MANAGING EDITOR

This Saturday is all Halloween's eve, and in lieu of going to a party in the guise of a deranged law student, I stay in, fire up the ol'Xbox, and play a game of *Silent Hill 2* each year. For over five years now, the game has never ceased to scare the beegesus out of me, leaving me unnerved and disturbed late into the morning of Nov. 1.

The game has a simple enough premise: you're received a letter from your dead wife beckoning you to visit the foggy town of Silent Hill. What follows, however, is a 10-hour voyage into psychological terror. As the player explores the disturbingly empty town, he encounters a number of bizarre characters, including a promiscuous woman that eerily resembles the title character's dead wife and what can only be described as a faceless sadomasochistic butcher with a sword. These characters torment and seduce the player throughout the experience, and,

only at the end are they revealed to be elements of the title's characters mind punishing him for his crimes.

The story is surprising and sophisticated for a video game, but it isn't the plot that compels me to revisit the game each Halloween. It's the mood and atmosphere, which is only possible via such an interactive media. Books and movies can present complicated, horrifying tales, but you are never in the driver's seat. In *Silent Hill 2*, as I clutch my controller, I walk down dark empty apartment hallways, knowing something horrible is coming. Despite all the handguns and bats I've amassed to protect myself in the game, I'm still left with a profound feeling of unease.

By the end, forcing myself to visit Silent Hill each year ends up giving me all the drive I need to box up my Xbox, hide it in the back of the closet, and spend the rest of the semester hoping my psychological terrors never manifest themselves come final exams.

Mercer Street Restaurant Will “Lure” You Out of the Cold

By **STAVAN DESAI '11** &
ELYSE FEUER '11
STAFF EDITORS

We have to admit from the beginning, that Lure Fishbar is one of our old favorites. We first stumbled upon Lure as 1Ls living in Mercer or nearby. The restaurant, located below street level, is at the intersection of Mercer Street and Prince Street. The restaurant offers seafood dishes, sushi, and a wonderful happy hour with half price appetizers and dollar oysters. Lure's interior is designed to replicate the inside of a ship, so there's a lot of wood, and the windows are in fact portholes. While it might sound a little unusual, the décor really works.

We made a reservation for four on a Sunday night at 7pm. On the phone, we requested one of the larger booths behind the host stand, which they were able to accommodate upon our arrival, as Sundays are not a busy night for the restaurant.

We decided to start with sushi and then have seafood entrees. We ordered the Eel Roll (\$10) and the Lure House Roll (\$18). The Eel roll has fresh eel and avocado and was the favorite of one of the guests in our party, who said that it was one of the best eel rolls she had ever had. The Lure House Roll is a shrimp tempura roll topped with a slice



Stavan Desai

of tuna and a dollop of spicy mayonnaise, and is our favorite roll. Albeit a bit expensive, this is a great option to split as an appetizer, or to order for your entrée if you also get an appetizer.

For entrees, we ordered the Grilled Whole Daurade (\$29), the Seared Scallops & Risotto (\$28), the Grilled Salmon (\$26) and the Seared Yellowfin Tuna (\$29).

The Daurade was offered with or without the head and tail and the guest in our party opted for the whole fish. The fish came out charred on the outside but perfectly cooked on the inside. The fish was de-boned and the meat had a sweet flavor to it. The fish was accompanied with Dill Gnocchi (Chef Josh won us over with his pumpkin gnocchi last fall which was served with salmon) and tomatoes that were strewn across the fish. The plating could have been a bit more fine-tuned, but the flavors were excellent.

The Seared Scallops & Risotto disappointed. The scallops were overcooked and dried out (the outside was almost black as opposed to a nice dark golden color) and the risotto was bland and could have used more flavor. The chorizo broth didn't save the

dish, which could have used more flavor and had a few execution errors. We were disappointed as we have had the Seared Scallops with Mushroom and Asparagus Risotto many times (a dish that used to be on the menu) and it was always fabulous.

The Grilled Salmon is always a consistent dish and always quite good. The salmon is simply grilled to your preferred temperature (I order it medium) and it rests upon a bed of spaetzle, peas and smoked onions. The mixture was dressed with an herb vinaigrette with very strong citrus flavors (maybe a little too strong). Although we do enjoy this preparation, we are hoping for a revival of last year's preparation with pumpkin gnocchi, brussels sprouts and sage vinaigrette.

The Seared Yellowfin Tuna was properly cooked, but a bit bland for some at the table. The fish was Noori crusted and had a beautiful sear on it. The Tuna was served on a bed of shiitake mushrooms and edamame and was dressed with a dashi glaze.

We decided not to order dessert, but upon noticing us in the restaurant, the manager sent over a raspberry shortcake on the house. As frequent customers of this restaurant, the managers usually bring over something complimentary with our meal – edamame, an amuse bouche (a small bite from the chef like a mini crab cake or a spicy grilled shrimp), homemade celery salt potato chips or a dessert. The shortcake was a brown

sugar biscuit and was served with macerated berries, whipped cream, a quenelle of lemon curd and a scoop of raspberry sorbet.



Stavan Desai

While there was nothing wrong with the dessert, there was nothing great about it either. It was a fairly standard raspberry shortcake, but it was free and we did appreciate it.

We both agree that Lure does an exceptional job with customer appreciation and this certainly makes us want to come back in often! After a few visits, the Maître D knew our names and would greet us when we arrived by name. These small touches certainly set the restaurant apart from many others in the city. Other notable dishes to try are the Crispy Calamari, which are not breaded or deep-fried (\$14), the Tempura Shrimp with Spicy Sesame Mayo (\$15), the Crab Cakes (\$14), the Crispy Blue Point Oysters (\$16), and the Lure House Salad (\$9).

Overall, our experiences at Lure over the past year have been consistently superb. The fact that two dishes we had on Sunday weren't up to our standards was disappointing (and unusual), but we suggest you try Lure Monday

through Saturday, when Executive Chef Josh is in the kitchen.

Lure is great restaurant either for a date or for taking your parents to when they visit. Also keep Lure in mind for happy hour Monday through Friday from 5-7 p.m. when there are half-priced appetizers, dollar oysters and half-priced drinks (although be wary, even at half price, the drinks are \$7). The oysters are the main happy hour draw for us. While they are usually

cheaper oysters (not Kumamoto), they have always tasted great. In terms of the happy hour drinks, our favorites have been the Grapefruit Margarita, and the Champagne Bellini. Both of these drinks are made using fresh Grapefruit and Peach, respectively. I would also advise against the Dark and Stormy, which was underwhelming and does not have the ginger flavor that a Dark and Stormy usually has (Dark and Stormies are usually made with dark rum, lime juice, and ginger beer, whereas at Lure it is made with dark rum, lime juice, and club soda).

Lure is located at 142 Mercer Street (at Prince Street) and is open for lunch and dinner daily. 212-431-7676. Credit cards accepted. Reservations recommended for Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights.

Want more inspired ideas about where to dine in New York City? Check out our food blog at idcrossthestreet-forthat.wordpress.com

Learning the Law School Balancing Act Step By Step

By **FARRELL BRODY '12**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Strangers in a strange land, we walked through the stately gates of Vanderbilt Hall eight weeks ago feeling as if the next three years ahead of us were shrouded behind an opaque veil. No matter how well-worn the path before us, nothing could assuage our anxiety about the obstacles that would soon present themselves. Our nightmares and waking thoughts were filled with menacing images of Socratic sweats, callous competition, and outsized outlines.

Now, the initial honeymoon of mixers and university/major/hometown small talk has passed. We are legit 1Ls: we have found a favorite spot in the library, briefed many cases and not briefed many more, and said at least one seriously dumb thing in front of our peers. I can't vouch that I am a perfectly representative part of the 1L class, but I will take it upon myself to share my experiences to this point.

In the first month, the initial sprouts of friendship

grew primarily from within my Lawyering section. Our bond began during orientation as we abandoned the scavenger hunt to soak up history at the Stonewall Inn and continued onto our section's weekend trip to Coney Island. In this second month, I find myself branching out and emerging from the safe, nurturing cocoon of my Lawyering section. I am finally learning the names of classmates throughout the 1L class and beyond. So far, intense competition has been kept to a minimum in the academic realms, but has re-appeared in unexpected places. Many in our section have become avid, cutthroat trivia-goers and our section's flag-football games can get downright nasty.

The fear-inducing uncertainty concerning what we would face in the law school classroom has been replaced by first-hand experiences. Much to our section's relief, we have found that two out of three professors use a panel system in which those who will be called upon receive prior notice. Most of us have survived our first Socratic in-

quisition and beyond without noticeable scarring. When I am called upon nowadays in class I still may feel an initial intense panic, but it's nowhere near the previous terror that felt like being lost in an Amazonian thicket without machete or compass. The once impenetrable mumbo jumbo of “ex ante,” “stare decisis,” “res ipsa loquitur,” and the needlessly French “chose in action” have, sadly enough, become terms I can sling with (almost) ease.

As a native New Yorker, I have immensely enjoyed the excitement of seeing the city from the new perspectives reflected in my classmates' eyes. We are in the center of the universe now and the West Village has become our new home. Each of us is finding our favorite place for an evening hang-out or the best cheap lunch (consensus in this category is undoubtedly Mamoun's). Every day we walk and have another great New York moment, such as seeing President Obama and former President Clinton lunching across from Furman Hall in mid-September.

The activities offered outside the classroom are boundless and ever-intriguing. I have become involved in an advocacy group that has thrust me into international law research far beyond my experience. Others are trying their hands at mediation, the Unemployment Action Center, and cultural associations. Each day, there is an invite to another fascinating lecture or debate.

At this point I must state that I don't want to give the impression that this first semester is proceeding in a smooth manner totally contrary to all dire prognostications. The amount and intensity of work is certainly more than most of us endured as undergraduates. Though the Lawyering program is pass-fail and often enjoyable, its demands often feel unrelenting; there's always another deadline to be met and another memo due. Most of all, I think it's been difficult to accustom myself to the all-encompassing nature of law school. There's simply always more work you can do or a meeting you should attend. Weeks have passed

when I don't return non-law school friends' emails or phone calls. I have thought about quitting too frequently. Sometimes it all seems to be too dense, contradictory, and needlessly inaccessible.

At other times, I ponder upon the two hundred thousand dollars I am spending only to obtain a job that may kill me with overwork and I fear I am a delusional fool. Then I take a breath and realize I am a fool by choice. The opportunities that this education will offer me are exactly what I need to continue on my chosen career path and I am very fortunate to have this privilege.

Nothing about law school will be easy, but nothing about it needs to be deadly. As finals approach, we may find ourselves overwhelmed and under-prepared. We might start questioning why we went to so many SBA bar nights or had that all-night argument about health care reform. But we cannot lose perspective; the next three years will be a balancing act and we must each find time for both relaxation and intense study.