

# the OYEZ

the only intentionally funny thing about law school

Vol. 43 Issue 4



**Mazer to Elman:  
"Bruce ain't here, man!"**

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I wonder where  
can I get some  
good contracts  
notes?



**Bonus: Tips for those pesky OCI Interviews!**



# t h e o y e z

## our mission

*The Oyez* is a magazine by law students for law students in the finest tradition of satire and critique. As the only intentionally funny thing about law school, *The Oyez* isn't afraid to show just how ridiculous the law and the school experience can be. We aim to please, and are pleased to take aim. Also available online and in technicolour at [www.uwindsor.ca/theoyez](http://www.uwindsor.ca/theoyez).

## submissions

*The Oyez* welcomes all student submissions, though it reserves the right not to print anything banal, offensive, un-funny or below our entirely subjective B curve. Drop any work, tips, hints, news, gossip or otherwise interesting tidbits at [theoyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindsor.ca) sometime before any one of our four issues in September, November, January, and March.

## tenured faculty

Aaron Collins – Paloma Ellard

## sessional

Nicole Corriero – Tim Faught – Fred Gerra – Mohammed Hashim – Mark Loya – Jennifer Lum  
Graham MacLeod – Shaun Miller – Brad Newman – Dave Smith – Mik Vasarais – Mike Vogel

**"I'm eager to apply  
my paper shredding skills."**



Strongly  
Agree

Strongly  
Disagree

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# e | d | i | t | o | r | i | a

see ya  
suckas...



Well three years have passed and much has changed. I've learned some things, I've forgotten a great deal more. I've made some mistakes, but thankfully they can't sue me until after articles. I've gained insight into others and myself and the people- well, I think you'd all agree, some things just don't change. Jokes! But this quarterly therapy session, known as The Oyez, has done wonders for my mental sanity. Sincerely, this isn't just a lame attempt to get you all you sarcastic folk on the O-bandwagon and vent for our new editors Loya and Corriero, I really think that if I didn't have this tool to release my frustration, my head may have literally exploded by now. Literally. On that note, Eddie Lynde, you should have been writing for this thing for last 18 years of your life.

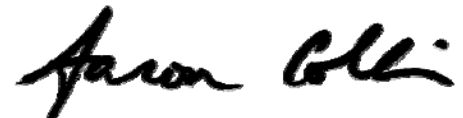
So I'm within a month or so, I will say good bye to Windsor Law. Gone will be the days of countless hours spent procrastinating in the pit, now my wasteful time will have to be accounted for in a billable fashion. But at least I know this: (insert random inspirational quote here). With that said, good bye, good luck and good riddance. You are now in the capable hands of Mark "the other one" Loya and Nicole "I moaned in public" Corriero.

thanks...  
that was fun.



Two years, eight issues and a countless number of spelling mistakes, including classroom on the last cover - I was going to try to pass it off as an intentional error, but let's be serious here. Anyway, that's been my experience working with the Oyez. It's been a great experience that all comes to an end with this issue. Fear not though, the Oyez will return bigger and better than ever next year, with two new Co-Editors at the helm, Mark Loya and Nicole Corriero. Both of them have skewered the people, the places and the events at law school so sufficiently that Paloma and I had no choice but to appoint them King and Queen of what has been our private fiefdom this year.

As for my final editorial, I'm going to try and avoid clichés or making this sound too much like I'm writing in a yearbook. Meh, f\*\*k it. I'm going to say this: "I will miss Windsor Law". There I said it. Despite really wanting to be done, it's true. The lack of plugs, the lack of light, satan controlling the thermostat, the seemingly endless trips to the bar, the people I've become great friends with, the profs who cared, the profs who didn't - I'll miss it all. What I won't miss is the feeling I have right now, the one that says "I'm completely screwed for exams". So on that note, I'm tapping out in search of some exam momentum. It's been fun. Thanks for reading.



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## Low Turnout for Bathroom Etiquette Lecture

In response to growing concerns over lower pit bathroom disgustingness, the Speaker's Committee organized a poorly attended lecture session campaign to educate anyone who may have forgotten their rules of training.

The Campaign, entitled "Operation: Fresh Start" began following complaints that the lower pit washrooms were constantly in a state of filth. The group specified overflowing toilets, improper or non-use of appropriate waste facilities, and "poor aim" among the top issues to be addressed.

Despite spending well over \$10 on advertising, the Committee was disappointed to see that only a handful of students attended the lecture series which featured such celebrities as a local blind incontinent cat, Mr. Clean's brother-in-law, and a shoe once worn by Rory Calhoun.



The event was well advertised.

"I don't know what went wrong. I think it's shameful that we, as law students, can't go one hour without turning our washrooms into a Bay of Pigs." said one morose Speaker's Committee member. "We really expected a bigger turnout. Our committee chairs feel like failures. I

want to die."

An e-mail from Dean Gold's office provided some insight into the administration's position on the issue. The letter stated that appropriate bathroom etiquette was not a prerequisite for entry into Windsor Law and that, while the administration would consider its future inclusion, for now the status quo remains of utmost importance and will continue to be maintained.

It was rumoured that Professor Wydrzynski volunteered to deliver a refresher course on the Courtesy Flush in 1986, but withdrew following the Law Department's mandate that the course contain in excess of fifteen students.

"We can't have too many students in a course like that. It's about discussion and open dialog. If you have more than ten kids, everything goes to hell. Heh heh heh." Wydrzynski said.

## Student Hurt Due to Ferrary's Closing

The student population was shocked to find out that the popular late night eatery, Ferrary's has closed. In the wake of the closure, law students have been left to fend for themselves in making post-drinking, closing time snacks. Consequently, an unnamed Law 2 received was recently hospitalized after suffering grease burns in a drunken, late-night egg-frying accident.

"One minute he was cracking jokes like 'this is your brain on Bridge Tavern,'" said one eyewitness. "Then the moron grabbed at the eggs with his fingers."

It is widely believed that the reason for the restaurant's closure is due to an infestation of vermin. Sources claim that the rampant mice were actually employees who had recently unionized with the help of



This was the scene on university avenue.

law professor and labour arbitrator Brian Etherington. Ferrary's was unable to meet wage demands.

Inside sources claim the outgoing SLS is close to brokering a deal to purchase both Ferrary's and the Bridge.

"Law students have kept these places in business for years. The money should come back to the law students," said VP Finance Faran Umar-Khitab. "We really need to get Ferrary's open again ASAP. I'm sick of making poutine with frozen fries and canned gravy."

## Windsor Law Students Forget They're in Law School

An influx of social events throughout second semester, coupled with Spring Break has resulted in many Windsor Law Students, from Law I's to Law III's to forget that they are, in fact, law

*(Continued on next page)*



students. Even a select few of the usually antisocial JD/LLB students have taken on the (pre-rehab) Lindsay Lohan lifestyle of their LLB peers.

This heightened 'social' construct has spawned consequences that have caused the entire faculty of law to suffer. The school now has a permanent stench of stale beer and grey goose due to late night drinking in the pit and hungover students sleeping on the couches.

Class attendance has been at an all-time low, with students finding it difficult to make it to their 8:30 am Real Estate class when they wake up at noon, half-naked in someone else's bed. All nighters now refer to drinking affairs, rather than involving papers or cramming for exams. The number of alcohol-induced SLS election posters has quadrupled this year, with posters (if not actually depicting alcohol consumption) so hilariously bizarre, MUST have at least been the RESULT of massive alcohol consumption (Read: Ewan Christie).



This is NOT your 8:30am classroom.

Much concern has been voiced about this "Inebriation Epidemic", states Assistant Dean Francine Herlehy, "It appears that Windsor Law has gotten a little 'too comfortable' with its status as a "Top 6 Law School" in Ontario." One Third year attributes this to Civil Trial Advocacy, namely, that drinking after class just "isn't enough" anymore. Verbally abusive comments by various professors of this popular course always resulted in post-class bar gatherings to heal the wounded egos with the familiar friend of beer. However, this year, some students have resorted to

drinking before and after class. As another student attests, "the burn of whiskey eases the sting of failure."

Further, there exists a growing mentality that the school year doesn't truly begin until April. According to a second-year socialite, "Come exam time, the library will be packed with sober, stressed out law students learning a semester's worth of material in 3 weeks."

Only time will tell whether exams will force the students to clean up, or lead to an even harsher relapse.

## First Bear To Receive Windsor LLB Dies At Age 28

On Saturday, March 2nd 2006, Evgeny the Grizzly Bear, Windsor Law's first and only Bear to receive an LLB, died. Evgeny was 28.

Born in a small cave in Eastern Algonquin Park, Evgeny moved to Windsor in search of a better life for him and his siblings, who were only cubs at the time. After finishing top of his class in undergraduate studies, by a fair margin over the next human Windsor Undergrad student, Evgeny decided to pursue a career in law. While his sitting of the LSAT was not the greatest, and three proctors died, Evgeny received special consideration (on account of his being a bear) and was offered admission to Windsor Law in 1989 with scholarship.



Evgeny at graduation.

On Campus, Evgeny was a spark of life. His friendly hairy face was a common site in the pit where he was frequently found either foraging, frolicking, or merely settling in for a winter-long nap. While a fairly reserved student, Evgeny was not afraid to speak up in the face of adversity, as was demonstrated in his now famous "Rraaaowwf" speech of 1990.

In 1991, Evgeny was elected SLS president by the school's first and only unanimous ballot. Even Evgeny's opponent, Ms. Candice Chan, voted in support of Evgeny.

"I really wanted to be school President," Ms. Chan said in a 2002 interview. "But when I thought of his big brown eyes, and all the struggle that he must have gone through in his life, being a bear and all, I couldn't help but vote for him."

Upon graduating, Evgeny went on to form his own law firm Simmons, Goldbaum, Ray, & Evgeny. A gifted litigator, Evgeny often found himself earning the judges favour through his ability to encourage witnesses to be truthful. His string of 259 consecutive victories still goes unmatched to this day.

Sleep on, gentle giant. While you may be gone in body, you will live on in spirit... and your contributions to the artwork in the upper pit. Evgeny is survived by his wife Gao Gao, and his two sons, Sherpa and Booboo.

## JDs Are People Too... Just Kidding

A group of angry students in Windsor Law's joint JD/LLB program stormed the lower pit in search of answers.

They demanded to know why they were not included in the formation of school policy. They demanded to know why they weren't receiving equal treatment as the LLB students. And they demanded to know why



the school was closed and locked one night by accident with all of them inside.

The faculty and SLS did not issue a prompt response to the JD's inquiries, thus instigating further tensions within the program.

"If we wanted to deal with the JD's



The J.D. Protest - who knew there were that many?

and their problems, then we wouldn't ship them to Michigan." Assistant Dean Francine Herlehy said. "Besides, we all know that the term 'JD' is just a buzzword for 'mindless busywork'."

Collectively, the JDs have proposed "Bill 230: An Act to Recognize That JDs Are People Too" to the SLS for voting. The Bill includes provisions that:

- JDs are to be recognized as equal participants in the Windsor Law Community
- JDs are to be treated fairly, with dignity and respect
- JDs are to be offered the same care and attention as would be granted an LLB Student
- JDs are to be informed and invited to school functions, speakers, career fairs, and general social gatherings

The SLS committee intended to vote on the proposed bill last week, but as of yet no action has been taken.

When asked why the Bill was not voted on, SLS President Graham MacLeod stated:

"Yeah... my bad... I kinda lost the paper they gave me. I hope it wasn't anything too important."

## Supreme Court of Injustice

Windsor Law's competitive moot teams continued to be the moot equivalent of Jamie Salé and David Pelletier, falling victim to the caprice of paid-off judges. While Windsor's trophy case remains bereft of championship hardware, we did pick up a few individual awards. As always, we were the life of the party.

Despite a silver lining in Sarah Clarke being named Best *Ex Parte* Oralist, the **Wilson Moot Team** had a hard lesson in *inequality* as they were forced to argue their case shorthanded. Clarke's flight from her Denver skiing trip was re-routed through Winnipeg and North Dakota before finally landing in Ottawa. The moot, however, was in Toronto. Still hopeful, Clarke hopped on a train but her plans of mooting were - ahem - derailed along with the train.

The **Corporate Securities Moot Team** took Toronto by storm. Resident loudmouth Faran Umar-Khitab was named top oralist for his turbo-speed submissions that squeezed 30 minutes of argument into just 20. Teammate Ian Matthews was also given an honourable mention for his efforts to save time by delivering both his appellant and respondent arguments at the same time.

The **Gale Cup Moot Team** gave a whole new meaning to "submission" as they explored the ins and outs of group sex, harm a n d



community standards as they "took on" the case of *R. v. Labaye*. After uttering the words "penetration", "fellatio" and "cunnilingus" more times in his submissions than any - ahem - *oralist* - in the history of advocacy, Heather Smith, chief justice of the Superior Court, called Jason Beitchman "courteously feisty". We hope she was referring to his advocacy.

The **Laskin Moot Team** travelled to Ottawa and was marginally successful in that team member Gavin MacDonald was photographed with the Sherbrooke team, eventually ending up in the school's monthly journal. Other team members were quoted as saying "it's too bad he couldn't argue as good as he looks, then we might have had a shot".

The **Ontario Trial Lawyers Association (OTLA) Cup Team** traveled to Kingston to grill witnesses in this trial-level moot. Jessica Ko did Windsor proud by taking home the Will Barristers Award for Best Opening. Insiders say that teammate Eddie Lynde narrowly missed out on the "Best Middle" award.

When the Oyez approached the **Arnup Cup Team** for some war stories, team member Ewan Christie just shook his head and said "We was robbed!" On the bright side, both he and teammate Fatema Dada got to rub shoulders with one of the great trial lawyers of our generation.

The **Niagara Team** rocked Cleveland for the second year in a row to do Canada proud in this cross-border moot about pure Afghan heroin, pirates and murderous Navy Seals. Apparently there were a few legal issues involved. Team members kept mum when pressed to explain why they have taken to calling Prof. Tom Denholm a "Ladies Man."

The **Jessup Team** was pleased to finally argue its case after beginning factum research while they were still in high school. The annual appeal that they start research in the fall, but get the same 3 credits has been renewed.



# Dear Mary



need advice? why not ask the associate dean?

Dear Mary,

What did you do for St. Patrick's Day?

Top o' the morning,  
Leppy, Law III

Dear Lep,

I chose to drive my green, rather than silver, Jaguar.

Vroom vroom,  
MG.

Dear Mary,

What will you do during summer vacation?

I'll be slaving away,  
Bay Street Joe, Law II

Dear Joe,

I'll be relaxing on the law school's roof. Greenery and sun. That's all I need. Wait until you see my summer tan.

MG.

Dear Mary,

Did you and Neil have a good time at the formal?

Hope so,  
Janet, Law III

Dear Janet,

I ate like 18 strawberries at the chocolate fondue.

Still Full,  
MG.

Dear Mary,  
Any exam-taking advice?  
Nervous,  
Anonymous

Dear Franklin,  
Please go to the bathroom before the exam.  
Thanks in advance,  
MG.

Dear Mary,  
Did you go to the Fashion Show?  
Sincerely,  
Abby, Law I

Dear Abby,  
You mean the one in my spacious walk-in closet?  
MG.

Dear Mary,  
How were the Vagina Monologues?  
Peace,  
Diana, Law I

Dear D,  
It was noisy.  
MG.

Dear Mary,  
What's it like sharing a wall with Dean Brian Mazer?  
Curious,  
Samantha, Law I

Dear Samantha,  
The wall isn't thick enough. I often get wafts of an herbal aroma and hear the sharp plucks of a sitar. I'm going to have those construction gentlemen add some more insulation between myself and Dean Mazer while he's on the "rooftop garden".  
MG.

**Got a problem?**  
**Think Associate Dean Gold can help?**  
**Email us at [theoyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindsor.ca) and we'll make up her answer!**





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# barbs & jabs

## WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

We know, given the entire content of The Oyez, this section might seem a bit redundant (and is also strikingly similar to the “Dear Mary” section). But that never stopped us before! We’ve decided to introduce a new section that allows you-joe blow public- to b\*tch. And we’ll print it...usually... well, only if it’s funny. We may even respond to it...if we can come up with some smart ass remark. So email your complaints to [theoyez@uwindsor.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindsor.ca) and hopefully next year, someone will decide to follow up this last ditch attempt to fill space in this mega issue.

### Re: What’s Happened To The Oyez? –

I remember a time when the Oyez stood for something - when honour, integrity and professionalism were hallmarks of every issue. The hallmark of this year’s issues can be summed up in one word: laziness. From stealing articles from The Onion (<http://www.theonion.com>) to stealing pictures from The Onion, there hasn’t been an ounce of originality. Remember the SLS Survivor? Was it going to be “G” or “F” or “Napes”? If I wanted to read a completely self-absorbed and elitist serial, I’d read more Proust (zing!). And I LIKE the phrase “per se”, thank you very much. Sorry, that was non sequitur. In all seriousness though, Collins and Paloma have done a horrible job. Thanks for nothing. Ergo concordantly vis-à-vis, this sucks. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to finish writing my article about the SLS. Soup’s on, jackass!

Kind Regards,  
Brad Newman

Okay Brad...chill buddy. We’re sorry we cut your articles, no need to get cranky. Go play those bongo drums of yours and burn off all your suppressed rage, it’s just not healthy.

Dear What’s Your Beef,  
Why is it, that when classes go late, the caf closes at 3? Is looting not an appropriate remedy? I have a hankering for a good pillage.

Much love,  
In a caffeine deprived rage

I “think” it may have something to do with because according to university by-laws, there is only so much day old egg salad and tuna that can be sold over any given period.

### Re: Bathrooms a Disgrace

Dear What’s your Beef,

The girls’ bathroom is disgusting. Ew.

With love,  
Every single female in the school

Dear Females,

Ya, you’re right it is...(or so I’m told says Aaron). By the way, you know we have absolutely no influence in the school or any ability in effecting any change whatsoever, right? But thanks for your complaint!

### Re: Classroom Numbers

Dear What’s your beef,

I keep getting lost in the school-what’s with the classroom numbers? G110? Do we have a 110 classrooms in the basement? I don’t get it.

Fair point. The only possible explanation (we could come up with) is that Brian Mazer named them.

## Who is most likely to...

- ...make partner in their articling year: Ian Matthews
- ...be “Davies Partnor” on Law Buzz: Graham MacLeod/Shawn Miller
- ...still be drinking at The Bridge in 10 years: Gavin MacDonald
- ...burn this mother down: Eddie Lynde
- ...run with the bulls: Dave Smith
- ...sue the City of Windsor for unsalted sidewalks: Laura Emmett
- ...be seen on stage at Danny’s: Rich “Man Hands” Manias
- ...own a pink convertible: Jill McMillan
- ...work at Sutts Strosberg after articling: Franklin Lyons

# d i v e r s i o n s

for dull days and duller classes

## Get Out your Crayons

### Fleet Legal

By Mark Loya



© 2005, Mark Loya

### Exam Time Word Search:

#### Wordlist:

- ALL NIGHTER
- BOREDOM
- CANNOTES
- DISTRACTION
- EXAMS
- MSN
- NEVER USE THIS AGAIN
- PAIN IN THE BUTT
- PROCRASTINATION
- STUDY GROUP
- WISH I HAD DONE A PAPER



#### Last Month's Crossword Answers:

1. PLUGS
2. SLS
3. PLASMA TVS
4. SPEAKERS
5. SNAILS
6. ACCESS TO JUSTICE
7. THE BRIDGE
8. THIRD YEAR
9. WEST
10. MSN MESSENGER
11. SOUL
12. LAW GAMES
13. BOB RAE
14. CAREER DAY

DAVIES

## How to size up a law firm

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Size us up at [dwpv.com](http://dwpv.com)

## The Oyez Caption Contest

Everyone knows how these things work. Check out the picture below and think of the funniest caption that goes with it. Email your best entry to [theoyez@uwindSOR.ca](mailto:theoyez@uwindSOR.ca). We'll print the funniest one next issue!



Sample Caption:

"Sometimes, self-help just isn't enough."



# Law Student Pick-Up Primer

By Nicole Corriero



By mastering the prey, even this guy can pickup a law student.

**L**aw school is hectic enough as it is, without having to deal with the raging hormonal imbalance of stressed-out, over-worked, caffeine-bingeing law students. Sometimes, you feel like you can cut the sexual frustration in the air with a chainsaw. As Sun Tsu says in *The Art of War* “Know your Enemy.” So here at The Oyez, we have taken the liberty to provide a quick guide to mastering your prey: The Fellow Law Student.

The Key to knowing how to master your prey is knowing what they want and how you can provide it. Surprisingly, this is not as difficult as it seems. In fact, there are distinct character traits based solely on what year of law school a person is in. By tailoring your strategy around the needs of your target, success is an inevitability.

## The First Year



If you can get a first year out of the library... you've got a chance.

**What they want:** To know what the f\*\*\* is going on.

In an attempt to decode the many mysteries of law school, the First Year's objective is to land a knowledgeable, lonely upper-year with an ample package (of outlines). Bonus if they can get textbooks for cheap as well. First-years aim to please, and want you to know this.

**Looking For:** A knowledgeable upper-year who will give them notes and textbooks for the next 3 years. Employment is preferred, but not a requirement.

**Strategy:** Assault upper-year with a barrage of compliments, primarily about how smart they are, while simultaneously putting self down voicing fears of failing out.

**Pick-up Line:** I heard that your notes are the best ones in school.



Though seemingly naive, first years are capitalists first and foremost. Once they discover that your notes are awful, they just might drop you for someone with a more impressive resume.

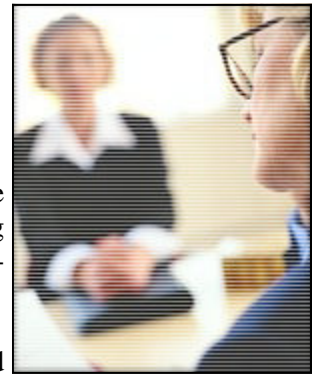
**How to Play it:**

*Upper-Year* – listen sympathetically as the first-year blabbers on about A2J and legal writing and briefing cases, talk about how successful you were first year (even if you weren't – how would they know), and offer your amazing support, guidance and outlines. If you're smooth enough, offer to 'tutor' said first year one-on-one, to help them “understand” your “notes.”

*First Year* – Offer your notes for that class they missed, and talk about how you're friends with all these upper years who are just throwing their notes at you (then find upper-years to throw notes at you – see above).



# The Second Year



**What they Want:** To get a F\*\*\*\*\* job.

Knowing Third and First years almost equally as well, Second Year is usually the quintessence of one's popularity. Law II's generally flaunt this to full effect by using said popularity to land an aforementioned desperate First Year, and/or a well-connected Third Year. But more than anything, they just want a summer job.

**Looking For:** Naive, eager to please first-year, too busy to desire a committed relationship, but lonely enough to be a dependable FB when required; And/Or Lonely, underworked, understimulated upper-year with connections and a big TV.

Second Years are looking for jobs. Also Beware of their "great notes".

**Strategy:** Using their 'incredible notes' as bait, the smooth-talking second year wows the Law I by listing off their GPA, class rank, and the number of OCI job offers they got. They insist that law school is 'a breeze' and downplay the standard panic attacks first-years routinely experience, in an attempt to gain the Law I's confidence and trust.

**Pick up lines:** We should go over some 'oral arguments' sometime.



As genuine and sincere as the second year may be, however, proceed with caution. In Rock Bottom, *everyone* is ranked top-10, has a job lined up, and is best friends with Tano. Be sure to corroborate their claims with outside sources.

**How to Play it:** Second years are intrigued by this newfound free time, and use it wisely – at the bar. They are attracted to anything alcoholic, and or substance abuse-related. As long as you keep a drink in their hand, you'll have them in the palm of yours.

# The Third Year



**What they want:** To f\*\*\*.

The Third Year is facing the end of the line in terms of freedom, lack of responsibility, and in general, having a life. They have lots of free time, and want to spend most of that time getting as much a\$\$ as humanly possible, or finding a potential mate.

The Third Year - comes with free time, a giant ego, and more than one suit.

**Looking for:** Potential Spouse, OR First year booty call.

**Strategy:** Insinuate that the firm they're articling at is 'awesome' the Senior Partner 'loves' them and they 'might' be able to get you an 'interview.'

**Pick up lines:** Shawarma's on me – I'm working on Bay Street!



Even if they do work on Bay Street, chances are, they'll hate that firm in about 2 weeks, the Senior Partner doesn't know who they are, and they have less influence than the crazy guy in the supply room who photocopies his butt when no one is looking.

**How to Play it:** If this Third-Year is one of those 'the clock-is-ticking' types who have suddenly come to the realization that they have only 3 years to find a spouse, breed a family and make partner at their firm, play up how you're 'tired' of 'meaningless' sex, and want to 'settle down' and raise a family. If, however, they aren't looking for anything more serious than remembering your name the next day, let the alcohol do all the work.



With no more rewards or immunity up for grabs, the only thing that stood between Faran Umar-Khitab, Matt Napier and the Survivor title were their two previous victims. The inspirational Warren Ross, who has put on a whopping 6 pounds since all 105 pounds of his malnourished frame left the pit 6 months ago; and el Presidante himself, Graham MacLeod, who despite his honourable exit last issue, still finds himself walking the beach alone at night. Will this drought ever come to end? One can only hope.

In front of a less than packed moot court, the final two contestants addressed the jury for the first and last time. Highlights from their speeches included:

Matt Napier: “I appear before you today as a man, that’s all. Not as a children’s author, although, I am. Not as the son of a former Stanley Cup winner, although, I am that as well. If you look past all of my books, and all of my Dad’s rings, I am as average as everyone else. I know it may be difficult for you to use my name and average in the same sentence, but try to put yourself in my expensive work boots for a second. If you strip me of everything that makes me great, I’m still better than Faran over here. The only reason that he voted for you was because I promised him a couple of free books. I have outlasted you all, my intellectual prowess outwitted all three of you ... and I was the only athlete on this bloody island, so

don’t get me started about outplaying you three. Oh yeah, I’m amazing!”

Faran Umar-Khitab: “I can’t believe I made it this far. It has been *Faran v. The Man*<sup>1</sup> since day one. First I got into law school; now I’m in the Survivor final ... someone has made an administrative error somewhere. I can roll with whatever decision you make, but I can promise you one thing, if I win this cash, it is going to be access to justice for everyone at the bar tonight.”



Napier and Umar-Khitab at this year’s formal, before the Survivor Finale tore them apart. Notice Warren Ross’ foreshadowing look of disgust at Napier.

The fate of both survivors was left in the hands of their previous competitors. When the votes were tallied, it came as a complete surprise to the moot court when the final survivor was announced. Shocked himself, Probst read the name twice, making sure that his eyes were not playing tricks on him, announcing, “and the loan survivor is .... the one, the only, Faran Umar-Khitab!”

When asked for their comments as to why Umar-Khitab got their vote, both Graham MacLeod and Warren Ross said the same thing: “It’s not that I even like Faran, it’s just that I really can’t stand that Napier guy”.

It is only fitting that Mr. Khitab win this competition. At any other law school in the country, he probably wouldn’t have even played. Now that my friends, is Access to Justice.

<sup>1</sup> 2007, 32 J.O.K.E. (2d) at 55. [“*The Man*”]. The rights to the story of *The Man* have been purchased by Walt Disney who is in the process of bringing this feel good story to the big screen in early 2009. Recent reports have indicated that Faran Umar-Khitab will be played by Emmanuel Lewis, sitcom star of *Webster*. Unconfirmed rumours have Dean Elman himself in the roll of the Man.

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# “Bruce ain’t here, man”

## Acting Dean Mazer takes over for the semester

By Mark Loya and Dave Smith

Capitalizing on the success of Dean for a Day, Windsor Law brass turned it up a notch with Dean for a Semester, won by former Associate and Interim Dean Brian Mazer. Mazer was Interim Dean between 1999-2000 and beat out hundreds of challengers with his essay ‘Cause I Done it Before, Man.

In November, Dean Bruce Elman relinquished the captain’s chair to first-year student Mohamed Hashim while he traded places and attended Prof. Pillay’s contracts class.

Mazer packed up a few things from his office and made the trek across campus for the semester-long switcheroo. Elman took over Mazer’s duties of Special Advisor to the Provost of the University by going on sabbatical.

An Oyez correspondent secured an exclusive interview with Mazer, but after an afternoon of constant interruptions and little progress, the intrepid reporter just stole his day planner. In the finest traditions of fake news our scribe filed this overwritten report entitled: A Day in the Life of the Acting Dean.

*Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely. Temporary power is ephemeral. Who is Brian Mazer? What is legacy? This reporter sat down with the man himself to find out.*



Dean Mazer’s newest t-shirt?

*I arrived at the Office of the Dean – the bridge of Starship Windsor Law – for a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the powers that be. “B. Mazer” – handwritten in a red Sharpie on a roughly torn piece of masking tape – covered Dean Bruce Elman’s engraved nameplate. “Here for a good time, not a long time,” was scrawled underneath.*

*It was 1:30 p.m. I knocked. A disembodied voice replied from within. “Bruce ain’t here, man.” I knocked again. “Sir, it’s the Oyez.” After a moment, the door opened quickly, catching me in the jaw. Mazer helped me to my feet, invited me in and told me to have a seat.*

*“I’d offer you a Diet Coke, but Bruce hid the key to his fridge,” Mazer said. “You know, you guys misquoted me in the last issue.”*



*“Sir, we make everything up. Everybody knows you didn’t actually say what we quote you as saying. I’m making up this story too. This interview isn’t really happening.”*

*“Whoa! That’s a trip, dude.”*

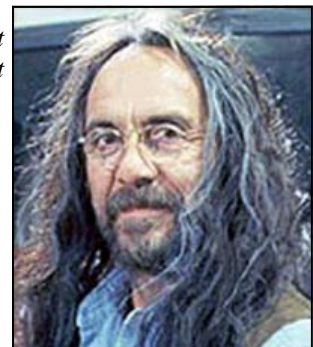
*“The Oyez is nothing if not existential. But, in all seriousness, we’re mostly all about cheap laughs. I’m not going to lie to you. This story is probably going to be mostly about your resemblance to Tommy Chong.”*

*“You b@stards.”*

*“Yeah, but can we please get back to the interview.”*

*“That isn’t really happening?”*

*“Exactly.”*



“I am not your dean, man.”



*There is a knock at the door.*

*"Bruce ain't here, man," Mazer calls out.*

*"Sir, I need a reference letter," a Law 2 sheepishly says through the door.*

*"Well, I don't really know you but Dean Elman left a few on the desk here. Here, take this one?"*

*"Ummm ...sir, I'm not president of Women and the Law."*

*"Why not? Are you too lazy to get involved?"*

*"No, I'm male."*

*"Oh. Good point."*

*"There are a few more here. SLS president?"*

*"No."*

*"Zuber Moot champ?"*

*"No."*

*"CLA supervisor?"*

*"Ummm ..."*



A more "Mazer Inspired" Dean Elman is set to return to duty next school year.



We asked our reporter to snap a picture of Dean Mazer's office, but this is all that he came back with.

*"So you basically just roll into class and then go home. I got an idea. I'll just say you have the ability to ignore distractions and focus on the task at hand."*

*Mazer signs the letter. The student leaves.*

*"I'm nothing if not a problem solver," Mazer says, turning to me to restart the interview.*

*"Umm sir, you forgot to put my name on the letter," says the student, poking his head back in the door.*

*"Just write it in," Mazer says, handing him the red Sharpie.*

*"See, I'm a problem solver."*

*There is another knock at the door.*

*"Bruce ain't here, man."*

*Sandra Stein, Secretary to the Dean, appears in the door.*

*"Brian, you're needed at a meeting in the Faculty Lounge," she says.*

*Mazer leaves to attend to some high level business. I wait. I find the key to Dean Elman's fridge under a paperweight. It was empty. Time passes. I'm bored. Mazer left his computer on with the Dean's letter head. I write myself a reference letter. I sit back in the comfy Deaner chair. I put my feet up on the desk of power and notice the flashing MSN messenger program on his desktop. Apparently I interrupted an online conversation with my interview. I quickly jot down the details in a red sharpie pen. (Ed. note: see the next page for the conversation details.)*

*There is a knock at the door.*

*"Bruce ain't here, man."*

*During the course of the interview, our reporter jotted down an MSN conversation between Acting Dean Mazer and Sabbatical Dean Elman. Against all better judgement, we decided to print it...*

# The Oyez

Official Fake News Reporter's Pad

\*\*\* MSN CONVERSATION ON MAZER'S DESKTOP BETWEEN HIM AND ELMAN  
\*\*\* NOT TO BE PRINTED!!!

Elman: Hello?

Mazer: Hey man... who's this?

Elman: It's Bruce.

Mazer: Bruce ain't here man.

Elman: No, I'm Bruce.

Mazer: I'm Brian.

Elman: I know you're Brian.

Mazer: How do you know I'm Brian?

Elman: Because I'm Bruce!

Mazer: Bruce ain't here, man... I'm in charge.

Elman: I know you are, Brian, while I'm away.

Mazer: You're away?

Elman: I'm on sabbatical, remember?

Mazer: Heh, that's a coincidence... so's Bruce, man.

Elman: I'm Bruce!

Mazer: Can't be. I keep telling you, Bruce ain't here man.

Elman: I know! I'm on sabbatical! I know this because I am Bruce!

Mazer: You know Bruce?

Elman: I am Bruce!

Mazer: Are you back?

Elman: No, I'm still away!

Mazer: That's what I kept sayin', Bruce ain't here man.

**\*ELMAN HAS JUST SENT A NUDGE\***

Mazer: Whooooaaaa!!! It's like the world is shaking and stuff!

Elman: You know what, never mind. I'll just talk to Mary Gold.

**GOLD HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE CONVERSATION**

Elman: Mary?

Gold: Bruce?

Mazer: Bruce ain't here, man. I'm Brian.

Elman: This is what I've been dealing with Mary. Little help?

Gold: Sure thing, Bruce. Brian, this is Mary Gold... now listen to me, I think-

Mazer: Mary Gold? Ahh!

**MAZER HAS LEFT THE CONVERSATION**

Elman: ...

Gold: Next time, Bruce, leave me in charge.



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# An Epic Battle of Galactic Proportions



By: Mik Vasarais, Tim Faught and Mike Vogel

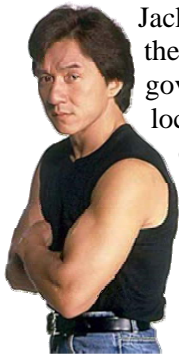
At the conclusion of the last article, Chuck Norris had already landed on the moon: the neutral ground for the planned battle to occur, by way of the clever trickery of NASA and the United States Government. The officials from these agencies are still high five'ing each other for the fact that they managed to get Chuck on the moon.



The atmosphere around the White House has never been so electric, and the swagger in the walks of officials not so arrogant since Bill Clinton got away with his frat like antics. It was even more apparent at NASA, where the agency celebrated its successful ploy in its most festive fashion (which apparently featured midgets dressed as astronauts and monkey butlers serving fancy drinks and hors d'oeuvres). NASA had not partied like this since pulling off the grandest conspiracy the world has ever known when they hired a young Clint Eastwood as "Neil Armstrong" and "landed on the moon".

This was bigger. Yet it was a nervous celebration as both agencies knew full well that if Chuck discovered their malicious plans he would unleash a wrath bigger than when he put Humpty Dumpty back together again, only to roundhouse kick him in the face. NASA also was well aware that Rudolph has a red nose because he got lippy and Chuck round house kicked him across the face several times. They did not want red noses.

Jack, conversely, arrived on Mars through the plan of an equally clever Chinese government. They exhausted him by locking him in a small compound containing Chechen rebels and witnessed him kill 14 000 terrorists with his bare hands and a cordless phone with which he somehow managed to strangle the

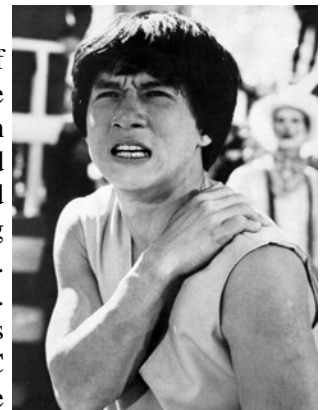
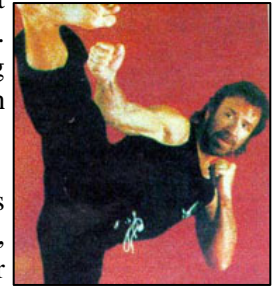


terrorists. Upon exhaustion, they strapped him into a pod and a drunken Chechen scientist launched him to Mars. Jack got pissed. There is no longer any chance of finding life on Mars. This is why Mars is known as the "Red Planet".

One noteworthy bit of information was that in order to document this fight, Chinese officials sent their best arbiter Jackie Chan, a Chinese cultural icon known for his martial arts abilities. The US sent Rick James, who is known for his superfreak and famous 'SLAP' abilities.

Meanwhile, back on the moon, Chuck figured out that NASA had tricked him. He also discovered that there were no footsteps on the moon, let alone a US flag. He figured out the US Government's best kept secret. This pissed Chuck off. Not because the world had been misled, he couldn't care less. He was pissed that NASA used the power of his roundhouse kicks for years to help power rocket launches. He started roundhouse kicking the moon. This is how the moon got its craters. Chuck does not like being lied to.

Due to the sheer power of Chuck's kicks, Jack saw the wrath Chuck was unleashing on the moon. He had just finished wiping out all life on Mars and wondered whether something similar had happened to Chuck. Jack has always envied Chuck. Some say it's because Chuck is the only person to touch MC Hammer or that he is the sole individual who knows the location of Carmen Sandiego. Others say it's simply his chest hair and rugged good looks.





Since there was a little distance between the two planets, Jack tried to think of a way to communicate with Chuck. Jack, after all, did once win a game of Connect 4 in 3 moves and in his spare time has counted to infinity. Twice.

In order to do get Chuck's attention he started breaking the makeshift pod used to launch him into orbit and throwing the pieces at the moon. Chuck Norris did not see the pieces of metal flying towards him. A few pieces hit Chuck, but were caught in his beard. Being the man that he is, Chuck quickly figured it out. He stared across space and locked eyes with the only man he has ever envied. The only man he would ever even consider to be an equal. It is probably because the State of California introduced legislation to reduce violent crimes by changing "death by lethal injection" to "death by Jack Bauer". Before Jack could throw another piece of the pod, Chuck had jumped from the Moon to Mars.

The two Goliaths were united. Chuck Norris and Jack Bauer. Face to Face. The two exchanged glares. It was a tense moment in the galaxy.



During this glare, Jack read from Chuck's eyes how he had landed on the moon. Chuck on the other hand, being 1/8 Cherokee (which has nothing to do with his ancestry...) induced a spiritual technique. Jack did not realize it, but Chuck extracted every bit of

information Jack ever knew. He then laughed out loud, apparently for the type of weak training Jack obtained to become a top CTU agent.

The laugh broke the tension. The glares were deflected. Both men embraced. It was a touching moment. Unbeknownst to the two men during this Wild West like stare down, Jackie Chan and Rick James became quite excited. Rick James started singing "Unity" and Jackie Chan started doing summersaults. No doubt this is what caught the



attention of both Jack and Chuck. After a few roundhouse kicks to catch their attention, Jack asked what they were doing there. Jackie Chan and Rick James both refused to cooperate. Neither felt threatened as Jackie believed his martial arts abilities matched well against Chuck Norris' and Rick James thought

he could out 'superfreak' Jack, believing he could always resort to his famous SLAP (yes, the same one that found Charlie Murphy's face) and the fact that he was Rick James. These are regarded as being two of the biggest mistakes made by a human. Ever.

At that point things turned ugly. Rick James started singing "Give It To Me Baby" as he unleashed his famous SLAP and repeatedly yelled "I'm Rick James B\*itch!" Jackie Chan started climbing on heads. Chuck was unleashing roundhouse kicks. Jack started torturing and biting. It was a mess. On earth, it was reported that many astrologers thought The Apocalypse was upon us. NASA knew better. The Chinese government knew better.

When all the dust settled only Chuck Norris and Jack Bauer stood. Since Jackie Chan and Rick James never returned and both governments deny the events, we are unsure what happened in space that day. We dare not ask Chuck for fear of 'Law' and 'Order' (his trademarked left and right legs) serving up multiple roundhouse kicks to the face. We dare not ask Jack because we enjoy waking up in the morning knowing Jack spared our lives and frankly we believe in the terrorist blessing: "You don't know Jack!"

...Ever wonder why NASA has been having all kinds of troubles and why the Chinese government has been beefing up its military.... ??

After reading this article, you now know something you aren't supposed to know. Something that both Chuck Norris and Jack Bauer don't want you to know. Look over your right shoulder. Do it, now... Look over your left shoulder. Do you see Chuck Norris or Jack Bauer? If you don't, it means you are being stalked. You have one minute to live.

With Acting Dean Mazer's term coming to an end, the time has come to pit him against Sabbatical Dean Elman to see who wins in the galactic battle for Dean Supremacy ...

# DEAN ELMAN vs. DEAN MAZER

## Attire



monogrammed shirts, tailored suits, and coiffed, conditioned hair that decrees: "I run sh#\$, I don't run from sh#\$."

t-shirts, burlap blazers, and a stoic, nappy down-do that whispers: "Who gives a sh#\$."

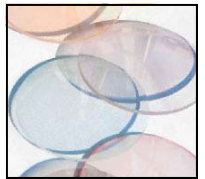


**Edge: Elman.** Just like Jordan's game winning shot against the Hoyas, Elman puts Windsor Law on the map with his polished sophistication and prosperous deportment. Big ups Eazy-E.

## Eyewear

Contemporary, rectangular, black frames.

Retro, circular, transitional lenses.



**Edge: Mazer.** Those specs have a better fade than Will Smith and are versatile enough for dancin' in UV-light, black-light, and of course the moon-light.

## Office Refreshments

Begins with "D" and ends with "iet Coke". Sh#\$ is on tap.

Drip, drip, drop - H2O for all. Sh#\$ is from the tap.



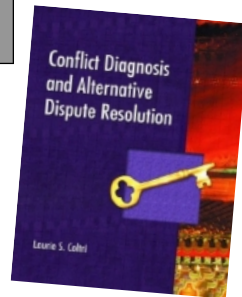
**Edge: Elman.** DC is the lifeblood of the school. Too bad the vending machines are always out. Props to Elman's stockpile.

## Classes

Constitutional Law: enthralling lectures on living-tree and water-tight compartment analogies.

ADR: combines parts of a living-tree and a water-holding compartment with open flame to calm confrontation and soothe disagreements.

**Edge: Elman.** End-of-term classes have sometimes been replete with beer. And, in the immortal words of Benjamin Franklin, beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy.



## Sabbatical

Vacationing in parts unknown; last seen in Lexington, Kentucky.

Vacationing in his office; last seen next to the "plants".

**Edge: Mazer.** Although sometimes he's not technically "here" with us, Mazer trumps the absentee-landlord status of Elman. Thought we was Rangers, son - leave no man behind, my a\$\$.

## Winner:

It's close, but Elman wins 3 - 2. To paraphrase Dexy's Midnight Runners, "Come on El-man, we swear we all mean, at this moment you mean everything..." That's right, The OD-Triple-OD reigns supreme. Suave, sophisticated and a soda-pop baron. Windsor Law's Commandant of Coke (Diet), The Deaner, just keeps on given'r.





# MSN Chat Session of the Month

**Collins - Conversation** [minimize] [maximize] [close]

File Edit Actions Tools Help

Invite Send Files Video Voice Activities Games

msn

To: Collins <they\_collin'\_me@hotmail.com>

**i** Collins may or may not reply because his or her status is set to away

Loya Says:  
whuts up, chief

Collins Says:  
polishin' my sls award - u?

Loya Says:  
lol... is that what ur callin' it now?

Collins Says:  
lol, negative, that's my "pulitzer" - WTF are u up to?

Loya Says:  
waiting to depose u from ur Oyez throne and free the writers from ur tyranny

Collins Says:  
gear-down, MacBeth - I'm straight outta low-cash, crazy muthafu\$#a named gusto...

Loya Says:  
lol... gusto, more like gestapo, son - you've been rollin' over kids like stomtroopers into poland

Collins Says:  
u lag, u drag - sometimes ya gotta galvanize kids into action and sometimes you gotta split wigs

Loya Says:  
lol - nice use of galvanize, p.s.



Collins Says:  
I'm a wordsmith - fate has me highly-skilled and loaded with talent

Loya Says:  
indeed, well, almost time for me to take the helm...

Collins Says:  
troof - it's a celebration, bitches, I'm free - lates, yo.

Loya:  
later, Amistad

Send Search



# *Help! I Have a Penis at the Vagina Monologues*

*By Mark Loya*

I was 17 when I first lost my virginity. I was a pro. I was bursting with confidence. I knew what I was doing down there. I was in, I was out, I was moving in circles. I had timing. I had grace. I had prowess. Indeed, one may say that I was an expert. And then I saw the Vagina Monologues and now I'm terrified.

It's not that I missed the point of the monologues. I was paying close attention. It's just that now I am not sure whether or not I am employing the right standard of care... the right attention... the right sensitivity... you know, attending to the right needs. The first thing I learned from the Monologues is that each vagina is different and requires different care in order to keep the man from getting in trouble. This, in itself, I kinda figured out before I saw the show. But that was only the beginning!



The rest of the Monologue messages became difficult in application. I knew I had to be gentle and light... but then some said to mix it up...? Right spots and wrong spots and layer after layer of labyrinth. Isn't the whole thing one big right spot?

I learned that vaginas require attention, but how much attention? I mean, should I sit and look at it for 5 minutes? 10 minutes? 15 minutes? What's the new appropriate standard? Wouldn't a girl find it weird if I sat and stared? Maybe if I had some popcorn...



What's this smell business? Should I go in for a whiff? Should I lie about what it smells like? Do I have to openly say that I like the smell, or is the simple act of sniffing deemed consent to odourous emissions? What if I'm congested?

I learned a lot about hair! But what? So hair is good? That seems to be the message. But how much hair? Are we talking like full on 70's afro, or is a military buzz cut acceptable? Are bikini waxes out of the question? Should I not mention hair at all? I shouldn't, should I?



Flood? There's floods!?!? Does this mean I should get towels? And I suppose they have to be expensive because the vagina has to be treated well, right? Am I allowed to clean up afterwards? Should I put down newspaper? Why didn't my 4<sup>th</sup> grade puberty teacher tell me it could flood?! I don't know how to swim.

Sex is so stressful now. I feel awash in a sea, or flood, of things I don't understand and am sure to screw up...trust me, it's happened. So while I remain in this malaise of confusion that self-help books have yet to remedy, my answer to every question, my approach to all road blocks will be "yes honey, whatever you want."

***Congratulations to all the women who participated in the making of the Vagina Monologues. You should all be commended for your efforts and superb performance!***

# Dance, Tears & Bloodshed. An Oyez Career Day Review

By Mohamed Hashim

YOUR CAREER →

The air was hot, the laughs nervous and the lips firmly planted on the asses of firm representatives. Yes, the Oyez was there live March 21, 2007 at the annual love-fest that was career day.

Chief Cleary correspondent Ivana Jobb described the event best as “homage to the lost art of ass-tango.” Students, taking a page out of the great Tony Robbins playbook, engaged in hand shakes appropriately timed with the “Shake, 2, 3, 4, Release” doctrine. And laughs were loud but not too loud.

The day started off well enough. Panel discussions were useful but boring, yet upon question, were described as “extremely informative.” However pandemonium erupted when a respected firm (identity concealed for legal purposes) broke out in a questionable rendition of Grease Lightning. As eager students struggled to loosen their ties they recently learned on the internet to tie, the women kicked off their heels and jumped in. The problem occurred when a high heel, described by event coordinators as “higher than Malmo-Levine,” caught an innocent victim causing them to seek medical attention.

The brave soul was in a state of complete delirium, as he proceeded to ask the medic “what type of hospital culture” exists at the place he was being whisked off too. Yet all was not lost. After a brief intermission between songs, firms then took up their respective booths and prepared for the surge of hot air.



Prominent environmentalist, David Suzuki, was in attendance and began weeping, uttering between sniffles “giant hamster wheel” – as his only wish was to harness this unstoppable energy of pep, from the eager students in order to conserve our precious Mother Earth.

As the lines gathered in front of perspective firms, only one booth stood empty. The law firm: Socks, Craig, Rex, Eagan, Williams, Bennet, Anderson, Yale, Socks, Tims, Ronald, Edwards, Emit, and Tony otherwise known as S.C.R.E.W.B.A.Y.S.T.R.E.E.T. stood empty. Dressed in jeans, sport jackets and homemade “Mazor Rules” T-Shirts, the representatives were dumbfounded and did not understand the lack of appeal.

As the giant gong sounded, the events finally came to an end. All participants stopped and watched as doves were released. Firms applauded the overall event in between firing shots at the defenseless birds. “A memorable day indeed,” one representative remarked.

Students left filled with a false sense of hope and firms left with abnormally large egos (even for lawyers). A complete success and a good time for all.

In a related story, Waldo was found in the Osler booth.





# Conspiracy Hits Windsor Law

By Mike Vogel and Mik Vasarais

First Rory Fitzpatrick, now Kevin McLean. Conspiracy theorists have scoffed at the possibility of another rigged vote. In the case of Fitzpatrick, he was an undeserving candidate for the 2007 NHL All Star Game but millions voted for him despite not being on the ballot. However in the case of McLean, we have a deserving candidate who did not quite get his name on the election ballot. Neither of these men got the positions they so strongly revered, but questions are surfacing regarding the validity of both ballot counts.



Kevin McLean did not follow the orthodox campaign route that most candidates undertake. He did not seek approval from fellow students by way of a nomination form and in fact did not even attend the presidential speeches. However, as a result of S.L.S. by law found in ss. 6(13): The officer on duty shall write the (name of the write-in nominee)... upon a ballot... Thus, by way of this quintessential loophole, McLean was allowed to receive votes, despite his campaign commencing only two days prior to the election.

When most candidates are attempting to make the school a better place by way of false political tactics, Kevin stepped up to the plate by initiating his platform by way of scattering \$100 bills and Rolex watches all over the pit. Even Interim Dean Mazer was spotted donning a diamond



studded Rolex, waving his hand in the sky like he was P. Diddy. As the campaign may not have initially started with serious intentions, students fell in love with the idea of having mandatory five day weekends, tuition cut in half, and having the pop machines dispensing beer, wine, and spirits. Further, he promised that if he won he would take all of the students who voted for him to his private island (near Ohio) for a week filled of election celebrations.

In an unprecedented move, McLean held a pre-vote rally outside of the law school, which hundreds of current law student's attended. To begin the rally Kevin performed a dance rendition to the song "I'm Too Sexy," a song in which he co-wrote. Campaign Manager, Mason Lam, commented on the routine, "I can't really explain if he's pulling Michael



Jackson moves or Shakira's but one thing is certain, he is winning this damn election!" The rest of the crowd appeared to agree as they repeatedly cheered "K-MACK." Not prepared to dull the crowd with a long winded political speech, all Kevin had to say was, "Those who stand for nothing, fall for everything. Fall for me and all is good. You have to remember a man is only as faithful as his options. Your only option is Kev. Vote for me and I will BUY the school. Now follow me to the polls!" That they did. Mason escorted Kevin through the crowd and to the polling station where the both of





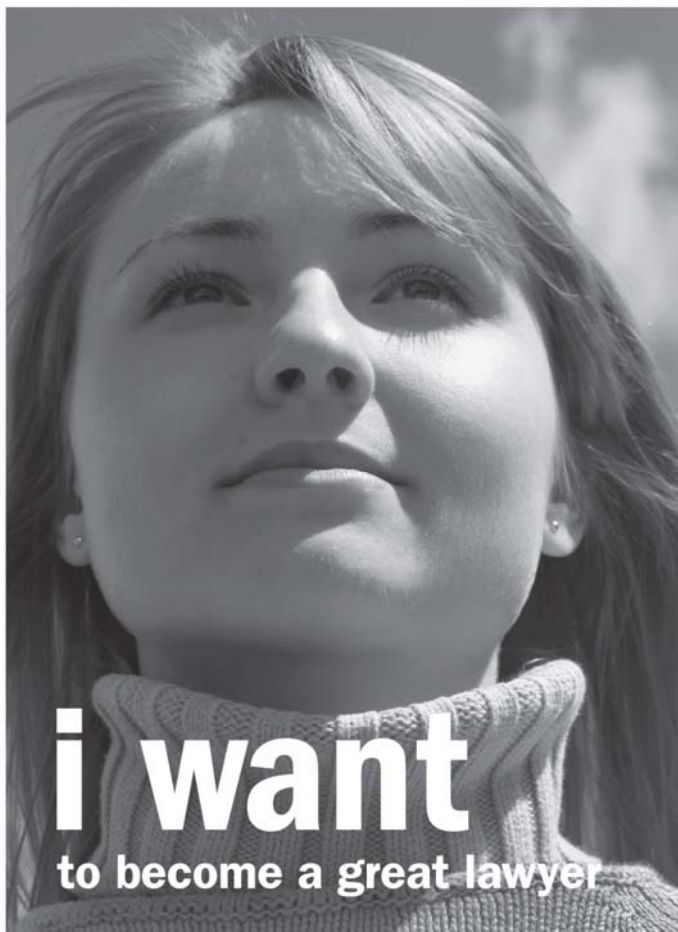
them were spotted as being the first to cross out one of the original candidate's names and replacing it with "Kevin McLean."

Following Kevin's vote, the lineup to vote was amassed 273 students, most of which were rumored to be voting for McLean. However as the polls closed and ballots tabulated, McLean was not elected to be the 2007-08 S.L.S. president. The student body appeared to be in disbelief at the results and it sent shock through the law school. Even newly appointed President

Jude Atwood was stunned, saying "Even I voted for Kevin, something is not right because he offered something different, something I believed in." When asked about handing over the title, she said she would think about it, but refused to comment further.

The only thing that is clear is that no one really knows what happened. Many theories have been put forward ranging from a miscount of the ballots, throwing out of votes, to apes doing the counting, but Kevin believes that the pencils provided at the polls were not sharp enough to validly write his name on the ballot. He raged, "You have people only being able to write Kev, or K-Mack, not everyone was able to legibly write my full name. Guaranteed if you add all of these votes, I am the president."

In the end, Kevin graciously accepted defeat and decided that he will endure an additional fourth year at Windsor Law just so that he can fulfill his dream to be President of the S.L.S. for the 2008-09 school year. Best of luck in the campaign!



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# The People You'll Meet *By Alex Procope* while articling

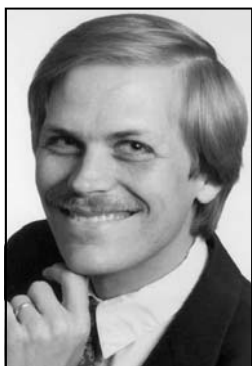


Alex Procope during less stressful days.

Oyez alum and last year's Editor, Alex Procope, is currently living the Bay Street articling experience. Never a group to waste valuable resources (or find a way to avoid doing work ourselves), we bothered him all year to give us something on his experience that could serve as a guide to all those third students heading out into the big, bad, real world. Without further ado, we are please to present a guide to all the potential colleagues you'll meet while working...

## **The Articling Student**

Obsessed with work to the point that concerns about the well being of their pets and plants come to mind. Downtrodden and weary from the anxiety that this one year alone will determine the outcome of their entire lives. Naturally gravitates to conversations about the law when in packs. Their optimistic yet depressing dispositions are comparable to none other than --- the first year law student.

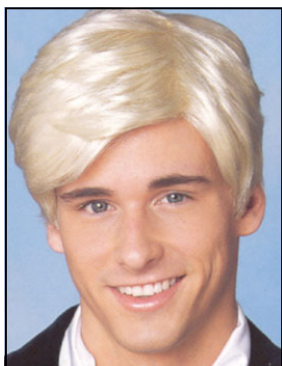
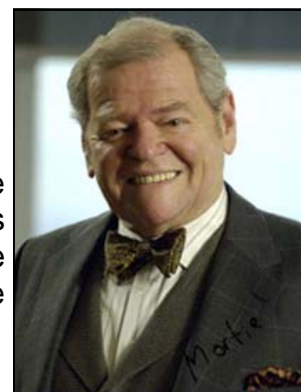


## **The Lecherous Partner**

Easily confused with the player but with one small addition – a spouse. Reminds everyone how helpful the smoking new articling student has been with the continual assignments. Skipped the lecture in human rights class where we learned that its wrong to try and get someone beneath you, beneath you.

## **Mr. Establishment**

Ever watch blaxploitation flicks from the 70s? Familiar with the phrase "the man"? Well.....now you've met him. We're not sure if he spends his time actually billing hours, perpetrating conspiracies to keep the brothas down, or just keeping everyone else informed about what the latest news at the private club is.



## **The First Year A\$\$**

It's so comfortable knowing squat that it's easy to forget what its like to know less than squat. The A\$\$ is happy to remind the articling students just how little they know about practicing law, working with lawyers, how to tie a tie, and the "only" places to go for dinner. May actually just be nice to you or may feign helpfulness then tell your principal you suck, it's hard to tell.





**The Master**

Takes their job title a little too seriously. The Master walks trembling students through whatever they will. Be that taking a signed order to the court office for filing, going back to their principal and telling the firm to get their act together, or telling them to find a new career.

**The Fantasy Assistant**

The girl all the boys went to law school for. Smart, sexy, can type a letter at 180 words per minute, and thinks people should just relax about the whole sexual harassment thing. She doesn't exist. But this may not stop you from telling your non-law type friends about her.



**The Believer**

Can be widely applied to anyone who believes in the firm, in the importance of the menial tasks we do, in the law and its supportive apparatus, in you. Basically the one who you and I might think is misguided.

**Magic Mickey**

Knows little about almost everything but is magically adept at organizing circumstances (time and space) to permit others to maintain the exact opposite belief –namely that he or she knows everything about everything.



**The Statistician**

Keeps track of every person's personal agenda: who works the most hours, who orders the most dinners, who uses the most taxi chits, who works the most evenings, who works the most weekends, the record for most consecutive days in a row, who is pissed off at the most lawyers and who's worked with the most lawyers. Basically a person you want to punch in the face every time you see them.

**Notorious**

A.K.A. "the player". Will ask you about your work but is more interested in what girls from your law school you can introduce him to.



**The Primadonna**

Nobody's ish is as important or eminent as theirs. Just ask 'em, they'll tell you. Make sure you have a more important name to drop if they need work done – like– yesterday.

**The Lone Gunslinger**

Surrounded by an air of mystery, this one scoffs at thought of getting a student to do work. May get drunk at a firm party and grab your date's a\$\$\$. Also, probably has 2 cats, "Lord" and "Denning".



# l a s t w o r d

## *The Oyez's Registration Guide for 2007/08*



**W**e at the Oyez realize that in the blur that is first year, you give little thought to next week, let alone next year. However, you will soon be faced with the decision of which courses to register for and naturally this selection should focus on the area of law you intend on pursuing in your future legal career. A “primer” has been prepared to assist you to prepare in these life changing decisions. Here are a list of courses that will likely be offered in the fall and we have taken it upon ourselves to provide a brief description to assist you in your selection because we at the Oyez really do care...no really, we do.

**A3J:** The administration finally ‘fessed up and admitted that after first year, A2J was a non-issue at Windsor Law. Realizing that a more advanced course in access to justice would be under-attended they created this course focussing on how you can work on Bay Street for the “man” and still maintain a front of leftist, hippie philosophies. Topics to be reviewed include: Living with Your Hypocrisy, The Right May Pay for Your Home in Rosedale, but They’ll Never Take Your Freedom, and How To Donate Your Money to Worthy Causes so you can Sleep at Night in your 800 Thread-Count Sheets.

**Remedial Property:** For those of you who didn’t get estates the first time around (read: everyone).

**Traditional Dispute Resolution:** No more of this fluffy, touchy feely mediation. BATNA BATNA my a\$\$, this course will teach the essentials of intimidation, how to avoid compromise and maintaining unwavering positions - the real way to negotiate. Special guest lecturers include: Harvey Strosberg, David McNevin and Lionel Hutz.

**Access to Cannotes:** The focus of this course will be on developing proper social relationships with upper year students in order to facilitate distributive note negotiations. Fifty percent of classes will be held at Rock Bottom to emphasize the practical necessity of this. Students will also learn how to be the next cannote producer and will study various topics including: "the importance of indexing," "merging text and class," "the art of colour coded tabbing" and "attendance avoidance and can-notes utilization: the perfect balance." Special Guest Lecturers will include past legendary can-notes fabricators such as Chris Sunstrum, Francesco Gucciardo and Steve Canto.

**Advanced Criminal Law:** Advanced Business, Advanced Family, but no Advanced Crim? It was here until last year, but it was conspicuously absent from the course book for 2006/07. It’s not like criminal law is a minor subject or something. Heck, a good number of us will either be a criminal lawyer, or need one at some point. Can someone get on this please?

**Lawyer as a Conflict Starter:** The anti-requisite to Lawyer as a Conflict Resolver. The course will focus on how best to escalate conflict, maintain irrational positions, and never settle so that you can pad your billable hours and ensure that you’re bilking clients for every possible minute. Pre-requisite: Traditional Dispute Resolution.

**Introduction to Photocopying, Collating and Binding:** In an effort to provide students with a practical law school course that addresses the issues encountered in first year, this course will focus on what Bay Street articling students will spend the majority of their time doing. To truly emulate the experience, students will be told to refer to the course only as “Introduction to Meaningful Work”. The focus will be on photocopying single and double sided contracts, court documents, and invitations to join fight clubs.

**How to Win Grade Appeals:** This course will be taught by Associate Dean Gold. It will adhere to the school’s tradition of only being useful while in law school. As a paper course, 100% of the mark will be attributable to the student’s mock appeal letter. Unfortunately it will cost an extra \$20 and approximately only 1% of those taking the class will pass.

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