

2001

The L, October - November 2001

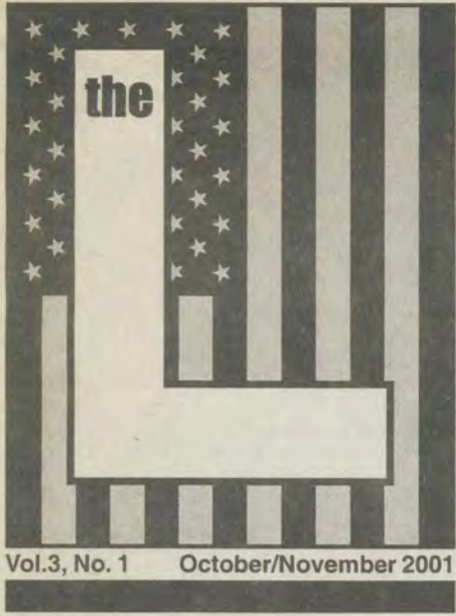
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Vol.3, No. 1 October/November 2001

The Voice of the New York Law School Community

America the Beautiful



ED WESTFIELD

Students Return to NYLS after Largest Attack in U.S. History

Susan L. Harper

On September 24, New York Law School—the only law school within blocks of “Ground Zero”—reopened two weeks following the biggest terrorist attack in US history.

Shaken members of the NYLS community hugged and embraced tightly upon first seeing each other. Questions once posed among students through frantic emails and sporadic telephone calls were now said face-to-face: *Are you ok? Are your friends and family ok?*

While students stood out-

side the School commiserating, the distinct odor of burning rubble emanating from what was once the World Trade Center lingered heavy in the air.

The smell served as a haunting reminder of the September 11, 2001 attacks, an event that resulted in the death of thousands of civilians, billions of dollars in damage, and a nation left in shock, mourning and at war.

Students, relieved to find their school was not structurally damaged, returned to NYLS and were greeted by “welcome back” signs. All students had to “check-in,” to confirm the status of their

return. Grief counselors were on hand to help individuals and groups cope with the shock and terror of the events.

Members of the community were thankful to learn that not one student, faculty member, administrator or staff member perished in the event. However, relief turned quickly into concern, and then sadness upon learning that not all of the NYLS community was so fortunate.

According to Dean Matasar, seventeen alums are still unaccounted for. Craig Lilore of the class of 1998 worked at Cantor Fitzgerald and is among the thou-

sands confirmed dead.

As students entered the classroom, no one knew what to expect. Recent traumatic events prevented most students from preparing for class. Many expressed concerns about their ability to focus on their work in the classroom. Some students also reported an inability to remember simple things, such as which classes they were in, or where they were at on the syllabus, due to the shock.

NYLS professors experienced the similar grief, trauma and shock that students experienced. In effort to get back to “normal,”

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NEWS

Pass-Fail Option Gets Green Light

After several weeks of debate, the NYLS faculty passed a resolution that will give every student one pass-fail option for a grade of D- or higher for the Fall 2001 semester.

The election of a pass-fail option will result in a "P" replacing the traditional letter grade on student transcripts.

In an October 23rd email to the student body, Dean Richard A. Matasar stated that the faculty passed the resolution "Because of the terrorist attacks of September 11th, and the resulting disruption in life of the community and of its members."

According to Dean Matasar, a pass or fail grade will not be used to calculate students' grade point average or class rank. Further, a brief explanation of the reasons for the adoption of pass-fail option will be noted on students' transcripts.

The resolution was passed at a faculty meeting held on Monday, October 22. The ad-hoc faculty committee formed to deal with this situation included Professors

Carol Buckler, David Chang, Bill LaPiana, Rick Marciso, Stephen Newman, Tanina Rostain, and Ed Samuels. Third-year students Ed Maggio, SBA president, and Ninowtzka Mier, the L's editor-in-chief, sat in on the meeting as representatives of the student body.

For students still experiencing academic challenges after exercising the pass-fail option at the end of the semester, Matasar stated that such students must still appear before the Academic Status Committee.

"The Committee will be told of the actual grade in the pass-fail course," Matasar noted. "This rule shall not effect any rule that sets a minimum level for work done to fulfill particular requirements."

Jethro Lieberman, associate dean of academic affairs, will handle the mechanics of this election process. The administration will announce how the process will be implemented. **L**

Writing Program Gets Makeover

Edward J. Maggio

In response to the comments raised by students last spring regarding problems with the 1st year Legal Writing Program, new changes suggested have been implemented.

"We take the feedback of the students and address it. We incorporate what we have heard into our training," said Jethro Lieberman, associate dean of academic affairs.

On the teaching end, instructors received a one-day training event during the summer and continue to receive additional instruction. Three full-time employees are available to assist students within the Writing Department. Last year, there was no coverage for evening students, but now there is a staff person who is available from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

As a result of students' comments, a new textbook is in use.

"It covers what we wanted to be covered," said Dean Lieberman. "For years, students have griped at the textbook used

in the legal writing classes during the first year. The problem with first year books are that they tell you how to write as if you are a practitioner in the field who has done it for many years. We want to teach you as a beginner."

The responses on the newly created instruction materials have been positive.

"Students got the exercises better," said Lieberman.

This year, Legal Writing courses meet twice a week in the fall and once a week in the spring.

In addition to changes for first year students, upperclass students may now satisfy the Writing Requirement through a variety of writing and drafting courses. These courses are streamlined to include four significant writings that are to be highly critiqued by the instructor. This change in policy to satisfy the Writing Requirement has been popular with upperclass students.

"A section or two will be added for those courses due to the popularity," said Lieberman. **L**



Saint Louis University School of Law reaches out to NYLS.

Students Return

Continued from first page

some professors began class where they left off. Others took the time out to discuss the personal horror of September 11th and the "new" world that America now faces.

Professor Eugene Cerruti, following an open legal discussion of the events, took the time out to summarize five sections of previous class work to help students in his Criminal Procedure: Adjudication class get back on track. Other professors, such as Michael Botein and Joseph Marino, chose to hold free-style classroom discussions, allowing students to share their stories.

Lack of Communication

Like all of Lower Manhattan, the School's Internet server and telephone service were down following the attacks. Throughout the two weeks period the school was closed, the only communication most students had with NYLS was through private e-mail lists some professors maintained.

Students praised such professors as Kenneth Kettering for keeping the student body informed. Many cited that he was their only lifeline to the School during the two-week period of uncertainty.

Because of the interruption in Internet service, NYLS was forced to set up a temporary emergency website via a server based in Florida. The site informed students on everything from the status of classmates, to the new identification procedures pedestrians were required to use when entering below Canal Street. The site also provided students with alternate transportation routes since subways and Path train service was disrupted and tunnel and bridges were closed.

Displaced Students

Following September 11th, students living in Lower Manhattan scrambled to find temporary housing. Many, were without the basics, including clothing and books.

When they were finally permitted to reenter their neighborhood, they grappled

with checkpoints and a blanket of dust covering the inside of their homes.

Many of these students shared stories of the Red Cross and National Guard setting up camp in their buildings. Others relayed accounts of the noises from the late night helicopter flights and the recovery equipment keeping them awake. Downtown residents, including students, now expressed concerns for the air quality within the neighborhood.

Over a month later, many students are still displaced from their workplaces. The New York City Law Department Office of Corporation Counsel, which serves as a major legal training ground for NYLS students, closed its main offices located at 100 Church Street as result of the attacks. Additionally, students who worked in the now-destroyed World Trade Center and surrounding damaged buildings are now required to report to work in scattered temporary locations throughout the City and surrounding metropolitan area.

The School's finest and bravest students returned to school with the heaviest of hearts. Such students who serve members of law enforcement and area fire departments would take time out of their studies to attend the countless funerals and memorial services for friends and colleagues lost in the rescue effort. Many continue their brave efforts of sifting through the rubble at Ground Zero. Emotionally and physically exhausted, these students are required to maintain 12-hour shifts due to the City being on its highest alert ever.

Today, NYLS is still grappling with the events of September 11th as the United States continues its war effort aimed at the Taliban in the hopes to apprehend suspected terrorist Osama bin Laden and halt his al-Qa'ida network based in Afghanistan.

Many students privately expressed fear of future attacks, including biological and chemical warfare.

About a dozen students have chosen either not to return or to take a leave of absence from NYLS this semester. **L**

The L mourns for everyone lost in the attacks of September 11, 2001. We salute this City's fire, police, emergency and rescue personnel for their call above and beyond the line of duty. And we support our Nation's resolve to combat terrorism here and abroad.

Recent Grad Passes Away Suddenly

We sadly inform the community of the passing of Natalie Toussaint, a graduate of the Class of 2001. Natalie died suddenly this summer from a heart condition. An active member and contributor to BLSA, Natalie also worked with Bob Ward in the Audio Visual department and was on the verge of starting her career in law at Deloitte & Touche.



Natalie Toussaint

If you would like to send condolences to Natalie's parents, you can do so by contacting our Human Resources Office.

NYLS Alum Among the Confirmed Dead in WTC

Altagracia Dilone Levat
Associate Dean of Public Affairs

For many weeks after the destruction of the Trade Center, our alumnus, Craig Lilore '98, was listed among the missing, his wife Caroline ever hopeful. Sadly, we have just received his obituary. Craig died on September 11, at the age of 30, on the 104th floor of Tower 1 with hundreds of his colleagues at Cantor Fitzgerald. He is survived by Caroline, their young son Joseph Craig, and his many family members and friends.

Craig was born and raised in Caldwell, New Jersey, and is remembered as an

outstanding high school athlete who played varsity football and baseball and was an avid golfer. He graduated from Seton Hall University, School of Business, magna cum laude, in 1995 with a Bachelor's degree in finance. Upon graduation from New York Law School in 1998, he started work as an institutional stock trader for the bond-trading firm Cantor Fitzgerald. He was a member of both the New York and New Jersey Bar Associations.

Memorial donations may be made to Joseph D. Lilore Memorial Trust, c/o Ralph T. Lilore, 1425 Broad Street, Clifton, NJ 07013.

A Word From the SBA

Dear Students,

It has been the custom of the Student Bar Association to welcome students to the beginning of another year at New York Law School. However, on this occasion we welcome back all of our institution's students who have been kept away by the tragedy and devastation that has come to our community.

At this difficult time, the gradual return to the classroom and the stress from the recent tragic events have made our emotions run high. As we slowly return to a routine of normalcy, we must be equally resilient in our patience and understanding of one another and our situation.

It is important to remember that no one is alone in this demanding time in our school's history. The faculty, staff, and the Student Bar Association have been working hard to address many of your concerns and difficulties, and we shall continue to do so in the days ahead. Please feel free to drop by our office or contact us directly to voice your concerns and suggestions.

As students, I ask you to face the challenges that come our way with fortitude and cooperation. Be proactive in learning what you can do to assist the legal community and our own institution during this difficult and trying time. Support the students who you know need assistance, whether it is academic or personal needs. And most importantly, show the courage and honor in your daily experiences that have given this city the respect of the world and pride to our own nation.

Sincerely,

Edward Maggio
President, Student Bar Association

Natalie: A Special Woman

Marcus Allison

I met Natalie the first week of my first semester. Late one night, while I was working at the Circulation Desk in the School's library, she walked in, looked my way, and said "hello." I greeted her and asked her what was her name. "Natalie Toussaint" she said. And I told her that I liked the name Toussaint, and Providence providing, I would name my son Toussaint. She wrinkled her brow and laughed. She asked me why would I give a kid a name like that, and I told her that Toussaint L'Overture was a revolutionary in Haitian history. Besides that, he was instrumental in freeing Haiti from the greedy grasp of the French. "He was a great man," I said. And she said, "Yeah, he was great, but suppose Providence also provides my son with a lisp, how would he pronounce his name?" We laughed and I knew at that moment that she was a special person.

Over the course of the next two semesters, Natalie was a constant source of helpful information. She helped me deal with the ordeal that we call Our First Year. There were days when I did not feel up to studying, and Natalie was always encour-

aging. And in my second semester, when I could no longer work in the school's library, she suggested that I make a request to work in the Audio Visual department. Natalie also worked in that department, where we saw each other only in passing. She was terribly busy. It was her third year, and besides taking classes, she was preparing to take the bar exam. Despite her academic obligations, she always made time to ask how things were going, offered advice readily if asked.

The second semester ended, and I never saw Natalie again. I thought about her often as I did not do as well as I thought I would last semester, and I dreaded telling her for fear of her disappointment.

Near this summer's end I heard that Natalie died. Initially, I thought the news was inaccurate, that maybe this bit of bad news referred to another Natalie; perversely, I wished it was not this Natalie, not the one that I knew better than the rest, not the Natalie who was so kind, so friendly and so giving. But it was.

Death is a strange thing. One is inclined to question the bearer of bad news of the manner in which it occurred: "How did it happen? When? Where? As if falli-

ble answers would somehow raise the dead: "Not a good enough reason to die, so bring her back!" But death happens with no concern for the reasons, and, as we all know, sometimes the reasons are never good enough.

I don't know why Natalie died. I mean, metaphysically. The cause and effect of it all isn't that important to me. This beautiful young lady just finished law school, just took the bar exam, and just got her dream job. What sense does it make? Maybe one can make sense of it, but I think it is a useless exercise. The best reasons in the world won't change what has happened, and are not suitable palliatives for a tragic end of a beautiful person.

But one must. And this is how I make sense of it all. Wake up each day with the thought that it may be your last. Recognize that life, and it's end, cannot be predicted; that what you leave after your demise is how you shall be judged; that life is too short to be taken for granted, and that those whom you love and respect should be told beforehand that those whom you love and respect should be told before it's too late.

Natalie was special.

editorial

The Call to Duty

When I began this year I thought that my life would begin to take a new direction. I thought that I would take the L to a new and exciting level while still maintaining the integrity the previous Editor-in-Chief, Susan Harper, worked so hard to build. I have always maintained that without Susan there would not be a newspaper. Today, I am surer of that fact than ever before.

I began my tenure with this paper as the arch nemesis of many within the School's administration. Today, I am closer to them than ever. I've always thought that after my December graduation I would close the book on NYLS and never look back. I do not feel that way anymore. Forever, I will have a permanent bond with this school. I have made lifelong friendships with many students and professors. We won't always talk with each other, and maybe, there will be months or even years when we do not speak, but they will always be my friends.

Regrettably, I will be unable to continue on as Editor-



Louis J. Russo III
Senior Editor

in-Chief of the L. Being a New York City Police Officer, my duties since September 11th now fall to the community at large and not just to the New York Law School community. Although I will not be handling the day-to-day operations, the L will continue under the new leadership of Ninowtzka

Mier who will now act as Editor-in-Chief. Susan Harper will continue with the L as well, working closely with Ninowtzka to bring her up to speed and to continue to handle business end of the paper during this transition time. I will remain an Editor, and from time to time will contribute an article, if time permits. (You didn't think you could get rid of me that easily, huh?)

Now more than ever, I invite all NYLS students and professors to get involved in an exciting and rewarding publication and work with us to continue to move the paper in the direction its founders intended.

The L is the voice of the New York Law School Community and you can be part of it. **L**

These Big Shoes to Fill

I feel privileged to be part of such a talented and creative group of writers. While I am honored to take on the role of Editor-In-Chief, I am sensitive to the fact that if not for recent events, this position would be filled by Lou Russo. As a dedicated New York City Police Officer, Lou was forced to step down from the position. However, we are proud to include his contributions to **the L** whenever his schedule permits.

As the L's new Editor-In-Chief, I am proud to say that I have a network of experienced and dedicated editors who devote endless hours, including their Friday nights, to countless revisions and layout strategies. Without them, this job would be impossible. However, we need your help to make this publication thrive and a permanent part of NYLS. We are a student-run publication and we want to keep it that way. So, I urge you to call us, contribute, and write something, anything. Be a part of **the L** and make it your own. **L**



Ninowtzka Mier
Editor-in-Chief



Finding Comfort

This issue of **the L** touches upon our stories of survival during one of the most tragic moments in American history. In these few pages, we have tried to capture the experiences some of our fellow students and community members endured at the moment of the attacks, as well as their afterthoughts in response to the evil and inhuman acts inflicted upon our citizenry.

While these events are somber, we are fortunate that we face them together as a community. There is comfort in numbers. The outpouring of love, support and concern we have all received from our law school friends and community at large is a testament to the magnificent human spirit in all of us.

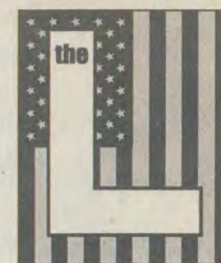
We must celebrate this, and be reminded, that when the world does not seem to make sense, we are fortunate to have each other at New York Law School. **L**



Susan L. Harper
Founding Editor

The L would like to thank everyone who submitted to this issue. To preserve the originality of these historic pieces, there was limited editing.

—eds.



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The L is the voice of the New York Law School community. We keep the community informed of relevant school news and events and provide a forum for students, alumni, faculty, staff and other members of the NYLS community to express their views and opinions. **The L** also features content dealing with legal issues and other topics of interest to members of the NYLS community.

The L is independently published by its student members and is released every month while school is in session. Contributions from students, faculty, alumni, staff, and all members of the NYLS community are always welcome.

The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of **the L**, any of its editors or staff members, or the students, faculty, or staff of New York Law School.

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All submissions should be on disk with a hard copy attached and either mailed or placed in our submissions' box in front of our office, room L2 in the lower level of the NYLS student center. Submissions may also be emailed to L@nyls.edu.

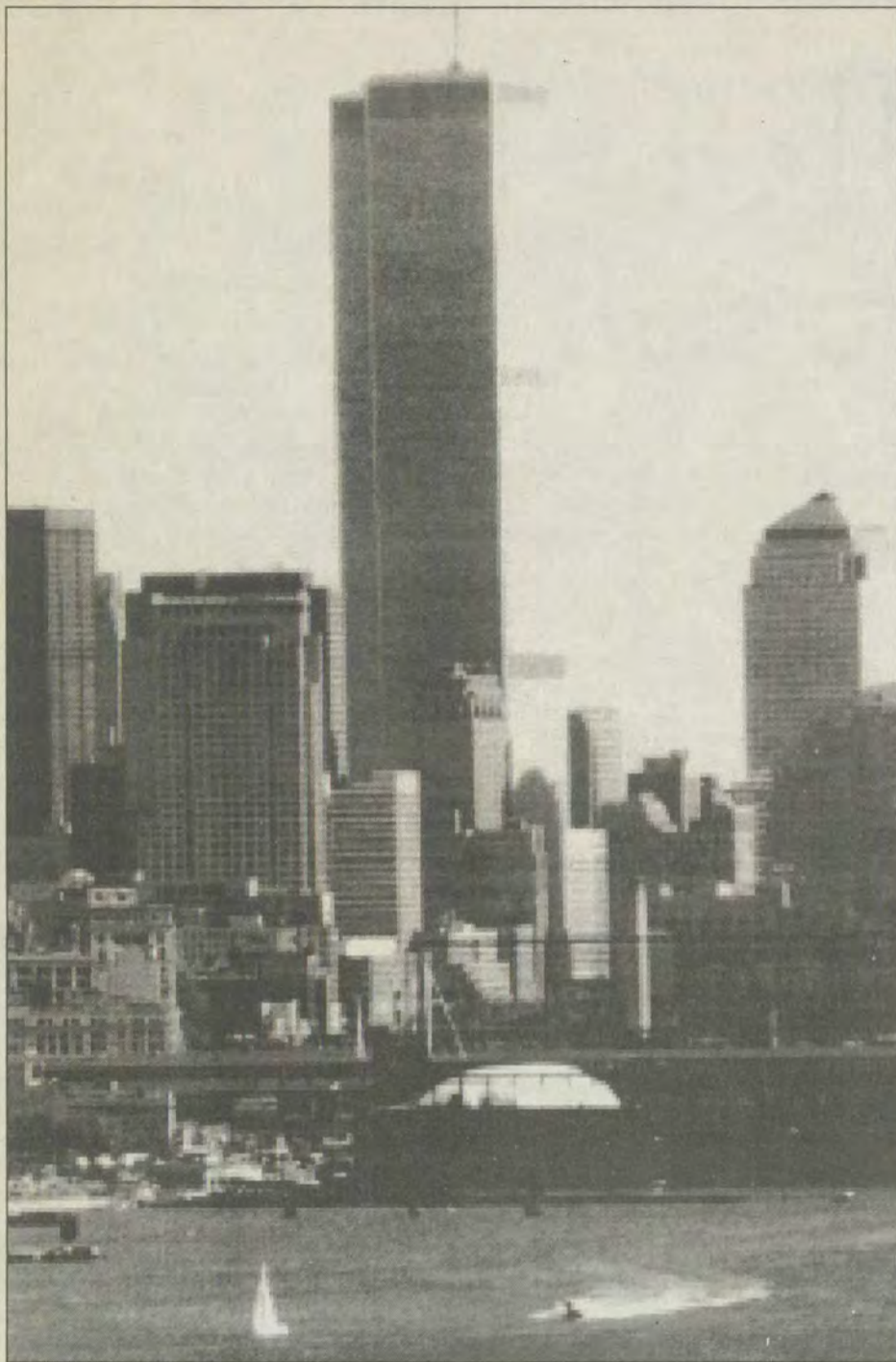
All submissions are due by 5 pm on the Thursday two weeks prior to the release date. Please include your name, telephone number, and email address with your submission.

Please address all submissions, letters, and other correspondence to:

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DAVID KIM

I Lost a Friend

Louis J Russo III

I lost a friend today. A friend I never knew.

I can remember times when sat and stared at them. Their size and strength was overwhelming. I enjoyed looking up and watching them. If I stood close enough and stared up, I could see them sway ever so slightly. I was amazed by how they danced back and forth, almost as though they would tip over. But they never did, they just stood there and shined for the world to see.

I know nothing about architecture and I have heard that most architects found them far from a modern marvel. Some have even called them ugly. Well, they were beautiful to me.

As a boy, I grew up not knowing them. Although we were born the same year, we did not meet until my late teen years. It was love at first sight.

The affair began with a look. From time to time, we teased each other. I stared and they gleamed back at me. It was an affair that I knew would last forever.

At times, I stood close to them, looked straight up and wondered—could they fall? What would happen if they did? Quickly that idea was dismissed because I knew that couldn't happen. They can't fall, I would say. Their strength was part of their beauty.

Now more than ever, I think back to the times we shared. To the times we spent together. I have learned that even in this time of sorrow they represent something. They represent the resolve in all of us.

My affair has changed but it has not ended. My affair is now one of pictures and memories. And as many wise people have told me, I would rather have loved and lost than to never have loved at all. **L**

With awe we stand
Twin horror we see
Look askance, eyes glazed
Heart-felt sadness, near tears

Lines ring with alarm
Lives forsaken, lives discarded
Sirens blare fear, light flash dread
Twice hope collapses, what have we done?

—Peter A. Joannidis, Father of a New York Law School student

Written September 11, 2001, around 11 a.m.

Got Off the PATH That Morning...

Ninowtzka Mier

The PATH train arrived at the WTC at 8:45 a.m. I had just enough time to get to school and read for my 11 o'clock Wills class. The sub-basement platform bustled with commuters lining up the narrow escalator to reach the basement. As I reached the top, I heard a thunderous boom. The basement, now filled with hundreds of people, was still. A girl turned to me and asked, "Did you hear that?"

Police officers ran through the crowd and up the escalators "Get out of the way, get out of the way," they shouted. I continued to walk towards the same escalators the officers had raced up only seconds earlier. "Bomb!" someone yelled. People screamed and I raced up the seemingly endless steps to the Lobby level of the World Trade Center. My heart raced and I couldn't get enough air into my lungs, but I was not prepared for what I was about to witness next.

I stepped out onto Vesey where shards of glass littered the street. I walked toward West Broadway and looked up. Black smoke engulfed the top of the WTC. "What happened?" I asked two guys standing on the corner. They told me an American Airliner crashed into the building. I believed it was an accident. I believed it was pilot error, and the WTC was taller than he estimated. Wishful thinking, I suppose.

As I watched the flames destroy the tower, I watched a large piece of debris drop. Then another, then another. Except, I slowly realized that I was watching people fall from the tower. I didn't even realize I was screaming until a woman, a stranger, hugged me. I watched because I felt that was all I could do. I stood there because I couldn't turn my back on those people.

Then, I realized the streets became uncontrollably filled with spectators and emergency vehicles trying to get through. I decided I was not doing any good standing there. As I turned to walk north on West

Broadway, I heard an explosion. It was the second plane. Windows exploded nearby and I covered my head. I felt like it defeated all logic to run since there was no safe place to go. I thought that as long as I was around buildings, I was in danger.

Then, I thought about my family, my parents. I caught my breath and ran. I ran to school—the only place I could go. That was the longest run of my life. When I finally got there, I found some friends who made the same commute into the New Jersey on the PATH station.

The NYLS staff was kind enough to let us use the phones to call our families and tell them we were alright. But I still didn't feel safe. I could only tell my mother in Florida that I was ok for the moment. Rumors about a bomb in school ran wild. We didn't know where to go. As we made our way out of the school, we noticed the news on the giant screen in the cafeteria. It was simply too much to take in. One of the towers collapsed and the Pentagon was on

fire. I felt like the floor beneath me disappeared.

We had nowhere to go. We couldn't even go back home to Jersey. We finally left and walked to a friend's home in the city. Later that evening, a few of us made our way to a Hoboken Ferry on 33rd Street. We watched the city burn as we glided across the Hudson away from the devastation. When we arrived at 10 p.m., officers ordered anyone who was within ten blocks of the WTC to the front of the Ferry. My friends and I obeyed. We were taken aside and hosed from head to toe with several cold hoses. "You don't want to take whatever you got on you home," they said.

We were wrapped in donated blankets and greeted by a runway of volunteers. "Would you like water, something to eat?" I couldn't help but cry. As I shivered, I was warmed by the compassion and sincere goodness these volunteers personified. I was home.. **L**

features

Dean Matasar: My WTC Story

Dean Richard A. Matasar

Colleagues, I have been asked by the editors of the L for my thoughts concerning September 11th and its aftermath. This is not an easy assignment, because so much has transpired, so many individual stories of tragedy and heroism have been told, many speeches have been given, and so much news has been delivered that I am unsure that any of us can articulate coherently any longer what these events mean. Nonetheless, I will share with you my thoughts—unconnected, perhaps incoherent, but deeply personal—about these events.

September 11th. Sitting in my office, I heard a plane, flying too low overhead. I heard an explosion. A plane crash? In Manhattan? Any injuries?

Phones are ringing. A plane has crashed into the Trade Center. Panic on the streets. Are our students ok? Can they get here? Can they get home? Let's assess the situation, calm down the panic in our home.

It's only been a few minutes, but it's clear, school is over for the day (and how many thereafter?). We need to get people out of class and home before transportation is impossible. We need to clear the streets of our students. Too many of us are standing on West Broadway, just looking, looking and soon experiencing more than

anyone would want. A second plane, an explosion, the feeling of heat, debris falling.

Get back to the law school, get our students, faculty, and staff to safety. Should we go home? Should we stay? The police have made it plain: do not leave unless there is someplace to go. Transportation is down. The Towers are down. Other planes are in the air. The cloud is coming down Church Street. People are running. They are covered in soot.

We have students who work in the Towers. Are they ok? What about our commuters? What about the fire fighters, police, and emergency workers who are our students? Where can we go to help? To give blood?

Let's come together. If we meet and discuss, we can be calm. Let's get food into the hands of our community. Let's watch the news unfold together. Let's get word out on the Web. Let's get home before the day is out, and if we can't, let's stay here together.

It's 4:30, almost everyone has found a way home. Faculty, staff, and students riding together, walking together, comforting each other. Our power is out. Our phones are out. We need to close it down. 6:00—nothing more we can do here. All students have now left. It's time to start rebuilding, helping if we can.

It's night. How will we reach each other? How can we tell those who care that we are alive and well (and how can we find

out who we have lost)? Gotta be in touch by phone, by e-mail, by Web. Gotta meet. Gotta get the school open once again—soon. Can we get "back to normal?" Sleep. Not soon enough. Tomorrow is a new day and we begin anew.

No one will forget September 11th. But, no one should forget what has happened since. Our law school has come together as never before. Through non-stop efforts we found each other, alive and well. We have given each other comfort, grieved for our lost family and friends, resumed our studies, and continued to confront a new reality.

Our beloved neighborhood is still shaken. Fires burn and we have a daily reminder of destruction very close to us. We are sometimes very uncomfortable. It is hot and hard to breathe. But, here we are, back at school, now at war. And, we are confronting the critical questions that remain.

What will happen next? Will we ever be safe again? Why are we studying to be lawyers, who cares about fairness and rules, if so many around us are unconcerned about the lives of others and define justice in ways to justify the killing of innocent people?

I remain convinced that our very presence at New York Law School defines the greatness of our commitment to law. In spite of the tragedy that we have witnessed, the losses we have suffered, and the difficult

times we will confront, we are here. We are committed to asking the toughest questions: have the policies of our country contributed to the madness that has engulfed the world? Can we afford liberty if it diminishes our personal safety? Can we be an open society, freely available to citizens of the world? Will we forge new relationships with new nation states and still maintain our commitments to others? Will we be able to use law to help those in pain, to bring resources to those who have suffered financial loss, to help people reconstruct their lives?

The law is our tool to answer these questions. Legal study is our weapon in fighting for what we believe and against the things we oppose. Where the law falls short, we must be informed sufficiently to hold our leaders accountable, to advocate for change if they are wrong, and to support them when they decide.

These are patriotic times, but patriotism means more than unthinking support. Now is the time for all of us at New York Law School to build our portfolio of talents and knowledge—to ensure our commitment to the rule of law, to gain understanding of conflict, to learn about dispute resolution, to obtain the skill to help those in need, and to give us hope that the future will bring structure and coherence once again in our complicated world.

—R.M.

Crash Witness Remembers Lost Friend

Sherie Rosenberg

I remember that day vividly because the weather was beautiful. I woke up exhausted and rushed to get to my 9 a.m. class. I bumped into my friend on the subway. While we stood on Worth and Church Street, my friend asked what that loud noise was. We looked up and saw the American Airlines plane fly right over our heads.

I remember saying, "Wow, that plane is flying really low." Just as we turned our heads we heard a huge boom and saw the plane hit the first Tower. It was incredible and unreal. We paced up the street wondering what just happened.

It was 8:42 a.m. I tried to

use my cell phone to get through to my mother. I thought that the plane had engine trouble. My friend, however, immediately recognized that it was a terrorist attack. Some pedestrians cried. It wasn't until the second plane hit that everyone panicked. We couldn't see that it was a second plane from the angle we were at. My mother relayed this information to me by cell phone and told me to get out of there.

I recall a girl screaming, "Oh my god, my boyfriend works there!!" Little did I realize that my boyfriend's best friend, Andy, worked for Cantor Fitzgerald on the 105th floor. My boyfriend spoke to Andy by phone moments after the first plane hit. Andy told him that they were trapped and

that he didn't think they were going to make it. While on the phone, he coughed and then the line went dead. That was the last time anyone ever talked to Andy.

We walked and hysterical people tried to use their cell phones and pay phones. We didn't want to use the subways, so we just kept walking. I stopped for water and looked at two people who were campaigning. I wondered if they knew what just happened. I also remember seeing all the police and fire trucks racing down the streets. I know now these must have been the first men in the building and that they were probably inside when the towers collapsed.


At 9:40 a.m., a woman in a deli shouted that the Pentagon just

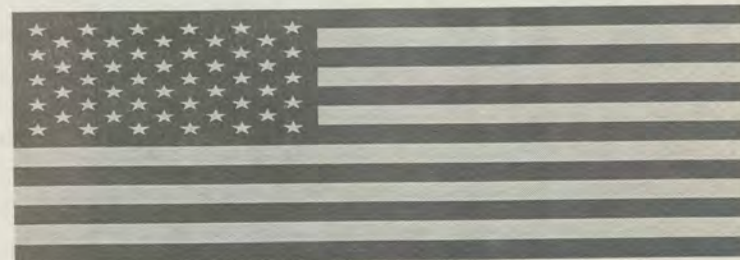
got hit. We found a driver who drove us as far uptown as possible. In the car, we listened to the news and heard that the first tower collapsed. Traffic wasn't moving, so we got out. I carried three classes worth of books from Tribeca to the upper-east side, but it didn't even phase me.

Two days later, a volunteer called Andy's family to say he thought he saw Andy at a triage center in New Jersey. It was bitter

sweet. All of the hospitals were empty and no "John Does" were brought in. Andy is no longer with us.

Today, I still have my boyfriend's rightful voice on my answering machine telling me something is going on at the World Trade Center and to just call to let him know that I am alright.

I just keep on thinking, is anyone really alright? 



Student Helps Disabled Man Escape WTC

Elizabeth Valandingham

Thanks to faulty alarm clocks, broken shoelaces, tardy transit buses, many people were kept away from the World Trade Center that horrible September 11th morning. But at least one person is grateful that such things did not stop Gerry Simpkins from arriving to work on time that morning—John Abruzzo.

John and Gerry work for the Port Authority. Their office was on the 69th floor of 1 World Trade Center. John is a 300-pound, wheelchair bound paraplegic. Gerry helped save his life.

Shortly before 9 a.m., the first plane struck. The building shook violently. Glass, desks, paper, debris and people fell past their windows. "I'm going to die," thought Gerry. Silver-gray smoke took over the office. Co-workers scattered and ran for exits. Gerry and several friends grabbed John and transferred him into a special evacuation wheelchair the company provided after the 1993 bombing. They ran towards the stairway. People trapped inside elevators

screamed. Jet fuel seeped from the elevator doors and saturated the floor. The fumes were putrid.

They began down the stairs, two people on both sides of the wheelchair. The stairwell was narrow and thick smoke made it hard to breathe. Frantic people barreled down the stairs behind them and begged to squeeze by. Police officers pushed up past them and congratulated their efforts. Water flowed through holes and cracks in the stairway walls. Alarms began ringing. No one spoke.

They held John and continued down. The smoke thickened and it became impossible to see. Gerry rushed ahead to find a safer stairwell and found one on the 44th floor. "It's really hot, but there's no smoke", he yelled to the group. Over and down they continued as FBI agents scrambled up. One blurted that a plane crashed into the second tower. Gerry's knee throbbed. But he had no time to think of the surgery he had two weeks ago. Firemen rushed up carrying hoses and equipment. "Move off the stairwell. Leave your friend—we'll bring him down

later," one coughed. The lights went out and everything began to shake. "No, we're taking him now," the group protested. "Fine, but stay to one side," answered the firemen.

They continued down in the dark, balancing John in his chair. Gerry's muscles began to ache. Around the 12th floor, firemen retreated down the stairs after them, yelling, "go, go, go!" The walls were crumbling and water began shooting from everywhere. They moved as fast as they could and reached what was left of the lobby. Doors and windows were blown from the hinges. Shattered glass, paper, and gray powder floated in the air and coated the floor. Time stood still. They ran toward the sunlight that filtered in through the smoke. They were finally outside.

A fireman rushed to them, grabbed a side of John's chair, and directed them to a fire truck. More gray powder covered the streets. Gerry glanced back. The buildings were blazing and people were jumping from top floors. He tripped over something horrid and didn't look down again. John was becoming heavier to carry. They were exhausted but continued on. There was an unearthly sound and tower two collapsed. People screamed and sprinted down the street. A gigantic charcoal-black cloud chased after them. They clutched John's chair and ran several blocks to Stuyvesant High School. "Is this World War III?," Gerry thought. Ambulance workers reached for John as tower one collapsed. Gerry waved to John and the ambulance drove away.

The next time Gerry saw John was at the Port Authority memorial service held at Madison Square Garden. "You really need to lose some weight," Gerry joked. John smiled. Together, they watched the names of their lost friends and co-workers scroll across a screen.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID KIM

12-Hour Shifts for Student Policeman

Ninowtzka Mier

Who wouldn't want to see a Yankee game? Imagine, Derek Jeter slams a screaming homerun out of the park at the bottom of the ninth inning, the cheering crowd is deafening, music is blaring and the announcer shouts "Yankees win!" Now imagine standing outside because you are on duty at Yankee stadium.

Though disappointed he was missing the game, Lou Russo, a 4L evening student and New York City police officer, liked hearing the crowd cheer. He had to miss his six o'clock class that night to secure the stadium. His assignment that evening was to look for suspicious packages or anything out of the ordinary.

But this is only a glimpse into Lou's daily work. Ordinarily assigned to the Legal Bureau of One Police Plaza, he's been on constant duty ever since the World Trade Center tragedy on September 11th. He's participated in the bucket brigade, collected DNA material and issued death certificates at Pier 94. Lou recalled it was tough dealing with the family members. "It was the most difficult thing I've done during this unfortunate time."

Lou must now take precautions when opening mail in the office. He even took courses on how to properly and safely handle mail and packages that come to police headquarters. "We have to wear gloves and

look for anything suspicious like, no return address, cryptic handwriting. But we have to keep opening the mail, we have to keep living, we have to keep things moving."

Now, Lou passes officers with machine guns when reporting to work. There are ID checkpoints all around his building, even in the parking lot.

His new schedule also requires him to be dressed in uniform, instead of his usual shirt and tie. At six-foot 3-inches, Lou commands attention while in his "police blues." In fact, when he went to school in uniform one evening, a student asked if there was a problem he should know about. He recalled and grinned, "people notice you more when you're in uniform."

But besides the usual police work, Lou attends funerals and memorials two or three times a week. "I lost a few friends on the force, and even a fireman I went to high school with."

Even with his increased work-load, he tries to keep up with school. Though his department tries to accommodate every officer's needs, there just aren't enough cops to meet the city's new demands. After working a 12 to 15 hour day, he rushes to his classes and somehow squeezes in time to sleep.

Lou chuckled, "People who protest against the war should realize the men and women of the military and police died to protect the very freedom they enjoy." **L**

Collapse Throws Student Through Window

Ninowtzka Mier

"I didn't want to be buried, so I ran," Mark thought as sheets of debris poured over him on Vesey Street. He barely took 10 steps before a warm rush of air embraced him. Debris struck his back and head, as he tried to get away. But he couldn't get far enough before the first tower collapsed. His arms shielded his head as the impact launched the six-foot two-inch, 235-pound man through the first floor window of a nearby building. When he opened his eyes, everything was black.

"It was scary. I wasn't buried but I couldn't see or breathe either," he recalled.

It seemed like it was only a few moments ago, that Mark Desire, a 3L evening student, and Forensic Scientist prepared for

another usual day at the Office of Chief Medical Examiner at east 27th Street and 1st Avenue. But that day would be different.

Mark looked outside his office window, saw both towers smoking and heard his co-workers screaming. He thought it was a bomb. A partner of his came in and said, "We gotta roll."

He was called in to the site as the City's emergency response team. They parked on Vesey—near 7 World Trade Center, where he and his two partners scrambled to assemble a temporary command post for the City. As they worked, firefighters rushed past them into the towers. He stopped for a moment, looked up and couldn't imagine those giant towers falling down.

Continued on page 9

Student Pitches in at Ground Zero

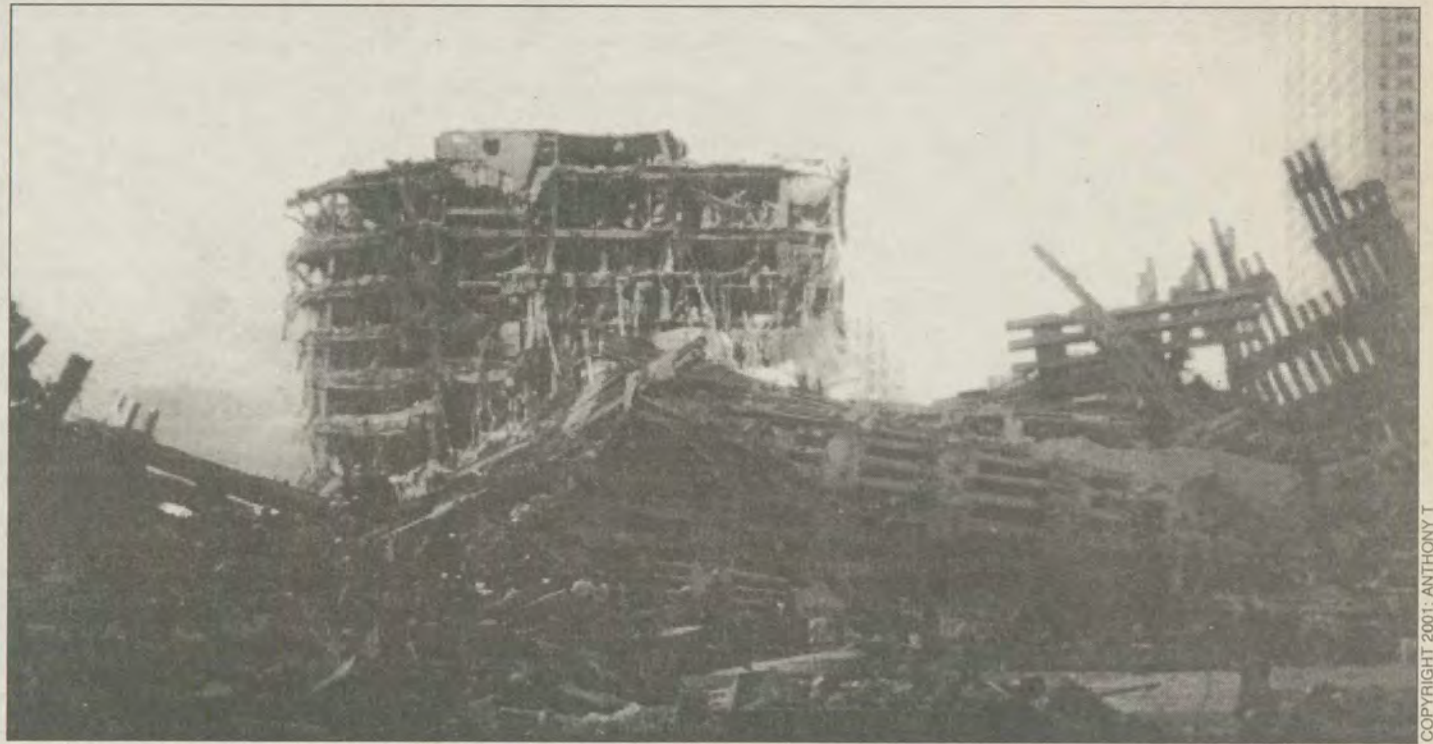
Ari Pelham

During the two weeks following the attacks on the WTC, I left the area known as Ground Zero only once. Like the other volunteers who had individually made their way into the area to organize the supplies, I slept where and when I could. I arrived on the first day by boat to see how I could help. Operating out of Chelsea Piers, the owner of the yacht that I navigate in the summer, used his speedboat, the Chelsea Screamer, to get area residents out of the area before the towers collapsed. Realizing the rescuers needed supplies, we brought a large canopy on the second day, along with our tables, chairs, and ice chests. We set up the "General Store," a supply depot at the base of the towers.

Although donations of supplies were poured in from around the country, very few of them ever reached us, due in part to security concerns. Additionally, during the first week there was no cohesive agreement between the 26 separate city, state and federal agencies working there on issues such as supplies, food and rest areas for the rescue workers. A disparate group of 40 or so volunteers, like myself, took on the responsibility to ensure that rescuers had the supplies they needed to carry out their grueling task, be it tools, basic medical needs, or dry clothing.

Using police launches and tug boats we were able to get many essential items into the area, including hardhats, respirators and digging tools. Concerned citizens donated things like bags of clothing and toiletries to police stations and fire-houses.

Twenty-four hours a day, exhausted



Rescue workers at Ground Zero the day after the attacks.

rescue workers came into my "store" for either specific needs, or simply looking for a reclusé of sanity away from the "pile" where they most remained digging. Some talked, many cried, and others were silent—overwhelmed by the sheer scale of what they were witnessing. Over the course of two weeks, I saw the same faces and tried to respond to their needs, whether it was making them laugh or just listening to them.

The first few days were the most difficult, as we were all as yet unable to comprehend the gravity of the situation, nor sure of how to operate and organize all that was needed. We volunteers had no training in

disaster management. But each day we became better equipped to deal with the work, doing whatever was necessary, including taking part in the "bucket brigade"—the line of people that stretched from the top of the pile to the ground, carrying off small amounts of rubble by hand. For the first week, we were threatened with arrest daily, as we had no authorization to be there. But nearly all of us stayed, as no one else was willing or able to do the work. As long as the rescuers were there, we would be too.

The Office of Emergency Management eventually recognized our efforts and gave us the authorization, while they wait-

ed for the professionals to come in and take over. Two weeks later, when the rescue operation ended, the Red Cross arrived with heavy machinery replacing most of the rescue workers. Although I was sick with exhaustion after 13 days without rest, it was difficult to leave. I knew that I witnessed the best of people. Adjusting to life on the "mainland" (anywhere but Ground Zero) took a long time, and I still have dreams that I am back in the rubble and tragedy. Even though those dreams are filled with images that I am trying hard to forget, I would do it all again: to help in whatever way I could. L



Disaster's Impact on the Net

Christopher Ross

The Internet in the past has frustrated, annoyed and aggravated us. Is it possible that it would ever be a source of comfort?

After being unable to contact anyone in New York City via telephone after the September 11, 2001 attacks, people moved to the next option—email. And if that didn't work, people tried some form of Internet Relay Chat (IRC) such as AOL instant messenger or Yahoo messenger.

Whether it was e-mail or IRC, the messages were basically the same:

"How are you?"

"Are you safe?"

"I'm in [some place outside of NYC] and I can't get hold of anyone."

"My thoughts and prayers are with you."

I was one of those who received such e-mails.

"I'm okay, thank you for your thoughts and prayers." was my initial response.

I immediately followed-up with:

"Can I help you?"

"What is your mom's number?"

"Girlfriend's?"

"Anyone else?"

I acted like an old-fashion telephone operator, collecting phone numbers via e-mail and IRC. I then began calling, and continued calling families and other loved ones for friends from my desk until I got them on the phone.

In the aftermath of the incident, relief organization and efforts have utilized the web to pass out and collect necessary information. They have also used it to help collect money for the relief efforts and the

victim's family in this time of crisis.

Of course there were instances where the Internet seemed to cause that same old aggravation with the plethora of rumors, concocted prophecies and half-truths.

The rumors included Nostradamus's prediction on World War III and a story of a fireman who surfed the rubble down 82 floors.

The Internet not only contributed to the speed at which this misinformation moved and gained momentum, but in many cases it caused even the most reliable news sources like Aaron Brown (CNN), Tom Brokaw (NBC), Peter Jennings (ABC) and Dan Rather (CBS) to report those things as truths.

When the day was done, On September 11, 2001 the Internet was able to provide comfort to some. L

If it matters to NYLS, it's in the L.

My Friend the Fireman

Michael Yorio

The sound of sirens always thrilled me as a kid. I would race along the sidewalk whenever a fire truck came down my block, never able to keep up. Back then, firemen used to stand on a running board at the back of the truck, holding onto a strap with one hand, and bounce up and down like they were on some kiddie-ride. At least one fireman would always wave back to me, always, and I felt like I just made a new friend. How do those guys go one way to do their everyday job, when everyone else runs the other? Heroism lies in routine courage.

A long time ago, Firefighter Silvio entered my fourth grade class and his boots filled the room. His helmet with a badge barely fit in the door and his open black coat crackled as he moved. What was that awful smell? Miss Collins blushed each time she looked at his smile, and I never

knew she was so small. Can't his moustache catch fire?

All I could see was his red truck outside the window, and I'm puzzled today why some of them are yellow. "Never pull a false alarm," he warned, "people might get hurt. And roll on the ground if your clothes catch fire," he advised, "no air will put it out." Do firemen still visit grammar schools? Childhood idols walked those halls.

I still stop and watch fire trucks go by, and silently salute routine heroes. But the siren today says the ride is not fun. Work and sweat is in that bounce and death is in that smell. Dread goes with each passing truck and I fear for Silvio's moustache. If ever I could see him again, I would tell him that his long-ago words surely saved lives, and that one boy thrills to see his red truck. If I could bring them all back again, I would, if only to wave 342 times, and say thank you for being my friend. **L**



Downtown Memories

Yadhira Gonzalez

I was here at the school the morning of September 11, 2001. It was an unusually great day. Interviews were on a roll and the Moot Court Competition was underway.

That morning, I saw a plane fly over our school and seconds later I heard it hit. At that point, I felt like I was dreaming. In fact, for a week following the crash, I awoke every morning feeling like I had just experienced one crazy nightmare.

When we returned to school, I walked down Broadway to deal with my personal denial of the tragedy. Reality hit me when I observed the destruction that was perpetrated against us.

As I walked down Broadway, I felt as if I was at a funeral for an old friend. If you have lost someone dear, you know that when you attend the funeral you generally grieve while remembering great times you shared with your friend or relative.

As I made my way south on Broadway, I relived many memories. I spent my adult life down here. My first job out of high school was at J.P. Morgan on Wall Street. Everyday I marveled at the beautiful architecture of the Customs House (now known as Federal Hall) and the frenzied stock market. I frequently visited Trinity Church on Wall Street and Broadway and sometimes I would walk down further east to Water Street where I would admire the skyline. Later, I even enlisted in the Army at the recruitment station by City Hall.

My first visit to the WTC was to donate blood at the blood bank. I stopped at the arched entrance and looked straight up toward the sky -overwhelmed at the greatness of these towers.

I soon got a job at the Bank of New York, a block away from the WTC. I loved that job. Working so close to the WTC, I went there often to meet friends for lunch. I visited Borders where I attended a book signing by the Duchess of York. I also attended summer in the plaza, entertained with the rest of the lunchtime crowd.

My fondest memory though, is holding my two-year-old daughter on my shoulders so she could get a better view of Ernie, Bert, Cookie Monster and Big Bird one summer, when PBS brought Sesame Street to the WTC plaza.

I never had a chance to take my children to the observatory. Perhaps because these days I find myself so busy, we limit our outings to the zoo, the park and birthday parties or the beach. I did not get a chance to show my daughters what a majestic view awaited those that climbed to the top of the WTC. I lost two friends on September 11. I lost those two friends that for ten years of my life always led the way to lower Manhattan.

September 11, 2001 taught me to cherish my loved ones and the gifts of a civilized society. One never knows when hate and resentment may come visiting at the door to deliver destruction. **L**

Thrown

Continued from page 7

But now, Mark found himself alone in a dark, empty building. He was only half-way inside and pulled himself over the shattered glass. He felt panic. He crawled inside the building, stood up and made sure he was still in one piece. He hadn't yet realized falling debris shattered his left foot.

As he coughed and hacked up dust, his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Moments later, he bumped into his partner, who was also trying to find his way out. They took baby steps as they searched for an exit.

"It felt like I was walking on snow," he recalls.

They banged on what they thought was a glass window, but it was steel wall. The building custodian found them, led them down a flight of stairs and out a back door. When they reached the exit, all Mark could see were blue skies and he recalled, "I was never so happy to see the Hudson. I felt like jumping in."

Though relieved to see the Hudson, he realized one of his partners was still missing. But he knew they had to go. "That was the worst feeling - knowing I was leaving a man behind." They were rushed onto a boat

and taken to Jersey City. As they reached the dock, they heard a deep rumbling and the second tower fell.

He stared as the second building collapsed and thought to himself, "where's the other one?" That's when he realized both towers were gone.

"I also realized I didn't have my shoes on."

He was rushed to a local hospital, and thankful to find his missing partner, who was being treated for a head injury. Mark's broken foot was also tended to and placed in a cast.

He was back in the office the next day. Mark felt like it was the least he could do after witnessing dozens of firefighters give their lives to save others from the burning towers. "Being from Philly, I never felt like a New Yorker until September 11th. They attacked my city that day." **L**



United We Stand.

Patriotism: Unity, Isolation & Racism

Prior to September 11th, attempting to align our nation's beliefs seemed incomprehensible, especially considering the moral flavor of politics. Yet in the aftermath of the September 11th attacks, patriotism is no longer an abstract ideology. Patriotism has boldly reemerged as our source of strength and healing.

No one is untouched by these events. On September 21st, inmates of a high security prison collectively donated \$11,000 to the relief fund in NYC, implying this tragedy has created a higher category of the worst criminal. All of the passionate ideologies represented by patriotism, such as unity, liberty, and freedom, have made patriotism a moral imperative; an unequivocal vehicle necessary to facilitate this "war against terrorism;" a war meant to preserve our nation's integrity, stability, and safety.

But how do we reconcile the idea that in doing so, the lives of more innocent people may be lost, and refer to them as unavoidable "collateral damage?"

If geographical birthplace is incidental, how much accountability can we project onto citizens of other nations based solely on their geographical citizenship? Are we to assume that all citizens of one nation hold their governments' truths to be their own truths, especially when there is no absolute

freedom of mobility between nations? The logical answer is no, yet disdain for the beliefs of one nation's government is blurred with disdain for variance in nationality or ethnicity, with little regard for the consequences.

The race for competition in our technologically advanced society has now become a complicated race for self preservation. The attack that was so near to our institution was not merely an attack on our country, but an attack on humanity. Loyalty and unity have become our water, what our country has survived on since September 11th. It is remarkable. But in the midst of patriotism's reemergence, we must question the real meaning of unification.

Undoubtedly, there are many Muslim, Indian, and other Asian Americans who live in our country, attend our law school, and feel isolated. We should all ask ourselves what we have done individually to reach out to them. Is it appropriate to assume they have others to comfort them? Allowing unification to be limited to those who "look" American, and allowing our knowledge to become limited by the biases that nationalism can create, reeks of separatism rather than unity. The attack was not just an attack on Americans, but also an attack on the freedom, liberty, and stability that Amer-

ica represents.

As a nation, we have offered to share these ideals with all countries willing to peacefully embrace them. But let us not forget to look within ourselves, and to have the maturity to reach outside our defined social groups, to extend comfort and friendship to all of those who may be isolated. Some may fear that their group identity would be compromised; their comfort zone invaded. But real unification means having the courage to look outside of that comfort zone to the needs of others. It is in that place that we will find a selfless, greater strength that is unmovable.

After the attacks our country suffered, many of us have justifiably become even more skeptical and distrustful. Our idealism was quickly replaced by realism. But while we are very conscious of our space, our possessions, and our own fears, I have faith that we as law students are still asking ourselves what we can do to maintain a keen awareness, to responsibly interpret these events, and to reach out to others.

We can no longer continue to devalue the unique significance of collective assembly and interpersonal connections to one another. We do not choose our ethnicity, our race, or the country in which we are born. We are primarily citizens of the world

and only incidentally citizens of one nation. It is our willingness to reach out, to offer assistance, and to unite that makes us true Americans.

—Anonymous

Editors Note: This author has requested that their name be withheld.



Word on Worth Street

by Yadhira Gonzalez

How did the attack on the World Trade Center affect you?



Jina Guirguis, 3L

"My safety and my freedom has been compromised. The sense of security has been breached."



William Orjuela
Building Maintenance

"I did not lose friends, however, I felt lucky because we were safe - even though the tragedy occurred so close to the school. Life does go on, but we will always be alert. I am deeply saddened for the people who lost their families."



Beth Salamensky, 3L

"I don't feel as secure as I used to. I really don't feel safe. I think it could have been any of us in those buildings and this really makes one live life to the fullest."



Professor Mike Botein

"This is a good time to recognize that grown men and women should cry. As a father of two terrific children in their 20s there is nothing that brings me to tears more than young people dying in an unnecessary political conflict..."



Kimberly Sparagna, 3L

"I got to school early that day and was running errands in that area. After the collapse I began running. When I got to Canal I noticed people were calm yet dazed. Some people were covered in soot, some were bleeding. The area looked like a war zone. Yet, there were so many people helping (like handing out water) that a different side of NY emerged."



Jessica Lupo, 3L

"Law school has changed my way of thinking and analyzing the world, and has opened up the vast possibilities in an intellectually stimulating field."

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: YADHIRA GONZALEZ

Are you Ready

for the Multistate Performance Test?

As of July 2001, the New York part of the bar exam will count for sixty per cent (60%) of the entire New York Bar Examination score, and the MBE will count for only 40%. In addition to five traditional bar exam essays, New York had add the Multistate Performance Test (MPT) to the July 24 Examination.

Don't let anyone tell you that the Multistate Bar Examination (MBE) is more important than the New York part. That is simply not true. In addition to a good MBE, most people must present not only five good traditional essays (40%), but a good job on the Multistate Performance Test (10%), and good scores on the 50 New York multiple-choice questions (10%).

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Will It Ever Be Good Again?

Laura J. Tils

"It's all good." In the past I thought I could deal with anything life doled out. I thought I had been through enough, at least a taste of everything negative the world could offer. I believed it couldn't get worse than anything I've already experienced, and the future was certain to be manageable. This war has taught me otherwise and brought the unimaginable to reality.

"It's all good." My beacon of hope for the last few years has been extinguished. I feel like I'm groping in the dark, similar to times in my childhood while playing in the attic. Someone would accidentally hit the light switch in the kitchen and leave me in terror for a moment, until they heard my wail and turned it back on. Only this time, the darkness is no accident. Just like the time my sisters flicked the light switch on and off, creating a little electrical storm of

light. They laughed hysterically as I made my way downstairs to discover who my tormentor was and seek revenge. Intent is everything.

The demons my mind refuses to deal with pursue me into my sleep. My nightmares are powerful, and they're taking their toll on me. I often can't tell whether I'm dreaming or its reality. I dream of my building collapsing as I sleep, of fires and explosions and murder. In the dreams I pray for a quick death. Everyone I know has their own version of these dreams. We all just wait, watch and listen.

I'm frustrated with the lack of news. I've seen photos of the rubble of the World Trade Center and I know there is a great deal of worldwide response to the attacks. But I'd like to know more about what the 160+ other countries are reporting. I sense a distinct absence of anything even remotely

Continued on page 13

Never Forgive / Never Forget

Ron Cook

The recent attacks were the most evil and destructive acts ever committed in our history, and represented a cowardly attack on our entire way of life. For years, terrorists proclaimed that America is the greatest evil in the modern world and must be destroyed. They oppose our ideals of freedom, democracy, openness, honesty and enterprise. They repeatedly proclaimed that their sole aim in life is to get into America and murder as many innocent American men, women and children as possible. They are promised an eternity in paradise if they kill themselves while killing Americans, as many as possible.

The next attack could be nuclear, biological or chemical. Tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands, could be killed. This is what the terrorists have promised. This is what they live for. This is what they are prepared to die for.

It is time for us to face the stark reality of a changed world. We cannot wish or hope or hide behind political correctness. It is too late for baby steps. It is not bigotry or prejudice to protect your family from being murdered, especially if the intended murderer has boldly announced who he is, what he stands for, where he's coming from and what he plans to do. If you have a way

of identifying them before they kill you or your family, you must exert the first right of every human; the right to self-defense.

This deed was too terrible ever to be forgiven or forgotten. In our hearts, we mourn with the families of the dead. In our spirits, we must be doubly committed to preserving and furthering the noble goals and ideals of our great society. We must band together, take every safety precaution, report every suspicious incident, and block off all terrorist entry points. We must be increasingly vigilant until the situation has been dealt with and the murderers have been eliminated. Heightened security must remain as long as terrorists are at bay.

Despite malicious opposition, we will never be shaken in our resolve to stand up for what we know is good and true. We will carry on. We will rebuild. We will confront and face down any and every attempt to hurt our people and our system of government. America has good, competent, intelligent and experienced men and women in positions of power and authority. Our leaders will not shrink from their duty to search out the roots of this evil plant and rip them out once and for all.

As Martin Luther King said, "We shall overcome." And woe be to those who dare to take arms against us. **L**



Brave Ground Zero worker the day after the attacks

ANTHONY T.

A Brooklyn Neighborhood Honors a Hero

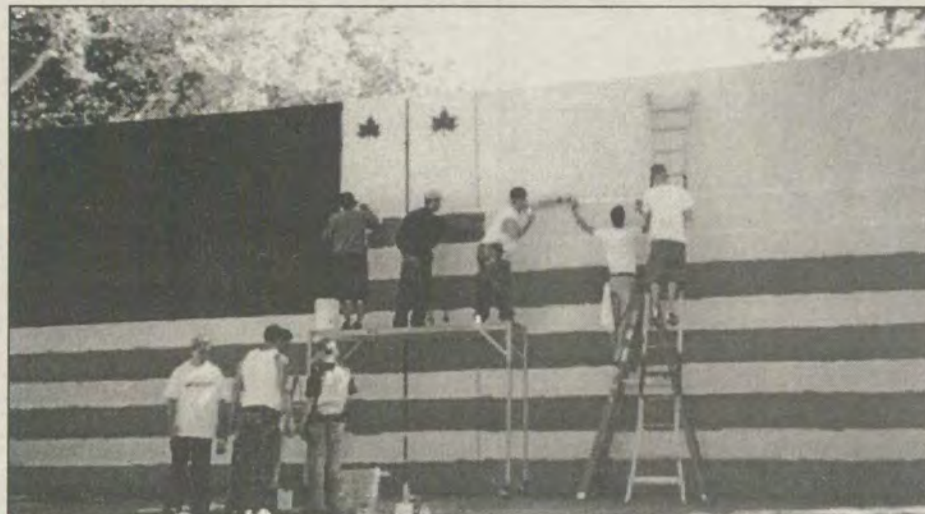
Beth Berger

A friend of mine died in the attacks on September 11th. Michael Roberts, of Engine 214/Ladder 111, was one of the brave, young firemen who sacrificed his life to help others that day. My friends and I—especially Michael's cousins—didn't want to believe Michael was dead until we heard something concrete. But as the days went by, it became clear that we had to face reality—at just 31-years-old, Michael died doing what he loved.

We didn't know what to do; we were in a fog, yet we all felt the need to be together and do something. That Sunday, a group of guys—who I am proud to call my friends—decided to do something in honor of Michael and all of the people who lost their lives that day.

The guys woke up early that Sunday and mathematically figured out what it would take to make an exact replica of the American flag on a 52-foot handball court. Not just any handball court—the one in Utica Park, Brooklyn where they all grew up hanging out with Michael. Some guys went straight to the park to begin work. Others went to the local paint store with an American flag so that they could blend exact shades of red, white and blue. I watched in amazement as my friends took such pride in making sure every stripe was perfect.

Though the day started off quiet, the park became packed with friends we hadn't seen in a while and admirers of every age and race. People in the community brought chairs and food. All day, cars drove by,



In the Making: Friends paint the American Flag memorial at Utica Park, Brooklyn.

honked their horns and I remember the sound of helicopters flying above. By nightfall, there was a memorial set up with candles, flowers and pictures of people lost in the attack.

People parked their cars onto the sidewalk and their headlights illuminated the park. In the past, cops gave us a hard time for hanging out late in the park. But that night, they came to lend their own headlights and support. It was an experience filled with more emotion than we could have ever imagined.

When it came time to paint the stars—which were perfectly stenciled—each of us painted our own. At this point, I realized how many local guys were policemen, firemen and army reserves who were called to active duty. As each of them

climbed the ladder to paint a star, chants of USA could be heard for blocks.

We saved the last star for Phil, Michael's best friend. Just as Phil arrived, a fire engine drove up the block. We didn't think they were going to stop but the entire park cheered for them anyway. The firemen turned on their sirens, stopped in front of

the park and got out of the truck. Everyone went nuts! They were in full uniform, having just returned from Ground Zero. As they entered the park, they seemed to move in slow motion. All I could hear was cheering, clapping and whistling.

Phil painted the 49th star and was honored to have one of the firemen, coincidentally named Michael, fill in the final star. When Michael climbed the ladder it was, to say the least, surreal. It was a good ten minutes before the chanting stopped. But when it did, cheering turned to silence as we bowed our heads for a moment. The flag was done and it was beautiful.

I am so proud of the policemen, firemen, and volunteers who helped and continue to work at Ground Zero. I am also proud of my friends and the work they did that Sunday. It was weird—all we wanted to do was thank the firemen, yet they were thanking us. We are proud of them and they are proud of the community. I will never forget the terrible events of September 11, but I will also never forget the beautiful events that took place in my neighborhood on Sunday, September 16. L



NYC Firefighters honoring their fallen brothers at the memorial

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Lessons Learned at Anne Frank's House

Edward Maggio

It was my first visit to Amsterdam, the Netherlands. After studying law at Oxford for the summer, I arrived by train in Amsterdam and continued the rest of my legal adventure through Europe. With some time on my hands, my sister and I paid a visit to the Anne Frank house and museum.

The attic of the Anne Frank House was where Anne Frank, her family and friends hid during the German occupation of the Netherlands. Later, an unknown informant betrayed their hiding. With the exception of Otto Frank, Anne's father, none of them survived the capture and the death camps.

The nearby Westerkerk church bell tower played an Italian church tune I recognized and I hummed along. To my surprise, an old Dutch woman and a young child in front of me on the line began a discussion in broken English with my sister and me.

"Anne Frank herself used to listen to that bell while in the attic," the woman said. "The attic, it was bad, but some people had it worse. I certainly did."

At first, I thought that was a bold statement to make. But as the woman continued, I knew why she made it. She was a Holocaust survivor from Amsterdam. What I didn't realize was that my hum-

ming of the tune revealed to her that I was probably Italian and most likely Catholic.

learned, many people were rewarded for turning in Jews in Amsterdam. Anne Frank was



The Anne Frank House and Museum, Amsterdam

Our conversation turned into a lesson about the horror of the Holocaust, even before I set foot into Anne Frank's dwelling. The woman nervously continued. "I lived in this area. It was a terrible time during the occupation by the Nazis. Many of us hid in barns, under houses, and anywhere we could." Unfortunately, as I later

learned, many people were rewarded for turning in Jews in Amsterdam. Anne Frank was

lucky to have a wealthy father, so that his upstairs office could be transformed into the Secret Annex where they lived. The woman went on, "What you feared most was footsteps. Every night, the sounds of footsteps coming closer meant you and your family would be taken away, to die and never be seen again."

The woman told us that her husband survived a death camp, and the numbers tattooed on his arm are a constant reminder of the terror he experienced. "To this day, he doesn't tell me what happened during his time in the camp." She told me how most nights he dreams of being back there. It then hit me, if experiencing the terror of that time wasn't enough, imagine the horror of being haunted by it when you close your eyes at night. I can't even imagine such a struggle.

She further told me that her husband now has a hard time remembering the images of his family, who was wiped out during the war.

The little girl the woman held by the hand was her granddaughter. "She is from Israel. My kids and grandkids now live there. I bring them all here to remind them of what we have been through, and what we must not forget." The fact this woman has many grandchildren is a living testament to her family's victory over the Nazis.

Having just come from Germany, I was curious as to her opinion of the German people. She said, "I talk to the young Germans. It is not fair that they inherited the sins of their grandparents. They must live in the shadow of shame for what their grandfathers did."

On asking how she lives with all that happened, she noted,

she "doesn't forget, and just lives, and goes on living."

When we finally entered the Anne Frank house, the relics, exhibits, and the actual secret attic where they hid brought out emotions in most people. Reading sections of Anne Frank's diary where she feared being taken away to die in the death camps, resulted in many breaking into hysterics, or sobbing.

As we left, my sister and I thanked the woman for her information. On my way out, I was also surprised to catch a political television commercial in which candidates for office blamed minorities—most notably immigrants—as the source of all problems in the nation. It reminded me of one of the last things I heard this woman say to me:

"Anne Frank is a national symbol for us. A symbol of man's cruelty and hope. It's a symbol of the past we can't forget. Especially at what could happen when man begins to fall into the shadow of evil"

To that sweet old woman from Amsterdam, I won't forget the lesson you taught me. These lessons of tolerance that I have learned I will take with me while our nation faces this time of uncertainty.

—Dedicated to my dear friend Jessica and her beloved Shlomo —E.M.

Death of Personal Freedom?

Cecilia Blackburn

The acts of terrorism on 9-11-01, which caused the collapse of the World Trade Center and heavy destruction at the Pentagon, left an indelible imprint on our hearts and minds. As I watched replays of the massive destruction on television during that week, I questioned values and social structures that I have respected all my life.

We live in a society that respects personal freedom above all. However, these days, freedom comes at a price. In recent years, we have dealt with increased security at airports, courthouses, and landmarks in response to overt or threatened acts of violence or terrorism. Speaking for myself, I have never been a big fan of metal detectors, ID checks or uniformed personnel rummaging through my bag. Working in Foley Square at the NY State Supreme Court, I have seen over the past four years an area that once was freely accessible,

transformed into a mini fortress of cement roadblocks, security booths, and canine bomb squads. I was never able to square with the notion that this is just the way things have to be, and that in order to live in our free society, we all must deal with some inconvenience and compromise some of our privacy interests.

However, after the incidents of 9-11, I no longer feel safe. All the roadblocks, security and metal detectors in the world could not have prevented the hijacking and subsequent death and destruction. Perhaps the most troubling thought is these events cast doubt upon my studies here at NYLS. In studying the Fourth Amendment only a few weeks ago, I agreed with the Supreme

Court cases proscribing techniques, like thermal imaging devices and other search procedures that the Court held to be overly intrusive to our privacy interests. Now, I'm not so sure I feel the same way.

At this moment, what constitutes proper security measures, feels like it should be whatever it takes to ensure our safety, even if it profoundly intrudes upon our privacy. This notion is particularly disturbing as it is antithetical to my legal studies. Maybe in time I won't feel this way. As our nation slowly heals from this terrible blow, hopefully, we will rediscover a comfort zone between safety, and protection of the personal freedoms and privacy interests that we treasure.



Good Again...

Continued from page 11

objective or intellectual as to the causes or effect of this event. What are other leaders saying who are somewhat removed from this situation? Haven't they spoken? I'm troubled by the meaningless green display on CNN displaying glowing streaks of missiles. Why doesn't CNN superimpose that over a map so I can have some sense of magnitude, and an indication of what the glowing dots are obliterating? Would this be too much information for the implicitly imbecilic public to absorb? Could it possibly be an issue of national security?

We all recognize the unspeakable odor of lower Manhattan. We are all aware of the 4500+ remaining bodies, the smell of electrical soldering, the fires and the dust. Outside on Worth St. when the wind changes for the worse, the facial expressions of the students change like a 'wave' at a football game as they are jolted back to the reality of what lies a few blocks away.

Will it ever 'all be good' again? **L**

Lonely Lady Empire

Ninowtzka Mier

Lonely Lady Empire mourns as she stares out upon the altered New York City skyline. She nods to her old rival Chrysler and waves at her friend Rockefeller. She remembers the day she was born (only a few months after fledgling Chrysler) giving new definition to the city, shaping the skyline and towering higher than any other building in Manhattan.

station, but that idea was quickly swept under the rug after wind conditions proved too dangerous to dock a 50-ton air-ship to her mast. Though she was not prepared or designed to be the tallest aviation center in the world, she became an "Ambassador to New York" and entertained guests like Queen Elizabeth, The Duchess of York and even Lassie.

Lady Empire survived a 1945 plane crash one foggy Saturday morning. A pilot

she once indulged in was gone.

The twins, affectionately known as the Twin Towers, pierced the sky at an alarming rate and they won the world's praises just as quickly. She felt abandoned and forgotten as people flocked to see the Twins. She thought no one remembered her story—how she defeated all odds and survived economic depression and war. Lady Empire was once the City's centerpiece. But now, the Twins were at the head of her table and she became a mere ornament.

She felt more like a festive beacon than a historical landmark as she wore red for Valentine's Day, green for St. Patrick's Day and red, yellow and green for Portugal Day. She felt nothing could take away from the majestic beauty that permeated the Twin Towers. Still, every night she shined bright—displaying a remarkable array of colors for all to see.

With time, she accepted the pair and they became a part of her Manhattan skyline family. She tipped her crown to them every morning, and as her brilliant colors illuminated the evening skies, she wished Chrysler, Rockefeller and her Twins a good-night.

Several years later, as she settled into her daily routine on a clear Tuesday morning, she witnessed the unimaginable. A plane hit one of her Twins, the same way she was hit over 50 years ago, except this was no accident. As she watched black smoke pour out of the gaping hole and fire devour the structure, a second plane struck the other Twin.

She prayed the blaze would be extinguished and people could escape through the Twins' stairwells, the same way people survived her 1945 plane crash. But the fire proved to be more destructive than Lady Empire could have ever contemplated. Within a few moments, one of her Twins collapsed and the second one joined him shortly after. Heartbroken Lady Empire watched the Twins she grew to love, fall to the ground and completely disappear. Her people scrambled and fled towards her—away from where the Twins were once perched—searching for shelter, seeking safety.

Lady Empire witnessed their creation and their unfortunate demise. She now stares upon a grave, an empty void. Instead of wearing black, Lonely Lady Empire shimmers in red, white and blue. She mourns with the rest of the world the loss of her Twins, and the innocent people who perished in their rubble. Sometimes the image of her Twins appears to her. She sees them standing tall and strong, basking in the morning light. For a moment, her skyline is unchanged. With a heavy heart, Lady Empire smiles at them and waves good-bye.



At a time when the city was filled with uncertainty while in the midst of the Great Depression and World War II, Lady Empire opened her doors and people near and far came to see her spectacular view. She was hope—redefined—as people marveled at her size, a major role in her conception.

She was a part of a zealous race to be the tallest structure in New York City. Her competition—the Chrysler Building. By the time Chrysler was born, Lady Empire stood only four feet higher than her challenger.

Her creator, John Jakob Raskob looked at her flat top and declared she needed a hat! She was crowned with a chrome-nickel steel mast adorned with glass, surpassing the Chrysler building by 204 feet. It was to serve as an air-ship docking

on his way home didn't see her in the dense fog while flying dangerously low over Manhattan. By the time he saw her it was too late. The unarmed B-25 accidentally crashed into her side at 200 mph on the 79th floor. The engines exploded and fire seared throughout the floor. The impact caused one of the plane's engines to crash into the roof of a neighboring building. Fourteen people lost their lives that day and about 1,500 escaped by making their way 70 stories down her dark stairwell. Despite that terrible tragedy, Lady Empire stood strong and her wounds quickly healed.

She was New York's celebrated queen for over 40 years until 1972, when her life changed forever. New York City gave birth to twins and all at once, the fame

Last night I cried for you.

I lay awake tossing and turning,
entangled in my sheets
replaying what you endured.
I felt the pain of your suffering.
I experienced the agony of your fears.

And, I just cried.

I wept because you felt alone.
I wept because only a few brave people could
understand what you saw.
I wept because on September 11th,
your day in the sun was snatched from you
without you having any say in what you were
about to face.

I wanted to reach for you
through the phone and embrace you.
I wanted to tell you it would go away – even
though I knew it wouldn't.
I wanted to hold your hand so that you could
sleep through the night,
to help you escape the nightmares haunting
you.

Last night and today I cried for you.
For no longer were you
a wide-eyed outspoken person whose



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only concern was finishing your law degree.
You had now become a changed
individual,
deeply moved by witnessing
firsthand the fragility of life.

You saw things that no man or woman should
ever see:

intimate knowledge of the cruel
aftermath,
the illusive hopes of family and
friends,
now shattered.

Your concern now was just
getting through each day.
And, I prayed for you.
I prayed with all my might
that you would gain strength.

But, no matter how much balance I hoped for,
no matter how much resolve you may regain,
I knew this horrific experience left an
indelible imprint on your life –
revealed by your glazed eyes.

And that is why I cried, friend,
that is why I cried.

—S.L.H.

In the Interest of National Security?

Ninowtzka Mier

To print or not to print? That was the question. A simple photo illustrating the city's altered commute situation, turned into a First Amendment dilemma of freedom of the press. When I arrived at the Christopher Street PATH station and noticed a line around the block that forms now every afternoon at rush hour. I thought this picture should be included in this edition of the L.

Armed with my digital camera, I snapped a couple of shots. As I walked away, a police officer regulating the line called after me, "Ms., Ms.!" I turned and removed my headphones, blaring of Bob Marley. "Let me see some I.D.," he demanded. I complied, assuming my NYLS I.D. would instantly establish me as a non-threat.

"It's for a student paper," I smiled innocently.

"Well, unless you can erase the image, I have to confiscate the camera," he replied.

"What?!" I said.

"Let me repeat myself," he said. And he did. He said it was in the interest of "national security."

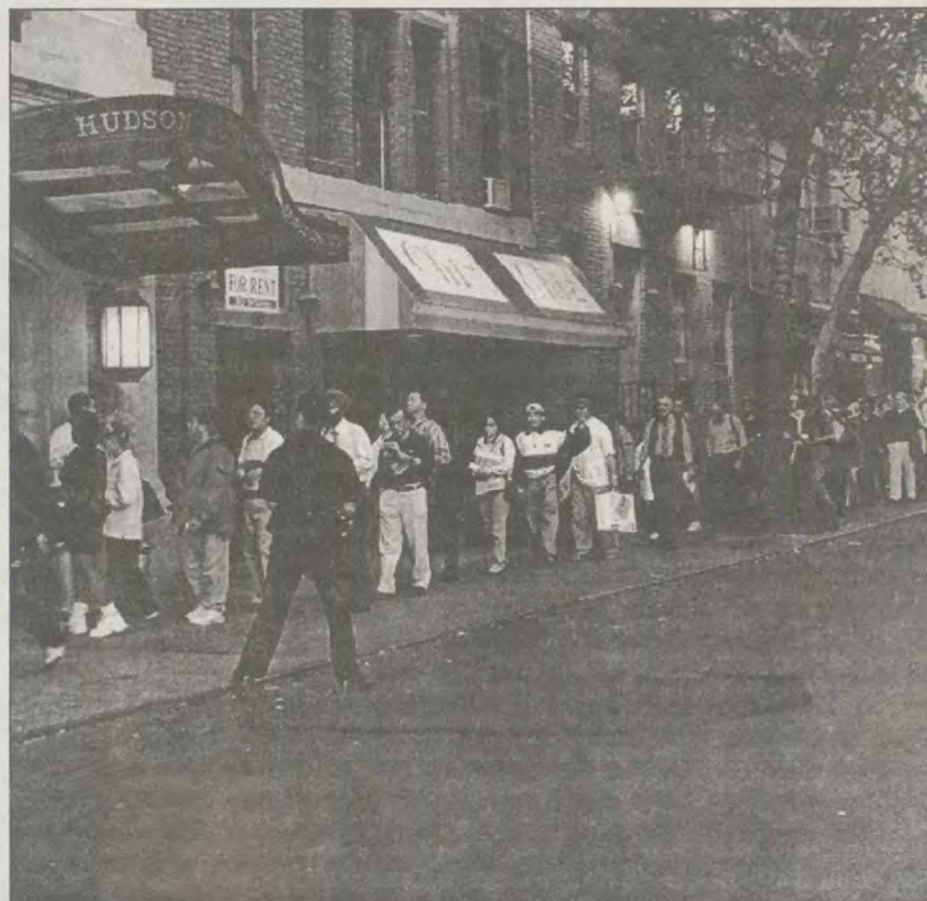
I found the image and erased it. He

seemed satisfied. Once he let me go, I shuffled to school where I discovered one picture left.

Ordinarily, I would have published the image without a second thought, after all, it's within our First Amendment right of freedom of the press. But these are no ordinary times. I couldn't believe this photo could possibly give terrorists any information or thoughts they didn't already have, but in the last month many things I would never have believed possible have happened. A government representative made me erase the very image I wanted to publish. I didn't know what to do.

After receiving conflicting advice from friends and faculty, the problem of striking an appropriate balance between security and liberty was suddenly real—too real. Finally, I called Port Authority and spokesman Steve Coleman assured me there would be no harm in printing the image.

I suppose we must all be hyper-vigilant these days and I hope the officer who stopped me stops anyone who would prey upon us. I am glad people are keeping a watchful eye. But I am also relieved we haven't completely lost our basic ideals and instinct for freedom.



NINOWTZKA MIER



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