

Jukebox
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I'd wanted a jukebox for some time. A pinball machine too. But they were too expensive. And then last summer, the opportunity to get both arose within a couple of weeks. They were used and at good prices. "Resistance is futile," I told my wife. She relented. I bought the pinball machine from a friend whose spouse wanted it out of the house. His misery was my good fortune. But the jukebox, I bought out of a guy's garage. He had 11 and I picked one. I'd have taken two, but my wife was along.

The jukebox is a thing of beauty. Made in the 1980's, it plays 100 different 45s (200 plays). Four speakers including two bass speakers. It was remarkably inexpensive, primarily because people don't want them anymore. They want the machines that play CDs. And people don't have 45s anymore. But I do. I bought them faithfully week in and week out from the late 60's until the mid-70's. And so it's a perfect marriage for me – a jukebox and my 45s.

I spent a great deal of time selecting what should go in the machine. Songs that evoked a certain memory or emotion. Songs to play before athletic events. Songs for love. Songs for dark days. Songs for perplexing times. I finally got the right 100. I listen every night. It's a ritual. I go to the basement. Punch in the numbers of the songs I want to hear. Crank up the volume. Go turn on the pinball machine (1979 Harlem Globetrotters) and play until the songs are done. It's a perfect end to a hectic day. Away from the law and the demands of practice.

But as I play the songs each night, I marvel at the variety and how much music is like the practice of law. There are family law songs for those who are **Two Divided by Love**. The sorrowful lament of the brokenhearted who tell their ex, **Don't Expect Me to Be Your Friend**. And the final epitaph for every fractured relationship **Go Your Own Way**.

There are criminal law songs. The problematic confession, **I Shot the Sheriff**, but I did not shoot the deputy. For the client who won't turn himself in, **Band on the Run** and the extradition favorite, **Indiana Wants Me**. When all else fails, there is the insanity defense, **I Can't Help Myself**. But if nothing works, you can always implore the judge at sentencing, **Please Mr. Please**, don't give me the maximum.

There are songs for depositions. **Lyin' Eyes** for the deponent with the incredulous story. And when you need a break to confer with your witness, be sure not to talk until you can find a private place to say **I Think We're Alone Now**. Trial preparation songs are meant to be performed by overworked associates, **After Midnight** and **It's One of Those Nights**.

And then there are trial songs. For the good days, **Anticipation** and for the bad days, **Here Comes That Rainy Day Feeling Again**. And one you sing when the jury comes back for your client, **This Magic Moment**.

There are songs for difficult lawyers. For those with ego swelled heads, **You're So Vain**. For the partner who loves to pontificate, **I Am...I Said**. For the street fighter, there's **The Boxer**. And for the ruthless, **Live and Let Die**.

There are songs for clients – the one who says **I Haven't Got Time For The Pain** and settles. And those who try every case on principle, **No Matter What**. For those who like to second guess, **That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be**. There's even a song for those who believe in alternative dispute resolution, **I Saw the Light**.

There are songs for the optimistic, **Ain't No Mountain High Enough** to keep me from success. As well as for the fatalistic, **Goodbye Yellow Brick Road**. And for those who believe every dog will have its day, **Sooner or Later**.

There are even songs to guide lawyers as they give advice. When disclosing the risks of trial, always include the **Worst That Could Happen**. Or you can inspire a client with visions of a great result with the question **Do You Believe in Magic**. And then there are days when we plead with a client, **Let's Hang On** and hope for the best. For newer lawyers trying to learn the discipline of time sheets, there's **Time In a Bottle**. For road warriors with depositions in Paducah, there's every cell phone user's favorite, **Operator (That's Not The Way It Feels)**. And for those who yearn for respect, **I Got A Name**.

There are even songs for the Court. **1,2,3, Red Light** for those who attempt to introduce the inadmissible. And most any song by the Moody Blues is an apt one for a judge. To the lawyer who loves to give speeches in the course of his cross-examination – what's your **Question?** For the lawyer who is righteously indignant over an adverse ruling, the reply is **Isn't Life Strange**. And to those who seek guidance from motions in limine – not in **Your Wildest Dreams**.

We like to say that the rule of law is the foundation of our democracy. It guarantees our freedom. It is part and parcel of our social fabric. And lawyers are its guardians. Called to a noble profession, toiling everyday in the vineyard of client problems, concerns, crises and controversies. All true. Serious words for a serious profession.

But my jukebox reminds me that the practice is also fun. The music of a generation captured in a kaleidoscope of songs and words. They help me remember the lore of the law. And its ever changing pattern, variety and tempo. The memorable case. The thankful client. The friendships of your colleagues and opponents and their unique qualities. The stories we swap and pass down about the legendary cases and unforgettable characters that populate our profession. I wouldn't trade those days and memories for anything else.

I always wondered why I became a lawyer. Maybe there was a subliminal message in the music I loved when I was younger. At least that's what the evidence of my jukebox supports. It's my story today and I'm sticking to it.