Loyola Graduate Makes Tragic Discovery In Nepal

1989 Loyola Law School alumni Joel C. Koury found more than a challenging ascent when he joined a professional mountaineering expedition to the Himalayas.

Joel C. Koury, 36, a 1989 graduate of Loyola Law School and currently an attorney for Los Angeles County's Public Defender, has some amazing stories to tell.

You see, Koury is a world-class mountaineer. He's been on expeditions to most of the world's significant mountain ranges - the Himalayas and the Andes being the most well-known. He's full of those yarns climbers are so fond of spinning - the eleventh hour, desperate attempts to get gear shipped to a camp, the dangers and their illogical outcomes. He says he can't conceive of a more fulfilling career - practicing "pure law," defending those who can't defend themselves.

After passing the bar in 1989, he worked briefly for private criminal defense attorney David Kenner (counsel for Snoop Dogg Dog) but, as soon as the hiring freeze lifted in the public defender's office, switched there - where he plans to stay permanently.

Koury "discovered" climbing in the summer of 1988 while prosecuting misdemeanor offenses for the Parks Department in Yosemite. Amusingly, the man who was to go on to become his primary climbing partner (and one of the most respected mountaineers in the US), Dave Bridges, was one of the people his office was trying to prosecute (Koury is quick to point out he recused himself from the proceeding!). That summer he did Half Dome. In the immediately ensuing years he also managed to successfully negotiate El Capitan, Washington's Column and North Dome (all considered to be among the most difficult faces in North America).

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MOVIE REVIEW: 
Nine Months
By Rod Rummelsburg, Class of '98

English actor Hugh Grant makes his Hollywood movie debut in this romantic comedy filmed in San Francisco. Sam (Hugh Grant), is child psycho-therapist who suffers through therapy sessions with the little monsters. When his live-in girlfriend (Julianne Moore) announces that she is pregnant, Sam shifts into anxiety overdrive. Sam is not ready to be a father. He is not prepared to marry his girlfriend. The thought of having to trade in his two-seat Porsche for a car that has room for a baby seat is devastating. Sam is not ready for commitment. So Hugh Grant slips off to Hollywood and meets black hooker (Divine), who rocks his world. The press gets a whiff of this. Soon his English wife is upset, but not so upset that she leaves him, because it helps her modeling career. Meanwhile, Queen Elizabeth thinks that Divine might be a nice girl for her son, Charles, after he dumps Diana ... Sorry, I'm confusing plots. It's the first time I've ever done that sort of thing. It was really a very foolish thing to do. It won't happen again .... Hugh Grant demonstrated that he is a gifted comedy ensemble actor in the British film Four Weddings and a Funeral. He brings the same preppy character to Nine Months, but this time he interacts with an off-beat set of American losers. Tom Arnold, from the John Belushi school of acting, is a loud, obnoxious, insensitive father of three ill-mannered kids. And his wife (Joan Cusack) is expecting a forth. Tom Arnold wants to video tape the birth, because the video will be as neat as World War II movies. Tom feeds into Hugh Grant's anxiety of fatherhood. And so does Hugh Grant's confirmed bachelor friend (Jeff Goldblum). Jeff had a chance of being in a committed relationship and raising a family, but the thought of being tied down was suffocating his freedom as a depressed, broke artist. Robin Williams delivers the real comedy gems in Nine Months. He is a Russian gynecologist who has spent 10 years in Russia studying monkeys and rats, but has never delivered a human baby. This baby will be his first. Nine Months swings from light-hearted humor to slapstick, and is punctuated with tender moments.

Go to page 6

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BOOK REVIEW: Gestures: The Dos and Taboos of Body Language Around the World; Roger E. Axtell

By David Paul Bleistein

A hypothetical: You’re off on that bar trip around the world, to Cabo for a little sun ‘n diarrhea during Spring Break, or to a really authentic ethnic eatery. The service is great, but you don’t speak their language, and they don’t speak yours. So you want to use gestures to praise your servers.

Another hypo: You’re meeting clients who are foreign nationals. You want to impress them with your knowledge and goodwill, as well as professional competence. You try to gesture accordingly. Be careful! Some perfectly up means “up yours,” especially if accompanied by upward jerks. [‘Good-ay’ POW!]

Misusing gestures can sometimes have international implications. In the 1950s, then-president Richard Nixon alighted from an airplane in Latin America and promptly made the “A-OK” gesture with both hands [figure 3] in front of all the media. Nixon was greeted by boos and hisses; he’d literally said, with both hands, “up yours!” And this at a time of great and growing Latin American hostility to the United States. He meant no harm, but it took a while for the Latins to realize or believe it.

Preventing these and other faux pas is the idea behind Gestures. It’s not intended as a social history of gesturing, nor is it meant to be an exhaustive encyclopedia. Rather, it’s arranged to make it easy to find out how to avoid offending or really really piss gestures himself, Richard Nixon. But if, while in England, you twist your hand around with the palm facing you, and give a little jerk for emphasis, you’re just really really pissed off an Englishman [figure 4].

Winston Churchill may have adopted this gesture as an impudent, public way of flipping off the Nazis in World War II as a gesture of defiance; “Here’s what we think of your bloody blitzkrieg!” Gestures also covers Byzantine subtleties of other, less conscious body language. For example, in the United States, we don’t like to touch much; too much touching can lead to charges of sexual harassment. Traveling around the world, Americans tend to assume others feel the same way, and act accordingly. In China and much of Northern and Western Europe, we’re right. In Latin America, Italy and parts of Africa and the Arab world, we can be insultingly wrong. Italians and Greeks may actually get angry [what, you don’t wanna touch me? What am I, diseased, a fascist, or some damn thing?]! Straight, normal Arab men hold hands in public and walk down the street together [figure 5].

My dad always told me: “Give ‘em a firm handshake, and look ‘em right in the eye” when greeting someone; he’d add, “I just hate a handshake like a limp penua.” Job-interviewing skills workshops also emphasize this point. If my dad had been a Latino, however, he might very well have said: “...and don’t squeeze too hard, like one of those rude, pushy Northamericans!” Gestures isn’t perfect. There’s just enough scholarly detail that I found myself hungering for more. A bibliography would have been nice. And, I guess it’s my fault, but I find it hard to trust a book that’s not footnoted. On the other hand, this book’s greatest value lies in that it tends to sensitize the reader to gestures in general; this is especially helpful when dealing with, say, those annoying, AK-toting riot police. You’ll only gesture with great care in tense situations.

Figure 1
Ingratiating or benign gestures in the U.S. can get you in real trouble elsewhere. Also, norms of such very basic manners as how close to stand near someone, looking them in the eye, or not, can vary a lot from place to place.

Gestures: The Dos and Taboos of Body Language Around the World by Roger E. Axtell, is intended to guide you through the maze of human interpersonal customs. Gestures is written in breezy, direct language, and illustrated with cartoons of people making various gestures. Nasty gestures are portrayed unflinchingly, though with an eye towards avoiding gratuitously offending sensitive readers. The book isn’t an exhaustive scholarly study. Rather, it’s meant to give an American traveler abroad a way to avoid looking like a total fool.

Some gestures, like the one commonly known as “the finger,” “the bird,” and “digital impudicus” [figure 1] leave no room for misunderstanding; it means, “up yours!” around the world. It’s also a real classic; it’s kept meaning for over 2,000 years. So the next time you flip off another driver, remember that you’re part of a long legacy. Roman soldiers, spitting for a brawl, probably flipped off each other, or maybe they flipped off the barbarians, or a picture of a Caesar they didn’t like. Most people all over the world know its meaning and know to use it, unless they’re prepared to face the consequences.

Others are not so obvious, at least not to Americans. For example, the familiar thumbs-up gesture [figure 2] is considered a signal of approval in places as diverse as the United States, Western Europe and Japan. Generally, it means, “good goin’,” “good job,” etc. So imagine the surprise and dismay of an innocent American [of Japanese] abroad in Australia or Nigeria, where thumbs

Figure 2

off the people of various countries around the world.

For example, the familiar ak-ok sign in the United States, and Canada means OK, good, etc. In France, it means “zero” or worthless. In Japan, it means money. In Latin America, it means, well, Richard Nixon sure found out. The peril of thoughtlessly making this gesture to waiters or waitresses or bureaucrats! EEE! Or helmeted, AK-toting riot police! EEE! EEEE! All over the world should be obvious.

Another example is the “V” for victory signal, made by raising both index and middle fingers above a closed fist. If you make it with the palm facing the observer, it’s usually all right; today it’s the familiar peace sign [with a grinning, two-handed version of it popularized by Johnny

BY R.J. COMER (‘96)

I was having lunch with a friend from out of town last week and she was telling me about her new primary lover, a dumb ex-jock former professional hockey player whose greatest attributes are apparently a very cool network of scars and the ability to crush beer cans between his chin and collarbone.

"I went to the team Christmas party and he introduced me as his girlfriend." She said indigantly.

"Are you two monogamous and exclusive??" I asked incredulously, knowing that she had never been a woman to limit herself.

"That's just it. We hadn't even discussed it. I asked him what he meant by that and he backed away. Typical."

"Does he know about the side thing?"

"No."

"Does he know you do it with women?"

"No."

"He doesn't even know you're bisexual??"

"No, of course not. You know how guys get when they find out you're lesbian?"

"Uh, no."

"It doesn't even register to them as an identity. To them it's either sexy or disgusting, and it's always threatening to them on some level."

Alright men, listen up. A recent TV tabloid ran a story on bisexuality becoming "hip" and gender-bending in film and music has moved way beyond the artist formerly known as Prince. In fact, a friend of mine here at Loyola recently expressed shock over teenage lesbian couples attending her little sister's high school formal. The bottom line is that bisexuality has probably not increased, but it's likely to become more freely open. Factor in that we men don't exactly handle ambiguity very well and I figured it was time to give you a leg up [indicate metaphor - I know] on how to handle it if your girlfriend tells you that she enjoys sex with women.

Here are some classic, but wrong responses and some better responses you may want to employ if care about continuing your relationship with this woman.

WRONG RESPONSE: "Wow Can I Watch?"

The only response worse than "Can I watch?" is "Wow, can me and my friends watch?" But the whole "can I watch" response steals the focus from the woman and makes you the focus instead.

Gentlemen, I realize that we men-especially you young boys-tend to think sex is something men do to women instead of with them. Well, I hate to burst your...uh...bubble, but your girlfriend's sexuality is not about you. You merely participate in it, though quite possibly not to the extent you think you do.

When a woman confides in you that she is sexually attracted to women, she may be attempting to tell you a number of things. First, she may only want you to know her better, to gain your acceptance and understanding. In this case your best response is an affirming one. Ask her about her experiences with women and ask her whether she is equally fulfilled by men and women or if she has a stronger preference for one than the other. If you have previously pledged monogamy and exclusivity to each other, then you may want to clarify whether she is faithful to you with regard to other men, or with regard to all others. If you require complete fidelity, say so, but don't demand. If you want a woman to be faithful, share with her how devastated you would be if she had intimate relations with anyone other than you. Reaffirm that only if she fulfills you and you hope she feels the same way. Ultimately communicate to her that you require monogamy. Unlike men, women realize the way of being wanted and desired; they are often more emotionally available to commitment. She has made herself vulnerable to you, return the favor. Or at least appear to.

She may also be attempting to inform you that her sexual fulfillment depends on occasionally having sex with women. This means she cannot commit herself to you to the exclusion of all others.

WRONG RESPONSE: "Okay, I can do two of you, but can I pick the other woman?"

Again, this response shifts the focus from your girlfriend's sexuality to yours. Not all bisexual women enjoy threesomes, and even those that do will occasionally want the intimacy that can only be achieved in the absence of men. In this case, you have a decision to make. Can you accept gender-specific monogamy? If you want to keep this woman, I suggest that you allow her occasional lesbian encounters, but reaffirm that you definitely do not want to share her emotional commitment. Try to get her to promise that sex with women will remain casual because it's her heart you want to possess, not her body. You must convince her that you cannot bear the thought of her pursuing another significant emotional relationship with another man or woman. Yeah, I know, sounds sappy, but you've already lost the battle for her body, so may as well fight for her heart and soul.

On the other hand, this may be a golden opportunity to score that gender-bending threesome you've only read about or were too drunk to remember the last time. The best response is: "Well, honey, I want you to be fulfilled. Maybe we spectrum ranging from extreme homosexuality to extreme heterosexuality. Many people are socialized to think they are all straight and that those deviant homosexuals are all gay or lesbian. But most of us are somewhere on the spectrum, acting out our primary sexual preference sexually, and acting out our less prominent sexual preferences in subtle ways. For example, "straight" men have sex with women only, but their homosexual side is often revealed in sports-all that butt-patting, and please let's not
The Holy Grail of All Probate Cases...
The Bizarre and Complex "Ferdinand Marcos" Estate Comes To Town.

By John Rogers

Los Angeles, Calif.

Normally, probate law does not elicit cries of thrilled excitement from readers. However, the bizarre saga unfolding within the "Ferdinand Marcos" estate, with its sweeping human rights violations actions, its "Indian Jones" backdrop, its interna-
tional juripolitical posturing and its compelling air of mystery, may change all that...

I write a monthly Probate Law column for the Los Angeles Daily Journal - sort of a national watchdog service for new developments in case law, procedures and, well, anything else salient. The brief article below is an excerpt from this month's DJ col-
mum. I'll write more on it throughout the year as the facts turn up. Some preliminaries - the Swiss govern-
ment is here right now in Manny Real's court downtown trying to beat the Central District's anticipated attempt at breaking open the "secret accounts" before the starting gun
fires. As I recall from talking to our paper's general court reporter, issues of international full faith & credit (in conjunction with various treaties) have arisen. The probate code section I refer to is at the end are very straightforward. They sim-
ply say if a testate probate (one with a will) has been opened in a country we recognize diplomatically, our California probate courts, should they be faced with an ancillary pro-
ceeding, must respect that docu-
ment (with a few exceptions).

[ Marcos except]
Bruce S. Ross, of Ross, Sacks & Glazier, reports that his action to open a probate for various California assets alleged to be a part of the vast Ferdinand Marcos (the late President of the Philippines) estate, is moving rela-
tively well. Ross had initiated a pro-
cceeding two months ago. Irene Silverman is his petitioner and per-
sonal representative. Ross believes he has information sufficient to a
establish the existence of a signifi-
cant number of stocks and bonds (many in the Silicon Valley) held by Marcos, b) connect Marcos to at
least one West Los Angeles man-
uscript list he'd ever witnessed, and Marcos' personal rep-
resentative in this California probate matter, is the
nominee of the Golden Buddha Corporation, a purported creditor of Marcos. A little history on them...
A Filipino gentle-
man by the name of Roger Roxas, one of the founders of Golden Buddha, now deceased, claimed to have unearthed a network of tunnels under the Baguio Hospital in the Philippines in 1971. The Baguio Hospital had been the site of the Japanese military headquarters in the Philippines during World War II. These tunnels, he claims, were filled with treasure - crates of gold bull-
ion, various foreign moneys - all of the relics and artifacts confiscat-
ed by the Japanese from the twenty
nine countries they had conquered. But the largest piece of the pie was a one metric ton Golden Buddha - fabricated out of pure gold, with an unscrawvtable head and a chest cavi-
ty full of uncut diamonds. Wild stuff - it gets worse. As Roxas' story goes, Marcos found out about the treasure and sent troops to raid and occupy the hospital. They spent one year excavating the grounds. The "tre-
asure" discovered there, it is argued, went on to become the Marcos fam-
ily fortune - - estimated now by
international experts, better sit-
tdown to have had a real-time value of 1.63 trillion dollars U.S.

Wolf sees serious problems in the California probate proceeding

Proceeding to the Holy Grail of all possible probate assets, the leg-
denary five hundred million dollar +
Swiss accounts now thought, to be Marcos'. Last month, in
perhaps the most unusual pro-
brate-related hearing conduct-
this year, Ross, his team, Silverman and several other counsel held a "telephone hearing" (at Ross' office) with Hon. Manuel Real of the United States District Court - Central District, that hear-
ing, in what has been described by several of the other lawyers present as the
single most outrageous judicial act they'd ever witnessed.
Real enjoined Ross from mov-
ing at all on the Marcos probate -despite the fact that a hearing before Judge Lettau had already been calendared. That hearing was subsequently continued, and the "telephone injunction" was given an "emergency stay" by the Ninth Circuit anyway and was, eventually, reversed.

Several interests are represented in
the Philippines) estate, is moving rela-
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based on PC 12523 grounds. Since a domiciliary probate has already begun in the Philippines, admitting a supposedly valid will, the case except possibly under PC 12523(b), can an intestate matter live? By
the way, if

Molly, Dick, Ferdy & Pat kickin' back in Manila. One point four trillion bucks' pay for a whole lotta partying.

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R.J. Comer

LOYOLA REPORTER
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February 6, 1996

The International Law Society would like to thank Matthew Kaplan and Charles Harder for their exem-
plary contributions in the capacity of President and Vice President of ILS. We would also like to congratu-
litate the newly elected officials of ILS: David Berger as President, Shane Kamkar as Vice President, Roger James as Secretary, James Prenton as Treasurer, and Kelly Lindsay as Publicity Officer. The first act of the new administration was to create the position of Summer Studies Chair, which has been filled by Christian Ramorino. ILS members will be pleased to learn that the new administration also plans to balance the budget by 1997. Congratulations to all, and good luck!

-J. Kelly Lindsay
ILS Publicity Officer
issues. When the plane was leaving LAX, I noticed the workers in their headgear. The plane taxied past San José, located in an elevated valley, really is temperate. The coastal rainforests can swell- ingly hot and uninviting. We were warned to bring sweaters-I never unpacked mine. In the rainy season might be like Hawaii, gentle afternoon rainsto relieve the humidity. Forget it. We're talking daily gully-wash- ers, and I decided to rent a car and drive around.

Once through customs, you have an immediate need for colonos, the local currency. Everywhere I've traveled I've been warned against exchanging money in the street. At the airport people rush up to you. These are the govern- ment licensed money changers, though it's wise to check their rates and calculations, as a few seem to have trouble with multiplication. I wouldn't try this anywhere else in the country- stick to banks. And if you can't find a money changer at the airport, stick some traveler's checks inside your passport and wave it over your head. Problem solved.

I arrived a week early to see some of the country. At first I was going to bike through Costa Rica with a guy from Lewis & Clark, but then there were lots of students from Georgetown, but everything fell through. Fara Daun and I decided to rent a car and drive around. This is an excellent way to travel, so it's nice to get four people to go. On the other hand the cars have no luggage space. Our only overnight bag, so pack light. We didn't reserve a car in advance, so we were lucky to find a four- wheel drive available. One agent tried to convince us that a little compact is a better option, so it's nice to get four people to go.

The roads can get terrible, and the famous Costa Rican potholes! Some are big enough to fish in. Flycasting is said to be good. Costa Rica has the most prevalent traffic sign as you drive through the country, the dreaded "No hay paso." It means you are about to meet your maker unless you turn quickly the road ahead is about to become one way heading towards you. This usually occurs when trucks are bearing down on you.

Twenty- seven students were involved with the program, the ninth for the three- week International Environmental Law course. In add- tion to Fara and me, the other seven from Loyola were hip- hop Katie, who was touring the countryside by bus with Letitia, quiet, reserved, and an amazing dancer; Hany, sprung from Mobil Oil for three weeks, try- ing to keep his place of employment; and Miguel, with his ironic sense of humor; and Chris and Deborah, who were much too seri- ous, spending much of their time studying or practicing Spanish with their Tico families.

We were overprepared as always, lugging about 30 pounds of guidebooks around, trying to com- pile the most efficient route through Costa Rica. That idea didn't last twenty- four hours. Remember that the most important thing to take is a good map road. The best one is put out by ITMB of Vancouver. When you get lost, show it to the locals. It won't help them get you where you want to go, but the Ticos, ever helpful will complement you on your beautiful map.

The guidebooks say that Costa Rica in July, the "Green Season." Formerly, and more accurately, the "rainy" or "off" season. According to the agent, the board got hold of it. I wouldn't dream of going to Florida in July and here I was going much closer to the third world. But the capital city of San José, located in an elevated valley, really is temperate. The coastal rainforests can swell- ingly hot and uninviting. We were warned to bring sweaters-I never unpacked mine. In the rainy season might be like Hawaii, gentle afternoon rainsto relieve the humidity. Forget it. We're talking daily gully-wash- ers, and I decided to rent a car and drive around.

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SOFTWARE REVIEW:

WESTWare MBE Preparation Software
By Rod Rummelsburg, Class of '98

West Los Angeles, CA.

West Bar Review has come out with an "intelligent" set of interactive flash cards for studying for the Multistate Bar Exam (MBE). What makes a flash card intelligent? Several things. You can choose the category of subject that either tests your knowledge or tests your ability to select how much time you have to answer each question or how much you require for the entire exam. The computer times the number of seconds you take to answer each question. When you click on the one of the 4 multiple choice answers, the program gives you instant feedback. You can continue with the exam or click on a button to print out a copy of your test results with a breakdown of how many seconds it took you to answer each question. Additionally, you can print out a copy of your test results as a reminder of how unprepared for the MBE you actually are.

If WESTWare were a movie and I were Siskel and Ebert, I would give it two thumbs up. I found it difficult to find fault with the software, but I could not find any substantial errors. Answering a lot of questions incorrectly, but I can't blame that on the software. The software self-installs. It is self-explanatory to run. There are no instruction manuals and no interactive help screens; they are not needed. For you hackers, the software is easy to use. You click on the pictures. No typing is necessary.

WESTWare also includes the subjects of Crime Law, Con Law, Evidence, Contracts, Torts, and Property. You can choose to take tests in each of the subjects separately or in combination. You can also select the level of difficulty for each test: Beginning, Intermediate, or Advanced. I could not tell that this option does anything, because a Beginning question looked no different than an Intermediate question. I still have a one in four chance of guessing correctly.

The software has a sound button, which asks if you have a sound-blaster card. My computer does not have one, so the programs ran silently. It is just as well. I would not want to alert the whole neighborhood if I select an incorrect answer. The software also comes with a glossary of basic law concepts. You do not have to scroll down a list to get to the topic you want; start typing the topic name and software automatically positions you on the topic. This is a sign of well-designed software.

The only irritant was answering test questions which were too long to fit on one screen. When optimizing my test-taking for speed, I prefer to read the call of the question first. For a long question, this meant wasting time scrolling or clicking to the next page. A mouse click wastes a couple of milliseconds, OK, it's not a substantive time penalty, but it would still be nice to see an entire question on one page.

As for the technical requirements, WESTWare runs on Windows 3.1 or better, Windows 95, and Macintosh System 7.0 or better. It requires 4MB of RAM and takes up 15MB of hard disk space. It takes about 30 seconds to read in each new test from disk. But when taking a test, the response is instantaneous.

And finally, WESTWare has one major advantage over the commercial flash cards. There are NO cutey questions. You will NOT see the level of difficulty for each question. For example, within the category of Constitutional Law, you can choose to only be quizzed in the sub-category of "Case or Controversy." You can also select how much time you have to answer each question or how much time you require for the entire exam.

The computer times the number of seconds you take to answer each question. When you click on the one of the 4 multiple choice answers, the program gives you instant feedback. You can continue with the exam or click on a button to print out a copy of your test results with a breakdown of how many seconds it took you to answer each question. Additionally, you can print out a copy of your test results as a reminder of how unprepared for the MBE you actually are.

Koury (from page one)

Soon after that, however, he moved into "real" expeditions - the kind people write memoirs about - sponsored by professional outfitters, led by guides, and on. The first of these was Pol III, which Pol IV, 15,000 foot altitude exposure, joined with McIntyre, who had started earlier and run out of gas. Bridges, the strongest of the climbers, proceeded solo and summed out. Koury and McIntyre, both exhausted, began the 10 mile, 4,000 vertical foot retreat to the mountain's base camp (a well-populated corn field of government representatives). Partway down, in the process of droppping his gear to a ledge (using a rope), Koury lost his pack. It tumbled almost a thousand feet down into a deep ravine. Since it contained his passport and money, Koury had to retrieve it. So, executing several rappels and scrambling over a mile or so of vertical precipices, he and McIntyre reached the chasm floor.

Rummaging through the boulders, searching for the pack, they stumbled upon two bodies protruding from a rock pile. Koury remembers thinking it odd that the color of his boots, which he assumed had burst from the pack in the avalanche, was the same as a human body. When he tried to tug them out of the rubble, he found they were attached a human body - an incredibly desiccated corpse. He remembers it as one of the most powerful moments of his life.

In April of 1995, Koury, Bridges, McIntyre and several other national climbers, arrived in Nepal, paid their "climbing fees" (about $1500 per peak) and made the long hike into the mountain region. Several minor climbs were conducted. In mid-April, they made a the summit of Island Peak (reaching 18,000 feet) but turning back due to weather and time constraints, Koury regrouped with Bridges to try the big one, Ama Dablam. Two thousand feet from the summit, Koury, wearing after weeks of
tainer or any clothing you were wearing. But was it strong enough to stop the malaria and dengue Coast. As you pass through Guanacaste province planning a massive development, Papagayo, that fast food, for people who dont have time to around with... Nothing o~ the ,!,e.nu.IS over.

\textbf{Costa Rica (From Page 6)}

Was DEET waterproof? is untwisted. About the same thickness, too. Once water on too hard, it passes over the coils inside but not armored with doughy bread like the fever mosquitos? And as the rain picked up, the terrain alters dramatically. The whole province can sustain grasses for a few seasons, but read

The beaches in Guanacaste are some of the few that meet tourist expectations. Costa Rica is not blessed with white sand beaches like the Caribbean islands. Yet a Mexican company is planning a massive development, Papagayo, that will transform the coast into a new Acapulco. But when it is completed, Papagayo will have more than doubled the current number of hotel rooms in the entire country. In addition to the tremendous demands that will place on water, water, electricity, there is a problem that still amazes me: Eco-friendly Costa Rica has virtually no sewage treatment. There are no living coral reefs to speak of, and the coastal diving is plagued by hotel development: all the sewage flows straight out into those picturesque bays you want to dive in. The roads in the towns and on the coast, the dry season there spray them with molasses to control dust. During the rainy season the molasses washes down into the ocean, coating surfaces and killing flora. You can go some great scuba diving or snorkeling, but you need to get a boat that will take you away from the developed areas. One room we stayed in had a window air conditioner. The water ran down from the unit and electrical wires from the wall were just wrapped around the plug. No outlet, no electricians' to adjust the boxes and wires. This gives me the idea of the quality of Tico electricians. There is no hot water in Costa Rica, showers have heated water. When you turn the shower on, the water runs but then it buzzes for a while. Your shower head is plugged into a 220-volt circuit. If you turn the water on too hard, it passes over the coils entirely. If you don't turn it on hard enough, the water passes the coils entirely. But if you get it just right, you get a warm shower. I was very concerned about tropical diseases. Every shower I got into had this rotten old no-slip rubber mat on the floor. The first thing I did each time was to kick out of that way. I mean, in a tropical cli- mate, who knows what bugs are breeding there. Later in the trip Fara pocketed my phrase book by mistake. I was very grateful in the long run. That meant I had to buy a replacement, so I chose a differ- ent one. The phrase book explained how the rubber mats are to keep you from getting electro- cuted! I thought back to that air conditioner and stood in the middle of the mat for the rest of the trip.

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\textbf{Cafeteria Alternatives: (Other Places...Other Prices) By David Paul Bleistein}

Foodland Chinese & Mexican Fast Food 739 S. S. Union Avenue, LA, CA 90017 (213) 802-9090 Open 7 days a week.

This ain't no- fat yuppy-chow, or faux-Chinese or Mexican. This is basic, plain food, for people who dont have time to mess around, or a huge bankrupt to mess around with. Nothing on the menu is over $5.95 and the overwhelming majority is under $4.00. Unlike Mickey D's, however, some of the Chinese dishes include some green vegetables. When I need to have some veggies, I opt for the "vegetable feast" or the beef and broccoli.

I've eaten just about everything they have, on many a late night of studying, after our beloved cafeteria was closed. For the Chinese food, my recommendation is to stick to dishes that are good if they sit around a bit, like the chicken curry, BBQ chicken and port and the hot and sour soup. Things like Kun Pao chicken, that have to be fresh or they get mushy, tend to sit too long.

There's an interesting variety of Mexican food, too. If they're fresh, the tacos are wonderful; crunchy tubes filled with seasoned chicken. I also like the tacos carne asada, thin little tortillas filled with beef, peppers and onions.

But my absolute favorite is the spicy fried chicken. To me, it's the food of the gods. It's what spicy fried chicken should be: not peppey, but not overwhelming, with bits of hot pepper in the coating, and extra-crispy. The armadillo, which is the most common of the "extra-crispy" served by a certain Kentucky dude in a white suit and funny tie. It's not loc- al, but it is delicious, and I get tempted about once every two weeks or so. With some no-

The decor is strictly functional, and the atmosphere doesn't invite schmoozing. Most people eat and run, or more frequently, run and eat.

Finally, if you want to cater, especially with some spicy fried chicken, give them a call, they'll make a good deal. Then, invite me: it won't go to waste.
DOGGIE LAW I: When the dog bites, with his teeth dear, blood and litigation, start to spread

By David Paul Bleistein ('96)

Whatever their status as the best friends of humankind in general, dogs are staunch allies of the lawyer segment. Dogs bring lawyers plenty of business. They bark, howl and whine, nonstop, at the worst of all, on negligence. Thus, a guy who's had his hand chopped off by a pit-bull in the late 1980's? Long-time dog owners who thought they knew all this stuff may be in for a surprise.

That's the focus in this piece. Here I try to provide a brief capsule of the law of the state of California as it pertains to biting dogs. Many of these laws are rather new, apparently passed in the wake of widespread hysteria over pit-bull and other dog attacks [remember when a news station recorded an animal control officer being attacked by a pit-bull in the late 1980's?]. Long-time dog owners who thought they knew all this stuff may be in for a surprise.

I. DOG BITES; strict liability but...

Under Civil Code § 3342, the owner of any dog is, essentially, strictly liable for damages arising from that dog's bite— but not necessarily from other injuries. The victim can be either in a public place or lawfully in a private place. The owner's prior knowledge of the animal's viciousness is irrelevant. However, liability can only attach to a dog's keeper if the keeper knew or had reason to know that the dog was dangerous [See, Hillman v. Garcia-Ruby, 44 Cal.2d 625, 283 P.2d 1033 (1955); Buffington v. Nicholson, 78 Cal. App. 2d 37, 177 P.2d 51 (1947)].

So how does this work in practice?

A. OTHER INJURIES

Generally, if the dog hurts someone as a result of conduct other than biting, the plaintiff wins, if at all, on negligence. Thus, a guy knocked off his motor scooter by a dog running without a leash in violation of a local ordinance recovered, as did a lady knocked down when a cocker spaniel in "the habit of jumping on people" ran against her legs. [Brotemarkle v. Snyder, 99 Cal.App.2d 388 (1950); Northon v. Schultz, 130 Cal. App. 2d 488, 279 P.2d 103 (1955).] The violation of the leash law with the first dog and the cocker spaniel owner's prior knowledge of the dog's bad habit created a duty, breached when the owners failed to control their dogs.

B. LAWFULLY IN A PRIVATE PLACE

A licensee on a dog-owners' property is lawfully there. So is an invitee who, hearing no answer by ringing the doorbell, steps into the garage looking for the owner's car to find instead: "uh, nice doggie," Grr! Crunch, "ouch!" [See Delay v. Braun, 83 Cal. App. 2d 8, 148 P.2d 32 (1944).] On the other hand, invitations have their limits; thus, too bad for a little kid who opened the gate to a hosts' backyard against Mommy's instructions- Grr, crunch, etc (did he get a whip-pun', too?) [Fullerton v. Conran, 87 Cal.App.2d 354, 197 P.2d 59 (1949).] In another case, the 10-year-old playmate of the defendant's son was lawfully there because he'd been visiting regularly for three or four years and the defendant parents had greeted the plaintiff in the driveway before their dog bit him in the yard [Smythe v. Schacht, 93 Cal. App. 2d 315, 209 P.2d 114 (1949)]. Finally, any cop, firefighter, mailman or anyone else performing "any duty imposed on [them] by the laws of California or the laws of the United States is also lawfully there. [§ 3342.]

II. OTHER INJURIES

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C. DOGS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE EXEMPT [SURPRISE!]

A 1988 amendment provided that § 3342 does not apply— i.e., the owner is not liable— if the dog belonged to a government agency and the dog was defending...
IS BARPASSEES EMBARRASSED? WE SUSPECT SO.

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Friday, April 26, 1996 6:30 pm to 10:30 pm
CIVIL PROCEDURE II
(Professor, Tom Pommer, State Adjunct, Loyola Law School
with subject matter expert, Karen Vienna, Esq.)

Saturday, April 27, 1996 9:00 am to 9:30 pm
CONTRACTS II-U.C.C.
(Professor, Tom Pommer, State Adjunct, Loyola Law School
with subject matter expert, Karen Vienna, Esq.)

Sunday, April 28, 1996 9:00 am to 1:00 pm
TORTS II
(Professor, Tom Pommer, State Adjunct, Loyola Law School
with subject matter expert, Karen Vienna, Esq.)

San Diego The Hyperlearning Center - Video Lectures

Friday, April 26, 1996 10:00 am to 2:00 pm
CONSTITUTIONAL LAW II
(Professor, Tom Pommer, State Adjunct, Loyola Law School
with subject matter expert, Karen Vienna, Esq.)

Saturday, April 27, 1996 10:00 am to 2:00 pm
EVIDENCE II
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with subject matter expert, Karen Vienna, Esq.)

Sunday, April 28, 1996 10:00 am to 2:00 pm
CRIMINAL LAW
(Professor, Tom Pommer, State Adjunct, Loyola Law School
with subject matter expert, Karen Vienna, Esq.)

Friday, May 3, 1996 6:30 pm to 10:30 pm
REAL PROPERTY II
(Professor, Tom Pommer, State Adjunct, Loyola Law School
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Saturday, May 4, 1996 10:00 am to 2:00 pm
CIVIL PROCEDURE
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Mr. Fleming has taught as an Assistant Professor of the Adjunct Faculty at Western State University Fullerton and is currently a Professor of the University of West Los Angeles School of Law where he has taught for the past twelve years. He maintains a private practice in Orange County, California.

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how to get on a journal through the write-on competition
Costa Rica (From Page 8)

We had decided to get our money's worth out of the four-wheel drive we rented from the Pacific coast. There was a lot of Sunday beach traffic. Every so often the road would widen to six or eight unmarked lanes, more like a wide parking lot than a road. The long straight line of cars would respond by spreading out all over, trying to pass, trying to speed up and still avoid the dozens of pot-holes. They would literally swarm across the front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell.

Fara and I were nearly the last students to choose the beaches to park at the Olympic Picnic Forest from Loyola the Sunday afternoon before classes began. We returned the car to the airport and found ourselves stuck in a heavy afternoon traffic jam. The Loyola instructions read, "You must check in by 5:00." Time was running out and the cab couldn't get through the jam. It is a popular out to go to the airport or Sunday afternoon have a sweet icing. If I ever come down to the road to Sabana Park and front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell. and so we drove south along the Sunday beach traffic. Every so often the road would widen to six or eight unmarked lanes, more like a wide parking lot than a road. The long straight line of cars would respond by spreading out all over, trying to pass, trying to speed up and still avoid the dozens of pot-holes. They would literally swarm across the front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell.

Ticos enjoy their food. Frankly, they also enjoy our food, as Burger King and Pizza Hut are everywhere. But like the national dish, gallo pinto-black beans and rice—it is a very bland diet. Anyone expecting spicy Mexican food will be very surprised. And they serve mountains of fruit. Once my family had found out I was a vegetarian—some Ticos still have trouble understanding the concept—every meal consisted of about 5 pounds of fruit. At first it was wonderful: papayas, mangos, pineapple, and the ubiquitous bananas. But we didn't know how to stop them. We tried not eating some of the fruit, but it would show up at our breakfast table. The beach is the key to Costa Rica. It's a popular outing to go to the airport or Sunday afternoon have a sweet icing. If I ever come down to the road to Sabana Park and front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell. every so often the road would widen to six or eight unmarked lanes, more like a wide parking lot than a road. The long straight line of cars would respond by spreading out all over, trying to pass, trying to speed up and still avoid the dozens of pot-holes. They would literally swarm across the front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell. and so we drove south along the Sunday beach traffic. Every so often the road would widen to six or eight unmarked lanes, more like a wide parking lot than a road. The long straight line of cars would respond by spreading out all over, trying to pass, trying to speed up and still avoid the dozens of pot-holes. They would literally swarm across the front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell. and so we drove south along the Sunday beach traffic. Every so often the road would widen to six or eight unmarked lanes, more like a wide parking lot than a road. The long straight line of cars would respond by spreading out all over, trying to pass, trying to speed up and still avoid the dozens of pot-holes. They would literally swarm across the front or rear end would pop up like bread from a toaster as the car went into, or out of, a pot hole. Then, just as quickly, the road would go back to two lanes and everyone would jockey back into line. The beaches in the area, like Jaco, are very dirt-appealing imitations of California—it's the only place I heard English spoken regularly. The best restaurant— not on the road, but for the name was Jaco Bell.
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Around the Big Town

Eating & Drinking in Lotus Land

By David Paul Bleistein

Amazon Restaurant, Bar & Grill, 14649 Ventura Boulevard, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 (818) 383-7317

The outside of Amazon is painted bright green, with a three-dimensional life-size portrait of a mountain gorilla, along with a mural of animals and birds of the forest. The inside is purely Hollywood rainforest: muscle-laden-looking trees festooned with various wildlife creatures, fake rough-green leaves on the walls and on the bar. There's a floor-to-ceiling waterfall in the middle of the room, and a fake night sky, complete with shooting stars to wish upon.

The only thing the place doesn't have is waiters and waitresses dressed like Tarzan and Jane.

It's around noon, so it's right in the middle of Amazon buffet lunch time, which begins between 11:30 and 2:30.

John grabs a plate and goes one to Uma.

"What kind of food do they serve here?" she asks.

"I like this place," John says, gesturing at the building, "they give their money to endangered species!"

You care about endangered species?" Uma says, giving a lettece pat on the shoulder holster with a .45 under John's impeccably tailored sports jacket.

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"What kind of food do they serve here?" she asks.

"A little of everything: Chinese, Mexican, Caribbean, Italian..." John laughs, "except for meat- and- potato- type!" John piles his plate high with black beans, spicy vegan pizza, tamales in corn husks, salmon with mildly hot onion- and- bean sauce, and fried rice. Uma does the same; by the time they sit down, their plates are piled like moun- tain ranges.

The room buzzes with the happy sound of Hollywood Industry schmoozing: "Working on this project... got canned from that project... it's a great concept, but do you think the buffet in this place, especially the salmon. The guy looks like the Michelin man, padded with muscles and tattooed with little flowers, butterflies and prancing lambs all over his enormous shaven skull. What is that bulge under his impeccably tailored sports jacket? An Uzi? An AK?"

Before John can say anything, Uma gets up and darts over to the giant's table. At first the guy looks a bit alarmed; John starts to look very alarmed, and reaches under his impeccably tailored sports jacket. Soon, Uma and the giant are laughing. Then Uma reaches over and pecks the giant on the cheek.

When she gets back to the table, John isn't sure whether to be pleased or frightened.

"Who were you laughing at?"

John asks petulantly, stuffing his mouth with black beans.

"You," Uma says, "you are so paranoid! Are you afraid of him?" She smirks a little, "I'll bet you though he's a hit man or something."

"Well, yes, I did... " He's a hit man or anything like that, dear."

"You know him?"

"He's a set designer at the studios. Uma pauses, "He just loves the buffet in this place, especially the salmon. He says he can just eat all he wants and no one complains. For only $6.95."

"It'd be like complaining to a 2,000 pound gorilla."

"You're so paranoid. How can you be afraid of a guy who does baby photography on the side?"

"Baby photography?"

"Yeah, the kids love his tattoos."

The Amazon gives some of its money to conservation causes. I don't know how much, and I don't care. I like the rainforest, but I can give my own money, if I want. I like the food here. Even Washington lumberjacks will like this place. It makes a nice change of pace from the spotted owl pot pie, with the particle-board crust, washed down with dozer lubricant.

If a lunch buffet doesn't thrill you, there's always dinner. This includes items like: Jungle- safe tuna sandwiches, from Thailand, and Bacaludio Mario (chicken with veggies, garlic, tomatoes and melted low-fat mozzarella); organic angel hair pasta with chopped tomatoes, hallibut with sun- dried tomatoes, capers and sweet basil. By now, you get the idea that if it's meat and potatoes you're after, this ain't the place.

All credit cards accepted.

They will deliver to your home or office.

And, "Calabasas Amazon plans to open Fall of '96" Yahoo, if you live in Calabasas.

Meanwhile, John and Uma varoom off down Ventura in John's sports car with the top down; it's a beautiful day. Grace Jones pulls up next to them at a red light in blue Maserati, pulls out an AK...

"Hey!" she says, "can you tell me where can I get this repaired?"
A Local Custom; Smoking out the Bugs

Costa Rica (From Page 14)

with small tables shoved against the wall and in little alcoves. Some of the others made repeated trips there; once was enough for me. But we eventually settled on a regular nightspot, Risas, a downtown disco run by an expatriate. There are two floors of bars, with a dance floor on the third floor ringed by a balcony on the fourth. The locals would surrender the floor to our group during the U.S. music sets, then most of us would fete during the salsa sets. We ranged from the frantic Katie and Letitia down to those of use doing the suburban white guy shuffle.

One night during a break I came over and sat by Aimee. She stared lifelessly into space and said in a monotone, “I have no peripheral vision.” I glanced down to see what she was drinking. There is a local firewater, guaro, priced a lot less than rubbing alcohol—and a lot less tasty. But no, she was drinking Imperial, a local beer. It turned out she had been on the slide.

Risas has a poured cement floor from the third floor down to the street level: you finish dancing and taking the easy way out. But you have to remember there’s no trash can, no one’s watching out for your safety. Aimee got going too fast on the slide and slammed her head back. At the bottom of the slide was a heavy punch wall. Didn’t work for Heather, who flew past it and crumpled in a heap in the corner. David, thecyclist from Lewis & Clark, came down too fast and ended up above the heavy bag, slamming his head into the chain that held the bag. If you have to slide, slide down the stairs. It’s safer.

Mario, the wonderful Puerto Rican, strode into Risas one night with a big smile and smoking an even bigger Cuban cigar. “The cab driver told me of a bar nearby... (puff, puff) where they have beautiful women... (puff, puff) for rent.” Renting women is legal in Costa Rica, as it is in most of Latin America. Amazing for Catholic countries. One of my friends was strolling through San José with Heather one day when her Diet Coke ran out. Every two hours she threatened to turn homicidal. They turned into the nearest bar, a large plantation house lifted out of Florida: the Key Largo. They couldn’t understand why the room outside the bathrooms was covered with framed photos of women. Until we looked in the guidebook. Key Largo is a sort of combination bar/brothel. They’d been looking at the menu...

...The major focus of international environmental law is sustainable development. Coined in a 1987 U.N. report by the Bredland Commission, the goal is to improve living conditions without spending all of the world’s resources that actually belong to future generations. In fact, in a fascinating case, the Supreme Court of the Philippines was the first to grant standing to representatives of future generations. The indigenous people of the Americas have supported this concept for many centuries.

The international legal system has not met the fast-paced challenge of environmental degradation. Those of you who hate case names will love international environmental law-there are only four cases. Countries submit to jurisdiction by the international courts in order to utilize the courts as plain-tiffs in future disputes. The increasing effects of transboundary pollution require stronger duties to cooperate and notify neighboring countries in the event of disasters like Chernobyl. Cooperation is also necessary to reduce the vast global warming and acid rain, which are brought on by the increased consumption of nonrenewable resources. The U.S. wants other nations to preserve their rainforests while we continue to clear-cut our old growth forests. Other nations find the same hypocrisy in our attempts to ban freon and other fluorinated hydrocarbons: tropical nations want the air conditioning and aerosol sprays that we’ve enjoyed for decades. The proposed solutions involve transferring a great deal of wealth from the industrialized northern nations to the less developed southern ones. We must pay them not to pollute. Don’t look for U.S. voters to embrace this idea anytime soon.

Costa Rica is at the crossroads of North and South America. In addition to its own unique species, it is the southernmost location for north American flora and fauna, and the northernmost spot for those from South America. More than 24% of the country is now protected in public and private parks and reserves. The decades since World War II have seen almost half the country converted from tropical rainforests to pasturage and plantations through logging. In an attempt to profit from the preservation of these biological treasure troves, Costa Rica has negotiated a pact with a large pharmaceutical manufacturer. If any “miracle” drugs are developed from a careful cataloguing of Costa Rican life forms, the country will receive a royalty. This, combined with ecotourism, is an attempt to make the rainforests pay their own way in a capitalism society.

Don’t go to Costa Rica expecting large mammals and huge flocks of tropical birds flying across the rainforest. For that you need to go the Amazon or Colombia. In Costa Rica you’ll find a wide variety of rainforest and tropical dry forests, but often the differences are hard to spot by the untrained eye. The country boasts of having more than 50% of the world’s orchids species. I expected the overwhelming beauty of Hawaiian orchids. It turns out most of the world’s orchids have small brown flowers that are hard to notice—but, unlike Hawaiian orchids, they have a fragrance. What you will find in Costa Rica is the famous microfauna. In other words: bugs!

Now I’m not a big fan of bugs, especially the palmetto they have down there (think flying cockroaches the size of doorknobs). But there are amazingly beautiful multi-colored weevils that masquerade as the large cigars. If you’re into that kind of thing. Wonderful to look at when they’re outside. There’s no mos- quito problems in San José, but there are still bugs all over. I thought I was getting pretty blasé about the whole thing until I was in the bathroom one day and saw a leaf that had come off someone’s shoe. Suddenly what looked like a tongue came out of the leaf and started dragging itself across the floor. That leaf now sleeps with the fishes.

The trip ratting down the Pucra gave us the best of both worlds: the excitement of paddling rapids and the experience of serenely floating through virgin rainforests. We spent the night halfway down the river. Most of the rafters headed off to private cabanas for the night, one bedroom and bath- room buildings scattered around the property. Three of us settled for hammocks in the open air second floor of the main building. Every hour I’d wake up, about to roll off the edge of the hammock. One hour it was raining, the next a full moon rose over the river. At dawn all sorts of exotic birds woke me. I wandered through the compound...
This rewarding new text by Dunshaven Law College's Distinguished Professor of Xenopsychology, Wilhelm Anterich, is a very welcome addition to his growing canon of field treatises on alien legal customs and disciplines. Anterich spent all of 2126 in the bush researching the current book; living with a village of the Zorians for the better part of six months.

Anterich is certainly no stranger to this sort of habitual treatment. In 2125, he and a team of professors from Loyola Law School, lived aboard a Quintiloan freighter, observing the internal, maternal dispensation justice from her cocoon. That book, mesmerizing as it was, does not approach this Zorian material in detail or breadth. Here, Anterich didn't just watch the villagers holding court, he actually became a part of it, earning a credential as a wise man of the tribe and formally "tying cases" in front of the village elders.

His thoughtful analysis of Zorian tribal law is blended with a keen psychological understanding (probably brought to the table by his wife, noted psychiatrist Maria Hermorning Anterich, who accompanied him on this voyage). Anterich's perception is never condescending, never outrage (even at the same times harsh, methods employed and never boring) he recounts several non-legal expeditions into the deep forests of the planet and the many encounters he and his team had with native wildlife - - few pleasant.

The Zorians, generally regarded as the third alien race humanity has encountered (after the Quintiloans and, some would argue, the Predators - though no actual diplomatic contact has been made with them as yet), have until this text been an unknown quantity from a legal point of view. A primer to his growing canon of field treatises on alien legal customs and disciplines.

In the final chapters, Anterich discusses his opinions as to our relationship with the Zorian race (basically he advocates staying away) and he compares their system with our own. In several key areas, he concludes they are, from a temporal/developmental standpoint, superior. In fact, he goes so far as to say that in one or two thousand years they should be more advanced than humanity in almost all legal doctrines. As always, Anterich's style is easy and familiar while at the same remaining scholarly. He is an optimist, an academic and, lastly, a good writer.

Zorian Tribal Law is strongly recommended not just for foreign and alien law aficionados but lay readers as well.
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