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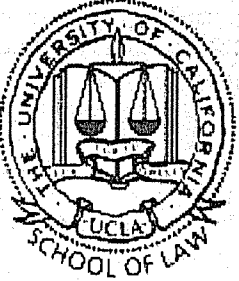
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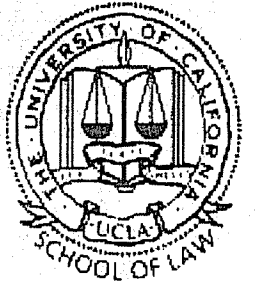
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THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW



Celebrating 50 years of journalism

VOLUME 50, NUMBER 1

405 HILGARD AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CA 90095

SEPTEMBER 2001

In Memory: Professor Gary Schwartz Teacher, Scholar, Friend

Late this summer, UCLA Law suffered a tragic loss when Professor Gary T. Schwartz died in his home in the early morning hours of July 25. His impact on the people he knew is shown by the sentiment expressed by many in the law school: words cannot adequately describe who he was, and what he meant to those around him. Faculty members and students all have poignant things to say about Professor Schwartz, but as we learned in the course of gathering comments for this article, if you really want to know the impact he had on people's lives, just ask someone who knew him. The words they say are irrelevant. The emotion visible in their eyes and audible in their voices will tell you all you need to know.

Professor Schwartz started his academic journey at Cornell University and graduated from Oberlin College. He went law school at Harvard, where he received the Sears Prize for highest Grade Point Average in the first year class. He then clerked for Judge J. Skelly Wright of the Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit. He joined the UCLA School of Law faculty in 1969, and held the William D. Warren Chair.

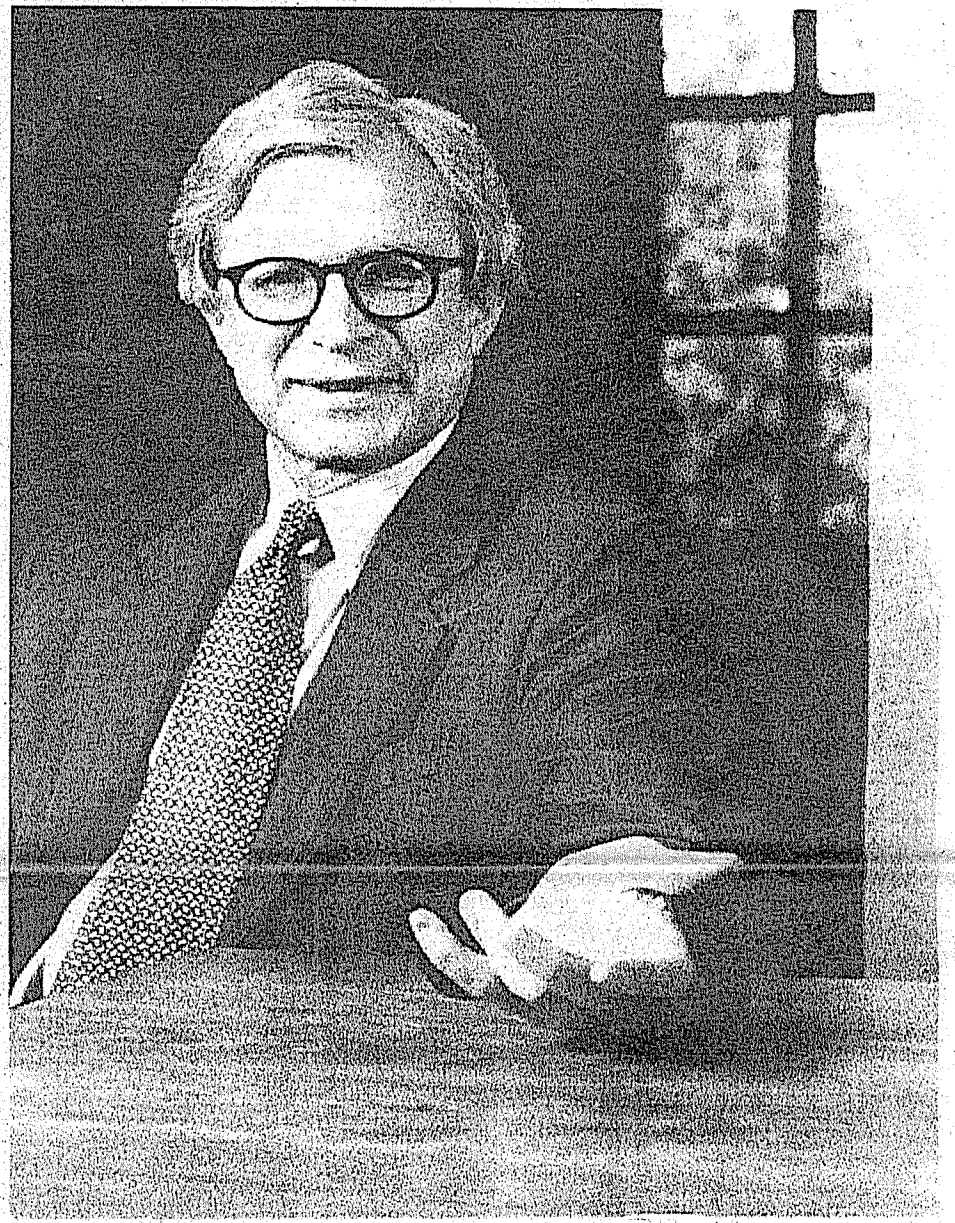
His professional endeavors extended beyond the law school. He was active in the California Legislature's Joint Committee on Tort Liability, the California Citizens Commission on Tort Reform, and he also served on the board of the Los Angeles Neighborhood Legal Services Society. His scholarship and achievements made him world-renown. Dean Jonathan Varat said, "It's hard not to be struck" by the impact he apparently had on people. He has received phone calls, emails, and letters from people all over the world who share stories and memories of Professor Schwartz since he

died.

As any student, law or otherwise, will tell you, every professor has their strengths and weaknesses. Some are brilliant scholars, at the top of their fields, whose research is cutting edge and well known. Others are gifted teachers, able to impart knowledge to even the most stubborn student. Professor Schwartz was that rare combination of both. A truly great professor all around, he was a popular teacher who genuinely cared about, and touched the lives of, his students. He was also one of most, if not the most, preeminent torts scholars in the world. He was a recipient of the Rutter Award for Excellence in Teaching and at the time of his death was the Reporter for the Restatement (Third) of Torts: Liability for Physical Harm (Basic Principles) published by the American Law Institute.

Professor Schwartz easily merged both his teaching and academic endeavors. Dean Jonathan Varat recalled taking notes for a student in Professor Schwartz's torts class last year, a prize auctioned off in the PILF auction. He said it was hard to take notes because Professor Schwartz had so much to say that was worth writing down.

A Cleveland native, Gary was a loyal Cleveland Indians baseball fan who could discuss the tactics of the Tribe with the same enthusiasm and authority he brought to torts, but he adapted to his adopted city of Los Angeles by sharing Dodger season tickets with several faculty members. He was very athletic. He played left field on the faculty softball team, Harmless Errors, and according to Dean Varat was surprisingly good at running, sliding catches. He also enjoyed tennis, and loved books, fine art



photography, opera, drama—both live and filmed—and good food.

A man like Gary Schwartz does not come along very often, and when people of his stature depart, it is felt by all who knew them. Professor Schwartz was a great teacher, a great scholar, a great person. He will be missed.

The law school will host a memorial service for Professor Schwartz on Monday, October 29th from 4-6 pm. The gathering will be held in Korn Convocation Hall at the Anderson Graduate School of Management.

SEE MEMORIAL, PAGE 4

Interning In the Shadow of Death

Erika Woods

2L

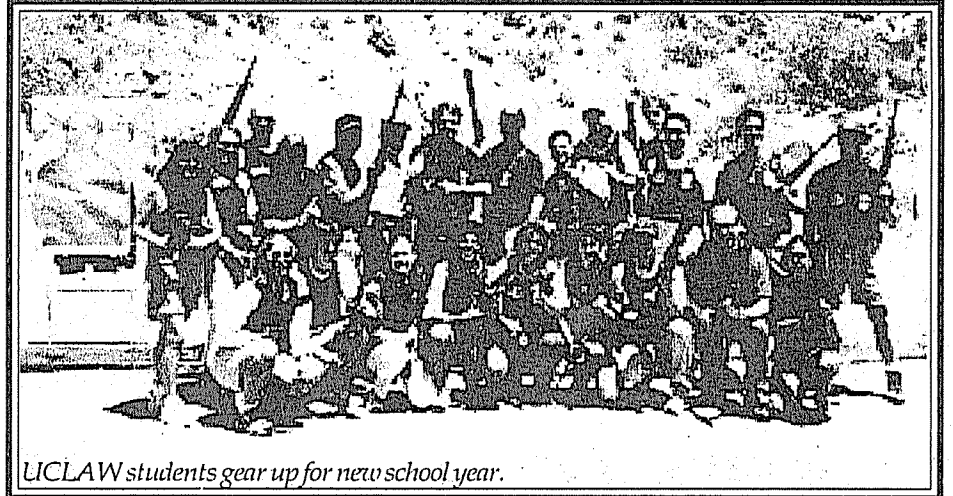
Three days after my last exam I packed up my apartment, put everything into my car and headed for Jackson, Mississippi. When I got into the car, I popped Destiny's child's song "I am a Survivor" into the CD deck and sang along word for word as I drove. I couldn't believe that I had actually survived my first year of law school. I was on such an emotional high that I didn't really have time to think about the experience I was about to undergo.

I was headed to an internship with the Mississippi Post-Conviction Counsel Project. I knew that I would be

working on death penalty cases but really didn't know much about the specifics. Now here I was, three days removed from my lowly 1L status, on my way to Mississippi to fight for someone's life. I shuddered at the thought.

On my first day of work, I was nervous but comforted by the fact that my roommate and former section mate, Jenny Carey, would be there, too. At least we'd have each other to lean on for support. Debra and Charlie, the two attorneys we would be working for, gave us a binder of information that explained what they did and what our assignments would be for the summer.

To make a long story short, in Mississippi when a defendant receives



UCLAW students gear up for new school year.

a death sentence, the sentence is automatically appealed to the Mississippi Supreme Court. Once the appeal to the Mississippi Supreme Court is denied, a petition for certiorari is filed with the United States Supreme Court. After the petition for certiorari is denied, the case moves into what is called the Post-Conviction stage. One of the primary goals

of post-conviction is to paint an accurate picture of the client's life, showing the court that the client is a person who committed a bad act but that the value of his life outweighs the atrocity of his crime.

SEE SHADOW, PAGE 11

EDITORIAL

Rats in the Law School

In light of the fact that nothing really struck us as being worthy of editorializing this month, we thought we'd use this space to make a few brief comments.

First, the law school apparently has a substantial rat problem. We knew there were "pests" in the school, courtesy of an e-mail that was sent out a while back. But until recently, we didn't know that these pests were large enough to put up a fight for your lunch.

Rats can present a serious problem for the unwary law student. Think about this situation: You're sitting in class, idly reading the latest offering from *The Onion* while the professor drones on about some law thing, when you feel something brush up against your foot (which of course is bare, since it is summertime in LA). A few seconds later, you feel it again. You glance at the hot young beauty (girl or guy, take your pick) sitting next to you and assume he or she is playing footsie. How exciting, seeing as you've secretly been attracted to him or her since your 1L year.

You turn, you smile, and suddenly cry out in pain as a pair of sharp teeth bite into your toe, terrifying the object of your affection, attracting the attention of all your classmates, and prompting the professor to sarcastically ask if you have anything

worthwhile to contribute. Not a good situation.

To avoid this untimely occurrence (and thus increase your chances of nailing a date with that hot young beauty), might we suggest that we be a little neater around the campus this year? Please, pick up your trash. Don't leave food around. We have far too few opportunities for dates to allow rats to jeopardize them.

Secondly, just what, exactly, is a "Mandatory Review Session?" It seems to us that this is nothing more than a case of doublespeak.

Let's see what's involved here. The Professor is required to be there and conduct a review session. Students are supposed to show up. It's required, not optional. Material from the course will be discussed. Questions will be answered. It takes place before the reading days. In fact, one professor pointed out that it's unlikely to be helpful as a review session, because it occurs before students will have had time to seriously review their notes and come up with questions, particularly for those classes whose exams occur late in the exam period.

To us, this sounds like an extra day of class. Come on, let's not play word games. Just call it what it is: An extra day of class.

And finally, the Docket would like to go on record as saying that, with respect to the current situation off the coast of Florida, we're rooting for the sharks.

The Docket Celebrates it's 50th Anniversary*

This year the Docket publishes its 50th volume, marking a half century of serving the UCLA Law School community. We have been sharing our particular brand of news entertainment for 50 years now (not necessarily all in a row). We're gonna make a few changes this year, because, why not? The alert among you will perhaps notice one of these changes at the conclusion of this semester when you go back to re-read your favorite articles and notice that you have 4 issues of your favorite law school publication on your living room table. That's right, we're expanding. This year, we will publish 4 issues a semester instead of our usual 3. An increase of 25%. How's that for ambition? We aim to be responsive to our readership, and we're responding to the demands for more Docket, easily the finest literary product put out by the students of this law school. (We shall, as always, continue to ignore the demands of those who think we're nothing but rabble-rousing trash.)

* To those purists among you who wish to point out that, technically speaking, our 50th anniversary won't be till next year; much like 2001 is the "true" new millennium, as opposed to 2000, we have one thing to say: Stuff it. We of the Docket staff don't give a damn about technicalities.

**Docket new member meeting on
Wednesday, August 29
4:00pm in Room 1430**

THE DOCKET

UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW

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A Word from the SBA

Your Student Bar Association invites you to join for the 2001-2002 school year. Already this year, your SBA has provided:

The SBA Book Sale
Welcome Back Courtyard Social
Snacktime with the SBA

Case Briefing Lesson for 1Ls
Bar Reviews

Upcoming services include Student-Faculty Committee Assignments, 1L Elections, Movie Night, more socials, and of course the Barristers' Ball, Town Hall Meetings and support for the 3L Graduation Party.

Please do your part by paying your \$15 annual dues today. Just put a check, made out to the SBA, in Treasurer Amy Gerrish's (2L) mailbox. Thanks for supporting your SBA!

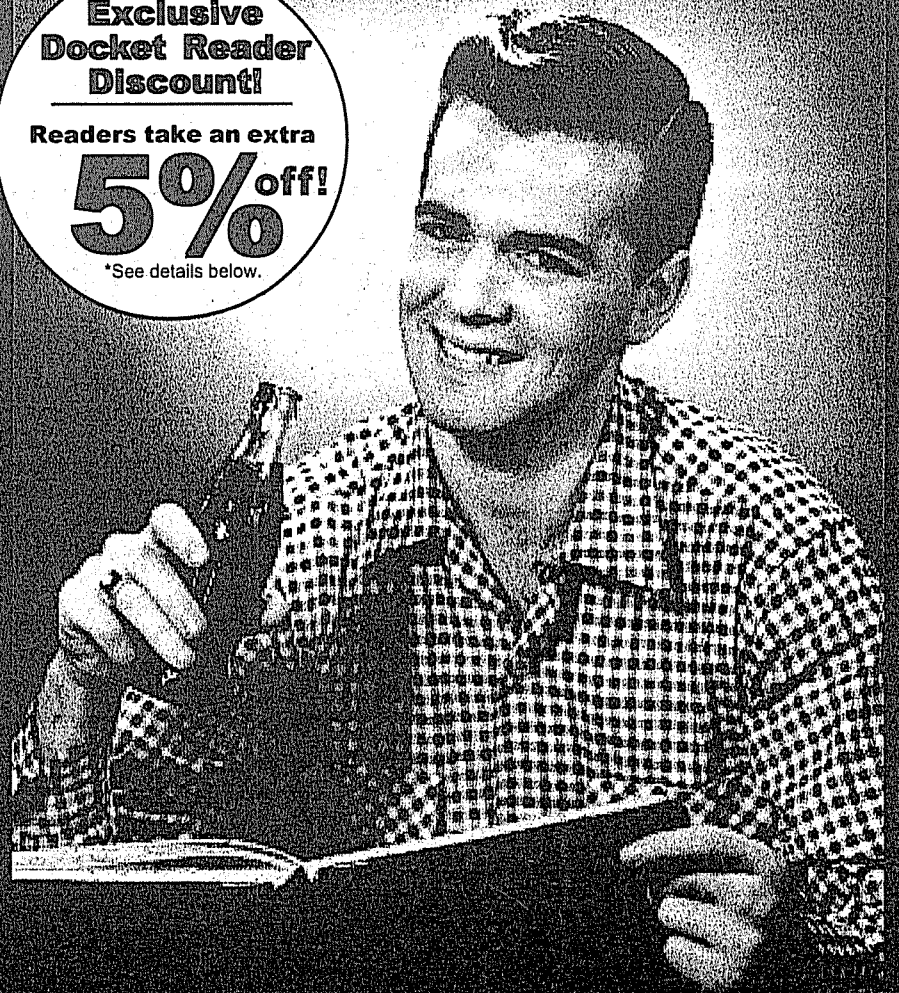
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50 Years: Highlights From *The Docket's* Past

In honor of our 50th anniversary we decided it would be fun to review our past half century and share with you some of its highlights. Okay, so most of these are made up, due in large part to the fact that the Docket has not been very good at maintaining historical records, but if nothing else it will be mildly entertaining.

1950 (give or take a few years): The Docket publishes its very first issue. Immediately thereafter, members of the law school community find something in its pages to complain and whine about, a trend that continues to this day.

1959: Docket reporters, vacationing in Tibet, awake one morning after a night of drinking and carousing with the local monks and women to the sounds of Chinese tanks rolling through the countryside. The reporters, in an effort to thank their hosts for their generous hospitality, join in a successful mission to smuggle the Dali Lama out of the country.

April 1961: Members of the Docket staff, vacationing in Cuba, are awakened from a drunken stupor to the sounds of invasion. They immediately take up arms and defend their vacation spot from the invaders along side the locals, their intoxication preventing them from realizing that in doing so they are supporting the evil communist regime of Fidel Castro. Afterwards, they spend the evening drinking with Castro and the local young women at the victory celebration. After realizing exactly what had happened, they wisely choose to keep their involvement a secret from US authorities.

June 1972: Docket reporters, vacationing in Washington, DC, after a night of partying with several young women in

the Watergate and failing miserably in their attempt to secure an invitation to spend the night, stumble back to their hotel conveniently located across the street. Accidentally entering the wrong room, on account of their inebriation, they surprise several legitimate reporters, end up aiding them in their clandestine observation, and thus become intimately involved in the events that lead to the downfall of Richard Nixon.

1977: Elvis dies, thus ending efforts by Docket editors to make him a staff columnist.

January 1991: Docket reporters, vacationing in Kuwait, are suddenly caught up in Operation Desert Storm when, after a night of drinking and carousing with the local women, find themselves suddenly enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Which is probably a good thing, given that the local women in question were underage, and such activities were viewed harshly by the local authorities.

February 1997: Ralph Nader, future presidential candidate, co-authors an article in the Docket. (Yes, this actually happened.)

1998: Bruce Gibney debuts his column, Heretical Ramblings. Members of the law school are up in arms over his distinctive style.

1999: Bruce Gibney retire, citing creative differences with the new editorial staff. Members of the law school community rejoice.

October 2000: Docket Editor-in-Chief Michael Lopez bans Docket staff members from taking vacations, given their tendency to spark unforeseen complications. Also, Bruce Gibney comes out of

retirement. Members of the law school community immediately protest.

November 2000: Wanting to increase the number of submissions, Michael Lopez reverses his vacation policy, on the theory that unforeseen complications of the type experienced by past vacationing Docket staff members would make excellent stories. The staff immediately begins making plans for a trip to Afghanistan.

January 2001: Future Editor-in-Chief Toby Bordelon, vacationing in Washington during the inauguration, is instrumental in saving the life of Presidential daughter Jenna Bush, for which he is allowed to spend the night in the White House. The incident is kept secret due to national security concerns, thus thwarting Lopez's scheme for publishing cutting-edge stories.

March 2001: Docket staff members, vacationing in Afghanistan, take it upon themselves to liberate the country from the rule of the Taliban and prevent the destruction of the Buddhist statues. Unfortunately, they begin their activities in a village that espouses extreme loyalty to the Taliban. Their attempts the previous evening to engage in drinking and carousing with the local women don't help their case. They are forced to flee the country after narrowly escaping a harrowing death, and vow never to vacation with one another again.

April 2001: The Docket revives its traditional April Fool's issue, The Mocket, which was discontinued the previous year following harsh criticisms of 1999's issue. Surprisingly, members of the law school community do not find much to get angry about. Disappointed, the Docket staff resolves to do better next year.

Reflections: A New Beginning

Toby Bordelon
Editor-In-Chief

As we begin the new school year, we have many things in front of us. New classes, OCIP, new students, new professors, new goals and challenges. But perhaps the best thing we have is opportunity- opportunity to make this law school the place we want it to be. It's not that UCLA is a bad law school, in fact it's quite good. But just because it's good, doesn't mean it can't be better.

When I talked to people last year, I got a similar impression from many of them- a recognition that this place could be something more than it is. Students and faculty alike seem to have a sense that something wonderful can happen here. Yes, we are a graduate professional school, but why let that limit us? We spend a significant part of our lives here for three years, and by the time we graduate, we have changed. We have been shaped by the law school, both by the process we go through in the classroom and the simple act of just being here, changed into something different than we were when we came.

How exactly do we change? What do we become? These are questions that might have different answers for every person. But for some reason, I've found that the change, on some level, is a negative one for many people. Oh sure, we acquire lots of knowledge, and our earning potential rises, and by the time we leave, despite law school classes not seeming relevant to the world of practice, we seem better equipped to be lawyers than we were when we came, which is good, since that's really the point of coming here.

But what also changes is our perception of reality, our take on the world around us. The goals and ideals we had coming in here, while perhaps still there, now take a backseat to practical and financial concerns. We are subtly changed on a personal, spiritual level, and many of us don't like what we change into. Several of the graduating third years I talked to last year had a regret about them, but they seemed to accept it as a natural, inevitable result. One even told me outright she didn't like who she had become. Second, and even first years, echoed those beliefs. Several said they wondered what law school was doing to them.

Obviously, it doesn't have to be this way. Change is inevitable, we can't stop it. Like it or not, when we leave this place, we will not be the same as when we entered. But I believe we can control the direction of change. That's what I mean when I say we can turn this law school into the place we want it to be. We can make it an environment that reinforces and strengthens people's ideals instead of subduing them. We can make it a school deals with the spiritual side of life, not just the academic and professional.

Indeed, there are those who graduate having been through a positive change, who are perhaps more determined to fight for justice than when they came, whether that be in a public interest or big firm setting. But a few people like that, or even a significant number, are not enough. We need more, ideally all of us, to leave here with a positive sense of who we are. If, when we leave, we are only better lawyers and not better

MEDICATION TIME*

JONATHAN SHIMKUS
STAFF COLUMNIST

For most of us, it's welcome back to the cuckoo's nest. To our newly admitted friends: hello, and don't forget what the outside world looks like. This is the column in the Docket that provides a few helpful instructions for cures to the some of the stresses of law school life. For those who do not know, or don't remember (maybe caused by using my help too often last year), I was a licensed bartender before my law school days and I use my little bit of space here to share my knowledge with you. So enough introduction, turn on the record and line up for this month's Medication Time.

Hopefully, all of us had a chance for a little **sex on the beach** this summer - the drink, don't be vulgar. There are many different variations, perhaps a subject for a future column, but I've had it the following way in many different localities. Besides, after you drink a couple of these easy-to-gulp cocktails, you won't care if they called it **sex on the top of a Ford Pinto**.

In a rocks glass filled with ice:
One half ounce vodka
One half ounce peach schnapps
Fill with: one half orange juice, one half cranberry juice
Mix and serve with an umbrella.

For those of us that are a little worried about our OCS interviews, I give you the **OCS pick-me-up**.

In a rocks glass filled with ice:
One ounce of Whisk(e)y. (American, Canadian, Irish or Scottish)
Fill with: one half coke, one half ginger ale.
Mix and serve with the optional lime or cherry.

I know that might sound a little weird, but try it, and get that job. Don't forget to pop a breathmint though!
If a breathmint isn't handy, remember that "crème de menthe" looks and smells like Scope.

Finally, I was disturbed at the end of last semester by the number of people driving after enjoying themselves at Bar Review. The fact that you have not passed out yet or can stand up does not mean you are good to drive. Use a little common sense. If you are worried about getting home, there are options, like cabs. In fact, come up to me, even if you don't know me, and I will either drive you home myself or make sure a cab or another sober law student will. I'll even drive you from the law school to your car the next day. Have a good time, but don't endanger your (and more importantly: anyone else's) life

* The column formerly known as *My Cup Runneth Over*. The title has been changed at the request of the author, who believes that his newly chosen title is far cooler than the original one, which was imposed upon him by last year's management. As part of our efforts to become a kinder, gentler Docket, and in the spirit of more freedom for our contributors we decided to let him do what he wants.

-The Editors.

SEE REFLECT, PAGE 9

Gary Schwartz was a wonderfully unique person who was a pre-eminent scholar and who also loved students and teaching. He was also the only person I knew who still used a dictaphone. And not just for letters—with a computer right beside him, he'd dictate articles and large sections of the new edition of the Restatement, editing as he went by erasing parts of the tape. He is greatly missed.

Paul Bergman

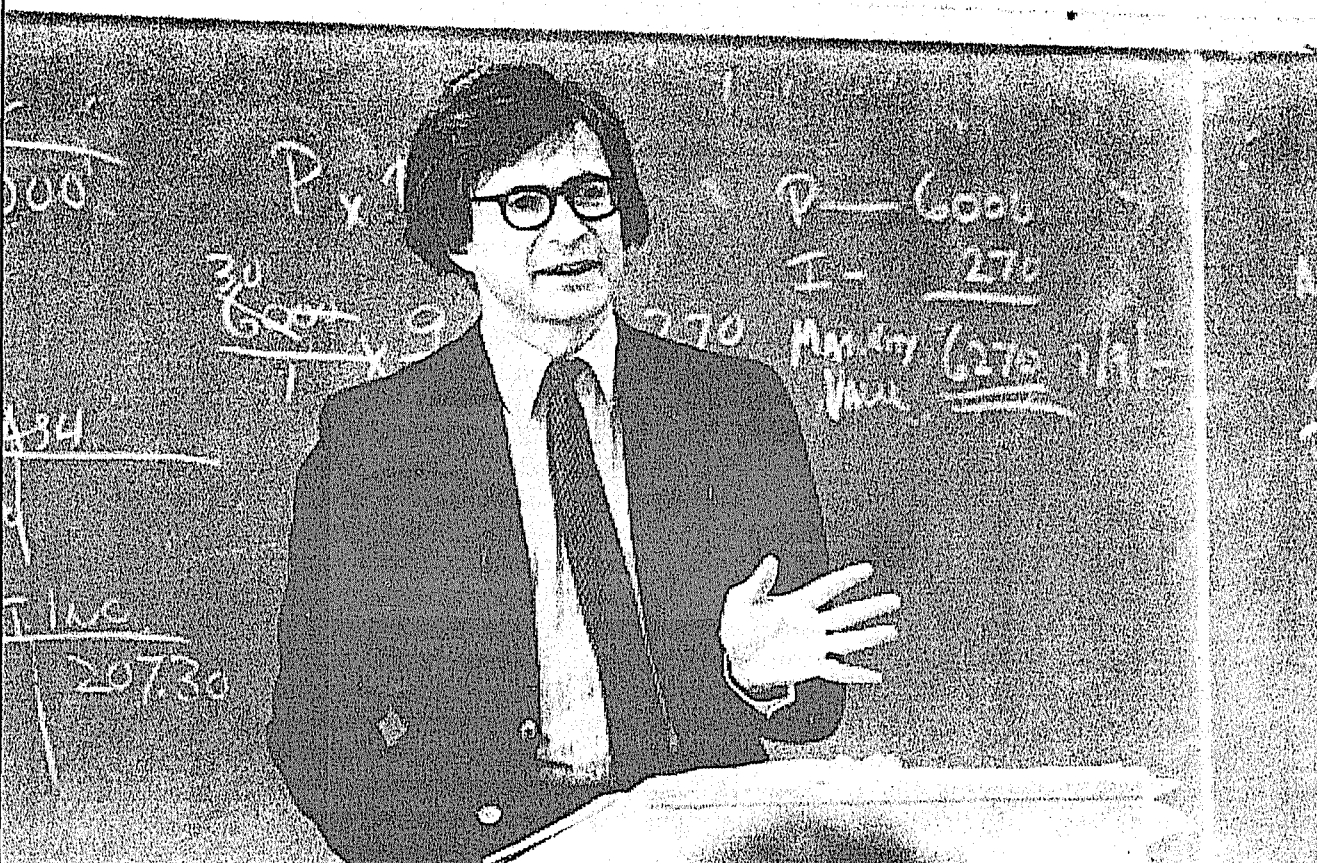
He wasn't the neatest person, and that was part of his eccentric charm. He was an extraordinary scholar, one of the finest tort's scholars in the world who cared about students and worked hard at teaching. An all-around faculty member. His death is a tremendous loss.

Jonathan Varat

Gary Schwartz came to the UCLA Law School in 1969 when I had been there about a year. We have been colleagues and close friends for a third of a century. We have spent almost all of our working lives in the service of this school. Indeed, we have often been confused for one another. Just recently, someone who has known both of us for decades greeted me with a hearty "Hi Gary."

Nobody could have been a better and more loyal friend to me than Gary Schwartz. Who could count the number of times we played tennis—hundreds of times, certainly. Of course he usually won. I never really did figure out how to handle his sliced backhand. Now I guess I never will.

Like everything else he did, Gary was a little unusual in his tennis style. For example, he insisted on hitting his first serve with the second ball lying on the ground at his feet. In all the years we played, I can recall him falling over it only once—but I must say it was rather distracting to his opponents. And Gary was mighty serious about playing tennis. I'm told—I



"I find the classroom an exercise in controlled spontaneity. It resembles improvisational theater."

Professor Schwartz

On a chilly afternoon in the spring I was sitting by the fireplace in Lu Valle reading something for a class and distractedly munching carrots. Professor Schwartz sat down. I had never met him, but I knew who he was. He introduced himself and asked about my experience at the law school as an older student and what had brought me to the study of law. We also talked about his many years at UCLA and his love for the school and his work. Some might describe this as an unremarkable conversation, but it is remarkable for its rarity. I felt fortunate in the spring to be able to say hello in the hall or chat with him on a break at one of the school events. I will always be grateful he took the initiative and the few moments to meet me and I will miss him.

Carmel Myers, 3L

Eulogy: Professor Gary Schwartz

wasn't there for this one—that some years ago there was a doubles game in which Gary's partner was Justice Sandra Day O'Connor—and Gary plunked her right on the middle of the back with his first serve. Without saying a single word, he then hit his second serve.

As you get older, birthdays are seldom a cause for celebration and one tends to ignore them. Recently, Gary insisted on taking me and Bobbi out for one of mine lest it pass without notice. And when one of his threatened to slip by without sufficient ceremony, he arranged for a group of his friends to meet at Palomino Restaurant to celebrate it together. Friendship and relationships were very precious to Gary. You don't get too many friends as loyal as this.

But I want to talk about Law School now. Thousands of students know him as the king of torts. Schwartz on Torts was a legend, no question. There could be no more talented, no more dedicated teacher. Gary just thrived on the classroom. Law teaching was a fundamental part of his very identity. Indeed, and this is something all of us have seen—a conversation with Gary on some event of the day sounded a lot like the way he might present a torts

problem in the classroom—a good introduction, a reasoned analysis, carefully constructed sentences (often started over several times until he got them right)—and a conclusion. All presented at a volume guaranteed to reach clearly the last row of our largest classroom.

Indeed someone reminded me of this little anecdote. Gary who adored children and also adored baseball found himself sitting next to a four year old at a Dodger game. The batter was hit with a pitch and the kid asked Gary why he was going to first base. Gary explained to the kid that being hit with a pitch was the functional equivalent of a walk. But if there is any consolation in all this, Gary's two most beloved teams—the Cleveland Indians and the L.A. Dodgers—are, as we speak, in first place.

UCLA Law School and the UCLA campus have lost a great citizen. Gary served uncomplainingly on the time consuming law school appointments committee, reviewing thousands of resumes, reading hundreds of articles and interviewing hundreds of candidates, entertaining the visitors at dinner, making the phone calls to

references on people's resumes—he actually liked making those calls. It provided a wonderful source of information—and Gary was the pre-eminent purveyor of academic gossip of his time.

The last couple of years, Gary served on UCLA's Committee on Academic Personnel or CAP—reviewing mountains of personnel cases for the entire campus. A task I would never have had the patience for. But when the invitation came, Gary accepted and did the job with enthusiasm.

For Gary, work was a basic part of life. Most of us here know that he was one of the best scholars of his generation; his pathbreaking research on the law of torts greatly contributed to the reputation of the law school to which he dedicated his life. Indeed, I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that Gary Schwartz, along with a few other people, truly defined the UCLA Law School to the academic world.

Even in the last few weeks, when he was so desperately ill, Gary thought about getting back to work; he really wanted to complete that one last article

that he had promised to do. I find it incredibly poignant that Gary died while dictating a piece of that article to his tape recorder. In the world of legal education, this is known as dying with your boots on.

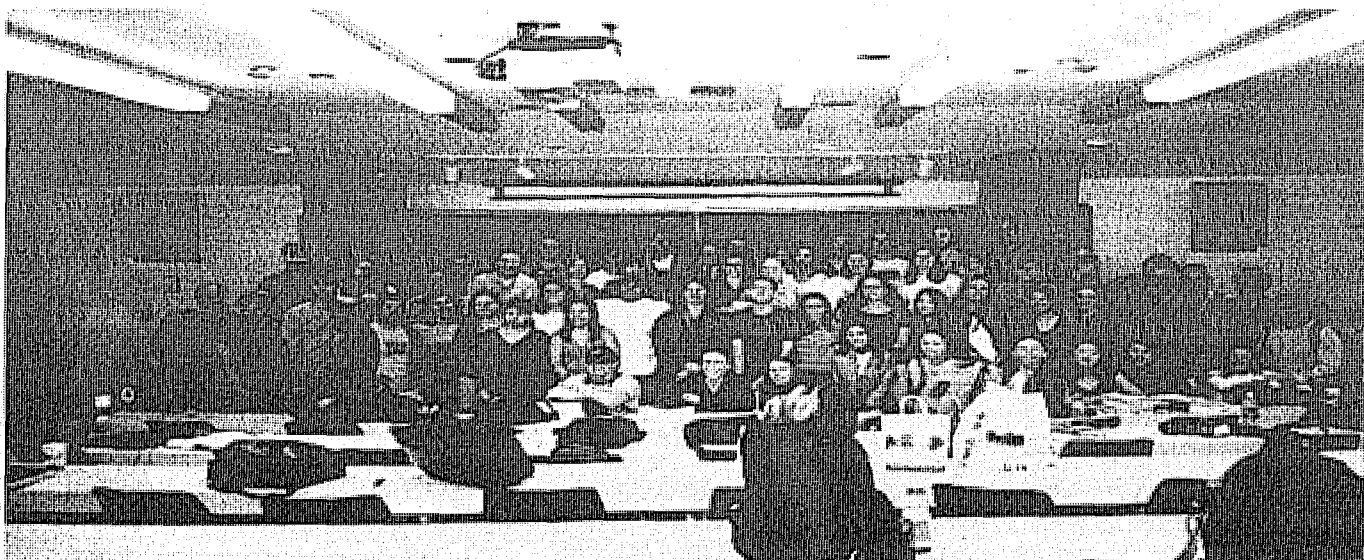
I can't believe my great friend is dead—so incredibly quick. Gary's life turned on a dime—he went from vigorous health to being very sick and within just a couple of weeks he was gone. But to those of us who had the privilege of his friendship and colleagueship, he will never be forgotten.

Longfellow wrote:

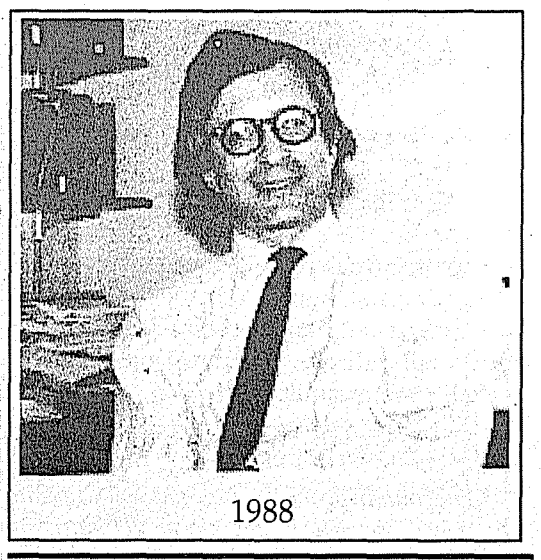
Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light
Still traveling downward
From the sky
Shine on our mortal sight

So when a great man dies
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men.

Michael Asimov



Professor Schwartz's most recent Torts class. May 2001.



1988

SEE MEMORIAL, PAGE 9

Law School can be tough. To assist you in your efforts, we've compiled the following survival guide...

Advice for 1L's

Christine Souhrada
2L

I'm sure you've all been told how hard law school will be, how much time it will take, how you'll have to study so much and you won't have a life. I was told all that coming into it too... yet when I got here, I discovered that what people had told me didn't adequately describe it. Law school is all-consuming in a way that you will not fully understand until you've experienced it.

What makes it all-consuming is not one big thing that you have to work on and devote your time to, it's a constant flurry of little things that just keep coming at you, and you have to make time for and keep track of all of them. Lots of little time-eaters that need to get done: mandatory Lexis and Westlaw training, getting your ethernet card installed, lawyering skills research assignments and TA meetings, lawyering skills papers, TF sections, deciding whether you want to join a journal and all the work that comes along with that, and all the law firm and employer receptions. It doesn't stop there, as you'll notice there are informational meetings on everything you would ever need to know in law school including: how to write a resume, how to interview, spring OCIP, every field of law you might possibly want to go into, how to take tests and study, plus all the student group introductory meetings. And your e-mail account will be flooded with announcements for all of these... and more.

All of this is on top of anything you have to do for your regular classes. My advice is get a day-planner the first week. It will make your life so much easier.

Website Fun

Elena Gerli

2L

<http://members.tripod.com/~mrpuzuzu/plan.html>

A useful website for the REALLY successful lawyer.

<http://www.funnygreetings.com/smile7.htm>

Turn up the sound, but make sure you are not on drugs when you load this page, your head will literally implode.

<http://www.mrwinkle.com/>

Make sure you watch the video, it's very funny. This website will challenge everything you ever believed or thought you knew about dogs.

<http://www.gopfun.com/index.htm>

This stuff really never gets old. Also one that requires you to turn up the sound and celebrate.

Editor's Note: For those of you who spend your class time surfing the web instead of taking notes, please remember that the volume should remain turned down so as not to disturb your more studious classmates. The sound of these websites, like various other things we can think of, are more appropriately enjoyed in the privacy of your own home than in a classroom environment.

L.A. Living as a Law Student

by Professor Eugene Volokh

based on 25 years of living—and eating—in Los Angeles, including 3 years as a UCLA law student and 7 years as a UCLA lawprof.

Several new entries added since 2000.

(Please e-mail me with any feedback you may have, and especially with good restaurant tips of your own; I'm at volokh@law.ucla.edu.)

EATING CHEAP (about \$15 or less, less if you economize)

Afghan: *Afghan Cuisine*, 17970 Ventura, just over the hill into San Fernando Valley, 818-343-1222, open Sun and Tue-Thu until 11 pm, Fri-Sat until 2 am, closed Mon. Be sure to try the "aushak" (a kind of ravioli stuffed with leeks and covered with beef sauce). The kebabs are good, too, but pretty standard middle eastern/Iranian fare; the other items are more interesting. Take the 405 North to the 101, 101 West a few exits to White Oak, White Oak South to Ventura, and then turn right on Ventura.

Argentinian: *Empanada's Place*, 3811 Sawtelle Bl., pretty much on the corner of Sawtelle & Venice, (310) 391-0888, open until 9 pm every night, but only until 8 pm Mon. This is a hole-in-the-wall that specializes in the stuffed Argentinian pastries called empanadas. I love both the chewy dough and the yummy fillings, of which they have about a dozen varieties; I also recommend the Argentinian tamale, which is more like a corn pudding than like the Mexican version. They have little else—just sandwiches and a not very interesting salad—but the empanadas are well worth the trip. No liquor license, so bring your own beer or wine.

Brazilian: *Cafe Brasil*, 10831 Venice Bl., Culver City, (310) 837-8957, open until 10 pm daily, 10 or so minutes from campus if there's no traffic. Very good stuff, cheap, and mildly exotic; again, bring your own alcohol.

Cambodian: *Battambang*, 648 New High St., Chinatown, (213) 620-9015. Cambodian is, unsurprisingly, like Thai and Vietnamese, but there are quite a few differences. Try pretty much any of the dishes that aren't the normal Chinese ones. The sour fish soup and the sour beef soup are particularly good, as is the "curry fish" entrée (which I believe is actually made with fish and pork).

Chinese: *JR Seafood*, 11901 Santa Monica Bl., a bit east of Bundy, (310) 268-2463, open Sun-Thu until 10 pm, Fri-Sat -11 pm. Seafood and a lot more. Particularly good: Their special pork spareribs (under specials, not appetizers) and the orange beef. Call ahead for reservations, since it's usually jammed.

Chinese Islamic: *Chinese Islamic Restaurant*, 7727 E. Garvey Ave., Rosemead, (626) 288-4246, open daily except Wed until 9:30 pm. This is probably my favorite of the regional Chinese cuisines. There is no pork or alcohol, because of Islamic dietary laws, but there are excellent lamb, bread, and lots of other goodies. Especially noteworthy: Lamb with green onions, sesame bread (add some hot chili oil or soy sauce to liven it up), any noodle dish with "dough slice noodles," chicken curry, and sliced ox tongue (get over your inhibitions). Go about 15 minutes east past Downtown on the 10, take the Del Mar exit south to Garvey, take Garvey west a few blocks. It ends up being about 30 minutes from the interchange of the 10 and the 405, but very much worth the drive. As with most food in the New Chinatown area of Monterey Park/San Gabriel/environs, the prices are very low.

Cuban: *Versailles*, 10319 Venice Blvd. (near Motor), Palms, (310) 558-3168, open daily until 10 pm. Versailles, it turns out, is the name of a town in Cuba, not just a palace in France. Cheap, tasty, quick (but not fast) food. Check out especially the garlic roast chicken and garlic roast pork.

Dim Sum: There are no great dim sum restaurants on the Westside, so one still has to go to the old Chinatown in Downtown or the new one in Monterey Park. Try *Empress Pavilion*, 988 N. Hill St., (213) 617-9898, in Chinatown (open until 10 pm), or *Ocean Star*, 145 N. Atlantic Bl., (626) 308-2128, in Monterey Park (only about 10 minutes further than downtown). The time to go on a weekend is 10:30 am—any later, and you can get lines that are 30 minutes to an hour long. For Ocean Star, take the 10 east to Atlantic, Atlantic south a few blocks; after dim sum, stop by *Shun Fat*, a Chinese supermarket that's just a block north.

Guatemalan: *Victoria's Garden*, 4271 Beverly Bl. (between Western and Normandie), (323) 913-3551, open Sun-Thu until 8:30 pm, Fri-Sat until 9 pm. Excellent stuff, like Mexican in some ways but pleasantly different in others. On weekends shouldn't be more than about 20 minutes from Westwood (take the 10 to Normandie, go north to Beverly, turn left on Western). Bring your own alcohol.

Italian: *Cafe Angelino*, 8735 W. 3rd St., in Beverly Hills a few buildings east of Robertson, (310) 246-1177, open daily until 10 pm. Tasty and inexpensive California Italian food. I particularly recommend the Antipasti Assortiti (a plate of roasted and marinated vegetables), the roast chicken with potatoes (I believe a leg and thigh with potatoes is still only about \$4), and the spinach and ricotta ravioli with alfredo sauce (on the menu it's with tomato sauce, but it's best with the alfredo).

Indonesian: *Indo Cafe*, in a little strip mall at 10428 National Bl. (between Motor and Overland), (310) 815-1290, open Tue-Thu until 9:30 pm, Fri-Sun until 10 pm, closed Mon. As you might guess, Indonesian food is akin to Thai and other southeast Asian cuisines, but a bit different. Indo Cafe is a good specimen of it—interesting, tasty, and cheap.

Japanese (Noodles): *Mishima*, 11301 Olympic Bl., on the corner of Olympic and Sawtelle, just a titch west of the 405, (310) 473-5297, open daily until 10 pm. No sushi, but excellent noodles, rice dishes, and tempura.

Mexican: *La Serenata*, 10924 W. Pico Bl., (310) 441-9667, a couple of blocks west of Westwood Bl., about ten minutes from campus, open until 10 pm during the week and 10:30 pm on the weekend. A bit more expensive than most Mexican holes-in-the-wall, but worth it. Make reservations.

Middle Eastern dive: *Falafel King*, 1059 Broxton Ave., a block west of Westwood and a few blocks north of Wilshire, (310) 208-4444, open daily until midnight and Fridays and Saturdays until 1 am. Very cheap and very good, even if you (like me) aren't wild about middle Eastern food. I go for the various salads, mostly with eggplant, zucchini, and the like, and for the best potato chips I've ever had; but the meat is very good, too.

Sushi: *Hide Sushi*, 2040 Sawtelle (a few blocks north of Olympic and West of the 405), (310) 477-7242, until 9 pm weekdays, 8 pm Sun, closed Mon. Cheap, tasty, and usually crowded, unless you get there early.

Thai: *Sanamluang*, 5176 Hollywood Blvd, a few blocks east of Western (and the 101) in Hollywood, (323) 660-8006, open until 4 am. Much better and much cheaper than most Thai places in West L.A., and I imagine more authentic, too. Try especially the roasted duck noodle soup, the Indian curry soup, and the Pad See Ew; but it's all great.

If the Thai dessert place across Hollywood is open—it closes either at 9 or at 10—go there and try some Kanom Krok (sp?), which are little lens-shaped (sounds odd, but it's the only way I can describe them) dumplings made out of rice flour and coconut milk, and the little corn-and-coconut pancakes, about the size of an old Eisenhower dollar, but thicker. Both are very good, and virtually never seen at Thai restaurants.

Drinking your way through law school

As a 1L, I was amazed and astounded at all the opportunities to get lit. Therefore, after a full year of experience, I have graciously decided to bestow upon you some of my worldly knowledge.

There are several ways get freeze booze at UCLAW.

Kegs are graciously provided nearly weekly by SBA. Take advantage of this opportunity at the beginning of the year as SBA abandons this ritual fairly quickly due to lack of attendance. Funny, I was always there!

Firm receptions are a great place to get beer and wine. You will be spammed with emails and flyers informing you of these opportunities. Be sure to write a different name on the nametag if you plan to make full use of the free bar. Juggling the booze and the free appetizers can be difficult but be patient, grasshopper, with a little patience, you, too can master this feat.

Those of you who support the top twenty percent of your class may think that Law Review is out of your reach. You're right. But at least find some solace by drinking their well dry at the receptions held in the beginning of Spring semester.

There are several other opportunities to get tanked with fellow UCLA students.

Many students congregate at Bar Review held every Thursday night at various bars around town (but mainly Q's). This is a great way to prey on drunk, innocent 1Ls that may still be impressed that you are a mighty 3L. (you should do this quickly before they learn better!) Also, be sure to hit the multi-law school Bar Review at the Century Club.

Every so often, there is a campus wide Graduate Bar where you can meet real people (not law students)! Suddenly, you find out that law students are not all that bad. Get there early to avoid a horrendous line.

- Ben Affleck

Eating your way through law school

Bryan McMichael
Production Manager

There are three types of cooks in this world...

The Emerils: These are the Iron Chefs. Only quality wine and freshly chopped herbs go into their made-from-scratch dishes. They know where to find capers in the grocery store and how to use a Dutch oven. Easily identifiable by their fat spouse.

The Norms: Their cooking savvy centers around Hamburger Helper and exemplified pasta. Dependant upon George Foreman and Betty Crocker.

The Openers: Rely on TV dinners and Bachelor O's for nourishment. When they open the dishwasher, all they see are a set of glasses and forks. They know that the trick to eating Campbell soup straight from the can is to shake

SEE EATING, PAGE 8

Vietnamese: *Pho Bac Huynh*, 11819 Wilshire Bl. 106B, (310) 477-9379, 1 block west of Barrington and several blocks west of the 405; open daily 11 am to 10 pm. This is an offshoot of another restaurant with the same name in Little Saigon, so it's really quite authentic, cheap, and very tasty; it has both the big bowls of *pho* itself (usually beef and noodle soup, a Vietnamese classic), and a wide variety of other dishes. I've long been upset that there isn't much Vietnamese on the Westside, and I'm delighted that I can finally satisfy my craving.

EATING MUCH LESS EXPENSIVELY THAN YOU'D THINK (about \$20-\$30 a head, but for fabulous food)

French: *Cafe Bizou*, 14016 Ventura Bl. (east of Hazeltine), Sherman Oaks, (818) 788-3536, about fifteen minutes from Westwood north on the 405 and the east on the 101. The last reservation during the week is 9 pm, Fri-Sat 9:30 pm. Wonderful food and a steal at those prices. Make reservations a few days in advance.

More French: *Le Petit Bistro*, 631 N. La Cienega Bl. (a bit north of Melrose), West Hollywood, (310) 289-9797, open daily until 11 pm and Fri-Sat until midnight or so. Excellent food, fun and bustling atmosphere. Whatever meat dish you order—and there are lots of great ones, from the lamb chops to the veal short ribs to the duck—make sure you have some of the french fries (pommes frites). Half a block south of the *real* Melrose Place, a little one-block street occupied largely by very ritzy furniture galleries, with no apartment houses filled with sex-crazed young adults to be seen.

Still More French: *Soleil*, 1386 Westwood, 310-441-5384, open Mon-Sat until 10 pm, closed Sun. This is actually the nearest of the three; I list it last because I have much less experience with it than with the others, but it's very much worth a try.

Southwestern: *Authentic Cafe*, 7605 Beverly Blvd., between Fairfax & La Brea, about 20 minutes east of UCLA, (323) 939-4626, open Sun-Thu until 10 pm, Fri-Sat until 11 pm. Great food, and a pleasant, busy ambiance.

BAKERIES

Good cakes are the key to a fulfilling, meaningful existence, just as supermarket pastries are a sure ticket to Hell. They liven up big parties, are a must for dinners, and let you have cute little sit-down teas for eight to twelve of your friends, where you just have tea or coffee with two or three desserts—no cooking, little expense, and you can feel like you're entertaining. Be sure to invite me. My mother discovered the first two bakeries listed below within about a year of our family's arrival here from Russia, and we've been living off them ever since.

Central European: *B & L Gourmet Pastries*, 8556 W. 3rd St. in West Hollywood (between Robertson and La Cienega, a block or so from the Beverly Center), (310) 271-8333. Closes at 6 pm weekdays, 5 pm Saturdays, closed Sundays. Fabulous pastries, great prices—you can get wonderful cakes ranging from \$7 to \$15 or so.

Try the Chocolate Truffle Cake, the Vienna Cheesecake, the Vienna Apricot Cake, the Nusse Torte (hazelnut mousse), the almond cookies, and anything else. The fresh plum tart is amazing, but it's only available from mid-August to mid-October (if for that long). If you need bread for canapes, buy a sliced French baguette; French bread usually bores me, but this one is excellent.

Oh, and the owners' daughter-in-law is a UCLA Law School graduate, and was in one of my classes. Small world; this was many years after I'd started shopping there.

French: *Michel Richard*, 310 S. Robertson Blvd. in West Hollywood (between 3rd St. and Burton Way), (310) 275-5707, open Mon-Sat until 10 pm, Sun until 4 pm. Besides Central European, the other great dessert cuisine is French, and Michel Richard is a wonderful specimen. It's more expensive than B & L, though no more expensive than most good French bakeries. The best things here are the coffee eclairs, but everything else is good, too. Try the chocolate eclairs, the mado, and the tarts.

Russian: *Gastronom*, 7859 Santa Monica Blvd. in West Hollywood, on the northeast corner of Santa Monica and Fairfax, (323) 654-9456, 9 am to 9 pm daily. Russian cuisine is not one of the world's finest, but it has its high points. To begin with, my mother did write an excellent Russian cookbook called *The Art of Russian Cuisine* (MacMillan), which you must go buy right now. And on top of that, the Gastronom Russian Deli has an excellent cake called a Smetannik—a sort of honey cake with a tasty icing that my American-born friends rave about. Try also the Napoleon, a custard layer cake that's in my view much better than the small French pastry of that name.

FOOD STORES

East Asian Supermarket: See *Shun Fat*, mentioned above under "Dim Sum"; the supermarket in the San Gabriel Square shopping mall, mentioned below under "Fun Food etc. Shopping"; and *99 Market*, mentioned above under "Vietnamese." If you don't want to go to Monterey Park or the Valley, try *Bangkok Supermarket*, 4757 Melrose Ave., 2 blocks east of Western, in Hollywood, (323) 662-9705, open 9 am to 9 pm.

Good Cheap Yuppie Food: *Trader Joe's*, which you must have heard about. It has many locations, but the one closest to UCLA is at 10850 National, on the corner of National and Westwood, just south of the 10. Anything TJ's has is probably cheaper than at the supermarkets, as well as generally more interesting and often tastier. Especially good for cheeses and similar snacks, beer, and wine. (310) 470-1917, open 9 am to 9 pm.

Russian Market: See *Gastronom*, mentioned above under "Bakeries—Russian." If you like pickled herring, the Latvian pickled herring is fabulous.

Wine: *The Wine House*, 2311 Cotner (between Olympic & Pico, immediately to the east of the 405), (310) 479-3731. Not as cheap as Trader Joe's, but not very expensive, a vast selection, and reliable advice. Open Mon-Thu 10-7, Fri 10-9, Sat 10-7, Sun 11-6.

BETWEEN MEALS

Bookstores, specialty:

Cooking: Cook's Library, 8373 W. 3rd St., a couple blocks west of La Cienega in West Hollywood, (323) 655-3141. Mon 1-5, Tue-Sat 11-6, closed Sun.

Movies: Samuel French, 7623 Sunset Bl., a couple blocks east of Fairfax in West Hollywood, (323) 876-0570. Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5, closed Sun.

Cleaners: *Hollyway Cleaners* on 8359 Santa Monica Bl., a few blocks east of La Cienega in West Hollywood, is a good cleaner that keeps amazingly good hours: It's open every day, Mon-Fri until midnight, Sat-Sun until 9 pm.

Fun Food etc. Shopping: The San Gabriel Square shopping mall, a giant East Asian complex with restaurants, a great supermarket, a Japanese-accented department store, and lots more. Valley Bl. & Del Mar in San Gabriel, a few blocks north of the 10 Freeway (Del Mar exit), about 15 minutes east of Downtown.

Target Shooting (Pistols and Rifles): *LAX Firing Range*, 927 W. Manchester, a few blocks west of the 405 on Manchester, about 20 minutes from campus. An indoor range, mostly for pistols though you can also shoot rifles. You can rent a gun for \$5 and buy ammunition at competitive rates (some ranges charge big markups on ammunition, but this one doesn't). Between range fees, gun rentals, and ammunition, about \$20 a person. (310) 568-1515, weekdays 12-10, Sat 11-10, Sun 12-6.

Target Shooting (Trap and Skeet): *Triple B*, 831 N. Rosemead Bl. (immediately off the 60 Freeway), South El Monte, (626) 579-5201. Tue-Thu 10-9, Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 8-5. An outdoor range for shooting at moving clay targets with shotguns. Between range fees and ammunition, \$13 per round of 25 targets. If you need to rent a shotgun, you can do so for \$10 per day.

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EATING

FROM PAGE 6

first, then open. They stock up on 39-cent McD's cheeseburgers to get them through the week. If you are an *Opener*, this article is for you.

Mornings are the worst for the Opener at UCLAW. The only nourishment that can be found are the Law Review's bagels and the occasional box of Krispy Kremes somebody left in Murphy Hall. Law Review member's tend to frown on those who seek to acquire their bagels, so you'll want to be discreet.

Come lunchtime, free-food abounds. For about the first three weeks of the semester, various student groups entice future cite-checkers with pizza and the occasional Subway or Golden Panda. Since no employer gives a rip that you cite-checked, give your free time to the student group that feeds you best. Hell, just stop by for the food and leave when you're full. If the food runs out, or worse yet, there's no food to begin with, then fuck 'em. Once OCIP starts, head to Career Services for the scraps from the

lunch trays OCS supplies to the interviewing firms. Be sure to arrive shortly after 1:00 as the food's great and the Openers are abundant. If all else fails, follow one of the homeless dudes roaming the halls to one of the various lunch-time lectures, which are always a sure bet for free pizza.

For dinner, settle down with your reading in the lounge to ensure that you'll be the first to snag one of the half-eaten pizzas or partial sandwich trays that will magically appear around 4:00. If, by 5, nothing's appeared, take a stroll down the main hallway on the first floor and look for a catering set-up usually intended for some private function, but poorly guarded.

Above all, be sure to attend the receptions hosted by various law firms at the Faculty Center. There's always free beer and some tasty pizza rolls. On good nights, there'll be sushi, fajitas or even a margarita bar. Nobody cares if you're a 1L and they don't card at the bar, so bring your friends.

SEX@UCLAW

The best places for a quick study break:

- The Mezzanine level conference rooms
- Phone booth across from the lounge
- Locker 938
- Couch in a student group office
- 4th floor library bathroom
- The Docket office couch

(for Docket Staff Members Only! Yet another reason to join the Docket staff)

**THE DOCKET'S
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AWARD**

Have you
Bought your books
Signed a seating chart
and
Started taking notes?

If so...

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honor and privilege.

Just in time for OCIP
(we'll back you up on it)

McDERMOTT, WILL & EMERY

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

McDermott, Will & Emery invites second year students of University of California, Los Angeles School of Law to a reception.

Thursday, September 6, 2001
5:00 - 7:00 p.m.
Napa Valley Grill
1100 Glendon Avenue
Westwood, California

*We will be interviewing on campus for our 2002 Summer Associate Program on
Monday, September 10, 2001.*

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A person takes pause when they realize that someone they knew only briefly has impacted their life in deep and meaningful ways. I count myself among the fortunate to have had Professor Schwartz for his final, unforgettable Torts class. Hard to believe the dread I felt in those first few days of his course that his seemingly rote, done this a thousand times, lecture style would make for a long, boring semester. But slowly, by way of humorous tort anecdotes drawn from his own experiences, Schwartz began to reveal his quick wit and subtle yet delightful charisma. Mostly, though, I will always appreciate the friendship he extended to me and my three-year-old daughter Maggie, who lovingly referred to him as Professor "Shorts." One day he invited Maggie to class and took her out afterwards for orange juice. His interest in and concern for his students never ceased even to the point when, although suddenly faced with a life threatening illness, his desire to have students concentrate on finals and dismiss their worries about his health consumed his thoughts. One need not have known him well to be deeply impacted by the loss of this delightfully unassuming, sometimes awkward man who was a giant in his profession. He touched the lives of those around him in subtle yet profound ways.

Patricia Kosich, 2L

I'm entering my third year in law school, and I still remember clearly one particular class during my first year. I had not gotten enough sleep the night before and my head was bobbing throughout the class, and when I couldn't fight off the grasps of sleep any longer and put my head down. At that very moment, Professor Schwartz called on me with his strong and surprisingly loud lecturing voice. My head shot up, I stumbled a response and my memory was permanently etched. He was a good man, and his passage is a great loss to the UCLA Community.

Raymond Hua, 3L

Gary was a consummate academic, always enthusiastic about new concepts or ideas. I particularly enjoyed our lunch conversations where the topics could range from cutting edge issues in bankruptcy or tort law to the odds on a World Series being completed in exactly 6 games. Gary savored freshly brewed coffee. During faculty meetings whenever I would get a cup, without solicitation on his part, I would bring him a large cup of coffee. It always produced a large smile on his face. Gary was one of the people whose presence and stature defined the UCLA School of Law. I miss him deeply. The loss to the law school community cannot be understated.

Ken Klee

There are wonderful opportunities at UCLA for students to really get involved. I have previously written about the Sunday Free Legal Clinic. But it is such a great experience that I just couldn't resist sharing it once again!

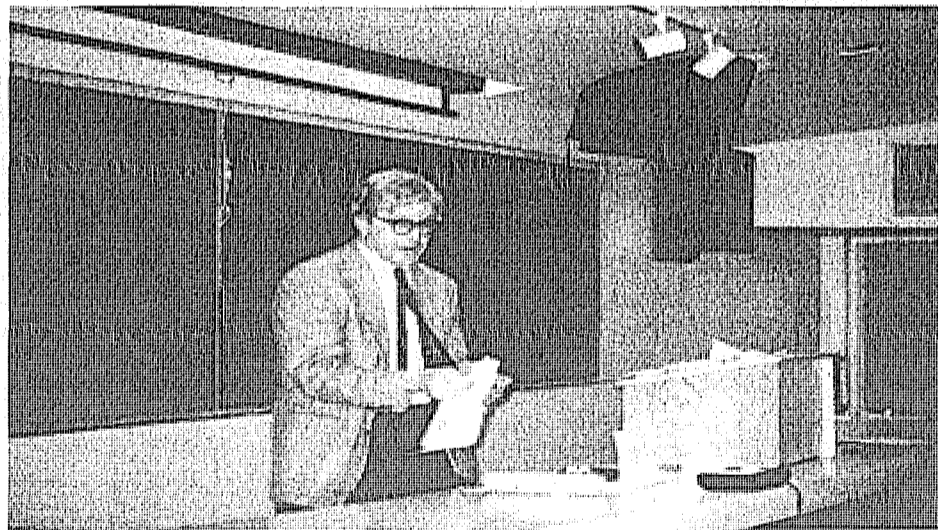
The Sunday Free Legal Clinic is a non-profit community resource. Started in 1993 by UCLA professor Michael Asimow and Gary Farwell, the clinic is a joint effort between UCLA, First AME Church, and Temple Isaiah. The clinic usually runs every other Sunday, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and offers free legal advice and resources to members of the community, regardless of income or legal problem.

I had Professor Schwartz for Torts myself in the spring of 1979. When I returned as Dean of Students 16 years later, he could still visualize the seating chart for our class (better than I could!) and remembered that my class met at 1pm, which he blamed for our class' sluggish behavior (and said he therefore never again taught right after the lunch hour). He was a treasure, as a professor and as a person; his loss is incalculable.

Elizabeth Cheadle

I was a student in Professor Schwartz's torts class. Included in the class readings were two cases about people slipping on banana peels. I just couldn't resist a good joke, so I set up a banana peel under the podium the day we were scheduled to discuss these cases. I wrote a giant sign on the black board and wrote a note, which I placed on the podium, to make sure Professor Schwartz would see the peel. The note said "Beware Professor Schwartz, Look Down!" At the end of the note was a large arrow pointing to the floor. Professor Schwartz entered the room, walked passed the black board (without noticing the 11/2 foot words written upon it), oblivious to the strategically placed banana peel, and picked up the note on the podium. As Professor Schwartz read the note, his face became a little pale and his brow furrowed. He glanced up at the class, read the note again, looked up again, read the note, all the time looking terrified. I then realized that Professor Schwartz thought the note was a threat from some student pushed over the edge by one too many hypotheticals. My young law school life flashed before my eyes and I actually envisioned being expelled for threatening a professor. Professor Schwartz finally looked up and asked the class, in a worried tone, "What is this?" I stood up and told him to look down. When Professor Schwartz saw the banana peel his whole face lit up. Professor Schwartz told me that he was going to keep the banana to watch it blacken (the two cases we discussed were decided differently because one peel was bright and yellow, while the other was black and smushed). Professor Schwartz wrote me an email over a month later, regretfully informing me that the janitor had disposed of his banana peel in his absence. So, on the last day of class we had a whole trail of banana peels leading from the door to the podium just for Professor Schwartz.

Willow Mc Jilton, 2L



BRANCHING OUT

WILLOW MC JILTON, MANAGING EDITOR

The clinic offers students a unique opportunity to work with clients and attorneys on a variety of legal issues. Students interview clients, then present the legal issues to a panel of volunteer attorneys. The attorneys render advice and the students relay the advice to the clients. There is a pool of 60-80 attorneys, so each volunteer experience offers more opportunities to network with legal professionals in all areas of law. Also, the clinic is a great place to meet other fellow law students. The time commitment can't be beat. Come whenever you want! You can come once a month or even once a semester. Arrive bright and early at 10 a.m. or stroll in around 11 a.m.

Volunteer, Alison Taub 2L, says that she was initially drawn to the Clinic be-

cause of the minimal time commitment, but has stayed with the program because of the wonderful opportunities, including the exposure to a diversity of legal problems. "Working with two or three clients each clinic day, I have had cases involving nasty divorces, expunging criminal records, mandatory registration for sex offenders, a "scratched piano" case that sounded like it came right out of a contracts text book, parties trying to privately work out damages for car accidents, immigrants who wanted to ditch their sponsoring employers, conflicts between heirs over property of parents who didn't write wills, grandmothers being hounded by creditor problems and

SEE BRANCH, PAGE 11

"Ms. Payne," Professor Schwartz said, "Will you please explain loss of consortium to the class." My heart raced, the blood rushed up to my face, my knees quivered. No, this was not the first year of law school "I'm nervous to speak in class" bashful embarrassment: this was the classic case of a schoolgirl crush. My mother swooned over Elvis Presley; I swooned over my torts professor. "It's about . . . sex. . . ." I stuttered. Some students my first year of law school developed crushes on the hip young confident Kang. Others preferred the more subdued and unpolished bespectacled Bussel. But I loved Professor Schwartz: the professor who could point to a seat and tell the class about the student who sat in that same seat almost a decade ago who is now a city attorney and the time he sat on the jury in the drunk driving case she was trying; the professor with the unkempt hair who remembered his students as clearly and easily as he remembered that in 1962 the Dodger's Tommy Davis had 153 RBIs and 230 hits or any other baseball and tort trivia. Every year as his donation to the Public Interest Law Foundation Auction, Professor Schwartz would take a student to a Dodger game over the summer and buy them a Dodger dog. I hate baseball. I don't eat meat. But for the past two years I bet on that Dodger game. Two years ago I was in the lead when my rival said please let me have the game, you can get it next year. I kindly acquiesced. I stopped my fierce bidding and waited until the next year. Last year I declared to all that would listen that the Dodger game with Schwartz would be mine and it was - until the price rose over \$100. I stopped my fierce bidding and waited again until the next year, this year. This year I would have been the highest bidder. I would have gone to the Dodger game with Professor Schwartz this summer; I would have feigned interest in the Dodgers and baseball in general. I was even going to learn a few Dodger stats to impress him with: Shawn Green, over there in right field, had a pretty good year in 2000, minus the 121 times he struck out. But I wouldn't have eaten a Dodger dog.

Dawn Payne, 3L

REFLECT

FROM PAGE 3

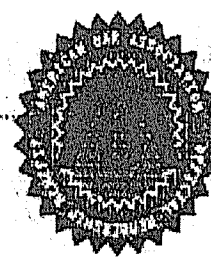
human beings, then the law school has failed in its mission.

A school that openly deals with the human side of its students and accepts that there is a spiritual world out there beyond the material one will not come into being overnight. If we ignore it and assume it will happen, it won't. We'll stay just where we are, on the brink of something powerful, but not quite there.

But if we make the effort necessary, if we take our conversations beyond the cases we read and intricate points of law into the realm of the spiritual, if we really try to bring these subtle things out into the open and make them part of our everyday life, then we might be pleasantly surprised by what we become.

There is an excitement here, a power that seems to be floating in the air. It's stronger right now that the first years have not yet been touched by the cynicism that seems to infect people here eventually. Let's not waste our opportunity. Let's make UCLA Law School a place that is truly remarkable, unlike any other law school in the country. One that consistently turns out not just lawyers, but people who are dedicated to something greater than themselves, people who spend their lives building a better world.

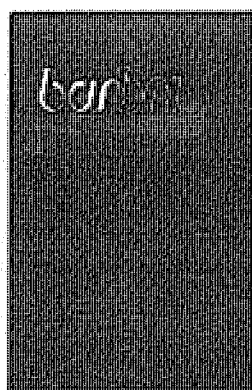
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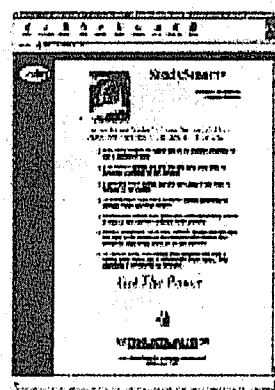
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ENTERTAINMENT REVIEW

Summer's Dickey Diary

BY KENNY ROOST

ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

It was an active summer in the entertainment capitol of the world: Radiohead released *Amnesiac* (essentially Kid-A b-sides that are good only because Kid-A was fantastic); a few rockstars meandered around; the movie with the worst ending ever was released; and Bob Saget made a comeback. The consequence is plenty of fodder for an entertainment editor; bear with me.

A few Saturdays back, two friends and I found ourselves at a Warren Zevon concert. Warren is famous for being thoroughly unknown; so don't worry if the name is nothing to you; his true fame comes from a song which easily eclipses "Zevon" in popular knowledge: *Werewolves of London*, a 1978 ditty from the album *Excitable Boy* which features back-to-back-to-back (and so on) hits reminiscent of Billy Joel. Warren's sound is like the United States: a melting pot—a pot comprised of Billy Joel, Bruce Springsteen, Lou Reed, and Tom Petty rather than various nationalities. So this renowned anonymity struts on stage at El Rey Theater on Wilshire (a first time at the venue for Warren's group and mine), jams energetically before a modest crowd, and cracks jokes spawned from a polite mixture of cynicism, old age, and resignation. Everyone loved the guy. Plus he played all the good cuts from *Excitable Boy*, concluding on the

mainstream zenith that is *Werewolves of London*. He must hate the song by now, but the crowd (minus one of my shy friends) rose and danced. On an aside, you know how venues play pre-show albums in the background while you wait for the auditory fiesta? El Rey played the entirety of Michael Penn's third album, *Resigned*. Kudos to El Rey because I love Michael Penn, and he's as unknown as Warren Zevon!

A few weeks before this charmed evening I made the pilgrimage to downtown LA to see Air on their 10,000 Hz Legend tour. This show was at the Mayan Theater, the coolest venue ever—it's like a spacious Egyptian mausoleum engineered for the production of a dramatic Greek tragedy. The tragedy on this particular night was Air. In '98, they released *Moonlight Safari*, one of the most beloved and acclaimed electronic albums of the century. It seems they've degenerated from original electro-French lounge spinners into insipid, Pink Floyd wannabeing DJs with pathetic lyrics echoing through their minds. Nevertheless, I bought their sweatshirt, because who sells sweatshirts? THAT was neat.

Here's a recommendation: forget Air sweatshirts—go see *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*, a fun movie adapted from an even more excellent musical. It's extremely jocular and sexually ambigu-

ous, features superb original rock tunes, and does a few things the musical couldn't (although it lacks the intensity and passionate climax of the recent off-Broadway hit).

Here's some rhetorical wisdom: what the fuck was with A.I.? The movie was a self-indulgent tribute to how fantastically blind and brain-dead Hollywood can be. Don't get me wrong—the middle part with Jude Law (who delivers one of the best acting performances imaginable) was great. But then, right when the movie should end on a respectably grim note, Steven Spielberg jogs in with a hefty sprinkle of offensively saccharine, slow, and nonsensical magic. I'd never seen a movie ridiculed until the capacity crowd at Westwood's mothership of theaters—the Fox—began to rip rowdily into A.I. while uncomfortably waiting for it to end itself. A guy shouted, "Wrap it up!" and everyone literally cheered. A.I.'s interminable ending was easily the worst of all time (beating out *It*, which formerly had a lock on title despite being a rather excellent movie; how a cast of comedians was assembled to effectively pull off one of the great horror flicks is still beyond me). The shocking thing is that millions of dollars, months of work, and oodles of cooperation and talent go into making a movie like A.I., and no one had the presence of mind to say, "Whoa, this

goddamn ending is horrific!" I frankly recommend checking the movie out because Jude Law made the meat amazingly good, and Steven Spielberg made the end unfathomably awful.

Here's more invaluable wisdom: really beware Bob Saget. I saw him standup at the Laugh Factory, knowing if he'd only swear that it'd be hilarious, because he's Bob Saget. I mean, just look at the guy; swear words coming out of that wholesome, Fullhouse mouth couldn't miss the funny bone. Well, the old adage of "watch what you wish for" rang true throughout a grim comedy set. Bob hopped out and swore incessantly; he was dirtier than water from Mexico mixed with Andrew Dice Clay's more colorful vocabulary. Except Bob wasn't funny; he was simply nasty. Everyone was embarrassed for the guy. I mean, imagine Bob wielding a hefty dildo (complements of a group of girls out for a bachelorette party), asking some Canadian guy named Noah (who was representing a group of high school students touring abroad) how old he was.

"16, Bob."

"16? Hell, that's old enough.

Turn around, Noah..." Bob Saget! It was scarring. And worse, he's apparently got another crappy TV show coming out. Alas, if only Warren Zevon had that fame, the world would be a safer place for unassuming kids going out to comedy clubs.

SHADOW

FROM PAGE 1

The client in my case was a 33-year-old African-American male who I'll call J. J was sentenced to death when he was 19 years old. I was given a list of 20 people to interview and possibly obtain affidavits from. These people are known as mitigating witnesses. The purpose of these interviews was to collect as much information about J and his family members as possible in order to get a sense of what J's life was like before he was sentenced. I was also given another list of 15 people to interview who were incarcerated with our client's co-defendants. The purpose of these interviews was to bolster a separate claim that was going to be included in the post-conviction petition.

J was born and raised in a small rural town in the Mississippi Delta, and most of the witnesses I needed to interview were there. My first couple of interviews went fairly well. Some of the witnesses were extremely helpful, while others thought that J was getting exactly what he deserved. Most of the things that I heard about J saddened me while other things made me downright angry! When I visited the small town where J grew up I couldn't believe that anyone could live under such conditions. I was not prepared for the overall level of poverty that existed in the tiny town of Symonds. Many of the houses did not

have indoor plumbing and most of the residents were unemployed. I was told by most of the people in the town who remembered J and his family that the conditions were 10 times worse when J was growing up.

Two weeks after I started working, I made my first of several trips to the Parchman State Penitentiary Maximum Security Unit 32 to visit J. I'd heard horror stories about Parchman and was extremely nervous about visiting the prison. I also wasn't sure what to expect from J or how to communicate with him. What do you say to a man who's waiting to die?

When I arrived at the prison, I expected to find cold gray buildings stacked several stories high, but to my surprise, Parchman looked like a huge farm community. Many of the prison guards actually lived in small homes on the prison grounds with their families. As I drove past acres of land on my way to Unit 32, I observed the prisoners who were outside working. Many of them were young and most of them were Black. I felt sick to my stomach. By the time I finally found Unit 32, I was not sure I would make it through the visit.

After I signed in with the guard at the check-in area, another guard briskly patted me down and pointed me in the direction of another check station that I would need to pass through. There,

a guard known as the 'watch commander' thumbed through my notebook and patted me down in a much more personal way than the first guard. Once she was satisfied that I didn't have any illegal contra-band or weapons, she showed me to a building known as the law library. The law library turned out to be nothing more than a one-room building with no law books and a scowling guard who obviously was not happy to see me. I was happy to see the two attorney's that I worked for there to help guide me through my first attorney-client visit.

I waited for what seemed like hours until finally I heard the sound of chains colliding with concrete. I turned my head just in time to see J being ushered into the visiting room by two guards like cargo from the *Amistad*. He walked slowly towards us with his head tilted to the side. The two guards tightened their grip on his arms and pushed him into a small visiting cubicle. He sat down behind the wooden desk and one of the guards bent down and chained his already shackled feet to a lock that protruded from the ground. I was horrified to see that they planned to leave his hands in handcuffs and his feet shackled to the ground! After the guards exited the small visiting cubicle I followed slowly behind Debra and Charlie. With my hands shaking I extended my hand

and greeted J He smiled and said he was glad to meet me.

Although I'd talked to J on the phone earlier in the week, now I was speechless. All I could think about was that I was sitting in front of a condemned man. Luckily, Debra and Charlie made small talk with him until I finally managed to relax. I listened intently as he talked about his family. I reminded him of the fact that we're both twins. Finding that piece of common ground helped to break the ice and we were able to talk freely. I listened to the sadness in his voice as he described what it was like being a death row inmate. He even talked about wanting to give up sometimes. At the end of the visit, he asked me if I would write to him and I agreed to be his pen pal. He told me how happy he was to get any type of mail and commented that it felt like someone was putting flowers on his grave whenever someone wrote to him. I promised to write to him regularly and to come and visit as often as I could.

Over the course of the summer, J and I were able to form a bond that will hopefully last for a long time. Most of the things that I experienced and learned in Mississippi can not be put into words, but hopefully the few words that I have expressed will inspire someone else to continue fighting for justice.

BRANCH

FROM PAGE 9

believe it or not, even an adverse possession case."

And if all of this doesn't make you want to jump at the opportunity, how about a little more incentive...free

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