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## Hastings Law News Vol.27 No.7

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# HASTINGS LAW RUSE

San Francisco, California

April 1, 1994

Volume 27, Number 7

## Graduation is in the Hole

• Graduation has been moved to Sunday in the West Block hole to accommodate student family members who have to work on Monday.

By Kitty Read  
STAFF WRITER

In a surprise announcement, Chair-person of the Board of Directors Charlene Mitchell announced last Friday that the location of the 1994 graduation ceremonies will be moved from the Masonic auditorium to the gaping hole in Hastings' West Block property.

The change was made after widespread student protest that graduation was being held on a Monday, when students' family and friends had to work. Graduation will be held on Sunday, May 22, instead of Monday, May 23, as originally planned.

Mitchell, speaking at a press conference for the students held during spring break, said the change was made after the Directors learned that the families of 329 of the 417 graduating third years would be unable to attend the Monday morning ceremonies. "Apparently, no one in the 88 families who could attend

is gainfully employed," Mitchell said.

"Gee, our students are really chips off the old block!" Academic Dean Leo Martinez wittily commented, to the amusement of

most in attendance. In attendance at the conference were Chairperson Mitchell, Deans Kane and Martinez, General Counsel Angele Kachadour, and the Law News, which was allowed to amend

the press conference only after filing suit in San Francisco Superior Court under California's open meeting law.

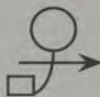
While Mitchell admitted the choice of the scarred, gaping, oozing hole as a site for graduation ceremonies was "unusual," she said that at this late date, there was no other location available within the Pacific Time Zone. She added that the feral cats, discarded hypodermic needles, used condoms, and deceased homeless people which currently blanket the hole "ought to make our students feel right at home."

"That's right, graduation in the hole will really symbolize the whole Hastings experience- get it?" Martinez punned, while Mitchell, Kane and Kachadour laughed uproariously.

The general hilarity toned down somewhat when Kachadour spoke

tearfully about how much the feud, cratered office means to her and how proud she is that graduation ceremonies will be held there. "That hole is my greatest achievement as General

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By Wendy & Lisa  
STAFF WRITERS

In a surprising announcement this week, former Academic Dean and full-time professor Harry Prince revealed that he is changing his name. In a press conference last Wednesday, the professor revealed that his name will now be represented by the abstract symbol depicted above. When asked how students should now address him, he said, "Instead of calling me Professor Prince, I'd like to be known as Professor  $\mathcal{P}$ ." When asked exactly how one would properly pronounce the  $\mathcal{P}$  symbol, Professor  $\mathcal{P}$  replied, "It's simple. It's pronounced  $\mathcal{P}$ ."

Dale McAdams, a representative of West Publishing, the firm which handles the former-Prince's academic publishing, is not worried about the sudden name-change. "We still have his entire back-catalog of titles to publish, and since he wrote these books

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Students speaker Courtney Bailey practices at the site of the 1994 graduation.

## Harding Given 3 Years Hard Labor

By Achilles  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

Hastings' very own Professor Eileen "Medusa" Scallen announced a plea-bargain she has arranged for embattled Olympic figure-skater Tonya Harding at a Portland press conference held last week.

Prosecutors in Harding's native Oregon have been investigating her alleged

involvement in the attack on rival Nancy Kerrigan and contemplating what, if any, charges to file against Harding. However, Harding's legal position improved considerably when Professor Eileen "Medusa" Scallen began representing her. Harding was referred to Scallen by the Society of Shri!l Women, of which they are both members. Society president and actress Roseanne Arnold said, "We shrill women have to stick together. It's

fucking great that Medusa will be able to help Tonya against the men who are trying to fuck her over."

In the plea bargain with Oregon prosecutors, Harding will plead guilty only to a felony charge of interfering with the investigation of the beating. The plea bargain

**Medusa said,  
"As Plato  
said, What is  
Justice?"**

allows Harding to avoid jail time. However, she must pay a \$100,000 fine, resign from the United States Figure Skating Association, and serve a three year probation as a law student at University of California, Hastings College of the Law. Judge Helen Katz, a 1978 graduate of Hastings, agreed to the plea bargain, though with some reservation. "I was surprised at the severity of the punishment. I had to carefully weigh the possibility of whether being forced to attend Hastings is cruel and unusual, and therefore, unconstitutional."

Some have questioned whether it is fair for Harding to avoid jail time. Medusa responded to this. "Medusa is cruel and unusual, and therefore, unconstitutional."

Continued on Page 13

## Hastings Awarded 2004 Olympics

• The 2004 Summer Olympiad will held at Hastings, bringing great changes to the Tenderloin.

By Achilles  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

The Hastings 2000 Committee announced its boldest move yet to enhance the school's national prominence. The 2004 Summer Olympiad will be held in the Tenderloin, with many of the events occurring on and around Hastings' campus.

The Committee will need the next ten years to prepare the



Members of the 2004 USA Olympic Team train at McAllister Tower

campus for the onslaught of athletes and spectators. McAllister Tower will serve as the Olympic Village, where athletes and

officials will be housed during the month long extravaganza. The

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## Matrix II: They're Coming For You

• San Francisco is protecting its citizens from the law students that are overrunning the city.

By Martha Bridegam  
STAFF WRITER

In a belated response to former Vice President Dan Quayle's concerns about the number of lawyers in the country, Mayor Frank Jordan has announced the implementation of Matrix II. Patented after the controversial program designed to chase the homeless from San Francisco, Matrix II is aimed at ridding San Francisco of the unsightly mess caused by the large number of law students living here.

"San Francisco has three accredited law schools," said Jordan at a press conference on the steps of City Hall, a mere two blocks from Hastings. "That's just too many for a city this size. I have personally spoken with a number of tourists who are afraid to come into the Civic Center Area because of these people." When asked whether the influx of students doesn't add the city's economy, Jordan laughed, "Law students have neither the time nor



A Hastings student being arrested.

the money to do our economy any good."

Matrix II, which has been used covertly for three weeks, is using many of the same tactics made infamous by the original program. "I was just walking through U.N. Plaza from BART minding my own business when a policeman grabbed my backpack and threw it in a big dumpster," said a first year Hastings student who requested anonymity for fear of faculty reprisals. "My torso book was in there. It cost me fifty dollars." At the time the Mayor's office revealed that backpacks are considered evidence of camping, which is outlawed under both Matrix and Matrix II.

The aggressive panhandling ordinance will also be used to fight the problem of law students running rampant. "Have you ever seen them outside the Ramada

Inn during October?" asked Jordan. "It turns my stomach. There are resources available to help these people, but they refuse to use them." Hastings career services director Kristen Flierl concurred. "I've been trying to tell the students that for years. All this whining about the economy is just a feeble attempt to cover the fact that they don't really want to work."

In addition to the existing ordinances, Matrix II will utilize specialized regulations designed to fit the unique situation of an overabundance of law students. Chief of Police Winchell D. O'Nutt said, "This studying in public has to stop!" The City's police have been informed of new city guidelines making reading in a public place a nuisance crime. "We want to send the message to law students that they are just not welcome in the City," said O'Nutt.

Oakland Mayor Elihu Harris issued a statement shortly after being informed of the new plan. "After Matrix was instituted Oakland saw a marked increase in the number of homeless people living here. Now Jordan wants to chase these law students over as well. It's just too much." Oakland City Attorneys are looking into ways to insure that the displaced law students are forced down the peninsula instead of being allowed to flee to the other side of the Bay.

## NEWS BRIEFS

COMPILED BY THE HASTINGS LAW REVIEW STAFF

### Theft at Hastings

Police, called to McAllister Tower yesterday, were surprised to find the entire guard station, including the security officer on duty, had been stolen. Nobody had noticed anything unusual and the actual date of the theft has not been established.

During their inquiries, police also discovered that half of the fifth floor and the entire gym were missing. Inquired, police did a floor-to-floor count of students in residence and ascertained that eighty percent, or approximately one hundred students have been missing for more than two months. Ed Levine, in charge of security at Hastings, told the police, "Don't worry. There's plenty more where they came from."

On hearing of the disappearances, students commented that classes did seem slightly emptier lately, and inquired if any of the missing had jobs lined up. Police, who initially were following up on a tip that members of the American Medical Association were involved, have dropped their investigation due to a lack of interest. It is believed Hastings' Art Curator was also taken, but it could not be confirmed.

### ASH Elections

The voting was close, but the ASH representatives for next year have been elected. In a close race for President...oh, who really cares? Student government is such a joke. Why bother?

### ASH Violates Smith

In a daring move, ASH defied Smith v. Regents by voting to spend its entire budget for next year on the First Civil Rights Society of Hastings (FCRS). Outgoing ASH President Jane Morse was quoted as saying, "This will give the General Counsel's Office some work to do."

Charles Clark, Co-President of FCRS, was pleasantly surprised by the sudden shift. When asked what FCRS will do with money, Clark responded, "We're going to hold a big membership drive, so our club will have more than three people in it."

## Clash of the Egos

By Rick C. Jones  
STAFF WRITER

**"I've been treated like crap in lots of places before, but never like this, unless you count that time in Mexico when I was dragged through the streets naked and woke up the next morning with some 12-year-old sucking on my toes..."**

These words are already part of the vicious rumor mill of Hastings. They were spoken after noted gonzo-journalist, Hunter S. Thompson, was allegedly



Steven Feinstein is escorted off campus by security.

assaulted at a Hastings Law News meeting by Editor-in-Chief, Steven Feinstein.

Reporters, photographers, and editors for the Law News caught in the middle of the incident are dazed and confused, and fear returning to newspaper's office. Two reporters have quit the paper in disgust while an editor has left the state with no forwarding address as a form of protest. But

what really happened?

This Law News reporter has interviewed several members of the newspaper staff in order to reconstruct what happened at this infamous meeting. (I skipped the meeting, figuring that *Kang Fu: The Legend Continues* is usually a hell of lot more interesting than any Law News meeting.) The staff members asked not to be named, for fear of administrative reprisal. "If you've seen Steve with a garden tool and stick of butter, you know what kind of retaliation he's capable of," one reporter noted.

The staff members report that after a short meeting of the Law News, it was suggested that the meeting be continued at a nearby bar. While at the bar, Hunter S. Thompson—in town on some assignment and eavesdropping on the meeting—interrupted the discussion and wanted to know the latest smear tactics being used by student newspapers. He was

Continued on Page 14

## Top Ten Reasons We are Proud Members of the Hastings Community:

10. Most people think we are Berkeley's law school.
9. Student discount on hookers, drugs, and guns that are conveniently located.
8. Only one student shot in the last three years.
7. Hastings 2000!
6. That warm fuzzy feeling you get after dealing with Academic Dean Leo Martinez.
5. Loud school buzzers that let us reminisce about high school and pimples. (Gotta prom date?)
4. Racism free zone.
3. Spend an hour with Dean Kane. (Yes!)
2. Knowing your 2.7 GPA is just as good as a 3.4 at Stanford.
1. Cockfighting for grades.

# Rush Buys Hastings

By Hillary Clinton  
BENTON CORRESPONDENT

Making good on his promise to privatize California's institutions of higher learning, California Governor Pete Wilson announced the sale of Hastings College of the Law to right-wing radio talk show host Rush H. Limbaugh.

Limbaugh's program is the nation's most popular radio talk show, with more than 20 million weekly listeners. He is also author of two *New York Times* Bestsellers: *The Way Things Ought To Be* and *See, I Told You So*.

San Francisco liberals and

progressives vowed to block the sale of the Tenderloin-based law school to Limbaugh's Excellence in Broadcasting (EIB) network. B. Leeding Hart, President of the San Francisco chapter of Liberalism in Education (LIE), said, "The tempting \$80 million dollar sale price presents us with a cruel dilemma: the money or the school; we want both!"

Hastings College of the Law, the oldest and largest of four state-funded University of California law schools, was auctioned off last night as part of Wilson's austerity program to balance California's burgeoning budget deficit. Limbaugh's bid for Hastings was nearly \$5 million dollars higher than the second

highest bidder who promised to convert Hastings' downtown campus into a giant parking lot for federal and state employees who work nearby. The third highest bidder, a former San Francisco police officer, pledged to convert Hastings into a shooting range for new cadets and other gun enthusiasts. "Hastings will remain a law school," Limbaugh promised anxious law students, but added, "it will be a conservative law school that is committed to the principles of personal responsibility, morality, free enterprise capitalism. It will be open to all students willing to work hard, unless they are darkies or fairies."

One of Limbaugh's immediate

concerns is the faculty and administrative personnel at Hastings. Recently-hired Dean Mary Kay Kane will be replaced by former United States President Ronald Reagan, Limbaugh announced. He also pledged to buy out the contracts of liberal professors who "pollute the minds of our best and brightest law students with socialist drivel, immorality, degenerate lifestyles, moral relativism, and statism." Hastings renowned 65 Club, a collection of distinguished professors over 65 years of age, "will discard all of its grossly overpaid, 'New Deal' era socialists into the ranks of social security recipients."

Limbaugh also indicated his

intention to hire African-American professors Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, and Shelby Steele to teach economic analysis of the law and critical race studies. Former United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and former British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher were slated to teach international law and feminist legal perspectives. Kirkpatrick and Thatcher will also serve as faculty advisors to the Clara Foltz Feminist Association and to the Women's Law Journal. "The faculty at my law school will not only look like America, but will also think like America," Limbaugh added with a grin.

## The dictionary has at least three definitions for "value." So do we.



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# Dean Kane Weds Dean Cain

By Clark Kent

LOVE CORRESPONDENT

Hastings' Dean of the College, Mary Kay Kane married Dean Cain last week in a ceremony at the Hastings chapel.

Cain is an actor who currently stars as Superman in the television program, "Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman". Cain also appeared as Rick (pronounced Reek), Brenda's boyfriend in Paris, on the program "Beverly Hills 90210."

The wedding was a lavish affair featuring live doves, ice sculptures, and champagne fountains. The \$95,000 for the wedding was provided by the Board of Directors out of money gained from the recent tuition increases. Board of Directors Chairwoman Charlene Mitchell responded to criticism that a wedding was not an appropriate use of students' tuition saying, "Kane has done a great job during the past four months. We wanted to show her that we appreciate her. Also, the bitch terrifies me."

The maid of honor was Hastings Professor Eileen "Medusa" Scallen. Interestingly, Medusa has dated



Mr. and Dean Dean Cain

Photo By Jimmy Olson

Cain herself. However they broke up over various personal differences. Medusa said, "The good part was that he is more powerful than a locomotive. Unfortunately he is also faster than a speeding bullet." Medusa later said, "She was radiant. Kane is clearly no Plain Jane."

Kane said after the wedding

that she is very happy but is concerned she may have to leave Hastings to live with Cain in Los Angeles. She said she also now wishes to be known as Dean Dean Kane-Kane.

"They are a good match," said student Scott Strauss, "He can fly as Superman and she can fly on her broomstick."

## "Lefty" Martinez Arrested

By Indiana Jones

STAFF WRITER

In a remarkable internet activity sting operation, Academic Dean and tax guru Leo "Lefty" Martinez was recently arrested as part of a major investigation involving disallowed deductions, gross underpayment of taxes, and illegal payment of collegiate athletes.

According to confidential IRS sources, Martinez has repeatedly deducted an unspecified "six figure amount" for payments to the University of Kansas basketball team. Martinez, a famed Kansas alumnus, declined comment regarding his ties to the University.

The IRS source stated that the NCAA had become suspicious of strange happenings in Lawrence, Kansas, including the as yet unconfirmed report that the entire basketball team was seen driving new cars and wearing Hastings College of the Law sweatshirts around campus. A spokesperson for the NCAA declined to comment on the specifics of the case, but added that "it certainly

seems suspicious that KU was actually winning."

After being released from jail on a one million dollar bond, Martinez was questioned by the Law Rise. Martinez said that he felt that payment to collegiate athletes could be considered a legal deduction. "Come on, they're professionals and

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## My Name Is...

Continued from Page 1

while his name was still "Professor Prince," we will publish them that way. We'll also be putting out a greatest-hits compilation under his old moniker. We haven't yet decided how to handle any new publications."

Hastings Records Office has been in a panic this week, attempting to add the "S" symbol to the course catalog. "We're

considering just dropping the Sales and Contracts courses he teaches, rather than re-printing the catalog." When asked to comment on this startling development, Dean Mary Kay Kane stared dreamily at the ceiling and stated: "I think it's fabulous. Maybe I'll change my name to Sister Moonflower Honey Bunches-Of-Oats." The Records Office had no reply

## NEWS BRIEFS

COMPILED BY THE HASTINGS LAW RISE STAFF

### Men's Law Journal Recognized

In a continuing commitment to diversity, Hastings has announced the official recognition of a new scholarly Law Review, *Hastings Men's Law Journal*, dedicated to exploring progressive issues that have been neglected by the other law reviews, will make its entry into law libraries with its first issue in September, 1994. Participants will receive credit for Journal work. The writing competition will be non-competitive. The topic will be included in the interjournal writing competition material.

The new editor, Dick Jankowitz, has announced the articles and notes currently being edited which include: Tattoos and Testosterone - Being and Giving Legal Pain; Crotch Itch Makes You Mad - Masculine Hygiene Protection; Roller Skating Your Way To Success - A Male Perspective on Jurisprudence; The Constitutional Right to Flamenco and Essentialism in Male Legal Theory; A Gay Man's View of Females; A Gay Man's Perspective of Males; A Gay Man's View of San Francisco; A Gay Man's View of Legal Briefs With an Emphasis on Means and Ends.

### One Hundred Students Murdered

Five students ranked in the bottom thirty percent at Hastings have been accused of murdering over one hundred top-grade students. Police have taken the students into custody for their own protection. "What a great idea to change the grade curve without begging the administration for help!" admiring classmates exclaimed. New class ranking figures are currently being calculated.

### Farrakhan Converts to Judaism

In a shocking anti-face, former leader of the Nation of Islam Minister Louis Farrakhan has converted to Judaism. Appearing at a press conference in Chicago yesterday sans his trademark bow tie but sporting a handsome kni yarmulke emblazoned with a Star of David, Farrakhan explained why he is converting to the faith he so passionately maligned in the past. "I love bagels, period," he said proudly.

Farrakhan, who has also decided to change his name to "Farrakhan" peppered his speech with a number of Yiddish wisecracks. "It's a whole new spiel for me," he proclaimed. When asked how he felt about his former aide, the notorious Anti-Semite Khalid Muhammad, Farrakhan laughed, "Feh, he's messbugger." Before bidding the audience Shalom to prepare for his first Passover seder, Farrakhan led the crowd in an emotional rendition of "Hava Negilah", leaving many teary-eyed. After the press conference, Farrakhan was seen nosing on a chopped liver sandwich, and heard to say, "Jewish soul food. I love it!"

### Bluebook Fee Spent on Porn

The Law Rise has obtained secret Hastings documents showing that the three dollars students pay each semester for bluebooks do not actually go to the purchase of bluebooks. In fact the 3,600 dollars students pay each semester actually go for the rental of "blue movies" which are shown throughout the day in the faculty elevators in the 198 building. Professor Richard Marcus said, "Law professors are very busy and don't have time for a social life. The movies provide a release."

### Law News Editor's Husband Dies

Hastings Law News regrets the untimely demise of John Allen who had a heart attack, leaving him emotionally challenged, after reading his wife's last column, "Sex Toy Demos Come to Hastings." Sheila Allen was last seen in the Law News office mulling about her student loans while counting life insurance money. "I've finally learned to think like a lawyer!" she chuckled.

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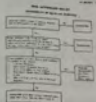
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## Pedestrian Interviews

Interviews By Mary Kay Kane

Photos By David Faigman

### Who should be this year's graduation speaker?



**Robert Fletcher**  
Professor

My wife. California is a community property state; I get half her fee.

**Algera Washington**  
3rd year

We don't need a speaker, we have Dean Kane. I love her. That Steven Feinstein has angered me with being mean to the dean in the Law News. He doesn't represent my view.



**Dave Williams**  
1st year

Susan Sarandon. Maybe we could get the Clara Foltz Feminist Association to invite her. She has rad tits.



**Ed Jew Cation**  
3rd year

Alan Dershowitz. He proves that Jews are neither loud, obnoxious nor pushy. Besides, it would be great to hear at least one real law professor before I leave Hastings.



**Warren Shattuck**  
Professor

I would nominate my male nurse, Kato. He gives a sponge bath like nobody's business! I need a little help here—rub-a-dub-dub.



## Read Sues Hastings

By Kitty Cat  
SEX HARASSMENT  
CORRESPONDENT

The real reason Dean Frank Tom Frank Read quit so abruptly became clear this week when Read filed suit against Hastings in federal court, accusing General Counsel Angele Kachador of sexually harassing him over a period of five years.

Read's complaint alleges that Kachador's "sustained, panting, insatiable and torrid" sexual advances created a hostile and intimidating work environment which made it impossible for him to complete his tenure as Dean. Read is seeking 4.6 million dollars in compensatory and punitive damages.

Last September, Read told the



Dean Frank Tom Frank Read

Hastings community that he was quitting because by accepting the Regent's golden parachute of \$2,000 a month for the rest of his life, he would "save Hastings so much money."

"Everyone knew that was a crock," Read now says, "that was Charlene (Mitchell, Chair of the

Board of Directors)'s pathetic attempt at hush money. But I refuse to play boy toy to Charlene the dominatrix. That's what I did with Angele, and I will not be silent anymore!!!!"

Read says he's spent several months in a male sweat lodge, beating the drums of his manliness.

"It's been tremendously empowering," Read says, of finally coming to terms with his male mother. "I'm speaking up now, because I realize this issue is larger than me."

Read is represented in his lawsuit by Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz, whom Read met at the sweat lodge. "Dersh was the one who finally convinced me to go forward," says Read, "he reminded me of the time when

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## Hastings Awaits 2004 Games

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centerpiece of the new construction will be the Olympic bicycling velodrome and track complex which will be built on the West Block property behind the 200 McAllister Building. Construction of the new complex will require the destruction of all other buildings on the block besides the actual college campus. After the completion of the games, the athletic facility will be used by the students, faculty, and administration at Hastings, but will be closed to all others.

The granting of the Olympic bid has served as a lightning rod for criticism from local housing advocates. One outspoken critic is Sandra Doom, who promises that many lawsuits against Hastings will be filed as soon as possible. Doom is a member of the group Free Housing for Everyone, which has adopted "homes not velodromes" as a rallying cry for their resistance to the Olympiad. "We don't need a slick athletic complex in the neighborhood built with the state's money," Doom explained. She also asked, "Do you know how many soup kitchens or how much low income housing could be built with the money they are spending on the equestrian center and synchronized swimming pool?"

In response to the criticism of the event and the plans surrounding it, College spokesman Tom Debley pointed out that the event will generate revenue and jobs for the local

community. Tentative plans include a shopping bazaar that will stretch along Hyde Street between Grove and Turk Streets, and will also include an open air marketplace in United Nations Plaza. The Olympic shopping complex will have to be closed on Wednesdays and Sundays during the Olympiad because of a preexisting commitment to the

proposed system of wind baffles along the rowing course that will keep the waters calm and make the climate more hospitable to participants and spectators.

Student reaction to the announcement was mixed. Although the games will be held when school is out of session, some students were excited about the idea of such a high profile



Artists' Projection of the Hastings in 2004

Farmers' Market.

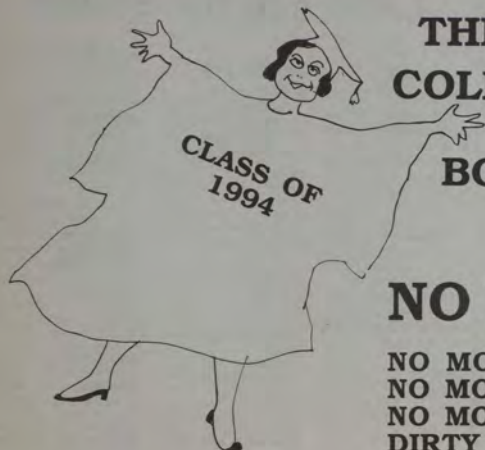
Besides the track and bicycling events that will be held in the new complex, other events will be held at various sites around San Francisco. Planners promise that the marathon will be one of the most rigorous ever as it takes the runners up California Street from the financial district and then down into the Tenderloin.

The rowing events will be held in the San Francisco Bay, which promises to be exciting due to the winds and whitecaps. San Francisco mayor Frank Jordan

event being held in the local neighborhood. Joe Fanatic commented that "I think it's great, I'm looking forward to boxing in the Louis B. Mayer Lounge!"

Other students were more concerned about the use of College funds to support an athletic event. "I don't see why we should spend money on an ugly cement stadium," Sue Granola noted. "The money would be better spent on an recycling program and a child care center for the local neighborhood."





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MATTHEW MAGNER, ALEXANDRA NOSOV, ALGERA TUCKER, ERIN WILLIAMS



# OPINION

## En Banc

### Perfection

Since the Hastings administration has promptly and completely met all the demands in our previous editorials University of California, Hastings College of the Law is now perfect. We therefore have decided not to bother our responsive and caring administration with another demand in this issue.

#### White People,

##### White Paper

Dear Editor,

(For brevity's sake, this letter has been compressed from twenty-two pages.)

You are all white racists and I can prove it because you always use white paper to print your Euro-white, dominating, Salsa, Americo-Hispano dising paper. Only I can use wetback in a sentence.

I don't do toilets! No Mas Toilets! I hate everyone!

I deserve everything for free. Nobody but my race has ever been hurt — I just broke a fingernail yesterday.

Mucho Bore  
10th Year

#### No Smoking

Dear Editor,

I object to Dean Kane's smoking of cigars in the 200 Building. The administration arbitrarily declared that entire building to be smoke-free. Dean Kane should have to brave the Tenderloin in order to continue her odious habit.

Emily Lie-Teller  
8th Year

#### Bar/Bri Cannibalism

Dear Editor,

Did anyone notice the entire PMBR and Barpassers staff disappeared during Sweeps Week? The BarBri student staff, who were in the auditorium with the other bar review staff at the time, all exited looking noticeably heavier. I know BarBri brags that they chew up the competition — maybe they're not just puffing ???

Inmo Donner  
1st Year

## Letters to the Editor

#### Tortes for Tortis

Dear Editor,

I would like to congratulate the Hastings' administration for adding choices to the School Exchange Program. In particular, I think the Culinary College Summer Exchange Program "Tortes for Tortis" is an excellent addition. I look forward to the extra credits and fall-back career this offers.

Jeff Bared  
101st Year

#### Secret Service

Dear Editor,

I want to Secretly Service President Morse.

Opey Edwards  
69th Year

#### Women's Movements

Dear Editor,

I am sensitive to Women's Movements. So is my dick.

Jeff Fearless  
Big 10th Year

#### Aleut Seeks Support

Dear Editor,

I am an Aleut. Hastings offers me no support group. Is anybody out there?

S. Kee-Mo  
1st Year

#### A Cry for Help

Dear Editor,

Boo Hoo. Boo Hoo.

Medusa  
Professor

#### Rapist Wanted

Dear Editor,

All men are potential

rapists. So when will I find mine?

Katherine McWolf  
30something year

#### Not A Lesbian

Dear Editor,

I did not wear that pink triangle that HAGL passed out on the beach because I did not want Professor Faigman to think I am a lesbian.

K. Worperson  
LL

#### The Truth

Dear Editor,

The *Law News* is cool.

Beavis  
0 Year

#### Buttered Women

Dear Editor,

Why does the *Law News* run so many articles saying it is bad to butter women? I love buttered women and buttering them myself. The women seem to enjoy being buttered too. I hope the *Law News* will be more sensitive to its readers in the future.

Salty Joe  
6th year

#### Crossley Is A Hot Babe

Dear Editor,

Is it now safe to make another "schwing" joke about Professor Crossley?

J. Morehead  
No Year

## Guest Editorial

## Six Stinkin' White Guys Who Should Be Strangled

By Terranova Mitchell  
THUNDER AT LAKE

The cool and wannabee cool among you are no doubt familiar with the late great coke-addict, jazz-man, wine-beater, uber-nigger Miles Davis' brilliant response to some jerk-assed reporter who asked him how he would like to die. Davis, whose attitude was almost as ugly as his face, is said to have replied, "With my hands around a white man's neck..."

Now there's a concept I can relate to!

Of course, being a completely unimportant faggot, I'd generally prefer to die with my hands around a white man's ass as opposed to his neck. However, there are certain white men toward whom I feel enough pure, brutal, ass-fucking, cop-killing, Louis Farrakhan-on-steroids HATRED to forgo my usual policy of "Beat Your Meat, Not Your Enemies." In these instances, instead of just thrashing things into it, or in debate, or in bed, or wherever, I'd rather wrap my sinewy black fingers around their fleshy white necks and choke the sleazy motherfuckers until they're DEAD, DEAD, DEAD!!!

So there. And the nominees are:

1 & 2. William "Shrill Bill" Rehnquist and Antonin "Tony the Wop" Scalia

These dirty bastards have teamed up with the lesser idiots on the Extreme Court to completely gut the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Amendments. Wrongly convicted in the state courts? Got actual evidence that will set you free? Desperate for an appeal? Tough shit, dickhead; the federal courts are closed! We're former prosecutors and we're no longer tolerating any of this candy ass malarky about Due Process. Get your ugly ass back in the slammer where crooks like you belong! And we're not putting up with any more of that Young Rights shit either; you fuckers down in Elkhawk County can drop dead and go to hell! The Warren Court might have tried to dismantle Jim Crow, but we'll be goddamned if we can't rebuild it!

3. Calvin "I don't use niggers in my ads" Klein  
Have you EVER seen a black person in a Calvin Klein ad? And I don't mean the locally produced stuff from Macy's, either. I mean in Klein's national campaigns—have you ever seen a black? In fact, have you ever seen ANY

non-white person in a Klein ad? Do niggers not wear genital-revealing underwear? Or do we not spritz ourselves with ridiculously over-priced cologne? Or does Mr. Klein feel that showing a beefy black but stretching the shape out of those specially-designed-for-rapid-white-fags panties he hustles will "cheapen" the image of his product? Yeah, right. And Ditto for Ralph "Matchmaker, Matchmaker make me a WASP" Lauren.

4. Pope John "Jesus likes you better if you're pregnant" Paul II  
A while back, His "holiness" brought his tired, Pollack ass out in one of the poorest sections of West Africa and railed against birth control. Mind you, people are starving and the bodies of abandoned babies are rotting in the fucking sun in West Africa! But God forbid that the Catholic Church should ever seriously address the social realities of the countries it tries to co-opt. Just shut-up and pray, niggers. Our God will save you. Meanwhile, send us your money and give us your land. Question: How many Pollacks does it take to screw-up a country? Answer: One, especially if he's encoined on the throne at St. Peter's.

5. Pete "Himm, let's see who

else I can trash in order to ponder to white folks" Wilson

This motherfucker will stop at nothing. Up to your arse in Wetbacks? Not to worry! I'll shoot 'em at the border, and bounce their bastard children out of the schools! Niggers gettin' a bit too frisky? Relax! I'll kick 'em off welfare and build fifty prisons to lock 'em all up! Hell, all rabbits should be kept in a pen; especially the jungle bunnies! What else are you afraid of, whitefolks? Come on, tell Uncle Pete about your paranoias! Share your deepest fears! Your darkest hatreds! I'll incorporate them into my campaign platform and tell you exactly what you want to hear! And once I do, you fuckin' stupid, white, middle-class sort, you'll ignore my disastrous record and run right out and vote for me; then me and my corporate cronies will sink the state's economy and rob your dumbass blind. Again! Har! Har! See you at the polls, suckers!

6. Sam "Ah gotta protectowah boyz from thuh fags" Nunn  
It's amazing that this prime example of yet another well-connected white boy who connived his way into a cushy billet during the Viet Nam War has become the self-appointed guardian of the Nation's

manhood. I mean, gimme a fuckin' break; white niggers and poor white trash were getting chewed up in Viet Nam, Sam Nunn had his fat ass safely tucked away doing shore patrol in the motherfucker's Coast Guard! This hardly puts you on a par with General Eisenhower, does it? (In fact, Clinton's political cowardice in letting this asshole pre-empt his authority over the military is almost enough to earn him a spot on this list.)

Anyway, it seems the dear Senator is positively terrified that us fags are going to "seduce" innocent young servicemen and "weaken" the armed forces. HA! Who the hell wants to "seduce" some "innocent young servicemen" from Sheepdip, Iowa? Certainly none of the faggots I know! An Industrial Strength Fag, (such as my serene and incomparable self), wants a rough, tough, buffed, ripped, 200-pound Psychotic Puerto Rican Marine who's hung for days—thank you—and can swing that dick like a Louisville Slugger! "Innocence" is for amateurs, Mr. Senator. Serious fags want serious cocksman! "Innocent young

Continued on Page 15

## HASTINGS LAW NEWS

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## Editorial Policy Statement

The *Hastings Law Review* is the official monthly newspaper of the Hastings College of Law. Signed opinion articles, when clearly marked as such, represent the opinion of the College. Unsigned editorials represent the opinion of a consensus of the *Law Review* Editorial Board and all right thinking people. Everything in these pages should be construed as being the opinion of the College, its Board of Directors, and its General Counsel.

News, feature, and opinion articles are accepted from the community at large as well as students. No publication cannot be guaranteed to be very popular. Prospective opinion writers should send letters to the editor in chief early in order to reserve space in the next issue.

The *Law Review* welcomes letters to the editor. Letters must be signed and include the writer's phone number, a nude picture, and important measurements. Long letters may be made longer. Requests that names be withheld will be considered if your story is pertinent enough. Letters that have appeared on the Fackler Community Column Board will not be printed and you will go to hell.

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"From dialogue comes trouble"

## Guest Editorial

## A Night of Poetry

By Dick Paine  
FIRST YEAR

Right before school, as I was strolling home from the weekly meeting of my sensitivity training class, I had one of the most cathartic moments of my life. As usual, I was in one of those devil-may-care, light-and-airy, the-world-is-such-a-wonderful-place type moods that the sensitivity sessions always seemed to inspire. After class meetings, I used to, just love to walk home and take in the quaint sights of San Francisco's scenic Tenderloin district. It was my little way of enjoying life in the City before law school began. Anyway, as I passed by this rather non-descript storefront, I briefly wondered why I had never noticed it before on my weekly treks home past the majestic McAllister Tower. Puzzled, I paused for a second and looked closer at the

establishment. An unlit sign hidden above the small entrance read *Le Mean Bean*.

Hmm, I thought, how odd. What could this place be? Suddenly, as I stood there on the sidewalk, I was overcome by this inexplicable knowledge that I was supposed to go inside. Looking back, I still can't explain it really. It was as if my normal, innate openness to the psychic world had been temporarily augmented by the effects of weeks of sensitivity training, permitting me a powerful clairvoyant vision. So, in a trance-like state, I grasped the handle of the door and prepared to meet my destiny. When I opened it, a cloud of thick, cloying smoke rushed out and escaped into the clear, bright air. Undaunted, I strode into the building, confident that Fate had determined it to be so. Inside was a whole different world.

As the door swung shut behind me, I scanned my surroundings through the dimly-lit, smoky haze.

By some interior decorating trick or clever architectural design, the place was much bigger than it appeared to be from outside. Dozens of small tables were strewn about the room, centered around a slightly raised platform. Seated at the tables in twos and threes, I could discern the shadowy figures of *Le Mean Bean's* patrons. All of them seemed to be engaged in heated private conversations, punctuated by wild gesticulations, but I couldn't make sense of what was being said. It was almost as if these frenzied discussions were occurring in another language, foreign to my own. Any entrance, a few heads craned their rapid mutterings to turn toward me, but soon they resumed their animated exchanges.

I began to grow uneasy, at once doubting the truth of prior extra-sensory experience. Maybe this is some sort of secret society, I thought in bewilderment, or a

Continued on Page 14

# FEATURES

## On the Subject Of...

By Sophoclia Schwing

### Performance Art

Today when I got off the bus, I was approached by a performance artist. His costume was made up of old clothes and rags, and his makeup included a dirty face and a full beard. The effect was striking.

The artist was, I came to realize, portraying the pinnacle of the American aristocracy. The rags represented "the rag trade—" in other words, the retail clothing industry, a direct reference to Gloria Vanderbilt and her designer jeans. The unkempt beard represented the waving fields of wheat, a direct reference to American agribusiness and the corporate displacement of the small American farmer by industrialized greed. The dirt on his face represented him as a landowner, he who carries the land as part of his very visage. The character portrayed, I realized, was the land-hungry moneyed rich; a startling artistic statement.

His performance began when he asked each of us for "change." At first, the artistic significance of this statement challenged me. Change? Was I capable of change? Is anyone? Asking for change, rather than beginning by changing the self? The depth and meaning of the statement stayed with me.

When the elite asks us to change, it is a direct challenge to the notion of a hierarchical artistic substructure within the greater society. Within such a challenge, Truman-era notions of highbrow, middlebrow, and lowbrow culture dissolve in a puff of post-deconstructionist smoke. The artistic hierarchy, he seemed to say, will change only when such a request comes from the top strata.

But the layers of meaning go deeper than that. The artist continued to ask for change from everyone who got off the bus. Brilliant! True artistic satisfaction needs to come from all members of even the most stratified of societies. By continuing his request to all passers-by, the depth of his feeling truly came across in a moving and affecting way.

This was performance art at its finest. I walked on; my life truly made a richer place for his extraordinary work.

I really love this city. I have just discovered that our very own neighborhood, the Tenderloin, is filled with performance artists all making their individual statements. Such brilliance! That's what keeps people going.

## At Lunch With...Bill Clinton

By David Goldberg  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Another month another lunch. This issue I was fortunate to have lunch with Bill Clinton, President of the United States during his recent visit to San Francisco.

But before I talk about that I want to share a few things. When I was in fifth grade at Balboa Boulevard Elementary School in Los Angeles the teacher Mrs. Garfield was mean to me. Even at a young age I wasn't being appreciated by large female authority figures.

When I went to my senior prom I wanted to rent a red bowtie with my tuxedo. I reserved it two weeks in advance but when I showed up on prom morning the jerk who had had blue bow ties. I was pissed off, and knew it was a personal slight against me. The good news is that damn store was destroyed in the January 17 Northridge Earthquake. Ha Ha Ha.

At college in Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut it was cold. In fact it was cold like almost all the fucking

time. I was sure that it was a personal attack on me by God. My friends tried to convince me that it was always cold in Connecticut, whether or not I was there. But I knew they were lying to me and trying to deceive me.

During Spring Break this year I had a really good doughnut at Earl's Doughnut's near my parent's house in the valley in Los Angeles. It was a maple French cruller, my favorite kind. The frosting was very maple and the doughnut was delicate yet fatty and flavorful. It also only cost fifty cents. If you are ever in the San Fernando Valley I highly recommend Earl's Doughnuts at 20121 Devonshire Avenue in Chatsworth.

However the chocolate bar I had at Joe's Doughnuts at 9831 Corbin Street in Northridge was horrible. The frosting was too thick and not very chocolatey at all. The doughnut itself was stale and too small. But the biggest outrage is that this shitty doughnut cost sixty cents. That is ten cents more than the fine doughnut from Earl's. Avoid this place at all costs.

Oh yeah I also had an O.K.

doughnut at our own Law Cafe. It was a chocolate old fashioned. The best part was I ate it while waiting for my sandwich so it was free. Ha Ha. Take that Hastings.

Anyway the President and I had lunch at one of his and my favorite haunts, the McDonald's on Golden Gate and Van Ness across the street from Stars. I had the Filet-O-Fish, a medium fries and a medium diet coke. The Filet-O-Fish was good, but there not enough tartar sauce on the bun. It always disappoints me when there is not enough tartar sauce because it is my favorite part of the Filet-O-Fish. It's sweet but a little tangy too. My fries were fresh and crispy though not salty enough. I hate having to salt my own french fries at McDonald's.

Clinton had a Big Mac which he said was good and he enjoyed his french fries immensely, even stealing one of mine.

During lunch Clinton told me many interesting anecdotes about making money off Whitewater and his adulterous affairs. Whoops I am out of room. Next issue, lunch with Theodore Herzl.

### Restaurant Review

## J'aime Chez Panisse

By Al Coholic  
TIM PEEK GUY

So, after almost a year of sampling reasonably priced restaurants, the Law News Review Crew headed out across the Bay Bridge to sample the cuisine at one of the area's finest restaurants.

Chez Panisse. We figured, graduation is coming up and Hastings students will need to know where to take their parents to gouge them for the most expensive meal possible. Besides, a lot of us are third years and we wanted to use up the rest of the Law News budget before we graduate.

Upon arrival at Chez Panisse — reservations required for dinner — we were told that proper attire was required for all diners. As we waited for Steven Feinstein to drive back to San Francisco for a tie, we each ordered a cocktail. I had an Amaretto Sour. We also sampled the Martini, Vodka Gimlet, Seven and Seven, Tanqueray and Tonic, and tequila

shots all around. They were so good, and Steven took so long, that we ordered a second round.

When Steven returned away to a group from Stanford who had higher grade point averages than we did so we had to wait a while longer. So we ordered cocktails.

We were seated in a lovely room that seemed to be spinning a bit. I sat on a chair. It didn't seem too sturdy either. While waiting for the appetizers, we ordered some really expensive wine. We got a bottle each of Chardonnay,

Chianti, Burgundy, Zinfandel, and Merlot. I'm not sure exactly what kinds they were but the pictures on the labels were really pretty so when you go to Chez Panisse with your parents you can really impress them by ordering the "wine with the pretty label." They'll be so glad you went to law school where you can pick up this kind of knowledge. Oh yeah, the appetizers were yummy. We ordered one of everything and I don't think any of them was what

Continued on Page 15



World Famous Pork-O-Meter



## Drugs

## Tenderloin Treats

By Loge Argon

DEATH CORRESPONDENT

Another tip in last week's column—so sorry! The sentence that read, "I saw Professor Bird dancing naked at the O'Farrell Theater last Wednesday," should have read, "The Kung Pao Chicken was tender and flavorful." But hey, mistakes happen. My apologies to the Kung Pao Chicken.

This week, I wanted to explore the true flavors of this nexus of all neighborhoods, the Tenderloin. I have found that this area is a rich and varied source for a multitude of ingestibles. It's delightfully colorful. I decided to take a walk through the 'loin and try some of the local specialties.

My first stop was the ever-popular United Nations Plaza, where local merchants are always happy to sell some of the finest products around. My advice is this: don't go to the UN Plaza during the Farmers' Market; all those damn fruits and vegetables get in the way of the true bargains. On non-market days, follow the whispers of "Weed! Weed!" to the best of the local merchants.

The first weed I tried was a

mellow blend of Mexican and Hawaiian plants, appealingly spiked with oven cleaner. The man who sold it to me, "Bad Boy Joe," was a charming fellow, always willing to show off his beautiful tattoos. Especially liked the depiction of Fred Flintstone fighting the Battle of Gettysburg (located on his right shoulder blade). Joe is a good friend to have.

For rock cocaine, truly the only merchant to approach is "Tuberculosis Ted." Just follow the sound of the hacking cough to the alley behind the porno theater. (If you are reading this while in the porno theater, just take the exit to the right of the screen.) Ted is a colorful character, ever-jolly with his stories of his brushes with the law. Nobody can paint a verbal picture of a night in the slammer while coming down from a three-day high quite like Ted. The anticipation builds as he sells you his specialty, always neat and sanitary in a teensy-weensy zip-lock bag. His rock has a smooth aftertaste, and a nice, gentle buzz which he claims comes from adding just the right amount of aluminum shavings. A real treat for those of us who like our

controlled substances in an out-of-control way!

A few more quick recommendations: try Mushroom Mary's home-grown beauties,

**Just follow the sound of the hacking cough to the alley behind the porno theater.**

especially good when grilled on focaccia bread. Tasty, and they make the walls seem so bland! And don't miss the microdot available outside the Carl's Jr. It goes so well with the Charbroiler Chicken Sandwich.

Next issue: The prostitutes of Hyde Street take me 'round the world for 80 bucks!

## Classical Music

## Purina Bananas Excites

By Tympani Foxx

STAFF WRITER

Last week, I attended the San Francisco symphony's performance of Carl Orff's *Purina Banana*, a work which has been used in more porno flicks than the phrase "Ooh, it's so big!" or "That's not it!" The Symphony played the hell out of the piece, leaving me gasping for breath and craving a cigarette.

The piece was written in 1922, and is a collection of dirty limericks translated into Latin and set to music. Whoever thought there were so many words which rhyme with *pudenda*?

The evening began as the conductor mounted the stage and began waving his wand at the orchestra. They seemed to like what they saw, and responded with delighted moans and squeals. (I later found out that this was just the sound of the orchestra tuning

up.) The first section of the *Banana* is a loud, major-key invocation to Astrogliad, the



Goddess of Water-Based Lubricants. It led me dripping.

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus were joined in the second movement, "There once was a man from Nantucket," by the San Francisco Girls' Chorus, and the San Francisco Society

Matrons' Choral Society. Unfortunately, the groups did not seem to have had time to practice together. The Gay Men were singing selections from *Gypsy*, the Girls sang campfire songs, the Boys were doing some lovely Country-and-Western, and the Society Matrons were singing other selections from *Gypsy*.

I had to excuse myself and go to the Ladies' Room for a movement of my own, so I missed the Third Movement. I got back just in time for the Fourth Movement, a series of mock-Gregorian Chants, performed entirely by naked monks. Let's just say that this part of the piece had its shortcomings.

Next week, the Symphony plays Mozart's Fourteenth Concerto, "Big Fat Biker Mommas." I love this one, and so does my cat. So, I'm going to hide her in my backpack and bring her along. Classical music really makes my pussy happy.

Music World  
Big Momma Kane Is Back

By DJ JD Messiah

Big Momma Kane's new release album *I Shock Your Consciousness* will not disappoint both new and long loyal fans of this innovative OG style rap singer. After her last album *It Takes A Jury of Millions to Hold My Back* went triple platinum, people in both the rap music industry and legal community have waited anxiously for this new release. Insider information has revealed that Big Momma Kane was revisiting her legal roots and digging the fresh old school lyrics and rhythms in order to set the world on fire with Da Shit from Da Hood. The title track *IN RE: A.R. Entry* is a brilliant mix of old school sampling and rhyming which expose the dirty underside of the Uniform Prostate Code. Lines such as:

Yo G died intestate  
When he ate  
It from a .38  
And now the Chevy V-8  
Is in Probate  
And counsel needs to raise the rate

Yeah nothing but behind the back strategy  
Practice law not proctology  
Yo G your nuthin now but  
IN RE: A.R. Entry..... yeah boyz.

BooYa!!! If that ain't the dope-shit-fresh-legal-WORD: Big Momma has brought it home again!

In other tracks such as *Fight The Bowels That Be*, Big Momma and legendary rap-group Public Enemy pull off what may be a Fanny Music Award collaboration effort. De La Bowl offers a helping hand in the fresh dance track *Me Myself and Thigh*. Even Salt-N-Pepa-N-Mayo-N-CheezWhiz-N-Dip work with Big Momma on a serious righteous song speaking out against the sexual exploitation and prostitution of our underwater brothers and sisters called *Squid Pro Hole*. And of course the new release contains Big Momma Kane's signature hard-core rap in the OG style. This one titled *Colon Lateral Attack* is a hard look at the dark, hard, underbelly of the civil procedural world when going through the rigors of Flagellate Appeal.

Run out there and get this disc before it runs out. This is DJ JD Messiah checking out...PEACE!



# Joe Hastings Gets Tattooed



**WHO SAID YOU COULDN'T HAVE GOOD TIME ON A MONDAY NIGHT**

**FOR FREE**

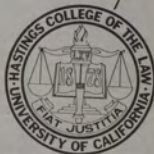
**HOLLYWOOD BILLIARDS**  
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Wednesday Ladies Night - Thursday Men's Night

61 Golden Gate Ave  
(betw. Jones & Taylor)  
hours: Mon-Wed: 12pm-3am  
Thurs-Sun: open 24 hours.



# Read Charges Sex Harrasment

Continued from Page 6

law school was full of manly men. We believe that it can be that way again." Dendowitz' undisclosed fees will be paid by Read's indemnity policy, also a part of the Regents' golden parachute.

Read says that early on, he welcomed Kachadour's advances. "Who wouldn't?" he added. Eventually, however, Kachadour's lust made it impossible for the ex-dean to get any work done at all. "I'd be trying to sign Eddie Neyon's expulsion papers and Angele

would be hiding my pen in her breasts," Read says.

Kachadour has been placed on paid administrative leave and is reportedly in therapy. She has retained ex-Menendez defense attorney Leslie Abramson. Abramson will not be handling the Menendez retrial, as she is "impoverished" after having collected only \$750,000 in attorneys' fees from the estate of the late Jose and Kitty Menendez. "Fortunately, that won't be a problem in this case," Abramson said, as Kachadour is covered by

Hastings' Officer and Director's indemnity policy.

An anguished Dean Kane told the *Law News* that Read's experience may be only the "tip of the iceberg". She praised his courage in coming forward, and admitted that "all of the X-X chromosomally challenged members of Hastings' powerelite have got to be more sensitive to the weak testosterone levels of our colleagues." Kane admitted that at times, Read's shiny head had driven her to distraction, as well.



## Prof. Evan Lee takes a break.

## Cruel and Unusual

Continued from Page 1

criticism, saying, "As Plato said, What is Justice? Can it be shown that justice is always a boon, injustice a curse, apart from all consideration of consequences?"

Harding does not have the traditional qualifications for admission to Hastings, having never attended college. Medusa said, "This won't be a problem. She will be admitted under the Be-Bop LEOP program. Tonya has suffered tremendous adversity. Kerrigan is taller and

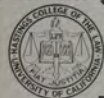
has thinner arms. Tonya is shorter with thicker thighs. Tonya never had a fair chance to compete. In addition she's burdened with asthma, which Socrates called the "lawyer's disease."

ASH President June Morse said, "We all welcome Harding to Hastings. Her competitive spirit will fit right in here."

"I hope she wears those tight skating outfits to class," said student Alex Marr. "We need more girls at this school who are willing to show a little skin."

**Law Revue**  
**You Can't Handle The Truth!**  
**March 31, 1994**  
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**Louis B. Mayer Lounge**

**University of California,  
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Valid only when accompanied by an empty can of Jolt Cola, the UPC Symbol from a tube of Alberto V-05 Hairdressing, the original store receipt from the V-05 with the date and purchase price circled, three non-winning Arizona Lottery tickets, a recent photograph measuring no more than 2X2 inches and no less than 2X2 inches, a stool sample placed in a non-Chloro-Flouro-Carbon-bearing styrofoam container, the date of your last Confession neatly typed on a three-by-five card and stating both the name of your Father Confessor and everything that you confessed. **Note to Registrar:** Do not accept this coupon if it has been printed on newsprint. Original coupons are printed on acid-free, kind-to-animals, all-organic-cotton, periwinkle-blue security paper.

### THE FAR SIDE Gary Larson



The evolution of Medusa's hair

### Java Cafe

Espresso • Cappuccino • Biscotti • Sandwiches  
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 \$2.65 \$1.00

418 Larkin Street, corner of Golden Gate Ave

# 100% Employment Celebrated

By Kitty Read  
STAFF WRITER

Kirstin Flierl of Career Services announced last Friday her office has attained one hundred percent job placement for the graduating class of 1994. In celebration, Career Services will be closed for the spring and summer, although students said they will not notice the difference.

Flierl credited Career Service's success to the efforts of John Young in enlarging the 1994 Spring OCI program by attracting more employers. Burger King, McDonald's, Carl's Jr., Ar. Little's, the Healthlongers and Telemarketers of America all



Career Services

interviewed students for exciting new management opportunities at their businesses. "Hastings grads make great floor-sweepers," John Young was overheard saying to McDonald's reps. "They know

which spills constitute a cause of action for negligence — they'll really cut down on your slip and fall suits."

Student complaints were silenced after John Young was seen chasing a student down the hall yelling "Criticize me and I'll sue you for defamation."

Ms. Flipper happily cited statements from satisfied students who are cheerfully flipping burgers and eating the fries. "At least I'm eating and my student loans will be paid off by retirement" gushed former Hastings Law Journal editor Marci Glazer.

ASH has convened a special student committee to begin a job search for Kirstin Flierl and John Young in the hope that incompetence can be promoted upward elsewhere, and possibly replaced with real people in Career Services.

## Dean Arrested

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everyone knows it. Giving them money is merely payment for services." Martinez then poured in sip coffee from a mug which bore the logo of the University of Kansas. When asked about NCAA regulations which prohibit payments to athletes, Martinez dismissed them as "mere procedural problems."

Our anonymous source at the IRS noted further that these problems are not uncommon among tax faculty

at American law schools. "They're always under the delusion that just because they think they know the rules that we'll actually listen to them. Everyone knows it's our interpretation which matters, not theirs. We're always right at the IRS. We usually have to slap them with a large fine to get their attention." Additionally, NCAA regulations permit the use of the death penalty as punishment.

platform. I could sense a new excitement in the air now. Its electric tension was almost palpable. As I took this in, I was vaguely aware that the surly woman had deposited a cup of steaming liquid in front of me. It appeared to be coffee, so I bravely took a taste of it. All else was forgotten as it hit me like a runaway locomotive, sending me sprawling straight into The Ruins.

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club for foreign nationals abroad. Not sensing any real hostility at my uninvited presence, though, I decided to sit down at a nearby, unoccupied table and collect myself. Needless to say, I was thoroughly out of sorts by this point. Around me, men and women clad in black turtlenecks and berets continued to industrially smoke and sip from cups of fine china.

Then, from out of the corner of my eye, I caught someone walking towards my table. Nervously, I spun in my seat to face my interloper. It was a surly looking woman, clutching pen and pencil in her nicotine-stained hands. She looked down at me intently, and muttered something unintelligible. With a flash of insight, I replied, "Ah, yes. Well, could I have a cup of the house coffee, please?" When her brow knitted in confusion, I anxiously pantomimed sipping from a cup and saucer (complete with my pinkie stuck out) and once again ventured a hesitant, "Coffee?" Realization played across her exotic features as she scribbled briefly on her pad before turning and leaving.

At that very instant, the already dim lights lowered even more and a raised spotlight illuminated the weak platform in the center of the room. Now I noticed that a lone microphone stand rested in the center of the

## Miscommunication or More

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immediately recognized and asked to give some pointers.

At this point, Thompson went into a long, rambling monologue about the ways to avoid any ethical journalism questions. Thompson was making a point about the perils of editing while intoxicated when Feinstein, taking Thompson's remarks as a personal attack, hit Thompson in the stomach. "If you've looked at the Law News closely, you see all these crooked lines and typos," an editor admitted, "you could see why Steve thought Hunter was referring to him."

Many of the staff members of the Law News were in disbelief. "It's not very often that one gets to hear a master of the craft speak about the subject, so for Steve to hit him was rather rude," one reporter noted. Other staff members felt that Thompson's fifteen minute speech was long enough and he should have let

others talk. Feinstein claims that he wanted to get the staff's feedback and wanted Thompson to engage in the discussion as some sort of ace reporter, but not to steal the meeting.

As word of the meeting filtered back to Hastings, reaction to the incident has been decidedly mixed. Many students feel that Hastings, with its reputation for friendliness already damaged, should get out of its way to suck up to anyone worth talking to. A Hastings staff member in the Dean's office claims that Thompson was on the short list of potential graduation speakers.

Some people, however, feel that Feinstein was at least partially justified in his actions. An open letter on the community comment board signed by several members of the faculty reads, "We're not saying that Steve is some sort of decent and understanding human being, just that Hunter had it coming."

## Changed by Poetry

Continued from Page 5

platform. I could sense a new excitement in the air now. Its electric tension was almost palpable. As I took this in, I was vaguely aware that the surly woman had deposited a cup of steaming liquid in front of me. It appeared to be coffee, so I bravely took a taste of it. All else was forgotten as it hit me like a runaway locomotive, sending me sprawling straight into The Ruins. Suddenly, the rapid gibberings of the people became discernible, like a sped-up recording turned down to its normal speed. They were all talking poetry.

Seized by the Fear, with my bowels gurgling and my brain spinning, everything fell into place: I had stumbled on to some weird, retro-Betnik java house on open Mike night! With this discovery, my purpose there became crystal clear. Driven by the demon caffeine, I rose and mounted the stage. Violently grabbing the mike in an unrelenting grip, I turned my baleful glance to every individual in the place. "I know you," I solemnly intoned, my eyes now fixed on some distant point beyond the audience. Growing intent "You fucking pig!" I spat out, disgusted. Le' Mean Bean fell into a surprised silence, deep and undisturbed.

I pulled the mike closer toward me. "You constantly lay all of your shit at other people's feet. You're on some sort of amplified insecurity trip. I can see it. All of the negative, cutting, destructive,

pitiless stabs you take. All of the attempts to drag others down to elevate yourself, man, I see it all." I paused and looked around in mild shock, astonished at my own vehemence. "You, you bastards. You help me to shackle myself. Feet afraid to go forward, mired ankle-deep in the doubt you inspire." I looked down desperately at my feet. "Bogged. . . ." I trail off in exhausted frustration. "The potential to Become, to always feel constantly On-it is lost. Disconnected from me by a sea of self-impediment."

I started to grow angry again then. Contempt crept on to my face as I stared down, almost inward. "Questioning myself too much, imagining obstacles and thinking them into existence. It's bullshit! Self-destruction and self-frustration wrapped into over-analysis." Once again, I stared into distant space, quietly saying, "I know you. . . ." As my voice trailed off, I finished in a whisper, "You fucking pig." I was pulled back to reality by the polite smattering of applause from the artsy crowd. Quickly, I left the stage and started to depart from Le' Mean Bean, embarrassed by my uncharacteristic rantings. What would my sensitivity class members say? But before I could exit, a goateed man said to me, "Man, like you've got some seriously angry poetry in your soul." As I raved home, I felt changed somehow. I've never been the same since my night of poetry.

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## Au Revoir Chez Panisse

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made me sick later so they are probably all good bets.

At this point someone at the next table began to complain about the noise we were making so I was forced to fight him with my butter knife. After that, my memory gets a little fuzzy and my notes aren't too legible either. I'm fairly certain that we ordered main courses. I know that we had

Champagne with dessert and I guess my dessert was chocolate because there was some in my hair the next morning. Someone told me later that the drive back across the Bridge was unusually frightening but by then I was laying down in the back seat.

On the world famous pork-o-meter, Chez Panisse gets one of one pgs.

## Kill Whitey

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servicemen" indeed—HA!

And as for "weakening" the armed forces, again I say HA! Everybody knows that nothing strikes terror in the hearts of men like an ill-tempered dyke with a machine gun! Get over it Mr. Nunn; we're here, we're queer and we have as much right to kill foreigners as anybody else!

Of course, there are other people, of various genders and nationalities, that I'd like to fuckin' strangle. But the aforementioned jokes are the first white men who come to mind. I'm sure you have a list of your own. I suggest we create a multi-volumed reference work, indexed

and cross-tabulated by race, gender, occupation, sexual orientation and socio-economic strata, (i.e. 10 Sleazy Chinese Landlords Who Should Be Shot At Point Blank Range, 15 Ball-Busting Female Judges Who Should Be Thrown Off the Golden Gate Bridge, and so on.). The series could be entitled "Various and Sundry Jerks, Assholes, and Motherfuckers Without Whose Existence The World Would Be A Much Better Place." We could update it annually and sell it to the public, thereby raising the funds necessary to hire a team of assassins to rid ourselves of these nuisances once and for all. Happy April Fool's Day.

## Yeah! Graduation is on Sunday

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Counsel," Kachadour said, "in many ways, May 22 will be my day, too."

Dean Kane said that a special faculty elevator would be constructed from the third floor of 200 McAllister into the hole for the faculty processionals, but added that "for personal security reasons" no students would ever be permitted to ride in the elevator. Students and their families will have to get to the graduation by scaling the fence on Golden Gate Avenue and jumping 30 feet into the hole.

"Few people walk the planet that I respect more than Dean Kane," said Martinez, "her stature is incredible in legal education." Mitchell and Kachadour laughed appreciatively.

Unfortunately, the scheduled graduation speaker Congressman Robert Matsui, number ten on the students' list of ten, will not be able to attend the Sunday ceremonies.

Instead, Dean Kane announced, the new graduation speaker will be ex-Justice Department official and Friend of Hillary Webster Hubbell, Hubbell recently resigned

from the DOJ once he learned that his partners at the Rose Law Firm filed an ethical complaint against him with the Arkansas Supreme Court for the \$100,000 he misappropriated from clients' funds to pay his credit card bills.

"We're thrilled that Hubbell will speak," Kane said, "he's clearly amassed the relevant skills our students will need as they become lawyers themselves. That is, if they ever pass the bar!" Martinez, Mitchell, and Kachadour, chuckling uncontrollably, eventually fell to the ground and rolled.

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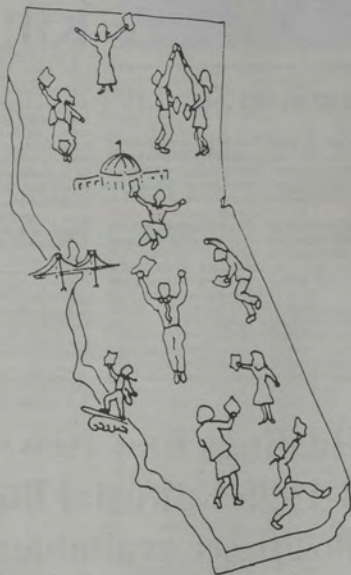
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