El Bullying en la academia jurídica

Prof. Hashimoto did not like me, I could tell, and I was not easy to shock. I usually wore jeans and a T-shirt to class, and I'm not sure I ever changed anything more formal than khakis and a button-down shirt. I even had to convince my own research assistant to call me Kevin — and I'm pretty sure she never really got used to it. I knew students gossiped about my personal life, and there was a flattering rumour going around that I was gay. (“Because you're really clean, came here from L.A., and are so openly pro-woman in class,” my RA explained — which says more about men in the South, I think, than about me.) But no student was ever openly disrespectful to me. Not one.