

SBA Election Round-Up

By Christopher Taylor

March is upon us. That means Spring Break, the overpriced mid-Lent Saturday bar hop disastrously named "Mardi Gras," discount asparagus at Winco, and St. Patrick's porcelain revenge. And it means a new crop of SBA officers is about to displace the lovable lugs who we have come to know and trust with our student governance. Say goodbye to Taylor and Ritchie. Say hello to Lisa and Sean. Or Pele and Lance. Or Steve and Brian. One of these couples will represent you in the coming year. Before you get your gossip panties in a bunch, I should clarify I am using the word "couple" only to indicate the cardinality of the tickets. I am *not* suggesting *inter alia* has uncovered any evidence, for example, that suggested Brian fellated Steve on Sunday evening in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

What I *am* suggesting is that *inter alia* has uncovered a few facts about the candidates that may be of interest to the denizens of Menard. They are outlined below:

Pele Peacock. You may already be aware that Ms. Peacock was implicated in a rib-breaking incident involving a 1L during last Fall's PowderPuff Tournament. But you may not be aware that Ms. Peacock asked current SBA President Taylor Mossman to read over this article before it was published to ensure she was not depicted negatively herein. And you may also be unaware that Ms. Peacock celebrates Michael Bolton's entire catalogue.

Lisa Johnstone. While

Taylor continued on page two.

SBA Voter's Guide

By Jim Bielenberg

It's that time of year again. The stench of back-alley deals and bowing to lobbyists fills the air and fliers and free-bees are littering the hallways. It's the annual SBA election extravaganza.

Let's make one thing explicitly clear, this is the most important event in your life... ever. This is the biggest and most life-changing popularity contest you will ever participate in. This time, your vote doesn't just determine who is remembered at Nampa High as "Most Likely To Get Knocked-Up" or who gets to wear a plastic tiara or paper mache crown denoting prom court dominance. No, no, no, the stakes are much higher. There's an office up for grabs, a physical place to conduct operations of utmost Law School significance. In addition, the winners will garner that all-important resume bullet. If one rises to the pinnacle of life and achieves the title of SBA president, they may even enact important SBA legislation. With one stroke of the pen this above-the-

Bielenberg continued on page four.

Laissez les Bontemps Roulet!

By C. Dale Slack III

By the time you read this, I will already be hung-over and feeling extremely guilty. Let me explain.

Sometime in the early years of the Roman Catholic Church, a period known as Lent was created. It is traditional to give up something that you enjoy (i.e. smoking, drinking alcohol, eating meat, going to the bathroom) for the forty-day period before Easter. I can't really tell you much about why the early Fathers decided to do this, or what the point is; I'm a law student, not a church scholar, and I tend to let the priests do my religious thinking for me. That's what they're not paid for, after all.

What I can tell you is that Mardi Gras comes from the ancient Roman festival of *Lupercalia*, a Bacchanalian fete

Slack continued on page two.

SBA Activity Report



U of I SBA Vice-President Ritchie Eppink conducts a workshop entitled "Tactics for Dealing with Your Law School Administration" at a gathering of northwest Student Bar Associations in Portland over the President's Day holiday weekend.

Taylor continued from page one.

~~~~~  
 studying at Albertson College, Ms. Johnstone made a number of racially insensitive comments to a stolen "Tickle Me Elmo" doll while under the influence of tainted Dinty Moore beef stew. Although Ms. Johnstone has a closet vampire fetish, she does not appreciate "Vampire Hunter D." Ms. Johnstone is related to the "lady in blue" depicted in oil paint in the law library, but is frequently indecisive when divulging her favorite color. Ms. Johnstone loves the sound of the word "passport."

**Steve Whiting.** Mr. Whiting placed second in a hot dog eating contest in high school. On Thursdays, Mr. Whiting often expresses displeasure with the current state of environmental protections under federal law. Mr. Whiting's daily caffeine intake has remained more-or-less consistent since September 11, 2001. Mr. Whiting has never seen a television program produced by Lorne Michaels. Mr. Whiting cites his impeccable grammar skills on his resume, but fails to properly punctuate that citation.

**Lance Fuisting.** During Lent, Mr. Fuisting consumes an average of fourteen modified Cadbury Creme Eggs that have had the factory-installed filling replaced with low fat whipping cream using a specially designed syringe. Mr. Fuisting thinks those who use the word "sack" to characterize a grocery bag and "show" to characterize a motion picture sound retarded. Mr. Fuisting finds the exploits of a ten-year-old Josef Stalin hilarious. When he was seven years old, Mr. Fuisting feigned an inability to extract himself from a cardboard box for comedic effect.

**Sean Beck.** Mr. Beck does not appreciate being reminded that his education is partially subsidized by the disparity between in-state and out-of-state tuition.

Mr. Beck appreciates being reminded of the international Communist conspiracy to impurify all of our precious bodily fluids. Mr. Beck makes derogatory comments about 3Ls who suffer from seasonal affective disorder, but recently installed a second HappyLite in his bedroom. Mr. Beck wants to be the kind of guy that drives a Saab when he grows up.

**Brian Williams.** Mr. Williams does not care for finger steaks. Mr. Williams does care for pole dancing at CJ's. Mr. Williams is not a hard worker, but is working hard to become one. Although he never once had an accident, Mr. Williams spent most of his grade school experience "holding it." Mr. Williams does not care for large automobiles because he mistakenly believes they are directly responsible for the decline of the railroad. Mr. Williams brushes his fingers affectionately against quaking aspen when hiking.

## Letters to the Editor

=====

I am dating a 2L and she enjoys being tied up. Like many law students, however, she's ambitious and quite creative—anything that she can turn into a competition, she does. That is, she keeps escaping. What good is my diligence in Menard if I can't keep my bunny held fast to the bedposts? Any suggestions? Should I simply make the knots tighter, or do I need to match actual wits with this one?

- An exasperated UICOLer

**Steve and Brian...  
 studying little enough to have  
 time for ALL of your problems.**

**Steve and Brian for the SBA Presidency**



**Concrete Ideas to Get the Most from Your JD**

*inter alia*

editor-in-chief: christopher taylor

email: crtaylor@uidaho.edu

blog: ui-interalia.blogspot.com

*Inter alia* is the University of Idaho, College of Law's official humor and opinion pamphlet, published on alternating Wednesdays. Submissions for publication are encouraged. Any opinions represented herein are those of the indicated author or *inter alia*'s staff and in no way represent the opinions of the Student Bar Association. *Inter alia* enjoys the musical stylings of Dubya's indie rock band, Pretty Girls Make Abu-Gharibs.

Slack continued from page one.

which became *Carne Vale* (literally "farewell flesh") when the Romans converted to Christianity. This was meant to be a big gut-buster party before the forty days ensues. The fact that I know more about the origins of the party before Lent than I do about Lent itself should tell you something.

Long story short, Mardi Gras emerged from the French settlers in the Louisiana territory, a quasi-city-funded parade was organized, and then last year God destroyed the city in his merciful wrath to punish all the homosexuals and single mothers who throw plastic beads for a glimpse of titty.

Every year about this time, I get so geared up about going out on Tuesday night and having some legitimate, religious pretext to get completely verschnockered that I forget that Wednesday morning I'll need to give something up. Usually this ends very badly, as last year when I was out at Zip's halfway through a truly delicious burger before I realized it was a Meatless Friday and I spent the rest of the weekend saying Pater Nosters and flagellating myself with a My Little Pony bike-streamer. Then of course my third year of undergrad, I gave up sobriety; but God is not a lawyer and was probably less than amused.

Moscow's "Mardi Gras" further complicates my task of remembering just when the hell Lent is. For some unknown reason, even to Church scholars and Roman Historians, Moscow has for some time now decided to ignore religious law and tradition and make its own Mardi Gras, which usually falls smack in the middle of lent, and is often on a Saturday. This is extremely annoying to me, because (1) it confuses me, (2) Mardi is French for Tuesday, not Saturday, and (3) IT'S NOT REALLY MARDI GRAS. To me, it's akin to Kenosha, Wisconsin deciding to celebrate Christmas on 5 April because it's nicer out. I cannot enjoy Moscow Mardi Gras, because by the time it rolls around, I'm deep in the depths of giving something fun up.

But I digress. This year, I am at a loss for what exactly I will give up. You see, this year for clinic, I'm working on a 9th Circuit case; brief, oral argu-

ment, motions in-between. Add in classes, figuring out how to apply for the Washington Bar Exam, finding a job and life's little surprises at home, and I'm a little on-edge as it is. Trust me, I've run through all the possibilities, and they just don't work.

**1. Smoking.** The combination of work stress and lack of nicotine in my bloodstream would make me even more cuddly and good-natured than I am now; I'd probably strangle one of you for looking at me funny.

**2. Alcohol.** You know when you finish up your work for the day and go home and just fall into a comfortable chair and relax for the evening? Well I can't do that; I'm physically incapable of relaxing unaided. My condition has baffled scientists and medicine for years. About the only thing that makes me forget about all the crap I have to do and just relax is eight fingers of Scotch and watching the DVD of Dean Martin's *Singin' Bachelor Christmas '72*. Again, if this little crutch is taken from me I'll snap.

**3. Sex.** God sees everything. Everything. He knows I haven't even had a date in two years, and if I formally announce that I'm giving up sex, he'll know it's insincere. It would be like giving up buying Faberge Eggs off eBay.

**4. Meat.** Bo-ring. EVERYONE gives up meat for Lent. Anyhow, McDonald's ALWAYS schedules the limited-time release of the McRib for lent, and I cannot—nay, must not—miss it. That tender barbecued Pork-composite patty, those chopped onions, all on a split-top roll... oh how my mouth waters at the prospect! [This message brought to you by McDonald's—"I'm lovin' it!™"]

After a long and involved meditation on this problem, I've decided to give up leisure. That's right, for the next 40 days, I will not read for pleasure, watch television, go out to lunch or dinner or sit down to anything but work. It will take little or no effort, and probably contribute to a greater output. I'd encourage you all to do the same.

Events and Announcements

=====

Wednesday, March 1  
11:30 AM  
SBA President/VP Debates  
Room 104

Thursday, March 2  
SBA Elections

Saturday, April 1  
8 PM - 1 AM  
Barrister's Ball  
1912 Building

=====

Send event details and announcements to [crtaylor@uidaho.edu](mailto:crtaylor@uidaho.edu).

MEAT...YOU  
KNOW YOU  
WANT IT

**Not Afraid To Do The  
DIRTY WORK**

PEOPLE



LEADERS

**Student Bar Association  
President & Vice President**



Voices of experience  
Open to new ideas  
Tackling the tough issues  
Every viewpoint counts

March 2

**Appearing Live @ The Debate  
March 1st @ 11:30**

*Bielenberg continued from page one.*

law pseudo-dictator can sign into effect a proposal to conduct a fact-finding investigation on the environmental effects of the glass cleaner used in the building. Another stroke, and the Pepsi machine downstairs is replaced by a Coke machine. Ahhh power, the sweetest of intoxicants.

Because of the unchecked Zeus-like extent of this control, it is important to be very judicious when selecting the power monger(s) who will nab your vote. Here's a list of suggestions:

#### Study the Campaign Posters.

This cannot be stressed enough. Nothing tells you more about a candidate than the poster that prods you to vote for them. Did they use standard, 8 1/2 by 11 paper? Is it recycled? Did they incorporate various colors and fonts? If there are pictures, are they in color?

Remember, the most important aspect of a campaign poster is a slogan. It is empirical fact that a candidate's ability to serve his/her constituency is measured solely by the quality of their slogan. You may be saying to yourself, "Easy for you to say, Jim. You know everything, and you're sexy. But how is Jane or Joe Law Student going to know which slogan is the best?" I have created an infallible point system to judge that very thing:

☒ Rhyming a candidate's name and incorporating some political issue = 1 point. Example: "Vote Pele and Lance, we'll give minorities

a chance." [Author's Note to Pele and Lance: I know it's brilliant and catchy, but I wouldn't use this one if I were you.]

☒ Using puns = 2 points per use. Example: We BECK-on you to vote for us, our word is strong as (John)-STONE. [4 points, and I would definitely use this one.]

☒ Sexual Euphemisms = 5 points apiece. Example: "Just grab your pencil, vote for Whiting and \_\_\_ and stuff it in the box" (up to 15 points, depending on whether you think "Whiting" is a euphemism or not).

One more thing. Should you see a campaign poster covered with glitter or sequins, it is your civic duty to vote for that candidate. Nothing says "I'll be a good leader" like Elmer's glue, construction paper and something shiny. The technique was good enough for second-grade class elections, and it's good enough today.

#### Load Up on Free-Bees.

If you don't get a direct benefit, what is the point of voting. For that reason, you should shakedown each and every candidate for as much free crap you can get. Even the casual voter gets candy, stationary and friendship bracelets. Don't stop there. The experienced voter can bargain for a parking spot, free printer pages, a night on the town, and weapons-grade plutonium. However, be sure to actually back the person who gave you the best value for your vote and encourage others to vote for them. This way, if your candidate gets elected, you can gain further benefits through the magic of blackmail. This time next year, you might have your own puppet.

#### Organize a voting-bloc.

Along the same lines, lobby for what you want by forming a group of like-minded people that will stop at nothing to advance the common agenda. Get everything you can out of them. For instance, Jeff, Dale, Chris and I have formed the *inter alia* Writers for Free Beer for *inter alia* Writers Association. We have threatened all of the candidates with a barrage of damaging, highly-libelous articles should they fail to promise us intoxication at no charge. You should do the same. If you're black, you should join forces with the other black law students—both of them—to create a Big Black Caucus (5 points for me) to solidify your voice and rob the candidates blind. Hell, ask for personal reparations from the law school. The candidates will listen because it is written in their genetic code to whore themselves out for votes.

## Horoscopes

By Madame Fortuna

**Taurus.** Instead of mourning Sasha Cohen's loss of the Olympic Gold in ladies figure skating, quit school and hit the Palouse Ice rink. You could be America's next Ice Princess.

**Gemini.** If you love premium Wisconsin cheese spread you'll love Mommy Fortuna's very own physic reading avocado dip.

**Cancer.** There is a big high paying internship in the future...for someone much more talented than you. Better luck next time.

**Capricorn.** This year on your taxes take a gamble and report yourself as a 60 year old blind Vietnam Vet.

**Aquarius.** For an example of what not to do with your free time after law school see the following link <http://www.idahostatesman.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20060224/NEWS01/602240330>.

**Leo.** In March, blow of shaving completely and the law school can host its first ever beard and leg hair contest.

**Libra.** Smiles and good fortune will shine upon our school truly making it the "Best small state law school in the US" when the 3L class gift of window washing clears those cobwebs away forever.

**Sagittarius.** Madame Fortuna sees a happy future for LeBeau Jr. in that he or she will be free from male pattern baldness unlike her/his unfortunate father. [Sorry Dan, I couldn't help it.]

**Scorpio.** Your dreams will be troubled by Professor Miller signing rousing renditions of the Commerce Song.

**Aries.** No matter how good it may taste, do not try to eat sushi in class. Madame Fortuna's been there...she knows.

**Virgo.** Kudos are in the forecast when Tina wins the University of Idaho Favorite Barista Contest!

**Pisces.** Pisces are the most visionary and empathetic of the signs and make wonderful bartenders, physics, addictions counselors, monks and nuns. In other words: yes, you did choose the wrong career.

## Lisa & Sean for Pres. & V.P.



### GET As ON ALL YOUR EXAMS!!!!

*"We'll make the default on Examsoft peruse your tests for mistakes of fact and law!!!"*

### LISA & SEAN ALSO PROMISE:

- To personally clean cobwebs from windows!!!
- Doorhandles that turn both ways!!!
- Full service buffet at Tina's!!!
- Get you a job after graduation!!!
- Afternoon naptime and chocolate milk for lunch!!!
- Move Law School to Boise!!!

✓ VOTE S&L March 2