

# INTER ALIA

wednesday, april 20, 2005

[Ed. note: I received this letter from a Mer-nard alumnus last week. I wasn't clear whether he was looking to have this published, or if he was simply looking to encourage the current inter alia staff to be more subversive. Given the lack of suitable submissions I received for this, the last issue of the semester, I decided to publish it. It makes for an interesting read, at least. Better than the "ten ways to skin a feral cat" piece E.B. handed me. And that one I received from M.A. about LSD and axe murdering. And that besotted poem R.M. wrote that, by the end, devolved into a meaningless string of obscenities. Oh, and for the record, I do care who Shelley was, and about the rule from his case. But I digress.]

Re *inter alia*:

Approximately twenty-five years ago—i.e. the dark ages—no impudent, or as some would characterize it, subversive, flyer/newspaper/magazine existed at the University of Idaho law school. The idea of poking fun at the foibles of laws; law school, law students or the general mentality of law school and its denizens had not manifested itself in print. Admittedly, it was a simpler time between the demise of "disco" and the advent of "rap" music. This period of social quiescence gave my fevered mind an opportunity to wander.

As it wandered through various phases of inebriation, a thought, such as it was, occurred to me. In a brief epiphany I was taken aback by the futility of all the other poor bastards slaving away in an attempt to understand such arcane concepts as "the Rule in Shelley's Case." To this day, I still don't know who Shelley was, nor do I care. If we took a poll today no one would care. I digress.

I was further struck by the pomposity of my colleagues. It was unreal to me to note the arrogance of some simply because of where they were and what they were struggling to become. In reality, the rest of society is no more respects an individual who is in the legal profession than an exterminator

respects a cockroach. The parallel of attorney as cockroach is actually quite compelling. The cockroach's niche in the ecosystem is quite varied: it spreads pestilence, cleans up the detritus left behind by others, provides others a job reproduces repeatedly and is difficult to kill. The attorney's niche in society is also quite varied. It spreads hate and discontent, cleans up the detritus left by others, reproduces repeatedly, provides others such as insurance companies jobs, and as a rule we tend to be difficult targets. (Bill Clinton's "It depends what your definition of 'is' is, is a quintessential demonstration of how tough a moving target a lawyer can be.) I digress again.

I along with approximately four others unilaterally anointed ourselves as the guardians of "regularism." "Regularism" being defined in our minds as, well, you know, "regular." Well, okay, we didn't exactly know what it was, but we knew what it wasn't and law school was plumb full of them that wasn't.

As a result, we tasked ourselves with gently nudging the collective mindset towards "regularism." After several hours of intensive study at one of the local "libraries" on Main Street, the *Idaho Redneck* was born. The term "published" connotes much more than what we actually did. However, we placed into general circulation, albeit crudely, this screed. It was placed at the entrances and sold for a quarter. Sales plummeted when some genius got the idea of placing it in the library where it was next to the other works of literary brilliance. In spite of staring bankruptcy in the face, we persevered.

Joe Sikspak, American was the editor and with this band of merry men, we produced monthly issues. At one particularly poignant moment, the then dean of the law school was watching an associate *Redneck* editor perform for a moot court project. I arrived to restore "regularism" to my compadre by going "huntin'" ("Huntin'" is never spelled with a "g" at the end.) The dean began to regale me with

how he thought old Joe Sikspak was holding his own on the moot court issues. Never having to struggle with honesty myself, I confirmed his identity as Joe and commended the dean on his astuteness.

Emboldened by this turn of events, Joe became even more controversial. When the deer horns were attached to the main doors, it was Joe. When teacher's podiums disappeared, it was Joe. Anyway, you get my drift.

The pinnacle of insubordination was not reached by the *Idaho Redneck*. Instead, a most humorous, and dare I say it, "professional" paper emerged as a successor. The *Blackletter* was superior in almost every way. Unfortunately, the *Blackletter* ended when it was sued by the Women's Law Caucus. (I could do a treatise on this particular butchery of the freedom of the press.)

These guys have my never-ending respect for their "work." These folks shall remain anonymous as one is now a judge and another still works in town. Suffice it to say, the security of the nation along with small animals will remain at risk as long as members of this group still walk the earth. Their work could be best characterized by imagining David Letterman on speed.

The *inter alia* can be most helpful to society if your commentary could figuratively grab your colleagues by the nape of the neck and jerk them sharply backwards. The "popping" sound you hear will be their heads getting pulled out of their buttocks. They will enjoy the view much more and the smell will improve tremendously.

I write this missive only to let you know that you are descended from a long line of juvenile delinquents who felt that "life" and "law school" are not synonyms. Well that is about it. Hopefully, I can push the correct button on the computer-thingy and send this whisking through the ether to you.

As always, I remain yours for a democrat free society.

Joe

## I've Been Called

I've been called good.

I've been called bad, mean, and The Evil White Man.

I've been called Jesus, a boy, a man, a friend, selfish, lazy, and absent-minded.

I've been called crazy, insane, irresponsible, smart, brilliant, and a genius.

I've been called the model of an ethical person, and a stoner.

I've been called oblivious, stubborn, difficult, strange, weird, and a criminal.

I've been called straight, gay, bi-sexual, a transvestite, and a good lover.

I've been called passive, aggressive, passive-aggressive, generous, cute, and unique.

I've been called a radical liberal, easy-going, anxious, eccentric, a bastard and an asshole.

I've been called a faggot, strong, weak, pale, thin, depressed, beautiful, pretty, handsome, sweet, clueless, obsessive, short, little, logical, artistic, talented, shy, and a good singer,

I've been called unmotivated, addicted, bizarre, a jerk, stupid, fucked-up, out of control, avoidant, different, sensitive, manipulative, scheming, a girl, and a queen.

I've been called intelligent, eloquent, funny, hilarious, ridiculous, a thief, and a trespasser.

I've been called impolite, intimidating, desperate, guilty, balanced, sane, in-tune, cool, a nerd, young, old, a slacker, conscientious, responsible, trustworthy, and loyal.

I've been called all these things and more. So you tell me – What the fuck am I?

## Horoscopes

By Madam Lowre d'Expectations

**Aries (Mar. 21 – Apr. 20):** If by the end of the summer you actually want to come back to law school, you either (1) had a crappy summer, or (2) have been hit on the head.

**Taurus (Apr. 21 – May 21):** If you're a 3L, don't get too excited about your last law school final, you still have to take the mother of all finals...the bar exam. If you're a 1L, don't be jealous of the 3Ls, you too could be taking your last final.

**Gemini (May 22 – Jun. 21):** If all year long you've been naughty, God will punish you by making you stay in Moscow over the summer.

**Cancer (Jun. 22 – Jul. 22):** Law school is the punch line in the joke that is your life.

**Leo (Jul. 23 – Aug. 22):** You're the punch line in the joke that is this school.

**Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sep. 23):** A white suit and a bucket of chicken lies in your near future.

**Libra (Sep. 24 – Oct. 22):** If your big plans for the summer are the 4th of July BBQ at your mom's house and the day the new Harry Potter book comes out, then you're destined to be a (law) librarian.

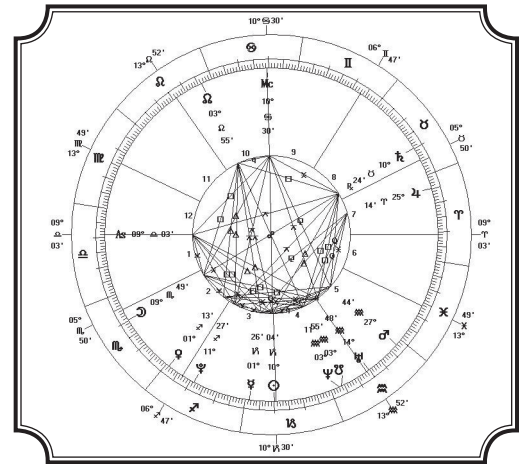
**Scorpio (Oct. 23 – Nov. 22):** So, you're getting married this summer: that's great. It gives you a chance to add to the divorce statistics associated with law school.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 23 – Dec. 21):** An infamous UI professor once said, if you don't know this stuff yet, use your last quarter to call your parents and tell them your law school career is in jeopardy.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 20):** Is a certain Frankensteinian professor haunting your dreams? Try guzzling Nyquil until you pass out—you're guaranteed a good night's sleep.

**Aquarius (Jan. 21 – Feb. 19):** Still looking for housing for next year? Try crawling back under that rock from which you came.

**Pisces (Feb. 20 – Mar. 20):** Your internship this summer will provide you with plenty of contacts for when your child sex slavery business really takes off.



## inter alia

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*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* denies any connection to the Campaign to Drown Baby Jesus in His Tears.

### Jeff Dearing on the Cigarette Tax

Last week Professor Colson gave our Indian Law class a copy of an article from the Lewiston paper about the wrangling going on in the state legislature over taxes. The focus in class was on an attempt by some hayseed legislator to try and tax items sold on Indian reservations, a practice which is perfectly acceptable under the law stemming from Supreme Court precedent. However, Idaho has never chosen to do so in the past despite previous hayseed attempts.

But that's not the point. Rather, I want to focus on the rest of the article. Specifically it was talking about the forty-seven cents a pack cigarette tax. The tax was originally passed about two years ago (I think) with the intent of discouraging smoking and using the money to pay for health care for idiots like me who destroy their health and then go begging for government health care.

Never mind whatever problems I have with the idea of public health care, I can at least see the point of that. Why not make the people who are using the care pay for it indirectly over time? Fair enough. However, the tax was supposed to be kind of an experiment that would last for two years and would be gone.

What ended up happening was that the legislature in its infinite wisdom decided to make the tax permanent. While you could say, "Jeff, you're dumb for smoking and it's cheaper to buy cigarettes in Idaho as compared to any neighboring state!" And I would cough in your face and mumble something about "those damnable Washington

communists."

But the thing that gets me is that the tax isn't even being spun into an attempt to pay for health care. Instead it's going to be used to pay for renovations on the state capital building and paving a new stretch of highway. I call bullshit with all the fury my weakened lungs can muster!

This is ridiculous. This new road should be called "The Exploitation Expressway." It's going to be built on the lungs of us drug addicted suckers. Why not just have a tax on insulin and asthma inhalers while you're at it, you assholes! I offer the following proposal to make this situation fair:

1. I want the road paved with tar sucked from the lungs of dead smokers. I want to remind the holier than thou asses who think the tax is a good idea to be reminded about where the money came from. I want the smell of rotten lungs and wasted dreams to haunt them for miles.

2. I want there to be a "smoker's only" lane. If you are smoking you can go as fast as you want in that lane. If you aren't smoking and cannot show the presence of ash or a stale smoke smell in your vehicle when pulled over, you get one year in state prison. I would like to see a series of lifeguard chairs (you know the ones that are about ten feet high and have comically oversized umbrellas on them) all along the highway with smokers keeping an eye out for non-smokers abusing what is rightfully ours.

3. I want there to be an indoor, well-ventilated, air-conditioned, smoker's lounge in the state capital building. We paid for it; it's ours. I want huge plasma screen televisions and leather couches.

#### Events Calendar

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Wednesday, April 20  
4 PM  
Jody Williams  
Borah Symposium  
Room 104

Wednesday, April 20  
4 PM  
SBA Meeting  
Room 103

Wednesday April 20  
5 PM  
SBA Budget Meeting  
Room 104

Friday, April 22  
1 PM  
BSA Variety Show  
Courtroom

Monday, April 25  
11:30 AM  
Law Review Write-on  
Competition Info Meeting  
Room 104

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Send event listings to  
crtaylor@uidaho.edu.

I want a god damned butler who will bring me more cigarettes on a silver platter while I watch cartoons in there for hours on end. And he better call me "sir."

With these modest provisions in place I would be more than happy to support this bullshit tax.

	M [5/2]	T [5/3]	W [5/4]	T [5/5]	F [5/6]	M [5/9]	T [5/10]	W [5/11]	T [5/12]	F [5/13]
8 AM	Creditors Rights	Real Estate Fin	Con Law	C o p y - rights	Conflicts	Indian Law	Crim Pro	Evidence	Negot Instr	Domestic Violence
	Securities			E n v i o n Law	Prof Resp	Bus Ent Tax			Intl Bus Trans	Natl Res Law
				H e a l t h Law						
1 PM	Torts	Insurance Law	Property		Contracts	Community Property	Crim Law	Remedies	Civ Pro	
						First Amend				

[Ed. note: inter alia does not vouch for the accuracy of this exam schedule. It is meant to be a handy reference, and is intended to be accurate, but is by no means official. When in doubt, consult with someone who is actually paid to put things of this ilk together.]



## The Barrister's Ball

*the annual SBA prom, went off with fewer than usual hitches during the Spring 2005 edition, thanks in large part to its organizers, whose names are far too numerous to mention here. Inter alia is proud to present a few pictures of the event. If you attended the Ball, but do not see yourself pictured herein, it means (a) you neglected to hire a professional photographer; (b) your friends either did not or could not capture your beautiful mug on film (or its electronic equivalent); or (c) you destroyed the camera that did attempt to take your picture with your menacing and noxious glower. Better luck next year.*

