

inter alia

wednesday, september twelfth, two thousand five

Thoughts on War and Peace

By Kirk O'Reilly

Four Years. It has been four years since the terrorists struck and our nation is again sitting dazed and counting its losses. The events of the past few weeks show we have gone wrong since that terrible day. Our leaders said, "It is a dangerous world, but we can make you safer. All you need do is ask no questions and raise no debate. Remember you are either with us or against us." Our mistake is that we believed them. They came up impressive sounding initiatives like Homeland Security, the Patriot Act, and the War on Terrorism. And we believed they were making us safer. When they said we had to restrict freedom to save it, we believed them. They spent billions of dollars on this and that in the name of security, and although they seemed to be profiting handsomely from it, we asked no questions. They then said, "Look over there. There is the real threat," and took us off to war. We waved our flags, and asked no questions. When it became clear that the threat was manufactured, we bought yellow ribbons for our cars for we didn't know what else to do. When their mistakes were particularly glaring, they would sponsored a commission that said the blame did not rest with them, but with some of us. We wondered why America, the bastion of freedom and human rights, had leaders who sponsored torture and concentration camps. But they told us it was necessary, so while we felt ashamed, we believed they must be

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Why I Love My Blue Parking Pass

By Brittany Pfister

Perhaps everyone but me already knew this, but it turns out that the parking office really does run out of red parking passes. I discovered this after drastically procrastinating my parking pass purchase and they told me my only option was blue. My heart sunk lower and lower as I squinted at their little map to figure out where I would be allowed to park in relation to the law school. Suddenly I regretted taking my parking spots for granted my first two years of law school. However, after the initial shock passed, I began consoling myself with memories of parking miles away from my undergraduate campus and realized that things could be worse. And I was right, now I have grown to not only accept parking in the blue lot, I have embraced it. The following are a few of my favorite things about my parking lot.

10. Independence—I am not a slave to my parking spot because I know it will be there when I get back so I feel free to leave at any time of day.

9. Sleep—Similarly, there is no need for me to rush to school to get a parking spot. My parking lot has spots waiting for me all day

long...even if I sleep in.

8. Money—\$125 (red pass) – \$55 (blue pass) = \$70 (money I still have).

7. Time—In the time it takes the rest of you to slowly weave through the red lot then give up and park in the upper lot and walk down anyway, I can calmly park and walk to school, then go buy myself a cinnamon roll and check my email.

6. Nature—Did you know that there are bunnies running around campus? I never realized how much I missed out on until I got the opportunity to take scenic walks to class everyday.

5. Beverages—\$70 = 93.333333333333333333333333333333 Mountain Dew's.

4. Gas and mileage—Whenever a group is going to lunch and I generously volunteer to drive, the group declines because nobody is willing to walk to the Blue lot. Hence, free rides to lunch.

3. Style—The Blue hue of the permit is exceedingly more flattering to my windshield than the icky red one which clashed with my green car.

2. Movies—\$70 = 10 movies.

1. Buns of steel—Have you *seen* my butt lately? It is not a coincidence it looks so good; it is the hill.

THIRD ANNUAL UI LAW STUDENT

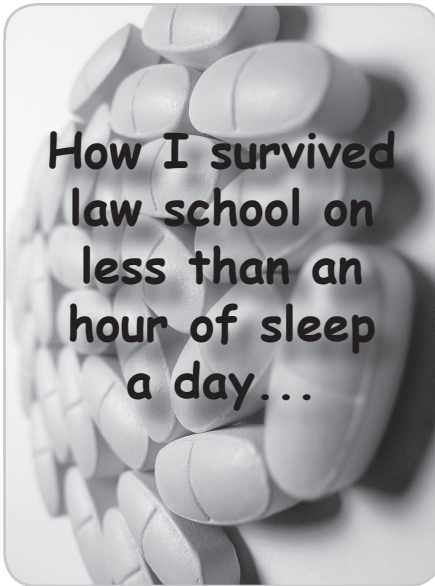


DRAG SHOW
AT THE BEACH
FRIDAY, SEPT. 16
DOORS OPEN AT 9 PM
PERFORMANCES AT 10:30 AND MIDNIGHT
SPONSORED BY SODA

\$5

Horoscopes

By Señor Jaime Pressly



O'Reilly continued from page one.

right. At election time we had the chance to hold them accountable, but trading security for honor, we gave them another chance. Since that time they seem more and more lost. We wondered how we were to feel safe if "staying the course" is their only answer to a failed policy.

Then the hurricane struck. We realize we weren't safe and they couldn't help us. Some of that isn't their fault, because it is a dangerous world and it was an unprecedented event. But, we are angry at them because we realize that their actions over the past four years, gutting our domestic support system and squandering our military resources, have made us less safe not more. And while we may not know it, we are angry at ourselves for standing silent and letting them do it.

Aries (Mar. 21 – Apr. 20): A Botox injection will provide you with precisely the stern demeanor you need to stand up to Professor Beard.

Taurus (Apr. 21 – May 21): The Lanham Act will frustrate you with its unnecessary complexity.

Gemini (May 22 – Jun. 21): You will kick yourself for waiting to start the Half-Blood Prince until after all the surprises have been disclosed.

Cancer (Jun. 22 – Jul. 22): You will regret having declined to don a dress and prance about on stage on Friday.

Leo (Jul. 23 – Aug. 22): You will regret having decided to don a dress and prance about on stage on Saturday.

Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sep. 23): You will embarrass yourself when you atonally sing along to your favorite Wilco song at a party next week.

Libra (Sep. 24 – Oct. 22): Several gallons of Hershey's chocolate syrup may stain your Halloween socks one month early.

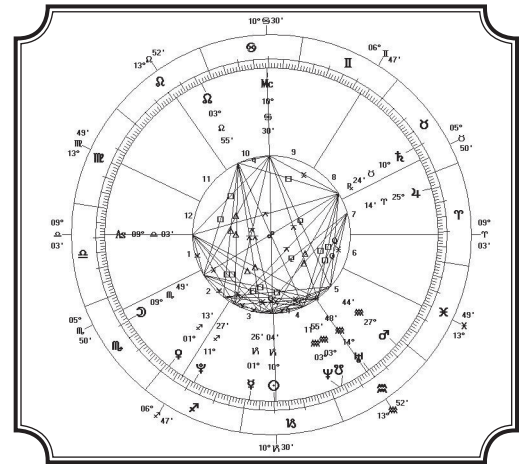
Scorpio (Oct. 23 – Nov. 22): You will find humor in Grandpa Simpson describing the yellow onions as "big" relative to the white ones he couldn't get "because of the war."

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 – Dec. 21): An escaped orangutan will make love to your leg.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 20): The "solar clocks" that have been installed in Menard's many classrooms will make it appear as if you are on time.

Aquarius (Jan. 21 – Feb. 19): The "solar clocks" that have been installed in Menard's many classrooms will make it appear as if you are late.

Pisces (Feb. 20 – Mar. 20): You will discover *The Constant Gardener* displaces Joseph Fiennes as the finest of the Fiennes.



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 enjoys long walks on the beach, Famous Amos cookies, and anal fisting.

Friend Hasko,

Could you resend that email about HeinOnline that you recently posted to the law student listserv? I hear so much talk about it being among among the finest emails which have yet appeared on the list that I feel a strong desire to see it. Is it suitable for framing? I have written Matt Hibler time and again, but he says that the demand for the email immediately overtaxed the servers and now a copy cannot be had, even for the European demand, which has now begun. A prominent 3L has been here, and says his family would not be without that email for any consideration. He says his children get up in the night and yell for it. I would give anything for a copy of that email to print out and put up in my parlor. I have Ritchie Eppink's and Nancy Luebbert's. Every one. And of all the swarms that come every day to gaze upon them none go away that are not softened and humbled and made more resigned to the will of God. If I had yours to put up alongside of them, I believe the combination would bring more souls to earnest reflection and ultimate conviction of their lost condition than any other kind of warning would. Where in the nation can I get that email? There are heaps of people that want it,—that need it. There is my uncle. He wants a copy. He is lying at the point of death. He has been lying at the point of death for two years. He wants a copy—and I want him to have a copy. And I want you to send a copy to the man that shot my dog. I want to see if he is dead to every human instinct.

Now you send me that email. People who are judges of electronic communication find in the execution a grandeur which has not been equaled in this country, and an expression which has not been approached in any.

Yrs truly,

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Dollar Store

By Jeff Dearing

Law students are a notoriously cash-strapped group. With the amount of time and effort required of us just to maintain our presence in school it's hard to find time to search out gainful employment. Thus, students are always looking for ways to save money. Some do it by clipping coupons. Others drive to the Dented Can Food Barn in Kooskia. Others still eats what's he finds behind Rite Aid. A few sad, misguided souls go to the dollar store. I can't stress enough how bad an idea going to the dollar store is for a person's well-being.

I've decided that the dollar store is the most depressing place in the world. That's coming from a guy who used to work at an animal shelter. It was my job to take the euthanized animals that I had previously cared for to the dump, and even I can't handle the dollar store. The place is packed to the rafters with crap that's so pathetic they couldn't even move it at the Dented Can Food Barn. They have knock-off Barbies (they are called Borbies), coloring books (House Rural Enterprises Subcommittee, Precious Moments Figurine, and Borbie themed), grey market medications and of course the ever present three liter bottles of orange Shasta. This tribute to failed capitalist endeavors is embraced in the wheeze inducing "Dollar Store Smell." As best I can figure it's an amalgam of sweat, expired candy and shame. It flows forth from merchandise and customer alike. It hovers like a cloud of unrefined nastiness throughout the entire store.

Even the employees are a sad lot. In all the times I've been to a dollar store—for research purposes—there has never been an occasion in which the cashier seemed excited to see me. Not once did I get a friendly greeting or pleasant word. Instead there is a barely restrained loathing just below the surface; but who can blame them? I mean once at a dollar store in Utah the girl who rang me up had a sore on her face the size of dime. And the real clincher was she wouldn't give me her number.

For God's sake they have a product called Treet. It's a rip off of Spam. They couldn't spell it with an "a" because it might

Events and Announcements

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Friday, September 16
Doors at 9 PM; Performances
at 10:30 PM and Midnight
SODA Drag Show
The Beach

Monday, September 19
11:30 AM
Town Hall
Room 104

Monday, September 19
3:30 PM
Mentor/Mentee Meeting
w/ Free Ice Cream
Room 104

Tuesday, September 20
5:30 PM
SBA Council Meeting
Room 104

Thursday, October 20
Bellwood Lecture
Alan Page

SBA is seeking students to join the "Booty Advocacy Committee" to test out new chairs for classrooms. Interested? See Taylor Mossman. moss9557@uidaho.edu

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Send event details
and announcements to
crtaylor@uidaho.edu.

be criminally misleading. Namely, it might trick people into thinking they will enjoy it. As I have always said: many have eaten Treet, but none have enjoyed it. It's not possible. The worst part of Treet, aside from the spiteful name, is knowing that there is meat product deemed too poor to make it into real Spam.

The only thing I will say for the dollar store is it's a pretty decent place to shop when you're drunk. Just count how many items you have and multiply by one. That's how much you have to pay the girl with the gut churning sore!

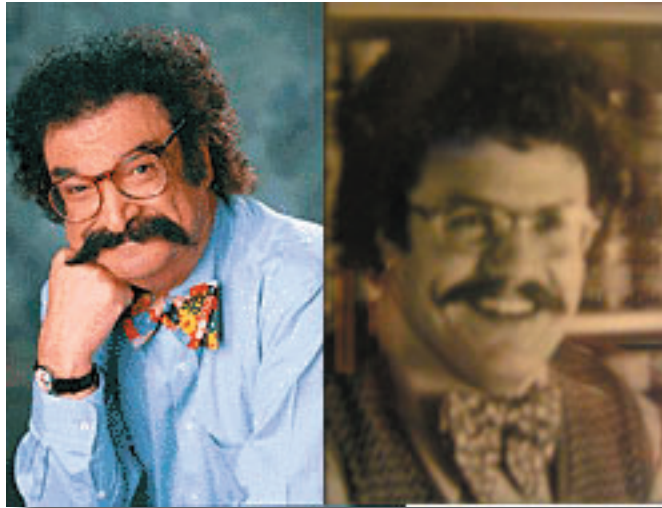
Hey gang! We've got a great roundup of fall cases to keep you on the edge of your seat—and a couple of stinkers that never should have survived 12(b)(6)! Hold onto your hats, here's the scoop!

Idaho Schools for Equal Ed. Opportunity, et al. v. State of Idaho.

A cast of thousands fills out this roaring case that will settle once and for all the age-old battle between the State of Idaho and the People of Idaho! A grand-slam battle royale ensues when an educational organization teams up with disgruntled parents to cross swords with the state! Will the Court decide that Idaho has fulfilled its duty to provide a uniform and thorough system of common schools? And will the appointment of a special master to determine the most cost-effective way of dealing with the problem succeed? Watch and find out! *Docket No. 29616.*

Farmer's Ins. Exchange v. Tucker.

Perennial favorite Farmer's Insurance Exchange wows the audience once more with this delightful romp through wrongful death! A hilarious sequence of jurisdiction and arbitration questions leads to a heartwarm-



Slack Corner Presents:

**Idaho Supreme Court
Case Reviews
By Gene Shalit/Roger Burdick**

ing conclusion in this blockbuster. Will Montana hear the case? Will the case be forced into arbitration? The only sure thing is that these parties are both guilty—of entertainment in the first-degree! *Docket No. 30847.*

Christenson v. City of Pocatello.

City of Pocatello lives up to its reputation as “box-office poison” in this latest snooze from the Bannock County District Court; and the ham-handed opin-

ion from Judge Ronald Bush guarantees to leave audiences clammy. A predictable story of easements and encroaching construction combined with the over-acted mugging of Pocatello will have you running from the bar—or for one! *Docket No. 30902.*

Idaho State Bar v. Defendant A.

Always a guilty pleasure for this reviewer—disciplinary actions! Defendant A. returns to the lectern for another argument. With a whopping twelve issues on appeal, Defendant A. will wow you with his theories of the case—that his Washington disbarment violated Due Process, that his Idaho disciplinary hearing violated Equal Protection, and ten other ripping yarns! My verdict: a prima facie case of fall fun! *Docket No. 30978.*

Well that's all for this week! Be sure to catch these and other great cases coming up soon. And remember: save the aisle bench for me!

The Alphabet Song

By Christopher Taylor

So I was watching *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* a few weeks ago, and a bunch of children were singing the alphabet song. You know, “A B C D E F G / H I J K L M N O P / Q R S / T U V / W X / Y and Z...” Only they added a few extra “ands.” And they ended the song with “now I know my ABCs / tell me what you think of me.”

When I learned the song, it ended with “next time won't you sing with me.” So I thought that was odd. Then I remembered back to an episode of “The Simpsons” called “Duffless” that aired during Season 4. Homer is pulled over, after visiting the Duff brewery, for suspicion of drunk driving. And he ends the song with “won't you come and play with me.” And Lou responds “we also would have accepted ‘tell me what you think of me.’ “ Which is what the kids in *Liberty Valance* sang.

So after extensive research, I've discovered that the first *copyrighted* version of the song—in 1834, under the name “The Schoolmaster,” by a gentleman named Bradlee—used the “tell me what you think of me” ending. Am I the only one that finds this version bizarre?