

# inter alia

wednesday, october 12, 2005

## Dr. Swank's Medical Advice Column    Upcoming Holiday Clinically Insane Roundup!

By Dr. Hieronymus G. Swank

*Q: My mother tells me sweating is a natural, healthy bodily function. Like urinating. Or ejaculating into a cow's anus. Is she right?*

— *Confused in Columbus*

A: No. Sweating is a natural bodily function that, while welcome when needed, is generally a sign of some infirmity. In other words, if one is sweating, one is not in a healthy state.

Compare with vomiting. If one ingests some toxin—whether the fruit of some poisonous tree, rotten emu meat, or excessive alcohol—one is lucky to have the natural bodily function that is vomiting as a way of expunging that toxin before harm is suffered. Vomiting may also occur when one suffers from a psychological disorder known as bulimia. Like that girl from “Growing Pains.”

Sweating, like vomiting, occurs only under circumstances where one's body has found itself in an unhealthy situation. The first of those circumstances is where one has excessively exerted oneself; for example, one's pores generally open up in protest when one, say, runs away from a bear. The second is where one has found oneself in an excessively hot environment; for example, one generally sweats when one is eying nude boys in Tahiti. The third is more of a catch-all scenario in which the sweating is a symptom of something else entirely; for example, when one has the yellow fever, or is terrified of oversized mothballs.

So, Confused, your mother is correct about sweating being natural. But she is incorrect about sweating being healthy.

~~~~~  
*Swank continued on page four.*

By Jeff Dearing

**Entire Month of October: Country Ham Month.** The good people at the National Country Ham Association have deemed October the month in which we are to “go hog wild” and eat country ham. As a passionate supporter of ham and ham-related rights I plan on celebrating this one early and often.

**The Whole Month of October, again: National Pork Month.** This one is from the National Pork Board. Obviously riding on the coattails of the Country Ham Association the NPB want us to get pork-o-licious in October. The Iowa Pork Producers urge us to do the following: “Next time you see a local pork producer, be sure to thank them for their hard work and efforts and congratulate them on a job well done.” You've got it, Iowa!

**October 10th, 2005: Canadian “Thanksgiving.”** Apparently this is Canada's version of the real Thanksgiving. Please note that it is celebrated in October and it's in recognition of the end of something called the “Seven Years War.” I assume this is their version of the Revolutionary War, except they lost. That's why they still have pictures of the Queen and ducks on their money.

**October 14th, 2005: World Egg Day.** This monstrosity of a holiday was thought up by the dastardly geniuses at the National Egg Board. The event is described in the 2002 press release of the Iowa Egg Council thusly: “There is so much to celebrate and we can do it in any language! Egg consumption is steadily increasing. Current statistics show an increase from 233.5 eggs per capita consumption in 1991 to a projected 261 eggs per capita consumed in 2002. These numbers continue to climb as the good news

~~~~~  
*Dearing continued on page four.*

By C. Dale Slack

I'm in Clinic this semester, which I encourage all of you to do. It's not only educational, but practical and amusing. Monica Schurtman is an amazing person and great lawyer, the Clinic staff and friendly and helpful and I am in heaven. I love all my clients, they seem to love me when I talk to them, and I have a head-full of great stories—if only I could tell them.

As those of you in the 1 and 2L classes will find out, client confidentiality is sacrosanct. Sometimes you can't even admit that you have a client. I have seven, but that's all I can tell you. I can't tell you about the extremely juicy tidbits I've picked up representing these people. I can't tell you about how incompetent, slow and even mean-spirited certain public employees are. I can't even tell you about what happened in court last week. My lips are tied.

Now I'm a man who likes his stories; and I don't mean soap-operas. I mean stories to tell at parties, on dates, to my mother during those gaping holes of awkward silence in our monthly telephone conversations. To me, the whole purpose of life is the accumulation of interesting and amusing stories to tell your progeny and friends. Like the time in Prague when I forgot my passport back at the apartment and won \$600 on roulette and was held, in my skivvies, in a tiny back room for nearly two hours while my passport was retrieved by my traveling companions—now that's a story, believe you me; but I can't tell you any of the

~~~~~  
*Slack continued on page three.*

## Hiking in Latah County

By Christopher Taylor

My bloated abdomen may suggest otherwise, but I do enjoy a good hike now and then. I've partaken more than a few trails in the area since arriving on the Palouse nigh on three years ago, some of which have been just lovely. Now, you may think that a comprehensive guide to the areas hiking spots would have been more appropriate earlier in the semester, when the chance of precipitation was severely curtailed by summer's last gasp. And you'd be right. But as the promiscuous teen always says, better late than never. So, without further adieu, I give you the first installment of a comprehensive guide to hiking in (and around) Latah County:

**Kamiak Butte.** I must have stumbled up this short mountain ten times now, and each time the three mile hike is a different experience. Part of its allure is proximity—it is located only 13 miles north of Pullman. Part of its charm is the often spectacular views from the Palouse along the summit ridge. But mostly I like Kamiak for its ever-changing foliage; where else can you get trees, wildflowers, native grasses, and mushrooms amid an endless sea of wheat? Well, lots of places. But this is one.

Directions. West on Moscow-Pullman Highway to downtown Pullman. Right on Grand (by Sakura), which is

*Taylor continued on page four.*

## Horoscopes

By Madame Fortuna

**Aries (Mar. 21 – Apr. 20):** You're riding an intellectual high after your brilliant answer in Contracts. Reflect on this shining moment in the cosmic balance when you get the stomach flu over finals week.

**Taurus (Apr. 21 – May 21):** Win some much needed brownie points by knitting each of your professors an attractive hand-made scarf.

**Gemini (May 22 – Jun. 21):** Chaos surrounds your Senate Judiciary Hearing when President Bush changes his mind and instead nominates you to the Supreme Court.

**Cancer (Jun. 22 – Jul. 22):** Spice up the next time you're called on by explaining the case law through interpretive dance.

**Leo (Jul. 23 – Aug. 22):** If the soundtrack to the movie *Dune* keeps running through your head while reading your Water Law assignments, you're not alone.

**Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sep. 23):** Resist the temptation to goon squad that jerk in class who asks hypothetical questions two minutes before class is over. Instead, remember that Satan reserves a special circle of hell for such people.

**Libra (Sep. 24 – Oct. 22):** If your carrel is surrounded by boxes of documents and your old papers stacked on the floor, be aware that 3Ls carry propane torches and use them regularly.

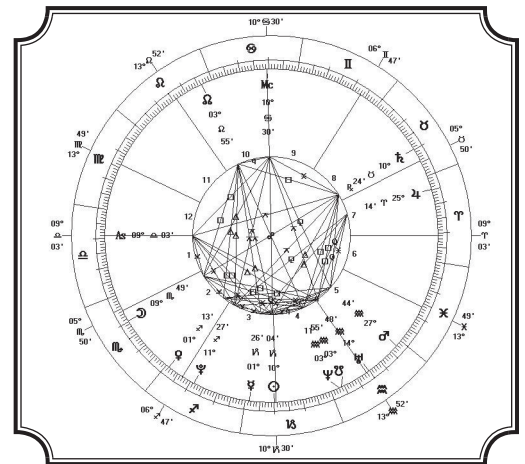
**Scorpio (Oct. 23 – Nov. 22):** The future looks bright as the ghost of Chief Justice Rehnquist decides to haunt your study carrel providing some much needed study advice.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 23 – Dec. 21):** Close your eyes and repeat after me. "It's just a game, it's just a game, it's just a game..."

**Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 20):** Kudos to you for winning the Jeff Dearing/Dale Slack dream date contest!

**Aquarius (Jan. 21 – Feb. 19):** Put the law school's ample stock of confiscated torches and pitchforks to good use while kicking those damn undergraduates out of our parking lot.

**Pisces (Feb. 20 – Mar. 20):** No matter how much you beg, Tina will not exchange Westlaw points for food.



## 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* died of laughter after watching a mule eat a pile of figs.

Slack continued from page one.

~~~~~  
 stories about my clients, no matter how juicy and salacious they may be, no matter how big of crowd-pleasers they are.

I've decided to take an alternate route, however. When anyone asks me about my clients and my caseload, I will now make things up. For example, I have one client right now awaiting deportation because he stole a giraffe and ate it piece-by-piece while it was alive. Or my criminal client on the reservation who stole a reservation police car and drove it through the front wall of the Itse-ye-ye casino, knocking over an entire bank of 35 Regis Philbin Who Wants to be a Millionaire slot-machines. See? These are great stories, they keep people entertained and I have not violated a single rule of professional conduct. Making up stories of cases and clients is the way of the future for today's lawyer on the go. It's great for church pot-luck suppers, your kids' ball-games, cocktail parties—anywhere someone wants to hear an interesting story, you'll be a hit.

Of course there are some people who read the papers, and when they don't see these cases that you mentioned, they get a little suspicious. No problem! Blame either the liberal or conservative media for not carrying the story. The press is biased against Tongan giraffe thieves, of course they didn't cover my client's trial! Rupert Murdoch hates Native Americans—of course he didn't devote any news time to my client's plight! Works like a charm.

Of course, maybe you prefer to be mysterious. Fine. Don't tell anyone anything about your clients, real or imagined. I guarantee you, no one will want to talk to you pretty soon if you don't let loose with some stories. And if you don't have a good fake one in your mental queue, you might say something true and blow your career. Don't let that happen!

Letters to the editor:

I am writing in response to Mr. Butz's column regarding crack sharing during class. In my opinion, the ass-crack is a naturally attractive region of the human body in a similar vein to the exposure of cleavage between the separation of the female bosom. We should not allow our regrettable puritan heritage to frighten us away from acceptance of a thing of beauty and joy provided by the human body. I say, if you've got it, flaunt it. And if you don't got it, what the hell, flaunt it anyway. Even if we encounter instances of crack-sharing that does not bring us joy and appreciation, we should not lose sight of the fact that the human body is a natural wonder crafted by the guiding hand of nature (whatever we conceive that to be) and should at minimum be considered no different than the body of any animal on the planet. Human beings should embrace their bodies as a sign of self-affirmation and self-respect. As Madonna said, "Until I learned to love myself, I was never ever loving anybody else."

- Raymond Thomson

Last week, we were treated to a lovely tongue-in-cheek email from University of Idaho President Tim White. Then we were quickly informed President White had not, in fact, sent the anti-heliocentric message. And then we were informed President White had suffered yet another heart attack. Wild rumors have been circulating that President White faked the heart attack in order to 1) avoid the shame of being less than humorous, 2) get out of the Coming Out Day festivities, including signing the update in the University's anti-discrimination policy, and 3) steal Harriet Miers's thunder. I'd like to take this opportunity to inform *inter alia* readers of the real reason for President White's heart attack. Apparently law professor Dale Goble fed President White copious quantities of beef tallow as a way of decreasing the chance that the College of Law will be moved to Boise, and increasing the value of his stock in the country's leading stint-manufacturer.

- Sir Reginald Fart

## Events and Announcements

=====

Wednesday, October 19  
 3:30 PM  
 Budget Q&A and Budget Request Workshop  
 (Optional)  
 Room 105

Thursday, October 20  
 Bellwood Lecture: Alan Page  
 See front office for tickets to lecture (and student leader dinner).

Friday, October 28  
 Draft Budgets Due for Review by SBA Executives  
 (Optional)  
 eppi0937@uidaho.edu

Monday, October 31  
 Final Budgets Due  
 eppi0937@uidaho.edu

Monday, November 7  
 5:30 PM  
 Budget Meeting  
 Room 104

Students interested in sitting on "Booty Advocacy Council" (to test new chairs for classrooms) should contact SBA President Taylor Mossman.  
 moss9557@uidaho.edu

Students interested in sitting on Academic Support Committee should contact SBA President Taylor Mossman.  
 moss9557@uidaho.edu

=====

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



*Dearing continued from page one.*

about eggs reach consumers.” HELL YEAH!!! What is it with Iowa and these craptastic agriculture themed holidays?

**October 18th, 2005: Jeff Dearing’s Birthday.** In lieu of gifts I ask that you make a donation at any Zion’s Bank location to my checking account.

**October 26th, 2005: Mule Day.** Get clonin’ boys cause it’s time to get all kinds of crazy in honor of “the delivery of Spanish jacks to the New World on October 26, 1785.” This is not to be confused with the Mule Days celebration in Columbia, Tennessee (March 31st – April 3rd) or Mule Day in Calvary, Georgia (November 5th) which includes such events as “meat grinding” and a plowing contest.

**October 31st, 2005: Halloween.** An evil holiday in which people that don’t like their lives pretend to be someone else and force their children to do the same so that they can escape the soul-crushing emptiness of their existence. I plan on going as the voodoo reanimated corpse of Burt Mustin. “RISE FROM YOUR GRAVE BURT MUSTIN!”

*Swank continued from page one.*

*Q: I have always wondered if there is anything more worthless than a sociologist. Is there?*

— *Befuddled in Butte*

A: Befuddled, I think you mistook this column’s purpose. I do not respond to general interest quandaries a la *PARADE Magazine’s* Ask Marilyn or *Esquire’s* Answer Fella. This is a medical advice column.

Nevertheless, I’d like to think I can help all my readers. And the answer is an unqualified no. There is nothing more worthless than a sociologist.

While a poetry critic and the intern who gets coffee for that loud, obnoxious guy on the TV Guide channel are “worthless” in the sense that they provide “no worth” for society at large or anyone in particular, sociolo-

*Taylor continued from page two.*

also known as State Route 27. North for 13 miles. Left on to Clear Creek Road. Bear on to Fugate Road. And then left into the park. There should be signs at all the turns after Pullman.

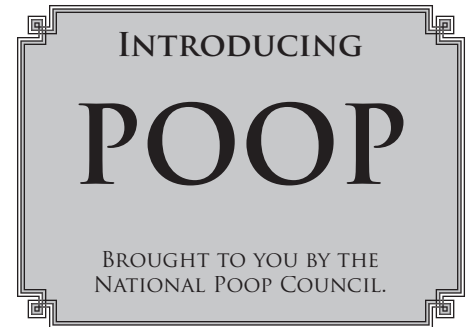
**Steptoe Butte.** Steptoe Butte is about as similar to Kamiak Butte as Ed Asner is to Gavin MacLeod. Sure they’re both shortish, elderly, living “Mary Tyler Moore” alums; but Ed Asner is bald. And so is Steptoe. Which means you can get a very nice view from the top, which is nice. And you can get a good workout climbing up this steep, conical land formation. But you feel like a schmuck when it is all said and done because there’s a spiral road that could have got you up much faster (assuming you’re vehicled). And, for some reason, there’s always an elderly quartet taking turns using the toilet at top.

Directions. West on Moscow-Pullman Highway to downtown Pullman. Follow signs to US 195 North. Keep on

gists actually are worth-sinks, and hence more worthless. Sociologists, like Auguste Comte and Max Weber, are “worthless” in the “less than no worth” sense. And there is nothing—not “ball will not hit player” toys, not *Palsgraf v. Long Island Railroad Co.* interactive dioramas, not love, not even high school guidance counselors—that has moved so far away from “no worth” neutrality than sociologists. Even social psychologists can look upon sociologists with justifiable contempt and loathing. Hell, even sociology *professors* have more claim to the precious air we breath—virtue of their taxpayer status, if nothing else—than sociologists.

In conclusion, Befuddled, there is nothing more worthless than a sociologists.

Next issue, we’ll explore what nineteenth century epidemic is ten times more addictive than marijuana.



for 25 miles or so (through Colfax), then turn right on State Route 271 (toward Oakesdale). Follow signs.

**Steptoe Butte.** Steptoe Butte is about as similar to Kamiak Butte as Ed Asner is to Gavin MacLeod. Sure they’re both shortish, elderly, living “Mary Tyler Moore” alums; but Ed Asner is bald. And so is Steptoe. Which means you can get a very nice view from the top, which is nice. And you can get a good workout climbing up this steep, conical land formation. But you feel like a schmuck when it is all said and done because there’s a spiral road that could have got you up much faster (assuming you’re vehicled). And, for some reason, there’s always an elderly quartet taking turns using the toilet at top.

Directions. West on Moscow-Pullman Highway to downtown Pullman. Follow signs to US 195 North. Keep on for 25 miles or so (through Colfax), then turn right on State Route 271 (toward Oakesdale). Follow signs.

**White Pine.** For some reason, I find Giant White Pine Park to be the most pleasant snow-hiker in the region. With lots of tall trees, moderate slopes, creeks, and few people, you can find inner peace at this park. Or you might find a bear. And then you can train for the sprinting portion of the decathlon that is your life.

Directions. North on US 95 to Potlatch. Right on to State Route 6 (through “downtown” Potlatch). The park entrance is on the right after 20 or so miles.