

INTER ALIA

thursday, march 3, 2005

To the editor of *inter alia*:

I am writing this letter in response to the survey printed in the February 16 edition of *inter alia* titled "What comes to mind when you hear the word 'Auschwitz?'" followed by 6 responses ranging from "a Belgium Cake" to "Jews." The editor printed a disclaimer next to it stating he had no idea what was intended by the submission and that he was printing it in the spirit of anti-censorship and as a "general oddity."

Less than two weeks earlier, January 27 was the 60th anniversary of the liberation of the Nazi death camp, Auschwitz. The Holocaust, symbolized by Auschwitz, the worst of the death camps, occurred in the wake of consistent, systematic, unrelenting anti-Jewish propaganda campaign. As a result, the elimination of the Jews from German society was accepted as axiomatic, leaving open only two questions: when and how.

As Germany expanded its domination and occupation of Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, the Low Countries, Yugoslavia, Poland, parts of the USSR, Greece, Romania, Hungary, Italy and other countries, the way was open for Hitler to realize his well-publicized plan of destroying the Jewish people.

After experimentation, the use of Zyklon B on unsuspecting victim was adopted by the Nazis as the means of choice, and Auschwitz was selected as the main factory of death (more accurately, one should refer to the "Auschwitz-Birkenau complex"). The green light for mass annihilation was given at the Wannsee Conference, January 20, 1942, and the mass gassings took place in Auschwitz between 1942 and the end of 1944, when the Nazis retreated before the advancing Red Army. Jews were transported to Auschwitz from all over Nazi-occupied or Nazi-dominated Europe and most were slaughtered in Auschwitz upon arrival, sometimes as many as 12,000 in one day. Some victims were selected for slave labor or "medical" experimentation. All were subject to brutal treatment.

In all, between three and four million

people, mostly Jews, but also Poles and Red Army POWs, were slaughtered in Auschwitz alone (though some authors put the number at 1.3 million).

The Red Army liberated Auschwitz on January 27, 1945, sixty years ago, after most of the prisoners were forced into a Death March westwards. The Red Army found in Auschwitz about 7,600 survivors, 2 of which were my husband's grandparents, who still have identification numbers tattooed on their forearms. UI President White asked all students to observe a moment of silent and reflection in light of this important event.

Given the time frame of when this survey was submitted, I do not think one has to go out on a limb to ascertain what the author is getting at. This survey is obviously in response to this request. Its effect is to denigrate and minimize the Holocaust. If the author was merely trying to illustrate how little the students at UI College of Law know about the Holocaust he choose a poor forum. *inter alia* is written in the spirit of fun and amusement. When this "fun" and "amusement" is derived from another human being's profound suffering, I think a bright line needs to be drawn. To claim the survey was published in the spirit of anti-censorship is sophomoric at best.

In addition to thinking about our students, organizations who distribute printed material en masse through out the law school should think about what picture they are presenting to visitors at large. Just last year Justice Ginsburg, who is Jewish, visited our law school. Is this what we want her to pick up and read? Do we want this to be part of her impression of our law school? I sure hope not. It is an embarrassment for me as student that my colleagues would find this amusing or acceptable to print. It is tragedy for me as Jew.

Sincerely,

Angela M. Shapow



A Lawyer's Love Poem

By Jim Bielenberg

Please, baby before you go
There are a few things that you should know
Of all the girls, it's you I'd pick
I love you more than a unanimous verdict
I'd choose you over the gates of heaven
Don't let our love go into Chapter 11
Girl I know I've made mistakes,
Give me one more chance to be your advocate.
Why did I have to stipulate,
When you said that dress didn't make your ass look great?
It was wrong of me to try to score,
By invoking the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur*
"Hey girl, the thing speaks for itself."
Has put my love life on the shelf
I fully admit my actions were the proximate cause
I should be held liable for breaking love's laws
I can't deny I breached my fiduciary duty
When you caught me rockin' that third-party's booty
But I must admit her material elements were kickin'
And she made no objection to any position
However, what she did in the back of my car
Is moot, it has no bearing to the issue at bar
In me, and me alone, the fault must lie
I assure you I'm not trying to indemnify
It's my fault our love is under duress,
But, I promise it was merely negligent infliction of emotional distress.
For to damage your heart was not my intent
The Circuit Court of Your Heart is where my appeal is being sent
That girl meant nothing, she was just a vixen
My love is solely in your jurisdiction
I hope my apology is within your statute of limitation
And my request doesn't fail for lack of consideration
I hope you trust in my promise to repent
Because I can cite no binding precedent
Although I have no legal theory on which to stand
Please find it in your heart to reverse and remand
I'll keep appealing to the court of the heavens above
Until you grant my motion for judgment as a matter of love

Fart Party

By Dr. Pinto Grande

In recent weeks my good friend Ethan has been propositioned to attend a "fart party." Not a FRAT party; a FART party. There is this guy named Zeke in one of his classes who invited him. Now from what I've been told this Zeke character has really scrawny chicken legs and a big gut. Combine this with his BO and the fact that he was homeschooled his whole life and you've got a person who thinks asking a relative stranger to a fart party is completely socially acceptable.

A fart party, as told to Ethan, is basically what it sounds like. Zeke and his "friends" (I presume some old Star Wars toys and his cousin Ned) sit around in his dorm room and fart. The farting is usually preceded by eating a good deal of spicy food. Then they just judge what fart is the grossest, loudest, etc. They have prizes and everything. Oh and Zeke has built what he calls a "fart chair" rigged up with old milk jugs to add to the sound. And he likes to do this minus pants. I'm not making this up. Oh God how I wish I was making this up.

That's all we know for sure. Anything beyond this point is mere conjecture but I doubt it's far from the truth:

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I rolled up to the dorm, my head swimming in doubts and fears. I had been told about fart parties second hand but had never experienced such a thing myself. I had done a Google search for fart parties but it didn't help much. The only reference I could find was an anonymous and ignored post on an obscure gay message board. This did not bode well.

Before I got to the door I could already hear Ted Nugent blaring. I steadied myself and knocked. The door was opened by a sizeable lad wearing heavily stained sweatpants and a very sad looking "Sailor Moon" shirt. He shot me a look that was normally reserved for door-to-door abortionists.

"I'm here for the, ugh, fart party..."

"Please, come in. The chili cheese Fritos are

Famous Quotes



Marie Antoinette:
"Let them eat cake!"



Jimmy Mac:
"Give them a watch!"

delightful!" lisped the grotesque trog who opened the door.

The room was small and crowded and the smell of nerd was heavy on the air. Zeke was sitting like some kind of fart king in an old plastic lawn chair adorned with empty half-gallon milk jugs tied to the frame. On the small black and white television a poorly pirated tape of "Babylon 5" played without sound.

"Let's get started guys!" said Zeke with a disquieting level of enthusiasm in his trembling voice.

All at once the assembled nerds stood up and the lights were dimmed. The veteran farters gathered in a circle with Zeke in the middle.

"The first rule of fart club is you don't talk about fart club..." The nerds went wild, shaking with a nerdish laugh you can only find at Hobbytown, USA. There was a song which I can only remember in part. It was something to the effect

of being cool for having a fart party and their over abiding desire to make their flatulence "good and hardy."

Zeke and the other partygoers quickly shed their pants. It was then that the farting began in earnest. A small greasy kid let loose with something that sounded like a weasel being forced out of a bicycle tire. From there it only got worse. I was rapidly overcome by fumes.

I woke up the next morning with a strange brown film around the edges of my nostrils, face up in the dry drainage canal outside the dorm building. I slowly stood up with my head pounding. There was a "3rd Place" ribbon pinned to my shirt and my pants were on inside out. This is the first time I've spoken of that horrible night of the fart party.

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Yeah, I pretty much think that's about how it would go.

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 also knows most Arabs are not terrorists and most terrorists are not Arabs.

Next Wednesday three particularly esteemed members of the legal community will infiltrate Menard. These three individuals not only graduated from law school and passed the bar, they have had other accomplishments that include getting appointed to a Federal Court of Appeals (with the advice and consent of the Senate) and creating endowments. In fact, we were told Stephen Trott, Lucinda Weiss, and John Rosholt are so esteemed, we ought to dress in "business attire" during "business hours." Wow.

To help you prepare for this momentous event, inter alia is loathe to present is "Dooze" and "Do Not Dooze" of dressing to impress.

| DO | DO NOT |
|---|---|
| Bleach stains from clothing. | Stain clothing with bleach. |
| Wear underwear. | Wear underwear as outerwear. |
| Don buttons advocating legal reform. | Don buttons advocating armed revolution. |
| Neglect to bathe. | Bathe in neglect. |
| Drape yourself in velour. | Drape yourself in velvet. |
| Wear a "wife beater." | Beat your wife. |
| Properly fold a silk handkerchief for display in your front pocket. | Improperly fold a paper napkin for display in your rear pocket. |
| Carry sufficient foreign currency with which to tip generously. | Carry insufficient domestic currency with which to indicate your indigent status. |
| Display your tuxedo tee with pride. | Display your Superman tee with shame. |
| Style your hair tastefully. | Have lice. |
| Keep a writing implement about your person. | Keep a writing implement in your person. |
| Conceal your extra baggage with an antique whalebone corset. | Conceal your extra baggage with obesity. |
| Wear a tasteful scent. | Sweat. |

Horoscopes

By Madam Lowre d'Expectations

Aries (Mar. 21 – April 20): Get to know the bluebook; you'll need to know it well in your career as a paralegal.

Taurus (Apr. 21 – May 21): When you find yourself curled up in a ball watching reruns of Oprah over Spring Break, just remember one thing: that appellate brief won't write itself.

Gemini (May 22 – June 21): On a random impulse you will run for an SBA position...and lose.

Cancer (June 22 – July 22): Spring is in the air, Cancer; while the rest of the world revels in the sun and fresh air, you will be holed up under artificial light exploring the world of hearsay.

Leo (July 23 – Aug. 22): I know that Sesame Street and your mom always told you that the best way to make friends was to be yourself, and I'm not saying they're wrong, but maybe you should try being a silent version of yourself.

Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sept. 23): The great thing about the Barrister's Ball is that, unless you say something, no one has to know that your date is your cousin (unlike that unfortunate prom incident).

Libra (Sept. 24 – Oct. 22): You know you've become afflicted with "law school vision" when you start finding professors attractive.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 – Nov. 22): You, yes you have the potential to be the next laughing stock of American Idol.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 – Dec. 21): You've been spending all your time in the dark recesses of the law school library: use sunscreen over screen break. Even Gollum looks tan next to you.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 20): You'll know you've reached sleazy lawyer success when you're being mocked on Saturday Night Live.

Aquarius (Jan. 21 – Feb. 19): Just because the people in the other carrel groups can't see you doesn't mean that they can't hear you.

Pisces (Feb. 20 – Mar. 20): You know you've crossed over to the dork side of the force when you buy a rolling backpack.

Events Calendar

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Thursday, March 3
WLC: Blood Drive

Friday and Saturday,
March 4 and 5
MLS: Diversity Training

Monday, March 7
12:30 PM
SBA Election Debates
Room 105

Monday, March 7
7:00 PM
CLS, AFS, Federalist:
Separation of Church and
State Panel Discussion
Greg Hamilton
James Macdonald
Courtroom

Wednesday, March 9
SBA Elections

Thursday, March 13
6:30 - 9 PM
WLC: Meet and Greet
Free Wine & Hors d'Oeuvres &
Networking with Legal
Professionals and Professors
All Welcome, Business Attire
Prichard Art Gallery
414 S Main
kipp6053@uidaho.edu

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Send event listings to
crtaylor@uidaho.edu.

Do you know what the "A" in LSAT stands for? Yes? Please explain it to Career Services so they'll stop asking us to help others prepare.

For those of you who missed Professor Pollack's P2P / Copyright lecture on Tuesday evening: for shame.

THE SINS OF COCO JESUS INCLUDE SLANDER, LIBEL, AND MONKEY KNIFE FIGHTING.

TAYLOR N' RITCHIE

FOR SBA PRESIDENT
AND VICE PRESIDENT



THE TIME,



THE EXPERIENCE,



**AND
THE VISION**

**FOR EMPOWERING
IDAHO LAW STUDENTS**

www.usefulinfo.org/sba/

IN PERSON:

*Monday
March 7*

12:30

*ROOM
105*

VOTE! WEDNESDAY MARCH 9

Do You Know Who the SBA Candidates Are?

DAN BOTT for President

- He won the "biggest nostrils" contest at a family reunion when he was 4 years old.
- He was suspended from the third grade for not shaving (ok, not really, but you could imagine what it would be like if he had!).
- He lived in Mexico for two years and still holds the record for "most tacos consumed" in under an hour.
- He won first place during the Utah Summer Games in 2002 5k race for men ages 19-24.
- He is known far and near as "the best hunter & fisherman at a small state law school."
- He served in student government in high school and as an undergrad.
- He currently serves as the SBA Treasurer and advises SBA leaders on fund allocation and other financial matters.

KARA GLECKLER for Vice-President

- She lived in the Wilderness for 78 days after her first semester of college.
- She's tried for 17 years now, but still can't whistle.
- She helped build a school in Uganda, Africa for Aids orphans.
- She has spent the past several summers working as a wildland firefighter.
- She used to guide friends on mountaineering expeditions and currently enjoys skiing, mountain biking, camping, and rock climbing.
- She has student government leadership experience; she served as a Student Body President of Helena High School.
- She is currently a first year law student involved in various clubs.

Why are we telling you this? Because we want you to know a little bit about us as individuals. Dan and I pride ourselves on being fun, approachable people who are dedicated to addressing the student body's concerns and to enhancing the student experience at U of I.