Two Days with Desmond Tutu:

Wallenberg Medal Winner Comes to MLaw

By Shekar Krishnan

On October 29th, 2008, Archbishop Desmond Tutu was awarded the Wallenberg Medal for both his tireless struggle to end apartheid in South Africa and his unyielding crusade to fight injustice worldwide.

In honor of Michigan alumnus Raoul Wallenberg, who sacrificed his life to save thousands of Hungarian Jews during World War II, the Medal is awarded annually to an individual whose courageous actions best exemplify Wallenberg’s humanitarian spirit and legacy. That legacy is aptly expressed by the Wallenberg Medal’s creed: “One person can make a difference.” The winner is selected from a list of nominees by the Wallenberg Endowment’s executive committee, which is composed of faculty members, affiliates of the university, one medical student, and one law student. The first Wallenberg Medal was awarded to Elie Wiesel in 1990, and past winners include the Dalai Lama, Miep Gies, Helen Suzman, Paul Rusesabagina, Sister Radlmeier, and John Lewis.

To celebrate the late October visit to Ann Arbor of this year’s winner, Archbishop Tutu, there were a variety of events held across campus, including a museum exhibit, a film screening, and a public lecture. What follows is an account of the two days Archbishop Tutu spent on campus.

10/29/2008

Archbishop Tutu delivered the 18th annual Wallenberg lecture on October 29th at the university. His message – that history demonstrates through the ultimate demise of dictator after dictator the fundamental moral purpose of our universe – deeply resonated with the crowd of more than three thousand in Hill Auditorium. Its members sat stunned by the Archbishop’s inspiring words but also erupted in laughter when he often displayed his bulbant sense of humor and sharp wit.

South Africa’s first black Anglican Archbishop described how the testimony he heard as the chair of the nation’s post-apartheid Truth and Reconciliation Commission convinced him that man was endowed with an extraordinary capacity for good. He narrated one poignant story of a white woman who was left disfigured...
Nothing says Halloween like Pumpkin Carving . . .

SQUALSA members get down with the pumpkins.

. . . Except, perhaps, drunken, costumed law students.

More on Page 12!
In Pursuit of Innocence
Pulitzer Winning Reporter Comes to MLaw

By Greg Lavigne

Next semester, Michigan Law School is fortunate to have Maurice Possley, one of the most distinguished investigative reporters in the country, co-teaching a class on Innocent Defendants with Professor Sam Gross. Mr. Possley has played a central role in dozens of exonerations of innocent defendants and co-authored at least two major series on courts, prosecutors and police that were extremely influential in spurring criminal justice reform nationwide. Over the years, he has taught nearly a dozen courses as an adjunct professor of journalism at Northwestern University and the University of Montana. His experience has shown him how important it is that students learn to become critical thinkers on matters they may take for granted and learn to better process information that may at times seem counterintuitive.

Res Gestae: How did you come to focus your journalist career on criminal reform and innocent defendants in particular?

Maurice Possley: It was really more of a journey. In 1972, when I initially broke into journalism out of college, I worked for a wire service in Chicago. The wire service provided backup reporting and tips, and really serves as a training center for young journalists. There, I rotated through a lot of different types of reporting. One of those rotations was covering the courts and trials, which I really ended up loving. I spent a couple years covering the courts for the Chicago Sun Times, and eventually went to the Chicago Tribune in 1984 to continue covering the legal system.

I really liked reporting on the legal system because what really mattered came off the witness stand, what really mattered was what happened in the courtroom. I loved the drama of watching a great system at work in which ordinary citizens were judging their fellow man. A prominent judge I came to know once told me that jury duty was “second only to military service.” After covering the courts in DuPage County, I decided I really wanted to cover national legal stories, which I eventually was able to do, covering cases like Timothy McVeigh (Oklahoma City bombing) and Theodore Kaczynski (the Unabomber).

In particular though, working in DuPage County was transformative, and like many other reporters who cover the courts, I came to pay much more attention to the actual cases that were being prosecuted and the differences between the prosecution and defense. The prosecution tends to talk more, they have more cards, whereas the defense plays it closer to the chest. There was a death penalty case in that court, where the defendant was convicted and sentenced to the death penalty by a 4-3 vote in the Illinois Supreme Court. The defendant filed a petition to stay the conviction, but by time the petition was heard, a member of the majority in the original court had retired, and a new judge ended up finding along with the minority, and the conviction was overturned (People v. Cruz, 162 Ill. 2d 314). That case opened my eyes to the precariousness of the justice system, where it took a judge retiring to accomplish justice. The prosecutors and police officers involved in that case were later convicted of obstruction of justice, and myself and several other staff on the Chicago Tribune ended up engaging in a decade long investigation starting in 1999.

RG: What unique perspectives on the criminal justice system can students expect in your class?

MP: People tend to have trouble wrapping their minds around the idea that some innocent people will confess to crimes they did not commit. This demonstrates the power of the interrogation room and how it can be abused. One innocent defendant I interviewed told me that he was being interrogated, and realized the police officers weren’t going to let him out until he confessed to the crime. He decided to confess and take it to trial and explain what happened to the judge. What most of these defendants don’t know though, is that innocence is not a constitutional grounds for appeal.

What I will be able to bring to the classroom is a layman’s approach to the legal system. This brings a different perspective which can be a very interesting change from the way most law classes are taught. As they say, “you have to learn how to do surgery before you go into the operating room,” but there’s so much more you learn in the actual practice that you can’t understand just by learning the rules.

RG: How can the legal system alleviate some of its procedural flaws like misleading evidence and professional misconduct? Do these problems deserve structural changes or should we rely on external pressures, like reporters, to ensure justice?

MP: The emergence of BMA has been a great agent for change in the criminal justice system, not just because of the innocence issues, but in the sense that it identifies flaws that are systemic or individualistic in the system. One thing that significantly affects the system (but I don’t know how you get around it) is that criminal cases are supposed to be a search for the truth, but are all too often a contest about winning and losing. The battle in the courtroom becomes about reputations and careers, not true justice. There is a significant reluctance to dig in and deal with these problems that are endemic to the system, like misconduct, forced and false confessions, and misleading or fraudulent evidence. These failures may not occur every single day, but the fact that the system is structured how it is means...
Elliot Smith Remembered

By Dave Heal

Elliot Smith committed suicide 5 years ago last month.

I was sitting in my bedroom, procrastinating as usual by stubbornly going through the entirety of my bookmarks in order, desperately wanting to be distracted by something that was not on a syllabus. Elliot Smith’s fansite “Sweet Adeline” was not far down the list. Instead of the usual paragraphs of crisply arranged text there was a rambling lower-case post that began with a solemn farewell, “goodbye elliott.” What followed was a grief-stricken encomium to a musician who had deeply touched a lot of lives.

That hastily written remembrance gave me the sense that he had died suddenly but accidentally, but when I went to the New York Times homepage I discovered the grizzly circumstances of his death. To learn that he had stabbed himself in the chest was grim, heart-wrenching and personal, and it cast a nightmarish light on the nature of the pain that must have led him to take his own life. His music conveyed this same palpable sense of suffering and pain, giving sporadic glimpses into his ultimately quixotic attempt to find something redeemable in living.

But the critics’ search for causation or prophecy in his musical persona and his ultimately tragic suicide does everybody a disservice. In what may have been an act of self-delusion, I managed to find a melioristic sensibility in his music, even if his lyrics occasionally seemed to mask that spark of hope. He expressed a hope not hopeless, but unhopeful. To me, Elliott’s music, and his live show in particular, was a performative survey of what it means to be human and vulnerable, not an articulation of how hopelessly shitty the world is. His art did for me what all good art should do: it turns us inside out and locates and resuscitates that element of humanness that refuses to disappear no matter how dark and chaotic life becomes.

From the first notes I heard issue from his mouth I was hooked. His high, plaintive voice was so sweet and fragile that it seemed like his vocal chords would give out in exasperation. The songs that I listen to over and over again are the ones that inspire, not the ones that wallow, the ones that utilize his stunning harmonies and combine them with his uncommon gift for self-reflection and soul-baring sincerity.

The manner in which he died forced upon me a reconstitution of the only other tragedy in my musical world to approach this in magnitude, the death of Jerry Garcia. Granted, I was young enough not to have entered into quite as intimate a relationship, but his passing was the first celebrity death to imprint itself indelibly on my life. The inevitably reductive comparisons to Kurt Cobain will likely continue, and all we are left with is the irremediable emptiness that results when an artist whose music we love tragically and violently removes himself from the world. Way down yonder in the minor key, nobody else could sing like him.

---

Woodbury Gardens
APARTMENTS & TOWNHOMES

Live Where the Best Live
Make it your choice in 2008/2009!!!

You will be captivated by this distinguished address nestled in the beauty of the former Botanical Gardens

- Flexible Lease Agreements
- Conveniently located on the AATA Bus line
- 24 hr Health Club
- Continental Breakfast Every Wednesday
- WIFI Available Fall 2008
- 4 Station Business Center
- Monthly Social Activities
- Concierge Resident Services
- Summer Internship Program
- Shuttle Van to Business/Law School

Choose A Lifestyle
Choose Woodbury Gardens
Phone: 734 663-7633  Fax: 734 663-8700
www.woodburgy gardens.com
Didn't Get Into Clinic?

By Sara Agne

When I began law school with the venerable summer-starters of May 2006 (31 days, guys!), I didn't know that a young, dashing defense attorney was also beginning his first adventures in the American legal system.

Phoenix Wright is a defense attorney that every law student should know. He's for every kid who used to play Nintendo Game Boy and then grew up and went to law school. That's right, Wright is the fictional star of a lawyer video game.

"Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney" was first released by Capcom in Japan in 2005 and released later that year in the U.S. for the Nintendo DS, a handheld gaming console with a touchscreen and a viewscreen. The company underestimated demand for the attorney adventure, though, so copies of it were tough to find stateside until late 2006. Gamers loved playing as an ace defense attorney—interviewing people, gathering evidence, cross-examining witnesses and yelling, "Objection!"

They play as Phoenix Wright most of the time, in point-and-click adventures where a stylus pen is used to move through crime scenes, navigate dialogue with witnesses and other attorneys, choose which item of evidence to present to show a contradiction in testimony and make decisions in response to the judge's questions. And it wouldn't be a video game if Phoenix couldn't use friendly psychic mediums to help him defend his clients or interrogate witnesses using a "Psyche-Lock" system, where his questions unlock the chains hiding their innermost secrets. (If you're self-conscious about people seeing you yell "Objection!" at a handheld gaming console, you can use the stylus to click the screen to object.)

I got my copy of "Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney" my first Christmas in law school, along with a pink Nintendo DS Lite. Since then, Phoenix Wright has starred in three more games.

The series has been immensely popular in Japan, spawning all sorts of merchandise, cell phone games, a soundtrack album, orchestra concert and even a musical stage version of the first game, to be performed by the all-female Takarazuka Revue in February 2009 (unfortunately conflicting with my bar exam). I think it's time U.S. lawyers and law students got as excited about these games.

Phoenix Wright yells "Objection!" when a client is falsely charged with murder and now you can, too!

If you're considering adding Phoenix Wright to your holiday wish list, a Nintendo DS Lite runs about $130, and each game is about $30. Older games in the series can be found new for less on Amazon.com. Here's a run-down of the attorney adventures in the series:

Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney

Phoenix is a rookie lawyer, fresh out of law school, who takes a job with an L.A. criminal defense firm, Fey & Co. He defends five clients accused of murder, including one accused of murdering his boss, Mia Fey. If Phoenix makes too many evidentiary errors, the judge declares his client guilty.

Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney

If you're considering adding Phoenix Wright to your holiday wish list, a Nintendo DS Lite runs about $130, and each game is about $30. Older games in the series can be found new for less on Amazon.com. Here's a run-down of the attorney adventures in the series:

Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney

Phoenix is a rookie lawyer, fresh out of law school, who takes a job with an L.A. criminal defense firm, Fey & Co. He defends five clients accused of murder, including one accused of murdering his boss, Mia Fey. If Phoenix makes too many evidentiary errors, the judge declares his client guilty.

Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney

Phoenix is a rookie lawyer, fresh out of law school, who takes a job with an L.A. criminal defense firm, Fey & Co. He defends five clients accused of murder, including one accused of murdering his boss, Mia Fey. If Phoenix makes too many evidentiary errors, the judge declares his client guilty.

Apollo Justice: Ace Attorney

Phoenix is accused of murder (again!), so he hires apprentice attorney Apollo Justice to defend him. Justice then joins Phoenix's "Wright Anything Agency" and defends three more people accused of murder. The game includes an all-new crime re-creation mode, which re-creates the scene of the crime for your investigation, and a "Perceive System," that allows you to zoom in on witnesses and look for nervous tics that indicate contradictions in their testimony.

Capcom has already announced it's developing a fifth Ace Attorney game. And, fear not, budding prosecutors, the company is also developing a game expected to allow you to buddy up with a detective and use your lawyering skills to put criminals away.

Sara Agne hopes that having played a game named "Phoenix Wright" will help her on the Arizona bar exam. Reach her at sara.agne@gmail.com.

Sara Agne
PSA: You’re Only as Good as Your Computer

By Greg Lavigne

It struck me as I went to write the column this week that the idea of a technology column was neither well-thought out, nor is it incredibly compelling without some sort of reader input, at least on an occasional basis. Our first installation about backups was largely written in light of the sad realization that a good number of my fellow classmates do not bother to backup their computers, and some are not even familiar with the concept. While this would seem to be to my advantage (my crappy notes at least will always be intact, while your notes will be gone, causing you incredible anxiety at exam time), for some reason I try to be a good member of the stimulating community that is the law school.

So... what’s the point of all this? I really have no second column in mind. There are many topics that might be interesting to the esteemed readership of the Res Gestae, but I’d much prefer to have you do the legwork for me and send me questions. So, this is my effort at convincing someone out there to send your tech questions to rgtechnology@umich.edu instead of to LawOpen. I will respond to you directly ASAP, but then publish your question/answer in this column for the greater good. Consider this part of our dubious move away from LawOpen and towards an enlightened and opt-in environment.

So, with all that out of the way, I thought I’d share with you some exam-prep resources you probably underutilize or completely ignored during 1L orientation, so hopefully, we can head off some of the inevitable “does anyone have an extra flash drive” emails that develop during exams (seriously though, didn’t you pick up at least five firm-logoed drives at OCI?).

First of all, take a minute and test the following things on whatever computer you will be using for exams:

- Installing and configuring EBB
- Saving a test exam to a flash drive
- Using your computer on the wireless network in the law school

If you have trouble with any of these things, or worse, don’t know what any of them mean, go visit IT support (behind door 6 in 200HH). There are also a series of pamphlets outside that same door that will walk step by step through these actions (you can also learn how to setup the law school’s printers on your personal computer, which is rather convenient). Take a minute to visit http://www.law.umich.edu/currentstudents/informationtechnology/ and review the “laptop exams” web pages.

Second, make sure your computer isn’t bogged down with viruses, spyware or whatever other garbage you’ve managed to load onto your computer during your nightly and morally questionable downloads. If you have problems (e.g. your computer is continually asking you to install programs, delete files, or generally not working well) take care of them now. You can do this by loading virus and spyware protection software (free from the University at http://www.itd.umich.edu/bluedisc/). If you still have trouble, you will probably be better off using the system restore disc that came with your computer (backup your files first, because this will put your computer in a straight-from-the-factory virginial state). The last thing you want is a virus or spyware crippling EBB right before your first law school exam (or your last).

Finally, feel free to ignore all of my advice. The curve (and I) will thank you.

Greg Lavigne will soon be stepping in as the new Managing Editor of the Res Gestae, replacing Sumeera Younis - someone buy that poor guy a drink. Got a question about tech stuff? Email him at rg@umich.edu.
Save Yourself:

By Carla Lee

It's that time of year again when everyone starts to stay inside, in part to hit the books with finals looming and in part because the weather is getting nasty, cold and gray. Still, too much of anything isn't good for you, and too much time spent locked in the underground law library or cloistered in your own home can make the time spent studying counterproductive.

So whether you want to get away from the law school or escape the view of the same four walls of your office, Save Yourself offers a variety of other options.

Libraries

Some of the university libraries change their schedule during finals, so be sure to check with each one before heading over.

Hatcher Graduate Library
920 N. University

The hours tend to be Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Friday, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; and Sunday, 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Hatcher has private study rooms available on a first-come, first-served basis as well as tables amongst the stacks and computers available for student use. If you like your study areas to include a hint of horror, Hatcher is the place for you; the narrows aisles, low ceilings, and dim stairwells make it seem like the perfect location for terror.

Shapiro Undergraduate Library
919 S. University

The hours tend to be Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 a.m. and Saturday through Sunday, 10 a.m. to 5 a.m. Shapiro has group study rooms, a student lounge, and study tables spread throughout the floors. If you're nostalgic for your undergrad days, this is the university library for you.

Ann Arbor District Library, Downtown
343 S. Fifth

The hours tend to be Monday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Tuesday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; and Sunday, 12 p.m. to 6 p.m. The downtown building has artwork on display, private study rooms, and reading areas. Current special exhibits include "The Migrant Project: Contemporary California Farm Workers," photographs and text by Rick Nahmias; "A Century of Popular Children's Literature: Decade by Decade," selections from the Children's Literature Collection of the University's Special Collections Library; and "Conversation Pieces: A Portrait of Poverty and Homelessness in Lenawee County, Michigan," black and white photographs by Lad Strayer and Jennifer Burd.

Coffee Shops

Michigan Union
530 S. State

The hours are Monday through Saturday, 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. and Sunday, 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. The Union has an Amer's upstairs and a small collection of restaurants in the basement along with a large seating area. If that gets too crowded, there are couches and tables upstairs, study rooms and—for nice weather—an outdoor patio.

Espresso Royale
324 S. State

The hours are Monday through Friday, 6:30 a.m. to 12 a.m.; Saturday, 7 a.m. to 12 a.m.; and Sunday, 8 a.m. to 12 a.m. There are five distinct seating areas; head toward the back to get away from the noise of transactions at the front.

Amer's
611 Church

The hours are Monday through Thursday, 7 a.m. to 12 a.m.; Friday, 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; and Sunday, 9 a.m. to 12 a.m. Amer's offers coffees, teas, and a wide range of sandwiches. There are tables, comfortable chairs and couches, and a fireplace for those particularly cold days.

Late-Night Food

Once the libraries close, where does the discerning late night studier go? For a dinner break perhaps, and now you can combine food and an after hours study location. There aren't very many places open 24 hours a day in Ann Arbor, but here are some for you night owls.

Denny's Restaurant
3310 Washtenaw

Denny's offers typical greasy chain restaurant, all-night diner food, but is open 24 hours a day, usually has semi-decent coffee, and though it doesn't offer wireless internet access, there are unlocked signals available. Electrical outlets are rare, though, so try to get the booth near the door which has plug-ins in the base. There is an indoor smoking section available for those who like to have a cigarette while working.

IHOP
4221 W Ellsworth, Ypsilanti

Best known for its pancakes, obviously, IHOP has breakfast and dinner available all day every day, electrical outlets near booths and tables, and offers a free wireless internet connection.

Starbucks
3601 Washtenaw (in Arborland Mall)

Though it is one of the few Starbucks in the area open 24 hours a day, this means it's awfully difficult to get a table after hours. It's a narrow room that gets incredibly crowded, but if you fiend for the Starbucks coffee experience, you can get it all day and all night (space

CONTINUED on Page 19
When You Were Cooler:
The Story of the Multi-Talented Turner Booth

By Justin Gayle

If you’re anything like me, many of you wonder about what people were like before they came to Michigan Law. In addition to ordinary Facebook stalking, you may have even Askjeeved or Yahooed some of your fellow classmates (“Askjeeved?” Yes, I’m taking every opportunity I can to verb my nouns. And I don’t know about you, but I’m a little concerned about the antitrust implications of a monopoly in the search engine and everything-else-related-to-technology market, so I am doing my bit to promote competition.

Unfortunately, search engines are not the best way to get the most accurate information about people (to set the record straight I was not a board certified OB-GYN in College Station, TX before arriving at Michigan Law), so when the idea surfaced to have a sports column, I thought it would be great to have one that shed light on the past glory of our fellow classmates.

There are a few things you can expect from this new column: questionable writing style, flagrant overuse of parenthetical asides, and a smattering of bad jokes. But most importantly, you get to learn about some extremely talented people who used to do something that many of us would rather be doing.

Introducing: Turner Booth (2L)

I’ll never forget the first day of Constitutional Law. Two notable things happened. First, our professor offered to bake a cake for anyone who came to office hours in the first few weeks of school because apparently nobody ever shows up until the end of the semester. Second, we went around the room and shared our name and what we did for the past year (thank goodness for that because up to that point I hadn’t been given ample opportunity to do that).

I only really remember one person’s introduction – Turner Booth. He said that prior to law school he was trying out for the NFL. I have to admit that while I love people who were teachers and paralegals as much as the next guy, being a professional football player (or close enough to it) was pretty impressive.

Turner Booth was a long snapper for our very own University of Michigan Wolverines for the 2005 and 2006 seasons. Perhaps surprisingly, Booth did not grow up dreaming of being a long snapper (I know...who didn’t have a poster of Patrick Mannelly hanging in their bedroom?). In fact, although he played different sports growing up, he did not pick up football until high school.

As a star football and tennis player at Rockville High School in Rockville, MD, Booth was the captain and MVP of both teams his senior year. He earned all-region/state honors in football, and as a lifelong Wolverine fan and the son and brother of Michigan alumni, it was an easy choice once Lloyd Carr offered him a spot on the team.

Interestingly enough, Booth was not even recruited specifically for long snapping. Although he snapped in high school, Michigan coaches did not make him a long snapper until an impromptu tryout in practice after the veteran long snapper was suspended for an altercation with a coach. His new position turned out to be fortunate considering that his 6’2” and lean 260-lb frame made him undersized for a lineman.

Booth played mistake-free football his entire career (absolutely essential as a snapper). Additionally, he made clutch plays such recovering a fumble during a critical moment against Wisconsin in the 2006 game, thus helping to keep the Maize and Blue undefeated and near the top of the national rankings. For two years, any punt, extra point, or field goal started with him. He remembers one of his greatest moments as snapping the ball for the field goal that overtook Michigan State in 2005.

His success brought him plenty of attention from NFL scouts and draft experts. As one scouting report described, Turner Booth “has a great ability to get the ball in the backfield...does well on short snaps...and can tackle well.” Unfortunately, he broke his foot a month before the draft and had to get three screws put in. In spite of the injury, he attended mini-camp with the Minnesota Vikings and a tryout with the Buffalo Bills.

Booth performed well, but neither of the teams wanted to fill a roster spot with an already injured player. Despite the disappointing circumstances of his foray into the National Football League, Booth remains positive: “I’m happy I got to get a taste of what it’s like in the NFL but happier that I’m doing what I’m doing now. Go Blue!”

This law student may not be Elle Woods, but I have a feeling he can still bend and snap with the best of ‘em.

We recently realized that Dean Z wasn’t kidding - our classmates are pretty cool. So while the sports column and ‘When You Were Cooler’ will likely be parting ways in the future, we likely couldn’t have asked for a better intro to both. Comments, as usual, should be sent to rg@umich.edu.
Between the Briefs:

‘Soap on a Rope’ is so Passe:
Conjugal Visits for Fun and Profit

By Rooks

So you may’ve heard about the Rally for Equality held this past weekend (more coverage on that will be in the next issue), and no, we didn’t have permits, so you’re probably thinking, “worst law students ever.” Because clearly, even with the near complete lack of black letter law in the Michigan Law curriculum, permits aren’t exactly the sort of apocryphal, atypical legal measure one tends to find on one page in one book buried in the deepest nether regions of the stacks and under the protection of the industry standard seven seals. But honestly, it couldn’t be helped – generally permits are obtained weeks, if not months, in advance, and no one really knew the country was going to go all Ted Haggard (pre-sex ‘n’ meth scandal, natch) come November.

That being said, and having worked at a public defender’s office, I generally find it incredibly easy to complain about the police. Now, this inclination can be taken with a veritable pillar of salt, as other than a difficult to repress Outkast-born urge to yell “Hootie Hoo” when I see cops and my gay ex-roommate’s police beefcake calendar, my first-person penal interactions (go ahead, get the giggles here) have generally been limited to the occasional courthouse nod and speeding tickets. Pretty much everything else is secondhand knowledge.

Regardless, Ann Arbor Police in particular seem to be sort of a rare breed – not so much erratic as their general hard-assedness seems to be in inverse proportion to the seriousness of the crime in question. Make an illegal turn, and they’re all over you like white on the proverbial rice, report an incredibly intoxicated driver, and it’ll take them so long to show up that the driver will have time to hit two cars, speed off, come back ten minutes later, take a leak in an alley, pass out on the hood of his car for another few minutes, possibly participate in a drug deal, and speed off again. Pee in public at the football game, get unceremoniously hauled off, stage a 400 person rally without permits, and they’ll block intersections, smiling and nodding as you walk on by.

So clearly, even though we’d called the police to let them know what was going on this past Saturday, we still weren’t exactly sure about what would actually happen during the rally/march itself. I personally decided to treat it like a potential car accident – memorize phone numbers and wear good underwear. So after donning a special pair of super nifty arrest panties, I headed out into the crappiest weather so far this year, and was promptly met with a completely anticlimactic police encounter, notable only for how nice all the officers were.

Now that all the danger has passed, though, I’m of course completely obsessed with what could have happened. (In my fevered imaginings it’s very Boston Legal meets Oz, when clearly the most that would’ve occurred is likely a couple of hours in the Washtenaw County jail, but whatever.) Conveniently enough, my newfound preoccupation with possible incarceration ties in nicely with what it’s arguably the last place in which you’d like (or be able to) exercise the practice. Conjugal visits are limited to sixty minutes in duration, which, at first blush, might seem like a fairly reasonable amount of time, but when 69% of men and 71% of women in the US dated back to 1918, was apparently the first state to proffer conjugal visits, it’s arguably the last place in which you’d like (or be able to) exercise the practice. Conjugal visits are limited to sixty minutes in duration, which, at first blush, might seem like a fairly reasonable amount of time, but when 69% of men and 71% of women in the US reported their average sexual encounter – from first kiss to last spasm – as lasting between 15 and 60 minutes, it’s maybe not so much. Furthermore, a wholly unscientific poll conducted by the RG staff placed the average male refractory period at approximately 10 minutes (at least for male law students between ages 20 and 30). So presuming one doesn’t engage in any idle chatter upon entering what I’m sure is a lovely and sumptuous “bedroom-like environment” provided by the Magnolia State’s Department of Corrections (I envision something like the road to hell is paved with erroneous Wiki-cites.)

Though Mississippi, where the practice dates back to 1918, was apparently the first state to proffer conjugal visits, it’s arguably the last place in which you’d like (or be able to) exercise the practice. Conjugal visits are limited to sixty minutes in duration, which, at first blush, might seem like a fairly reasonable amount of time, but when 69% of men and 71% of women in the US reported their average sexual encounter – from first kiss to last spasm – as lasting between 15 and 60 minutes, it’s maybe not so much. Furthermore, a wholly unscientific poll conducted by the RG staff placed the average male refractory period at approximately 10 minutes (at least for male law students between ages 20 and 30). So presuming one doesn’t engage in any idle chatter upon entering what I’m sure is a lovely and sumptuous “bedroom-like environment” provided by the Magnolia State’s Department of Corrections (I envision something like the road to hell is paved with erroneous Wiki-cites.)

I’m moderately concerned that they know something I don’t.

Like, say, anything about conjugal visits.

Thus, this week, readers, we’re all in a position to learn something new. (There really should have been a Schoolhouse Rock about incarceration.) What I’d do without everyone’s favorite series of tubes is entirely beyond me. (Ok, that’s a lie – I’d pick up a book or several, but it’d sure as hell take longer.)

Conjugal or, as they’re often euphemistically called in the states that retain them, “extended family visits,” are actually a relatively uncommon practice in the United States. No federal prison allows prison rookie, and only five (or six, Connecticut still being in dispute among various internet sources at the time of print) state systems allow them: Mississippi, California, New York, New Mexico, and Washington. (Now might be an excellent moment to admonish one and all to not trust Wikipedia, whose “conjugalvisits” claims that there are seven states that allow same, the questionable Connecticut and the outright false South Dakota being among that number; the road to hell is paved with erroneous Wiki-cites.)

CONTINUED on Page 19
By Michaela & Liz

The Food Court:

How to Cook a Sacred Cow

... Errr, Turkey

First, find your orange vest and a shotgun ... *** several days later, you're ready for plucking! At this point, you'll need a very, very, very large pot of boiling water, an equally large pot of ice water, tweezers, and a lot of patience ... 

Proper technique for preparing a wild turkey aside (um, unscrew the cap?), we have a little disagreement. You see, while Michaela strongly adheres to the traditional incarnation of Thanksgiving, Liz is bored. Really bored. No, incredibly, Civil Procedurally, bored with pumpkin pie, stuffing, and green bean casserole. Not to mention that foulest of fowl, the turkey. So, to give you one last exposure to our insanity before you gleefully jaunt to Aunt Mildred's annual shindig (including kitsch-tastic pilgrim centerpiece)....

**Turkey**

Michaela: I used to have a recipe for turkey that involved the classic herbs (parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...) and about half a pound of butter being rubbed under the skin and thrown in the cavity. It involved frequent basting, and adding more butter, and turning and fusssing and homemade stock, but it created an unbelievably beautiful, juicy, flavorful bird and the best gravy ever. Its probably a good thing I've lost the recipe. That said, I usually do something along those lines. I'm not going to give a recipe, but I do have advice on picking one out:

1. Fresh herbs - they're much more delicious than the dried ones. If your recipe calls for dried, substitute fresh herbs, converting the teaspoons into tablespoons since dried herbs are more potent than fresh.

2. If possible, find a recipe that involves rubbing the seasoning under the skin and figure out how to do it. It's not that difficult, and it gives the meat more flavor.

3. Don't brine - it makes salty pan juices that are useless for gravy. But if you must, it is an easy way to add flavor and salt to your bird.

4. Don't stuff the bird, it takes too long for the stuffing to cook through and the breasts will get dried out. And besides, it absorbs all the precious pan juices which you will be wanting to make gravy.

**Gravy**

Which brings us to gravy. We both agree on very traditional gravy, which means you must make homemade stock. Its brainlessly easy to do, and makes the gravy and everything you put it on a thousand times better. The most difficult part is planning ahead. You just get a bunch of backs, wings, feet and other boney cheap cuts, toss them with oil and salt and pepper and roast for an hour or so until they are roasty brown looking. Then you cover them with water, add a quartered onion, some celery and carrots, and maybe some of those extra fresh herbs you have and simmer them until the bones break easily. Usually around 2 1/2 hours. Don't boil, simmer! Boiling causes the fat and the proteins to bind and your stock will be cloudy. When you're done simmering, strain out the solids, let the stock cool to room temp and stick it in the fridge overnight. The next day, you will have chicken jell-o. Scrape the fat off the top and gently reheat it to get your jell-o back to liquid. On another note, a rather famous lesson I had from my father for the flour in the gravy: "don't substitute powdered sugar for the flour in the gravy." I strongly disagreed with him on this point when the incident occurred, but in retrospect I believe he was right.

As far as making the actual gravy goes, the basics are to fry one part flour and one part fat for a couple minutes, then add a little stock, stir & simmer, add a little more stock, stir & simmer, and so on and so on until the stock stops thickening. Then you know you've gone too far so you stir in some beurre manié, and it all gets better. What's beurre manié, you say? That's what you did with the all the fat you skimmed off the stock. You mixed it with equal parts flour and rolled it into little teaspoon sized balls and froze them to have on hand in individually portioned quantities to thicken gravies, soups, stews and other things that might need thickening. So add one of those to your liquidy gravy, stir and cook it for a couple minutes, and if the gravy doesn't thicken, add another. Note - what your bird is doing while you make gravy is known as resting, not as getting cold. Let the animal hang out - it will cook itself another 5 degrees or so while it waits for you to make its sauce. Turkeys are very accommodating like that.

**Stuffing**

Michaela: I don't like stuffing, I don't make it. Period.

Liz: Ok, I'll weigh in here. Stuffing/dressing is basically the only part of a traditional Turkey-day that I really like. Call me a carbo-loader. Whatever. This is how I make dressing (Stuffing is cooked in the bird. Whatever you call it, don't cook it in the bird - there are salmonella issues and the turkey will be even more spectacularly awful because it will overcook in the time that it takes the dressing to cook through. Michaela mentioned this above, but it bears reiterating). This makes enough for about 12 really good eaters, 14 or 16 less hungry people.

Cut some good yeast-raised bread (cornbread is another matter) in 1/4 to 1/2 inch cubes until you have about 6 cups. Spread it out on a couple of cookie sheets and put it in the oven (no heat) for a couple days to dry out (it should not be...
moist in the middle). You can do this waaaayy in advance, put it in plastic bags and throw it in the freezer.

The night before you want to serve (or just a few hours), cook 1.5 lbs. pork breakfast sausage (or andouille or chorizo for spiciness, but leave out the dried sage later) in a large, deep skillet over medium heat. Break it apart with a spoon and cook through. Drain (leave a couple tablespoons of fat in the pan), put in a huge bowl, and set aside. Using the residual sausage fat in the pan, sauté 2 large onions, 4 stalks celery, and 2 small carrots (all minced finely). Add 3 or 4 garlic cloves, crushed and minced, toward the end. Put that in the huge bowl with the sausage. Chop ¾ of a pound of button mushrooms and sauté them in the pan (you’ll probably have to add a little olive oil or butter to keep them from sticking). Add to huge bowl. Add about 2 tablespoons of dried sage, 1 tablespoon dried thyme, a good, long grinding of black pepper (no salt yet) to the bowl. Mix together with your hands. Add the bread cubes and mix together some more. Now, the hard part. Pour in 2 cups chicken stock (be fanatical and make it Chaela’s way above or just use a stock cube – you won’t hurt my feelings). Mix together and let it sit for about 1 hour. After that time, break apart a few of the bread cubes. If they are soaked all the way through – DON’T ADD ANY MORE STOCK. If they are only soaked through halfway, add more stock in ½ cup increments until the bread cubes are soaked nearly all the way, but still have a little nugget of dryness left. Pile everything in a (big) buttered pan and smooth the top. Dot with butter and bake at 350 until browning on top, about 40 minutes. Helpful hint: I’ve had to bake dressing on a gas grill before (not enough oven space at my cousin’s house) – it works, just watch the thermometer so that it doesn’t get black on the bottom.

Mashed potatoes

These are fairly easy to not bungle, just don’t over beat them lest you end up with wall paper paste. Its also good to start them in cold water and bring them to gentle boil, they cook more evenly that way. Lastly, if you’re unsure, here’s a tip I learned from my father “more butter always makes it better.”

Cranberry Sauce

We always have two cranberry sauces on our table – my mother’s blitzen berries and cranberry sauce a la Bart. To learn to make it a la Bart, you need to watch more classic Simpsons until, like my brother, you can quote entire episodes verbatim with only a floor pie for a prompt. My mom’s recipe, on the other hand, I will give you here. I would like to note, my mother’s cooking generally falls into the category of “things we don’t talk about.” Consequently, this is the only recipe I have from her, which is what make it part of my connecting-to-family concept of Thanksgiving. Due to her level of skill in the kitchen, it is very complicated: One orange, one bag of cranberries, 1/2 c sugar or more to taste. Remove stem of orange, quarter it. Put everything in the food processor and blitz the bejeebzees out of it. Add more sugar until its sweet enough for you.

Green beans

Michaela: Umm, yeah…this is what got me and Liz fighting. My dirty little secret is that I love the Campbell’s gloop (just look online for the recipe). I don’t care how chemically unnatural it is, or how salty, and that it completely obscures any semblance of green beans. Thanksgiving is my license to indulge in foodie sin, and I take it.

Liz: Having a general aversion to canned fried onions and a specific aversion to the mixture of green beans, canned soup, and canned fried onions, I’m going to suggest something radical. This Thanksgiving, go Chinese. Mince finely about 1 1/2 inches of fresh ginger and 2 fat cloves of garlic. Set aside. In a small cup, stir together 1 1/2 tablespoons water, 1 1/2 tablespoons soy sauce, and 1 teaspoon sesame oil. Thinly slice six green onions. Now, heat a large frying pan over medium high heat. Add a tablespoon of peanut or canola oil, swirl, then throw in (quickly) 1 pound of green beans (or long beans cut into 2 inch lengths, for preference). Toss them around a couple times to coat with oil, then leave them alone for about thirty seconds, toss again, and so on, until they are mostly cooked and splotchy brown in parts (about 5 minutes). Add the green onions, ginger, and garlic and toss until the green onions start to wilt. Stir in the soy sauce mixture and toss just until the liquid evaporates. Serve with or without a sprinkle of sesame seeds. By the way, the 1 1/4 pound or so of ground pork (not too fatty) cooked first, drained, and then tossed in at the end would not be amiss.

Salad

If all the other fruits and vegetables on the table are going to be steeped in butter, sugar, or cream of mushroom soup, its refreshing to have some sort of real vegetable on the table. While very basic, the flavors of this salad dressing provide a very nice palate cleanser. It is also, not surprisingly, another family recipe, this one handed down to Michaela by her grandmother. Shake in a cruet or jar:

3 T olive oil
3 T canola oil (I think this recipe dates to a time when olive oil was a premium ingredient, and the canola oil was a way to cut in something cheap. I still use it anyway, but I’m sure you could use all olive oil).
3 T fresh lemon juice
1 T dijon
1 clove garlic, minced
1 t sugar
S&P to taste

Pie

Being an ardent pie fan, Liz feels no great compulsion to dissuade you from gorging on a broad selection of pastry-encased goodies on November 27 (or any other date, come to that). However, even the gooey delight that is pecan pie can get a bit tired. Luckily, an alternative that keeps with the season hails from Southeast Asia, the delight that is Coconut Custard Pumpkin.

CONTINUED on Page 18
Law School Halloween Party
10-31-08

People you meet at law school

THE OLD GUY
Typically in his mid-30s (or older), sporting a beard and wearing old fashion clothes and a one-size-water
cut-off, the old guy eagerly for out of school and a desire for a career change, a middle age hit.

THE FRAT BOY
The law school frat boy generally comes in the pretty boy and the party animal. The an inordinate amount of time and money he
investing heavily in khaki and leopard pants,
rearing him may be for him by the
school, attempts to make the most of his
on earth-by partying. The end boy tends
to the arranges, who can appreciate the
and frequency tendencies.

THE BFFs
Groups of two or more female students are
attracted to the hop. Defining characteristics
of girls will be roughly at the same level as
change and will quickly become familiar for
who are 10-31-08, and girls will be
appropriate money (how much pink BFFs are
with you) as well as (how much
of the funds (women's payments).
@ the Cavern Club

Photos by Tori Roth
CONTINUED from Page 1

after a country club bombing committed by a black rebel group. With tears in her eyes, the woman testified in front of the Commission that she wanted to meet the perpetrator of the heinous crime, forgive him, and ask for his forgiveness. On both sides of the struggle, the Archbishop then explained, most of those who committed acts of violence during the apartheid era were ordinary human beings, the same as anyone in the audience before him. But such moving testimony, while extremely painful to hear, convinced him that man does indeed possess a glorious spirit of kindness and the power to effect positive change. “None in the [South African] community could claim we had not ourselves been deeply wounded by the ghastliness of apartheid,” remarked Archbishop Tutu, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984. “But we chose to walk the path of forgiveness and reconciliation rather than revenge and retribution.”

The audience was particularly moved to hear the Archbishop describe how the world watched as Nelson Mandela emerged from his prison cell in 1990. When Mandela was elected South Africa’s first black president, Archbishop Tutu admitted to the crowd that he was at a loss to describe the emotions he felt as he voted for the first time at the age of 63. Responding to his own rhetorical question of how to explain the ineffable feeling of freedom, he questioned, “How do you describe falling in love?” His lecture, immensely powerful in both substance and presentation, brought the audience to its feet four times throughout its duration.

10/30/2008

To listen live to the stirring rhetoric of a great person is a powerful experience. But to obtain a glimpse of his personality in a much more intimate setting and to understand the way he views the world is, I think, quite another. Due to the efforts of the Wallenberg Committee and the Michigan Immigration and Labor Law Association (MILLA), a handful of Michigan Law students were presented with both rare opportunities when the Archbishop visited. Fewer than 24 hours after his unforgettable Wallenberg lecture, 77-year old Archbishop Tutu was discussing with a captive audience of twelve law students his thoughts on current events and the unbounded promise of our global society. His remarks were interspersed with humorous anecdotes, reflective of the zest for life and inner strength that defines the Archbishop’s spirit. One cannot help but wonder how an individual could harbor such optimism despite all the suffering he both witnessed and experienced. But after hearing the Archbishop describe a single human being’s ability and power to act for good, it becomes clear that his resolute spirit developed as a direct result of what he endured in his nation’s pursuit of freedom.

The students represented all three law school classes, had varying professional goals, and hailed from vastly different backgrounds. But after questioning each individual, the Archbishop pointed out that the twelve of us were united by our passion for public service. In a profession that is often chosen simply for personal satisfaction and economic gain, that common bond was remarkable in itself, he explained.

Describing how moved he felt to hear our aspirations, the Archbishop emphatically stated, “Thank you for all the work you will do. You are our salvation.” The immense gratitude and honor was truly ours however. To speak so openly with someone whose name inspires people around the world and will forever be tied to the history of the South African nation is a rare and unforgettable privilege.

During the conversation, one student asked how the Archbishop handled the rage he must have felt when listening to the painful accounts of violence during the Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings. His answer was memorable for its content as well as its conviction: At first, the Archbishop solemnly described a particularly horrifying account of sexual abuse a female victim testified to during the hearings. He did this to illustrate the extent of anger and sadness members of the court experienced each day. Archbishop Tutu then stated that there were psychologists on hand for the tribunal’s members. Pausing for a moment, he then said it was regrettable that not enough attention was paid to the courtroom interpreters, who had to narrate the witnesses’ accounts...
in the first person. He observed that many interpreters did not even realize how profoundly the testimony had affected them until they discovered tears streaming onto the keyboard. Returning to his answer, the Archbishop said it was with much help from loved ones, who provided shoulders to cry on and ears to listen with, that he was able to express his emotions instead of suppressing them. He also mentioned daily exercise as a means of clearing the mind and keeping it healthy. Sometimes, the Archbishop went on to admit, he would throw his hands up into the air and ask why God had allowed such horrific incidents to happen. A smile instantly crept across his face and with a twinkle in his eye, he concluded, “But God is used to me pestering him often and He hears it from all sides.”

At another moment, the Archbishop mused that one of us may go on to become a Supreme Court justice or a world leader. When we laughed, he shot back, “Why is that so surprising? Many things were once thought impossible.” He cited the abolition of slavery and women’s suffrage as two causes most thought would not succeed. “And, we were also told ending apartheid was impossible,” he concluded. We could not dispute him on that point, and I left profoundly affected by those words. Several days later, when the first African-American president in our nation’s history was elected, they were again at the forefront of my mind.

We as students examine the ideals of justice, freedom, and equality within the confines of a classroom, a valuable lesson most assuredly. But Archbishop Tutu has demonstrated in the course of his life what it actually means to fight for and ultimately attain those three noble virtues. Twelve of us listened intently as he roused a crowd of thousands and then later we conversed individually with the same man. As I now glance over the notes I jotted hours after the lunchtime conversation we had with the Archbishop, I am struck by one observation in particular: “All law students left deeply moved – palpable feeling of inspiration. I still feel it.”

Shekar Krishnan is vice-president of MILLA and served on the Wallenberg committee. He can be reached for comment or questions at krishn@umich.edu.

Turn the Page for More Tutu Photos!
Desmond Tutu at Michigan

Photos (top p. 12, top left p. 13) by Tori Roth
All other photos by Matt Weiser
“At another moment, the Archbishop mused that one of us may go on to become a Supreme Court Justice or a world leader.”
Pursuing Innocence

CONTINUED from Page 3

that they will continue to happen.

Professor Gross and I will bring a unique combination of perspectives to the classroom for students to dig in to. I am not the conventional person to line up in the classroom. Hopefully, this will provide a certain richness to what otherwise could be an ordinary course in criminal justice. Professor Gross and I have an incredible amount of knowledge about the innocence movement and where it is going, and the whole idea of this class is to help people to have their own epiphany about the criminal justice system. I have great faith in the system, but it has a way to go if we're going to relieve these systemic and cultural problems. It works, but it breaks down too often.

RG: Do you have any advice or words of warning for students who are interested in pursuing a career in criminal justice?

MP: For any student interested in criminal justice, there are tremendous opportunities out there to make the system better and help transform it by bringing new perspectives and energy. Far too often, the system doesn't want to move because that's the way it has always been, not because there are good reasons to stay in the same place. I think the most important skill is to have the ability to recognize certain flawed elements so that when you run across them in your own life, you will be able to recognize opportunities for correction and think critically about them.

Sacred Turkey

CONTINUED from Page 11

Buy a can of coconut cream (not milk, cream - it's nearly the consistency of lotion) and a smallish (2 pounds or so) pie pumpkin or other winter squash with a sizeable cavity (think kabocha or even acorn). When you're ready, preheat the oven to 325. Cut the squash in some way that it will stand up on its own, but do NOT cut anywhere other than where you will pour in the custard (trust me, I learned the hard way). Hollow it out and pour in water until it comes up about 1/2 inch clear of the top. Pour the water into a measuring cup. Divide that quantity by three - that is how much coconut cream, brown sugar, and egg yolks you will need to fill the squash. For a small pie pumpkin you will probably need approximately 2/3 cup of each (about 6 large egg yolks). Put the squash in a cake pan or similarly sized oven-safe container and set aside.

Combine the appropriate quantity of coconut cream, brown sugar, and egg yolks with a pinch of salt in a small saucepan. Stir over low heat until it thickens, about 5 minutes. Pour into squash cavity. Pour enough very hot water (from the tap is fine) into the baking pan to reach about 1/2 inch up the side of the squash. Bake for about 2 hours - a knife inserted in the center will come out relatively clean (not perfectly) and the top will be somewhat browned - it will still jiggle somewhat. Cool on a plate to room temperature, then slice top to bottom and serve with a spoon. Delicious and very, very rich.

If all of that sounded terribly interesting to you, and you'd like to take advantage of this amazing (and limited time) addition to the faculty, you can still attempt to register for Innocent Defendants during the drop/add period next month.

The RG editorial board has yet to convince the authors of The Food Court to cook for us. It's grossly unfair, right? Express your outrage at rg@umich.edu.
Conjugal Visits

CONTINUED from Page 9

LC), and the sexual encounter in question is basically a 15 minute pump-and-dump, there's still only time for, what, two sexual episodes? And forget about basking in the afterglow.

Not just anyone can qualify for conjugal visits, questionably satisfying though they may be. Some states, including Mississippi and New York (Doe v. Coughlin, 518 N.E.2d 536), won't allow conjugal visits for inmates with “communicable” diseases, like HIV/ AIDS or tuberculosis. States that allow these visits tend to reserve the privilege to minimum security or non-violent offenders who haven’t had any recent rule violations, the visiting partner can’t be wearing any salacious or revealing clothing, and the couple in question had better be married and prepared to prove it by the non-incarcerated spouse bringing a marriage license. (Though in California, as of 2007, registered domestic partners count, making California the first state to officially sanction the gay conjugal visit; in Canada, by comparison, inmates can actually marry each other.)

California also favors a different visitation style, with up to 72 hour overnight visits wherein the couple (or family, in some cases/states) can cook and eat together, sleep together, sit around and watch TV and perhaps even do the do in a trailer or apartment-like setting. There is a downside, however. Whereas in Mississippi, where some sources state that one could have conjugal visits as often as weekly (all other requirements and restrictions having been satisfied), in California these visits occur far less frequently, with most sources citing between three and six months between visits. Beyond that, if the trailer’s a rockin’ someone will inevitably come a knockin’, as guards check up on the inmates every four hours to make sure no one’s escaped. If all that potential coital interrupting weren’t problematic on its own, visitors are only allowed to bring 10 condoms (which just... doesn’t seem like enough, somehow – God forbid one breaks, or you have a bad batch, or improperly store them in a patch of that notorious California sunshine, or something).

Conjugal visits were originally implemented to incentivize hard work and good behavior among inmates, but now states generally justify them as a method to prevent recidivism preserve familial bonds. (Which seems to work, at least somewhat - Criminal Justice and Behavior, Vol. 18, No. 3, 318-331 (1991).) Despite the fact that in some states the inmates have to pay for their extended family visits, placing minimal burden on the taxpayer, conjugal visits remain fairly controversial, however, as many see no sex as being one of the expected downsides of prison. Courts have, on the whole, clearly and unambiguously declared that the conjugal visit doesn’t qualify as a privacy right, marital or otherwise, and states that lack such visitations are not engaging in cruel and unusual punishment. Obviously I must, respectfully, dissent, but if that’s at all surprising, than I’m fairly certain we’ve never met.

What may come as a greater shock is the fact that I’m not alone in my sentiment that this policy isn’t particularly helpful. Conjugal visits are much more common outside of the US (where the other 75% of the world’s incarcerated are held). In particular, most of the Americas, both to our north and south, have a vastly different attitude towards sex while imprisoned, with some particularly intriguing language coming out of Argentina, where one decision states that, “depriving an inmate of his intimate visits, and freedom of sexual relations, is going beyond the penalty imposed by sentence and affects his personal relationships and the freedom of sexual choice that is part of the complete development of the personality...” This acknowledgement of the importance of sex in how we construct ourselves as human beings is similarly, if perhaps with varying degrees of explicitness, recognized in other nations like Mexico and Canada, and has proved to be the basis of one of the LGBTQ movement’s first major victories in Latin America, where it’s been held that, as in California, the state should respect the sexual choices of its inmates and not privilege heterosexual intimacy over homosexual.

Now that? That’s the sort of policing I can get behind.

Special shout out this week to David Brown for his general knowledge and mad translating skillz, without which the vagaries of Argentinean law might’ve remained shrouded in mystery. Got a question? Email our local sex columnist at aerooks@umich.edu, pendaflex your query in the dead of night, or do like the rest of your classmates and just walk up and ask her. Don’t worry, she won’t judge.

Save Your Inner Nerd

CONTINUED from Page 7

permitting).

From libraries to coffee shops to all-night diners, there are many places to go get away from the stress of the law school at finals. Get out and save yourself.

Carla Lee is the Web Editor of the RG - she can be reached for questions or suggestions at rg@umich.edu.
Law School Events

Wednesday, Nov. 19

Resume Review (APALSA) - Stop by the APALSA office to get your resume reviewed by 2Ls/3Ls who have worked in firms, public interest, government, in house, and abroad. 11/10 – 11/21, Mondays through Fridays, from 11-1 and 3-5 PM; APALSA office.

Award-Winning Dahlia Lithwick to Speak (ACS) - Lithwick, contributing editor at Newsweek and senior editor at Slate will speak. She has covered the Microsoft trial, pending Supreme Court Cases and other legal issues for Slate. She received the Online News Association’s award for online commentary in 2001, and was recognized by a Legal Affairs magazine poll as one of the top 20 legal thinkers in America. Lunch served. 12:20 - 1:20 PM; 218 HH.

Thursday, Nov. 20th

Opportunities for Animal Law in Michigan (SALDF) - Join us for a discussion with Bee Friedlander, attorney, member of Michigan Bar Association’s Animal Law Section, and Managing Director of the Animals and Society Institute. Ms. Friedlander will be speaking with us about animal law in Michigan, and about opportunities for law students and attorneys to advance animal rights through the law. Non-pizza lunch will be served. 12:20-1:20 PM; Location TBD.

Tax Training: Checkpoint/RIA (Tax Law Society) - This training will be given by a Westlaw tax expert. Checkpoint/RIA is one of the most widely used research systems in tax law practice. Lunch provided. 12:20 - 1:15 PM; 138 HH.

Tuesday, Nov. 25

Special Interests Job Panel (OPIS) - Each week OPIS hosts public service job panels with 2Ls and 3Ls discussing their summer job experiences with either public interest or government positions. These experienced students’ tips and advice will help students navigate the summer job hunt. 12:20 - 1:10 PM; 150 HH.

Sunday, Dec. 21

Call for Submissions (Scribbles!) - Scribbles!, Michigan Law’s literary journal, is accepting submissions of short stories, poetry, photography, artwork, and anything else you can imagine. See our website (http://students.law.umich.edu/scribbles/wordpress/) or email submissions to scribbles.michiganlaw@gmail.com or jbranj@umich.edu by the end of the day Sunday, Dec. 21. 11:59 PM; online.

Case Notes!

We know people are starting to stress, so here’s an easy one - can you name this case, often covered on the very first day of Torts class? Answer on p. 8!

Submit your visual/creative/just plain wacky representations of prominent cases to rg@umich.edu - you could end up published!

Cannibal Pumpkin Photo by Tori Roth