

**blackacre 1997**  
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This photograph is all that remains of our beloved, award-winning, dysfunctional lifts. Sigh. A caption competition run by SALS elicited this one (and only) emotional tribute—"Open the pad door, Ha!" (?-ed). A portion of this photograph is the header to the "Student Profiles" section. Photograph by Ishanthi Gunawardana.

## BLACKACRE 1997

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

The task of completing *Blackacre 1997* has left me somewhat sympathetic with the labours of the legendary King Sisyphus, condemned for eternity to push a stone up a hill. OK, OK, in retrospect it may not be that traumatic but after months of information scavenging, harrasing people for contributions, declining requests to have phone numbers and marital status as mandatory inclusions in the profile section (hello? this is not a dating service), glaring at the wall for inspiration only to find the word sex posted up in 36 different fonts and a most impressive crash by our temperamental computer, it would almost be an injustice to this humble book not to note that there has been copious amounts of sheer editing pleasure [Oh-and have I mentioned the fact that editing was brought to yet another spectacular halt when an essential piece of computer hardware was kindly stolen within a breath of finishing?].

Having got that off my chest, what can you expect to find in your yearbook? Well, from the outset there has been a considerable degree of pressure upon *Blackacre 1997* to attain the standard of the reasonable yearbook-you know, humorous-and it may well be, provided your funny bone is vaguely similar to those contributors who fancied themselves as witty. However, my hope is that when you read this year's publication you will glean from within its darkened covers a fleeting glimpse of the graduating class of '97, the friends, the acquaintances, those you hope to forget, the momentous occasions, the celebrated soirees, those you hope to forget, the ubiquitous politics, the arduous exams, especially those you hope to forget (long live the Equity bomber!), those who left us in awe, those who made us laugh, the intellectual fervour, the personal endeavour, the memorable year and, of course, the milestone-another degree to clutter the resume of your typical, personality-type A over achiever (just read the profile section).

Not only was this our final year but this year also sees us saying goodbye to some of the great bastions of the Law Faculty. Dianne Skapinker and Ron McCallum have both been lured away to work in private practice (well, almost) whilst Colin Phegan has been appointed a judge of the District Court. We wish them luck. This year also marked the construction of new lifts (yippee!), saw Level 12 be revamped in hues of grey (yick!) and the shaky introduction of a new seminar system where even hardened lecture avoiders were forced to attend in the name of passing. It was the year we consumed delectable white chocolate terrine whilst bopping to the tunes of Romeo & Juliet at the impeccably organised Ball and the year that some of us were effortlessly naked in the Revue. As usual there were those who were involved in just about everything whether it be confronting fee increases, liaising with administration, mooing, advocating a republic, sport, CALS or co-ordinating shindigs (just to name a few). However, as you will see from the student profiles, it was ultimately each individual personality that added their own piece of humanity to the class of 1997.

Now, like any good Academy Award recipient, I have people to thank. My deepest thanks goes to Joel Fabre, without whose ingenuity and patience this publication would not have seen the light of day. I would also like to thank all those who took the time to contribute-even in the smallest possible way-those who brainstormed ideas, those who offered advice, those who efficiently typed and especial thanks to those friends who benevolently endured my whining everytime another disaster occurred. As we all embark upon our long-awaited careers may the trials and tribulations of your time at Sydney Law School hold you in good stead in the many years to come.

I give you *Blackacre 1997*. Farewell and good luck.

**Ishanthi Gunawardana**

Editor



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THE  
UNION

# MESSAGE FROM THE DEAN

*Blackacre* has a very special place in the archives of Sydney Law School. It is a place where the impressions of the graduating class—about themselves—about each other—are recorded. These reminiscences are written with a delightful confidence and ingenuousness that is at once affectionate, disarming and prophetic. These notes take their place alongside the years of such collegial accounts which are held in *Blackacre*'s pages. They become a wonderful source for amused reflection in later life—indeed they may come back to haunt you.



These reflections of each other are the essence of Sydney Law School. It is your memories recorded here which contain what truly is your Law School. Treasure these memories. Retain your memories of each other as we retain our memories of you. Join in the many alumni activities which the Sydney University Law Graduates' Association (SULGA) arranges. And never lose touch with us.

To the class of 1997 may I add my own personal wishes of good luck and congratulations. It has been a very special year.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rosalind Atherton".

**Associate Professor Rosalind Atherton**

ACTING DEAN

# PRESIDENT'S REPORT



**As we leave law school**, and as memories of bombing equity exams, Bar Coluzzi and Pete Barnett syndicate notes begin to fade, this publication of *Blackacre* serves to define what it was like to be a final year law student in 1997.

Captured within these pages are images of a diverse student body, from different backgrounds, with different interests and embarking on different futures. But there is one recurring theme. Reading these student profiles one is struck by the strength of friendship many have forged while at law school. This web of friendship reaches out to every individual and ties us all together. Above all, it is inspiring to see the courage which people in our year have shown in the face of true adversity, and the compassion which their friends have shown them in return. With such friendships, now is not a time to be worried about an uncertain future, it is a time to be excited.

It was the genuine aim of the 1997 Sydney University Law Society committee to encourage this sense of community and friendship at Law School.

To this end, we sought to build upon the work of previous SALS committees through a wide range of activities, and yet introduce a greater degree of imagination, creativity and lateral thinking.

## **1. The re-organisation of SALS**

The SALS Committee of 1997 has re-organised the approach to representing the interests of law students at Sydney University. First, to represent as many interest groups as possible at Law School, we put together a committee consisting of a diverse mix of students from different years and different groups.

The committee then focussed on the way SALS communicates with the student body. We erected one large notice board on Level 5 to supersede all the many smaller noticeboards scattered around the building. We restructured *Hearsay*, appointing a team of

editors who now produce the newsletter weekly.

Our next task was to re-structure the SALS office to ensure greater efficiency. We updated the SALS letterhead, consolidated the computer system by installing the most recent software, and bought a new printer. We are in the process of installing a fax, modem and scanner, and already have an internet home page designed. We felt it was essential for SALS to keep abreast of technology especially so that the publications - *Blackacre*, *Polemic*, *Hearsay*, the *Careers Guide* and *Dungeons and Dragons* - could all be published cost effectively.

At the Annual General Meeting we overhauled the SALS Constitution. Hopefully this will make the SALS committee function better, with the creation of two new positions and giving greater job specificity to all the executive positions.





In previous years, the new SALS Committee is often forced to finish jobs from the previous year. This year, we passed over the SALS administration completely free of any encumbrances. We were also able to leave a very healthy surplus in the accounts for the new committee.

We have ensured that younger students were involved with SALS in 1997 so that they could observe our work, and decide how they would like to improve upon it. We also compiled a "change-over pack" This is a bound copy of every decision, letter, document, poster or publication SALS has produced this year. This way, the new committee will be able to rely on the work from 1997 as a base from which to consolidate and build upon.

## 2. Seminar Style Teaching

This year the law faculty moved from lecture style teaching to seminar style teaching. The committee expected that there could be teething problems during the transition. Thus we organised a survey of all students for their initial feedback, and gave the results to the Faculty. We also held a feed-back forum with the Acting Dean, Rosalind Atherton. Students were able to vent their frustration, present their suggestions, and ask any questions. We also organised a "Questions and Answers" sheet to explain why there were enrolment difficulties. Finally, we invited any concerns, comments or sug-

gestions from students, and one SALS member sat on the Teaching and Curriculum Committee to address the transition to seminar style teaching.

## 3. Careers Service

This year, the SALS Committee felt that law students, being off-campus, had no formal careers service. We arranged for a series of careers talks, dealing with interview technique, resume writing and the job search. We then publishing a sixty page careers guide specifically for law students, featuring interview questions, interview technique, tips for the job search, alternative legal careers and careers in commercial law.

## 4. Schools Legal Education Group

The SALS Committee is also in the process of establishing the Schools Legal Education Group (SLEG). This programme sends law students to secondary schools to discuss basic principles of law with

Year 10 students. In the process, it is hoped that these students will be less intimidated by the legal profession, will better know their legal rights, and that some school students may be encouraged to study law themselves.

## 5. Social Events

A special note must be made about the 1997 Law Ball held at the Sydney Town Hall. The theme was the "Romeo and Juliet Masquerade Ball", and it was attended by over 600 students. It was replete with a world class organist, the Law Revue band and the usual sordid details best recounted over a beer. This year we have also built on the immensely successful cocktail parties of last year. We have held four such parties, attended by up to 450 students each party, and have averaged one ambulance per function. The inaugural Christmas party was attended by more than 600 people on level 5 and sadly we were forced to turn people away. Rest assured that the pool tables continued to

arouse interest this year.

## 6. The Introduction of Full Fee Paying Students

This year also saw the debate on the introduction of full fee paying local undergraduate students. SALS organised a petition among Sydney University law students, where the majority of law students expressed their opposition to the introduction of full fees for some local undergraduate students. Their opposition stemmed from the following arguments.

At a university level, students felt that the decision offended the principle of equal access to education on the basis of merit. There is evidence which suggests that full fees are racially discriminatory, and will perpetuate gender inequality and class division. For the general community, full fees have the potential to lock Australia into a two-tiered education system where richer universities thrive at the expense of newer, poorer or regional universities. In the future, it will



SALS Committee 1997 (from left to right): Sophie Coore-jna, Rowena Morley, Edward Palmisano, Gillian (Lin), Rob Smiles, Deina Richmond and David Rossini-Turner

make professions such as law even more exclusive, elitist and unrepresentative. If unchallenged, this decision marks the first step in an irreversible deterioration in higher education.

SULS has responded to full fees in the following ways. At the beginning of April, two SULS members participated in drafting a submission to the Higher Education Review Committee (The West Commission) opposing the differential HECS banding, the HECS repayment threshold, and up front fees. During April, we published a series of articles in Hearsay charting the Senate's decision and the Faculty's discussions concerning full fees.

At the end of May, we prepared a submission to the Faculty of Law opposing full fees. We outlined the students' objections to full fees and concluded with solutions and suggestions. The most controversial aspect of the submission was to question whether it was appropriate for an Acting Dean to take such a decision, or whether it would be better deferred until the appointment of the new Dean.

We decided to take the issue to our national law student body, the Australasian Law Students' Association. One SULS member presented a paper arguing that Australia has infringed its international human rights obligation to make tertiary education equally accessible to all on the basis of merit.

At the ALSA AGM, we made

the following submission: "That, pending legal advice, ALSA investigates the financial feasibility and legal strength of mounting a challenge to the Federal Government's legislation permitting full fee paying local undergraduate students and to those universities which are implementing that decision".

We watched students react to full fees in a number of ways. Some have been particularly destructive, smashing windows and besieging administrations. Other students have launched personal attacks on vice-chancellors and (former) Senator Vanstone. SULS chose to oppose full fees in a rational and objective way, working within a system that we ultimately opposed. To this end, we liaised constantly with the Acting Dean, Rosalind Atherton, and have maintained a good working relationship with her. Instead of launching only attacks or aggressive rhetoric, we have attempted, where possible, to present workable solutions to the funding cuts that threaten the university community. We feel that it is right to launch a legal challenge against full fees. It is the opinion of the SULS committee that full fees are a quick fix approach that bears little regard to the profound long term consequences for Sydney University

and the greater community.

I would like to conclude this report with my sincere thanks to everyone who has participated in and organised activities around law school. To the organisers of Mooting, Courtwatch, ALSA, the book-swaps, the Careers Fair, the Alternate Careers Fair, the Clerkship seminars, the Career workshops; to the editors of Hearsay, Blackacre, Dungeons and Dragons, Polemic and the Careers Guide; to the executive of the Law Revue; to the organisers of the Wine Tour, CALS, and SLEG; to those people who have organised and played in inter faculty and social sport, who attended the Law Olympics and who provided the discount gym tickets; to the students who have organised the final year photos, the graduation jerseys, the graduation lunch and the Final Year Package; to the Social Committee who organised the Law Ball, the Final Year Dinner, Free Lunches, the Level 5 cocktail parties, the semester parties, the Rejection

Letter Party, the Blind Date Nights and the Christmas Party; to the students who have sat on the Teaching and Curriculum Committee, the Income Generation Committee and Faculty Meetings - to all of these people I extend my sincere thanks. I believe that such activities have made life at Law School a richer experience for many students. I congratulate the incoming executive, and wish the incoming Presidents-Elect, Ben Sandstad and Tim Stephens, the best of luck for 1998. Finally, to the SULS Committee, I would like to thank you for your support, hard work and friendship.

**Edward Palmisano**



"Princess Lin" attending to the accounts

# PRIVATE POLICY

These tired grey walls have heard quite a lot,  
Rhetoric or law, I'm not quite sure what  
In soft morning shadows we steal below,  
Squinting, myopic, to burrow like moles.

In the austere, seeking some verity,  
The hierarchy forms, you enter the game.  
Another's rich tome is all that you'll need,  
In this wise relic of sacred repute.

Dissidence wanes, the pragmatic prevails,  
Ideology suffers in silence.

What is the reason to silently strive?  
A corporate reward for years in the dark?  
Youth made of yielding to get one's desserts,  
Of justice that's blind, if only we knew...

By Nicholas W. Hogan

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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AND THE AWARD GOES TO...

- "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter" Award**  
Sarah Rodriguez
- The Carlton United Breweries Scholarship**  
Mark Gunning
- "I Saved the Arts Faculty" Award**  
Jacob Horowitz
- Arnold Schwarzenegger Award**  
The Cast of the 1997 Law Revue (for trying)
- For being born with Pierce-Brosnan's Brain and Albert-Einstein's Looks (oops, sorry) Albert Einstein's Brain and Pierce Brosnan's Looks**  
Michael Davis
- Chic Chick Award**  
Katie Brough
- The Timelord**  
Edward Palmisano
- 50 Most Eligible Bachelors at Law School Award**  
Chris Feil
- Vidal Sassoon Award**  
Professor John Carter
- The LaCoste Fashion Award**  
Dr Roger Magnusson
- "Blue and Green Should Not Be Seen Without A Colour In Between" Award**  
Professor David Harland
- June Dally Watkins Finishing School for Young Ladies Award**  
Andrew Cochineas
- The Reasonable Officious Bystander Award ("Giant")**
- The International Roast Award**  
Nick Hogan ("What's the Mellita secret?" - Nick: "Is it the way they grind them?")
- The Women's Collective Award for Excellence in Gender Issues and Industrial Relations**  
Hugh Dive
- 'Sun-In' Award**  
Rachael Borny & Sophie Pennington
- The Equity Bomber**  
Walter Moose
- The FIG JAM Award (F\*\*K I'm Good, Just Ask Me)**  
(Insert a name of your choice—we're sure you know someone)
- Snugglepot & Cuddlepie Award**  
Alison Holmes & Charles Magoffin
- The Sherlock Holmes: Case of the Disappearing Level 7 Award**  
Helen Cooper & Fiona Cadzow
- "You Mean They're Offering Rugby Union Law at the Paddington RSL?" Award**  
Andrew Rich
- The Banshee**  
Ellis Wagner
- Mattel Award**  
Carolyn Wilson
- Where There's A Moot There's A Way Award**  
Kimberlee Weatherall, Houda Younan, Angela Seward & Deb Mazoudier
- The God of Lecturing**  
Ross Anderson

# 1997: THE ONE THAT PASSED YOU BY

**1997—a year like no other**—the year we all finally finished our LLB's. So what else happened in this most momentous of years? Lots of famous people died. Princess Diana was probably the most famous of the glittering array of persons

deceased, and her death was certainly one of the most spectacular: the chase with photographers, the expensive car, the glamorous princess, and her socially risky lover, Dodi Al Fayed, son of one of the most reviled men in Britain. There

were also the more mundane elements, the ones that actually caused the deaths of the participants in the drama—the high speed, the drunk driver and the lack of seatbelts.

There was a distinct eclipse cast over other world events around the time of her death. Can you remember where you were when you first heard the news? Social commentators everywhere compared the announcement to the broadcast of the news of the death of JFK, which everyone claims to remember. So if you're reading this in 2017, loosen your wig and gown and try

to think back. Closer to home, Michael Hutchence, the snake hiped<sup>1</sup> rock icon of the eighties (go on, admit it, you've sung along to Devil Inside when you thought there was no-one else around) took the ultimate fading star exit by dying, naked and surrounded by drugs, in a slightly run down luxury hotel.

Incidentally, while it took at least two weeks for the Princess Diana jokes to surface, someone e-mailed me a list of Michael Hutchence jokes before his identity was even formally released to the media. Mother Theresa, reactionary right-wing saviour of the poor, died in Calcutta. Unfortunately, her passing was somewhat overshadowed by the global hysteria over the aforementioned death of Di, but brief footage of her funeral did make it onto the evening news. Gianni Versace, the man famous for making Liz Hurley famous, died at the hands of a man dubbed 'The Gay Serial Killer'. The killer's father gave a media interview in which he seemed to be more distressed by allegations that his son had been a gay prostitute than that his son had murdered five people. It was a dangerous year to be a musician—Jeff Buckley drowned, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan succumbed to a British hospital, and John Denver crashed a plane which was said to have been like his music—light, but surprisingly down to earth.

The world's first cloned sheep, Dolly, was born in

England<sup>2</sup>. American researchers promptly revealed that they had been cloning things for years, a fact which President Bill Clinton probably should have tried to use to his advantage in the sexual harassment case brought against him by Paula Jones. He could have claimed that it was his Evil Clone who had exposed an extremely small penis with the characteristic upwards twist to Ms Jones in the Arkansas hotel room, and that he, Bill, knew nothing about it, and even if he did, he didn't inhale<sup>3</sup>. Woody Allen married his step-daughter, Soon-Yi, an action which should have come as absolutely no surprise to anyone who has followed the progress of his movies over the years<sup>4</sup>.

The Alpine Way collapsed at Thredbo, crushing two ski lodges and killing all the inhabitants except Stuart Diver, who was pulled from the rubble almost three days after the disaster. This somehow qualified him to be given a job as a Channel Seven Winter Olympics commentator, so if, my bewigged and begowned friends living in 2017, you still have any time to watch television, look out for him—he's probably got his own talk show by now. The Thredbo disaster was rudely pushed from the stage by (you guessed it) the death of Di, although there was at least one combined Diana and Thredbo joke<sup>5</sup>. The Taliban militia came to power in Afghanistan, closed all the universities, made all the women

princess diana was probably the most famous of the glittering array of persons deceased



stay indoors, made all the men grow beards and shot a few foreign journalists. This was somehow required by the Koran, although millions of Muslims seem to get by without facial hair or agoraphobic women. The issue of Koranic adherence will probably disappear over the next few years anyway, as no-one will be able to read.

1997 has been a year of truly great legal moments, both in Australia and throughout the globe. Who will ever forget the OJ Simpson civil trial, the Christopher Dale Flannery inquest or, of course the Wood Royal Commission? The Wood Royal Commission provided us all with nightly entertainment for two years—from the 'groin cam' with which policeman 'Chook' Fowler was filmed accepting 'gorillas' to the stubborn insistence of Bill Bayeh that he suffered from mild mental retardation, despite video evidence of his proficiency with weights, measures and complex multiplication and division, particularly involving white powder. Proving what so many had suspected for so long—that New South Wales Police were, frequently, corrupt beyond belief (and also rather prone to traffic accidents involving big black dogs)—the Royal Commission resulted in almost a hundred police leaving their jobs, in half a dozen suicides and a couple of murders. Oh, and hundreds of conspiracy theorists who firmly believe that in some way the whole thing was a cover-up, and that Sydney is teeming with unnameable people in high places who spend their spare time (when they're not running the country, that is) committing

unspeakable acts with small children. 1997 was the year we all became heartily sick of the word 'paedophile', perhaps because as lawyers it would seem that we all aspire to join the elite club of child rapists which it has been alleged run our judiciary, parliament, police force etc etc.

The reign of those who have succeeded in believing<sup>6</sup> reached its climax with the Franca Arena inquiry. Convinced that there was a conspiracy by the Premier, the Leader of the Opposition and various other prominent and hitherto fairly respectable politicians to conceal the names of prominent paedophiles because it would 'upset the community too much' to find out what was really going on, Ms Arena used her Parliamentary privilege to outline her theories. Outraged, the alleged plotters promptly instigated a public inquiry, which was characterised mainly by the total absence of Franca, who suddenly decided she didn't want to name anyone after all. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, a few scandals and a rather histrionic trip to hospital later, the inquiry found that Ms Arena's allegations had no basis, and that she had probably known this at the time the allegations had been made.

The coronial inquest of Christopher Dale Flannery, known as Mr Rent-A-Kill to his mates but described as 'charming' by his mistress was a showy parade of police informers, colourful detective identities and long-suffering women. A variety of theories as to the eventual fate of Mr Flannery were advanced, involving common elements

such as cement, wood-chippers, corrupt police, race-courses and diamond rings, and of course, Roger Rogerson, whose name so frequently just pops up in inquests into the demise of underworld figures. Eventually the inquest reached the conclusion that CDF had been killed at a time unknown, in a place unknown, and by a person or persons unknown. But everyone's sure he's dead, because even his wife said that he was simply too stupid to stay undercover for thirteen years.

OJ managed to get away with murder (well, probably) but lost his house, cars, collections of golf clubs etc etc. So much has already been said on the lunacy of the US legal system that it would be simply boring to comment further. Perhaps we too can aspire to one day make the use of grossly offensive and discriminatory language a greater crime than slashing two people to death - and ensure that our clients get off with a fine. Undoubtedly the most ludicrous example of US litigation was the breach of promise/contract suit brought by the alleged former fiancée of the unfortunate Dodi Al Fayed. In California, not a state widely renowned as a home of the sixteenth century moral values with which one might more readily associate such a morally righteous lawsuit. Gazing soulfully at the news cameras, the wronged one flashed her enormous diamond and snuffled disconsolately into her lawyer's shoulder. Of course, her claims soon vanished in the media chaos that surrounded the Paris tunnel in which Mr Al Fayed and his rather more

famous companion perished, but I'm sure it helped her acting career.

So that was 1997 for you. Not a particularly unusual year, in many respects, but unique to us, the class of '97. So stay safe, don't drink and drive, eat plenty of vegetables, don't kill your ex or sue for breach of promise, make a point of hugging a small furry animal every now and again (p-ed), and never get involved in any transaction which involves Roger Rogerson, woodchippers or cement shoes. Bon voyage.

### Endnotes

1. Allegedly.
2. Sheep all look the same anyway.
3. He may, however, have breathed heavily.
4. Weird city. If you get that one, you've seen some of the films he made when he was still funny.
5. Q. What did French police find in the boot of Diana and Dodi's Mercedes? A. Stuart Diver.
6. Yes, this is an X-Files reference.

### Elizabeth Windsor



# SOCIAL SCENE

parties, level 5 and squeaky rubber sharks—a reflection on the social life of law school in 1997



see...even spacemen sweat!

**The life of a social director is never easy.** The timetable for planning a social event for Law Students is something like the following.

1. Spend hours and hours thinking up inventive and fun ways to destroy Level 5, the Sydney Town Hall and any other trashable venues in the City. Put these to the Social Committee for a vote, and start the process all over again, as they think it will work better if you destroy Level 5 first, then trash the Sydney Town Hall, and then the rest of the City, all to be done by 9pm.

2. Publicise the event and convince students that they really do want to spend part of their hard earned income on a night which many of them will never remember (and the rest would rather forget).

3. At the same time, convince pub owners/union staff/caterers and DJs that Law students are extremely

well behaved, and it is highly unlikely that their venue or equipment will be damaged/vomited on/ stolen.

4. Plan the party, and convince your favourite SULLS treasurer that an extra \$400 spent on squeaking rubber sharks is justified and that the party really won't work without them.

5. Present the SULLS committee with an outline of the night. Field suggestions. Allow the SULLS President to make lists, lists of lists, checklists of lists, chronological maps, second by second breakdowns of the evening. Admit you were wrong when he challenges your mental arithmetic, and points out that 100 sharks at \$5 each is a total of \$600, not \$400 dollars as previously thought.

6. Apologise profusely to your favourite Treasurer, on behalf of yourself and the President.

when she points out that 100 sharks at \$5 each is a total of \$500, not previous estimates of \$400 or \$600.

7. Invest in a good calculator.

8. Party: try to look as though you're having a great time while serving cocktails/cleaning up vomit on bathrooms and dance floors/being covered in blue curacao/calling ambulances/ dealing with irate pub owners/ yelling over the DJ/ keeping track of entry money/ordering more pizza/ propping up SULLS and Social Committee members/ all at the same time.

9. After everyone has left, collapse in a heap on the floor, then realise that you're actually lying on a snoring layer of squashed pizza covered in toilet paper and other unmentionables. Join the rest of the SULLS and Social committees in trying to mop up the floor and carpet, while being loudly serenaded by those cleaning up

the bathrooms, who have just discovered that the acoustics in the bathrooms are better than those of the Opera House. Remove bodies to outside Law School.

10. The next morning, creep into the venue heavily disguised to find out how bad the damage really is. Sympathise loudly and often with the owners/ canteen ladies/ attendants/ Dean. Organise carpet cleaning, upholstery cleaning, video recorder repairs, new maps. Field angry calls from faculty staff/ union staff/ managers/ Djs. Send off cheques to cover the damage, along with contrite letters. Wake those bodies still lying outside Law School.

11. Hide from beloved Treasurer for a week, until she has paid all the invoices and outstanding bills, including the one for 1000 inflatable cows at \$5 each - a total of \$5000 by the calculator.

12. Return to Step One.

This timetable has been used over and over again this year, and judging by the enthusiasm with which the diehard party fans have returned, has been successful. We began the year with an amazing improper social event on Level 12, which involved lines of students getting to know each other by spending hours sitting on the floor outside the Administration offices. Later in the week, they were joined by others trying to destroy Level 5 with a 'Space' party, complete with spaceships, a silver space man and UFO's. Over 400 people grooved to soundtracks from Star Wars, 2001: A Space Odyssey and Superman, and revelled in the nostalgia of these movies being shown on video.

This party was closely followed by the Inaugural Lawlympics on Oval 1 at Campus. Gold medals were awarded to the winners of high jumps, beer tray relays, 100 metres, and boat races in small wooden boats kindly lent to us by the Engineering faculty.

Easter was celebrated by our first external party, a Retro party at Retro in Sussex Street. Wardrobes were turned inside out to find the most garish fiances possible, Afro wigs and peace necklaces. The Pagan Fertility Festival encouraged many to apply for our next event, the first Blind Date of the Year. However, in the biggest scandal

to hit Law School during 1997, Macquarie University Law School stood up the entire Sydney Uni Law Faculty, and left us to reorganise dates among ourselves at the last minute. We managed to have a wonderful evening despite the short notice, and many participants remarked that they really appreciated the chance to meet some of the faces they'd been seeing around Law School for years, but never dared to talk to.

The final main event of First Semester was another Level 5 party, this time an "Under the Sea Party", which led some observant students to remark that we seemed to be following an Environmental theme for the year.

Again, we did our best to completely change the face of Level 5, with fish, lifebuoys, octopi and, of course, squeaky rubber sharks. We also added a new form of alcohol consumption, sea coloured jelly shots, which disappeared as quickly as the Titanic, with subsequent seasickness to match.



Second semester opened with ball planning in full swing. Held at the Sydney Town Hall, Romeo and Juliet's Masquerade Ball was a night to remember. All the participants took to the theme with gusto. The grand surroundings of the Centennial Hall were a sea of knights in shining armour, mediaeval women, Spanish ladies, white angels and hawaiian shirts 'a la Baz Luhrmann, as well as dozens of beautiful masks. Special highlights of the evening were the Law Revue Band, 'Innocent Until Proven Groovy', who made their first public performance, and an organ recital by David Drury. All the female guests were issued with dance cards, and as yet, we have not heard any reports of wallflowers - so we assume all were duly filled.

Apart from these major events, many smaller social functions have taken place during the year. A series of free lunches has been put on on Level 5, to try to ensure that Law students eat properly at least three or four times a semester. Several of these have been in conjunction with other groups at Law School - CALS and the Australian Republican Movement to name two. Early in first semester, Clayton Utz very kindly hosted drinks for all



the members of the Law School Sub Committees (Mooting, Polemic, Fems Rea, CALS, Law Revue, Hearsay, Courtwatch and the Social Committee). This was a great opportunity, early in the year, for all these 'organisers' to get together and swap ideas about sponsorship, fundraising, printing, publicity and so on, and to get to know each other so they could work together successfully throughout the year.

In April, a group of 20 Law Students journeyed to the Hunter Valley for the Annual Wine Tour, and Rugby against Newcastle University. Ro Murray introduced us to the delights of Cessnock ("Don't knock the 'Nock"), and its outstanding nightlife. Despite suffering major hangovers and sleep deprivation, our rugby boys managed to defeat a much more cohesive and well trained Newcastle Team, cheered on by the teddy bear mascots who managed to survive the entire trip intact.

As this report is written, we are in the throes of planning the rest of the year. Another bunch of intrepid souls are ready to brave a Blind Date night with the Sydney Uni Med Faculty; Final Year dinner, to be held at MacLaurin Hall and the Rejection Letter Party at Jack's on Hunter are sure to provide plenty of emotional moments, and we are hoping to introduce a new tradition of a Christmas Party, at the end of the Exam period. With thank you drinks for Mooting and Courtwatch also in the pipeline, the second half of second semester looks to be just as busy as the rest of the year. A huge thank you must go to all involved in organising the Social Life of Law School this year, in particular the Social Committee, Sculs, and, of course, the wonderful SULS Committee.

It is evident that whoever said Law School was a dead place with little to do was wrong! One important note, though: squeaky rubber sharks might seem like a great idea at the time, but when you're hungover, deaf from the DJ and just want to go home to bed, you'll wish you'd never heard them!

**Sophie Cockayne**

**HA! HA!**

A prominent partner of a Melbourne law firm had used some of his considerable wealth to buy a bush retreat home. Whenever his busy legal life allowed he would get away to this lovely place, which was surrounded by bush. He tried to share his place with different friends. On one of those occasions he invited a Czech friend to spend the weekend. That weekend a circus was in town and, unknown to the solicitor and his friend, two huge bears had escaped from the circus. Early that morning the solicitor and his Czech friend went out to pick some wild blackberries for their morning breakfast. As they went around the brambles, gathering large quantities of berries, they were spotted by the two escaped bears—a male and a female. The solicitor could not believe his eyes, there being no wild bears in Australia, but was wise enough to run away immediately. His friend was not so lucky and the male bear seized him and swallowed him whole. Looking back as he ran to his Mercedes, the solicitor was very upset on seeing this happen. He drove as fast as he could and got the police officer. The officer grabbed a rifle and they rushed back to the brambles. The two bears were still there and the solicitor cried: "He's in that one!" pointing to the male. He just had to save his friend. The officer looks at the bears, and without hesitation, taking careful aim, shoots the female. "Why did you shoot the female? I said that he was in the other one!" said the solicitor. "Exactly," replied the officer, "and would you believe a lawyer who told you that the Czech was in the male?"



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# MURDER IS A WORD

**Detective David 'The Vole' Weisbrot** sat down at a desk on Level 9. It was quiet in the library. Strange. He took a pen from the top pocket of his safari suit and chewed on it thoughtfully. It had been a week - a long week - since the body of Roger Ramsbottom had been discovered brutally murdered and bundled between two copies of Carter & Harland's *The Law of Contracts* (2nd Ed) (1995) on the 370s shelf. Undoubtedly a cunning disposal by the perpetrator, mused Weisbrot, since no one has been able to find anything on those shelves in the past. But who was this evil genius?

Roger had been a model student, the toast of lecturers and classmates alike. A successful intervarsity mooter, he had been awarded the Lord Upjohn Memorial Prize for Most Stimulating Oralist at a prestigious international competition. Ramsbottom was also a vigorous agitator for reform on the SULTS Committee, earning from his political peers the affectionate title 'Keen and Urgent Roger'. A multiplicity of academic prizes and the captaincy of an eminent private school on Sydney's leafy North Shore numbered among his other achievements. It was as shocking as it was inconceivable that anyone should want to murder him.

Of course, since Roger had last been seen alive in an administrative law class, Weisbrot had suspected at first that he had simply been bored to death. But this theory did not explain the bruising discovered on the body of the victim. Interestingly, similar injuries had been sustained by students on a number of occasions since the Law School lift computer had become self aware in mid-1997. Apparently the computer had learned how to lure male students into the elevators with the promise of the sexy intonation: 'Level 12 - Student Services' and the endless bounty of pleasure and pain that that might bring. Instead of this treat, however, an altogether less congenial electronic voice would screech: 'Humanoïd presence detected! EXTERMINATE!', whereupon the sexy lift would respond: 'OBEY!'. The swift and terrible gnashing of doors which followed would leave the exiting student unconscious and battered in the foyer. But these incidents were rarely fatal, and in any case the suspicious nature of the disposal of the body remained inexplicable.

Weisbrot leaned back in his chair and mopped his brow with a well-used kerchief. No explanation seemed to fit. Tests performed on the body of the

victim had shown a complete absence of what the coroner had referred to as 'Level 5 toxins'; the student with whom Roger had had a heated altercation at the recent Law Ball - apparently in relation to the last available space on a female student's dance card - had a watertight alibi for the morning of the murder; and witnesses were adamant that Roger's corporate law lecturer had not responded with more than the usual level of violence to his late arrival in class on the relevant morning.

The detective gave an exasperated sigh. His mind wandered... This was tough. Tougher even than that time when a gang of heavily armed German terrorists posing as exchange students had overrun the Law School in an attempt to steal the takings of the SULTS jelly bean guessing competition. The quick-thinking Weisbrot had only managed to save the day by setting fire to some old law revue costumes he found in a locker on Level 3, then feigning a terrified escape to his car, screaming 'FIRE!'. The plan only came unstuck when he collided with an arriving fire engine... But if only Gordon were here... he'd have tracked down this culprit before you could say 'discontinued with permission'.

Weisbrot pulled himself together, resolving to make a copy of the coroner's report for the file and then call it a day. He wandered over to the machine to complete this final task, but when all was in readiness and the 'Go' button had been hit... alas no photocopy was forthcoming. Taken aback, he read the display, which announced: 'Misfeed. Open the front door and remove jammed paper from section E5'. Frustrated, he pulled open the door and gazed at the jungle of green levers and knobs before him. 'Lawks!' he muttered. 'E5. I wonder what this button - what the - !' All of a sudden A4 Tray 2 launched itself from its housing and hurtled towards the terrified Weisbrot. It caught him squarely on the side of the head and flung his body onto the shelf opposite. There he stayed, lifeless, wedged between two copies of Carter & Harland's *The Law of Contracts* (2nd Ed) (1995).

The photocopier display flickered briefly with the message: 'OBEY!'. In the on-line catalogue under Weisbrot, D the terrible entry: '370.2 - Check Shelf' suddenly appeared. Somewhere in the lift well the echo of maniacal electronic laughter chilled the silence.....

Blackacre  
presents  
the  
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final  
chapter of  
Angus  
Lang and  
Charles  
Tilley's epic  
whodunnit  
set in the  
catacombs  
of the Phillip  
Street Law  
School

# ROMEO & JULIET MASQUERADE BAL

**One law school, none alike in dignity  
In fair George Street we lay our scene  
The eighth month and one quite wintery  
Shared folly by all- including our Dean**

**Amongst rhythmic loins on the dance floor  
A pair of starry-eyed lovers meet in dim light  
A night for all to remember and adore  
Leaves a scene, setting a story for me to write**

And such is a typical story from the 1997 Law Ball. There are many stories which I could divulge, in fact, but in the interests of those easily implicated for having just a bit too much fun, I must refrain from the sordid detail (thanks for the pay-offs so far, guys!).

Now to be perfectly honest I actually spent much of the evening in the "Green Room" preparing with my comrades in music for the live performance of the Law Revue Band. This is not to say however, that I couldn't enjoy enforced sobriety observing a lighter and very interesting side to the many familiar faculty faces.

In keeping with the R & J theme, I thought it best to describe the night and its lead-up in terms of acts and scenes, so make What You Will and remember All's Well that Ends Well!!

**Act One, Scene One:** Many moons ago - the Activities Room, Level Three. Enter Sophie Cockayne and her Social Committee. Here began the decision making process. It was at this stage that decorations, themes and music were chosen.

**Act One, Scene Two:** Level Five, same characters. This scene, one of our more chaotic, revolves around the mid-semester break, one which ceased to exist for most

of the organisers. Here countless decorations and centre pieces were made with the valued help of the SULS Committee.

**Act Two, Scene One:** 9th August, Law School Car-park. Enter the same cast. The plot thickens as our leading protagonists, all fuelled on adrenalin and little else, can be found loading equipment (many hired from the very colourful Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras Props Warehouse) into a cavalcade of transports that extended from the car-park half way down Elizabeth Street.

**Act Two, Scene Two:** 9th August, Sydney Town Hall. Enter same cast plus more Social Committee members, the Band, the catering staff and the technicians. Excitement builds in this scene for everyone involved as there does not seem to be time enough to do what need to be done. Under the deafening crashes of the Band rehearsing, the other characters are teeming like ants with place names, dance cards, table settings, decorations and ornaments. There can be heard an almost continuous burr of mobile phones as last minute demands are met.

**Act Three:** Enter the guests. As the guests ascend the main stairs from George Street, they are met by Committee members with stamps and table lists. They are ushered into a foyer rapidly becoming congested with the

excited characters. Pre-dinner drinks are enjoyed, as those setting up throughout the day, finally get changed and finish the details. Atmosphere builds as the guests do not know what to expect when they enter the Hall.

**Act Four:** Enter the guests into the Hall. With perfect orchestration Dave Roache-Turner swept open the main doorsto the Hall. Guests that enter the dim mist-filled chamber are met by the fortissimo pipe organ, playing Toccata in Fugue and the haunting six foot high words



Keeping up the beat with Simon Hyatt



FATAL KISS hanging from the nineteenth century gobles. The true atmosphere is impossible to accurately describe. No decorative or technical detail has been overlooked to provide the awe struck guest with a feeling of heightened emotion to match this enormous neo-Gothic, colonial chamber.

Act Five: Enter the speech-makers and caterers. This act involves the feast. A superb three course meal, accompanied unusually (for it often comes later in the eve) by the speeches. Lead role Sophie thank all those who helped and Mr. Beef O'Keefe (Tybalt - who needed to do little acting above and beyond his painted moustache) makes the best dressed awards - fittingly to Jesse Clarke and his partner Nikki.

Act Six: Enter the minstrels (DJ and Band). After an hour of DJ dancing the Band is ready to play its set. To the fading tones of "C'mon Eileen" the DJ introduces "Innocent Until Proven Groovy" as we jogged up on the enormous stage. The 45 minute set is a well varied mix of funk, blues and rap; and it is this stage of the evening that I will remember forever. Two memories are my fondest. The first was observing the 1997 SALS Treasurer, Yi Lin Chua (Lin), and VP, Daina Richmond, dancing on a table at the back of the dance floor and screaming the lyric "Walk This Way!" while us Steve Tyler wannabes did likewise up on stage. It was great to see Monsieur Roache-Turner filming everything we did, even close-up action shots of Dougal's guitar solos. All this was displayed live on a huge screen on the left of the stage.

My other memory is when Law Ball Band Coordinator Brook Foy referred to the following number as a 70s classic. I turned and smiled to my long time friend on percussion and the stick hit the drum to begin "My Sharona". Within three or four beats the rhythm was recognised and a cheer came from the dance floor which made us feel bigger and better than the Knack themselves could

ever have felt.

The DJ then continues, while the Band is met backstage by the Dean, staff and SALS.

Act Seven: Exit Town Hall. After leaving this grandest of venues, many guests make their way down George Street to the Pavilion while others remain at the Hall. I understand from reliable sources (although there weren't many of those left) that this Act battles on so long that even darkness goes to bed, and bruised,

bleary and bloodshot eyes are met by that painful punch called dawn.

Act Eight: Enter a handful of the most resilient cast. This is the recovery yum-cha in Sussex Street. Here the gold medal for endurance goes to SALS President Ed Palmisano who was leading the table conversation among exhausted friends, jacket on and bow-tie intact.

So completes our play and one of my most memorable 24 hours. It was said that the fifth year organisers wanted a great final ball - everyone who came could never disagree that they achieve this.

There are so many people to acknowledge and only those people themselves realise the work involved. My view is perhaps the most accurate because I too spent hours astonished at the work capabilities of these effort machines. Sophie, Ed, Daina and the rest of the exec, a personal hats-off, I know what you guys put into the night. To Clare Stanwix and the other Social Committee Members who spent hours organising and making decorations inter-semester. Brook Foy, Fiona Starr (Ball and Revue Coordinators respectively) and other Law Ball Band members, and singers Ben Sandstad, Sophie McGrath and Alina De Carvalho; we all know what fun we had in those crappy inner city rehearsal studios.

But the night was really Sophie's, everything from the major theme to the finest detail was a reflection of her personality and hard work.

Congratulations and best wishes.

**Simon Hyett**  
Law Ball Band Member



ball



1997



1997

ball





## For those of you who don't know

(and we suspect that accounts for a lot of you), Polemic is a student-run law journal currently published by the law societies of Sydney and New South Wales Universities. Although Polemic is edited by students, we welcome (and, surprisingly, receive) contributions from students, academics and professionals alike. As we soon discovered, however, editing Polemic is a bit like driving a 3 tonne truck with no first gear. It rapidly became apparent that publishing a tri-annual socio-legal journal can be a frustrating, terrifying and exhausting experience. Nevertheless, armed with our trusty Mac, our crusty software and a delightfully situated room near the toilets on level 3, we also experienced the joys of committee decision making, the satisfaction of overcoming our technophobia and the exhilaration of seeing the finished product.

That product was in the form of Polemic issue 8(1), "Rights

and Wrongs", which dealt with human rights issues. After several months of meetings, Quark crash courses, culling of material, proofreading and laying-up, 8(1) was trotted off to the printers with the direction: go forth and multiply! And multiply it did, with several hundred glossy copies landing in our office a month or so later. "Rights and Wrongs" incorporates a diverse array of articles and interviews touching on issues such as: self determination in post-colonial Bougainville; the fraught relationship between government policies and indigenous concerns; human rights in the context of genetic and environmental resources; family violence; legal aid and the politics of self representation. Several members of the editorial team (and one independent) managed to obtain fascinating interviews: Steven Seyr and Allison Holmes with Rodney Croome and Nick Toonen on gay law reform in Tasmania; Julian Morrow with Elizabeth Evatt on her role as a member of the UN Human Rights Committee; and Charles Magoffin with Professor Stanley Fish on the ever-contentious issue of free speech. A welcome addition to Polemic's widening interdisciplinary context this year have been the contributions of poet MTC Cronin, whose exceptional work will also feature in future issues.

Issues 8(2) and 8(3) are in production at the moment and will be hot off the press and in the hands of those most up-to-date at law school early in 1998. 8(2) takes the judiciary as its broad theme, with timely and incisive arti-

cles probing such current topics as: republicanism and judicial activism; Kirby's political speeches and profiles of recent appointments to the High Court. The issue also has a broad international perspective, with articles on Hong Kong post-handover; the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission; independence and impartiality in the International Court of Justice and the decision making practices of the US Supreme Court. Co-ordinating editor, Julian Morrow, was also able to secure an intriguing interview with Sir Ronald Wilson. To whet your appetite, an extract from the article is included in this very publication.

Issue 8(3), with the seemingly esoteric theme of "Language and the law", brings together a diverse and interesting blend of articles, investigating such takes on the theme as: literary hoaxes and cultural appropriation; Indonesia's shackled press; linguistic analysis of courtroom evidence; the admissibility of repressed memory as evidence and a comparison of the institutionalised discourses of religion and the law. Interviews dealing with plain legal language and anti-discrimination are also underway.

As we prepare to hand over to the next team of eager editors, we hope 1998 will see Polemic continue to broaden its perspective and appeal. We will continue lecture hashing and word-of-mouth in an attempt to boost general awareness of the journal around law school, as well as the broader legal and academ-

ic communities. Next year will also see the development of the Polemic forum series. This initiative started late in 1997, and was the brain-child of Julian Morrow. The idea is to stage regular forums sponsored by Polemic, whereby students have the opportunity of engaging in dialogue with senior members of the legal profession. The first speaker was Ian Temby QC, and the 1998 forums promise to offer a line-up of guests of a similarly high calibre.

As would be expected, we have many people to thank. In 1997, Polemic received funding from both law societies and faculties, along with the University of Sydney Union - to these bodies (and all our lovely contributors, advertisers and subscribers), we send our heartfelt thanks. Now for the big sell: Polemic provides the opportunity for students to gain valuable experience editing and having material published and read. Just think - that HD essay you have hidden away in your bottom drawer could be reworked into a fascinating article, soon to be read by students, academics and professionals around the world (we have increasing numbers of subscriptions from law libraries and organisations both nationally and internationally). We can also organise free copies of books if people are interested in writing reviews, so jump on that "saddle" and get involved - only then can you reap the benefits!

**Steven Scott and  
Véronique Maury**

# INTERVIEW WITH A COMMISSIONER

polemic talks to Sir Ronald Wilson, former president of the human rights commission

**Preparing and writing your report on the Stolen Generation, "Bringing Them Home", was obviously a very profound experience for you. What in particular was it about the experience which made it so special?**

It was being trusted with some of the most precious secrets, such enormous pain and told with such courage and obvious emotion that they are reliving those experiences.

I recall one woman. We were ready to begin, but nothing happened. No sound. And I just sat there and then I noticed the muscles on her face beginning to work to hold back the tears. And the eyes would fill and the tears would run. And then perhaps after 30 to 45 seconds, words would begin to come very hesitantly and she would tell her story. This particular lady was a very gentle lady and told her story very simply. She had been taken away when she was four and her big sister was six. She knew her big sister was fostered in the same town and there was room for her in the same house where the big sister was taken because they took a second child. Her lament was so simple and touching, "Why did they have to separate me from my big sister?". And you picture this four year old clinging to her big sister - the sheer humanity of it was very moving. That's why I have said it was a life-changing experience for me to be given this experience: listening time and again to stories so simple, yet profound. Just the sheer experience of two human beings relating to each other in this way, was a life-changing experience.

The nice ending to that particular story is after about one and a half hours or so - I never used to ring the time with people like that, just let them sit and talk - when she got up to go all she said was simply, "I feel better". And that convinced us after hearing from so many that the telling of stories was a very important part of the human process. You could put the entire inquiry in the context of a healing process ... being able to get it off your chest. In this case to be able to tell it to someone in authority, that had a specific government authority, was healing. And that's why our first recommendation in the Report is to ensure that stories that we were not able to hear because of lack of time and resources should continue to be told and that in time these stories should be gathered together and kept in a safe place as a memorial to the Stolen Children.

**After the very moving experience of preparing the Report, how have you found the process of bringing it out before the Australian public?**

We have been thrilled with the response, beginning with Kim Beazley breaking down in the Parliament and saying he stayed up the previous night to read until 4.00am in the morning. I think the secret has been to keep intact the actual words of the storytellers as far as possible in describing the effects of the process. That has built in an enormous capacity in the book itself to compel the reader to be moved by it because its almost as if they were listening to the stories themselves. The storytelling is the foundation of those chapters that deal with these



effects.

The response of the media has been very warm. Numerous people who have been able to get hold of the Report, have written saying how much they feel it's an outstanding Report. Some people have even said it has the capacity to change Australia.

The disappointment, of course, has been the attitude of the Federal Government. I doubt if that will be helpful except in limited respects. The State Governments on the other hand ... were prepared to spend money collating the

**"it was a life-changing experience ... listening time and again to stories so simple, yet profound"**





camp scene, Narrogin, WA, 1938

statutes, developing a record of their history, the history of forceable removals. They faced up to that and their role very well, despite the fact that many were conservative governments. We addressed the recommendation to the Council of Australian Governments picturing all governments from Australia around the table deciding to share in the cost of implementing the recommendations, including compensation. Without Commonwealth leadership it may not be possible to implement the compensation recommendations, but they are not the most important. I think the telling of stories - the healing of the heart as much as the material circumstances - is what is needed and that's where the apology and Sorry Day comes in. I think the Sorry Day could be enormously important to reconciliation, if it can be developed with enthusiasm.

We haven't gone down a retributory path. We have been criticized for it and some of the commentators that are very conservative and out really to just destroy the whole exercise have taken the line, for example, "Here's a present member of the Commission who admits being a moderator of the Church at the time that the Church conducted one of these homes in a process that the Report call genocidal.

Why doesn't he put himself up for prosecution?" But we weren't asked to decide whether offences had been committed. Sometimes Royal Commissions are very focused on discovering the facts so as to enable a decision to be made on prosecution. We were asked to "trace the history and record the effects" of a policy by consulting widely and that didn't spell out to us that we were to be like a criminal court testing evidence, deciding whether there was sufficient evidence or even compiling a separate secret report on the commission of offences.

Some people came and told us about sexual abuse and physical abuse that went beyond the pale but even then we debated this quite a lot: "What do we do? Do we refer this to the police?" This would have meant contacting the witnesses saying, "Do you have any objections to us referring this to the police?" because it would have exposed them to an ongoing interrogation to discover whether there was a case. We felt this was not what the Commission was about. In many cases the detail was

enough to discourage us, because so often it wasn't there. People would talk about institutions ... a very graphic picture of 30 youngsters in a dormitory going to bed at 9pm and frequently lying "rigid with terror" was the phrase while they heard the steps of the superintendent or one of the staff walking down corridors. And they would be lying there, rigid with terror, wondering if tonight was going to be their night. Very graphic sexual abuse, but nothing more than that - no identification of the person.

We made it our business not to probe because these people were distressed enough to simply record it and we were about simply telling a story, not pursuing retribution. People have said we made no attempt to corroborate these stories etc. We thought it was the best way to go, to simply tell a story that would move the Australian community to heal the nation. I would answer the question of lack of credibility (of witness' stories) by saying whilst we didn't ask the witnesses to prove their story, "What witnesses have you got? How do we know what you are telling us is the truth? - but when you listen to

"What witnesses have you got? How do we know what you are telling us is the truth?" - but when you listen to 535 horrible histories of that kind there is a general corroboration that arises from the totality.

535 horrible histories of that kind there is a general corroboration that arises from the totality. How could it not be authentic when you hear a great majority of these stories tending to the same conclusion of forceable removal. Sometimes children were taken as babies, almost wrenched from mothers' breasts or taken in the hospitals without the mother being told, then the Mother told they had died. The outcome is the same. There is a process

here whereby children were forcibly removed. Although the circumstances differ, the end result is not different. When you multiply all the stories and the things they have in common, then each one in a general sense corroborates the others.

**You have obviously brought a lot to the healing process. Is it a source of regret to you that you will not be able to maintain or guard this legacy now that the Report is out?**

Well, I was on the Reconciliation Council for the first term and a lot of people still associate me with the reconciliation process. Now that these issues have merged, I am getting invitations to speak to a whole range of groups, probably two to three a week, far more than I can cope with. I am getting nervous because the longer I get away from this place (the Commission), the less in touch I'll be with the response we're trying to generate. So I am disappointed not to be still involved but I am primarily disappointed because they haven't replaced me (as President of the Commission), which is significant, just as they haven't replaced the two vacancies on the Reconciliation Council since last year - two indigenous people. Lois O'Donohue - now what objection could they possibly have to her being kept on the Reconciliation Council? She's a wonderful healer. She speaks so reasonably and she doesn't rant. She's terrific. You wonder how they can support the Reconciliation process when they don't fill two vacancies on such an important Council. Then, this office (the Human Rights Commission): their deliberate intent is to run it down so it will be less of a thorn in their side. Because we're independent and we have exerted our independence and occasionally criti-

cised the Government in office. But they should be big enough to take that.

**Your experiences with the Human Rights Commission which have obviously influenced you so profoundly, do you think if you were to return to the High Court today, that you would have a different approach to adjudication?**

I find that difficult to answer. I don't think that I would, but because my dominant feeling on the bench is that I have sworn to do "justice according to law". And it's that "according to law" that makes it so damned difficult. When I first went there, Barwick was Chief Justice, and he said to me on the way the Court operated, "You must never proselytize or try to talk another member of the Court into agreeing with you". Some of the things that were disclosed in the bretheren in the U.S. Supreme Court, "You support me on this one and I'll support you on that one". Now that's anathema to the tradition of the High Court. That's why

with the law and the facts and seeking to rely on precedent and the law when applied to the facts to provide the answer.

There would be two decisions in particular I would change if I had my time again on the High Court, in the light of my advocacy for Aboriginal people, my respect for them, my closeness to Mick Dodson and Patrick his brother - I had three or four years with each of them in fairly close intensive work, and I really feel privileged to know them. I think they're two great Australians. But the two decisions that I would not wish to confront again was the Koorwarta decision and secondly Mabo #1. I wrestled for ages with Mabo #1, and I still can't read section 10 of the Racial Discrimination Act in such a way as to find that it applies, and so I dissented. Mind you, I wasn't alone. It was 4:3. So two other minds of some eminence reasoned along same lines, but I was longing to find

It was a great honour to serve on the High Court, but I can't say it was the highlight of my professional career. It was damned hard work and I would not presume to think that my judgments will attract

radical Court. Mabo was widely misunderstood. There was nothing wrong with their decision in Mabo .... It is only the ignorant politicians that have this idea that the Court is simply there to interpret legisla-



The Governor Sir Charles and Lady Gardner with Abbot Gomez, inspecting the children of St Joseph's orphanage, New Norcia, WA.

any significant distinction with time. It was just a workman-like performance probably. What I did try to do was to make them short and readable, when you compare it with one of Brennan's. I am sure he's got the Law students in mind, covering the topics from every conceivable angle. I was keen on short judgments for the sake of law students and the profession.

**Obviously largely since you've left the bench, the High Court has come in for a lot of criticism. Do you have concerns about its future?**

I don't have concerns. I doubt very much if the Court will change

substantially. There is such a strong tradition helped by Dixon and the eminence of others that helped establish that it will ensure the integrity of the Court. I wouldn't admit that the Court did become a

tion and it's always had a role in relation with Common Law which is a law creative. It is creating law, because it's discerning the spirit that has always been there in its application, for the first time, to new facts. And there's no question of a High Court "agenda" simply because they have to deal with any case that comes to them. They cannot choose. The special leave provisions of course give them some discretion, but they can't choose to create cases they want to have some input in. We often had times when we had problems to consider and we had to weigh up whether we should decide an issue in the way we were minded to or whether there was another principle that should draw the line resolving issues which we believed were of such moment to the community that the legislature should be challenged to do it.

**Julian Morrow**



building listed for demolition: interior girls dormitory Moore River Settlement, WA, 1949

it's a pretty strong Court. You have got the assurance in a major case where the seven judges sit you are going to have seven trained legal minds going through a rigorous intellectual process of wrestling

with the majority. So you've posed a conundrum and frankly my only defence is that I gave it my best shot in these two cases but was compelled by my legal reasoning the way I did.

# ALSA PILGRIMAGE

Alcoholics and Lost Souls Anonymous

## LOWLY PILGRIMS

### Edward Palmisano

President and Paper Presentation  
Competition

### Daina Richmond

ALSA Representative

### Jacob Horowitz

Witness Exam Competitor

### Houda Younan

Mooting Competitor

### Deborah Mazoudier

Mooting Competitor

### Jonathon Kirkwood

Mooting Competitor

### Liz Vuong

Client Interview Competitor

### Carmella Serratore

Client Interview Competitor

### Sophie Cockayne

General Delegate

### Joanne Katsiaris

General Delegate

### Romayne Ananda-Rajah

General Delegate

**Remembering** with a certain degree of clarity all the events of ALSA (Australasian Law Students Association) 1997 is a somewhat difficult task, considering most of the participants blundered through the trip in an alcohol induced haze. However, a few "incidents" have withstood the passages of alcohol and time. In fact, they have emotionally scarred us for life.

As alluded to, alcohol was a running theme over the seven days (and nights). From the rich and resplendent formal dinners at Brisbane's Town Hall, to the seedy and sleazy nightclub, vaguely reminiscent of Berry Street, which was to become our regular haunt (because it was practically the only nightclub in Brisbane). The consumption of copious quantities of drink rated high on the list of priorities. This resulted in:

- A) Strange sexually deviant behaviour, by the more quiet members of the group like Liz Vuong;
- B) Dancing which posed a serious health risk to people within a five metre radius of Ed Palmisano;
- C) An exhibition of the Tango by Romayne and Jacob Horowitz that would make Jane Torvill and Christopher Dean beg for mercy;
- D) Peaceful slumber on a (thankfully, closed) nightclub toilet seat by Joanne Katsiaris;
- E) Sophie Cockayne being smitten by the receding allure of Australia's own James Bond;
- F) extensive liver damage suffered by the aforementioned parties.

The days of ALSA were filled by the various competitions - mootings, witness examination, client interviewing and paper presentation. However, this came to an unfortunately abrupt halt around the fourth day, when we did not get into the finals. This setback was overcome by the realisation that, although we were all reduced to "General Delegates", this was actually a euphemism for inferring a general licence to party. So, thereafter, the days were spent more relaxingly, for example overcoming states of sleep deprivation by taking power snoozes during the mootings finals, or gambling at the B-Grade casinos.

A highlight of the trip was a Revue night where the teams from the different participating universities presented skills usually (but not always) relating to aspects of the conference. Jonathon Kirkwood's impersonation of Sir Zelman Cowan, a former Governor General who formally opened the conference, was met by applause, and, indeed, staked Sydney's claim to the trophy for the best act. Jonathon was thus an instant hit with all the girls. The



new idea again, Jacob?


only downside to this was that, in order to be recognised as "that really funny guy who did the Zelman skit", Jonathon was forced to continue to wear the fuzzy white wig which was the focal point of his performance.

A report of ALSA is not complete without giving a small plug for the gracious people who put us up for the duration of the conference - the Mercure Hotel. This highly esteemed establishment single handedly managed to alienate practically every student from every uni at least once during their stay, primarily because of their bad service. Luckily, however, we were able to take a pathetic form of revenge now and again by ordering "chip buffies" (ie hot chips and slices of bread) at 3am. Admittedly, this did not really compliment the cheap wine coursing through our systems, but it did manage to piss the waiters off.

The conference was a success socially, if not academically. The eleven of us had a good time getting to know each other and getting to taste Brisbane's extraordinarily bad nightlife and tourist attractions. Being trapped on a train together for sixteen hours on the way home also did wonders for our friendships.

Romayne Ananda-Rajah



  
**The  
 Half  
 Way  
 Dinner**

**Celebrate**  
 the end  
 of exams  
 and the  
 marking  
 of the point  
 of no return:  
**half way  
 through our  
 law degree**

by joining the  
 members of  
**Grad Law II**  
 for dinner  
 at the

**Royal Oak Hotel,**  
 36 College St,  
 Balmain  
 at 7.00pm,  
 Friday,  
 28th June,  
 1996.

**RSVP:**  
 by the  
 21st June  
 by phoning  
 Ed Palmisano  
 916 1030

# LOOK FAMILIAR???

(If this is not familiar to you then you OBVIOUSLY don't know the right people—ed)

75

## 3. RIGHTS AND REMEDIES

### A. Remedies at Law

#### Negligence and Contract

- one can only **sue** where there is interference with **proprietary interests**

- legal ownership
- possession

-- ie. must be **ownership/possession of the goods at the time the tort committed and the damage caused**

.. a **financial or contractual** interest is not enough - it may be that the action lies only in contract (for breach (eg.) of an implied warranty)

>>>>>> *The Aliakmon* [1986] AC 785

- .. goods were loaded on def's. vessel
- .. bad stowage and goods were damaged
- .. action brought against ship-owners for
  - breach of contract
  - breach of duty of care

HELD:

.. for pl. to have a right to claim in negligence for loss or damage caused to property, pl. **had to have either legal ownership or possessory title to the property at the time when the loss/damage occurred**

.. not enough to have a mere contractual right re. the property which was adversely affected

.. pl. here were not the legal owners and had no possessory title

-- **need to establish:**

- duty of care (proximity - reasonably foreseeable)
- breach of that duty

This humble page is a tribute to the genius of Pete Barnett. Without his voluminous notes, which meticulously canvas almost every conceivable subject in recent legal history (but, most importantly, in the Law School curricula), many members of the class of '97 would certainly have spent some real time studying during semester (shock! horror!). We thank you for the improvement in lifestyle (and marks) that you have afforded us and, in your memory, we promise to pass your notes down to the next generation—so that they may be privy to a new tradition, nay, an institution that is as much a part of the Law School experience as the squeaky 'Lazy Susan' lecture theatre chairs.





## The law revue is a very special time for final year students.

Never again will we get to spend prolonged periods of time with innocent first years, who still retain some sort of trust in human nature and will do practically anything to get your "really good" notes for Legal Institutions. Of course, it also gives lawyers a last chance to cross-dress and use whips in public without some prudish royal commissioner getting snotty. Every year when the revue finishes, everyone in it says "This Revue was the best / funniest one ever". This year however actually was the best one ever, narrowly beating out last years revue, which at the time was thought to be the best one ever. The Revue also sets out a personal best for tastlessness that will surely stand for a long time to come. From paedophilia to Parkinson's disease, hestiality to drinking bodily fluids and sodomising prominent cricketers (did we mention paedophilia?) the revue had something to offer everyone. The revue also test-

ed obscenity laws in having the most gratuitous, graphic and continuous swearing ever heard at the Footbridge. The stunned faces of the audience during the "Cocktail Time" sketch (where such yummy drinks as a "triple cumbum" and a "creamy priest" were ordered) will haunt performers and stage crew alike for many years to come. That being said, the sketches were actually very funny, the dancing was good and the revue performed to very appreciative big crowds, including two sell out nights.

The Revue usually provides a lot of sad people with no lives (read law students) with a lot of gossip. As you know, the traditional law student is a basic freak of nature who has spent his/her entire life in their room studying, who once saw a photograph of the sun and whose social life consists of watching "Friends" on their own. However, the Law Revue actually involves (horror of horrors) social interaction. This leads to much spad-

ing, speculation, and malicious encouragement which in turn leads to true love / disgraceful episodes best forgotten / horrible open wounds etc etc. In the past Blackacre has stooped to providing names and scandalous accounts of goings on of final years at the Law

Revue and this year is no different.

This year sadly saw possibly the last farewell appearance by Dame Nellie O'Keefe, the grand old man of the law revue. Beef once again gave a star turn, an acting, writing and singing wonder. Beef was also single handedly responsible for the brilliant "Opera" sketch which got a massive ovation every night. Long recognised as a master flirt, Beef was again in fine form this year. For those wanting to know how the master chats up women, here is one example witnessed by a fellow final year student: Young Dark Haired Girl with mildly hirsute arms: "Oh Beef, I love your opera, when you sing the last bit the hairs on my arms stand up" Beef: "That must look like the Black Forest" (Stunned silence). Despite occasional faux pas like this, Beef was the proud and deserving recipient of the golden

spade award at the final cast party. We shall not see his like again, unless he does another final year, again

Nick Bryden and Angus FitzSimons did not have much time to socialise, being such extremely busy and important assistant directors as they were. They spent many days sitting around at each others houses watching TV, drinking and complaining to each other how nobody really appreciated them and eventually got around to writing most of the sketches. (For God's sake don't ask who wrote what, that conversation takes three hours and ends in tears and fist fights). Naturally, Angus and Nick were very careful to ensure that they got the plum parts in the best sketches, the rest of the cast being graciously allowed to perform the more "experimental work". Nick in particular had rather a lot of parts, in fact Act Three of the Revue the "Bryden Act" was cut only moments before opening night. Many unkind cast members suggested the only place that Nick was lacking a big part was in the nude



sketch (We are joking Nick, put down the gun). Angus's warm, caring, interpersonal directing skills and helpful acting tips (ie., "Look, just be funnier") will also be long remembered. Nick and Angus's sketches suggested unhealthy, twisted minds and way, way too much time devoted to watching comedy sketch shows during formative years. We were going to advise them to get out more, but on second thought decided that perhaps this wasn't such a great idea.

Chuck Tilley wrote some funny sketches, but his greedy quest to obtain more parts for himself resulted in a shrewd, desperate and often frenzied romantic pursuit of one of the younger female assistant directors. Though he achieved success here, sadly, four of Charles' five parts were cut or given to Nick Bryden. The romance continues but the bitterness lives on.

Lin Chua once again performed the miracle of actually getting male law students to dance and dance well; managing to teach and direct massive dance numbers that put other revues to shame. Unfortunately, despite the help of extensive dancing staff, Lin was unable to find time to

give any younger males her trademark individual special dance lessons this year. Tragedy also befel Lin this year when her pet monkey was stolen from her car. Luckily, Ben was found about three weeks later.

Ed Palmisano emerged from the revue as somewhat of a Timelord. By the end of the final cast party, Ed was able to leave Surry Hills at three a.m with a very, very young girl in his car (timelord trick number one) and then proceed to take over four hours to drive to Oxford Street (timelord trick number two) where he, a la Pulp Fiction, pulled up at the lights at 7:30 a.m only to find law revue stragglers crossing the road and gawking in amazement at himself and his dishevelled companion. "It was a very long drive" commented a clearly fatigued Mr Palmisano "I was lucky not to get a puncture on the way". Ed's dedicated method acting reached new peaks this year, when rehearsals for one sketch where he played a bondage obsessed Headmaster led to a dislocated shoulder (his own) and the sketch had to be cut for health reasons.

Sophie Cockayne gave her seemingly endless organisational skills and patience to the law revue again this year. The fact that Sophie did not stab people when the eighth hundredth person asked her just where their costume was and what did she mean she didn't know and could props get a large black potato that looks like Chuck Norris (but it must be a peeled potato, not one of those big clumpy ones) and a big framed picture of a nude Napoleon (preferably from when he was imprisoned



on Elba and not when he was in Corsica) by two o'clock and why was that a problem exactly, means that she is already ready for beatification. Her sultry Nun impersonation will surely bring sainthood a few steps closer too.

Anthony Hutchings and Kristen Rundle were a sickeningly happy and pleasant cast couple this year. Kristen's singing was a standout and she unsurprisingly was voted "Solo" (most popular) woman for 1997. Anthony cunningly ensured that little was done about this popularity by distracting male cast members with home baked cookies at the final cast party.

As the only male member of the cast with a beard, Andrew Korbel was in a position of immense responsibility which he managed to abuse whenever possible. His role as (slightly incestuous) father figure to the younger female cast members was the envy of all. Korby's shrewd tactic of writing, preparing and rehearsing songs in secret before springing them on a disoriented executive ensured a big showing from him this year. His haunting portrayal of Geoff Harvey never failed to send shivers down the spine.

A final big thankyou must go

to Daina Richmond, who showed she could produce a revue no matter what faculty it was for. Daina was the best sort of producer, one that gets done everything that has to be done quickly and who is so good at being behind the scenes that people kept asking who was the producer of the revue.

The Law Revue was a great success in 1997, achieving a quality and consistency that no revue in living memory has matched. Our last hurrah was a lot of work and a lot of fun and the final years had a great time. We will miss being in the revue next year when we are slaving away in law firms where they just don't think jokes about paedophilia are funny. We look forward to coming along next year and telling everyone it wasn't half as good as last year!



# Full-fees: an international illegality?



In the interests of informed debate, all law students are urged to attend a forum on whether **full fees**

infringe Australia's international human rights obligation to ensure equal access to education on the basis of merit for all.

When: 11.30 am Tuesday 6 May  
Where: Queen's Square (Supreme Court)

Organised by students of international human rights law

*The Federal Government's decision in 1997 to allow a certain proportion of students to pay full fees for their university education required an inventive response from those ultimately most affected—the students. Seeking an alternative to violent protests in order to voice their objection, an informed debate and discussion of the issues was organised by the students of International Human Rights Law at Queen's Square. Rallied by the presence of lecturers, fellow students, interested bystanders—and even a Channel Seven news crew—this jurisprudence class delivered a thought provoking and illuminating critique of the government's policy from the standpoint of international human rights. In order to mark that occasion Blackacre dedicate these pages the efforts of those students in our year who participated.*

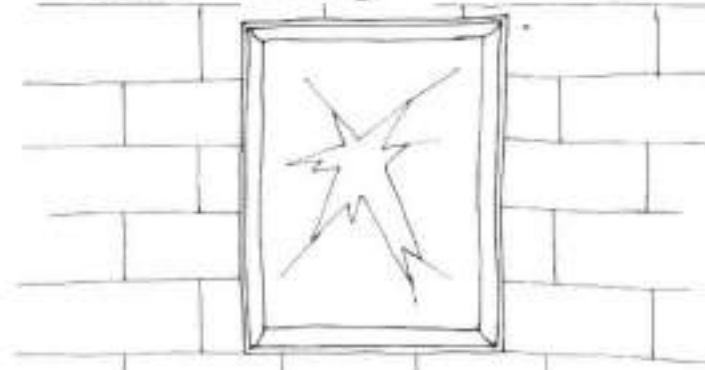


# paying the full fee

THE GOVERNMENT DECIDES TO ALLOW FULL-FEE PAYING STUDENTS

Since the late 1980s the Australian Federal Government has been steadily deregulating requirements with respect to tuition fees at universities. Initially fees were levied on international students, and then on local postgraduate students. The current Government has now legislated that universities may charge full-fees to an additional 25% of local undergraduate students in addition to current HECS students, beginning in 1998. On the 7th of April 1997 the Sydney University Senate "reluctantly approved in principle" the introduction of full fee paying local undergraduate students commencing in 1998.

# Smashing windows: our only voice?



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## IS EDUCATION A RIGHT OR A PRIVILEGE?

Article 26 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to which Australia is a party, reads: (1) Everyone has a right to education...higher education shall be made equally accessible to all on the basis of merit. The right to education is guaranteed by Article 13 of the International Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights (ICESCR). Article 13 provides: (1) The States Parties to the present Covenant recognise the right of everyone to education. (2) The States parties to the present Covenant recognise that, with a view to achieving the full realisation of this right... (c) Higher education shall be made equally accessible to all, on the basis of capacity, by every available means, and in particular by the progressive introduction of free education.



WHO IS IN VIOLATING THE RIGHT—THE GOVERNMENT OR THE UNIVERSITY?

Senator Vanstone has publicly stated that the Government did not force universities to take the full-fee option. If true, the Government could then argue that the University, not the Government, has chosen to implement full fees and thus deny equal access to tertiary education. As the treaty binds Australia, and not the University, the Government would thus not be repudiating its obligations under the United Nations Declaration and Covenant. However, the Government has slashed tertiary education funding by \$840 million. The net effect of Government policy is that the Faculty of Law alone is facing a \$2 million cut within two years.



The current situation regarding full fee paying university students can be regarded as a denial of the right to equal access to higher education per Article 13 ICESCR and Article 26(1) of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which states, "higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit". Further, the move to full fee paying students seems to breach Article 2 of the ICESCR which provides: (2) The States Parties to the present Covenant undertake to guarantee that the rights enunciated in the present Covenant will be exercised without discrimination of any kind as to race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or status.


Selecting only those students who can afford to pay effectively discriminates on the grounds of "social origin, property, birth or other status". Arguments could also be presented that full-fees reinforce traditional gender biases that only men need an education. Interestingly, 67% of all law students at full-fee paying Bond University are male, whereas at Sydney University law school, where students are admitted on the basis of merit, women comprise 54% of students.





# FASHION FAUX WITS

strict logic and high technique at the altar of Versace



**Forget Milan and Paris.** That's right. It is here, at Sydney Uni Law School where you can catch a glimpse of the haute couture fashions of the moment which Calvin Klein himself says should be relegated to the catwalks. And if the labels weren't already on the outside, it is here that you'd see designer fashions turned inside-out to evidence their quality.

A pair of Marcs black leather pants teamed with a black polo and leather boots, paraded with a casual sway of the hips to create the 'thrown-together look' seems a winter favourite, with the option of a pair of well-fitting faded Levis (preferably on very long legs) for those not yet acquainted with the idea of leather as a daytime accessory. Summer remains equally casual, with the 'less is more' motto referring to diametre rather than length, and colours not dissimilar to the winter range, sombre tones reflective of sophistication. The entire look is, of course, carried off with a surprisingly, non-surgically induced pout.

In keeping with its reputation for producing real lawyers, Law School permits no limitations in the fashion arena either. In fact,

this is probably where you are most likely to get the largest collection of designer gear elegantly and unassumingly paraded without the exorbitant entry fee and media mayhem of the real parades. Forget the Sportsgirl ribbon in your hair when you can buy Chanel. It's like walking into Harrods and momentarily breathing a sigh of relief when you spot someone in a pair of sneakers, consoling yourself that there is indeed someone less elegantly dressed than yourself. But alas, no. Here, like Harrods, they are more likely to be DKNY than Dunlop Volleys.

The lesson? Don't assume anything when it comes to fashion. Don't

# C E L I N E

The University of Sydney

Lecture Theatre

DONNA KARAN

MAX MARA  
10 JCL 21

# Calvin Klein VERSACE



Trent Nathan **GIORGIO ARMANI** LOUIS VUITTON  
**GUCCI** GIVENCHY  
 DOICE & GABBANA MOSCHINO **CHANEL**

Artwork by Ansuya Singaram

assume that Armani sunglasses cannot double for hair accessories. Don't assume that debates about "Politix" are actually about politics. And don't assume that the casual 'thrown-together' look is that at all. The final look commands years of training and many a Saturday afternoon in Paddington. Unlikely to be achieved before third year.

But undoubtedly the most difficult time for any newcomer to the scene is the period prior to summer clerkship interviews when the fashion war soars. Mod is replaced with conservative, the decline in groove purely acceptable, not in the least because 'days in suits' equate with interviews, and the one thing that does outweigh style here is success.

Around this time there is a conscious swing in conversation away from the usual Law School garb to interviews, the question on everyone's lips being "What are you going to wear?" The answers range from a mid-navy suit to a dark navy suit coupled with a white, or slightly off-white shirt. You cannot deny the difficult task of the firms. The one in Dolce & Gabbana or the one in Versace?

And it continues. It is clear to any person on the Clapham omnibus that the Chief Justice didn't get to where he is today by shopping at Gowings. Because it is the clothes, and maybe thankfully so, that do the talking. An otherwise unpalatable judgment becomes persuasively legally sound when his, or her, Honour has chosen Saba for the occasion, which would explain why a well-dressed Lord Denning retained his position for so long. Indeed, it is wiser to be well-versed in Cleo's "Summer's 'Do's and Don'ts'" than "Carter on Contracts," for while the latter may be more interesting, we know which will get you the job.

But perhaps we shouldn't be too quick to malign efforts to look good. While complaining about outrageous HECS bills and up front fees for College, we may have overlooked the expense others go to for exactly the same results. Hell, Finishing School in Switzerland is outrageously priced, and here you'll get a gratuitous law degree thrown in for your trouble. Would you like that in a Fendi or Givenchy bag?

Sophie Pennington

FASHION FAUX WITS

## 1996 was a very, very, quiet year for fems rea and feminist activity amongst students at the Law School.

Perhaps it was the shell-shocked aftermath of realising that the biblical fundamentalist, Senator Harradine, held the balance of power in the Senate. Perhaps it was a withdrawal in the face of the mind numbing tedium of so many women law students declaring that they are not feminists. All those girls of the 90's busy being lawyers first and women second; if the statistics were not so sad it would be funny—more than 50% female law students and who gets asked at clerkship interviews if they are going to have children? who has the best jobs 5 years after graduating? how

many female partners did you say? how many female barristers? how many women speak in the High Court? Whose game are those girls playing?

Whatever the reason for the hush of '96 the beginning of 1997 was a good one: before anyone knew we had lost the dean a small group of disaffected women students decided life for a hapless feminist just had to be better than the Law Ball and cocktail parties in suits (unbelievable but true life desperation: law students voluntarily wear a collar and tie or pantyhose when they don't really have to). Those students who didn't take Gender and the Law, Aboriginal Peoples or Criminology would not have to feel like weird aliens in a rah rah world of Country Road and RM Williams. There'd be talk about life

beyond the 59th floor of Dingbat, Droop and Snortin'—the grim concrete dungeons of the University of Sydney Law School would ring to the resurgent sounds of girls talking law and social justice.

## So what did fems rea do?

In first semester we had regular weekly meetings on level 5 at Law School, dined with UNSW Fems Rea (UNSW shames USydney again with 70 members and lots of money), picnicked at Circular Quay for Anti-Domestic Violence Day, attended meetings with the Law Faculty Womens' Committee and assisted with plans for the Alternative Careers Day. There was also an encounter of a very close kind with the beige and parish-priestly Senator Harradine on the ABC's 'First Wednesday' with feisty and funny fems rea girls making national television uninvited. For the benefit of all at Law School we held a lunchtime seminar on abortion law reform and the threat of *Superclinics* with the wickedly funny Virginia Bell (Counsel assisting the Royal Commission into the NSW Police Service and founding member of Redfern Legal Centre), and a Censorship Forum aimed at encouraging debate about feminist views of censorship with speakers as

diverse as Catherine Lumby (lecturer in media studies, Macquarie University), David Marr (SMH journalist), Rebecca Huntley (Watch on Censorship), Jane Mills (head of screen studies Film & TV School) and Helen Leonard (National Women's Media Alliance).

In second semester we gathered new members but held fewer meetings due to the time-table's intransigence, laboured and welcomed guest participants at the Alternative Careers Day, attended Professor Regina Graycar's address to Women Lawyers and attended the Professional Women's Dinner (an annual event organised by UNSW fems rea for law students to meet with women lawyers and politicians). We welcomed Ruth McCoil, SC, President of Women Lawyers and Counsel assisting the Thredbo Inquiry on her crossing Phillip St to talk to an audience of interested women and men about life as a woman barrister in the world of commercial law. Her most telling revelation was that women solicitors had confessed that they purposefully gave briefs to men rather than to women. Do they feel less threatened? As lawyers? As women?

Finances are always a



Angela Seward & David Mar talk censorship

problem at the University of Sydney if your group is not fascinated by endless beer, cocktails and pizzas but wants to organise forums with busy speakers. Whilst the much maligned poorer cousin to the Union, the SRC, is always willing to fund seminars, 1997 was not a year of largesse to feminists at Law School. After the first spat with SULLS (who were sufficiently generous to sponsor our first seminar), we raised funds for the rest of the year by holding a raffle. With thanks to all those fellow students, friends and family members who gave a golden coin, we made around \$250 in a matter of weeks. Thanks also to the SRC and the Union. SULLS of 1997 and fems rea never did get on although we did get civil towards the end and pin money was finally forthcoming.

It must be said that given the vacuum of 1996 fems rea had a solid year with a consistent presence on level 13 and in the stairwells of the Law School. The ballerinas of the big firm ballrooms may call us

law school princesses on the toilet walls but from a group of 4 or 5 huddled together in March we finish this year with 30 on the mailing list, 1998 SULLS accepting the pleasure of feminists at Law School, a good deal of camaraderie fostered between years, some feminist tentacles spreading out to the law students at Main Campus and an assortment of seminars, forums and external events behind us. Most importantly for the final year students who set the ball rolling at the beginning of the year we have built solid foundations for fems rea activities in 1998 and there are women keen to make fems rea a source of critical debate and fermenting ideas. This desire is sorely needed in a Law School which likes to pride itself as a leader in Australia but where the Faculty commitment to student's intellectual activity and the fostering of professional relations outside the classroom can only be described as embarrassing.

Finally, a story for the women law students and



women faculty members who find the f-word distasteful. Did you hear about the male barrister who in late 1997 publicly toasted a new male judge by telling the gathering at the Bar Association that he was unusual for a judicial appointment these days being heterosexual, male and knowing something about the law? The feminist response to this kind of warfare is not to smile sweetly and play the game, it is to ask the question 'Can this be right? All those ill-prepared, supercilious, fat, male barristers with neurotic twitches we come across in lecture theatres and the courts know things we could never know about the law?' It's a sad fact that so many heterosexual men live in a delusion of grandeur in this world and maybe it's better to let them die young, happy with the power they have had. Girls, fems rea says don't let the creeps get you down, above all don't be too polite, read between the lines. You've seen it in the classroom and

you'll see it outside, the Boy's Club is just screaming at us, we're smug, we're full of it and we've got no clothes on, no clothes, none at all!



# POSTCARD FROM SHANGHAI

ballroom dancing in the middle of People's Square at midnight

**The ethereal grays and blues that permeate Shanghai, hazy and vast, float across the city.** Looking across the river from the Bund to Pudong, mammoth construction sites shimmer in and out of vision as the smog thickens. The formidable TV tower, like some alien space ship, has landed, between two neon signs. One for Coca Cola, the other, Canon. Walking through the streets of Shanghai, like walking on

the middle of my exams, and could hardly take in the news. Once my exams had finished, I started to feel a bit nervous; the only things I knew about China came from books that I'd read in the comfort and safety of Sydney (usually on a sunny day). I'd never even been to a communist country before! Would secret police track my every move, as so many people had told me they would (with a certain amount of sadistic glee)? Did I really need all those vaccinations? Why did everyone look at me and shake their heads when I told them I was going to China? My grandfather, who is blind and in his late 70s told me, "Look at everything, notice everything, and then tell me everything". And that is what I ventured to do.

I arrived in China on the first of January with Carmela Serratore, after having missed New Year's Eve, as nobody really knew how many time lines we'd crossed or when it had turned 12 o'clock. Strangely, the airport was completely empty. I later discovered that a thick cloud of mist had descended on the airport so that most planes could not even get through, we were lucky to have landed in Shanghai!

Gradually, I settled into life at the East China University of Politics and Law. Seven o'clock every morning, Tai Chi classes were held by the most incredibly graceful and intense medical doctor I have ever seen. The first class was attended most enthusiastically, but gradu-

ally (by the next class) as the cold seeped into our bones, staying in bed seemed the most sensible option. Two dedicated classmates got up every morning, but I believe they had divine help.

Next, we would have breakfast, usually soup, steamed buns and tea. After breakfast we would shuffle up to the classroom for our morning lecture, the late ones tumbling out of bed straight into the classroom. For the most part, the lectures were excellent and the content far exceeded my expectations.

Probably, the most interesting lectures were given by Sun Chao, who lectured on administrative and constitutional law, and brought the class to tears, not an easy thing to do with a bunch of cynics like us!

My favorite lecture, though, was given by Zheng Wei on criminal law. This was my favorite partly because of the interesting content, for example, one judge in Shanghai had 145 cases in five years, 116 of these were sentenced to death. Zheng Wei's comments during the lectures allowed us a glimpse into a China we were not supposed to see. Zheng Wei discussed the problem of female infanticide with us and said that although it was not a serious crime, in China it was considered to be murder.

The other interesting thing he did, which nobody else did the whole time we were in China, was mention Tibet. Before I left for China, I had read that partly

due to strict press censorship many ordinary Chinese believe that the Chinese occupation of Tibet is good for Tibet and its people. Zheng Wei reflected this opinion which I found very interesting, especially as no one had asked any question about Tibet.

After morning lectures, there was lunch and quite a long break before the afternoon lectures started again. During these breaks we would go to the markets and bargain for mandarins and bananas. (I can say "four bananas" in Mandarin perfectly!) We would also take walks through the parks or the streets and sometimes talk to people who seemed curious about us. It was during these long walks that I noticed something else about Shanghai that I grew to love. It seemed to me that the old people in China have an important and revered place in society. The old people are very visible; out in the streets or in the parks, talking with each other, helping with the children, exercising, dancing, playing games or just gossiping.

It was usually the older people who had the most curiosity about us and many of them would come up to us and ask where we were from and what we were doing in China. Lots of old ladies would come up to me and shout, "Why are you so tall?", "Why do you look like a foreigner?" (I'm 178 cm tall and my dad's Japanese so I was often taken for a Chinese) to which I would reply, "Why are you so short" and then we would all



'Auntie' Nicola Franklin

the surface of a multifaceted gem, has been one of the most exciting and challenging experiences of my life.

When I was told that I had been awarded the NSW Law Foundation Chinese Studies Scholarship along with Aviva Gulley, I was in



Doing it tough at the Hilton Hotel on Australia Day

laugh and shout together. I often felt rather wistful as I have seen my own grandparents gradually marginalised from Australian society the older they get. I felt we would do well to learn from the Chinese example of inclusion of the elderly.

My favorite time was the free time we had in the evenings and on the weekends. It was during these times that we were completely free to roam around the streets, explore interesting places, eat at unusual restaurants and generally get a feel for the city.

Some events that stick in my mind are: ballroom dancing in the middle of People's Square at midnight, in the freezing cold to the strains of a Strauss waltz along with hundreds of Chinese couples; bargaining in the pottery and silk night market in Hangzhou; looking at the treasures in Shanghai museum and walking along the Bund with its old European architecture, looking out across the river to Pudong, the newly industrialised section that has at least ten huge construction sites within three blocks.

Another thing that struck me as I walked through the

shops, markets and department stores was the importance of employment in China. For the Chinese government, profit making in their business enterprises is not their highest priority. Of even more importance is maintaining a high level of employment. When Westerners walk through the retail and service areas, there seems to be an abundance of shop assistants, hairdressers, waiters etc. More often than not this meant that an excellent and thorough job was done. We didn't have to wait for ages for a waiter to notice us, nor did we have to wait in long retail queues and when we went to the hair dresser, they spent time and energy trying to make us look respectable. We always got service with a smile and a friendly chat. It was a real lesson to me, having come from a society where economic rationalism links employment cuts with efficiency.

The Chinese people, as I experienced them, were incredibly friendly and open. They were ready to shout, laugh, joke, explain things to us and take us places. They seemed to accept us and take an interest in us where ever we went. I was ashamed to think that I

couldn't be sure they would receive the same kind of friendly reception in Australia. The Chinese law program not only taught me the fundamentals of Chinese law and legal culture, but it enabled me to discover points of contact between Australian and Chinese cultures and understand more clearly our differences. The importance of such a course, at a time when our politicians are either openly espousing racism or refusing to condemn it, cannot be understated. We need more courses such as the Chinese law course to ensure an open and bright future for Australia. I will always be grateful to CAPLUS and the NSW Law Foundation for the opportunity and privilege of learning about China, its laws and its people.

### Catherine Flutsch

☼☼☼

**In January 1997 about 30 students from Australia (and Belgium) took part in a four week exchange program at the East China University of Politics and Law in Shanghai** accompanied by our resident guardian, the fun-loving, the unforgettable 'Auntie' Nicola Franklin. The group hit it off from the beginning—so much so that the program boasts of at least two torrid romances and one

case of unrequited love/lust.

Compared to the local students, we were accommodated within the relatively clean foreign student's building accompanied by a motley crew of bed lice and rats which we had named by the end of our studying stint. While a few students got better acquainted with those creatures others spent their evenings and weekends acquainting themselves with Shanghai's many attractions—most important of which included the city's many and varied bars and nightclubs. A couple of the more enterprising individuals even managed to score the entire group a place at the Australia Day bash held by the Australian Embassy at the Hilton Hotel in downtown Shanghai. (If the invitation remains open to next year's group I believe the Australian Winegrower's Association will have another record export month to Shanghai in January 1998).

In between practising our bargaining skills on weekend excursions, at night time markets and at the nearby Nautica boutique, we actually did some work. Indeed we were even escorted through a supposedly 'genuine' Shanghaiese gaol (which we quickly realised were about as 'genuine' as the Rolex watches being sold for \$2 on most street corners). Incredibly we all passed the final exam much to the amusement (some might say amazement) of the University's resident professors and I think I speak for all of us when I thoroughly recommend the course to anyone interested in Chinese culture, business law and a great night out.

### Andrew Cochineas

# THE CRUNCHY GRANOLA SCHOOL

life on exchange at Queen's University

**With little idea of what was ahead** we, Georgina Brown and Laura Norrie, left on 29 December 1996, flying Canadian Airlines, for Queen's University, Kingston, Canada via New York. The sales were on there after all and we had been told to stock up on appropriate winter clothing. A week later, we turned our sights to Queen's University and Harkness Hall - a graduate residence which was to be our home for the semester. However, even with the New York wardrobe, we were little prepared. The snow cover remained constant from our arrival until the first week in April, a period we thought classified as Spring. Walking on ice was a skill we picked up fairly quickly. The temperatures were also a little bit of a shock for the average Sydneysider: -10 to -15



degrees Celsius was a fairly good day, and we suffered -65 degrees Celsius (with wind chill admittedly) when skiing Mont Tremblant in Québec. When it did reach 10 degrees in the last week we were there, it felt positively balmy.

Kingston is a university town on Lake Ontario with a population of 60 000, 30 000 of whom are university students. This meant that the town had a strong university focus. It was a very easy town to adapt to and live in, and the sense of community was strong, particularly among the law students who spent much time in the library - more a place of socialising than study. We soon got into the swing of Canadian life, buying mugs from Starbucks to blend into the 'crunchy granola school', adopting such lingo as 'pop' (soft drink), 'tuk' (warm hat), 'prof' and 'paper' and finding ourselves explaining what a 'jumper' was and that 'uni' was the same thing as 'school'. We were once told by a fellow law student that while he couldn't understand a word we said, it was fun to listen to our accent. It was easy to get to know other students who were always interested to meet the latest Aussies and tracked us down. Being Australians, certain behaviour was expected from us, previous Sydney University exchange students having paved the way - Australians can apparently party like no other group of people. We felt compelled not to disappoint, becoming regulars at the Trash, the Toucan, the Shot and

Stages.

Travelling too, was important to us, and we embarked on the Great Bus Tour of Eastern Canada, taking in Montreal (-23 degrees outside and no hot water to be had in the hostel, but lots of fun outside), Québec City (très charming) and Ottawa (including

a compulsory visit to the Supreme Court of Canada). We also took in the sights of Toronto (where we built a snowman on the "beach") and Niagara Falls (much more spectacular from the Canadian side). On the academic front, Queen's offered a wide range of interesting courses. We studied inter alia legal ethics, aboriginal and treaty rights, medical law and international environmental and resource law. The professors were very approachable, helpful and understanding - particularly when it came to end of term papers and journals. As law is a graduate degree in Canada, the students were generally older than us by a few years and had often worked before coming to law school and this meant a varied and interesting range of ideas and experiences were brought to class discussions. Going to Queen's was a fantastic experience both academically and socially. We received a warm welcome and had an unforgettable time.





# THE AVERAGE CLERK

## "who dares wins" OR "so, you want a summer clerkship?"

The following is a (carefully plagiarised) A4 statement from a Summer Clerkship Application. The perpetrator was actually offered a clerkship by a leading Australian law firm and was later offered graduate employment there. Which just goes to show...

"Probably the most striking thing about my application is my appalling academic record. The reason for this is that, unlike most law students, I chose to enjoy my campus years, and led an excessively hedonistic lifestyle, including myself in all those things which are inaccessible at school but so readily available at university. This was months at a time, culminating in my fail in German (a language in which I am fluent) for insufficient attendance.

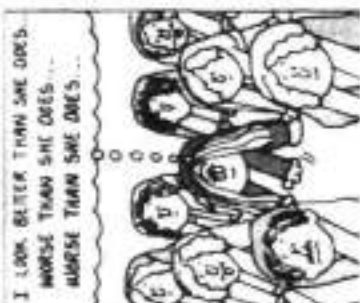
However, my time on campus was not wasted. During that period I resided at St. Paul's College which was educational in that it gave me the ability to get along very well with people whom I actually hated. Although duplicity is not really my style, I can play the game when necessary. During this period I also read widely and wrote for various magazines albeit under pseudonyms which created problems when being paid by cheque, or other employment I worked for a while in telephone sales at which I was highly successful, but eventually quit for ethical reasons. I have also worked as an actor in numerous productions with the Australian Opera and currently tutor their singers in German.

With European parents I have had cause to travel widely, which is indeed the reason for my belated application as I had to go to Germany due to a death in my family. My German is fluent, my French better than competent, my Italian fairly basic, and my Spanish virtually non-existent.

Thus, although I cannot offer you jewel encrusted marks, I am not altogether an idiot. I am easy to get along with and I know my communication skills are far superior to most of my peers at the Law School who are struggling to find a topic of conversation beyond the last Equity lecture. While most Law subjects have been bored me into almost total submission, I did enjoy Torts (particularly Defamation) and International Law, and am very interested in Media Law and Intellectual Property. As for Real Property, "hatred" falls far short of an adequate description of my emotions for this subject.

You have heard of students with High Distinctions who go on to become incompetent professions due to their inability to relate to and understand people; simply think of me as representing the other extreme. It is without any regret that I find myself radically different to most other law students as they offer nothing by way of character individuality. I am many things, but I am not boring. The fact that I am different should be viewed as an asset rather than a disadvantage. They say that variety is the spice of life, and from what I have seen there is no law firm which could not do with a bit of spice..."

CATHY by Cathy Guisewite



# IN THE MOOT

mooting at Sydney University Law Faculty, 1997

**As usual, mooting at Sydney University continues apace through the enthusiastic efforts of a large number of very masochistic law students.** Who but a being who enjoys pain and who is enamoured of the impressive decor and matchless ambience of the Sydney University Law School Library would take on hours of extra legal research, and would subject themselves to the merciless interrogation of judges and barristers, without even the remotest hope of gaining credit towards their degree? Or maybe it's just typical law student exhibitionism and an innate inability to shut up. Whatever it is, it has continued to ensure that the

internal competitions are maintained at a consistently high standard, and that Sydney is a strong and universally-feared competitor when it comes to the intervarsity events.

## **The Philip C Jessup International Law Moot Court Competition**

Late in November 1996, Kirsti Samuels, Damien Hazard, Ben Vonwiller (all from the 1996 graduating year), and Kim Weatherall and Houda Younan (still slaving away at Law School...) met with the legendary, though quiet Dr Don Rothwell (Supercoach) for the first meeting of what was to be

one very long summer. These intrepid individuals had agreed to take on a very daunting task - following the "Dream Team" that was the 1996 Jessup Team (who had proved themselves world champions by winning the International Competition) and submitting themselves to the months of unremitting work that is the Jessup Competition. Soon after, the team met to divide the issues contained in the question for research. In brief, the issues we were to deal with were the

international legal rights of children and their 'mother country' under the International Convention on the Rights of the Child, the plight of refugee children following on a natural disaster, trade sanctions under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, and questions of international legislative jurisdiction of States.

All of December and January were devoted to research - long, long hours spent in the Sydney library, over a photocopier, at home at the desk, or in long progress meetings where we confused each other with our interpretations of the law, and discovered Houda's extremely strange eating habits and Damien's friendly Alsatian. (Meanwhile others celebrated their youth at summer clerk functions or spent long days on the beach. You can always tell a Jessup mooter in January - they are the one with the pale, drawn look of someone who has spent far too much time inside). At the end of January we retreated to write the memorials - luckily (unlike last year's team) this year we had a word limit on memorials, rather than the previous year's anal page number and line width requirements. The day the memorials were due was rather interesting, to say the least. Due at 6pm, they were not ready at 10am (when Don had asked for them, so they could be printed), they were not ready at 11am, or even 2pm, or 3pm. In fact, as we rushed to the printer next door at 4:55pm (5 minutes before they were due to close, and half an hour after they

had told us was the last possible time they could accept work to be printed that afternoon), I am absolutely positive Don Rothwell was a mild shade of green or grey (I'm not sure which - whatever it was it looked unhealthy). Never mind - they were in, with surprisingly few mistypes.

Next came endless practice moots in front of unforgiving benches full of past Jessup mooters (thank guys), as well as many others, including Don, Ivan Shearer, Mary Crock, Patrick Parkinson, Hilary Astor, Les McGrimmon.

Late February, and we were in Canberra (after a train journey which, interestingly, we shared with members of the UNSW team... You could almost feel the competitive edginess pervade the train). February is not a particularly felicitous time to be in Canberra - particularly in shoe-box style college rooms where there is nothing even vaguely resembling air-conditioning. Our first moot was that very evening - the University of Adelaide. In quick succession over the next 2 days we also met UTS, the University of the Northern Territory and UNSW in the round-robin preliminary rounds.

After the preliminary rounds, all the teams gathered to hear the results announced - Sydney had made it through the preliminaries undefeated and ranked first. Then the bad news - in 8th place was UNSW (who we had only mooted that morning) - and we were to meet them in the quarterfinal. 1997 was the first





Senior Mooting Finalists—Houda Younan, Kimberlee Weatherall, Angela Sewar, and Deborah Mazoudier

year where quarterfinals were held. Unfortunately, despite the best efforts of the mooters, we went down to the UNSW that afternoon - and our Jessup adventure (!) was over. UNSW went on to defeat the University of Melbourne in their semi-final. The final between UWA and UNSW was won by UWA. Damien Hazard was placed 6th, and Kim Weatherall 9th in the best oralist rankings for the Australian rounds.

As one former "Jessuper" has said - "Jessup is more than a subject or a competition: it is a life experience". That holds true, no matter how you go in the competition itself. Never at any other time in Law School are you required to work so long, so hard, and so intensely, with a small team of people. Never at any other time will you know an area of law in such depth, and from so many angles. Never at any other time will you do so much mooting in one area that you have heard most of the questions before you hear them in actual competition. But it definitely has its rewards - including the a sense of achievement which comes from surviv-

ing and coming out the other end.

### What is the Jessup?

The Jessup Competition, named after American International Law jurist and ICJ Judge Philip C. Jessup, is an annual moot court competition which has been run by the International Law Students Association. Teams of up to 5 law students are required to research and draft written submissions (called 'memorials') for both sides in an international law dispute between imaginary countries on a hypothetical problem. The kinds of issues raised are diverse—in 1994 the problem dealt with international refugee law, in 1995 the international law of the environment (John Howard take note—there are law graduates out there with a very in-depth knowledge of this area...). In

1996, the problem dealt with international terrorism, extradition, privacy and self-determination.

In Australia, the research goes on throughout the whole of December and January, with two 12,000 word memorials due at the end of January. Then comes the fun bit - the oral rounds of the competition. Teams present their oral arguments in front of benches of three judges. In Australia, these judges tend to come from the AG's Dept, DFAT and various university law faculties. The marks for each moot are determined one third by the marks given to the written submission, and two thirds on the oral argument.

The Australian round of the competition, held in February at the ANU in Canberra involved some 14 teams in 1997. There are four preliminary-round moots, quarter-finals, semi-finals and a grand final, held over 4 days (yes - it is pretty intense!). The two teams from the grand final go to Washington to compete in the International Round, as the representatives of Australia. In the international round there are four round-robin preliminary rounds, and 3 elimination finals rounds held over 6 days.

All this work does get some

credit—it is (as of 1998) a two unit subject (in 1997 and previously it was only worth one unit). Of course, in reality it is as much work as at least half of the whole fourth year course. Team members suffer long periods of sleep deprivation, sunlight withdrawal symptoms, wide-eye syndrome from too much photocopying and have been known to wander round the library looking helplessly for a way out. December and January are devoted to research and writing, and all through February the team practise their mooting skills. Sydney has a proud tradition in the Jessup competition - in 1995 the Sydney Team won the Australian round and were quarterfinalists in the international round, and in 1996 Matt McLennan, Ben Kremer, Jane Doolan, Rebecca Kavenagh and Ben Olbourne won the Australian and International Rounds (the cup stands proudly today outside the Library...).

### THE 1997 JESSUP COMPETITION QUESTION: IN BRIEF...

A massive eruption in the developing nation of Laurentia causes thousands of deaths and chaos in this populous and poor country. Caledon, its richer neighbour, participates in a world-wide relief effort, evacuating several thousand people for medical treatment. Most are flown back to their home country, including most of the children taken out. But those children whose parents cannot be found - some 400 of them - remain in Caledon. Then an election in the fundamentalist Caledonian province of Oriente, in which the children are staying, sweeps a religious extremist group to



power, who promptly announce that the children will be adopted and brought up in the 'true faith' (away from their own 'pagan' culture). Laurentia seeks the return of the children before this can be done - which is refused. Laurentia then retaliates - first with trade sanctions hitting Caledon's cigarette industries, and then with a law which allows Laurentian relatives of children still in Caledon to sue those involved if they can be issued with initiating proceedings in Laurentia. Following unsuccessful negotiation the dis-

moot is always of superlative standard - and this year was no exception. The moot was held in August in the august Banco Court before an illustrious Bench - the President of the NSW Court of Appeal, the Hon. Justice Keith Mason, Mr Stuart Littlemore QC and Mr Rob Shelley (UNSW Lecturer). The case we had to argue concerned the implications from an implosion of a building which went (to use a stock media phrase) 'horribly wrong' - individuals were killed, but the case turned on the effect on people who saw or heard of the event and suf-

fered nervous shock. President Mason was incisive, Stuart Littlemore (typically) cynical and sarcastic, and Rob Shelley surprisingly quiet. Stuart Littlemore particularly warmed to the fun - the most interesting moment of the moot (for me) would have to have been trying to convince Stuart Littlemore that it was not reasonably foreseeable that the media would breach their own Code of Ethics!!!!

### Butterworths NSW Intervarsity Mooting Competition

The Butterworths

excise duties under s90, and freedom of interstate trade (a mere week and a half after the High Court handed down the decision in *Ha and Hammond v State of NSW*). The Sydney team of Houdu Younan, Michael Davis, Michael Izzo and Pallavi Sinha mooted well to be placed equal third overall - only narrowly missing out on meeting ANU in the final when they lost to UTS in the 'moot-off' in the last preliminary round moot. The final between ANU and UTS, before a bench of Justice Beazely, Justice Sackville, David Bennett QC and Dr Don Rothwell, was won by the UTS team.

### Internal Competitions

As I mentioned earlier in this report, I am eternally amazed at the number of people who will give up hours of precious time to do more work in the library for which they will never receive credit points. Actually, that's not entirely true - it does not surprise me all that much because, as a mooter myself, I have discovered what an amazingly rewarding experience it can be. The adrenalin rush, the high when you have a "good moot", the number of other law students outside the immediate circle of Sydney University that you can meet - all-in-all the rewards far outweigh the burdens.

The Junior Competition (Torts law) started, as usual, with a bang - over 60 competitors rocking up for the first round. Inevitably, the rigours of the following preliminary rounds sorted the sheep from the goats, but there were still many talented individuals who missed out on the semi-finals. The final, held before the Hon. Justice Dowd in the Supreme Court, involved

putes are submitted to the International Court of Justice.

### H V Evatt Moot

The 1997 H. V. Evatt Moot is the original grudge moot. It must be the mooting equivalent of the State of Origin - in an annual competition, in a single moot, the University of Sydney meets the University of NSW head-to-head, and there is definitely blood on the floor when it is over. The

fered nervous shock.

Angela Seward and Kim Weatherall mooted for Sydney, with Stephen Klineberg as instructing solicitor. In the event, the UNSW team of Jenni Younan and Cameron Hanson were successful on the night. The moot itself was exciting, challenging and of a very high standard - and (as all the judges commented afterwards), extremely close.

Competition is an annual Constitutional Law Mooting competition open to Universities throughout NSW and the ACT. This year, Sydney University hosted the competition, which was convened by Kim Weatherall, and 6 universities joined in the fun - UNSW, ANU, UTS, UWS, Sydney and Wollongong (no thanks to Macquarie and Newcastle who pulled out at the last minute - the wimps!). Teams mooted on issues of



David Sulan, Erin Gough, Joseph Tesvic and Andrew Krestovsky. In what was a close moot, Andrew Krestovsky came out the winner. Thanks to Justin Norrie and Michael Izzo for a Herculean effort in running the competition.

The Intermediate Competition was also extremely strong this year - just proving the depth of talent at Sydney Uni. Run superbly by Deborah Mazoudier, there were still 28 mooters when it came time for the final cuts. The final was held in the Federal Court (being a Corporations Law question), before the Hon. Justice Foster, Mr John Garnsie QC and Mr Robert Austin (yes - that Austin - the one who wrote the textbook.). Nicole Burston, Liz Vuong, and the Michaels - Michael "If you'd just give me a bit of latitude, Judge" Henry and Michael Handler - all put

in sterling performances, but Liz wowed the bench with her finesse and sharp arguments to take out the (brand new and very shiny) trophy (the generous contribution of this year's SULLS exec). Congratulations Liz.

The Senior Competition showed a distinct lack of masochists in final year (or maybe our year is just a bunch of pragmatists)—when it came time for the semi-finals, there were only four of us left - Houda Younan, Deb Mazoudier, Angela Seward and Kim Weatherall. So we decided to save our efforts for an all-out, winner-takes-all final. On September 18, we appeared in the grandiose Banco Court before Justice Hodgson, Chief Judge of the Equity Division; the Hon. Justice Lehane of the Federal Court, and Barbara McDonald (who also wrote the ques-

tion)—a truly illustrious and imposing bench when one is mooting on the finer points of the law of Equity. Angela Seward won - to complete her trifecta (having won both the Junior and Intermediate finals on her way through law school - we stand in awe.) Malleons Stephen Jaques generously hosted the formal presentation ceremony after the final. Thanks to Michael Handler and Pallavi Sinha for putting in the time to organise the competition, and running what was a great finals night.

As an aside, I have been running the mooting competitions at Sydney for the last two years, and it has been a rewarding (though continuously frustrating) experience. I just wanted to say thank you to the many not mentioned here for all their help; to the lecturers of the Law Faculty for not all running in the

opposite direction when I asked them to write us new questions, and all the individual competitors who are truly the lifeblood of the competitions. I truly have got as much out of the whole experience as I put in. I know that Sydney University Law Faculty will continue to produce mooters of outstanding calibre, and I hope that whoever takes on the job for the future has a wonderful time.

**Kimberlee Weatherall**  
1997 Mooting  
Competitions Director



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# BLIND DATE NIGHT

## WHERE DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN 10 YEARS TIME?

confined to my housing commission home because of gross obesity, covered in bed sores and yelling at those pesky neighbourhood kids who throw rocks at my window.

IN THE MIRROR

**desperate and dateless gutter or a police cell**

~~dean of the law faculty~~

winner of the Noble Prize for the Most Rippling Abs, international playboy like Bruce Wayne, leader of a religious cult or maybe a lawyer

in a very successful career and married to an incredibly handsome and talented man who worships me.

**Navarotti's heir apparent**

an immensely powerful, respected, charismatic pillar of society leading the forces of light against the evil liberal Empire—alternatively, luggage packed, surgically castrated and on the way to Mars.

just beginning to deal with Princess Di's death

in a gondola in Venice, being a single mum with female children in poland, a soft flabby country inhabited by weak and intellectually completely unprepared for sustained attack.

## WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF YOUR BLIND DATE?

a young girl with a non-aggressive dog so that when I make my special moves, it doesn't snap at my unmentionables

*someone with a pulse and a sense of humour*

WELL, IF HE'S BLIND I HOPE HE CAN AT LEAST HEAR

**a free beer**

*talented, cultivated, self assured, individualistic, social, intelligent, older, muscular, not in a contrived sense, above all a spontaneous sense of humour who won't take things*

*too seriously. It would be much appreciated if he speaks French*

*a voluptuous mentally stimulating Tuscan heiress*

a 5'7" to 5'10" blond-shapely and tanned, she must also be able to cook, clean and perform other services as required. Intelligence is preferable but not a prerequisite.

*advice on my inability to quash my overtly sexual desires for Med students in lab coats*

## YOU'RE ABOUT TO SPEND A YEAR ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND. WHAT THREE THINGS WOULD YOU TAKE WITH YOU?

horse **Coco Chanel perfume** **DUCT TAPE** a big jar of Tang  
 really good DJ Dumbells **gerbil** a white dress  
~~all the readings I am likely to fall behind in~~ a cardboard box  
 coconut cookbook **CODPIECE** distilling unit

**mum** GOOD FOOD—MASHED POTATOES & shrubbery *a doorknob* **ferret**

**7 back issues of National Geographic** *nail clipper*

## WHAT ANIMAL BEST DESCRIBES YOU?

a flamingo—because I am pink and harmless  
 an eagle—I love to travel around the world  
 a branded hedgehog (this from a guy with an earring and a constant 5 o'clock shadow)  
 aragon—because I'm so mythical and majestic  
 unicorn—lissome, swift and dreamlike  
 mantra ray, nobody really knows what it does  
 a dolphin—intelligent, sleek and good at learning new tricks  
 songbird—someone who enjoys voicing her opinion in an extroverted way  
 panda bear—a cuddly person but I am very fierce when I am wild  
 a dog—loyal, faithful, you can also be frisky and full of life  
 gorilla—hard to approach and muscly  
 snail (according to my friends)  
 gazelle—swift, limber and hard to catch

# CHRISTIANS AT LAW SCHOOL

To many people CALS, as Christians at Law School is known, must be a bit of an enigma. Over the course of the year we, a group of thirty Christians, meet together in small groups to study the Bible and pray together. Not exactly normal behaviour! On top of that we occasionally put up posters all around Law School inviting people to come and hear what we believe.

## Why do we do these things?

Everyone in CALS has one thing in common, we all believe that there is more to life than meets the eye. On top of that we believe that one man, Jesus Christ, is the answer to the world's problems.

## What do we believe?

Many people have a distorted picture of what Christians believe but the Christian message is a simple one.

**REBELLION = IGNORING GOD** - God created the world and everything in it, including humankind. However, humans rejected God and failed to give him his rightful place as a ruler of the world. This is what the Bible calls sin and all the wrongs and injustices in the world flow from it. Due to this we cannot know God and we face his judgment.

**RESCUE = JESUS** - As we can do nothing to fix the problem God implemented His own plan. Jesus came to Earth to open up the way to God. The fundamental teaching of Christianity is that Jesus took the punishment we deserve on a cross outside Jerusalem. We are forgiven for our rebellion by the sacrifice of Jesus and his subsequent resurrection and have a relationship with the one true God and need not fear death.

**RESPONSE** - Christians are in nearly every way the same as everyone else. We struggle with the same problems and face the same issues. However the one difference is that we are people who have received God's gift of Jesus. We have accepted the gift of forgiveness. It is waiting for all people!

Perhaps the Bible can sum it up better than we can:

**Romans 6:23** 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord'

Our thanks must go to SALS for their support this year in covering our expenses and providing a free lunch for us. It has been a good year for CALS but for all in CALS the real pleasure comes from seeing people willing to read the Bible and investigate the claims of Jesus Christ.

**Phil Colgan and Andy Chung**

...a heartfelt letter from an unhappy first year—thrown out from a law party...

*The SALS Committee,*

*Why the security guards? I see no reason for them whatsoever. All they did was throw out people who were 'staggering' which essentially comprises the entire group that was actually here tonight. Unless there's a legal reason for having these people here tonight I would urge you that we don't have these power hungry people here again. They only served to ruin the evening for a great number of people.*

*I mean its not like anybody was violent or obnoxious; for some reason the judgment of who could stay or who had to leave was up to the security guards alone.*

*Tonight there have been examples of people being thrown out for being 'intoxicated' - if the security guards were fair and equitable then by now (9.00pm) nobody, NOBODY would be left up there.*

*Furthermore, many people paid their money for the advertised 'all you can drink, all you can eat'. If that is not conducive to heavy drinking and therefore staggering then I don't know what is.*

*The Space Party, apart from the one student who left in an ambulance went really well. Why, why spoil the enjoyment of so many people by ruining the night for so many people by hiring power hungry idiots dressed up as security guards??*

*Signed (among others)  
The Only First Year To Go*

*P.S. On the wine tour we were quite capable of making up our own minds as to how much we should drink!!*

# INTERVIEW HORROR STORIES

*Strange but true....*

## The experience of an Arts/Law student during a management consulting interview:

- I: You say you have an interest in business  
S: Yes. I have a burning interest in business  
I: Can you name the top ten businesses in Australia?  
S: Yes I can  
I: What are they?  
S: (Pause) One of those big supermarket chains that specialise in no-name brands like no frills toilet paper  
I: Any other ideas?  
S: No  
I: Can you name the leading Australian business?  
S: (Long Pause) Coke?  
I: No, that is American  
S: McDonalds?  
I: No, that is American  
S: (Longest Pause)....  
I: Have you ever heard of BHP?  
S: Ahh. Yes. It was on the tip of my tongue

*The student got to the second round interviews, but amazingly the management consulting firm saw through his cleverly disguised lack of business knowledge.*

## The same student during an interview at a law firm the morning after a Law Revue performance:

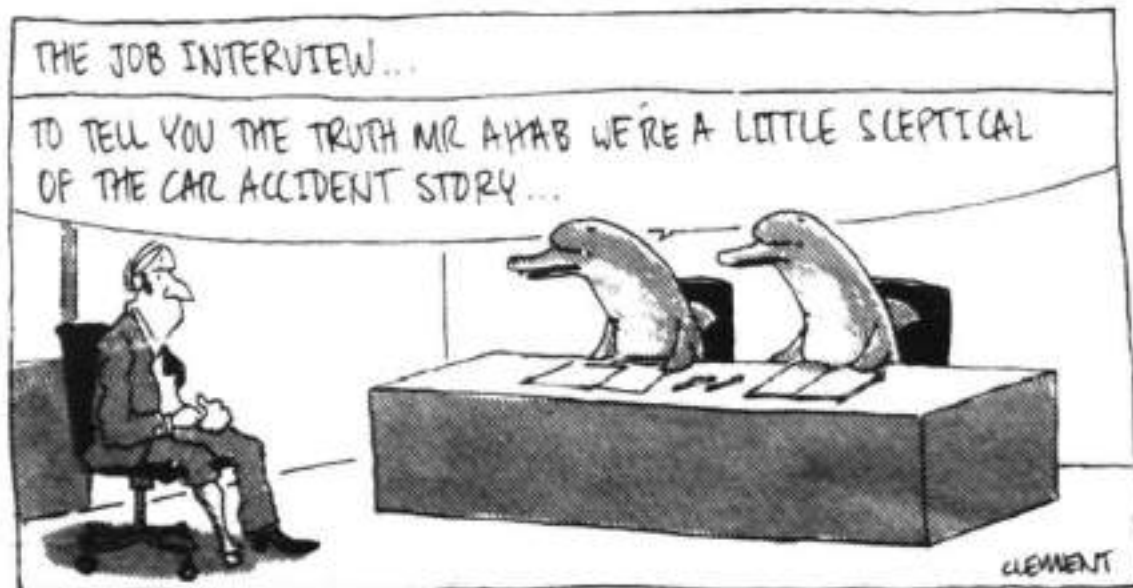
- I: Mr Student, why are you wearing eye-liner?

- S: I was in the Law Revue last night  
I: What was your role?  
S: I was a pederastic judge in a Man-Power outfit  
I: Do you have any interests outside of the Law Revue?  
S: Yes, I enjoy cooking  
I: You enjoy cooking?  
S: Yes  
I: I hate cooking. I can't think of anything more boring or a waste of time than cooking. Lets turn to your marks.  
S: Yes  
I: Your marks are not very good are they?  
S: No  
I: In my experience, marks are a pretty good indication of how good a lawyer you will make  
S: Look, you saw my marks on my application form. I told you again over the phone that my marks weren't very good. Why did you bring me in for an interview—just to tell me how bad a lawyer I would make?  
I: Oh, don't get me wrong. You might make a reasonable lawyer, but just not at this firm.

## Finally, this student got lucky at a notoriously sport-orientated firm

- I: Well, that brings this interview to a close. Is there anything you would lie to say to strengthen your application?  
S: Yes. I'm a bloody quick skier.  
I: Great. You've got the job. When would you like to start?

S = student  
I = interviewer





# WINE TOUR

we'll all join and thank the man who drove a mini-bus which was constantly full of drunks and getting drunker

## Having already endured an extremely tough week of uni after the Easter

**Break,** 20 law students decided to relax in the only way we know....Drink. And drink copious amounts. Always being the ones to do everything properly the party began on Level 5 with some pre-dinner drinks. The man from Dominoes no doubt thought he had a wrong address and a prank call to boot, but when he saw 20 people sitting around in an office block he would have been quite relieved.

Once on the street I thought everything was

ready and rearing to go. I looked at our mini-bus. Enough room to fit all the people, but there just didn't seem to be a boot, yet there were more than enough bags strewn all over the footpath. Twenty minutes later our bus driver Dom (and at this point we'll all join and thank the man who drove a mini-bus for three days which was constantly full of drunks getting drunker) had the whole bus packed and we were ready to go. The Friday afternoon traffic bothered nobody as we were divided into our teams-each drink was worth a point-and began the difficult task of winning this particular competition. I am proud to say that the entire bus managed to

hold on until just before the beginning the Newcastle Freeway, when a pit stop was an absolute necessity. The freeway was unimportant as the entire bus demonstrated what could only be described as a worrying knowledge of 80's music, making a mockery of the music 'challenge' Rowena had prepared. Anyway the bus arrived in our 5 star caravan park in Cessnock. Although there were supposed to be 4 people per caravan that did not always remain the case over the two nights that we were there. (I'm not going to name names; the lucky ones know who they are.) Once settled in we took the sensible option, straight down to the nearest pub. Warned that Cessnock has only one pub that stayed

open for a decent amount of time (i.e. staying open till after midnight) and we'd have to be down there within 20 minutes, we naturally staggered down the street and straight into the pub. Don't ask me about the remainder of the night as it's not quite that clear. The next morning Daina was the most popular person around (call me cynical but it may have had something to do with the fact that she had the Berocca) and some brave souls were having a liquid breakfast. Thereafter began the real reason for the whole trip: the wine tour. The first place we went to actually believed that we cared about the whole wine making process and thus took us on a guided tour, showing us everything. As far as I'm concerned though, the most interesting thing was their experiment where they had fishes swimming

around in wine. We got down to the tasting area but, before we could drink, had to swirl it, look at it and smell it. Then down it went. The remainder of the day was much the same, without the long guided tours we endured first up. Congratulations to members of the 100% club. (those people that drank EVERYTHING that was placed in front of them, not even spitting out one mouthful



like most of us did.) These distinguished people were Ed, Jessica, Pete and Simon.

Back at the Cessnock Hilton some bludged whilst others went to the park with our bus driver/rugby coach to get in some training for tomorrow's game against the lads from Newcastle Uni law school. For people such as Cornelius, Pete, Boris and myself, who'd never played rugby, a quick intro to the game was probably not the worst idea we've ever had, even if we weren't quite running as straight and hard as we would have been had our blood alcohol levels been under 0.1.

Saturday night's a big night in the country and we thought when in Rome do as the Romans do. So we trooped off to the most famous of restaurants- the Cessnock R.S.L. Club. Needless to say, dinner was superb!

We decided that tonight, our last night in the area we should try a different town, so it was off to Neath and the Neath Hotel. The bus trip was, as ever, a drunken affair and soon the whole bus was singing. "Advance Australia Fair" (both verses!!) "Waltzing Matilda" were popular and then the international students had their fun. The German (Cornelius) and American (Pete) anthems got a run. Our import rugby player, ex-law student Chris McDuff taught us the Cessnock song, which became our war cry the following day. By then it was time to get

into the Neath Hotel. Some played coits, some played pool, some sang "Khe Sahr" with the juke box, some just drank. Most did it all! Knowing we'd have to be back in the Cessnock Hotel before midnight to get in it was back into the bus and more drinking while travelling (the phrase "One for the road" just doesn't have the same meaning anymore).

Breakfast the next day was as healthy as ever- Macca's. Then it was into the bus for the short trip to

the drunken Sydney Uni team. Eventually we found the place and got off the bus to the tunes of "I feel good" (Yeah sure! that's the biggest piece of bullshit we'd ever heard and we knew it, but we had to try and psyche them out somehow) Warm ups on our side were funny to say the least and soon it was kick off time. The epic struggle began.

We had won! To the tunes of "I feel good" we came off the field to the delight of our supporters. What a feeling! I

when Cornelius swore he'd left his glasses in the change room. After an extensive search they turned up...in his bag. The penalty. To scull a beer. He achieved the feat and what made it even more remarkable is the fact that the beer was warm! Brave man. Rest of the trip was uneventful. Many people slept (for the first time in days they were sobering up.) and a few hours later we were back at law school, ready to do it all again...next year! Thanks to Rowena for organising the



Newcastle. Now we had a couple of people coming up to Newcastle especially for the game, and while we drove around trying to find the place we had mobile phone contact with those who were already there. They did not tell a pretty story. The Newcastle team was already there, warming up together and generally looking as if they would kill

feel obliged here to give the Wallabies some coaching advice. Next time you play the All Blacks, drink for 36 hours beforehand and then play your hearts out. Stranger things have happened!

Victory celebrations were sweet and alcoholic. Eventually we all staggered onto the bus for the trip home and were about to go

whole thing. I for one will be back next year (and next year, and the year after, and the year after that....)

**Alexander Daniel**  
Arts/Law I

# THE STAFF AT UNI

Many of us tend to take for granted the union staff who surround us. But when you get to know them, you realise how incredibly hard they work for us and what they put up with. More importantly, they are always incredibly cheerful, and helpful. But few of us know the real them. What do they think of Law School? And more importantly, what do they think of us? To find out, **Sophie Cockayne** surveyed six of the most integral members of the Law School staff.

## THE QUESTIONS

1. How long have you been in this job?
2. Describe what you do.
3. What is your favourite part of this job?
4. What is the worst thing about your job?
5. What changes have you seen in Law students over the years.

## THE ANSWERS

### Attendants - Barry Milo and Otis (George)

1. A total of 19 years between us.
2. **Brian:** Nothing. Sleep and eat.  
**Milo:** 'Attend' everything and anything. If the job was described by another word, we wouldn't have to do everything and anything, because we wouldn't have to attend and we would be able to do other things. What do we do? Maintenance, mail, courier, driving ....  
**George:** Staring at all the good looking babes at Law School. Audio visual, security for the building.
3. **Brian:** Going home, pay day.  
**George:** Sweet talking ladies
4. **Brian:** Waiting for home time, nothing, listening to these two.

**Milo:** Adjustments to previous requests. People expecting things to be done immediately when it is not physically possible, or it doesn't need to be.

5. Don't change much. The way the students are have a lot to do with SULS. There is a huge variation. It depends on who you run into. A lot of students expect too much. They expect you to know everything - and to find something. We can't give them lost property if we haven't found it.

### Union Canteen Ladies

**Maria:**

1. 5 years. I used to own a cafe. This is my retirement job - to get me out of the house and give me something to do now that my children are married.
2. My job is beautiful. I enjoy being with the students - I feel the same age as them.
3. Everything is great.
4. Nothing.
5. Most are nice. We get new students all the time. Sometimes there are one or two in a hundred who are difficult.

### Jan

1. About 7 years (2 years at Law School - before that I was at Manning and Bosch). Everywhere is different.
2. Cook, cook like a chef. I do the orders, customer service, run the shop and supervise it (You also put up with our mess-Sophie) - I don't mind that!!
3. Mixing with different types of people - students and staff.
4. Can't say!! No comment.
5. I think this years students have been a bit more friendly than other years. But I've only been here a few years and it takes a while to get used to the place.

### Andrew (Level 12)

1. I worked in publications here for six months and I've been here on Level 12 for 9 months.
2. I sell typed notes, issue concession cards, collect and hand back assignments, advise students on undergraduate and postgraduate admission, do stocktake and sell merchandise, maintain noticeboards and cabinets.
3. Dealing with students (so many of them are female - no don't write that!)
4. Nothing springs to mind.
5. I tend to think fairly agreeable

*Balckacre would also like to mention **Natasha De Silva** who is not only the most personable, competent, capable, reliable and overworked member of the undergraduate advisory staff but she is a **REAL TROUPER!!!**-ed*



# ODE TO JUSTICE HAYNE

Little Johnny in search of a judge  
Required one that wouldn't budge  
From a lofty high place  
Of conservative grace  
And end up an activist sludge.

Thus appointed was one Justice Hayne  
Who probably supports 'The Cane'  
For those kids in them schools  
(All young, mostly fools)  
And law students, none very sane.

I mean, what's all this hooah with fees?  
Those pinkoes, they all hide in trees,  
Afraid of a few  
Old wigs and pollies like you,  
Who always remember to say please.  
(Especially at the Melbourne Club)

On his appointment to the High Court  
Justice Hayne said he wasn't the sort,  
To fumble with Mabo,  
Or converse with a garbo,  
He'll stick to appeals and tort.

ANONYMOUS



The 'Big' Court

# EIVBENA BARWOMAN

Legal horoscope by the world's most accurate astrologer

## *aquarius*

Although numerous social, occupational and financial opportunities will present themselves at Goofy, Pinhead & Jaundice, external supernatural forces and your total lack of focus from years of drug abuse at university will see them pass you by, leaving you once again, dissatisfied with your amoebic life. Alternatively, take Messr Goofy's advice and quit being an Aquarian free-thinker, your promotional opportunities should resurface. Saturn will be making an inauspicious guest appearance so change your hair colour to match that of Ginger Spice.

## *pisces*

Having narrowly missed the privilege of being an Aquarian because of a gestational miscalculation by your parents, the stars indicate that you should optimise your misfortune and consider specialising in human growth hormone licensing in sport. Your newfound non-judgmental outlook leaves those androgynites who seek your professional services to consider you in a different light—so especially after the 14th, let your nights take on a more erotic theme. Re-order your Michael Jackson singles collection in order of skin colour.

## *aries*

After years of academic kiss-and-catch, a lingering fetish for casual sex whisks you out of the playground and plants you behind the desk, exactly where you want to be. Colleagues may send secret intra-office e-mails wrongfully alleging megalomania so counter this slander by seeming busier than usual with your photocopying and filing and offer to make coffee instead of waiting to be asked. September will see you forget the only principle you ever learnt in law—*caveat emptor*—and you will buy a 'Zero Gravity Fitness Strider' at 2a.m. in the mistaken belief that you dialled 'sixty other people like yourself' at the Chat Club.

## *taurus*

Years of manipulating the photocopy of your academic transcript finally catch up with you when someone actually asks to see the original. The lunar eclipse around the 17th thus sees you unexpectedly seeking a different career. Go back to university and do yet another degree in transcendental meditation—falling

asleep may be the only thing you are good for. Alternatively, have some children—although this will mean dropping your unsociable behaviour associated with interstate truck drivers. Make a point of going slow on Monday mornings at the train/bus station, it will be good for your health.

## *gemini*

The presence of the Sun in your sixth house coaxes you to travel. Convince your firm that they will benefit from sending you on secondment to Indonesia to observe the Asian currency crisis but tell the travel agent to attach a permanent side trip to Majorca, Spain. This is not a time to act like a shrinking violet; you need to think big so rather than regarding your body as a ten minute road-stop, spring clean your ego by dating an actuary. Learn the science of watching grass grow....no, there's no point to it really—horoscope readers are generally known to be wilfully naive so I was just wondering how little it took....

## *cancer*

Rape, murder and a cult revenge are on the cards. An inevitable consequence of attending only two lectures (first and last) of Advanced Corporate Taxation Law and thus ignorantly engaging in a failed entrepreneurial bid, using phoney e-mail sites, as a way of making a quick buck. The mid-heaven collision of Mercury and Pluto strongly indicate that you should change cultures—preferably to one that practises arranged marriages. This, a guaranteed source of instantaneous money and status at another's expense, is much simpler than the aforementioned tax dodge.

## *leo*

Unfortunately ye olde mystics were horribly wrong when they named you the lion—you are actually an insipid little ferret. Despite this, the current position of Uranus indicates that you will finally become proficient at an extinct language and thus be marketable as more than just a cunning linguist (yes, that is a James Bond reference). Rebel against your nature and try and change the world by pursuing a useless career in academia—do a thesis at the University of Timbuktu in 'The Jurisprudential Aspects of Poverty Discourse in Retail Banking and Insurance'.

## *virgo*

Your openly emotional and prolonged obsession with

mourning Princess Diana's death takes a new twist this week when Oprah Winfrey, whose birth chart looks dangerously like your own, requests a world exclusive interview. Swindle a deal so that you become her chief legal counsel in her current defamation proceedings on a 'no win, no pay' basis, then, grant your interview to Ray Martin—admittedly his wig hairstyle is pretty offensive but at least you won't have to endure a trademark pretentious squeal on cue.

## libra

November sees you suffering from "the child in the lolly shop" syndrome. Years of keeping your options open by attending the right schools, doing the right legal subjects to optimise career prospects and being seen eating the most up-to-date sushi at Tokyo Roll have had a profound effect upon the natural synthesis of 5HT neurotransmitters in your lower cerebrum. Persuasive Mars offers a cure—go feral in Newtown and take designer drugs 3 times a day to replace the neurotransmitter loss. If pain persists turn to corporate technocrime and defraud your parent's business associates for millions of dollars—guaranteed to close any remaining doors left open in your favour.

## scorpio

The sting in your tail has been somewhat lessened by Cheryl Kernot's defection to the Labor Party. However, don't let this tidal wave in the meandering creek of life hinder your aspirations of "keeping the bastards honest". Find yourself another guru, perhaps in a remote part of Eastern Rhodesia, and master the art of macrami. Become a founder of a trade union for macrami weavers and dedicate your life to fighting import tariff reduction—not that you care but, hell, ain't it funny throwing a basket in the works of government economic policy. Cosmic rays force you to feed pigeons at east Circular Quay so that they breed exponentially and become a health hazard to tenants of ugly new harbour-side buildings.

## sagittarius

The virtues of being half horse half man/womyn hasn't done much for your intelligence so its about time you woke up and smelt the cappuccino (umm...the man at Bambini Cafe tells me that 'capps' are now "a bit suburban" so try a latte instead). Life is not a box of chocolates—its actually a weed garden. The more you strive to improve it the worse it gets. Face it—you'll never make money unless you're a partner, you'll never be a partner unless you have anally retentive

clients and you'll never have clients unless you play golf, rugby or down 33 and 1/3 schooners of beer in a single bound. So, stop reading this and get skilled.

## capricorn

It should be an offence to be born this late in the year. I mean, how do you honestly expect to succeed honestly in the rat race if you're last from the beginning???

Forge your birth certificate so that your birthday falls within any of the above categories (generally, pick the one that least describes your situation), in fact—while your at it—change the year you were born as well. This way you will be eligible to subscribe for another year with the Sydney Theatre Company at the discounted Youth (under 26) rate—almost as good as getting a younger sibling to steal a travel concession card for you from university on their enrolment day! Imagine what another year on public transport at half price will do for your budget this year!!

### THE ELECTRONIC PROFESSIONAL PROGRAM



THE  
COLLEGE  
OF LAW  
SYDNEY

#### PRACTICAL LEGAL TRAINING THROUGH INTERACTIVE MULTIMEDIA

In 1998 The College of Law will introduce the Electronic Professional Program with a Pilot course from 14 April to 24 July and an initial program from 7 September to 18 December 1998. The course will also be available in part-time mode from September 1998 subject to demand.

The purpose of the Electronic Professional Program is to utilise the educational advantages of multimedia in developing legal practice knowledge and skills.

Completion of the Professional Program satisfies the requirements for admission to professional legal practice in NSW.

FOR MORE DETAILS CONTACT

THE ENROLMENT OFFICE  
PH: 02 9965 7010  
FAX: 02 9436 1265  
E-MAIL: collaw@enternet.com.au  
URL: www.collaw@edu.au



## SportReport

1997 was a good year for Law as far as sports is concerned. The wine tour to Newcastle saw various members of the past and present student body take on the Newcastle University Law Students. The Newcastle team was less hungover and more organised, but couldn't match Sydney's tenacity and lost the acrimonious struggle 3-0. What the game lacked in tries, it made up for in big tackles and solid defence and many sore bodies shared a well earned beer after the game.

Law also performed well in interfaculty sport and at the time of writing was placed fourth out of fifteen faculties. In men's sports, the soccer team continued its winning tradition, adding the 1997 win to its 1996, 1994 and 1993 triumphs. The law electronic triathlon team of Ed Palmisano (rowing), Tom Dive (running) and Rod Simpson (cycling) broke the team points record, scoring 8681 points on the way to winning the teams section of the event. The basketball team finished a credible third, as did the weight lifting team, led by Harry Marraoui's lifting in the heavyweight division.

In women's sports, the tennis team won with an impressive display from Karen Hooson and Jennifer Smith. In swimming Debbie Corbett won the 50m breaststroke, 50m butterfly, 50m backstroke, 100m freestyle and 200m individual medley and managed to come second in the freestyle (yes, that's right, this was all in one night over the course of about 2 hours). The women finished second in the pool.

The inaugural Lawlympics was held in March at University Oval No. 2. The day was capped off by an 'ironguts' competition, involving the consumption of Smarties, warm beer, baked beans, SAOs, soft drink and raw eggs with an obligatory sprint between each station to aid digestion. One competitor put in a superhuman effort with predictable results.

Following from the 1996 gym ticket program, hundreds of gym tickets were again purchased at a discounted price during 1997. This program allows students to get fit at the Headquarters Gym which is located some 50 metres from Law School. The response this year was excellent and hopefully this will continue into 1998. Finally I would like to congratulate the following people for their achievements during 1997:

Sportsman of the Year: Tom Dive  
Sportswoman of the year: Debbie Corbett

**Rob Smithies**  
Sports Director

# SCULS

The SCULS President reports on the wonders of being a campus-law student in 1997...

The SCULS Committee of 1997 has done its level best to give campus law students a social life. The first of our fountains was a free 'Beer & Pizza Lunch' held over two hours in the leafy courtyard at Old Teacher's College. This was a cleverly chosen location, as we were able to lure students from law seminars with the scent of pizza. Students were even seen taking pizza back to their classes to share with teachers. SCULS is continually finding new ways to enhance student-teacher relationships.

The major function of first semester was the 'Pub Crawl & Party' at the Occidental Hotel, where the committee appeared for the first time in our stylish white-on-black SCULS T-shirts, the pub crawl was led by Boris and his whistle - nothing more needs to be said about that. With DJ Buzz in the house, and subsidised drinks over the bar, all the ingredients for a pleasant evening were in place... at least for those who managed to stay awake the whole night.

At the time of writing (a third of the way through second semester) the inaugural Sydney Uni v UNSW Trivia Night is in the final stage of organisation. After a BBQ dinner, teams of six from both units will go wit fit wit as they vie for the winner's trophy - which will hopefully find a home for many years to come in the prize cabinets of Sydney university Law Faculty.

SCULS also hopes to squeeze in another 'Beer & Pizza Lunch' before the end of the semester. In addition to this, we are planning the end of year SCULS night at Manning with films, dancing, karaoke and cross-dressing. It promises to be an enlightening and eye-opening experience.

Finally, on a separate point, we would like to remind everyone that any relevant news and information relating to SCULS can be found from time to time in 'The SCULS Scoop' column in Hearsay.

**Adeline Cheok**  
SCULS President



FIRST YEAR CAMP 1997 - Can you pick them?

# PROFESSOR COLIN PHEGAN

the end of an era at sydney law school

The following are speeches from a farewell to Professor Colin Phegan held at the Law School. It is also our tribute to a person who has enlightened generations of lawyers (including many of our year) and whose name will for many years be synonymous with the institution of law for many years to come:

## Farewell Speech to Professor Colin Phegan

Today we salute our dear colleague, His Honour Judge Professor Colin Stanley Phegan: our Col. In saying farewell I would like to take a few minutes to single out

some highlights of Col's chapter in the history of the law school—a very large one spanning over 30 years from his heady student days in the early 1960s and then his first appointment as a 'Senior Research Assistant' in the Faculty in December 1966. In 1971 he was made a Senior Lecturer, 1983 an Associate Professor and then in 1984 he was appointed to a Chair. Two years at the New South Wales Law Reform Commission full time. This was a particularly notable event in the Phegan family history—Col said: 'Great! Now I can afford to buy a new car'.

The 5th August 1997 is a day we celebrate his appointment to the bench and his swearing in yesterday. Curiously the 5th of August (the Ides of August) was also important 27 years ago, in 1970, when the Registrar of the University received Col's acceptance of his appointment to a permanent lectureship in the Faculty of Law, after nearly four years as a research assistant and temporary lecturer. His commencing salary at the time was the princely sum of \$8058, per annum—but it was after all almost the top of the salary range.

## Highlights

Colin, unlike most of our students at Sydney Law School, came to us from a good lower North Shore private boys school, Shore, where as a scholarship boy he rose to be dux and Senior prefect. What are the things which people have singled out about Col? Ability in argument. This brought the young fresh-faced but serious Colin Phegan as an undergraduate law student to the attention of Professors Morrison and Parsons when Col tried out for the Law School mooting team in 1965. Col was selected Professor Morrison said of the young Col that:

"He was the strongest the school was to produce for many years, sweeping the opposition aside on its way to winning the Australian trophy for that year [in the inter-varsity mooting competition]"

Col's team-mates that year were Roger Giles, Reg Blanch and Jack Goldring. Giles is now Chief Judge, Commercial Division, Supreme Court of New South Wales; Reg Blanch as Chief Judge of the District Court receive Col's commission yesterday; and Jack, Foundation Professor at Wollongong University, again a Law Reform Commissioner, accompanied Col in the list of Acting Judges last year. I asked Chief Judge Blanch what he remembered about that glorious success and the competition which preceded it. All he could remember was the parties in Canberra.

Col's love of an argument was singled out by his classmates in Blackacre in 1965 where it was remarked:

"Col likes nothing better than an argument, especially as he can never be told that he has lost"

In his swearing in yesterday, one of Col's hobbies was described as arguing with Ruth.

## Strength

Col was also known for his strength—as testified by his two years in the University Rugby Club. The Law School XV in 1964 were the Interfaculty Premiers and Winners of the Centenary Shield. Col was a 'prop' which I am told requires great strength—in the front row of the scrums—pushing like Hercules. (It was recounted by a rugby coach that before a





person would be allowed to play in the front row the next was measured and the IQ assessed and it was only in cases where the next measurement exceeded the IQ that a person could play this position). This role was also referred to as Col's swearing in—where mention was made of a certain relationship with one 'Whelehan', a hooker. In the valedictory summary in Blackacre in 1965 it was said that during this two years Col almost lost his dignity during this time. Notable team mates in that team Brian Burnett (Barbara McDonald's husband) who speaks of him as a burley Forward and acknowledges his contribution both to the University teams and the Law School team.

**Role at the Law School**

His role as a prop could be seen as a metaphor of his role at the Law School. Elected Dean in 1985. Re-elected 1987 till the end of 1989. It was a busy time. 1987 John Dawkins became the Minister for Education. 1988 was the CTEC review—the so-called 'Pearce' report. Col became

the defender of the Faculty against the CTEC dragon. 1988 saw the ALTA conference come to Sydney—its theme, legal theory. At the end of his period of Deanship it was remarked by one of our colleagues that 'the Dean was noticeably greyer at the end of his term'—well the author of that remark is about the same age and the same could be said of him. Mention must be made of Col's legendary desk. It was the Morrison desk—entrusted now to Ross Anderson. A fitting legacy—Ross was in Col's very first Torts class and very first Conflicts class at the Law School.

**Conclusion**

In 1974 the then Dean, Professor Benjafield, said of Mr Phegan, as he then was:

"Mr Phegan is a member of staff here for whom we would predict a bright future"

Perhaps now, 25 years later, we can say:

"His Honour Judge Phegan was a member of staff here for

whom we would predict a bright future"

and as his classmates said in 1965:

"his many friends will vouch for his successful future"

Vale, Colin.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Reply By Professor Phegan**

I first thank Ros Atherton for those very generous words although I am puzzled by the prominence by my feats as a rugby player.

In the hectic few days in which my departure has had to be effected, there has not been much chance to talk to anyone, but I have noticed that three questions most often put to me with little time for an answer have been:

- \* Was it an easy decision?
  - \* Do you have any regrets?
  - \* What will you miss the most?
- I thought perhaps it would be

appropriate to offer a brief answer to all three on this occasion.

An easy decision? No, it was not but it was made easier by my disappointment at what is happening to tertiary education - its conversion into a service industry. In this regard I am consoled by the thought that the judiciary - at least for the foreseeable future - is not under threat of privatisation.

The decision was also made easier by time spent as an Acting Judge. This provided an opportunity to test whether this was something I wanted to do - and could - do. But perhaps the factor that most helped the decision is captured by a phrase from another time and place: 'its time'. I was first employed by the University of Sydney as a research assistant to Professor Bill Morison - to whom I owe a great deal, in 1967. As Ros Atherton so disarmingly commented when I reminded her of this last week - '30 years in this place is too long' - I agree.

Any regrets?

**It's our last semester together,**

& to celebrate this fortuitous/inauspicious occasion,

we have booked 80 places at Buon Gusto, where for \$22.50, we will feast on three types of pasta, garlic bread, veal, SALAD AND

COFFEE. THIS MAY BE ONE OF THE LAST CHANCES WE GET TO MEET THOSE WE HAVE SAT OPPOSITE IN LECTURES - IT MAY ALSO PROVE TO BE A RELAXING **exam postmortem.**

Of course, everyone is warmly welcome. **Please RSVP by ticking the sheet on the SALS office door, or phoning Ed Palmisano on**

**9816 1930** NO LATER THAN 30TH JUNE.

7.00pm Wed 2nd July Buon Gusto 368 Abercrombie St Chippendale, BYO.

What I regret most about leaving is what might be collectively described as unfinished business. Over recent years my research and teaching has been invigorated by new ideas especially from feminism and other contemporary theory. I would have liked more time to integrate some of these ideas into my writing.

Two specific projects which were given some fresh impetus while I was Dean but remain unfinished - perhaps indefinitely were moving the Law School to campus and the dissolution of the departmental divide in the Faculty.

What will I miss?

The University. I fell in love with Sydney university when, stary eyed and quite unready for experience, I first entered it as a BA student in 1960. I never got over my infatuation. I became very attached to the traditional values of a University: the search for truth and excellence in a scholarly endeavour, unaffected by markets and national priorities and even student preference, at least when the latter was motivated by career prospects and not a thirst for knowledge and understanding. My attachment to Sydney University was not only intellectual it was also physical. Sydney campus is a special place - not in this regard Sydney Law School - I felt a pang of nostalgia last Wednesday after my last campus lecture. I was waiting outside the Education Building for the faculty car - not for the first time - when, as I looked up Science Road, I saw the morning sun reflecting off the northern wall of the Anderson Stuart Building (where the Law School should have been).

The People.

In this respect I am talking about the Law School, although just as the broader University environment has been a source of inspiration, I have enjoyed my association with colleagues from other disciplines, some of whom I am happy to see are here today. Having so many people from such diverse backgrounds is part of the richness of University life. But inevitably it is my Law School colleagues with whom my association has been closest. They include some like Jane Swanton who was a fellow student. Others, as well as being fellow students also worked in the same office during my days as an articled clerk and solicitor, such as John Ball, David Harland and Professor Jack Goldring who is here today. Others again, I first came to know as students after I became a teacher. One of the earliest was Ross Anderson, later came others like Ros Atherton (then McGrath) and Jennifer Hill whom I still recall as enthusiastic devotees of Conflict of Laws rushing up after class to find answers to questions left unresolved in my lectures. Ross has a special place in my memories. He has become a close colleague and neighbour. No-one but Ross could have elevated the theme from Playschool to such musical heights. As Ros Atherton has said he quickly laid claim to the Morison desk which I had used since Professor Morison's retirement. Ross has suggested a plaque to preserve the history of the desk. That is not really necessary as far as Professor Morison is concerned. It still smells of his pipe tobacco. But not all colleagues have been students of this Law School, either in my time or later. Some have come

from elsewhere. Their different backgrounds have enriched this Law School, especially over the recent years, as some from Monash never tire from reminding us.

But it is not just academic colleagues that will be missed. Amongst the general staff are many who have worked for and supported me: Pat Manley, Ramah McDonough (my secretary while I was Dean who has returned for this occasion), Gail Bruton, Fran Smithard, Maria Luisa Byrne and Sally Spence. There is also the Library staff and the attendants from whom I have learnt so much about real life on countless trips in the Faculty car to and from campus.

I will miss you all. Thank you very much for coming.

P.S. Because this was a function by and for staff I omitted from those I will miss the category which I will as much as any - the students. When I decided on an academic career it was partly the satisfaction I found in teaching and in the interaction with students which that entails. That has never changed. I will miss my students, some of whom are not returning to appear before me in a different role. I was especially pleased that Ed Palmisano and Daina Richmond (Legal Institutions 1995 and now SULS reps) came to my farewell and the card which they presented me on behalf of the students will have a special place in my momentos



## 1965 Student Profile

### Colin Stanley Phegan

Colin came to Law School after being dux and senior prefect of his "old school" and having completed two very successful years in Arts. On the one hand is a serious, ambitious man, anxious at all costs to maintain his dignity, which during two years at the University Rugby Club was almost lost but has now been regained after a somewhat quieter year in the more sedate confines of the Squash Club. On the other hand he enjoys life to the full and loves a good laugh even at himself. Col likes nothing better than an argument, especially as he can never be told that he has lost. He also has an insane desire to keep fit - one look at his waistline may provide the reason. He has not yet decided whether to be the C.J., the P. M. or Australia's leading criminologist, but his many friends will vouch for his successful future.

# ADIEU???

*A rumour floated around Law School that 1997 was also the final year for two of Law School's most favourite lecturers-Diane Skapinker and Ron McCallum. Upon hearing this we promptly sent out our resident interviewer-Sophie Pennington-to speak to them and hopefully gain a snapshot into the time they did in hard labour at the notorious Sydney Law School...*

## When did you begin teaching at Law School

**Diane:** 1988

**Ron:** 1972

## What was your interest/motivation in becoming a law lecturer?

**Diane:** I had previously been in legal practice but could not balance the demands of a young family with the demands of practice.

**Ron:** Aside from Ron's enthusiasm for speaking and writing about labour law, there were not the computer and internet facilities in the 1970s that there are today for blind people, and hence everything had to be read to him on tape, cases and the like. And so aside from a passion teaching, Ron was lead into this field also for reasons of employability and control.

## What subjects have you taught while at Law School?

**Diane:** Legal Institutions, Real Property, Advanced Real Property, Conveyancing, Equity.

**Ron:** Labour Law (various aspects), Comparative Labour Law (here, the US and Canada), Occupational Health & Safety Law, Administrative Law, Torts, Trade Union Law, Evidence, Litigation.

## Name one of the best moments for you while at Law School.

**Diane:** The installation of the new lifts.

**Ron:** Watching his first Labour Law students graduate from Monash University in 1976.

## Name one of the worst.

**Diane:** I offered to teach 2 Real Property classes for Peter Butt which meant repeating the same lectures

4 times in 1 day (from 8.00am to 4.00pm without a break) [The writer feels ill at this point...]

**Ron:** The worst experience for Ron is forgetting about a lecture and going in, knowing that you are professionally unprepared. This has only happened about twice in his entire teaching career.

## Have there been any embarrassing moments for you while teaching?

**Diane:** Being chatted up by one of my students at Law Ball.

**Ron:** Getting half way to Law School and being told by his wife (fellow Admin lecturer, Mary Crock), that he had forgotten to put his plastic (eye) inserts in.

## What do you think you are best known for at Law School?

**Diane:** Hopefully for trying to make property law subjects interesting and relevant. [What about that immaculate dress sense...? -Soph]

**Ron:** Enthusiasm.

## What is the funniest thing that has happened to you while teaching?

**Diane:** Can anything funny happen while teaching property law subjects?

**Ron:** In one of his first lectures at Monash University in 1976, a nervous Ron turned out all the lights in an evening lecture and couldn't turn them on again.

## Why are you leaving law School?

**Diane:** I am not leaving (and do not want to leave) the Law School. My life seems to have come a full circle as I now try to balance a fractional teaching appointment with the demands of a busy commercial law practice.

**Ron:** This is a myth. I am not leaving, nor does I want to, I simply reduced my tenure to undertake a two year contract with Blake Dawson Waldron working three days a week.

## Do you have any advice both for law graduates and those interested in studying law?

**Diane:** Maintain a sense of humour and do not take yourselves too seriously.

**Ron:** To undertake what you love doing, because there is no point in doing work you don't love, if you're better off being a potter, be a potter.



# JOHN VASEK

## Obituary

**I took a seat beside John Vasek on our first morning at Law School in 1995.** During our first break John, Karel Grezl and I sat up on a bench in Martin Place and ate lunch while Johnno expounded on the interrelationships between chaos theory and the law - as only he could. And so it was that I would find myself drawn to retain that seat next to him for the remainder of our time at Uni together. John was nothing if not unique. During that first year, to my mind he exhibited a magnetism that affected all of us in the room, one way or another. Be it by way of his capacity to induce those Mexican waves of rolling eyes and groans around the room as he launched into some far flung, tangential and remotely jurisprudential observation; or simply by way of that complex of qualities that induced some of us to love him dearly.

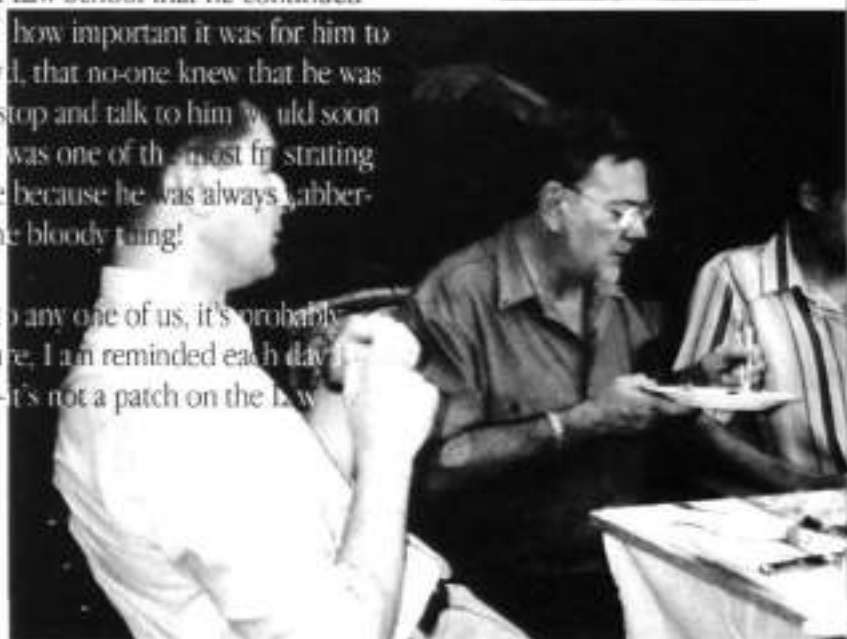
John's analysis of the task before all of us at Law School was summary and reflected a simple eloquence: 'if there is a hoop you've got to jump through it - even if the fuckin' things on fire'. I negotiated the hoops fairly closely with John that year, and there was a good amount of time spent finding ways around them. Such was Law School with John and for the life of me I wouldn't be anywhere else.

Those of us who gravitated to him came to know most sides of John, rough and smooth. We were also touched by his extraordinary undercurrent of compassion. And while such language is the stuff of tributes, I can say frankly and squarely that the task of writing a tribute for John is made all the more simple, for these things are true of him. The ebb and flow of people's lives more often than not don't fit in with the exponential acceleration of a Law School semester, and for some of us at least, John became a reference point by which we could take stock of our respective lives so as to continue to negotiate the hoops.

From a short time into that year, John knew that his time was very limited. It is a testament to the enthusiasm with which he embraced life and Law School that he continued going to lectures until his death. It is simply indicative of how important it was for him to be with us and to be accepted as simply one of our crowd, that no-one knew that he was soon to die until it was upon him. Anyone who cared to stop and talk to him would soon realise his love for being amongst us, and engaging us. It was one of the most frustrating things about him. You could never get him on the phone because he was always jabbering to someone, once on, you could never get him off the bloody tuing!

So here's to Johnno. In spite of what he may have been to any one of us, it's probably true that for all of us, he is not easily forgotten. To be sure, I am reminded each day I walk through the front door at Law School; absent John - it's not a patch on the Law School I began studying in.

**Phillip Patterson**



# student profiles

*the  
graduating  
class  
of  
1997*

photographed by Ishanthi Gunawardana



PAUL ALEXANDROU

Despite the cajoling of the Blackacre kids (and much to the disappointment of many of the women at Law School) Paul Alexandrou was too cool to have a photo taken or a profile done for this magazine.



TOBIAS ATROSHENKO

AKA—The Phantom. Tobias will make a great trial lawyer one day if he decides to pursue this course in life. It is arguable that Tobias has had a better legal education than most law students who have attended our fair Law School. The reason being, while most of his peers were busily transcribing lecture dribble, Tobias experienced first hand the practical aspects of life in the courtrooms/tribunals of Australia. To date his record stands at an impressive tally of 6:1/2. The break up of this score being:  
Tobias—1 Pedestrians—nil  
Tobias—4 NSW Police—1/2  
Tobias—1 Govt Dept—nil  
This almost unblemished record is a testimony to his almost ingenious use of visual aids, extraordinary imagination and his ability to find an argument or an excuse for an action by skillfully manipulating the minds of unassuming members of the Court in his favour. All these wonderful skills will lead him to be a great barrister, if he chooses this course. *Carpedium* is a word which aptly describes Tobias' pursuits to date. Whether he chooses to rock climb, be a comedian, writer, lawyer whatever... His friends wish him all the best in his future conquests and pursuits and we know that his life will never be dull. We thank him for all his laughs, his brutal honesty and sharp intelligence. But please Tobias, get some glasses!



LOUISE BAKER

"Much madness is divinest sense—  
To discerning eye—  
Much sense - the starkest madness—  
'Tis the majority  
In this, as all, prevail—  
Assent—and you are sane—  
Demure—you're  
straight-away dangerous—  
And handled with a chain"

by Emily Dickenson



ZEHAVIT BARZILAI

Zehavit, being a foreign student, was never really discovered except by a lucky few, and as the saying goes "still waters run deep". Zehavit coloured the law school with her exotic tastes and flair. I especially remember her desire for really expensive clothes (a characteristic that can only derive from the Middle East), her yummy peanut butter chips (especially imported from Israel) in international law, and her sometimes hilarious translations of the English language. But most of all, she is admirable for not only coping with law school but also with a foreign language and the culture shock that a move to a new country entails.



BELINDA BELL

Belinda has been a glittering presence at law school. Our very own Edina Monsoon, Belinda really came into her own after the move to Phillip St. Belinda's fondness for making grand entrances into Ross Anderson's class with shopping, 'objects' and exotic treats never went unnoticed. Belinda's achievements at law school are too numerous to list, but the most worthy of mention are: (1) dressing up in a tight, blue 'Wharfies' t-shirt in a (failed) bid for SULLS status (2) showing an unrivalled ability to acquire other people's notes (3) the 'Anne Sutherland-Kelly incident' (4) widely believed to have taken part in the (mythical) ANA Law Ball coke party (5) reportedly never sighted on levels 7, 8, 9 or 10 of the Law School. Belinda has a sharp tongue and a rapier wit. A woman of impeccable taste and fine judgement, she inspires loyalty in her friends and commands respect from others. Admired for the effortless way in which she conquered 5 years of law and kept court at law school, friends regard her as the person most likely to succeed at everything, even if she doesn't want to.



JASON BETTS

Otherwise known as 'BP', this quiet achiever dwells on anonymity and revels in such solitude that he is only recognisable in the very back rows of the lecture theatres. Yet such a hermit like nature has produced results of the highest calibre, contributed in part to his rigorous, ceaseless and from a social perspective, weird and sad study habits in which the library is his constant and only companion. Nevertheless he is renowned for his cameo performances in falling, slipping and tripping and totally embarrassing himself on every available staircase in the Law School, and has since taken up Cosmo Kramer's character. Overall, Jason 'I love Jane Swanton' Betts has had a successful time during his law degree, marred only by his anti-social, over-consuming love for lectures and exams.



JODIE BONNER



RACHEL BORNBY

Since her entry into Law School in 1996, Rachel Borny has really been quite a hit. The intellectual side showing us a person of academic brilliance. Despite an attitude, when it came to attending lectures, or great resilience. And though this may have sparked some emotions of jealousy, She is too delightful for this to have affected her popularity.

The more career orientated Rach has been inspired by mootings and ALSA functions. And her success in both can be measured by scores of proud dimensions. With a stubborn commitment for high achievement, Rach pulled out her best pending future employment. Unlike her colleagues who shook with excitement at an interview for a clerkship, in the end Rach had to make her choice from none other than the top six.

The social Rach was always the belle of the Law Ball. Hand-made dresses and stylish grooming enough to make the new boys drawl. But here, unlike her friends, she refrained from being tarty. Like she once had been at a Level 5 cocktail party. From long to short, from brown to blonde, Rachel Borny, a girl of whom we are so very proud.



ROWENA BRADDOCK



SIMONE BRIDGE

Smiling and friendly, what a gal  
Isn't she a femme fatale?  
More importantly than a  
guy's bod, the  
Only credential is a belief in  
God  
Never one adverse to pain,  
she  
Even jumped out of a flying  
plane

But around exams she's a  
bit of a mess  
Rarely in lectures because  
of her stress  
Intelligent though she man-  
aged to pass  
Despite her lack of atten-  
dance in class  
Good luck in the future we  
wish you well  
Every success will be  
yours, we can tell.



KATE BROUGH

Kate-Katie-is an unassum-  
ing name. However,  
Katharine Eliza Reece  
Brough is not. Only very  
few people would normally  
possess enough style to  
own this name and still be  
normal. The fact that Kate  
is normal is a testament to  
the style of the woman.  
The fact that she uses the  
relatively ordinary name  
"Kate" shows she has style  
in reserve. Indeed if one  
was to summarise Kate in  
a single adjective, it would  
be "stylish". From the knee  
high leather boots to the  
Nokia 2010. Kate is a walk-  
ing showcase of what com-  
plements a young, beautiful  
human female. This  
extends to Kate's broader  
life, too: it is seen in the  
relaxed attitude to essays  
and exams; in the frequent-  
ing of cafes and boutiques  
around Law School; and in  
the job at the Exclusive  
Local Golf Club (members  
with handicaps of 27 have  
been known to shoot sub-  
par rounds at the prospect  
of being served by Kate at  
the 19th). Does "style"  
imply superficiality? Never!  
Readers who would draw  
such a conclusion could  
learn a lot from Kate. For  
true style includes sub-  
stance. (Indeed, to be  
superficial is to be very  
gauche). Anyone who has  
experience even a gimmer  
of Kate's intensity, intelli-  
gence, wit and passion for  
life knows that, as far as  
true style is concerned,  
here is a person who does  
not fit a mould, but sets a  
new one. All the best,  
Katie, may I grow old as  
gracefully as you undoubt-  
edly will.



DIANNE BROWN

After successfully complet-  
ing a Masters degree in  
Economics and foregoing  
an illustrious career at the  
Reserve Bank, Dianne  
came to Law School.  
Possibly the most consci-  
entious student to grace  
these dungeon walls, only  
severe illness and clerkship  
interviews have tarnished  
Dianne's perfect lecture  
attendance record.  
Moreover, Dianne's pen-  
chant for reading, from  
beginning to end, EVERY  
case prescribed in a given  
course outline (including  
every page of Col  
Phegan's voluminous Legal  
Institutions course materi-  
als-yes folks, all 2000-odd  
pages) has elevated  
Dianne to mythological sta-  
tus amongst her peers.  
Consequently notorious for  
her refusal to participate in  
the proverbial end of  
semester syndicate notes,  
Dianne has juggled work  
as a tutor in Economics at  
UNSW with study and play  
to achieve a much coveted  
academic record. Don't  
allow her demure nature  
fool you though, Dianne is  
known for her sharp, inci-  
sive and often amusing  
comments that convey an  
extremely perceptive  
insight into life. Freehills  
have surely struck gold  
with this recruit-her dedica-  
tion and brilliance matched  
only by her warmth, knid-  
ness and genuineness.  
Best Wishes Dianne.



GEORGINA BROWN

Georgina has never been  
one to let study get in the  
way of a good sale, particu-  
larly when that sale is in  
New York, Paris, Rome,  
London or downtown  
Kingston, Ontario. She has  
worked to combine travel-  
ing with study-her first  
exchange being at the end  
of first year to California,  
her second to Queen's  
University in Canada in fifth  
year, where she not only  
always knew when the new  
Gap range was in the  
stores, she had invariably  
tried it all on before anyone  
else realised it had arrived.  
Georgina also impressed  
the locals with the energy  
with which she managed to  
dance the night away at  
some of the better  
'nitespots' in town (the  
'Trash' was one highly  
favoured). When not out  
dancing, she can be found  
at the theatre or fine-dining.  
On the sports field, she  
excels in tennis and is  
known to favour a spot of  
skiing. Her 'walks' are said  
to be legendary by those  
who could keep up with the  
pace. However, no matter  
what the activity, Georgina  
always looks glamorous  
and organised. A lifofax  
full of social occasions and  
activities has not prevented  
an academic transcript full  
of high distinctions and dis-  
tinctions and Georgina now  
tells us she is ready to start  
working, Freehills being the  
lucky firm that managed to  
persuade her to join them.  
We wish her all the best.



ELIZABETH BRUCE

Liz, or Lizzie B, is known to  
us for many things includ-  
ing her ability to produce  
quality gossip to break the  
boredom of work and to  
show up everyone on the  
dance floor. While at Law  
School, Liz has been fre-  
quently spotted in coffee  
shops throughout the day  
after arriving early at Law  
School to research. She is  
also known for her ability to  
start her friends talking in  
class, but knowing the pre-  
cise moment to look up  
sweetly at the lecturer with  
eyes that say 'It was't me'  
while her friends keep talk-  
ing and have to take the  
blame. Liz will be remem-  
bered for more than her  
array of glamorous formal  
dresses and her understat-  
ed elegance. She is held  
in high regard by those  
who know her at Law  
School because of her loy-  
alty and the respect she  
shows for others. Over the  
years, Liz has shown her-  
self to be a person of  
strong character and  
integrity- to be named as  
her friend is a privilege.



NICK BRYDEN

Nick entered the study of  
law at a low point in his life.  
Having displayed early  
teenage promise both as a  
child acting prodigy and ris-  
ing ten-pin bowling champi-  
on, he was struck down by  
a series of crippling groin  
sprains which left him with  
an expensive groin habit  
and a taste for domineering  
women. Law School satis-  
fied both these needs. He  
describes his years at Law  
School as 'a relentless  
quest in search of the ulti-  
mate wave. A crazy time. A  
time of discovery, of pas-  
sion, A time to face one's  
fears and beat them merci-  
lessly across the buttocks'.  
After winning one world  
championship, he devel-  
oped a pathological hatred  
of small furry animals. He  
now leads hunting expedi-  
tions on Rottnest Island,  
dedicated to the single-  
minded extermination of  
the quokka.



BEN BUCKNELL



BEAU BUFFIER

Beau has cut a famous, if formidable, figure at Law School. It came as no surprise that he was a success at Duke University earlier this year, as his wit and ability have been legendary here too... or perhaps 'infamous' is a better adjective. In junior years, it was not uncommon for the more timid individuals in Beau's tutorials to change groups entirely, or arrange to present their tute papers in another group just to avoid Beau and his rigorous 'participation' in these sessions. Special mention must also be made of Beau's 'time management skills'. He has managed to keep his Law School workload to a minimum by reproducing a single essay (which was something about market forces) countless times as a paper on government business enterprises in admin law, as a company law essay and I hear there may be a competition law version as well. Beau is also renowned for his pouting cross-examinations in trial advocacy. Some are not sure if Beau is headed for an illustrious career at the Bar, or on the cover of Esquire, but either way, there is no doubt he will be a success!



FIONA CADZOW

Most of us get the giggles from time to time. It tends to last a few minutes, and then it goes away. But I think when Fiona got the giggles it was a much more fundamental and permanent condition. Baby Fiona emerged from the womb, immediately found the world around her an enormous lark and hasn't stopped laughing since, only pausing now and then to talk a bit and eat some leaves and beans. Packaging her trademark smile in an enticing collection of House de Cadzeau seasonal coordinates and a spectrum of hair colour, she has splashed the dungeons of Law School with some much needed sunshine. She is charismatic, honest and charming, and a high flyer with a ferocious work ethic. People who know Fiona are better for it, which I think is the most that can be said about anyone.



PAULA CARNIATO



KATHY CARUANA

Over the past three years, Kathy's love life has been anything but dreary and it seems that with every exam period her life is thrown into some sort of upheaval. Most of us could not cope with this disruption, yet not only does Kathy get through the subjects, she does so with flying colours. When Kath says she has not studied it is actually true, but her marks certainly do not reflect this. Her unpretentious attitude, sincerity and knowledgeable but modest outlook will enable her to be welcomed by any employer anywhere.



MICHAEL CHAAYA

Michael will be remembered as the one who always had something to say in lectures and tutorials. Such was his desire to contribute that he would often interrupt lecturers so as to clarify an issue or offer an alternative perspective (usually the latter). It is rumoured that the introduction of small group seminars was driven by his fascination with interactive learning techniques and his insistence that lecturers should encourage class participation. For the majority of us who were content sitting at the back of the lecture rooms, Michael's poignant comments were an ideal distraction, enabling us to skip outside for a coffee or to leave altogether. As a champion of social justice, Michael would often remind us of contemporary developments in the real world which typified the shortcomings of our legal system. Those who endured Migration Law, Family Law, Litigation, Aboriginal Peoples & Australian Legal Systems or Criminology with Michael are well aware of his acute knowledge of almost everything and his obsession with the gym at the NSW Leagues Club next door to the Law School. Law reform in this country is bound to find a place for Michael "let-me-have-a-say" Chaaya.



HUITING CHAI

Huiting was not known to many people in Law School but those who did know him discovered a gentle, sensitive person whose thoughts ran deep. Being a clever, intelligent man, he overcame language difficulties in a miraculous way. His essays were consistently of a high standard. Always fond of a drink with his mates, especially coffee and green tea, he could always be relied on to take matters too far (just jokes). Though not one to complain, his hatred for Law School was very plain, as his daily mutterings attest. His writing ability is impressive, and he has published a number of books in China. He obviously has a bright future ahead, bridging the gap in understanding between the Chinese and Australian cultures—legal and otherwise.



KIM CHAN



JUSTIN CHAN

In the jungles of the Third World, his unsuspecting targets would hear nothing. They'd sense nothing. And they'd only see a glimmer before it was too late—He would strike and be gone! we call him the "Glimmer man", more for his poor taste in cinema than his capacity for stealthy assassination. And yet it is a strangely appropriate term. He has never yet been sighted in a lecture; there is no evidence he has taken notes, read the required texts; indeed some even question university enrolment status. Yet somehow he flourishes academically blossoms socially and promises much professionally, success, happiness, fame and fortune: none of these can be associated with Justin, lasted, a litany of empty relationships, long forgotten text books, internet addiction, long, almost drunken periods floundering at the bottom of the Parramatta River, and his girlish crash on a certain Company Law lecturer, are all emblematic of his sad state of affairs. And yet, even in this quagmire of disarray, he finds a certain quality—undefinable though if it may be—that will eventually take him to the top (or at least somewhere near the middle) Justin—we salute you!





MAY CHEAH

Never underestimate her petite frame and quiet demeanour for under that veil lies a lively character. An eternal e-mail junkie, she never ceases to bombard others with the e-mail she receives. A coffee lover, who is also ironically a fitness fanatic, she is known to attend aerobics daily because free classes are offered! Having caught the travel bug, she has seen more of Australia than the rest of Sydney-dwellers have. Exercising her motto of 'utilising everything to the maximum', she even chose to FLY to Canberra because she had some excess frequent flier points that she could not put to good use. It was of course on the pretext that hanging out on a coach for 3 hours is far too long but to her surprise, she discovered that a domestic flight with all its particularities could be just as time-consuming.



CONNIE CHEN

Connie has a 'to be the best' attitude towards life. Her ambition is unlimited and her stamina is very impressive. To her many friends, she never fails to be a painful reminder that "no-one simple drifts to success". And we hate her! However deceptively wishful it may be, most of her friends are comforted with the thought that success comes with the territory of a law student. Not Connie! She is a person who acts with a purpose and a plan, and therefore she attracts opportunities. Connie is frankly a person with style and class. So world watch out—Connie is full steam ahead, of course!



SIEW-KEE CHEN

Sydney University will remember Siew-kee Chen as someone who always placed his friends and social life ahead of his studies. While the typical law student tried to give the appearance of doing little work yet somehow attaining incredible marks. Regardless of the time of day, night or morning, Siew-kee was always ready to skip study/lectures and go for a Laksa, Snooker, Golf round, movie, nightclub etc. His gift as a barrister was reflected in two ways. First, his success in reaching the Junior Mooting finals and later his position as mooting coach. Second, as a strong Christian, it was natural that he would evangelise. For Siew-kee, the law degree was but one part of his wider university experience. He was active member of EU and CALS, a much celebrated MC at Singaporean and Malaysian Society annual dinners, and a resident at St Paul's College for 3 years where he represented the College in Basketball. He also contributed to the academic community as an inspiring accounting tutor (as far as is possible to inspire in accounting). Most importantly, however, he was a friend relied upon, deeply trusted and respected by many. Siew-kee has a balanced, people oriented approach to University and life in general made him a refreshing change from your average tension-filled law student. This was reflected in his natural ease with people of all walks, his open-minded yet strong views of the world, his wide sense of humour and his quietly confident and generous character. It is with these fundamentals that he is fortunate enough to be equipped in facing the trials and tribulations of the future.



EDDIE CHIAU



KENNETH CHIU



SUZANNE CHRISTIE

Suzanne has become au fait with every aspect of the law school building and its inhabitants. Despite facing its apparently inhospitable facade, she has conquered its resolve to repel all who dwell in it. Her involvement is at many levels: from her french fries fetish on level 1 to 13 to her long service to Polemic on level 3; from her stamping on patriarchy on every level of the building, to her absconding the place altogether in favour of David Jones. Suzanne has many qualities that we so appreciate: she is a scarf-wrapped corduroy queen; a woman of impeccable integrity and ethics; a research assistant extraordinaire for knowing everything about everything; a skillful mooter in the Family Court; a published woman many times over; a purveyor of the best law school gossip; and a witty Fems Rea feminist whose organisational skills resulted in several packed forums. Despite this busy schedule, she still has time to write submissions to Law Reform discussion papers and to work on long-term Heritage Projects. What?!



YI LIN CHUA (LIN)

On the surface, Lin might seem to be just another very intelligent and hard working student, with grades and career prospects to match. However, those of us who have been privileged to become friends with her know that within 'Princess Lin' lurks a devilish 'beast' waiting to escape and entertain. Always happy to create a stir, this overseas student from Singapore has seen it fit to shed her usually impeccably dressed exterior in the Law Revue nude skit. Who will forget her amazing choreographic routines for the last two Law Revues ("Now just follow me—step, high kick, ball change, prouette, body roll & twist, and keep smiling guys!")? Such physical contortions have been matched only by her amazing financial skills for SALS as their formidable Treasurer and her achievements on the Affiliated Campuses Committee. Lin is not one to waste time on public transport when she can circle the Law School in her car looking for a car park for an hour. Her resourcefulness has, however, attained her the exclusive privilege of being the sole student at Law School with a Lv 3 parking spot unofficially to her name! A further dimension to Lin is her 'Lin-gish'—a baby language only understood by mystical princes, frogs and ugly beasts, and her seemingly never ending store of bawdy/erotic words. However, most of all, our Princess will be remembered for her dedication to the task at hand, and her unending smiles and sense of humour—with Linny around, life is full of sunshine and beauties!



ANDY CHUNG

Andy is by no means a low-CAL(S) Christian. He exists on a rich diet of bible study and spirituality, and presents religious promos during lecture breaks. Err.....at least that's if he gets to lectures on time. Attendance proves difficult, when one knows almost everybody in sight and feels the compulsion to chat. The number of hours Andy has spent in Law School's stair wells are incalculable. Could these be skilful attempts at procrastination? Possibly, but in this case they are more likely to indicate a genuine concern for his friends and a speciality for touchy-feely DMC's. Presently you can find him for spiritual advice (hugs included) on a vinyl lounge on level 5. In the future? Look for him at your nearest rectory. But in the mean time he might even settle for a law career.



VINENZO COCCO

Wanted: Vince 'Why the fuck didn't I do Medicine' Cocco. Also known as C-O-CC-O, Brutus and Taxi driver. He wears a distinctive blue cap, and has huge biceps ('feel my biceps man, feel my biceps'). He drives a grey Laser, often mistaken for a taxi, and frequents Hudson Park Golf Course (where he missed a 2 inch putt for birdie). He refuses to take petrol money from his free-riding friends, and become physically sick at the mention of any contributions. He is known to spend at least 90% of his time on Level 5, playing pool and 'winning against the odds', and prides himself on only having entered the library on 3 occasions. He is under the delusion that he is a hit with the girls ('I swear to God she was looking at me, man'). He is wanted for questioning regarding the following matters-procuring free photocopies in the library using a sophisticated computer algorithm-'I saved 10c mani', overuse of the Law School lifts-'I'm not taking the freaking stairs', abuse of free lunches on Level 5-he has reportedly never missed one, shocking clerkship interview technique-'I thought you were a small firm'. If you see this man, approach with extreme caution, and under no circumstances should you ask him why he chose to do law-especially if he is in a trance like state, constantly repeating over to himself 'What the hell am I doing here???' Known accomplices are Paul W, Marc W, Van 'The Gimmer Man', DJ Ray and Tamer G.



ANDREW COCHINEAS

When they coined the phrase 'born to shop' they were thinking of Andrew. He is the only person I know who has flown to Shanghai for the Nautica sale. This Greek Medonis who looks and smells just like he has walked out of a Polo ad is the lecturer's favourite-adores by his year and oggled at by the first year girls. However, for those lucky enough to know him well know that Andrew is a cigar smoking stress-aholic who always thinks he is going to fail exams, working his friends into a stressed frenzy, only to breeze through them. But more importantly they know Andrew as a gorgeous teddy bear who is quick to laugh at himself and would do anything for his friends. Whatever his future holds this schmoozer will always be ready to do a deal, whether it be 19th century jewels or the latest BHP merger.



SOPHIE COCKAYNE

Mademoiselle Cockayne shuns beer, cigarettes or joints but she enjoys a good port and a smooth cigar when the mood takes her. But be not deceived by Sophie's prim and proper private school exterior-she was the first female volunteer to saunter on stage, au naturel, in the Law Revue nude skit. As SULLS social director Sophie took it upon herself to add colour to this drab law school. She not only hauled the entire law school into the Town Hall for undoubtedly the most successful Law Ball, but also ensured that each lady received a meticulously designed dance card. Mention must also be made of the SULLS infamous Level Five drinking parties-as all mayhem broke loose, Sophie was there, soft drink in hand, calmly controlling proceedings. Sophie has managed to contribute to inter-university relations by participating in at least one Blind Date night with unsurpassed success. She has also vigour in her renowned financial ability, which once led to a Level 5 carpet cleaning debacle. In between Law Balls, final year dinners, end of semester parties and blind date nights Soph also managed to fit in a couple of lectures. In her typical style and with limitless energy she has managed to hand everything in time, excel in her exams and fit a bit of legal work in at the same time. Sophie is a warm, caring, concerned and trusted friend who can always be relied on for a laugh. Those of us who know her well are acquainted with her kindness - she even finds time to water her plants in the SULLS office! Soph, your enthusiasm is infectious and we know you'll go far.



PHILLIP COLGAN

The BHP slogans are one way of describing Phil. In terms of stature, he certainly is the 'Big Australian'. On courting women, he certainly is the 'quiet achiever'. Phil is a romantic. He always takes girls to expensive restaurants-one day, he might even take one of them inside. Whilst three riddles had to be successfully answered to win Turandot's hand in marriage, for Phil there is only one: 'What are the secret ingredients to chicken laksa?'. The threshold to secure a date with Phil is lower-but can a girl endure a full day at the cricket? The siren music singing in Phil's blood will eventually sing him to beautiful, downtown Ouagadougou in nearby Africa. There, he will utilise dispersion skills acquired during his term as a 'fabric dispersion officer' (ie. deliverer of dry cleaning) to spread the word of God. In the meantime, the retro honky music playing in Phil's stomach tempts him to Bathsheba's Garden of Chicken Laksa, the selection of which results in an ephemeral sense of over-realised eschatology. On the number of lectures Phil has attended-just think of how many hits Dexy's Midnight Runners had. Law School will long remember the impact of Phil's testimony through his leadership of Christians at Law School (CALS), his fellowship with other Christians and his witness within the Law School community. Friends close to Phil will remember his acute sense of humour, his stability and Sony lessons in droll music (Nick Cave). But the library staff cannot remember what they never saw.



ALEX COOPER

Voted most likely to be tied to a tree at high school, Alex has continued along the same branch by choosing Social Security Law, Law and Social Justice and Dispute Resolution. But is she now barking up a different tree? Could Conveyancing, Car Maintenance and Army Reserve be diametrically opposed to the aforementioned? An anomaly? - Not if you enjoy playing with grenades!! Look out for this one at the ACF or the ADF! (Both TLA's).



HELEN COOPER

Helen's greatest achievement at Law School was not that she got engaged in fifth year, or that she topped several courses (Helen refused to disclose the actual number), or that she got a university medal, or that she got a graduate offer at Freehills or even the fact that she put up with Katja for six years, but that she did four years of a science/law degree (very conscientiously, mind you) before discovering that there was a Level 7 to the Law School library. Poor Helen had been forced to go to Macquarie Uni library on many occasions as she couldn't find any of the books she required in our library. Helen defeats all the claims that 'people who get HDs don't have a life'. She has a thriving social life and an impeccable academic transcript and has been a fantastic friend throughout my studies. I love her to death and look forward to continuing our friendship as we leave uni and possibly even 'grow up'.



NITA COWAN

Nita is the definitive role model law student. Very rarely indeed has an undergraduate done so little, yet achieved so much. Masterful at leaving everything until the eleventh hour, she consequentially got very good grades. Keenly sought-after by those who can spot true talent, she snaffled an impressive very-well-paying job. Nita will be remembered for many good reasons. What she should be remembered for are her sense of humour, her tasteful dress sense and her coolness under pressure. But what we'll actually remember Nita for is her preferred nocturnal activity, namely, cruising Sydney's nightspots. Tall, dark and handsome strangers have often felt curiously, but understandably, compelled to approach Nita. Siren of the Members Bar. They immediately present offerings: scotch and dry in the rocks. Their company is suffered for no more than one drink. They are then told to bugger off (most of the time). Nita won't be working in a law firm next year.



ANDREW CRAIG

Exactly how Andrew manages to get the grades he does is a constant source of amazement to his friends, especially given the fact that the man only visits a lecture theatre on 'day 1' of a course. Those of us who know him well realise that the overwhelming majority of his time is spent searching for the perfect meal, the freshest flat white, the juiciest piece of gossip and the largest at home blonding kit for his golden locks. It will therefore come as no surprise when Andrew opens Sydney's most popular eatery in the next few years. Andrew's graduation marks both an illustrious academic career and the loss of Law School's resident 'foodie'.



ADRIAN CROFT

I do not know how I would have survived this place without you Adrian, my fellow cynic, Law School-black-sheep & generous source of all good summary notes. Hours spent at the back of lecture theatres discussing the merits of Russ Meyers' films and the finer points of International Comparative Jurisprudence have enriched my life, while the odd excursion to Fyshwick has broadened my horizons. Always a "team player" & possessor of an amazing ability to get by very nicely with the minimum of work & the maximum of leisure, Adrian should enjoy a shiny (albeit less than strenuous) future in the legal profession.



DAVID CROUCH

The graduating class of 1997 was truly fortunate to have David as one of its peers. He proved himself to be one of the more personable, intelligent and humorous members of the year. David is respected amongst his colleagues for his forthright views, good friendship and willingness to have fun. In fact his constant accompaniment on these authors' bizarre adventures whether it be driving NRMA vehicles to the snow, taking rooms at the Renaissance or being a party to lethal cocktail nights will sorely be missed. Academically, David is the envy of his peers—his apparent scholastic nonchalance belie his academic prowess which saw him awarded second in the year in Grad Law 1. Undoubtedly, Dave's determination and intelligence will see him succeed and we wish him the very best in his future life and career. Ave Atque Vale.



MICHAEL CULLEN



MICHAEL DAVIS

During his truncated stay 173-175, Michael ("MD") provoked much bewilderment and considerable admiration: he read ahead for EVERY class; he asked all the right questions from EVERY lecturer and by week ten he'd politely declined half a dozen or so offers to treat. Tall, muscular and with all the good looks that Japan can offer, MD remained aloof, humble and softly spoken—even upon receiving the Law School's ultimate honour, the much coveted medal.



HUGH DIVE

Hugh could never be accused of being a regular feature around Law School. However, there are days when this ordinary attendee could be seen attending a feminist class wearing 'Hustler' or 'Cover Me In Honey And Throw Me To The Lesbians' T-shirts. However, Hugh will be remembered for sport and taking a less than tolerant stance with other male students who were actually seeking out their feminine sides. Whilst many may have doubted Hugh's sporting prowess, the runs are on the board. However, Law could not have pulled off the rugby scam against Newcastle without him and his absence due to a grid-iron scholarship at UBC. Just remember Hugh alcohol makes you "see double and feel single" and the old adage—"drink till she's cute".



SIMONE DOSSETOR



LEISA DRISCOLL



KYLIE EISMAN

In the years when you look back on these photos, who will you remember and who will you have forgotten? Will you remember Ms Eisman as she was then, will her face spark memories, or will it just bring a spark of puzzlement to your face? But I hear you ask, why so many questions? Who was Kylie Eisman? I can offer you only my own, twisted perspective. She was always friendly, willing to talk to anyone, whether she knew them or not. She was always smiling and ready to laugh, being in her presence always made the day seem brighter. She was a talker, sometimes trying to get a word in was like trying to interrupt the Pope during Mass, nigh on impossible. But she was a listener as well and her advice afterwards was always so clear-headed and concise; she had the answers and made you feel as though you could overcome all the hurdles, no matter how high. She was beautiful, though she didn't really know it. She was delightfully naive about this and so many other things. She was kinda kool in a kooky sort of way. She was and will always be my friend. She will be gone now, having left these fatal shores to go to the land of the twelve tribes, to live and be a beautiful bride. Luckily I am going for her big day. I'll be up the back, slightly pissed with some red wine, shouting break the glass; and you know what, they will!



**ALLISON ELLEM-HONEYWILL**

Allison is the only person at Law School to give birth to as many children as the national average during the duration of her degree. No mean feat—but then, this is an exceptional human being. This mother of three has defied the single-mindedness of the single-person-at-Law-School mentality and successfully juggled the obligations of a hectic family life with the constant demands of a legal education. A lesser person would have crumbled at the mere thought of exams with such workload but Allison's serene approach to study combined with her penchant for last minute accelerated reading/learning has made it all appear shamefully easy (ask her about the time she passed the Torts exam with flying colours having spent a grand total of FOUR hours reading her notes!). Seemingly reserved, a very privileged few have discovered her warmth, lively conversation, sincerity, faithful friendship, brutal honesty and generosity—well ... except when she is forced to share her beloved mandarins. Even fewer have glimpsed the rare occasion, at an unguarded moment, when her eyes crease upward at the corners in a delightful childlike smile. Our best wishes Allison—the world is your oyster!!



**JANE ENGLEFIELD**

Jane is perhaps best described by her innocent humour, effervescent spirit and enthusiasm to experience life. Whether it be taking courses at Taronga Zoo, improving the Tango (or was it the bop?!), or offering her vast lighting skills at the revue, she has pursued her desire to learn, be involved and have fun. She has also been a supportive and valued friend to those fortunate to have known her through law school. As one of the most considerate and thoughtful people at law school, Jane was always willing to offer her (very valuable) assistance. Jane is also characterised by her ability to think of those other than herself, a rather unique and admirable quality these days. The legal profession will be fortunate to have someone who values justice and decency enter their ranks.



**CRAIG ENSOR**

This is dedicated to the memory of John Vasek, a graduate law student who died 12th October 1996. The most valuable lesson law school taught me was watching John's courage, will to learn and passion for life when all this was being taken away from him.



**JOHN FAIRBAIRN**

After completing Science Honours at Sydney University John decided to have a go at Graduate Law. He evidently was more impressed with what he saw and learned at Law School because he has accepted a position with Clayton Utz next year. I am sure that he will make a very successful lawyer as well as being a truly wonderful person.



**COLLEEN FAJOU**



**MATTHEW FARNSWORTH**

Matthew is often described as a truly nice human being. He is quiet and unassuming but beneath this demeanour lies a wealth of deeply held convictions. Matthew is perhaps best remembered for his enthusiasm and contributions to issues in Law & Gender. He is a fervent believer in anti-discrimination policy and equality in general. So beware of engaging Matthew in such a debate if you don't have hours to spare. Whilst we are sure Matthew will aspire to great things, he himself is unsure what his future holds. This indecision he believes is a positive thing, and will enable to keep his options open.



**CHRISTOPHER FEIL**

In the corridors of law school and beyond Chris has been a source of excitement, amusement and friendship for many. His humour, lack of seriousness and cheerful disposition have been characteristic features. Having somehow already assured the 'end', Chris seems content to focus on the journey. It would be fair to say that Chris was the loudest person at law school. Personal renditions of cinematic theme songs, in particular, were a specialty. 'Loud, boisterous and dramatic' is how a close admirer of which there has been an eternal supply it seems) has described him. We all agree. Chris's generosity, loyalty, thoughtfulness and willingness to help out—whatever the costs—as made being friends of his a privilege. His desire to host a party, and be the star attraction, reflects the vivacious and exuberant personality that will see him thoroughly enjoy the various pursuits that await. We wish him well.



**ANGUS FITZSIMONS**

Preferring to spend his days at the beach or on the golf course and learn an entire year's course in student vacation, Angus' passion for the law was clear from the start. This unique approach to university even survived the introduction of compulsory seminars, with his token appearances always alleviated by a surreptitiously concealed copy of the New Yorker or Q magazine. Those people who have actually met Angus at law school through debating or the Law Revue will attest to his unfaltering self-confidence, quick wit and brilliance as a public speaker. Despite his Hedonistic attitude to life Angus' extraordinary natural talent and exceptional mind will ensure his success as a barrister, or at least that's what he keeps telling us.



CATHERINE FLUTSCH

Jennifer, Catherine, CJ; by which ever name you know her, you can be sure of two things. Firstly, you will remember her, and secondly, you will continue to hear of her. Jetsetting Jen (Europe, China, next stop who knows where) is a person going places. The most difficult task ahead of her will be deciding which path to take in a life and career destined for greatness. Jennifer has been one of the most organised, diligent and motivated (and in the case of subjects lacking attendance assessment, self educated) people I have had the pleasure of calling a friend. Fortunately this success is accompanied by an unassuming and caring nature. She is a great listener who, when asked, will offer thoughtful, considered advice. I look forward, as many of you will, to coffee and chats with Jennifer and Louis (not Eddie) for many years to come. From many of your peers, thanks for the warmth of your friendship.



ELIZABETH FRANKLIN

Beth rebelled against every day in the concrete columns although she did make guest appearances at certain lectures. One performance of note was the purchase of a Constitutional Law textbook on the day of the exam. She has made daring departures to the beach with boogie-board under her arm. Beth is currently performing haiku poetry upon request and hopes to pursue a career in tea-sipping on sunny mountain porches.



KATHERINE GARDNER

Katherine did not begin her life with Law School. She has lived overseas, managed St James' Palace, learnt French, become a proficient chef & turned down numerous offers of marriage from French men. It is only as a result of her determination & fear of marriage that Katherine is with us now. Having commenced her degree at the Australian National University, she came to the "Big Smoke" for her final year. Nevertheless, in characteristic Katherine style, she has become as much a part of Sydney Law School as the new lifts. None of us are prepared to venture a guess as to where Katherine will end up. It will either be as a "colourful" criminal lawyer, or making excellent soufflé in some sophisticated Paris Cafe.



PAUL GARRETT



DEBORAH GERVAY

Thank God that people like Deb Gervay came to Law School. They're here to remind us that intelligence, kindness and beauty can co-exist without producing arrogance or bitchiness. Despite the oppressive environs, Deb has remained open, generous and self effacing an undeniably gorgeous person in every sense of the word. She has been pursued by any number of her male compatriots, but has quietly avoided the grasps of all but a select few (well, one in fact). Although she seems unable to produce an essay that is anything less than twice the set word limit, she has managed to achieve excellent results and to set herself up with a smart little corporate job if she wants it. And who knows if she does? Probably not her. It's fair to say that Deb's interest in the law appears to have waned somewhat over her last few subjects. Her attendance record may be demonstrated by the fact that she is now on first-name terms with all the staff at Coluzzi as well as the guy who closes the door at the end of the night at the Soho. Love your work, Deb.



RINA GILL

There was once a girl named Rina, I've never met anyone meaner. But this no one would believe, She has been successful to deceive, Beneath that beautiful and glamorous exterior Lies a woman who's in no way inferior She does everything with style and grace Many a boy has fallen for her face. That flirty wink across a lecture room Has made many a heart boom-boom-boom All over the city she's synonymous with fame The Coluzzi's staff know her by name Day after day, skipping lectures she sat For many a coffee and many a chat But not merely gossiping or demonstrating her wit Rina had strong political views and was definitely no twit, She's a humanitarian-compassionate and kind Such a strong yet gentle woman is a rare find Our friendship and flattery together has been great She's a good student, great daughter and a true mate!



MARIE-JOSEPH GITTANY

Marie impressed everyone in first year with her exotic booming Arabic voice, incomprehensible questions and even more incomprehensible answers. She has been a well liked and noted member of our group, ready to help and offer advice on everything from exercise to 'bodily pleasures' to Latin American dancing to legal contracts. Being a fairly family orientated person, most of Law School has met, at one time or other, at least one of Maree's many sisters and other members of the Gittany family. Maree is a popular, charming, friendly, gregarious, intelligent and enigmatic member of Law School who has broken more than a few hearts. We're sure that she will charm the judiciary the way she has charmed the rest of us in the years ahead. Best wishes Maree, you're one in a million.



TAMER GOBRAN

A true gentleman and really good bloke. Never one to leave things to the last minute, Tamer would enthusiastically attend lectures and make constructive contributions. Tamer will be remembered for his boisterous and outgoing personality. This party animal never let up. Seriously though, it was a pleasure to spend these years at law school with someone like Tamer and his friends wish him all the best in his future endeavours. (Hurry up on those kids!).



KAREL GREZL



AVIVA GULLEY

ISHANTHI  
GUNAWARDANA

Ishanthi is well known about the dingy corridors of the Law School for her champagne personality and ability to be involved in absolutely everything. Whatever major social event—the cricket, Eisteddfods, ballroom dancing, Ishanthi is there, bouncing about, generally in a very short skirt. Despite her hectic social whirl, she nonetheless shines academically, her brilliant mind and dedication to her work lifting her to the peaks of accomplishment. Ishanthi's lecture notes have always been particularly sought after, not only for her incredibly neat handwriting, but because she actually goes to the lectures. Over many cups of coffee, pieces of cake and afternoons browsing through the wares of Sydney's frippery-purveyors, Ishanthi and I have cemented our friendship. I admire her for her intellect, her determination and hard work, her zest for living and her ability to wear the aforementioned short skirts, but most of all I love her warmth, her spirit, her courage and kindness, her wicked sense of fun, her home delivery service of her mother's exquisite cooking to her chilli-starved friends and her true, caring heart. On your way to bright future success, Ishanthi, may we always be friends.



MARK GUNNING

Tipsy Mark Gunning sat in a pub corner drinking his corona and VB. Then along came the Dean of the eminent Law School. Who sat down beside him and said: "Mark, you've been a distinction all year!"



LISA GUO



NADYA HADDAD

NOBODY  
UNDERSTANDS!!!



CATRIONA HARRIS

Catriona came to Law in her second year, transferring from Fine Arts. Despite the many delights of legal doctrine and jurisprudential theory and her talent for her new discipline, she has always maintained a passion for all things Fine and Artsy. Catriona has always appreciated being at University and more particularly being on University holidays, using these abundant periods to "really" get an education. In more recent times, Catriona could be found perusing the galleries (and probably the shops as well) of New York, where she completed a course in Fine Arts. Her holidays haven't always been so erudite and in her third year she was found carousing with 100 other SCAT members on the New Zealand ski trip. A former Women's College resident, Catriona is a keen golfer, skier and tennis player (of the hi'n'giggle variety) who also enjoys theatre, opera and ballet. We hope that Catriona will continue to achieve high standards in all she does, with her customary flair, style and panache.



OLIVER HARVEY



BRENDAN HILL



REBECCA HINDWOOD



HAO HO



NICK HOGAN

One of the more enigmatic (not to mention cute) boys at law school would have to be our Nick. Whilst outwardly maintaining the appearance of being aloof and perhaps even a tad—dare we say it?—arrogant, underneath that (Italian) leather coat there lurks a true Renaissance man. Languages, music, art, philosophy, wine—all of these things are his domain. Yet a lengthy conversation with Nick will reveal nothing of this, nor about his starring role in a coffee ad and the date he had with Eile MacPherson. He is a man who, despite appearances, verily hides his light beneath a bushel. Nick's roguish charm and devilish wit are combined with a propensity for philosophic brooding and meaningful contemplation. A true mix of characters found in those Shakespeare plays from which he is able to quote so extensively! What's the number you phone to nominate someone for Cleo's most Eligible Bachelor again?



ALLISON HOLMES

Which is the quality that sets Allison Holmes apart from the flock of dots with whom she studies? Such a question cannot ignore the timelessness of her wardrobe, which marks her style in whichever moment she finds herself. Nor can it ignore her pale, washed humanity, which presents an exercise in subtlety for even the most intuitive. Nor indeed the watchfulness of her intelligence, which can spring out at any unattended moment. Still, none of these truly indicate the class of her character; rather, it must be the thoughtful satisfaction with which she rips the scab off a longneck, that is her true mark of distinction.



YVETTE HOLT



JACOB HOROWITZ

The term 'problem-gambler' does not even begin to describe this freak of nature. For Jacob's DNA has an extra gene, attributable to the extremely rare Blackjack Gambling Bug (*Bugus Las Vegas*) that has only ever been spotted roaming the Nevada desert in search of fresh prey. It mostly goes hungry however as its speed is around 4cm/hr, but occasionally it manages to outrun very unfit humans. Guess who got caught? Jacob's standing heart rate is 120 beats/minute—a restless night's sleep is a major workout for this guy and he often sleeps 18 hours straight in the name of exercise. Combined with his healthy diet regime of eating 6 apricot dumplings for breakfast and 4 Vienna schnitzels for dinner per day highlights the inner physical strengths of this athletic marvel. You'd think that there would be no time left for anything else with this sort of lifestyle and yet Jacob has managed to save the Arts Faculty from almost certain ruin in his time on the Union Board, as well as organise hundreds of school and university debates and pool parties all the while maintaining a decidedly shitty golf handicap. Hats of to this man of many talents.



JONATHON HORTON

Is he a man? Or is he machine?  
If you continue to read, you'll know what I mean. Consider this list, but try as you might, You will be hard pressed to mimic his flight.  
At the age of sixteen he dropped out of school, Yet without HSC he's by no means a fool.  
From general farmhand, to a consultant of rice, He's learnt noxious weeds and such things not nice. He can chum out HD's in between working days, At the Crown Solicitors or whoever else pays. At present he assists the Thredbo inquest, And next year he'll publish his first Admin text. He's workaholicism will carry him far, With a spark of ambition, right to the bar. It is just as well he's hitched a wife, 'Cause there's no chance in hell there's time for social life! Jonathon - best wishes. Keep up that amazing energy and organisation!



MELANIE HOWARD

A grey MG screeches to a halt. A tiny figure hurtles out. Late as ever. Most of us would look red, hot flustered and distinctly de trop. Not Melanie. Somehow or other she always manages to present the essence of cool. Jeans and flat shoes are not for her. With a mobile at her fingertips and sky blue nail polish on her toes, she manages her life and many other peoples, from her little ballet pupils to errant cast members, with consummate ease, all the while looking immaculate! Lectures? Not a problem ... just remind her what they are. Law School had but a glimpse of Melanie's considerable talents when she pirouetted onto the stage of the Footbridge Theatre. Plucked out of the chorus line, Melanie moved on to produce the Law Revue and then organise the whole revue season with flair and financial acumen. In what for most people would be a chaotic day, somehow she still finds the time and energy to have long and involved phone calls with friends—often at 2 am.—when a lesser soul would have passed out, exhausted by all this frenetic energy. Direct, loyal, discrete—she is a great friend. Whatever she turns her head to, she is a person to be watched and admired. This lady will go a long way.



ANTHONY HUTCHINGS

Concupiscent. Rambunctious. Ebullient. Capricious. Floccinaucinihilipilificative. All long, impressive words. Anthony Hutchings had never considered a career as a professional lawyer until he was spotted by a talent scout in Barbados collecting brightly coloured sea shells. Realising at the age of twenty-one that he was six foot four, Anthony decided that it was time to throw away his lifelong ambition to play Sleepy in Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical adaptation of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves. Indeed, insomnia was to prove both a blessing and a curse to his law studies, as it allowed him to stay up very late at night but didn't let him get much sleep. These days, Anthony runs his own boutique intellectual property practice, vigorously protecting the trademarks and business goodwill of such long-standing clients as Betamax, Cherry Coke, and the Lollygobble Bliss Bomb Company.



KADIE JOHNSTON

The only person in the history of law school to sit through an entire semester of lectures, in the wrong subject without actually knowing.



SIMON KEIZER



MICHELLE KELLY

The quite achiever. Michelle has put in an unbelievable eight continuous years of study, yet she is not one to complain ... However, she cannot simply be summed up by her studies alone—she has also brought amazing strengths to her friendships at Law School. When you are feeling down, you can trust that Michelle will be there to cushion the blow with her kindness, compassionate outlook and sense of humour. Michelle will fit in anywhere, but we believe her talents for tapping into human emotions will be wasted unless she devotes herself to the underprivileged who deservedly need her attention.



JOSEPH KERR

This photograph is rumoured to be a likeness to Joseph Kerr; it is not possible to be certain, as reliable identification of the man is difficult to find. It is fortunate that the photograph is not blurred and the face totally unrecognisable; this is the case only because Joseph's guard was momentarily down and he did not notice the camera in his presence. To most people Joe is more enigma than flesh and blood human being. Yet his physical existence is real, not merely alleged. Famous for his razor sharp, sometimes cruel wit. Law School will hardly be the same rollicking place without Joseph 'border-raider' Kerr; indeed it will be altogether too serious: a hushed, earnest, tomb-like place. There will also be a noticeable drop in hormonal activity, as Joseph cuts a mighty swathe through the female population of Law School, and it is bound to be some time before they regroup and recover from the devastation caused by his departure.



JULIAN KILLIN

Many years have a Rochester—all, dark and handsome, and moreover, broody. 1997 was no exception, for if Rochester had a modern incarnation it would be Julian. To Rochester, add Ethan Hawke's angst and Christian Slater's cheek and you're part of the way there. Irregularity in attendance, lateness and a disinterested pout when he bothered also featured. Yet for those who made it past the Coluzzi long black in the left hand and the Dunhill Blue in the right (and more than a smattering of women tried), Julian displayed a sixth sense for which judge said what, the occasional brilliant argument, and offerings of drunken Shakespeare soliloquies (not during class, I should clarify), skipping the more usual categories of 'most likely corporate high-flier' and 'Phillip Street's classiest', Julian would probably be '1997's most likely to stay sexy and know it'.



LOUISE KIRYCHENKO

An ever-efficient, energetic and assiduous student for whom having a quiet day amounts to meeting a friend for lunch, having a game of squash, taking the dog for a walk and then driving to the city to meet another friend for dinner. She never ceases to amaze others (other than her uni friends) that she is a full-time law student. It is a cardinal rule that one should avoid talking to her at those times of the year when essays are due as it only intensifies one's own sense of guilt and stress. She will be in the depths of some significant non-law activity, having completed her essays well ahead of time and before the rest of us have even contemplated commencing our research!!!





ANDREW KORBEL

After an illustrious academic start to Grad law, Korby did Europe. A year of clubbing in London, assorted music festivals, a combi-van tour of the continent, and his good friend, Dodgy, all took their toll. No longer just a clean cut, hard-working North Shore boy, he returned a long-haired, goateed, singing and dancing fool-clad in a Hawaiian shirt and cords, he quickly set about immersing himself in the seamier, theatrical side of law school, achieving the feat of attending more Law Revue social functions than Employment and Industrial Law lectures (all but flunking his mother tongue). The upside being that he dined out for months on tales of breakfast with little Johnny. It may be that a career on the stage is just around the corner. Rumour has it that the revue's final night ticket sales soared dramatically as crowds of admirers flocked to catch a glimpse of Korby's much vaunted, annual nude sketch cameo. But don't be fooled - lurking beneath that hip veneer is the soul of a corporate lawyer who truly believes that Chatswood Chase is pretty damn cool. You're money, man. Jack would be proud.



DANIELLE KRESIN

Originally from Newcastle, Danielle arrived at Sydney University without knowing a soul. Before long she had made great friends. At Law School Danielle was a conscientious student, recognisable by her infectious giggle and wicked sense of humour. She has a wild streak which triggers the desire to go dancing; and Danielle and Mark are a hit on the dance floor. Danielle is fun to be around and a caring and faithful friend. We wish her all the best for the future.



ARNOLD KUO

Here is a man who has seen a lot of the world and knows where Australia stands. His comments: "Sydney is a great city. Australia is the most democratic country in the world, for where else could a citizen get a chance to say something annoying to its Prime Minister's face and receive from him a remark such as 'silly old bugger'? This is a fair society. However, there is much to be desired in Australian economy". Here is also a man who knows the two greatest languages on earth, i.e., English and Chinese, and knows them inside out. His comments: "A great number of lawyers can't write properly. Don't write, for example, 'not so much...but rather'; write 'not so much...as', instead". Arnold has been to nearly every court and tribunal in Sydney and that on a daily basis. He has been privy to all the proceedings he's been to as a legal interpreter. He knows the law both theoretically and practically. His comments: "We have too much law and our law is too complicated. There is too much uncertainty in our law, for, if otherwise, how can judges disagree with one another on every critical point of law? Besides, we have produced too many lawyers in Australia". Arnold has three degrees - one Chinese, another American and the third Australian. He is seeking a practising lawyer who'd like to take him on for the 26-week work experience. He expects this relationship to develop into partnership thereafter.



NATHAN LAIRD

Nathan has swept through law school balanced neatly between his highly developed stress-regime and his highly visible sense of morality. But he should not be too quickly labeled a good human; he has been assiduously developing a massive corpus of information on all those who might, one day, rise to a position of power or prestige. Despite his image as Mr Clean, he could momentarily and at minimal personal cost turn any easy rise to power into a nightmarish fall from grace. As long as he's on this side of the law, it at least seems safe....



ANGUS LANG

Is he human? Once we thought we would never know. Having been propelled into law with a stellar TER of 100 (no mistakes), Angus laid waste essays and exams alike. So amazing were his writings that markers were transported to states of ecstasy upon reading his work. The suspicion among the plebs was that the markers were victims of cleverly disguised bullshit, but Mister Lang certainly wasn't telling. Perhaps that boyish grin provided a clue. It was Angus' woeful performance in Real Property that revealed his hand. Attempting to cast aside the facade and argue on real substance, he was clouted. Here is proof that, stripped bare of his litling prose and caressing essay structure, Angus has little or no understanding of law. A place on the High Court Bench seems assured. But what of Angus Lang the man? This is far harder to divine. If still waters run deep, Angus is the Marianas Trench. However, from getting to know his humour (that boyish grin is a regular feature) and kindness—not to mention his handiness with a switchblade—one soon realises that substance in legal argument is irrelevant next to substance as a person, a quality that Angus has in abundance (and no, I'm not calling him fat). I claim first seat on the tail of his comet. Good luck, Brai.



DEREK LEE

A genuinely good person as long as you don't touch him, talk to him or sit in his vicinity. Values his personal space. Derek's claim to fame is that he goes to the toilets more than any other law student alive—before every lecture and during every lecture break. After he graduates Derek plans to write a toilet guide and has already begun referring to the level 3 toilets as his office!



KATJA LEIDING

There are numerous facets to Katja's personality. Many would know of Katja's well-developed sense of humour, outwardly manifested by her trade mark "Ti-hi-hi" laugh often heard around Law School corridors. Many would know of her poetic talents, made memorable by such lines as "Kim was a rural from Dural". Many would also know of her immense commitment to her university studies (this is a girl who had three weeks to study for her Intellectual Property exam, but managed to squeeze all her study into two days). Few, however, would know of her desire to be a real life princess. When travelling in Europe, Katja would pretend that she was the princess of any castle she visited. Katja has also been known to command by royal decree the presence of friends at particular events such as Sydney Swans games and trips to Wentworth Falls. But, on a more serious note, Katja is a wonderful friend and a very "special" person. I know that without her I would not have made it through the scintillating experience that is Sydney University Law School.



JOANNE LISTER



ALVIN H.P. LO



SONIA LOPES

In years to come Sonia will be the shining star of the legal profession. The queen of the last minute 'masterpiece', her capacity to pull HDIs with minimum effort is renowned. Her thoughtfulness and generosity has earned her many friends while her smile has sent many first year hearts aflutter. Alas, their chase has proved futile as Sonia, the X-file guru, only has eyes for the D.D lock-alikes of this world. Sonia, best of luck, best wishes, and may the force be with you.



ANDREW MACINTOSH

Over the last five years, Macca has treated law school somewhat like the stage. On his guest appearances he can be seen running down the stairs, although Ian Turpy has called 'come on down'. The performance is normally accompanied by real live entertainment. Forget song or dance, Macca's conversations is a solo item. While most of us stopped exaggerating our stories in primary school 'show and tell', Andrew turned the technique into an art. Don't be fooled no matter how funny the stories or large the crowds they attract: 'He didn't really enroll in Latin American dance classes to 'pull chicks'. 'Becoming a lawyer will not by definition make you fat, boring and ugly. 'You don't even want to know the truth behind those weekend deep sea fishing trips, he so warmly invites you to. More importantly, don't be fooled that Andrew's enthusiasm is anything but real. Andrew is a unique person who manages to balance a sensitivity to others with a sense of fun. Anyone who has been as fortunate to have had Andrew's friendship over the law school years understands it simply isn't possible to exaggerate when describing him as a caring and special friend.



CHARLES MAGOFFIN

Who rises as the epitome of justice in Magoffin J's eye as he ponders the heavy past of judicial wisdom? The sentiment of Lord Denning? The civilisation of Wendell-Holmes? The vision of Benjamin Cardozo? Whatever he tells you, do not credit his open, sincere and apparent trustworthy style. For when he has the final word, it will be in the blind spots of Cardozo's vision that he hides, reveling in the same savagery of Wendell-Holmes. And once the implacable demeanour for which Lord Denning was ever known, he will say, of the pitiable complaint before him: "He may be turned away without a word. No explanation need be given".



REBECCA MASON

An inaugural member of the 1997 and 1/2 club, 'Bec' alias Bell Mason has made her name at Law School for being one of its busiest attendees. She is most commonly seen racing from one end of the city to the other and back, squeezing lectures in between organizing fund raising activities for the Bell Shakespeare Company. However, despite her hectic schedule she has proved herself super smart and always manages to get her brain in action at the right moment to come out of exams on top. As well as being good at everything she puts her hand to, Bec is also a natural beauty. Her sensational smile, quick wit and enthusiasm have made sure that she is admired wherever she goes. To top it all off, Bec has friends from Sydney to London whose only complaint is that they don't see her enough. Bec, while those in the know will not come to you when they need some conveyancing work done we are sure you are destined for great things. We all hope that we are there to see what you make of life after uni and to share in your successes.



VÉRONIQUE MAURY

Véronique is an extraordinary babe, diva and chick-en. Tirelessly dedicated to Polemic as an overworked editor who has risen to do complete all the insurmountable challenges that editing an underfunded, progressive law journal can throw up. A woman of immense style. A responsible bugger and stamper at the law library. Impressed her fans by participating in numerous uni fashion parades. A coffee snob so she thinks. Her new found identity as a cyber-chick means that she has a warm, close relationship with Matthew (the computer guy) and Telnet, ie he sees her coming and hides. She is the subject of amorous graffiti in the law library toilets (Level 8 - check it out!). Veronique rediscovered the Level 14 squash courts to the delight of her friends, she gives new meaning to the 'corporate sport'. She was deservedly awarded the Research Assistant of the Year Award for her service above and beyond the call of duty-including, but not limited to, purchasing the Limited Edition Penthouse. On a similar theme, Veronique was also successfully able to incorporate a videotape of Sex/Life into a seminar presentation in 1997. A star inside and outside the Bore School, Veronique spent much of final year treading the boards! This shooting star will go far.



RAYMOND MAWAD

What can be said about the king of Studebakers, the prince of Argyle Street, the stud of Phillip Street? Not much, except this-Ray was a top bloke. He always helped out his mates and nothing was too much trouble. The man with connections always managed to secure the course summary notes months in advance. Anyone who was a regular on level 5 would no doubt remember DJ Ray's distinctive dancing style. In pool Ray always found new and novel ways of losing from an unlosable position. He was very lucky many times to avoid losing his clothes and doing the traditional lap around the table. When not on level 5 he could be found on level 8 with his head in the books. Good luck and all the best. Your mates Paul Whittaker and Vince Cocco



DEBORAH MAZOUДИER

Our Deb defies every established law of physics. Whether she is staring down a recalcitrant (or possibly just forgetful...) witness in Trial Advocacy, intimidating certain lecturers into submission by correcting their legal knowledge, organising moot competitions, arguing opposing counsel into a pulp in the Moot Court or flooring her opponents with her superb karate skills, Deb is power-packed and energy-charged. Her ready wit and her take-no-prisoners approach have ambushed many an individual who made the mistake of looking at her diminutive frame, being taken in by her friendly smile, and underestimating her. While she has been known to frequent level 8 of the Law School on occasion, the Dendy and certain nearby Cafes will sorely miss her. While the Moot Courts of Sydney Law School are strewn with the figurative corpses of her conquests, in the romantic field her conquests are scarcely less impressive. Never without admirers, she constantly amazes us with her ability to charm and enrapture poor unsuspecting males with her boundless energy, sense of fun, and beautiful eyes. While others go to ALSA and make friends, Debbie goes to ALSA and finds herself an Olympian admirer. Her intelligence and ability are more than matched by her sincerity, and her loyalty to her friends and a heart the size of Everest. No friend was ever more devoted or more caring, and no one is readier than her to talk/nurse her friends through their many crises. When Debbie eventually chooses to devote her energy and passion to some life goal, look to see this amazing individual at the very pinnacle of her chosen path. We all wish her the very best!



KATE McDEVITT

Life at Law School without Kate's fun-loving influence would have been very dull indeed. Kate has the most amazing capacity to enjoy life to the absolute fullest and she always has a new story to tell—not forgetting the enthusiastic zest with which only Kate is capable of conveying it. Above all Kate is just a great friend—good luck!

AMANDA (GADEN)  
McLENNAN

Entering the institution innocently, Amanda has endured the strenuous life of Sydney with an almost squeaky clean record. Always one with an alternative (and dramatic) bent—Amanda's first year was spent wooing people with her bare shoulders (her shoe-string straps were a real clincher according to popular account) and being involved in lengthy pseudo-political discussions with amazingly attentive young men. Ever the femme fatale, Amanda's 'witching hour' was 5 o'clock on the terrace overlooking Manning and rumour has it that she was never short of a date. Not impressed with normal study techniques, Amanda embraced alternative methods from first year onwards. Not only was there the 'non-wheat' diet designed to improve concentration, she also firmly believed that two teaspoons of bi-carbonate soda 5 minutes prior to an exam would be the difference between a pass and a distinction. A perfectionist by nature, Amanda's exam notes were epic. In constitutional law she managed to outnumber the textbook by 2:1. With her remarkable ability to adapt to any situation ... including a change in name in third year ... Amanda will surely go far. Long live her smile!



EMMA McWILLIAM

Emma has survived College, an Honours year in Government and her final two years at Law School, but to do so with huge success academically and personally. Seen in early days running around College in a pale pink chiffon baby doll nightie with matching bloomers and fake fingernails, Em has now become one of the most elegant young women of Law School, which led to her being voted the best looking girl in the year by the men of Grad 2! Apart from ongoing work at various law firms, in the last few years she has been found sailing a Tall Ship down the East Coast of Australia, attending a conference on International Law, chaperoning old ladies for a whirlwind week in Ireland, flying down to Melbourne to watch the Rugby, and helping as a member of the Law School Social Committee. Conversations with Em are always punctuated with stories about her sisters latest exploits, and motherly concern for them. This concern is equally matched by her concern for her friends. Em is one of the most supportive people you could find. She is always ready with an open ear, a wicked sense of humour and an endless enthusiasm for what you are doing. Em is someone who we'll be sure to hear about in years to come: flying helicopters in Antarctica, dashing around the world, or more probably, as a highly successful lawyer. We look forward to celebrating her inevitable successes.



WALTER MOOSE

Walter (Moosey) Moose has always been a ladies man, with or without his toupee. He entered Law at Sydney University following a modestly successful career as a moustache model for Grace Bros catalogues. He took to law instantly, and in 1996 took out the coveted NR Cartwright Prize for Roman Cricket Law. Moosey is a wonderful bloke, quick with a joke and a light up my smoke. He will be best remembered for his behaviour at last year's law ball, where he 'liaised' with six women and went missing in action for the next three days. We wish him well, and even though he won't practice law immediately, we hope he enjoys his management position with Advanced Hair Studios. YEAH, YEAH! Cheers Moosey—"Oink aroubahhh".



MATTHEW MORGAN

The thinking woman's sex symbol, this graduate will long be remembered for ensuring that his face appeared on EVERY OTHER Blackacre since first year bar his own—yes, that's right folks, THIS ONE!! Not to be outdone we at Blackacre 1997 have salvaged this shonky replica. For further information, or perhaps even a positive identification, take a trip down memory lane to Level 6—perhaps he will still be there.....



KYLIE MORPHETT

Born in Sydney on November 5, 1974, our mysterious Law School graduate-to-be is possibly Mosman's thinnest inhabitant. With her fetish for dark clothing, curly braided hairstyling (hairdressing terminology - who needs it?) and red stop-sign lipstick, she is easy to spot in the dim halls of Law School. Despite existing on a diet seemingly composed entirely of vodka, black coffee and burger rings, she still weighs in at less than 50kg. Her interests include Irish dancing, participating in the "relationship you have when you're not having one", playing the cello (well, one of those big instruments with strings anyhow), and pursuing an interest in things German and Danish. (NB Perplexing but true, her interests here are cultural rather than biological). Her most notable legal achievements include an HD in Admin, maintaining an interest in law even after a clerkship at Allens, and purveying fine quality typed lecture notes to the desperate and bone idle in the year below. Boys and girls, meet Kylie Morphet.



JULIAN MORROW

Julian Morrow was once glimpsed attending Litigation (or was it Philosophy of Human Rights?) and onlookers were stunned. For intellectual depth demanded greater commitments from Julian than the drilled mentality of class attendance. Besides, in playing it scholastically he could match it with the best, as Julian's winning of the Sir Alexander Beattie Prize in Employment and Industrial Law for 1997 testifies ("where's the money?"). Scribes at Law School know well of Julian's sharp editorial skills through his editorship of Polemic. The future Republic owes its carriage at Law School to this Convenor of the Australian Movement at Sydney. The strength of Sydney's verbal jousting has been maintained by Julian as Public Issues Forum Convenor of the Australasian and Three Worlds Debating Championships, it was the Greeks who were most pleased to see their proud history of public discourse sustained as this young Antipodean sophist debated for Sydney at the World's University Debating Championships in Athens in early 1998. On the cusp of the coming Republic, Australia's future citizens could do no better than to have this man among them.



EMMA MUNRO

Emma is one of the more vivacious individuals at Law School. With a laugh never far away, Emma's loyalty, integrity and willingness to put herself out for others reflects the generosity shown by Emma toward her peers. Despite her past in music, Emma has gone on to tackle the minefield of tax law with 'great drive and determination'. Always seen at any Law School 'soiree', Emma has shown herself to be one of the more engaging members of this year's social committee. We wish Emma all the best in her future life and career, remembering that life is always about being 'odds on'.



KIEU NGUYEN

In order to know kieu better, one has to get over the hurdle of telling her apart from her twin sister, Nguyet. But once you get over the hurdle, the two becomes easily distinguishable. For others who still find such distinction hard, here is a hint. Kieu, being the older of the two, divides her hair sideways, whereas Nguyet likes to divide her hair evenly from the middle. Kieu is a very sweet girl with a very gentle temper and a lovely smile—so smile more! I am very impressed with Kieu's tolerance and eagerness to listen. But to her parents, Kieu is a 'troublemaker' as she always wants to go out and have a life. Having the opportunity to develop a career in both finance and law, Kieu is very much confused on the direction she should take. While wishing her good luck in her career, we are sure that she will have a wonderful time whatever path she takes.



NGUYET NGUYEN

Until now, Nguyet and Kieu have been living a very similar life. They were born with similar (if not identical) genes and they grew up in the same environment. They have a similar personality, writing, habits and career ambitions. Both are talkative and write non-stop in lectures. As a result, they try to separate from each by choosing different subjects whenever possible. Unfortunately Sydney University did not offer much choice in terms of electives. Like her sis Kieu, Nguyet has a pleasant personality, is helpful and friendly. But Nguyet is more committed to her studies and work - it is Kieu that is over attending dinners, birthday parties or finding herself on the Shanghai Chinese Law trip. Now we all wait in anticipation to see if they both end up with the same career. Best wishes Nguyet.



NHUNG NGUYEN



LAURA NORRIE

Despite Laura's notorious inability to read maps, she undertook a Geography major in her Economics (Social Sciences)/Law degree. She may not have been able to follow a map, but she was in constant need of maps in the pursuit of her degrees, going to Thailand on a Geography field trip and later to Canada on the Queen's University law exchange. When she wasn't "studying" and having "cross cultural experiences" overseas (ie doing the Giant Bus Tour of Eastern Canada or persuading the manager of the cheesiest "niteclub" in town that she really hadn't moved in, it just looked that way), Laura threw herself into the heart and soul of the Law School. Laura has been a student representative twice, once on SCULS and later on SALS and she has been part of the Law Revue each year. Never one to miss a party Laura has been a regular at the Semester parties, the Law Revue parties and Law Balls. Being the kind of girl to try anything once, Laura has also been spotted snoozing at Courtwatch as well as thrashing about on the touch footy team. Laura now leaves the Law School en route to Minter Ellison, with a slight detour through Paris and Rome along the way. We wish her continued success and much happiness.



TIFFANY NUGAN

Tiffany Nugan is one of those rare individuals who successfully manages to juggle a million and one social commitments with a busy uni schedule. While the majority of her time has been spent renovating houses, drinking coffee at Coluzzi's, shopping and devising a never ending list of new cocktails with her fatmate, Tiff has been known to be found squeaking her way around Lawschool in a pair of very noisy sneakers. At weekends, she divides her time between writing essays, lunching and searching the world for eligible (no so young) men who were born in places beginning with the letter M. The real benefit which comes with Tiffany's graduation is stress relief. She wins the award for greatest crammer. She is the only person who can digest an entire branch of the law in the week prior to the exam and still pass with flying colours. Most of all, Tiffy will be remembered for her unending smiles, take me or leave me personality and great loyalty to her friends.



JULIE O'BRIEN

Julie's vivacity, charm, wit and fresh-faced beauty put her on the receiving end of much (unwanted) attention from law-school boys. Unwanted not only by her, but by the ex-girlfriends of such boys who could only vent their dismay with public hysteria, fainting fits and venomous looks. Julie, however, breezes through such situations with smile on her face and a vodka in her hand. This is her solution to any crisis. Swinging her hips gets her anything from a Wednesday night date (free dinner! good wine!) to a promotion from waitress to corporate chick. Her constant failure to observe 'notes etiquette' remains a source of frustration for some people (if they're anal enough to have put them together, they're also going to want them back Jules!). Still, a girl who gets through exams with little more than an unwavering faith in the 5-years-out-of-date-Pete Barnett-notes ... you've got to love her! I certainly do - thanks for keeping me sane throughout law school Julie—you're the best!



SASCHA O'CONNELL

Every school has its cool kids, even Sydney Law School. I am not talking about the kind of 'cool' that can be purchased off the pret a porter racks of an Oxford Street fashion emporium. Not! I am talking of that unquantifiable, mystical element which smoulders within only a select few. In the lecture room environment of drab brick decor and McDonalds inspired seating, cats like Sascha shine. Never one to put university before social engagements, Sash has moved from class to class unperturbed by the brash cruelty of the assessment regime. Above all, she has shown us that there is more than one way to get through law school. Some people mount career ladders, others like Sascha choose to really go places. In second year Sash deferred her studies to take a transcontinental road-trip though Europe, Asia and other ragged portions of the Old World, seeing first hand what life is really about. Sascha, sleek icon of the Sydney beach aesthetic and inner-city chic, we love you! Thankyou for being an inspiration at law school and a most excellent friend. Love JY.



ANDREW O'KEEFE

Birds do it, bees do it even educated flees do it Let's do it, let's fall in love. In shallow shoals English soles do it goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it Let's do it, let's fall in love. Argentines without means do it Bostonians say in Boston even beans do it Let's do it, let's fall in love. I'm sure giraffes on the sly do it and certain heavy hippopotami do it Let's do it, let's fall in love. Leafs do it, chiefs do it I'm told in certain seasons even Beefs do it Let's do it, mama let's fall in love.



HEIDI PALMER

Without the presence of Heidi at law school there would be no official, accurate record of proceedings. Between the hot chips and peanut butter sandwiches, she manages to transcribe the lesson's every word - including the lecturer's salutation and the ambience of the room. Should legal proceeding ever be commenced against a member of the faculty, her records would undoubtedly be subpoenaed. However, expert witnesses specialising in the interpretation of large print, hieroglyphics would be essential. Her enthusiasm will no doubt take her far... possibly to the family court? Just watch for the lethal combo of gravel and PMT. Advice: check the court calendar. You'd be wise to, especially considering chat-up line like 'Excuse me sir, but is my dental plate in your garbage bin?'



EDWARD PALMISANO

The momentous crossing to 'the other side' of the Grad Law 1 lecture marked Ed as a man of the people. A most dedicated follower of the 'balance' philosophy, Ed has felt it important to provide himself with as much social as intellectual stimulation. So as well as a little study Ed has spent seven years rowing, twirling, guzzling, romancing and advocating his way through Sydney Uni. 'El Presidente' is the ever responsible and immaculately dressed student representative. But Ed has other talents. To begin: his dancing. Anyone who has seen his moves will consider them unique, unforgettable (and insanity inducing for Revue choreographers). The Revue also exposed Ed's impassioned method acting which lead to shoulder dislocation. Ed's little known musical talent emerges with a groan of the didge. A proven whiz in the kitchen but Ed's culinary reputation won't be complete without the long awaited pippy pasta. Like the midnight swim at the Entrance (au naturale) we could be waiting for a whale! With talents come obsessions. Ever had a conversation with Ed that hasn't included a reference to: his diary (and the lists contained therein); a themed event and the need to decorate his body and everything else in sight accordingly; Robert McGregor Roy or the five year plan (beginning when?); Despite (or because of) Ed's eccentricities there are those of us who have come to find Ed endearing. We recognise his fundamental loyalty, integrity and love of life and hope to share experiences with him for years to come. Ed has set the pace for an interesting and challenging life and deserves all the success and happiness that will undoubtedly come his way (that is, as long as he meets a girl who fulfills the 18 point challenge!).



NICOLE PARKER

Nicole is a bit of a mystery woman. All we know is that Nicole came from Armidale to study law in the big city in 1995. She often appeared in people's lectures and tutorials and then disappeared only to appear again a year later. However even if you don't know Nicole she will know gossip about you! You will remember Nicole as the most innocent looking woman of law school. Who will forget those light blue eyes and that blond tight curly hair and that ever so elegant smile. Nicole never ceased to amaze me with the way she got through law assignments approximately three 6000 word research papers within a space of a week. Around exam time Nicole was the usual stressed student but she was one of those students who studied her notes intensely 2 minutes before going into the exam. But that last minute study must pay off as Nicole has managed a few amazing grades like a HD in Equity! Nicole I'm sure will have a great law career ahead of her. She will probably be one of those lawyers who flick through their notes 2 minutes before going into court and win to the amazement of the other side. We wish her the best for the future.



PHILLIP PATTERSON

One of my first memories of Phil (standing in a queue for coffee attempting to straighten his beard): "F...k! I'm all over the shop today." Straight away I knew I was dealing with a class act. Had I not encountered Phil at this early stage of our course my understanding of legal abstractions such as 'duty of care' and 'a reasonable man of ordinary prudence' would never have been so apparent. Little did any of us know that this reasonable man, this embodiment of all the qualities we demand of a good citizen, was in fact, disguised as a fellow student. There he sat before us. A model of perfection. Mellow. Tactful. Chaste. Conservative. Punctual. The type that crosses suburban streets at the lights, irons his undies and knits for charities. Raises his hat to ladies and steps into the gutter as they pass him by. Follows a strict health regime and never consumes alcoholic beverages. Is never seen aimlessly loitering nor complaining. Never speaks without first being spoken to. The epitome of the mawkish 'quiet achiever', who exhibits temperance and a healthy respect for authority and religion. Never swears nor raises his voice in public areas. Displays a colourful and evergrowing vocabulary. Scratches his face at the first indication of stubble and never leaves home without his electric razor-forever careful to preserve that clean cut look. The dexterity and sheer wit of this amiable, peppery chap has left us all breathless. Phil, we all love you. Don't change a hair-Best of luck.



SOPHIE PENNINGTON

Sophie P is without doubt one of the 'beautiful people'. She is not only one of the most glamorous women at law school (check out the Armani sunglasses and the Gap tops), but one of the nicest. She is one of those people who always has time to listen and to lend a comforting shoulder if needed. Perhaps her best attribute however is her sense of humour - if you're sitting in a boring lecture and someone bursts out laughing for no apparent reason, you know it's Sophie. Being able to find the funny side in any situation has made her an invaluable companion and a treasured friend. When you combine Sophie's great personality with her considerable talents (how many people do you know who can speak fluent Japanese and play the piano like Mozart?) you come up with quite an extraordinary human being. She is definitely one in a million and her presence in the concrete dungeons has made the whole law school experience far more bearable.



MAI PHAM



MARIA TERESA PRESTIA

From the very beginning of her days at Law School, Teresa did her very best to be dedicated, punctual and present at every lecture. However, due to symptoms brought on by bad experiences with the Law School elevators, excessive procrastination, excessive worrying and excessive photocopying, her attendance dropped and holidays in exotic places during semester were needed as part of the medically prescribed therapy to cure her. The Law School hierarchy felt somewhat responsible, and as an act of good faith replaced the old run down elevators with state of the art elevators, in an endeavour to entice her back. This act of good faith was appreciated by Teresa and she thought she would try her best to come back. When Teresa did attend uni, lectures would be followed with an espresso, and a trip to the movies (usually to watch some action filled film). Teresa will be best remembered for her group co-ordination of notes, her sarcasm, and her love for Bacardi and Coke usually followed by coffee the next day! Teresa is a master at achieving her goals and her future is sure to be great.



ELIZABETH RAPER

Libby has to be one of the grooviest chicks ever to hit the Law School. Anyone who can combine 60s go-go girl attire with stylish, limeless, continental grandmother's hand-me-downs (including at least three preloved handbags per year) has a rare gift. Her eclectic colour combinations add a certain je ne sais quoi to law school life. If that introduction left anyone thinking Libby has a lot of time on her hands, think again. Libby manages to combine conscientious study with a healthy enthusiasm for all-night partying and dancing (or 'bopping' as she likes to call it). Moreover, she succeeded in fitting three summer clerkships into two years without even batting an eyelid, all the while managing to hold down a very lucrative job at Fisher library-which coincidentally provided her with an excellent opportunity to liaise with potential employers, members of the judiciary, boyfriends, psychopaths. She gives new meaning to political expression by being living proof that feminists do wear lipstick. She makes inner city living more stylish than it really is. She is a great artist, an enthusiastic singer (her presence at the Staff Christmas party choir has to be seen to be believed), a spunky fems rea siren, a tenacious arguer (she always wins), and an all-round inspirational funky woman!



JOHN-PAUL REDMOND

After a brief encounter with the law at the 'gong' JP soon found himself back in his element at Sydney and, more importantly, back at college. Being a tutor could not have been a more appropriate position for this student who, in response to the query "what are you up to JP?" would frequently reply "I have just found this really good book!". His ability to actually complete essays before their due date was a talent that had us not only disgusted but amazed. Even as a true scholar, however, JP was never one to be dominated by his academic commitments. His friendly face was a regular feature throughout law school social events and at the various adventures down south, up north and in between that were organised with his friends. His charm, good humour, honesty and mellowness, however, belie a darker side which has always been hidden other than to his closest friends. Unless you happened to be down at the snow to witness JP's somewhat frustrating experience with a T-bar. JP is renowned for his eclectic tastes in books, wine and women reflecting the sophisticated scholarly gentleman that JP is. After being awarded life membership at St Johns college after 6 years of dutiful service—immortalised by the words "I am really leaving College next year"—it would seem at the end of law school that JP's words may finally ring true.



ANDREW RICH

Andrew did a Bachelor of Economics (Accounting) and then became a Graduate Law student. He has had a fairly quiet existence at law school, although he has represented law in inter-faculty rugby. He has also made the occasional "impact" appearance at a law function. Next year he will be working at Freehill Holingdale and Page, where I am sure he will be a big success.



DAINA RICHMOND

Daina, without a doubt, will be attributed as having the biggest and brightest smile at Law School. That smile has remained constant and has permeated every activity Daina has been involved in. This woman is a go-getter, and an enthusiastic participator in a wide range of activities. In the smaller scale tutorial her deabting expertise will compel her to challenge the status quo with thoughtful and insightful comment. A keen ability to articulate ideas has also aided Daina as Vice President of SALS, as ALSA rep and Producer of the Law Revue. In these roles she has consistently inspired energy, enthusiasm and focus. That her well chosen words were at the best of times followed with promises of copious amounts of beer and parties can only be attributed to her strong sense of timing, her great sense of humour and ability to judge what's required in any situation. Naturally, someone so gifted has attracted strong and longlasting friendships, though beware any boy who tries to capture her heart because a 'month' is all you'll get. This woman is driven and though her career is yet unchosen, Daina is definitely destined to succeed.



DAVID RIDYARD

Academics will surely be saddened when they peer over their lecturns next year and find missing from the front right hand row the familiar and reassuring face of David Ridyard. Students will surely miss a colleague who could always be counted upon for missed lecture notes, revision study notes and thoughtful intellectual banter. For David was more than a mere student and fellow peer—noted for his trademark shorts, array of white T-shirts and kahki bag—David took a profound interest in his chosen field of study and revealed an understanding of life that others can only hope to emulate. Unless you are privileged to know him, a wry smile accompanied by a slight nod of the head in self amusement is sometimes the only indication of David's dry but witty sense of humour. A reliable and compassionate friend, David is admired for his own courage, determination and hard work. We wish you much success and happiness in the years to come.



NICHOLAS RODGERS

LA SALOPE SANS MERCI

What can ail thee,  
Nick—cleft—chin  
Alone and palely loitering  
Thy friends have fled the  
Law School steps  
No more Lucy-ing  
What can ail thee,  
Greek—love—god  
So haggard and so woe-  
begone  
Thou'st perfected the  
anguishing snag look and  
still can't get one

I see a PhD in thy pocket  
And soon as LLB  
No more lunchtime pontifi-  
cations  
Clad in Eric Clapton tee

See thy pale friends in suits  
Burnt-out, death-pale are  
they all  
They cried—"That evil bitch  
of Law  
Hath thee in her thrall!"



SARAH RODRIGUES

Sarah's breathtaking beauty, charm and dazzling wit did not go unnoticed by the many perhaps best described as overly ambitious boys at Law School. Little did these boys know that Sarah was to drift away into the sunset (or France as the case may be) with her knight in shining armour. It is here she will be finishing her law degree by e-mail or some similar dodgy scheme she has arranged with one of the lecturers who also fell victim to her charms. Perhaps it was her steady diet of coffee, bagels and vodka that contributed to this disarming beauty and healthy glow—or maybe it was just the Bettina's that could be relied upon to make her look perfect for every occasion. No comment on Sarah's time at Law School would be complete without reference to her transformation from Billion Dollar Babe to Allen's exec. Maybe it was her obvious intelligence and charm that landed her in one of Sydney's leading law firms or maybe it was that sugar daddy who walked into her store that day.



ALPANA ROY

The only girl ever known to have gone to a bar and ordered a cup of coffee, Alpina is one of those rare birds who consistently goes against the grain. Highly intelligent and articulate, she's always ready for a bit of a stoush, especially when political and gender issues arise. Alpina is a big fan of anything that is off the beaten track, like 'Brother's McMullen', Bernado Bertolucci, and the Indigo Girls (great sorts they are!). And she loves nothing more than hitting the grog on a Friday night down the main drag of Newtown. Her romantic adventures have remained a mystery to the Law School fraternity; even her closest friends are kept in the dark. Just as well I suppose! But all jokes aside, while Alpie is easily stirrable (and she does drink the same coffee as Vermolt Brereton, her teenage idol), she is great value and, as Ray Martin would say, a top sort!



KRISTEN RUNDLE

Kristen Rundle discovered love at Law School. However, she insists that she was drunk on at least four of those occasions. This might go some way towards explaining her enjoyment of administrative law. It does not, however, excuse her attempts to seduce Ross Anderson with bottles of wine (though we all love Ross—ed). Nor does it exculpate her confessed enjoyment of wearing platinum blonde wigs, electric blue sequinned dresses, and scantily clad men. And nothing could atone for the award of the Law Revue's Solo Woman—"light on the fizz so you can slam her down fast". But of course that sort of thing is bound to happen when you're funny, sexy, dedicated, generous, smiley, vaguely Scullyesque, vivacious, principled and intelligent. Bitch.



**KOTHAI SANGARALINGAM**

Kothai is a thoughtful, kind, generous and gentle person. When I think of Kothai, I remember long hours of talking over cups of coffee and I think of Kothai the 'administrator' as a master in organising fundraising curry nights or Tamil drama and musical performance. I can also picture Kothai delivering essays thirty seconds before the due time, and spending every second Saturday doing volunteer work at Ryde Hospital Canteen. Kothai is a rare treasure. She is always willing to give a friend time. She has been a willing ear to listen to life's dramas, a wonderful companion to share popcorn in a movie, and a helping hand to sell cake at a trivia night. I think Kothai will be fondly remembered by all at Law School, and Arthur Anderson is a very lucky company.



**YOUTIMA SAYMONTRY**



**ANDREW SCHMIDT**

It is impossible to have shared a lecture with Andrew and not at least be aware of his existence. Unlike many of his peers who shun the limelight and seek the comfort of anonymity, Andrew has always thrived on the cut and thrust of verbal duelling with lecturers and fellow students alike. No matter what the topic Andrew has an opinion and it is more than likely that he'll share it. Andrew is quite open that the thing he most enjoyed at law school was not the sense of camaraderie and not the friendships made, but instead was... Real Property! However he is willing to admit that his fondest memories will be of lunches shared over a steaming bowl of laksa. Those who know Andrew well know that he is certain to succeed as he moves on towards a career with Clayton Utz. Those who know him better know that he is just as likely to succeed if he decided to be a politician, opera singer, or a professor of law in a small Eastern European nation. However, those who know him even better know that whatever he does with his life his first and foremost aim will be to serve his Lord, Jesus Christ, in whatever he does.



**NATASHA SEIPEL**

Failing to unearth any solid facts about this enigmatic girl led people to compare Natasha to everyone from Shannon on Home and Away to Nicole Kidman. Yet there is much more to this girl than pale skin and red hair—for instance, her incredible ability to maintain her integrity in the face of that capitalist pig-pen otherwise known as Law School without succumbing to the call of the corporate dollar (although she did waver momentarily during clerkship interviews last year...). Despite her passionate commitment to subjects related to her cause, she is remarkable also for doing brilliantly in subjects she hates—a rare talent. Add to this a previous career as a professional dancer and a healthy appetite for white wine and you have the kind of well-rounded character almost never found at law school. Is there a category for 'Most likely to succeed at Absolutely Everything'? Put this girl's name down as number one nominee!



**ANGELA SEWARD**



**CHIA HUI SHEN**



**ANSUYA SINGARAM**

Ansuya has the enviable talent of being able to pull a new job out of the air right at the last minute. (We all thought you should have kept that patisserie job forever-free cakes!) For an unconnected Adelaide girl, she's doing pretty well. Perhaps it has something to do with her friendliness her smile or maybe its that hair! Who could resist a tug on one of those black ringlets. Ansuya has also kept us entertained with her amazing collections of flat-mate stories. There was the cutlery hider, the brothel receptionist. How she is going to miss these glorious days of student life she's a partner in some law firm. Not. With her will to succeed and be happy whatever fate throws at her, Ansuya is an inspiring and much loved friend. Go for it.



**INEKE SMEE**

Ineke is etched in my mind as a beauty that turned many a head. Yet even with all this attention she maintained a relationship with her boyfriend of six years similar to that of Romeo and Juliet. Academically, Ineke is very bright, but prefers having cocktails at the Dendy to sitting in an Administrative Law lecture. In actual fact it is her desire for perfection in her work that has led to her not achieving the marks she deserved. Her motto is that if the time allotted for an assignment does not permit absolute thoroughness, she must, independently, extend the time—much to the dismay of lecturers. Her Honours in philosophy has added a freshness to her understanding of the law, and the combination of her intelligence, integrity and her love for interaction with people should ensure a role in saving the world.



DEBORAH SMITH

Full of life and vitality  
is just the way to describe  
our Debbie  
Always a smile and a  
cheerful word  
You could not help but like  
her.

It was not often that she  
would grace  
the rooms of Law School  
with her presence  
She could probably count  
upon one hand  
The lectures she attended.

Yet when it came to stuvac  
time  
She was a talking encyclo-  
pedia.  
There was not a case she  
would not know  
It was enough to scare ya'.

She had a fondness for  
laundromats,  
football games and the  
Bowral  
Where Strongbows would  
be all the rage  
Though she could never  
remember.

Law school won't be the  
same again  
Without her infectious  
laughter  
Her zeal for life, her energy  
Make her the bright star  
she'll always be.



CHARLES SOHN



ANGIE SOLIMAN

Angie is best remembered  
as being one of the most  
sociable, capable, happy  
and approachable of gradu-  
ate law students. Even  
being afflicted by pregnan-  
cy and giving birth three  
weeks before the demand-  
ing Equity exam could not  
halt her success, bomb  
scare and all. How does  
this woman juggle hus-  
band, baby, law study,  
matchmaking and gossip?  
With her beautiful blue  
eyes she could mesmerise  
any judge or jury, and with  
her quick reading and writ-  
ing ability, write a substan-  
tial textbook within a  
week—if not over a week-  
end. Having a background  
in nursing, Angie  
Nightingale is ready to  
defend nurses' status and  
rights, or set up a Women's  
Legal Firm with her friends.  
Alternatively, any law firm  
would greatly benefit from  
her sparkle and her quick-  
ness.



HAE RAN SONG

Originally Hae Ran had  
elected to study  
Commerce/Law at UNSW  
but was forced to change  
her preferences at the last  
minute when she realised  
everyone else had opted  
for USYD. On the first day  
of Legal Institutions, she  
arrived late, tripped and  
managed an elegant stum-  
ble down the steps of the  
packed lecture theatre.  
Fortunately her subsequent  
academic career did not  
suffer further mishaps, and  
she was scoring distinc-  
tions while the rest of us  
were trying to figure out  
which hole in the ground  
was Bosch Lecture  
Theatre! She was also one  
of the rare breed of law  
students who would lend  
out her complete set of lec-  
ture notes instead of bor-  
rowing them. Her pen cap-  
tured the lecturer's pearls  
of wisdom/boredom by  
moving at a speed that  
made the annoying click-  
clack of laptops at the back  
of the room seem sluggish  
in comparison—admittedly  
some of her notes are  
scrawled in a language yet  
to be deciphered. At Law  
School, Hae Ran has been  
a keen supporter of CALS  
and of any activities involv-  
ing free food. She has also  
made many friends, all of  
whom would have varied  
and interesting stories to  
tell about her.  
Hae Ran is a valuable  
friend, with a sunny dispo-  
sition and a lack of cyni-  
cism that is uncharacteristic  
of law-student stereotypes.  
Good luck, Hae Ran, we  
wish you all the best for the  
future and success in your  
chosen profession.



HAKAN SONMEZ



CLARE STANWIX

Scene: Graduate Law 1.  
Enter: One redhead with  
mischievous grin, ringing  
laugh and vivacious, pull no  
punches personality. Scene:  
Room full of fun, laughter,  
no holds barred conversa-  
tion and heaps of people  
who will eventually love red  
haired girl. From that outset  
it was clear the Clare was  
unique. This girl was a  
doer. A hard hitting hockey  
player and a master chef.  
But her talents don't end  
there. Clare's creative use  
of materials extended  
beyond essay writing to a  
range of revue costumes  
that would make Gautier  
jealous. But one of Clare's  
greatest skills would have to  
be her ability to organise  
social functions. At law  
school her contribution to  
everything from cocktail par-  
ties with the production of  
underwater murals to law  
bails with the making of  
masks was invaluable. She  
has also been known to  
whip up a dinner party with-  
out blinking and organise a  
wedding with no more than  
a sigh. The only real social  
disaster that Clare has ever  
been known to be involved  
in was not in any way relat-  
ed to bad planning. In fact  
the ingredients were one  
boat ladder, several bottles  
of wine, two plates of chips  
and one ripped canvas  
awning. Yet the most valu-  
able personal insight into  
Clare has been watching  
with admiration how she has  
dealt with life's great trilogy:  
birth, death and marriage.  
She has brought to these  
experiences a remarkable  
degree of maturity, compo-  
sure and self assurance.  
She has shown calmness at  
times of stress, compassion  
in friend's tragedy, and loy-  
alty in adversity. Finally, she  
is non-judgemental, opti-  
mistic, and with that beam-  
ing smile her friendship is  
invaluable.



ANTONIETTA SUSINO

Antonietta is very happy to  
be finally completing her  
degree. She is very grate-  
ful for the friendships that  
she has been able to form  
throughout her years at  
Uni. She loves to spend  
time with her young  
nephew and twin baby  
nieces and eventually  
hopes to practise family  
law.



FRANCIS TAN





CHARLES TILLEY

I think maybe it was the new frames on his glasses. Suddenly the hairline stopped receding. The visage fraught with worry was replaced by a roguish grin. And the annual winner of the Lee Aitken Memorial Prize for Consistent Mediocrity in Essay Writing all at once became Mr Law School 1996/97. "Who is this man?" they would whisper in the rooms and corridors of Phillip Street. "I don't know", the reply would come, "they call him the new Charles". Admittedly, it had seemed at times that fortune would elude this eclectic product of Sydney's legal and bee-keeping communities. Years of alcohol abuse were followed by a debilitating Foxtel addiction which left his sense of humour in ruins. Eight months of eating nothing but Freddo Frogs and hot dogs also brought a protracted struggle with obesity. But whoever this flower of a man is, and whatever the happy bee that brought about his blossoming, we can be sure that the world now stands with him on the threshold of a new greatness.



DUNCAN TIMMINS



DARBY TO

At a tender age, while the rest of us were still discussing G.I.Joes and Barbie dolls, Darby was busy managing his first portfolio of shares. Despite his sporadic attendance at lectures, the demand, on the syndicate notes market, for Darby's notes remain astronomically high. Darby's academic scribbles tell the tale of a man of an extreme rare breed - Darby meticulously ensured that an equivalent amount of work was put in for each hour of lecture missed because of dabbling on the All-Ords! Darby is a frightfully capable man, with an impeccable focus on the task at hand - it will not be long before our darling Darby To will be featured on the cover of Fortune Magazine. But the rest of us who have been fortunate enough to know Darby beyond his suave exterior, smooth words and his impeccable handwriting (always on plain paper without lines) will remember him, most of all, for his undivided time and loyalty to his friends, his sincerity and his genuine kindness to all around him.



AIPHI TRAN



LEANNE TRAN

Mention the name Leanne Tran within the confines of the Sydney University Law School and there can be but one reply: 'the nerd'. Renowned for her fastidious note-taking techniques, Leanne has often ventured into lectures equipped with an arsenal of electronic taping devices, and it is rumoured that by the end of any course, she has better notes than the lecturer. Notwithstanding this flagrant breach of copyright laws, Leanne has flourished at Law School, and yet her greatest dream has eluded her - avoiding the 1pm lecture streams so that she could enjoy an unfettered lunch hour. Yet putting these disappointments behind her she has struggled on to success. To her friends, Leanne's presence has made the dark dreary corridors of law school a brighter place to be. Of course her human friends are only subsidiary to her real life long companions, text books. It is with her texts that the majority of her time is invested and the results are clear: an academic masterpiece, a social high flyer, and the showgirl of the law school. If there is any criticism to be leveled in her direction, I can only offer this: with such a large portion of her life spent in the library, I seriously doubt whether she re-shelved all her law reports after use!



CATHERINE VALENTINE



HONNI VAN RIJSWIJK

Honni swept through Law School in long skirts and boots, doodling on every scrap of paper. Her hand made books concealed nineteenth century novels. Honni returned to the Law School bunker from exotic locations like hippie camps in California. Law School will be a more sterile place without this chicky-babe.



SIMON VELLA

Simon floundered in mixed success at Law School. Although successful in his campaign to quarantine lecturers with security doors, thus protecting students from contagious mental disease, he failed dismally in the long running attempt to demolish Law School and enact a set of monkey bars for the greater enjoyment of the legal community.



RACHEL WAY

For someone who comes from a soulful and sensitive family of musicians, Rachel's career thus far has been somewhat uninspiring. After majoring in Government for her Arts degree she moved on to something even more dubious: Law. Few, I am sure, could imagine a less edifying pastime than studying Admin and Real Property in the windowless bowels of the Law School, a fairly dismal prospect, but nothing that can't be cured by a few well positioned flexi-days. Fortunately for us all, Rachel has come through relatively unscathed, despite having taken a class with a certain jurisprudence lecturer who shall—for the peace of mind of the entire readership (and to avoid scaring the children—remain nameless and hopefully forgotten. Is it possible that her sanity has been preserved by working at LRC, home of the legal fraternity's social conscience\*? Perhaps it was to make up for the prospect of a law career that Rachel did the most romantic thing imaginable: fell in love with a Frenchman (aah, l'amour!). While that may have kept her happy for a while, his recent absence, has her pining... I guess we won't be seeing you at College, Rach! Oh well, while Ludo's missing in action at least you'll be here with your fellow inmates counting down the days to the graduation of the class of 97 and 1/2. That will be the party to end all parties—save me a glass of champagne.

\* Please excuse the oxymoron.



KIMBERLEE WEATHERALL

Kim has superb organisational skill, academic brilliance, a competitive nature, fiery-red curly hair and a talent for using her long eyelashes. Kim has been involved in mooting since 1994. She competed successfully in the Junior, Intermediate and Senior competitions and convincingly represented Sydney Uni in the Jessup and Evatt moots in 1997. As Mooting Director in 1996 and 1997 and Convenor of the Butterworths Mooting Competition this year, she has expertly run both internal and intervarsity competitions. Kim has also been a SCULS president and Electoral Officer for many a campaign, and is one of the top students in our year. But don't let this fool you. Kim has spent just as much time in the "Dendy" as she has at her desk! She has paraded through David Jones and the Ritz Carlton Double Bay in nothing but a bathing suit and wig for the Law Revue in 1995. In 1996 at the annual ALSA conference she helped to build trans-Tasman relations by forming an alliance with a young man who was, I believe, a New Zealand mooter. Kim has, with her wonderful voice, sung her heart out in the Revues four years in a row and hasn't missed a SULLS party yet! Kim has also built friendships at University that will last a lifetime. She is vivacious, compassionate, empathetic and loyal. But don't get in a legal or personal argument with her because she will always win. She has the ability and zest for life to achieve whatever she puts her mind to for a happy and successful future.



ALISON WHEATLEY



STEPHEN WHITE

Stephen is the kind of guy that your parents dream you will introduce as your boyfriend—I don't care what sex you are! Underneath that handsome, caring and extremely sweet exterior lurks a wicked sense of humour that can shock the uninitiated. Luckily for Stephen, he has been very obviously attached throughout his law degree to a beautiful and glamorous redhead. Stephen is the only person who can live like a yuppie while dancing on the brink of Austudy poverty. How he has managed to do this will no doubt remain one of the unsolvable mysteries of law school. Despite adversity, Stephen has maintained his care and concern for all his friends. The dignity and courage with which he approaches life remains an inspiration to us all.



PAUL WHITTAKER

Wanted: Paul 'I don't want to practice law man' Whittaker. Possibly using the alias 'Flex', 'Stud' or 'Speedos'. Last seen loitering in the Law School during a lecture break, eating an apple and wearing a distinctive red cap. He has been known to frequent Level 5 where he has consistently had his butt whipped at pool, and has often been sighted in lectures, bathrooms, in front of mirrors, and on St James station, flexing his chest and biceps. He is wanted for, among other things, the needless destruction of a fluorescent light, on Level 2 during an impromptu game of indoor touch football, leaving his so called friends to take the blame. Police urge that you approach with extreme caution. He apparently has huge wraps on himself ('Gee I'm good looking'). If you see this man, do not insult his dance moves, or point out the fact that he is the biggest tight arse on the earth (never shout this guy a drink), and above all, let him beat you at pool. He has been known to moon when cornered. His known accomplices are Vince C, Marc W, Van 'The Glimmer Man', DJ Ray and Tamer G



CAROLYN WILSON

Carolyn is surely one of the laziest students ever to have managed to get through Law School. If Carolyn were lying in a field of grass and a threshing machine began to whirl toward her, she would remain still, relying on the off chance the machine would run out of petrol. Carolyn has always looked upon the final due date of an essay as a kind of preliminary wake up call. A pastmaster of the extension, when essay time came around Carolyn has been tragically afflicted with everything from a 'mystery virus' to black death; surely it can only be a matter of weeks before her helpful local GP is struck off. Many law students (particularly the male ones) have noticed Carolyn falls within the patriarchal media manufactured image of what is 'attractive' (ie. long, blonde hair and stunningly beautiful) and Carolyn is rarely without her bevy of beverage supplying admirers (of course all of them just want to be her really good friend). Carolyn is smart, funny and understands the pecking order of parties and study. She will surely go far if she can be bothered to get out of bed in the morning.



SHARMILA WIMALASIRI

Fatburner Pictures Present A Broughton St Production A W. Sadurski Film Starring SW in "I Love Taxation Law ... Oh, And Don't Forget Jurisprudence!" Casting by A. Tay Music by Michael Jackson and Spice Girls Costumes by Dotti—any short skirt Running Time: Whatever it takes to get to the gym 63 times/day MPAA Rating: "Ouch—too dangerous to handle" Sharmila is hopelessly revealing in this sometimes interesting comedy. Anyone who has the opportunity to experience this production will surely appreciate her side-on image in a full-length mirror—she certainly did! Exposing a life full of Melrose-Place-type dramas, the star surprisingly manages to retain some sense of dignity, poise and maturity, even as she has some difficulty comprehending the most basic facets of life. A good sense of humour, a fun-loving attitude and a kind heart redeem her from low-IQ mediocrity. Despite Sharmila's poor storytelling abilities and a frightening tendency to shriek, one is stunned by the raunchy plot involving an obsessive taxation fetish. Warning: gratuitous semi-nakedness and pain-inducing ear-bashing.



ELIZABETH WINDSOR

Whilst Elizabeth R. Windsor may perennially regret the association of her name with royalty (to the extent that she was compelled to substitute her former employer's name tag for one that read 'Staff Member' in an attempt to fend off the trauma of replying in monosyllabic repetition to the question, 'Did you know your name is the same as...?'), Elizabeth has nonetheless managed to contrive to live a regal existence. From her benevolent patronage of Level 2 Strand Arcade and long-weekend escapades to Pearl Beach to her discerning taste for fine dining that recently culminated in a delectable six course truffle gourmet experience at a 3-star restaurant in Paris, Elizabeth has left us mere peasants in constant awe. However, to know Elizabeth is to know her unquenched mania for those 'cute' (her words) HAMSTERS, equalled only by the celerity with which she reads books. But what I love most about Elizabeth is her heartfelt warmth, genuine compassion and her insuperably wicked wit. The barren legal landscape will finally be enriched by a person who not only has a brilliant intellect combined with an immense understanding of human nature but by someone whose alternative bent is sure to assist in unclogging the weary wheels of justice. It is a real pleasure to know you Elizabeth and may you enjoy success befitting a Queen.



CELINA FUI WONG



EDWARD YAN

Mr Ed what can we say?  
You made us laugh every day.

At first you were neat and oh so smart,  
But then you quickly revealed your art.

Of talking through lectures and sleeping on trains,  
To making hearts throb all over the place.

The Ray Bans and those HSV's,

Are as hard to forget as your ability to tease.

We've heard of your trips and seen the photos,  
Whilst gym instructors model your ab-crunch pose.

As a law student you certainly did your bit,  
Of calling the night before and having a fit.

But lecturers have seen a certain spark in you,  
Saying, "Mr Yan, you have something to say too?"

But there was one thing that was your special gift,  
Your words of wisdom, ie. your shocking techniques.

The Russo kid with an (hmmm) ever sharp wit,  
Which Melrose could probably use quite a bit.

Yet amongst it all you always knew where you would go,  
Accounting, Tax or Law .... oh god no!

But as a consultant you are sure to do well,  
In a swanky suit you'll draw all the gals.

So finally after 5 years of enduring your unique charm,  
We wish best of luck and stay out of harm.

Perhaps we may cross paths again some day,  
Then again we can hope for relief to come our way.



JUSTIN YEOMANS

Often seen pacing the hallowed halls of the University of Sydney Law School in the now famous blue cardigan, Justin is the embodiment of intelligent athleisure—a bastion of laid back fortitude, smiling calmly at the amassing besuited troops slowly advancing towards an elusive legal Mecca. I don't know JY, maybe it's Blakes. But if most of us have to some extent been blinkered by this three year process, Justin reminds me that all things remain possible, if you can stay focused on who you are. He genuinely has the courage of his convictions and I don't know if I'll remember him more for the talking chickens which appeared more often in my torts notes than the notes themselves, or the fact that he confessed to some of the largest firms in Sydney that he was interested in criminology and human rights law and had not a lot of time for tax. I wish the legal profession the best of luck in catching Justin. Meanwhile I await the publication of his fully illustrated treatise *On Life & Baby Animals in French Cinema* and I will insist on an autographed copy of that rare paparazzi snap: Justin sipping orange juice at the champagne breakfast in Cannes, shortly after accepting his induction into Hall of Fame. Justin Yeomans: a little bit Luke Skywalker, a little bit Jackie Chan, skater, smiler and sometime father of one.



SIEW FONG YIAP

Siew Fong is a mystery wrapped in a riddle.

Though notorious for striding in half way through every lecture she never fails to be the first one to turn up to every exam.

Fresh from the pages of 'Vogue' she parades down the halls of law school but she graces the cover of *The Nerd Weekly*.

Einstein once said, a genius has 1% intelligence and 99% effort.

Siew Fong proves him wrong. She has 99% intelligence and 1% effort. She carries around a mobile only so she can be contacted during lectures.

With the advent of internet she is also infamous for cluttering up her friends e-mail boxes with tasteless jokes which cannot be disclosed for censorship reasons.

Many would like to eat her shorts. But she tells them all to 'get bent' whilst sculling down her Duff Beer.

Beneath her tough exterior lies a heart of pure ice but she is on fire when it comes to exams. In essence she is made out of the right stuff to become a successful lawyer (no doubt she will). Wishing you every success in your future!



HOUDA YOUNAN

Stylish, suave, debonair and sophisticated; this is Houda in a nutshell, albeit as those who know her well would appreciate, a Versace or Armani nutshell.

Most definitely Law School's most sartorial denizen, Houda has the intelligence, verve and panache to match her flawless style of beauty. She has been known to wear jeans—but just once, and she pleads extenuating circumstances (Jessup). Do not, however, let her style fool you—Houda must be read like a tax statute, examining substance, not form.

She is classically oriented, deceptively well-read, literate and highly erudite (those in Trial Advocacy will attest to her vocabulary, while those opposing her in moots will attest to her razor-sharp advocacy).

One of Sydney's top mooters, Houda matches an incisive mind and golden tongue with her trademark inquisitively raised eyebrow, (don't point that thing at me, it might be loaded), and leaves opponents, and occasionally judges, cowering in their seats. A devotee of all things fine and all things British, she can sometimes be found (mobile in hand) on level five, more rarely in the library, frequently at the Dandy or (surprise, surprise) out shopping. A true friend, Houda will definitely make a mark on the legal world, and it will be a big one. Her many friends wish her well.

## ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

W. J. AI  
I. J. BARGE  
K. BOUNTOPOULOS  
S. BUCHEN  
J. H. CHEY  
R. W. K. CHOY  
A. R. COLLINS  
K. T. COOMBES  
G. R. COWAN  
R. A. CRASKE  
K. CROSBIE  
G. J. DAVOREN  
T. P. DO  
D. DOUKAS  
M. R. EGERTON WARBURTON  
B. FOY  
K. M. GOUGH  
K. GREINER

M. R. IENNA  
D. R. C. JACKSON  
N. S. JANISZ  
J. JONES  
M. E. KINGHORN  
A. D. S. LAI  
R. M. H. LAI  
M. LEUNG  
H. L. LIM  
F. M. LYNCH  
K. H. MAKINEN  
W. P. McCOSKER  
D. McKENZIE  
C. M. McNESS  
S. MORAN  
E. MORAN  
M. MUDGE  
R. NOONAN  
C. G. OLLIVER

C. H. ONG  
N. PENDER  
D. M. SAADY  
C. L. SARGEANT  
S. R. SCHOFIELD  
S. SEKAR  
C. SERRATORE  
A. SEWELL  
E. R. M. SEYMOUR  
M. SIDHAM  
S. S. Y. SIN  
M. J. THORNTON  
C. TRIPODI  
B. P. UPEX  
G. WALLIS  
S. WAYMAN  
F. L. WONG

The abovenamed did not submit a profile or photograph for *Blackacre*. We can't show you their face on television, or tell you whether it was due to disorganisation, ostracism or just being too cool for school. If you know them and would like their profile in your copy of *Blackacre*, just follow our easy DIY model [tick as appropriate]—

Without a doubt, the most outstanding thing about \_\_\_\_\_ is:

- His/her neat hair, clean fingernails and accumulated library borrowing frequent flier points
- His/her ability those same three lines from Foucault for every essay
- His/her summer clerkship interview outfits
- His/her ability to inspire loyalty and awe in colleagues, as evidenced by the catfight to write his/her profile

S/he was:

- a relentless attendee at lectures
- one of the many pre-seminar Law School correspondence students
- who?

This profile would not be complete without some mention of that famous incident when:

- S/he missed the 10pm library close, and had to spend the night in serials
- S/he lost her shirt/shoes/something else at a SULLS 'champagne' (was it??-ed) break fast at the Grandstand/Law Ball/ Final Year Dinner
- His/her computer did not breakdown the night before an essay was due and s/he actually got it in on time
- S/he stole a stack of *Honi Soii* from the printers thereby affirming the values of free speech, democracy, the rule of law blah blah blah...

The legacy that \_\_\_\_\_ will take away from his/her time at Law School would have to be:

- a love of the common law tradition
- a strong affinity with serial drama
- a nasty infectious disease from using the student 'conveniences' on level 3 and 5 [yes, its supposed to be blink]
- 

mock profile written by BELINDA BELL