



Source: AP, 'Baghdad security forces to be united', *The Australian online*, 12/05/06.
Tags: [sewing/weaving](#), [workplace](#), [animals](#), [child/parent](#)
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This could be an episode from a girls' school chronicle, or the punchline of a joke, but it's not. It could concern a moment of embarrassment for a Sydney socialite, but it doesn't.

Uniform, one form.

the same, repeated.

the—the same same.

Vignette 1

A man stands in front of his wardrobe, pondering what to wear to work. He is on an interview panel that day. Will he wear a suit? A suit smells business, and all that goes with that term, competition, accountability, the rule of finance. Or should he wear a checked jacket, slightly rumpled, smelling of the dog and tobacco? The old cerebral uniform of academia or of the business world? The jacket he finally chooses is made of the finest Italian wool. These things are not so simple.

Vignette 2

A girl performs her gym routine in a lyotard, twirling her rope and pointing feet before her peers and a few parents. Her mother is too busy videoing to appreciate how she goes. Most of the girls wear shorts, only a smattering possess lyotards. There is no doubt that the lyotard, with its long sleeves its viscosity, smooths the air along her body, along the mat. The rope appreciates the attention that the lyotards grant their wearers' movements. Only one girl in shorts and shirt can rise above the weight of the fabric to achieve the same airy grace.

Vignette 3

The girls walk along the path through the trees, their shirts white against the wet green of the paddy fields. Their skirts are pleated, navy, a classical combination with the white. The girls move through the green air, their hair uniformly dark. The day suddenly seems complete.

Vignette 4

The boy is upset, his uniform is not adequate for the school photos. To stand out is to risk ridicule from his friends, we presume. His mother remains obtuse, unsympathetic.

For once the dog's erratic behaviour comes to his rescue. The dog has purloined his school shorts, dirty and crumpled, and is lying on them. The boy retrieves them, and shows them to her, whilst castigating the dog. The tension is diffused as she lifts and inspects them, finding that they are not so stained. She will iron them so he can wear them again. He is relieved. Honour is restored.

Vignette 5

She never entirely conforms. She likes what others wear, but when she assumes a certain style, something in her never lets it become too immaculate or faithful a copy. Perhaps a vestige of the hippies she watched as a child lingers in her consciousness. She doesn't like fashion getting the better of her sense of self. Her running of a fine line between conformity and difference amuses her, as she tinkers with the codes. And she has always enjoyed fine lines.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Kate Sands.