these qualities fall well behind performance and reliability in the hierarchy of desirable characteristics.

Moreover, Ian Harriss has argued that the demise of leg spin and the virtual disappearance of batsmen with the ability and temperament of players like Victor Trumper has mirrored a broader change taking place within society. He argues that efficiency and risk minimisation in bowling and batting parallels the technico-bureaucratic concerns of modern-day capitalists, rather than the aristocratic, 'gentlemanly' preoccupations found among the eighteenth century agrarian bourgeoisie.

A final outcome of the growing commercialisation of cricket is the increased incidence of player and spectator violence. Colin Tatz, writing in *Power Play* argues that commercialisation and corruption have gone hand in hand as two of the main features of professionalised sport. In international cricket, 'sledging' and intimidation have become normal features of the game. Crowd disorder has been of growing concern to the authorities. In January 1986 beer cans, concrete and metal strips were among objects hurled by rival Australian and New Zealand fans at a one-day international at the SCG. Eighty people were subsequently arrested. In January 1985 extra police were mobilised to curb violence during a beer can fight. And these incidents relate only to the SCG!

In February 1984 fifty-three people were arrested after brawls broke out on the Hill at the SCG. A month before eighty people had been arrested for brawling. The summer before sixty were arrested in a single day after a policewoman was attacked while patrolling the ground. In January 1982 seventy-nine fans were arrested following a beer can fight. And these incidents relate only to the SCG!

What sports psychologists and sociologists have come to recognise is that aggression, violence and intimidation on the field of play, as well as the social construction of violence via media commentary, actually increases the likelihood of imitative violence among spectators. And, of course, that violence is more than likely to occur when crowds are dominated by young males with access to alcohol — the very same alcohol promoted by the sponsors. As cricket becomes, or is construed to have become, more 'combative', so we are likely to witness the growth of violence in the stands. A NSW Government report released in mid-1985 confirmed that limited-over night matches were the games likely to promote the most violence and disorder.

We should not be content to criticise the manipulated action and 'language of warfare' on the TV screens without mentioning similar developments in the popular press. And we need not look far for examples. In an introduction to this season's England tour the *Daily Mirror* brought Jeff Thomson back from obscurity to preview the series. In Thommo's words:

I could never cop the Poms... As soon as they lobbed in here in `74 I couldn't wait to have a crack at `em. I thought `stuff that stiff upper lip. Let's see how stiff it is when it's split'.

He readily acknowledged that he had a 'taste for Pom's blood'. Thomson is trading upon our nationalism, our dislike of English pretensions, our support for the cocky but competent working class boy made good. But he is also trading on violence. A more 'restrained' Dennis Lillee is on the record for similar remarks:

When you're out in the middle you have to hate the opposition player... I didn't mind hitting a batsman. If I could hit a batsman in the chest or the arm or the thigh pad, or the inner thigh or something like that, (I'd) maybe make him worry a little... I think it's all part of the game.

This new breed of cricket professionals, the entrepreneurs of the oval, expose the code of behaviour and provide the role models for the new breed of cricket spectator. As sport has become increasingly commercialised there is only one principle which is confirmed — by the media, by the sports stars, by Kim Hughes and his team in South Africa — nothing is sacred except the almighty dollar. Its pursuit is viewed not only as legitimate but as laudatory in a world of individual competitiveness and reward-for-risk ethics. I'm not at all sure I'm looking forward to this season's spectacle.

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**Op-shop fashion**

Most people like to dress nicely (leaving aside for a moment the definition of nice) but it's pretty expensive trying to do it on the average wage. So how do you do it? Quite simply, with second-hand clothes.

Second-hand clothes are hand-me-downs, other people's throw-outs or, most often, goods purchased from an opportunity shop or fete. For a lot of us, before we can even think of dressing fashionably in second-hand clothes, we have to get over the fear/shame/bad memories thrown up by wearing someone else's clothes. I, for one, spent many an adolescent hour closeted in my room too ashamed to go to the school dance dressed in my St. Vincent de Paul specials. Somehow they seemed even worse than my sister's (or brother's) hand-me-downs, especially when a tell-tale fifty cents price tag would seem to appear suddenly on the cuff of my shirt just as my newest heart-throb approached. And certainly I felt a lot worse off than those who had newly-purchased clothes, no matter how daggy I thought they were in other ways. It was bad enough that my jeans came from the Best & Less boys' department, without the obligatory (or so I thought at age fifteen) Levi's tag, but to think that my "best dress", most of my
underwear, and all my jumpers came from one of the three op-shops in Hornsby. Shame ...

So how do you go from shame to pride still wearing basically the same clothes? For me it was a matter of necessity: either I had to give up any pretensions of being a well-dressed woman, or start op-shopping to fill the gaps in my wardrobe. I chose the latter course many years ago now, and I haven't looked back since.

Of course, with op-shop clothes, it is well-nigh impossible to dress to look like everyone else — but then that's also one of the nicer aspects of op-shop dressing. It gives you the chance to explore your own creativity, to find new ways of dressing appealingly, to make a new "fashion". It gives you much more scope.

Since it's a very cheap way of dressing you can afford to have much more in your wardrobe than if you depended entirely upon newly-purchased goods (especially if you go for what's currently "in" — the prices can be phenomenal). Many people, of course, are satisfied with just enough clothing to keep them warm and respectable — a basic need we all have, and one which is admirably fulfilled by second-hand clothes. But, then again, you can lash out and buy a couple of garments in one day if you've got the cash; you can have lots of dresses, shirts, trousers, skirts to garments in one day if you've got the rate.

Practically every suburb or town has at least one op-shop. Op-shop clothes are very accessible. It may take longer to find something that fits than in, say, Grace Bros, but eventually you will find that half the pleasure is in the search. What you turn up is invariably a gem. Op-shop clothes are often better made than present-day clothing, and generally of sturdier fabrics too, not to mention the wider variety of styles to choose from.

For example, I could never afford a cashmere sweater if I didn't know about op-shops, but now I can boast the luxury and warmth of three or four cashmere garments in my wardrobe. The same goes for warm winter coats — compare my $6.00 recently purchased woollen coat complete with silk lining, with the $100 wool-mix coat of similar style worn by a well-paid friend of mine. I find, too, that old-fashioned woollen spencers/singlets/long underpants and so on are far superior to modern ones, and though they may have kept someone else warm for many a winter's day, they still do a marvellous job of warming me — and for a fraction of the price.

Regardless of the style of clothing you like, you will soon find more than enough that is to your liking. Being practical, op-shopping may also turn up some garments that are no less than objets d'art. I have in my wardrobe quite a few dresses, almost unwearable because of their particularly outlandish style, which were bought for 20c each at a school fete some time ago. I know that before they leave my possession I will manage to wear each of them at least once. And you can have Something for Every Occasion. Everyday wear, party clothes, gardening outfits, not to mention the necessary social security job interview outfit for those special days: for the price of a new pair of jeans, you can have all of these. And, with cheap clothes, you can better afford to mix'n'match, as well as dispose of those things you're sick of to make room for new purchases. Once you have an idea of what you feel both comfortable and attractive in, you can have endless fun tracking down and wearing your new-old clothes.

The first step is to find your local op-shop. Look up the phone book (Under Organisations — Benevolent) or ask a local shopkeeper. Once you have made sure of its opening hours (op-shops being largely staffed by volunteers, tend to have erratic business hours) you're all set to get dressed.

Op-shops are usually run by church or welfare organisations, including animal welfare organisations — for instance, the Cat Protection Society Ladies Auxiliary opportunity shop in the Sydney suburb of Enmore — but not, alas, at this stage by organisations on the left. You might worry about the politics of supporting a particularly conservative welfare or religious society (as, indeed, I do) but I figure that if they're prepared to sell very cheap clothes, kitchenware, furniture and so on, it can't hurt to frequent their shops. There are exceptions — I have to confess to having shopped more than once at the Loyal Orange Society's op-shop — something I once promised myself I would never do. School fetes, jumble sales and Tribune fairs are, of course, a must for every shopper. Details of these can usually be found in your local newspaper.

So now you know how to find these new-old clothes — go to it, and wear them. You may have to suffer some comments from friends or workmates about how terribly old-fashioned you look (but remember that whatever you've got will be back in mainstream fashion again eventually — tell them you're ahead of the times, not behind), but you will get admiring glances, too. And think of the savings you will make — paying the rent will never be so difficult again (only marginally, of course, what with the price of housing rising every day). For the price of one volume of Das Kapital, you can look like a million dollars ...

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