

SOUND OFF.

No.1 June, 1987.



SOUND OFF is produced by deaf and hard-of-hearing people, and will be published twice a year.

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We welcome contributions on deaf themes: deaf history, culture, personalities, events, issues; and creative short stories and poetry from hearing-impaired people.

Hearing people are welcome to contribute to our Hearsay and letters pages.

All the usual criteria for publication in a magazine apply. Although authors (except for our Hearsay and letters pages) must be hearing-impaired, nothing will be published simply because the author is deaf. Only those contributions which are suitable and worthy of publication will be accepted. However, all contributions will be considered.

Written contributions should, wherever possible, be typed in double spacing, on one side of the page, and with wide margins. Authors are advised to keep a copy. Please provide a stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish material to be returned.

Send your contributions to: The Editor, SOUND OFF, 12/38 Waratah Ave, Randwick, NSW 2031.

EDITOR:
Karen Lloyd

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:
Tony Nicholas
Dorothy Budd

ARTWORK (unless otherwise stated):
Astrid Carlsen

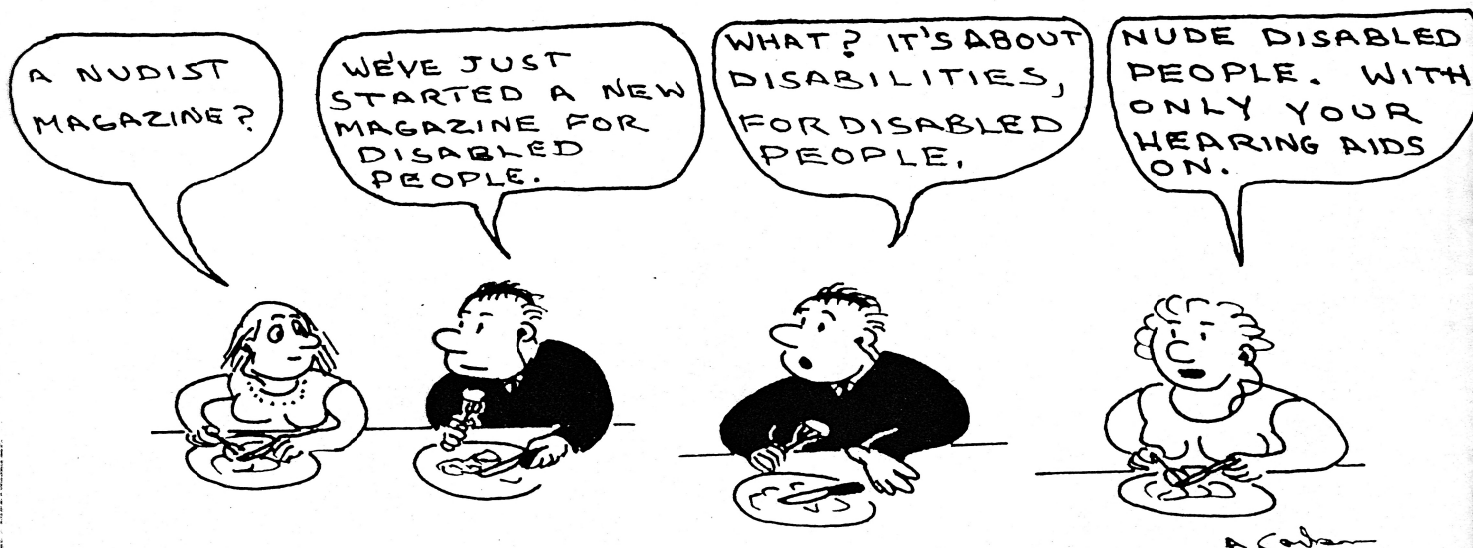
THANKS TO: Archia Hendersen, Ursula Woodhouse, Nicki Bolton, Michael Uniacke, Marianna Ibrahim.

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to this first issue of SOUND OFF!

SOUND OFF is brought to you by Deaf Writers' Group, an independent group based in Sydney but with members elsewhere in Australia.

The group was formed when a couple of closet writers admitted they were writing but needed encouragement, stimulation and help with their work. We soon found there were lots of other frustrated deaf writers out there.

Deaf people generally have not been much encouraged to write.

"Your grammar is bad, your English isn't good enough," we have so often been told.

"Forget the sceptics," Deaf Writers' Group said. "Look upon writing as a means of self-expression and communication. Write the way you think and feel. If your grammar is bad - so what? We can edit it. Even hearing writers have their work edited. And anyway," we said, "what's wrong with writing in Auslan? That's the deaf language. Be proud of it."

So the beginners among us started writing and the closet hacks grew more enthusiastic and brave. We wrote; we got together and talked about what we had written, the problems, the paranoia, the lack of confidence; we rewrote - and rewrote. We shared. We helped each other. By exposing our work to each other we began to feel more confident. And as our confidence grew we began to look around us for an outlet for our work.

Much of our writing had deaf characters or themes and we soon realised this posed a problem when it came to getting published.

In the larger scheme of Australian society the deaf are a minority group, which means (apart from anything else, eg our "bad grammar") that the regular press is not much interested in what we have to say, unless it's a sob story or an "Isn't it marvellous what the handicapped can do" sort of thing. So we soon realised that our options were limited. Especially since in Australia there was no national publication produced by the deaf themselves and which looked at deaf issues, lives, history, culture in any depth. There were plenty of newsletter-type publications catering for local interests, but we were looking for something larger, broader than that.

We were aware that the Australian deaf community was becoming more independent,

organised and responsible for its own destiny. But Australia is a small country in terms of population and a big country in terms of space, so the Australian deaf community is widely dispersed. We began to see a need for a national publication which would both highlight and encourage the trend towards independence and help draw its threads together.

So we decided to produce a magazine ourselves.

This first issue of SOUND OFF has been long in the making and was beset by many problems. It is difficult for the deaf to enter publishing and journalism so we had no professional experience and had to learn along the way. It has been an exciting experience and we hope you enjoy this first issue as much as we enjoyed producing it.

Most writers featured in this issue are from Sydney or Melbourne. But SOUND OFF is a national magazine. We want to hear from deaf and hard-of-hearing people elsewhere in Australia. Send us an article or story, write us a letter, send us snippets for our Round About pages, draw us a cartoon. We want to hear from you.

We also want to hear from interested hearing people. Readers will notice that we are restricting contributions from the hearing to our Hearsay and letters pages. This is not because we wish to exclude hearing people - far from it - but because we believe it is important for the deaf to tell their own stories, to record their own history and views.

In Australia very little about the deaf has been recorded by deaf people themselves. Most that has been written is the work of hearing people. While these hearing people have given much to the deaf community and to our recorded history, the lack of first-hand accounts by the deaf themselves has left a big gap in our knowledge and understanding of deafness and deaf people.

The Australian deaf community is part of the wider Australian community and by not putting our lives on record we have also left a gap in Australia's recorded history.

We hope SOUND OFF will begin to help fill these gaps.

-Karen Lloyd

ANGER IN THE '40s:

"THE AUSTRALIAN DEAF CITIZEN."

by MICHAEL UNIACKE.

What must it have been like to be deaf and living in Australia in the early 1940s?

Not a great deal has been recorded by the deaf themselves. Older deaf people must have some stirring recollections of those times, times when the deaf societies were called "missions", times when it was compulsory for the elected Deaf Committee members to attend church services every Sunday.

There are of course records. These were invariably penned by hearing people, the Missioners, the Superintendents. But they didn't write everything. In the State Library of Victoria, wrapped in heavy brown paper, are six issues of a publication started by a deaf man. Just six issues of a magazine for deaf people - "The Australian Deaf Citizen".

This magazine was very different to the newsy little numbers we have today. Roughly quarto size, its front covers boldly proclaimed: "Dedicated to the Interests of the Deaf in Australia".

The first issue hit the streets early in 1940, and afterwards every three months. Almost certainly produced on a shoestring budget, its pages are not typeset but neatly typed, with simple headlines carefully centred. There are no photographs, cartoons or drawings. Nor are there names of contributors. Possibly all the contents of all six issues were written by one man, the man whose name appears on the front cover as the owner and editor - J.P. Bourke.

Bourke clearly sets out his reasons for establishing the magazine. He writes:

"The principal purpose of this publication is to try and create a social conscience on behalf of the adult deaf...It will try and get rid of the long established doctrine that anything is good enough for the deaf and dumb."

In explaining the need for the magazine he says:

"In the newsheets published by the societies and missions, the public sees the deaf and their affairs through the eyes of the Superintendents. In this one we will show you how things look to the deaf."

It is possible that Bourke sent copies overseas; one paragraph quotes the Australian "Minister to the US" describing to the

American press the nature of Australians. Bourke inserts this "for the benefit of our English and American readers."

"THE STORY OF A DEAF DRUDGE"

The first issue covers January-March 1940. With 15 pages, it is one of the thinnest issues. The sixth issue, for April-June 1941, reaches 24 pages. The back pages of each issue are given over to extracts from Bourke's unpublished monologue, "The Story of a Deaf Drudge", an account of Bourke's experiences working as a laborer on the flower farm and home established at Blackburn by the then Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria.

This curiously self-deprecating title is perhaps drawn from a quote on the difficulties of persuading employers to take on deaf people. The Superintendent of the Victorian Society at the time is said to have remarked that employers make all sorts of excuses to avoid employing deaf people. As a result, "the deaf lad has to enter the ranks of unskilled labour and be a common drudge all the remainder of his life".

It may also have been a quote from T.E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia) - "Mankind is no gainer by its drudges." Bourke uses this at the beginning of chapter one.

Intentionally or otherwise, such a title suggests a certain amount of anger; every extract is full of Bourke's clashes with and poison pen writing of the Victorian Superintendent, E.J.D. Abraham.

Abraham was an Englishman who arrived in Victoria in 1901 to take the position of Superintendent, a position he held until his death in July 1940. Bourke writes of him with a venomous hatred, once describing him as a "sinister and Mephistophelian figure". A reader knowing nothing about Abraham would conclude he was a figure of absolute evil.

Along with Abraham, Bourke heaps scorn on hearing people on the Board of Management of the Victorian Society. It is not an exaggeration to suggest that "The Australian Deaf Citizen" could also be titled "The Anti Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria Magazine".

The first issue rips into the Board: "Like the Nazis...and the Fascists...they

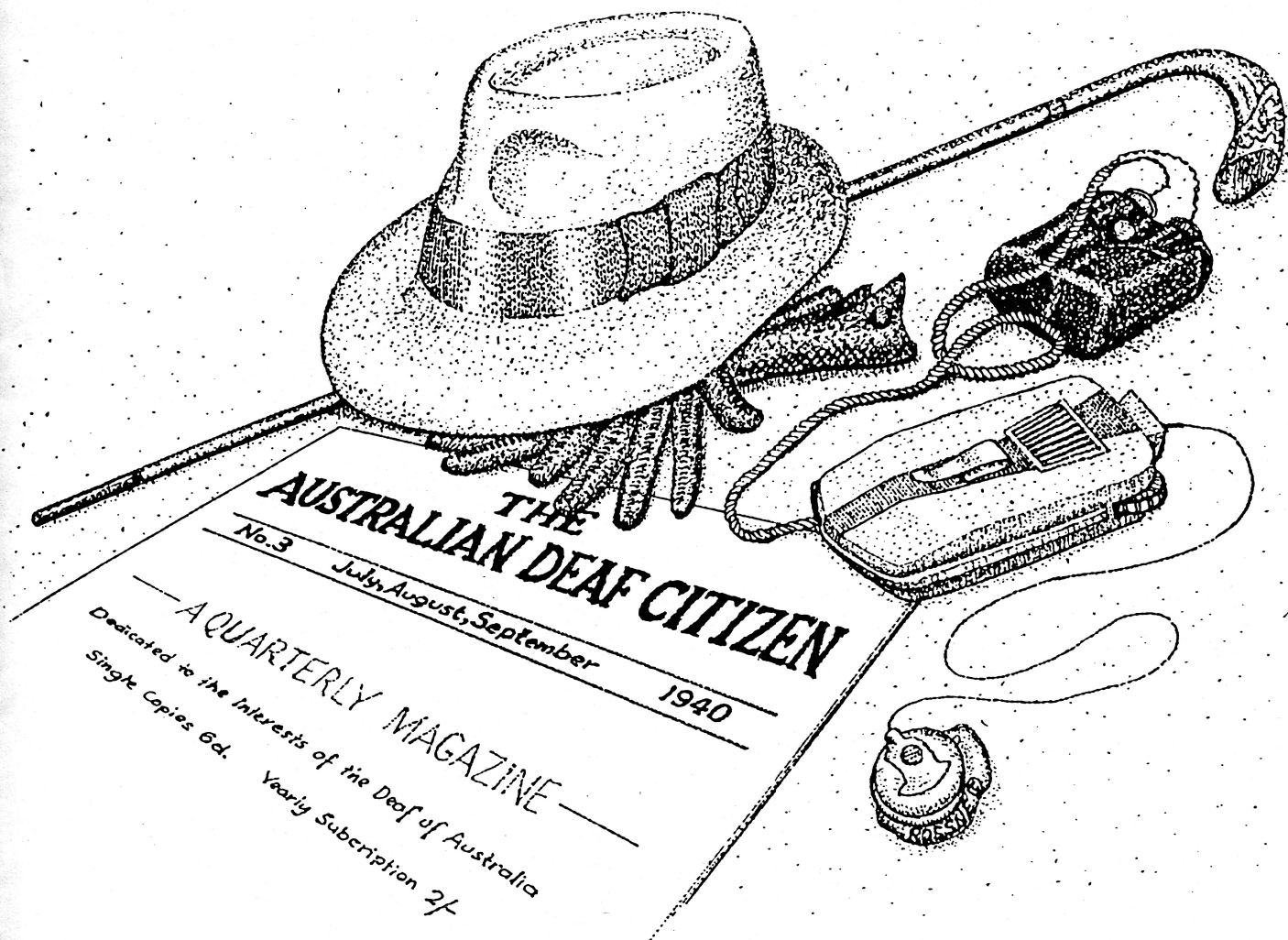


Illustration: Ross Enticott

(hearing people) will not allow the deaf to run an organization or a paper that they cannot control."

Later in this issue, Bourke reveals something of a siege mentality. In gathering information, he wrote to all the Deaf Societies in the country. The response was lukewarm and Bourke writes:

"Except the WA Society, all Societies and Missions are hostile to us. This is the price we have to pay for daring to stand out against the arbitrary acts of some of these men, and for telling the public the truth."

In a similar vein, he explains that the magazine is typed and mimeographed because "...no one will take the risk of printing it."

In another article, however, Bourke provides a little relief with a piece titled "Some Facts About the Deaf in Australia." This is a review of the main organisations of deaf people, and includes an analysis of the occupations of the first 1,000 pupils from the Victorian School for Deaf Children. This shows that the majority of these school

leavers worked in the farming industry and the boot trades.

The second issue, April-June 1940, opens with the headline, "The Appeal for 15,000 - What Victoria Did Not Know". This article slams the alleged incompetence of the administration of the Victorian Society. Bourke now takes a defensive attitude - the first issue must have attracted a good deal of criticism. He says:

"If we seem to keep harping on one string, our excuse is the hope that out of evil, good may come."

Perhaps he was well aware of the amount of criticism he could expect. Inside the front cover is printed a quote from "The Liberator", written by one W.L. Garrison in 1931. This he uses to justify "the severity of my language". Also on the page preceding the next instalment of "The Story of a Deaf Drudge" is a quote stating that the duty of a biographer is not to criticise or judge, but to expose.

The second issue, like the first, contains a number of miscellaneous news items, including

mentions of deaf people who have hearing sons serving in the Australian Army.

The death of Abraham in July 1940 provides the opening article for the third issue, July-Sept. Bourke does not rejoice in this news but nor does he offer sympathy. He remarks:

"The evil that he has done lives after him. It will be a colossal (sic) task to undo all the evils of his administration."

Then follows an article, "His Real Character", another uncomplimentary expose of Abraham. Bourke next calls for sweeping changes to the Board, for a majority of deaf people on it. He must have felt the time was ripe.

"BLIND MUSICIANS PROVIDED THE DANCE MUSIC FOR THE DEAF PARTY-GOERS"

On a lighter note in this issue, there is a description of a "Euchre Party and Dance" organised by the Past Pupils Association of the Victorian School for Deaf Children. At this event, blind musicians provided the dance music for the deaf party-goers!

The next edition of the magazine quotes from the Annual Reports of all the Deaf Societies in Australia, analysing in particular that of the Victorian Society. Bourke alleges financial mismanagement. He offers Christmas greetings to readers, then slashes hearing people on the Boards of Management, describing them as "...commonplace men with commonplace ideas and without vision and without statesmanship."

Issue number 5 begins with a dream of the proceedings of a Royal Commission established to investigate complaints made by deaf people against the Victorian Society. In the dream, a hearing Board member is squirming under rigorous questioning from a barrister who has at heart the interests of deaf people.

The last issue held by the State Library covers April-June 1941. It contains another vigorous attack on Abraham in the form of a series of contradictory statements apparently made by him. Bourke takes pains to defend himself from the charge that he is maligning the dead, saying again that the only way to combat evil is to expose it.

This issue reveals more responses to the magazine, and they are understandably not positive:

"We have had more kicks than h'pence over this magazine and not a scrap of encouragement from anybody."

However, he then gratefully acknowledges some praise for the article about the dream of the Royal Commission.

Poor Bourke! If he tried the same thing today he would cop libel suits left right and centre. He seems to have had the idea that the only way to combat "evil" was to hit back - and hit back hard. There are no signs that he allowed Abraham or others a right of reply in the magazine. More likely, they simply ignored his constant attacks. It is also likely that deaf people at the time regarded him as a bit too extreme.

In Bourke's defence, Abraham does appear to have made some questionable public statements about deaf people. A favourite target of Bourke's was one where Abraham allegedly wrote in the Victorian Society's 1931 Report, "With few exceptions, they (deaf people) are of the artisan class, and the main avenue to mental development - hearing - being closed, it is not surprising that they are not as developed intellectually as normal people."

Whether or not Abraham was quoted out of context, it does seem a profoundly silly thing to write.

"SOME BASIC PHILOSOPHIES NEVER CHANGE"

If one reads beneath the scorn and contempt, one glimpses a great desire to show deaf people as capable and to fight negative attitudes. My favourite piece from the magazine states,

"They (deaf people) are absolutely lost without a meeting place. If they could support these societies out of their own resources they would not ask the public for one penny. They are just as high spirited and independent as the hearing, resent charity and hate charitable homes just as much as anybody. Not charity but justice, a friend and a helping hand is all that the deaf and dumb ask of their country."

The sentiments behind this statement are just the same as written by deaf activists today. Some basic philosophies never change.

"The Australian Deaf Citizen" paints but a small picture. It did not last long enough and was far too narrow to be able to give much of a feel for the life of deaf people then. It was too angry, too vitriolic, and this must surely have contributed to its downfall. Yet Bourke saw and felt what he believed was gross injustice. He was desperate to bring hearing people to account and to shake what he saw was apathy of deaf people around him. So he set up his magazine, a publication that for all its faults was controlled by deaf people. That in itself was a masterful achievement, and 45 years later, is reason for pride. **

HEARSAY!

HEARSAY!

VIRGINIA BOWEN IS A HEARING PERSON. SHE WRITES ABOUT HER FRIENDSHIP WITH A DEAF PERSON.

I met her eight years ago when I found myself enrolled in a uni course with her. My initial reaction was, "Oh my God, there's a deaf girl in the class - I hope I don't make a fool of myself trying to communicate with her!" This was a first for me. I'd never known a deaf person before. Anyway, word soon got around that she was fairly easy to talk to (she had not been born deaf so could lipread and speak well). And she was a nice girl with it, so they said.

I hated the course and skipped a lot of classes, so I was probably one of the last to make direct contact with her. In fact I spent several months trying to work out just which one she was. No one stood out from the crowd really - we all looked pretty vague and frustrated. But eventually our paths crossed. We seemed to like each other and my initial reservations about communication dissolved.

So far so good. We spent the last few months of our year-long course studying together and joining the same groups for class presentations. Her difficulties with the formal teaching process were obvious - meaningless lectures, problems with following discussions, and so forth. Here I saw a definite role for myself - The Protector, The Go-between, The Informer. Information, as we all know, is power, and I began to feel rather powerful.

The year ended, we passed the course and joined the dole queue. She got a job before I did, and I was very pleased for her. When I landed one too and mentioned to her that I was looking for a flat she promptly invited me to share hers. Accommodation problem solved, I was very grateful. However, I felt sure that her generosity would soon be rewarded a hundred times over, because I was going to be the best flatmate and support system she'd ever had. The role of Protector had really expanded and I felt sure I could play the part to perfection.

We quickly settled into the business of flat-sharing and her deafness ceased to be an issue for me. Or so I thought. For a few months it was ideal, but as with all shared accommodation situations, the honeymoon eventually ended. As my life became bogged down with coping with my first job, not to mention my love life, my protective image lost some of its gloss. Could it be that I

might need her too? Surely not, I thought uneasily, but fight it as I may, I soon found she provided a rather good shoulder to lean on when my everyday problems overwhelmed me.

And so our friendship began - a genuine give-and-take friendship in which we were both aware of our respective disabilities, external and internal. It had become a much more honest business - not all smooth-sailing, but a lot of fun.

Whereas at first I'd been quite happy to undertake tasks which she preferred to avoid (eg. buying the meat - she found butchers difficult to communicate with), I began to assert myself and suggest that she could find ways around those problems (eg. buying the meat at the supermarket).

While on the whole her deafness was a non-issue to me, I was occasionally rather painfully reminded of it when we left the four walls of our flat. Then all the protective urges resurfaced, particularly when we socialised. The hearing group was, and still is, a problem. Not just for her, the deaf one, but for me as her friend. Though I was well aware of her need to be included in group conversation, and generally tried to keep her up on the details of small talk which the hearing world thrives on, sometimes I found the strain almost too much for me. It can be very tiring and difficult relaying conversation without offending other people in the group, who might not be so familiar or socially comfortable with deafness.

After about nine months we branched out into single living, but our friendship remained strong. In fact it is still one of the most important relationships in my life. Over the years our contact has lapsed at times, mainly for geographical reasons, but the quality of communication (as opposed to quantity) which I have with her is not to be outdone.

I've met other deaf people in recent years, and while my past experience has helped make these encounters relaxed, I feel far from being an expert on deafness. If I've drawn any conclusion it's that each deaf person, like each hearing person, must inevitably fall into a category of his or her own. Not just in terms of the degree and nature of hearing impairment, but most importantly in terms of personality, even where deafness has played a part in shaping that personality. **

THE TWO UP SCHOOL.

A piece of "faction" by DOROTHY SHAW.

On a balmy Sunday afternoon men gathered in a disused quarry, standing around in a rough circle on a flat weed-covered patch, the weeds and grass flattened by the constant treading of many thick-soled boots and shoes. Dust stirred and could be seen rising out of the bare patches of earth.

Close by that circle of men on one side was a high paling fence enclosing the open quarry, which used to be worked out for clay to make bricks. On the other side of the circle of shouting and swearing men was a yawning space displaying the rough hewn sides and bottom of a large pit which contained the neighbourhood rubbish. This pit was being filled up with refuse during the working days.

On this Sunday, a day like it had been for countless Sundays when the weather was not too wet, the men of the surrounding district came into that quarry to pursue their pastime of two-up. It was indeed a very secluded place for this illegal gambling. No police knew about it. Everybody knew everybody else and that day was simply ideal. The sun was shining on that group. There

were rats scurrying over the refuse and a stench arose from the bottom of the pit but nobody noticed. All eyes were intent on the two spinning coins that rose and fell in the centre of the circle. Money was thrown onto a mat before each throw of the coins and then the bettors took it or the operator pocketed it, depending on what side the coins fell.

But on that Sunday, for the first time strangers were walking in. Coppers? The players around the circle immediately froze in their actions, all eyes rivetted on the two silent strangers sauntering to the edge of the pit.

They do look like coppers!

After a moment of frozen panic, the men hastily cleared the mat, scooped the money into pockets, hurriedly left the area, out of the gate and dispersed.

Yes, the two clean-cut, tall, well-built men were walking past the gate towards the edge of the pit. They did not talk to each other, just strolled along while men hurried past them on their way out of the gate, trying



not to look guilty of some breach of law. The two men reached the edge of the pit and stood surveying the refuse at the base, rats running everywhere; they scanned the far end of the fenced area, then over to the grassed patch where the circle of men had been. There was no one there now, everyone had scuttled out and away on bicycles, in a couple of cars and a truck that were parked in the street outside the gate.

The two "plain clothes police officers" - or were they "detectives"? - strolled back to the gate, looked up and down the street, still not talking, and seeing no one in sight, they walked across the road. Rounding the corner, they quickened their steps and rounding another corner into a lane, they disappeared through the backyard gate of a house.

Along that road there was a row of identically structured brown brick houses, each with a front room window and wooden panelled door fitted with a large round black knocker; some doors had peeling paint while others were spick and span. Wooden palings enclosed small strips of lawn in front of these houses, bushes of michaelmas and daisies spread their foliage here and there. Behind the rustling lace curtains at one of the windows overlooking the entrance gate of the quarry some young people had been surveying the scene in the street.

Inside that house young deaf ladies and men watched through the lacy curtains covering the long window in the front parlour, the clandestine arrival of men from the neighbourhood and their entrance through the gate for that two-up school which was held every Sunday, weather permitting, inside the fenced disused quarry. Cars drew up and parked by the fence, a table-top truck arrived with a few more men, cyclists rode in singly or in pairs.

'I wonder how many are in there,' signed Jack.

'Why don't we go and have a look?' Harry suggested.

'No, you can't,' said Les. 'They won't let you strangers in.'

Harry said, 'Let's just walk in and see what happens.'

'Really?' signed Dorothy. After a moment's scrutiny she decided: 'Yes, you and Jack can pass off as police, you both are big and have a no-nonsense look on your faces. Yes, why not!'

So the friends were left looking through the window while the two "police" went off from the house.

Making sure there was no one around, they strolled across the road towards the gate, which was a little on the left.

See how the men hurry out of the gate, the girls observed, with anxious looks on their faces, some looking furtively back, and as soon as they are out in the street they run off in either direction!

More and more men came out, cars started up and dashed off. A group of men clambered on the table-top truck which revved up and raced off, the driver not bothering to see if all had boarded. One of the men toppled off and fell onto the roadway, lying prostrate, and the truck stopped. Two men jumped out, ran back, lifted the fallen man and dragged him to the truck, hoisted him onto it and it went away.

Now all was quiet; the girls behind the lacy curtains had mixed feelings. They were laughing hysterically but were also concerned about the man who fell off the truck.

Les was signing: "Let's be quiet, don't make too much noise please."

Oh ho, laughed the girls, look at our "pokerfaced cops" coming out, striding along the street and disappearing round the corner to the right!

Les rushed out to the backyard gate, opened it and beckoned Jack and Harry to get inside the house quickly.

Les signed: "I don't want to get into trouble with those men! If they found out that you, my mates, were playing a joke on them and that you were at my place...!"

The girls were still rolling around laughing.

"Oh what a couple of beaut policemen you two could be!" said Ethel. "Wait 'til our deaf friends hear about our 'coppers' who raided a two-up school!"

"It's not funny, those men won't like to be tricked like that," said Les.

"But we didn't say anything!" said Harry and Jack. "We can't speak well anyway and we did not use sign language or it would have been a dead giveaway."

Lottie, saying, "You may as well all stay for supper and leave when it's quite dark so that Jack and Harry won't be recognised by anyone around here," went into the kitchen to prepare the meal.

The quarry continued to be filled with garbage each working day but the grassy patch no longer resounded with the clinking of coins, and the shouts of men on Sundays were heard no more.

Integration is a thorny topic. But it needs to be discussed. Especially by the deaf because we are the people being integrated.

The deaf do seem to be talking more about integration but most of us are talking about it among ourselves. That isn't enough. We need to be discussing it with the policy makers, the educators and parents, the people who determine what happens to a deaf person within the education system.

Integration is rapidly gathering momentum for three basic reasons. First, the government appears to think integration is cheaper than special schools which it is, if students are denied the level of support they need. But if their needs are properly met, then integration costs more because support resources become dispersed and you have to have more of them.

Secondly, there is the general trend towards deinstitutionalisation. Those who embrace the cause of human rights (and who would admit that they don't?) generally believe that institutions contravene the rights of the disabled, and we know that in the past they did. A lot of truly rotten things went on in institutions and maybe they still do.

I N T E G R A T I

But were those rotten things an inevitable feature of institutions, or were they due to the way that they were run and the kind of people who were running them? If a person is taken out of an institution, injected into the "real" world and told to be "normal" from now on, does that automatically give that person his/her human rights. What about human rights as a disabled person? Does such a person have the right to think and feel and act like a disabled person, to be given the assistance needed in order to live as a disabled person in a non-disabled community, and to be accorded respect as a disabled person? Need deinstitutionalisation necessarily mean the demise of institutions or can it also mean changing the way that they are run?

The third reason for increased integration is the oral method of education and its attraction for hearing parents, most of whom know little about deafness and its impact and who desperately want their deaf child to be "normal", a result which oralists promise (with qualifications!) Consequently these parents see the integration of their deaf child into a hearing school as "success" even if the child is not achieving his/her potential in such a school, even if s/he is

lonely and cannot communicate effectively with the people around him/her. S/he's living in the hearing world! Bravo! S/he's normal! Integration is a success!

But wait. What's really going on? What does integration mean to the people being integrated?

Many deaf adults, although they may be in favour of integration in principle, maintain that it does not work well in its present form and it is not likely to work well so long as its aim is to turn a deaf child into a pseudo-hearing child, so long as "integration" is confused with "assimilation".

It's obvious that we all need to be talking more about what we mean by "integration". Discussion tends to centre around how to integrate, but before we can talk about the how of it we must know what we're talking about and why we want it. Integration can be seen as an ideal but communication problems arise because different people have different definitions of that ideal. So what do we mean by "integration"? What do I mean when I say "integration" is being confused with "assimilation"?

"Assimilation" to me means to homogenise, to

take a minority group and absorb it into the majority group, make it conform to the characteristics, behaviour, values, culture of the majority, make everyone the same. It means making a deaf person the same as a hearing person. And as I understand it, this is what most hearing people, educators and parents, especially oralists, mean when they talk about integration.

But deaf people are saying that this definition of integration does not work.

To understand why most hearing people don't understand what we're talking about and why they want this assimilation form of integration, we have to look at it from their point of view. It may sound fatuous, but a hearing person has never been deaf and it's hard to understand something you've never experienced yourself, it's hard to truly understand that to be deaf means to have a different experience of the world, to relate to your environment and other people differently. When we say to a hearing person, "But I'm DEAF, I can't be the same as you because I'm not a hearing person, and anyway I quite like being deaf, I even have my own culture too," it often doesn't make sense to them, because after all to be like a hearing person is to be "normal", "perfect".

There is an element of social chauvinism in this inability to understand the deaf mentality - ie, it's better to be hearing and "normal", a hearing person is "superior" to a deaf person so the deaf really should want to join the legion of the "superior".

There is also the element of loss. For hearing parents deafness involves a loss and it's hard for them to understand that for a prelingually deaf person deafness does not involve a loss, it's not a tragedy or an illness to be cured. It's life. It is part of a deaf person, his/her self-identity, and to live successfully and at peace with him/herself as what s/he is s/he must be able to say, "I'm deaf, I'm always going to be deaf, and that's fine, I don't want to be the same as a hearing person because I can't be, I'm not a hearing person."

The difficulty in getting this message across is what makes the deaf sometimes appear stubborn and antagonistic to the hearing world.

But we aren't being stubborn or antagonistic. We are saying, I want to live with you in your world because it's my world too, but I can't be like you in every way, it just isn't possible because my experience of and

so that I can cope as a deaf person within your system."

The situation is confused by the fact that most deaf people do, to varying degrees, speak English and lipread. So hearing people think, well, they aren't really different; if they tried a bit harder they could be like us and that would solve the problem and save the government money on support services.

What is difficult to get across is how much deaf people bluff their way through school. We may look like we understand, we may sound like we understand because we learn along the way survival tactics, and bravo! hearing people think we are just like them. What they don't see or hear is how we go home after school and lock ourselves in the loo with a bellyache and cry because it's all so hard, so frustrating, and we are so exhausted. Exhausted because we spend all day trying to be something we aren't, trying to "fit in", trying to assimilate because that's what our parents want from us. That's not being "normal", it's being cunning, learning to survive and hide your loneliness.

Gone would be most of the difficulties, frustration, exhaustion, loneliness, if only

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what does it mean?

relationship with the world is necessarily different to yours, but when you try to make me be like you you are putting me down, you are making me feel there is something wrong with me, that I should be ashamed of what I am, but I can't be ashamed of what I am because then I will lose my self-respect.

Assimilation just isn't possible and it's demeaning.

That helps, I hope, explain my definition of integration. For me integration is important. I want to live within the general community because it's my community too but I want to live in it as what I am, as a deaf person who is different in some ways to a hearing person, as a deaf person who needs different things to a hearing person sometimes, as a deaf person who needs to have time and relationships with other deaf people as well as with the hearing, as a deaf person who can go to school and university and say, "Look, I'm deaf, I can't understand what you're saying. I have as much right to a good education as a hearing person does, but I shouldn't have to be like a hearing person in order to have access to that. I have a right to be deaf and to have interpreters and notetakers and such things

we could crack the communication barrier and convince hearing educators and our parents that what we are saying about integration and our difference is based not on antagonism but on experience and a desire for a system that works for us as deaf people.

Integration, to me, means understanding and accepting the individual's right to be different; it means providing resources which allow him/her to be different but to have access to the same quality of education as anybody else; it means providing enough of the type of support services which the individual says s/he needs.

Assimilation can't work but integration can. But integration only has a chance of working well if hearing educators, parents and deaf people can get together and communicate effectively about what really happens: not what should happen from the hearing point of view but what does happen to deaf people in an integrated setting. It can only work well if we all work together for something we all understand.

-Karen Lloyd

WRITE AND TELL US YOUR VIEWS ON INTEGRATION, WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO YOU, WHAT YOU NEED IN ORDER TO HAVE ACCESS TO A GOOD EDUCATION.

COULD I? WOULD I?

COULD I? WOULD I?

PEG CHRISTIE IS BECKONED BY A PICTURE

I stood studying the picture on the wall, as I had studied it several times while visiting my elderly friends over the years.

I cannot say what it was that drew me as the picture was not new to me, not valuable, and it was getting old and just a bit faded, but every time I saw it it affected my feelings - maybe my senses. It was just a picture showing an old-fashioned but cosy lounge room, but looking at the picture one looked straight out of wide open French doors, and one was looking at a lovely old country garden (belonging to "comfy-off" people), to the driveway, bordered with masses of different types and coloured blooms, and then there were trees and hedges abounding, and in the distance one could see the tennis courts, with members of the household and their friends playing against each other; and just leaving the lounge room was a woman all dressed in white, but dressed in the fashion of the beginning of the century. The woman's clothes were tennis clothes and she was

carrying a racquet, but she did not look old-fashioned to me, but just right, and very feminine.

As I stood by this picture, looking at it, and out into the garden, I could almost feel that I was there, I could feel the summer breeze, smell all the delicious summer smells that are often so wonderfully heady, I could hear the summer sounds of birds, bees, insects, and the slight moving of the greenery by the breeze, as well as the shouted scores of the tennis players further off.

I found it hard to take my eyes off this picture, and looking at it as it drew me, I was so sure that if I let myself go I could enter the picture-frame and become one with the picture and join with the people in it and leave the present that is now, the 20th century.

But...and but again...once in the picture... would I be able to get out of it again?



DON'T MISS!!! ISSUE NO. 2 OUT IN DECEMBER!!!

Last year Peter Howson, a former MHR in the McMahon government and President of the Victorian Deafness Foundation for some 12 years, gave a speech at the Annual General Meeting of the Victorian School for Deaf Children. In his speech, Howson claimed that advances in the cochlear implant may well mean that in the near future "there will not be an adult deaf community in Victoria as we know it today."

MICHAEL UNIACKE will be examining the implications of Howson's predictions.

PLUS MERRIL COOK writes about the trials of a car rego test. Very funny!

PLUS LOTS MORE!!!

A.A.D. AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

Merril Cook explains what, why, and how

Eleven twenty-nine a.m. on Sunday 1 June 1986 was a magic minute for deaf and hard-of-hearing people in Australia. The Australian Association of the Deaf was born.

WHAT IS THE AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF?

It is a national organisation run by deaf people for deaf people. Like the Australian Deafness Council, it:

- ** co-ordinates activities of organisations of deaf people
- ** shares information about developments for hearing-impaired people in each state and territory
- ** lobbies the Federal government on national issues concerning deaf people; and if members wish it, co-ordinates lobbying of state governments on common issues
- ** develops policies on subjects like interpreting, access and education for deaf people.

Unlike the Australian Deafness Council, member organisations and/or state branches of AAD must have a majority of deaf and hard-of-hearing members to be eligible for membership of AAD. In this way, the views of deaf people can be more clearly presented to organisations like the Australian Deafness Council, Disabled Persons' International, ACROD, and more importantly, to government bodies whose decisions affect our lives.

WHY IS AAD IMPORTANT?

The community is generally misinformed about deafness and the variety of communication methods used by deaf people. Most people believe either that deafness is not really a problem because we look healthy and self-sufficient or that deafness implies daftness.

Many are unaware of the following factors;

- ** Most prelingually deaf people have difficulty reading newspapers. (This has nothing to do with our capacity to learn, but to do with the amount of English we can hear and see through lipreading, hearing aids, and/or signing. Generally we do not hear or see full English unless we already have fluent reading skills.)

- ** Our voice doesn't get heard no matter what communication method we use, because we don't seem to be on the ball or aware of

subtleties or use jargon and persuasive tactics available to those with hearing.

- ** Because we don't overhear informal information about lobbying strategies and because we have difficulty developing contacts with bureaucrats over the phone, we are much slower to pick up lobbying tactics.

AAD is important for the following reasons:

- ** As deaf people, we can share information about developments and services in different states and find out which ones suit our needs.

- ** We can develop our own lobbying skills through trial and error by:

- * seeking help from other bodies with experience
- * developing alternative strategies which we, as deaf people, can cope best with, eg visiting decision-makers face to face.

- ** We can find out about membership needs and experiences and develop an AAD policy. This will enable us to be stronger with a united front throughout Australia.

- ** We can find out what our individual skills and talents are, and thereby gain respect for our capabilities in spite of our language and cultural differences.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE AUSTRALIAN DEAFNESS COUNCIL AND THE AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF?

Like Better Hearing Australia, AAD is a consumer organisation. Better Hearing asserts the needs of hard-of-hearing people with acquired hearing losses, while AAD clarifies the needs of deaf people with prelingual hearing losses. Although both groups share many needs and can learn a lot from each other, our communication modes and knowledge of hearing culture are different.

ADC is an organisation which co-ordinates all organisations interested in deafness. This includes service providers, medical and educational professionals, technological assistance personnel. The aim of these organisations is to improve services for deaf and hard-of-hearing people and to be responsive to the needs of deaf and hard-of-hearing people.

AAD is a new organisation. Its members are developing political skills in order to ensure we can control our own lives effectively and to help us help ourselves.

ADC is an established organisation. Most of its members have administrative, organisational and political skills. Many have established contacts and networks. ADC has many useful resources in its National Secretariat.

Should AAD, BHA and ADC be able to work together on areas of common interest, this would make us extremely powerful in achieving appropriate services and finance for deaf and hard-of-hearing people from the Federal and State governments and the community. Whether this is feasible or not will depend on effective dialogue between all groups. Effective dialogue means effective listening, effective negotiation and effective discussion where all members are truly involved in spite of language differences and the hearing barrier.

HOW WILL AAD BE RUN?

Like ADC, AAD will have state branches, each an organisation which shares the same aims as the parent organisation.

Anyone can join state branches, but they must have a majority of hearing-impaired people. For this year, each state branch will be levying money for AAD from each member. In the future when AAD is firmly established, each branch will be requested to pay a membership fee plus a levy for operation costs. The executive is still exploring this question as there are a few teething problems.

WHAT IS AAD DOING IN 1987?

** Applying for a grant for an administrative officer.

** It organised a forum on educational issues at the National Deafness Conference in Hobart in April.

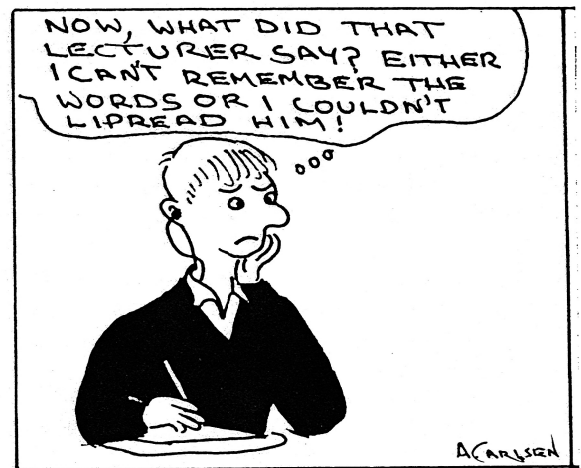
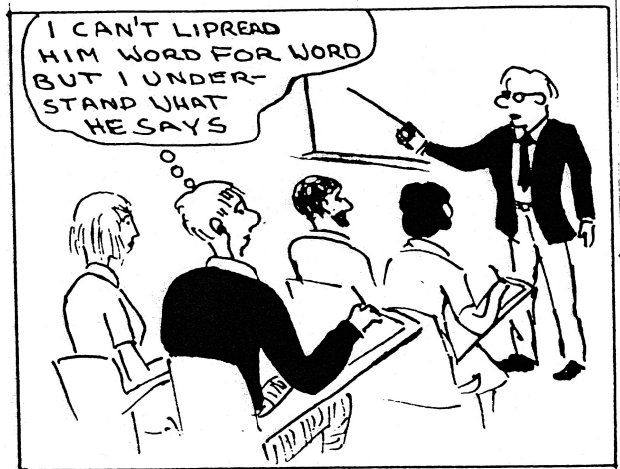
** AAD put in a submission to the Tertiary Education Commission about access for hearing impaired students to tertiary education institutions, since triennial funding for tertiary institutions will be determined this year.

** Exploring the possibility of hosting the World Federation of the Deaf: Asia Pacific Regional Championships and Conference in Melbourne in the Easter break of 1988.

** At the AGM in Hobart in April, AAD set up a working party to look into three issues in deaf education and to develop a policy on them.

Interested?

Why not join us?



CHAGALL

Wheels
and spinning clowns,
a child's palette.
The giggling lines and jigs of women
with strawberry noses,
balancing jugs.
Smile hugely
like a child...
your mouth contracts like a birthday.
Down is up and around
is still yet forever
a delicate balance glows.

-Andrew Donald

TRAVEL, DEAFIE STYLE.

FAST FLIGHT FROM BRISBANE BY KAREN LLOYD.

Queensland is in a cyclone/tropical thunderstorm zone, and in the summer Brisbane, as many people know from frustrated experience, can be a disaster zone for travellers. Its frequent electric thunderstorms often force the airport to close. It was closed for hours the day I had to return to Sydney after a holiday in the Cairns area: lightning had struck the airport and put a big hole in the runway!

I had travelled from Cairns to Townsville the previous day to briefly visit friends and relatives there, and of course I wished, in that useless way people do, that I had skipped Townsville altogether and gone all the way to Sydney before the storm. While a relative bombarded the besieged airline with phone calls I sat around her house and waited - and waited. All day long. Finally when I got on a plane I had to fly back to Cairns and from there fly direct to Sydney. So much for my Townsville interlude. Airlines do some peculiar things.

Once hassles begin you can be pretty sure they will continue. So they did at Townsville airport. At the check-in desk a helpful clerk stapled my ticket and boarding pass into a folder which declared in bold red print: "PLEASE ASSIST ME. I have...(tick) limited speech(tick) limited hearing."

Cripes! I thought, I'm an invalid! Having flown alone for years without such a folder for my ticket, I turned up my nose.

"Don't be so proud!" said my aunt. "In the circumstances you might need it."

"Huh!" Still I turned up my nose. But I didn't pull out the staple and throw the folder away.

The flight to Cairns held a promise of better things to come. A friendly hostess approached me. She obviously knew that I was deaf; if you tell the check-in clerks they generally feed the information into the computer and it's on the printout given to the hostesses.

"Have you flown before?" she asked, speaking clearly.

"Oh yes, lots of times. But not in circumstances like this!"

She smiled. "You'll know the safety routine then?"

"Yes thanks."

She moved on.

"You think I might need to know it this time?" I asked the man sitting beside me.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he muttered dourly.

He was a most irate but amusing man.

"I've been waiting all day!" he raged. "I flew in from Manila and I haven't had a shower for over 24 hours. In this heat! I stink!"

He did - of beer. What else was there to do at the airport but sit in the bar?

He was English. He lived in Cairns. He loved North Queensland and couldn't understand why I chose to live in Sydney or why I had loved England. He told me a long Irish joke about a delayed plane, and by the time he finished it we were preparing to land at Cairns. I laughed all the way down. And I hoped the rest of my journey would be as pleasant.

It wasn't.

It was evening before we arrived in Brisbane and the moment I walked into the terminal the hassles began again and my aunt was proved right. This, it turned out, was no time to be proud.

The airport was a shambles. A million people; piles of baggage; harrassed airline officials trying to be calm; passengers ranging from the resignedly waiting to the panicked.

At Townsville I had been told I had a seat on flight 29 but I had to get a new boarding pass. I weaved through the crowds to a TV monitor. Flight 29 was leaving in 20 minutes. Hell! I dashed to the transit desk only to be confronted by queues five miles long. Hell! But what was there to do but wait my turn? So I waited. Behind me the queue stretched another mile in five minutes. I waited. The queues weren't moving at all. I waited.

Two airline officials walked over to the transit desk and began shouting instructions and pointing in various directions. Some

people left the queues. Hell! What was going on? Should I go over and ask? I dithered. The officials began to walk away. Hell! Should I run after them? I dithered and they were gone. Hell! I waited, growing ever more nervous. I looked at my watch. Ten minutes to go. Hell! What should I do? Maybe I was in the wrong place. I looked at all the people milling around me, trying to get an idea of what was happening. They talked; they scowled; they stood patiently with expressionless faces; they looked frustrated, annoyed, fed up, confused.

I saw a woman leave the desk and say to her companion: "The flights are full. We can't go 'til six in the morning."

Hell! My nervousness increased. What was I going to do? I began to tremble a little. I

in the next half hour I wouldn't be going 'til the morning. Like three-quarters of a million other people, but that wasn't my problem. I couldn't handle this, I couldn't. I had to do something. It was not so much that I minded being stuck there: I did, of course, but what rattled me most was not being able to hear PA announcements or take, possibly, comfort and reassurance from other people's conversations, not knowing anything. I was beginning to feel a little hysterical.

And then my saviour came.

The two officials of ten minutes before returned and one began shouting at the crowd. Now! I told myself. Do it now! I took a deep breath and plunged. Through the people around me, through the piles of baggage, through the clamouring people surrounding him, and



had to do something!

Finally I plucked up my courage. "Excuse me," I said to a lady in front of me. "I'm deaf and I didn't hear what that man said just then. Could you tell me, I just got off a plane and I have to get another to Sydney, is this where I'm supposed to be?"

She smiled at me nervously. "Yes, this is it," she said. "Things are a bit chaotic just now but you're in the right place."

"Thank you."

Hell! Right place or not, at this rate I wasn't going anywhere tonight. I looked at my watch. It was too late for flight 29 and I knew there was a curfew at Sydney airport and there would not be many more planes to Sydney that night. If I didn't get on a plane

grabbed hold of the second official's arm. But I couldn't get his attention, there were too many other people trying to do the same thing. He looked pointedly at my hand on his arm, he looked me in the eye, he looked away. I clung like a drowning woman to a log.

"Excuse me," I said, "I'm deaf. I can't follow this."

No response.

"Please!" I begged louder, "I'm deaf!"

"What?"

"I'm deaf! I can't follow this!" I waved my red-printed ticket folder.

He glanced at it. "You're deaf?" I had his attention now.

"Yes, yes!" I thought I was screaming but

evidently I wasn't, for he bent his head to hear me in the din. "I can't follow what's happening. What should I do?"

He looked confused for a few seconds, then the airline's "emergency plan for the disabled and insane" went into overdrive.

He took my ticket and studied it.

"It's all right lady," he said calmly. "I'll look after you."

Tapping his colleague on the shoulder and interrupting him, he said: "This lady is deaf. Have you got a Lloyd on your list?"

"No."

"All right, come with me." He set off at a cracking pace. Through the milling people, ignoring those who tried to intercept him, through the piles of baggage, through the enormous terminal. Suddenly he stopped.

"Have you got your baggage?"

"Huh?" I was confused. "Was I supposed to get it? I thought it was checked through to Sydney."

"Not now." He thought a second. "It's all right, I'll sort it out." He set off again, making me run to keep up.

We arrived at another desk surrounded by anxious people, as the transit desk had been. Going behind it, he commandeered the computer terminal.

"This lady is deaf," he said to the operator. Evidently that explained all.

I waited. From where I stood I could see the computer screen. The operator called up a flight. No seats, glared the computer. He slapped his hand on the desk, pursed his lips, and called up another flight. People pushed forward. People jabbered. The operator stood up and spoke to the jostling crowd, looking very much like a troubled man praying to Allah. The crowd fell back.

Now that I was being taken care of my incipient hysteria began to subside. I looked around at the stalled people and began to feel a little guilty. They'd probably been waiting longer than I had, and they would probably have to wait until morning, while I got preferential treatment. Just because I was deaf and put on a performance. Hell, said a tiny voice in my head, they would do the same wouldn't they, they would all jump the queues if they could.

"All set," said my saviour, handing me my boarding pass, coming round the desk and marching me off to a TV monitor. He pointed to my pass, he pointed to the monitor.

"You're on flight 1030, it leaves from gate 5 in 15 minutes. All right? Do you understand?"

"Yes thanks. What about my baggage?"

"Oh I've fixed it up, it will be on the plane with you. Will you be all right? Do you want us to escort you to the aircraft?"

"No, it's okay. Gate 5. I'll be okay thanks."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes thanks."

He looked uncertain again, then took my arm and marched me off, saying, "I'll take you to the gate."

Half-way across the terminal he was accosted by his extremely harrassed-looking colleague who immediately fired off a volley of words.

My poor saviour closed his eyes and held up a hand.

"Just wait a minute," he said. "I'm taking this lady to her departure gate. She's deaf." The magic words. The other man fell back.

"Here you are," he said as we arrived at gate 5. The aircraft will be boarding soon. You'll be all right?"

"Oh yes thanks. You've been very helpful. Thank you very much."

He smiled, tipped an imaginary hat, and turned and walked away.

I was amazed. In the midst of all that chaos he had gone far out of his way to take care of me and he had been so calm. And single-minded. Stop! Wait! Make way! Make way! This lady is deaf! I would not have been at all surprised if he had made the plane wait for me too if necessary.

It was then that I looked closely at my boarding pass and realised he had put me in first class. And when I arrived in Sydney I discovered he had put me on the last flight that night. Doubtless economy was full. But he could have made me wait until the morning. But then, probably that would have been even more trouble.

I had a wonderful journey from Brisbane. Fast. Efficient. Luxurious. With a handsome steward who said: "Would you like...how about...would you like...enjoy your meal." People can be extraordinarily helpful when you let them know what you need. And sometimes it pays to be deaf. Sometimes too it pays to set your pride aside. Think of all those unfortunate travellers stuck in Brisbane overnight. They must have been hearing, able-bodied, healthy, proud.

**

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:

The Movie

All my hearing friends raved about it. It's beautiful, they said, and William Hurt is superb. What about Marlee Matlin, I asked, is she any good? Oh yes, she's wonderful... ah, but William Hurt...he's sooo gorgeous! What about the story, I asked. Oh yes, the story, it's great, really moving, it's not just about the deaf, it's about relationships too...yeah, you really must see it, tell me what you think of it.

I had been talking to a hearing friend a few days before she saw the film, about the deaf, about the oral/manual, hearing/deaf controversies, and afterwards she said: "I think I understood the film better after what you said the other day, I mean, I think what Sarah was trying to say made more sense to me than it otherwise might have. It will be interesting to hear what you think of it."

So what did I think of the film? Well, it's beautiful, yes, and moving, and William Hurt is gorgeous, yes, and a superb actor, and Marlee Matlin is a beautiful woman and a superb actress too, and together their performance is, as all the reviewers have raved, electric. But...aren't there always buts?

The film is actually less about the deaf than it is about relationships. Now, there's nothing at all wrong with films about relationships; but this film is also supposed to be about the deaf and about deaf rights and deaf pride. It does get the deaf rights/pride message across, but I think it gets it across to the deaf more than to the hearing, simply because the deaf already know about it.

As the hearing friend with whom I saw the film said, "She (Sarah) wanted to be herself, she wanted to be an individual within her relationship with James - but that's what most people want in relationships anyway, so I don't get the point about why she refused to speak. Why was that so important? She could still be an individual even if she learned to speak."

That, I think, is where the film fails. It doesn't get across to the hearing why a deaf person wants to be allowed to be DEAF. Instead James comes across as a do-gooder, a less run-of-the-mill do-gooder with human failings, yes, but still a wonderful loving, caring, giving man, while Sarah at times is

a bit of a pain: always insisting, always fighting for something she doesn't explain clearly, so often bloody to James who is so wonderful to her, a deeply angry person - but why is she so angry? The film doesn't really answer that - not for a hearing person. Of course we deafies know the why and what of her anger, but saying that is rather like taking coals to Newcastle.

But still, it's a beautiful film (even if it does at times descend to the level of soap opera). It's funny, moving, hopefully thought-provoking, and superbly performed. Incidentally, unlike other reviewers I have read, my favourite parts were not the music-inspired speech lessons, but the relationship between James and William. I just loved the way James was so tolerant of and amused by William's four-letter language and so pleased when he spoke it well. Afterall, if you're going to be "normal" and speak then you may as well BE "normal" and speak the language of the circles in which you move.

And the line that irritated me most was when James, listening to music, said to Sarah: "I can't enjoy it because you can't." Possibly that was meant as an example of how difficult it is for the deaf and the hearing to enter the world of the other, but to me it was a mushy line that came across as the usual hearing chauvinism seeing deafness as a tragedy.

And yet, for all that, it's great that a film has finally been made about the deaf, with a deaf actress - and such a good one that so many people will see. I just happen to think it could have explained the deaf point of view a little more clearly to a hearing person.

-Karen Lloyd

Incidentally, how many cinemas around Australia have been giving the deaf half price admission to this film? Hoyts in Sydney have.

Can somebody please explain the logic of this? How come we pay half price to see a captioned film which we can therefore understand, but we have to pay full price to see non-captioned films which we usually can't understand too well?

Is this half price admission for deafies our commission or something? Because if the world didn't have deaf people then the world wouldn't have "Children of a Lesser God"???

**

TTYs ARRIVE IN THE DEEP NORTH

Sydney deafie's hearing parents, who live in North Queensland, recently acquired a TTY. The local paper heard about it and ran a story, complete with picture of deafie's mum operating the magic machine. The story, headlined THE PHONE THAT LETS DEAF 'HEAR', enthused about this marvellous new invention. Sydney deafie didn't have the heart to tell them TTYs have been around for years.



A BOOK BY ANY OTHER NAME

Who says the deaf don't come out with some classics? One deafie's name for the Yellow Pages: "The Yellow Walking Book".

LETTER FROM A HEARING FRIEND
(after deafie had met her children, aged 7-11, following a 5 year absence)

"My kids are really proud to know you. It makes them feel good that they can actually talk to you and you can understand them. They see deaf people on TV and hear about them, but they actually know someone who is deaf and all the TV programs are real to them."

R.I.P.???

Does a d sound like an f on a telephone wire or do staff at Deaf Action Books have a direct line to the other side? They get letters addressed to "Dead Action Books".

GOING COLD TURKEY

Two people with acquired hearing loss were swapping life stories while enjoying a bottle or two of red. Said one, "I lost my hearing in my forties, from meningitis. It had a lot of side effects for a while."
"God!" said the other. "Did you have to give up alcohol?"

RIGHT OF REPLY

DEAFIE 1: Doesn't it annoy you when hearing people say, "How come you speak so well for a deaf person?"
DEAFIE 2: Yeah! And you know what I say? "How come you don't speak so well for a hearing person?"

OVERSEEN AT THE NATIONAL DEAFNESS CONFERENCE IN HOBART

INTERPRETER (not interpreting): "I think we should break for tea now."
DEAF WORKSHOP LEADER: "I think the interpreter should shut up."

DEEP PSYCHOLOGICAL EXCHANGE

"I've tried to read books on the psychology of deafness. I can't. I can't get past the first couple of chapters. They're so negative and I think, God! this is rubbish, deafness isn't like that, "I'm not like that, I don't know anybody like that."

"The trouble with psychologists is that they only focus on the problems. They never talk about the good things about deafness and deaf people. They have and give an unbalanced picture."

SPEAKER, ON INTERPRETERS: "We should remember that we are working FOR deaf people."

(ROUND ABOUT comment: That means the deafie is the boss: the interpreter gets paid to work for the deafie. Good bosses appreciate valuable assistants, but it's still the boss who calls the tune.)

ORGANISER, TO DEAFIE: "You asked for a lipspeaking interpreter, didn't you?"

DEAFIE: "Yes."

ORGANISER: "I'm so sorry. I tried very hard to find one. There don't seem to be any."

EVERY DEAF PERSON YOUR SNOOP MET: "I've been listening so hard and so long my eyes feel like they're falling out."



A. Cohen

NATIVE AUSLAN SIGNER AND FINGER-
SPELLER:

"Some of these interpreters - I
couldn't follow them. The finger-
spelling was too fast."