

TRIP TO AUSTRALIA BY DICK AND LIZ ASKEY, NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1987

*a travel diary written by Liz Askey,
edited by Tom Koornwinder¹, 13 September 2022,
thanks also to Howard Cohl for careful reading.*

Schedule

November 15-26:

Sydney (mathematical hosts: Alfred van der Poorten², Macquarie University, and David Hunt³, University of New South Wales)

November 26 - December 10:

Canberra (mathematical host: Rodney Baxter⁴, Australian National University), during which period a Miniconference on Harmonic Analysis and Operator Algebras⁵, December 2-3, organized by Michael Cowling

Thursday, November 19

We had about nine hours in the air and, since they gave out headphones free, I watched Hoosiers with Gene Hackman, a rather pleasant Indiana basketball movie. I don't sleep well on those long distance flights but with the movie watching I got all of one-half hour of sleep to Dick's three hours or so.

It was an overnight flight so we arrived in Australia on November 15th. A long cab ride from the airport took us to Macquarie University⁶ in the north suburbs and the apartment in which we're staying while in Sydney. It's two bedrooms with a living/dining room and a small kitchen – fully furnished. What a richness of space after two and one-half months of small hotel rooms!

Most of the time since we've been here we've been very domestic – buying groceries, eating at home, doing laundry in a washing machine instead of a wash basin – plus some writing (of mathematics papers on Dick's part) and lots of reading – newspapers, books, sale brochures, signs – anything we could get our eyes on, since it's all in English!

We've bought eight books (so far!), including an excellent book by Australian author, Ruth Park, called Playing Beatie Bow; another called The Miracle Tree by Christobel Mattingley (another Australian) set in the city of Nagasaki; Fairy Tales by Terry Jones (one of the Monty Python group); and Said Hanrahan, a "bush poem" by John O'Brien, charmingly and amusingly illustrated by John McIntosh.

In addition, Alf van der Poorten took us to Koala Park⁷ where we petted a koala (their fur is rather wiry feeling, which surprised me), fed potato chips to the kangaroos and saw emus, echidnas, dingoes, wombats and an assortment of birds we've never seen before, like the kookaburra. None of the birds sound familiar either. And for that matter very little that

1. thkmath@xs4all.nl

2. <https://mathscinet.ams.org/mathscinet/search/author.html?mrauthid=141055>, also [on Wikipedia](#)

3. <https://mathscinet.ams.org/mathscinet/search/author.html?mrauthid=89935>

4. <https://mathscinet.ams.org/mathscinet/search/author.html?mrauthid=32865>, also [on Wikipedia](#)

5. <https://www.ams.org/mathscinet-getitem?mr=MR0953975>

6. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Macquarie_University

7. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Koala_Park_Sanctuary

grows looks familiar. The jacaranda trees with their beautiful blue blossoms are in full bloom – and I only know the name of that tree because Alf van der Poorten told us.

Today we took a bus to Eastwood for an eye doctor appointment for me to check on the trouble I had after something got caught in my left eye almost two weeks ago. It's been feeling just about right again for the last three days and the doctor reassured me that all was well. Tomorrow Dick gives a talk at the University of New South Wales in Sydney and I'll go in, too, to see what there is to see in the downtown area.

Sunday, November 29

Three days in Canberra and I still haven't written up the rest of what we did in Sydney. I've read, and written so many letters since then, and that rather than lots of sightseeing has crowded my time. That, however, was exactly what I wanted to do. Those six weeks in Japan were a long time away from English.

That Friday in Sydney I was dropped off at the Art Gallery of New South Wales⁸ by David Hunt, who had picked us up to take Dick to the university for his talk. I stayed longer than I intended to because it was a rainy day and not the best weather for sightseeing. I did go around the galleries with paintings by Australian painters from the 19th century, largely to get a feel for what the Outback⁹ looks like. The paintings were adequate but not any more interesting to me than landscapes usually are.

Two contemporary (or almost so) painters whose works I enjoyed quite a bit were Grace Cossington Smith¹⁰ (1892-1984) and Margaret Preston¹¹ (1875-1963). Cossington Smith's paintings were interior still lifes which were done in bright colors put on the canvas in carefully arranged splotches (something like Seurat). I liked both her subjects and her colors. Margaret Preston did still life, Australian flowers and birds and a self-portrait. She seems to be a very popular Australian artist. The Australian National Museum has put out a calendar and three boxes of stationery depicting her work (Australian birds, flowers and urban scenes – largely of Sydney) and I've seen a book of her wood block prints that sells for \$125 Australian.

Since the Art Gallery was building a new wing its Oriental and Aboriginal art sections were closed, but there was a small display of Aboriginal bark paintings and hollow log coffins that was very interesting. In addition, there was a very nice nativity scene by Pieter Bruegel the Younger, and two display cases with about three dozen vases, bowls, trays, boxes and the like done by Australian artists (mostly women) earlier in this century. These pieces were quite attractive.

After lunch in the museum I took advantage of a lull in the rainfall to have someone aim me in the direction of the Sydney Opera House¹². It was an easy walk through the Botanical Garden. One or two other walkers plus a number of soggy joggers were the only people I saw while in the gardens. At one point, while walking through a large stand of palm trees, I had to run, too – for shelter, since it began to pour rain. Somehow the rain made the gardens, which are quite attractive in good weather as well, quite beautiful – almost magical.

The Sydney Opera House, which is at the tip of Bennelong Point sticking out into Sydney Harbor, is in fact a performing arts center, with a number of stages, concert halls,

8. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Art_Gallery_of_New_South_Wales

9. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Outback>

10. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grace_Cossington_Smith

11. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margaret_Preston

12. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sydney_Opera_House

exhibition spaces and a restaurant. I looked at a display of sculpture by a Russian emigree which was pleasant, but not exciting.

This didn't keep me long because there's all that activity in the harbor to pull your attention back outside. I walked down around Circular Quay, where the ferry boats, cruise boats and the transit authority hydrofoil to Manly dock, and then around to the Rocks¹³, an historic part of Sydney from the latter part of the 19th century. It was cut in two by the Harbor Bridge, which was built in the early 1930s. The area has been restored and now pulls in hoards of tourists – but I figured I was a tourist so that suited me just fine. Also Dick and I had just finished reading Ruth Park's excellent children's book Playing Beatie Bow, which was set in the Rocks, so it was interesting to see what landmarks I could track down. Something else I "tracked down" by chance was Dorian Scott's shop, in which designer knitwear and clothing is sold. I had a lovely time trying on sweaters and when I came back the next day with Dick I bought one. (It will be sent to Madison in January.) I also spent time browsing in the Argyle Centre, which is a set of restored warehouses from the last century now occupied by a host of small shops and a restaurant or two.

On Saturday Dick and I came back downtown – first to Dorian Scott's to look at sweaters; then to lunch in a tea shop in one of the restored buildings; a walking tour of the Rocks (which included an area on the other side of the approach to the Harbor Bridge where Sydney's wealthy people lived one hundred years ago).

Then we went off down George Street in search of a New Guinea primitive art gallery Dick had read about in some of our tourist information. We found it. It was in two rooms on the sixth floor of the Dymock Building – two rooms crowded with more South Seas artifacts than we've ever seen in one place before. It was quite fascinating and we browsed through masks, ancestor figures, chiefs' stools and a great deal more. The temptations were too great to resist, so we didn't. A mask covered with cowrie shells will be shipped to Madison by sea mail in the middle of next month. Downstairs in the Dymock Building we wandered through a book store and came out with two more Australian children's books – something to enjoy now, since the mask will take two or three months to arrive in Madison.

We had read a review in the paper – a glowing review – of a play called The Popular Mechanicals, based on Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream and, on the spur of the moment, finding ourselves outside a ticket booth in downtown Sydney which sold half-price tickets on the day of the show, we decided to go. All of Shakespeare's lines were good and the actors delivered them well enough to make us wish his had been the only lines that were spoken. The two actors who had been the Bard's co-authors got carried away at one point with a lengthy skit centered on flatulence. Fortunately that was the worst of their contribution to the play, though the rest was only minimally better. After the play was over we walked back through Chinatown to the bus station, by way of a stop for dessert and some orange juice in one of Sydney's better shopping arcades. There wasn't much of a wait and then we were off toward home on Sydney's very good public transit bus system.

On Sunday back we went to the Harbor area and a different part of the public transit system. We took the transit authority hydrofoil from Circular Quay to Manly¹⁴, which has a very nice Pacific beach. We walked up and down the beach watching the surfers and sunbathers (it may be late November but that's summer in Australia!). After a while we found a place to sit and eat the sandwiches we'd brought along and we continued to watch the passersby as we ate.

13. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Rocks,_New_South_Wales

14. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Manly,_New_South_Wales

A woman passed us with a cockatoo attached to her wrist by a thin chain – out for an airing, we supposed. Then a bull terrier went zipping past on his skateboard. When it slowed down the dog pushed with his hind legs to pick up speed again. (The dog did have his master along to help, but it really makes a better story when no attendant human being is mentioned! Besides, the man didn't help much.)

After a couple of hours on the beach we went onto the Corso to get a cup of tea, chatted with the Australian home economics teacher with whom we shared a booth in the "coffee lounge" and caught the ferry for a more leisurely ride back across the harbor to Sydney. Then the both of us walked to the Opera House, through the Botanical Gardens (lots of people there on a warm and sunny day) and to the New South Wales Art Gallery, where I pointed out to Dick the pieces I'd found particularly interesting two days earlier. From there we took a free art gallery bus to Wynyard Station for the bus ride back to Macquarie Center in North Ryde, and home.

On Monday Dick gave a talk at Macquarie University while I stayed home to let my feet recover from the previous three days. There were books to read and letters and postcards to write.

On Tuesday we caught a bus to Crows Nest, one of the multitude of Sydney suburbs, to go to Tyrell's Book Store. We had been told that it was Sydney's best second hand book store, so we wanted to see what it had to offer. It didn't offer anything to Dick except a book called Canberra Rambles, but I came away with several more children's books by Australian authors. On our return to North Ryde I went back to letter and postcard writing and Dick went back to the university.

On Wednesday morning we trudged back to the post office at Macquarie Center with three boxes of books, papers and things we'd bought in Japan. It was time to lighten our load since the next day we would leave for two weeks in Canberra. We had bought the boxes at the post office and they also supplied strapping tape (free) and bubble wrap for stuffing empty corners (at 35 cents a piece). It took us an hour to fill out the customs and insurance forms and tape up the boxes – and stamp all the postcards and letters that had been written in the preceding day or two. We figured it was well worth the time since we lightened our luggage by about 35 pounds. Just before we leave Canberra we plan to send all of Dick's mathematics books and the rest of the Australian children's books back home and use the book bag for muesli bars and other packaged food for use while we're in India.

On Thursday we took a Greyhound bus from Sydney to Canberra – and we're more than delighted "to leave the driving to¹⁵ [them]." We are staying in University House on the Australian National University¹⁶ campus in a sitting room/bedroom suite. There is a small refrigerator, a toaster and an electric tea kettle so we can fix tea and breakfast, but without kitchen facilities we're back to eating most meals out. University House is built like one of the Cambridge or Oxford colleges around a quadrangle, which is for the use of residents only. There is also a laundry, a library, a common room, two restaurants, a bottle shop and buttery (liquor store and small grocery shop) in addition to meeting rooms and other facilities.

We have a balcony which looks out on trees full of birds (all escaped from the zoo, as Dick says, since we've never seen these kinds of birds anywhere else) and the bedroom faces the quadrangle. That's a mixed blessing. Last night there was a wedding reception in the Common Room and when the dancing began they turned on pop music so loudly that it practically blasted us out of bed. We turned on the radio to block it out at least partially, but

15. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Go_Greyhound_and_Leave_the_Driving_to_Us

16. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Australian_National_University

neither loud music nor the radio playing is good accompaniment to a good night's sleep. Fortunately it didn't go on into the wee hours.

Yesterday we walked into downtown Canberra. The parts of the city we've seen are a "planned city" laid out for the automobile, full of monumental buildings and with a rather sterile feeling to them. Small shops in the central shopping area took some of the edge off that feeling, but only some. We had fish and chips for lunch (a mistake) and walked across the bridge over Lake Burley Griffin to the Australian National Gallery¹⁷. The Lake is named after an American architect¹⁸ whose design for the building of Canberra was accepted in 1912. His grave, now "threatened with desecration," according to yesterday's Canberra Times, is located in Lucknow, India. The article pushed for a fund to provide a headstone for the grave and a strengthened perimeter wall to keep intruders and holy cows out of this Christian cemetery. He (the author) was only asking for \$6,400, so he may succeed.

The Art Gallery had the Phillips Collection from Washington, D.C., on display so there were many people there. (We'd talked to a couple of people from Sydney who had just been or were about to go to Canberra to see the show, so it's been quite popular, we gathered, beyond the Canberra area.) We've seen the collection on its home turf so we didn't add ourselves to that crush of people. First we went to the restaurant to get the weight off our feet and to get something to drink. The whole second floor was given over to a retrospective of over four hundred works by Fred Williams, an Australian artist whose paintings we didn't find particularly interesting. The gallery did, however, have a small show of interesting and beautiful Indonesian textiles and some very nice pre-Columbian, African, American Indian and Oriental items. Their small collection of European pieces was also nice and they had some interesting Australian decorative pieces in silver, ceramics, etc. Outside was a sculpture garden but we didn't walk through it because by that time my feet and back had had all they could take for one day of sightseeing on foot. We took a taxi back to University House, and had a leisurely and very good meal of blue eye cod at the Bistro – the fancier of University House's two restaurants. The other one – the Cellar Bar – is closed on weekends, we discovered.

I forgot to mention that on Friday night we had gone to see a quite fascinating show of woodworking, which ranged from furniture to musical instruments to sculptures in wood, as well as bowls and vases, held in connection with the national wood conference. It was well worth the time we spent there – less so the play Away by Michael Gow, which we went to afterwards. It was a "comedy" set in 1967-68. Some of it was in fact funny but the personal problems of some of the characters depicted were intended more to show the audience the problems of the time (Vietnam era) and of families in all times. Not the greatest. So it was in English anyway; we didn't completely "strike out," given that factor. I wonder if we'll try again before leaving Canberra. I must hop into the shower. Dick went over to the Botanical Gardens next to campus to see if they have a restaurant and I should be ready to go – either there or to the student union – when he gets back.

Wednesday, December 9, 1987

I seem fated to get to this notebook very infrequently while in Australia. A lot of the reason for that is all the books I've been reading, but this trip is supposed to be enjoyable and I'm thoroughly enjoying that. Perhaps I should put that in the past tense. We leave for India in two days, this afternoon we're getting immune globulin shots as protection against

17. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Gallery_of_Australia

18. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Walter_Burley_Griffin

hepatitis, and we hope to finish the shopping for India that we've been doing off and on for the past week. Right now Dick is on his way to the Indian High Commission to pick up maps of Bombay and Madras. He's also learned that money changing is a twenty-four hour operation at the Bombay airport, so we will be able to get rupees at 1 a.m. after our arrival.

But to backtrack a week and a half – we did go to the Botanic Gardens¹⁹, and returned the following weekend because we think it's the best thing in Canberra. It has only been open since 1970 but plantings were begun twenty years earlier than that on the site, so there are many well grown gum and other trees. The gardens are limited to native shrubs and trees which gives a concentrated image of what grows in Australia rather than a hybrid mix of what is indigenous to this continent and what's been brought in from other parts of the world. One effect this has is to attract all kinds of birds and we've enjoyed looking at and listening to them as much as we have enjoyed the plantings. Kookaburra does sit laughing in the old gum tree, just as that old Girl Scout camp song²⁰ says!

This is a fairly dry area, which helps make the Rain Forest Gully our very favorite place in the gardens. The gully is kept cool and pleasantly moist by water jets which spray a fine mist into the air at carefully controlled intervals. You stroll along the bottom of the gully on a wooden foot path that wends its way under tall tree ferns, listening to the water run down the tiny creek and the sound of the water jets with their gentle hissing noise. It's a delight – a restorative to mind and body.

There, as elsewhere in the gardens, the plants and trees are well laid out and carefully labeled. There are four separate, occasionally overlapping, trails through the gardens. The Aboriginal Trail marks the shrubs and trees which the Aborigines used for food, medicine, or "recreational narcotic" effect. The most amazing thing is that they ever figured out how to make use of the plants which were poisonous. If I'd seen people become very ill or die I'd stay far away from whatever the plant was! I can't recall the name of the plant, but one was ground into a flour of sorts and made into a paste which was mixed with ants to form a culinary treat. Sometimes the descriptions seemed not far short of providing recipes – but I wasn't tempted to try them. I'd have to be lost in the Outback before I'd feel any possible interest in sampling what some of the plants and shrubs had to offer!

The Bush Babies Trail used illustrations from Snugglepots and Cuddlepie²¹, a children's classic by author/illustrator May Gibbs, to identify and compare the real plant with what Gibbs had drawn. It's a good way to catch the interest of a visitor with childhood memories of the book – or someone newly introduced to it, like me.

The other two paths took us all over the gardens – past the Eucalypt Lawn, through a planting of acacias (wattle), and through the Rockery, which focused on small plants that would be lost in a larger planting. We saw bottle brush, banksia, many kinds of gum trees which perfumed the air with the slightly acrid scent of eucalyptus, a grouping of kangaroo paws and much else we're not likely to see until we take another trip to Australia. At least we'll have a lovely memory to take away with us – even of the gift shop and information center, with its exhibit on the sex life of the plants!

At the shop we bought a wooden angel with flowers from either the Christmas bush or Christmas bells painted on her skirt. That will be a reminder of Australia every year on our Christmas tree. I also bought one of those collapsible Chinese sun hats with poppies painted on the brim – a backup for my plain, unornamented hat which I've been using so regularly since arriving in Australia. Well, the more I write about the gardens the more attractive the

19. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Australian_National_Botanic_Gardens

20. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kookaburra_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kookaburra_(song))

21. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Snugglepots_and_Cuddlepie

thought of going back for a breakfast of kippers at the lunchroom becomes. Since we have to get the box of books and papers to the post office tomorrow morning for mailing, and Dick will be giving a colloquium talk in the afternoon, that may not be a practical idea, but

Last week was our "social" time in Canberra. One evening we were among those having dinner with Rodney Baxter and his wife Elizabeth. During the "mini-conference"²² later in the week we joined the group which had dinner at the Tang Dynasty restaurant, which is decorated in "the Art Deco style of 1920 Shanghai." It was quite nice and quite unlike, in looks, any Chinese restaurant I've ever been in before. We didn't learn the names of everything we ate, but the Mermaid's Tresses which started the meal were good. At the end of the week we had dinner at a Malaysian restaurant with Jacques Perk²³, his wife Helen and their little daughter Elizabeth. He's Dutch, has been at Stony Brook for nine years, but is now in the job market. She's Chinese and they are both physicists.

[Two magpies have managed to chase a rosella away from the bird feeder in the quadrangle. That bird feeder is always a distraction from whatever else you think you should be doing.]

I've continued to read while in Canberra – two or three books by Ivan Southall (Josh was especially good), a couple by Ruth Park (Roger Bandy, done in verse and illustrated by her twin daughters, was simply delightful) in addition to children's classics like May Gibbs' Snugglypot and Cuddlepie, Dorothy Wall's Blinky Bill ("classic" though it may be, I didn't particularly like it) and Ginger Meigs at Large, written by James Kemsley and based on the comic strip by Bancks from the 1920s. I don't ordinarily care for "based on" kinds of books but this one had a charm of its own. I also finished James Clavell's Taipan, which was an enjoyable tale. Now I'm left with his blockbuster Noble House for my light reading in India. Since that's about 1300 pages I'll probably still be reading it after our return to Madison.

Last weekend we went off exploring by bike. We walked to a bike rental place on Lake Burley Griffin²⁴. Named for the American architect who designed Canberra, this man-made lake was not actually developed until 1962. Newspaper discussion here, after the discovery of Burley Griffin's grave, has moved to considering, in addition to a headstone and cemetery fence, the possibility of moving Griffin's remains to Canberra. But I digress.

We biked across the Commonwealth Avenue bridge to the Yarralumla section where the embassies and high commissions are clustered. The Papua New Guinea and Indonesian delegations are tourist attractions in themselves. We got back on the bike path and off we went again on its well kept smooth asphalt surface. All that green space we traveled through is part of Griffin's plan, so I guess he does have to be given some credit. Since his plan doesn't do much for foot traffic I've been giving him demerits on that count ever since we arrived in Canberra. With no car we've spent a lot of time on foot. The whole of the city – the parts we've seen at any rate – strike me as monumental and institutional in feeling. The human scale is barely there. In any case the bike ride was marvelous – lots of green space for bike riding!

Since Dick hasn't been on a bike for three months and I've not been on one for eight or ten years, we followed our two hour bike ride with a relaxing two hour boat trip from from one end of Lake Burley Griffin to the other – beyond, actually, since the boat went some distance up the Molonglo River, which was dammed to form the lake. We had good views of the Governor General's residence and such public buildings as the National Library, the High Court and the National Gallery. And of course we didn't have to peddle an inch of the way!

22. [Miniconference on Harmonic Analysis and Operator Algebras](#), December 2-3

23. <https://physics.okstate.edu/people/emertitus-faculty-directory/404-bio-perk>

24. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_Burley_Griffin

We did "pay" for the ride for the next two days. I was saddlesore and Dick sneezed constantly after breathing all that good clear air – full of whatever it is in the air here to which he is allergic. We passed a plantation of cork oak trees just like what Ferdinand the Bull²⁵ used to sit under in order to smell the blossoms. We may have had to "pay" for the ride, but we'd do it again.

On Monday I walked in to see the National Library²⁶. It's in a building built in 1968 and subsequently expanded. It has a set of beautiful contemporary stained glass windows and three large, colorful tapestries done on Australian themes – very attractive pieces. There is also a frieze over the main entrance and a fountain outside, as well as a marvelous view of Lake Barley Griffin from the fourth floor cafeteria. I took a tour of the library which lasted most of an hour. We saw the map collection, which included Braille maps, and various special collections which had been given to the library over the years. They have a fairly extensive collection of oil paintings, prints, drawings and photographs with a focus on subjects relevant to Australia. In general, their collecting strength is in Australiana.

While I was there I also saw a sixteen minute video on the library and what it can do to meet the public's information needs – the needs of everyone from a businessman to a school child. It was quite good and very professionally done. I even recognized in it an actress whom we had seen a week or so earlier in the play Away! I did do some buying while in the library – some calamari (squid) in the cafeteria, to go along with the nice view, and a sixty-two page book on the history and collections of the library, which included some very nice reproductions of some of the art work owned by the National Library. I was greatly tempted to buy one of the posters put out by the Australian Library Association on the theme "Everyone Needs Libraries." The most appealing one showed a maiden-in-distress tied to a railroad track with a train bearing down on her; she's reading a volume entitled Very Short Stories. Another poster has a man standing on a platform high off the ground ready to do a high dive; the book in his hand is entitled Taking the Plunge. The third poster depicts a man pulling out of a top hat a giant, spotted green monster; the book of instruction he's reading is called Magic for Beginners. Ah, the opportunities one misses!

From the Library I walked to the High Court building to get a closer look at the waterfall that flows down a series of irregular steps. It's a nice one. I also looked at the sculpture display inside (that wasn't too impressive) and had tea and scones in the cafeteria (the best scones I've eaten in Australia). I've concluded that all these public buildings have their own cafeterias because they're so isolated from one another and from the rest of the city; this way the people who work in or visit these buildings can eat lunch or have tea without an excessively long trip to get it.

We got our immune globulin shots this afternoon and then did a little more shopping we wanted to finish before leaving for India – a water bottle, tapes and batteries and a bit more food to see us through the next couple of breakfasts. Tomorrow I should do some letter writing while Dick is giving his talk and somewhere in there we have to get serious about packing. On the move again – with the first move being another package off to the post office to be sent home.

Thursday, December 10

One thing worth perhaps a passing mention is the National Film and Sound Archive²⁷, which is just a five minute walk from where we live. Until 1984 its functions were part of the

25. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Story_of_Ferdinand

26. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Library_of_Australia

27. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Film_and_Sound_Archive

National Library, which still circulates films to the public. The collecting of these types of items, however, is the responsibility of the Archives. The change was sparked by the great expansion of Australian film making in the last ten years or so.

There is not much open to the public in this building that was originally built for other purposes. (Busts of Pasteur, Lister and other scientists are on the walls and other parts of the decor focus on things botanical.) They do have one large exhibition area in which I spent a good deal of time with the display "Gone Bush: The Australian Landscape in Film and Sound." You could hear recorded bird calls and also see a range of newsreel pieces from 1937 to 1968 and films and mini-series from 1921 to 1986 which focused on the Outback. Another part of the exhibit presented radio items and sound recordings but I spent my time with the film images of Australia. It will be a while before the organization reaches its potential, but I was interested enough to stay until they closed the exhibit area. I missed pieces from The Man From Snowy River and Return to Eden because they were ready to close for the day before I was!