

# THE TRAMWAY MUSEUM - THE ROUTE AHEAD

## Museums and their Role in Education

**Peter Macinnis**  
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It was a warm, Sydney summer's morning that day, and Sydney Harbour was packed from shore to shore with flag-covered boats. The boats, in their turn, were all crowded to the very gunwales with festive Sydneysiders, excited holiday-makers, all agog and waiting for their long anticipated Great Day. High above the boats, traffic on the Harbour Bridge had slowed to a standstill as more and more people and vehicles poured, or tried to pour into the choked city. The passengers in the buses and cars, wedged in the traffic jam, sweltered in the heat and fumes, but nobody cared. It was a typical humid Sydney morning, the sort of morning when even the freshest, most crisply-ironed clothes will cling, limp and moist, to any part of you that touches the seat. Yet even the morning's clammy humidity didn't put the celebrators off, for this was a special day.

No, it wasn't Australia Day 1988, it wasn't our recent celebration of the Big Bicentennial Binge. The morning I'm talking about was a full generation earlier, a third of a century ago. It was in February 1954; that a brand-new queen, radiant, we called her then, came to Australia, the first sovereign to grace our shores, and there was no doubt at all in our minds that she *did* grace our shores, simply by stepping onto them. It was a Royalist, even Imperialist age, and republicans kept their heads well down in those days, for this was a time when we still celebrated Queen Victoria's birthday, which we called Empire Day. Realists were soon to change its name to Commonwealth Day, and soon they would scrap it altogether, as the Winds of Change blew cold. But in those days, cracker night and red-white-and-blue patriotism were all rolled up into one.

We kids had no doubt at all about where we stood on these things: where we stood was that we all stood up at the end of the movies, while we listened to a scratchy rendition of "God Save", with even scratchier images flickering across the screen. We might have been strong on patriotism, but not as strong as the cinema owners were on penny-pinching. Only the truly daring rushed out at the end of the movie, moving fast, so as to be out of earshot when the National Anthem started, for if they could still hear the music as they fled, then even the most daring would stop, frozen to the spot by some magical, musical, patriotic spell. Everybody was automatically British in those simple days.

So red, white and blue were everywhere that day, hanging from the light poles, strung around the doors of houses like Christmas decorations, up and down the ten-story skyscrapers that were the best we could do in those days, in the ribbons in girls' hair, and even on the milk bottle tops. And we all thought it right and proper, you see, for Royal fever was everywhere. So the swelterers in the buses suffered happily — it was all worth it, they thought, to be part of this national special day. But while the road passengers suffered on the bridge, there were those who crossed the harbour in comfort. Not in the lovely old steamers chugging beautifully out from Manly, with their open engine rooms, pits of mystery for all small boys, and maybe for small girls too, but I wouldn't know, pits of mystery from which warm air, tasting deliciously of hot oil and hotter brass, gusted up at you as you hung over, watching the pistons. But it wasn't in the Manly ferries. And not in the shuddering vibrating timber launches, the inner harbour ferries from places like Mosman and the Zoo, for these, like the Manly ferries, had all been stopped on account of the harbour being chockers with boats.

To cross the harbour in style that day, you travelled by rail. Not in the sardine-packed, impersonal and snooty North Shore trains, but in trams, on the eastern side of the bridge, where the Cahill Expressway lanes are today. Trams. Nice, cool, open vehicles where you could look out up the cluttered harbour as you

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whooshed over the bridge, seeing all the way up to the Heads. And when you got tired of that, you could watch the driver doing whatever it was that drivers did, or you could chatter excitedly at the conductor. If you were ten, you could, and the conductor would put up with you, even indulge you. They're sacking the last of the bus conductors this month, I'm told. They've been replaced by tinny little red machines that whirr and buzz at you when you get it right, and bleat and beep at you if you get it wrong. But in those days, you could still get on a toastrack tram and see human conductors working the footboards. So in spite of the Royal frenzy, there was one small boy, squirming with excitement between his parents, wedged away from the door so he wouldn't fall out, who couldn't care less about the Royal Visit, the Empire, the Commonwealth or the shiny police on their shiny new Triumph motor-bikes, or patriotism. He was riding his first tram.

I was a wartime baby, and grew up in the tram-deprived ghetto that was post-war Manly. Oh, there were signs of where the trams had been, sure enough, like the old tracks that were half-tarred-over and which erupted here and there through the road surface, to lurk in wait to snare my mother's high heels. Then there was the old tram road, snaking and winding its way up out of Manly, heading for the top of the hill, to wander along the ridge, only to dive, snaking and winding again, down the other side to The Spit. But no trams any more. None at all, not around Manly.

Of course, I'd been on trams in the city, but you couldn't really call those *tram rides*, now could you? Not when they kept jerking to a halt and then rushing off again, just like an all stops bus. No chance at all of them shooting through, now was there? So that day in 1954 was my first real tram ride, and I only managed a few more such treats before the trams were banished from our streets by the Transport Philistines, and I forgot them. Well, almost forgot them.

Then two years ago, I went off down to Melbourne to attend an educational conference that was held at the University of Melbourne. There were about two hundred people there, all of them educational researchers of one sort or another. I presented two research papers about a couple of odd bits of statistical trickery that I'd been working on, and the five or so people who'd been my audience then gave **their** papers to the same select little group. Nobody else came near us. You see, nobody else at the conference understood us number-crunching statisticians, and we didn't really want to know about them, because they were sociologists, so there wasn't much left for us to do after we six had talked about each others' papers. Which is why I happened to go wandering down through Carlton to the city.

And I discovered trams! Real trams running along real streets, trams with flags flying bravely from them, trams with surreal Leunig cartoons painted on them, trams that you could ride on for almost nothing. Just buy a two-hour ticket, and away you go. I did: all over Melbourne. I still don't know much about where I went in Melbourne, for I would simply climb aboard a tram, ride it to the end, then ride another one back again, and I hadn't a map, but who cares? I didn't: it was like being reborn, or at least it was like being ten again.

And that's why, a generation after my first tram ride, just a few months ago, I took my children for their first tram ride, down at Loftus. It was worth it, just to see the glow in their eyes, but I suspect that part of the glow that I saw was reflected, having originated in my eyes. A week or two earlier, I'd ventured out to Parramatta Park, which is an hour's drive from where I live, to visit Old Government House. I took my fourteen-year-old son along as company and as navigator, and it was he who discovered that there are trams in Parramatta Park. To cut a long story short, we struck it lucky: It was the third Sunday in the month, and we ended up spending a couple of hours clambering over everything in the sheds and out of them, and learning a great deal more than we ever imagined about light rail services. So what with one thing and another, we made it to Old Government House before it closed, but never did get to Juniper Hall, which had also been on the list for that day, but I didn't mind, and I don't think my son did either.

It's people like me, the ten-year-olds who never grew up, that I suspect are the backbone of your body of customers in the tram museums of Australasia. Most of us enthusiasts are pretty harmless, though everybody in the museum game is wary of the occasional fanatic who sidles up to you, wearing a lopsided leer on his face. I know that steam engine drivers at the Powerhouse are: when a wild-eyed, invariably male individual whispers hoarsely, "I love steam", they invent an emergency to rush off to. but at the same time, we have to

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remember that these enthusiasts, even if they *are* wild-eyed fanatics, are the people who help pay the running costs of your museum.

I think it's fair to ask, though, how often do they come back, these enthusiasts? And, do they bring paying customers with them? And, what use is it to society to give people carnival rides up and down a short length of track? I would like to suggest to you that **any** museum, of **any** sort, if it is going to survive, needs to keep getting in the people, and it won't do that unless it is socially useful. There has to be more value in the place than looking at some old lumps of rusty rolling stock and some mouldy memorabilia.

I'd like to point out that, having mentioned our two Sydney tram establishments, I'm not suggesting that either of those is like that, far from it. I'm simply describing the downward path that any museum can drop into, even a publicly-funded giant like the Powerhouse, if it starts to get complacent. So please don't think that I have any particular museum in mind. I do, actually, but it is in Queensland, and it doesn't have any trams anyhow. Well it's always easier to criticise, especially when you won't let on who you're criticising, than it is to get it right. The sad thing is that many of us only get to the stage where we criticise.

We don't sit down and ask ourselves how we can improve things, so that the criticism no longer applies. Well I'm an educator, rather than a museum expert, and the title I've been given for this talk is "The Tramway Museum - the Route Ahead". It's about time I got down to it. So let's see if I can come up with some ideas that might help you to keep your museum on the best possible route ahead, and not on a downward path. Let's look at being socially useful.

My title at the Powerhouse is Community Services Manager, and I find that title a damned nuisance. People hearing the name think that I must be involved in community service orders, or social services, or public relations, or any one of a dozen other things, none of which is what I really do. But I wouldn't change the name, not for quids. Community Services at the Powerhouse is what we call our Education department. So why don't we call it that? Why not call a spade a spade, and all that? As soon as people hear the word "education", they think of schools and schooling. Most of them do, anyhow, but there must be a few people who have heard of George Bernard Shaw's comment, when he said "My education was interrupted by my schooling". That's how I see education, as something much more than schooling and dealing with schoolkids.

However you look at it, education can, and should be something that goes on right through life. People who may have lived with trams all their lives can still enjoy finding out just why the tram driver turns that funny handle at the front. Or if they know why, they can enjoy sharing their knowledge with others. But it would be a mistake to think that education is only about learning new facts and principles: often it's more a matter of seeing something again, freshly, with more mature eyes, or seeing something from a different viewpoint. Then there's learning to do new things, and learning to care more. That's educational, too, and people do much of it for themselves, if only they're helped along the road to discovery by somebody with a bit of foresight. If you plan it well, the way that people learn is so carefully disguised, that they don't even realise that there's anything *to* learn. They learn, or are taught, by stealth, or at least that's what we set out to do.

Let me give you an example, one that I know well, the Powerhouse's Locomotive No. 1. This, for those who don't know it, is our first ever locomotive to run on a line in New South Wales, complete with three reconstructed carriages, one each of Third Class, Second Class, and First Class. Loco No. 1 sits beside a mock-up railway platform in the Powerhouse, with occasional props scattered around, the odd cage of chooks, a hat-box and so on. There are a few pictures and a few labels to look at, and even a couple of stereo viewers, one high, one low, for tall and short people to look into, with views of the development of the Zig Zag railway. I'll come back to the significance of these in a minute.

If you arrive on the platform at a quiet time, you may think that it's just another train. then you may hear a peewee in the distance, calling "peewee". When the museum first opened, I spent three days looking for that blasted bird, convinced that it was lost somewhere in the building. Then I twigged that the bird's call is actually the start of a sound track, and I relaxed and listened to the sounds that our audio-visual people have built up. first, we have a steam buff's delight of choof and chuffs, and then noises of a train squealing to a stop. That's when the fun starts, for there are other sound tracks as well, representing the sorts of

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conversations that you would hear in each class of carriage in 1863. And when you look into the carriages, you find there are dummies there, dressed in reproduction clothing of the period, and there are display cases, full of the sorts of things that those passengers would commonly have used. The train, and the objects, are put into a context. If you listen to the conversations that take place in the three carriages, you'll also learn about the railway itself, for the Third Class passengers include a fettle and his family, and in the First Class, the passengers include the railway's chief engineer, John Whitton, the man who built the Zig Zag railway. Hence the pictures on the platform.

Now let's ask ourselves for a moment: how would you go about dressing up a tram exhibit like that, putting it in context? What sorts of ideas would you like to present to the public? What would appeal to them, and educate them, and make them want to come back again and bring their friends? Obviously, you'll want to have tram rides. But are you going to leave the ride as just a carnival ride, something that lets your members play at tram drivers, or are you going to do a bit more? At Loftus, I found that you don't buy an entrance ticket at the gate, a conductor sells it to you on the tram. Maybe every tram museum does it that way, I wouldn't know. When you think about it, it's obviously a great idea, for it shows people how a tram conductor worked in the old days. But what else could you present to people, to give the tram ride some historic meaning? You might decide that the most important thing was to show what life was like for the tram crew, and how they carried out their tasks, what they were paid, and how the trams were cared for, but remember, it's John and Mary Public that we're trying to catch. What would they be interested in?

In the museum business, you see, we're all there for the love of it, either as unpaid amateurs, or as underpaid professionals. The public aren't quite like us: they may be interested, but they don't LOVE the museum objects. So they'll be more interested in how their ancestors would have used trams, where they would have gone on the trams, things like that. As most people aren't the descendants of tram crews, they want to know about the ordinary people, the passengers on the trams, and why they caught trams. I know, for example, that people used to go home for lunch in old Sydney, using the horse-buses to get there, and back. I don't know when this practice stopped, or whether it continued into the age of the tram. If I were presenting a display on Sydney's trams, I think that might be a useful thing to follow up on.

But why should we bother? What's in it for us, the museum bods? Our pleasure and amusement aside, ignoring the joy of producing a fine exhibit, what purpose does it all serve? I spoke earlier about knowing, doing and caring. Educators love grand noises, so they call these cognitive, psycho-motor and affective domains, but let's just stick to knowing, doing and caring. The main thing for museums is a matter of winning hearts and minds, passing on values that we hold, sharing those values with others.

Now whether you're talking environmental education or museum education, the same general aim is there. so I'm going to share with you a few tricks of the trade that are used in teaching about pollution and conservation. Environmental educators tell us that there are three things they try to do: getting people to care about the environment, or pollution, or whatever, getting people to do something about it, and getting people to know about it. So long as you get any two of these, they say, then the third will follow fairly automatically.

In the museum game, we have to get into the values area, to make people care about preserving our history. You don't need to teach people about the value of ripping down beautiful things, wrecking and starting again: they seem to learn that for themselves, without any help. We have to teach them to care. Getting people to learn and enjoy is usually easier, and if they enjoy themselves, the action will follow. So we need to teach them some facts, as painlessly as possible, and have them enjoy themselves. Then they'll feel the need to DO something about supporting the sorts of things that we care about. They'll be hooked.

But first you have to get the folks in there, to make them roll up to your doors. To find out what makes them come, we need some evaluation, at least at a simple level. Ask people what they liked, what they hated, and what they'd like to see more of, and be prepared to take it all with a grain of salt, for the public are good at contradicting themselves and each other. So then it's back to common-sense. The main thing that brings people in is a regular service: people need to know that you'll be there every Sunday, or every school holidays, or whatever. And, of course, if you've promised a service, you need to be sure that it happens, come what may. This is how you get people to return, or send their friends.

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Publicity and advertising are important, but they can be horribly expensive, and they may not even work. Here are a few ideas that may help you to get some free plugs. There are kids' shows on TV that are forever crying out for stories, and TV chat shows that can always use a short segment on what it's like to be a tram driver, and most newspaper columnists welcome the odd yarn, as long as it's entertaining. Ghost stories are good: we have two ghosts in our museums, one of them a paid staff member, if the truth be known. I must say our auditors reacted rather strangely when I told them about a special budget to pay the phantom at the Hyde Park Barracks. I'm sure they thought I was up to something. I was up to something, of course, but not fiddling the books. Our Ghost is a chap who wanders around in convict garb, talking to people about what his life was like. The journo's just love him as a filler for a quiet day.

The other ghost, by the way, was invented by our PR people, I thought, and he is said to work on some of our steam engines after hours. I thought they invented him, but the head of PR asked me recently, in front of a visiting journalist, if there really was a ghost. Now I know a good chance when I see one, so of course I said yes, and I embroidered the yarn with details of how it was thought to be a worker in the old Power House, who had been dreadfully mangled in the machinery, although I assured them that he seemed friendly enough. She looked at me rather oddly, and rushed off, taking the journo with her. Now she tells people that I'm cracking up and seeing things. Ah well, somebody had to pay for the free plug we got in a well-known paper. I don't mind. So media publicity is there to be had: all you need is a somebody who can tell outrageous lies with a straight face. But you can also chase after word-of-mouth advertising as well: It's just about free, and people believe it.

You can do your own word-of-mouth advertising by infiltration. As example, we have all forms of tram traction in our collection at the Powerhouse, although there's no electric tram on display, and our trams are stationary. Like many museums, we use volunteers to talk to people. So if you're part of a Sydney group, your members would be welcome there, and we're delighted to have you sell your own museum as well. We display the leaflets from Loftus, but they tend to be wasted, because kids take leaflets, but rarely read them. As I said, word of mouth is cheap, and it tends to reach those who are most receptive as well.

There are groups of senior citizens all over the place, who would be delighted to have a visitor come and talk to them about what your museum offers. You'll need a few slides and a few leaflets, but it pays off very well indeed. Next thing, you'll get a bus-load of senior cits, and most of them will be grandparents, and these days, many will be minding the kids at the next school holidays... You can see how it can all grow. Then there are the kids themselves. Schools are a good starting-point, if you can get them there on school visits. Schoolkids can be hard to take, but if they enjoy themselves, they'll be back again, too.

You have to talk to people, but remember the old adage: if you don't strike oil in five minutes, stop boring. Well, I've gone for more than four times that, so I'll stop, too, but I'd like to leave you with a note of warning about the loony enthusiast, one of them in particular. You may well know this character, so I'll mention no names, especially as he's a close relative of mine. If you know him, you will also know that he eats, lives, talks and dreams trams, trams and more trams. Nothing but bloody trams, either real ones or models. So in an attempt to widen his horizons, I suggested to him that he take up gardening.

"But I live in a flat", he said.

"No problem", I said. "I'll get you some of those Japanese miniature plants."

He didn't look too fussed about the whole thing, but he agreed to give it a try, and for a while, he bored the family with talk about gravel, kinds of pot, pruning, watering, moss, and the possibility of working with Australian native plants.

Then suddenly he reverted to talking about trams again. So I went round to see what he was up to. As I walked up the path, I noticed that his garbage bin was overflowing with tiny dead plants. It didn't look good, but then I realised there were no pots in the bin, and my hopes rose again.

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The door was ajar, so I walked in, and there he was, seated at a table covered in those cute little dishes that the Japanese grow their plants in. But there were no plants, just model trams, in all the pots. One thing was quite clear: I was beholding a backslider.

“And just what are you doing?” I demanded.

He turned and beamed at me. “My boy”, he said, “I think that I now have the world's biggest collection of Bonsai trams.”

Amid laughter and applause, Peter Macinnis asked if there were any questions...

**Don Campbell (SPER):** When you mount your displays down at the Powerhouse and you have model people with clothes on, where do you get your models from? It seems to me the only ones available are fashion dummies and they just don't seem to look right.

**Peter Macinnis:** Unfortunately I cannot answer that question as I am not involved in mounting the displays, I am an educational person. They do, however, look very realistic. The reason why they are in grey is that although the dress is typical of the period it is not in the right material for that period.

**John Radcliffe (AETM):** I asked them the same question when I was there yesterday. They called tenders for six dummies and received replies from six suppliers but came to the conclusion that Australian companies cannot make them to the standard required and they would have to be imported from Britain. They eventually found one manufacturer, craftsman may be a better word, who supplied the dummies you see on the railway train and they cost about a quarter of what was expected had they been imported from Britain.

**Chairman:** Any other questions?

**John Radcliffe:** I get the impression that you have been so busy running the Powerhouse that you have not done any survey of the visitors up until now, although I may be wrong. Are you planning anything in that regard?

**Peter Macinnis:** One thing you have to realise is, we are a public service organisation and we are still putting on staff. The person who would be doing that job has yet to be hired. We have been gathering a fair amount of data in the meantime, but we do need somebody to analyse it. So we do have some information on what is going on. We are more concerned, however, with the long term. Up until now, our museum has been, to a certain extent at least, something of a novelty that people come to because you want to be able to say you have seen it. It is now settling down to a regular audience, and the sort of things we'll find out are a lot of people are coming back for the second or third visit, we are anticipating our millionth visitor tomorrow by the way, but that will not be a million whole people, it is more like 700,000 because there is a very large repeat rate. But now it is starting to settle down to a regular visitation pattern. Earlier, it would not have been such a good idea. We have some information on group patterns, we know more about our school packages, if anyone comes through with an organised group we have more information about them. Basically, we have been running like hell just to stay in one spot.

**Howard Clark (SPER):** You mentioned return visits; that interests me as well. The other thing you mentioned was the periodic themes and changing of exhibits. Can you give any sort of rule on that in a tramway museum sense? It is one of the problems I see that we have in that we have a display hall where we exhibit certain things but need to have a theme or something that can be changed periodically so there would be an opportunity for people to know that there is at least one section that would be changing....

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**Peter Macinnis:** We are talking about Loftus here, so we will take Loftus as an instance as many of you will know, and the rest of you will know fairly soon. I would have thought, and this is very much a personal reaction, they are packed a little bit too close together. You have space there, and you are trying to make the best possible use you can of it. There is always this temptation to cram in as many as possible, so you are forced to go up one alleyway and come down the other. A little bit more room would have been better. It's little things like that which makes the visitor happier.

At the time of my visit there was not a lot of interpretation. There was one vehicle there, the counterweight from Balmain, I think it was, which had no signage around anywhere to tell you what it was. It could have been some interesting thing to do with trackwork, a small coffin car or what, or a piece of armoured something to break up the strikers in the general strike in 1918. It was difficult to work out what it could be, and people who are not used to transport museums need to know what they are. So certainly something like that is needed there.

The trouble is you then go overboard and say "We'll cover every wall with signage" which would take a visitor three days to read. You need to have a happy medium where you have some information about each object. The themes you would have to work out for yourselves. You might concentrate on the way that people used the trams or how the tramway system developed, or something like that, and then work from there.

Certainly at the Powerhouse we have approximately 20% of the mass of our material on show at any one time. We have some 750,000 objects, by the way, and only 9,000 on show, but we have a lot of big ones so it is about 20% of the mass. We are looking at changing over every seven years and we will still be going in 35 years time. By that time we will be displaying to another generation and can start all over again.

It is just a matter of finding your own themes. If you can get school groups, for example, you may need to talk to a couple of history teachers to find out how it would relate to the history syllabus, or how you can relate it to the industrial arts syllabus in some way so that people would want to come down and see it as a group like that, and try and rope a few of the teachers into developing some sorts of work sheets.

Now, work sheets for kids are not a problem, you can start developing these for school groups. For most people, a work sheet is a list of twenty questions to answer facts. 'What year was the so-and-so tramway opened?' That is another thing you ought to do: 'Why do you think there was need for a counterweight on the Darling Street Wharf line?' Maybe they don't need to write down an answer now. They can go away and find the counterweight, see what it was, see if there is any signage around it, think about it and discuss it afterwards.

That is the sort of thing you need to work out. That is what will get the schools coming back again and again as they will feel that it is teaching the kids much more than just learning facts. My fourteen-year-old son went for his geography exam yesterday and because it required quite a bit of interpretive material he said "I went and studied for that exam and learned all the facts and they didn't have a question about facts". Now that was a good teacher. He wasn't asking kids about facts, he was asking them to show they could use facts when given to them.

**Question:** Is it appropriate to mix signage with your take-away material?

**Peter Macinnis:** I think it is very appropriate to mix them because there are a lot of things that people really want to have to take away with them. They also go a lot further. If a person is interested enough to take away a Loftus leaflet from the Powerhouse, they are interested enough to go in the first place so there is a good chance they will talk about it.

Keep in mind, with kids there is a lot of 'show and tell'. One of the reasons why I get to so many places is that I am working at the moment on a book which has the working title 'Any Kids Guide to Sydney', it is a sort of counter culture, if you like, tourist guide. All of the nice things you can do which are basically fairly free. So while I am researching this, I keep taking the kids off to things to gauge their reactions. That's how I got to Loftus, that's how I got to Parramatta Park and so many other places. I take the kids for their reactions

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and they take all the leaflets to school for 'show and tell'. They take that particular leaflet back and talk about it.

I know for a fact that we have generated some custom for a number of those because parents have said "Hey, tell us more about this thing that so-and-so was talking about at school, we'd like to take...." My six-year-old is the main one who starts most of this off for you. It is a network that is around; you may not recognise the issue created by this free advertising but it is certainly worth having. So, a few leaflets they can take back, a nice picture of a tram, 'Come back once again to Loftus', a small model of a tram which is made out of cardboard which they got from the Easter Show. They take that along to school and "This is what I got, this is what we rode in, one of these, we rode up and down the track all day and had a marvellous time". It's great, word-of-mouth sales, except for the cost of Easter show model trams. Your take-away stuff is very important to help your museum be recognised.

**Michael Kerr (THS):** One of the things I noticed at the Powerhouse yesterday was that you have got a sign that you can't take photographs unless you ask permission and although there is a shop, the shop doesn't cater for most of the displays you have out in the foyers.

**Peter Macinnis:** The situation with photographs is interesting. Most people taking photographs in a museum find themselves in low lighting conditions. We have those low light conditions so we don't damage organic materials, including the paints. So they solve this problem by instant flash light. Now flash light contains ultraviolet light which really rips the guts out of anything organic, whether it be wood or cloth or paint or whatever, it destroys it. And that is the reason for the ban on photography.

In the longer term there will probably be collections of slides on sale but they aren't there at the moment. You can take photographs, you can use a tripod, you can use a fast film but you can't use a flash.

You can't photograph things that are not ours. If we have things that are on loan we can't give you permission to photograph that. So if you are interested, fill out a form saying I would like to take photographs, you are told these two things and explained why and you are free to go.

In the long term you will given a large fluorescent label which goes on you shirt saying you are a cameraman. Flash is definitely a no-no. If the press want to come in and take a photo, we have to put up with that but it makes it difficult to tell the general public not to use a flash, it is not allowed, and the press are there. The other thing is, we use security cameras and if a flash goes off up the barrel of a security camera when it is operating, under certain circumstances you can blow the tube and at \$800 a time it is another reason for not wanting flashes in there.

As there were no further questions, the Chairman thanked Peter Macinnis for his contribution to the Conference and declared the first session closed.