



LOCATING SUBURBIA

MEMORY - PLACE - CREATIVITY

EDITED BY

PAULA HAMILTON & PAUL ASHTON

Locating Suburbia
Memory, Place, Creativity

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Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton



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This eBook was designed by
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INTRODUCTION

THE POLITICS AND PASSIONS OF THE SUBURBAN OASIS

Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton

Murder in the suburbs isn't murder technically at all really is it? It's a justifiable reaction to aesthetic deprivation and golf.¹

Suburbia has been satirised and mocked by the best of them from George Orwell's 1939 caricature in *Coming up for Air* to Dame Edna Everidge from the 1960s and TV's Kath and Kim in twentieth-first century Australia. For many of the generation growing up in the twentieth century, suburbia is, on the one hand, the remembered nightmare from which the human chrysalis escaped to experience adulthood and its pleasures *elsewhere* – the stifling, conformist sameness which nonetheless hid evil deeds like murder. Others hold dear the wistful nostalgic memories about growing up in a domesticated cosy world of backyard games so effectively mobilised by conservative Prime Minister John Howard during the 1990s in relation to Earlwood, a suburb of Sydney.²

It is certainly the case that for the older generation who lived through depression and war in the twentieth century, the suburbs represented safety and peace – 'a roof over our heads'; 'a place to call our own'. Like the soldier who came back from Changi POW camp, kissed the ground at Narrabeen, a suburb in Sydney, and said: 'this'll do me'!, the expanding suburbs after the 1950s were the retreat for many men after

time abroad in global conflict; a place to replenish the spirit and build again – individual lives, families, homes, garages, sheds, gardens, lawns. Suburbs have also been long hated,³ and more recently loved,⁴ by writers and intellectuals. They have also been perceived with an uneasy ambiguity, as ‘being neither town nor country, but an unwilling combination of both, and either neat and shining, or cheap and nasty, according to the incomes of its inhabitants’.⁵ This was the ‘half world between city and country in which most Australians lived’ that architect Robin Boyd decried in his elitist work on Australia domestic architecture.⁶ Recently, however, there has been a strong and growing interest in delineating the complexities of the suburban experience rather than simply denouncing or defending it.

Over the last twenty to thirty years, suburbia has had a make-over. How it is remembered and what place it has had in our lives has also been reconfigured. Many now accept that the nostalgia relates only to a childhood dream of the white Anglo-Saxon part of the population that obscured a great deal more than it revealed. Certainly the historian Andrew May argued in 2009 that ‘the reliance of the twin fictions of the novelist’s pen and of baby-boomer nostalgia for our predominant images of post-war suburban history precludes the prospect of developing more sophisticated historical narratives’.⁷ Even before the impact of the massive post-war migration, the suburbs were more culturally and socially diverse than we have previously understood. Class and religious divisions, if not always race and ethnicity, have a long history within suburban communities.⁸ Nowadays, the articulation of that nostalgic memory in public forums is strongly contested, as suburban places are made and remade over time.

In March 2013, for example, Peter Roberts wrote a column for the *Sydney Morning Herald* which had the heading: ‘What happened to the suburb I used to know? His particular suburb was Greenacre near Lakemba in Sydney and his article juxtaposed a suburban past and present. He remembers a suburb where he grew up during the late 1950s and early 1960s as a place of peace, sparsely populated, filled with boys sports and games:

Lakemba? Sure that’s where we went to the Sunday matinee at the Odeon every week and watched such pearls as the Three Stooges, Jerry Lewis and Ben-Hur.

Roberts does not mention that Lakemba is now the site of a mosque and one of the biggest Muslim communities in Australia. But most of the *Herald* readers will have this in mind. In his (Anglo-Saxon) memory, there was no violence as there is now, which he blames on the ‘enclave of Little Lebanon’. Greenacre and Lakemba now, he says, have been ‘turned into a minefield, or a battlefield, or a refuge

of drug dealers, criminals, drive-by shooters and terror'. His elegaic tone is one of sadness and loss:

That was my home – the place where I once simply couldn't imagine living anywhere else – transformed to the place where I could never imagine living again.

There were several responses to this letter which seemed to strike a Sydney nerve and gave readers a sense of how the media mediates our collective memories. At least two letters accused Roberts of cloaking racism in nostalgia. Omar Sakr replied in the same edition of the *Herald* with an awareness about the public prominence of such views and how they need to be interrogated. Sakr is particularly critical of the assumption that all of the problems are the result of another ethnic group, as though murder and rape were not part of any other suburban culture. This view, he says, absolves one group for taking responsibility for the problems of the community as a whole. For him, growing up in this area probably twenty or thirty years later, the most important element was the camaraderie of his diverse delinquent friends.

One letter, though, was from someone who had lived for eighteen months in Lakemba until recently and also spent time there on a regular basis now. Con Vaitsas, now of Ashbury, claimed that Roberts' vision was 'way out of whack with reality' and very outdated. He argued that Greenacre and Lakemba were no longer predominantly the home of the Lebanese but a mixture of very different nationalities living peacefully side by side: 'my neighbours were Filipinos and Colombians on either side and Africans opposite us', he wrote. So his perception was one of a successful multicultural community.

Such an exchange does little to recognise the complexity of current suburban life but it does juxtapose the memories from different generations and cultures against one another as alternative experiences of belonging to particular suburban localities.

What is Suburbia?

Suburbs are geographically defined areas on a map, spatially located in our memories and also an idea: they colonise our imaginations as both inside and outside the pale. But beyond the government defined boundaries, how are they delineated? Are they anything beyond the city central? Inner city areas such as Surry Hills or Balmain are certainly not brought to mind by this term. Spatially the suburbs are seen as 'out there' away from the inner city which somehow don't meet the criteria for single story occupation on a block of land which we think of as characteristically suburban. But where does the inner city begin and end now? Redfern, Waterloo, Alexandria, Drummoyne,

St Leonard's? 'As a state of mind and a way of living', Humphrey McQueen has observed,

Suburbia is not confined to certain geographic areas but can thrive where there are no suburbs... It is pointless to lay down a criterion for suburbia that includes duplexes, but excludes a row of terraces. Where it survives outside its natural habitat, suburbia still aspires to the ways of living that are most completely realised by nuclear families on garden blocks with detached houses.⁹

The identity of suburbia, so far as it can be ascribed one, is shifting and insecure; a borderline and liminal space.¹⁰ Dominant stereotypes have listed it as 'on the margins' beyond edges of cultural sophistication and tradition' and the areas that make up 'sprawl'.¹¹ But in the twenty-first century this static view has to be modified somewhat. And it is evident from this collection that suburban dwellers themselves have redefined being cosmopolitan as house prices in the inner suburbs skyrocket and push people further afield.¹²

The study of suburbs is often viewed as separate from the city or the urban as a whole. But in fact not only are suburbs obviously integral; they are now part of the networked city, reinforcing much older electricity grids, transport and water services with contemporary communications networks, especially the internet and mobile telephony which has facilitated greater interaction between suburbs and across the urban generally. Suburbs are always relational in this sense and though we tend to throw a light on the local or the small concerns within the suburb as case studies, this collection does not argue for their isolation from the wider urban landscape, for we know that local knowledge too, has the power to change lives.

This collection was set up as a collaborative project by members of the Research Strength in Creative Practices and Cultural Economy at the University of Technology, Sydney, is in the first instance a testament to that range and complexity of twenty-first century responses to city suburbs, predominantly in Sydney, though with a nod to other suburban contexts on the most-populated eastern seaboard of Australia, such as Melbourne and Brisbane. Secondly, the collection showcases the lively engagement and interdisciplinary nature of the intellectual culture in the Faculty of Humanities at the University of Technology, Sydney, from the more traditional scholarly approaches of Humanities scholars to the range of cultural forms which make up Creative Practice in the academy, especially in this

case, Creative Writing and Media Arts.¹³ We had many seminars and discussions which took place in 2011 and 2012 about the ideas for the collection. We began by viewing it from the perspective of lived experience, always believing it possible that new technologies can create different spaces for collaborative scholarship within the traditional frame of a book.

And so it proved. We found that the tension between representing how a world was experienced while keeping that detached critical eye on its form and nature could work very well through a range of artistic and scholarly practice that spoke to each other. Karen Till, writing about her own engagement with memory studies as an artist, argues that more traditional scholars have a lot to gain by heeding the work of artists 'who also acknowledge the ways that people experience memory as multi-sensual, spatial ways of understanding their worlds'.¹⁴

Three distinct themes emerged in relation to the central concept of re-imagining the suburban which people researched and made for this publication. As our title indicates these became remembered suburbs anchored either by our own personal past or those of others, suburbs as places that were made and remade across time and suburbs not only as the subject for various creative representations but also increasingly where creativity as an identified practice or industry takes place.¹⁵

Some of our essays take as their subject particular suburbs such as Bondi, Manly and Campbelltown. Others range across time and the space of the urban and suburban. Others focus on those inner city in-betweens, subject of urban renewal and consolidation, such as Marrickville, Pyrmont and Balmain. Some utilise the concept of the even more local through a focus on the park, shops, the backyard or the suburban house. And still others explore what took place in the homes of these areas there that came to be identified with suburban life.

Referring to the suburbs of England, Roger Silverstone previously commented in his 1997 book *Visions of Suburbia* that 'An understanding of how suburbia was produced and continues to be both produced and reproduced is an essential precondition for an understanding of the twentieth century, an understanding above all of our emerging character and contradictions of our everyday lives'.¹⁶ Whether his argument for the centrality of suburbia to historical understanding still holds for the twenty-first century remains to be seen given the many different shapes it now takes in our imaginations.

MEMORY



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CAMPERDOWN PARK

John Dale

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CAMPERDOWN PARK

John Dale

Camperdown is not the kind of suburb that inspires allegiance. There are no commemorative plaques. No monuments to great men. Kings Cross has its dark side, Darlinghurst its gangster bars and Glebe its churches, but Camperdown is different.

It is defined not by what it offers or by what is gone, but by its proximity to other places. A suburb of convenience, the realtors claim, within easy reach of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Newtown's cafes and the city's oldest university. It lacks an urban village, the row of useful shops that define a real suburb. The few large stores scattered along Parramatta Road are disconnected from the residents: Ray's Outdoors, Godfreys Superstore, Drummond Golf and Workout World are located here because of the relentless stream of traffic that flows back and forth along Sydney's oldest and ugliest arterial road. Thirty years ago there was a bank and a post office on Parramatta Road but even then it was bleak. For the heart and soul of Camperdown lies not in its shops or services, but in its dusty park. Bounded by tennis courts, a bowling club and three giant Moreton Bay Figs, two of which were planted in the 1850s, Camperdown Park is also a late night site for one of the city's busiest gay beats. Police vans regularly cruise the park after dusk and council rangers monitor dog walkers and traffic infringements by day. Home to fruit bats, shire cricketers, a rugby union and league team and a contingent of personal trainers who gather their grunting clients at dawn, the park attracts lovers, bands of breastfeeding mothers, homeless men and aspiring boxers. On weekends it resembles a Ravensburger picture puzzle with multi-coloured bunches of people exercising, throwing balls for dogs, or staking out their patch of green. On Anzac Day elderly veterans march to the soldiers' memorial erected by the citizens of Camperdown in 1921. Now and then a brass band practices on the old rotunda, which was transferred here from Hyde Park 100 years ago.

Painted on the side of Building A of the University of Sydney's Mallet St campus, the ghostly face and torso of Chesty Bonds watches over the park. This cartoon character is credited with selling 150 million athletic singlets. The park was once the lunchtime meeting space for workers from the Bond's Hosiery factory, before the company relocated to China, and the Peek Freans' biscuit factory, now the Brain and Mind Research Institute. Traces of Camperdown's working-class past linger between the converted warehouses and factories that developers have renamed Sugarmill and The Gantry. One of the oldest industrial suburban hamlets in Sydney, Camperdown at one time boasted a foundry, a soap and candle makers, a coach works, a cordial factory, a tannery, a glassworks, two biscuit factories, and a prosperous pottery works founded by Enoch Fowler in 1837. At its peak Fowler's pottery employed over 70 men and boys. Robert

Fowler, who inherited the business from his father, built a grand house at 14 Australia Street adjoining the park, a two-storied villa with its own ballroom and gardens, a fernery and an orchard. Today, overshadowed by a featureless block of modern units, the house survives in disrepair with the name Cranbrook hand-painted in white on two sandstone columns. The park itself has had a multitude of uses, including a quarry, a rubbish tip and pastureland for the agistment of cows and horses. Horses have played an important role in the suburb's working class past. A stone and concrete memorial water trough stands in the shadows of the fig trees bearing an inscription at either end: *To Honour James Sullivan who lost his life on 23rd July 1924 when trying to save his employer's Horses from death by fire.* People sometimes stop and read the brass inscriptions before they move on, but the rectangular structure serves mainly as a ledge on which passers-by leave their drink cans.

According to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, at 7pm on the 23rd July 1924, a horse-driver spotted smoke coming from W.E. Budd's stables at Camperdown. In the stables were 66 horses and as the animals smelled the smoke they became panic-stricken.¹ Nightwatchman Jack Sullivan was in the north-eastern corner of the stables where the fire had commenced and where the flames were the fiercest. Nearby residents saw Jack Sullivan leading a terrified horse to safety. He ran back into the stables and was in the process of saving another horse when he realised his escape route had been cut off by the seething flames. He climbed to a ventilator above the stall but could only fit his head through the narrow opening. A woman living opposite the stables heard his cries for help and witnessed his plight. She ran into the neighbouring houses yelling for help. Several young men ran to the footpath below the ventilator with a pole and tried desperately to widen the opening of the ventilator. Others grabbed a ladder and an axe and tried to hack their way through the galvanised iron wall. They could see that Sullivan's face was blackened and his eyes were almost closed from the smoke rising around him. 'Water, for God's sake, get me water', he cried. The men hacked at the reinforced iron walls with tools and used a long pole as a battering ram. From inside the stables the screams and frantic kicks of the horses could be heard. 'I'm burning alive, I'm burning alive', Jack Sullivan gasped, and around him the galvanized iron walls glowed red from the intense heat. 'I'm done', Jack Sullivan cried and, loosening his grip on the ventilator, he fell back into the flames. Moments later, fire brigades from Glebe, Annandale, George-street West and Newtown arrived and broke through the iron walls. They found the blackened remains of James Sullivan lying beside the body of the horse he had tried to save.

Twenty-one horses perished that Wednesday night in the great Camperdown fire while 50 more were saved.² The fire made such an impact on the newspaper's readers and local residents that the RSPCA proposed in a letter to the editor to permanently honour the memory of Mr Jack Sullivan. A fund was set up to erect a handsome trachyte water trough to be called the 'Jack Sullivan Memorial Trough' at a cost of £200. On the following day, an unknown reader wrote to the *Herald* suggesting that the nightwatchman's name and deed live on to inspire the lowly and the great. 'Fearless of the horrors of that great stables', he wrote, 'where the menace of the cruel flames was intensified by the plungings of the maddened horses, ready in their terror to bite and kick their rescuers, Sullivan rushed in to save these good friends of man'.³ He enclosed a pound note for the fund and signed his letter: A Citizen.

The employees of W.E. Budd's stable suggested that the memorial to their mate be erected at the corner of Pymont Bridge Road and Parramatta Road, close to where the fire occurred. For 40 years the trough was used as a watering station by draymen, carters and horse-drawn lorries travelling along Parramatta Road until it was shifted to its current site beneath two old fig trees at the entrance to Camperdown Park. No longer used by Clydesdales and other working horses, the twin troughs filled with rainwater, figs and rubbish until local residents petitioned the council to have it removed. Marrickville Council responded by filling the troughs with concrete.⁴

While many of the narrow streets and lanes in Camperdown are named in memory of mayors and councillors who performed their elected functions, it is rare for a memorial to be erected to a workingman. According to the academic Chilla Bulbeck, 'memorials to workers are marginalised both in form and location... more likely to be a drinking than a decorative fountain, they are rarely grand or in the form of statues'.⁵ Sullivan's memorial trough is certainly not grand. The 59-year-old left no descendants, only his name inscribed on a concrete-filled tub. We know nothing else about this Camperdown Hero, as the *Herald* called him, other than that he lived locally and was an employee of Mr. W.E. Budd, who paid for his burial at Rookwood Cemetery. How many other stories of blue-collar workers deserving of recognition have been forgotten?

Camperdown is a slippery suburb to get a handle on. It is in a perpetual state of becoming. In the laneway behind our house another factory is being transformed into 19 boutique terraces each with its own double car space, stylish interior garden, and caesar stone kitchen with Smeg appliances. So says the online brochure anyway. The reality of this 'transformation' is different. Cement trucks and cranes block

the narrow streets, the noise of high pressure drills and concrete saws is disturbing; brick dust settles on the bonnets of parked cars and tradesmen wearing yellow reflective drill shirts drive back and forth with their radios up loud. Gone is the art deco apartment that once graced the top floor roof of the 1930s factory warehouse. Apart from the park, and the Dairy Bell ice cream factory, with its porthole upper windows, much of the old Camperdown has disappeared. This was evident as early as the late 1970s, with many of the older factories in Camperdown closing or relocating to the new industrial estates. Students took advantage of the cheap rents and un-renovated terraces and moved in alongside the retired ironworkers, fellmongers and textile workers. In terms of student desirability, Camperdown was several rungs below Balmain or Glebe.

Originally owned by William Bligh, the fourth governor of New South Wales, Camperdown Estate was named after the naval battle of 1797 when the British defeated the Dutch fleet at the battle of Kamperduin. Before European settlement the Camperdown area was thickly wooded and clumps of trees were still evident in the 1840s. Camperdown was the first suburb of Marrickville to become industrial. By the 1890s the suburb supported an industrial, working class and Irish-born population.⁶ Built on an unsound clay base, Camperdown suffered from poor drainage. Nineteenth-century residents who lived close to the Camperdown cemetery complained about the stench during the summer months. As one letter writer described it, 'the effluvia unmistakably suggestive of coffins and the sluggish stream flowing towards Camperdown thickly impregnated with putrescent remains'.⁷

An estimated 172 burials occurred between 1900 and the 1940s,⁸ but whether it was the memory of these paupers' graves or the suburb's gloomy, damp reputation, house prices and rentals remained depressed in Camperdown for longer than was the case in many other inner city suburbs. A creek had once run through the park, and the backyards in the lower streets of the suburb flooded in heavy rains. As late as 1981 there were no indoor toilets in a row of eight terraced houses in Gibbens Street and in a heavy downpour residents would have to wade through ankle-deep water to reach their brick outhouses situated next to the dunny lane, the cast-iron cisterns sheltering mosquitoes and huntsman spiders. These eight terraces in Gibbens Street were so narrow that it was impossible to fit a wardrobe up the staircase and bedroom furniture was either hoisted by rope over the balconies or left downstairs wedged in the dining rooms. Because of a lack of light the front doors were frequently left open and walking past these terraces, you would see families eating or watching television or sitting around in their pyjamas. In one of these damp, rotting terraces lived a stooped man in his late 40s with two school-aged daughters.

There was no mother around and each morning the girls took themselves off to school, the older one holding her sister's hand. Some evenings the father would disappear and return the next day sobered up, with armfuls of firewood and scraps of furniture scavenged from the laneway – a bed head, a broken lamp, an old radio. Passing his front door, you could hear the rattle of empty beer bottles and the sound of his singing as he cooked his daughters' dinner.

It is impossible to be nostalgic about Camperdown's working past, or to romanticise the smoky hotels, such as the Honest Irishman, now the Camperdown Hotel, stationed along Parramatta Road, with their tiled walls, foul urinals and terrible food. The best of those pubs, the Student Prince Hotel, is now a brothel serving the racing crowd.

A history of smells might reveal more about Camperdown than a history of facts, for the soap and candle works, the tannery, the foundry, the aerated cordial factory and the pottery works each produced their distinctive fumes, wastes and odours. The sweet jam and marshmallow smell of chocolate-coated Wagon Wheels baking in their trays lingers in the suburb's memory long after the Westons Biscuit factory closed in Barr Street and was converted into modern spacious apartments.

Guy Debord defined psychogeography as the study of the effects of geographical surroundings on the emotions and behavior of individuals.⁹ Certain suburbs like Bondi or Manly speak to us in the language of desire, of how we see ourselves, and how we want to be seen. Suburbs are brands just as much as cars and shoes. So I wish I could say how much I've enjoyed living in Camperdown, but that would not be true. It is purely a landscape of work. Lives are lived and forgotten. On Victory Lane near Parramatta Road there is a scrawl of red graffiti that says *Best to Forget*. If Camperdown could speak it would say very little. There are suburbs you don't choose but somehow end up in, suburbs that you keep coming back to but never will belong in. It is only towards the park that I feel any attachment. So much hinges on this park. Day or night it is worth watching. A pair of pony-tailed girls racing like gazelles across the oval, a council worker stirring up dirt on his ride-on mower, a cluster of builders in orange fluoro tops eating egg and bacon burgers under the fig trees. When the rain comes it washes away the dogs and walkers. Birds settle on the looping power lines and the rain flattens the grass, releasing the musty smell of the earth. At night a cloud of bats takes over the park and by 6am the first of the jet planes are banked in the sky and the fitness trainers arrive and unpack rope and medicine balls from their black Hummer.

Established in 1882, the park has changed little since it was transferred to Marrickville Council in 1968 and while the council has ruined other parts of the suburb it has left the park alone. Aerial photos from the 1970s show it was similar to today with no additional seats or plantings while around it change has occurred at a relentless pace. The Greek corner shop is now Chinese-owned and the Chinese consulate behind razor wire occupies an entire block. The beauty parlour was once a betting shop, while the sports physios is an art gallery. The paint shop on the corner of Salisbury Road was once the local butcher's. Needham's garage on Australia Street, which for decades serviced Studebaker Larks and Hawks, is now an architect's business and the café on Fowler Street that was once a store is now called Store. A memory of a place is merely a memory of the last time we remembered that place. Our memories, like the streets and homes around us, are constantly changing so that each time we visit a place we remember not what happened, but only our memory of what happened. Sydney Water is digging up cracked water pipes near the park and I have a distinct memory of men digging in that same spot 30 years ago. Developers have demolished the large Toyota dealership in Australia Street to build residential units but directions for its vehicles' sales and service remain on the website. Traces of the past mingle with the present. Memories are laid down over memories until it is meaningless to unravel them.



A boy is bicycling towards us. Behind him in the distance are two horse-drawn carts and the blur of a third dray on the crest of the hill. To our left is the park surrounded by wrought-iron fencing, which

will be removed during World War I. The park is gated and locked at nights in the manner of the public parks in London. Sandstone pillars mark the entry to the pedestrian paths. These tall gracious pillars, one crowned with a stone angel, will also disappear. There are no automobiles on the road, only piles of steaming manure scattered every five yards. In summer, dust from the dried horse dung on the street blows into front yards and open windows and breeds large numbers of flies; when it rains the liquefied manure and horse urine is carried into houses and shops on the boots of working men and boys. The sharp clatter of the horses' iron shoes on the road creates a constant din, which combines with the curses of the drivers and the creaking hickory and steel wheels of the heavy carts and wagons overloaded with ice and milk and building materials. Sometimes a horse will slip on the paved road and break its leg or collapse from exhaustion in the street. Dead horses are not an uncommon sight and their carcasses are dragged away.

A single gas lamp stands on one side of the street and on the other side electricity poles have been installed, although there are no visible wires. Fowler's pottery yard with its stacked terracotta drainpipes and chimney pots is separated from public view by a paling fence opposite the park and behind the open yard stands a row of eight identical terraces each with a narrow verandah. The grand house that can be seen on the corner of Derby and Australia Streets will be demolished in the early 1960s and replaced by a plain block of brick flats with Greek balustrades. The boy in the photograph is wearing a hat and coat. His bicycle is too big for him. The street is scarred from the wheels of the heavy carts and dampness hangs in the air. Perhaps the boy works at Budd's stables or at Fowler's pottery; the Cranbrook estate is to the left of the picture, its orchard and fernery overlooking the park. Or perhaps the boy is a messenger. Taken some years before the great Camperdown fire, the photograph is uncaptioned, yet the surroundings convey much about this working-class Sydney suburb.

Silently the boy rides down Australia Street towards us, bringing memories of the past.

Sarah Barns is a digital media practitioner and research consultant whose work sits at the intersection of digital design, arts installation, cultural heritage and place making. Currently working through creative collaboration ESEM Projects and an Associate of the Creative Practices Group, Sarah was awarded her PhD through UTS in 2011 and has produced a series of creative projects for organisations such as the ABC, the Powerhouse Museum and the City of Sydney. She loves to immerse herself in the past times of Sydney's places by incorporating sound, film and photography archives, which she imaginatively re-interprets using digital and physical environmental interfaces. See <http://esemprojects.com>

Chris Caines is an artist who has been working internationally in a wide variety of digital and electronic media for over twenty years. His work has been collected by and seen at many festivals and Museums including ACMI, The Queensland Art Gallery, Museum of Modern Art, New York, Tate UK, the Art Gallery of NSW and the Berlin, Venice, Cannes and ISEA festivals. This work has been supported by numerous arts grants, commissions and international residencies. He is currently Director of the Centre for Media Arts Innovation at the University of Technology, Sydney.

Anna Clark is a Chancellor's Postdoctoral Fellow in the Australian Centre for Public History at the University of Technology, Sydney two days a week. With Stuart Macintyre, she wrote the *History Wars* in 2003. She has also written *Teaching the Nation* (2006) and *History's Children: History Wars in the Classroom* (2008) as well as two history books for children, *Convicted!* and *Explored!* Her current project uses interviews from communities around the country to examine historical consciousness in Australia today.

Robert Crawford is Associate Professor of Public Communication at the University of Technology Sydney. His publications include *But Wait, There's More ... A History of Australia's Advertising Industry, 1900-2000* (2008), *Consumer Australia: Historical Perspectives* (2010) and *Bye the Beloved Country: South Africans in the UK, 1994-2009* (2011). He is currently working on an ARC-funded project examining Australia's advertising agencies from the 1960s to the 1980s.

John Dale is the author of six books including the best-selling *Huckstepp*, two crime novels *Dark Angel* and *The Dogs Are Barking*, and a memoir, *Wild Life*. He has edited two anthologies, *Out West* and *Car Lovers*, and co-edited a third anthology, *Best on Ground*. His novel, *Leaving Suzie Pye*, was published in 2010 and translated into Turkish. He is Head of Creative Practices at UTS and his research areas include narrative fiction, creative non-fiction, crime narratives and the novella.

Chapter 13: Camperdown Park

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CHAPTER 13

- 1 'Tragic fire: Man burnt to death. Heroic watchman', *Sydney Morning Herald*, 24 July 1924, p9.
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