

POSTSCRIPT: In April the dry spell broke. Rain fell for a week. The puddles kinked. The lake filled. Then the sun came out, and it was as if a curtain was rising on the third act of the Canberra performance. With an uncharacteristic dramatic suddenness that surprised even the planners in the Development Commission, Canberra came into focus: the vistas and the cross-axes brilliantly clear, the good scale confirmed. The blue sheet of water welded two villages into one city. The Griffin vision, the Commission's long-publicised aerial perspective, and the faith of many friends through fifty years were justified. Behind the trees and scaffolding the architectural antics carried on, but they didn't seem so important or disastrous any more.