

Coronet Among the Grass

shifty, as if he's afraid someone's going to come round the corner any minute and give him a bad mark. I've never understood whether it's because they don't actually like women or whether it's because they have spent so much time of their adolescence locked up with each other the sight of a woman gets them in a twist.

They're all right if they think you've done something. If they think you can read and write and might have one or two things worked out, they will force themselves to converse with you. But even then you get the feeling they've just switched on an egg-timer.

It isn't until you actually dine with them, however, that you realise to what extent they will go to avoid women. Not content with having clubs where women have to crawl up the back stairs in order to have a drink, where there are special pieces of carpet that women's feet must not be allowed to desecrate, they can't even bear to have the whole of dinner with them in their own homes.

They spend a fortune on a social event, building it up, mixing people like hors-d'oeuvre, and filling them with food and wine, then just as everything's going nicely they give the old lady a nod, and all the women leave the room so that the gentlemen can tell dirty stories and drink port.

There's always a look of despair on Clever Drawers' face when he sees this is just about to happen, because he likes women. Not only that but he likes talking to them as well. In fact he likes to talk to them more than he likes talking to men.

"It's amazing how long it takes people to roll a joint of grass, isn't it?"

Lady Thyng handed me my coffee cup.

"I always think it must be part of the fun," she continued. "Sitting there with the little bits of paper and the tobacco and so on. Otherwise why do they never get any quicker at it?"

"Because they're always too high," giggled Kate from the corner, where she was slaving over her joints. "Like some grass?"

Mrs. Moulded Chiffon stared at her disbelievingly.

"Not just for the moment, thank you," she said. And then in case Lady Thyng was offended by her refusal she murmured, "The young are so original nowadays, aren't they?"

There were sounds of laughter from the dining-room. It later appeared that Julian Fashist-Pigge had thrown a bread roll at one of the Pop. Half an hour later, the gentlemen joined the ladies.

Above the table in the hall there was a large poster. There was going to be a party the following evening, and the theme was to be "Revolution." I looked round the hall with its large inlaid table, its air of vulnerable capitalism. How many parties had it witnessed in the past? How many drunken revels? I can go on like that for hours when I really feel like it.

"I suppose this party's going to be nothing but Hooray Henriks."

Clever Drawers looked at me gloomily from over the side of the bath. He is constantly presenting a smiling face to the world, while intent on filling me with Grave Doubts.

"Oh I don't know," I said.

"Expect it will be full of Bloodies fresh from driving their motor-bikes round Harrods."

He has this dread of meeting Hooray Henriks in the Banking Hall at Harrods.

The trouble with Clever Drawers is that he doesn't like parties. He likes Dinner, and chat, and all that sort of thing, but he doesn't like a Party. Rooms full of people making merry are inclined to get him down, and the arrival of an invitation asking him somewhere can bring on one of those very quick and unexpected trips to Ireland that can really surprise a person, coming right out of nowhere as they so often do.

I must say, I can't admit the idea of a party ever makes me see stars, either. People always expect some-



thing out of you at a party, something extra, something you can't quite put your finger on, but you know you haven't got. You're meant to be different from normal at parties, full of hairstyle and joosh, and you're meant to dance and rush about, and I don't like dancing or rushing about.

Meantime, there was

another dinner and another breakfast to get through.

"Thank heavens when a fellow goes shootin' and talks about grass, at least he means the stuff you walk through."

Mr. Moulded Chiffon banged his coffee cup down and prepared to leave the dining-room as one of the Pop floated in.

"Wait for me, man," said Sammy Denim, looking up from his newspaper. "I want to come, too, man."

"I am quite well aware of what sex I am." Mr. Moulded Chiffon glared at him. "But I am not aware of why you should want to shoot."

"Listen. It's this whole life and death thing, man —" Sammy got up and sauntered out with him. "This whole life and death thing."

"Yes, but, dammit, what bore do you use?"

The door closed behind them. No one looked up. The clock ticked, and I felt that urge to go back to bed and go to sleep which is such a familiar part of the ordeal of staying with someone. The purpose goes out of life when faced with wondering whether to go and see if your bedroom's still there, or sit looking out of the window with an old copy of "Country Life."

"Gosh, how super"

The Pop did not come down to lunch, so we ate alone with Lady Thyng. She avoided all topics of conversation, a practice which amounts to genius in some women. Afterward you wonder how they managed to achieve it, but at the time you are aware only that the air is filled with verbal reactions.

"How wonderful."

"How clever."

"Such fun."

THE trouble with fancy dress is that once you've made your entrance, and everyone's had a good laugh about what you look like in someone else's hairpiece with your teeth blacked out, you're left feeling like yesterday's lettuce. Somehow, the requirement of fancy dress is that you should behave all evening like you did when you first came in. You should snarl and grimace, instead of handing out olives and saying, "Gosh, how super."

"What's your knitting for?" asked Thyng.

"They used to knit while they watched the heads dropping off."

"Oh yes. So they did.

Well done, well done," he said this to a Karl Marx who had just come in. "I keep having to tell everyone I'm Rasputin," he complained.

"No one seems to realise what Rasputin looked like. Do you know, this belonged to my Grandfather? I'm exactly his build. Feel this material."

"Fantastic."

"It is fantastic, isn't it?"

"Absolutely."

"I like your other half's get-up. Never realised he had such good legs. Ever been in a chorus line has he?"

He walked off, and I sat down. Mr. Moulded Chiffon joined me.

"Had a bloody good day's shootin', you know," he spread himself out on the sofa. "Bloody good. God this corset's killing me."

He shifted uneasily in his emerald-green evening dress.

"Was all Diana's damned idea. Sexual Revolution. I don't know. Just makes a change to see her with a moustache instead of lipstick on her teeth."

"Haven't had such a good day's shooting in ages. There are a lot of people down from London for this thing, you know. Thyng said Lady had asked a lot of people down from London. The Forums are meant to be coming. He's supposed to be a woman, you know. I don't believe it, of course, I think it's a lot of damned nonsense, but Diana says — Mind you, everything's upside down nowadays. You can't tell who's who. Will you excuse me a minute? Must just get some toppers."

He wandered off, the hem of his gown trailing across the floor.

Dinner was laid in several rooms. Karl Marx and I were on the same table, together with two other French and several Sexual Revolutionaries, and a Wheel. Mrs. Moulded Chiffon was one of the Sexual Revolutionaries. She kept feeding the Wheel his soup.

"I suppose you never thought Wheels had to eat, gosh how funny," she shouted through her moustache.

"What on earth made you come as a Wheel?" asked Karl Marx.

"I don't know. My wife said something about it was the first revolution — you know, the wheel and that sort of thing. And that started everything rolling. She's a bit highbrow."

"Must be bloody uncomfortable."

"It is. Trouble is, she got me into it, and now I can't get out. Knew what she was doing if you ask me."

"Gosh what fun!" screamed Mrs. Moulded Chiffon. "Do you want any more croutons?"

"No, and would you mind not showing that spoon half-way down the back of my throat?"

It occurred to me the fifth time I disentangled my foot from that of Karl Marx that



he might be taking the idea of communistic living a little too seriously.

Idly picking the banana out of my fruit salad, I realised that this was exactly the sort of thing that was meant to happen to people at parties. Parties are designed so that people can wrap their feet around you. The extra something that is demanded of you is a quality of give and take, an ability to play along and know exactly what's what. If you haven't got this ability, there's not much point in hoping you have. Much better to bare your teeth, as Worcester says, and potter about on your own.

I have been a habitual potterer at parties ever since I went to my first and spent most of the evening talking to the dog. I can tell you the names on most of the porcelains in most of the houses I've visited. They are something that becomes ingrained into the memory if you spend long enough pottering in and out of cloakrooms.

The names of porcelains are not to be despised. What better way of learning new words than through the study of significant objects? "Shanks Vitreous China." The sheer intellectual involvement of that word "Vitreous" is enough to idle away many long hours. The names of porcelains are to the cloakroom potterer what old photographs under the dressing-table glass are to the Nose Powderer, and both know at exactly what point to emerge.

I had arranged to meet Clever Drawers by the steps. On the way I passed Mrs.

Moulded Chiffon slumped on a stone bench.

"I am a camera. I am a camera," she kept saying, but she looked more like Mrs. Moulded Chiffon slumped on a bench.

The light was perfect. That grey-white turning into morning light that reminds you of crushed flowers and smudged mascara.

Clever Drawers was late, and I saw by the way he was limping that he had taken in more than the architect's plan of the house. It can take a chap quite some time to catch his breath when he's limping. He kept looking over his shoulder and saying, "Oh my God" in that rather annoying way people have when they know they've got something Really Interesting to tell you and they can force you to wait for as long as they like.

"You won't believe this," he said. He always says that when he knows I'm going to. "We'll have to leave," was the next thing. "We'll have to leave before something happens."

My mind ran quickly over the possibilities of what could happen. We could run out of small talk. That would be fairly serious. But Clever Drawers was looking extremely shifty. Could they have discovered the cake tin under the bed? The biscuits in the sponge bag? Were we going to face social disgrace on account of an unnatural predilection for fruit cake? Would it even filter through to the Press? "Lord Thyng denies Fruit Cake Orgy." Dot, dot, dot.

"Listen. Don't talk to me about him," Clever Drawers groaned.

"I'm not staying here. They could have raped me."

We went up the stairs to our room. On the way we passed one of the Pop who was bending earnestly over the hall table intent on inscribing it. Later, as we passed him once more, our suitcases in our hands, he was leaning back admiring the fruits of his industry. In the middle of the fine table, where before had been virgin wood, he had just carved "Make Love, Not War."

(c) Charlotte Brady, 1972. This extract is taken from "Coronet Among the Grass," by Charlotte Bingham, published by Heinemann at \$5.10.

NEXT WEEK:

FINAL INSTALMENT: A new achievement adds one to the Brady/Bingham team.



DAVID BOYD, his wife, Hermia, right, and their daughters in the garden of their Australian home in Paddington, N.S.W. They also have a sprawling farmhouse in the South of France. Girls, from left, are Cassandra, 15, Lucinda, 17, and Amanda, 22.

PICTURES:
 Sydney: Bill Payne
 Melbourne: Les Gorrie

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN



POTTERS Robert Beck and his wife seen making goblets in a pottery in the garden at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hatton Beck. Robert, also a painter, is a Boyd grandson.



MRS. HATTON BECK, born Lucy Boyd, works on a study for a mural. She and her husband, a well-known ceramist, work together in a garden studio at their Beaumaris, Vic., home.



PAINTINGS by Arthur Boyd, photographed at the Bonython Gallery, Sydney. Top, "Lovers and Crow" has a price tag of \$3200. Below it, "Hunter" is priced at \$4500, both oil on canvas.



GUY BOYD, sculptor, seen below with his daughter Lenore and some of his bronzes. Pictured at left is his most important work, which hangs at Sydney's international airport. Dramatic evocation of flight is based on an Aboriginal legend of two men changed into flying foxes, swooping to pluck a friend from danger. Lenore also sculpts and has exhibited her work in a one-woman show.



BOYDS

"The lavish talent . . . a recurring phenomenon"

PATRICIA MORGAN

talks to members of the gifted clan whose artistic achievements over more than a century have enriched the country's culture.

IT was a fairly typical week.

In Canberra, Arthur Boyd was making the most of the spell of fine weather and getting away from the house early each morning to paint the surrounding landscape.

In Sydney, David Boyd was busy on his latest series, "Orchard of Heaven," which dramatises youth's rejection of the formal trappings of religion. He hoped to finish enough paintings for an exhibition coming up in Newcastle.

His Paddington terrace is uncommonly spacious by neighborhood standards, yet one had to move gingerly

between paintings propped and stacked everywhere in varying stages of drying.

In the living-room, sculptor Hermia Boyd, David's wife, was unwrapping some large bronzes just arrived from Italy, where she had them cast. There was still plenty to do to finish them for her approaching exhibition in Brisbane.

In Melbourne, at bayside Brighton, sculptor Guy Boyd had just presided over the dispatch of a vast oxidised-silver mural commissioned for Sydney's international airport.

And a few miles along Port Phillip Bay, at Beaumaris, Lucy (nee Boyd) and husband Hatton Beck were absorbed in making their ceramic tiles in a studio

at the bottom of their untamed, sun-dappled garden.

Yes, it was a pretty usual sort of week for the Boyds.

If the question "What are the Boyds best known for?" popped up in a quiz on Australian art, it would produce many conflicting yet equally correct answers. Painting would be right. So would sculpture. And ceramics. And architecture. Name it, and there's a Boyd who excels at it.

Seventh generation

The more you know of it the more impressive is the sheer work record.

You get to feeling that, a bit like the sun never setting on the old Empire, there's never a time, in Sydney, Mel-

bourne, Brisbane, or Newcastle, in London, Los Angeles, or New York, when a Boyd exhibition isn't germinating in some febrile imagination, being executed in a studio, or being viewed in a gallery.

This lavish talent would be noteworthy even if the outcrop had occurred in only one or two generations. But it has been a recurring phenomenon. Now, in the fifth and sixth Australian generations, far from diffusing into different channels or slackening off, the output is growing apace. (The seventh generation already has a very few young members who no doubt are daubing aesthetically precocious patterns with their finger paints.)

Those who don't paint, pot, or sculpt invariably turn to some other creative outlet, such as writing books, poetry, or plays, acting, or composing or playing music. They just can't seem to stop.

In itself such dynastic talent would be claim enough to a certain fame. But there is more than art to their story. In early colonial times the Boyds—and the a'Becketts, who are the other lineal stem of the tree—were bigwigs in the Government, judiciary, and military of the Victorian colony.

(An a'Beckett was Victoria's first Chief Justice. In the 1800s the a'Becketts were very upper crust indeed, their social position upheld by that most reliable of struts, great wealth.)

If those recollections don't seem in themselves to merit being hauled up into contemporary light, we can always go further back—a lot further. For even when Australia was young the two families were already venerably aged.

The present doyen, author Martin Boyd, who is nearing 80 and lives in Rome, is by way of being the family historian. He has traced the two lines back to—wait for it—the Middle Ages.

The result of his painstaking and loving labors, undertaken some years back, is in the La Trobe Library, Melbourne, a voluminous account of "the Boyds and their alliances" and the "full

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BRANCHES OF BOYD FAMILY TREE

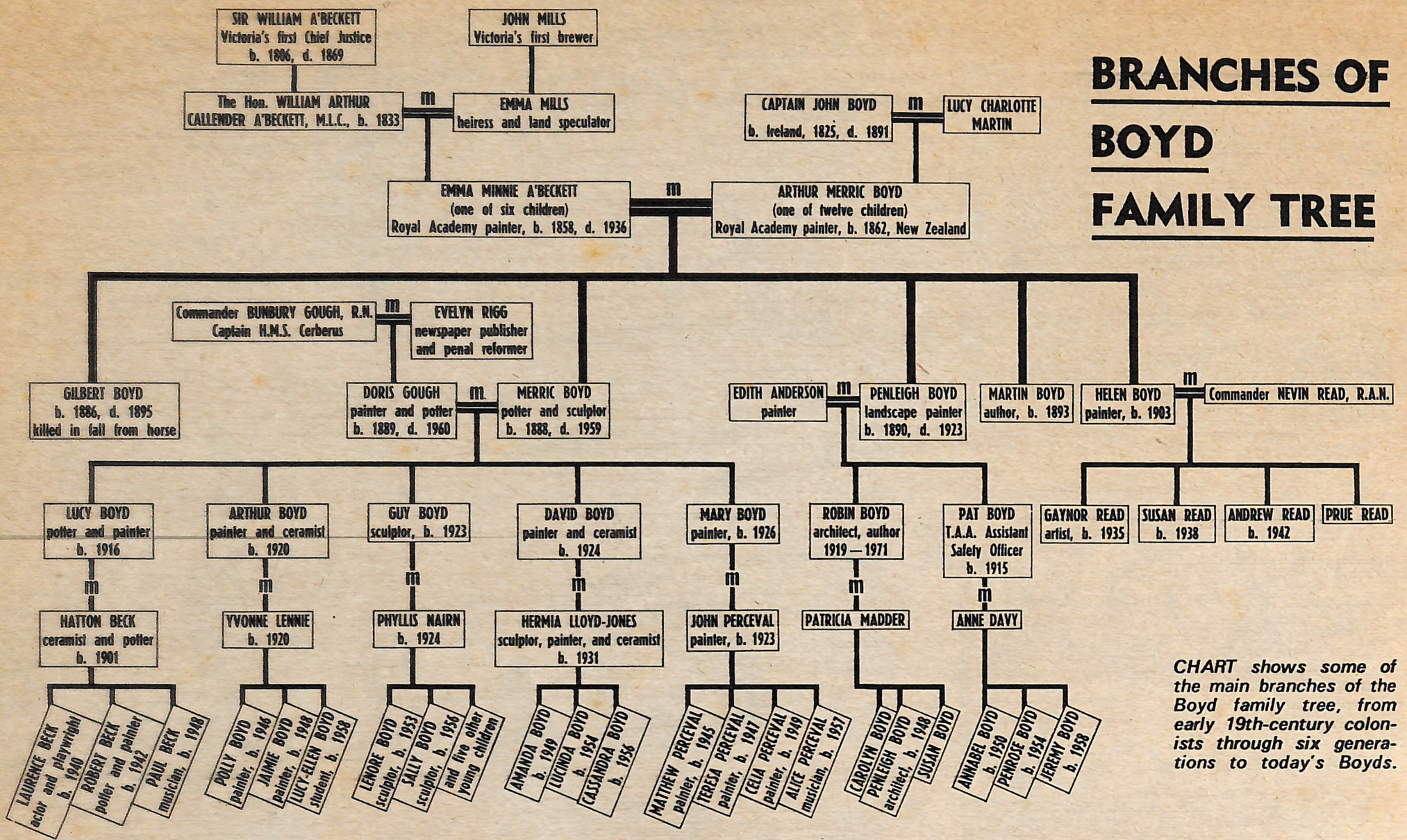


CHART shows some of the main branches of the Boyd family tree, from early 19th-century colonists through six generations to today's Boyds.

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pedigree" of the relevant a'Becketts. Among the earliest a'Becketts appears St. Thomas, the Archbishop murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in the 12th century.

"Uncle Martin," as the family calls him, supports his ancestral detective work with copious reference to authorities as impeccable as Burke's Royal Descents, Burke's Peerage, Burke's Landed Gentry, and Burke's Colonial Gentry. There can be no doubt he satisfied himself as to the historical accuracy of the family tree he drew up (and presented to the La Trobe Library), and also saw it as a fitting record of the Boyd heritage.

The first Boyds were the Scottish branch, of Kilmarnock, who served the House of Stewart, to which they also belonged by blood. Their story adds up to a feuding, sword-rattling saga which echoes down the centuries and might have given Rafael Sabatini a few new story lines.

An early Sir Robert Boyd was a faithful companion of King Robert Bruce, who rewarded him with a grant of the lands at Kilmarnock. Another Boyd knight, Sir Thomas, in 1439 slew an enemy "for an old feud that was betwixt them," and in turn was set upon "in plaine battle and slaine with manie valiant men on everie syd."

It was the son of this ill-fated Thomas who became the first Lord Boyd, an honor bestowed by King James II. Thereafter the family fortunes seem to have seen-sawed in royal favor and disfavor right down until the time of the 13th Lord Boyd, who was born in 1705. He seemed a much more peaceable chap, with a preference for dancing, music, and pleasure rather than warring.

But the system was too strong to buck and he had to take his place in the battlelines at Culloden. There he was taken prisoner and subsequently lost his estates and his neck, and was buried in the Tower of London.

Yet another Boyd escaped from Culloden to France. This utterly memorable description of his plight in flight is said to have been written by Bonnie Prince Charles himself to James VIII: "I have got accounts that B. arrived safe after a very narrow escape, for he fell into ye sea getting out ye

ship into a littler bote, being pursued by a man of war." Phew!

It wasn't much longer before the influence of the Scottish Boyds petered out, but ready to take it up was the Irish branch of Crosspatrick, County Mayo, mainly gentry of the Church and the military. One of them, Captain John Boyd, of the 11th Foot, born in 1825, brought the Boyd name to Australia.

Carriage elopement

In 1857, this Captain Boyd, living in Melbourne and sometime military secretary to the General Commanding the Australian Forces, figured in a romantically defiant elopement. He borrowed a carriage from a friend and sped off in it with Miss Lucy Charlotte Martin, daughter of Dr. Robert Martin, formerly of the East India Company, and then of Heidelberg, Victoria. He returned the same evening to explain to his father-in-law what he had done. (To what sort of a reception we are, alack, not informed by Uncle Martin.)

It was a marriage which produced 12 children. In 1862 one of the 12, Arthur Merric Boyd, married Emma Minnie a'Beckett. This was the meeting of the two family bloodlines and also of a twin stream of artistic talent, for both Arthur and Emma were outstanding artists of their day, having been hung in the Royal Academy. Paintings of theirs are in the Melbourne National Gallery.

The immediate background of Emma, who became "Granny Boyd," living until the age of 78, when

she died at Sandringham, Victoria, is intriguing.

She was the granddaughter of the first Chief Justice of Victoria, Sir William a'Beckett. And her mother was the heiress Emma Mills, who acquired a fortune from her father, the first brewer of beer in Victoria—an inheritance she added to substantially through land speculation.

In the leisured ease of the class to which they belonged, Arthur and Emma Boyd brought up their family. Their three sons showed outstanding talent, Merric as a potter and sculptor, Martin as an author, and Penleigh as a landscape painter. Penleigh, who had exhibited at the Royal Academy at the age of 21, was at the height of his popularity when he was killed while driving from Melbourne to Sydney in 1923, when he was 33.

This generation of Boyds was the last to live in the grand style—their English seat was Penleigh House, in Wiltshire, and in Victoria they lived at The Grange, Berwick. Until about five years ago, when the old place was pulled down, it teetered on the edge of a Berwick quarry, which had bitten right up to the back doorstep.

It is no wonder that in his books Martin Boyd rejected the new standards he saw around him as he grew older; nothing had prepared him for such change, and as for coarseness—never. (His parents often took the family to Europe for the season; in fact, Martin was born in

Switzerland and has lived in Europe most of his life.)

He was always a gentleman of the old school. He could speak without embarrassment of "our sort," the English gentry and the ruling class of Victoria in the 19th century. His Edwardian-style memoirs, "Day of My Delight," and his earlier novels, such as "The Montforts," a chronicle of his mother's family, reflected his awareness that the old society was fast disappearing.

And good riddance, some of today's more rebellious Boyds might say—provided they were out of earshot of Uncle Martin, for they are a clannish, affectionate tribe who would always show due respect for the head of the family.

But when they say today that they wish to be judged by their work and not their name there is no reason to disbelieve them. This is emphatically the view of Arthur Boyd, the most respected and successful painter of the family (and, some say, of Australia, though let's not get caught in critics' crossfire).

No interest

Mrs. Arthur Boyd added this emphasis to her husband's viewpoint (he was out painting the Canberra landscape at the time, but he is also known to be greatly skilled at dodging newspaper interviews and public pronouncements in general): "Arthur doesn't mind how often his work is reproduced. But he has no interest whatever in the family tree. He believes it

has been given far too much attention and ought to be forgotten."

Fifty-two-year-old Arthur Boyd, who has lived and exhibited mainly in London since 1959, came home a few months ago to take up a creative fellowship at the Australian National University in Canberra. He is now back in London, where two of his children, Polly and Jamie, live permanently. Both are successful painters.

But more and more Arthur Boyd has the dream of returning permanently "to a lovely little studio in the middle of the bush."

Mrs. Boyd explained: "We have a cottage in Melbourne. And we have a block of land in Queensland we are anxious to build something on as soon as possible, and perhaps come back. We love it here and are both feeling in better health this visit than we have for a long time."

Also returning home more frequently are the Paddington Boyds, who have a rambling farmhouse in the South of France. On their current visit, David and Hermia bought the Paddington terrace which was "already restored but not mucked up."

Predictably, their three daughters, Amanda, 22, Lucinda, 17, and Cassandra, 15, have already shown the customary artistic bents in all sorts of directions at once—design, painting, sketching. David recently found one of daughter Mandy's paintings in an Adelaide gallery and promptly bought it—I avoided pressing him on

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AUTHOR Martin Boyd, present head of the clan, snapped in 1969 in Rome, where he lives.

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whether he was persuaded by its artistic merit or a touch of paternal pride.

Lulu is currently studying jewellery design, and third daughter Cassy even printed some of her mother's etchings for a recent Melbourne exhibition. The three girls are also quite beautiful.

The day I called at Paddington, David Boyd was having an amiable pow-wow with the next-door owner about swimming-pools.

"It would be nice to be able to enjoy a dip in the backyard before we go back to Europe," said David, an easygoing fellow who manages, work aside, not to take himself or life too seriously. The neighbor had no objec-

tion to a pool and signed her assent. It's that sort of terrace.

While they were engrossed in business, it seemed the sensible thing to answer an insistent front-door bell. A cheerful Italian greengrocer, bearing a brimming basket of vegetables and fruit, bounced in and went straight to the kitchen. It's that sort of household.

"Bargers-in"

Though by disposition David and Hermia keep a hospitable table and a friendly open door, their generosity is being tested to the limit by touring Australians, who barge in on

them in their place in France.

"It's all right if they'll go off and look at the local sights during the day and come back for dinner," explains Hermia, "we don't mind that at all." And from David: "But you'll look up from your work and a strange face will say, 'I'm looking for David Boyd, so-and-so told me to look him up if I was ever down this way.' You can get as many as six different groups, one or two in each, in one day. It's hell when you are trying to work. So we try to keep the exact location of our place vague. Don't mind, do you?"

In their blond locks, their

manner, their way of life, the Boyds are remarkably alike.

There is a stamp of informality, generally a remnant of bohemianism, that is too pervasive to be anything but unfeigned.

"Why not, we're the same as anyone else, just people," said Lucy when I met her at Beaumaris, in Melbourne. Around Lucy, who is utterly puzzled by the pursuit of material possessions, bohemia is alive and well—the grass grows high, the trees as they will, and doors and windows are flung joyously open to nature. Boyds are easy to like, especially gentle Lucy.

Though her brother,

sculptor Guy, 48, has a different life-style a few miles back along the bay at Brighton—a white, two-storey early-Victorian mansion behind high iron gates—it is still Boyd country. Paintings on every wall, upstairs and down, a front room crowded with sculpture, a studio out the back, and good-looking youngsters everywhere.

Guy and Phyllis have seven children—from Lenore, 19, who had quite a success at her first sculpture exhibition last year, to Martin, a nappy-swaddled infant.

Lucy, Arthur, Guy, David, and Mary are the generation brought up in the Depression years at Murrumbena, now an inner Melbourne suburb but then still open country.

Their weatherboard house was shaded by sprawling mulberry trees, and while neighbors' gardens were neatly barbered, theirs grew wild. They recall today that from their parents Merric and Doris (he, naturally, a talented potter and sculptor, she a gifted painter), they received lavish love—the only thing there wasn't much of was money.

"In fact, we were extremely poor," Guy recalls. "We ran around barefooted in the long grass and had patches in our pants."

"Also we were to some extent ostracised because our father wore his hair down to his shoulders. He was too absorbed in his work to bother about haircuts, and would not have wasted what little money we had at the barber's, anyway."

"I think the way we grew up made us dependent on each other and this is why we are such a close family today. And apart from inherited tendencies it perhaps explains why we work as we do. We did not have any academic training, so we tried to make our mark in the only way we knew, in the arts."

Anti-killing

Their parents met as students at the Melbourne National Gallery school (where sons Arthur and David later followed).

David, who seems to have somewhat more relaxed memories of Murrumbena than Guy, recalls that his father would pick up a snail to carry it across the road. The family all share Merric's opposition to killing, whether in so-called justifiable wars or any other way.

But David, who is 47, reserves his greatest praise for his mother, "not just a fine artist and a poet and the possessor of great intellectual gifts, but a wonderful woman who kept the family together through all the hard times."

The figure of "Granny Gough" also dominates memories of Murrumbena. Born Evelyn Rigg, a Canadian, she was a militant journalist in early Melbourne. The family say she founded a newspaper (now defunct) and used it to proclaim her reformist ideals.

Granny Gough's husband was Commander Bunbury

Gough, RN, captain of HMS Cerberus, the ship brought out to defend Melbourne against the Russians. The commander's ceremonial sword ended up as a poker for the fire in the Brown Room at Murrumbena, and Cerberus as a breakwater in Port Phillip Bay.

But because it is Australia's first warship it is to be moved to the banks of the Yarra to become a maritime museum.

In the children of the youngest of the Murrumbena Boyds, Mary, there is one of the most marked concentrations of artistic talent. Matthew, Teresa, and Celia are all fulltime successful professionals who earn their living from painting. Their father is the noted Australian artist John Perceval.

Despite the achievements of the Murrumbena branch of the family, it is not the one which produced the most widely known Boyd. This distinction undoubtedly belongs to Robin Boyd—celebrated architect, author, and campaigner against the visual pollution of the urban Australian environment.

Robin was only four when his father, Penleigh, was killed in the motor accident in 1923, and his mother, deciding there were enough painters in the family, encouraged her son to take up architecture. But neither was Robin to reach his allotted span. He died last year, aged 52, from complications arising from a virus contracted in England, where he judged an international design competition for the new British Houses of Parliament.

His writing, which began as a hobby, made him famous, most notably "The Great Australian Ugliness." The quality of his practical architecture showed up first in domestic design, while in later years he moved on to a grander institutional scale. He designed the Australian pavilions at the Montreal and Osaka Expos.

His son, Penleigh, is also an architect.

From time to time, any Boyd gets asked about the family's inherited characteristics, and what it is like being a Boyd. Let David Boyd answer:

"Tendencies can be inherited but environment determines the direction one takes. Of course you have to have the fire in the belly, but if an energetic person was born into an environment that involved coursing it is extremely likely he would become good at it. Or blacksmithing."

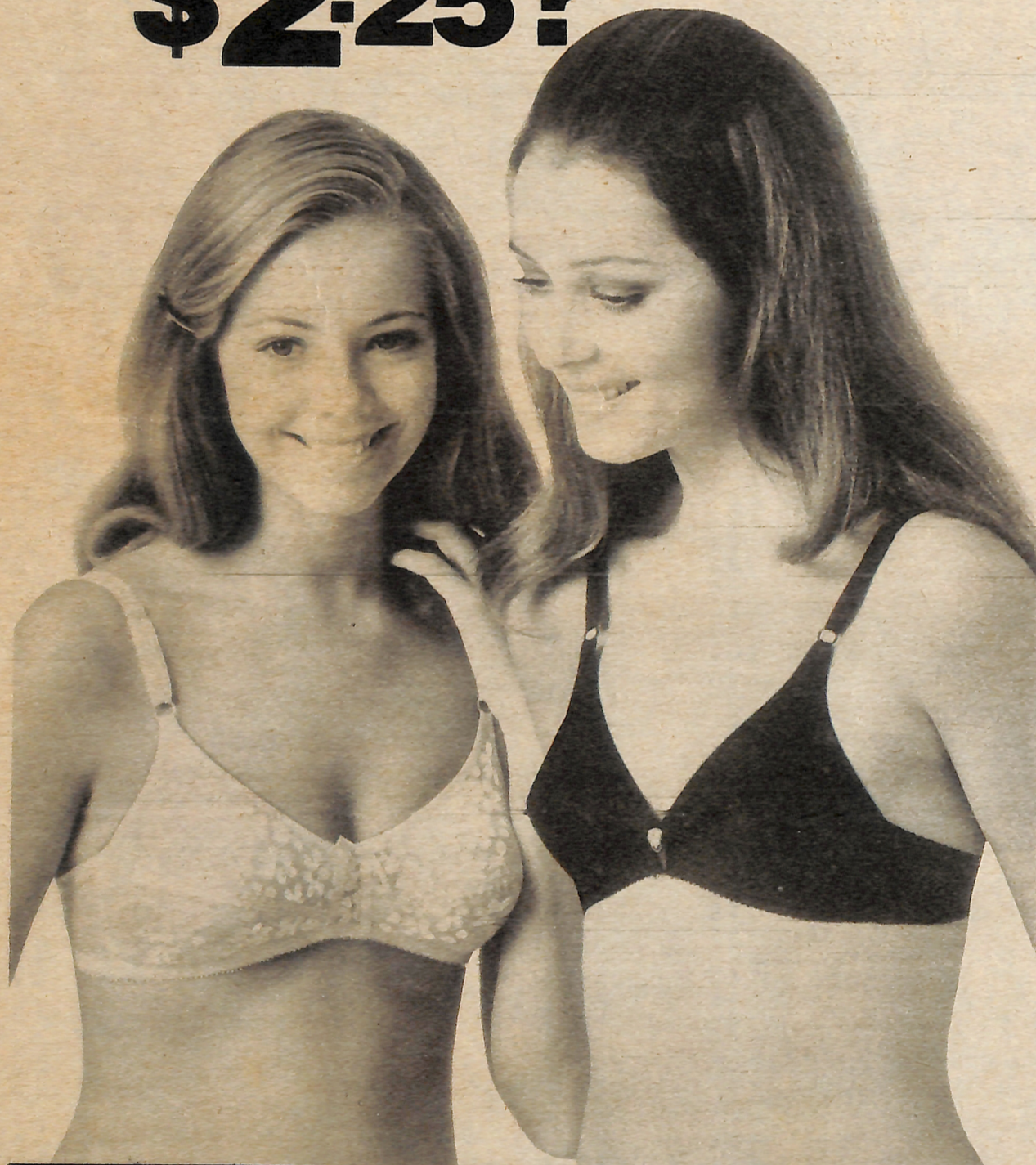
And being a Boyd?

"Well, in New York, at a penthouse cocktail party, an American asked me whether I wasn't proud to be an Australian. I had not really thought about it, but I told him I would not say I was proud to be Australian, but so far as there were certain advantages to being born in that part of the world you could say I was pleased to be an Australian."

"It's the same way about being a Boyd."

would you believe

\$2.25?*



Levable

(Left) 'Julie' bra. Flowered lace tricot over light fibrefill. White, Nude, Black. A, B, C, 32-36. \$2.25.

(Right) 'Elke' bra. Plain, smooth tricot over fibrefill. Low cut sides. Stretch back. 6 colours. A, B, C, 32-36. \$2.25.

*Suggested price for each bra.