

# Labassa *lives*

Volume 4, Issue 3, 2016



## Babes in the House (Part 1)

Every year thousands of visitors walk past traces of a hundred or so childhoods spent at Labassa — a record of the heights of the Watson children on a wall or a tiny sketch of a lady hidden within the patterned wallpaper. Labassa has been both a home and a 'playground' for scores of babies and toddlers, including many who were born in the house.

Among those born 'at home' were Richard Annesley Billing jnr (1868); Nancy Austin (1882); William Gerard Officer (1883); Dorothy Blyth (1888) and Vivienne Gray (1899). Their parents proudly announced their arrival but there are likely many more for whom there is no record. Several of the early residents had large families ranging from new-borns to young adults. The Officers had 12 children, the Blyths eight. The Watsons, the last owners to use the house as a family home, had five children aged four to 14 years when they arrived in 1905.

John Boyd Watson II and Flora Kate Watson introduced their children to the niceties of entertaining in style. Masters Jack, Keith and Malcolm held a dance at the mansion for 70 of their young friends in 1905. Two years later they entertained 100 at a similar event: guests were received in the Drawing Room before moving to the Ballroom (a separate building at the time) and then later into a marquee on the lawn for supper.

Early residents of 'Labassa Flats' also had young children. These families stayed only a few years before moving to traditional family homes with all the 'mod. cons'. Charles and Minnie Newton who arrived in 1920 had four children under seven. Charles owned a successful dental practice and the couple could afford to pay for help at the rate of 30 shillings a week, then considered a living wage for an adult female. Lewis and Dorothea Levy's four-year-old son, Trevor was one of a small number of children who retained a vivid life-long memory of the house. Trevor recalled his mother bathing him in the upstairs bathroom in 1921 when it still had its original mahogany cabinet and bath surround and elaborate taps.



**Left:** Daphne and Hinemoa Watson.

**Photo:** Peter Watson.

Some of these children went on to have exceptional life stories. Nancy Austin, great niece of Thomas Austin of Barwon Park, became an award-winning sheep breeder and well-known socialite. William Ellis Newton, youngest child of the Newtons, was awarded the Victoria Cross in 1943 for his actions as a bomber pilot in Papua New Guinea. Tragically, it was subsequently discovered that he had been taken captive by the Japanese and executed. He was only 23 and had signed up on the first day of the Second World War.

### Inside this issue

**Living in the 70s:** Lex Marinos and Pam Swain, John Harland, Stephen Hall and Ann Weir.

## Entertaining the entertainers

Their brief residency in Flat 10 was a very happy time for Lex Marinos and Pam Swain. In fact, their son was conceived in the Drawing Room! In 1973, Lex was with the Melbourne Theatre Company while Pam was working at ABC Radio Australia. Lex, who went on to appear in countless films and stage productions is probably best known for his performances as Bruno in *Kingswood Country* and, more recently, as Manolis in *The Slap*. Pam became a well-known radio presenter on 2JJ and a television producer for *Good News Week* and *The Glass House*.

Pam says, "We fell in love with it ... as everyone does. We had great times there and many house guests, often entertainers from Sydney." These visitors included singer Jeannie Lewis, actor Bruce Myles, playwright Nick Enright and radio presenter Chris Winter. Singer songwriter, Graham Lowndes and his wife Ginny also lived nearby and would regularly drop in. The artistic energy in the house was further elevated when Pam alerted colleague and friend Jacqueline Lesage to a vacancy in Flat 9. Jacqueline and her partner Igor Persan were involved in the establishment of Melbourne's first French Theatre. When they 'inherited' the Drawing Room flat from Lex and Pam it continued as a lively gathering place for Melbourne's theatre scene.

Pam and Lex added to Labassa's cat population with a stray who adopted them. They called him 'Boy'. "Boy was a Labassa cat, who stole a piece of steak from the kitchen bench as I unpacked one Saturday after a big shop at Prahran markets," Pam says. "Not long after we had a big party — lots of drinks and chatter — and the cat turned up. He socialised furiously. I was delighted.



*Above:* Lex Marinos with Boy in the Boudoir.

*Photo:* Lex Marinos.

Boy was adopted as part of the household. We took him back to Sydney. As he aged I promoted him to 'Captain'. Pam and Lex, like many other tenants with live-in pets, were nevertheless very protective of the mansion's interiors. They always used the backdoor to limit damage to the front door and hallway.

Lex's book *Blood and Circuses: an irresponsible memoir* was published by Allen & Unwin in 2014.



*Above and right:* The Level 2 Tower room reflects 125 years of occupancy.



## Tower reveals

Labassa's recently restored Tower will open to the public in March 2017 with much of its occupational history preserved. For example, one room that has been hidden away on Level 2 has a series of intriguing signs on the door: '3', '1' (scribbled out) and 'MATT' (also scribbled out). The room's glossy red, yellow and green paintwork points to a late 1960s or early 1970s redecoration.

Only two uses of this room have been confirmed – as a study and as a hidey hole for residents when the police conducted drug raids.

A Tower preview will be held as part of the *Private Lives at Labassa Mansion* event on Thursday 19 January 2017. Bookings are essential: <https://www.nationaltrust.org.au/event/private-lives-at-labassa-mansion/>



## Living with Damocles

John Harland



*Above:* John Harland, March 1977.

*Photo:* John Harland.

"Labassa in the 1960s and 70s was like a diamond in the muck, known by almost every artist of any kind across Melbourne but hidden amongst the boring eighth-acre blocks of middle suburbia (that their earnest owners believed to be quarter-acre) and virtually unknown to the wider public.

The house was a magnet to creative people. Not through its beauty as much as its Ozymandian mockery of the pomp of plutocrats. It was as if that obscene display of wealth and influence had been taken over by ordinary people, or perhaps rather by people who were extraordinary in who they were and what they made, rather than in what they owned.

Flats at Labassa generally changed hands through personal contacts, mostly an artist telling their artist friends. I learned about Labassa when my sister, Heatheranne, was living in the Willas Flats (No.1). She moved in while studying Graphic Art at Caulfield Technical College and when she was ready to leave I jumped at the chance to move in.

At times I felt like an outsider because I was studying sciences, rather than art or music. Despite my photography, poetry and drawing I never quite saw myself as an artist. I was too rational to immerse myself completely in artistic feeling, let alone the mystical mumbo-jumbo and dogma of some other residents. Having no interest in drugs also sometimes put one on the periphery.

When I moved into Labassa in September 1972 I was a draft resister. In December, I helped with the election that brought Gough Whitlam's Labor government to power and ended conscription. That ended three years of keeping a very low profile and rewarded seven years or so of my involvement in elections and in the reform process that made the Labor Party electable. That direct involvement in party politics put me apart from anyone else I knew at Labassa. Yet the strength of a community such as Labassa is not in its sameness, but in its accommodation of diversity. I have seldom felt a greater sense of belonging overall and sheer delight at living in a place.

However Labassa could never be taken for granted. The constant threat of demolition or sale kept us from feeling too settled. After living there for seven years I needed to move elsewhere for work and that coincided with when the Trust was able to buy Labassa. It was immensely sad to have our community disbanded, the building morphed from our home to a museum, but there was also a feeling of relief because it had been looking evermore like a race between that fate and the wrecking ball.

Ironically, our insecurity of tenure may have helped to conserve the house because we could not consider any renovation despite the ghastly condition of some of the kitchens and bathrooms. It is easy to forget how dreary the grunginess of Labassa could be. The hot-water service in Flat 3 [Upstairs West Side] was ridiculous with the water travelling a great distance through an uninsulated pipe, part of it along the ledge outside, to reach the shower. We had to stop using the fireplaces when the hearth in Alvyn Davy's room started smoking and we realised that all the other upstairs fireplaces were built with the slate hearth resting on wooden supports. A hundred years of regular cooking had made the timber tinder-dry.

We had to make do with expensive electrical heating or use kerosene heaters. All of us except Stephen Hall. His father was a plumber-gasfitter. One day he and Stephen ran a pipe from the kitchen to the southern room of Flat 3 so Stephen could have a gas fire. The memorable part of the gas installation was that it was done without a ladder. Stephen and his father simply walked and worked on the narrow ledge that runs around the building just below the first-floor windows.

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## *Living with Damocles (continued)*

Working on a ledge is almost incomprehensible now but that was a time when the dogman still rode the line of a construction crane up the outside of a skyscraper and for many jobs safety gear was disdained as being unmanly.

Something that made Labassa special was the degree to which we did things together. It was a wonderful balance of personal and community life. Ann Weir got a life-drawing group happening in her flat (10). It comprised Labassa residents and their friends and was my first experience of life modelling, which became my primary income source for a couple of years. Through that I met a lot of artists including Louise Foletta, and that led to one of those Labassa events that entertained for decades after.

Louise works primarily in watercolour, a medium in which resident Ian Hance [Flat 6, Upstairs Balcony] was also working so I invited Louise and her family to Labassa. Then I was lost for how to entertain them in the shabby surrounds of the Flat 3 kitchen and asked Ian for advice. Ian's idea was that we serve the meal in the middle room of the tower, temporarily weatherproofing it in some way. That led us on an op-shop crawl along Chapel Street and up High Street. Ian found a couple of pairs of stage curtains, one of brown corduroy and the other of some pseudo-metallic fabric, as well as a large theatrical candelabra of roughly-welded steel. I presume we put boards or something over the worst gaps in the windows before draping the curtains over walls and windows. Lit only by the five candles of the candelabra it looked quite wonderful and we had a great evening.

Then there was the excursion to Wilson's Promontory. This was to have been a drawing and painting retreat. There was a lot of envisaging of works of art but Stephen Hall was the only one who actually got any drawing done. At least a little poetry was generated — very much on-topic for a trip during which, as Ian wryly pointed out, almost everyone was lusting after someone other than the partner they came with. Oops; should I be saying that?

People often came to Labassa in waves. There were the Gregory sisters Jessica, Miriam, Leonie and Esther; the Latrobe Valley wave of Ann Weir, the three Watkinson brothers (Howard, John and Jeff), Trevor Stevens and Javant, and the Huntingdale High group of Gerry, Sabine, Konrad and friends. A bit earlier it was the Ararat push: Stephen Hall, the Hellyer brothers, Andrew Strathie, Jenny, Daryl Lindquist — all of whom stayed at Labassa for extended periods even if they didn't all live there officially.

### **Right:**

Art Group excursion to Wilson's Prom.

### **Front:**

Stephen Hall, Louis Irving.

### **Back:**

Ann Weir, Ian Hance.

### **Photo:**

John Harland.



I probably lived in the Tower for less than a year but it has the strongest memories. It is also the part I miss most. The Tower was a quiet retreat and a place that was in more immediate contact with wind, sunlight and weather. The simple utility of its wooden trusses and cedar lining give it a wonderful warmth and intimacy and make it, to me, one of the truly beautiful parts of what is otherwise so over-sized and overwhelmingly kitsch. Even the outside of the Tower is kitsch but the inside is a cocoon of graceful functionality and human scale. I suspect that its having been forbidden to us made the Tower even more attractive but that did mean that I could never leave anything particularly valuable up there.

Need it be spelled out that "Come up and see the Tower" beat all the hell out of "Come up and see my etchings"? I did need to keep two beds up there though. I liked sleeping on a mattress resting on the beams in the top room but no visitor was prepared to clamber up there with me.

Although the drawing group began in Ann's flat, some of the memorable times were when the weather allowed us to work on the balcony of Ian's flat. There was a delicious edge to it because it was outdoors but largely invisible to people below. Particularly delightful was when we had Mali posed on the balustrade, leaning back against one of the columns but quite invisible from below. That sounds a bit trivial, even juvenile, from this distance but that was a time when male life models were still expected to wear knickers when posing for some suburban groups — even CAE ones. So the difference we celebrated was real enough and life drawing was one of those things that seemed to set us apart from the suburbia below and further strengthened our own feeling of community."

## Beatles to Buzzcocks

Stephen Hall

*In the ten years or so Stephen Hall lived at Labassa he witnessed "the end of the hippies, the birth of the New Wave, innocence, indulgence, enlightenment and AIDS." Starting in the Willas Flats as a co-tenant with John Harland he later moved into Flat 3 [Upstairs West Side] followed by Flat 7 [Kitchen] and for a while even occupied a cupboard under the main staircase when the power company disconnected the electricity in his flat.*

"I was at art school, Caulfield Institute of Technology in 1974. I saw a note from a life model that lived at Labassa for a room to rent. When I turned up it was a cold and windy night with lightning and opera from the Tower — romantic, *Adams Family*, irresistible.

My room upstairs in Flat 3 was not the prettiest but it had a high ceiling and three huge curved glass bay windows. We could ride our pushbikes down the corridors between rooms. It seemed cavernous.

I remember the house at the front of Labassa. I threw things out the window — sometimes theatrically at parties — and they would land on an upper deck. Janis Joplin's last record came out. I hated it. I set it on fire and flung it out the window and it landed on the roof smoking slowly. Sickly pillows sometimes shared this fate.

The people from Scientology came around regularly because there were a few Scientologists living at the house. They had a band that I pretended to manage briefly. On the first gig, the equipment van broke down and was three hours late. The drummer, Colin (long white hair and bald on top), was a Scientologist and very charismatic. Greg, a bass player lived in one of the rooms for a while and later joined the Adelaide Symphony. One of their leaders visited and talked to me about 'power' and admired my William Burroughs books. But I didn't want to pay money to the Scientologists. Much later files of members were found scattered all over the road in Caulfield. Kate Cebrano was the clear star and only a school girl.

It was a no-no to talk to the 'weirdos in the mansion'. However, some little Jewish boys lived down the road and gave us money regularly to buy football cards for them; they weren't allowed to participate in anything like that. A few films were made at Labassa. Russell Clarke, who shared Flat 3, made films for friends from Atlantis Studio in the Music Room. A large belly dancer and the band in evening wear.

*Right:*  
Stephen Hall in  
the upstairs  
bathroom.

*Photo:*  
Alvyn Davy.



Another film by Penny Ashton involved musician Ron Rude (the punk musician not the comedian) and Genevieve Barr. A beautiful experimental film. Earlier we had been successful in a grant application for a film called *Belladonna*. [*Labassa Lives*, Vol.2, No.2.]

Before I moved into Flat 7 a few people had a crop of grass in the cellar. It must have cost a lot of money in pots, lights and soil and it never worked. It was a total waste and they were not very happy. I helped clean up the mess and they left. At that time I was living with Pam who was bright and very sensitive. She was also an artist and made paintings with lipstick, mascara and stuff. We had three floors of living. It was a bit crazy and there wasn't much daylight. I cut a hole in the floor. I put a ladder down, a really long ladder so you could get down to the cellar from beside the bed. I could lie in bed and peer over and into the downstairs space and watch her concocting her art over a candle at 3am in the morning or whenever.

The other desperate thing we did in the cellar was saw up a hard wood slatted cage that could have been for food. This took ages to cut up. We burnt it all; 100 or more of these floor-to-ceiling slats, to keep us warm. At the end of the night we enjoyed the TV show *Dangerman* which came on at 6 every morn, then we would sleep. We didn't take drugs or even alcohol but smoked lots of cigarettes, burnt briquettes and drank plenty of tea.

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## Beatles to Buzzcocks (continued)



*Left*  
Work by  
Stephen Hall  
created during his  
tenancy at  
Labassa in the  
1970s.

Late one night, Gerry Grabau who lived next to us kept playing a Cold Chisel song with the line 'last train out of Sydney'. I hated it. He kept playing it over and over and over. I screamed and banged on the wall. It kept playing over and over. I eventually walked around to his window and hurled his full metal garbage bin through the window at the record player. The music stopped. He told me he woke to find garbage all over his bedroom. We remained friendly and laughed about it. Sue Furze and Jeff Watkinson also drove me insane by playing *Xanadu* over and over one night. Do I sound angry or what? Ha. It was the time of punk and people went from cheesecloth to studded leather overnight, Beatles to Buzzcocks, beards to short spiky hair.

Another friend, Dean Muir, who passed away, was later living in the cellar and we made many paintings together. Dean had a lot of girlfriends. He indulged in speed and was part of that culture. He was stylish with an excess of energy and made Russian Constructivist paintings. I made plastic paintings and was given a lot of topographical maps by Leonie Gregory. I would fill and fiddle with these until I was satisfied. There was an exhibition at Linden house in St Kilda for the Artworkers' Union. I also exhibited individual paintings at the Contemporary Art Society or the Joan Gough Studio Gallery in Punt Road, South Yarra. A few of us had our first showing there. We worked to deadlines sometimes staying awake for days.

When Dean was finally gone he left me with a huge electricity bill (\$500) due to his 24 hour (there or not) radiator habit. I couldn't pay and the power was disconnected one afternoon while listening to a record.

I knew it would happen at 2 o'clock and could play my last record – "Balaklava" by the band Pearls Before Swine. Someone hooked up electricity for me under a staircase. It was a little room like a broom closet, and I sat there with a bare light globe and painted or read a book. I was doing a portrait of Lindy Chamberlain at the time. I still have the face. It was terrible really. The pain had everything in it: scissors, camera bag, and all the theories. People wanted to buy it.

There were always people at the house and it was very hard to be alone. They might've been colourful, interesting and even famous but I did feel at times as if we were living in a zoo. People were just coming and looking at us. Sometimes I would find people standing in my kitchen. Some would turn up again and again and again and we couldn't get rid of them. It was more than annoying. I don't remember locking anything. The front door was never locked. You pushed one of the side windows or the heavy door or went in the back way. Lots of people called Alvyn Davy 'grumpy' and he was intense at times but Alvyn had low tolerance for stupidity. Alvyn would attack some of the people hanging around downstairs with buckets of water he had perched on top of the staircase and just let fly.

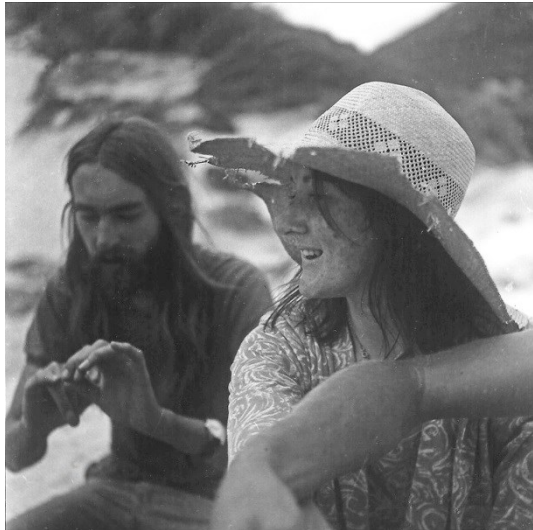
There was poetry, lots of poetry. I'd love to read some of it again – Javant and Ian, Andrew Strathie, Robin Vallance and others. It was unique, extraordinary, cheap, beautiful and with a wonderful variety of people. Yet at times I felt trapped. I had a lot of possessions, a lot of books, paintings, objects of art. I could never move out. Or go to another place. I almost always wanted to be there and, Labassaitis, pigeon smells, noise, crazy people, it wasn't always so good.

When Labassa went to auction, we all gathered on the upstairs balcony hoping that it wasn't to be turned into a restaurant or something else. We were very happy that the National Trust bought it in the end. It was to be saved and even though we would like to have bought it ourselves, and there were different opportunities for people to do that, it was never settled. We all wanted different apartments, we wanted this or that area and it was ridiculous really.

When I moved out, I had a big party. I left my furniture in the backyard and invited heaps of people and departed at midnight for Sydney. I left everything behind but of course I'd taken all my books and records and paintings earlier. It was a dramatic gesture at the time.

## A tangle with the Bard

Ann Weir



**Left:**  
Howard  
Watkinson,  
Ann Weir  
at the art  
group's  
Wilson's Prom  
field trip.

**Photo:**  
John Harland.

*Ann Weir, Howard Watkinson and their daughter Emma, moved into Flat 10 in 1976. The Drawing Room — referred to as the 'ballroom' by some tenants — had a long history as a social and artistic hub. Ann built on this tradition, by facilitating a life-drawing group, out of which evolved a small, but flamboyant production of Shakespeare's play, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. An afternoon preview of a group exhibition with Ian Hance, a resident and friend, and Don Chisholm, a friend, was also shown in the flat.*

"Howard and I moved to Labassa through my friendship with Judi Brunet, who resided in the flats at the front of the 'manor'. We had connected as we travelled on the same bus, after our evening life class at RMIT. Judi's husband Marc was friendly with Igor Persan, a resident in the 'ballroom'. The apartment had been offered to Marc and Judi, but they felt at the time it was too large, and it was then offered to us. Igor and his partner Jill wanted to meet us before we were to take up residence. Igor, a chef, prepared a French menu; lettuce and peas in butter comes to mind. After we moved in, we found a little trove of theatrical items in the cellar, from the French plays which Igor was involved in, I guessed.

We had many gatherings, welcoming folk through the silver-painted vestibule at our front door<sup>1</sup>. We didn't change it. A housewarming shortly after our arrival saw many hiring costumes from theatrical company J.C. Williamson.

<sup>1</sup> Some residents of Flat 10 used the door leading from the hallway into the Drawing Room or 'ballroom' as their front door. Others, including Ann and Howard, used the door next to their kitchen.

I recall being banned from the kitchen, as my crinoline took no prisoners, knocking all asunder. Another evening, we had jazz by the light of the fire, performed on an electric keyboard by a tall, bearded, 'pregnant' young gentleman dressed in a negligee. Our guest: a manor resident. The theme of the night remains a mystery.

One night, after promptings to "go up to Stephen's room", I met with an unexpected vision. I had earlier seen his father, Mr Hall, perched precariously on the upper ledge of the exterior building wall. He was installing the plumbing for a marvellous gas heater in the room at No.3. I went up, in the dim light. It was really, really cold – so cold that one's breath hung heavily in the air. I knocked on the door, and as it opened, was quite amazed to see that Stephen was entertaining, and that all parties were clad in wonderful swimming attire and waving palm fronds. It seemed entirely whimsical, and so very like Stephen.

The 'ballroom' became a venue for a life-drawing group, which evolved with friends Diana Gibbz (an artist and a model at CAE) and Louis Irving (a cinematographer and an artist). At first we alternated between Louis' apartment in Brighton and the 'ballroom', but eventually we settled into Labassa. Weekly sessions with fellow artists, including manor residents, friends and a few folk from the ABC, developed into extended activities such as slide-talks, short films – Louis screened a short film he had shot for Ivan Durrant – a field trip and a small production.

Our interpretation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* involved a potted version of Shakespeare's play, whereby Ian and I perhaps inflicted more than a few dents upon the revered work of the Bard.

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**Above:** Stephen Hall and his father brave the ledge while installing gas piping. **Photo:** Ann Weir.



## Volume 4, Issue 3, 2016

## Forthcoming Open Days 2017

Contributions, corrections, information, comments and articles are welcome.

Please forward to:

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PO Box 363, Chadstone Shopping

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**Open days: 10.30am—4.00pm**

January closed July 16

February 19 August 20

March 19 September 17

April 16 October 15

May 21 November 19

June 18 December closed

**Errata**

\* Vol.4, No.2, p.5 Susan Nicholls should read Susan Nicholas.

\* Early issues of *Labassa Lives* referred to the Drawing Room as Flat 12. This was a transcription error from an early document and it should be referred to as Flat 10.

*A tangle with the Bard (continued)*

**Left:**  
Ann Weir  
in Flat 10  
(Drawing Room).

**Photo:**  
John Harland.

The evening itself began on the balcony adjacent to Ian's upstairs studio-apartment, as a soiree. The balcony pillars were decorated with heavily-scented magnolia flowers, from the large tree in the back garden, and trailing vines. This was actually a ruse, as later, folk were guided down the grand staircase, with soft lighting, and dry ice wafting vapour throughout the hallway and main stairwell, to the accompaniment of thumping music from *Das Rheingold* for the descent, and Mendelssohn to guide them into the play, put together by Don Chisholm.

A 'fairy' stood in each of the stairwell niches – a young woman and man beautifully dressed in ethereal costumes, with garlands in their hair, and staged lighting. Their faces had an extraordinary otherworldly, elfin quality. The play took place in the south bay window of the 'ballroom', using the windows to facilitate the back-stage area in the garden, with actors climbing through behind the set, via ladders to the ground. Occasionally, on returning to the set, a small shove was given as assistance, with some mirth behind the scenes.

A theatrical makeup artist ensured that we all looked the part, and thespians and design artists made kind endeavours to raise the production values and to set the scene.

There were perhaps 100 guests, including residents, family and friends, dressed to the theme<sup>2</sup>. A small fee covered costs – to create a sumptuous table of edible delights, most of which we fancied reflected the setting. The feast of the play was the feast of the party. A noisy melee immediately ensued: there was a rock band playing at full tilt. The police arrived, but 'Titania' leaned over the balcony, and waving her wand, said: "It's all right officers, everything is under control", and they actually departed.

We used the 'ballroom' domestically and creatively. Our bed sat in the southern bay window, with a sitting area in the other bay window area, leaving the remainder as a studio. The acoustics were wonderful, as I'm sure many who performed there must have found. The first thing that struck me about the space, and what I recall now, is its sense of openness, with the two bay windows, and the soft light, melding with the beautiful character of the room.

We encountered and contributed to the many expressions of life in the house — the sweet smell of bread baking, or incense in the hallway, or the soft smell of floor wax, as Judy Cordingley put such care into preserving the hallway's parquet flooring. The melancholy tones of Leonard Cohen made their way up the stairwell from Miriam's apartment below. Howard's hi-fi made the floors vibrate upstairs, ice flew out of an upstairs window and fell onto the garden as John chipped away at his freezer, the odd vinyl frisbeed off the roof, and Jenny Strathie's washing dripped down, wetting Emma's room at the base of the tower."

<sup>2</sup> Ann donated her Hippolyta costume to the National Trust Costume Collection in 2013. Her finely embroidered, white muslin dress was cinched in with a wide leather belt at the waist and overlaid with a gold sequinned brassiere. The headdress was created via a banded leather crown of sorts, with striking feathers attached, in a retro style. Accessories included Roman-style lace-up sandals and a sword.