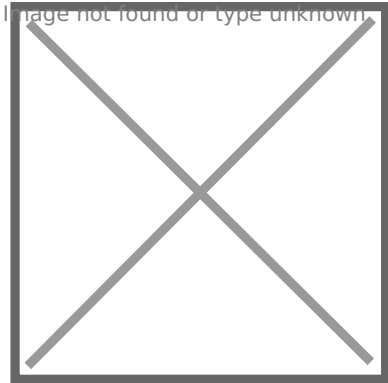


Anne Farrar



You describe your mother as *the forceful one in the family*. *Half Italian*, she does seem to be a high-energy, strong woman - driving army-trucks during the war is not for dainty types.

She was driving my father for some debriefing. .. So they met like that. And being two amazing romantics, actually, they were married actually, I think a few weeks later. .. And my eldest brother was born well before I think nine months of gestation happened. So obviously, you know, sex wasn't invented at the latter part of the 20th century and they went on to have six children.

I wouldn't have brought the subject of your mother and father having sex up, but, seeing how you've mentioned it: doing the maths - if they married within a few weeks of meeting and your eldest brother was born *well before nine months of gestation*, guess they must've had sex in the vehicle! (or within days) So yeah, a magnetic attraction.

Whereas your father seems somewhat distant, your mother was a *writer and artist* - who painted the above picture when she was *pregnant with you*. You describe her as *slightly bohemian* - an *adventurer* - a person of *blended and sometimes divided personalities*. Which is an apt description for you, also. She was a pretty good painter. I'd love to read some of her writings as well - she had an exciting enough life for a book - did she have anything published?

For a bohemian, she also had a good relationship with the US military whilst living in Singapore.

[00:32:18] *In 1964 .. (s)he used to hitch rides with the American military on a plane .. to go shopping in Saigon.*

Cool.

So Saigon has been sort of part of my background since the early 60s and had such a profound influence on me.

Which, in turn, has had a profound influence on me - and the world ...

It was Anne's decision to ditch NZ after 6-months in the late-60's. It's no easy thing to relocate a family of six across the oceans - but she hated New Zealand - too *chauvinistic* - too boring.

[00:10:05] : (M)y mother, who sort of ruled the family, really said, look, we're not having this.

So we all got on a boat. And so when I first came to Britain, I came by boat.

We left Britain soon afterwards to go and live in Libya.

Although you *remember having big arguments* with your mother, the sense is you two connected. She was a remarkable woman - it's worth ticking off her accomplishments again: army truck-driver, painter, writer, bohemian, military plane hitch-hiker, itinerant adventurer, mother of 6, forceful family ruler ...

[00:17:09]: I think science is like an artist faced with a blank canvas at the start. You've no idea where it's going to go, but you can dream and you can dream about what's on it.

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