

From the Back Verandah

Dinosaur fossils had once been thought to be the bones of either dragons or giants. But when geologist Dean William Buckland of Oxford (1784-1856) described the carnivorous "lizard" *Megalosaurus* in 1824, they began to be studied as an extinct group of giant reptiles. He is regarded as a pioneer of scientific geology, although, being a clergyman, he also tried valiantly to relate geology to the Biblical Creation. His son Francis (1826-1880) made a special study of fish, and for the last 14 years of his life was Inspector of Salmon Fisheries.

Indeed William and Frank had an avid interest in all living creatures, not just fish and dinosaurs. Many they kept as pets; others they ate. They tried everything at their bizarre dining table, so William

could speak with authority when he claimed that the most revolting of all foods was mole. (Of course, that was before he tasted stewed bluebottles.) It was said that he had even eaten the embalmed heart of Louis XIV. Among their other dinner treats were boiled or sautéed slugs, earwigs, mice *en croûte*, to say nothing of meat from animals that had died in the zoo.

Once they were visiting an Italian cathedral, and a bloodstain was pointed out to them on the floor, where a martyred saint had died. When they were informed that it liquefied every night, one of them dipped his finger into it and tasted.

"It's not blood; it's just bats' urine."

— Fizzgig

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BIKWIL

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Stepping Stones

Those familiar with Douglas Adams' series that began with *Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency* will know that what sets Dirk Gently apart from other sleuths is his unswerving belief in the "fundamental interconnectedness of all things". *Bikwil* shares that conviction. Hence our new experiment, which we call *Stepping Stones*.

Participants are invited to write an essay linking several assorted subjects. Usually these would be five to seven famous people, but they could be places or events. The links might be tenuous but should be factual, and in the interest of Bikwilian informality there can be expatiatory digressions.

The crucial principle is that, while each subject has something in common with the next, each successive pair enjoys a different link from that of the previous pair. For example, A and B might share the same birthdate, but B and C don't – their connection is that they each wrote a poem called *Waves*. D mightn't be a poet but, like C, she is blind. E isn't blind but he once met Albert Einstein at a party, as did D. Etc., etc.

Page 3 has our first attempt at this, but it's your turn now. Show off your trivial knowledge again, without dice or wedges. Feel free to choose your own topics. As usual, no prizes.

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Small Miracles

[For Lloyd Rees]

Nowhere in sight, but everywhere
in this spring morning's milky air,
blithe as piccolos, tiny fairy wrens
are singing: clear, sparkling trills and runs;
and as if their songs were not gift enough,
here upon this plain brown desk indoors,
tender yellow, pink and orange tones
with leaf or two, soft green, before my eyes
nasturtiums lucent in a simple glass:
a Monet still life come to life.

What a day for springtime to begin!
What a time and day to be alive in,
to feel the sudden rush of love to the heart,
for painter, poet and all who wait
without expectation, but openness enough
simply to receive — itself the gift of praise —
promises and possibilities held out,
to touch at last one's centre and its stillness
and be given "in the midst of endlessness"
flowers, birds, small miracles of life.

— Bet Briggs

LARICK AND THE ARATRONTS

Paglet 3

What a dift asterquot!

*Drooberdank, but trondiac, Larick overfrab the
vermous fersion, and boove to jime his livic pipple,
the odrotresh from the unhoisable misket.*

"What about the plerapharge?"

*"Grud! It doesn't shamagank, flist we don't
slup."*

*So estrinking, Larick's pipple vute the upstirmen-
tious glox he swope, and pinterly the protambic
korberwack impand with bockril bling.*

*Ambifrabically, they extratoshed themselves
along the denstural lonk, and mest the taras-
plenk indrastivated.*

*"Hargolemnic, don't you dack?", blad the
odrotresh.*

*"Intermatioous", crose Larick. "I've never
mauched such a thambindulously glorinsic flepis-
try. Elbontural for a Querday."*

— Harlish Goop

To Be Compielled

And what does Cooke talk about in that historic programme no. 2597? He calls it *Indelible Memories on This Special Occasion*, and he begins by responding to the invitation to reminisce about some “particular talks that stayed in the memory” with these words:

... the talks that are most easily recalled by me are ones that surprised me by the numbers of people who felt moved to respond . . . Perhaps it's a good idea . . . to retell the gist of one or two . . . since the swishing of that scythe at my back suggests that maybe while there's any memory left I should tap it.

He then proceeds to recall and summarise *The Summer Bachelor* (1950) and *Alcatraz* (1959), and concludes with the story that produced “far and away, the largest mail, from all sorts of people of every class and country”. None other than *A Baby Is Missing* (1950).

Nor by chance is it that these three Letters are all on that double BBC cassette set I referred to in *Bikwil No. 4*.

Which reminds me.

Firstly: the ABC Shops now have available a second BBC cassette compilation of Cooke's Letters. It covers the 1970s. These 16 talks include:

The Charm of China (1972)
Earl Warren (1974)
The Benefits of Clergy (1975)
Please Die before Noon (1978).

Secondly: a biography of Alistair Cooke has been written by Nick Clarke of BBC Radio 4. With any luck, it should have appeared by the time you are reading this. (And, like Don Bradman, Cooke will have had his 91st birthday.)

If you haven't yet experienced Alistair Cooke, I trust that in this and the earlier column I have given you a taste of what you've been missing. Seek him out. You will not be disappointed.

Radio National, Sydney:
11.45 am Tuesdays,
1.45 and 7.10 pm Sundays.

— TR

Internet sites referred to above:

<http://www.abc.net.au/rn>

http://news.bbc.co.uk/hi/english/world/letter_from_America/default.htm



From Virgil to Velikovsky

[*Stepping Stones* No. 1]

On cordial terms with all the distinguished men of the period including fellow poet Horace, and a personal friend of Emperor Augustus, Publius Vergilius Maro (**Virgil** to you and me) lived a placid life during stirring times, from 70 to 19 BC. Best known for his *Aeneid* — an epic poem which describes the wanderings of Trojan prince Aeneas and his followers after the fall of Troy, including his fateful love affair with Dido, Queen of Carthage — Virgil also wrote two shorter groups of poems, the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics*.

The *Georgics* is a set of four books ostensibly forming a treatise on husbandry — crop raising (Book 1), the cultivation of trees, particularly the vine and the olive (Book 2), the rearing of stock (Book 3) and beekeeping (Book 4). These poems, totalling 2,188 lines, took him seven painstaking years to write, which means that he completed an average of one line a day.

While the *Georgics* do give some practical advice, they are more a sort of patriotic song extolling the glories of Italy, together

with a impassioned call back to the simple but hard life of rural endeavours. Stoic piety was Virgil's real message, and so Book 4 on beekeeping proceeds eloquently throughout, despite its humble theme: "in tenui labor; at tenuis non gloria (slight is the field of labour, but not slight the glory)." One commentator (J. Wight Duff) put it this way:

So it is with a humour not so much mock-heroic as kindly that . . . he enters on a miniature epic which has "the kindred" of the bees for them, and their "high-souled captains" (*magnanimosque duces*) for heroes. Into their statercraft, the polity, their thrift, and battles he penetrates with the understanding of genius.

Born a son of the soil into a practical farming family, Virgil actually did know his agricultural subjects, and later authors such as Pliny took his science seriously. Virgil had a strong affinity with the farmer's life and, like Wordsworth, with the uncommon beauty of ordinary nature. Thus, although he speaks of them as human, with human interests, and governed by human laws, Virgil has observed the life of bees closely:

If however — since life brings such misfortunes as ours to bees as well — their bodies droop with severe disease (which when it happens you will be able to discern by no uncertain signs:

as soon as they begin to sicken they change colour; a ragged leanness spoils their appearance; then they carry out of the hives the bodies of their dead and lead the mournful funeral train; or else they hang twined in a cluster by their feet at the entrance, or linger within their closed dwellings, all spiritless with hunger and sluggish with a pinched chill; then a deeper sound is heard, and there is a long-drawn buzzing, as at times the cold south wind rustles amidst the woods, as the fretful sea hisses when the surge flows back, as the devouring fire seethes in closed furnaces),

then when this happens I would advise you to burn scented galbanum and supply honey through pipes made of reed, freely encouraging the weary things to the familiar food.

It will be also be useful to mingle therewith the pounded oak-gall's flavour and dried rose leaves, or wine-syrup made rich with much boiling, or wine made from dried grapes from the Psithian vine, and Attic thyme and strong-smelling centaury. There is also a flower in the meadows given the name *amellus* by husbandmen, a plant easily found by the seeker, for it raises from one stalk a massive clump; the flower itself is golden, but in the petals that spread abundantly round it a purple sheen gleams beneath dark violet; often are the altars of the gods adorned with woven garlands; its taste is sour in the mouth; shepherds gather it in the valleys when the hay has been

cut and beside the winding waters of the Mella. Boil its roots in wine with bouquet and place the food in full baskets at the doorways.

Even in English prose that is a great word picture.

Dryden and Tennyson certainly thought highly of Virgil's language, the former, a fine translator of all Virgil's works, calling the *Georgics* "the best Poem by the best Poet". And listen to this from Tennyson ("Mantovano" means "Mantuan", referring to Virgil's birthplace):

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

Virgil's meticulous study of bees would find echoes in the early career of the next person on our visiting list. He in fact was once a professional apiarist. Born nearly 2,000 years after the Roman — and about 20,000 kilometres away — he has this in common with him, namely that despite their early farming expertise, both are today hardly remembered as breeders of living things at all.

Of course, the fame of this man rests not in the ethereal Olympus of fine poetry, but instead high in the rarefied atmosphere of mountain climbing, for, yes, I am referring to New Zealander Sir Edmund **Hillary**. On May 29, 1953, he and

Web

In my *Transatlantic Messages* in the fourth issue of *Bikwil* (November 1997), I see I was considering the hopeful prospect that a year from then we would see the celebration of the ninetieth birthday of veteran BBC commentator Alistair Cooke.

Happy, indeed, are they whose wishes come true, and for once I can be counted among their number. For Cooke, pacemaker and all, is now in his tenth decade and in fact is still going strong with his *Letter from America*, the longest-running radio show in history. (On the weekend of his 90th birthday week — 20-22 November 1998 — Cooke delivered his two thousand-five-hundred-and-ninety-seventh Letter.)

I have mentioned before in this column my regular visits to ABC Radio National's web site. A call in there recently revealed a new link — click on *Letter from America* and you get taken to the BBC's site. And guess what? The latter provides transcripts of



Line

the 20 most recent broadcasts of Cooke's programme.

More relevant here is the amount of space (under the heading *Ninety Years Young*) the Beeb have been giving to the birthday of this doyen of foreign correspondents.

Topics covered are:

How it all began

What makes him tick

Classic letter 1968 (Cooke was actually there, on the other side of those swinging pantry doors, when Robert Kennedy was assassinated, and his programme, *Bad Night in Los Angeles*, is reproduced in full)

Alistair Cooke Q&A.

Particularly poignant are the scores of heartfelt messages from ordinary listeners around the globe — Botswana, Chile, France, Glasgow, Illinois, New Zealand, Nottingham, Oregon, Singapore, South Australia . . .

There is even an audio-visual tribute you can hear and watch.

Millie

How dare you laugh at Millie
With her orange dyed hair.
How dare you scorn her rotted teeth, pink hat
Lack of dress flair!

She has eleven children,
Mostly they are grown,
Her hands are gnarled
And her children love their home,
And her.

She shops at the Sallies
And buys junk food,
Every pension day she carries,
Goods home to her brood.

She doesn't drink or even smoke,
Though folks say
There is a bloke!
Strange — he never walks her way!

She's always glad to see you,
Has a warm and kindly heart,
I love the way she'll tell you
Tales you know are true,

Then, she'll give a scarlet laugh,
At Society's Dames a-passing,
And screeches high, still laughing,
"Good mornin'!"
As they look away in vain —
From her life —
Her bravely hidden pain.



— Lavinia Godfrey

Tenzing Norgay, a Nepalese Sherpa, after following a climb via the Nepalese side of the mountain never been used before, stepped upon the summit of Everest, the highest point on earth. In Hillary's own words, "I have had the world lie beneath my clumsy boots . . ."

Until that year, Hillary (b. 1919) had lived an obscure life in Tuakau, near Auckland, where his father ran a family beekeeping business that he had transformed into his life's enterprise from what had been first just a hobby. Although this was right in the Great Depression somehow the family managed to keep the trade in honey and beeswax afloat, and by 1935 for son Edmund (in his final year at school) it had become hard and unpaid, yet enjoyable after-hours work.

It was at this time, on a school excursion, that the young Hillary discovered the sport of skiing:

I showed little natural skill at skiing but plenty of strength and energy and I returned home in a glow of fiery enthusiasm for the sun and the cold and the snow — especially the snow!

After two uneventful years at university Hillary joined his father full-time in the family business, and during the winter months, which are the off-season for bees, got involved in vigorous outdoor activities such as bush walking, as

well as other physical pursuits like fencing, jujitsu and boxing.

When he was 20 he and a friend took a holiday to the Southern Alps of New Zealand, where they met two men who had just climbed Mount Cook, the country's highest mountain (12,349 feet). Hillary at once became excited with the idea of doing the same himself, but when a few days later he and his friend hired a guide for this purpose they were informed that as beginners all they would be attempting something much more modest — Mount Olivier. This Hillary conquered with great gusto, and from the moment he arrived at the summit he knew mountaineering was for him.

Between that exhilarating day and the even more stupendous one on Everest 14 years later Hillary climbed many a difficult peak in New Zealand, Austria, Switzerland, and Nepal, and naturally began to set his sights on "the big one". On his first attempt on Everest he failed, however, characteristically saying,

Mt. Everest, you have defeated me once and you might defeat me again. But I'm coming back again and again, and I'm going to win because you can't get any bigger, Mt. Everest, and I can."

It was without a doubt on the strength of this wide and largely successful experience that he was

invited to be part of the 1953 British Everest Expedition led by Colonel John Hunt. Hunt and Hillary were awarded knighthoods for their success — Hillary not without misgivings, since he had never approved of titles. Here he ruefully describes his first thought after getting over his surprise:

I had a vivid picture of myself walking down the main street of Papakura dressed in my torn and dirty overalls. "My God!" I thought, "I'll have to get a new pair of overalls."

After numerous further climbs as well as expeditions to the South Pole, in his later years Hillary has dedicated much of his effort towards humanitarian ends. In Nepal he has helped build schools, air-fields, hospitals and village clinics, and has established hygienic waste systems and reforestation projects. All of his philanthropic enterprises have had the goal of providing enough education for the Nepalese young people so that they can contribute to their own villages as teachers, health-care workers, etc..

Among the 1953 Everest party were three "non-climbers", including our next fascinating subject James **Morris** (b.1926), a reporter for *The Times*, whom Hillary in his 1975 autobiography described as "a slim and sensitive intellectual".

Few, if any, of the team knew just how sensitive. Morris' dilemma was that he was born a woman in a man's body. In 1972, nearly two decades after winning international plaudits for his Everest reporting — years of mental anguish during which he nevertheless persisted with conformity (marriage and children) — he underwent male-to-female sex-reassignment surgery, and began living as Jan Morris.

That's right, the Jan Morris who's written all those acclaimed travel books about Oxford, Venice, New York, Spain, Wales, Ireland, Sydney, Hong Kong . . .

For the ordeal of "the operation" Morris travelled to Morocco, to the rooms of Dr. Georges Burou:

I was led along corridors and up staircases into the inner premises of the clinic. The atmosphere thickened as we proceeded. The rooms became more heavily curtained, more velvety, more voluptuous. Portrait busts appeared, I think, and there was a hint of heavy perfume. Presently I saw, advancing upon me through the dim alcoves of this retreat, which distinctly suggested to me the allure of a harem, a figure no less recognizably odalesque. It was Madame Burou. She was dressed in a long white robe, tasseled I think around the waist, which subtly managed to combine the luxuriance of a caftan with the hygiene of a nurse's uniform, and she was blonde herself, and carefully mysterious . . . Powers beyond my control

A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

What's in a name, then?

It has been reported to me (with more self-satisfied glee, I might add, than I would have thought Bikwilian good manners permit) that ours is not the only enterprise to have appropriated the word "Bandersnatch" from Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky* poem.

Indeed it isn't. Yet, like *Bikwil*, none of them is using the word in Carroll's sense — "a fleet, furious, fuming, fabulous creature, of dangerous propensities, immune to bribery and too fast to flee from . . ." (OED).

On the other hand, it looks as if *Bikwil* is the only project that uses the word to describe a language. (Or, to be more precise, a variant of English. For, as regular fans of Larick & Co. will know, the secret with Bandersnatch is to retain the "syntactic markers" of English, as linguists call them — prepositions, articles, word endings, etc. — while inventing your own plausibly English "content words" — nouns, verbs, adjectives, and so on).

Anyway, who are they, these other Bander-snatchers? Here are just a few. I'm delighted to announce that every one has a droll quality about it.

To start with, there's *The Frumious Bandersnatch*, a weekly satirical newspaper emanating from Tucson, Arizona. By the look of it, it's only available on the Internet. Apart from sending up current events, it also claims to be "Home of General Delivery University, America's only genuine diploma mill. Complete with downloadable diplomas." Dare you to slip one into your résumé portfolio.

In New York, the Scarsdale High School yearbook goes by the name of *Bandersnatch*. (Its literary magazine's title is *Jabberwocky*.)

They say there's a Brewery and Restaurant in Tempe, Arizona called *The Bandersnatch*. I hope so.

In Sacramento, California you can hire a blues/folk vocal duo called *Acoustic Bandersnatch*.

Fair enough, I suppose, for American activities, but this brief list would be incomplete without an Aussie Web site. So what about *Bandersnatch Bears*, run by one Adam Jenkins in Adelaide? It features info on "artist-designed, hand-made teddy bears". Let's face it, you always wanted your own Indiana Jones bear, didn't you?

Not as much today language-wise as you've come to expect from *Pink Shell-like*, perhaps, but this issue of *Bikwil* does at least have some more about the adventures of *Larick and the Aratrongs*.

O frabjous day! Callooh! Cal-lay!

— Harlish Goop

And if the above transgression wasn't enough, Lewis Carroll nonsense aficionado Katisha has contacted *Bikwil* regarding an incomplete QQQ in Issue 13 (May 1999). We had the quote in question as

I only took the regular courses, reeling and writhing.

But as Katisha correctly points out, the line should have been

I only took the regular courses, reeling, writhing and fainting in coils.

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

Worse still, that unlucky page of quotes had second stupid error in it. How many of you spotted it, but were too polite to draw it to my mortified attention?

The one in question was the P.G. Wodehouse quote

Few things so speedily modify an uncle's love as a nephew's air gun bullet in the fleshy part of the leg.

The inexcusable fact is that that selfsame line had already appeared in Issue 12. Anyone would think I had a special affection for PGW!

True enough, but much to my embarrassment I have to confess the real reason: nothing more than the fact that I copied the wrong quote from my master QQQ list, and once more failed to check my work sufficiently carefully.

— TR

The shame of it all is that the missing quote I had prepared for Issue 13 was this fine witticism from Robert Benchley, colleague and friend of the equally scathing theatre critic Dorothy Parker:

It was one of those plays in which all the actors unfortunately enunciated very clearly.

Perversity now being one of the predictable catchcries of the QQQ page, my atonement for using a quote twice is to give you three extra doses, not of Benchley, but of Wodehouse.

First:

Unlike the male codfish, which, suddenly finding itself the parent of three million five hundred thousand little codfish, cheerfully resolves to love them all, the British aristocracy is apt to look with a somewhat jaundiced eye on its younger sons.

Second:

Jeeves has a way of suddenly materialising at one's side like one of those Indian blokes who shoot their astral bodies to and fro, going into thin air in Rangoon and re-assembling the parts in Calcutta. I think it's done with mirrors.

And . . . wait for it . . . one of his best similes ever:

He looked haggard and careworn, like a Borgia who has suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to shove cyanide in the consommé, and the dinner gong due any moment.

had brought me to Room 5 at the clinic in Casablanca, and I could not have run away then even if I had wanted to . . . I went to say good-bye to myself in the mirror. We would never meet again, and I wanted to give that other self a long last look in the eye, and a wink for luck. As I did so a street vendor outside played a delicate arpeggio upon his flute, a very gentle merry sound which he repeated, over and over again, in sweet diminuendo down the street. Flights of angels, I said to myself, and so staggered . . . to my bed, and oblivion.

Good writing, that, and here's some more style, on her addiction to the intoxicating smell of books (Bikwilians may sigh dreamily):

I am a book-sniffer . . . I like all the literary smells, from leather to glue to old dust to new paper, and most of all I like the smell of old-fashioned American printing ink. They no longer use this fragrant substance — perhaps they don't use ink at all? — but fortunately it is very resilient, and there are a number of books in my collection which, having been printed in the United States half a century or more ago, contribute far more than their share to the aroma. H.L. Mencken's *The American Language* is one, and John Gunther's *Inside USA* another. Sometimes I take them down from their shelves just for a sniff; and each year I sense their powers fading, so I feel my own life passing with them.

Of course, gaining acceptance after a sex-change operation takes time. Journalist Richard M. Levine, for instance, has described Morris' disconcerting effect on people at a party in her honour not

long after her surgery. Despite the fact as James she'd climbed three-quarters of Everest and travelled round the world half a dozen times since, and in so doing produced work they'd all greatly admired,

. . . [t]hey seemed frightened and even repulsed by what he had become — a proper, somewhat dowdy, middle-aged Englishwoman who looked as though a trip to the local tearoom was about all the adventure she could handle.

Perhaps the best publicised of the transsexuals of the last 50 years was Christine (George) Jorgensen, who underwent "GI-Becomes-Blonde-Bombshell" surgery as early as 1952 in Copenhagen. Another who caught the public eye more recently (largely because she was already well known) was tennis player Renée Richards.

Not so prominent for his sexual transformation was Wally Stott, a second Englishman already married with teenage children when he changed his sex. He became Angela Morely. Remember him? He was the bandleader and arranger for many BBC programmes, including the "highly esteemed talking-type wireless" *Goon Show*.

— TR

(This associative essay will be continued in the next issue of *Bikwil*.)

One man's Mede is another man's Persian.

George S. Kaufman

How did it go in Hollywood? The trouble was, gentlemen, that Mr Goldwyn was interested in art, and I was interested in money.

George Bernard Shaw

Quintessential Quirky Quotes

They say Tom Mix rides like part of the horse, but they don't say which part.

Robert Sherwood

After two days in hospital, I took a turn for the nurse.

W. C. Fields

A hippie is someone who looks like Tarzan, walks like Jane and smells like Cheetah.

Ronald Reagan

Corrigenda

Time for some humble pie.

Several of our readers have an interest in matters both scientific and linguistic. One of these on-the-ball scholars — jeneric by name — has been kind enough to draw my attention to a factual error in my *Up-front Popularisers* piece on Lancelot Hogben's *Mathematics for the Million* in Issue 15 (September 1999). The error was mine, not Hogben's, I should add, and proves yet again that one should always re-check one's work — four times at least.

What I had written so nonchalantly was this:

. . . did you know that the word "algebra" is derived from the name of an ancient Arab mathematician? He was Abu Al Khwarizmi, who worked in Baghdad in the 8th century . . .

As jeneric points out, the word derived from the mathematician's name should have been "algorithm", not "algebra". Referring to a statement in Roger Penrose's *The Emperor's New Mind* (Chapter 2), a well regarded book from 1989 on the human mind and computers, jeneric explains as follows:

. . . it was Abu Ja'far Mohammed ibn Musa al-Khodrizm who wrote in 825 AD the influential text book "Kitab

al-jabr wa'l-muqabala", from which the two words algorithm (al-Khowdrizm) and algebra (al-jabr) derived.

Harlish Goop, whom I consulted on this, has confirmed the facts, adding

OED2 has some interesting extra information on the two words.

Take *algebra*, for instance. The original meaning in Arabic (al-jabr) was the reuniting of broken parts, including the setting of fractured bones. The word passed into Western languages in the 13th century, and maintained the surgical meaning along with the mathematical until well into the 17th century.

As for *algorithm*, this, says the *OED*, while certainly derived from the surname of *Abu Ja'far Mohammed Ben Musa*, is actually a form in English of the old word *algorism*, "which passed through many pseudo-etymological perversions", and which means the Arabic decimal system of numeration.

Regarding the spelling of the man's name, jeneric aptly says

. . . it's probably been translated from Farsi to Arabic to Latin to English and a "correct" spelling would be anybody's guess.

Harlish Goop adds, that according to the *OED*, the surname (which it has as *al-Khowarazmi*) means "the native of Khwarazm (Khiva)".