

## From the Back Verandah

Here is the solution to Kwizz Gig 3 of Issue 37, May 2003.

— Fizzgig

1. By what name is Domenicos Theotopoulos better known?

— El Greco. He was born on Crete, and his Spanish patrons had trouble pronouncing his real name, he gradually became known by his nickname, which means “The Greek”.

2. What is Tommy Flowers remembered for?

— Flowers (1905-98) was the Royal Post Office researcher in electronic telephone transmissions who designed the first programmable computer, the British military code-breaking computer Colossus at Bletchley Park in 1943-4.

3. What makes Enheduanna notable in literary history?

— The daughter of the Akkadian (North Babylonian) king Sargon the Great (c. 2371-2316 BC), Enheduanna is accepted as the world’s first author known by name. She wrote hymns to the goddess Inanna.

4. Two of the most famous men of the 19th century were born February 12, 1809, but an ocean apart. Who were they?

— Lincoln and Darwin.

5. While she was a medical student, author Gertrude Stein became convinced that she had a blood disease. What treatment did she prescribe herself?

— Boxing with a professional. According to a neighbour, the house used to resound to shouts of, “Now give me

one in the jaw! Now give me one in the kidney!”

6. What book is believed to contain the longest sentence written in a European language?

— *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo. The sentence runs over 2.5 pages and consists of 823 words, with 93 commas, 52 semicolons and four dashes.

7. What inspired Sergei Prokofiev to compose *Peter and the Wolf*?

— The Walt Disney film *Fantasia*. In fact he composed *Peter and the Wolf* for Disney.

8. Although Samuel Morse invented the Morse Code, he did not actually invent the telegraph. Who did?

— The physicist and scientific administrator Joseph Henry (1797-1878). He sued Morse for stealing his patent, and won.

9. Which of the following composers suffered from syphilis: Frederick Delius, Gaetano Donizetti, Scott Joplin, Niccolò Paganini, Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, Bedrich Smetana?

— All of them.

10. What is the literary significance of madeleine cakes?

— It was the taste of some madeleine cakes evoking memories in the mind of Marcel Proust that prompted him to write his 13-volume, 1.25 million word masterpiece *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*.

# BIKWIL

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## Business Arising

Over the next few months I'm going to try and report on a few observations that readers have passed on to me. Some of these are brand-new ideas, while others arise out of pieces that have previously appeared in *Bikwil*.

This issue, for instance, contains an article that harks back to one of the articles in our *Memorable Moments in Music* series — the one I wrote about Australia's first piano (*Clavierübung*, Issue 20, July 2000). Look for this bit of very interesting feedback from a Canadian reader on page 7 under the title *The Worgan Family and Their Musical Times*.

Also in this issue are two solutions, one to the Five Houses puzzle and the other to Kwizz Gig 3.

You know, that Five Houses puzzle has stirred up quite a bit of interest among our readers, several of whom have contacted me to see if they had correctly deduced who the wretched fish lover is. They had.

But once I put it on the Internet will it become as famous as our Twelve Billiard Ball puzzle?

Allow me to suggest that you watch this space.

## Colophon

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No news is good news. No journalists is even better.

Nicolas Bentley

He's very clever, but sometimes his brains go to his head.

Margot Asquith

## Quintessential Quirky Quotes

Henry IV's feet and armpits enjoyed an international reputation.

Aldous Huxley

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

Anonymous

I've had a wonderful evening, but this wasn't it.

Groucho Marx

We are now over 40% done, but from here on it gets a little more difficult.

Let's try to place the other drinks — Beer, Water and Tea.

Taking house A, it can't be Tea drunk here because the Tea drinker isn't Norwegian but Danish (Clue 2). Likewise, it can't be Beer in house A because the beer drinker smokes Blue Masters (Clue 12) whereas the Norwegian in house A smokes Dunhill. House A must therefore have the Water drinker.

From this and Clue 15 it follows that the Blends smoker lives in house B.

Now, what is the nationality of the owner of house B?

Either German, Swedish or Danish. But he can't be German (Prince smoker, from Clue 13), since house B's owner smokes Blends. Nor can he be Swedish (Dog owner, from Clue 2), since house B's owner keeps a horse. So house B must be the Dane's, who from Clue 3 is the Tea drinker.

The Beer drinker (and Blue Masters smoker, from Clue 12) must therefore live in house E. This cannot be the German, from Clue 13, and thus has to be the Dog owning Swede (Clue 2), leaving house D's owner as the Prince smoking German.

This means that the Brit in house C must smoke Pall Mall and is therefore the Bird fancier (Clue 6):

A	B	C	D	E
Yellow	Blue	Red	Green	White
Norwegian	Dane	Brit	German	Swede
Water	Tea	Milk	Coffee	Beer
Dunhill	Blends	Pall Mall	Prince	Blue Masters
	Horse	Birds		Dogs

Finally, Clue 10 reveals that the next-door neighbour of the Blends smoker who keeps cats must live in house A.

From that, who owns the Fish becomes obvious.

— TR

## Mary Bennet

12

“What is it you are reading, Mary, pray?”

Mrs Allardyce, still wearing her dressing gown, had entered the Netherfield library just as I was turning the opening pages of *Renata*. Concealment was impossible: she had already plucked the book from my grasp. All I could do was wait, speechless and trembling, for her anger to break. If she were to strike me now, I felt it would be no more than I deserved.

And I had been so certain I was safe! Mr Coates, I knew, had left for London earlier that morning and would be away for several days, Nonna had gone into Meryton to shop, and George and Sam were out riding. I had watched both boys out of the house before going to the library and unlocking — with shaking hands and pounding heart — the big breakfront bookcase where Mr Coates kept

copies of all his own works and taking out the first of the red leather bound volumes. But now as I sat, head bowed and sick with dread, I heard merely the rustle of swiftly turned pages and then — incredibly — a burst of laughter.

“Good God!” Pulling out a chair and seating herself beside me. “I had quite forgotten —” Breaking off to read once more.

After a minute or so of rustling silence I ventured to glance up at her. She was utterly engrossed — nibbling the tip of her little finger as she read. Several more minutes passed and I was beginning to breathe more easily when she spoke again — abruptly this time, without lifting her eyes from the page: “How came you by this? Did Jasper give it you?”

“Oh no, ma'am!” I cleared my throat, trying to speak collectedly: “The key had been left in the bookcase and I — I know I oughtn't to have opened it

without Mr Coates' leave, I know that very well. But my aunt — yesterday my aunt spoke of the book so highly, that I ventured —”

“Your aunt?” Looking at me intently now. “Your mother's sister? The one who lives in Meryton?”

“Oh no, that is my Aunt Philips. No, I was speaking of Aunt Gardiner — she is a great reader, my Aunt Gardiner —”

“Never mind, never mind.” Her attention had gone back to *Renata*, and soon the little finger had crept back into her mouth. She must have read for the best part of five minutes — it seemed an eternity — and then she laughed again but it was an embarrassed groaning sort of laugh, such as a poor joke might elicit. And then she cast the book aside and looked at me.

Her look was not unfriendly. I had the impression she was quite pleased to have an audience — a sycophantic servant would have done as well as a docile child. She wanted to talk.

“Very few people have read this novel, you know, Mary.”

“Indeed?” I quavered. I thought it best not to repeat what Aunt had said.

“Jasper sent it to a publisher just on the chance — *fare un esperimento*, you understand? He thought nobody would want it. And then they offered him a hundred guineas. That's a lot of money, wouldn't you agree, a hundred guineas? Very hard to say no to a hundred guineas. And he was just twenty years old.”

She picked up the book again — this time respectfully, tracing the gold scroll about the title. “He should never have accepted of course. He should have known that people would recognize the characters, the circumstances — everything pointed to Mama and myself — he should have disguised all that. But it was very much a young man's novel, very *confessionale*. He didn't consider *our* reputations. Of course Mama — being Mama — declared she didn't care.”

The first thing towards finding a solution should be to draw a picture of the street, calling the houses A, B, C, D and E, with the Colour, Nationality, Drink, Cigar and Pet attributes running vertically, in that order.

Next, we fill in any obvious items, as follows,

From Clue 9, we can place the Norwegian in house A,  
from Clue 14, we can colour house B Blue,  
from Clue 8, we can place the Milk drinker in house C:

A	B	C	D	E
	Blue			
Norwegian				
		Milk		

Now, looking at Clue 4, we try to locate the Green and White houses. They can't be either (A — B) or (B — C), because B is Blue.

Nor can Green and White be (C — D). Why? Because Clue 5 puts the Coffee drinker in the Green house and house C has a Milk drinker. It follows that the Green house is D and the White is E.

This leaves us to find the Colour of houses A and C.

Because Clue 1 puts the Brit in the Red house, and House A has a Norwegian, we can deduce that House C is Red and House A is Yellow.

And while we're at it, we can place the Dunhill smoker in his house (Clue 7), the Brit in his (Clue 1), the Coffee drinker in his (Clue 5) and the Horse owner in his (Clue 11):

A	B	C	D	E
Yellow	Blue	Red	Green	White
Norwegian		Brit		
		Milk	Coffee	
Dunhill				
	Horse			

## The Five Houses Puzzle and How to Solve It

There is a row of five houses painted in five different colours. In each house lives a person with a different nationality. The owners drink a certain type of beverage, smoke a certain brand of cigar, and

keep a certain kind of pet. No owners have the same pet, smoke the same brand of cigar or drink the same beverage.

Who owns the fish?

Here are fifteen clues:

1. The Brit lives in the red house.
2. The Swede keeps dogs as pets.
3. The Dane drinks tea.
4. The green house is on the left of the white house.
5. The green house's owner drinks coffee.
6. The person who smokes Pall Mall rears birds.
7. The owner of the yellow house smokes Dunhill.
8. The man living in the centre house drinks milk.
9. The Norwegian lives in the first house.
10. The man who smokes Blends lives next door to the one who keeps cats.
11. The man who keeps the horse lives next door to the man who smokes Dunhill.
12. The owner who smokes Blue Masters drinks beer.
13. The German smokes Prince.
14. The Norwegian lives next door to the blue house.
15. The man who smokes Blends has a next-door neighbour who drinks water.

This is an example of what we might call “multiple-attribute” puzzles. Here we have a five-by-five challenge:

five colours  
five nationalities  
five drinks  
five cigars  
five pets.

The solution is arrived at by using a combination of logic and trial-and-error, mainly logic. Many of the clues are interdependent, which makes solving the puzzle confusing at first.

Nevertheless, the puzzle cannot be solved without relying on this interdependence.

She paused, frowning, and I thought perhaps her own confession had ended, but then she went on in a very passable imitation of Nonna: “Reputation is no matter, Christina, when a person is making *art!*”

I laughed — I knew it was expected of me — and she continued: “Yes, well I happen to think it does matter. And Jasper eventually came round to my way of thinking — too late of course — he then had to spend a small fortune buying up the publisher’s stock.”

“Yes,” I began hesitantly. “My aunt did mention —”

But she was not listening, intent on justifying herself: “We all have to live in the world Mary, and I had my boys to consider. And I’ve no assets — no capital — apart from my good name.” Pausing and giving me one of her curiously disappointing smiles. “And my good looks of course.”

“*Nature’s coin,*” I murmured. I was then afraid she would think me impertinent, but she merely looked amused.

“Precisely.”

“Mr Knowles had me learn many such aphorisms — on account of my plainness and my sisters’ good looks.”

“No, you’ll never be a beauty, that’s certain.” She got up and went over to the bookcase and I watched while she took down the second volume of *Renata*. “You must cultivate your talents, your music — you must study to become *interessante.*” Rapidly leafing through the end pages as she spoke: “Perhaps you will write a novel yourself one day, who knows?”

“You’re pleased to make fun of me, ma’am.”

“Not at all, not at all.” She laid aside the second volume and took down the third. “Of course it’s next to impossible for a woman to make her own way in the world, but if I had the least little talent I assure you I’d be labouring night and day to turn it to good account — to earn some money for myself. As it is, I’m reduced to muddling along with Jasper. Or marrying Fred Purvis.”

I was astounded. “But Mr Purvis is so . . . So . . .”

She laughed. “So so *rich*, Mary! I have it on good authority he’s worth at least twelve thousand a year.”

“But ma’am.” The image of Mr Purvis — a fat fiftyish dandy with improbable chestnut hair — was so strong in my mind I could not believe her to be serious. “You would have to *live* with him.”

“Ah, but not for long. I have it all planned. I shall engage an Italian cook. And Purvis will then gorge himself. Oh! he will pop off within a year.”

I could not laugh with her. That she should think of marrying Mr Purvis solely for his money was bad enough but to plan his death — to *joke* about it!

“What a solemn little creature you are.” She collected all three volumes of *Renata* and came back to where I was sitting. “You peer at me through your spectacles so that I feel quite . . .” Shaking her head at me, and then when I failed to respond: “Oh what an

unforgiving *basilisk* stare — you look exactly like your sister Elizabeth. But really, you mustn’t judge me, you know. *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* I feel sure your Mr Knowles has impressed that upon you. Should you like to read this then?”

Amazingly, she was handing me the volumes. “I really don’t think it will corrupt you — the whole thing is such ancient history now. It may even help you to understand us better. God knows we’re all of us in need of understanding. Only you must not tell them at Longbourn that it has any *factual* basis. And don’t let Mr Knowles see it for God’s sake.”

“No indeed, ma’am — thank you! I shall never let it go out of my own hands, I promise —”

“Oh, I shouldn’t object to either of your older sisters reading it.” She smiled down at me. “Elizabeth is a great reader, is she not? Yes, I would be most interested to know what Elizabeth Bennet thinks of *Renata*.”

— Jennifer Paynter

way out through the dense undergrowth, and you’ll be free.

1. The fixing of an array of gendered and generationed characters provides the ground-rules for conventional readings of the text, strongly inviting concurrence with the initial arrays and deflecting all but the most persistent of counter-readings.

2. Here my aim is to carry these deep analyses one step farther, by taking account of recent developments in quantum gravity: the emerging branch of physics in which Heisenberg’s quantum mechanics and Einstein’s general relativity are at once synthesized and superseded. In quantum gravity, as we shall see, the space-time manifold ceases to exist as an objective physical reality; geometry becomes relational and contextual; and the foundational conceptual categories of prior science — among them, existence itself — become problematized and relativized. This conceptual revolution, I will argue, has profound implications for the content of a future postmodern and liberatory science.

3. A preliminary attempt has been made elsewhere to gather these disparate discourses together, in a process of DIS-articulation and RE-articulation, so as to forge a distinctively new discourse on literacy pedagogy which deliberately seeks to bring together issues of subject-specific classroom learning and critical-democratic schooling.

4. Postmodern analyses challenge the ontological status of modernist claims to knowledgeability concerning the world. Consequently, when such approaches are applied to social theory, the privilege which has been claimed by modernist social scientific discourses is dissolved.

5. Rather than leave difference as difference, the cultural margins have the positive potential to reconstitute the core, be that through reworking the idea of nation away from the traditional homogenising, assimilationist, ideological nationalisms, or by allowing the Canon to be open to disruption, debate and revision.

6. If one examines capitalist discourse, one is faced with a choice: either reject the dialectic paradigm of consensus or conclude that the State is a legal fiction. Thus, the premise of the predialectic paradigm of narrative holds that discourse is a product of the collective unconscious, given that truth is interchangeable with consciousness. Lyotard uses the term “the subtextual paradigm of discourse” to denote the economy of cultural truth.

7. Educational practice, and the discourses which currently sustain it, is increasingly characterized by the techno-logic of efficiency and productivity, by hyper-rationalization and what Lyotard calls “the performativity principle”.

— Harlish Goop

*Messenger: Ideas Buried in Jargon Jungle* (published in *The Sydney Morning Herald* on 5 May 2001).

I don't entirely blame Australian sociologists for their failure to reach a popular audience, or for their failure to try. To a large extent, they are prisoners of the academy, trained in an impenetrable prose style. No brownie points accrue to the academic who writes for the people. The more obscure the journal and the fewer the readers for an academic's work, the better the chances for promotion . . .

[A]cademics write for each other, and for their students. But the sociologists can't escape blame. When postmodern theory gripped sociology departments in the '90s, the last drops of life were squeezed from their prose. It all got too hard for interested lay folk.

Aha! So there's the culprit.

Postmodernism is known to its adherents and detractors alike as POMO — though to me that word always sounds like a brand of hair-dressing or moustache wax. It is a mysterious and grotesque countryside for the unwary to go exploring, full of all sorts of hidden guerrilla words just waiting to spring an ambush.

What you have to do, as I've indicated, is arm yourself with the Sword of Scorn and you'll

soon be dashing about performing feats of derring-do you'd never have thought possible, with nary the hint of a distressing thought to bother you.

Some people have found the postmodern language of sociology so hilarious that they have written plausible essays as part of hoaxes. Some have even devised computer programs to generate nonsense passages that look like the real thing.

A famous case of a hoax was the one perpetrated by NYU Professor Alan Sokal who in 1996 cooked up an utterly meaningless article that was accepted by a cultural criticism publication (*Social Text*) as sincere and authentic. Those of you with Internet access can enjoy the full story at <http://www.physics.nyu.edu/faculty/sokal/>.

With all that in mind, let's see if you can detect the real from the pretend among the following seven extracts. Five are passages of genuine sociological jargon, the other two are concocted, either by human or by machine.

If you can't pick the difference, don't let it worry you. Just remember to keep that Sword handy. You can use it to cut a

## The Worgan Family and Their Musical Times

I read with great interest your piece on Worgan's Piano (*Clavierübung*, Issue 20, July 2000) as George Bouchier Worgan was my g-g-g-great uncle being the older brother of my g-g-g-great grandfather Thomas Danvers Worgan.

The family music legacy started with James Worgan (1713-1752) and Dr. John Worgan (1724-1790) who was the most famous of the Worgan organists. Dr. John taught all of his children how to play the piano and the organ and that trait was passed down the line for many generations. They also were very active composers and played at many of the Churches in London as well as giving many performances at Vauxhall Gardens.

Dr. John Worgan is probably best remembered for his playing of the Easter Hymn commonly known as the Worgan Tune (*Jesus Christ is Risen Today*) as well as having taught

Charles Wesley how to play the piano. In addition he was good friends with Handel who would probably have been the composer of choice in 1790 in Australia especially with George Bouchier being an acquaintance of his.

I retrieved the following piece from the Internet concerning the time period in question:

If [Domenico] Scarlatti was not especially well-known as a player outside his circle, his harpsichord sonatas certainly were. Particularly in England, a following for his works developed that established his reputation as one of the foremost keyboard composers of his time. Between the first publication of thirty sonatas in his *Essercizi* in London in 1738 and the end of the 18th century, more than one hundred sonatas were available in English prints. Of these, more than sixty had been published by 1760, around the time of Scarlatti's death. For the English public, the keyboard works of Scarlatti, together with those of Händel, formed the foundation of their repertoire.

Commenting on the dearth of native English composers, Charles Burney (1726-1814) said, “Handel’s compositions for the organ and harpsichord, with those of Scarlatti and [Domenico] Alberti, were our chief practice and delight, for more than fifty years.”

Elsewhere, Burney, in reminiscing about the state of music in England around 1750, said:

Handel’s harpsichord lessons and organ concertos, and the two first books of Scarlatti’s lessons, were all the good Music for keyed-instruments at that time in the nation; and there were original (and difficult

. . . Handel’s organ concertos long remained in possession of the first and favourite places, in the private practice and public performance of every organist in the kingdom; and Scarlatti’s were not only the pieces with which every young performer displayed his powers of execution, but were the wonder and delight of every hearer who had a spark of enthusiasm about him, and could feel new and bold effects intrepidly produced by the breach of almost all the old and established rules of composition.

. . . Mr. Kelway, a scholar of Geminiani, kept Scarlatti’s best

lessons in constant practice, and was at the head of the Scarlatti sect. He had, in his voluntaries on the organ, a masterly wildness, and long supported the character of a great player, in a style quite his own, bold, rapid and fanciful. With his harpsichord playing I was not acquainted, but have often been assured that he executed the most difficult lesson of Scarlatti, in a manner peculiarly neat and delicate.

. . . In his youth, [John Worgan, 1724-90] was impressed with a reverence for Domenico Scarlatti by old [Thomas] Roseingrave’s account of his wonderful performance on the harpsichord, was well as by his lessons; and afterwards he became a great collector of his pieces, some of which he had been honoured with from Madrid by the author himself. He was the editor of twelve at one time and six at another, that are admirable, though few have now perseverance sufficient to vanquish their peculiar difficulties of execution. He is still in possession of many more, which he has always locked up as Sybil’s leaves.

I do have a copy of George’s diary and it’s an interesting story and a nice piece of our family history, along with the *Bikwil* article on the First Piano in Australia!

— Kerry Worgan

## A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

Back in Issue 32 (July 2002) I wrote briefly in this column about jargon, and I foreshadowed that I would ruminate in a later piece on a specific and most fertile field of gibberish — that of sociology.

To start with, I should confess that I used to wonder whether there had to be something intrinsic about academic sociology that begged expression in obcurative language.

Not that I’m the only person who’s ever been bewildered or exasperated by such writing. Here is a quote in the *OED* from the 1970s (*Nature*, 25 June 1971 538/1):

Why do social scientists, particularly American social scientists, murder the English language?

The Internet is full of comment on the matter, too — even to the extent of providing several “vocabulary translators”. (Type “sociology jargon” into your favourite search engine and you’ll see what I mean.)

Benighted the language of sociology may seem at first, but

over time I have come to realise something extremely significant: at its best/worst, it can be the source of great fun. It’s a bit like Woody Allen’s answer to the question “Is sex dirty?” — “Only if it’s done right.”

Mind you, Bikwilians, if it’s fun you’re looking for in sociology’s language, be sure it’s a day you’re not actually trying to derive useful meaning from it.

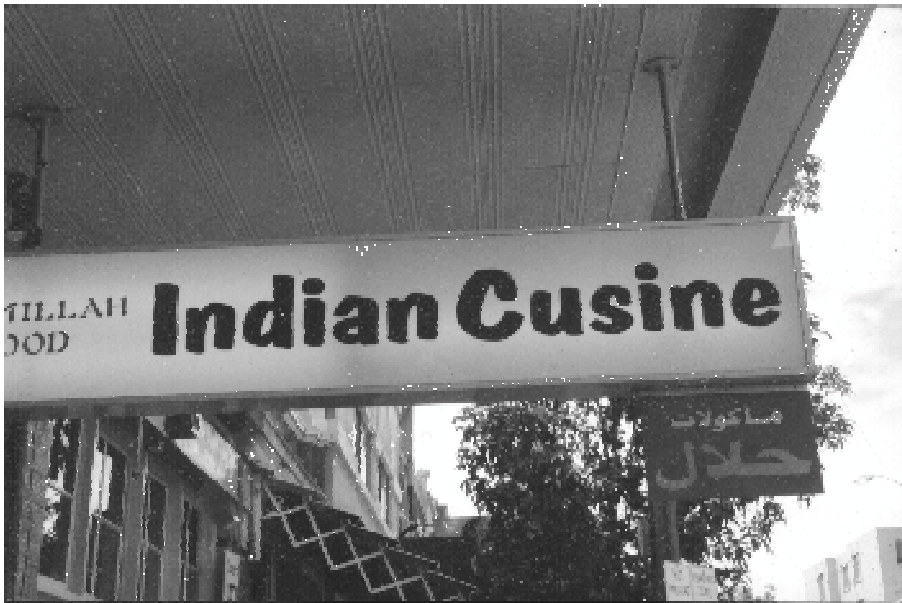
Some people do seek meaning in it, you know. Or at least I presume that such people exist. They must, surely? I could be utterly wrong, of course; the whole thing could be one enormous university hoax, and somewhere there are groups of sociology lecturers sniggering into their pina colodas.

But working on the more naive assumption that there’s gold in them thar sociological hills, let’s return to the unconscious humour hidden in the earnest shrubbery. Before we do, though, let me just show you a few lines from an article by Adele Horin entitled *Shoot the*



## Kinswoman or Food?

[ Spellbound No. 2 ]



— Submitted by the late Lars Porsenna

## Web

A recent phenomenon on the Internet is the appearance of search toolbars. These are usually made available by the major search engine companies. In essence, a toolbar lets you to use the search engine in question without visiting their website.

Well-known toolbars include those from Alexa, Alta Vista, Google, Lycos, Teoma and Yahoo, though not all of these are called “toolbars” (Yahoo’s is called the Yahoo Companion, for example, while Lycos call theirs the Lycos SideSearch).

As search toolbars have many features in common, today I need devote myself just to the most popular one — which happens to be that from Google.

The way it works is as follows.

First you go to a special Google site and download the Toolbar software (for free), and then install it. It then attaches itself to your browser as an extra bar, usually at the top of the page (under the Address bar), and you're ready to go. Bear in mind that it works only



## Line

with Microsoft Internet Explorer version 5.0 or greater, and only in Windows (Win95 or later).

As I mentioned, the main purpose of the Toolbar is to give you access to Google, no matter which Web page you happen to be on right now. The software can even remember the last twenty searches you have done from the Toolbar.

In addition to allowing you to search Google at any time from anywhere, the Toolbar also provides a means of searching the text of the site you are currently at. This latter feature is very useful for those sites that do not offer a search function themselves. An even more helpful aspect of this site search facility is the option to highlight each occurrence of your search terms in the results.

If you want information about the page you're on, you can look at the following:

Cached Snapshot of Page (the snapshot that Google took of the page when they last crawled the Web.);

Similar Pages (pages that are related in some way to the current page);

Backward Links (pages linking to the current page);

Translate into English (obviously of use only for foreign language sites).

Detailed information on these and other features is available from Google.

Another useful, though often misunderstood, option is the display of the current page's PageRank. Here is Google's description of this feature:

PageRank performs an objective measurement of the importance of web pages and is calculated by solving an equation of 500 million variables and more than 3 billion terms. Google does not count links; instead PageRank uses the vast link structure of the web as an organizational tool. In essence, Google interprets a link from Page A to Page B as a "vote" by Page A for Page B. Google assesses a page's importance by the votes it receives.

Google also analyzes the pages that cast the votes. Votes cast by pages that are themselves "important" weigh more heavily and help to make other pages important. Important, high-quality pages receive a higher

PageRank and are ordered or ranked higher in the results. Google's technology uses the collective intelligence of the web to determine a page's importance. Google does not use editors or its own employees to judge a page's importance.

You may be interested to know that most of *Bikwil's* pages are ranked in the 4 to 6 range (out of 10). In the universal scheme of Internet things, this ain't bad at all.

O.K., so most of the above features are optional, and can be turned on or off by clicking on the Options button. Altogether, there are around thirty options for changing the Toolbar's behaviour and layout options, many of which you will find it useful to try out. But even if you were to turn off most of them, the essential search functions would still be a bonus for your Internet browsing.

I recommend the Google Toolbar.

— TR

### Internet sites referred to above:

<http://toolbar.google.com>  
<http://www.google.com/help/features.html>  
<http://download.alexa.com/>  
<http://au.altavista.com/toolbar/default>  
<http://install.sideseach.lycos.com/install/default.asp>  
<http://sp.ask.com/docs/teoma/toolbar/>  
<http://companion.yahoo.com/>

expressed her delight with the poetry in her letter in mid-July and added she would be "using some readings at our Gold Coast Gallery session, 21st September".

In May this year Clare told me of her hope to put *Azimuth* on CD. A wonderful move I said. Then surprising me again she said she was hoping to include a booklet of some of the poems. She asked for a copy of them. Having just moved apartments she hadn't access to her files.

Happy to oblige I quickly despatched a copy of my original typescript with details of six of the poems which had already appeared in print individually in *Bikwil* in 1999, 2001 and 2002.

In early June Clare confirmed that she was going ahead with the CD project adding "The graphic designer is clever and I'm sending copies of your poems and copies of the ones printed in *Bikwil*". When I next spoke with Clare after the June concert she said it was a resounding success. A couple of days later I received her joyful account of it in *A View From the Grand Piano* (later published in the *Brisbane Jazz Club Newsletter*), with the *Azimuth* CD and a letter in which she said with enthusiasm that was contagious:

I'm sure you'll hear a bright new sparkle in the CD.

It was a HUGE thing to engineer and was surrounded with so much love, yours included. I hope you are delighted with the presentation.

Indeed I am. It looks most attractive. Part of *Revelation* graces the cover on both the CD and liner notes. The latter describes with admirable clarity and in praise the history of the project and the collaborators and features six of the *Poems for Azimuth* from the *Bikwil* versions. Seeing the six together in print and in the order that clever designer has arranged them – so right in this context – I'm delighted and honoured again.

As for the sounds of that music, yes it sparkles, it rejoices, and in its freshness and vitality, innocence and wonder endure.

The dancer in red shoes is honoured, too. John would have loved it and danced to it and I'd have danced beside him. We'd have done our own thing but that made us all the more together.

*Azimuth* fulfills even more than a dream, it shines as proof of the enduring spirit of loving co-operation.

— Bet Briggs

Just when the creative energy began flowing freely and on course I can't be sure. But one evening very late while I was listening to the music I looked at the poster I'd taped on the wall near the table where I was writing. It wasn't working for me there. So I took it down, and, with no space to spread it on my cluttered table, I placed it on the floor. Standing above it, looking down at it, made all the difference. I felt I was flying, one minute a passenger in a plane soaring over a vast landscape of intricate and infinite variety, next a bird hovering above a desert or a forest in flames or a countryside in a blaze of autumn. Seeing the painting from that aerial perspective inspired me to write *Revelation on Canvas*, in my original version a poem in six parts. As for the music, the more I listened the more it took me over, as music always does. I let it, hearing the melodies and harmonies, feeling the rhythms of sound patterns, absorbing them, letting them flow through me. As the sounds flowed I listened alone and in stillness and I tried to make *Azimuth* a part of me.

Clare's haunting, meditative and lyrical melodies, *Breathe Through Ivory*, *That Faint Face* and *Azimuth* overwhelmed me. I heard in

them a thematic link and tonal mood which resonated with my own; and I couldn't resist the rhythmic variation, the beat, the swing, the slow and the fast, the rhythm of life, the dance of it all. And below me was *Revelation*, that blaze of colour dancing before my eyes, that red becoming the colour of the dance. So I wrote *Hymn to Dance* in response and as an in memoriam for John the dancer in red shoes.

Early in May 1991 Clare wrote to say she would be at Soup Plus for gigs on 19 and 23 June, adding: "If your poem falls into shape, Bet, we have a performance of *Azimuth* at Noosa on 26th May and one at Gold Coast on 21st September. For either it would be great to include a reading."

Tortoise that I am, I couldn't get my rough creation into shape for May. By mid-June, however, I had the final draft of not one but seven poems under the collective title *Poems for Azimuth* in this order: *Revelation on Canvas* (in 6 parts), *Hymn to Dance*, *The Azimuth Suite* (in 3 parts), *Nocturne* (after hearing *Breathe Through Ivory*), *Elegy* (after hearing *That Faint Face*), *Harmony of Contrasts* and *Words*. This was the text I gave to Clare on Wednesday, June 19, 1991 at Soup Plus. She

## *Azimuth: a Dream Fulfilled*

In 1990 Clare Hansson, renowned Australian jazz pianist, completed her composition *Azimuth*, a twelve-part suite for piano, double bass, percussion, reeds and voice. In May that year at its world premiere performance in the Queensland Art Gallery *Azimuth* was released on cassette.

Thirteen years later in June 2003, at Brisbane Jazz Club, Clare in concert with local musicians, including her four colleagues in the original ensemble, celebrated the re-release of *Azimuth* on CD: a dream fulfilled for all involved.

At the heart of this creative project is collaboration of the most joyful kind: that of people labouring together to achieve and share with others something beautiful, pleasurable and life-affirming.

In a time so inharmonious as now, when "things fall apart" and "the ceremony of innocence is drowned", *Azimuth* is a gift most needed and welcome, a joy that inspires.

There's a story behind *Azimuth* and as a late collaborator, honoured and delighted to have become involved, I would like to share it in celebration.

*Azimuth* began with a painting. That I knew from Clare early in 1990. It began also with a dream – Clare's dream. I learned about that in detail, recently. While talking with Clare by phone about the June concert and the launch of the CD, she told me of her long-held dream of sitting at a grand piano and improvising to a painting. My eager questioning then prompted further revelations about her collaboration with painter Irene Amos. In 1988 at the time of Expo 88 in Brisbane, Clare first saw Amos's painting-in-progress (then called *Relationships*) in the basement of the Queensland Art Gallery. Amos was painter-in-residence, working towards a Doctorate in Creative Arts from the University of Wollongong.

Clare watched her one day at work on the huge canvas (6' x 20'/188 cms x 604 cms), bringing extraordinary patterns and lines and swirls of colour together in evocative relationships. Clare's immediate response was: "It's a revelation!" Amos thereupon adopted that as the title. Clare in turn revealed her dream and Amos, enthusiastic about it urged her to follow it and so the collaboration

between composer and artist was begun.

Throughout 1989 Clare worked on her composition, completed it in early 1990, formed her five-piece ensemble and on 16 April, Easter Monday, rehearsed the music. Nine days later on Anzac Day the suite was recorded on tape at the University of Queensland and in May at the Art Gallery *Azimuth* was launched on its journey to the public.

I wasn't there but I can picture the scene: on stage the Azimuth Ensemble: Clare at the grand piano, Philip Hansson on double bass, Bob Watson on drums and percussion, Sue Wighton, vocals and Jim Mackenzie on flute, clarinet, soprano and tenor saxophones, on display the finished painting, *Revelation*, and in attendance the painter, Dr Irene Amos. (I've learned since she was the first woman and Queensland to be awarded the Doctorate in Creative Arts).

So where do I, the wordsmith, come into this story? As an actual collaborator not until late 1990. But as I've said I was already aware earlier that year of the project-in-progress. In a letter Clare wrote on 13 February, 1990 to my husband John and me she said: "Today I am writing some music,

with a painting as inspiration. I will use your dancing as inspiration, John, and dedicate a piece to you."

Her letter arrived too late for John to learn this. He had died on February 14, St Valentine's Day. He would have been touched, I'm sure, to be honoured by Clare in that way.

After his death I kept in contact with Clare, mostly by letter, but also when she came to Sydney for some musical engagements in May, June and August 1990. According to my record of those visits she was here on Monday 28 and Tuesday 29 May. We didn't meet, but Clare phoned me on the Tuesday and we had as I noted "a lovely conversation" – no other comment. Yet I know, as I did then but couldn't express it, that it would have been lovely and more. For me it was hearing an understanding, wise and compassionate voice giving me support and strength. Fresh from the premier performance of *Azimuth* Clare talked enthusiastically about it. That was, I think, the first time I heard the name *Azimuth*.

We didn't meet in June, but in August I attended one of the two lunch-time gigs she had at the Gateway Building at the Quay-side.

During one or the other of our two encounters, either the May phone call or the August meeting, Clare surprised me totally when she asked me would I write some poetry for *Azimuth* that could be incorporated in a future performance.

I'm not sure what my immediate response was. Lost for words, probably. I do remember the rush of mixed feelings. I certainly felt honoured to be asked, but scared, too, wondering if I could do it.

But her request stirred a dream of my own: I'd always been attracted to the link between words and music and wanted to write lyrics for songs and once, in a wilder flight of fancy, even a libretto for a musical or an opera. So, prompted by that old dream, perhaps, too, in need of a challenge and of being involved in something positive, I eventually said yes.

Getting started wasn't without hesitation. Clare had given me the *Azimuth* cassette and a poster of *Revelation*. First I spread the poster (36 cms x 68 cms) on the table where I worked, and put the cassette in the player. I looked at the images of patterns and colours, listened to the sound patterns and rhythms and was overwhelmed by them. Yet inspiration

wasn't instantly forthcoming. I had a technical problem, too: being neither an astronomer nor geologist I needed to check a few terms: "Azimuth", for instance, and "Azoic" and "lapus lazuli". My indispensable tool, a good dictionary, supplied the answers. From another source some statements on colours were especially stimulating, e.g. this one from Louis Denz's *Dynamic Dissonance*:

"Red being the most corporeal of colours, best expresses the Greek concept of immediateness – bodily presence";

and Milton's beautiful line from *Paradise Lost*:

"Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.";

and one which makes a wonderful connection between colour and sound from John Berger's *Toward Reality*:

"It is comparatively easy to achieve a certain unity in a picture by allowing one colour to dominate by muting all the colours. Matisse did neither. He clashed his colours together like cymbals and the effect was like a lullaby."

Looking and listening, seeing the painting, hearing the music became the pattern of working, accompanied by the ache of loss. Yet that feeling, as time passed, was a motivating force generating repair and renewal.