

From the Back Verandah

As you all know, P.D.Q. Bach (1807-1742)? was the obscure 21st of Johann Sebastian's 20 children. His large and varied *oeuvre* first came to light in 1954, thanks to the untiring exertions of American academic Peter Schickele.

According to the official Web site (<http://www.presser.com/composers/pdqbach.html>),

[t]hese efforts have even extended themselves to mastering some of the rather unusual instruments for which P.D.Q. liked to compose, such as the left-handed sewer flute, the wind-breaker, and the bicycle.

Primarily, though, Schickele has spent decades excavating, restoring and performing the unique compositions of this eccentric composer. In her *The Tin Voice Laughed* (Issue 10, November 1998), Olive Conduit mentioned three — *The Civilian Barber*, *Hansel and Gretel and Ted and Alice (an Opera in One Unnatural Act)* and *Fanfare for the Common Cold*. Equally picturesque are

Erotica Variations
A Little Nightmare Music
Missa Hilarious
The "Trite" Quintet
1712 Overture.

But even less well-known than P.D.Q. was his Caledonian cousin. Often unofficially referred to as

"KacMac", this distant relative's real name was Kenneth Archibald Campbell mac Bile Bach. He eked out an existence as a cook-cum-musician in Edinburgh some time in the mid 18th century. Not as prolific as P.D.Q., KacMac did manage, however, to dream up several small culinary works plus three or four equally slight musical ones.

One of the latter was his *Dance Suet in C*, subtitled *Octet for Solo Haggis and Seven Absentee Woodwinds*. As you can see from the bassoon part reproduced below, florid it ain't. But what it lacks in counterpoint it more than compensates for in the noxious minced tripe that constitutes the solo part.

Some critics have discerned in the stomach-churning cadenza a foretaste of 20th century twelve-tone music. Other commentators have actually heard the torment of the bottomless pit itself. (Offhand, I'd say it amounts to the same thing, but who am I to pick holes in editorial chatterings — or inedible chitterlings, for that matter?)

— Fizzgig

Fagott



BIKWIL

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How about . . . ?

A couple of issues ago (No. 31, May 2002), I was happily recording the growing number of contributions coming in. But there are exceptions to this encouraging tendency. I seem to be receiving many more long articles than short ones. This is great, and is the primary reason that I have enlarged the magazine this year. But short compositions, too, have their proper place in *Bikwil*.

How about some further contributions to our *Dreadful Doggerel* series? Sensitivity and profundity in poetry are all very well, but I reckon that now and then we can all do with a dose of mediocrity.

Failing poverty-stricken verse, why not try a few limericks? (They don't *have* to be scatological.)

As you'll remember, one series that is quietly languishing is our *Postal Fever*, where reviewers praise examples of that endangered species, the free magazine.

And we can always do with more drawings. A comic strip, anyone?

Speaking of illustrations, have a look at page 11, where we introduce a new idea — *Spellbound* — by which we hope to amuse you with readers' photos of public notices that contain errors or awkwardly expressed messages. Pseudonymously, if you insist.

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Back Issues Are Still Available

An Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable.

George Bernard Shaw

We want a story that starts with an earthquake and works its way up to a climax.

Samuel Goldwyn

Quintessential Quirky Quotes

Television — a medium. So called because it is neither rare nor well-done.

Ernie Kovacs

Physics lesson: When a body is submerged in water, the phone rings.

Anonymous

Twenty million young women rose to their feet with the cry 'We will not be dictated to', and promptly became stenographers.

G. K. Chesterton

Words

[From her *Poems for Azimuth*]

Brushstrokes
on the canvas of a page,
sketches of feeling and thought.

Given voice,
tones moving in time and space,
emotions in sound.

With courage enough
words reach for truth,
lead to visions,
to uplands of peace,
to freedom of revelation
of the heart grown wise
through its pain.

Words
from the deep well of being:
songs of the articulate heart.

— Bet Briggs

A Bikwil Epitaph for an Extraordinary Musical Aristocrat

In one of his short stories (*Open House*, in *Mulliner Nights*) P.G. Wodehouse introduces us to a young lady called Marcella Tyrrwhitt. While it appears bizarre at first, the surname is typical of Wodehouse, in so far as he often chose designations for his characters that were in fact based on real names, albeit odd ones.

Here in Australia the name “Tyrrwhitt” is non-existent — or, at the very least, exceptionally rare. It certainly doesn’t appear in the Sydney phone book. In England, by way of contrast, this name, in various spellings (chiefly concerned with the “double-r” and/or the “double-t”), has had its several moments of stardom, being attached not only to real people but also to streets.

The 18th century, for instance, produced the classical and English scholar Thomas Tyrwhitt (1730-86), who published editions of Aristotle’s *Poetics* and Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*. It is on the latter that his fame primarily rests. Over the centuries the English language had changed so much

that some of the principles needed for a proper understanding of medieval poetry had been forgotten, and Chaucer’s reputation had sunk quite low. As the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* informs us, “it was Tyrwhitt who pointed out that final “e’s” (by his time mute) ought to be pronounced as separate syllables and that the accent of a word was often placed in the French manner (e.g., *virtúe*, not *vírtue*)”.

A humble 19th-century example with unfortunate contemporary echoes was that of Mr. Tyrrwhitt of the Marlborough Police Court. According to social researcher Henry Mayhew (1812-1887) in his vast survey of London’s poor, Mr. Tyrrwhitt became disturbed by “one of the most disgraceful, horrible and revolting practices (not even eclipsed by the slave-trade), carried on by Europeans . . . [namely] the importation of girls into England from foreign countries to swell the ranks of prostitution”.

On a present-day but more respectable note, for relevant street names Londoners need look no further than Tyrwhitt Road,

Brockley, London SE4. A most sought-after area today say the estate agents, where may be had substantial high-ceilinged, four-bedroom, two-storey Victorian homes with views across Hillyfields and towards Greenwich — all for a mere £285,000 (going on for \$A700,000).

But for pure Bikwilian idiosyncratic nobility of purpose, no bearer of the surname can take the outrageous cake as can Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt (1883-1950). In my editorial in *Bikwil No. 13* (May, 1999) it was Gerald Tyrwhitt whom I intended to feature in our series *Memorable Moments in Music* as the British composer who wrote the words for his own headstone. Further investigation, however, has led me to realise that his role as self-epitaphist (anomalous though it may have been) was relatively minor in the full eccentric scheme of his gloriously unlikely life. In short, he deserves an extended laudatory article unto himself, well beyond the confines of the memorably musical.

My choice of the word “nobility” above, though ironic, was deliberate and very much to the point. For at the age of 35 Tyrwhitt inherited an ancient title that dated back five centuries and became the fourteenth Baron Berners.

Of his ancestors the most illustrious was John Bourchier (1467-1533), the second Baron, who was a soldier, a diplomat and Chancellor of the Exchequer under Henry VIII. He is remembered, however, less as a man of action than as a man of scholarship, since it is to him we owe most of our knowledge about the Hundred Years War, via his energetic translation from French of the *Chroniques* of Jean Froissart. He also translated the French romance *The Boke Huon de Bordeux*, which introduced Oberon, King of the Fairies, into English literature and which was used by Shakespeare when writing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. His importance for English literature and language may be gauged from the fact that the *Oxford Dictionary* lists over three and a half thousand quotations from his works.

It was only six or seven years ago when I first heard the music of composer Lord Berners — on the Sydney FM radio station 2MBS. They had just been playing his suite *The Triumph of Neptune*, which took my fancy. I jotted down the title, with a question mark against the word “Lord”.

Had I misheard? *Lord Berners*? Or did this composer, hitherto unknown to me, have an unusual

Quiet Life This verse I intoned every night after my prayers and wonderfully soothing I found it:

Sound sleep by night; study and
ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does
please
With meditation.

Unhappily, Kitty and Lydia had no such resources. Of the two, Lydia was the more to be pitied since Mama's attention was no longer concentrated on the antics of one fat little rude noisy person, but diffused over a wide range of dress materials. Where to obtain the best brideclothes and which were the best warehouses were the questions now exercising Mama's mind, and her leisure, once devoted to Lydia's amusement, was taken up with the tacking on of patterns.

But the unkindest cut of all, so far as Lydia was concerned, was that the wedding would take place on the twenty-third of April, the date of her third birthday. And not only would Mama, Papa, Jane and Elizabeth be absent from Longbourn on the all-important day, they were set to remain in London until the following afternoon.

On hearing this, Lydia had been inconsolable. And when the time actually came for them all to say good-bye, I had expected her to kick up an almighty fuss. But not a bit of it: she kissed and embraced everyone and suffered herself to be kissed in return, and when Jane promised to bring her back an especially large slice of wedding cake, she thanked her very prettily. And all the while her face was wreathed in the most angelic of smiles.

After they left she went off with the nurserymaid Gil Pender in an amazingly docile fashion, with Kitty trailing after, sniffing and wiping her face on her sleeve. And here I must confess to shedding a few tears myself, for at the moment of leavetaking Elizabeth had turned to me and said in a gruff little voice: “I must say Mary, I think you should have been invited.”

But of course all along Lydia had been biding her time. And her revenge when it came was spectacular: Longbourn, on the evening of my parents' return from London, was a scene of utter chaos.

— Jennifer Paynter

Kitty and Lydia will *certainly* not be allowed to touch it.”

Jane’s worried expression returned. “But when you have put away your books and music, you must come and play with Lizzy and me. You must not shut yourself off from us, Mary dear.”

Elizabeth walked in on us at that point — she could never bear to let Jane out of her sight for long — but when I told her of the pianoforte she merely raised her dark little eyebrows in the mocking way I so disliked and reminded Jane that they had yet to write a letter to Uncle Gardiner.

Jane patted my hand. “You are old enough to keep a secret, Mary, are you not?”

I saw Elizabeth looking doubtful and I said (very indignantly) that indeed I was.

“Uncle is to announce his engagement tomorrow, dear Mary. Mama received his letter only this morning so it is still a great secret. He is to marry a Miss Ann Bellamy who comes from a very respectable family in the north of England.”

“Miss Bellamy lives in the village of Lambton“ said Elizabeth, with insufferable self-importance. “In Derbyshire.”

“It is to be a London wedding however and I expect we will all be invited.”

But we were not all invited. Kitty, Lydia and I were not invited. And in the months before the marriage little else was talked of at Longbourn other than what they were going to wear to the wedding and more particularly what Miss Bellamy would wear and whether Miss Bellamy would choose to live in Uncle Gardiner’s house in Cheapside or in a more fashionable part of London as she was so very fashionable herself — but at the same time immensely clever and charming and how she had made Uncle Gardiner the happiest of men.

My first feelings of envy and disappointment were acute (let no-one make light of the disappointments of childhood!) But Mr John Knowles preached resignation— apart from Music and Needlework Mr Knowles was now my tutor in every subject-- and I committed to memory a verse of Alexander Pope’s *The*

forename that just sounded like “Lord”? Eventually I learnt the truth. “Lord” was correct after all, but during my research for this article I have discovered that even during Berners’ lifetime people occasionally doubted the authenticity of the title. For example, in 1943, during the staging of his ballet *A Wedding Bouquet*, several orchestral players inquired whether the composer was actually a “Lord”. Most of them seemed to think it was a tag like those of Duke Ellington and Count Basie.

For my information here, by the way, I am indebted in large part to Mark Amory’s recent biography *Lord Berners, the Last Eccentric* (1998, ISBN 1 85619 234 2), and also to the sometimes inaccurate but nicely named Web site *The Knitting Circle*, maintained by the Lesbian and Gay Staff Association at the South Bank University in London. Here is a bit of the publisher’s blurb for Amory’s book:

Lord Berners was a composer, novelist and painter in that order. He was also charming, witty, greedy, homosexual, a great entertainer and deeply shy. A friend of the glamorous and the talented, he has made many appearances in their biographies but never before had one of his own.

Born Gerald Tyrwhitt in 1883, an only child, he was brought up by a mother whose passion was hunting. Despite failing the Foreign Office exam, he was soon an honorary

attaché in Constantinople. Transferred to Rome in 1912, his whole life blossomed . . .

In 1918 he inherited the ancient title of Berners, and estates that made him rich.

Gerald’s childhood was not a happy one. He had no friends, and his father, being in the navy, spent a lot of time away from home. To the boy his father came across as worldly, reserved and cynical. Even so, says Amory, Gerald admired his elegant clothes sense and his wit.

He recounts with admiration how a boring neighbour told his father that someone had kicked his wife, adding, “and in public, too! It’s not cricket, is it?”

“No,” said my father, stifling a yawn, “It sounds more like football.”

While he loved his mother dearly and provided well for her in her later years, Gerald viewed her as conventional and lacking imagination. The idea that he should become an artist or writer, or even worse, a musician, filled her with revulsion. At the age of 17 he wrote a play under the influence of Ibsen. His mother condemned it as morbid, asking why he couldn’t write a play like *Charley’s Aunt*.

As a little boy he had been occasionally too much for her. For instance, having heard that a dog when thrown into water will swim instinctively, he once threw her

spaniel out a first-floor window — his scientific experiment being to see if thrown into the air a dog will instinctively fly. (He would later claim that he had felt free to do so because its face reminded him of George Eliot.)

Sent first to Cheam and later to Eton, Gerald seems to have suffered a bored and miserable education, enlivened socially only by his infatuations with a couple of other schoolboys. One of his teachers at Eton was A.C. Benson, whom observant *Bikwil* readers will recall from my piece *Inadvertent Doggerel* in Issue 5, January 1998, as the author of the words to *Land of Hope and Glory* (written to celebrate the coronation of Edward VII, incidentally).

More memorable for Gerald Tyrwhitt, however, than his teachers or his crushes was the part music began to play in his lonely life. According to Amory, “Music . . . was to be his escape from his uncongenial surroundings”. It began when as a young boy he heard a visitor to the Tyrwhitt home playing Chopin’s *Fantaisie-Improvisation*. Then while he was at Eton he happened by chance upon a book called *A Synopsis of Wagner’s Nibelungen Ring*.

He hadn’t heard a note of the music, but he became obsessed by the world of gods and dwarves,

and when he discovered a vocal score of *Das Rheingold*,

[h]e frightened the shopkeeper by the violence with which he burst in, but he was allowed to handle it, and his excitement and longing . . . were vivid. (Amory)

Later his father shelled out the money for it, and it was not long before he was he was staging Wagner productions at home — in a doll’s house.

After completing his time at Eton, in 1900, aged 16, he went on to study languages, history and geography on the Continent, with a view to a career in diplomacy. He also studied art, sketched a little, and took a course in harmony. During this period he gradually lost his passion for Wagner, and began to pay serious attention to other composers, such as Beethoven, Richard Strauss and Debussy, and to further his interest in literature, particularly drama.

Totally dependent on his mother for funds, Gerald crisscrossed the Continent for the next decade, hardly ever remaining in the same place for more than four months, attempting the Foreign Office exams in 1905 and again 1907 — and failing both times. Even so, by 1910 he had obtained an appointment as honorary attaché to the embassy at Constantinople. Such insignificant positions were

her birth with Eurydice’s betrayal and the two events became conflated in my childish mind. I daresay if Lydia had shown me any affection or expressed a preference for my company over Kitty’s I might have overcome my dislike, but she never took the least notice of me. And then Mama made such a ridiculous fuss of her. And the nurserymaid who replaced Eurydice, a Cornish girl Gil Pender, also favoured her. And altogether she grew to be such a greedy boisterous *spoilt* child that I wished to have as little to do with her as possible.

About a month after my sixth birthday, that wish was granted. I contracted measles and was removed from the nursery I shared with Kitty and Lydia to an attic room which — as soon as I was recovered enough to take cognisance of my surroundings — suited me very well. It was a long low south-facing room with a sloping ceiling and dear little diamond paned windows, and during a protracted convalescence (my sisters having escaped infection) all my belongings, my books and writing desk, my little nursing chair and

potted geraniums, were brought up and arranged to my great satisfaction.

And one memorable day Mama said I might have the room for my very own: “To my way of thinking it will be pleasanter for you to remain up here, Mary. No little people running about disturbing your studies and breaking your precious things. And Lydia and Kitty have quite grown used to having the nursery to themselves now.” Mama also promised that a small pianoforte would be placed in my new apartment: “Only you must not always be practising and playing your scales up and down.”

Jane was the only one to question the arrangement. “But will you not be lonely, Mary?” (At that time Jane and Elizabeth shared a room.) “Will you not mind being up here all by yourself?”

I told her I preferred being alone so that I could read and work in peace. “And besides, Mama has promised me a pianoforte to have for my very own. And nobody will be allowed to touch it unless I say they may.

window walking rapidly across the lawn towards the shrubbery.

As he passed the window I had a clear view of his face — lines running deeply from nose to mouth, set and despairing. The shock of seeing him made me cry out and Elizabeth straight away ran to the window and seeing him, cried “Oh! I must go to him!” And although Jane tried to dissuade her, she unfastened the window and sped out onto the terrace.

I saw her catch up with him and pull at his coat sleeve. I saw him turn his head and for a moment I was terrified — I thought he might strike her — but then as he looked down on her, his face softened and he took her hand and they walked together into the shade of the overhanging trees.

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About a week after Lydia was born my Uncle Gardiner visited Longbourn. If he had expected to find his sister weeping and hysterical as was the case after

my own birth, he must have been pleasantly surprised. Although Mama spoke of disappointment, her face (especially whilst nursing Lydia) belied her words. She was very angry with my father however.

“I vow I have no patience with Mr Bennet, Brother. Does he think he is alone in his disappointment? Does he think nobody suffers but himself?”

My uncle now endeavoured, not for the first time, to explain to her the nature of the entail.

“He hasn’t been near the child these two days! Is *she* to be held responsible for the entail, pray? Why does he not *do* something about the entail? Why will he not *stir* himself?”

Again my uncle attempted to explain but Mama cut him short: “And in the meantime this innocent child is blamed. Only look at her! Is she not quite the most beautiful child you ever beheld? Mrs Long says she had never seen such a beautiful child — not even excepting Jane. But Mr Bennet will have it that she is nothing very extraordinary.”

I have to confess I disliked Lydia from the first. I associated

given to suitable young men of independent means who were willing to file and type and do a bit of deciphering for no pay. While in Constantinople, however, Gerald took little interest in either local customs or foreign politics. Instead, he spent a lot of his desk time writing nonsense verse. Here’s one of the less smutty ones:

A thing that Uncle George detests
Is finding mouse shit in his vests
But what he even more abhors
Is seeing Auntie in her drawers.

In 1911 he was posted to Rome, a city and culture much more to his liking. It was in Italy that he was drawn to the new art movements Futurism and Surrealism.

Then, in 1918, his Uncle Raymond died, and Gerald Tyrwhitt found himself a Baron and the owner of a Berkshire country manor called Faringdon, situated about 24 km south-west of Oxford. According to architecture lover John Betjeman, who visited several times, Faringdon House is one of the finest buildings in the county.

Of course, for our already idiosyncratic thirty-five-year-old a simple and factual explanation of how he inherited was not good enough, so as time went on he concocted various more exciting versions to tell at parties. To me, they sound a bit like previews of scenes in the 1949 movie *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. In one, a whole row of

uncles fell off a bridge; in another, a procession of Tyrwhitts on their mournful way to a funeral got mowed down by a bus.

The process of Berners’ succession to the title was complicated by a little tradition instituted by his grandmother Lady Emma Berners (née Wilson), who wanted her heirs to take her maiden name before they inherited. Gerald had not thought through his own succession well enough in advance, and when his uncle died only a year after becoming the 13th Lord Berners, had not yet changed his name. As Amory puts it, he “only became Tyrwhitt-Wilson by royal licence in 1919, by which time his surname was cloaked by his title”.

Despite his elevation to the Quality, Lord Berners stayed on at the Rome embassy (now acting private secretary to the Ambassador) for another two years. One of his last acts before he left in 1920 was a perverse letter to Venice. Evidently an Australian newspaper had bemoaned the fact that the once noble city was now full of beggars. It was Berners’ job to reassure them. So he wrote, “It was all mistake — a misprint. It was supposed to read ‘buggers’”.

— TR

(We will continue this feature on Gerald Tyrwhitt-Wilson, 14th Baron Berners, in the next issue.)

Web

You will be pleased to learn, I expect, that there's no lack of information on the Internet for the budding writer (and the experienced one, too). By and large, this material falls into two main categories: help on writing skills and advice on getting published, though in many cases both areas are covered at the one site.

I'll start with one of the best-known U.S. magazines on the subject, *Writer's Digest*, now well established on the Web. Like the printed monthly, the site presents both types of assistance — perhaps with more emphasis on the marketing aspects of the writing life.

Many of its articles are extracts from the current printed issue or from recent *Writer's Digest* books. For instance, on one visit to the site I discovered a feature on a *WD* special issue entitled Writing for the Web, with the text of several articles available for our perusal. Always prominent is



Line

a useful list of 101 Best Web Sites for Writers.

Although it is a commercial site, *Free Advice* from Cader Books, a U.S. publishing house, is deserving of a stopover. Set out as a series of questions with answers, this place concentrates, predictably, on how to get published. Subjects addressed include agents, editors, copyright protection, contracts . . .

Here are a couple of sites devoted to the needs of those who create content for the Internet. *Contentious* is a Web-zine run by Amy Gahran that caters for editors as well as writers. It contains substantial articles, current and archived from previous issues.

In similar vein is *e-write*, “the latest word in writing”. This site offers a free email newsletter on writing in the electronic age, as well a showcase of what it considers well-written Web sites. Another regular feature is its E-mail Message Makeover, which shows how to improve electronic business letters.

instinctively it must mean she did not love me. And then of course, just as before, I suddenly found it difficult to breathe.

Amazingly, Elizabeth took my part: “For shame, Eurydice!” said she. And taking my hand she made me walk beside her. “Do not mind her, Mary. Take no notice.” And then turning back to face Eurydice who was still behind us on the stairs (Jane having gone ahead with two-year-old Kitty): “I shall tell Papa of this!”

I cannot remember Eurydice's response — she was wary of Elizabeth, they had never been friends — but in any case I was now deaf to everything except the words of the eighth psalm now ringing in my brain — words I had been taught only a week ago by Eurydice: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.*

At the breakfast table I kept on mouthing the words until I found — provided I did not look at Eurydice — that my breathing was once more even. But I could not eat. At some stage I became aware that Eurydice had left the

table and that Jane and Elizabeth were now sitting opposite me, each having taken a chair on either side of Kitty. They were trying to coax her to eat up her gruel. Kitty for her part was pointing her spoon at me and laughing.

Looking at my three sisters then, I had the odd sensation — later, alas, a familiar one — that I was observing them from behind a pane of glass.

It was my Uncle Philips who finally broke the news of Lydia's birth. Jane, Elizabeth and I were having our tea in the dining-parlour when he burst in to announce the glad tidings. I remember him luridly backlit by the setting sun (the windows of the Longbourn dining-parlour face full west), pulling sugar-plums from his pockets and pretending to be cheerful.

Jane and Elizabeth were not taken in — they knew how desperately the Bennets were in want of a son — and my uncle did not try to sustain the charade. He left, muttering something about having to wet the baby's head. and shortly afterwards I descried Papa outside the

Mary Bennet

3

But I am getting ahead of myself. I have not yet mentioned Lydia. The memory of the day she was born will I am sure stay with me until I die, only I cannot recall much of what went on in the months and weeks leading up to her birth.

Certainly Aunt Philips visited very often and there was much whispering and shutting of doors with Jane and Elizabeth bustling about carrying messages and looking very serious and self-important. I was not particularly curious about these activities. Safe in the knowledge that I was Eurydice's favourite and that the Bushells had gone forever I did not trouble my head about such matters. (Ten years later it would be very different; I would spend hours listening outside closed doors and hiding myself in closets to discover my sisters' secrets.)

But to return to Lydia. She was born late in the afternoon of the twenty-third day of April — Shakespeare's birthday and St George's Day: a confluence my father joked about to the London accoucheur in the hours before her birth. (This time, for a wonder, it was Papa who was confident of having a son.) We children had been woken early by Eurydice in a rush to get us washed and dressed — to which end she flannelled my face so roughly as to bring tears to my eyes — but as we were being bundled downstairs to breakfast I heard Mama moaning and calling out from the floor above.

I then began to cry in earnest whereupon Eurydice became even more impatient: "Do you want to go back to Dawes Cottage, Mary?" (Dawes Cottage was where the Bushells had lived.) "If you cannot be quiet, that is where you will go." I was utterly shocked — I am still shocked — that she could have made such a threat. I knew

Critical Reading is another excellent site: "The Fundamentals of Critical Reading and Effective Writing". This is ideal for secondary school students and adults alike. Webmaster Dan Kurland "shows you how to recognize what a text says, what a text does, and what a text means by analyzing choices of content, language and structure".

"A Place for Poets to Gather", *Shadow Poetry* is dedicated to the goal of helping unknown poets come out of the shadows and gain recognition for their poetry. Apart from its large archive of poems (representing over 400 poets), this site features a strong interactive component, where poets can make constructive criticism of each other's work. There is also a creative writing workshop available, as well as a "What Is Poetry?" section to answer potential questions poets might have, using definitions and examples.

Speaking of constructive criticism, why not pay a visit to *The Write Connection*? This is a site for writers of all genres, where they can share their work and also seek and offer feedback from other writers. Genres include poetry, short stories, essays and fan fiction. There is a weekly newsletter available as well.

If by now you're thinking that the U.S. has a monopoly on writing-oriented Web sites, you'd be right. There are two reasons for this, as I see it. First, of course, is the fact that the U.S. has a monopoly on Web sites, period, and probably always will. The second reason is that Americans (more than the English or Australians, say) like teaching things, and are pretty good at it too.

That said, let me mention a few Australian sites related to writing.

Very helpful is the *Australian Copyright Council* site. From here you can download many information sheets (over fifty of them). As well as things like Copying for Research or Study or Music & Copyright or Ideas: Legal Protection, some unexpected topics have rights implications, for instance, Games & Copyright and even Line Dancers & Copyright. All information sheets are in a process of continuous revision. A recent addition to the site are the online training modules.

If you want a free writing course or six home-study tutorials with personal tutor (not free), then these and much, much more (over 200 subpages) are available

from a wonderful Aussie site called *Write101*. It's run by Jennifer Stewart, an ex-teacher of high school English. For fun, you could always add your own chapter to The Never-Ending Story. If you're game, that is.

Finally, a couple of UK sites on writing matters.

First *Jacqui Bennett Writers Bureau*. Once again, this is a series of links elsewhere, but with a British slant. Constantly updated and reviewed, this inventory is distinguished by a sub-list entitled Fun with Words, which according to Harlish Goop is definitely worth a visit or two.

Mantex in Manchester, England, run a great site whose aim is to provide resources for learning, writing and business. There are objective book reviews, free resource materials for students, even a complete guide to essay writing. Downloads of demo learning software too, as well as the full versions for sale via the site. It has a free newsletter, not to mention a direct link to the Infonautics Electric Library, which is a search facility for publications of all sorts.

Visit *Mantex* often.

— TR

Internet sites referred to above:

<http://www.writersdigest.com/>
<http://www.caderbooks.com/advice.html>
<http://www.contentious.com/>
<http://www.ewriteonline.com/>
<http://www.criticalreading.com/>
<http://www.shadowpoetry.com/>
<http://www.copyright.org.au/>
<http://www.writers-exchange.com>
<http://www.write101.com/>
<http://www.jbwb.co.uk>
<http://www.mantex.co.uk/>

To a Quince

O turgid antique
 secret cousin of the rose
 what name is hidden
 deep in the tones
 of your sun-soaked call?

You bring me the warm
 jars I only just remember
 lined up like specimens
 of autumn light, you are
 the crabapple parlour
 the eye-level apron
 hand picked berries
 beneath white socked feet

Who named you? What
 is Cydonia?
 Who brought you here?
 Did some passing Cretan
 loaded with this fragrance
 feel his homeland tug
 at the other end of life
 and let nostalgia
 name a fruit for all
 posterity?

— Jason Clapham

A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

Here is a little brain-teaser for all you language buffs.

The 26 letters of the English alphabet have been divided into four groups, as shown below. Your job is to work out the

principle on which the grouping has been made.

Solution in a few issues' time.

— Harlish Goop

Group 1:

F G J K L N P Q R S Z

Group 2:

B C D E

Group 3:

A M T U V W Y

Group 4:

H I O X

No Parking

[Spellbound No. 1]



— Submitted by Etruscan Asylum-Seeker Lars Porsenna

To Belong

listen to the many sounds
listen to the voices
listen to the rustle of
the grasses in the wind
listen to the whisper of
the souls of peoples passed
listen listen
listen to the voices
speaking in your mind
listen to the sighing of
the earth in searing pain
listen to the crying of
the eagle in its flight
listen to the howling of
the wolf in grand salute
listen listen
listen to your blood
flowing through your veins
listen to the rushing of
the waves upon the shore

listen to the singing of
the gulls along the coast
listen to the chirping of
the crickets in the trees
listen to the silence of
the snow on mountain peaks
Listen. Listen.
listen to the burning of
life's fire in everything
listen to the throbbing of
the rhythm of the earth
listen to the measure of
the rise and fall of life
Listen.
listen to the many sounds
listen to the voices
listen to the beating of
your heart in sync with all.

— Nicki Hoffman