From the Back Verandah

I've just been doing a nostalgic ramble through my 1931 *Pears' Cyclopaedia*. As an adolescent I derived a lot of information from it, both helpful and trivial, despite the fact that when it was given to me second-hand by an aunt it was almost 20 years out of date.

With your indulgence, I'd like to present here some picturesque information that 68 years ago the publishers, A. & F. Pears Ltd., "Soap Makers by Appointment to Their Majesties The King and Queen", deemed most suitable for inclusion in their "handy volume".

No doubt it is all still relevant today, but how baroque it seems.

It's the Table of Precedency I'm referring to. This page gives the relative position of everyone in Britain from the Sovereign right down to "Gentlemen entitled to bear arms".

Especially intriguing is this extract from the notes on the ways women were/are ranked:

> Women rank as their husbands or as their eldest brothers; but the daughter of a peer marrying a Commoner retains her title as Lady or Honourable . . . Daughters of Peers marrying Peers of lower degree are given only thenceforth the same order of precedency as that of their husbands; thus the daughter of a Duke marrying a Baron ranks as Baroness only, while her sisters married to commoners would retain their rank and take precedence of the Baroness.

Whew!

— Fizzgig

Colophon

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BIKWIL

The Newsletter of Quiet Enthusiasms

Editor: Tony Rogers ISSN 1328-7842

No. 15 *September 1999*

"Our Life Is Gorgeous with Tomorrows"

What a great line! It's from the partly frivolous, partly didactic *On Good Resolutions* by English essayist Robert Lynd (1879-1949).

Now, we're not at the start of a New Year, so why recite the words here? Well, I'm using Lynd's epigram as an allusion to Spring, which healing season once again is calling us to thoughts of renewal.

Last January (Issue No. 11) I called for a concerted effort to get more participation in *Bikwil* by younger readers and writers. To date the response has been, er, less than breathtaking.

"Not a sausage", as our boy-scout friend Bluebottle might say.

Yet *Bikwil*, in this International Year of Older Persons, presses on undeterred, secure in the knowledge that its current crop of mature contributors are full-blooded, rearing-to-go disciples of P. G. Wodehouse's Uncle Dynamite:

> Though well stricken in years the old blister becomes on these occasions as young as he feels, which seems to be about twenty-two.

Incidentally, with this issue, on page 2, we finally get to *Up-front Popularisers*, first mooted way back in July 1998 (Issue No. 8).

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“A Learned Man in All Philosophie, Astronomie and the Other Mathematiks”

[*Up-front Popularizers* No. 1]

I first tried to read it in my teens, and have recently been delighted to rediscover it in a 1993 American reprint. Lancelot Hogben's *Mathematics for the Million: How to Master the Magic of Numbers*, first published in England in 1937, with later revised editions up till 1967. My copy (a reissue of the fourth edition) has an ISBN of 0 393 31071 X.

As its title implies, its main purpose is to explain mathematics in a simple way for those adults hitherto off-put by the subject. Nothing but the most basic of knowledge is assumed, yet Hogben manages to cover everything from elementary arithmetic to the maths of navigation and logarithms.

Hogben (1895-1975) was born and educated in England. He held several academic appointments, including professorships in zoology and medical statistics. He was the author of at least seven books, the best known and most popular, apart from *Mathematics for the Million*, being *Science for the Citizen*.

Another book with which his name is now always associated was Frederick Bodmer's *The Loom of Language*, which Hogben edited. Though trained as a scientist, Hogben was passionately interested in matters linguistic, and was one of those language addicts who proposed his own international language. In Hogben's case it was "Interglossa", an artificial concoction which he based on Greek and Latin roots together with a syntax resembling that of Chinese, and the principles of which he set out in *The Loom of Language*.

(By the way, Harlish Goop, how about something for *Bikwil* on Interglossa, Esperanto, Volapük and their other synthetic cousins?)

There was a slight political edge to Hogben’s writings, principally relating to his strong belief in the power of education, such as his book of essays entitled *Dangerous Thoughts*. A couple of quotes of his I found on the Internet follow.

To be proud of intellectual isolation from the common life of mankind and to be disdainful of the great social task

It is not hard to compose, but it is wonderfully hard to let the superfluous notes fall under the table.

J.S. Bach

An Englishman, even if he is alone, forms an orderly queue of one.

George Mikes

Quintessential Quirky Quotes

‘The Sound of Music’ will suit all ages from 13 to 14.

Kenneth Tynan

If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing, and from robbing he next comes to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination.

Thomas de Quincey

The two most beautiful words in the English language are: 'Cheque enclosed'.

Dorothy Parker

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch — hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases, generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into — some fearful, devastating scourge, I know and, before I had glanced half down the list of 'premonitory symptoms', it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while frozen with horror; and then in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever — read the symptoms — discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it — wondered what else I had got; turned up St Vitus's Dance — found, as I expected, that I had that too — began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically — read up ague, and learnt that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need 'to walk the hospitals', if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I walked into that reading-room a happy healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

— Extract on hypochondria from Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*

of education, is as stupid as it is wicked.

People who have to rely on experts, will be subjugated.

So what do I like about *Mathematics for the Million?*

Primarily, its social perspective. From the very start of his *Prologue*, Hogben has us appreciating the historical evolution of whatever aspect of maths he is explaining. He begins, appropriately enough I suppose, with Zeno's Paradox of Archilles and the Tortoise, which he uses as a engaging and easy-to-understand launch pad to

. . . narrate how the grammar of measurement and counting has evolved under the pressure of man's changing social achievements, how in successive stages it has been held in check by the barriers of custom, how it has been used in charting a universe which can be commanded when its laws are obeyed, but can be never propitiated by ceremonial and sacrifice.

Later in the *Prologue* he speaks of his approach in these terms:

The customary way of writing a book about mathematics is show how each step follows *logically* from the one before without telling you what use there will be in taking it. This book is written to show you how each step follows *historically* from the step before and what use it will be to you or someone else if it is taken. The first method repels many people who are intelligent and socially alive, because intelligent people are suspicious of mere logic, and people who are socially alive regard the human brain as an instrument for social activity.

From then on, we are treated to the following chapter topics:

- Mathematics in Remote Antiquity
- The Grammar of Size, Order, and Shape
- Euclid as a Springboard
- Number Lore in Antiquity
- The Rise and Decline of the Alexandrian Culture
- The Dawn of Nothing
- Mathematics for the Mariner
- The Geometry of Motion
- Logarithms and the Search for Series
- The Calculus of Newton and Leibnitz
- The Algebra of the Chessboard
- The Algebra of Choice and Chance.

One chapter definitely worth reading is *The Dawn of Nothing*, which, as you may have guessed, is partly about the invention of Arabic (strictly, Hindu) numerals, in particular the concept of a symbol for zero. Incidentally, 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, (not the 13th, as Hogben claimed, which was when his writings became known in Europe in Latin).

Another passage of fascinating interest is Hogben's discussion of the sectarian uses arithmetic was put to during the period of the Reformation:

> Peter Bungus, a Catholic theologian, wrote a book of 700 pages to show that the number 666 of the Beast was a cryptogram for the name of Martin Luther . . . Luther replied by interpreting it as a prophecy of the duration of the papal regime, which was happily approaching its predestined end . . .

Perhaps the most "useful" section of the book is Hogben's very serviceable method for translating problems "in the language of everyday life into the language of algebra". It could well be used in high schools, where many a young person has difficulty knowing even where to start when confronted with something like the following:

> A train leaves London for Edinburgh at one o'clock, going at 50 miles per hour. Another train leaves Edinburgh for London, going at 25 miles per hour. If Edinburgh is 400 miles from London, when do they meet?

Or, worse:

> When I am as old as my father is now, I shall be five times as old as my son is now. By then my son will be eight years older than I am now. The combined ages of my father and myself are 100 years. How old is my son?

But it doesn't stop there. Want to know about the mathematics of Stonhenge? Diophantus? James Bernoulli? Fermat? The Binomial Theorem? De Moivre's Theorem? Maclaurin's Theorem? Pascal's triangle? Spherical triangles?

Be of good cheer: all such things are possible with Hogben's help.

Assuming you've mastered all that, you are now invited by Hogben to seat yourselves at High Table and to partake of some really cryptic mathematical cuisine. Namely, a repast of heady treats like imaginary numbers, differential calculus, permutations and combinations, probability theory . . . As the Gershwins were more than once heard to remark, "Who could ask for anything more?"

Seriously, though, folks . . .

For such a book to get reprinted so often (I fancy it's never been out of print), many others must have liked it as much as I have. As a convenient exit, two obvious ones had better be quoted — Albert Einstein ("It makes alive the contents of the elements of mathematics") and H.G. Wells ("A great book, a book of first class importance").

— TR

(The above article's title is from a 16th century history of Scotland by Raphael Holinshed. His *Chronicles* enjoyed great popularity in Elizabethan times, and indeed formed the basis for many of Shakespeare's historical plays.)

Inevitably, all the above sites have been American, but to conclude, here is an Aussie one — *ADF: Anxiety Disorders Foundation of Australia (NSW Branch) Inc.* The Foundation was formed in South Australia in 1992 by a group of consumers and mental health professionals. Its mission is "to create awareness of appropriate treatments in individuals with anxiety disorders so they can achieve self mastery leading to recovery."

After a brief exposition on common misunderstandings ("the worried well", "nerves", "highly strung"), it moves at once to some definitions designed to distinguish the various disorder types — general anxiety disorder, specific phobias, including agoraphobia, post traumatic stress disorder, obsessive compulsive disorder, social phobia and panic disorder.

Also provided at this site is the complete text of every issue of the Branch's semi-annual *Newsletter*, going back to its first, in 1996. Equally helpful is its large number of links to other Web sites on anxiety (about 50), together with the text of various relevant articles. There is also a list of similar organisations in other States.

If perchance, despite my forewarnings, you are still rash enough to see the Net as a substitute for a good doctor, I have included on the next page a most salutary extract from Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, one of my favourite books of all time. The risky tendency illustrated in this quote remains as true now as it did when it first appeared in 1889, despite the changes in information technology.

— TR

Internet sites referred to above:

http://archive.abcnews.com/sections/newsuse/snoring0826/index.html
http://www.stanford.edu/~dement/
http://www.rls.org/
http://sunsite.unc.edu/cheryb/women/resource/health-int.html
http://www.chriscor.com/linkstoa.htm
http://www.cmhcsys.com/
http://www.psycom.net/depression.central.html#contents
http://www.ocs.mq.edu.au/~abaillie/adfa.html

Ex-smoker Blair Price runs a "kick-the-habit" page, *Blair's Quitting Smoking Resources* (designed by ChrisCor Web Design, a firm specialising in health web sites), that claims to be "the most popular quitting smoking web site on the Internet" (over 750 visitors a day). It's not hard to see why. For starters, it's updated three to four times a week — remarkable for a non-news service or non-bookstore. Its content includes generous info on overcoming smoking, the benefits of quitting, tools and books to help you. There are also links to other sites on the topic, plus a chat room.

A most informative site, containing or referring to material on the physical and psychological aspects of smoking addiction alike.

Moving now completely to the psychological realm, let's drop in on *Mental Health Net*, sponsored by CMHC Systems. This is a "review guide to mental health, psychology and psychiatry online", which is updated weekly and lists over 7,000 individual resources. Vast amounts of information is thus available to you on topics like:

◊ various disorders (abuse, anxiety, depression, eating disorders, schizophrenia . . .)
◊ book references, including the full text of the *Self-Help Sourcebook*
◊ discussion forums
◊ advice columns
◊ database searching facilities
◊ news articles
◊ opinion polls
◊ question of the month
◊ medication
◊ neuropsychology.

A site devoted to depression is *Dr. Ivan's Depression Central*. (he's a New York psychiatrist.)

This site is Internet's central clearing house for information on all types of depressive disorders and on the most effective treatments for individuals suffering from major depression, Manic-Depression (Bipolar Disorder), Cyclothymia, Dysthymia and other mood disorders.

To list its contents list of over 50 topics would be impressive, but space wasting. I offer here just a few of the entries:

◊ introduction to mood disorders
◊ bereavement
◊ children and adoloscents
◊ the elderly
◊ famous people with mood disorders
◊ genetics
◊ research studies
◊ seasonal affective disorder
◊ substance abuse
◊ virus-induced depression
◊ links.

Highly recommended, with over half a million visitors since 1/1/96.

Magnolia Madness

My magnolia tree is going mad!

what delicious blossoming:

on branches bare a month ago

this blush, first flush of Spring,

on limbs unburdened by their weight

not buds, but birds, burgeoning:

rose-pink breasted, moon-white crested

fledglings and doting pairs,

there's no mistaking them:

instant families of galahs

noiselessly in celebration

of becoming and of being.

Much more than surprise

their blithe presence

is a kind of offering.

Brave community of innocents

in the shelter of each other

they cluster in their peace.

Nothing startles them or stains

their gentle rush to radiance.

Only vagrant winds soft and rough
ruffle their feathered joy,
enticing whispers of call
and restlessness so tender
flight seems imminent
and my need clear: keep watch
and catch the joy before it flies.
Yet all is hover and hold,
time and birds fold wings
and the only flight is fall:
magnolia moultings floating down
quilting garden bed and lawn;
and soon above on branches stirring,
noiseless as before appear new wings
leaf-bud green and more enduring.
But oh! that pink-white loveliness
before the green, that bloom of birds,
that brief but shared delirium.
The world and I need such madness.

— Bet Briggs

To Sleep, Perchance to Snore is the name of a serious article at the (American) ABC News site. Not funny, say the experts, since some types of snoring can be dangerous, especially if sleep apnea is indicated. Sleep apnea is irregular air flow during sleep, where the throat becomes blocked and breathing is stopped for short periods — up to hundreds of times a night. Apart from leaving you sleepy the next day, it can put a serious strain on your heart because not enough oxygen is getting through.

Indeed, the snoring feature was a link from a site devoted to all things related to sleep, *The Sleep Well*, prepared by Stanford Uni. As well as snoring, there are subpages on dreams, sleep disorders, children's sleep, the Epworth sleepiness test, how to sleep well, together with links and literature references.

Sometimes a person's sleep is severely disturbed by their restless legs. The *Restless Legs Syndrome* site, devoted to "the most common disorder you've never heard of", has been known since the 17th century, though it is still not completely understood.

Restless Legs Syndrome (RLS) is a movement disorder characterized by unusual sensations that occur typically deep within the legs, occasionally in the arms and infrequently in other body parts. These sensations compel the sufferer to move the affected extremity to achieve relief. Because RLS is worse during the evening and at night, it can lead to severe insomnia and excessive daytime sleepiness.

RLS can be idiopathic (without a known cause) or can be related to an underlying condition such as iron deficiency, renal failure or peripheral neuropathy. RLS may also occur during pregnancy, but the symptoms generally resolve with delivery.

A related disorder, periodic limb movements in sleep (PLMS) or periodic limb movement disorder (PLMD), is characterized by episodes of jerking of the limbs during sleep and sometimes while awake.

This RLS site contains patient information, a newsletter, information on support groups, and a list of other sources. And, quite properly, the usual disclaimer.

Women's Health consists of a list of links to many other places on the Net that cover health issues for women, but is no less a useful one for all that. It is an essential place to start your research on:

◊ breast cancer
◊ caffeine
◊ endometriosis
◊ health care for seniors
◊ HIV
◊ incontinence
◊ pregnancy
◊ RSI.

The page is actually part of a larger general site on Internet resources for women.

Web Line

Tricky business, this. How do you demonstrate what a wealth of beneficial medical advice there is to be found on the Internet without running the risk of advocating self-diagnosis and non-professional treatment?

In *The Sydney Morning Herald's* computer supplement *Icon* of 19 July 1997 there was a very pertinent article on this question. "If good information is the best medicine, bad information can be lethal". Several expert bodies were quoted cautioning against the dangers of "false hopes and cures" starting to proliferate on the Net.

For instance, the Association of Genetic Support of Australasia warns: "Remember that any smart 15-year-old kid or quack doctor can design a sharp-looking home page on the network and start giving medical advice. No-one monitors the Net for junk of this type."

And after it found four companies doing some Internet selling of prescription drugs without providing medical details, the World Health Organisation made sure it issued an alert about "the advertising, promotion and uncontrolled sale of medical products through the Internet". The drugs in question were things like anti-acne drugs known to cause birth defects, chemotherapy concoctions and morning-after pills.

All that said, here are a few sites that have impressed me during my explorations on behalf of relatives and friends over the past three years. But lest you think I know a lot of weirdly afflicted types please remember that when you get to my age, you seem more and more to be talking to people about morbidity, if not mortality.

You must make up your own mind, though, as you examine them. In other words, be very circumspect. Visitor beware.

Incidentally, I don't want to get into the merits or otherwise of naturopathy, homoeopathy, New Age treatments, etc., so all I'm mentioning here a few sites where the approach is reasonably traditional, despite the comparative rarity of some of the ailments.

Are the Trains Late?

[From *Come Spin Us a Yarn, Sleepy Jack*]

I made the mistake the other day of communicating to Sleepy Jack Hanrahan the gist of a farcical little scene I'd witnessed on the new Sydney tram. His response was, "Yeah. Funny people are always happening on trains, light or heavy . . . Which reminds me."

And not waiting for an invitation, he launched headlong into the following.

One afternoon not so long ago I was sitting in a suburban train bound for Sydney. Just before Lidcombe, thinking of the virtues of a multicultural Oz (as one is wont, isn't one, around Lidcombe?), I made the mistake of mumbling the word "Australia". All at once the young woman next to me gasped and stiffened, fearful perhaps that I was some fugitive axe murderer about to let fly. When nothing bloodthirsty eventuated, she cast a few furtive glances around and under the seat, no doubt in search of lurking implements of mayhem. I have to assume that, finding none, she must have put my muttering down to mere eccentricity, for she managed to ignore me for the rest of the journey. Just as well, too, since in my bag was a complete set of enlarged Cleudo weapon replicas — lead pipe, candlestick and the like — together with a piano-sized bust of Miss Scarlett.

Now, I don't suppose anyone actually relishes being looked askance at in trains. Yet I must concede that I've always enjoyed my share of oblique observation of others on public transport. To me it seems right and proper to drink in as much as you can of the old human panorama, provided you do it discreetly.

Anyway, as engaging as I know you found that short voyeur's prelude, what I really want to relay is a far more piquant yarn. It concerns an oddball I used to run into about 20 years ago on the Epping line

We were just pulling out of Strathfield station one afternoon, when we heard a blaring cry from the carriage door: "Are the treens leet?" Then a pause, then once more, "Are the treens leet?

The voice in question was distinguished not only by its volume, but also its timbre, which gave the impression that its pent-up energy came forth through clenched teeth.

It wasn't too difficult to identify the source: a thickset man of about 30 with a daft look on his face, who, upon entering the carriage, flung himself clumsily into a seat and proceeded to talk repetitive nonsense in a loud voice. He was still gibbering when I alighted 15 minutes later.

His crazy behaviour — which regularly began with that question, enunciated so dementedly — led me to the not very "wild surmise" that he was from some part-time sheltered workshop. Personally, I found it all quite entertaining, and began to look forward to his Monday appearances. (He only surfaced on Mondays.) Luckily, he was as much a creature of habit as I was, and always boarded the same carriage.

My only personal contact — one-sided though it was, since I declined his patently earnest offer of conversation — took place one day when he plumped down on arrival in the seat in front of me and immediately turned round with a frightful leer to deliver his grotesque refrain.

When I ignored him, he arose briskly from his seat, and sought company elsewhere, shouting, "Silly old codger. Silly old codger." All this, I might add, was accompanied by a series of high-pitched giggles.

On another occasion he hurled a rolled-up newspaper across the line at West Ryde, aiming at the afternoon commuters on the opposite platform. This time it was maniacal laughter echoing down the corridor.

As a rule, though, his outbursts were not addressed to anyone in particular. This was fortunate, for that particular carriage seemed always to carry a number of solid, sober looking men (depressed stockbrokers, no doubt), any of whom if so accosted could have given quite an energetic and effective account of himself. Even so, his main expectation of a reply seemed to be of males, though he did once bellow horribly at a young woman fraught with imminent child, who, had she been made of less sterner stuff, might well have caused a headline-making disturbance of her own.

What ultimately became of him? Did he do more harm than good, and get placed in restrictive care? Maybe he patronises the Liverpool line instead — or the Manly ferry? Or did he retire wealthy, having sold his life-story to *Sixty Minutes*?

As Sleepy Jack finally paused for breath, a word from me slipped in edgewise became conceivable, and pledging to hear him out at some future date on more of his "true transport tales", I took my hurried leave.

— E. Roy Strong

A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

Readers may recall Fizzgig's short piece on Miles Davis and Gil Evans in Issue 1. Today's *Pink Shell-like* has a jazz orientation also, and begins with composer/arranger Gil Evans himself.

On top of the exceptional music we had come to expect from Evans, his 1973 LP *Svengali* was fascinating to me for another reason. You see, it afforded a further example of musical word play, a worthy subject this column has concerned itself with in the past (i. e. Wagnerian anagrams in Issue 10, 1998 November) and will continue to cover in future issues.

For there, among the credits, in the fine print, is the acknowledgment "Anagram: Gerry Mulligan".

"What anagram?" you may be asking. Well, take another look at the album title.

Not that this is the only anagram to be found on the liner notes of a Gil Evans record. On his *Gil Evans and Ten* (1957), for instance, an alto sax player by the name of "Zeke Tolin" is listed. This expedient, of course, has been around for years, and is used when performers contracted to one recording company appear on a competitor's label.

Ok, while you're in the mood, here is a further anagrammatic set of clues for your pleasure. All twenty are rearranged names of jazz performers, using the names each is best known by. We've made is easier with an extra clue — the initial of the surname.

1. Analyst worms in (6,8) [M]
2. Bond money nag (5,7) [G]
3. Born wary (3,5) [B]
4. Cute bonsai (5,5) [B]
5. Doglike tunnel (4,9) [E]
6. Glee ramble (6,4) [B]
7. Her satirical chin (7,9) [C]
8. In my larger lug (5,8) [M]
9. Lie on lace (4,5) [L]
10. Massive lid (4,5) [D]
11. Men galore (6,3) [M]
12. My newest groom (3,10) [M]
13. No machine walks (7,7) [H]
14. No mean hilltop (6,7) [H]
15. Our migrant loss (5,9) [A]
16. Oval cherries (6,6) [S]
17. Pure ancestors (5,8) [P]
18. Tank sonnet (4,6) [K]
19. Waterfalls (4,6) [W]
20. Why me a donor? (5,6) [H]

— Harlish Goop