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Illustrating *After A Judgement Day*

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*If it seemed strange to you that in all the years since Swift "wrote" Gulliver's Travels there has been no sequel, here is the answer: a family mystery, unraveled by the perseverance and imagination of Gulliver II, who herewith tells his tale of . . .*

# Lilliput Revisited

By ADAM BRADFORD, M.D.

Illustrator LUTJENS

WHENEVER I mentioned "Lilliput" to my friends and told them that I had been there, their reply was either an incredulous raising of an eyebrow or a more outspoken, "You're insane!" So, for years, I stopped talking about Lilliput and my adventures.

But truth cannot be suppressed. It squirmed inside my brain and prodded at my consciousness as if it were probing for a way out. Truth turns the sleeper in the night as if he were being basted on a spit. It provokes utterances that seem unintelligible. For example, in discussing the recent election with Dr. Hetherton, I said, "I'm sure the Tramecksans will be elected." "Who?" he asked as a fleeting glance of bewilderment shot

across his face. "The Tramecksans," I replied, and, then, quickly realizing that I had confused Lilliputian political parties with our own, I corrected myself and blurted, "The Democrats." Then I said no more. But I knew my mind was still back in Lilliput and, unless I recorded my adventures, I would be unable to rest.

Perhaps I am getting ahead of my story. Let me see if I can find some beginning. I had graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1945, took one year in Pathology at the Mallory Laboratory and then, following my uncle's footsteps, went to the Massachusetts General Hospital for a three-year residency in Orthopedic Surgery. When I completed this training, I discussed my future again with my uncle\* and





he agreed that I should round out my education with additional study abroad. I was fortunate in obtaining an exchange fellowship for one year at Oxford University where I was to study in the Bone Metabolism Laboratory under the direction of the eminent Dr. Tracy Purvis-Freemont.

I mention all of this for two reasons. First, to indicate to the reader how I happened to come to England, and, secondly, to establish the fact that I am not an idle wanderer, or a deluded madman. All of the above data are completely verifiable by anyone curious enough to consult the College or Hospital records. Furthermore, lest it be considered that I am interested in sensationalism for publicity's sake, let me point out that I might be described by some (with whom I might differ) as a "bluenose Bostonian," a descendant of Watch-and-Ward morality. I despise the sensation-seeker, the writer of cheap fiction, the novelist who makes the best-seller lists by his liberal use of four-letter words. Conversely, I believe that truth should not be suppressed and that each man's constitutional right to free speech should be safeguarded.

And so, in the Fall of 1951, I found myself (happily, I might

\* Dr. LeRoy Bradford, whose name is familiar to many of you, I am sure, for his world-famous skills in total rehabilitation.

say) in the laboratory of Dr. Tracy Purvis-Freemont studying oxidation-reduction potentials of isolated plasma cells in multiple myeloma. The investigations proceeded slowly and laboriously, but we were making progress. Best of all, I could continue my interest in medical history, for I had access now to old journals and periodicals that were not available to me in the States, not even in the Harvard Medical Library. This, as I shall shortly point out, was, in a sense, my undoing. It was a curious letter that I discovered one night that started me off on my trip to Lilliput.

WORKING in the laboratory after the others had gone home, I wandered into a corner of Dr. Purvis-Freemont's cluttered library, searching for a recent (but mislaid) issue of *Physiological Reviews* when I accidentally caught a glimpse of an old, dust-covered volume with the intriguing title, "Neurographia Universalis." The author, Dr. Raymond Vieussens, was a name I quickly recognized. He was one of the leading physicians of his time (1614-1716), an anatomist and neurologist, who, in 1684, after years of study at the Hospital of St. Eloys (he had performed over 500 autopsies), had assembled his notes and published them in this book. He had

been a favorite physician of Louis XIV and had been granted a pension of one thousand pounds a year. "Neurographia Universalis" was a volume I had sought in libraries and from booksellers for years, but unsuccessfully. Now a copy was in my hands.

As I blew the dust off the cover and excitedly opened the book a letter dropped from between the pages. It was crisp and dry with age. My curiosity prompted me momentarily to lay the book aside, open the crumpled note and scan its contents. It read as follows:

Fetter Lane  
London, England  
April 30, 1689

My Dear Doctor Vieussens:

I am writing to You upon the Encouragement of my Master, Sir James Bates, under whom I am shortly to complete my Apprenticeship in Chirurgie and whom I have faithfully served these past four years. I am to studie Medicine at Leyden and shall then, if it be goode Will, to pursue my Studies further at the Hospital of St. Eloys. Then I shall return to practise Medicine and Chirurgie in London. Since I do not yet know where my Lodgings in Leyden shall be and since I wait expectantly for your Permission to studie with You, I would be most grateful if You would forward your reply to my Request to my Cousin, Richard Sympson, in Nottinghamshire.

Sir James Bates sends his highest and personal Regards and Greetings.

Sincerely and  
Hopefully Yours,  
(Signed)  
Lemuel Gulliver

I must admit that, when I first read this letter, its full significance did not strike me because the signature was partially obscured with age and, in my haste, I misinterpreted it as "Lionel Gallagher." I had returned the letter to the book and had begun to glance through its pages when the signature again flashed through my brain—*LEMUEL GULLIVER*. Again, I tore open the letter, reread it, and critically analyzed its contents and signature. This time, there was no doubt about it. It was "Lemuel Gulliver"—and no one else.

But, I asked myself, was this, perhaps, a hoax? But why? A hoax for what purpose? Still, I knew that Gulliver wasn't *real*. He was a fictional character, a figment of Jonathan Swift's imagination. I also knew by now I was too excited, too tired, too confused to think. Absent-mindedly, I put the letter in my pocket, switched off the lights in the laboratory, locked the door behind me, and returned to my apartment on Purdy Lane.

I tossed in my sleep. I waited for the dawn. I must go to the library, obtain a copy of Gulliver's Travels, and then check the

facts. I had read about the Lilliputians and the Yahoos in English A, but that was so many years ago. Who was Richard Sympson? Who was Sir James Bates? Why would a hoax be so carefully elaborated? As for Dr. Raymond Vieussens, I already knew that he was a *real* person. I was familiar with his biography. And, last night, I held in my hands a copy of his book.

I must have waited outside the library door for an hour before the librarian arrived. She glanced at me suspiciously, and I knew that I had to compose myself, to exert better self-control. "Do you have an old copy of *Gulliver's Travels*?" I nevertheless almost blurted out. "One moment, please," she replied with icy formality. "Sit here," she pointed to a chair, "and I'll bring you a copy shortly."

That morning was the first that I failed to appear at the Bone Metabolism Laboratory in spite of the fact that a symposium was being held on multiple myeloma, and I was to be one of the discussors of the papers that were being presented. It was my first unannounced absence, but it was to be followed by many others, for I knew, even then, that honest and truthful explanations would only invite ridicule or, perhaps, a hurried telegram to my uncle that I was in need of psychiatric treatment. I

determined, therefore, to feign illness on these occasions or find other excuses that seemed reasonable at the moment. I knew that I had to get to the bottom of the matter, hoax or no hoax.

WHEN the librarian appeared with the volume, I must have practically snatched it from her hands. I hurried with the book to a corner near a window, sat down at a small desk, and opened the pages. In a few moments, I had verified most of the salient points in the letter. *Richard Sympson* was *Gulliver's cousin*, and it was to Richard Sympson that Gulliver had given authorization for the collection and publication of his travels. *Mr. James Bates* was "an eminent Surgeon in London," with whom Gulliver was apprenticed four years. The title "Sir" had probably been confirmed later, perhaps just before Gulliver left for Leyden to continue his studies. Gulliver had probably failed to receive his appointment from Dr. Raymond Vieussens, since there was no mention of his having travelled to Paris or of his having studied at the Hospital of St. Eloys. On the contrary, Gulliver says, "Soon after my Return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good Master, Mr. James Bates, to be Surgeon to the Swallow, Captain *Abraham Pan-nell*. Commander."

But, there was more that I learned that eventful morning. According to a foreword in the volume that I held so eagerly in my hands, much of Gulliver's written adventures had been deliberately omitted in the *published* editions because of Richard Sympson's carelessness or conceit. I quote verbatim from Sympson's record:

"This Volume would have been twice as large if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable Passages relating to Winds and Tides, as well as to the Variations and Bearings in several Voyages; together with the minute Descriptions of the Management of the Ship in Storms, in the Style of Sailors. Likewise, the Account of the Longitudes and the Latitudes; wherein I have Reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied. But I was resolved to fit the Work as much as possible to the general Capacity of Readers—And if any Traveller hath a Curiosity to see the Whole Work at Large, as it came from the Hand of the Author, I will be ready to gratify him."

Gulliver, of course, was angered by his cousin's free hand in the condensation and abbreviation of his works, for he chided him in a letter published almost as a foreword to his Travels. He wrote, "But I do not remember I gave you Power to consent, that anything should be

omitted, and much less that anything be inserted; Therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce every thing of that Kind."

Now the real truth of the matter was apparent to me. Jonathan Swift had not created a fictitious character in the person of Lemuel Gulliver. He had simply taken this intrepid traveller's notes, plagiarized them, and published them as his own work. Their plagiarism would still have remained undetected had I not found the letter which, this very moment, I again read and compared with the printed text. The hoax was not my letter. The hoax was not Lemuel Gulliver. The hoax, skillful, but now apparent, was that perpetrated by Swift after Gulliver's death.

There was more work to be done. The clue lay in Richard Sympson's notation: "And if any Traveller hath a Curiosity to see the Whole Work at large, as it came from the Hand of the Author, I will be ready to gratify him." My mind was as cool and logical now as a syllogism. I reasoned that, if Gulliver actually lived, then Lilliput was real. If Richard Sympson once had the full record of Gulliver's travels, then it was possible that this record might be "lost" somewhere, and not destroyed. Finally, if the "Account of the Longitudes and Latitudes" could be discovered, it might be possible to retrace Gul-



liver's travels and revisit the islands and countries that had been "lost" from our civilization for almost three hundred years. My next move, I knew, must be to find the descendants of Richard Sympson in Nottinghamshire or to locate Gulliver's family (he spoke of his son and daughter in one of his travels) in Redriff.

THE next few days remain a blur in my mind. I hardly recall how or when I left the library or whether I returned to my lodging or to the laboratory. I know that my replies to Dr. Purvis-Freemont's queries thereafter were evasive and vague. My medical project was all but forgotten. I had to find Richard Simpson's descendants somewhere in Nottinghamshire. In this search, I enjoyed exemplary good luck.

First, I drove my Jaguar through the countryside the short distance from Oxford to Nottingham, where I had determined that I would first check with the police and then at the church. The police could give me no help, but one statement in the records of the church caught my eye. It read,

August 9, 1703:

Richard Sympson. Died  
In checking backward, I found two other significant notations:

April 12, 1675: Born: To Richard Sympson and to his good Wife, Helen (Arlington) Symp-

son, a daughter, Elizabeth.  
March 3, 1662: Married to Robert Cooper, Miss Elizabeth Sympson, Daughter of Richard Simpson.

I had thus determined that Richard Sympson had left a family, and it was my task to find them. I shall not bother my readers with the remaining details of my search which extended over the next three months. The course I had to follow was a tortuous one and could provide enough material for several volumes which would rival, I am sure, some of the best detective fiction. Suffice it to say, the search led from Nottingham to the towns of Long Eaton and to Melton. It was there, in Melton, at a haberdasher's, that I knew that I might be at the end of my long manhunt.

"Does Mrs. Richard Schroppe live here?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied the slight, elderly man who was arranging some ties in a display case. "Who shall I tell her is asking to see her?"

"I am Dr. Adam Bradford," I answered, "but I am here on a personal, non-medical matter. I wonder if I might have a few moments of her time."

"Certainly," he said, and then turning toward the back of the store, he called, "Nellie, there's a gentlemen here who wishes to talk with you. Can you come out?"

The curtain that closed off the doorway at the rear of the store now parted and out stepped a middle-aged, rather stout, energetic woman wearing a plaid skirt and a knitted shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders.

"And what is it you want?" she asked in a faint cockney accent as she looked me over both inquisitively and suspiciously.

As blandly as I could (for I didn't want to alarm her), I explained my mission, that I was endeavoring to locate the descendants of Captain Lemuel Gulliver or Mr. Richard Sympson, his cousin, and that I was anxious to purchase any papers or other effects that these gentlemen may have left to their families or heirs since I was interested in these old manuscripts because of family ties. As a matter of fact, I had asked this same question of so many different persons in so many towns that I had concocted an innocent fable about my being an American tourist who was interested in tracing his family tree. My great-great-grandmother, I fabricated, had been a Sympson when she married Lowell Bradford and had emigrated to America. She had been born in Redriff, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, near the birthplace of Lemuel Gulliver. I implied, too, that, as a wealthy American, I would pay as much as ten or

twelve pounds for any letters or old manuscripts that my ancestors might have left. As I related my simple yarn to Mrs. Schroppe, I could see her face brighten and her suspicions disappear.

"I have a trunk full of old papers that my grandfather asked me to keep," she said, "but I can't make 'eads nor tails of them. Come with me," and she lead me through the curtained partition to a tiny flat in the rear of the store. Her husband, the haberdasher, accompanied us, muttering something about how he had encouraged her to save the trunk because "it might be valuable some day."

On the floor of the closet in the bedroom, an old seaman's trunk was finally dislodged from under a heap of old clothing. With the three of us tugging and pulling, we finally dragged it into the center of the living room and Mrs. Schroppe thrust open the unlocked lid. It seemed to be filled with old clothing, a few muskets, a sword, much as anyone would find in an old sea chest. But, as she shook out one old overcoat, a small, round, gold object fell to the floor. Picking it up, I noted it was a plumed helmet, but so small that it could only fit a doll that was seven or eight inches high. A Lilliputian helmet? The thought flashed through my brain and I knew

that I would have to try much harder to mask my excitement. I said nothing but pressed on with the search.

**I**n a few moments, all my effort was completely rewarded. In one corner of the bottom of the trunk lay five volumes of manuscript bound together by leather thongs. I needed only to glance at the manuscript on the top of the pile. Even though it had partially deteriorated with age, I recognized the handwriting and the salutation. It read, "A Letter from Captain Gulliver, to his Cousin Sympson." The handwriting was identical to that of the letter from Gulliver to Dr. Raymond Vieussens in Paris, which was still in my pocket. My search was over.

The Schroppees, realizing that the trunk contained coins and other objects of some value, dickered over the purchase price, and agreed to sell the manuscripts to me only if I bought the trunk and its entire contents. At first they asked for 100 pounds, but we finally agreed on a figure of 60 guineas. The deal was rather quickly concluded, but I couldn't get the trunk into my car, so I emptied its contents on the seat and floor beside me and told the Schroppees that I would return for the empty trunk on some later date.

I returned to Oxford and my

lodgings in Purdy Lane in wild excitement. The trip was a short one since, fortunately, in England there is no legal speed limit, and my little Jaguar moved along as if it were actually sharing in the pleasure of the chase. Still, it was almost quarter past seven before I had my newly-discovered treasures behind the locked door of my flat.

In addition to the articles of clothing (presumably Gulliver's or Sympson's) which I have already mentioned, I discovered that the manuscripts in my possession contained the precise geographic locations of many of the places visited by Gulliver, including some of his less known and uneventful voyages to places such as the Levant (when he was Surgeon to the Swallow), to California and to Japan (on the Helmsford). Besides, I discovered that Gulliver had not only collected significant mementoes of his trips, such as a pair of high-heeled shoes worn by members of the Tramecksan party of Lilliput, low-heeled shoes of the Slamecksans, a giant pair of spectacles of the Brobdingnagians with the glass of one lens broken, and a multitude of coins and pieces of gold, but that he had also devised a glossary or dictionary of the various languages of the countries he had visited. For example, at the bottom of one page of a manuscript

dealing with his adventures in Lilliput, the following words were translated and clearly legible:

Hurgo=great Lord (Emperor)

Quinbus Flestrin=Great Man Mountain

Ranfu-Lo=Breeches

Kelmin=Peace

desmar=with him

lon=his

My greatest joy and satisfaction came from the study of the precise data on maps and nautical charts that Gulliver had kept and detailed so carefully concerning his sea voyages. I had no trouble at all in interpreting his nautical instructions since I had not only served in the Coast Guard Reserve at College, but had, since a child, practically lived on the sea, myself. Even before I went to Groton, I had successfully competed in the Marblehead Sailing Races and, later, in College, had sailed in races in Narragansett Bay and in Bermuda on our family yacht. One summer, as a matter of fact, I sailed on a fishing schooner out of Gloucester to the Grand Banks. Sailing was as much of my life as medicine and orthopedic surgery. The man who has not felt the salt spray against his cheeks or who has not unfurled a sail has missed much of life. I feel genuinely sorry for all those who

have not been as fortunate as I, but this is beside the point.

At any rate, I practically did not leave my quarters the next week since I was completely preoccupied with reading Gulliver's original accounts of his adventures and becoming more and more incensed at the liberties Richard Sympson had taken in editing these works prior to their publication. Gulliver, I discovered, was as blunt and outspoken as any sea captain and, I suppose, Sympson must have had to do some editing to exclude the libelous and slanderous statements that he made. But, now, almost three hundred years later, it seemed as if the bluntness were gone and only the gentle satire remained. What annoyed me most was that Sympson, in his editing, had excluded so much of the nautical information pertinent to the voyages. In a way, though, I was delighted because, to the best of my knowledge, here were places on earth untouched by three centuries of "civilization," countries presumably that had not been visited since they were so fully described by Gulliver, himself.

AS my days of reading and investigating went by, I became more and more overwhelmed by the determination to revisit Lilliput (and perhaps some of the other countries).

The maps I now had seemed more than adequate to locate Lilliput. My next step was obvious. I must purchase a sloop with an auxiliary motor. To avoid detection or embarrassment, I had to make this trip myself. A crew would be worse than useless; it might cause problems of discipline and management that might lead to grief. My mind was made up. I had to travel alone.

In a copy of the *Manchester Guardian*, I found an advertisement that practically coincided with the vessel I had in mind. The advertisement read:

*For Sale:* Due to a financial reversal, I am compelled to sell my yacht, *Stella Nova*, for 2000 pounds or a reasonable offer. This yacht is a forty-foot Cabin Cruiser built three years ago by Thomas Winham, Ltd., and in excellent condition. Twin-screw propelled, the motors are Rolls Royce, 100 horse power each. There are auxiliary sails. For further information, please contact owner, Geoffrey Trambourne, 10 St. Francis Place, Wapping."

The next morning found me at the above address. Mr. Trambourne, I discovered, was a barrister whose chief law practice was in London but who had speculated heavily in the market and who had speculated unwisely. It was a desperate situation and

he needed money quickly to pay off his debts. The *Stella Nova* had been built to his specifications and was in an excellent and seaworthy condition. I told Mr. Trambourne (here, again, I admit to a mild fabrication) that I was looking for a boat with which I could spend a year or so on a vacation in the Mediterranean. I had asthma, I said, and had been advised by my physician that a sea voyage in a milder climate would be therapeutic. I could not afford to disclose the real purpose of my purchase.

Mr. Trambourne drove me to the dock at the Eagle's Nest in Wapping where the *Stella Nova* was moored so that I could inspect the vessel myself. A short cruise down the Thames at speeds at times approaching 30 knots convinced me that the craft was sturdy and rugged enough to make the trip I had planned. Furthermore, the *Stella Nova* was equipped with a bunk, a galley and a head, and had ample storage facilities for fuel and provisions. There was even a short-wave radio for both reception and transmission. In the States, a similar craft would have cost two or three times as much. The following day I bought the *Stella Nova* and paid Mr. Trambourne 1850 pounds cash. It was the biggest bargain of my life.

It took almost three additional months of planning and preparation (and I shall not bother my readers with the details) because of delays during the winter and the necessity of extending my excuses to Dr. Tracy Purvis-Freemont at the Bone Metabolism Laboratory for not attending to my duties there. However, on April 3, 1952, I finally cast off from the Eagle's Nest in Wapping on my voyage to Lilliput.

SINCE, according to Gulliver's map, Lilliput lay in the Indian Ocean, east of Madagascar at approximately 30° 30' south longitude and 58° east latitude, I decided that my course would proceed across the channel and follow the coast and thus proceed through Gibraltar to the Mediterranean. There would be many ports along the way in which I could refuel and obtain additional provisions as necessary. I could travel leisurely then to Port Said, through the Suez Canal and into the Red Sea and through the Gulf of Aden. Any additional time that I had on board could be spent familiarizing myself with the language of the Lilliputians and the acquisition of some additional information concerning their history and government during Gulliver's stay there.

Suffice it to say that on May 22nd, I was well on my way through the Suez Canal and had had no mishaps. I had always been close to some port in stormy and inclement weather and the *Stella Nova* had proved most seaworthy. But the greatest test was yet to come. Having reached the Gulf of Aden, I headed south to Mogadiscio in Somaliland just above the equator for additional storage of provisions and fuel and, from there, I planned to touch Madagascar and then head South by Southeast in the general direction described by Gulliver. In case of trouble, I could land in Madagascar and find some port there. I calculated that, with my accessory fuel tanks, I could have enough fuel to get to Lilliput and return to Madagascar. Besides, I planned to use my sails as much as possible and to rely on my fuel only if I were becalmed.

All went well at first but, on June 3rd, according to my log, I discovered that the Indian Ocean could be far more treacherous than I had anticipated. A violent electrical storm knocked out my compass and, for two days, incapacitated my radio. All I know is that I drifted off course the next few days. To save precious fuel, I unfurled my accessory sails and hoped that the currents and winds would direct me to my destina-

tion. The *Stella Nova* had remained tight during the storm and I still had an adequate supply of fuel and provisions.

On the morning of June 11th (as best I can reckon), I sighted land on my port side, furled my sail, started up my engine and headed to the land that was now clearly visible through my binoculars. At first, I could see no sign of life although, from the distance, the land seemed to be divided into large, regular patterns of what appeared to be tilled earth and smaller rows of houses and villages. Everything, however, seemed to be on a miniature scale, like a three-dimensional model on a movie set. Within another hour, I found a suitable cove to beach the *Stella Nova*, for I could not make out any definite harbors or wharves. I no sooner beached my craft, though, when I saw tiny, human figures scurrying through the grass. I knew I was either in Lilliput or Blefuscu, but I did not know which. Cautiously, I anchored my boat off shore and began to row in toward the beach.

Landing quickly, I started to pull my rowboat on to the beach when a shower of tiny arrows, each no larger than a toothpick, and a murmur of voices in the underbrush repeating words which sounded like "Quinbo Flestro" answered my curiosity as to my location. "Quinbus Fles-

trin" was an expression meaning "Great Man Mountain" and it was the term used by the Lilliputians in addressing Gulliver. "Quinbo Flestro," I reasoned, might be a corruption of those words, and I was therefore most likely in Lilliput. The Blefuscuns had called Gulliver "Strabdo Nearin" which meant "Tallest Tree." I shielded my face from the flying arrows, quickly swooped down and picked up a handful of Lilliputian soldiers, disarmed them, and threatened to dash them to the ground unless we could arrive at an immediate truce. The barrage of arrows ceased as I called out, "Kelmin," "Kelmin," repeatedly to indicate that I sought peace. When I heard the reply, "Kelmin-re," "Kelmin-re," spoken by several voices, I knew that I could drop to the ground on my knees so that I might better inspect the "enemy" Lilliputian forces.

MY first request was to see the Emperor. "Gristig Hurgo?" (Where is the Emperor?) I asked. The request was greeted with incredulence and confusion. One of the warriors, however, presumably the leader, since he was about nine inches tall whereas the other Lilliputian soldiers were only about seven or eight inches, stepped forward. "Hur-guto Tranus," he replied, meaning, "We are all Emperors," and

the masses of soldiers laughed and cheered. Since Lilliput, at the time of Gulliver, had been ruled by an Emperor, I was at first baffled by the statement, "We are all Emperors." What could this mean? How could a government be composed exclusively of Emperors? Could Lilliput have become a democracy? Perhaps it was a communistic state. Although this latter suspicion ultimately proved true, I think I should first inform my readers about the soldiers and their weapons, before I describe their present government.

Although neither gunpowder nor atomic energy are known to the Lilliputian professional army they regard themselves as the greatest military power on earth. Their arrows are poison-tipped, but they have discovered an antidote (a closely guarded secret) for this poison and also for the poison of the arrows of their enemies in Blefuscus. Because of the discovery of this antidote, they were able in 1846, (as best as I could make out by comparing their calendar to ours), to wage a major, successful war against the Blefuscuns and completely conquer that country. "Gring Blefescu Bra" or "Blefuscu Victory Day" is their major national holiday and has already been celebrated for 122 moons according to their calendar.

With this victory, the conflict between the ideologies of the big-enders and the little-enders was terminated and it was decreed that the official way of breaking an egg was to break it at the little end. The victorious Lilliputians decided that it was "right" to let the egg rest on its broad or stable end before breaking it open. At present, however, the modern Lilliputian is both amused and embarrassed at the naivete of his ancestors, and the topic is hardly discussed for fear of reviving ancient animosities. Although it is still "official" to break eggs at the little end first, an attitude of *laissez-faire* prevails and no one appears to be concerned any longer over which end of the egg is broken first.

But the reader should not conclude that all ideological conflict has been resolved. The momentous issue at present which divides the Lilliputians and Blefuscuns rests on another problem. Lilliputians are convinced that the left shoe should be put on first, while Blefuscuns are equally determined that it is better to get into the right shoe initially. While determination of which end of an egg should be broken first is nowadays considered trivial, the tying of shoes has loomed large and important. I must admit that this ideologic conflict was not immediately ap-



parent to me when I arrived in Lilliput. It was only weeks later after I noticed that the Lilliputians were watching me closely as I put my shoes on that I was able to determine the reason for their intense curiosity. Fortunately, it is a habit of mine to put on my left shoe first and the Lilliputians, noticing this, regarded my action as providing additional support for their viewpoint. During the remainder of my stay in Lilliput, I continued to put my left shoe on first.

To return to the soldiers, the dress of the average soldier is comparable to that of a Roman soldier of about Caesar's time, but the chariots which they use in battle are more Grecian in character. Some of the footmen are equipped much like Robin Hood's archers and their precision with the bow and arrow is truly remarkable. They are apparently fearless fighters and, had I not sued for "Peace" when I first landed on the island (knowing what Gulliver's fate had been when he fell asleep), I am certain that they would have continued to fire their arrows, blistering my skin until I had succumbed or until I had trampled them all under my feet.

**I** MUST describe one curious military device which the Lilliputians possess. It is a large kite which is sailed aloft by one

of the stronger soldiers and contains two mirrors which are skillfully manipulated by strings and pulleys by another soldier standing by. This kite not only circles Lilliput but, since the path of the wind is east by southeast, it also passes over Blefuscu. This device, which they call a "Flabrac," flies over the countryside every hour or so at a height of about seven feet (I could easily touch it with my outstretched hand) and its ostensible purpose is to provide the Lilliputians with military information concerning their enemies. However, it also enables the Lilliputians to spy on each other. According to their calculations, the "Flabrac" circles the entire "earth" every 58 minutes. The Blefuscuns are prohibited from building this device. My own impression was that the "Flabrac" mirrors were kept more actively in motion when the instrument was above Lilliput than when it was above Blefuscu. Spying on one's friends and neighbors seemed to be far more actively pursued than spying on one's enemies.

To avoid embarrassment, I sought no shelter for myself on Lilliput nor did I ask the natives for food. Recalling what had happened to Gulliver and the tremendous burden he had imposed on the Lilliputians to provide him with food and shelter, I de-

cided to return each night to the *Stella Nova* which was safely anchored near a beach. Luckily, a short row of forty or fifty yards took me easily to my floating home. In this way, I was able to spend several months on the islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu and could take detailed notes about the mores, the customs and governments of these peoples.

Furthermore, I did not desire to form too close an association with the Lilliputians. I had no wish to be a public spectacle as Gulliver had been. It was I who was to interrogate and investigate these people and not vice versa. The thought of little men or women crawling through my pockets, scurrying through my hair, was not an appealing one. To attempt to convince them that there was an "outside" world populated by Quinbo Flestinstri would have fallen on deaf ears now as it had then. Furthermore, I wanted to remain aloof, not mingle with their internal affairs or encourage any conspiracies against me as some of their ancestors had conspired against Gulliver. I have no knowledge, therefore, beyond speculation of what the Lilliputians thought of me. It is likely, therefore, that some of my readers may consider my notes incomplete and not exhaustive enough to satisfy them. I hope I shall be partly forgiven,

at least, since I am a physician and not a sociologist or a writer of historical novels.

I made peace with the Lilliputians in much the same way as Gulliver had. After placing my handful of soldiers gently to the ground so as not to hurt them, I fired one of my revolvers into the air to impress them further with my strength and power and then, by gestures and by my limited Lilliputian vocabulary, endeavored to converse with the leading "Hurgo," the soldier who had given the cease-fire order and who now stood on a platform before me. I tried to make it clear that I would not harm them, that I had simply come to visit as a traveller and as a friend and that, for the most part, I would continue to live on my boat.

Apparently I made myself sufficiently clear, for, from that time on, I was able to crawl or creep through the streets of Lilliput without being molested. As a matter of fact, I was able to clear up many confusing situations that had puzzled the Lilliputians for these past three hundred years.

FIRST, when I arrived, they believed that I was Gulliver, himself, (Quinbus flestrin or Quinbo flestro) who had returned to deal additional vengeance or punishment upon

them. But, after a few days, during which time I demonstrated that I could work for them better than any of their machines, I won their support. For example, if any of my readers will visit Lilliput in the near future, they will find a canal about 1 foot wide, 2 feet deep, and about 40 yards in circumference surrounding their capitol, Mildendo. The Lilliputians had started this canal and had only completed one third of it in about two years. I finished it in one afternoon. On another occasion, I quickly diverted a rampaging river that was about to flood the countryside so that the flood (about 3 feet deep) poured harmlessly into the sea.

Gulliver, himself, had become an evil legend. Time and history had distorted fact, as it often does. The prevailing belief was that Gulliver had set fire to the Queen's palace by means of a magic glass that concentrated the sun's rays, and this devilish bit of work was attributed to the fact that he had been an agent of the Blefuscuns. His heroic effort at extinguishing the fire had apparently failed to be recorded. As additional evidence, the Lilliputians cited Gulliver's "return" to Blefescu and his assistance to their navy. Gulliver is credited with a Blefuscudian victory over Lilliput that lasted 200 years (Apparently, after Gulliver left

Lilliput, the Blefuscuns were aroused to arms and recaptured the fleet which Gulliver had diverted to the Lilliputians.) Although there is no record anywhere of Gulliver's assistance in the Blefuscudian victory over the Lilliputians, Lilliputian history gives Gulliver credit for this remarkable feat. Today, therefore, in Lilliput, "Quinbo fles-tro," the term once applied to Gulliver, no longer means only "Great Man Mountain" but has the more serious connotation of traitor or spy. It is a term of utmost contempt in this country. The great statue erected to Gulliver by the Blefuscuns in their capitol was destroyed by the Lilliputians in 1846 on "Gring Blefescu Bra" when the Lilliputian military might again vanquished their traditional enemies.

As I mentioned before, social changes have been made in Lilliput as it has in so many other countries of our "civilized" world. No longer does the benevolent Emperor or Empress rule this mighty little country. The ruling class was deposed shortly after 1846 by the military junta who came into power not only through the use of force and deceit, but by the use of intriguing slogans, which are still used today. In Lilliput, government by slogan has reached its epitome. Although the military powers are ostensibly at the head, the slo-

gan-makers are the real power in the government. I can only present, at this point, some of the more impressive slogans that came to my attention.

One of the older slogans, "Makra lakta Niski bakta," was devised shortly after the Lilliputian victory over Blefuscu and, translated to the best of my ability, means "More of Everything for Everybody." Another slogan popular today is "Gramus takis, Pharnus Takis" which, translated literally means, "Work more, Money more." There are still other slogans useful not only in political and military life, but also in domestic relations, and Lilliputian conversation in daily life is often sprinkled with such circumlocutions.

ALTHOUGH the slogan-makers are highly paid and respected citizens, the highest paid Lilliputians are still the Rope Dancers. Over the centuries these acrobats have become extraordinarily skilled at balancing themselves on ropes or leaping over sticks. The Rope Dancers and Stick Jumpers seem to enjoy a universal popularity no matter what the time, the custom, or the country. In Lilliput, however, whereas red, blue, and green silks were the popular colors among the contenders for favors from the royalty at Gulliver's time, the popular colors of

the present Rope Dancers are grey or drab olive green. In Gulliver's time, Rope Dancers often broke an arm or a leg in their fall, but today they have learned how to bounce.

The Rope Dancers have also acquired another skill which endears them to the Lilliputians. This concerns their ability in changing their shoes even while in mid air. The Tramecksans with their high-heeled shoes are now in favor in contrast to the Slamecksans and their low-heeled shoes popular at the time of Gulliver. A skilled Rope Dancer, however, can start his jump in low heels and land in high heels or vice versa. Observing their acts closely, I found that Rope Dancers wore one pair of shoes and concealed the other pair but, by dextrous sleight of hand, could change shoes even while doing a most complicated somersault. As a matter of fact, acrobatics have become exceedingly complicated to allow the few seconds that are necessary to change shoes while tumbling this way and that.

The government of Lilliput is hard to describe, since, theoretically, it seems to be based on communistic principles but, actually, it is run by a committee or council called a "Vargu" presided over by a "Hurgo" chosen by the committee. During several conversations with the pres-

ent Hurgo, I was told that the basic philosophy of the government could be expressed as follows:

"Lapus fraget, Milus naget," which, translated, seems to be "All is One: One is Nothing." In other words, the state, as in the communistic governments of our own time, denies completely the worth of the individual and elevates the state to a position of omnipotence. Unlike communists' ideologies which are familiar to us, however, in Lilliput, communism has existed for over 100 years and it no longer makes any pretense of endeavoring to help any of the individual citizens or to improve their status. Activity in the city seemed organized more along the lines of an ant hill or a beehive than even the most communistic societies which are familiar to us. The people have already forgotten what freedom means. Everyone is assigned his chores and work by the state, and the thought of not complying or rebelling apparently no longer exists. Everyone with whom I spoke appeared contented with his lot or, at least, quietly acquiesced to the wishes of the present order. The genial attitude and demeanor of the workers were a curious mixture of numbness and contentment something like one finds in persons who may have been drugged or tranquilized. As a matter of

fact, I discovered later tranquilization of the leaders of government was an approved national policy.

Unlike some of the communistic or socialistic countries which we recognize today and who maintain peace by force of arms, peace between Blefuscu and Lilliput had been maintained for 200 years by an extraordinary method. In both Lilliput and Blefuscu, war can be declared only by the Hurgo and his Vargu. The general population has no voice at all in this matter. There is, however, one condition that each Hurgo and Vargu must fulfill before taking office. As a matter of fact, all elected and appointed officials must be tranquilized by a "Gramcar."

THE Gramcar is a little device which Lilliputians possess that apparently emanates a double frequency, heterocycle, electromagnetic wave, the precise nature of which I was unable to determine. Each person elected or appointed to office must have six "treatments" with the Gramcar before assuming office. The Gramcar ritual is truly a fascinating one, although I am not certain that I have every detail accurately recorded. To the best of my understanding, however, the elected or appointed official lies on a couch, a Gramcar is applied to each temple and the

levers are depressed. Almost immediately, the person treated falls asleep, the sleep lasting for eight to ten minutes. These "treatments" apparently tranquilize the recipient so that, when he awakens, he has lost all animosity toward his fellowman and behaves much like our own politicians prior to their election to office. Since all officials are thus tranquilized, war between Blefuscu and Lilliput has become impossible. Although I would have wished to obtain the secret of the Gramcars so that they might be used in our own civilized world, these devices are carefully guarded by the Lilliputians (who attribute their security to them) and they would not permit me to take any from the country. Perhaps it is best that I was unable to bring any Gramcars back home with me, because I am certain that their use would not be countenanced by "civilized" people.

In some ways, however, the Lilliputians have made progress beyond what we have come to know. For example, once when I had stretched out to observe more closely the citizens of Mil-dendo, I was intrigued to see that the women who were walking along the boulevards and streets apparently were moving their mouths as if they were talking. When I tried to determine with whom the conversations were be-

ing held, I was completely at a loss until I asked one of my guides (or military guards) assigned to my care. "They are talking," he said, "to their friends and neighbors by means of a *bragnac*." I could not discover any more about this *bragnac* from the guard (who must have been uneducated), but later, when interviewed by several of the Professors of the University (who were trying to learn about *me*), I turned the interview to further inquiry about this method of conversation.

Bragnac, I learned, is a wireless method of communication based on a retarded, pulse-frequency, micromagnetic wave in a range which we have not yet discovered. The citizens of Mil-dendo and, for that matter, much of Lilliput, wear a small earpiece in their left ear and a tiny microphone applied decoratively, like a jewel or ornament, to the neck over the larynx. The men wear a fairly simple and uniform device, but the women vie with each other in the purchase of the more attractive throat-pieces which they call *Laptahs*. Later, when I looked closely, I could see that almost all of the women of Mil-dendo wore such *Laptahs* and some were quite attractive, indeed. When the Professors asked me about the women in my own country, I had to admit with some embarrassment that we

were not so advanced. In our country, women are completely immobilized when they talk to friends and neighbors at any distance. To converse as they do, our women must hold onto a wire that sticks out of a wall, an act which they may continue for hours at a time. The Professors laughed incredulously, for it was inconceivable to them that any man could tolerate such a woman who was attached to a wire.

SINCE I am a physician, I naturally spent most of my time in Lilliput studying and observing their medical practice. Lilliputian scientists and physicians apparently are unaware of bacteria or antibiotics, and their concept of health and disease probably has an oriental origin. The term for "health" (also "good") is "Yic" and the term for "disease" (or "bad") is "Yac". In every individual there is a constant interplay of "Yic" and "Yac" and one's state of health at any one time is determined by a balance of these forces. As best I could determine, in spite of this naive doctrine, the health of the citizens of Lilliput is not better or worse than that which we enjoy in our own country. Cleanliness, almost approaching our concept of asepsis, is rigidly observed and good nursing care is emphasized. There apparently is no distinc-

tion between doctor and priest, and psychiatry as a specialty of medicine is unknown, although psychotherapy is universally practiced by all members of the healing arts. I could not escape the conclusion that the foundations of good medicine are psychotherapy, cleanliness, and basic hygiene (obesity is practically unknown in Lilliput and tobacco is considered only another noxious weed). What the theoretical basis for medical practice seems to make little difference. Actual practice seems more important. Good hygiene and good health are apparently partners the world over.

Most of all, since Lilliput is now a strongly socialistic, if not communistic country, I was anxious to discover how the medical welfare program was handled. In this, I was aided by the *Franen-Lu*, the chief medical officer of Mildendo, who invited me to spend as much time as I wished with him, observing his medical practice. He has what we would consider to be a large general practice, since specialization, as such, is not as highly developed in their country as it is in ours.

In general, Lilliputian physicians are not concerned as much with the *cause* of illness as they are with its *cure*. "We would rather have a patient live," said *Franen-Lu*, "and not know why

he lives, than to have a dead one, and know what killed him." Disease, he pointed out to me, does not necessarily have a cause, or one cause, but many. The objective is to get the patient better. Preoccupation with causes encourages rumination on the part of the patient and the physician, and rumination or excessive introspection is a disease in itself. Accordingly, in their *Magra Krata*, the chief textbook of medicine, diseases are classified not under etiology and pathology as they are in our country, but under remedial agents. The total emphasis is on cure and recovery. Whereas, in our country, the diagnostic clinics and diagnostic hospitals are accorded an untoward amount of reverence, the *Kraat* or *Healing* Institutions have achieved a deserved recognition. This attitude has apparently reduced both the cost of illness and the degree of disability. Certainly, no Lilliputian physician would ever bother to subject his patient to a multitude of laboratory tests that only serve to confuse him. In our country, of course, the more astute physicians wait for the laboratory to make the diagnosis for them.

It is in the field of medical economics, however, that the Lilliputians have reached a most advanced state. "What are the chief causes of disease in your coun-

try?" the Franen-Lu asked me. "Mental illness, arteriosclerosis, cancer and infections," I replied. "You are probably wrong," he conjectured. "Those may be the leading causes of death, but they are not the chief causes of illness. In Lilliput, as probably in your land, the chief cause of illness is anxiety—and the chief cause of anxiety is money or, rather, the lack of it."

THE health and welfare program of the country is, accordingly, very simple. There are no Welfare Departments, no social workers, and no politicians pressing for votes by offering top-heavy health and welfare programs to prospective voters. Instead, each physician is given authority to spend up to twenty thousand *Bings* (one Bing is equivalent to 100 Sprugs of Gulliver's day) a month in behalf of his patients.

For example, if a middle-aged man comes to the Franen-Lu with a headache, an attempt is made to obtain a socio-economic history as well as a medical one. In his evaluation of the case, the Franen-Lu may determine that the patient's headache is caused by his recent failure to earn as much as he had anticipated from the sale of his crops. "How much money do you need?" the Franen-Lu asks. "Rakta-Kla Bings (Thirty-six Dollars?)" answers



the patient. The Fransen-Lu then makes out a prescription for the necessary Rakta-Kla Bings and the patient takes them to the local bank to get his money.

In our country, such a patient would only be given a prescription for sedatives or tranquilizers which would only increase his indebtedness and aggravate his headache. At best, the symptom would only be masked and not cured. In Lilliput, a physician's prescription may be filled at the druggist's or at the bank, whichever seems best suited to the immediate problem. In our own country, if a patient needs money to cure his headache, it would probably cost \$150 or more to give him \$36, since the welfare workers, the social workers, and the whole bureaucratic staff would have to be paid before the sick patient received a penny of the money he needed. I mention this only, not because I expect any radical change in our own ideas of social welfare and state medicine, nor do I see any need for reform, but simply to point out how directly these people deal with matters of health.

Similarly, the Lilliputians have not changed their ideas about Law. Their image of Justice still has two eyes before, two eyes behind, and one on each side, as in Gulliver's day but, since the rise of the present regime, Justice has also acquired

winged feet. False accusers are still severely punished and fraud is still considered a greater crime than theft, but the Lilliputians are equally convinced that, when Justice is delayed, it is likely to be subverted or tampered with. Therefore, trials are held promptly before rumors can fly or witnesses are lost by death or intimidation. When I told one of their lawyers that accident cases in our country may not come to trial for three to five years (or longer), he could not control his laughter for, as he told me later, he was certain that I was simply joking.

Crime, like disease or treatment, is considered an emergency, and the courts of law, like our own hospitals, function on a round-the-clock basis. Juries consist of three adult Lilliputians (male or female), and they may be called at any hour of the day or awakened at night to serve in the cause of justice. If a crime, such as a robbery, is committed at night, the judge, jury and lawyers are all awakened from their sleep and proceed to the Drafnu (courthouse) where they assemble with the witnesses and the trial *must be held within six hours* or the defendant is judged innocent and acquitted. Since Lilliputians are no more desirous of allowing criminals or possible criminals to be free to roam the streets, there is not a

single case on record where trial has ever been delayed beyond this time. Justice is served almost at once and it is not strange in Lilliput to see oil lamps burning in the windows of the Mildendo courthouse at all hours of the night. Since the life of the Lilliputian lawyer (with its irregular hours) and the Lilliputian physician are so much alike, there is a deep empathy or sympathy between these two professions that would be difficult for an American attorney or physician to understand.

FROM my descriptions of the legal and medical professions, the reader might be led to believe that my opinions are based on a cursory or an inexact recording of what my eyes witnessed, and I am sure there are many who will doubt my observations. However, I had stayed in Lilliput for over three months and had even had several opportunities to visit Blefuscu. The citizens of that neighboring island welcomed me and even reacted as if I were some sort of a savior who, again, had come to vanquish the Lilliputians in their behalf, but I had determined not to interfere in their internal affairs. Sadly, however, I must report that the statue of Gulliver, which was eight feet tall and which had been erected

in the square of Trapolo, their capitol city, was destroyed by the Lilliputians in 1846, but the base still stands and the heroic legend, "Quinbus flestrin-Hurgo," still remains.

The summer was almost over and I began to think of the late summer monsoons and possible damage to the Stella Nova. I became anxious to move on. I knew that I would have to get to Madagascar for additional fuel and food before I could dare venture a trip to Brobdingnag along the course pursued by Gulliver. I still had the maps and charts which Gulliver had bequeathed to his Cousin Sympson.

The Lilliputians seemed not at all displeased at news of my departure. They offered me every assistance and all the food that they could possibly spare. For souvenirs and for further study, I took several of their arrows and a supply of poison. They were also gracious enough to provide me with several copies of their medical text, the Magna Krata, for more detailed study.

On September 9th, as best I could determine, I unfurled my sail, left Lilliput behind, and headed north by northwest to Madagascar. With that island as a base, I hoped, if time and strength permitted, I would next set forth to visit Brobdingnag.

THE END