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NOVELETS

NOVELTY ACT

By Philip K. Dick 8

RETURN TO BROBDINGNAG

By Adam Bradford, M.D. .. 98

SERIAL

THE LORDS OF QUARMALL

*By Fritz Leiber and Harry
Fischer* 52
(Conclusion)

SHORT STORIES

THE SOFT WOMAN

By Theodore L. Thomas ... 39

THE ORGINORG WAY

By Jack Sharkey 42

THEY NEVER COME BACK FROM WHOOSHI

By David R. Bunch 92

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

By Dobbin Thorpe 118

FEATURES

EDITORIAL 7

COMING NEXT MONTH 96

ACCORDING TO YOU 125

Cover: Emsb

Illustrating *The Lords of Quarmall*

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RETURN TO BROBDINGNAG



ROKINS -

By ADAM BRADFORD, M.D.

Illustrator ADKINS

Some issues back we were able to take you on a return voyage to Gulliver's Lilliput. Now, thanks to the researches and efforts of Dr. Bradford, we revisit Brobdingnag, with what results and ideas as you shall see.

MY readers will recall that on September 9, 1952, I set sail from Lilliput (FANTASTIC, December, 1963) with a store of water, meat and other provisions donated by the kindly Lilliputians. Since there was no gasoline in primitive Lilliput and my gasoline stores were low, I knew I would be foolish to attempt a return to England, particularly since there was still a possibility of late summer monsoons in the Indian Ocean. I had decided, therefore, to head south-southwest toward Madagascar hoping to find suitable shelter there.

Besides, I still had Gulliver's original maps in my possession and there remained within me the unsatiated desire to follow Gulliver in his travels to Brobdingnag, the Island of the Giants. Those of you who read the previous account of my voyage to Lilliput are familiar with the details of how I discovered Gulliver's original and detailed maps and logs of

his adventures. Briefly, however, I had accidentally come upon a clue to Gulliver's life while doing some medical research in Oxford, England. By painstaking detective work, I was not only able to prove that Gulliver really existed (and that he had been plagiarized both by his cousin, Sympson, and by Jonathan Swift, who became famous because of this plagiarism) but was able to obtain the original, meticulous notes kept by Gulliver, himself. I then purchased the *Stella Nova*, a seaworthy yawl with an auxiliary motor, with which I had made the voyage to Lilliput.

The trip to Brobdingnag, I knew, would prove far more hazardous since the natives were approximately 60 feet tall and took "about ten yards at every Stride". On Brobdingnag, the grass grew 20 feet high and the corn stood "at least forty Foot". Gulliver, himself, had barely escaped with his life and, were it

not for the kindness of Glumdalclitch, a young farmer's daughter who had befriended him, he would most certainly have perished in any one of several misadventures. For example, there were the times when he was almost dropped from a roof top by a giant pet monkey, crushed to death in a farmer's massive hands, or drowned in a bowl of milk that was being drunk by the Queen.

Although I knew that a return to Brobdingnag would be full of hazards and dangers, I also knew that I must go there. The further I sailed from Lilliput, the closer in my mind I came to Brobdingnag. Not a day passed without my wondering about the Brobdingnagians. How had these giants fared during the past two centuries? Why had not other explorers "discovered" them since the days of Gulliver's incredible adventures? I had to find out for myself.

I HAD anticipated that the trip from Lilliput to Madagascar (and civilization) would take about two weeks and I believed myself well prepared for this journey. The trade winds, however, were not always in my favor and there were several days that I was completely becalmed and in irons. On those occasions, I had to depend on my meager fuel supply, and it was not until the 23rd

day that I finally sighted a towering distant range of mountains directly to the west. As best as I could figure my position, I was approximately at the 19th parallel, north of the Tropic of Capricorn. I had only about two gallons of gasoline in my fuel tank and my auxiliary tanks were empty. Fortunately, the wind was favorable and, on the morning of October 2, 1952, I found a small, sheltered, but busy harbor in which I could beach my vessel. I pulled up beside a small dock.

A few dark-skinned, half-naked boys and young men on the dock looked at me with what appeared to be a mixture of curiosity and suspicion as I waved to them and shouted greetings. At first, I was stunned by their appearance—they seemed so tall—but then I quickly realized that I had spent so much time with the tiny Lilliputians that everything would seem large for a while. Actually, compared to me, the natives were six or seven inches shorter. Since, however, the natives did not seem to be afraid or hostile, I cast anchor and shouted to them again.

"Where am I?" I asked. "What is the name of this country?" Since I got no reply, I repeated the question in the French that I learned in my college days. "Oui suis-je? Qu'est-ce que le nom de cette place? Est-il Madagascar?"

One of the younger men finally

nodded his head. "Oui," he replied, "c'est Madagascar."

Thank Heavens, I thought. *Perhaps I can now get some rest and fuel.* I suddenly felt exhausted.

"Parlez-vous anglais?" I asked. "Est-il ici un homme qui parle anglais?" I knew that I would have to find someone who spoke English since my French was so limited.

"Oui," he replied. "Mon pere parle anglais un peu." He called to an older man who was fishing from a small dug-out canoe about 20 yards away. "Papa, Papa," he shouted, "J'ai ici un etranger qui voudrait parler anglais avec vous."

The old man pulled in his fishing line and rowed directly over to me. He proved to be a most amiable Malagasy of Hova stock; he had learned to speak English in 1942 while serving in the British Army after the temporary collapse of French Rule. His name, I learned, was Rabama and he proved to be a most valuable and helpful guide during my two months' stay in Madagascar. Without his help, I might have been stranded to this day in the small fishing port of Andovoranto where my boat lay then at anchor.

Thanks to Rabama's help, I was able to travel the 125 miles into the interior of Madagascar to Tananarive, the capitol, where I not only obtained adequate

lodgings for myself but could arrange for the purchase of stores of gasoline and provisions for my return to Brobdingnag. I could also supervise the repair of some minor damage that had been done to the *Stella Nova*.

AT the end of two months, however, I felt that I had recuperated completely and that the time had come to leave Madagascar for my trip to Brobdingnag. Although Rabama and his son offered to accompany me on this voyage, I decided that it would be best to go alone. An additional "crew" meant additional provisions and it might also involve me in disciplinary problems or even in possible conflicts in a time of stress. So, shortly after dawn on the morning of December 15th, I set sail from Madagascar in my search for the Brobdingnagians.

According to Gulliver's maps, which I had studied carefully, Brobdingnag lay in the southern Indian Ocean just east of the major air and ocean routes between India and Africa. Gulliver had attempted to circumnavigate the Cape of Good Hope on his return home when his vessel was blown off course by a violent storm almost into the rock-bound coast of Brobdingnag. Gulliver had gone ashore with an exploring party in a small boat, but was left alone and abandoned on the beach

when the rest of the party fled for their lives at the approach of a giant Brobdingnagian who had waded into the sea after them. It was this unfortunate accident that had provided Gulliver with one of the most exciting adventures of his life.

For me, the trip to Brobdingnag was to be no accident, for I had planned it carefully. Gulliver's detailed maps were spread out before me. My marine compass, Geiger counter and short-wave radio were in perfect working order. Furthermore, I decided to travel fully armed, packing in my trunk several small firearms and mounting on the stern of the *Stella Nova* a small machine gun that I had purchased in Tananarive. Although I hoped that my mission to Brobdingnag would be peaceful, I had to be prepared for any emergency. Being a doctor, I also lay in a store of antibiotics, antiseptics, quinine, DDT, sedatives and other drugs that might prove necessary.

If all went well, the trip from Madagascar to Brobdingnag should have been no more than a ten-day journey. But on the seventh day out, my Geiger counter indicated that I was heading into a zone of intense radiation (probably the result of the explosion in air of an experimental atomic bomb) that I had not anticipated and about which I had heard no

warning. I, therefore, veered from my course in a northerly, or rather, northwesterly direction to escape the deadly radiation that seemed to be pursuing me. I knew that I would no longer be able to follow Gulliver's maps but would have to approach the peninsula of Brobdingnag from a more northerly direction, perhaps even from the direction of the range of volcanic mountains that constitute Brobdingnag's northern boundary. But, in leaving my original course (and being unable to return to it), I found it difficult to determine my exact position. I knew that I was in the Indian Ocean approximately at 12° latitude and 60° longitude but, of course, the atomic radiation might have altered the readings on my magnetic compass.

At any rate, I had now been 18 days at sea without sight of land and the tropical sun began to play havoc with my nerves and disposition. It was on the 18th night that I had a nightmare that undoubtedly saved my life. I had allowed the *Stella Nova* to drift as I slept and I surely would have been dashed against a rocky and treacherous shore had I not been suddenly aroused from my sleep by the violent dream. Luckily, I had the good judgment to start my engines before being almost driven into a mountainous boulder directly ahead of me and veered within a few inches out of

its path. Almost reflexly, I headed the *Stella Nova* out to sea, deciding to wait till morning before exploring the land before me.

WHEN the sun rose, I knew that I had, somehow, reached my destination. The lofty, barren peaks and the size of the giant birds that hovered overhead seemed identical to those in Brobdingnag described so vividly by Gulliver. I only had to find some harbor or inlet where I could anchor my boat. My heart beat wildly. This could easily be the most exciting—and most dangerous—adventure of my whole life.

I tried to follow the coast line as closely as I could and headed in a southerly direction. I must have traveled about two miles when I came to a sandy beach at the mouth of a river. As I sailed upstream, I found the terrain growing more rocky and forbidding, but the temperature now was more pleasant and I was sheltered from the harsh sun by the tall cliffs that steadily increased in size as I moved into the interior. I had traveled this way for several hours, witnessing no signs of life except for the giant insects and birds that flew above me. The cliffs on either side prevented my seeing any other evidence of civilization.

I had just started to prepare some lunch when I heard a

strange sound and the flapping of wings overhead. A giant hawk had spied me on the *Stella Nova* and was circling menacingly about 30 feet above. She must have mistaken me for a *Splacknuck*, a worm-like creature about six feet long that is indigenous to Brobdingnag, and which the hawks regard as choice morsels. Quickly, as the hawk dove in for the kill, I reached for my Luger and finished it off before it could cause any damage.

As the hawk dropped lifelessly to the water beside me, I heard a thunderous roar of laughter and the next thing I knew I was suddenly whisked out of my boat by a giant hand that held me firmly in its grip.

"Molash, Molash," I cried as loudly as I could and held my hands in a supplicating posture. I now knew that I was in the clutch of a Brobdingnagian who was holding me to his face to inspect me closely. "Molash" was the Brobdingnagian word for "Peace" or "I surrender". Apparently, he had observed the circling hawk and had witnessed its death. I was obviously no ordinary *Splacknuck*. Never before had a *Splacknuck* shot down a hawk! Furthermore, since (I later discovered) the Brobdingnagians had no firearms, the hawk's sudden death was most surprising to the Brobdingnagian who had observed this incident.

The few words of Brobdingnagian that I had learned from Gulliver's account now stood me in good stead. I asked to be taken to *Lorbrulgrud* which had been the capitol city in Gulliver's time. I was told that I was already in Lorbrulgrud and thus could be spared the arduous journey to this metropolis. Luckily, too, the Brobdingnagian who had so unceremoniously swooped me out of my boat was a *Stardel* or a "Gentlemen Usher of the Court", a title that had been retained for the two-and-a-half centuries since they were described by Gulliver, but whose position had deteriorated to that of a minor domestic.

AT any rate, seeing that I meant no harm and being amused by my diminutive size, the *Stardel* placed me carefully in his pocket to take me home to his family. One last glance at the river below me made my heart sick because the *Stella Nova* appeared to be drifting aimlessly to sea, being carried along by the river's current. I tried to shout and attract the *Stardel's* attention and pointed to the river below us. He, however, misinterpreted my wiggling, thinking only that I was trying to break free, and he stuffed me even more resolutely into the deeper recesses of his pocket. My hope of ever returning to England or the United States was shattered.

There was only one possible, but remote, chance that I might, at a later date, convince the Brobdingnagians to build me another boat since, from Gulliver's account, they were excellent craftsmen.

Being bounced around in the *Stardel's* pocket as he strode home was a terrifying experience. His pocket was about 2 feet deep and, although I was on my knees, my arms and head hung over the open top. I was about thirty feet above ground and can verify that, without exaggeration, each bump stride was "about ten yards" long, as Gulliver had described.

The next few hours are confused in my mind. The rocking during the trip across the country, the heat of the sun, and not having had anything to eat for almost a day proved too much for me and I must have fainted. At any rate, when I awoke, I found myself on what appeared to be a massive bed in a bedroom that was approximately 200 feet wide and 100 feet high. An old giant of a woman with ugly wrinkles, deep as furrows, was watching me. At my first sign of awakening, she whispered hoarsely in a voice that was deafening to my unaccustomed ears, "Brachtig, Brachtig." In a moment, the room was filled with a dozen or more Brobdingnagians, all towering above the bed and watching

me with curiosity, all making gestures in my direction and laughing at my antics as I tried to rouse from my weakness and drowsiness.

Like Gulliver, I felt mortified at the insignificance of my own size compared to that of the Brobdingnagians. The ear-shattering conversations between them were actually painful and, when I clapped my hands over my ears to keep out some of the noise, they laughed all the harder. However, during their conversations, I managed to hear the words, *Replum Scalcoath*, which was the same designation they had affixed to Gulliver and which, I knew, meant "freak of nature". From that time on and during my entire stay in Brobdingnag, I was always known by the name of *Replum Scalcoath*. Nevertheless, since I was both an object of considerable interest and amusement, I was not harmed; actually, I was well taken care of.

The person who provided me with my care was the old lady sitting at the bedside. She, I discovered later, was a great-great-granddaughter of Glumdalclitch, the little child who had taken care of Gulliver. I must admit, too, that I grew accustomed to her ugly appearance and came to regard her as a close friend. She proved to be a person of great nobility in that country

since Glumdalclitch, after being made a member of the royal household, had married a prince. As a matter of fact, Glumdalclitch's account of her experience with Gulliver had been recorded in a book (*The Replum Scalcoath Brinktok*) but, by now, all of the educated Brobdingnagians had grown to consider the whole episode as a fairy tale since nobody in Brobdingnag had ever seen another *Replum Scalcoath* since Gulliver's day.

ACCORDINGLY, I was fitted out with a small house of my own, much like the one that had been built for Gulliver. My food was served to me in dishes used by the children in their make-believe games with dolls. The old noblewoman, whose name was *Veralka*, made certain that I was comfortable, clean and well fed. Nevertheless, every action of mine was closely observed and recorded, and I could not help feeling that I was not only a prisoner among the Brobdingnagians but, even worse, something of an experimental animal.

I might have remained forever a prisoner locked in my house without ever being able to journey through this miraculous country had not an incident occurred that brought me directly to the King's attention. One hot afternoon, a giant wasp (which even to this day are as big as par-

tridges, exactly as Gulliver had described them) entered Veralka's bedroom as she was taking a short nap. The wasp was buzzing over Veralka's face when she was awakened by the threatening sound and she screamed in fright. Since my own house was kept on a table in Veralka's bedroom, I was attracted to the buzzing noise myself. Luckily, the Brobdingnagians had not removed my Luger from my person, since they had no firearms, themselves, and did not understand their use. Taking careful aim, I shot down the wasp almost as it was about to descend on Veralka's face.

From that day on, I was something of a hero in the eyes of the Brobdingnagians. At my request (since Veralka was so grateful), I obtained an audience with the King the following morning and, thereafter, became a somewhat pampered pet in the King's household. It was in this fashion that I was able to travel the length and breadth of Brobdingnag with royal bodyguards at my side to keep me from all danger and harm. Because of this royal favor, I could observe the customs and habits of the inhabitants that I shall now describe in some detail.

The physical aspects of the country remain to this day much as they had been in 1703 when they were first visited by Gulli-



ver. Brobdingnag is approximately 6000 miles long and 3000 miles wide. The steep, craggy shores on all exposed sides and the impenetrable volcanic mountains in the north have made Brobdingnag both immune to invaders and also immune to any of the technological advances that we consider so essential to our own civilization.

For example, the Brobdingnagians are still woefully behind us in methods of mass destruction, lacking not only atomic bombs but also elementary knowledge of simple explosives, such as gunpowder. Although they marveled at the ability of my Luger (which they considered a toy) to shoot down hawks and wasps, they simply rationalized my need for such a weapon as further evidence of my small, defenseless size. No big man, certainly no Brobdingnagian, could ever need such artificial aids in battle or in self defense. Only a *little* man, only a Replum Scalath, they derided me repeatedly, would resort to any mechanical device of physical violence. A *real* man (*again*, not a Replum Scalath) needs only wit and brawn to survive, they claim. I mention this only to point out how backward these people still are. It is probably because of their security and their isolation that they haven't learned anything new.

THE chief city of Brobdingnag is still *Lorbrulgrad* and it stands on each side of a river as it has from almost time immemorial. What amazed me most was that the city contains only 80,000 houses, exactly as it did in Gulliver's day. In over 200 years, the population has not increased. When I queried my royal guards about this odd circumstance, I was greeted by a stony silence. Consequently, my curiosity was further heightened and I made a note to question the King at my next royal audience.

The King, whose name is Rhamasad Grig or Rhamasad the Third, (incidentally, I can't help wonder whether there isn't some relationship here to the ancient Rhamses Dynasty in Egypt) couldn't understand the nature of my question which he, at first, dismissed as being manifestly stupid. I repeated my question as best I could, believing that the King had failed to understand either because he could not hear the softness of my voice (which, to a Brobdingnagian, is a mere whisper) or because I had not yet mastered their native language.

"How is it," I fairly shouted, "that the population of your country has not changed in over two hundred years? Do your subjects use birth control?"

He seemed perplexed at the latter question and demanded a full explanation of birth control.

Fortunately, as a physician, I was able to provide him with a thorough and detailed account of the subject. The King could not believe that such a practice would be necessary with *humanoids* as small as I, who ate so little and who took up such little space. But, when I described for him the immensity of our populations, the crowding of our cities, and the poverty of many of our citizens, he reversed his position and expressed great curiosity as to why this practice was not more universally accepted in our countries.

When I tried to explain that many of our citizens were still too ignorant to understand the various methods or had religious taboos concerning the problem, he made some derisive comments about *Replum Scalcahs* and indicated that now he understood why we were such an inferior race. Actually, I had tried to defend our laws and our customs to the best of my ability because I certainly did not want to cast any aspersions on our great and noble people. But the more I made my explanations, the more the King seemed to be impressed with the backwardness of our society. From this discussion, I could only conclude that the King was as rigid and medieval in his thinking as the other Brobdingnagians.

Actually, I also learned from

this interview with his Royal Highness that the Brobdingnagians did not understand birth control and never practiced it. Instead, they had a method which might best be described as *death control*. In Lorbrulgrud, for example, the population has been kept at a constant figure by simply killing off the oldest citizen whenever a child was born. In a solemn yet joyous ceremony, the oldest person in town simply drinks a potion called *zoob*, and then quietly passes into his eternal sleep. Although I never learned the exact chemical formula of *Zoob*, I did discover that it was a toxic distillate of some naturally fermentable herbs and grains. I mention this not because I believe *death control* is preferable to *birth control* but simply because I want to report accurately the customs of this strange country. The natives, I suspected, were reluctant to discuss this practice with me, whom they considered so much below them in logic or understanding. Nevertheless, the custom did resemble, superficially at least, the traditional behavior of some old New England towns whose population had not changed for two or three centuries because no new settlers are allowed to move in until some old settler moves out.

THOSE readers who are still curious about *death control*

and related problems in Brobdingnag will find more information on this subject in a book that I am writing, describing in detail my several adventures. But perhaps I can add another word or two even in this brief account. Because of death control, the population of Brobdingnag is relatively young, the average age being 42 years and 8 months. Furthermore, Brobdingnagian women, like other large mammals, have a longer gestation period, approximately 19 months. Furthermore, puberty is not reached until the age of 22 in the male and 18 in the female. These physiological facts contribute toward the development of a relatively stable population and birth and death are thus matched up fairly evenly. It is understandable that, if pregnancy were achieved at the earlier age of 15 or 16, as it often is in our country, the average age of the citizenry would soon be reduced to the teens.

Manifestly, such an approach as death control would have to be modified in many ways if we attempted to apply it to our own civilization. For the Brobdingnagians, however, it is eminently suited to their way of life. In Brobdingnag, for example, there are no problems pertaining to the care of the aged; there are so few old people. I must admit that I never discussed our aged popu-

lation with His Royal Highness because I was fearful what his answer might be and I was anxious, in every way, to avoid his displeasure.

Although I had now been in Brobdingnag six months, I had not yet seen the Temple in Lorbrulgrud, whose towers Gulliver had described as being 3000 feet high. This puzzled me because a church edifice of this height should have been easily visible from my portable home as I traveled through the country, escorted by the princes who were responsible for my care and protection.

One day as Veralka was bathing me and seemed particularly affectionate, I got up enough courage to ask her what had become of the spires. As far as I could determine from her reply, I learned that the towers had been knocked down by lightning in the Year of the Big Storm (about 1863) and that they were not rebuilt. As a matter of fact, long before this devastation, which cost the Lorbrulgrudians 2086 lives, the Brobdingnagians had begun to develop a more sophisticated concept of religion. According to their current teachings, which were first advanced more than three centuries ago, God is "as tall as he is broad as he is long" and so all of their religious edifices now are built exactly in the shape of a cube, about the

size of a modern airplane hangar or even larger. Man's aspirations, they believe, should not reach to the skies but should reach all over the earth for the betterment of man, himself. The function of religion is to make man a good man, not a God.

In some other ways, however, the religion of the Brobdingnagians is curiously unsophisticated. The word "God" in Brobdingnagian is "KRA", and it is synonymous with their term for "Sun". Unlike other primitive peoples who regard the Sun-God as a personified or animated being, the Brobdingnagians worship KRA or the Sun only as an inanimate object from which (they believe) all life on earth emanates. Their scientific measurements concerning the sun, both in its flaming potentiality and its distance from the earth, are curiously like our own. Worship of KRA is based not on myth but on the rational, scientific understanding that it is the sun that supports all life on earth. KRA is *not* a gigantic, personified deity. It may be because the Brobdingnagians are so large, themselves, that they feel no need to worship strength or force, *per se*.

RELIGIOUS services are held monthly at the time of the full moon. Carried along by my nurse, Veralka, I had an op-

portunity to visit several church services, including some celebrations of major holidays, such as the gathering-in of the fall harvest. In some respects, these services reminded me of those conducted by the Bahai church but there were significant differences. As far as I could determine, there is no ordained ministry. Instead, one man (or woman) is chosen by the congregation to "*praktak longvig*" (deliver the sermon). This "sermon" is a giant roll of paper containing multiple perforations. The piece of paper is placed in a machine something like our old-fashioned automatic player piano but, instead of music emanating from the machine, Brobdingnagian speech thunders from the amplifying units. (I might add parenthetically that the machine in which the "*praktak longvig*" is played is the only recording device which the Brobdingnagians possess, for I saw no evidence of equipment such as our ordinary phonograph discs or tape recorders.)

In other words, the "sermon" is not delivered by any person but through a recording device. In this way, the congregation is exposed only to the best religious advice and counsel and is not compelled to listen to idle meanderings, insipid musings, fevered rantings, or the petty hair-splittings that still pour forth from

our own pulpits today. After the sermon, the members of the congregation engage in a lively discussion concerning the theological and spiritual concepts discussed. If any member of the congregation finds that he can rephrase a portion of a sermon to make it more beautiful, inspiring or more meaningful, the sermon is edited and made consistent with the best theological thinking of the time.

The "sermons", I discovered later, numbered 46 in all and represent the most profound concepts of the theologians of the country. The most recent "sermon" was prepared in its first draft a little over ten years ago. Another sermon goes back to 1864, the year after the Year of the Big Storm and it is an inspiring lecture on how one should cope with the personal disasters that can occur in a lifetime. This sermon, for example, points out that some adversity is inherent in the lot of every man. It contends further that each man is to be measured not by his degree of success but the way in which he meets adversity. Most of the sermons are at least several years old and some go back to Brobdingnagian antiquity, but even these ancient sermons have been modified and edited through the years to conform to the best current theological concepts of their country. In this way, although

most of the sermons have their roots in the past, they are immediately and directly applicable to everyday Brobdingnagian life.

I DISCOVERED later, when I had an opportunity to talk with the King, that he was as much interested in theology as his subjects. I discovered, too, that it was at his suggestion that Veralka brought me regularly to witness their worship once I expressed the desire to attend. Because of the King's keen interest in religion, he spent one whole morning with me in questioning and disputation. He queried me regarding the beliefs and practices of my people (the Replum Scalcaths). I tried to explain to him as best I could that, although most of us who live in civilized countries believe in one God or a universal deity, we did not worship the sun but rather conceived of the Lord as a giant human being even bigger than a Brobdingnagian. I pointed out, too, that many of us had strongly-held views about heaven and hell, about angels, saints and Messiahs.

At this the King let forth a deafening roar of laughter because, as he explained to me, he could not understand why religion had to become so involved. The Brobdingnagians believe that each man is master of his own destiny and the reward or

lack of reward which one achieves in life usually reflects fairly closely a person's just deserts. To believe that eternal reward or punishment would come either in heaven or hell was deserving only of a Replum Scalath.

Since I could see that I had no way of liberating the King from his primitive thinking, I thought it best to abandon any further discussion on the Deity, Himself, but to talk with him instead about our great and noble martyrs and about the inspirational leadership in religious thinking that our people derive from our educated and learned priesthood. Here again, I found myself facing an obdurate and uncomprehending person. The King could not understand why a specialized priesthood or ministry was at all necessary when each man, himself, could be educated in the knowledge of what was morally right and wrong and what is ethically good and evil. Rather than incur the King's wrath or be further stigmatized as a mere Replum Scalath, I decided that it would be best never again to attend their religious services or discuss religion with any Brobdingnagian.

The government of Brobdingnag is still a constitutional monarchy, much as it was in Gulliver's time, but with greater emphasis on the word, "constitutional". Assisting the King in his

decisions and in policy-making are a House of Commons and a House of Lords. Whereas members of the House of Lords achieve their position through inheritance, the House of Commons is elected by the population at large. The voting age is 14 years, both for boys and girls and, although this may seem young in our eyes, the Brobdingnagians believe that by giving young persons an active voice in government, it eliminates many of the problems which we consider under the general heading of "juvenile delinquency". Youngsters are educated in an understanding of their government almost as soon as they are able to read and write.

IN voting, each citizen in Brobdingnag is not allowed merely one vote as is currently the practice in our democracies, but, instead, may cast anywhere from 1 to 10 votes for the candidate of his choice, depending on his education and intellectual achievements. Professors of universities and other leading citizens (shrewd businessmen, research scholars, talented musicians) may cast as many as 10 votes for their candidate. Uneducated persons such as day laborers, servants and those otherwise disinterested in government or education can cast only 1 vote apiece. Dentists and accountants can

usually cast 2 votes but, with special courses of study, can raise the number of votes to 4 or even 5. General surgeons, whose political knowledge Brobdingnagians consider meager, cast only 3 or 4 votes and rarely as many as 5. Lawyers, members of the Royal Family and others of noble blood are often allowed to cast 8 or 9 votes each. These classifications are not rigid or fixed, for a citizen can change his voting status by course of study and by taking periodic qualifying examinations. Although it seemed to me that this method of balloting runs counter to true democratic principles in which the ignorant and the neer-do-well can elect their candidates as easily as those supported by an educated and intellectual elite, it apparently has worked with considerable success in the eyes of the Brobdingnagians.

Only on one occasion in a discussion with the King did I have an opportunity to criticize this method of voting. I tried to point out that a truly democratic government must give equal voice to all of its citizens and I explained to him how political campaigns are conducted and won in our country. The King, however, silenced my comments abruptly by replying rather sternly that it was more logical that those who took a more active hand in the management of the country

should have more to say about that management than those whose interest was not evident or barely appreciable. Being no student of politics, I could find no argument in reply and thought it best to let the subject drop. I merely mention the Brobdingnagian method of "proportional" voting not because I favor or endorse it but simply to point out how strange the political practices of this remote country are.

AS I pointed out in the previous account of my voyage to Lilliput, I am an orthopedic surgeon by profession and neither a legislator nor a student of business or government. I hope, therefore, that I may be forgiven if I may have erred in my appraisal of the political or the religious life of the Brobdingnagians. Being a physician, however, I was most anxious to learn how the Brobdingnagians cared for their sick. Here again, I must acknowledge the help that was given to me by my aged "nurse", Veralka. It was through her efforts that I was able to gain access into several of the hospitals of Lorbrulgrud and in the neighboring communities.

Because of the policy of "death" control, the Brobdingnagians concern themselves but little about the problems of the senile and the aged. Nursing home scandals, which are periodically present in our country, are

practically unknown there. Similarly, since the Brobdingnagians neither smoke nor drink nor drive automobiles, most of the manmade threats to life and health which we encounter in our civilization are not present here. The sick are treated in a conservative fashion. Although some antibiotic substances are known to them, they differ from those that we possess. Fortunately, I was able to obtain samples of 22 of their most valued remedies for chemical and bacteriological analysis at a later date because I hoped, even then, that some day I might be able to return to the States.

It is in the field of *surgery* that the Brobdingnagians have achieved such a remarkable degree of success as to make me envious of their ability and their organizations. In *Kralgat*, their leading hospital, I was able to spend several days in their surgical amphitheatre, my house being suspended by a wire from the ceiling so that I could look down upon their operating tables. I discovered that their surgical teams, more often than not, were composed of young women comparable to the nurses in our own hospitals. Each surgical "team" consisted of 4 to 6 women who specialized in doing a *single* operative procedure and thus each team acquired great skill in performing the task to which it was

assigned. The surgeon used his skill in making a diagnosis and assigning the patient to the appropriate surgical team.

For example, if a patient were admitted to the hospital complaining of abdominal pain that necessitated surgery, the surgeon would decide whether the patient had acute appendicitis, a twisted ovarian cyst, a perforated peptic ulcer, a cancerous obstruction to the bowel, or some other surgical condition. The patient was then assigned to the team that did this one procedure and nothing else. In other words, there was one team of "nurses" that performed only appendectomies. Another team operated only in cases of intestinal obstruction. A third team devoted itself exclusively to the repair of ulcers and its complications. Others were skilled in amputations or eye grafts or heart surgery.

In my own mind, I could not help but contrast their efficiency to the standards of practice in our own country, in which the general surgeon is required to be a "Jack of all trades" but may never acquire the high degree of proficiency in any one surgical procedure which the Brobdingnagians, by their better organization, possess.

I MUST admit that although my days in Brobdingnag passed happily enough and I did not en-

counter any of the great trials to which Gulliver had been subjected, I resented the frequent and ill-concealed innuendoes about my being a Replum Scalcah and I was anxious to return home. I was tired, too, of constantly being on display, tired of being a caged animal, yet fearful of being let loose lest I be trampled accidentally under the foot of a Brobdingnagian.

In other words, I had grown homesick and yearned for the time that I could return to my own country, to see again my family and friends and to write an account of my several adventures. I vowed that, should I be fortunate enough to get back, my sea-faring days would be over and I would settle down in Boston to practice orthopedic surgery with my uncle. By now, too, I had been in Brobdingnag two years and four months and, as the days wore on, my heart filled more and more with despair because the prospect of ever getting back became more bleak.

I might have forever perished in Brobdingnag had it not been for a remarkable coincidence. My nurse, Veralka, was asked to care for one of the Prince's children while he and his wife went to supervise the opening of his summer estate. Having no one to leave me with, she took me with her, holding me and my house in her arms just like a housewife

carries her bag of shopping out of a supermarket. The trip was a short distance of about two hundred miles but, as a precautionary measure, I strapped myself to the bed (which was nailed to the floor) by means of long leather thongs to avoid the jostling and bumping that the trip would necessitate. In this way, I arrived at the Prince's palace without mishap.

I should mention here that the Prince had two daughters; the older one, aged 8, accompanied her father to their estate in the mountains while the other, about two, stayed home because she was too young to travel. The Prince had already left before we arrived and Veralka, seeing the younger one dirtied from playing in a sand box, decided to give her a bath. The "bath tub", it turned out, was a small artificial lake in the back of the palace and it was "fed" by the principal river of Lorbrulgrud. The waters in the lake were held back by a dam which could easily be opened to drain the water out or closed after fresh water had been allowed in.

To my almost unbelievable surprise, there in the middle of this child's "bath tub" stood, like a plaything, my own boat the *Stella Nova*. My heart beat with wild excitement as I saw it because now, for the first time, the possibility of returning home pre-

sented itself. The *Stella Nova* had its sails furled and the child, while being bathed, blew on them in much the same way as our children play with toy boats. Apparently my boat had not drifted completely out to sea and had not been damaged. It must have been discovered wedged in the rocks of the riverbed by some Brobdingnagian and had been given to the King as a gift. I can only surmise that this was so but, of course, I shall never know the whole truth.

ALMOST at once a plan for escape began to form in my mind. I called for Veralka and feigned hunger but hid the provisions under my bed. At supper that night, I again asked for still more food but ate only sparingly, hiding as much as I could wherever possible. That night when Veralka was asleep, I took the long leather thongs and tied them to the opposite bars of my cage. Then I unscrewed a leg from my table, placed it between the leather thongs and tightened the thongs like a tourniquet. Fortunately, the leather thongs were strong and, by tightening them, I was able to force in the bars just enough to allow me to squeeze out and to carry out my provisions which I had tied into my bed sheets, along with my few personal belongings.

I quickly unwound my leather

thongs, tied them together and, with them, lowered my provisions to the floor. Then, to make my escape complete, I slid down the leather thongs which, fortunately, were long enough to reach to the floor. Scurrying close to the walls, almost like a frightened mouse, I managed to get to the lake in the back of the palace. Fortunately, the dam had been opened to let the old bath water out but had not been refilled. About four feet of water remained in the tub and I was able to push the *Stella Nova* into the river. I did not dare to test my auxiliary motors nor to check on the condition of the boat's interior. I was just glad to be free.

Luckily, the current of the river was swift because it was May and the spring run-off from the mountains had not yet ceased. A half-moon and a cloudless night gave me just enough light so that I could navigate the *Stella Nova* down the middle of the river and avoid the treacherous rocks at the sides. When dawn broke in the East, Brobdingnag was only a faint shoreline in the distance behind me.

I checked my gasoline. I still had about twenty gallons in one of the storage tanks. I used the rubber tubing of my stethoscope (which was still intact in my emergency medicine cabinet) to siphon the gas into my main tank. I started up my engine and

—miraculously—it worked. Now I could only trust to luck and my skill as a navigator. At last, at last, I had escaped from Brobdingnag. And I was tired and faint with hunger and anxiety. My plan was to try to reach Madagascar again.

Some of you who are readers of the Manchester *Guardian* may recall a small item that appeared on June 3, 1955, but most of you, I am sure, have forgotten it. I was able to obtain a clipping only later and it reads as follows:

Survivor Spotted at Sea

Port Elizabeth, S. Africa:

The Captain of the luxury liner, *Queen Frederika*, saved the life of an unknown sailor when he detected a small craft drifting aimlessly in the Indian Ocean about eighty miles southwest of Port Elizabeth. Veering from his usual course to the stricken vessel, the Captain believed, at first, that the craft was unmanned but sent two of his officers to board the vessel and search it. A man, peculiarly dressed and worn from exposure and apparently raving about giants, was found on the small vessel and taken aboard the *Queen Frederika*. He was then flown by helicopter to Port Elizabeth and hospitalized. His condition is considered critical. Identification

of the unknown sailor is still incomplete.

I NEED not add that I was that "unknown sailor". It was on June 8th that I first regained consciousness and discovered that I was at the St. Barnabas Hospital in Port Elizabeth. Once full consciousness returned, I began to realize how futile it was to try to convince the skeptical doctors that I had spent almost two-and-one-half years in a land of giants, in a country that Gulliver visited more than two hundred years ago. Instead, I made up some simple yarn about how I had been out fishing and my mast had been blown down in a storm. I hate to fabricate but, knowing doctors, I was sure that I would be committed as insane if I told them the truth. My simple lie was ultimately believed and I was discharged.

Fortunately, the *Stella Nova* had been towed to port by a fishing vessel that was nearby and had intercepted the radio message from the *Queen Frederika* to Port Elizabeth and my boat was safely anchored in one of the docks at harbor. My precious vials of Brobdingnagian antibiotics and medicines and Gulliver's original notes had not been touched, but some of my other equipment, especially my Geiger Counter and my ship-to-shore

(Continued on page 123)

RETURN TO BROBDINGNAG

(continued from page 117)

phone, had either been lost at sea or stolen. I sold the *Stella Nova* for the first offer I could get, wired my uncle for money and decided to abandon further exploration of the countries visited by Gulliver.

My uncle, who is a cautious New Englander, at first expressed some disbelief when he received my cable since he had not heard from me since April 3, 1952, when I left England for my first voyage to Lilliput and he had assumed that I had perished at sea. However, using the money I had obtained from the sale of the *Stella Nova*, I called him person-to-person on the trans-Atlantic phone and convinced him of my identity. When he was sure that I was not playing some cruel hoax, he was overjoyed at discovering that I was still alive and gladly cabled the money for my return to the States.

Thanks to my uncle's efforts,

I had no trouble establishing myself as an orthopedic surgeon in Boston. I believed that I had foresworn ever going to sea again (and it is almost eighteen months now that I have devoted myself exclusively to practice, to a return to my old social life and the writing of the accounts of my voyages) but, tonight, after dinner, I came across an advertisement in the J.A.M.A. that made my heart pound and my body tighten. It's a brief ad for a ship's surgeon on a freighter going to South America. I must admit I have been working hard these past 18 months and have taken no vacation.

I tried to put the ad away, to ignore it, but how could a little trip to South America do any harm? Let's see now. Where was Gulliver's next trip? Oh, forget Gulliver. Just this once. An ocean trip just for fun, just for a vacation. But Gulliver went to South America, didn't he? Where did I store those maps?

THE END