

CHAPTER THIRTYTHREE Swift's Last Return

If we more closely examine the strength of the connections between the *Memoirs* and the *Travels* we can arrive at a keener grasp of Swift's purpose. The *Memoirs* were clearly tied to the *Travels* by conscious design.

Specific references in the *Memoirs* to the four travels show this scheme.

1. It was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his Travels . . .
2. . . . his first voyage, . . . to a discovery of the remains of the ancient *Pygmaen* Empire.
3. That in his second [voyage], he was happily shipwrecked on the land of the Giants . . .
4. That in his third voyage, he discovered a whole kingdom of Philosophers, who govern by the Mathematicks . . .
5. . . . that in his fourth Voyage he discovers a vein of Melancholy proceeding almost to a disgust of his species . . .

Note the ties:

- The *exact date* of the first travel is given.
- The *exact number* of travels is described.
- The *exact nature* of the travels is described.
- Martin is *synonymous* with Gulliver.

These direct associations could not be guaranteed unless these elements of the *Travels* were exactly known,

But the last statement is not literally correct. Martin is not synonymous with Gulliver because the name Gulliver does not occur anywhere in the text of the *Travels*. The accounts are always in the first person as though described by Swift himself. He always refers to the "author." By such technique Swift could use satiric cover while including direct personal experiences.

We are then left with the task of determining which portions of the stories are fabrications, and which personal accounts.

Book II, the Land of Giants, describes experiences of the "author" when he was "small." The Giants served as an ideal vehicle to hide an account because he was "small," although he speaks of the "author" as an adult. Was there a period in Swift's childhood when he was "missing?"

If the Land of Houyhnhnms was an account of another world, where the "author" comes into condemnation of his fellow Yahoo-kind, and if this was Swift's method for hiding an adult experience, was there a period when he was "missing" as an adult?

Before answering these questions more exactly it may be helpful to further elaborate on his satiric methods.

The Art Of Allusion

Swift's mastery of allusion is demonstrated from the introductory passages entitled *The Publisher to the Reader*, (1725), and the preface material added in the 1735 Dublin edition: *A Letter from Capt. Gulliver to his Cousin Sympson*. We see this mastery also from the last section of the *Travels*, Chapter 12 of the voyage to the land of the horses. I shall quote some samples of this art to help enlighten the reader, who is urged to explore for himself.

The Style [of the *Travels*] is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travelers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and the tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the 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 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.

(The *Travels*, "The Publisher to the Reader")

Swift obviously had to fit the work to the general capacity of his readers; he could not describe the sailors or the variations and bearings in the several voyages because they were literally out of this world. He had to remain circumstantial in his writing; otherwise he would expose his secret, as I have now shown. But, indeed, there is an air of truth apparent through the whole -- for those who are willing to accept Swift's testimony.

Swift was concerned that no portion of the *Travels* suffer alteration or omission and that no additions be made.

When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a Letter, you were pleased to answer, that you were afraid of giving Offense; that People in Power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret, but to punish everything which looked like an *Innuendo* (as I think you called it). But pray, how could that which I spoke so many Years ago, and at above five thousand leagues distance, in another Reign, be applied to any of the Yahoos who now are said to govern the herd, especially at a time when I little thought of or feared the unhappiness of living under them . . .

(A Letter to his Cousin Sympson)

Although Swift gives a date of April 2, 1727 this letter did not appear until the 1735 edition. He claims to have spoken this many years ago. This (intentional?) confusion in dates prevents us from following his chronology exactly.

Note that he was in another reign, outside the sovereignty of English kings. This would place him outside England and Ireland. Although he may have visited France no other distant travel by Swift is recognized.

He says that the reign was above five thousand leagues distance. An English league is usually taken at three English miles; therefore, he was at a distance greater than 15,000 miles. But there is no point on our globe at a distance greater than 12,500 miles, unless one travels a long, circuitous route. This is Swift's method for showing that he traveled to a reign beyond our planet.

He describes the People in Power as Yahoos, and that living under them is unhappiness.

. . . I do in the next Place complain of my own great Want of Judgment in being prevailed upon by the Intreaties and false Reasoning of you and some others, very much against mine own Opinion, to suffer my Travels to be published. Pray bring to your mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the motive of the *publick Good*, that the *Yahoos* were a species of Animals utterly incapable of Amendment by Precepts or Examples: And so it hath proved; for instead of seeing a full Stop put to all Abuses and Corruptions, at least in this little Island, as I had Reason to expect: Behold, after above six Month's Warning, I cannot learn that my Book hath produced one single Effect according to mine intentions . . .

Swift implies that he regrets the publication of the *Travels*. Furthermore he remarks, totally out of character, that he expected reform within six months.

Swift shows that the times and date of the *Travels* are not to be taken literally, but are to be adjusted by the readers as they please:

. . . I find likewise, that your Printer hath been so careless as to confound the Times, and mistake the Dates of several Voyages and Returns; neither assigning the true Year, or the Month, or Day of the Month: And I hear the original Manuscript is all destroyed, since the Publication of my Book. Neither have I any Copy left; however, I have sent you some Corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second Edition: and yet I cannot stand to them, but shall leave that Matter to my judicious and candid Readers, to adjust it as they please.

Clearly he states that the years, months, and days are not correct as shown in the *Travels*. Hopefully, we are being both judicious and candid in this book, and have adjusted them to the facts before us.

Swift has a reference to an early age in his life:

. . . while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest Mariners, and learned to speak as they did.

How old was he and how old were they? How did they speak? We have some clues.

He indicates that the *Travels* are not to be taken (entirely) as fiction:

If the censure of *Yahoos* could any Way affect me, I should have great Reason to complain, that some of them are so bold as to think my Book of Travels a mere Fiction out of mine own brain . . .

Indeed I must confess, that as to the People of *Lilliput*, *Brobdingrag*, (for so the Word should have been spelt and not erroneously *Brobdingnag*) and *Laputa*; I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their Being, or the Facts I have related concerning them; because the Truth immediately strikes every Reader with Conviction.

The last remark is certainly a false implication because the truth does not immediately strike every reader with conviction, nor has it done so for nearly three hundred years. Swift may have intended that after exposition some *Yahoos* would appreciate the true meaning

Note how he refers to his fellow earthly mortals as *Yahoos*, along with all the flagitious race of ministers.

He adds further remarks about the *Yahoo*-kind and notes how long he resided beyond our planet:

Do these miserable Animals presume to think that I am so far degenerated as to defend my Veracity: *Yahoo* as I am, it is well known through all *Houyhnhnmland*, that by the Instructions and Example of my illustrious Master, I was able in the Compass of two Years (although I confess with the utmost Difficulty) to remove that infernal habit of Lying, Shuffling, Deceiving, and Equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very Souls of all my Species; especially the Europeans.

. . . I must freely confess, that since my last Return, some corruptions of my *Yahoo* Nature have revived in me by conversing with a few of your Species, and particularly those of mine own Family, by an unavoidable Necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a Project as that of reforming the *Yahoo* Race in this Kingdom, but, I have now done with all such visionary Schemes for ever.

Was he gone two years?

Swift obviously believes that the corruptions of man are deeply rooted and that Western civilization is especially subject to these faults. His last return to this planet was marked by a pronounced misanthropic attitude.

He refers to his last return. If he was absent from this world twice, return from the adult experience would be his last.

In Chapter 12 of the voyage to the land of the horses we find the following:

Thus, gentle Reader, I have given thee a faithful History of my Travels for Sixteen Years, and above Seven Months, wherein I have not been so studious of Ornament as of Truth. I could perhaps like others have astonished thee with strange improbable Tales; but I rather chose to relate plain Matter of Fact in the simplest Manner and Style, because my principle Design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

Following his admonition about times and dates, I have not attempted to reconcile his fictitious sixteen years with his life.

A most improbable tale, indeed!

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objection can be made against a writer who relates only plain facts that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest with respect either to trade or negotiations.

We certainly do *not* have interest in trade or negotiation with such distant countries.

In discussing whether he should have left a memorial or claim for the state, Swift remarks:

But I doubt whether our conquests in the countries I treat of would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The Lilliputians, I think, are hardly worth the charges of a fleet and army to reduce them, and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the (giants). Or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the Flying Island over their heads . . .

We have no difficulty imagining what an army might do with a flying disk overhead. And the conquest of those countries certainly would be beyond our means.

In referring to the horses Swift expresses the following:

But instead of Proposals for conquering that magnanimous Nation, I rather wish they were in a Capacity or Disposition to send a sufficient Number of their Inhabitants for civilizing *Europe*, by teaching us the first Principles of Honour, Justice, Truth, Temperance, publick Spirit, Fortitude, Chastity, Friendship, Benevolence, and Fidelity.

How very blissful such a heavenly visit might be!

In providing a satirical discussion for the conquest of other nations and the reasons why such is not beneficial, Swift remarks:

However, if those whom it more concerns, think fit to be of another Opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no *European* did ever visit those Countries before me. I mean, if the Inhabitants ought to be believed.

This comment is remarkable. If taken literally it means that no other civilized European ever had the opportunity to experience the travels that Swift enjoyed. In other words, he is unique in European civilization and must have served an express purpose for the celestial intelligence directing this activity. The remark helps to evaluate the extent of the celestial endeavor. Apparently, it is limited and is performed only for a specific purpose of revelation with definite restrictions.

Swift's reaction to his experiences is summed up in the next to last paragraph of the voyage to the horses with the classical quotation:

My Reconciliation to the *Yahoo*-kind in general might not be so difficult if they would be content with those Vices and Follies only, which Nature hath entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the Sight of a Lawyer, a Pickpocket, a Colonel, a Fool, a Lord, a Gamester, a Politician, a Whoremonger, a Physician, an Evidence [witness], a Suborner, an Attorney, a Traytor, or the like: This is all according to the due Course of Things: But when I behold a Lump of Deformity and Diseases both in Body and Mind, smitten with *Pride*, it immediately breaks all the Measures of my Patience; neither shall I ever be able to comprehend how such an Animal and such a Vice could tally together.

Enough said!

Numerous other allusions to Swift are also contained within the *Travels* and the *Memoirs*.

Some of his scenes are shocking; others grossly crude. Swift did not use elaboration and exaggeration of the most extreme kind merely to shock, as we can now recognize. Example of Swift's greatly exaggerated characterizations and scenarios may be found in the land of the Giants.

He was not above explicit anatomical descriptions:

When Dinner was almost done, the Nurse came in with a Child of a Year old in her Arms; who immediately spied me, and began a Squall that you might have heard from *London-Bridge* to *Chelsea*; after the usual Oratory of Infants, to get me for a Play-thing. The Mother out of pure Indulgence took me up, and put me towards the Child, who presently seized me by the Middle, and got my Head in his Mouth, where I roared so loud that the Urchin was frightened, and let me drop; and I should infallibly have broke my Neck, if the Mother had not held her Apron under me. The Nurse to quiet her Babe made use of a Rattle, which was a Kind of hollow Vessel filled with great Stones, and fastned by a Cable to the Child's Waist: But all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last Remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no Object ever disgusted me so much as the Sight of her monstrous Breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious Reader an Idea of its Bulk, Shape and Colour. It stood prominent six Foot, and could not be less than sixteen in Circumference. The Nipple was about half the Bigness of my Head, and the Hue both of that and the Dug so verified with Spots, Pimples and Freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: For I had a near Sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give Suck, and I standing on the Table. This made me reflect upon the fair Skins of our *English* Ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own Size, and their Defects not to be seen but through a magnifying Glass, where we find by Experiment that the smoothest and whitest Skins look rough and coarse, and ill coloured.

Swift was also not above sexual innuendo:

The Maids of Honor often invited *Glumdalclitch* to their Apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on Purpose to have the Pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from Top to Toe and lay me in their Bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the Truth, a very offensive Smell came from their Skins; which I do not mention or intend to the Disadvantage of those excellent Ladies, for whom I have all Manner of Respect: But, I conceive, that my Sense was more acute in Proportion to my Littleness; and that those illustrious Persons were no more disagreeable to their Lovers, or to each other, than People of the same Quality are with us in *England*. And, after all, I found their natural Smell was much more supportable than when they used Perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate Friend of mine in *Lilliput* took the Freedom on a warm Day, when I had used a good deal of Exercise, to complain of a strong Smell about me; although I am as little faulty that way as most of my Sex: But I suppose, his Faculty of Smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine

was to that of this People. Upon this Point, I cannot forbear doing Justice to the Queen my Mistress, and *Glumdalclitch* my Nurse; whose Persons were as sweet as those of any Lady in England.

That which gave me most Uneasiness among these Maids of Honour, when my Nurse carried me to visit them, was to see them use me without any Manner of Ceremony, like a Creature who had no Sort of Consequence. For, they would strip themselves to the Skin, and put on their Smocks in my Presence, while I was placed on their Toylet directly before their naked Bodies; which, I am sure, to me was very far from being a tempting Sight, or from giving me any other Motions than those of Horror and Disgust. Their Skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured when I saw them near, with a Mole here and there as broad as a Trencher, and Hairs hanging from it thicker than Pack-threads; to say nothing further concerning the rest of their Persons. Neither did they at all scruple while I was by, to discharge what they had drunk, to the Quantity of at least two Hogsheads, in a Vessel that held above three Tuns. The handsomest among these Maids of Honour, a pleasant frolicksome Girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her Nipples; with many other Tricks wherein the Reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But, I was so much displeased, that I entreated *Glumdalclitch* to contrive some Excuse for not seeing that young Lady any more.

Swift was greatly concerned that the *Travels* not be altered. In the letter to his "Cousin Sympson" he takes to task all who would perform alterations in his account:

. . . But I do not remember I gave you power to consent, that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted: therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind . . .

Swift's concern that all printers, editors, interpreters, and the like maintain the integrity of the *Travels* extended into other nations. In a letter to L'Abbe Des Fontaines, who had translated the *Travels* into French, Swift made the following remarks:

We may concede that the taste of nations is not always the same. But we are inclined to believe that good taste is the same everywhere that there are people of wit, of judgment, and of learning. If, then, the writings of Gulliver were intended only for the British Isles, that traveler must be considered a very contemptible author. The same vices and the same follies reign everywhere; at least in all the civilized coun-

tries of Europe: and the author who writes only for a city, a province, a kingdom, or even an age, warrants so little to be translated, that he deserves not even to be read.

The partisans of Gulliver—they number a good many amongst us—maintain that his book will endure as long as our language, because it draws its merit not from certain modes or manners of thought and speaking, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, the follies, and the vices of man . . . you will no doubt be surprised to learn that (some) consider this ship's surgeon (Gulliver) a solemn author, who never prides himself on possessing wit, and who is content to communicate to the public, in a simple and artless narrative, the adventures that have befallen him and the things that he has seen or heard during his voyages.

The comments in the letter to Cousin Sympson and to Des Fontaines serve to illustrate that Swift's concern was more than a desire to preserve the work as a literary form. His concerns were of a more worthy note.

Swift's Missing Time

If Swift had knowledge of matters outside our planet and its immediate historical context, perhaps information of the planetary past, perhaps of the future, perhaps both; and if he had personal experience of other worlds, perhaps of status far exceeding our own — then we should expect his experience to have a profound influence upon him, his outlook, his perspectives, and his life. He would view life differently, and he would be under extreme psychological coercion to leave a record of such experience. As he said, he acquired a definite misanthropic attitude. But he encounters an impossible dilemma — he cannot talk openly of such things. Therefore, he is forced into an undesirable alternative; if he is to leave a record for some future moment, he can mark his experience and his knowledge within the framework most convenient to him — a literary work of satire. But it serves as an ideal vehicle, for satire exploits the art of allusion; Swift can make allusion to his heart's content. He can describe all manner of things, and the real meaning remains hidden. If this hypothesis is correct, Swift's career should show unusual events.

(Please note that I do not neglect the necessary restraint on Swift's creation, a design forced for discovery to be made at some later time.)

I was not disappointed when I investigated. A review of his life reveals events of an uncommon nature.

There are two events in Swift's life prior to publication of the *Travels* which are of interest:

1. His kidnapping as an infant by his nurse.
2. His period of inactivity from 1704 to 1707.

According to his own words:

When he was a year old an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, and being at the same time extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on ship-board unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learnt to spell; and by the time he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

Remember the opening chapter of this book: Kidnapped by UFOs?

Whitehaven is across the Irish Sea in the north part of England, a distance of about 150 miles from Dublin. At the rate of seven miles per hour sailing, the trip would last about twenty-four hours.

Or was Whitehaven a pseudonym for White Heaven?

Both the kidnapping and his early reading abilities are, indeed, unusual. Such precocious abilities are rare and usually require an intimate relationship between a mother and her child to find expression. We would expect that if the nurse was extremely fond of him she would have devoted much care to him, but no nurse, no matter how competent and how fond, could teach reading so rapidly unless there was an inherent ability within Swift himself. We can regard this event as a natural occurrence, but we must agree with Swift's words *that seems very unusual!*

If the nurse was so fond of him, why didn't she leave him behind? Love usually expresses itself through sacrifice, not selfishness to the extent of endangering the life of an infant in a boat at sea.

Why did his mother consent so readily? Why postpone his return for three years? The entire incident is odd.

On the other hand, if he was kidnaped by beings from space and was alluding to that fact in his account, we are left with some very interesting speculation:

What was the shipboard like?

Why was the nurse under an absolute necessity?

What was the manner of his instruction?

Was this preparation for a life that would be sacrificed to revelation?

Swift did not forget. In his satire on the Land of Giants he said:

. . . To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my *glumdalclitch*, or "little nurse"; and I should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it

lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

We can regard this passage as normal satire. On the other hand, if we regard it as a sincere remark, we then perceive Swift using satire to express a feeling long contained within himself, and with a strong desire to make known. The nurse, from this possibility, meant much to Swift; he expressed his high regard for her. And he always held the fear that he somehow might have been the unhappy instrument of her disgrace.

What would any of us feel if a tender, loving, young woman from another world had taken our care in her hands while we were still a small child?

Certainly this would have been a most moving and profound experience.

The second period in Swift's life demonstrating unusual events was one of inactivity from 1704 to 1707. Swift had recently gained a reputation with his first major satire, *A Tale of a Tub*, and had turned the attention of the literary world of the day; he was a man with bright promise of a career as a writer. Suddenly, he decides to retire to rural life. He has worked hard for ten years, exhibiting great zeal and ambition; now he pauses at the peak of his abilities, and virtually nothing is heard from him for another three years.

Where was he during that period? I suggest that this hiatus was further contact with celestial intelligence, and that he spent two years again on another world, a time that was intended as the adult portion of his education and preparation for the job of revelation that began with the Scriblerus project in 1714, was continued with the *Travels* in 1726, and completed with publication of the *Memoirs* in 1742.

The essence of this thesis is that Swift served as an agent to produce evidence of celestial contact and information important to man at a crucial time of revelation. This was done under such constraints that it maintained the authenticity of Swift's personality above reproach, but the information remained buried. Thus, evidence is hidden in satirical allusion but apparent to those who accept this thesis. As the reader is required to recognize the allusion of satire, so he is required to recognize the allusion of revelation. Again, as the reader must have a certain minimum education to appreciate satire, so he must have a certain minimum education to appreciate revelation. Therefore, we have something that is hidden. It is not apparent to the neophyte.

Furthermore, it required another person to make it known at the appropriate time.

Swift, Pope and Arbuthnot left a message to the one who would make known the meaning of the *Travels* and of Martinus Scriblerus. In the introduction to the *Memoirs* we find the following remarks, delivered by that mysterious character outside the palace of St. James:

Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or the destined time is come to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by Fate for this task.

. . . To thee, my Friend, whom Fate has marked for my Historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more — be faithful and impartial.

This I have tried to do.

The reader must decide for himself if this account has been faithful and impartial.