The Roaring Whirl

by in Sarah Rodgers

English Music Press

This new, revised and extended version of The Roaring Whirl was commissioned by Nottinghamshire County Council Leisure Services. It received its first performance on 21st October 1992 as part of Nottingham's annual festival of new work:

Contemporary Archives '92.



The Roaring Whirl was funded at its inception and earlier stages in its development by East Midlands Arts, Derbyshire County Council and the Eastern Orchestral Board.



## THE ROARING WHIRL

A journey in six narratives framing at its heart, THE ROARING WHIRL, a celebration of India's river of life.

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Narrative 1: [p 73]

raga: VHIBASA (God of love) at sunrise - loveliness, energy, challenge

The diamond-bright dawn woke men and crows and bullocks together. Kim sat up and yawned, shook himself and thrilled with delight. This was seeing the world in real truth; this was life as he would have it--bustling and shouting, the buckling of belts, and beating of bullocks and creaking of wheels, lighting of fires and cooking of food, and new sights at every turn of the approving eye. The morning mist swept off in a whorl of silver, the parrots shot away to some distant river in shrieking green hosts: all the well-wheels within earshot went to work. India was awake, and Kim was in the middle of it.

India Awakes

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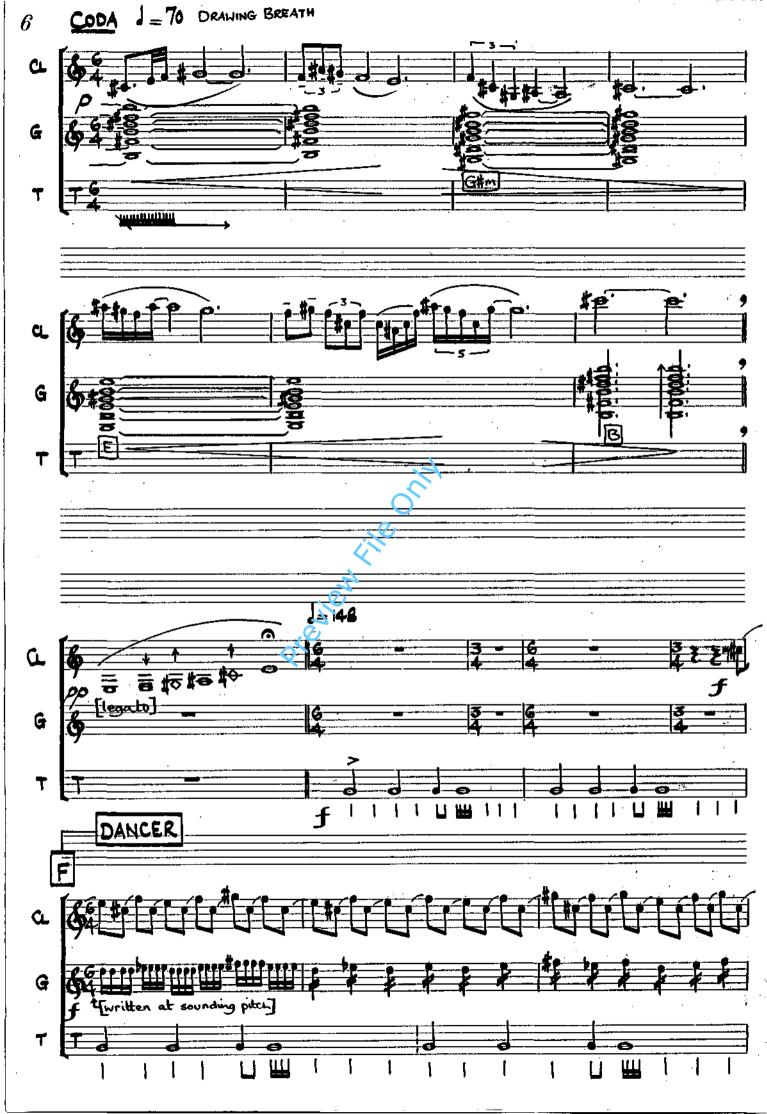
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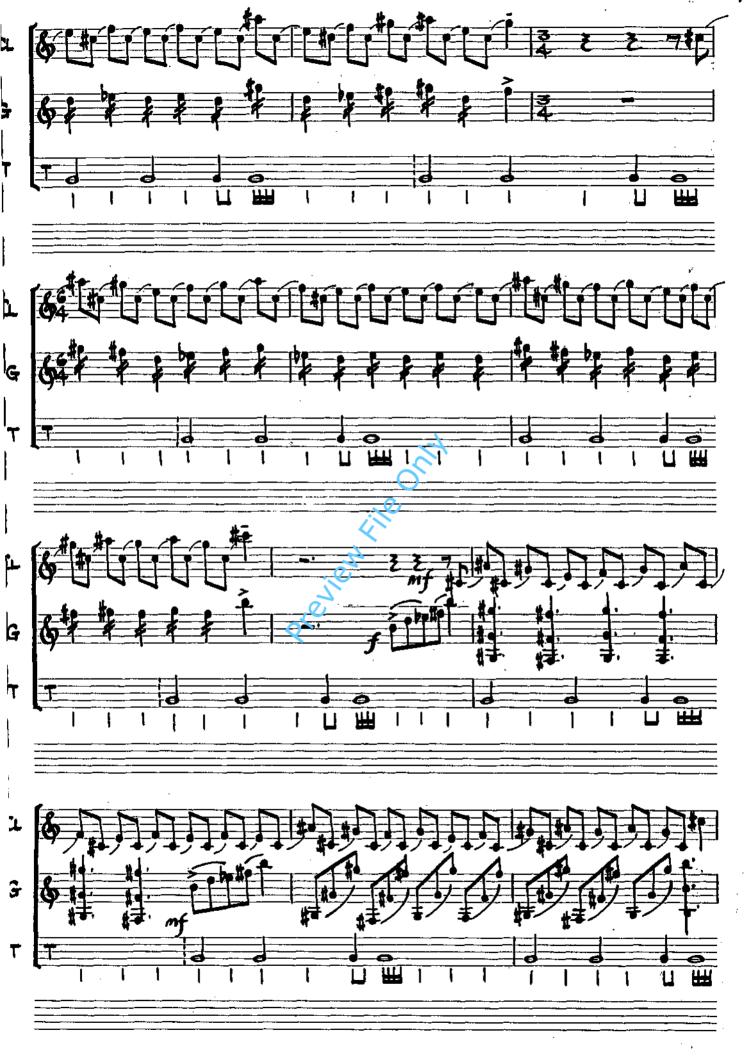














Narrative 2: [p 61]

raga: DESHI (shining) from sunrise - happy, active, without ambition

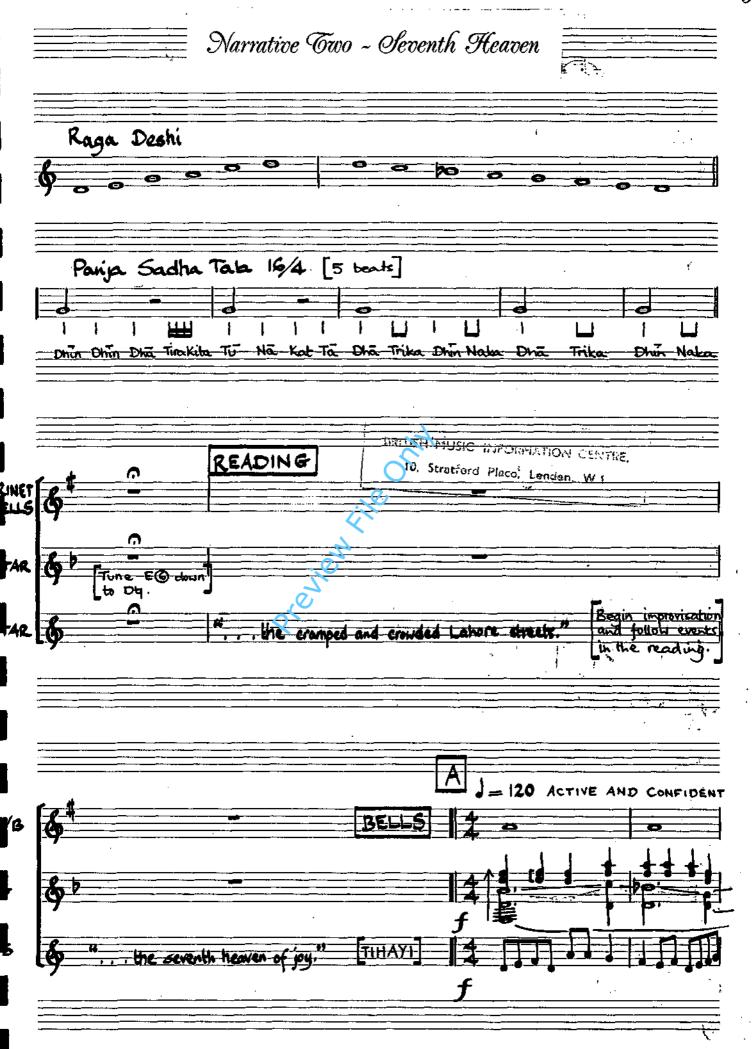
'Now let us walk,' muttered the lama, and to the click of his rosary they walked in silence mile upon mile. The lama, as usual, was deep in meditation, but Kim's bright eyes were open wide. This broad, smiling river of life, he considered, was a vast improvement on the cramped and crowded Lahore streets.

Here and there they met or were overtaken by the gaily dressed crowds of whole villages turning out to some local fair; the women with their babes on their hips, walking behind the men, the older boys prancing on sticks of sugar-cane, dragging rude brass models of locomotives such as they sell for a halfpenny, or flashing the sun in the eyes of their betters from cheap toy mirrors. One could see at a glance what each had brought; and if there were any doubt it needed only to watch the wives comparing, brown arm against brown arm, the newly-purchased dull glass bracelets that come from the North-West. These merry-makers stepped slowly, calling one to the other and stopping to haggle with sweetmeat-sellers, or to make a prayer before one of the wayside shrines--sometimes Hindu, sometimes Mussalman--which the low caste of both creeds share with beautiful impartiality.

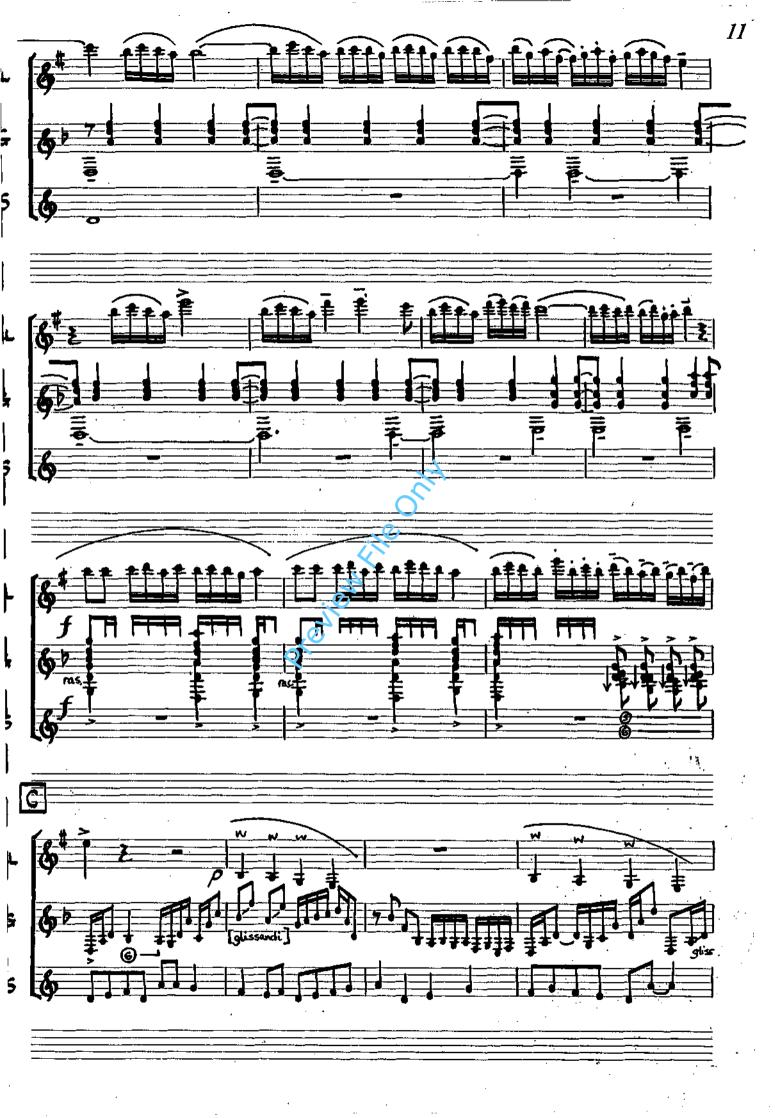
A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shoutings, and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust. One could see the bride's litter, a blur of red and tinsel, staggering throught the haze, while the bridegroom's bewreathed pony turned aside to snatch a mouthful from a passing fodder-cart. Still more interesting and more to be shouted over it was when a strolling juggler with some half-trained monkeys, or a panting, feeble bear, or a woman who tied goats' horns to her feet, and with these danced on a slack rope, set the horses to shying and the women to shrill, long-drawn quavers of amazement.

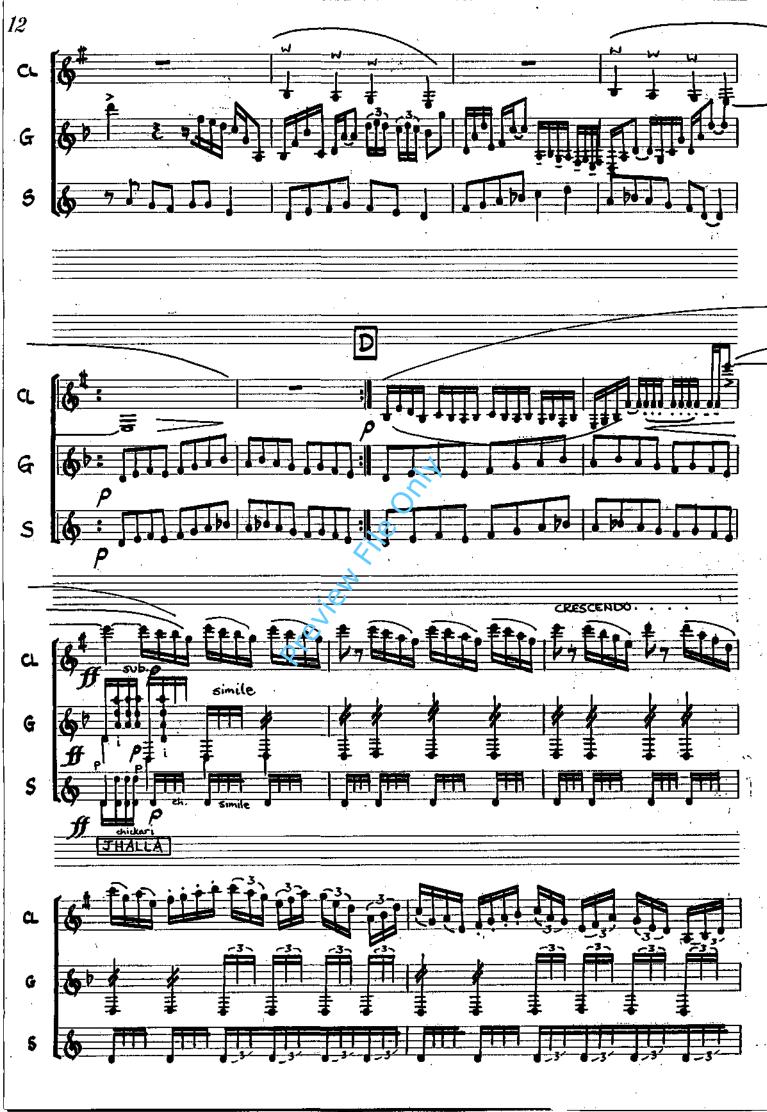
The lama never raised his eyes. He did not note the money-lender on his goose-rumped pony, hastening along to collect the cruel interest; or the long-shouting, deep-voiced little mob--still in military formation--of native soldiers on leave, rejoicing to be rid of their breeches and puttees, and saying the most outrageous things to the most respectable women in sight. Even the seller of Ganges-water he did not see, and Kim expected that he would at least buy a bottle of that precious stuff. He looked steadily at the ground and strode as steadily hour after hour, his soul busied elsewhere. But Kim was in the seventh heaven of joy.

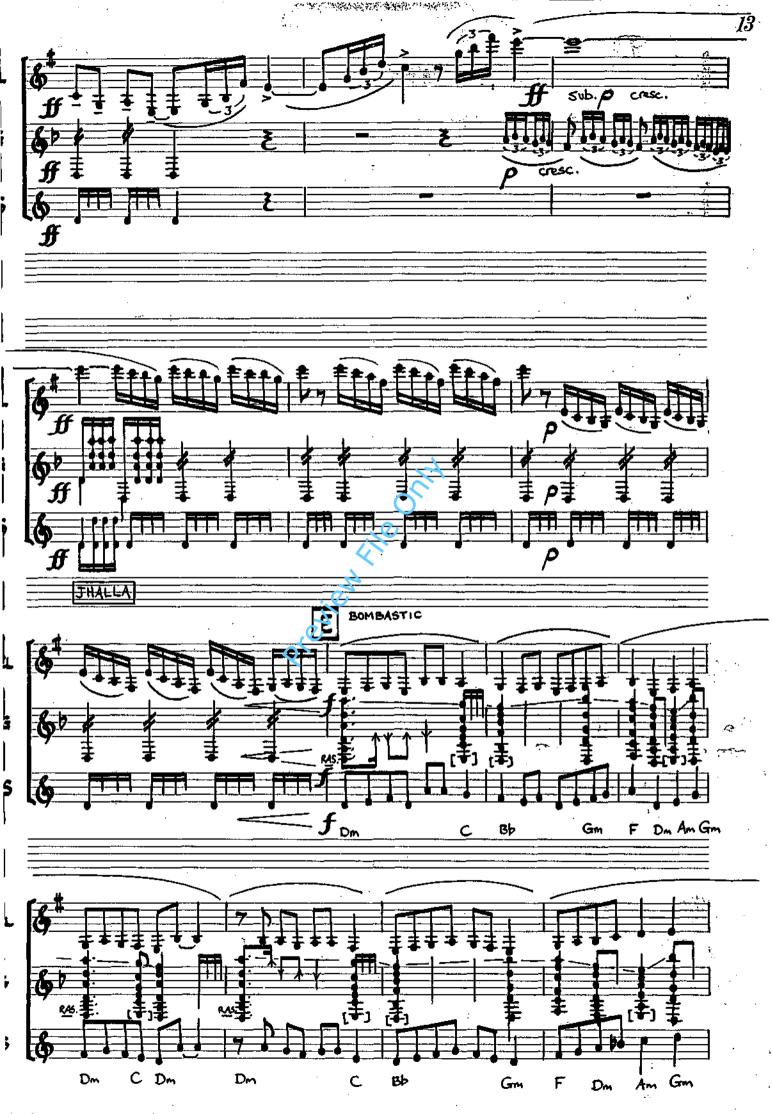
Seventh Heaven

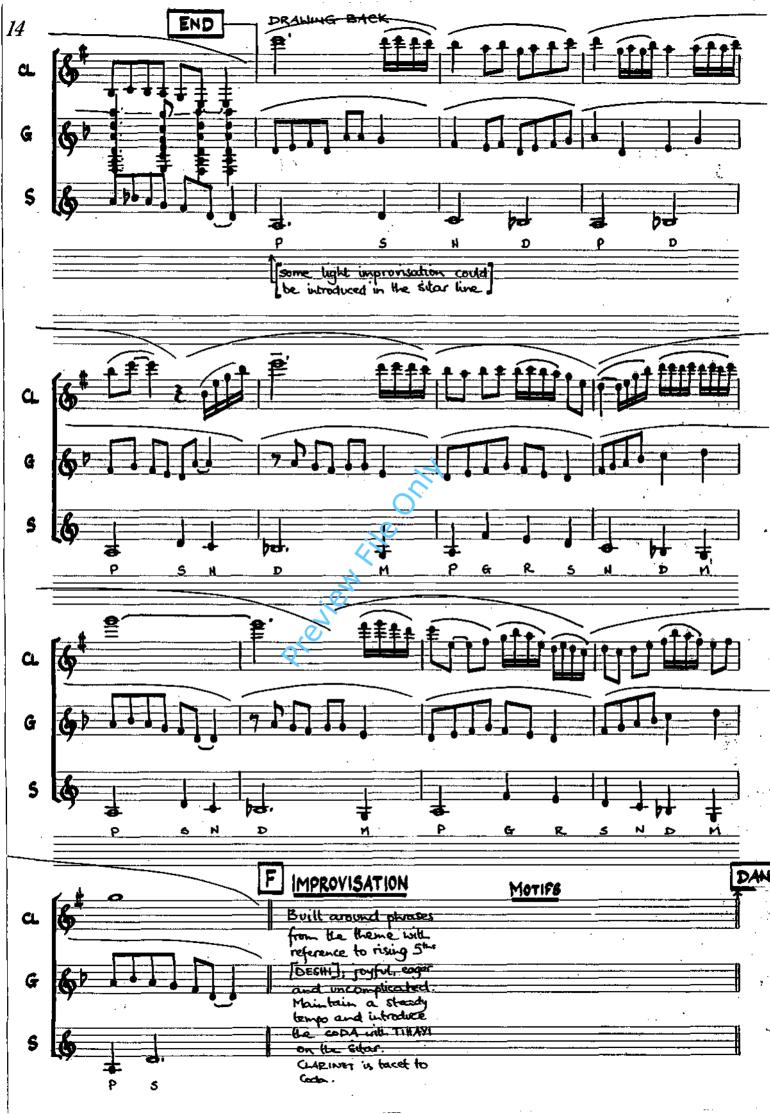


















Narrative 3: [p 17]

raga: DIPAKA (fire raga) sunset - vigorous

The hot and crowded bazars blazed with light as they made their way through the press of all the races in Upper India, and the lama mooned through it like a man in a dream.

Half pushed, half towed, he arrived at the high gate of the Kashmir Serai: that huge open square over against the railway station, surrounded with arched cloisters, where the camel and horse-caravans put up on their return from Central Asia. Here were all manner of Northern folk, tending tethered ponies and kneeling camels; loading and unloading bales and bundles; drawing water for the evening meal at the creaking well-windlasses; piling grass before the shrieking, wild-eyed stallions; cuffing the surly caravan dogs; paying off cameldrivers; taking on new grooms; swearing, shouting, arguing and chaffering in the packed square.

The cloisters, reached by three or four masonry steps, made a haven of refuge round this turbulent sea.

Kim, fending the lama between excited men and excited beasts, sidled along the cloisters to the far end, nearest the railway station, where Mahbub Ali, the horse-trader, lived when he came in from the mysterious land beyond the Passes of the North.

'He is here,' said Kim, hitting a bad-tempered camel on the nose. 'Ohe, Mahbub Ali?' He halted at a dark arch.

The horse-trader, his deep, embroidered Bokhariot belt unloosed, was lying on a pair of silk carpet saddle-bags, pulling lazily at an immense silver hookah. He turned his head very slightly at the cry and chuckled in his deep chest.

'Little Friend of all the World,' said he, 'what is

this?'

Little Friend of all the World

