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Across the Equator: Mark Twain's Chaotic Sea Changes

Pressed with debts following the bankruptcy of C. L. Webster & Co., a publishing company he had founded ten years earlier, Mark Twain embarked on a new worldwide lecture tour in 1895. "America's most popular tourist" (Melton 138) was admired as an author and an entertainer: "the tour began in Cleveland, crossed the United States to the Pacific, and included Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa" (LeMaster and Wilson 157). Twain's ambition was to seize upon lucrative international lectures and the writing of a travelogue that might turn out as successfully as his three previous ones: *The Innocents Abroad* (1869: "the prototype narrative for the Tourist Age" [Melton 138]), *Roughing It* (1872) and *A Tramp Abroad* (1880).[1] The tour proved successful: "His 116 performances between September 1895 and July 1896 enabled him to erase between a third and a half of his personal debt of eighty thousand dollars" (Scharnhorst 197). Once more, the travelogue was to star an American tourist persona keen on (re)discovering the planet for the sake of leisure and of writing the account of his "pleasure excursion" (28).

Critics have insisted on the tough circumstances that led to the composition of *Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World*. Twain started his voyage at the age of fifty-nine and was besieged with health problems; at the end of the journey, just as he was to begin his writing in England, he was stricken by the news of the death of his daughter Susy, who had stayed at home in Hartford. Such hardship helps to endow Twain's last travelogue with a peculiar mix of humor and somber introspective moments that readers have often found puzzling. The formal chaos of *Following the Equator* echoes the perplexing impact of a voyage whose complexity reaches beyond the superficial touristic experience, bent on pleasure.[2] Crossing the equator, which occurs at the beginning of the book, constitutes the first

major step in the tourists' apprehension of a universe whose previously unknown dimension greatly reflects an individual's unconscious workings.

This paper will first establish that the passengers' indulgent motivation leads to a regressive attitude, while the ship coincidentally takes them to a symbolic antebellum America. The confrontation with the uncanniness of the liminal equator plunges them into a chaos whose baffling meaning is left to the attentive reader's meditation. It will eventually appear that from the outset of the travelogue the complexity of the touring experience finds a surprising expression in dreamlike memories; the latter point to an unexpected introspective streak in which the American character can be recovered and, possibly, redefined.

1. Moving Forward and Recovering the Past

In 1895, crossing the equator is no longer a rite of passage. Characteristically, Twain mentions in passing the fact that the modern way of apprehending the moment encompasses the use of a new medium, popular among the affluent: "In the distance it looked like a blue ribbon stretched across the ocean. Several passengers kodak'd it" (66). Noting the trite reality of an emblematic moment at sea amounts to clear-sightedness, just as transforming the event into a photograph reveals that picture-taking is becoming standard practice in such circumstances. Susan Sontag's ruthless analysis of one of the dominant traits of international touring crowds in the 1960s and 1970s therefore applies with anachronistic relevance: "[p]hotographs … turn the past into a consumable object" (68). The passengers offset their poetic shortcomings by transforming an ineffable experience into a tangible product, thereby commodifying a moment they are at a loss to perceive: "[t]he very activity of taking pictures is soothing, and assuages general feelings of disorientation that are likely to be exacerbated by travel" (Sontag 9-10).

The "disorientation" felt by the passengers is due to the uncanny experience of life at sea for adults turned consumers. The anticlimactic humdrum of numerous moments aboard the steamship leaves them contemplating boredom, frustrated in the quest for new sensations that

motivates their touring the planet. The activities in which they instinctively indulge denote a telltale phenomenon:

> On such a voyage, with its eternal monotonies, people's intellects deteriorate; the owners of the intellects soon reach a point where they almost seem to prefer childish things to things of a maturer degree. One is often surprised at the juvenilities which grown people indulge in at sea, and the interest they take in them, and the consuming enjoyment they get out of them… . The mind gradually becomes inert, dull, blunted; it loses its accustomed interest in intellectual things; nothing but horse-play can rouse it, nothing but wild and foolish grotesqueries can entertain it. (Twain 66)

The bored tourists regress to a childhood state apt to provide them with a momentary ersatz to the pleasure they are seeking. The latter is laid bare in its primitive essence, and the sea journey becomes comparable to a dream-like state, which at that very period Freud was considering as the revealer of the unconscious: "the earlier mental state may not have manifested itself for years, but none the less it is so far present that it may at any time again become the mode of expression of the forces in the mind … This … may be described as a special capacity for involution – for regression" (Freud 285-86). The travelers' behavior exposes them in an innocence temporarily recovered, which cannot but strike a positive chord in American culture. The narrator's words, however, disclose his incapacity ever to forget the essentially consumerist nature of the journey. The adults still "own" their intellects, and the ambivalence of their "consuming enjoyment" reveals that they are both active and passive in the process: they are literally consuming a pleasure that is consuming them. Twain's description of the grownups' game playing, for instance, provides a humorous illustration of Freud's allusion to mental disease, which "lies in a return to earlier states of affective life and of functioning" (286). In such context, the pleasure enjoyed on the promenade deck may be seen as the enactment of a dream, in which the characters typically find themselves free from social contingencies: "whenever we go to sleep we throw off our hard-won morality like a garment, and put it on again next morning" (Freud 287). By devoting several pages to his own enthusiastic (and appalling) participation in a shuffleboard competition, Twain slows the pace of his

narration and to some extent dilutes the ideological scope of the beginning of his travelogue. Doing so, however, shows his inclusion in the inescapable pattern that guides all dabbling seafarers. The very uselessness of narrating the technique of shuffleboarding as well as providing the detailed account of a particular game and the scores of the various participants exemplifies the relative emptiness of the journey and confirms the low intellectual level of the touristic enterprise – which, incidentally, is shown to threaten even its narration.

Ironically, the next stop for the passengers turned children is Queensland, whose economy is clearly reminiscent of antebellum America's. As Melton points out, *Following the Equator* shows "Twain's struggle to reframe his relationship to native populations as the tourist" (139). The narrator's overall playful tone relies more on irony and sarcasm than in his previous travel books and his attitude towards imperialism, though at times ambiguous, is essentially concerned with the local impact of political and economic oppression. *Following the Equator* is peppered with historic and sociological information often drawn from external sources. This is precisely how Twain assesses the current situation in the Australian province, celebrating missionaries and legislators while condemning recruiters. His defense of the young Kanakas from the neighboring islands enrolled in the workforce and carried in "vessels fitted up like old-time slavers" (85) encompasses a linguistic clarification intended to shed light on his succeeding quotation that will, to the American implied reader, inevitably take on specific value. The following extract deals with "penitent" recruits – that is, young men who, realizing their mistake in accepting the recruiters' disloyal business offer, resort to extremes and jump off the boats:

> 'When a boy jumps overboard we just take a boat and pull ahead of him, then lie between him and the shore… . The boy generally tires of swimming, gets into the boat of his own accord, and goes quietly on board.' … I must explain, here, that in the traffic dialect, 'boy' does not always mean boy; it means a youth above sixteen years of age. That is by Queensland law the age of consent, though it is held that recruiters allow themselves some latitude in guessing at ages. (Twain 87)

"Boy" being one of the most infamous terms commonly used by racists in the South for black men of all ages, this clarification by a southern tourist[3] sheds light on the inhuman practices of Queensland as well as on the uncomfortable status of the American touring crowd discovering it in the course of its "pleasure excursion."

2. Confronting Chaos

Twain's participation in the childish activities of the steamship crossing the equator proves successful enough for him to be awarded a Waterbury watch. Produced in a Connecticut factory, the watch was very cheap; as a popular item that competed with prestigious European watches, it may be considered as representative of the astute, democratic side of American business.[4] The "minor tournament" (72) that made Twain the recipient of the watch testifies to the unpretentious character of the object, which he put away accordingly. In a flash forward that conspicuously subverts the overall chronological and geographical pattern of the narration, the reader is suddenly made aware of an anecdotal yet highly symbolic future event:

> In Pretoria, South Africa, nine months afterward, my proper watch broke down and I took the Waterbury out, wound it, set it by the great clock on the Parliament House (8.05), then went back to my room and went to bed … The parliamentary clock had a peculiarity which I was not aware of at the time – a peculiarity which exists in no other clock …; on the half-hour it strikes the succeeding hour, then strikes the hour again, at the proper time … the great clock began to boom, and I counted ten. I reached for the Waterbury … It was marking 9.30. It seemed rather poor speed for a three-dollar watch … I shoved it half an hour ahead … At 10 the great clock struck ten *again*. I looked – the Waterbury was marking half-past 10. This was too much speed for the money, and it troubled me. I pushed the hands back a half hour, and waited once more … the great clock struck 11. The Waterbury was marking 10.30. I pushed it ahead half an hour, with some show of temper. By and by the great clock struck 11 again. The Waterbury showed up 11.30, now, and I beat her brains out against the bedstead. I was sorry next day, when I found out. (Twain 72-73)

The nine months make the event analogous to parturition, conferring a climactic dimension to the slapstick scene, which in roughly one page covering three hours and twenty-five minutes brings to an abrupt end a long maturing process developed in merely three words. The murderous violence displayed by the tourist is due to his inability to understand the radically different logic regarding time in a country very far from his own. Ironically, the tourist's destructive response is to be accounted for by the trust he put in his interpretation of time by the South African clock rather than in the American watch. He thus appears as the only one responsible for his misunderstanding of the local reality, due to a lack of understanding of his native cultural apprehension of time. The analogy with parturition, then, is to be found in his epiphany on the next day, at the realization of his mistake. A few pages down, another Waterbury watch is alluded to, as one of the trinkets brought back by the few remaining Kanakas returning home at the end of their back-breaking stay as laborers in Queensland. The watch is not presented as specifically American, but as an icon of white civilization, denoting the domination of American business over the planet at that time and its instrumental role in the domination of native peoples. The Kanaka's return home from a life-changing journey on a boat composes a grotesque equivalent of that of the tourist: just like his ridiculous western counterpart as often depicted in Twain's travelogues, the Kanaka is "a nobody, a provincial, now he has been to far countries and can show off" (85). Once carried home, all his foreign trinkets become irrelevant and show their futility: "the Waterbury, broken and dirty, finds its way to the trader, who gives a trifle for it; or the inside is taken out, the wheels strung on a thread and hung round the neck" (85). Whether at the hands of Twain or at the Kanakas', a watch working smoothly at home will be discarded or destroyed when transplanted to foreign surroundings by a careless owner.

The purpose of touring the world is a difficult task to determine, for it involves a complex mix of psychological entanglements rooted in the subconscious. To a tourist, though, the journey is nothing more than an intermission, a distraction that eventually transforms his or her home into the true geographical destination. The essence of traveling for pleasure is thus essentially tautological, which leaves the thinking individual to

face the uselessness of a journey that greatly reflects that of the human condition, irresistibly drawn to the original emptiness. Despite their mostly humorous tone, Twain's travelogues are greatly sustained by his obsession with death, and the question of time reaches beyond the comic demise of the Waterbury watch. Getting close to the equator prompts the narrator to adopt a pseudo-scientific approach to gauge the concrete impact upon the passengers; the result is nothing but the disruption of the divinely ordered cycle of life and death:

> And then we must drop out a day – lose a day out of our lives, a day never to be found again. We shall all die one day earlier than from the beginning of time we were foreordained to die. We shall be a day behindhand all through eternity. We shall always be saying to the other angels, "Fine day today," and they will be always retorting, "But it isn't to-day, it's tomorrow." We shall be in a state of confusion all the time and shall never know what true happiness is. (Twain 75)

Crossing the 180th meridian equates to alienating humanity from understandable afterlife and, in the meantime, to leaving it to contemplate a mind-blowing metaphysical abyss that challenges not only the intellect, but also the more basic sense of taste:

> it was Sunday in the stern of the ship where my family were, and Tuesday in the bow where I was. They were there eating the half of a fresh apple on the 8th, and I was at the same time eating the other half of it on the 10th – and I could notice how stale it was, already. The family were the same age that they were when I had left them five minutes before, but I was a day older now than I was then. (Twain 95)

The absurdity of the situation is not merely the fruit of the narrator's perturbed vision; it affects each passenger and strikes down to the most innocent, sentenced to a perpetual identity disorder due to the geographical indecision and its subsequent suspension of time:

> Along about the moment that we were crossing the Great Meridian a child was born in the steerage, and now there is no way to tell which day it was born

> on. The nurse thinks it was Sunday, the surgeon thinks it was Tuesday. The child will never know its own birthday. It will always be choosing first one and then the other, and will never be able to make up its mind permanently. This will breed vacillation and uncertainty in its opinions about religion, and politics, and business, and sweethearts, and everything, and will undermine its principles, and rot them away, and make the poor thing characterless, and its success in life impossible. (Twain 76)

The baby's tragic destiny is acknowledged by all passengers, all the more so since not one is spared the chaotic seasonal changes due to the progression of the southbound ship: "A fortnight ago we left America in mid-summer, now it is mid-winter; about a week hence we shall arrive in Australia in the spring" (Twain 95). Time and climate on the planet seem to conspire against the tourists, which renders logical Twain's eagerness to become acquainted with a cosmos he expects will make the surrounding universe understandable.

Since the planet is presented as a *mise en abyme* of the cosmos ("we are plowing through a Milky Way of islands" [Twain 80]), the latter should provide guidance to him as an American, who considers the Big Dipper as "the property of the United States" (Twain 79). Making sense of the Americanized cosmos should prove easy, especially for a Southerner looking forward to getting a closer look at the Southern Cross, the emblem of the confederate States. The sight is far from fulfilling its promise: "We saw the Cross to-night, and it is not large … and not strikingly bright… . It is ingeniously named, for it looks just as a cross would look if it looked like something else" (Twain 79). The consequence of geographical change, then, is not limited to disorientation; the new location also acts as an eye-opener into a cosmos previously taken for granted. The question of the harmony between the physical appearance and the onomastics is not so much a matter of mimetic adequacy but of correspondence between observable cosmic reality and the poetic imagination that alone may attempt to express it. From the southern part of the planet, Twain's criticism of the esthetic representation of what his country calls "the Southern Cross" amounts to questioning the ideological basis of such naming. His identification of the technical flaw in the representation (the misplacing of a little star) leads him to suggest his personal vision: "you can make out of the four stars

a sort of cross – out of true; or a sort of kite – out of true; or a sort of coffin – out of true" (79). This time, Twain's obsession with death provides comic relief to his revelation of the inadequacy of the American perception of the cosmos. His ironic analysis of his country's imperialistic attitude starts by underlining the absurdity of replacing an inadequate symbolic representation by another one just as imperfect: "the Great Bear remained the Great Bear – and unrecognizable as such – for thousands of years; and people complained about it all the time, and quite properly; but as soon as it became the property of the United States, Congress changed it to the Big Dipper, and now everybody is satisfied" (80). His Adamic naming arises neither from religious nor political concern. It does not even stem from a desire to conform the universe to his own obsessional perspective; the ethereal may only be grasped by a childish poetic vision which prevails over his own: "I would not change the Southern Cross to the Southern Coffin, I would change it to the Southern Kite; for up there in the general emptiness is the proper home of a kite, but not for coffins and crosses and dippers" (80). Rooted in deadly materialism, the world of adults is utterly incongruent with the ineffable, unfathomable space between the heavenly bodies. In its lightness and its fragility, the kite aptly symbolizes the vain human attempts at approaching the essential mystery of the celestial spheres. Because it is so strongly evocative of such biblical and mythical apocalyptic failures as the destruction of the tower of Babel and the fall of Icarus, the image of the flying kite bodes ill for the imperialist advent heralded by Twain: "In a little while … the globe will belong to the English-speaking race; and of course the skies also. Then the constellations will be re-organized, and polished up, and re-named – the most of them 'Victoria,' I reckon, but this one will sail thereafter as the Southern Kite, or go out of business" (80). The capitalistic rhetoric of the mock prophecy illustrates the economic base of the colonial expansion of which tourism is a part, while the deflating power of the end of the sentence underlines the fundamental inadequacy of such rhetoric.

3. The tourist as American diver, Kanaka and analyst

The associations of ideas prompted by Twain's tour often disturb the chronological arrangement of his travelogue by leading him to reminisce about other places and other times. Since he rarely provides any stable justification or teaching for such occurrences, his travel piece also reads like a personal diary to be interpreted mostly by the reader. His arrival in the Hawaiian Islands (then called the Sandwich Islands) twenty-nine years after his first visit there, for instance, drives him to relate the story of a little American boy he had met then. The boy had been raised among Kanakas and had wanted to speak only their language.[5]

When the family moved back to the United States, the seven-year-old quickly forgot his chosen native language and eventually became a professional diver. Twain relates the terrifying adventure as it was told to him by the young man's mother:

> A passenger boat had been caught in a storm on the lake, and had gone down, carrying her people with her. A few days later the young diver descended … Presently something touched him on the shoulder, and he turned and found a dead man swaying and bobbing about him and seemingly inspecting him inquiringly … now he discerned a number of dim corpses making for him and wagging their heads and swaying their bodies like sleepy people trying to dance. (57)

The nightmarish quality of the supposedly true story makes it the equivalent of a descent into hell; the corpses are all associated with verbs in the *-ing* form, implying that dead people may still be involved in active processes and motivated by their own willpower. The horror of the scene greatly lies in the glimpse of an afterlife that runs contrary to the received western conceptions of death as physical immobility and, for believers, as spiritual emancipation. The rest of the story focalizes on the young man's reaction; the reader is thus made to believe the message will lie in some intimate revelation triggered by the shock:

> His senses forsook him … He was put to bed at home, and was soon very ill. During some days he had seasons of delirium which lasted several hours at

> a time; and while they lasted he talked *Kanaka* incessantly and glibly; and Kanaka only … and he talked to me in that tongue; but I did not understand it, of course. (Twain 57)

The extraordinary resurgence of the forgotten Kanaka reveals that, unknown to the young American, the language had remained alive in the depths of his mind. It is essential to note that the choice of the term "Kanaka" in the above quotation is the first related to the language; so far, its use has been restricted to mean a native Hawaiian. The totally unexpected manifestation of the Kanaka (made all the more striking with the italics) is akin to that of the dead man in the bowels of the sunken ship. Both figures are meant to express something belonging both to humanity and to the mysterious workings of the mind, which may surface in extreme circumstances. In these pre-Freudian times, the diver found himself confronted with the forces of his unconscious.

Twain's inability to understand the young man's words frustrates the reader from a crucial source of information in the understanding of the moment, though the surprising absence of any sign of regret on the part of the narrator in that respect suggests that the interest of the anecdote lies elsewhere. The three short sentences that conclude the brief anecdote provide a cryptic explanation: "The doctor-books tell us that cases like this are not uncommon. Then the doctors ought to study the cases and find out how to multiply them. Many languages and things get mislaid in a person's head, and stay mislaid for lack of this remedy" (Twain 57). His reading the scientific literature testifies to his fascination for such psychological mysteries and suggests that his own work should bear some signs of this interest. Since the chronological narration is restored in one indented line which hardly distinguishes this anecdote from the next account, the reader is led to consider that the two are intimately connected: "Many memories of my former visit to the islands came up in my mind while we lay at anchor in front of Honolulu that night" (Twain 57). The young American temporarily recovered a founding part of his personality by plunging into the depths of a buried ship but the language barrier renders his message impenetrable; Twain is hinting that his own travels may bear the same characteristics. The narrator's identification to the young man is thus

correlated by that of the reader to Twain, compelling us to decipher the revelations of the tourist, paradoxically hidden by his standard English. Today's reader will probably see in the incompetent Twain listening to the young man's dreamlike experience the image of a psychoanalyst failing to make sense of his patient's account. Twain's text, on the other hand, obliquely encourages the reader to perform the task of a perceptive critic.

Since the reunion between the young, English-speaking man with his younger, Kanaka-speaking self occurs in the abyss of the sunken vessel, the water may be considered as symbolizing the amniotic fluid of a mother-like ship. Such a correspondence is suggested in the inconspicuous presence of a gendered possessive ("carrying *her* people with *her*",[6] [57]). Though the use of the feminine in that context may appear conventional, recent linguistic studies underline that such use was already considered noteworthy centuries ago:

> The most cited gendered reference to an inanimate object today may be the use of *she* to refer to ships. This usage was first noted by Ben Jonson in his *English Grammar* of 1640; he names ships as an exception to the rule that *it* refers to inanimate objects… In 2002, it was announced that Lloyd's List, the world's best-known source of maritime business news and information, would stop using *she* in reference to ships, switching over instead to *it*. (Curzan 83)

Twain's linguistic choice is thus at once a matter of automatic adhesion to a commonly gendered depiction of reality, a well-established poetic convention and a subtle narrative choice that orients the reading of the passage towards the symbolic. As he crosses the equator, the tourist loses his bearings; no longer living in a secure time frame, relating memories seems like an attempt at recovering some stability in his own past. The collective journey on gigantic seas, bound to become an extended narrative, is transmuted on to a condensed, private scale which may be grasped in the space of only one page. The elements that compose this environment make it an appropriately reduced and Americanized version of the one he is going through as a tourist. If the sunken American ship makes it the frightening equivalent of Twain's steamship, the New York lake renders the prospect less alienating than the unlimited expanses of the Pacific.

As for the traumatized diver temporarily lost in the dormant waters of the ship, he represents a safely distanced figure of the narrator, who may then be reborn (in)to the flow of his productive textual adventure. Twain's ambivalent status as a writing tourist makes him a superficial traveler subject to frequent fits of introspection. This admirably fits Bachelard's introduction to *Water and Dreams*:

> The imagining powers of our mind develop around two very different axes. Some get their impetus from novelty; they take pleasure in the picturesque, the varied, and the unexpected. The imagination that they spark always describes a springtime.
> Others plumb the depths of being. They seek to find there both the primitive and the eternal … they produce seeds … whose *form is internal*. (1)

As he reveals the planet turning into a commonplace, Twain's experience of *regressio ad uterum* by proxy makes the modern tourist an unexpected introspector. His comfortable crossing of the equator reveals him to be simultaneously a foolish explorer and an accidental traveler of his psyche. At that very moment, the confrontation with a changing cosmos and a puzzling temporal pattern becomes a personal apocalypse. The workings of the revelation are clearly archaic, for if individuals "are not regenerated by being periodically dissolved in water, they will crumble, exhaust their powers of creativity and finally die away" (Eliade 211).

Conclusion

Twain's crossing the equator prompts telltale anecdotes that denote the destabilizing impact of tourism on travelers mainly motivated by a superficial quest for pleasure. The journey to the liminal geographical area follows a symbolic pattern that questions the Americanness of the tourists as well as the very nature of American culture.

The experience is in harmony with the initiatory rites of passage typical of myths and epics. With the notable exception of his indictment of coerced native workforce, Twain shuns any didactic message. The ideological

complexity of his deceptively straightforward anecdotes echoes that of mythic narratives, which leave the interpretative task greatly open to the reader. The present passage makes it clear that the tourists' regressive voyage and their arrival in an Australian antebellum America are simply temporary setbacks in their permanent forward movement. The *regressio ad uterum* pattern thus also appears to fit their country of origin which, only a few decades after the abolition of slavery, was still subject to nostalgic racist excesses. Accordingly, the descent into the psychic abyss symbolized by the bowels of the sunken American ship composes a key moment in Twain's own sea change: right at the onset of his travelogue, the tourist apparently finds himself reborn as his identical American self. Unlike the young diver reunited with his forgotten Kanaka identity, however, Twain has been brought back into the world as an American writer.

The very beginning of Twain's travelogue reveals an underlying introspective stream which definitely subverts his avowed wish to merely relate the newness of exotic places. For the beauty of the latter lies in the eyes of the tourist – and a true description of the tourist amounts to defining the American.

Notes

[1] "The combination of giving lectures on the international tour and recounting his reactions to the trip in a book was intended to regain him solvency" (Bridgman 121).

[2] "Sometime past the middle of the nineteenth century … the character of foreign travel … began to change… . It was the decline of the traveler and the rise of the tourist… The traveler, then, was working at something; the tourist was a pleasure-seeker. The traveler was active; he went strenuously in search of people, of adventure, of experience. The tourist is passive; he expects interesting things to happen to him" (Boorstin 84-85).

[3] Twain (Samuel Clemens) was born in 1835 and raised in Missouri, which was a slave state. His father owned one slave and his father's brother owned a few.

[4] Mark Twain considered the Waterbury watch in a very positive light and went as far as to humorously identify with it at the very end of his life: "I see no great difference between a man and a watch, except that the man is conscious and the watch isn't, and the man TRIES to plan things and the watch doesn't. The watch doesn't wind itself and doesn't regulate itself – these things are done exteriorly. Outside influences, outside circumstances, wind the MAN and regulate him. Left to himself, he wouldn't get regulated at all, and the sort of time he would keep would not be valuable. Some rare men

are wonderful watches, with gold case, compensation balance, and all those things, and some men are only simple and sweet and humble Waterburys. I am a Waterbury." ("The Turning Point of My Life" n. pag.).

[5] Reproduced by Dover, the original edition features a full-page illustration, indicating that the passage is one of the landmarks of the travelogue.

[6] Emphasis mine.

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