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edited by

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IN THE TRACK OF THE SUN AND JOYCE'S USE
OF SOURCES IN *ULYSSES*: A CASE-STUDY

Since the moment when T.S. Eliot told us, we have all known that *Ulysses* is essentially intertextual: the title of the novel is clear enough in itself, and from the book's first reception, readers have noted references to authors other than Homer. In the meantime, after more than ninety years of critical attention, we may have reached a point where we feel that we have a good idea of the web of intertextual references out of which Joyce wove his novel. This is obvious enough when we look at the details in standard guides such as *Ulysses Annotated* (2008) by Don Gifford and Robert J. Seidman or in annotated editions of the novel (with notes that more often than not ultimately derive from *Ulysses Annotated*).

In one handy volume, Gifford and Seidman collected all the evidence that had been found by previous scholars and we can be fairly sure that their book discusses most of the important source materials. But recent genetic studies (mostly but not exclusively drawing on the new manuscript materials in the National Library of Ireland) continue to demonstrate that *Ulysses* is intertextual in a manner that goes far beyond Eliot's famous "mythic method" in a way closely resembling Joyce's working strategies on *Finnegans Wake* that Vincent Deane, Daniel Ferrer and myself have tried to describe in our edition of the Buffalo Notebooks. New work in this field has been published, mostly online, on the *Genetic Joyce Studies* site and at *Joyce Online Notes* and readers will notice immediately that the intertextual study of Joyce has entered a completely new dimension. Because so many books and texts are now available online, internet searches make it possible to trace short phrases and even single words to a specific source.¹ In this brief note I want to show another aspect of this revolution: the digital availability of

¹ See my article "Joyce World-Wide Intertext". *James Joyce Quarterly* 47 (Winter 2010), 247-53.

sometimes rather esoteric printed sources employed by Joyce, will allow a much closer and more productive study of those sources that have already been identified but that may not have been studied closely enough. This is the case with a book that we have known about for a very long time.

One of the first things we learn about Bloom in “Calypso” (apart from his culinary preferences and his love of cats), is his immediate bodily reaction to the warmth of the sun outside and the fairly detailed orientalist fantasies that accompany this enjoyment. When leaving the house on his way to the butcher, he first crosses to the bright side of the street, he sees and senses the sun’s warmth, and he reflects that he feels it more because of his black clothes. He notices a breadvan delivering “our daily”, but then his attention returns to the sun itself:

Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. Travel round in front of the sun, steal a day’s march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy’s big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated crosslegged, smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Dander along all day. Might meet a robber or two. Well, meet him. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly’s new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass (4:84-98).

First there is the fact that we meet a number of themes that we (and Bloom) will confront later in the day and at least one that we have already encountered: “old Royce” singing about the boy who can enjoy invisibility from *Turko the Terrible* is among the secrets of Stephen’s mother that her son has preserved. But more importantly, this is almost a catalogue of nineteenth century romantic orientalism, all encapsulated in a description of a single day, from dawn to the night sky. There is the travel adventure, the exotic clothes, danger and eroticism.

Typically for Bloom, as we will discover in the rest of the book, fifteen lines of this are then interrupted by a more sober thought: “Not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the sun. Sunburst on the

titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself” (99-100). We have to wait fourteen chapters to discover in “Ithaca” that in his rather small library, Bloom really does have a book with that title, a copy missing the crucial title page, which in fact, as Gifford and Seidman point out, has a picture of a clearly Japanese lady playing an exotic instrument, facing a photograph of the statue of the Great Buddha in Daibutzu: this book is much more about the Far East than Bloom’s Near East.

The subtitle of *In the Track of the Sun* is: “Readings from the Diary of a Globe Trotter” and this is what we get. Frederick Diodati Thompson was a New York lawyer, and the book, published in 1893 by Appleton in New York, was dedicated to Sultan Abdul-Hamid II of Turkey. In the same year the book was published, Thompson was the Turkish commissioner at the Chicago World Exhibition and in the book he described Abdul-Hamid II as “without doubt the ablest Padishah ruler that has reigned in the Ottoman Empire for many years; he is the ruler in fact as well as in name, and understands thoroughly every detail of the government of his country. [...] In a remarkable degree he possesses the love of all around him, but every one feels instinctively his wonderful ability and his penetrating mind”.(1893 <2013>, 204).

Thompson describes a trip of seven months from his home on the American east coast, first by sleeping car to Chicago and via Portland in Oregon to Tacoma in Washington state; then via Victoria by steamer to Yokohama, continuing on to China, Ceylon, Hindustan, India, Egypt, Palestine and then via Italy back to New York. Most of this time was spent in the Far East, and most of Bloom’s images of the Orient have their counterpart in the book. Thompson did in fact travel in the track of the sun, so during the crossing of (a very tempestuous) Pacific the ship passed the one hundred and eightieth meridian on the first day of November: “There was no November 2d for us. We jumped to Tuesday, the 3d, and could say with the Roman emperor that we had lost a day—though not through any fault of our own” (17). And when Bloom imagines trekking over a strand, arriving at the city gates, Thompson describes several impressive gates in India, among them one in Jeypore, during a Muslim festival. This longer sensual passage can be compared to Bloom’s imaginative reconstruction of the East:

I then returned to luncheon, and spent the afternoon in driving through the streets and visiting shops and bazaars. Just before dark the scene in the market

place, outside the city walls, was the most characteristically Oriental spectacle that I can remember. It was a Mussulman festival, and the market place was crowded with people dressed in their gayest costumes. The Mohammedan women wore trousers of a red cotton material, tight at the ankles, and baggy from the knee to the hips; while the Hindu women's costume was a skirt and a small jacket, if it could be thus designated, which extended only halfway to the elbow, and covered the upper part of the bust, leaving a wide space of their stomachs uncovered. The women of each class had a long piece of cotton cloth over the head and extending to the knees, which they wore gracefully adjusted round their persons. As usual, all these women were covered, so to speak, with native jewellery and ornaments.

Many elephants and magnificent horses from the maharajah's stables were mixed up with the masses of human beings, while trains of camels wound their way along, carrying loads to far-distant places. As we were looking on at this curious gathering, suddenly through the city gate several carriages made their appearance, containing some native princes escorted by a guard of mounted spearmen, and the crowd fell back in haste to make a passage for the party (150-51).

The difference with Bloom's musings is of course that Thompson uses complete grammatical sentences, while Bloom paints the scene in short phrases. We get the impression that if Bloom does remember Thompson's book at this point, it is not so much for its language as for the descriptions and illustrations. Although there is no picture of a Tweedy-like "ranker" in the book, we do have a photo of a "Soudanese warrior" (172) holding a long spear, another one of the Damascus gate in Jerusalem (191) and of the Mosque of Omar (Al-Aqsa) both in Jerusalem. Of course the picture of the latter on page 194 shows the structure before its more recent renovations: in this version it is a rather drab building with lots of shadows and pillars, but there are no priests with rolled up scrolls.

Bloom's scene does seem to share in the multi-faith reality of Jerusalem as described by Thompson, who claims to have been shocked and saddened by the "disgraceful fights" between the different denominations. When visiting "temples of the heathen one has a contempt for the humbug with which those poor people are duped; but to find this foolish superstition at the fountain-head of our own true religion makes one feel heartsick and despondent" (192-3). It is strange that Bloom imagines a priest in this oriental setting, especially one carrying a rolled up scroll. Maybe he cannot

recall the correct term for a Muslim or Jewish religious functionary; at least both of these religions have Holy Books in the form of scrolls, but it is not very likely that they would carry them through the street. And anyway, from the beginning of their history, Christians have preferred the codex form for their own Scriptures.

We know that at a relatively late stage (the page proofs) Joyce changed the word “Turk” into “Turko the terrible” to link this, the first Bloom chapter, to the first Stephen chapter in the book. In fact there were two other additions at this level, here marked in bold type.

Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. **Travel round in front of the sun, steal a day’s march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically.** Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy’s big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, **Turko the terrible**, seated crosslegged, smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Dander along all day. **Might meet a robber or two. Well, meet him.** Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly’s new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass (3:84-98).

On the same occasion Joyce added both the initial reference to traveling ahead of the sun (also mentioned by Thompson) and the reference to meeting robbers, which shows that Araby, Ali Baba and the usual orientalist images play an important role in Bloom’s sunny musings, quite like Thompson, who traveled from Jerusalem to Jericho in the company of a “representative of the sheik who was sent to guard us, for even now it is dangerous to go to Jericho unprotected, as one may still ‘fall upon thieves’” (195-6). It is strange that both the longer additions contain a reference to a single male person that Bloom seems eager to stay away from, either by running away from him or by “meeting” him as a (suddenly singular) robber. The text does not tell us who this person is, although of course it is only further on in the chapter that Bloom finds out that Boylan will be visiting Molly later that day.

At the butcher's shop, Bloom's oriental fantasies are reinforced by the Zionist leaflet he picks up at Dlugacz's counter, but not at first, when Bloom's thoughts are still on the meat in the shop and on the next door girl's "moving hams". It is only after he steps outside and does not see her anywhere that he begins to read the pamphlet and this starts a train of thought that moves from Palestine to his Jewish friends. But then a cloud covers the sun (a second link with the first chapter and one that has a similar psychological effect on Bloom as it had on Stephen). Bloom now realizes that his image of the East may not be all that accurate.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Volcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's, clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.

Desolation.

Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Yes, I am here now. Morning mouth bad images. Got up wrong side of the bed. Must begin again those Sandow's exercises. On the hands down. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number eighty still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twentyeight. Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes.

Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind (219-242).

Thompson also describes a brief visit to the Dead Sea, but these two descriptions only have the word "barren" in common. Although the intrepid American traveler goes for a swim in the salty sea, *In the Track of the Sun* does not mention the biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah. But Thompson does talk of Lot's wife and in this darker version of Bloom's oriental thoughts, the mother calling her children home and the girl playing

the dulcimer have turned (with the land itself) into an old woman. This dead land “bore the oldest, the first race”. It is at that moment that an *old* woman crosses the Dublin street, embodying the spent land. And then, at the deepest point of despair, Bloom himself seems to be in danger of sharing the fate of Lot’s wife: “Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak” (231f).

First Bloom tries to keep the desolation at bay: he convinces himself that at the very least he is still alive and then he tries to explain the “grey horror” searing his flesh as a case of grumpiness (“wrong side of the bed”). In a second and third movement he does what we will see him do all through the day when confronted with unwanted thoughts or emotions: he tries to distract himself by concentrating hard on what he sees around him. In a final movement he returns to his initial thought about his own bodily presence, imagining the smell of breakfast and the physical presence of his wife’s “bedwarmed flesh”. It is at that moment that the sun, in the guise of a girl, comes running along the street to meet him, just at the moment when Bloom reaches the door of 7 Eccles Street. That, in this chapter, is the end of Bloom’s orientalist fantasies, both in their positive (the girl playing a dulcimer) and their negative version (the grey sunken cunt of the world).

The next oriental fantasy is once more triggered by the sun. On the first page of “Lotus Eaters”, Bloom is trying to retrieve the calling card from his hat, while looking into the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company, where he reads “choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands” (5:28f), which triggers a brief meditation on the far east. Although there are no direct echoes to the text, in his book Thompson describes a visit to Ceylon and he does mention the tea plantations, which are taking over from the production of coffee as one of the island’s main exports.

In “Hades”, the next chapter, there is another brief reference to the book, when Bloom is thinking about death and corpses, linking his thought immediately to his own reading:

A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what’s cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that *Voyages in China* that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime feverpits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds (6:981-7).

In “Ithaca” we will find out that the travel book about China by one “Viator” is in Bloom’s library, but despite valiant efforts, the references to China and the book itself have not been definitively identified (Bazargan, 2011-12). But as Gifford and Seidman point out in their *Ulysses Annotated*, Thompson’s book does contain a full description of the author’s visit to Malabar Hill in Bombay:

On Saturday morning, at 7.30, I arrived at Bombay, and was met at Church Gate Station by a porter and drove at once to the Esplanade Hotel, whither I had telegraphed for rooms. I rested until the afternoon, when I drove to the Towers of Silence, belonging to the Parsees. These towers, five in number, are on Malabar Hill, surrounded by a beautiful garden. The view of the city, the sea, and the neighbouring bungalows is one of the finest in Bombay. Perched on the top of the towers are usually a number of vultures waiting for the approach of a funeral. The procession stops near the tower; only the bearers of the corpse enter with the body, and lay it, with all its clothing removed, upon the tower’s top. On their retirement the vultures immediately descend, and in a few minutes devour the flesh, leaving only the bones, which are thrown into a central pit of the tower, to resolve themselves into dust and ashes (155).

And on the next page, Thompson helpfully includes a photograph of vultures on top of such a “Tower of Silence” at Malabar.

In the long middle section of the book, there are fewer references to Thompson’s book, but in one of the parodies that illustrate and interrupt the narrator’s tale, we read:

Every lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous act which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most timehonoured names in Albion’s history) placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* an expensive engagement ring with emeralds set in the form of a fourleaved shamrock the excitement knew no bounds. Nay, even the stern provostmarshal, lieutenantcolonel Tomkin-Maxwell frenchmullan Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoy’s from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet he brushed away a furtive tear and was overheard, by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

—God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old mashtub what’s waiting for me down Limehouse way (12:662-78).

The brief reference to the all-too-British officer’s cruelty may well be based on an account of Thompson’s visit to Cawnpore in a chapter entitled “Memorials of the Sepoy Rebellion”:

On Tuesday morning I went out in a large landau, the driver being an old soldier who also had served in the Fifty-third Regiment and entered Cawnpore with Havelock. The various spots of interest were shown—Wheeler’s intrenchment, which had been distinctly marked out, at the suggestion of the Prince of Wales; All Soul’s Church; the Memorial Well (into which the unfortunate English victims were thrown, regardless of age or sex, the living with the dead); and the Suttee Choura Ghat, where the majority of the garrison were fired upon and were destroyed, after they had embarked in boats. The massacre was one of the most brutal in modern history, but the retribution inflicted on the perpetrators was swift and heavy. They were dragged by Havelock’s infuriated soldiers through the blood they had spilled, which to a Brahman’s mind was an unspeakable defilement; and after that they were lashed to the mouths of cannon and the guns were fired, which blew their bodies into shreds and scattered them to the wind. The severity of this punishment arose from their religious belief, which requires that the body have burial with proper ceremonies or the soul can never enter heaven (134-6).

Although Joyce changed the name of the commanding officer, in the process making him even more stereotypically upper-class English, the scene comments powerfully on the juxtaposition of brutal imperial violence and sentimentality in the chapter.

There are just a few more references to Thompson’s book, apart from the appearance of the book itself as part of Bloom library in the “Ithaca” chapter. In “Circe” there is a brief scene in which Bloom’s Jewish, oriental and erotic themes meet:

THE CIRCUMCISED

(In a dark guttural chant as they cast dead sea fruit upon him, no flowers). Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad.

VOICES

(*Sighing*). So he's gone. Ah, yes. Yes, indeed. Bloom? Never heard of him. No? Queer kind of chap. There's the widow. That so? Ah, yes.

(*From the suttee pyre the flame of gum camphire ascends. The pall of incense smoke screens and disperses. Out of her oak frame a nymph with hair unbound, lightly clad in teabrown artcolours, descends from her grotto and, passing under interlacing yews, stands over Bloom*). (15:3226-36)

As we saw earlier, Thompson was no friend to non-protestant religions and when in Benares he witnessed priests sacrificing a goat, it led him to this judgment:

This finished the sight-seeing for the day, and I am sorry to admit that I was disappointed, on the whole, in the city, the temples, and the mosques. As for Brahmanism, it is too vile for description, the emblem of Siva being a fit symbol of its disgusting character. Its principles and practices are degrading, and it would be a great boon to India if these should be modified or abolished by the British rulers, as were *suttee*, or widow immolation, and child marriages (127).

Somewhat later in "Ithaca" we read about Bloom's interest in visiting certain attractive localities, divided into two lists, one in Ireland and one abroad. The latter ends with the Dead Sea (which we saw before) and starts with Ceylon.

Abroad?

Ceylon (with spicegardens supplying tea to Thomas Kernan, agent for Pulbrook, Robertson and Co, 2 Mincing Lane, London, E. C., 5 Dame street, Dublin), Jerusalem, the holy city (with mosque of Omar and gate of Damascus, goal of aspiration), the straits of Gibraltar (the unique birthplace of Marion Tweedy), the Parthenon (containing statues of nude Grecian divinities), ... (17:1979-85).

The first two items on this travel list, Ceylon and Jerusalem, must have been inspired by Bloom's reading of *In the Track of the Sun*. We saw that Bloom was reminded of Ceylon when he was contemplating the teashop window in "Lotus Eaters" and we read in the same chapter of his book

that Thompson visited Cinnamon Gardens, a suburb of the island's capital Colombo (where there are no tea plantations). In addition, the two architectural attractions of the Holy City are not only mentioned explicitly by Thompson; as we saw earlier, his book contains photographs of both, on pages 194 and 191 respectively.

With this brief discussion I hope to have shown that interesting discoveries can be made even with those sources which we already know that Joyce had available while writing *Ulysses*, and I am confident that a close study of the other books in Bloom's library would yield similar results. On the basis of the new materials at the National Library of Ireland, young scholars like Ronan Crowley have demonstrated that Joyce's work is part of a much richer and much more diverse intertextual network than we had hitherto assumed. With the help of all the digital resources now available it has become much easier to detect Joyce's sources than ever before. We have not finished reading Joyce. In many ways, we have not even started.

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