

OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

JULES VERNE  
AROUND THE WORLD  
IN EIGHTY DAYS

A new translation by William Butcher



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## AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

JULES VERNE was born in Nantes in 1828, the eldest of five children of a prosperous family claiming French, Breton, and Scottish ancestry. His early years were happy apart from an unfulfilled passion for his cousin Caroline. Literature always attracted him and while taking a law degree in Paris he wrote a number of plays. His first book, about a journey to Scotland, was not published during his lifetime. However, in 1862, *Five Weeks in a Balloon* was accepted by the publisher Hetzel, becoming an immediate success. It was followed by *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Seas*, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and sixty other novels, covering the whole world (and below and beyond). Verne himself travelled over three continents, before suddenly selling his yacht in 1886. Eight of the books appeared after his death in 1905—although they were in fact written partly by his son, Michel.

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OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS



JULES VERNE

The Extraordinary Journeys

*Around the World  
in Eighty Days*



*Translated with an Introduction and Notes by*

WILLIAM BUTCHER

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## INTRODUCTION

‘There are two beings inside us: me and the other’

(*The Green Ray*, 1882)

*Around the World in Eighty Days* occupies a key position in Jules Verne’s series of *Extraordinary Journeys*. By 1872 his heroes have penetrated the heart of Africa, conquered the Pole, urgently plumbed the ocean’s and Earth’s depths, and even headed breezily for the moon. Now they have only one task left: that of summing up the whole travelling business, encompassing the entire globe in one last extravagant fling. Under its gay abandon, then, *Around the World* is streaked with the melancholy of transitoriness. Henceforth, there can be no virgin territory and no deflowering heroes—just glorified tourists.

Verne’s reputation as a novelist is still under attack. What may appear at first sight as uncraftedness in *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Seas*, or *From the Earth to the Moon* has been taken as almost childish naïvety by generations of readers. In Britain and America especially, the ‘translations’ have generally been atrocious, further fuelling the myth of Jules Verne as an un-novelist and often unperson. But his simple style conceals in reality considerable complexity and sophistication.

Nor is Verne’s reputation for optimistic anticipation at all justified. *Around the World in Eighty Days* contains not a glimmer of science fiction; and very few of the other works contain any radically new technology. Even the early works display self-doubting and nihilistic tendencies; in the intermediate period, there appear opposing views on the characters’ motives, the events reported, and even the narration itself; and these will eventually grow into mordant and distant pastiches that will attack the previous novels and undermine the series’ whole being.

The transitional novel *Around the World* appears therefore all the more important. It has always been a favourite in the



English-speaking world, perhaps because of the nationality of the central figure. But its joyous tone and surface positivism are in reality subverted by a tendency for any authority to be mocked and for parts of the story to prove extremely unreliable. The work is also significant in its use of new conceptions of psychology.

Any explicit philosophizing is, however, abhorrent to Verne's pragmatic mind. There exists a distinctive Vernian metaphysic: the absence of metaphysics. Some critics have attempted to establish a coherent ideology or other theoretical construct from their readings of Verne's works. But these studies have generally been one-sided, for they have usually neglected the form for the content—consequently missing Verne's irony and ambivalence. Other commentators have claimed that real events do not impinge on the works, that the author only feels happy thousands of miles from reality, lost in some unmarked icefield or underwater labyrinth. The truth lies in fact somewhere in between: the amount of contemporary reference and implicit ideology in *Around the World*, especially, is quite staggering. But the real-world referents are merely an entry into the Vernian scheme of things. His abiding interest is man's position in the cosmos—making him one of the last of the universal humanists.

Again, Verne's technique is often amazing. The very idea that narrative devices might exist in the *Extraordinary Journeys Into the Known and Unknown Worlds* would initially meet with incomprehension and disbelief in many people. But their appeal to the most varied of audiences becomes more explicable when the texts are studied carefully. They are the product of a long and arduous literary apprenticeship, together with a visionary inspiration and an unparalleled amount of perspiration. Verne's works are full of pioneers and inventors who are ignored or misunderstood—perhaps standard fare. But his own technique involves radical innovations which themselves remained undiscovered for more than a century.

He omits, for instance, to use the two main past tenses over an entire novel (*The Chancellor*, 1873). Not only does this alter its structure and perspective—especially since there is

only one present tense in French—but it even affects the free indirect style, for the present tense alone cannot indicate whether or not it is operating. It also transforms the tonality of the composition, like Nemo's eery effects using just the black keys. In the face of the loud silence from his readers that ensued, Verne then writes of a community that is so tone-deaf as not to have realized that its official music-maker has deleted two notes from the harmonic scale. Deafening silence again. He then publishes a second novel omitting the past tenses (*Propeller Island*, 1895), but written in the third person this time—an achievement again apparently unique in any European language. And still nobody commented. In sum, any view of Verne as the epitome of non-technique is based on ignorance of the texts themselves.

There must be technique for Verne's novels to be so different from each other. Understanding the mechanism of *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras* or *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* proves in reality of limited use for interpreting *Five Weeks in a Balloon* or *Around the World*. Certainly, the *Journeys* are cross-linked by a whole network of intertextuality. Verne's method of work, involving five or six proofs and with more than one novel appearing each year, contributed to the overlapping of the volumes. Common themes, *topoi*, and cross-references abound, constituting a Balzacian-style *œuvre* on a scale that is unique in literature. But each successive work is also designed in terms of its distinctive climax, often of a geographical nature. Where the heroes have to be at the end, in other words, determines how they must get there.

*Around the World*, in particular, is the only novel to depend on the theme of space and time, and this has important consequences on its whole structure.

'Did [he] find the world too small, because he had gone right round it?'

(*Captain Hatteras*, 1864)

*Around the World in Eighty Days* was written in unsettling conditions. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1, Verne had had to work as a coastguard. He was not paid

royalties for his previous works, and his money difficulties even led him to consider taking up stockbroking again. His father died; and he was upset by attending a public execution. During this period he also moved to Amiens, abandoning the intellectual and Bohemian stimulation of the capital.

Despite everything, Verne wrote to his publisher Jules Hetzel that *Around the World* was amusing him: 'I have put aside worrying about the play, and . . . as regards the book, I often deviate from the plan drawn up by Cadol and myself.' The same outline served in fact for the writing of a play entitled *Around the World in 80 Days*. The book shows its influence, for it has what are called 'roles' and 'scenes', stage-like entrances and exits, extensive use of dialogue, Moliéresque master-and-servant relationships, and humorous reversals of situations.

The novel opens with a virtuoso presentation of one Phileas Fogg, about whom practically nothing is known. This gentleman hires an acrobatic servant called Passepartout, and then heads straight for his Club. The conversation there turns to the recent shrinking of the globe. Fogg bets that it can now be circumnavigated in 80 days; and, to prove it, he and Passepartout immediately set off via Calais and Suez. While crossing the Indian jungle, the travellers stumble upon the preparations for the suttee of a beautiful young widow called Aouda. Having rescued her, they travel on to Hong Kong, where Inspector Fix, on a mission from Scotland Yard, succeeds in separating Passepartout from Fogg and Aouda. The four meet up again, however, then cross the Pacific and catch the transcontinental railroad. During an attack by Indians, Passepartout is carried off, but Fogg manages to rescue him. Despite taking a land-yacht to Omaha, the travellers miss their ship in New York, so Fogg hires a boat and, when it runs out of fuel, has the vessel consume itself right down to the hull. But when he gets home, he is still five minutes late. He falls into deep despair and even plans suicide; Aouda proposes to him; we cut to the Reform Club at the moment of the deadline; and Fogg marches calmly in and wins the bet. The imperturbable gentleman had in fact gained a day in the Pacific, taking only 79 to go round the globe. The book closes with Fogg and Aouda happily married.

Ever since *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, Verne had playfully interwoven fact and fiction, using the most up-to-date sources and sometimes even adding material after going to press. Here he managed things so well that the closing date of the novel, 22 December 1872, was also that of its serial publication! His biographers report that as *Around the World* came out, British and American newspapers published excerpts from it. Some readers believed that the journey was actually taking place, bets were placed, and international liner and railway companies competed to appear in the book. The biographers are often wilfully inaccurate, but Verne's descriptions of the shipping and train lines must leave some suspicion that he was affected by the pressures.

Following Towle and d'Anvers's 1873 English translation, hundreds of publicity-seekers sought to reproduce or improve on Fogg's performance. Even today, journalists short of good copy often refer to Verne's idea. Recently Michael Palin has made a highly popular television series—and book—purloining Verne's title, but hardly acknowledging the literary debt.

The inevitable American film version was made in 1956. It starred Fernandel, David Niven, Noël Coward, John Gielgud, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, and 70,000 extras. But it was little more than a spoof, deleting for instance the *tour de force* of the self-consuming vessel in favour of a balloon ride. Verne has the last laugh, however, for he comments ironically that a balloon crossing 'would have been highly risky and, in any case, impossible' (Ch. 32).

While the idea of circling the globe in a fixed time has become an indispensable part of modern mythology, remarkably little is generally known about the novel itself. Perhaps because of the many mistranslations, the best-selling work of probably the world's best-selling writer has rarely been studied in English-language schools or universities.

Surprisingly, no critical edition of *Around the World* has ever appeared to date. And yet half an hour with an encyclopedia or dictionary will reveal scores of insights into the work. Words like 'musth', 'methodism', 'Obadiah', 'the *Alabama*', or 'Samuel Wilson' have been read by tens of millions of readers. But what seems never to have been recorded is that these phrases refer to massive and uncontrollable sexuality, to

fascinating theories of human behaviour, and to major religious and international controversies.

Equally amazingly, there has been no systematic study of the manuscripts. Although large research grants are given to analysing commas in the laundry-slips of quite marginal literary figures, the handwritten pages where that archetypal modern hero Phileas Fogg makes his first faltering steps have never been transcribed. But a quick perusal of the first page reveals such fascinating elements as blatant anti-Semitism, a fourteen-year backdating, an explicit sexual allusion revealing Fogg's hidden motivation, and politically charged references to 'Hanover' and 'the Duke of Wellington'.

The manuscripts are even more revealing in showing the conception of the book. A miraculously preserved fragment mentions clubs, Britain, and 'Fog'—in that order. In other words, neither a journey, nor a circumnavigation, nor a time-limit exist at this stage. Instead, the functioning of collectivities appears central: Verne the anarchist is morbidly fascinated with how groups discard their intelligence to arrive at a mass opinion. Fogg then makes his entrance as the intersection of social and national concerns: initially a mere cipher of British stuffiness, but taking on more complexity as the drafts pile up.

The idea of a trip around the world also has clear external origins. Verne's inspiration was stimulated by three distinct breakthroughs in 1869–70, changing the map of the world once and for all: the completion of railways across America and India and the opening of the Suez Canal. About half a dozen main written sources have also been suggested, including Edgar Allan Poe, Thomas Cook, newspaper and periodical articles, and books by a W. P. Fogg and a G. F. Train (see Appendix A for further details). But the idea of circling the globe had in any case already become a commonplace by the 1870s. Many of Verne's previous works had incorporated the idea, as indicated by even the titles of *Captain Grant's Children: A Voyage Round the World* (1865) and *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Seas: A Submarine Trip Around the World* (1869). It may be more fruitful therefore to analyse the novel in terms of Verne's own trajectory.

'1858 . . . Burgh'

(Verne's first jottings for MS1)

The main inspiration for *Around the World in Eighty Days* seems to have come from Verne's own travels. Much of the American section borrows from *A Floating City* (1871), a semi-fictional account of the author's 1867 visit to the United States. This includes details like the streets which intersect at right angles, stations without gates, a deadly duel, and proper names such as Blondin, Rothschild, the Hudson, Broadway, and Sandy Hook. But the narrator above all sardonically comments, as if he had advance information of Fogg's whirlwind itinerary: 'I have 192 hours to expend [*sic*] in America'; 'there are rabid tourists, "express-travellers", for whom this time would have probably been enough to see the whole of America'.

A record of exceptional value has in fact recently emerged, in the shape of the first completed book the novelist ever wrote, initially called *Journey to Scotland*, and then *Journey to England and Scotland*. This autobiographical account was written in about 1859, but was rejected by Hetzel and published only in 1989, under the incorrect title *Voyage à reculons en Angleterre et en Écosse* (translated as *Backwards to Britain* (1992)). Although it has received virtually no critical attention to date, this description of Verne's first foreign visit constitutes not only an important work of literature in its own right, but also an invaluable record of his stylistic and thematic development. In addition, many elements of *Around the World* are taken directly from it.

Thus both works feature Charing Cross, Haymarket as a place for debauchery, Regent Street repeatedly, and the all-important Greenwich meridian. Sydenham is a vital transition point in both books; and the Strand of 1859 serves to name Fogg's *alter ego*, James Strand, who will be arrested in Edinburgh, the sentimental heart of Verne's journey.

The Reform Club comes from the younger man's viewing of the clubs of Pall Mall, which he praises as 'veritable palaces [of the highest] distinction'. Other shared elements are the role of the Stock Exchange, the absence of retired soldiers at the

Bank of England, the *Morning Chronicle* and *The Times*, the 'great attraction' (in English) of a human pyramid advertised by sandwich-men, and even the lists of obscure learned societies. Similar descriptions of the Anglo-Saxon passion for mechanics appear in both. The Hong Kong ale and porter were first consumed in a rough Liverpool pub. An extended metaphor invented for Waverley Station serves to generate the American election meeting, for both systematically equate pulsating crowds and an angry sea. The 'ragged hat from which drooped a single bedraggled plume', worn by the bare-foot beggar that Fogg encounters, is Liverpudlian. The marine terminology of the two ships, the cabins laid out in identical fashion, the blood-brother captains, a masochistic longing for seasickness, storms, and shipwreck—all are common to both works.

The trains, above all, whether fighting through the tiger-infested Asian jungles or snow-bound Rocky Mountain passes, are 'really' just crossing the Scottish hills. The poetry-in-motion of the Indian and American steam-engines, with the rhythm of their wheels reproduced in the long sentences, with their animal-like protuberances, their bellowing, whinnying, and bolting, their harmony with the curves of the land, their smoke, steam, and speed euphorically mixing in with the vegetation—all this is borrowed directly from the Caledonian visit which made such a lasting impression on the young writer.

The plots are even more revealing. Both works are full of the pressure of reaching Britain as soon as possible and the regret that, because of some uncultured businessmen, over three-quarters of the time is spent on a needlessly circuitous route. Although Verne and Fogg both want to sail to Liverpool, they are forced to head for Bordeaux instead. Writer and character both spend noisy and uncomfortable nights in Custom House Street in Liverpool. Both get involved in major punch-ups there. A Captain Speedy proves an invaluable help and a firm friend to each. Verne's visit to Madame Tussaud's, one and a half gruesome chapters long, emerges clearly in the repeated description of Fogg as an automaton and in Passepartout's instinctive waxwork comparison. The first

fragment of *Around the World* even seems to bear the heading '1858': an astonishing indication of the importance of the 1859 trip.

In sum, the most British of the *Extraordinary Journeys* would have been impossible without the extensive borrowing from the author's own journey to Britain. Ironic thanks are due to Hetzel for his rejection of *Journey to England and Scotland*.

But the source of inspiration goes further, for *Journey to England and Scotland* is itself a major plagiarism. In *Around the World*, Verne acknowledges the influence of 'one of the acutest observers of British society', and reproduces an anecdote showing how easy it is to purloin gold ingots from the Bank of England. In the 1859 work, explicit mention is made of a 'book about Britain' by a Francis Wey. Previous researchers have shown that one or two details of the description of the Reform Club are indeed drawn from Wey's *Les Anglais chez eux: Esquisses de mœurs et de voyage* (1854). But it has never been shown before that in fact both of Verne's books transcribe entire sections of Wey wholesale.

Thus *all* the information about the Reform Club is drawn from Wey, down to his 'twenty Ionic columns of red porphyry' and the 'servants . . . in dress-coats and shoes soled with thick felt'. So is the terminology of 'colleague', 'fellow member', and 'circle[s]', as is the aim of 'facilitat[ing] relations between people of the same opinion' (!) while at the same time permitting individual privacy. Other familiar traits include Wey's 'men transformed into walking advertisements', 'porter and ale', a dining companion announcing that he is leaving for Calcutta tomorrow, and the Crystal Palace exhibition as a 'summary of the entire world'. But all sorts of other information about London also comes from Wey. Shared place-names include 'Hay-Market', 'Charing-Cross', the Temple, Chancery, 'Lincoln's-Inn', the Ecclesiastical Court, Greenwich, and Sydenham, together with proper names like Minerva, John Bull, and Byron—repeatedly. Wey's explanations of the title 'Esq.' and the need for a Christian name between 'Sir' and the surname leave a plain mark on *Around the World*.



But it is above all on the British character that Wey is interesting. It consists of 'sobriety, self-interest . . . and silence', of 'looking without seeing', of 'independence', 'isolation', and 'permanent solitude', of 'the complete annihilation of the individual, the essence of non-being', of a tendency to suicide. These traits perfectly anticipate Fogg's personality, sometimes word for word.

In sum, London and the British character form the intersection of *Les Anglais chez eux*, *Journey to England and Scotland*, and *Around the World*. The reason why Hetzel refused *Journey to Scotland* may have been the extensive purloining; but it is surprising Wey did not complain about *Around the World*—had he himself perhaps taken the material from somewhere else? In any case, this discovery of blatant textual troilism has vital consequences for our understanding of both *Around the World* and *Journey to England and Scotland*—and must constitute a rich area for future research into the wellsprings of Verne's creativity.

'Do you want me?'

(MS1)

Clubs, Britain, Fogg: any reason for leaving—or for crossing India—has not been found at this stage. The blank automaton initially has no aim in life. Newtonian mechanics tells us that he will therefore remain stationary for ever or else on a fixed linear or circular course. The play emphasizes Fogg's inertia (and sexuality) when it compares him to 'a spring-driven watch needing to be wound up every morning'.

However, the imposing of the time-limit reduces the problem. Like Frankenstein's monster, Fogg can be sparked into some semblance of life by being made to iterate the algorithmic process of taking the quickest path between each two successive points. The rudderless personality and pointless journey thus gain some cohesion from the temporal aspect—the book was at one stage called simply *The Journey in Eighty Days*; and one of Verne's last letters to his father refers to his work on a 'journey carried out using the maximum of present-day speed'. The deadline also leads to the final *coup de*

*théâtre*. This surprise ending allows Verne to correct the bland idea of travelling around the world in so many days; and it enables his anarchism to fight back against a world where everything seems totally organized and timetabled.

All the same, the gain of 24 hours can equally well be considered a waste of 79 days and 26,000 miles. Despite the brainwave, in other words, the *raison d'être* for the trip still remains problematic. A mere bet cannot be considered worthy of the successor of Hatteras, Lidenbrock, and Nemo. Too great a dependence on the idea of time is indeed dangerous, for Verne's seminal short story 'Master Zacharius' (1854) had already shown that time cannot substitute for a futile existence. The problem is that time has no tangible reality—and Verne instinctively avoids intangibles. In sum, Fogg's 80 days, with its bonus of a temporal shift, represents only a partial answer to the fundamental problem of motivation and meaning. It probably constitutes the least bad solution to an imperfect world where there are no metaphysical absolutes or transcendental journeys left.

As if to compensate for the unreliability of what modern critics call 'time as theme', the completed work displays great complexity in the 'time of the plot'. The purely linear trip as determined by the timetables represents in reality just the starting-point of a whole multiplicity of interlocking structures.

The narration starts off slowly, with leisurely parentheses and detailed social observations, but then accelerates from the Rockies onwards. The weaving back and forth between Hong Kong and Yokohama may cause many readers to forget where they are, but probably few even notice the narrative device that consists of remaining with Aouda and Fix while Fogg and Passepartout are away having adventures with the Indians. Above all, very few may realize that many sections of Fogg's journey are omitted, including the one from Sydenham to Suez! This jumping across the Channel, the Alps, the Mediterranean, and the Canal itself is achieved largely by means of concentrating on Fix's telegram instead—the nearest the nineteenth century got to instantaneous long-distance communication and hence ubiquity. Whereas critics have marvelled at

novels of the period mirroring the *social* effects of technical innovations, apparently only poor Verne fully absorbs the changes into his *literary* technique. ‘Poor’ Verne, because it is so well done that nobody seems to have noticed the extent of the jump linking London directly to Suez.

However, the Hong Kong and Suez comings and goings pale beside the final crescendo, which is probably unique in the history of literature. Put simply, it is a flashback that does not exist! After Aouda’s proposal, Chapter 26 presents itself as a flashback to the Reform Club—but then shows the astounding, divine appearance of Mr Fogg. The following chapter proceeds further back to show Fogg realizing what date it is, and then terminates this second flashback. And because of the ‘missing’ day, the flashback of Chapter 26 never needs closing.

Verne has here instituted an unparalleled time-machine, doing away with the tiresome need to resynchronize events afterwards. This unique temporal shifter produces the textual equivalent of a Klein bottle or a Möbius strip, for it flips you over but then smoothly brings you back to where you started from. Verne has often been presented as a past master at anticipation, and indeed he is. His anticipation is, however, almost never of the scientific sort but consistently and brilliantly of the literary variety.

If we examine the space of the novel, we find a similar originality. The route of Fogg’s journey is ‘overdetermined’: simultaneously the quickest route, the one suggested by his colleagues, the one determined by *Bradshaw*, and the one that goes through the most British possessions. The trip is stripped down to the bare essentials: everything in the universe has been eliminated apart from the linear route itself. Fogg, Passepartout, and Fix can consequently never escape or get lost, but are destined merely to bump into each other indefinitely. Even the runaway engine has nowhere to go, and so must eventually reverse shamefacedly back.

But the one-dimensional route is rarely a *straight* line. There seems to be a hierarchy in the means of transport, from the most natural to the least, and correspondingly from the most

direct to the least. The elephant and the land-yacht simply cut autocratically across the shortest route. The ocean crossings use a combination of sail and steam, and so represent intermediate-status 'loxodromies': lines that appear straight on the ocean but curved on the map projection. But the high-tech steam locomotives must temper their straight-line ravishing of the countryside by mixing in a degree of sinuosity; they must employ a roundabout approach to penetration. Their linearity has to be ecologically integrated with the rest of space. Tunnels are out.

Nor is orientation a simple matter. Why does Fogg head east, not west? Presumably so that Passepartout can see Paris again, so that the subplot of the bank-robber fleeing to America can be maintained for longer, so that the final day can be saved rather than lost, and because the *Morning Chronicle's* schedule does. But no serious reason is ever given. Inspector Fix, on the other hand, perceives space as having a dual structure. Before Hong Kong he does everything to slow Fogg down; after, to speed him up again. His space is therefore equivalent to two distinct linear segments, both having the British colony as a pole of repulsion and London as a pole of attraction.

Even a straight line if continued far enough constitutes a circle. This does present some advantages: it avoids the narratorial catastrophe of having to cover terrain twice; it enables the hero to come back and reap the honours due; and it allows the book to come to a tidy conclusion. It also chimes in with a persistent psychological and narrative trait of the *Extraordinary Journeys*: the need to take the most circuitous route, the mingled attraction-repulsion of the object of desire. But the return of the wanderer, however much postponed, underlines the futility of leaving in the first place and the trite existence prevailing back home. Accordingly Verne originally abandoned Hatteras at the Pole, the astronauts circling the moon for ever, and Nemo permanently prowling the seas (although he was forced to recant in each case). Fogg's orbit then represents a once-in-a-lifetime solution to the conundrum: because the line becomes a circle, it gets him back to the Reform Club; because the circle remains a line, it satisfies his

penchant for forging ahead and the narrator's need to maximize contact with the new.

The collapsing of three-dimensional space to the linear structure of Fogg's route corresponds, in sum, to the drastic reduction in the modern opportunities for heroism. In this strangely limited microcosm, the role of chance is radically diminished, replaced by an iron necessity. The structure thus pastiches the monomaniacal endeavours of Verne's previous heroes, with their blindness to lateral movement and their linear cries of 'Forward!' In a post-Romantic world, frostbite and leeches have been replaced by fur coats and liners, freedom of movement by the narrowest of strait-jackets, and the transcendental points of the globe by a transplanted Surrey stockbroker belt—or by simply carrying on until one gets home again. Verne pulls some surprising tricks out of Fogg's one-way journey.

'Decidedly Phileas Fogg only had a heart when it was needed for behaving heroically, not tenderly'

(Ch. 17)

*Around the World* represents a new departure for Verne in terms of his exploration of the human mind. In the previous works the quest had usually been as important as the questers, but now one of the main centres of interest lies in Fogg himself. Although he may seem a man without qualities, we eventually come to observe his behaviour with bated breath.

Much critical reaction to Phileas Fogg has been determined by the opening chapters, which portray a psychological 'limiting case', a tragi-comic living-dead creature. At the beginning he just plays whist and reads the newspapers, indulges in clock-watching, and generally goes round in circles. He is above all defined by his absences. We know nothing at all about him except that he has 'probably' travelled, 'must have been' a sailor—and writes with a leaden prose style. The narrator comments freely, however: Fogg is highly punctual, fixed in his ways, verging on the timeless; he is above all monomaniacally single-minded. His essential problem ap-

pears to be social, for what distinguishes him is his isolation. He has no time for 'rubbing against people': neither social intercourse nor for that more intimate 'rubbing himself up against' people. Passepartout's first reaction is instructive. The Frenchman is seeking order and regularity, in reaction to the prevailing hedonism and self-indulgence; but even he seems shocked by the extremes his new master goes to.

In Verne's works, chronometric rigidity tends to destroy its own object. Some flexibility is necessary for all the things Fogg does not do—laugh, create, travel, and so on. Whether as a scientific theory or a mode of behaviour, then, what Verne calls the 'methodism' of mechanics constitutes its weakness in the face of the vagaries of the real world. Mechanics was of course a frequent model over much of the period 1850–80, the apogee of scientism. But Verne argues that it does not solve very much; and that time and space, especially, cannot be treated as mere physical variables. Fogg is thus at the beginning merely the intersection of several symbolisms, a sad mechanical shell, a frustrated figure waiting for an undefined Godot, a challenge for the narrator's inventiveness.

The portrait in the first manuscript is particularly unrelenting. Although Fogg is younger than the author, many of his traits resemble these of Verne's own father, who was obsessed with punctuality and ran the house like a monastery crossed with a prison. But once the paternal score has been settled, the portrait can then be progressively tempered. Passepartout comes to observe that Fogg is in fact quite tolerant and even shares his first-class compartment with his servant—if not his whist table.

Just as the servant is being won over, a second witness for the prosecution is wheeled on. The Indian Brigadier-General considers Fogg impossible to talk to, and his bet a selfish eccentricity serving no purpose whatsoever. Phileas has no reason for living, he is no use to anyone, not even himself. This view is corroborated by Passepartout's observation that Fogg has no curiosity, that he seems to listen without hearing and look without seeing. In a word, he is cold. Nearly everybody, down to the Royal Geographical Society, is thus ranged against him. Critics have echoed this opinion, arguing that

Fogg is, amongst other things, 'inadequate and ill-adapted . . . a dismal failure . . . as a human being'.

But the case for the defence is simultaneously being presented. Fogg invariably behaves generously; even his mechanical formality may be an ironic way of defending British law-abidingness; unpopularity is often a sign of originality in the *Journeys*. Fogg is efficient, polite, tenacious, fair-minded, truthful, intelligent, and inventive. He seeks rational solutions, sleeps perfectly, and never runs after trains or boats. Compared with his dreadful co-members, Fogg indeed represents the epitome of good sense.

He stops to rescue Aouda since he 'has the time'. But although this hard-headed, almost Thatcherian, self-description rings true, it is less than fair. He in fact risks his life, and has to be held back from 'a moment of selfless madness'. Later he saves Passepartout as well, risking his fortune 'through a sense of duty, without empty words'.

The sole remaining charge, then, is the buttoned-up aspect, the misogyny, the lack of spontaneity—his anti-Romanticism. The Brigadier-General's view is supported by Aouda, whose puzzlement persists almost to the end. So does Fogg's tendency to hermetic solipsism, as symbolized by the closed curtains of his return. The narrator himself joins in: 'The Fogg that had come back was exactly the same as the Fogg that had left.' And the closing words again echo the Brigadier-General's: 'But what was the point? . . . No[ne], agreed, were it not for a lovely wife, who—however unlikely it may seem—made him the happiest of men! | In truth, wouldn't one go round the world for less?'

Conventional happy endings were often forced on the novelist by Hetzel, more concerned with sales than art; and Verne admitted (or claimed?) that he was very bad at writing tender sentiments. The publisher may even have had a hand in the final chapters. If so, where would that leave Fogg?

My own view is that, although disguised by its three accompanying reservations, the conclusion is sincere, almost painfully so. The idea that Fogg might still be unfeeling had in fact been critically undermined in the Liverpool prison, where we perceive his inner being for the first time; and is then

demolished by the proposal scene. Verne never fears simple language, and there seems no reason not to take the final assessment at approximately face value. His companions end up totally bowled over by Fogg. He is in fact revealed to be a hyper-sensitive being and a late developer whose emotions are not absent but simply concealed. Aouda (and the narrator) had been judging solely by appearances: fatal in Verne's world where most of the scenes are constructed from *trompe-l'œil* and whole books are traps. The price paid is undoubtedly the loss of Fogg's punctuality, logic, coolness, and self-sufficiency. Any claim that he remains unchanged by his experiences is therefore particularly wide of the mark.

It is also true that Fogg's interest in Aouda may be uncontrollable lust; that he may in the end have become just too much like the rest of us; that Aouda may not be happy married to someone over twice her age; and that Verne in any case opposes the idea of marriage. But, whatever Hetzel's role, and whatever traces of irony may be lurking in the background, the first manuscript demonstrates the primacy of the idea 'wife—happiest of men', and this survives untouched to the final version.

Verne often accepts contrary views—occasionally simultaneously—but he seems here to be adopting the position of the idealist. He adheres to the Stendhalian view that happiness, however elusive and short lived, should be aimed for—even if it means getting married. Fogg probably qualifies, then, on balance, for our approval. In later years, Verne always spoke favourably of his creation. Fogg is the ideal hero for the self-doubting and changeable modern age.

It will have been noticed that, in exploring Fogg's underlying nature, I have twice claimed that the narrator is mistaken about him. That we cannot trust the truth of Verne's text clearly represents a radical view. My claim does not, however, consist of the fairly common one in writing about nineteenth-century fiction, that the narrator is unreliable because of his limited knowledge. Nor is it even that he resembles twentieth-century narrators like Proust's, in being more and more unsure of everything in a process of indefinite regress. The



hypothesis being proposed here is the stronger one that he is simply wrong—indeed actively mendacious.

The following are merely the most blatant examples: ‘now that a railway crosses the whole width of India’; ‘the old Rajah . . . was suddenly seen to become erect’; ‘Fix was no longer [on board] to place obstacles in the way’; ‘throughout that Sunday . . . his colleagues were no longer expecting him’; and ‘[Fogg] was now well and truly ruined . . . His bet was lost’.

All these statements are untrue. A first reaction may be that some of them are in free indirect style, that is, they are reporting the characters’ words or thoughts without necessarily agreeing with them. But we are very rarely privy to the thoughts of, in particular, Fogg; and some of the instances are difficult to link with any of the characters—as indeed are the erroneous dates the narrator uses after the Pacific crossing. We are forced therefore to conclude that in at least some of the cases the narrator is reporting his own immediate ‘thoughts’, and that these are just as subject to delusion as the thoughts of any of the characters; sometimes, indeed, changing within a line or two.

Verne’s narrator thus has the outward form of the nineteenth-century’s omniscient and ubiquitous narrator, but is in fact less reliable than the twentieth-century bystander-narrator: a combination that very much undercuts the veracity and authority of his own position, and throws considerable doubt on his role as a whole. Even the late twentieth century has not accustomed us to a narratorial figure actively misleading the reader. The radical conclusion is that Verne disassociates himself from his own narrator. The novel is thus surprisingly modern, for no framework of truth can exist in any part of it.

‘Face isn’t the only expressive organ’

(MSI)

We have observed that the serene surface of *Around the World* hides depths of sex and violence, a fair amount of contradiction, and concerns about personal identity, love, time, and space. How is the anguish cloaked?

One answer lies in the humour, which by its nature reconciles oppositions and enables the unthinkable to be thought. Fogg's mathematical precision provides much of it—Bergson was later to emphasize the comic of the mechanical. Some of the humour also centres on his reactions to strange foreign customs and deviations from his self-imposed code of behaviour. But the difference between his personality and those of Passepartout and Fix also gives rise to much of the humour, causing misunderstandings to abound and a classical tragicomic triangle to develop. The humour then affects even the narration, which borrows many of its understated, *pince-sans-rire* characteristics from Fogg himself.

The humour never becomes biting; and indeed the novel is at times rather melodramatic. Thus the violence almost never does any harm, with the two assaults on Fix and the effect of the American Indian attack coming over as oddly detached. As if to compensate, the description of the Indians themselves torn to pieces by the train's wheels introduces a gratuitously gruesome element.

Another hidden aspect is the artistic process itself: in common with most of his century, Verne does not show the creative impulse at work, but nevertheless many of his thematic concerns coincide with those of the writer, caught between 'what he wants to say' and inchoate forces seeking expression.

The comic elements, violence, and creativity can in fact be considered part of a wider network of meaning which also englobes the 'unknowability' of the hero and the narrator's duplicities. There exists a meta-theory which, although not fully formulated in the 1870s, provides a powerful benefit-of-hindsight analysis of the novel's clandestine features. Modern psychology has indicated the existence of different areas of the mind and consequently distinct modes of behaviour. The vital missing link can thus be found in Freud's demonstration that the human personality is 'split', that the dark undercurrents of the psyche, unknown to the subject, are divorced from the publicly visible persona.

Verne demonstrated great interest in mental phenomena throughout his life. In 1850 he enthusiastically wrote to his

parents about a 'magnétiseur' ('mesmerizer' or 'hypnotist') called Alexis who gave public performances. He went to these twice, and wrote that Alexis was able to deduce considerable information about the Verne family from a simple physical object, in a way that the writer describes as 'miraculous'. Starting from his early twenties, Verne suffered from paralysis in one side of his face, but was treated in 1851 by means of electricity. Following these two events, electricity and magnetism play an important part in his works, not only as 'powers at a distance', but especially as inseparably physical and psychic phenomena. Electromagnetism generates, for instance, the plot in *Antarctic Mystery* (1897); and hypnotism is used in *The Mysterious Island* (1874) to restore speech to a madman by taking him back to the traumatic events that provoked his illness. Another hypnotism scene, in *Mathias Sandorf* (1885), lists doctors specializing in mental illness, including the co-founder of modern neurology, Jean-Martin Charcot (1825–93), whom Verne himself may have consulted in the 1850s. Charcot was also renowned for his disciple Pierre Janet's development of the idea of the unconscious—and for being the first to interest one of his students, called Sigmund Freud, in the mental origins of neurosis (see note to Ch. 27 for further details). There exists, in other words, at least one link between Verne and the founder of twentieth-century psychology. And this link passes through the vital notion of the unconscious, which William James called 'the most important discovery of the nineteenth century'.

Another relevant thread may be Verne's own family. From about 1873 onwards, the physical and mental health of his only son Michel gave him great cause for concern, and resulted in his being hospitalized in 1874 in the clinic of Dr Antoine Blanche (1828–93), a renowned mental specialist who treated writers including Nerval and Maupassant. In 1886, Verne was fired on and permanently disabled by his mentally ill nephew Gaston. The author often wrote that he himself was 'misunderstood' and that he had a dark 'secret'. Whether this was sexual, psychological, or otherwise, it points in any case to murky depths in the soul, ones clearly shared with Michel and Gaston.

From the earliest works, Verne similarly suggests that his characters have hidden motivations. They are constantly prey to strong emotions which lead them into situations that their rational mind would not have chosen. This concept is not in itself surprising; but starting from the 1860s, Verne begins to use words like 'without thinking' when describing his characters' behaviour.

In the seventh edition (1867) of *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, he adds new chapters based on the most up-to-date theories of prehistory and the origins of the human race, including a reference to a certain William Carpenter (1813–85). This polymath was not only a writer on the sea depths and the law of the circulation of the oceans, but the author of *Zoology . . . and Fossil Remains* (1857 and 1866), *The Unconscious Action of the Brain* (1866–71), 'Is Man an Automaton?' (1875), and *Mesmerism, Spiritualism, &c. . .* (1877). Most of his findings were published in the Proceedings of the Royal Institution or the Geographical Society; and in 1873 he became a corresponding member of the Institute of France. Carpenter's sevenfold interest in France, learned societies, the fossil past, the ocean's abysses, the origins of man, automatic behaviour, and the hidden areas of the mind seems almost too perfect. His influence must be counted as a source of Verne's innovative psychology of the depths from 1867 onwards.

It should now be evident why the characters in *Around the World* have such different public and private faces, why the narrator contradicts himself so often, why the protagonists appear so often in catatonic poses, why humour plays such a prominent role, why creativity is masked in the novel, and why, above all, mental phenomena are so important. The answers lie in the unconscious.

All of the characters stand constantly divided. The collectivities are subject to 'undercurrents': changes which are not obvious on the surface, but in any case irrational. Even the boring clubmen feel simultaneously secure and insecure. Again, Fix is not only blind to motives in others, but prey to conflicting forces within himself, making him constantly do things without noticing or things he does not 'really' want to

do. The scene on Kearney Station, where he solipsistically argues with himself and cannot move despite longing to do so, provides a brilliant illustration. A similar division is externalized as the Fogg-Passepartout couple: the two men successfully operate as a team, with Fogg the rational and Passepartout the instinctive part, each having his own *modus operandi*, but neither permanently in charge. In all these cases, then, the vital distinction is between the conscious and the unconscious minds.

Fogg represents indeed the archetypally repressed individual that Freud associates with the achievements of the Victorian age. This automaton remains blind to his environment and hence unprepared for the unexpected—especially from within. Repressing urges, warns Verne, just makes them bigger. Precisely because he is so dominated by his rules and regulations, Fogg remains permanently at risk.

Aouda's conversion to Fogg's cause has a corresponding language of 'almost without her knowing', 'unexplained premonition', and 'more than she realized'. Her final 'Do you want me?', with its excessive frankness, appears remarkably similar to the secret desires expressed in a canonical Freudian slip.

Generally, all four main characters are described as having battles going on within them, as oscillating between states, as being beside themselves. The following are amongst the remarkable adjectives and adverbs used: mesmerized, hypnotized, instinctively, mechanically, automatically, secretly, involuntarily, and unconsciously. The vocabulary is systematic throughout the novel. In other words, all four are credited with having motives which determine their actions but remain hidden from themselves. And Verne's use may represent an important innovation, since his term 'inconsciemment' ('unconsciously') is unrecorded in any of the dictionaries before 1876.

Previously, the unexplored past was represented by the fundamental image of the historic and prehistoric remains in the ocean and the geological layers in the Earth's crust. In *Around the World* the image is replaced by tunnels—themselves carefully hidden—but especially by the repeated analogy of 'en-

crustation'. This term is applied not only to the Great Salt Lake, which has got deeper as it has grown smaller, but to ideas fixing themselves in the depths of the characters' minds.

Even that great Freudian standby, uncontrollable sexuality, constantly rampages through *Around the World*—confirming that the book is not designed for callow adolescents. The sexual symbolism is so blatant that it is surprising it was allowed; and two scenes elevate it to a paroxysm. Soon after a vision of barely clothed Indian dancing-girls, twice accompanied in the French text by the word 'viole' (a 'viol' but also 'rapes' or 'violates'), four men witness a religious scene with a half-naked reclining woman as centre-piece; and sexuality immediately proceeds to have a field-day. The episode of the Long Noses again represents nothing but one extended *double entendre*. In both scenes, there also appears a worry that everything might come crashing down: a fear of impotence, connected with the female sexuality visible in the chapter on that other erotico-religious group, the Mormons. It seems appropriate, therefore, that brazen homosexual overtures occur frequently between all three male characters.

Sex thus constitutes a perfect way for Verne to illustrate that the religious impulse is not always what it seems, that the superego is not permanently in control, that the 'other' may intervene, that the mind's composition is not in the face, that Fogg's stiffness may have an ulterior explanation. 'In man, just like the animals, the members are veritable organs expressing the passions'—or as the first manuscript puts it, 'Face isn't the only expressive organ'.

The remarkable images of the novel, then, range from encrustation to systematic innuendo to scrutiny of Fogg's organ. They all combine with an explicit and repeated indication that the characters' rational minds are not in control. Verne thus produces an inventive account of human nature, involving split personality, repressed memories, neurotic behaviour, illicit impulses, sexual obsessions, and many of the concepts that would later be formalized by the psychologists. Even if many pre-Freudian ideas of repression and hidden motivation were current in the 1870s, *Around the World* is highly original in its literary formulation of them. Freud himself pointed out

that most of the scientists' ideas were previously visible in literature—and the case of the unconscious would seem to confirm this.

Or as Verne wrote in 1882, 'There are two beings inside us: me and the other.'

*Around the World in Eighty Days* is in many ways a key work in Verne's production. All sorts of cracks run deep through the novel. The shrinking of the globe, caused notably by the closing down of the age of exploration and the building of the railways, will shatter his universe once and for all, and *Around the World* represents the breaking-point.

Science-fiction novels have made great play of adapting space and time and studying the consequences—but Verne does this within the additional constraints of his century. Without wishing to make Verne an anticipator of the theory of relativity, he does here pose the question, in subtle and above all literary fashion, of relative time-frames and hence whether an absolute time-scale can ever exist. His novel also gives a central role to anxiety about machine-based, standardized, and soon-to-be-mass travel. It introduces two important techniques involving narrative point of view and depiction of character. It thus undermines conceptions of objectivity and coherence in a manner that will become much more prevalent later. In terms of the labels currently fashionable, *Around the World* may consequently be judged startlingly modern, perhaps even verging on the post-modern.

For the reader at the turn of the millennium, all these special effects add up to a work of unparalleled readability. Verne has mastered the art of making the difficult look so easy as to appear uncrafted. His is a model of directness and accessibility. The result of all his inner turmoil is to produce a work of unique serenity. Fogg's rigidity has given unalloyed pleasure to tens of millions of readers.

*Around the World in Eighty Days* must rank as one of its century's most surprising achievements.

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## NOTE ON THE TEXT AND TRANSLATION

At least two manuscripts of *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* survive (the MS<sub>1</sub> and MS<sub>2</sub> cited here are held by the Town of Nantes and the Bibliothèque nationale, to whom grateful acknowledgements are recorded). Although often illegible, MS<sub>1</sub> is more revealing. It bears the date '29 March 1872' on the cover (probably the date when it was begun); and it converts to note form in the middle of 'chapter 27'. MS<sub>2</sub> is much more legible. On the front cover it bears the definitive title, plus 'Page 28'; and it reads '16,998' (the number of lines) at the beginning of the text. It is complete apart from two sheets missing in Ch. 7 and four in Ch. 18.

The uniform appearance of the two manuscripts implies that they were recopied from earlier drafts (usually in pencil underneath the ink version); but the text of both is typical of the period in being careless in spelling, use of capitals, hyphens, punctuation, and so on. Nevertheless, a few of the mistakes in the published text, for instance 'Londonner' (Ch. 1), are correct in these manuscripts.

The thirty-second sheet of the first manuscript contains a vital early sketch of Ch. 1, upside down in the left margin. In addition to containing doodles of what may be a Red Indian, of a Jewish-looking face, and of a dog, it reads:

Around the World in 80 Days

340 520

—  
I.

The reform club, Pall mall, 1858 [or 183x] ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Burgh [in English]

60 clubs in London [these first two lines loosely crossed out]  
reform club ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the ~~fortune~~  
~~longxxxxx~~ supposed/supported by [m]illion markxxx xxxounds

1 October 1872, a 40-year-old man,

—Face isn't the only expressive organ, rem. ['obs'] gentleman/sir.

—Fog's foot never rxxxx—accordingly, given Article 29

qux

fx banks [in English]

fog 'qine' [for 'quine?']

Fog xxx xxxx

---

16 Fog at home.

These few lines, preserved by accident, are extremely important for our understanding of the book. They show, first, that the Reform Club, 'Fog', and money are central from the beginning. But it is the year indicated, apparently '1858', which is a revelation, for this fourteen-year backdating implies a radically different conception of *Around the World*. Britain was not initially imagined in terms of the engineering, financial, and colonial successes of the 1870s. The question then arises whether Verne's idea was to describe a circumnavigation before the railways existed. But the date above all points to the 1859 trip to the land of Verne's ancestors, a vital influence on the whole of the following production.

Wey reads 'London has more than 60 clubs' and 'the heart of the City is called "the Borough"'—proving once again his influence.

The clearly legible '—Face isn't the only expressive organ' is also vital. Its explicit sexual innuendo declares that the mind's composition is not in the face, that Fogg's imperturbability conceals the strongest impulses, and that his fate will ultimately be determined by his libido. Its laconic form betrays Verne's haste to get his ideas down—but also prefigures the ellipticality Fogg himself displays throughout the book.

The mention of Fogg's foot may be connected with Byron's club-foot, or else with Fogg's habit of always going forward. The basis for Fogg's formalism would seem to be legal: the fascinating allusion to 'Article 29' is complemented by legal references throughout the book—not surprising since Verne was the son of a lawyer and a trained lawyer himself.

The reading of 'quine' for 'qine' is more hypothetical: 'quine' meant 'a winning combination of five numbers in the state lotteries'—perhaps an allusion to Fogg's winning gamble.

This fragment, in sum, is highly revealing.

The first page of MS<sub>1</sub> reads as follows (phrases which are not in the published version appear in italics):

Around the World in 80 Days

—  
I.

In the year 1872, No. 7 Savile Row—where Sheridan died in — had *only* been occupied for a few months by a certain Phileas Fogg, Esq., *one of the members recently admitted into the honourable association of the Reform Club.*

One of the greatest *statesmen* to have honoured—and been honoured by—Britain had therefore been succeeded in this residence by this Phileas Fogg, a mysterious and enigmatic figure: *his past was unknown, and no one knew where he came from, where he went to, what he did, or who he spent his time with.* Although clearly British, he was not a Londoner. He had never been spotted in the Stock Exchange, the Bank, or the City. Neither the basins of London, nor those of *St Catherine*, nor those of xxxxx xxxxx, nor the docks! of the *Company of the East [sic] Indies*, nor those of the *East India Company* had berthed a ship for an owner called Phileas Fogg . . . nor even the Society for the Combined Arts and Sciences which enjoys the direct patronage of Her Gracious Majesty *and whose vice-xxxxx was formerly the Duke of Wellington.* He was not a member of the associations that breed: *none, from the committee xxxxxx Hanover [equine xsolved?] to the Entomological Society*, founded chiefly with the aim of a thousand xxx xxx xxxxx, the institution for harmful insects. ~~He was~~ Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform Club—that's all that can be said.

It was surprising to see a gentleman *so lacking in curiosity* [included?] amongst the members of this honourable association. *Accordingly, his admission was debated for a relatively long time, but in the end he got in on the recommendation of his xxxxxx xx, grasping, of Rotschild [sic] and Son* with whom he had an ~~acco~~ unlimited overdraft facility. Hence a certain 'profile' for this Fogg, whose cheques were regularly paid on sight, and his account was invariably in the black.

These three opening paragraphs contribute considerably to our understanding of the text. First, Wey had referred to 'the docks—meaning basins—of London, of St Catherine or of the East India Company'. Verne's repetition of the East Indies is greatly clarified by Wey, who also refers to the docks of 'the West Indies'! In other words, Verne confuses east and west,

as he does throughout the novel. For every Frenchman, the Duke of Wellington was synonymous with the defeat at Waterloo; but political allusions had little chance of surviving Hetzel's censorship. The illegible—and similarly cut—reference to the House of 'Hanover' is frustrating. Again, Sheridan's downgrading from 'states[man]' to 'public speaker', and the accompanying deletion of 'honoured by' Britain, affects our perception of writers who wish to influence the commonwealth. We also see signs in this passage of the anti-Semitism visible elsewhere in the *Journeys*. In addition, one of the central themes of the book, Fogg's relationship with the Reform Club, is different here, being markedly more conflictual.

Finally, MS<sub>1</sub> and MS<sub>2</sub> contain a number of significant variants in points of detail. Thus in MS<sub>1</sub> '2 October' (Ch. 1) is '1 October', and in MS<sub>2</sub> 'twenty minutes to six' (Ch. 3) is '... eight' (perhaps due to the different dining times in France and Britain) and all the time indications in Ch. 34 are about two hours behind. The anti-Romantic dig of the first page is reinforced in the description of 'a Byron *without passion, grown cold, impassive* . . . without ever growing *physically old*' (MS<sub>2</sub>). The portrait of Fogg is generally less complimentary in MS<sub>1</sub>, omitting the words 'fine and noble face', and occasionally possessing biblical overtones ('precision *made man*'); in MS<sub>2</sub>, in addition, the sexual allusion appears stronger, as in 'as flawless ~~in his moving parts~~'. We also learn that Fogg's clock indicates 'the phases of the sun and the moon' (MS<sub>1</sub>); that he is 'forty ~~to forty two~~ years old' and the 'owner' rather than the 'occupant' of 7 Savile Row (MS<sub>2</sub>); and that he—most unusually—undergoes 'an anxious moment' (MS<sub>1</sub>) before the arrival of his new servant, 'who ~~had been recommended to him at the Club~~' (MS<sub>2</sub>). Virtually the whole of the first paragraph about Passepartout is in fact missing from MS<sub>1</sub>, together with the exchange about his watch being slow; in MS<sub>2</sub>, he 'wish[es] to *participate again in family life*' (rather than 'try'), and is described as being 'a dyed-in-the-wool stay-at-home'. In sum, we may regret many of the published changes, which simplify the story but delete interesting facets of, especially, Passepartout's background.

The text used for the present edition is based on the illustrated 1873 one reprinted in all the modern French editions. Unlike most of the previous volumes, *Around the World in Eighty Days* was not serialized in Hetzel's *Magasin d'Éducation et de Récréation*, but in the adult review *Le Temps* (6 November–22 December 1872). It was then published in the unillustrated 18mo edition in January 1873. As usual, the illustrations (by Neuville and Benett) were only included in the more expensive first large-octavo edition (December 1873).

The present translation is an entirely new one, benefiting from the most recent scholarship on Verne and aiming to be faithful to the text. However, the use of phrases like 'he said' and 'she replied', of ellipses and exclamation marks, and of very long sentences has been slightly reduced. Also omitted are the equivalents in francs that Verne gives of the sums Fogg spends (at the variable rate of 20 or 25 francs to the pound). It is not always clear whether Verne is using French or British feet and miles, so distances here are sometimes slightly approximate.

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The major scholarly books on Verne in English are Andrew Martin, *The Mask of the Prophet: The Extraordinary Fictions of Jules Verne* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990) and William Butcher, *Verne's Journey to the Centre of the Self: Space and Time in the 'Voyages extraordinaires'* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1990). Arthur B. Evans's *Jules Verne Rediscovered: Didacticism and the Scientific Novel* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1988) is also worth consulting.<sup>1</sup>

Amongst the French critics, François Raymond and Daniel Compère's *Le Développement des études sur Jules Verne* (Minard (Archives des lettres modernes), 1976) still remains the most readable introduction. There exist many stimulating collections of articles, notably: *L'Herne: Jules Verne*, ed. P.-A. Touttain (L'Herne, 1974), *Colloque de Cerisy: Jules Verne et les sciences humaines*, ed. François Raymond and Simone Vierre (Union générale d'éditions, 1979), *Modernités de Jules Verne*, ed. Jean Bessière (Presses universitaires de France, 1988), and the seven volumes of the Minard (Lettres modernes) series on Verne, especially *Machines et imaginaire* (1980) and *Texte, image, spectacle* (1983).

The following may also be useful: Jean Chesneaux, *Une lecture politique de Jules Verne* (Maspero, 1971, 1982), translated as *The Political and Social Ideas of Jules Verne* (Thames and Hudson, 1972), Simone Vierre, *Jules Verne* (Balland (Phares), 1986), Alain Froidefond, *Voyages au centre de l'horloge: Essai sur un texte-génèse, 'Maître Zacharius'* (Minard, 1988), and Olivier Dumas, *Jules Verne* (Lyons: La Manufacture, 1988).

<sup>1</sup> All places of publication are London or Paris unless otherwise indicated. All dates of Verne's works are those of the beginning of their first publication, usually in serial form.

The best biography is Jean Jules-Verne, *Jules Verne* (Hachette, 1973), translated and adapted by Roger Greaves as *Jules Verne: A Biography* (MacDonald and Jane's, 1976). But there are also Charles-Noël Martin, *La Vie et l'œuvre de Jules Verne* (Michel de l'Ormerai, 1978) and Marc Soriano, *Jules Verne (le cas Verne)* (Julliard, 1978).

The only systematic secondary bibliographies are the exhaustive listing in Jean-Michel Margot, *Bibliographie documentaire sur Jules Verne* (Amiens: Centre de documentation Jules Verne, 1989) and the critical bibliography, William Butcher, 'Jules and Michel Verne', in David Baguley (ed.), *Critical Bibliography of French Literature: The Nineteenth Century* (New York: University of London (Ontario) with Syracuse University Press, 1994).

The main studies on *Around the World in Eighty Days* are:

Albors, Enrique Garcia, 'Le Coup de théâtre final du *Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*', *Bulletin de la Société Jules Verne*, 6: 2 (1968), 10-12.

Auden, W. H., *The Dyer's Hand and Other Essays* (New York: Random House, 1962), 139-43 (the Fogg-Passepartout relationship, which both envisage as a formal master-servant one, is transformed by the rescuing of Aouda, with each thereafter risking his life for the other; and is thus a parable of Agape).

Avrane, Patrick, *Un divan pour Phileas Fogg* (Aubier, 1989) (psychoanalytical study of Fogg).

Bradbury, Ray, 'Introduction', in *Around the World in Eighty Days* (Los Angeles: Plantin Press, 1962), vii-xii (enthusiastic piece showing that Fogg and Passepartout represent respectively thinking and doing, the eccentric genius of taste and imagination and his uncreative shadow).

Brisson, Adolphe, *Portraits intimes* (Colin, 1899), iv. 111-20 (recounts a visit in which Verne mentions a Thomas Cook 'advertisement' as the source of *Around the World*).

Cocteau, Jean, *Mon premier voyage (Tour du monde en 80 jours)* (Gallimard, 1936) (Cocteau's trip round the world following Fogg's footsteps, plus the influence of Verne on his own writing: the idea of encircling the world is a modern myth, that of reconnoitring man's domain).

Cordeau, Valérie, 'Jules Verne: *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*', *Maîtrise de lettres modernes*, Université de Picardie, 1991.

Daudet, Alphonse, 'Le Tour du monde en 80 Jours par Jules Verne et d'Ennery', in *Pages inédites de critique dramatique* (Flammarion, 1875), 179-82.

- Edgren, A. H., 'Preface, Biographical Sketch and Notes', in *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1898 (student edition)), 3-5.
- Evans, I. O., 'Introduction', in *Around the World in Eighty Days* (Arco, 1967), 7-9 (points to *Magasin pittoresque* article as source).
- Farmer, Philip José, *The Other Log of Phileas Fogg* (New York: Daw, 1973) (science fiction based on the mythological dimension of Verne's characters, considered as heroes of our time).
- Green, Alexander, 'Introduction', in *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* (Boston: D. C. Heath, 1926), xi-xviii (claims Verne as 'literary apostle of popular science').
- Martin, Andrew, *The Knowledge of Ignorance: From Genesis to Jules Verne* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985), 142-4 and *passim* (an erudite and ironic account of the structural foundations of Verne's imagination).
- Marx, Adrien, 'Introduction: Jules Verne', in *Around the World in Eighty Days* (Sampson Low, Marston & Company, 1873), 5-10 (mainly about Verne's work habits).
- Mouthon, F. I., 'Le Tour du monde et Jules Verne' (1901), reprinted in *Jules Verne: Textes oubliés*, Union générale d'éditions, 1979, 379-82.
- Porcq, Christian, 'NGORA, ou les images de la folie dans les *Voyages extraordinaires* de Jules Verne', unpublished thesis, University of Paris V, 1991, 134-5, 164-71 (imaginatively exposes the personal and psychoanalytic aspects of Verne's work, especially dreams, the unconscious, and hypnosis).
- Raymond, François, 'L'Homme et l'horloge chez Jules Verne', in *L'Herne: Jules Verne*, ed. P.-A. Touttain (L'Herne, 1974), 141-51 (*Around the World* is a tragi-comedy; Fogg the walking chronometer becomes humanized, but Verne remains ambivalent towards mechanization, with more fluid forms of transport often seeming preferable to trains; Verne is a past master of time, but a time of poetry rather than science).
- (ed.), *Jules Verne 1: Le Tour du monde* (Minard (Lettres modernes), 1976) (a volume uneasily balanced between the scholarly and the admiring): Jean Chesneaux, 'Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours', 11-20 (readable but naïve account of 'the poetry of railways', the humanization of Fogg, and imperialist ideology in India and elsewhere); André Lebois, 'Poétique secrète du *Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*', 21-9 (the themes of gold, Providence, time, mathematical precision, and the influence on Jarry); Daniel Compère, 'Le Jour fantôme', 31-52 (knowledgeably traces possible sources for the initial idea of the novel); Jean-



- Pierre Poncey, 'Misère de Jules Verne, ou l'échec d'un projet', 53-64 (unrelenting attack on Verne); Raymond, 'Tours du monde et tours du texte: procédés verniens, procédés rousselliens', 67-88 (entertainingly explores Verne's *tours*: both the closed circuits on the globe and the narrator's traps, bluffs, and deliberate omissions); Marie-Hélène Huet, 'Exploration du jeu', 95-108 (on bets, games, and death); Pierre Terrasse, 'Le *Tour du monde* au théâtre', 109-24 (information about the play); Jules Verne, 'Les Méridiens et le calendrier', 125-30 (lecture given at the Société de Géographie, 4 Apr. 1873, and first published in the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, 6 (July 1873), 423-8); Daniel Compère, 'Bibliographie' of works on *Around the World*, 189-203.
- Ricardou, Jean, *Pour une théorie du nouveau roman* (Seuil, 1971), 120-4 (studies structural constraints in *Around the World*, and observes the Poe-like use of black on white symbolism).
- Sigaux, Gilbert, 'Préface', in *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* (Lausanne: Rencontre, 1966), 5-14.
- Terrasse, Pierre, 'Naissance du *Tour du monde*', *Bulletin de la Société Jules Verne*, 19: 73 (Jan.-Mar. 1985), 31-4.
- Tournier, Michel, 'A Propos de Marcel Brion, *L'Allemagne romantique*, III: *Les Voyages initiatiques*', *La Nouvelle Critique* (June 1977), 106-7 (distinguishes between novels of confrontation and of initiation, and places *Around the World* in the former, together with *Scarlet and Black* and *Don Quixote*).
- *Les Météores* (Gallimard, 1975), *passim* (points out the contrasting spatio-temporal ideas of Fogg and Passepartout, and brilliantly analyses the structure of the novel; also reveals that his own conceptions of symmetry and difference in human relations are drawn from the male Vernian couple).
- Unwin, Timothy, *Jules Verne: 'Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours'* (Glasgow: University of Glasgow, 1992) (an introduction for students that covers a wide range of topics in a lucid and fair-minded way).
- Verne, Jules, *Around the World in Eighty Days* (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 1873), also published as *The Tour of the World in Eighty Days* (Boston: J. R. Osgood, 1873), trans. Geo. M. Towle and N. d'Anvers (the first translation, of high quality; followed over the years by at least six other signed translations into English, plus a large number of unsigned ones).
- and Adolphe d'Ennery, *Le tour du monde en 80 jours* (play), music by Jean-Jacques Debillemont, opened at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin on 7 Nov. 1874, published by F. Debons, 1875, and Hetzel, 1881, reprinted in *Grand album Jules Verne*, ed.

- Jacques Leclerc (Hachette, 1982); trans. C. Clark as *Around the World in Eighty Days* (French, 1875).
- Vierne, Simone, 'Introduction' and other material in *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* (Garnier-Flammarion, 1978) (a mine of interesting information).

## A CHRONOLOGY OF JULES VERNE

- 1828 8 February: birth of Jules Verne, on the Île Feydeau in Nantes, to Pierre Verne, a lawyer and son and grandson of lawyers, and Sophie, née Allotte de la Fuÿe, from a military line.
- 1829 Birth of brother, Paul, later a naval officer, but who retired in 1859 and became a stockbroker; followed by those of sisters Anna (1836), Mathilde (1839), and Marie (1842).
- 1834-8 Goes to school: the teacher, Mme Sambain, is the widow of a sea-captain, whose return she is still waiting for.
- 1838-41 Collège Saint-Stanislas. Performs well in geography, translation from Greek and Latin, and singing.
- 1841-6 Goes to the Petit Séminaire, then to the Lycée Royal de Nantes. Above average; probably won a prize in geography. Passes *baccalauréat* without difficulty. Writes short pieces in prose.
- 1847 Studies law in Paris; his cousin, Caroline Tronson, with whom he has been unhappily in love for several years, gets engaged. Writes a play called *Alexandre VI*.
- 1848 June: revolution in Paris. Verne is present at the July disturbances. He continues his law studies, sharing a room at 24 Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie. His uncle Châteaubourg introduces him into literary *salons*. Meets novelists Alexandre Dumas *père* and *fil*s. Writes plays, probably including *La Conspiration des poudres*.
- 1849 Passes law degree. Father allows him to stay on in Paris. Writes more plays.
- 1850 12 June: his one-act comedy *Les Pailles rompues* runs for twelve nights at Dumas's Théâtre Historique, and is published.
- 1851 Publishes short stories 'Les Premiers Navires de la Marine mexicaine' and 'Un voyage en ballon'.
- 1852-5 Becomes secretary at Théâtre Lyrique. Publishes 'Martin Paz', 'Maître Zacharius', 'Un hivernage dans les glaces', and the play *Les Châteaux en Californie* in collaboration

- with Pitre-Chevalier. His operette *Le Colin-Maillard*, written with Michel Carré, is performed to music by Hignard.
- 1856 20 May: goes to a wedding in Amiens, and meets a young widow with two children, Honorine de Viane.
- 1857 10 January: marries Honorine; then becomes a stockbroker in Paris, and moves house several times.
- 1859-60 Visits Scotland with Hignard, and is greatly marked by the experience. Writes *Voyage en Angleterre et en Ecosse*.
- 1861 Goes to Norway and Denmark with Hignard. 3 August: birth of only child, Michel.
- 1863 31 January: *Cinq semaines en ballon* appears, three months after submission to publisher Jules Hetzel, and is an immediate success. Writes *Paris au XX<sup>e</sup> siècle*, rejected by the publisher.
- 1864 Publication of 'Edgar Poe et ses œuvres', *Aventures du capitaine Hatteras*, and *Voyage au centre de la Terre*. Gives up his unsuccessful stockbroker practice, and moves to Auteuil.
- 1865 *De la Terre à la Lune* and *Les Enfants du capitaine Grant*. Death of Mme Estelle Duchêne of Asnières, close friend of Verne's.
- 1867 16 March: goes with brother Paul to Liverpool, thence on *Great Eastern* to United States. First English translation of any of the novels, *From the Earth to the Moon*.
- 1868 Buys a boat, the *Saint-Michel*. Visits London.
- 1869 Rents a house in Amiens. *Vingt mille lieues sous les mers* and *Autour de la Lune*.
- 1870 Outbreak of Franco-Prussian War: Verne is coastguard at Le Crotoy (Somme).
- 1871 3 November: father dies.
- 1872 Moves to 44 Boulevard Longueville, Amiens; becomes member of Académie d'Amiens. *Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*.
- 1873-4 *Le Docteur Ox*, *L'Île mystérieuse*, and *Le Chancellor*. Begins collaboration with Adolphe d'Ennery on stage adaptation of novels (*Le Tour du monde en 80 jours*, performed 1874, *Les Enfants du capitaine Grant*, 1878, *Michel Strogoff*, 1880: all highly successful).

- 1876-7 *Michel Strogoff*, *Hector Servadac*, and *Les Indes noires*. Buys second, then third boat, the *Saint-Michel II* and *III*. Gives huge fancy-dress ball. Wife very seriously ill, but recovers.
- 1878 June-August: sails to Lisbon and Algiers.
- 1879-80 *Les Cinq Cents Millions de la Bégum*, *Les Tribulations d'un Chinois en Chine*, and *La Maison à vapeur*. Michel, who had caused problems throughout his childhood, marries an actress, despite the opposition of his father. Verne sails to Norway, Ireland, and Scotland, including Edinburgh and probably the Hebrides.
- 1881 *La Jangada*. Sails to Rotterdam and Copenhagen.
- 1882 October: moves to a larger house at 2 Rue Charles-Dubois, Amiens. *Le Rayon vert*.
- 1883-4 *Kéraban-le-têtu*. Michel abducts a minor, Jeanne. Has two children by her within eleven months. Divorces, and marries her. Verne leaves with wife for grand tour of Mediterranean, but cuts it short. On the way back, is received in private audience by Pope Leo XIII.
- 1885 *Mathias Sandorf*.
- 1886 *Robur-le-conquérant*. 15 February: sells *Saint-Michel III*. 9 March: his nephew Gaston, mentally ill, asks for money to travel to England. Verne refuses, and the nephew fires at him twice, making him lame for life. 17 March: Hetzel dies.
- 1887 15 February: mother dies.
- 1888 Is elected local councillor, on a Republican list. For next fifteen years attends council meetings, administers theatre and fairs, opens Municipal Circus (1889), and gives public lectures.
- 1889 *Sans dessus dessous* and 'In the Year 2889' (published in New York: signed Jules Verne but written by Michel, and then probably translated into English).
- 1890 Stomach problems.
- 1892 *Le Château des Carpathes*. Pays debts for Michel.
- 1895 *L'Île à hélice*, apparently the first novel ever written in a European language in the present tense and third person.
- 1896-7 *Face au drapeau* and *Le Sphinx des glaces*. Sued by chemist Turpin, inventor of melinite, who recognizes himself in *Face au drapeau*. Successfully defended by Raymond

- Poincaré, later President of France. Health deteriorates. 27 August: brother dies.
- 1899 Dreyfus Affair: Verne is initially anti-Dreyfus, but approves of the case being reviewed.
- 1900 Moves back into 44 Boulevard Longueville. Sight weakens (cataracts).
- 1901 *Le Village aérien*.
- 1904 *Maître du monde*.
- 1905 17 March, falls seriously ill with diabetes. 24 March: dies, and is buried in Amiens.
- 1905-14 On Verne's death, *L'Invasion de la mer* and *Le Phare du bout du monde* are in the process of publication. Michel takes responsibility for the remaining manuscripts, and publishes *Le Volcan d'or* (1906), *L'Agence Thompson and Co.* (1907), *La Chasse au météore* (1908), *Le Pilote du Danube* (1908), *Les Naufragés du 'Jonathan'* (1909), *Le Secret de Wilhelm Storitz* (1910), *Hier et demain* (short stories, including 'L'Éternel Adam') (1910), and *L'Étonnante aventure de la mission Barsac* (1914). In 1978, it is proved that Michel in fact wrote considerable sections of these works, and between 1985 and 1993 the original (i.e. Jules's) versions are published.

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*Around the World  
in Eighty Days*



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*In Which Phileas Fogg and Passepartout Accept  
Each Other, the One as Master and  
the Other as Servant*

IN the year 1872, No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens\*—the house where Sheridan\* died in 1814—was occupied by Phileas Fogg,\* Esq. This gentleman was one of the most remarkable, and indeed most remarked upon, members of the Reform Club,\* although he seemed to go out of his way to do nothing that might attract any attention.

One of the greatest public speakers to honour his country had thus been replaced by the aforesaid Phileas Fogg. The latter was an enigmatic figure about whom nothing was known, except that he was a thorough gentleman and one of the most handsome figures in the whole of high society.

He was said to look like Byron:\* his head at least, for his feet were beyond reproach—but a mustachioed and bewhiskered Byron, an impassive Byron, one who might have lived for a thousand years without ever growing old.

Although clearly British, Mr Fogg might not have been a Londoner. He had never been spotted in the Stock Exchange, the Bank, or the City. The basins and docks of London had never berthed a ship for an owner called Phileas Fogg. This gentleman was not on any board of directors. His name had never rung out in a barristers' chambers, whether at the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn. He had never pleaded in the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, or Exchequer, nor in an Ecclesiastical Court.\* He was not engaged in industry, business, commerce, or agriculture. He did not belong to the Royal Institution of Great Britain, the London Institution, the Artizan Society, the Russell Institution, the Western Literary Institution, the Law Society, nor even that Society for the Combined Arts and Sciences\* which enjoys the direct patronage of Her Gracious Majesty. In sum, he was not a member of any of the associations that breed so prolifically in the capital of the United Kingdom, from the Harmonic Union\* to the

Entomological Society, founded chiefly with the aim of exterminating harmful insects.\*

Phileas Fogg belonged to the Reform Club—and that was all.

Should anyone express surprise that such a mysterious gentleman be numbered amongst the members of that distinguished society,\* it can be pointed out here that he was accepted on the recommendation of Messrs Baring Brothers,\* with whom he had an unlimited overdraft facility. Hence a certain 'profile', for his cheques were always paid on sight and his account remained invariably in the black.

Was this Phileas Fogg well off? Without any doubt. But how he had made his fortune, even the best informed could not say. And Mr Fogg was the last person one would have approached to find out. In any case, while in no way extravagant, he was not tight-fisted either. Whenever support was needed for some noble, useful, or generous cause, he would provide it, noiselessly and even anonymously.

In short, the least communicative of men. He spoke as little as possible, and so seemed all the more difficult to fathom.\* His life was transparent, but what he did was always so mathematically the same, that one's imagination, disturbed, tried to look beyond.

Had he travelled? Probably, because no one possessed the map of the world as he did. Nowhere was so remote that he didn't seem to have some inside knowledge of it. Sometimes he would rectify, briefly and clearly, the thousand ideas about temporarily or permanently lost travellers that spread through the clubs. He would demonstrate the most likely outcome; and he had seemed gifted with second sight, so often had the facts in the end borne out what he had said. He was a man who must have been everywhere—in his imagination at the very least.

What seemed certain, all the same, was that Mr Fogg had not been away from London for some years. Those who had the honour of knowing him a little better than most attested that, apart from the shortest route he took each day from his house to the Club, nobody could claim ever to have seen him anywhere else. His only pastimes were reading the newspapers

and playing whist. It fitted his nature entirely that he often won at this silent game. His winnings, however, never stayed in his wallet, but formed instead a major part of his contributions to charity. In any case it should be pointed out that Mr Fogg clearly played for playing's sake, not so as to win. Whist was for him a challenge, a struggle against a difficulty, but one that required no action, no travel, and no fatigue—and so perfectly suited his character.

As far as anyone knew, Phileas Fogg had neither wife nor children—which can happen to the most respectable—nor friends nor relatives—admittedly much rarer. Phileas Fogg lived alone in his house on Savile Row, and no one visited. Nobody ever knew what went on inside. A single servant attended to all his needs. He took lunch and dinner at the Club at chronometrically set times, always at the same place in the same room, never inviting his colleagues, never sharing his table with anyone else.\*

He never used those comfortable rooms that the Reform Club likes to place at the disposal of its members, but always went home and retired straight to bed on the stroke of midnight. He spent ten out of every twenty-four hours at home, whether sleeping or dressing and preparing to going out. If he went for a walk, it was invariably at a regular pace around the entrance-hall with its carefully laid-out parquet, or else along the circular gallery which is lit by its round cupola with blue glass and supported by twenty Ionic columns of red porphyry.\* If he lunched or dined, the succulent dishes on his table were supplied by the kitchens, pantry, larder, fish store, or dairy of the Club. It was the servants of the self-same Club, serious figures in dress-coats and shoes soled with thick felt, who served him using special china on an admirable Saxony table-cloth. It was the Club crystal, from long-lost moulds, that accommodated his sherry, port, or claret, spiced with maidenhair, cinnamon sticks, and ground cassia bark. And it was Club ice, brought over at huge expense from the Great Lakes, that maintained his wine at a satisfactorily cool temperature.\*

If to live in such conditions is to be an eccentric, then it has to be admitted that eccentricity has its good points!



Although not palatial, the house on Savile Row was remarkable for its level of comfort. Because of the regular habits of its occupant, the service was far from onerous. Nevertheless, Phileas Fogg demanded an extraordinary punctuality and reliability from his one servant. That very day, 2 October, he had given notice to James Forster: the fellow had made the mistake of bringing in his shaving-water at a temperature of 84°F, rather than the statutory 86. Mr Fogg was even now expecting his successor, due to report between eleven and half past.

Phileas Fogg sat squarely in his armchair, both feet together like a soldier on parade, hands firmly on knees, body erect, and head held high. He was watching the hand moving on the clock: a complicated apparatus that showed the hours, minutes, seconds, days, dates, and years. In keeping with his daily habit, Mr Fogg was due to go to the Reform Club on the stroke of 11.30.

A knock came on the door of the morning-room where Phileas Fogg was waiting. James Forster, the sacked servant, appeared.

‘The new valet,’ he announced.

A man of about thirty came in and bowed.

‘You are French and called John?’

‘Jean, if sir pleases—Jean Passepartout,\* a nickname that has stuck with me and was first applied due to my natural ability to get out of scrapes. I consider myself an honest fellow, sir, but if truth be told I have had several occupations. I used to be a wandering singer and a circus rider; I was a trapeze artist like Léotard\* and a tightrope walker like Blondin;\* then I became a gymnastics instructor in order to make greater use of my skills; and lastly I was a sergeant in the Paris Fire Brigade. I have some remarkable fires in my c.v. But I left France five years ago: wishing to try family life, I became a personal manservant in England. Then, finding myself without a job, I heard that Mr Phileas Fogg was the most particular and stay-at-home man in the whole of the United Kingdom. I presented myself at sir’s house in the hope of being able to live in peace and quiet and forget the very name of Passepartout . . .’

'Passepartout suits me very well. You have been recommended to me—I have excellent references on your account. Are you aware of my terms?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well, then. What time do you make it?'

'Eleven twenty-two,' replied Passepartout, pulling an enormous silver watch from the depths of his waistcoat pocket.

'Your watch is slow.'

'Pardon me, sir, but that's impossible.'

'You're four minutes slow. It is of no consequence. What matters is to note the difference. So, starting from this moment, 11.29 a.m. on Wednesday, 2 October 1872, you are in my employ.'

Whereupon Phileas Fogg got up, took his hat in his left hand, placed it on his head with the action of an automaton, and vanished without uttering another word.

Passepartout heard the front door shut once: that was his new master going out; then a second time: his predecessor James Forster leaving in turn.

He stood alone in the house on Savile Row.

## 2

### *Where Passepartout Is Convinced That He Has Finally Found His Ideal*

'I DO believe', he said, a little dazed at first, 'that I have bumped into blokes at Madame Tussaud's\* with as much life in them as my new boss!'

It is germane to say here that the 'blokes' at Madame Tussaud's are waxworks in London, which, lacking only the power of speech, attract large numbers of sightseers.

During the short time of his interview, Passepartout had been quickly but carefully examining his future master. He was about forty years old, with a fine and noble face, tall, and none the worse for a slight tendency to stoutness. He had fair hair and sideboards, a smooth forehead with no sign of wrinkles at the temples, a complexion that was pale rather

than florid, and splendid teeth. This man seemed to possess to an exceptional degree what the physiognomists call 'repose in action', a quality of all those who produce more light than heat. Calm, phlegmatic, with clear eyes and a steady gaze, he was a consummate example of those self-possessed people encountered quite frequently in Britain—Angelica Kauffmann\* has painted them to perfection, captured in somewhat academic positions. In the different phases of his existence, this gentleman gave the impression of being perfectly balanced in all his parts, weighted and poised, as flawless as a chronometer by Leroy or Earnshaw.\* The truth was that Phileas Fogg was precision personified. This could easily be seen in the 'expression of his feet and hands', for in man, just like the animals, the members are veritable organs that express the passions.\*

Phileas Fogg was one of those mathematically precise people, never in a hurry\* but always prepared, economical with his steps and movements. He never took a pace too far, and invariably found the shortest path. He never wasted glances on the ceiling. He allowed himself no unnecessary gestures. Nobody had ever seen him aroused or troubled. He was the least rushed man in the world, but always came on time. In fairness, it should be pointed out that Mr Fogg lived alone and therefore free from all social contact. He knew that in life you can't avoid rubbing against people—and since rubbing slows you down, he rubbed himself up against no one.\*

As for Jean, known as Passepartout, he was a real Parisian from Paris.\* But he had been working as a gentleman's gentleman in London for five years, while looking, in vain, for a master he could become attached to.

Passepartout was not one of those *Frontins* or *Mascarilles*\* with shoulders shrugged and noses in the air, self-assured and steely eyed, who are nothing but impudent rascals. No, Passepartout was an honest fellow, with a pleasant physiognomy and slightly sticking-out lips always ready to taste or kiss. A gentle being, ever prepared to help, he was endowed with one of those good round heads that you like to see on a friend's shoulders. He had blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and

a face that was fat enough to see its own cheeks. He possessed a broad chest, a large frame, vigorous muscles, and a Herculean strength that the activities of his youth had admirably developed. His brown hair was a little unruly. If the Classical sculptors knew eighteen ways of arranging Minerva's tresses,\* Passepartout knew only one for his: three broad-toothed comb-strokes and he was ready.

Elementary caution does not permit to say whether this fellow's expansive character would fit in with Phileas Fogg's. Would Passepartout be the thoroughly punctual servant his master required? The only way to know was to try him out.\* Having spent, as has been said, a wandering youth, Passepartout was now looking for a peaceful existence. Having heard much good spoken about British methodism\* and the proverbial reserve of the gentlemen, he had come to seek his fortune in England. But up till now, fate had not been kind to him. He had never been able to put roots down anywhere. He had worked his way through ten houses. In each he had found an unruly or a changeable character—running after girls or foreign parts—and such a life no longer appealed to him. His last master, young Lord Longsferry, MP, habitually spent the night in the Oyster Rooms of Haymarket,\* coming back home only too often draped over policemen's shoulders. Wishing above all to be able to look up to his master, Passepartout had risked a few respectful observations, but these, unfortunately, had not been received at all well; so he left. At this point, he had learned that Phileas Fogg, Esq., was looking for a manservant. He made enquiries about this personage. A character whose life was so regular, who never spent a night out, who didn't travel, who never went away even for a day, could only suit him. He presented himself and was accepted in the manner that the reader already knows.

Eleven-thirty having struck, Passepartout found himself alone in the house on Savile Row. He immediately began an inspection, systematically working his way up from the cellar to the attic. The house was clean, well ordered, austere, puritanical, in sum designed for service; and it pleased him. The impression it made was of a fine snail's shell, but a shell lit and heated by gas, since carburetted hydrogen proved quite

sufficient for all its needs. Passepartout found his bedroom on the second floor without difficulty. It met with his satisfaction. An electric bell and speaking-tubes communicated with the mezzanine and first-floor apartments. On the mantelpiece an electric clock kept perfect time with the clock in Phileas Fogg's bedroom, the two devices striking the second simultaneously.\*

'This is a piece of alright, suits me down to the ground, down to the ground!' he said to himself.

He spotted a card displayed above the clock in his room. It was the schedule of his daily duties. From eight in the morning, the regulation time when Phileas Fogg got up, till half-past eleven, when he left for his lunch at the Reform Club, it specified all the details of the service he was to provide: the tea and toast at 8.23, the water for shaving at 9.37, the hairdressing at twenty to ten, etc. Then from 11.30 a.m. until twelve midnight, when the methodical gentleman went to bed, everything was noted, planned, regulated. Passepartout took great pleasure in contemplating this schedule and committing its various entries to memory.

As for *Monsieur's* wardrobe, it was well organized and perfectly comprehensive. Each pair of trousers, waistcoat, or jacket bore an order number. This number was marked on a register of incoming and outgoing items, showing the date on which each garment was to be worn, depending on the time of the year. Likewise for the shoes.

In sum, the house on Savile Row—surely a temple to disorder in the days of the illustrious but dissipated Sheridan—constituted a well-appointed abode showing that its inhabitant was very comfortably off. There was no library and no books—of no use to Mr Fogg as the Reform Club put two libraries at his disposal, one devoted to literature, and the other to law and politics.\* In the bedroom stood a safe of average size, built to withstand both fire and theft. No arms were to be found in the house, neither hunting gear nor weapons of war. Everything pointed to the most pacific of habits.

Having examined the residence in detail, Passepartout rubbed his hands together. His broad face beamed, and he exclaimed cheerfully:

‘To the ground. Just what I need. We’ll get on famously, Mr Fogg and me. A home-loving and regular man. A genuine piece of machinery. Well, I shan’t mind serving a machine!’

## 3

*Where a Conversation Starts That May Cost  
Phileas Fogg Dear*

PHILEAS FOGG had left his house on Savile Row at half-past eleven and placed his right foot 575 times in front of his left and his left foot 576 times in front of his right. He had thus reached the Reform Club, a vast edifice in Pall Mall that cost no less than £120,000 to build.\*

Mr Fogg immediately made his way to the dining-room, whose nine windows opened out on to a fine garden with trees already turned to gold by the autumn. There he sat at his usual table with the service laid out ready for him. Lunch consisted of an *hors d'œuvre* of steamed fish in a Reading Sauce of the highest quality, scarlet roast beef with mushrooms, rhubarb-and-gooseberry tart, and some Cheshire cheese\*—all washed down with a few cups of that excellent tea specially grown for the Reform Club.

At 12.47, the gentleman got up and moved into the vast drawing-room, a sumptuous area adorned with paintings in elaborate frames. There a servant gave him an uncut copy of *The Times*,\* which Phileas Fogg managed to unfold and cut with a proficiency indicating great experience of that exacting operation. Reading this newspaper occupied Phileas Fogg until 3.45, and the *Standard*\*—which came next—until dinner. This meal took place in the same way as luncheon, but with the addition of Royal British Sauce.

At twenty minutes to six the gentleman returned to the huge drawing-room and absorbed himself in the *Morning Chronicle*.

Half an hour later, various members of the Reform Club made their entrance and headed for the hearth, where a good coal fire was burning. These were the usual partners of Mr Phileas Fogg, like him fanatical whist players: the engineer

Andrew Stuart, the bankers John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin, the brewer Thomas Flanagan, and Gauthier Ralph,\* one of the governors of the Bank of England—figures of considerable wealth and respectability, even in this club composed of the leading lights of industry and finance.

‘Well, Ralph,’ asked Thomas Flanagan, ‘what’s the latest news on this theft business?’

‘Well,’ answered Andrew Stuart, ‘the Bank won’t see its money again.’

‘I am confident, on the contrary,’ intervened Gauthier Ralph, ‘that we will soon be able to lay our hands on the thief. Very smart police inspectors have been sent to America, the Continent, and all the main ports of entry and exit, so that this gentleman will have quite a job escaping them.’

‘But do we have the thief’s description?’ asked Andrew Stuart.

‘First of all, he’s not a thief,’ Ralph replied quite seriously.

‘What, not a thief, this individual who’s made off with £55,000 worth of banknotes?’\*

‘No,’ answered Gauthier Ralph.

‘So he’s a manufacturer, is he?’ enquired John Sullivan.

‘The *Morning Chronicle* assures us that he is a gentleman.’

The person making this remark was none other than Phileas Fogg, whose head now emerged from the sea of paper piled up around him. At the same time Mr Fogg greeted his colleagues, who returned the compliment.

The case in question—which the various newspapers were heatedly discussing—had taken place three days previously, on 29 September. A wad of notes amounting to the enormous sum of £55,000 had been taken from the desk of the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England.

To those surprised that such a theft could be carried out so easily, Assistant Governor Gauthier Ralph merely replied that the Cashier was at that time occupied recording a receipt of 3s. 6d., and that one cannot keep one’s eyes on everything.

It is important to note—and this makes the matter slightly easier to fathom—that that remarkable establishment, the Bank of England, seems to possess the utmost regard for the

public's dignity. No guards, no retired soldiers, no grills. The gold, the silver, and the notes are left lying about, at the mercy, as it were, of the first passer-by. It would be unthinkable to cast doubt on the honesty of a member of the public. One of the acutest observers of British society even recounts the following incident: he was in a room in the Bank one day, and felt the wish to examine more closely a gold bar weighing about seven or eight pounds, lying on the cashier's desk. He took the ingot, examined it, then passed it on to his neighbour, who handed it on to someone else, with the result that it went from hand to hand to the end of a dark corridor, then *half an hour later returned to its normal place—without the cashier even looking up.*\*

But on 29 September, things didn't happen quite like that. The wad of banknotes never came back, and when the magnificent clock dominating the 'drawing-office' announced that it was five o'clock and that the offices were closing, the Bank of England had no choice but to pass £55,000 through its account of profits and losses.

Once the theft had been properly recorded, 'detectives'\* chosen from among the best policemen were sent to the main ports of Liverpool, Glasgow, Le Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York, etc. They had been promised a reward of £2,000 plus 5 per cent of the sum recovered. While waiting for the information that the promptly initiated enquiries would clearly produce, the job of the inspectors was to carefully observe everyone entering and leaving the country.

Now, as the *Morning Chronicle* had pointed out, there was in fact very good reason to believe that the thief did not belong to any of the known criminal gangs of England. During that same day of 29 September, a well-dressed gentleman with good manners and a distinguished bearing had been noticed walking to and fro in the cash room where the theft took place. The enquiries had allowed a relatively accurate description of the gentleman to be produced, and it had been immediately sent to every detective in the United Kingdom and Europe. Some optimistic souls, Gauthier Ralph amongst them, believed consequently that the thief would find it difficult to escape.



As one can imagine, this case was in the news in London and everywhere else. People discussed it and took impassioned positions for or against the Metropolitan Police being successful. The reader will not therefore be surprised to learn that the members of the Reform Club also debated the question, all the more so since one of the Bank's Assistant Governors was amongst their number.

The esteemed Gauthier Ralph did not doubt the success of the enquiries, believing that the reward on offer would ensure that the police showed due zeal and intelligence. But his colleague Andrew Stuart was far from sharing his confidence. Accordingly the discussion continued at the whist table, with Stuart partnering Flanagan and Fallentin, Phileas Fogg. During the game the players did not speak, but between the rubbers the conversation carried on all the more heatedly.

'I maintain', said Stuart, 'that the odds are in favour of the thief, who is clearly an experienced operator.'

'Come on!' answered Ralph. 'There's not a single country left he can hide in.'

'Really?'

'And where do you think he might go, then?'

'I can't say,' replied Stuart. 'But after all, the world is big enough.'

'It used to be,' Fogg said quietly.\* 'Will you cut,' he added, presenting the cards to Flanagan.

The discussion was interrupted by the play. But soon Andrew Stuart said:

'What d'you mean, "used to be"? Has the Earth suddenly got smaller by some chance?'

'Unquestionably it has,' responded Ralph. 'I share Mr Fogg's view. The Earth has shrunk because it can be covered ten times as quickly now as a hundred years ago. And in the case we are discussing, this will make the search faster.'

'And the thief's escape easier!'

'Your turn to play, Mr Stuart,' observed Fogg.

But the doubting Stuart was not convinced, and once the game was over:

'You must admit, Ralph, that you have a funny way of saying the Earth has shrunk! Because you can now go round it in three months . . .'

‘Eighty days,’ interjected Fogg.

‘Yes indeed, good sirs,’ confirmed Sullivan. ‘Eighty days, now they’ve opened the section of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway from Rothal to Allahabad. This is the calculation done by the *Morning Chronicle*:\*

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| London to Suez via the Mont Cenis Tunnel* and Brindisi,<br>by railway and steamship ..... | 7 days  |
| Suez to Bombay, by steamship .....  | 13 "    |
| Bombay to Calcutta, by railway .....  | 3 "     |
| Calcutta to Hong Kong (China), by steamship .....   | 13 "    |
| Hong Kong to Yokohama, by steamship .....   | 6 "     |
| Yokohama to San Francisco, by steamship .....   | 22 "    |
| San Francisco to New York, by railroad .....  | 7 "     |
| New York to London, by steamship and railway .....  | 9 "     |
| Total .....   | 80 days |

‘Possibly 80 days!’\* exclaimed Stuart, trumping a winner in his excitement. ‘But not allowing for unfavourable weather, headwinds, shipwrecks, derailments, etc.’

‘All included,’ said Fogg, continuing to play—for the discussion was no longer respecting the whist.

‘Even if the Indians and Red Indians tear up the rails?’ cried Stuart. ‘Even if they stop the trains, plunder the carriages, and scalp the passengers?’

‘All included,’ repeated Phileas Fogg, laying down his hand. ‘Two winning trumps.’

Andrew Stuart picked up the hands and started shuffling.

‘In theory you may be right, but in practice . . .’

‘In practice too, Mr Stuart.’

‘Well I should like to see you do it.’

‘Your choice. Let’s go together.’

‘Heaven forbid!’ exclaimed Stuart. ‘But I would gladly wager £4,000 that such a journey, carried out under the conditions specified, is simply not possible.’

‘On the contrary, perfectly possible,’ replied Fogg.

‘Well do it, then!’

‘Go round the world in 80 days?’

‘Yes!’

‘All right then.’

‘Starting when?’

‘Starting now.’

‘It’s pure madness!’ cried Andrew Stuart, beginning to get annoyed by his partner’s obstinacy. ‘Let’s get on with the game!’

‘Please reshuffle, then,’ said Phileas Fogg, ‘because there’s been a misdeal.’

Andrew Stuart picked up the cards with a shaking hand; then, suddenly laying them back down again:

‘Very well, Mr Fogg. I’ll bet you £4,000.’

‘My dear Stuart,’ said Fallentin, ‘steady on. You can’t be serious.’

‘When I say I’ll bet,’ answered Stuart, ‘it is always serious.’

‘Very well!’ said Mr Fogg, and turned to his colleagues:

‘I have £20,000 in my account at Baring Brothers. I’ll be glad to venture this sum.’

‘Twenty thousand!’ cried Sullivan. ‘Twenty thousand pounds that you could lose through an unforeseen mishap!’

‘The unforeseen does not exist.’

‘But, Mr Fogg, this period of 80 days is merely the minimum it can be done in!’

‘A properly used minimum is enough for anything.’

‘But in order to do it, you’ll have to mathematically jump from trains into steamships and from steamships on to trains!’

‘I’ll jump mathematically.’

‘You must be joking!’

‘An Englishman never jokes about anything as important as a bet. I hereby wager £20,000 with anyone who wishes that I will carry out the tour of the world in 80 days or less, i.e. in 1,920 hours or 115,200 minutes. Will you accept?’

‘We accept,’ replied Messrs Stuart, Fallentin, Sullivan, Flanagan, and Ralph after a brief discussion.

‘Good. The boat-train leaves at 8.45. I’ll be on it.’

‘This very evening?’ enquired Stuart.

‘This very evening,’ answered Phileas Fogg. Then, consulting a pocket diary, ‘Since today is Wednesday, 2 October, I must be back in London, in this drawing-room of the Reform Club, at 8.45 p.m. on Saturday, 21 December, failing which the £20,000 presently deposited in my account at Baring

Brothers will belong to you *de facto* and *de jure*. Here is a cheque for that amount, gentlemen.'

The wager was witnessed and signed there and then by all six interested parties. Phileas Fogg had remained cool. He had certainly not bet in order to win, and he had pledged only £20,000—half his fortune—because he planned to spend the other half on this difficult, not to say impossible, undertaking. As for his adversaries, they seemed a little upset, not because of the amount at stake, but because they felt unhappy at fighting with such one-sided odds.

Seven o'clock struck. Mr Fogg was asked if he wanted to stop playing so as to make preparations for his departure.

'I'm always ready,' replied the impassive gentleman as he dealt.

'Diamonds are trumps,' he said. 'Your lead, I believe, Mr Stuart.'

#### 4

### *In Which Phileas Fogg Flabbergasts His Servant Passepartout*

AT 7.25 Phileas Fogg, having won a good twenty guineas, said goodbye to his honourable colleagues and left the Reform Club. At 7.50 he opened his front door and went in.

Passepartout, who had meticulously studied the schedule, was a little surprised to see Mr Fogg displaying irregularity, by appearing at this most unusual time. According to the card, the tenant of Savile Row was not due back until the stroke of midnight.

Phileas Fogg first went up to his room, and then called:  
'Passepartout.'

The manservant didn't reply. The call couldn't possibly be addressed to him. It wasn't the right time.

'Passepartout,' repeated Mr Fogg, not raising his voice.

The manservant appeared.

'I had to call you twice.'