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# 野性的呼唤

THE CALL OF THE WILD  
WHITE FANG  
AND OTHER STORIES  
JACK LONDON



经典世界文学名著丛书

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野性的呼唤 白牙及其他小说

THE CALL OF THE WILD, WHITE FANG, AND OTHER STORIES

*Jack London*

*With an Introduction by Earle Labor and Robert C. Leitz, III*

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## 野性的呼唤

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## 作者简介

杰克·伦敦(Jack London 1876—1916),美国小说家。生于加利福尼亚州的旧金山,父亲是个破产的农民,家庭生活极端贫困。杰克10岁就上街卖报,14岁进奥克兰罐头厂当童工,有时甚至连续干活达36小时。因无法忍受这种奴隶般的劳动,他离开工厂,到旧金山港口干了一年多违禁的“豪贼”,后来又在船上当了一年多的水手,到过日本。航行回来,他先后在黄麻厂和铁路工厂干粗活,因不满资本家的剥削愤然离开工厂,开始了流浪生活。1894年美国发生严重的经济危机,失业工人组成“工人军”向华盛顿进发,要求政府改善工人生活条件。杰克·伦敦参加了这次进军,但中途离队。他或徒步或扒火车在全国各地流浪,曾被警察作为“无业游民”逮捕罚做苦工。1896年阿拉斯加发现金矿,成千上万的人涌向克朗戴克河一带淘金,他也去了。但不久得了“坏血病”,又回旧金山,从此开始了文学创作生涯。

他最初发表的短篇故事称为“北方故事”,描写淘金者同严酷的自然环境进行的顽强斗争。1903年发表了《野性的呼唤》。1909年发表《马丁·伊登》。1913年以后因经济上的挫折和家庭纠纷,精神受到严重打击。1916年11月22日服毒自杀。

## 内容简介

这是一本故事集，“野性的呼唤”占了全书的主要篇幅。

巴克为苏格兰牧羊犬和圣伯纳犬杂交所生，具有前者的智慧和后者的体格。它被买主从加州运到西雅图，下火车时它试图挣脱兽笼，一个穿红衣的人用木棍把它打晕了过去。狗永远赢不了一根木棍：这是巴克学的第一课。稍后它被卖到阿拉斯加拉雪橇。在拉雪橇的狗群中它很快就脱颖而出，成为首领，并以其严明的纪律使该雪橇的工作效率屡破纪录。巴克成了远近闻名的领头狗。

然而夜晚躺在篝火旁打盹时，它却梦见自己野蛮的祖先，醒来依稀听见狼的嚎声。

新买主要将巴克打死的时候，一个叫桑托的人救了它，把它带回家悉心调养并使它恢复健康。从此巴克对桑托忠心耿耿，两次救了他的命并为他赢得不少财富。后来桑托来到阿拉斯加东部一条“金黄色”的河里淘金。巴克常独自外出漫游，还和一匹狼交上了朋友。一天它回到家里，发现主人被印第安人射死在河边。狂怒的巴克冲进歌舞着的印第安人中间，咬死了几个印第安人，驱散了聚会。联结巴克与人类的最后一根纽带断了，它终于加入到狼群中去了。

然而，每年它都回来一次，到桑托葬身的河边，对着河水发出凄厉，苍凉的长嚎。

## INTRODUCTION

IN a letter of February 1903 to George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company, Jack London described a new novel he had just finished as "an animal story, utterly different in subject & treatment from the rest of the animal stories which have been so successful; and yet it seems popular enough for the *Saturday Evening Post*, for they snapped it up right away." After reading London's manuscript, Brett responded that he liked the story but not its title: "It is a title which, it seems to me, the public would not understand until after they had read the book," he wrote. "I hope something else will occur to you, as I like the story very well indeed, although I am afraid it is *too true to nature* and *too good work* to be really popular with the sentimentalist public."

Ordinarily an astute judge of what the "sentimentalist public" liked, in this instance Brett could scarcely have been farther off the mark. As London later recalled, "When you came to the book-publication of this story, you wrote me the very same proposition [that had been sent me by the editor of the *Post*]: The yarn was bully, but the title was rotten. I told you the same thing I had told the editor of the *Sat. Evening Post* [to use another title if he could invent a better one]. You failed in getting another title, and reluctantly used my title. And I'll be damned if that very muchly-rejected title didn't become a phrase in the English language."

London's "muchly-rejected title" has indeed become a phrase in the English language, and his "too true to nature" story has become tremendously popular, not only in the English language but in nearly ninety other languages as well. *The Call of the Wild* is, in fact, one of the strongest claims any American author has yet staked to the title of "Great World Novel."

Moreover, contrary to Brett's apprehensions, the public, evidently cloyed with a surfeit of sentimental pap, was ready for London's meatier fare. *The Call of the Wild* was an immediate popular success. It also became a classic overnight;

for, although the turn-of-the-century marketplace had been flooded with back-to-nature literature, critics saw something extraordinary in London's novel. "In these days of the development of 'laureates of nature' and biographers of field and forest folk,—who are producing volume upon volume of what in years past would have been dull 'natural history' books, appealing only to the few,—it is hard to find a new key in which to sound the praises of nature and animal life. This Jack London has done," wrote an anonymous reviewer in *Literary World*. "If you like dogs, you will like this book. If you wish to know more of the incident and life of the Alaskan trails, you will find here a fund of first-hand information, and withal a story of the first rank as to its conception and purport."

Another anonymous critic, writing for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, was even more enthusiastic:

Compared with [*The Call of the Wild*] all other stories or sketches of this second great gold rush of the nineteenth century pale into insignificance. Fierce, brutal, splashed with blood, and live with the crack of whip and blow of club, it is yet a story that sounds the deep note of tenderness between man and beast, and that loyalty and fidelity which never falters even in the jaws of death. And beyond all this is the strange haunting charm of "the call of the wild" to the savage strain in the big dog, arousing dormant instincts that have come down to him from his wolf ancestors. . . . It would be idle to recommend this book to any one who wishes love or sentiment. It is a man's book, through and through, but any one fond of dogs or of life and adventure in the Far North will be glad to read the book, and to read it more than once. In nothing else that Jack London has written has he shown so clearly as in this his complete mastery of his material and that unconscious molding of style to thought which marks real from make-believe literature.

Kate B. Stillé, writing for the *Book News Monthly*, perceived something in *The Call of the Wild* that made it considerably more than "a man's book" for those fond of dogs or of "life and adventure in the Far North":

The telling thing in the book is its deep underlying truth. The call of the wild is no fiction. The things pointed out are the nameless things

we feel, and the author shows clearly, unobtrusively that it is "the old instincts that at stated periods drive men out from the sounding cities to forest and plain to kill things." That man and dog alike are mastered by the wolf-cry, striving after things alive, as it flees before them. Both sounding the deeps of his nature and of the parts of his nature that were deeper than he, "going back into the womb of Time." . . . In this little drama we are brought face to face with that which we refuse to confess to ourselves, and are chilled by the realism of *The Call of the Wild*, and bidden by it to listen to the Voice of the Divine, which also is a part of our being.

And in the September 1903 *Reader*, J. Stewart Doubleday praised London as "one of the most original and impressive authors this country has known," noting that his power "lies not alone in his clear-sighted depiction of life, but in his suggestion of the eternal principles that underlie it. . . . the achievement may, without exaggeration, be termed 'wonderful.'" And he went on to say:

Yet it is cruel reading—often relentless reading: we feel at times the blood lashing in our faces at what seems the continual maltreatment of a dumb animal; we can scarce endure the naked brutality of the thing; our sense of the creature's perplexity in suffering is almost absolutely unrelieved; we sicken of the analysis of the separate tortures of this dog's Arctic Inferno. Not seldom we incline to remonstrate, "Hang it, Jack London, what the deuce do you mean by 'drawing' us on so?" But we forgive the writer at last because he is true! He is not sentimental, tricky; he is at harmony with himself and nature. He gives an irresistible groan sometimes—like Gorky; but this is only because he does, after all, feel for humanity—yes, down to the bottom of his big California heart. . . . [Yet] There is nothing local or narrow about Jack London. Sectionalism is smaller than he. His voice is the voice of a man in the presence of the multitude, and he utters the word that is as broad to him. . . . In his own field he is master; and more than this we ought not to exact of any man.

The voice of Jack London has indeed been that of "a man in the presence of the multitude," for readers of all ages and all nations have thrilled to the wonderful adventures of his great dog-hero, Buck, for the past four generations. What, we may ask, is the reason for his lasting and widespread appeal? The answer is not a simple one.

First, and most obviously, *The Call of the Wild* is a ripping



good story—fast-paced, vividly detailed, replete with action and adventure. It is the kind of book—like Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, Melville's *Moby-Dick*, and Stevenson's *Treasure Island*—which appeals universally and perennially to the youth in each of us that never quite grows old and withers.

Moreover, the book is not only a good read, it is also an easy read. Unlike such authors as Henry James, James Joyce, and William Faulkner, London has little appeal for those literary critics who make their fame and fortune by explicating literary texts for the benefit of the uninitiated multitudes. On the contrary, London would put the high priests of literary criticism out of business, take the bread off their tables, as it were. For his readers need no interpreters: they need only a measure of literacy and the sincere wish to be entertained by a good story. This simplicity was deliberate on London's part. As he explained in his broadside "Eight Great Factors of Literary Success" (1916),

[Herbert Spencer's *Philosophy of Style*] taught me the subtle and manifold operations necessary to transmute thought, beauty, sensation and emotion into black symbols on white paper; which symbols, through the reader's eye, were taken into his brain, and by his brain transmuted into thoughts, beauty, sensations and emotions that fairly corresponded with mine. Among other things, this taught me to know the brain of my reader, in order to select the symbols that would compel his brain to realize my thought, or vision, or emotion. Also, I learned that the right symbols were the ones that would require the expenditure of the minimum of my reader's brain energy, leaving the maximum of his brain energy to realize and enjoy the content of my mind, as conveyed to his mind.

In short, London understood and successfully applied the principle of the "objective correlative" a generation before T. S. Eliot popularized that term for our modern literary critics.

Still more than an exciting story and an easy read, *The Call of the Wild* is one of the world's great animal fables; like Aesop's fables, it both instructs and entertains us. Originally planned as a short story, comparable but antithetical to "Bâtard" (published the year before in *Cosmopolitan*), it grew

into an incomparable novel. As London wrote to his close friend Anna Strunsky in March 1903, "I started it as a companion to my other dog-story 'Batard,' which you may remember; but it got away from me and instead of 4000 words it ran 32000 before I could call a halt." In her biography, London's daughter Joan reported that so far as her father was concerned, this masterpiece was "a purely fortuitous piece of work, a lucky shot in the dark that had unexpectedly found its mark," and that when reviewers enthusiastically interpreted the novel as a brilliant human allegory, London was astonished: "I plead guilty," he admitted, "but I was unconscious of it at the time. I did not mean to do it." Perhaps not. The great philosopher-psychologist C. G. Jung would say that it really doesn't matter whether the artist consciously meant to do it; if he or she possesses—or is possessed by—the "primordial vision," the created work will manifest meanings which transcend the artist's conscious intentions. And this insight may lead us into symbolic meanings even beyond those of mere allegory.

Read superficially, the story of Buck's transformation from ranch pet to Ghost Dog of the Wilderness is, of course, entertaining escape literature, often relegated to the children's section in libraries. But to read the novel on this level is tantamount to reading *Moby-Dick* as a long-winded fisherman's yarn. In the strictest sense, London's book is not a novel at all but, as Maxwell Geismar has classified it, "a beautiful prose poem, or *nouvelle*, of gold and death on the instinctual level." Its plot is animated by one of the most universal of thematic patterns: the myth of the hero. The call to adventure, departure, initiation through ordeal, the perilous journey to the "navel of the world" or mysterious life-center, transformation, and final apotheosis—these are the phases of the myth as explained by the late Joseph Campbell in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, and all are evident in Buck's progress from the civilized world to the raw frontier of the Klondike gold rush, through the natural and, beyond, to the supernatural world. These rites of passage carry him not only through space but also through time and, ultimately, into the still center of a world that is timeless. London's style is

modulated to conform to this transformation, becoming increasingly poetic as Buck progresses from the naturalistic world into that of myth. London's opening paragraphs are thoroughly prosaic: "Buck did not read the newspapers. . . . Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called." However, describing the death of one of the sled-dogs when Buck arrives at the Dyea beach, London changes to the staccato cadence of violence: "It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down, the last of her assailants were clubbed off. . . . So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you." And, toward the end of the novel, the quest of John Thornton's gold-seekers into the mysterious "uncharted vastness" of the Northland wilderness is depicted in the softer rhythm of dreams: "In the fall of the year they penetrated a weird lake country, sad and silent, where wild-fowl had been, but where then there was no life nor sign of life—only the blowing of chill winds, the forming of ice in sheltered places, and the melancholy rippling of waves on lonely beaches."

This land is an appropriate setting for the call to adventure, which, according to Campbell, "signifies that destiny has summoned the hero and transferred his spiritual center of gravity from within the pale of society to a zone unknown." This "fateful region of both treasure and danger," says Campbell, may be represented "as a distant land, a forest, [or as a] profound dream state"; but it is invariably an unearthly place of "superhuman deeds and impossible delight." This weird region in *The Call of the Wild* is a far cry from the pastoral ranch where the novel begins, and is remote as well from the raw frontier of the Klondike gold rush. Buck's party discovers at last a fantastically rich gold-deposit at the heart of this "zone unknown," where "Like giants they toiled, days flashing on the heels of days like dreams as they heaped the treasure up."

His role as guide fulfilled, Buck's master John Thornton is killed by a raiding party of Yeehat Indians, thereby releasing the hero to complete his transformation into the awesome Ghost Dog of Northland legend, an incarnation of the eternal mystery of creation and the life force: "When the long winter

nights come on and the wolves follow their meat into the lower valleys," London concludes, "a great, gloriously coated wolf, like, and yet unlike, all other wolves . . . may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the younger world, which is the song of the pack." London's masterpiece—all rights to which he had sold to Macmillan for a mere \$2,000—was an instant hit with the reviewers and the reading public alike.

Elated by this and London's subsequent success with *The Sea-Wolf* (1904), Macmillan was ready to give full and enthusiastic support to his next major dog-story, *White Fang*. The genesis of this novel may be found in a letter to George Brett, written on 5 November 1904, in which London proposed a "complete antithesis" and "companion-book" to *The Call of the Wild*. "Instead of devolution or decivilization of a dog," he explained, "I'm going to give the evolution, the civilization of a dog—development of domesticity, faithfulness, love, morality, and all the amenities and virtues." Rather than being a true companion-piece, however, this work was to be a completely different kind of book from *The Call of the Wild*. *White Fang* is a sociological fable intended to illustrate London's theories of environmental determinism and is therefore more thoroughly naturalistic than London's mythic classic. "I know men and women as they are—millions of them yet in the slime stage," he remarked to George Wharton James. "But I am an evolutionist, therefore a broad optimist, hence my love for the human (in the slime though he be) comes from my knowing him as he is and seeing the divine possibilities ahead of him. That's the whole motive of my 'White Fang.' Every atom of organic life is plastic. The finest specimens now in existence were once all pulpy infants capable of being moulded this way or that. Let the pressure be one way and we have atavism—the reversion to the wild; the other the domestication, civilization. I have always been impressed with the awful plasticity of life and I feel that I can never lay enough stress upon the marvelous power and influence of environment."

The power of environment is dramatically evident throughout *White Fang*. Born in the wild, the young cub sees his world through the eyes of the predator: "The aim of life was meat. Life itself was meat. Life lived on life. There were the eaters and the eaten. The law was: EAT OR BE EATEN." Later, after his mother has taken him with her from the wilderness back to her former Indian master, Gray Beaver, the young wolf-dog is bullied mercilessly by Lip-lip, the leader of the camp dogs, and persecuted as an outsider by the other puppies, consequently becoming a fierce pariah. London makes it clear that the environment is a crucial factor in the shaping of White Fang's character: that if Lip-lip had not tormented him, he would have "grown up more doglike and with more liking for dogs"; and that if his Indian master had been capable of affection, White Fang might have developed "all manner of kindly qualities." Unfortunately, that is not the case; instead, the dog has been perversely molded into a creature of hate, "morose and lonely, unloving and ferocious, the enemy of all his kind."

This hateful ferocity is intensified when Gray Beaver sells White Fang into the bondage of Beauty Smith, under whose sadistic tutelage he becomes the lethal Fighting Wolf. After a bloody and near-fatal career as a dog killer, the hero is redeemed by a new master, Weedon Scott, whose loving kindness converts him from vicious beast into loyal pet. The final stage of his initiation is accomplished when White Fang is taken to Scott's California ranch. Here he becomes properly domesticated; and, after saving the life of Judge Scott, Weedon's father, from the escaped convict Jim Hall—the man transformed into a mad-dog killer by harsh social treatment—he is renamed Blessed Wolf: "Not alone was he in the geographical Southland, for he was in the Southland of life. Human kindness was like a sun shining upon him, and he flourished like a flower planted in good soil."

While *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang* will always constitute Jack London's greatest claim to fame as a writer of dog stories, the five shorter tales included in this edition complement those two great novels and provide further insight into the thematic range of his work.

The first of these short stories, "Bâtard," published in *Cosmopolitan* in June 1902 under the bowdlerized title "Diable—A Dog," may be related most directly to his two novels. As London himself attested, he wrote *The Call of the Wild* in order to redeem the species from the diabolical canine image dramatized in his earlier story; and the theme of hereditary and environmental determinism is central to "Bâtard," just as it is to the two longer fictions. The protagonist of this tale—Hell's Spawn, as some call him—is the opposite of what man's best friend is supposed to be. Yet London makes it clear that such devils are not merely born—they are also made (or at least made worse) by their environment: it is his sadistic treatment at the hand of his human antagonist, the dissolute voyageur, which finally transforms Bâtard into the incarnation of evil. Half-starved, tortured, beaten, and cursed, the dog grows progressively more vicious and cunning; yet he refuses to leave his master, biding with a preternatural sufferance his time for revenge. Nor can Black Leclère resist his compulsion to cultivate this hatred; even after Bâtard has attacked him in his sleep, slitting his throat, he refuses to accept the advice of old-timers who urge him to let them shoot the dog. The strange, passionate bond between them is very like the kind of love-hate relationship that D. H. Lawrence has delineated with disturbing effectiveness in his fiction; and, like Lawrence, London employs the lower animal as a symbol of man's unconscious brute impulses. Leclère, whose blackness—a libidinous lack of moral restraint—is merely human, is ultimately no match for the superhuman malevolence that he has fostered; and he is hoist on his own petard. Near the end of the story, unjustly convicted of murdering a gold miner, he is forced to mount a large box, his hands tied and a noose slipped over his head. He gets a last-minute reprieve, but the miners leave him alone—still tied and standing precariously on the box—to meditate upon his sinful ways while they go downriver to pick up the real murderer. This is the chance Bâtard has been so patiently waiting for. When the miners have gone, the dog, grinning, "with a fiendish levity in his bearing that Leclère [cannot] mistake," casually retreats

several feet, then hurls his body against the box on which his now helpless tormentor is standing. When the miners return to release Leclère, they discover to their horror "a ghostly pendulum swinging back and forth in the dim light." There is a grim poetic justice in London's conclusion, and the moral is implicit but fundamental: the man who deliberately plays with hellfire will surely be burnt.

The theme of diabolical revenge was evidently still on London's mind, for, immediately after mailing his "Bâtard" manuscript to *Cosmopolitan* on 17 January 1902, he started to work on a tale he intended to enter in the annual writing-contest sponsored by the *Black Cat Magazine*, a pulp periodical that specialized in the weird and fantastical (and that had given impetus to London's career three years earlier by publishing his science-fiction story "A Thousand Deaths"). The results of his efforts were "Moon-Face" and a paltry \$15 payment from the *San Francisco Argonaut*, which published London's story in its issue of 21 July 1902, after the manuscript had been rejected by the *Black Cat* and three other magazines.

"Moon-Face" is not one of London's best pieces of fiction; nor is it, strictly speaking, a dog story. However, it is a memorable potboiler, reflecting in the kinky vengefulness of its narrator-protagonist the influence of Edgar Allan Poe, whose works London admired. And while it is not a dog fiction in the same fabulistic way as "Bâtard" and London's great canine novels, a dog is given a fatally important role in its plot.

Nor is London's plot itself an original one. The idea of using a dog to retrieve a stick of dynamite, with disastrous consequences, was central to Frank Norris's "The Passing of Cock-eye Blacklock," which had appeared in the *Century Magazine* in July 1902, shortly before the publication of "Moon-Face" in the *Argonaut*. The coincidence prompted a brief flurry of plagiarism charges by the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books* and several other journals on both coasts. This tempest in a literary teapot was soon quieted, however, when the editor of the *Argonaut* pointed out that he had received London's manuscript several weeks before

Norris's story appeared in *Century*, and when it was discovered that both London's and Norris's stories were based upon an account published the previous November by Willam A. Caldwell in the *California News*. But the story behind the story (more interesting perhaps than the story itself) does not stop there, as London himself explained in a letter to S. S. McClure, editor of *McClure's Magazine*, four years afterwards:

It is common practice of authors to draw material for their stories from the newspapers. Here are facts of life reported in journalistic style, waiting to be made into literature. So common is this practice that often amusing consequences are caused by several writers utilizing the same material. Some years ago, while I was in England, a story of mine was published in the *San Francisco Argonaut*. In the *Century* of the same date was published a story by Frank Norris. While these two stories were quite different in manner of treatment, they were patently the same in foundations and motive. At once the newspapers paralleled our stories. The explanation was simple: Norris and I had read the same newspaper account, and proceeded to exploit it. But the fun did not stop there. Somebody dug up a *Black Cat* published a year previous, in which was a similar story by another man who used the same foundation and motive. Then Chicago hustled around and resurrected a story that had been published some months before the *Black Cat* story, and that was the same in foundation and motive. Of course, all these different writers had chanced upon the same newspaper article.

So common is this practice of authors, that it is recommended by all the instructors in the art of the short story, to read the newspapers and magazines in order to get material. . . . I might name a lengthy list of the great writers who have advised this practice.

There could be no accusations of plagiarism in the case of "Brown Wolf," which London wrote in the early spring of 1906 and sold to *Everybody's Magazine* for the handsome sum of \$750. In this story Jack and his wife Charmian are clearly the models for Walt and Madge Irvine. Walt is a "beauty merchant" who "pursues utility" by transmuting his writings into "a flower-crowned cottage, a sweet mountain-meadow, a grove of redwoods, an orchard of thirty-seven trees, one long row of blackberries and two short rows of strawberries, to say nothing of a quarter of a mile of gurgling brook" (like the



Londons' new home at Beauty Ranch in Glen Ellen, California, which also happens to be the Irvines' address).

"Brown Wolf" is another, shorter rendition of *The Call of the Wild*—or, perhaps more accurately in this case, of the "The Call of Kind." For it is the harsh rigors of work as a sled-dog—the world into which he was born and raised before being stolen from Skiff Miller—that this Klondike dog ultimately chooses over the easy life of the Southland, despite his affection for the Irvines. The theme of divided loyalties provides the central tension or conflict in the story, and it is to London's credit that he treats this theme realistically rather than sentimentally.

The canine loyalties of "That Spot" are more sinister in nature, reminiscent of the diabolical attachment of Bâtard to his master. But, unlike the grim naturalism of London's earlier story, "That Spot" seems to be informed by a sardonic mixture of Mark Twain's tall tales and Edgar Allan Poe's gothic irony. The weirdness of the story may account in part for the fact that London sent it to nearly a dozen different magazines before finally placing it, in late 1907, with *Sunset*, who offered him little more than half his usual fee.

As Howard Lachtman has aptly remarked, the theme of the story might well be summed up in Lady Macbeth's lament, "Out, out, damned spot!" But London's infernal Ghost Dog refuses to be "outed" or routed; and after following this preternatural creature in his fantastic meanderings from Klondike to California, the reader is inclined to agree with the woebegone narrator that "there are things in this world that go beyond science." While it is not one of his masterpieces, "That Spot" is none the less readable and provides a wryly amusing glimpse of London's comic talent.

△ "To Build a Fire" is an altogether different story. Not only is it one of London's finest creations; it has become an international classic, one of the most widely anthologized stories in world literature. The story printed here, as in most other collections, is actually the second version London published under this title. The first version appeared in the *Youth's Companion* of 29 May 1902 and was not reprinted for more than two generations. In December 1908, writing to