

THE CALL

THE MAGAZINE OF THE JACK LONDON SOCIETY



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MY PAL MILO

Earle Labor

Centenary College of Louisiana

The World of Jack London lost one of its greatest friends and benefactors with the passing of Milo Shepard. He was more than friend and benefactor to my family and to me. My children loved him as their "Uncle Milo." I called him "Pal"; in truth, he was the big brother I had always longed for as a boy but never had—the older brother I had wanted for wisdom, security, and guidance into manhood.

We had met briefly in 1970 during one of my visits to the Ranch, but my fondest early recollection is our next meeting in January, 1975. My Number One Son Royce and I had dropped by to see Irving and Mildred Shepard before driving on down to the Huntington Library. Their home was located on the slope of the Sonoma Mountain overlooking the Valley: the attractive house Jack had built for Eliza Shepard and her son Irving when she became his Ranch Manager in 1910. The weather was less attractive: one of those cold, drizzly days very different from the golden summers and autumns in the Valley of the Moon. But that was outside the Shepard home; inside was much more congenial because our host was waiting to greet us beside the logs that were cheerfully glowing in the living-room fireplace. Mildred would have been there beside him, but she was in bed with the flu. I guess we'd been there chatting for ten or fifteen minutes when Milo showed up. I was immediately struck by his presence: if not an exact John Wayne lookalike, he gave that impression. I'd forgotten how big he was: ruggedly handsome and nearly a head taller than Irving and me. Addressing him by a nickname obviously bestowed in his childhood, his Dad said, "Pee Wee, take Earle and Royce down to the Cottage, and show them what's there."

The Cottage was the house where Jack and Charmian lived while awaiting the completion of their Wolf House. Now part of the Jack London State Historical Park, it has been beauti-



Milo Shepard

1925-2010

fully restored. But on that grey chilly day it was in sad condition: Milo had been reroofing it when the winter rains began, and only one central room wasn't dripping. On shelves around the walls of this room were stacks of stationery boxes. Opening one, I saw it contained pages of what were clearly manuscripts of Jack London's stories and novels—priceless archival treasures. On one shelf I spotted a large tan-cloth ledger, the kind once used for keeping records of business accounts. Picking it up, I read what was hand-printed on the cover: "Magazine Sales No. 5." A meticulous businessman, London had kept exact records of the publishing history of all his works since returning from the Klondike in 1898. "Magazine Sales Nos. 1 & 2" were now housed in the Special Collections Department of Merrill Library at Utah State University; "Magazine Sales Nos. 3 & 4" were secured at the Huntington. I'd assumed that because of his deteriorating health, Jack hadn't bothered to keep these records during his last year.

"Hey, Milo, here's Magazine Sales Number Five," I said, holding up the ledger. "This is too valuable to leave down here. I'm going to take it back up so that your Dad can keep it in his office."

"Okay," he replied. "But before

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Although Milo had spent most of his life working out of the sight of libraries, and while he wouldn't admit it, he was a true "American Scholar" defined by Emerson in his famous essay by that title as "man thinking"—not the mere book-worm—but the complete man influenced by Nature and Action as well as by Books.

we leave, we might check to see what's in this safe."

I glanced over to see him standing beside a massive brown safe. He spun the knob and opened the thick metal door. Inside, neatly stacked, were dozens of small leather-bound books.

"Want to take a look at one of these?" he asked, handing it to me.

"My Diary 1910" I read on the cover. Opening it I saw printed dates and matching days of the year, and filling all the pages was what I immediately recognized as Charmian London's inimitable scrawl

"Charmian's personal diaries!" I exclaimed. "Your Dad told me about them the first time I came up here in 1963, but I thought they'd been destroyed after Irving Stone sneaked in and found them in her secret hiding-place."

"Yeah, that was when we kicked him off the Ranch," said Milo. "Well, I guess we'd better close this safe and get back up the hill. Dad's waiting for us."

Irving was indeed waiting.

"Find anything of interest down there, Earle?" he asked when we came back into the living-room.

"Lots of important stuff, including this 'Magazine Sales No. 5,' which you need to keep up here," I replied, handing him the ledger.

"Did you open the safe, Pee Wee?" he asked Milo, who nodded.

"See anything there that interested you, Earle?" said Irving.

"Charmian's diaries!" I responded. "I didn't know they still existed."

"We've got to do something with those. Charmian would probably want them burned."

"Don't do that!" I pleaded. "They're invaluable sources of information for London scholars. Send them down to the Huntington to be placed under lock and key for fifty years, or whatever you want to keep them secure—but don't destroy them!"

"Well, I'll have to talk to Mildred about that, and see what she thinks."

Fortunately those diaries—along with the other archival treasures from the Cottage—are now safely accessible at the Huntington Library. As a matter of fact, Charmian's diaries became a major reference for my own Jack London biography.

Following Irving's death later that year, the role of Jack London's literary executor fell upon Milo's shoulders.

His vital energies had previously been devoted to the United States Navy during World War II, then to the Ranch as dairy manager, to the California State Park System as Ranger, and most recently as viticulturist to the new Jack London Vineyard he had planted. He now undertook the very different responsibilities of handling not only the problems of publications and copyright laws but—even more challenging—the varied idiosyncrasies of literary scholarship. These were strange new worlds with such people as he had never encountered in the world of men who work in the open with their backs and hands. Publishing houses and ivied cloisters were terra incognita, and where many of us might have panicked in the face of such a foreign territory, he entered it with characteristic poise. Now that I think of it, I can't remember even one occasion during the half-century I knew him when he was badly thrown off balance—and there were plenty of times he might have done so. Don't misunderstand: I sometimes saw him irritated—even angry—because of some perceived injustice or stupidity. But I never saw him visibly nervous or unstrung. He was living proof of what Hemingway calls "grace under pressure."

There were pressures aplenty in his new position, not just from academic scholars but also from commercial writers and publishers always ready to cash in on Jack London's enduring popularity. I was amazed at how rapidly Milo adjusted to the complex demands of this new role. He had one of the quickest minds—and quickest wits—of any man I have ever met. Because of his robust persona, his intelligence was sometimes underestimated and his subtle humor missed completely. Another of my favorite memories was our first trip down to the Huntington Library. Charmian's precious diaries were now safely stored along with some sixty thousand Jack London treasures down in the earthquake-fire-proof vault. As our young tour guide unlocked the entrance gate, he turned to me and said,

"I'm sorry, Dr. Labor, but I can only admit Mr. Shepard."

Milo responded curtly, "He's with me, and he

goes with me.”

After the three of us had gone down and witnessed the vast archival treasure-trove, we came back upstairs to the main reading-room, a spacious two-tiered area surrounded by bookshelves filled from floor to ceiling. Director James Thorpe had planned a special welcome lunch for Milo at noon. Our guide checked his watch and said,

“We still have fifteen minutes before lunch, Mr. Shepard. Is there anything special you’d like to see while we’re waiting?”

“Got anything to read around here?” Milo said without changing expression.

“Oh yes, we have *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and several other newspapers,” our guide answered brightly.

“Well, I guess we can just stroll around the gardens for a few minutes,” Milo remarked drily, never cracking a smile.

Although Milo had spent most of his life working out of the sight of libraries, and while he wouldn’t admit it, he was a true “American Scholar” defined by Emerson in his famous essay by that title as “man thinking”—not the mere bookworm—but the complete man influenced by Nature and Action as well as by Books. “Only so much do I know as I have lived,” Emerson declares. Milo Shepard lived as fully as any man I ever knew, staying physically active until his last couple of years—and staying intellectually active until the end. He was exceptionally well read on cultural and political issues. Whenever I visited him, I always took note of the current magazines on his coffee table (not merely such as *Newsweek* and *Time* but *The Atlantic Monthly* as well) and the daily newspaper by his chair in the living room (including *The Christian Science Monitor*). Although he published no books, his mind was a richly packed storehouse of information, memories, and wisdom he was always ready to share with scholars and casual visitors alike. Beyond this, he was a significant contributor to the multi-volume Stanford Editions of London’s letters and short stories as well as the Macmillan edition of London’s fifty best stories that he, Bob Leitz, and I co-edited. I said that he published no books. Correction: *The Jack London Story and the Beauty Ranch*, based upon his series of interviews with Caroline Crawford from the Regional Oral History Office at UC/Berkeley, is the definitive history of the Ranch.

Milo was a “doer”—more than this, he was a “giver,” generous beyond measure. . . His greatest gift, however, was his time. He was ever the hospitable host and willing tour guide. The latch-string was always out at the rustic home he had built overlooking the vineyard . . .

Milo was a “doer”—more than this, he was a “giver,” generous beyond measure. Books (sometimes scarce first editions of London’s works he had bought for special friends), artifacts (including items from the thousands of souvenirs Jack had collected on his travels), and wine (his favorite gift). In 1988, he donated an extraordinary collection of artifacts and archival materials to fill our new Jack London Museum and Research Center at Centenary. His greatest gift, however, was his time. He was ever the hospitable host and willing tour guide. The latch-string was always out at the rustic home he had built overlooking the vineyard following the deaths of his parents. He had included a guest bed-

room, which he allowed me to lay claim to during my many visits over the years. When my sons or my colleagues David Havird and Jeff Hendricks accompanied me, Milo brought forth sleeping bags to spread out on the thick, soft carpet of his living room. An early morning riser, he liked his afternoon naps, especially as he grew older, but there was a welcoming warmth about his house any time of the day or night even if he was asleep.

He had designed the house with a veranda overlooking his vineyard, and the splendid view was distinguished by one tall, stately redwood tree standing on a hill in the middle.

“I refused to let them cut down that tree when they cleared that pasture,” he told me. “I didn’t care if it cost us a few hundred bushels of grapes every year.” His love for all things natural was also evident in the bird-feeders, including one for humming-birds, he had hung over the banister. “There’s more than two dozen species that come here,” he remarked. I also spotted a big grey squirrel hanging upside down, swishing his full bushy tail, and picking up seeds from the little trough at the bottom of the jar.

Milo was also honest beyond measure. I think he must have been incapable of duplicity. He said exactly what he thought, and I never had any doubts about where he stood on any issue we discussed. Like Thoreau, his frankness was admirable but sometimes unsettling in social discourse. Each of us occasionally hit a sensitive nerve in our relationship, but I think those exchanges only strengthened our friendship over the years. I fondly recall one ar-

gument, for example, during our first trip to Scotland in 1993. We were sitting in the lounge of the Inver Lodge Hotel overlooking the harbor of Lochinver on the remote northwestern coast, warmly debating the contrasting characteristics of different single-malt whiskies. Milo was extolling the virtues of the top-rated, extra smooth 18-year-old Macallan; I was praising the peaty 15-year-old Laphroaig. My imp of the perverse aroused by the rising heat of our argument—not to mention the several drams I'd imbibed—I abruptly declared, "Well, Old Pal, you may know your wine, but I know a helluva lot more than you do about single-malt Scotch. Your Macallan is a fine drink for ladies and gentlemen, but my Laphroaig's the drink for real men!"

That hit home. "Just drop it" he growled. "Nobody can tell you anything anyhow."

"You do a pretty good job of it," I retorted.

"Touché!" he said.

"Let's drink to it," I responded.

Our several trips together overseas are among my favorite memories. My wife Betty and I had fallen in love with the Highlands after watching a wonderful little film called *Local Her*, and we had made a half-dozen trips there before her death in 1989. Two years later I had taken my Mom (a Kirkpatrick) and three youngest children to enjoy the beautiful land of our ancestors.

"You've taken everybody over there but me," Milo grumbled. "When are you taking me?"

I guided him and his former wife Susan over there twice, touring several islands. Our favorite was always Skye, and my favorite hotel was the untouristy Tongadale in Portree. During our first visit the proprietress, Fiona Frazer, told us we should attend the special celebration that evening at the town hall. Following her advice, we walked up the hill from the hotel and were delighted to see it filled with local folks coming together to raise money for a new youth's center. The program included Scottish songs, dances, and the ever-present bagpipes—plus a lottery. There were several prizes, the Grand Prize being a beautifully framed pastel sketch of the famous Cuillin Hills by a local artist. A cheerful young woman was strolling around the crowd selling tickets at one-pound Sterling each. Reaching into his billfold, Milo took out two twenty-pound notes and handed them to me. "Match these and give them to her," he said. I swallowed hard (being a child of the Great Depression), fished a couple of twenty-pound notes from my own wallet, and handed them to the lass, asking, "How many tickets will this buy?"

"All I have left—the whole book!" she exclaimed. "Thank you!"

I handed half the tickets to Milo, and he won the Grand Prize. He also won the hearts of the townsfolk. In the closing moments of the celebration, the Master-of-Ceremony announced, "We thank all of you for your contributions to this worthy project, with special thanks to our American visitors!" Afterwards, Milo took his ballpoint pen, wrote something on the back of the picture and

handed it to me. I turned it over and read the following inscription:

To Earle:

Remember when we were in Skye and I won this—

May you enjoy as I have this trip with you.

Milo

May 21, 1993

Isle of Skye

The picture now hangs on the wall of my bedroom. The enjoyable remembrances of our trips together are countless. We toured Scotland—including Mull, Iona, the Outer Hebrides, and the Orkneys (I was teaching *Frankenstein* and curious to see if those were as bleak as Mary Shelley describes them)—revisiting the Isle of Skye four more times. In 1997, Milo said, "Let's go someplace besides Scotland this year." So we did Norway and Denmark. Because I teach *The Sea-Wolf* in my Jack London Seminar, I was particularly interested in seeing Romsdal Fiord, Wolf Larsen's birthplace. I was even more interested in seeing my friends from the University of Aarhus, where I had served as a Fulbright Professor thirty-three years earlier. For me the highlight of our trip was our reunion at the Royal Danish Hotel—a dinner which had all the congenial warmth of *agape*, a spiritual love-feast. For Milo, one highlight was visiting the 400-year-old farm inherited by my son Kyle's friend Henrik Herskind and his wife Lilli on the west coast of Denmark. In addition to livestock and orchard, Lilli was tending a small vineyard she had planted the year before. Milo took special pleasure in sharing viticultural tips with her.

Both of us were fortunate during our last four trips overseas because we were chaperoned by our own medical team: my son Kirk and his friends Keith Rhynes and David Kloda. Although we were lucky enough not to need any emergency treatments, we felt more secure and more enabled by their solicitous attention. I was now experiencing some troublesome hearing and arthritic problems, and Milo was using a walking-stick and having increasing difficulty in climbing stairs. I know that sometimes he was in pain, but he never admitted it. In fact, I can't ever remember him whining with self-pity. On the other hand, I myself did some serious complaining after back surgery a couple of years ago. Never in my eighty years had I endured such a savage range of pain. Talking on the phone with Milo one evening, I asked, "How do you manage to cope with it?"

"I just grit my teeth and bear it," he answered. "You need to do the same."

He must have been in nearly constant misery during his last year. As Keith Rhynes told me, "He's got the heart of a lion."

"I know," I answered. "He can still growl!"

I no longer hear my Pal's distinctive growl, but I'll always cherish my memories of his great heart.





Sue, Larry, and Gail living it up at the reception

A DAY IN THE PARK by Lou Leal

The Biennial Jack London Society Symposium has always been a stimulating delight to me with the diverse variety of subjects presented relating to Jack London. The symposiums held in Santa Rosa have always been extra special, because of the opportunity we have as docents at Jack London State Historic Park to host symposium members, so they may experience the place Jack London called home, and view the Beauty Ranch, where Jack London poured his energy and money in an attempt to create the finest example of successful agriculture and animal breeding.

On the second day of the 2010 Symposium, members travelled to Jack London State Historic Park for an outdoor picnic in beautiful California weather. After the picnic, park docents provided a ranch tour, a lake hike, and Wolf House interpretive walk. The Jack London Cottage was also open, hosted by Katherine Metraux, curator for California State Parks, and local park curator Carol Dodge, where they presented their excellent work of creating a house museum with many of the original furnishings and artifacts.

At 5 pm, with tours over, symposium members and volunteers gathered at Charmian London's House of Happy Walls to attend a song recital upstairs. Songs and arias from Jack London's time were performed by two singers. The first set featured

Jena Vincent, soprano, and Jean Jamison, pianist. Their performance included Gilbert and Sullivan and Puccini. Ms. Vincent ended the set with "Recompense," a song Charmian said was one that Jack loved. To hear the song sung, and accompanied on Charmian's piano, was a very special treat for all in attendance. The poignant lyrics gave us insight into Jack London's sensitive nature. This is a part of Jack London that has been mostly neglected by those who have studied and written about London's life. The second set featured Anastasia Encarnacion, soprano, and Steven Angelucci, pianist. Music of Stephen Foster and Victor Herbert filled the room. I feel certain that Jack and Charmian would have loved the performance.

After the recital, a wine and cheese reception awaited the audience. A very special wine that was served had a label that very prominently displayed the Jack London wolf head book logo. This Kenwood wine was produced from grapes sourced from Jack London Vineyards—from vines, planted and carefully nurtured on the site of Jack London's Beauty Ranch by Milo Shepard, Jack London's grand nephew, who successfully worked the land nearly a hundred years after his grand uncle. Sipping the wine was a perfect way to end the day.

I include here, the lyrics to the song Jack London loved to hear.

RECOMPENSE

Words by J. R. Eastwood and Music by Auguste Mignon
(1880)

One flower alone, of all the flowers,
Sweet with the summer sunlit showers,
One blown queen blossom on the tree,
Was more than all the rest to me.
And one proud face was passing fair,
One face alone, beyond compare;
It was alas! As lovers know,
My heart of hearts, that told me so,
My heart of hearts, My heart of hearts,
That told me so.

The wind crept down the garden walk,
And stole my blossom from the stalk;
My passion met with her disdain;
I loved her, and I loved in vain.
And so I gave the world was wide.
Scorn for her scorn,
And pride for pride;
And still, alas! I found that she
Was more than all the world to me.
Was more than all, Was more than all
The world to me.

Sanzhar Sultanov's Film Adaptation of *Burning Daylight*

Bruce Knight

After attending the premier aka *Burning Daylight*, captures his screening of *Burning Daylight* last rage and raw human emotion, August, I am pleased to report that which should strike a chord with some young movie makers are on the American people, given our the right track. The movie is based current economic and political con- upon three pieces of Jack London's ditions. work: "Just Meat," "To Kill a Man," and *Burning Daylight*.

The movie depicts three different segments of American society, all of which, in their lust for greed and social superiority, fall prey to their own individual weaknesses with tragic consequences.

A powerful performance by Robert Knepper as Elam Harnish,

The screenplay holds close to Jack London's texts while successfully achieving the director's goals. Sanzhar Sultanov, who directed and also plays a character in the film, illustrates the duplicity and betrayal in all social classes. With excellent performances by the actors and a slick technical production, the movie stirs the emotions

of the audience.

Knepper's bold and passionate portrayal of *Burning Daylight* is reminiscent of a youthful Kirk Douglas. Christopher DeMeo as Matt, along with Adrian Cowan as Joanne Setcliffe, and Paul Calderon as Hughie Luke, contribute to the film's overall success. Although not a John Ford or a Francis Coppola yet, Sultanov is headed in the right direction. For the public, this is an excellent chance to see a good adaption of Jack London's work. For the Jack London fan, a must see!

The 10th Biennial Jack London Symposium in Santa Rosa, California



Noël, Diane, Roberta, and Christian enjoy an afternoon break



Per, Earle, and Anita unwind



Jeanne and Sue take a well-earned respite at their book signing



Greg gives a tour of the Wolf House ruins at the Jack London State Historical Park

Andrew J. Furer, 1961-2010

by Lenny Cassuto

I've lately been dipping into the autobiography of Jackie Robinson. Its title is *I Never Had It Made*. Neither did Andrew Furer.

I first met Andrew in print. I had just started as a junior faculty member at Fordham University in the early 1990s and I read in *The Call* of a Berkeley graduate student who had already launched himself into the larger world, who was a recognized member of a scholarly community even before getting his degree. I was jealous, because I thought he had it made.

When I met Andrew in person at the first Jack London Symposium soon afterwards, we became friends. We stayed friends for these nearly twenty years, a friendship that went beyond literature to encompass Cape Cod, sailing, and chocolate ganache, among other things. Andrew made his passions into rituals, and he loved to share them.

Andrew loved the literature of realism and naturalism, and I was continually struck by how deeply read he was in the period. How many people who never wrote a word on Theodore Dreiser for publication could boast of having read Dreiser's enormous autobiographical novel, *The "Genius"*? The only one I know of is no longer with us.

Naturalism has a deserved reputation as a very moral literature, but it comes by that reputation through stories that highlight morality by pointing to its absence. Anyone who knew Andrew learned quickly that he had none of the nihilistic indifference that some naturalist writers represent in the world.

So it's appropriate that Andrew's great passion was for Jack London. Some critics have disdained him because of his unembarrassed advocacy of "individualistic socialism." But

London felt a sense of social obligation, and his stories bore eloquent witness to it.

Anyone who talked to Andrew about his work learned quickly of his devotion to London's writing. Nancy Sommers, the director of Harvard's Expository Writing Program during the four years that Andrew worked there, put it this way:

Andrew knew more about Jack London than anyone else and he made you care about London, made you read London, and he did what every great critic doe—he made you believe that London was the greatest writer, ever.

Because London was a man of his time, he held beliefs that haven't all aged so well. That contradiction between London's dated positions—especially those on race and gender—and his enduring sense of commitment and compassion was the intersection at which Andrew did most of his scholarly work. Andrew wanted to rescue London, who was courageous enough to voice his beliefs and defend them in public, from being tarred by our all-knowing disapproval in hindsight of prejudices that were widely held a century ago. So Andrew sought to reconcile the London of his own time with the London of ours—and his thorough immersion in the culture of the time gave depth and energy to his efforts. It also gave his work uncommon interest: who else would have thought to compare London to the physical culture guru Bernarr Macfadden, an early advocate of weightlifting who changed his name from Bernard to Bernarr because it sounded more like a snarl?

Andrew's scholarship was creative in that way. When I say "scholarship," I'm using the term in its broadest and most humanistic sense—as it used to be widely understood, not just in terms of publication (which is largely self-serving), but also teaching (which is about service to others). Once upon a time the great professors in the American academy took their classroom legacies seriously, and their students

carried those legacies out into the world. Andrew fit that intellectual mold. He was old school in the best possible way—which meant that he was, like the character in the Edwin Arlington Robinson poem, "born too late." His teaching diverted his energy from more visible pursuits—the "publish" in "publish or perish"—that might have gained him greater fame, but he embraced his teaching as a calling. And he taught with a dedication that wrung him out.

Andrew published a lot for someone who taught as intensively as he did, but we can best measure his work by looking at what he gave to his students. His coursepacks, for example, were the size of telephone books because he wanted to teach the literature as he knew it, not just the books that happened to be in print. No matter what Andrew was teaching his students, though, each one got a personalized writing tutorial. Andrew taught at Fordham for four years, and I saw him hold more office hours than a visiting faculty member ever did, or probably ever will. And the feedback that he got from students reflected the time he gave to them: they were grateful, and they told him so. He treated his students as human beings, not as obligations, and he gave them everything he could—just as you'd do for a friend. Andrew's generosity as an academic and his generosity as a friend drew from the same deep well.

Andrew's many friends in the Jack London community know this. He had a talent for friendship, and for loyalty, the latter of which surely connected to his deep devotion to his principles. His heroes—besides London, Paul Robeson was another—embodied the same sense of commitment. He was, in the words of Earle Labor, a true scholar—"Man Thinking"—in the Emersonian sense of that description of the complete human being."

Nancy Sommers of the Harvard Expository Writing Program remembers

Andrew as “a fabulous colleague—caring, generous, thoughtful, sweet, and very funny. Our offices were next to each other, and we would often find ourselves in the hallway talking about jazz, politics, or American literature. He always had an original take on everything and I came to look forward to hearing his thoughts on any of our running topics. Andrew taught a jazz and literature Expos course. Students loved the course; they loved him. They knew that they were in the presence of an extraordinary mind, someone who cared deeply about them and their progress as writers. From time to time, I could tell that Andrew was suffering from one illness or another, but he always downplayed his discomfort. He seemed brave and courageous in the face of so much suffering. I told him this. In his usual self-deprecating way, he smiled and said everything was

OK. I wish it had been so.

“Virtue,” says Andrew’s friend and former dissertation adviser Donald McQuade, “is a word not used much these days. To be virtuous is to be earnest, generous, and kind, and to exhibit—in one’s life every day—an ethical standard and a strength and resiliency of character. A virtuous person exudes presence. Andrew Furer was a virtuous man, and his life exemplified these attributes.” Recalling Abraham Lincoln’s remark, “I never had a policy; I have just tried to do my very best each and every day,” McQuade sums it up: “Against many odds, Andrew did exactly that, and nothing less, every day.”

Andrew did his very best, right to the end. He faced his final illness unflinchingly, but not in a tight-lipped, strong-and-silent tough-guy way either. He told people he was dying in

language that allowed their conversations with him to bear up under the heaviness of that sad fact. So graceful was his final act that it wasn’t until after he was gone that I realized that Andrew had given me a lesson in how to face death with courage and openness. It was a final generosity in a life filled with generosity.

Jack London died too young. So did Andrew Furer. Our mutual friend Clare Eby, in a remembrance she prepared with me for the *American Literary Naturalism Newsletter*, wrote that Andrew never lost his faith in the academy. I can say amen to that, and I would add that by my lights, the academy has not shown itself fully deserving of that faith. Andrew Furer gave nobly and well to his job, and he gave more than he got back. We all share his loss, in so many ways. He never had it made, but he deserved to.

~ LOGAN, UTAH 2012 ~

JACK LONDON SOCIETY 11TH BIENNIAL SYMPOSIUM



October 4-6, 2012

Marriott Springhill Suites Riverwoods Conference Center
625 South Riverwoods Parkway
Logan, UT 84321
ph. 435-750-5180

Room rate: \$89 per night (available until October 1, 2012)

Call for Papers:

15-minute papers or other presentation formats are open for any subject on Jack London's life and works. Send proposals to jeanne.reesman@utsa.edu by proposal deadline of August 30, 2012. The next issue of THE CALL will include proposal and registration forms.

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Korean Sources and References in Jack London's *The Star Rover*

Chang, Young-Hee
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During the early stage of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, Jack London was posted to Japan and Korea as a war correspondent for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Because of the cold weather and bad transportation, the trip to Korea was an extremely strenuous one, and London, for all his experiences in the Klondike, describes coming to Korea as "the hardest job I ever undertook."¹ No doubt it was one of the most memorable experiences in his life, but the experience was far from rewarding. With his usual enthusiasm and zeal, London managed to get closer to the front than any other reporter, but due to the Japanese government's strict censorship of all military activities, his attempts to cover the war were constantly forestalled.

London, who was keen to give a good account of himself as a war correspondent, was deeply frustrated by being kept inactive by the Japanese military. In a letter to Charmian, his fiancée, he comments, "Never were correspondents treated in any war as they have been in this. It's absurd, childish, ridiculous, rich, comedy. . . . Disgusted, utterly disgusted" (JR 23). But he himself admits that the trip was not totally unrewarding. He says, "Whatever I have done I am ashamed of. The only compensation for these months of irritation is a better comprehension of Asiatic geography and Asiatic character. Only in another war, with a white man's army, may I hope to redeem myself" (JR 22). Thus, though London may have failed as a war correspondent, he acquired real-life knowledge about Asia, and while the *San Francisco Examiner* articles may not be war reports, they do give some vivid pictures of behind-the-line scenes of contemporary Asia—especially of Korean people, streets, and culture.²

London seemed to harbor a deep contempt for Asians, especially for Koreans. He made numerous disrespectful—to say the least—comments about Koreans in his newspaper articles, and in "Yellow Peril" his assessment of Korean characteristics is most pejorative and derogatory, compared to that of the Japanese and the Chinese. While he was irritated by the Japanese treatment of the correspondents, he genuinely admired the Japanese army. In one of his articles he describes the Japanese army: "I doubt if there be more peaceable, orderly soldiers in the world than the Japanese. I think as to the quietness, strictness and order-

liness of Japanese soldiers it is very hard to find any equals in the world . . . its infantry is perfectness itself" (JR 41). He also complimented the Chinese for their diligence and good sense of business: "the Chinese is the perfect type of industry . . . he is an efficient worker; makes a good soldier, and is wealthy in the essential materials of a machine age. Under a capable management he will go far. . . ." (JR 345). On the other hand, he added, "The Korean is the perfect type of inefficiency—of utter worthlessness" (JR 343).

After a detailed description of his experiences with a Korean "mapu" (groom) in one of his articles, he remarks: "This rather extended account of a trivial affair has been given to show concretely the inefficiency and helplessness of the Korean. . . . In short, the first weeks of a white traveler on Korean soil are anything but pleasant. If he be a man of sensitive organization he will spend most of his time under the compelling sway of two alternating desires. The first is to kill Koreans, the second is to commit suicide. Personally, I prefer the first" (JR 46-7).

London, who was usually quite sensitive to the plight of underdogs, didn't exhibit any pity or sympathetic feelings towards the Korean people victimized by the war—a war between two strong nations they were involved in against their will. In some

Although London still remains critical and disrespectful towards some Korean customs, he often makes positive comments on Korean traditions and culture, extensively quotes Korean songs and poems, but most of all, he depicts a Korean woman who remains one of his most memorable women characters.

of his letters to Charmian and newspapers, he describes the Koreans' fear of the war that has become a "blinding terror": ". . . they [Koreans] are fleeing in fear and some of the scenes of suffering are equal to the horrors of De Quincy's 'Flight of a Tartar Tribe.' . . . A Korean family of refugees—their household goods on their backs, just went

by" (JR 39, 16). One might expect the pitiful sights to have touched his emotional chord and make him add some sympathetic remarks, but he remains coldly factual.

Despite his none-too-favorable comments on Korea, however, London's experiences in Korea were not completely lacking in pleasant memories. He engaged a young Korean man named Manyoungi³ as his servant for \$17.50, who turned out to be a most efficient helper. London wrote in his first dispatch to the *San Francisco Examiner*: "He [Manyoungi] dressed in European clothes, with a white shirt, standup collar, tie, studs, and all complete, and he talked English better, far better, than my provisional interpreter. . . . Not only did he know how to work himself and achieve results, but he possessed the miraculous faculty of getting work out of other Koreans" (JR 35). London completely relied on him during his stay in Korea. He often refers to him as "a gem of a boy," and in fact, he regarded him so highly that he brought him back to California, where Manyoungi served him as a valet for three years until London and Charmian went on a trip aboard the *Snark*.

On one occasion, a Korean *yangban*, a nobleman, seeing London afflicted with lice, invited him to his house. London graciously declined because the nobleman's house was a long dis-

tance off the main road, but he was deeply thankful, commenting: ". . . it was the most intimate interview with a nobleman I ever had in my life" (JR 75). And despite his anti-Korean prejudices, London, in his own way, does try to analyze what he thought to be the Korean inefficiency and susceptibility to foreign invasion. He ascribes them to the many foreign invasions Korea had suffered: In his famous essay "Yellow Peril,"⁴ he says "They [Koreans] have splendid vigor and fine bodies, but they are accustomed to being beaten and robbed without protest or resistance by every chance foreigner who enters their country" (JR 341).

For his short stay, London's knowledge about Korea was remarkably expansive. He knew quite a few Korean words,⁵ and in his articles he describes Korean horses, Korean money, and many other Korean customs and characteristics in minute detail. London seemed to be especially attracted by some Korean poems. Charmian wrote on her copy of London's letter of March 12, 1904, "He [London] quotes several short poems from the Korean—and comments: 'These are sweet, are they not? They are the only sweet things I have seen among the Koreans!'"⁶

As Richard O'Connor says, London's stay in Korea may have only "contributed to heightening his anti-Oriental prejudices and his fear of 'Yellow Peril'" (219-220). And if it was London's plan to develop his experiences with the Russo-Japanese War into some serious literary projects, there was no immediate outcome. He disappointedly says, "Our treatment [of the war] has been ridiculously childish, and we have not been allowed to see anything . . . there won't be any war book so far as I am concerned" (JR 16). Indeed, there was no war book, but not long after he returned home, London wrote his prize-winning story, "A Nose for the King" based on a Korean folk-tale,⁷ and more significantly, ten years later, he devoted an entire chapter to a Korean episode in his novel *The Star Rover* (1915). It is one of London's lesser-known works, but it was one of his most ambitious. In her study of London's life and times, his daughter, Joan London, noted that "*The Star Rover* . . . was Jack's last attempt at a serious work. Into this extraordinary and little known book he flung with a prodigal hand riches which he had hoarded for years, and compressed into brilliant episodes notes originally intended for full-length books. . . . After *The Star Rover* he made no further effort to write well" (Joan London 262).

The Star Rover is a story of reincarnation, a topic often associated with the Orient. London might have found it appropriate to include an Oriental setting to present the theme of "SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT" (as he himself capitalized it), and somehow he chose to write about Korea—heretofore a topic he was not too enthralled by. He probably thought he knew about Korea best among Asian countries, in which case Manyoungi could have



Frontispiece from the Macmillan 1915 edition of *The Star Rover* with a caption that reads:

"YOU ARE A MAN," SHE COMPLETED. "NOT EVEN IN MY SLEEP HAVE I EVER DREAMED THERE WAS SUCH A MAN."

been a motivator, or perhaps London might have intended to use Korea as a target of his ridicule and sarcasm. But in the course of having meticulously researched the background for the Korean episode his attitude towards Korea appears to have changed. Although London still remains critical and disrespectful towards some Korean customs, he often makes positive comments on Korean traditions and culture, extensively quotes Korean songs and poems, but most of all, he depicts a Korean woman who remains one of his most memorable women characters. What might have caused this change of attitude can be only guessed at. Berkove suggests that London's general attitude towards the Orient changed after he was exposed to the island cultures of the South Pacific: "London became more understanding and respectful of non-white cultures and he increasingly portrayed non-whites in a new way, as adherents of cultures in some respects more advanced than our own" (35).

This may well be, for London seemed to do more reading and research after he returned from Korea and he developed a better understanding of Korean people

and culture. In his *Tools of My Trade*, Hamilton notes that London had read three books about Korea before he went to Korea for the Russo-Japanese War: William Griffis's *Korea: The Hermit Nation*, Alexis Krausse's *The Far East*, and Isabella Bishop's *Korea and Her Neighbors* (21). Also while he was in Korea London bought a dictionary called *Korean Words and Phrases*. It helped him get by, if only slightly.⁸

But there's only a small possibility that London returned to these books for information while writing *The Star Rover*.

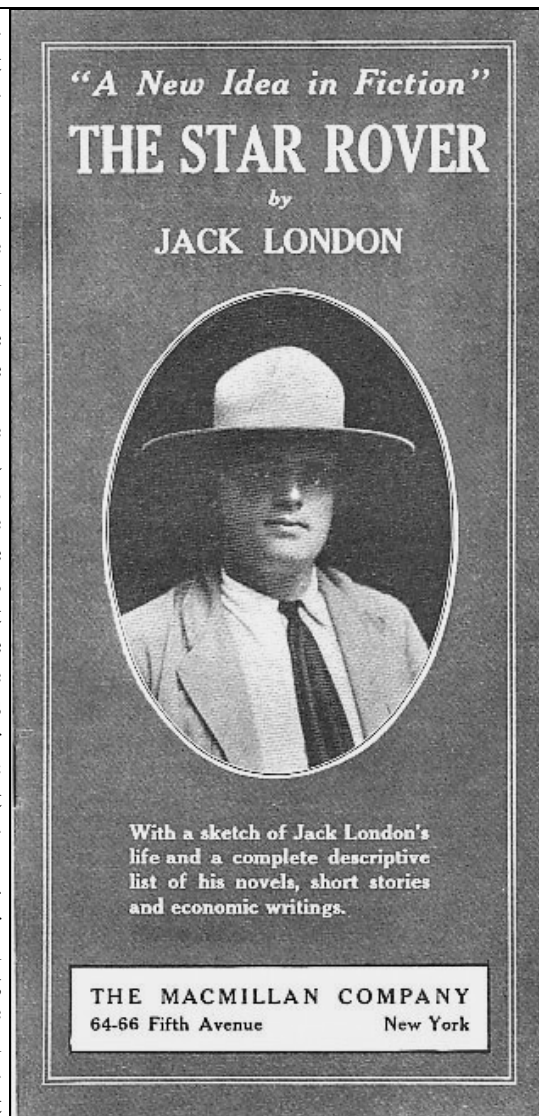
His collection of books on the Far East include works that were published *after* he returned to California from the war, an indication that London began more serious reading on Korea afterwards. The book he most heavily drew on to write the Korean episode of *The Star Rover* was Homer B. Hulbert's *The Passing of Korea*. It was first published in 1905, and London had a 1909 edition of the book. Homer Hulbert was an American missionary who lived in Korea for 26 years and in the book he laments the "death" of Korean culture as an outcome of Japanese colonization. A dedicated anti-imperialist, he wrote the book just before he was forced by the Japanese government to return to America, where he continued to work for Korean independence. Dedicating the book to the Korean people and addressing the American reader, he says in the preface: "This book is a labour of love, undertaken in the days of Korea's distress, with the purpose of interesting the reading public in a country and a people that have been frequently maligned and seldom appreciated" (i). In describing the situation of Korea he pleads with the American reader to help the Koreans to keep

their independence and long tradition, and in some parts it almost seems as if he were directly addressing Jack London:

There is a peculiar pathos in the extinction of a nation. Especially is this true when the nation is one . . . filled with monuments of past achievements That culture evinces itself in its ultimate forms of honesty, sympathy, unselfishness, and not in the use of a swallow-tail coat and a silk hat. Which, think you, is the proper way to go about the rehabilitation of the East? The only yellow peril possible lies in the arming of the Orient with the thunder-bolts of the West, without at the same time giving her the moral forces which will restrain her in their use. . . . The American public has been persistently told that the Korean people are a degenerate and contemptible nation, incapable of better things, intellectually inferior, and better off under Japanese rule than independent. The following pages may in some measure answer these charges, which have been put forth for a specific purpose—a purpose that came to full fruition on the night November 17, 1905, when, at the point of the sword, Korea was forced to acquiesce "voluntarily" in the virtual destruction of her independence once and for all. (6, 9)

It may be presumptuous to say Hulbert's book drastically changed London's view of Korea, but at least it gave London a deeper background knowledge of Korea, which might not have been possible during his short stay in Korea. *The Passing of Korea* is 470 pages long and in its thirty-five chapters Hulbert describes Korean people and culture with remarkable knowledge. In his copy of Hulbert's book, London pencil-marked the parts on agriculture, food products, ginseng, Korean disposition and character, Korean morality, the system of judicial fines and the penal code, the social and political history of the country, social activities and games engaged in by Koreans, and Korean medicine.⁹ Sometimes taking descriptions from the book almost verbatim, London seems to have had the book ready at hand when he wrote Chapter 15 of *The Star Rover*.

The Star Rover is an account of Darrel Standing, an inmate of San Quentin prison in California, who is sentenced to life imprisonment and suffers from the torture of a strait jacket. Using a



process of self-hypnosis to escape from its torture, he is able to relive a series of his previous lives. Among his many incarnations, he was once Adam Strang, an English adventurer living sometime between 1550 and 1650 in Korea. When his ship the *Sparwehr* is wrecked on an island off the Korean coast, he and another 13 sailors are rescued by Korean fishermen who are described by London: "The men were clad entirely in dirty white, with their long hair done up in a curious knot on their pates."¹⁰ After being held prisoner on the island, Strang and the other castaways are transported to Seoul, and Strang is taken aback by the sight of palace buildings: "On mere description of the Emperor's palace a thousand pages of my narrative could be worthily expanded. Let it suffice that here we knew power in all its material expression. Only a civilization deep and wide and old and strong could produce this far-walled, many-gabled roof of kings" (180). He and the other castaways are handed over to the governor to be "planked" (London's word for *kal*, a device for punishment)¹¹, but in the course of fighting against the soldiers, Strang exerts such valor that he earns the nickname Yi Yong-ik the Mighty. He develops a friendship with an officer named Kim, who teaches him "the Korean points of view, the Korean soft places, weak places, touchy places" (178). In court Strang meets a young woman, the Lady Om, "the Princess of the house of Min," and a perfect prototype of beauty and virtue, with whom

he immediately falls in love.

Lady Om is a strong-willed woman, and successfully resists the pressure put upon her to marry Chong Mong-ju, "a lesser cousin of the great Min family" (187). In *Lady Om*, Strang finds the woman of his dreams: "She had a will of her own, and she had a heart all womanly" (187). His love is readily returned by Lady Om.

Eventually Strang and the Lady Om are married, and Chong Mong-ju is stripped of power and in disgrace and banished. Now Strang and Lady Om seem to have the world at their feet, but their power and idyllic happiness are brief. After two years, Chong Mong-ju wins back the Emperor's favor and becomes the most powerful person in the palace. Lady Om and Strang are deprived of all ranks and possessions and become beggars. Forty years of persecution follow, and although they become the lowest of the low the Lady Om remains faithful to Strang. The couple and Chong Mong-ju are destined to meet each other one final time. With the help of Lady Om, Strang attacks Chong and strangles him to death but Chong's attendants batter Strang with their whips, and he dies. Thus concludes Darrel Standing's reliving of his "incarnation" as Adam Strang. When it ends he is back in the strait jacket at San Quentin prison.

In terms of structure, the Korean episode in *The Star Rover* has many similarities with the experiences described in Hendrik

Hamel's *Hamel's Journal: An Account of the Shipwreck of a Dutch Vessel on the Coast of the Isle of Quelpaert, Together with the Description of the Kingdom of Corea* (1704).¹² The experiences Hamel describes in his *Journal* bear strong resemblance to those of Adam Strang's. Adam Strang in *The Star Rover* is rescued from *The Sparwehr*, whose name obviously echoes the Dutch boat *Die Sperwer* Hamel was aboard, which in English means "Sparrow Hawk."

London took a number of liberties with Hamel's account. He drew many of his details from Hulbert's book and Angus Hamilton's *Korea* (1904), although he often fictionalized them. On the one hand, all the names of people and places come from Hulbert's book, as do the poems and songs quoted in the story. On the other, the character named Hendrik Hamel who appears as one of Adam Strang's comrades who survived the wreck is described in the story as a devious schemer.¹³ For other characters of the story, London used the names of real individuals who lived in his own generation but he moved them back in time to accommodate his narrative.¹⁴ In particular, Hulbert's book has a rather detailed section on Yi Yong-ik and Om Bin (Lady Om), but London's three main characters—Lady Om, Yi Yong-ik, and Chong Mong-ju—do not coincide at all with the real historical characters of the same names. Lady Om was a concubine of Emperor Gojong who, after Empress Min was assassinated by the Japanese, took over the position of empress. Yi Yong-ik was a native Korean government official, businessman, and diplomat who had a great influence over decisions made in the palace. Om Bin and Yi Yong-ik were the two most powerful people in the palace in the early 20th century, and in all probability, London had heard of their names. But although the real Om Bin and Yi Yong-ik knew each other, there is no evidence that they were in any way romantically involved. Ironically, the villain of the story, Chong Mong-ju, is named after a famous Korean scholar and highly respected official.

The Star Rover has been approached from various perspectives. On a superficial level, the novel is an adventure story that proceeds from the origin of mankind up to the twentieth century. It can be also read as an attack against the prison system and contemporary practices of penal torture. Francis Lacassin argues that in the novel Jack London is trying to "demonstrate the superiority of mind over matter" (181), while Susan Gatti notes that "this uncharacteristic London novel explores such serious subject matter as crime, punishment, and human survival" (25). Earle Labor sees this story as the victory of Superman over Yellow Peril—that is, Adam Strang represents the white while Chong Mong-ju represents the yellow (216). Donald Heiney sees it as a victory of savagery, the realm of "tooth and claw" (65), and in the same vein, Chapter 15 of *The Star Rover*

I'd like to suggest that the Korean episode in *The Star Rover* is in the final analysis simply a love story. Adam's trials and persecutions are completely due to his marriage to the Lady Om. As martyrs are persecuted for their religion, Strang and the Lady Om are persecuted for their love.

may be conveniently interpreted in the light of a naturalistic tenet in which the brutal instinctual forces of revenge ultimately dominate.

But I'd like to suggest that the Korean episode in *The Star Rover* is in the final analysis simply a love story. Adam's trials and persecutions are completely due to his marriage to the Lady Om. As martyrs are persecuted for their religion, Strang and the Lady Om are persecuted for their love. At one point Darrel Standing says, "Sometimes I think that the story of man is the story of the love of woman," and Adam Strang's story is certainly the story of a man and his love for a woman. From the very beginning, Strang's attraction to Lady Om is powerful: "The Lady Om was a very flower of woman. Women such as she are born rarely, scarce twice a century the whole world over . . . She was a beauty—yes, a beauty by any set rule of the world" (187). Lady Om's attraction to Strang is no less

enthusiastic: "You are a man . . . Not even in my sleep have I ever dreamed there was such a man as you on his two legs up-standing in the world" (188).

Adam confesses that two things supported his life. The first was the Lady Om's love: "It is not strange that I did not die. I knew and was upheld by two things; the first, the Lady Om by my side; the second, the certain faith that the time would come when my thumbs and fingers would fast-lock in the gullet of Chong Mong-ju" (201).

Together the couple endures many ordeals and every effort they make to escape beggary is frustrated by Chong Mong-ju. They not only do all kinds of menial work but even steal animal feed to sustain their lives: Strang says, "Lord, Lord, Cho-sen, I know your every highway and mountain path, all your walled cities and the least of your villages. For two-score years I wandered and starved over you, and the Lady Om ever wandered and starved with me" (201). But his love for the Lady Om never falters. She "was of the same indomitable stuff, and we aged together. She was a little, weazened, toothless old woman toward the last; but ever she was the wonder woman, and she carried my heart in hers to the end" (203). And Strang again emphasizes the power of love: ". . . when a man and woman will their hearts together heads may fall and kingdoms crash and yet they will not forgo" (191).

London has been the best-known American writer in Russia because of the socialistic tendencies of his novels, but the Russian critic Bykov argues that the popularity of London in Russia is often misinterpreted. He says the value of London's works lies not in his socialist ideas as many Russian critics would like to argue but in his "deep belief in man's abilities in the face of overwhelming odds [that] lends an optimistic tone, a life-asserting force to his writing" (56). In other words, he argues, London's works have to be newly viewed in the ways that recognize how

he demonstrates an awe for life that can survive the vicissitudes of human existence.

In the same vein, the Korean sketch in *The Star Rover* might be better understood if viewed not so much from the position of naturalism or racial struggle but from the eternal struggle of man's inner forces to fight against the sufferings of life. As London himself put it, it is a story of "SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT," where the power of love triumphs over the extremities of life. And through the love of Adam Strang and Lady Om London shows his idea of what love should be like—dedication to each other, self-sacrificing, and long-lasting.

NOTES

(Editorial Note: Beginning with notes prepared by Prof. Kim, Tae Jin of Junnam National University of Kwangju, Korea, who died of cancer in the 1990s before he could develop his project, Prof. Chang, Young-Hee of Sogang University, Seoul, and a member of the Jack London Society, did additional research, brought the project to completion, and wrote this essay before she, too, died of cancer in 2009. Its value to London's work from the perspective of his encounter with Korean culture is obvious, and it is additionally a memorial to two devoted scholars.)

1. Hendricks and Shepard, p. 8. Hereafter quotations from this collection will be simply referred to as *JR* followed by a page number. On February 11, 1904, London wrote to Charmian about the ordeals he had to go through to arrive at the Korean coast: "Night and day [we] traveled for Kun San. Caught on lee-shore yesterday, and wind howling over Yellow Sea. . . . Made Kun San at nightfall, after having carried away a mast and smashed the rudder. And we arrived in driving rain, wind cutting like a knife. . . ." (*JR* 9).

2. Out of seventeen articles he wrote for the *San Francisco Examiner* while he was in Korea, more than one third, six of them, are by and large about Korea and Korean people, and he often refers to Korea in the other articles as well. The dates and headlines of the articles on Korea are: "Koreans are fleeing before the Slav advance . . . Advancing Russians nearing Japan's army. Muscovites pushing forward into Korea. Natives in wild panic. Fierce land battled expected" (March 3, 1904, p.1); "Japan's invasion of Korea, as seen by Jack London. Cavalry weak spot of Japanese. Little brown men now in field, however, make 'the best infantry in the world.' Vivid description of army in Korea" (March 4, 1904, p.1); "Here are the first pictures direct from the seat of war in Korea. They were taken by Jack London and give accurate glimpses of the Japanese army as it appears at the front" (April 4, 1904, pp. 8-9); "Troubles of war correspondent in starting for the front. Interpreter and canned goods. Jack London also describes the difficulties he had in obtaining a horse, the most docile one being blind. *Examiner* man's trip to Ping Yang" (April 4, 1904, p. 3); "Russian warships patrol Pe-Chili gulf. Royal road a sea of mud. How the Japanese army is advancing into North Korea. Troops plodding through quagmires. Side-lights on the character and personality of the Koreans. Typical incidents by way of illustration" (April 7, 1904, p.3); "Koreans have taken to the hills. How the hermit kingdom behaves in time of war. Jack London draws some vivid pen pictures of what he is seeing at the front" (April 17, 1904, p.19).

3. Man-young is his given name and 'i' is an appellation particle, but no information is available as to what his family name was.

4. Although "The Yellow Peril" was not one of the series of the Russo-Japanese war correspondence articles, it was written in Manchuria in June of 1904 and published in the *San Francisco Examiner* on September 25, 1904. London warns against the threat to Western civilization that arises from the power of Asiatic peoples. Considering the present world situation, it has become quite prophetic.

5. He knew even some curse words—in one of his letters to Charmian (April 5, 1904) he teaches a Korean curse word to her: "I have learned a new swear word (Korean), 'Jamie.' Whenever you want to swear just say 'Jamie' softly, and people won't know you are swearing. You can use the word when you're angry and nobody knows you're cursing." (*JR* 20). He observes that the Korean language has a peculiarly extensive vocabulary for the word meaning "quickly," and makes a list of its synonyms—"Pat-pee, Ol-lun, Soik-kee, Oil-ppit, Koop-hee, Ning-kom, Bal-lee and Cham-kan." He ascribes it to the lack of quickness among Koreans (*JR* 44).

6. The manuscripts of Jack London's works and letters are accessible in the Huntington Library in San Marino, California and the Logan Library at Utah State University. Unfortunately, however, this particular letter has been lost, thus making it impossible to tell where London found the poems or even which poems he was referring to.

7. "A Nose for the King." *The Black Cat*, v.11 (March 1906), 1-6. Walker notes that London wrote to George Brett on December 8, 1904, "It may interest you that I've won a Black Cat prize—a minor prize, for it was a skit, written, typed, and sent off in one day." He wrote Cloudesley Johns that the story of Yi Chin Ho was told him by a Korean" (qtd. in Walker, 14). Although London says he had heard the story from a Korean, it is very likely that he had read the story in Hulbert's *The*

Passing of Korea, where the story is listed as a Korean folk-tale.

8. William Elliot Griffis, *Corea: The Hermit Nation*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1902; Alexis Sidney Krausse, *The Far East: Its History and Its Question*. London: Grant Richards, 1903; Isabella Lucy Bishop, *Korea and Her Neighbors. A Narrative of Travel, with an Account of the Recent Vicissitudes and Present Position of the Country*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1898. John W. Hodge, *Corean Words and Phrases. Being a Handbook and Pocket Dictionary for Visitors to Corea and New Arrivals in the Country*. Seoul: The Seoul Press—Hodge & Co., 1902. About Bishop's book David Hamilton says, "London read this book while in Korea during the Russo-Japanese War. He was interested in Bishop's description of the average Korean, the harbor at Seoul, the meaning of Korean marriage, the road from Seoul to Wonsan, and remarks about Korean coinage" (68).

9. London's copy of Hulbert's book is held in the archive room of the Huntington Library.

10. Jack London. *The Star Rover*, 172. All the references in the text to the novel will be to this edition, and the page number will be given in a parenthesis after each quotation.

11. In more detail London describes *kal*: "these planks were about six feet long and two feet wide, and curiously split in half lengthwise. Nearer one end than the other was a round hole larger than a man's neck" (*Star Rover* 174). Other than this there are many ingenious descriptions London uses to portray the unfamiliar items and sights. For example, for *kimchi* he says "pickles of astounding variety and ungodly hot. . . but which one learns to like exceeding well" (172, 178); for *Nam-daemun*, "The mere gateway was of the size of a palace in itself, rising pagoda-like, in many retreating stories, each story fringed with tile-roofing" (180); for *haetae*, "colossal stone dogs that looked more like tortoises. They crouched on massive stone pedestals of twice the height of a tall man" (180).

12. In 1653 the Dutch ship the *Sperwer* left the Netherlands, bound for Nagasaki, Japan, but it wrecked during a terrible storm on the island of Cheju-do, off Korea's southern coast, and 36 sailors were rescued by Koreans. Among the survivors was Hendrik Hamel, who then lived under restrictions in Korea for 13 years before he escaped back to the Netherlands via Japan. In 1668, on his return to his native land, he wrote a book recounting his adventures in Korea. It was the first book ever written by a foreigner on Korea, and is now a valuable record of 17th century Korea.

13. The name Adam Strang does not occur in Hamel's account, but Tambling argues that the name is based on that of British sailor Will Adams, who extensively traveled across the Pacific and later settled down in Japan. After his death in 1620 a street in Tokyo was named after him as "Anjin Cho" and according to Tambling, it is very likely that London learned about Will Adams while he was in Japan. (7) But it is hard to associate "Anjin Cho" with the name Adams; it is my conjecture that London selected associative names for his character that would put readers in mind of physical strength (Strang) and of a new person in a new setting (Adam).

14. Other than those of the three main characters, such other names as Yi Sun Shin, Yunsan, Taiwongun that appear in the story are all of historically famous people in Korea.

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