

<<荒野的呼唤 白牙(英文版)>>

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内容概要

《荒野的呼唤》和《白牙》是杰克·伦敦卓越的长篇杰作，也是杰克·伦敦的创作中一直颇受读者钟爱的两部。

前者描写出生于富贵人家的大狗巴克被盗卖到北方的阿拉斯加，历经磨难，最后，留存在巴克身上的原始野性逐渐被唤醒，从而斩断与人类的纠葛，复归于荒野。

《白牙》仿佛是前者的倒影，描写一只有一半狗性的狼白牙落入人的手中，主人用它斗狗赚钱，白牙在一次次的搏杀中泯灭了最后一丝温情，对整令人类产生了强烈的仇恨。

后来，白牙在搏斗中几乎丧命，被新的主人收留，并在这位仁慈的主人的训练下逐渐克服野性，成为忠实的宠物。

两部作品虽以动物为题材，但其中却透露出作者所秉持的“弱肉强食、适者生存”的观念。

早年，杰克·伦敦在加拿大克朗代克一带的淘金经历以及所见所闻为他日后的创作提供了丰富的素材，从而也使他的作品深处始终涌动着一股强悍、不屈的生命力。

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作者简介

JACK LONDON (1876-1916) was an American author who wrote The Call of the Wild, White Fang, and The Sea Wolf along with many other popular books. A pioneer in the then-burgeoning world of commercial magazine fiction, he was one of the first Americans to make a lucrative career exclusively from writing.

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章节摘录

With the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cage like crate. There he lay for the remainder of the weary night nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men ?

Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate ?

He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl. But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted.

Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels. San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost. Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon. And over this great domain Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel the Mexican hairless——strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops. But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king——king over all creeping.

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媒体关注与评论

I would rather be ashes than dust !

I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. ———Jack London

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编辑推荐

《荒野的呼唤·白牙(英文版)》：“OLD longings nomadic leap, Chafing at custom's chain; Again from its brumal sleep Wakens the refine strain.” Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tidewater dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost. PUBLISHED in 1903, *The Call of the Wild* is one of London's most-read books, and it is generally considered one of his best. Because the protagonist is a dog, it is sometimes classified as a juvenile novel, suitable for children, but it is dark in tone and contains numerous scenes of cruelty and violence. London followed the book in 1906 with *White Fang*, a companion novel with many similar plot elements and themes as *The Call of the Wild*, although following a mirror image plot in which a wild wolf becomes civilized by a mining expert from San Francisco named Weedon Scott.

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