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4 : *THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK* (1907–1908)

London and his crew sailed his forty-two-foot ketch-rigged sailboat, the *Snark*, across the Pacific in 1907–8, arguably the two most important years of his artistic production. He had portrayed the Koreans and Japanese sympathetically in his photographs of the Russo-Japanese War—even if not in his correspondence—but this long voyage inspired a considerable broadening of his ideas about other cultures. Nearly without exception in his Pacific short fiction, the point of view is that of islanders who are resisting colonialism. In his very first Hawaiian story, "The House of Pride" (1907), London directly attacks racism and colonialism in a memorable portrayal of a nonwhite hero and a vindictive white master, a typical pattern in his South Seas short fiction.

The same development occurred in his photography. Almost no one before him had photographed "natives" as human beings the way he did—preserving both their pride and their individuality. His subjects express a full range of feelings and emotions as they engage with the photographer. We see in their faces the uplifted chin of pride, a sly wink of humor, mischief, curiosity, resignation, peacefulness, sturdiness, exhaustion, defiance, self-irony—and even, in the case of some photographs of white slave traders, a rottenness of body and soul. In general, whites photographed by London in the South Seas do not appear as healthy or vigorous—to say the least—as his nonwhite subjects.

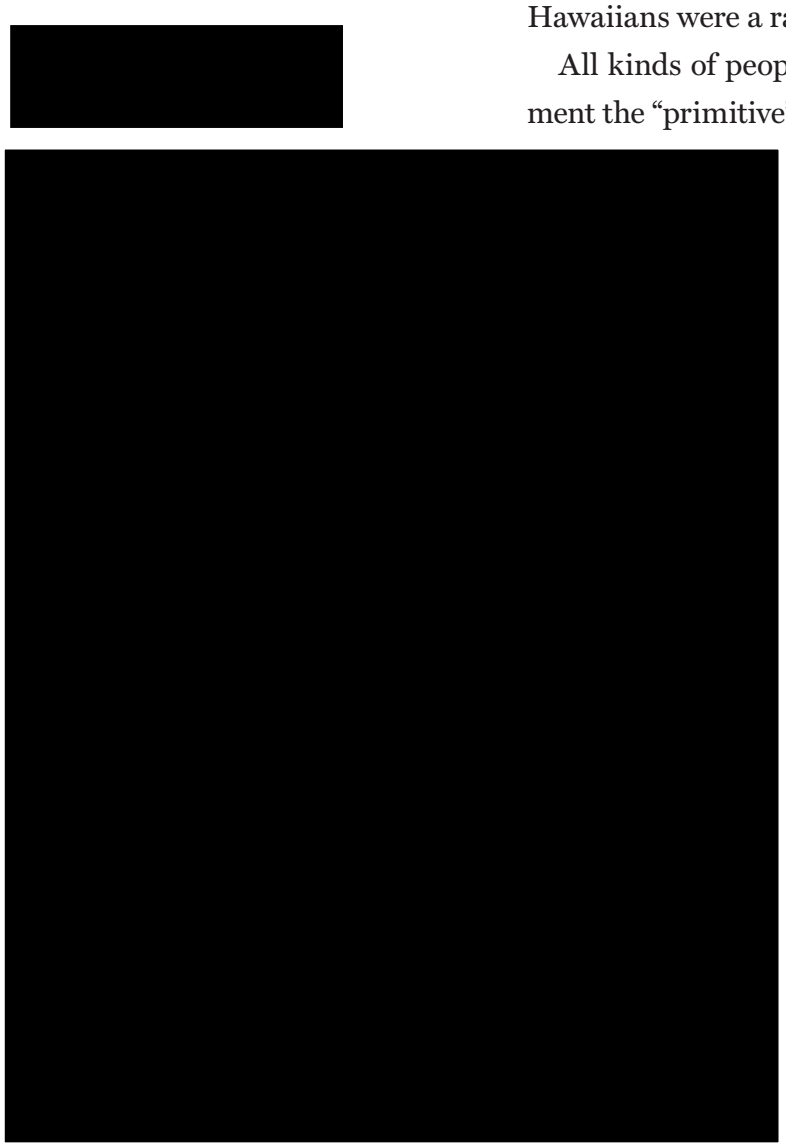
At the turn of the twentieth century, the newest colonies of the Western powers were largely in the Pacific islands, long imagined as a paradise where labor was unknown and physical appetites, especially sexual ones, could be fulfilled. The inhabitants were categorized as exotic primitives unable to live according to Western standards, primitives who might or might not be trained to work for white masters. In photographic or painted images, island men were presented as bearers of disease or menace, while women were nude or sparsely clad, indications in both cases of a supposed moral slackness that was, according to the racialists, due to a struggle-free existence in an idyllic environment. Perhaps no place better exemplified the importance of Western photographic conventions for picturing foreign shores than Hawai'i. As Jane C. Desmond observes:

> The organized development of tourism in Hawai'i was part of a larger European and Euro-American fascination with things "exotic," an aestheticization of imperialist expansion . . . [through an] "ethnographic" gaze, a gaze which constructed "modernity" by picturing the "primitive" as its defining other. The nascent sciences of anthropology, sociology, and psychiatry . . . saw the

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development of a related ethnographic gaze, aided by the new technologies of photographic reproduction which could picture "specimens" with precision. Tourism, as aestheticized ethnographic travel, brought these discourses (of modernity, primitivism, visualism, anthropology) together with the commodification of new colonial possessions as pleasure zones.[1]

At the time, most people encountered Hawaiians primarily through "stereoscope pictures, postcards, photographs, and even pornography. . . . [These] actively constructed an image of Native Hawaiians as primitives living in the past. A variety of visual and verbal techniques, including shot and subject selection, the staging of images, and the circulation of old images as if they were new, all contributed to this creation of 'the primitive.'"[2] Images of obviously successful and modern native Hawaiians were a rarity.



All kinds of people—photographers, writers, anthropologists—rushed to document the "primitive" before it disappeared. In addition to the touristic and anthropological endeavors Desmond describes, medical researchers sought photographs of diseased islanders, usually glassy-eyed men with leprosy or elephantiasis. All of these photographic practices—islanders as exotic, alluring, diseased—contrasted sharply with London's.

London did not photograph island women nude (with one notable exception in Samoa, which stands out in sharp contrast to his usual work). He does not show them in subservient positions, such as serving men food. He does not depict Polynesian men in any particular manner, certainly not as types of savagery or disease. He depicts men and women together in families, fishing parties, hunting parties—all "normal" activities. Even in his series of photographs of the lepers on Moloka'i, their human dignity fills the image; terribly scarred faces look back at him with depths of personality, and he frames his photographs to make this possible—often with close-ups taken on the same level as the subject, without stereotypical cultural props or fake lighting. His interest in their inner lives is eloquently expressed in the short story "Koolau the Leper," whose hero defies the authorities and dies a noble death. As a child of the lower class, a Pacific Coast native, a sometime sailor and

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hobo, and a socialist, London generally did not see his subjects as beneath him but beside him, no matter how far-flung their islands.

London used many of his photographs to illustrate his stories about the cruise for *Cosmopolitan* and the *Woman's Home Companion* and to illustrate his book *The Cruise of the Snark* (1911). His trip was covered in newspapers around the world. But substantial samples of the huge majority of the *Snark* photographs—and there are nearly four thousand, the largest group of photographs in his albums—have never before been published.

As a child, London wanted to go to sea. He later recalled: "I wanted to get away from monotony and the commonplace. I was in the flower of my adolescence, a-thrill with romance and adventure, dreaming of wild life in the wild man-world."[3]

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By 1906, London had conceived his plan to build a sailboat and sail around the world in seven years. As he explains in the opening pages of *The Cruise of the Snark*: "When I have done some such thing I am exalted. I glow all over. I am aware of a pride in myself that is mine, and mine alone. It is organic. Every fibre of me is thrilling with it. It is a mere matter of satisfaction at adjustment to environment. It is success. Life that lives is successful, and success is the breath of its nostrils. . . . The trip around the world means big moments of living."[4]

London, his wife, and a small crew sailed for two years against long odds, starting with the Londons' near bankruptcy. On the initial voyage to Hawai'i—when everyone aboard was dreadfully seasick—the engine fell off its mount, they found the boat leaked and wouldn't come about or heave to, much of their food and fuel was spoiled by saltwater, the head failed to work, the launch engine failed, and more. The hired

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captain (his wife's uncle) was ignorant of navigation, so London taught himself how to navigate, a skill he remained proud of. Other setbacks included tropical diseases, madness among the crew, and a supposedly impossible southeast traverse of sixty-one days from Hawai'i to the Marquesas.

London's powerful curiosity about other communities took them west from the Marquesas to the Paumotus (the "Dangerous Archipelago"), Tahiti and the other Society Islands, Samoa, Fiji, the New Hebrides, the Solomons, the Gilbert Islands, and finally Australia. Along the way, he photographed men, women, and children in a variety of settings, along with the whites who controlled much of their lives: missionaries, traders, and government officials.



Upon its arrival in Hawai'i, the *Snark* docked for extensive repairs. The captain, Roscoe Eames, was fired, and a new captain and cabin boy were signed on. (The cabin boy was Yoshimatsu Nakata, who became the Londons' longtime valet and later a memoirist.) The five months the Londons spent in Hawai'i proved to be happier than they had dreamed. Wherever they went, they were welcomed and entertained, even by Hawaiian royalty. They stayed in a cottage at Pearl Lochs and in a spacious tent-cabin on Waikiki, near the site of the original Outrigger Club (now occupied by the Outrigger Waikiki Hotel). They visited Maui, the Big Island, and Moloka'i; separately, London visited Kaua'i. On Maui, they rode over the Von Tempsky ranch on the slopes of the volcano Haleakala, and on the Big Island they were guests of the Balding family at Wainaku, where they tried the dangerous pastime of riding bundles of sugarcane down steep flumes to the mills on the valley floor. London learned to surf; his article "A Royal Sport" (chapter 6 of *The Cruise of the Snark*) helped popularize surfing in the United States. He was asked to be a founder of the Outrigger Canoe Club.

A new friend in Honolulu, Alexander Hume Ford, who was a young entrepreneur and promoter of Hawai'i, arranged a visit to Ewa Plantation on Oahu. The plantation manager, H. H. Renton, gave a tour to the Londons; Joseph P. Cooke, the head of Alexander & Baldwin (which had interests in shipping, sugarcane, and real estate); Lorrin A. Thurston, the publisher of the *Honolulu Advertiser*; and Senhor

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A. deSouza Caovarro, the Portuguese consul. London identified not with the Honolulu barons but with the indentured workers on the plantations, who represented successive waves of imported labor—Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Filipino—and whose situation, to him, was not at all picturesque. This visit inspired his first Hawaiian stories, "The House of Pride" and "Koolau the Leper," which pit islander rebels against the U.S. and British authorities. His Honolulu friends were angered by these tales. His critique of Hawai'i's colonialism and racial hierarchies was fueled by this visit to the western part of the island, on whose huge sugar and pineapple plantations the dream of Hawai'i as a tropical paradise gave way to a Hawai'i built on exploitative, racist labor practices.

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In the 1860s, an alarming number of Hawaiians contracted leprosy. To keep them quarantined from the general population, a leper colony was set up on a near-inaccessible peninsula of Moloka'i. In the absence of civil authority, the colony descended into outlawry, rape, murder, and drunkenness. In 1873, Father Damien, a Belgian priest, volunteered to serve in the colony, which he turned into a model community.[5] At the time of London's visit, Lucius E. Pinkham, the president of the board of health and later the territorial governor, wished to dispel distorted notions about Moloka'i and the lepers. He asked London to visit the colony and write about it for the world. The resulting essay, "The Lepers of Molokai," became chapter 7 in *The Cruise of the Snark*. "Leprosy is terrible," London wrote, "there is no getting



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away from that"; but, he pointed out, worse sights can been seen in any major city in the United States.[6]

London approached the residents of Molokaʻi with openness and respect, and without the usual fear and hysteria that leprosy evoked: "Leprosy is not so contagious as imagined. I went for a week's visit to the Settlement, and I took my wife along—all of which would not have happened had we had any apprehension of contracting the disease. Nor did we wear long, gauntleted gloves and keep apart from the lepers. On the contrary, we mingled freely with them, and before we left, knew scores of them by sight and name."[7] The Londons' visit to Molokaʻi's Kalaupapa peninsula was one they thought of as among their most meaningful, and they visited it again in 1915. Like his visit to Ewa Plantation, London's time in Molokaʻi had a transforming effect on his writings and photographs from the Pacific, which confronted questions of identity, race, health, disease, colonialism, rebels, and the establishment.

In his essay, London is at pains to show that the colony was not the hell on earth it had been described as. He wrote of and photographed the residents' Fourth of July parade, bands, horsemanship contests, and "Parade of the Horribles," which featured colorful costumes. Describing a donkey race, he confesses, "I tried to check myself. I assured myself that I was witnessing one of the horrors of Molokai, and that it was shameful for me, under such circumstances, to be so light-hearted and light-headed. But it was no use. . . . And all the while nearly a thousand lepers were laughing uproariously at the fun. Anybody in my place would have joined with them in having a good time."[8]

In addition, London's firsthand reporting served as a corrective to unfounded rumors about the colony:

> [T]he horrors of Molokai, as they have been painted in the past, do not exist. The Settlement has been written up repeatedly by sensationalists, and usually by sensationalists who have never laid eyes on it. Of course, leprosy is leprosy, and it is a terrible thing; but so much that is lurid has been written about Molokai that neither the lepers, nor those who devote their lives to them, have received a fair deal. Here is a case in point. A newspaper writer, who, of course, had never been near the Settlement, vividly described Superintendent McVeigh, crouching in a grass hut and being besieged nightly by starving lepers on their knees, wailing for food. This hair-raising account was copied by the press all over the United States and was the cause of many indignant and protesting

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editorials. Well, I lived and slept for five days in Mr. McVeigh's grass hut (which was a comfortable wooden cottage, by the way; and there isn't a grass house in the whole Settlement), and I heard the lepers wailing for food—only the wailing was peculiarly harmonious and rhythmic, and it was accompanied by the music of stringed instruments, violins, guitars, *ukuleles*, and banjos. Also, the wailing was of various sorts. The leper brass band wailed, and two singing societies wailed, and lastly a quintet of excellent voices wailed. So much for a lie that should never have been printed. The wailing was the serenade which the glee clubs always give Mr. McVeigh when he returns from a trip to Honolulu.[9]

On Moloka'i, London observed people going about their daily lives; his writing and photographs emphasize their normalcy by describing residents swimming, playing in bands, riding in a rodeo, working, preparing a luau:

Everywhere are grassy pastures over which roam the hundreds of horses which are owned by the lepers. . . . In the little harbour of Kalaupapa lie fishing boats and a steam launch, all of which are privately owned and operated by lepers. . . . Their fish they sell to the Board of Health, and the money they receive is their own. While I was there, one night's catch was four thousand pounds.

And as these men fish, others farm. All trades are followed. One leper, a pure Hawaiian, is the boss painter. He employs eight men, and takes contracts for painting buildings from the Board of Health. He is a member of the Kalaupapa Rifle Club, where I met him, and I must confess that he was far better dressed than I. . . . Major Lee, an American and long a marine engineer for the Inter-Island Steamship Company, I met actively at work in the new steam laundry, where he was busy installing the machinery. I met him often, afterwards, and one day he said to me:

"Give us a good breeze about how we live here. For heaven's sake write us up straight. Put your foot down on this chamber-of-horrors rot and all the rest of it. We don't like being misrepresented. We've got some feelings. Just tell the world how we really are in here."[10]

London tried to do just that in his writings and in his photographs of the lepers; the insights and images he made are without parallel for the time.

After leaving Hawai'i, the *Snark* make the traverse from northwest to southeast across the Pacific, which, because of tides and winds, was not supposed to be

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possible. When the boat arrived in Taiohae Bay on the island of Nuku Hiva in the Marquesas, the site of Melville's famed Typee Valley, London found a community much worse off than the leper colony: "There are more races than there are persons, but it is a wreckage of races at best. Life faints and stumbles and gasps itself away. . . . [A]sthma, phthisis, and tuberculosis flourish as luxuriantly as the vegetation. Everywhere, from the few grass huts, arises the racking cough or exhausted groan of wasted lungs."[11] London quotes Melville's hero Tommo on his first view of Typee Valley, "'Had a glimpse of the gardens of paradise been revealed to me I could scarcely have been more ravished with the sight,'" but where Melville "saw a garden," wrote London, "We saw a wilderness."[12] As Charmian put it, "[W]e were too late." In Typee Valley, they encountered only a few dozen inhabitants, all wasting from Western diseases: "[T]he houses and the people were gone, and huge trees sank their roots through the platforms and towered over the under-running jungle. . . . Once or twice, as we ascended the valley, we saw magnificent *pae-paes* bearing on their general surface pitiful little straw huts, the proportions being similar to a voting booth perched on the broad foundation of the pyramid of Cheops."[13] (*Pae-paes* were large stone platforms upon which the Marquesans erected huts, temples, and storehouses.)

The Tahiti chapter of *The Cruise of the Snark* begins in a lighthearted way but ends on a melancholy note. London focuses on "Nature Man," an American living in Papeete, whom he photographed several times. Nature Man's name was Ernest Darling, and London had met him years before in California. At first glance, he seemed to be a prototype of the healthy beachcomber who, though white, could adapt to the tropics and thrive. Darling had been ill as a young man, on the verge of a mental and physical breakdown at his physician father's home in Oregon. His illness resembled neurasthenia, which was a fashionable affliction of sensitive young men around 1900. Darling cured himself by bolting to Tahiti, where he went about in a red loincloth and preached vegetarianism and socialism to the islanders. On his fabulously productive terraced farm, where he grew papayas, avocados, breadfruit, mangoes, bananas, and coconuts in the wilds above the harbor, he posted his own version of the Ten Commandments in phonetic spelling: "Thous shalt not eet meet" and "Vizit troppikle cuntriz." The Londons admired Darling's "Return-to-Nature life," as Charmian called it.[14]

However his dream was not to last: during the *Snark*'s visit, alarmed at his lifestyle, which was unconventional even for Tahiti, and his socialism (the red flag in front of his shack was visible in much of Papeete), the local French authorities seized

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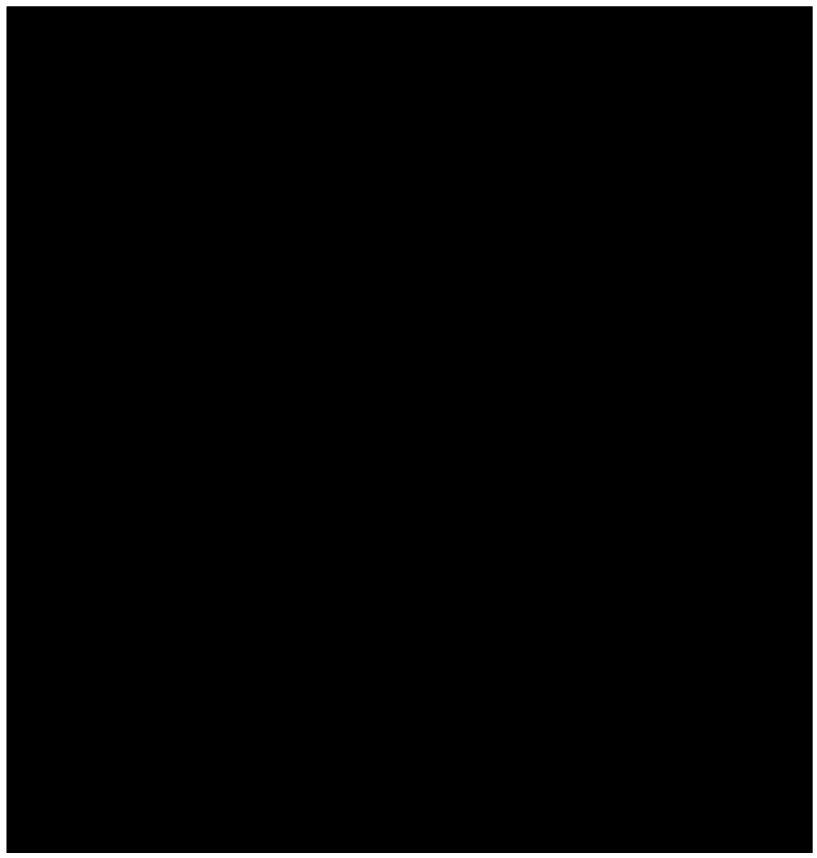


Darling's farm and blocked his road. London recalls: "'Never mind their pesky road,' he said to me as we dragged ourselves up a shelf of rock and sat down, panting, to rest. 'I'll get an air machine soon and fool them. I'm clearing a level space for a landing stage for the airships, and next time you come to Tahiti you will alight right at my door.'"[15] London concludes the chapter: "And I shall see you always as I saw you that last day, when the *Snark* poked her nose once more through the passage in the smoking reef, outward bound, and I waved good-by to those on shore. Not least in goodwill and affection was the wave I gave to the golden sun-god in the scarlet loincloth, standing upright in his tiny outrigger canoe."[16]

One of London's favorite South Seas places was Bora Bora, which seemed as yet untouched by the ills of the Marquesas and Tahiti. The Londons were hosted by a man from Tahaa named Tehei and his wife, Bihaura; Tehei joined the *Snark* as a pilot for a time:

> [O]f all the entertainment I have received in this world at the hands of all sorts of races in all sorts of places, I have never received entertainment that equalled this at the hands of this brown-skinned couple of Tahaa. I do not refer to the presents, the free-handed generousness, the high abundance, but to the fineness

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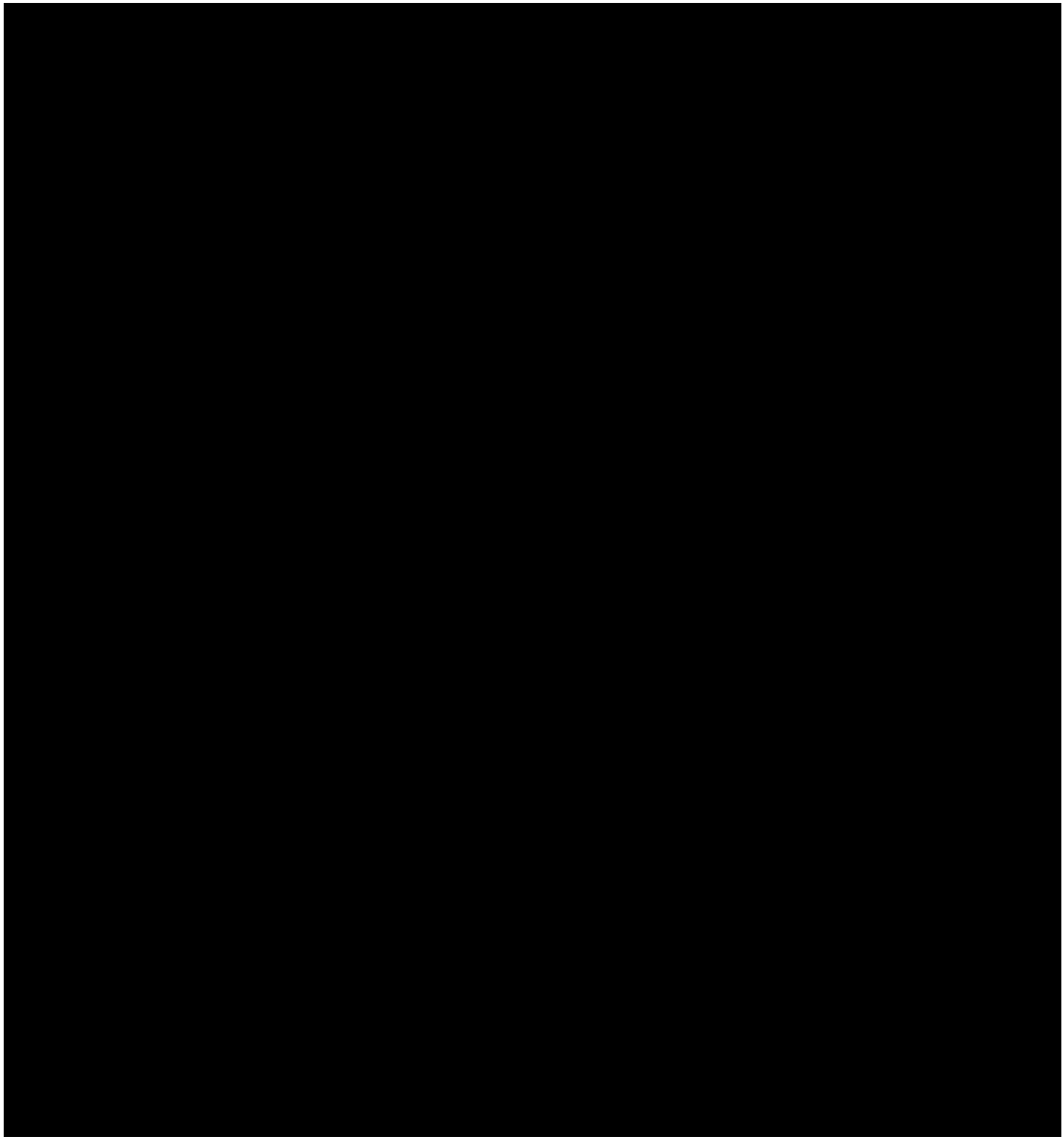
"The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense. . . . For the cocoa-tree and the island man are both lovers and neighbours of the surf. 'The coral waxes, the palm grows, but man departs,' says the sad Tahitian proverb; but they are all three, so long as they endure, co-haunters of the beach. The mark of anchorage was a blow-hole in the rocks, near the south-easterly corner of the bay. Punctually to our use, the blow-hole spouted; the schooner turned upon her heel; the anchor plunged. It was a small sound, a great event; my soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up." (Stevenson, In the South Seas, *chapter 1)*

of courtesy and consideration and tact, and to the sympathy that was real sympathy in that it was understanding. . . . Perhaps the most delightful feature of it was that it was due to no training, to no complex social ideals, but that it was the untutored and spontaneous outpouring from their hearts.[17]

Tehei stayed on the *Snark* as the crew explored the Society and Paumotan islands.

As the boat sailed west, the crew encountered the most dangerous and troubled islands on their voyage, the Solomons, where tropical diseases put an end to the voyage. The Londons stayed on a copra plantation called Penduffryn on the island of Guadalcanal in October and November 1908. London based his novel *Adventure* (1913) on what he witnessed there between the plantation owners—George Darbishire and his partner Tom Harding—and the enslaved workers. He and Charmian also went aboard a slaver ship, the *Minota*, on a trip to Malaita. By 1900, slavery had all but disappeared around the world except in the Middle East, India, Africa, and parts of the South Seas. In Melanesia, which includes Fiji, the New Hebrides, and the Solomons, representatives of European and American companies employed "recruiters," also known as "blackbirders," who signed up islanders to work on company plantations, sometimes simply kidnapping them, particularly from sites considered unusually savage. The Solomon Islands were a preferred hunting ground for blackbirders like crew of the *Minota*. When the *Minota* ran aground and was attacked by islanders, headlines around the world screamed that the Londons had been captured by cannibals, but disaster was averted when a local missionary and a Captain Keller of the nearby *Eugénie* came and quelled the riot. In 1915, the Londons learned by letter from a missionary that Darbishire, his wife, and Tom Harding were all massacred by their workers a few years after the Londons' visit.[18] London devoted many South Seas stories to the plight (and sometimes the successful rebellion) of slaves in the South Pacific, as in "The Chinago," "Mauki," and "The Feathers of the Sun," all highly ironic critiques of whites in the Pacific. In "The Red One," one of his final stories, he revisits the site of the failure of his health and his voyage, but with a sense of kinship with the Solomon Islanders, a remarkable reversal of his former views.

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As the *Snark* drew closer to the Solomons, from Fiji on, evidence of brutality and the negative effects of colonialism combined to create a social climate that seemed to befit the disease-ridden physical environment. The islanders were warlike among themselves, and the arrival of the whites brought new forms of slavery and abuse. London describes much of the moral degradation of the whites—their laxity, alcoholism, and stupidity—and it is clear that his photographs of whites in the South Seas present people much unhappier than the islanders, who seem to be going about their business as best they can in response to the whites' invasion of their cultures.

A photograph from the Solomons also gave rise to a fight between London and his Macmillan editors. Charmian is shown at the Malaita women's market, a revolver in a holster around her waist, looking over her left shoulder and smiling. Beside her is a nearly naked Malaitan woman, also looking over her shoulder and smiling. At Macmillan, the photo was deemed inappropriate; the reason, not explicitly stated but strongly implied, was because a white woman did not seem to mind being shown next to an unclothed "native" (naked natives were to be expected and were therefore unobjectionable). Macmillan editor Harold S. Latham wrote to London on May 23, 1911, that the photograph would be excised from *The Cruise of the Snark*. London responded in a rage:

> I telegraphed you to-day, telling you that the photograph in question of Mrs. London must go into the book, and go in large, no matter what the delay to the book. Pardon me, but I can't see what is wrong with that photograph. Possibly it is because I am just a Californian savage, so is my wife. The editors of The Pacific Monthly must also be Pacific Coast savages, because they published this photograph enlarged in their magazine. It's beyond me why the half-dozen other people "not finicky," to whom you showed it, should have passed adverse judgment on it. Who in hell are the engravers that they should pass judgment on anything that they engrave? Whose book is this? Whose wife is it? When I am not even consulted in such a matter as the leaving out of a photograph which I put in, I am compelled to wonder what is the need of my writing books at all. I might as well let the New York end do the whole thing, and collect royalties just the same.[19]

While preparing for the voyage, London wrote numerous letters concerning the photographs he planned to make, revealing much about his artistic intentions and integrity, practice, and commercial sense. While pitching a series of essays and

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photographs from the voyage to Bailey Millard, the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, London offers the idea of dividing up his accounts of the trip among different magazines, including *Cosmopolitan*, *McClure's*, and *Outing*, since "no magazine can print all I have to write about it" and "[n]o writer of prominence, in the days of his prominence, has ever gone sailing around the world. Even Stevenson, in his South Sea cruise on the *Casco*, took a large boat and carried Captain and crew; was himself the veriest passenger." Notably, he adds, "Another thing to be considered is, that I am a good photographer (you know my photographs of the Japanese-Russian war for the Hearst newspapers). And so far as the magazine public is concerned, the story of the trip will be enhanced tremendously by its being adequately and sympathetically illustrated with photographs taken by the writer."[20]

London wrote twice more to Millard about the contract *Cosmopolitan* offered for thousand-word essays about the trip, complaining that Millard was trying to make him pay for all the photographs. In the first letter, he notes: "You see, my camera and film outfits, my developing and printing processes, mount up into a pretty tidy bit of capital invested—to say nothing of my efficiency as a photographer."[21] In the second letter, he proposes to "outfit myself with camera, films, etc., and you pay me so much per photograph—with the stipulation, of course, that the films are my property, and that when you are done with them, they are returned to me. I have one good camera now, with a splendid Goertz lens, and I shall get another camera as well. I can promise you some dandy photographs."[22] The matter remained unsettled, despite London's demands.

A few months later, London sent Millard several photos of the *Snark*, including one of him photographing it. In this letter, London betrays a canny sense of how to photograph the *Snark*. He urges Millard to use the one of the boat in the harbor, not the ones showing it in dry dock:

> You see, when we want to emphasize the smallness of the boat by photography, the last thing we should do is to photograph that boat out of water. If you will notice amidships the longitudinal scantling, second from the top, you will discover our water-line. In the water, all below this will be out of sight, and the boat will look light and delicate. But when you take the boat out of the water, down the whole depth of its keel, it looks like a monstrous thing. I especially recommend this photo for reproduction, because of the fact that there are no clews [*sic*] that will give an idea of the size of the boat.[23]

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He also mentions that neither he nor Captain Roscoe Eames "knows anything about navigation. Mr. Eames is going to study it up, if he gets time, before we start, and I am so dreadfully busy that I do not expect to study it up until after we start." To be able to envision the venture photographically but set sail on it without a navigator? Such contradictions absolutely characterized London.

At the end of 1906, Perriton Maxwell became the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, and he too disappointed London with his terms. In an angry letter, London accused him of bad faith and of treating him "scurvily" and suggested they drop the whole contract: "Your proposition to me, to render an itemized bill for my photography expense is a hair-raiser. . . . [D]on't think for one moment that I am any kind of tu'penny dub to furnish itemized accounts to you of my own expenses" (the East End slang recalls *The People of the Abyss*). He demanded a $5,000 advance for photographs and a "definite and satisfactory scale of payments for photographs."[24] Eventually they settled on five dollars a photograph.

To Arthur T. Vance, the editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*, which also ran stories about the *Snark* trip, London sent some photos of the crew from a trial sailing. He notes of one: "Mrs. London says, 'For heaven's sake, doctor my nose up if you reproduce this one!' She really had a nice nose, but the camera will play tricks."[25] London also had trouble getting Vance to pay five dollars a photograph. On October 25, 1908, London sent Hayden Carruth, at the *Woman's Home Companion*, a letter from Penduffryn Plantation: "I sent you a howl from Papeete, Tahiti, under date of February 15, 1908. And you haven't sent me a word in reply. . . . [a]bout compensation for photographs. I need only tell you one thing: traveling in the tropics is very bad for photographic material. Up to date I have thrown overboard between $300 and $400 worth of ruined films, printing papers, chemicals, developers, etc., etc., So no matter what you or anybody pays me for a picture, I shall certainly not make a profit out of them."[26]

To Lucius "Lute" Pease, a Klondike gold prospector, newspaperman, political cartoonist, and editor of the *Pacific Monthly* (1906–13), London wrote to ask that payment for an article about the voyage take into account the cost of the photographs—in time, effort, and materials—as well as the value of his prose:

> Between the cost of the cameras, the loss of films and chemicals, etc., through deterioration in the tropics, and leaving out of account any personal work on my part in taking the photo's, my photographic expenses for the voyage have been over $1,500. Now I am not suggesting this $1,500 as a price to you—far from it;

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> I am merely pointing out that the photo's are worth something. In this connection, more of my films are arriving within a few days (in baggage that was sent from the Isthmus of Panama to South America by mistake). When these films arrive I shall be able to dig up some more good illustrations for the article.[27]

Perhaps at this point, London thought it would be easier to secure payment if he argued about the cost of his materials rather than the artistic worth of the photographs.

London's correspondence with one of the crew members, which lasted until London's death, in 1916, also gives us hints about how London approached his photography in the South Seas. Martin Johnson (1884–1937) was the only crew member of the *Snark* who made the entire trip with the Londons. After growing up in Rockford, Illinois, and Lawrence, Kansas, he was a newsboy in New York and Chicago. From an early age, he was fascinated with tales of adventure in the West. Martin's father was in the jewelry business in Independence, Kansas, and he sold film as well. Martin became interested in photography, though he had little luck selling the photos he made. When he read of London's proposed adventure and learned that there was still one spot on the crew to fill, he wrote to London and asked to be taken on. He was surprised by London's five-word telegram in response: "Can you cook? Jack London." Martin went to Milton Cook's White Front Quick Lunch Room in Independence and persuaded the chef to teach him to cook. He then wired London back: "Sure, just try me." Martin was on.

Martin's letter to Jack London expressed not only his enthusiasm for adventure but also his willingness to develop film on the voyage:

> Have just finished reading of your proposed trip around the world and am writing you with the forlorn hope of you needing an extra man. . . . You mention being "there" at photography—well I'm rather conceited about my ability in that line too. I have just received a new No 3A Kodak with a Plastigmat house and as we handle Eastman products I can get credit at any Kodak repository in the world. . . . I want to see things and places other people don't see and besides they only see our side of life—I want to see both. . . . [G]uess I'm a regular rolling stone.[28]

In her memoir *I Married Adventure* (1940), Johnson's wife, Osa, quotes him on his first impression of London: "At that moment, a striking young man of 30, with very broad shoulders, a mass of wavy auburn hair and a general atmosphere of boyishness—and that is how, for the first time, I really ran shoulder to shoulder with

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Adventure."[29] After the *Snark* voyage, Martin rented a store with his friend Charlie Kerr and had the front rebuilt to resemble the bow of the *Snark*; he hand-tinted glass slides from the voyage and, augmented with photos borrowed from London, showed them as a travelogue, which also ran in a new theater, the Snark #2, that he built with the help of loans from London (London lent Martin films to show as well). Martin also showed the slides on tours around the Midwest and the East Coast. Despite these business ventures, Martin borrowed money from London constantly, apologizing in dozens of letters for not repaying the debts. Finally, on September 14, 1915, London wrote Johnson to settle the matter: "Now here's my consistent reply. Do not bother any more with paying me what you owe me. The account is done with. Keep the change, and go to hell."[30]

The Johnsons and the Londons remained close friends. Martin and Osa spent part of their honeymoon on the Londons' ranch, and they regarded Jack and Charmian as role models, though the release of Martin's book *Through the South Seas with Jack London* just before Charmian's *The Log of the Snark* annoyed the Londons.[31]

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The Johnsons went on to become a celebrity adventure couple who explored and filmed some of the remotest regions of the world from 1917 to 1936, including nine expeditions to Africa, Borneo, and New Guinea. They developed new techniques for wildlife photography and film that made them world famous. After London's death, Martin and Osa continued to write to and visit Charmian. In 1937, Martin died in a plane crash en route to the London ranch; Osa survived. She wrote about their lives until her death in 1953.

At the end of the *Snark* voyage, overcome by tropical diseases, London entered a hospital in Sydney, Australia, in December 1908, though he was well enough to cover the Jack Johnson–Tommy Burns heavyweight fight on December 26. In January 1909, London issued a statement to the press. In it, he notes that after arriving at the hospital in Australia, he was so confident of a quick recovery that he agreed to a series of lectures across the continent. But he soon realized he wasn't up to it. He details his manifold ailments, especially the peeling of the hands (which medical experts now suspect was due to corrosive sublimate of mercury, which he was applying for yaws, a tropical disease marked by ulcerative skin lesions): "The biggest specialist in Australia in this branch, confesses that not only has he never observed anything like it, but that not a line has been written about it by other observers." He adds, "There are many boats and many voyages, only one set of toe-nails but I have only one body; and . . . I have prescribed myself my own climate and environment, where always before my nervous equilibrium has been maintained. . . . There is nothing more for me to say except this, namely, a request to all my friends. Please forego congratulating us upon our abandonment of the voyage. We are heart-broken."[32]

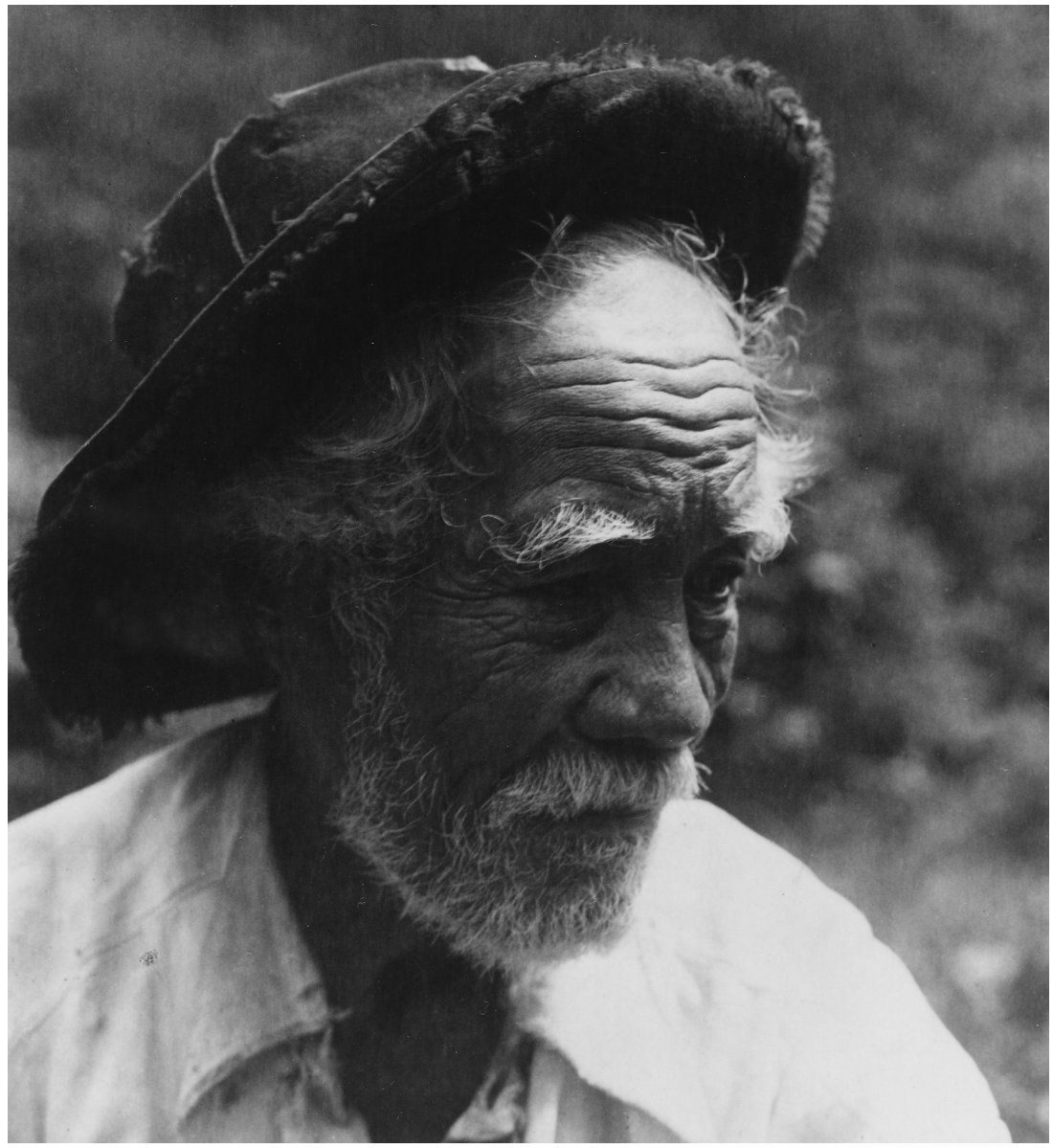
In an unpublished letter to the H. C. White Company, one of his photo suppliers, London wrote,

> Unfortunately, I do not possess even the wreck of the camera. I left the yacht at anchor in the Solomon Islands, and went down to Australia, where I spent five months of sickness in hotels and hospitals. It was there that I abandoned the voyage, because of the fact that the doctors could do nothing for me. I had left the SNARK in charge of a drunken master, and when I sent a navigator up to the Solomons to bring the SNARK down to Australia, she arrived with damn little left upon her. I am still wondering what became of scores of things—of my automatic rifles, of my ship's stores, of my tinned provisions, of my naturalist's shotgun, of my automatic Winchester, of 300 francs of French money, etc., etc. Incidentally, I wonder what became of the camera in question, and of another camera.[33]

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Veteran field worker, Ewa Plantation, Oahu, Hawai'i, May 1907.

"We know. We have it from our fathers and our fathers' fathers. They came like lambs, speaking softly. Well might they speak softly, for we were many and strong, and all the islands were ours. As I say, they spoke softly. They were of two kinds. The one kind asked our permission, our gracious permission, to preach to us the word of God. The other kind asked our permission, our gracious permission, to trade with us. That was the beginning. To-day all the islands are theirs, all the land, all the cattle—everything is theirs. They that preached the word of God and they that preached the word of Rum have foregathered and become great chiefs. They live like kings in houses of many rooms, with multitudes of servants to care for them. They who had nothing have everything, and if you, or I, or any Kanaka be hungry, they sneer and say, 'Well, why don't you work? There are the plantations.'" ("Koolau the Leper," 1912)



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Leper boys at a window, Kalaupapa leper settlement,
Moloka'i, Hawai'i, July 1907.

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Leper band at a Fourth of July parade, Kalaupapa leper settlement, Molokaʻi, Hawaiʻi, July 1907.

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Marquesans taking a break from dancing the "Tahitian hula to Hawaiian music on American phonograph," Nuku Hiva, 1907.

*"We rode on to Ho-o-u-mi. So closely was Melville guarded that he never dreamed of the existence of this valley, though he must continually have met its inhabitants, for they belonged to Typee. We rode through the same abandoned pae-paes, but as we neared the sea we found a profusion of cocoanuts, breadfruit trees and taro patches, and fully a dozen grass dwellings. In one of these we arranged to pass the night, and preparations were immediately put on foot for a feast." (*The Cruise of the Snark, *chapter 10)*

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Mother and child, Samoa, 1908.

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Youth, Samoa, 1908.

"His name was Mauki, and he was the son of a chief. He had three tambos. Tambo is Melanesian for taboo, and is first cousin to that Polynesian word. Mauki's three tambos were as follows: first, he must never shake hands with a woman, nor have a woman's hand touch him or any of his personal belongings; secondly, he must never eat clams nor any food from a fire in which clams had been cooked; thirdly, he must never touch a crocodile, nor travel in a canoe that carried any part of a crocodile even if as large as a tooth." ("Mauki," 1909)

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