

NAXOS
AudioBooks

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
The Lost World

THE
COMPLETE
CLASSICS

UNABRIDGED

Read by **Glen McCready**

CLASSIC
FICTION



NA749312D

1	Foreword	0:53
2	Chapter 1 There Are Heroisms All Round Us	7:00
3	'Now tell me what's amiss with me?'	7:34
4	Chapter 2 Try Your Luck With Professor Challenger	7:42
5	I walked across to the Savage Club...	4:35
6	Half an hour later...	4:37
7	Chapter 3 He is a Perfectly Impossible Person	5:32
8	He sat in a rotating chair...	5:39
9	He had sprung to his feet ...	5:33
10	Chapter 4 It's Just the Very Biggest Thing in the World	5:57
11	All this he boomed forth like a professor...	6:52
12	I had opened the volume with some expectation...	7:06
13	He handed me the open book...	5:58
14	The photograph was certainly very off-coloured...	6:06
15	'Did you see any other trace of life?'	5:59
16	Chapter 5 Question!	4:54
17	When we arrived at the hall...	6:06
18	This brought the lecturer to the great ladder of animal life...	6:43
19	'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he began...	7:39
20	Mr. Summerlee, the veteran Professor...	5:49
21	Chapter 6 I was the Flail of the Lord	7:04

22	'Talking won't make it any better...'	7:24
23	Perhaps I have dwelt too long...	6:50
24	Chapter 7 Tomorrow we Disappear into the Unknown	6:36
25	No wonder that the ginger-headed man...	5:24
26	Lord John had placed his watch upon the table...	6:12
27	Lord John Roxton has chartered a large steam launch...	5:08
28	Chapter 8 The Outlying Pickets of the New World	4:24
29	For two days we made our way...	6:38
30	All day the drums rumbled...	7:25
31	'No Indian here...'	6:35
32	On the ninth day...	5:53
33	Chapter 9 Who could have Forseen it?	5:21
34	Beneath him you might have seen the three of us...	5:43
36	The ground at the foot of the cliff...	7:00
36	It was a solemn place...	6:42
37	You will realise as you read it...	6:53
38	On the sixth day...	5:29
39	The level of the plateau...	6:38
40	Seating himself with a leg overhanging the abyss...	5:44
41	Now that we had the clue to his action...	6:21
42	Chapter 10 The Most Wonderful things Have Happened	6:37

43	It was midday...	5:48
44	'Wealden!' cried Challenger, in an ecstasy...'	6:40
45	I had the same feeling of mystery...	7:40
46	We staggered through the brushwood...	6:31
47	Chapter 11 For once I was the Hero	4:59
48	From the utter silence...	7:13
49	On the dull, scaly, slate-coloured skin...	6:27
50	That evening we had a grand discussion...	5:19
51	Professor Summerlee gave a snort of impatience...	5:58
52	The sun was just above the western sky-line...	7:56
53	Chapter 12 It was Dreadful in the Forest	5:53
54	The darkness of the forest had been alarming...	6:10
55	For a long time I lay and watched...	7:43
56	Even now when I think of that nightmare...	5:34
57	The sloping wall of the pit...	5:00
58	After a period, during which I sat...	5:39
59	Chapter 13 A Sight which I shall Never Forget	6:02
60	'Well, what did they do?'	6:59
61	'Well, it wasn't...'	4:47
62	We filled in the time...	5:01
63	In front of and around this dejected group...	5:49

64	So it seemed to us...	6:13
65	Chapter 14 Those were Real Conquests	7:27
66	Professor Summerlee for once was too depressed ...	6:30
67	It was in the early afternoon...	4:52
68	It was clear that the natives had come...	4:39
69	Summerlee had lain down and slept...	6:19
70	But the matter was more deadly..	6:13
71	Chapter 15 Our Eyes have seen Great Wonders	6:52
72	We had little time to watch them...	6:36
73	All this I shall some day write...	6:12
74	If Lord John's behaviour at this time was strange...	6:53
75	Never was our expedition in more imminent danger...	7:11
76	We stood with bitter hearts...	6:26
77	Chapter 16 A Procession! A Procession!	7:18
78	'Of the appearance of the four wanderers...'	7:48
79	'It had been hoped that the proceedings would end...'	6:47
80	'It will be within the recollection of many...'	4:52
81	'It was at this point...'	6:39
82	So far my friend Macdona...	5:30
83	How absurd life is!	6:57

Total time 8:34:34

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The Lost World

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was the type of person who could exhaust you simply by his biography. Between his birth in 1859 and his death in 1930, he was a doctor, novelist, playwright, twice failed MP, ship's surgeon on a trip to the Arctic (which he loved), medical officer on a trip to West Africa (which he loathed), short story writer, failed ophthalmologist, spiritualist, agnostic, science-fiction pioneer, historical novelist, failed volunteer for the Boer War, field doctor in the Boer War, balloonist, enthusiast for aeroplanes, defender of the unjustly accused, organiser of a civilian battalion during the First World War, adventure story writer, naval visionary (foreseeing blockades and recommending lifebelts), military historian ... and he managed to scribble a few detective stories, too. He was fuelled by the kind of vigorous determination to be *doing* something that characterised the British Empire in its

pomp, a man incapable of just thinking about an issue, but moved to action in which he would become completely involved.

He was also a man almost defined (as many people are) by his contradictions. He wanted to be a successful writer, but began to positively hate his most spectacularly successful creation, Sherlock Holmes. He was dedicated to action, to reality, to logic – but was drawn with a profound compulsion to spiritualism and a belief in the existence of fairies. He wanted to be remembered for his historical novels, but time has not judged them to be anything like his own estimation of them. He was a man who seemed to be the epitome of upright Britishness, and yet described meeting the languid, literary, epigrammatic, society-darling Oscar Wilde as 'a golden evening for me'. It should not be surprising that people fail to fit snugly in the boxes

created by those who are not familiar with them; but there is about the breadth of Doyle's experiences and his almost uncontrollable energy that which suggests a determination not to settle for the mundane, or the expected; as if he was driven to find something beyond the normal realms of professional and personal achievement.

In many ways, he could be seen to have succeeded in this. He married without, it would seem, much passion; but fell in love, passionately, and (after honourably waiting for his ill wife to die) followed his heart into a union of great happiness. He had to make a living, so became a doctor; but took the gamble of giving it up for writing, an act that filled him with tremendous joy. He was possessed of an imagination, and allowed himself to give it full rein in stories that have become classics of their type and some of the earliest examples of their genre. *The Lost World* is one of these.

It was written fairly late in Conan Doyle's career (1912), and stands as a work of early science fiction, fitting

comfortably next to the likes of Wells, Haggard, Verne and Burroughs. It is also a book that uses Darwinian evolutionary theory as a thread in the narrative (although there are occasions where the science dips into early 20th-century prejudice). It was the inspiration for many other books and films that took its central premise as their starting point. And it is peopled with characters that are as brimful of energy and determination as Doyle himself – as well as some surprising political references and far more humour than readers of the Holmes stories have much right to expect.

The basis of the story is the possibility that there might be dinosaurs still living on the earth, unaffected by the usual evolutionary forces at work elsewhere. Dinosaurs have long exercised a peculiar fascination for the public, from those who still hunt Loch Ness monsters to those who finance huge-budget (and huge audience) films, but this was one of the first books to use them as a central part of the story. The other factor gripping the public of the time was the

very existence of unknown parts of the globe and what they might contain – travellers were returning from previously unknown places (especially Africa and South America, where *The Lost World* is set) with astonishing stories. At the same time, palaeontology was becoming extremely popular – Doyle himself found some dinosaur footprints in Sussex, something that may well have inspired the book. Uniting these popular themes (and using his own scientific understanding and his many contacts in the world of science and exploration to give them credibility), Doyle then introduced his cast of characters – the love-struck journalist Edward Malone, who does what any self-respecting Edwardian would do to impress his beloved: ask to go on a life-threatening assignment. This is exactly the kind of get-up-and-go that Doyle himself possessed, and he seems to think any lack of it is indicative of a failing of moral fibre. Then there is Professor Summerlee, a rather meticulous scientist; Lord John Roxton, an adventurer; and finally the

simply extraordinary Professor Challenger – vast, booming, powerful, utterly convinced of his own rightness, and prepared to take on the establishment with his fists if need be.

All of these characters are drawn with a freshness and brio that suggests Doyle was enjoying himself; but he was also making a few veiled political statements. While Challenger was (loosely) based on William Rutherford, and Summerlee on another professor Doyle had studied with at Edinburgh, the people who inspired Roxton and Malone were based on more contentious figures, two of whom ended up being arrested for treason during WWI, and one of whom went missing searching for a lost city in Brazil. Edmund Morel was one of the bases for Malone. Morel had campaigned against the appalling treatment of the people in the Congo, and Doyle had lectured with him on the slavery that resulted from colonial trading. But he was a pacifist (which Doyle was not), and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment after the publication of some leaflets. One of

Roxton's original was the British diplomat, Roger Casement. Again, Doyle approved of Casement's work against the slavery associated with rubber plantations; but Casement was also an Irish nationalist, and his attempts to get the Germans to free any Irish prisoners of war in return for German assistance to fight the British were discovered, and Casement was executed. Colonel Percy Fawcett, a surveyor, archaeologist and explorer, was also an inspiration for Roxton – and he and his son both

disappeared in 1925.

But the fact that such people existed and were public figures, the science underlying the Boy's Own adventure, the thrill of the unknown being discovered - all these fuelled the public passion for such adventurous imaginings. And if there was ever a man to feed a passion for adventurous imaginings, Arthur Conan Doyle was he.

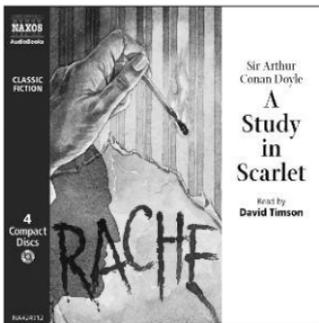
Notes by Roy McMillan



Glen McCready trained at The Webber Douglas Academy. Stage credits include: Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Son in *A Voyage Round My Father* and Walter Langer in *Five Finger Exercise*. Television includes: Arthur Symons in *Casanova's Lost Letters*. He has narrated numerous audiobooks including: *The Finishing School* by Muriel Spark, *Divided Kingdom* by Rupert Thomson, *Past Mortem*, *The First Casualty* and *Chart Throb* by Ben Elton, *Seventy-Two Virgins* by Boris Johnson, *The Act of Roger Murgatroyd* by Gilbert Adair, *Winter Quarters* by Alfred Duggan, *The Burning Blue* by James Holland and *The Society of Others* by James Nicholson.

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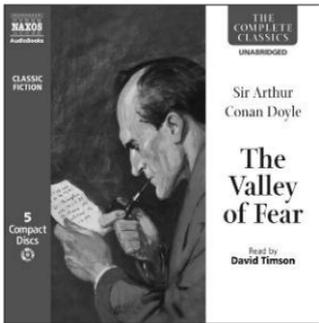
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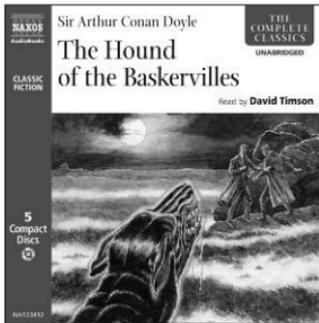
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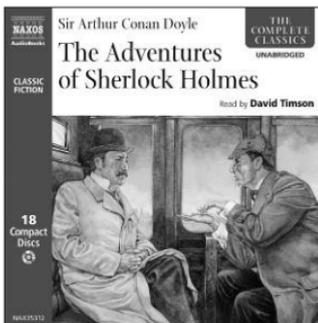
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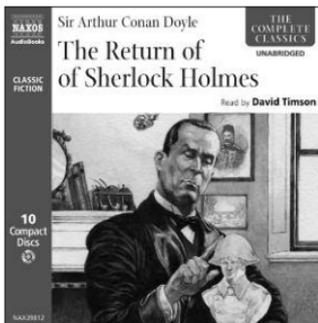
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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The Lost World

Read by **Glen McCready**

Somewhere in South America, there is a plateau; and roaming in its forests are dinosaurs...

Only one man has ever been there, and his reports are so astonishing that no-one is prepared to believe him; except the extraordinary Professor Challenger. He decides to take a trip to prove beyond doubt that this lost world really exists.

With the daredevil journalist Edward Malone, meticulous, sceptical Professor Summerlee and the professional adventurer Lord John Roxton, Challenger sets out on a mission as dangerous as it is thrilling.

Inspiring endless imitations, *The Lost World* is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's classic adventure of discovery.

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