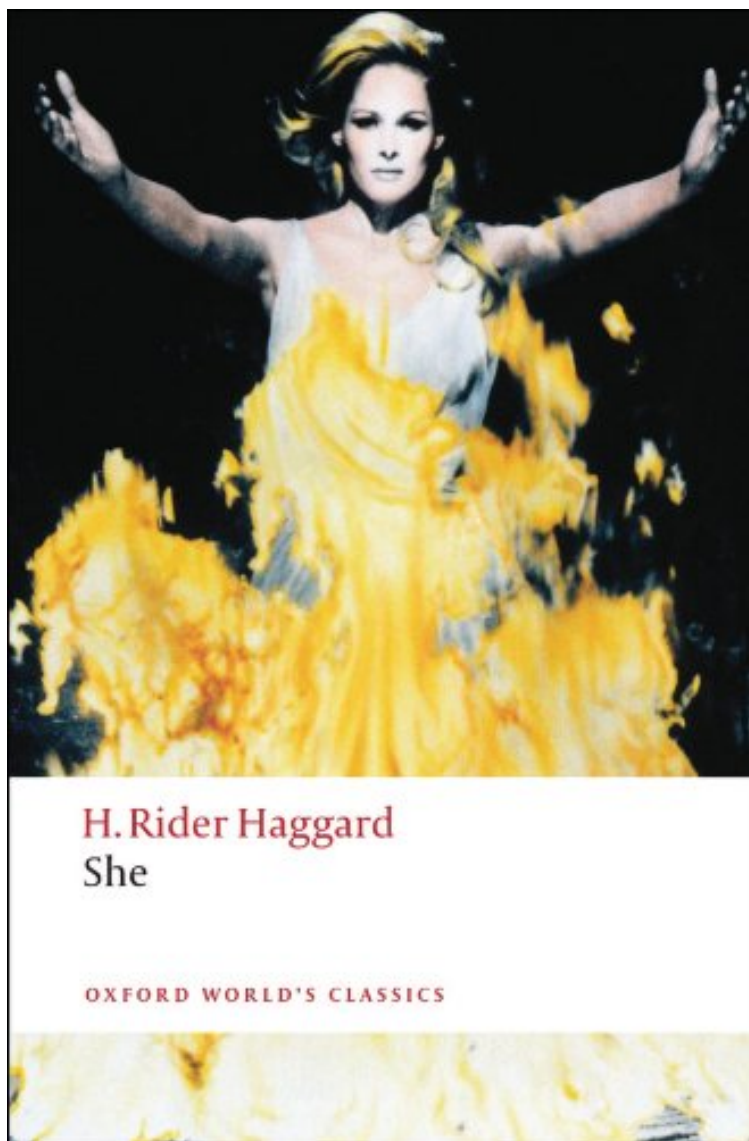


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She



Par H. Rider Haggard
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Description : Description du produitDrawing on his knowledge of Africa and of ancient legends, Haggard weaves this disturbing tale of Ayesha, the mysterious white queen of a Central African tribe. She, or "She-who-must-be-obeyed," is the embodiment of the mythological female figure who is both monstrous and desirable, and deadlier than the male.

Prsentation de l'diteur'My empire is of the imagination.' These are the words of Ayesha, the mysterious white queen of a Central African tribe, whose dread title, 'She-who-must-be-obeyed', testifies to her undying beauty and magical powers; but they serve equally well to describe the hold of her author, Henry Rider Haggard, on generations of readers.Writing 'at white heat', and in the flush of success after the publication of King Solomon's Mines, Haggard drew again on his knowledge of Africa and of ancient legends, but also on something deeper and more disturbing. To the Englishmen who journey through shipwreck, fever, and

cannibals to her hidden realm, 'She' is the goal of a quest bequeathed to them two thousand years before; to Haggard's readers, 'She' is the embodiment of one of the most potent and ambivalent figures of Western mythology, a female who is both monstrous and desirable - and, without question, deadlier than the male.

ABOUT THE SERIES: For over 100 years Oxford World's Classics has made available the widest range of literature from around the globe. Each affordable volume reflects Oxford's commitment to scholarship, providing the most accurate text plus a wealth of other valuable features, including expert introductions by leading authorities, helpful notes to clarify the text, up-to-date bibliographies for further study, and much more.

Ayesha is *She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied*, a 2,000-year-old queen who rules a fabled lost city deep in a maze of African caverns. She has the occult wisdom of Isis, the eternal youth and beauty of Aphrodite, and the violent appetite of a lamia. Like A. Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, She is one of those magnificent Victorian yarns about an expedition to a far-off locale shadowed by magic, mystery, and death. Tim Stout writes, in *Horror: 100 Best Books*, "As the plot takes hold one has the fancy that [Ayesha] had always existed, in some dark dimension of the imagination, and that [H. Rider] Haggard was the fortunate author to whom she chose to reveal herself." Haggard did, in fact, write this book in a six-week burst of feverish inspiration: "It came faster than my poor aching hand could set it down," he later said. This edition of the 1887 classic features an introductory essay by literary critic Regina Barreca, who likens Ayesha to Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* or Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*--"literally fantastic female figures who must be stopped before they love again."

Extrait My Visitor There are some events of which each circumstance and surrounding detail seem to be graven on the memory in such fashion that we cannot forget them. So it is with the scene that I am about to describe; it rises as clearly before my mind at this moment as though it had happened yesterday. It was in this very month something over twenty years ago that I, Ludwig Horace Holly, sat one night in my rooms at Cambridge, grinding away at some mathematical work, I forget what. I was to go up for my fellowship within a week, and was expected by my tutor and my college generally to distinguish myself. At last, wearied out, I flung my book down, and, walking to the mantelpiece, took up a pipe and filled it. There was a candle burning on this mantelpiece, and a long, narrow glass at the back of it; and as I was in the act of lighting the pipe I caught sight of my own countenance in the glass, and paused to reflect. The lighted match burnt away till it scorched my fingers, forcing me to drop it; but still I stood and stared at myself in the glass, and reflected. Well, I said aloud, at last, it is to be hoped that I shall be able to do something with the inside of my head, for I shall certainly never do anything by the help of the outside. This remark will doubtless strike anybody who reads it as being slightly obscure, but in fact I was alluding to my physical deficiencies. Most men of twenty-two are endowed with some share, at any rate, of the comeliness of youth, but to me even this was denied. Short, thick-set, and deep-chested almost to deformity, with long sinewy arms, heavy features, hollow grey eyes, a low brow half overgrown with a mop of thick black hair, like a deserted clearing on which the forest had once more begun to encroach; such was my appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago, and such, with some modification, is it to this day. Like Cain, I was branded by Nature with the stamp of abnormal ugliness, as I was gifted by Nature with iron and abnormal strength and considerable intellectual powers. So ugly was I that the spruce young men of my College, though they were proud enough of my feats of endurance and physical prowess, did not care even to be seen walking with me. Was it wonderful that I was misanthropic and sullen? Was it wonderful that I brooded and worked alone, and had no friends at least, only one? I was set apart by Nature to live alone, and draw comfort from her breast, and hers only. Women hated the sight of me. Only a week before I had heard one call me a monster when she thought I was out of hearing, and say that I had converted her to the monkey theory. Once, indeed, a woman pretended to care for me, and I lavished all the pent-up affection of my nature upon her. Then money that was to have come to me went elsewhere, and she discarded me. I pleaded with her as I have never pleaded with any living creature before or since, for I was caught by her sweet face, and loved her; and in the end by way of answer she took me to the glass, and stood side by side with me, and looked into it. Now, she said, if I am Beauty, who are you? That was when I was only twenty. And so I stood and stared, and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in the sense of my own loneliness for I had neither father, nor mother, nor brother; and as I stared there came a knock at my door. I listened before I went to answer it, for it was nearly twelve o'clock at night, and I was in no mood to admit any stranger. I had but one friend in the College, or, indeed, in the world perhaps it was he. Just then the person outside the door coughed, and I hastened to open it, for I knew the cough. A tall man of about thirty, with the remains of singular personal beauty, hurried in, staggering beneath the weight of a massive iron box, which he carried by a handle with his right hand. He placed the box upon the table, and then fell into an awful fit of coughing.

He coughed and coughed till his face became quite purple, and at last he sank into a chair and began to spit up blood. I poured out some whisky into a tumbler, and gave it to him. He drank it, and seemed better; although his better was very bad indeed. Why did you keep me standing there in the cold? he asked pettishly. You know the draughts are death to me. I did not know who it was, I answered. You are a late visitor. Yes; and verily I believe it is my last visit, he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. I am done for, Holly. I am done for. I do not believe that I shall see to-morrow! Nonsense! I said. Let me go for a doctor. He waved me back imperiously with his hand. It is sober sense; but I want no doctors. I have studied medicine and I know all about it. No doctors can help me. My last hour has come! For a year past I have only lived by a miracle. Now listen to me as you never listened to anybody before; for you will not have the opportunity of getting me to repeat my words. We have been friends for two years; tell me how much do you know about me? I know that you are rich, and have had the fancy to come to College long after the age when most men leave it. I know that you have been married, and that your wife died; and that you have been the best, indeed almost the only, friend I ever made. Did you know that I have a son? No. I have. He is five years old. He cost me his mother's life, and I have never been able to bear to look upon his face in consequence. Holly, if you will accept the trust, I am going to leave you as that boy's sole guardian. I sprang almost out of my chair. Me! I said. Yes, you. I have not studied you for two years for nothing. I have known for some time that I could not last, and since I faced the fact I have been searching for someone to whom I could confide the boy and this, and he tapped the iron box. You are the man, Holly; for, like a rugged tree, you are hard and sound at core. Listen; this boy will be the only representative of one of the most ancient families in the world, that is, so far as families can be traced. You will laugh at me when I say it, but one day it will be proved to you beyond a doubt that my sixty-fifth or sixty-sixth lineal ancestor was an Egyptian priest of Isis, though he was himself of Grecian extraction, and was called Kallikrates.* His father was one of the Greek mercenaries raised by Hak-Hor, a Mendesian Pharaoh of the twenty-ninth dynasty, and his grandfather or great-grandfather, I believe, was that very Kallikrates mentioned by Herodotus. In or about the year 339 before Christ, just at the time of the final fall of the Pharaohs, this Kallikrates (the priest) broke his vows of celibacy and fled from Egypt with a Princess of royal blood who had fallen in love with him. His ship was wrecked upon the coast of Africa, somewhere, as I believe, in the neighbourhood of where Delagoa Bay now is, or rather to the north of it, he and his wife being saved, and all the remainder of their company destroyed in one way or another. Here they endured great hardships, but were at last entertained by the powerful Queen of a*The Strong and Beautiful, or, more accurately, the Beautiful in strength. The Kallikrates here referred to by my friend was a Spartan, spoken of by Herodotus (Herod. ix. 72) as being remarkable for his beauty. He fell at the glorious battle of Plata (September 22, b.c. 479), when the Lacedaemonians and Athenians under Pausanias routed the Persians, putting nearly 300,000 of them to the sword. The following is a translation of the passage: For Kallikrates died out of the battle, he came to the army the most beautiful man of the Greeks of that day not only of the Lacedaemonians themselves, but of the other Greeks also. He, when Pausanias was sacrificing, was wounded in the side by an arrow; and then they fought, but on being carried off he regretted his death, and said to Arimnestus, a Platan, that he did not grieve at dying for Greece, but at not having struck a blow, or, although he desired so to do, performed any deed worthy of himself. This Kallikrates, who appears to have been as brave as he was beautiful, is subsequently mentioned by Herodotus as having been buried among the irenes (young commanders), apart from the other Spartans and the Helots. L. H. H. savage people, a white woman, of peculiar loveliness, who, under circumstances which I cannot enter into, but which you will one day learn, if you live, from the contents of the box, finally murdered my ancestor Kallikrates. His wife, however, escaped, how, I know not, to Athens, bearing a child with her, whom she named Tisisthenes, or the Mighty Avenger. Five hundred years or more afterwards the family migrated to Rome under circumstances of which no trace remains, and here, probably with the idea of preserving the idea of vengeance which we find set out in the name of Tisisthenes, they appear with some regularity to have assumed the cognomen of Vindex, or Avenger. Here, too, they remained for another five centuries or more, till about 770 a.d., when Charlemagne invaded Lombardy, where they were then settled, whereon the head of the family seems to have attached himself to the great Emperor, to have returned with him across the Alps, and finally to have settled in Brittany. Eight generations later his lineal representative crossed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and in the time of William the Conqueror was advanced to great honour and power. From that time to the present day I can trace my descent without a break. Not that the Vinceys for that was the final corruption of the name after its bearers took root in English soil have been particularly distinguished they never came much to the fore. Sometimes they were soldiers, sometimes merchants, but on

the whole they have preserved a dead level of respectability, and a still deader level of mediocrity. From the time of Charles II till the beginning of the present century they were merchants. About 1790 my grandfather made a considerable fortune out of brewing, and retired. In 1821 he died, and my father succeeded him, and dissipated most of the money. Ten years ago he died also, leaving me a net income of about two thousand a year. Then it was that I undertook an expedition in connection with that, and he pointed to the iron chest, which ended disastrously enough. On my way back I travelled in the South of Europe, and finally reached Athens. There I met my beloved wife, who might well also have been called the Beautiful, like my old Greek ancestor. There I married her, and there, a year afterwards, when my boy was born, she died. He paused a while, his head sunk upon his hand, and then continued: My marriage had diverted me from a project which I cannot enter into now. I have no time, Holly I have no time! One day, if you accept my trust, you will learn all about it. After my wife's death I turned my mind to it again. But first it was necessary, or, at least, I conceived that it was necessary, that I should attain to a perfect knowledge of Eastern dialects, especially Arabic. It was to facilitate my studies that I came here. Very soon, however, my disease developed itself, and now there is an end of me. And as though to emphasise his words he burst into another terrible fit of coughing. I gave him some more whisky, and after resting he went on: I have never seen my boy, Leo, since he was a tiny baby. I could never bear to see him, but they tell me that he is a quick and handsome child. In this envelope, and he produced a letter from his pocket addressed to myself, I have jotted down the course I wish followed in the boy's education. It is a somewhat peculiar one. At any rate, I could not entrust it to a stranger. Once more, will you undertake it? I must first know what I am to undertake, I answered. You are to undertake to have the boy, Leo, to live with you till he is twenty-five years of age not to send him to school, remember. On his twenty-fifth birthday your guardianship will end, and you will then, with the keys that I give you now (and he placed them on the table), open the iron box, and let him see and read the contents, and say whether or no he is willing to undertake the quest. There is no obligation on him to do so. Now, as regards terms. My present income is two thousand two hundred a year. Half of that income I have secured to you by will for life, contingently on your undertaking the guardianship that is, one thousand a year remuneration to yourself, for you will have to give up your life to it, and one hundred a year to pay for the board of the boy. The rest is to accumulate till Leo is twenty-five, so that there may be a sum in hand should he wish to undertake the quest of which I spoke. And suppose I were to die? I asked. Then the boy must become a ward of Chancery and take his chance. Only, be careful that the iron chest is passed on to him by your will. Listen, Holly; don't refuse me. Believe me, this is to your advantage. You are not fit to mix with the world it would only embitter you. In a few weeks you will become a Fellow of your College, and the income which you will derive from it combined with what I have left you will enable you to live a life of learned leisure, alternated with the sport of which you are so fond, such as will exactly suit you. He paused and looked at me anxiously, but I still hesitated. The charge seemed so very strange. For my sake, Holly. We have been good friends, and I have no time to make other arrangements. Very well, I said, I will do it, provided there is nothing in this paper to make me change my mind, and I touched the envelope he had put upon the table by the keys. Thank you, Holly, thank you. There is nothing at all. Swear to me by God that you will be a father to the boy, and follow my directions to the letter. I swear it, I answered solemnly. Very well; remember that perhaps one day I shall ask for the account of your oath, for though I am dead and forgotten, yet shall I live. There is no such thing as death, Holly, only a change, and, as you may perhaps learn in time to come, I believe that even here that change could under certain circumstances be indefinitely postponed, and again he broke into one of his dreadful fits of coughing. There, he said, I must go; you have the chest, and my will can be found among my papers, under the authority of which the child will be handed over to you. You will be well paid, Holly, and I know that you are honest; but if you betray my trust, by Heaven, I will haunt you. I said nothing, being, indeed, too bewildered to speak.