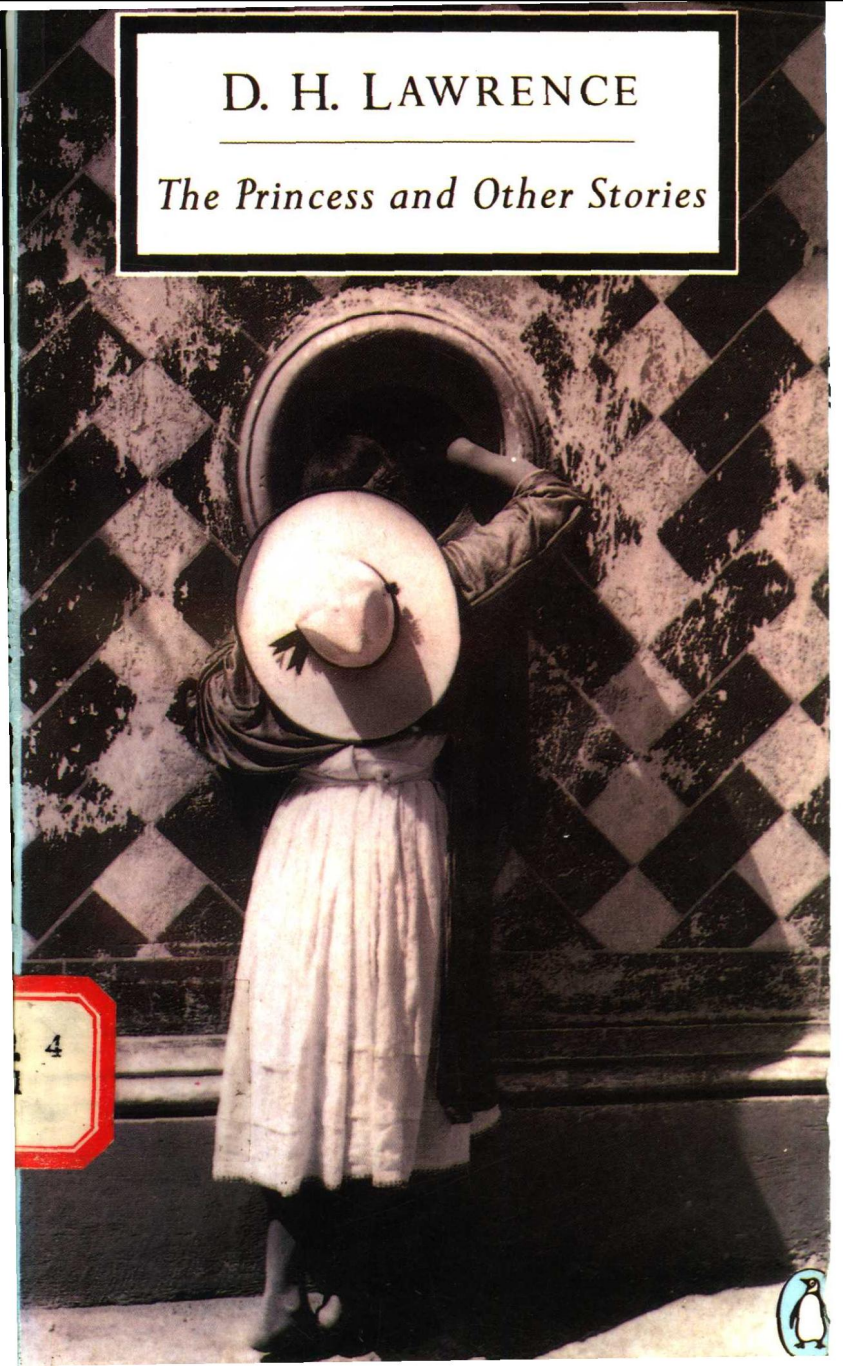
# D. H. LAWRENCE

## *The Princess and Other Stories*



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# The Princess
# 公 主

这本劳伦斯的选集共包括 12 篇小说，是他在生命的最后 8 年中写的，其中有以在新墨西哥旅行中的见闻作背景的，有以意大利作背景的。

戴维·劳伦斯 1885 年生于诺丁哈姆郡，是矿工的五个孩子中的第四个。大学毕业后他于 1911 年出版第一篇小说，当时因有肺病而放弃教书，和有夫之妇私奔去德国，1914 年他们回英国结婚，以写作为生。劳伦斯游历过西西里岛，锡兰，澳大利亚和新墨西哥。1925 年回欧洲。他死于 1930 年，享年 44 岁。他一生写了许多小说，诗歌，剧本，散文，游记，也有翻译著作等，在短短一生中对英国文学作出了巨大贡献。

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PENGUIN TWENTIETH-CENTURY CLASSICS

# THE PRINCESS
## AND OTHER STORIES

David Herbert Lawrence was born at Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, in 1885, fourth of the five children of a miner and his middle-class wife. He attended Nottingham High School and Nottingham University College. His first novel, *The White Peacock*, was published in 1911, just a few weeks after the death of his mother to whom he had been abnormally close. At this time he finally ended his relationship with Jessie Chambers (the Miriam of *Sons and Lovers*) and became engaged to Louie Burrows. His career as a schoolteacher was ended in 1911 by the illness which was ultimately diagnosed as tuberculosis.

In 1912 Lawrence eloped to Germany with Frieda Weekley, the German wife of his former modern languages tutor. They were married on their return to England in 1914. Lawrence was now living, precariously, by his writing. His greatest novels, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, were completed in 1915 and 1916. The former was suppressed, and he could not find a publisher for the latter.

After the war Lawrence began his 'savage pilgrimage' in search of a more fulfilling mode of life than industrial Western civilization could offer. This took him to Sicily, Ceylon, Australia and, finally, New Mexico. The Lawrences returned to Europe in 1925; Lawrence's last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was banned in 1928, and his paintings confiscated in 1929. He died in Vence in 1930 at the age of forty-four.

Lawrence spent most of his short life living. Nevertheless he produced an amazing quantity of work – novels, stories, poems, plays, essays, travel books, translations and letters . . . After his death Frieda wrote: 'What he had seen and felt and known he gave in his writing to his fellow men, the splendour of living, the hope of more and more life . . . a heroic and immeasurable gift.'

D.H. LAWRENCE

# *The Princess*
## AND OTHER STORIES

Edited by Keith Sagar

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# *Introduction*

THIS volume and its companion *The Mortal Coil and Other Stories* complete the publication of Lawrence's shorter fiction in Penguin. These twelve stories all date from the last eight years of Lawrence's life.

On 11 September 1922 the Lawrences arrived at Taos, New Mexico, as guests of Mabel Dodge Luhan. Three days later her husband Tony, a Taos Indian, took Lawrence motoring in the Apache country for five days. On the evening of his return Lawrence asked Mabel if she would like to work on a book with him: 'He said he wanted to write an American novel that would express the life, the spirit, of America and he wanted to write it around me – my life from the time I left New York to come out to New Mexico.' Two days later Lawrence sent a note to Mabel: 'I have done your "train" episode and brought you to Lamy at 3 in the morning.' This is possibly the first imaginative writing Lawrence attempted in the new continent, and the style is quite different from anything he had written before, sardonic in tone, with something of the timelessness and hard-edged, spiky character of the landscape. It is a superb opening for a novel, or, better still, a novella like 'The Woman Who Rode Away' (a story more freely based on Mabel Luhan who called it 'that story where Lorenzo thought he finished me up'). Yet it seems Lawrence wrote no more, partly, according to Mabel, because of Frieda's opposition to the close collaboration which would have been involved.

In December the Lawrences moved out to a large ranch, the Del Monte, seventeen miles away in the mountains:

I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had. It certainly changed me for ever. In the magnificent fierce morning of New Mexico one sprang awake, a new part of the soul woke up suddenly and the old world gave way to a new. All those mornings when I went with a hoe along the ditch to the Cañon, at the ranch, and stood, in the fierce, proud silence of the Rockies, on their foothills, to look far over the desert to the blue mountains away in Arizona, blue as chalcedony, with the sage-brush desert sweeping grey-blue in between, dotted with tiny cube-crystals of houses, the vast amphitheatre of lofty, indomitable desert, sweeping round to the ponderous

Sangre de Cristo mountains on the east, and coming up flush at the pine-dotted foot-hills of the Rockies! What splendour! Only the tawny eagle could really sail out into the splendour of it all.

The spring and summer of 1923 the Lawrences spent in Mexico, where Lawrence began *The Plumed Serpent*. But Frieda was pining to see her children again and wanted to return to Europe. In August they got as far as New York, but there Lawrence dug his heels in and refused to go any further. Frieda left alone. She refused to return alone, so in November Lawrence sailed after her, arriving in London at the beginning of December. There the Lawrences shared a house with Catherine and Donald Carswell, whom they had met before the war. One day Lawrence asked Catherine if she was writing anything, and she told him of a novel she had in mind: 'The theme had been suggested to me by reading of some savages who took a baby girl, and that they might rear her into a goddess for themselves, brought her up on a covered river boat, tending her in all respects, but never letting her mix with her kind and leading her to believe that she was herself no mortal, but a goddess.' Lawrence was fired by the idea and offered to collaborate. Indeed, he sketched an outline the same day (see Carswell, *The Savage Pilgrimage*, 202–4). Catherine felt herself inadequate and left the story to Lawrence who completed it, as 'The Princess', the following autumn, after his return to New Mexico.

The Lawrences stayed in Europe for three months. Lawrence hated it. He tried to persuade several of his friends to return to New Mexico with him to form a little colony at the ranch, but only one, Dorothy Brett, accepted. To amuse himself, he wrote several short stories, one of them 'The Overtone'. In New Mexico Lawrence had found a name for his dark god 'as shaggy as the pine trees and horrible as the lightning'. That name was Pan. The essay 'Pan in America', written immediately after Lawrence's return to the ranch, states his position most fully. Pan figures in many of the stories of the time, not only as an abstract life force and a necessary counterbalance to the Christian ideal, but also as a terrifying supernatural presence like Dionysus in *The Bacchae* or Arthur Machen's Great God Pan, wreaking a terrible vengeance upon those who deny him. 'A man who should see Pan by daylight fell dead, as if blasted by lightning'. (And according to 'Mercury', which Lawrence wrote in Germany two years later, the same applies to other gods.) There is an amusing painting by Dorothy Brett of Lawrence

upon a cross. Before him dances a horned and goat-footed figure who also bears the face of Lawrence.

The Lawrences spent the summer of 1924 on their new ranch, the Kiowa, even higher than the Del Monte, then returned to Mexico to finish *The Plumed Serpent*. There, in February 1925, Lawrence contracted malaria, which, on top of his tuberculosis, should have killed him. By the sheer will to live, he survived, and during his convalescence dictated to Frieda the beginning of a story called 'The Flying Fish'. Frieda recorded the wonder of his recuperation: 'How he loved every minute of life at the ranch. The morning, the squirrels, every flower that came in its turn, the big trees, chopping wood, the chickens, making bread, all our hard work, and the people and all assumed the radiance of new life.' Gethin Day, the hero of 'The Flying Fish', is also recovering from a near-fatal illness. We see that radiance through his eyes. Later Lawrence read this fragment to his friends the Brewsters, who pleaded with him to finish it. He replied: 'It was written so near the borderline of death, that I have never been able to carry it through, in the cold light of day.' Lawrence's notes give some indication of how the story was to have ended:

Gethin Day of Daybrook in the Lathkill Dale comes home at forty and marries a girl from the valley; No day in Daybrook Is a bad outlook: weather-vane is a fish, and below, the Zodiac revolves. She causes it to reverse. Though Day be dreary, yet Fish will play. When Fish lie weary Day can be gay. When woman's thoughts turn on herself Fish turns his belly up Beasts walk the other way round Sup sorrow, sorrow sup.

When she reverses the vane, the world looks different. She feels *free*. She thinks she might love the engineer whom she sees stopping his car. She thinks she might have a cap of peacock breastfeathers. She thinks she might rival Lady Diana: and she might.

Husband falls sick – says something is wrong, something is wrong. Finds out at last the vane is reversed, fish belly up. Asks her. She says life feels bigger, freer. She wants freedom. She wants to go up to town.

He takes her to town: her child is born: she adores it, but at the very very centre, is cold about it, and knows it. At the centre, she is cold about everything, but her *will* sparkles.

She is ill – sees in the sky a cloud like a dead fish, belly up: knows the world is widdershins: goes back to Daybrook to try to reverse the vane again: lightning kills her.

Lawrence told the Brewsters: 'The last part will be regenerate man, a real life in this Garden of Eden.' He never finished the story.

Regenerate man appears in 'The Man Who Died', fusing the figures of Christ and Pan.

The Lawrences returned to Europe for good in September 1925 and settled at Spotorno in November. One of the first stories Lawrence wrote there was 'Sun'. It was published a few months later in *New Coterie* and collected in 1928 in *The Woman Who Rode Away*, but in an expurgated version. Harry Crosby was a young American poet and publisher living in Paris for whom the sun was an almost obsessive symbol. His press was The Black Sun Press, his collection of poems for which Lawrence later wrote an introduction was called *Chariot of the Sun*, his racehorse was called Sunstroke. There was no Lawrentian influence here, for Crosby read his first Lawrence novel, *The Plumed Serpent*, in January 1928. He immediately wrote an enthusiastic letter to Lawrence about sun-worship, and asked if Lawrence had any manuscripts to sell. Lawrence sent *The Man Who Loved Islands*, the unexpurgated 'Sun', and several poems: 'I am sending you tomorrow the Mss., bound by the binder in Florence, nothing grand – but with my phoenix rising from the nest in flames. *Sun* is the final Ms., and I wish the story had been printed as it stands there, really complete. One day, when the public is more educated, I shall have the story printed whole, as it is in this Ms.' Harry Crosby paid for the Mss. in twenty-dollar gold pieces, the eagle and the sun. Lawrence wrote: 'How beautiful the gold is! – such a pity it ever became currency. One should love it for its yellow life, answering the sun.' The Black Sun Press published 'Sun' from this Ms. in 1928. It has never been reprinted.

Between finishing the second version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in February 1927 and beginning *The Man Who Died* in April, Lawrence began and abandoned a story which John R. Elliott, Jr has called 'The Man Who Was Through with the World'. Lawrence himself was such a man, at times; he felt very strongly the attractions of the hermit life. In 1922 he had written: 'I think one must for the moment withdraw from the world, away towards the inner realities that *are* real: and return, maybe, to the world later, when one is quiet and sure. I am tired of the world, and want the peace like a river: not this whisky and soda, bad whisky, too, of life so-called.' Lawrence has much more sympathy for Henry the Hermit than he had for Cathcart in *The Man Who Loved Islands* a few months earlier. Henry's predicament is the same as that faced by Mellors, by the Man Who Died, and by Lawrence himself. It is a choice between Scylla and Charybdis: to allow oneself to be swallowed by the

world, exposing oneself to 'the pollution of people', or to withdraw to the island of oneself and die the spiritual death of solipsism. At best the rejection of the world is a gathering of strength, a preparation for a further effort in the world of man. At worst it nurses and nourishes a jaundiced misanthropy until the hatred extends to the hermit's own life. One cannot tell whether Henry is going to lose his grip on life as the winter advances and die for lack of human contact, or whether the following spring will see him enter the world again, resurrected like the man who died. Either way we have a rejection of the hermit state as a permanent way of life or as an end in itself.

In New Mexico Lawrence had found religion, Pan alive and dancing. But the rhythm was not one the European races could dance to. The joy was 'dark' in a sense which would exclude the kind of joy which belongs to 'the upper world of daylight and fresh air'. In the Etruscan tombs which Lawrence visited in the spring of 1927 with Earl Brewster he discovered 'a living, fresh, jolly people'. As he peered at the flaked and faded frescoes with the aid of a pocket torch in dark underground caverns, he imaginatively recreated the life of these people. It was the Etruscan experience which freed Lawrence from the 'world of care'. He gave up his 'savage pilgrimage', his exhausting quest for a life-mode fully in tune with the elemental sources of life, yet fully human, and, in the finest sense, civilized. He did not find a living embodiment of his desire. Yet what could be more living than these men and women dancing gaily to the double flute. The following October Lawrence began a story (misleadingly called 'Autobiographical Sketch' in *Phoenix*) in which he sleeps for a thousand years in a cavern near Eastwood and wakes to find himself near a handsome town among gentle people who combine the qualities of Etruscan civilization with the best qualities of the mining communities of the Midlands as Lawrence was later to describe them in *Nottingham and the Mining Country* – the 'physical awareness and intimate togetherness', the 'remote sort of contemplation which shows a real awareness of the presence of beauty', the 'instinct of community'. In a thousand years it seems men have at last reached the state of 'swift laughing togetherness' Gethin Day had marvelled at in the dolphins.

At the beginning of October 1927 Lawrence's friend S. S. Koteliansky sent him two stories recorded by his mother which he had translated from the Yiddish, in the hope that Lawrence might remake them. Lawrence replied that he would try to work them up

when he had an inspired moment, and, probably shortly afterwards, began the first of them, a tiny story called 'Maimonides and Aristotle', under the new title 'The Undying Man'. His first five paragraphs hardly differ from Koteliansky's version, but once the little vein has been sealed in its jar, Lawrence's imagination begins to take hold, and the whole of the rest of his version is expanded from a mere dozen lines in Koteliansky's. Since Lawrence never finished 'The Undying Man', Koteliansky published his original translation in the *London Mercury* in February 1937. The story ends:

After a time the little vein in the jar began to grow, and Rabbi Moses Maimonides – blessed be his memory! – perceived that the man who was to grow up from the little vein and live eternally, would be made into a God by the people; that the people would abandon the living God and serve the eternal man, whom Aristotle and himself had created. Maimonides felt terribly distressed on that account; but as he had given his hand to Aristotle not to interfere with the growth of the man in the jar, he could not destroy the jar and thus prevent the little vein from becoming an eternal man. The more marked became the signs of the little vein turning into man, the more grieved and distressed Maimonides became for he had no longer any doubt that the people would turn the eternal man into God, and serve him and worship him. After many months of deliberation, prayer, and fasting, Maimonides came to a decision. He told the servants to let into the room, where he prayed and studied, and where on a shelf stood the jar with the little vein, all the chickens and cocks of his household. Maimonides then put on his long praying cloak; and as his habit was to walk about the room while praying, as soon as he began to pray, the chickens and cocks got frightened by the waving cloak, and began to jump and fly about the room. At last a big cock jumped on the shelf where the jar stood, and upset the jar. The jar fell to the ground and broke in pieces. And when Maimonides saw that the tiny little creature pointed a tiny little finger to him as a sign that he had broken his oath to Aristotle, Maimonides wept bitterly, and all the rest of his life prayed for forgiveness.

The next three stories, 'The Blue Moccasins', 'Things' and 'Mother and Daughter', were all written in the latter half of 1928. They are typical of the satirical and often cruel stories of this period. The couple in 'Things' are Earl and Aschah Brewster, who remained loyal to Lawrence despite his ruthless handling of them in his art.

Lawrence died in 1930 at the age of forty-four. The movement of his later fiction away from realism towards myth and fable is evident in this collection.

KEITH SAGAR

# THE PRINCESS
# AND OTHER STORIES

# *The Wilful Woman*

NOVEMBER of the year 1916. A woman travelling from New York to the South West, by one of the tourist trains. On the third day the train lost time more and more. She raged with painful impatience. No good, at every station the train sat longer. They had passed the prairie lands and entered the mountain and desert region. They ought soon to arrive, soon. This was already the desert of grey-white sage and blue mountains. She ought to be there, soon, soon she ought to be there. This journey alone should be over. But the train comfortably stretched its length in the stations, and would never arrive. There was no end. It could not arrive. She could not bear it.

The woman sat in that cubby-hole at the end of the Pullman which is called in America a Drawing-Room. She had the place to herself and her bags. Volts of distracted impatience and heart-brokenness surged out of her, so that the negro did not dare to come in and sweep her floor with his little brush and dustpan. He left the 'Room' unswept for the afternoon.

Frustration and a painful volcanic pressure of impatience. The train would not arrive, *could* not arrive. That was it.

She was a sturdy woman with a round face, like an obstinate girl of fourteen. Like an obstinate girl of fourteen she sat there devouring her unease, her heavy, muscular fore-arms inert in her lap. So still, yet at such a pressure. So child-like – yet a woman approaching forty. So naïve-looking, softly full and feminine. And curiously heart-broken at being alone, travelling alone. Of course any man might have rushed to save her, and reap the reward of her