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About D. H. Lawrence

Frieda Lawrence

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common experience through the happy union of the essential norm of things with the true proportion of one image in relation to another.

The truth of the visible world resides in us.

ABOUT D. H. LAWRENCE

Frieda Lawrence

THERE IS no real battle between me and Christianity. Perhaps there is a certain battle between me and nonconformity, because at the depth my nature is catholic. But I believe in the all-overshadowing God. I believe that Jesus is one of the Sons of God: not, however, the only Son of God. I think that the men who believe in the all-overshadowing God will naturally form a Church of God. That is, I believe in a Church, and I believe in secret doctrine, as against the vulgarity of nonconformity. I believe in an initiated priesthood and in cycles of esoteric knowledge. I believe in the authority of the Church, and in the power of the priest to grant absolution.

“So that on the religious fundamentals, there is no break between me and the Catholic Church.

“But I cannot believe in a Church of Christ. Jesus is only one of the Sons of Almighty God. There are many saviours—there is only one God. There will be more saviours, but God is one God. So that the Great Church of the future will know other saviours: men are saved variously, in various lands, in various times, in various centuries. A church established on the Almighty God, but having temples to the various saviours, is the true way of man.

“The great disaster is that each religion tends to assert one exclusive saviour. One hates Christianity because it declares there is only one way to God. A true church would know that there are a few great roads to God, and many, many small tracks.

"I am the way!" Not even Jesus can declare this to all men.

"To very many men, Jesus is no longer the way. He is no longer the way for me. But what does it matter? He is one of the Sons of God. And I will gladly light a candle to him also.

"Yet I must seek another way. God, the great God, is always God. But we have always to find our way to him. The way was Jesus. And the way is no longer Jesus.

"So, for the moment, we have no way. God is God—but we cannot come to him. God is God—but he has not yet sent us a prophet.

"That does not mean we leave off seeking, or trying, or adventuring."

THIS FRAGMENT was among Lawrence's papers and was never published.

He, for one, certainly never left off "seeking or trying or adventuring" while he lived. Maybe he was something of a saviour himself. Somebody said that in the Middle Ages he might have been a "father" of the Church. He might have written about doctrine and dogma and ritual.

Many times since Lawrence died, I have been wondering about our marriage and I go on wondering.

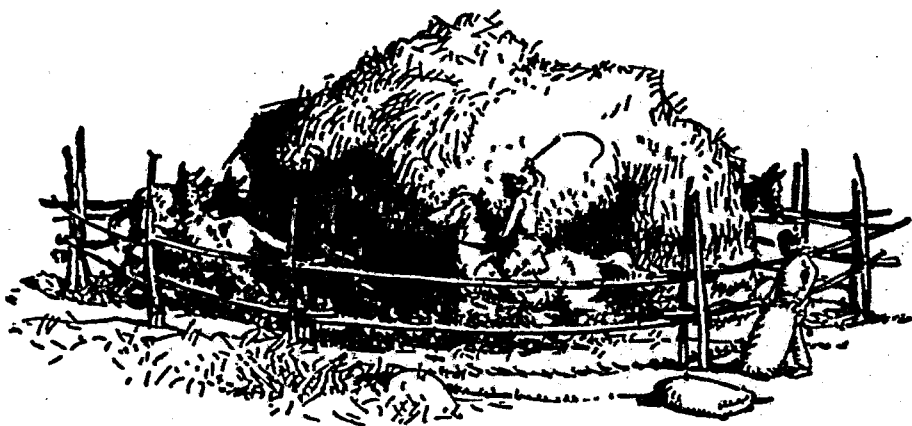
I look at other people: a beautiful woman, a glamor woman married to a tubby little fellow; you don't notice him, but when he comes into the room, her face lights up and you know she is happy. Now what is there between them? Then you meet two people that you feel ought to like each other, but they don't; you can almost hear a subterranean growl of two hostile dogs. Now again, why?

It must be the mystery of human relationships; thank the Lord for the mystery, and that we haven't an explanation for everything yet!

Lawrence and I were so absolutely different in everything: background, temperament, physically, intellectually—except that

we were both light-skinned. We had both been what is called "in love" before; but this was something else. Lawrence would say to me: "You think you feel these things, but you don't, really." Later on, I knew he was right.

My ideas did not impress him. Yet he got a great deal from me in his work. But that was no merit of mine, because he got it without my doing anything about it. He was so coordinated in his movements, never dropped an object or broke things; his movements were quick and sure and it was irritating for him when I let a plate drop from the edge of the table or lost my purse.



"Woman, haven't you got your wits about you?" he would ask, angrily. The differences in our make-ups made us get at each other violently at times, and yet there it was, the bond between us; so much deeper than consciousness, beyond our understanding or control. It was not he and I, but the something not ourselves that was the ground of our being, the unknown element in us.

That is what makes Lawrence's writing alive. Not the known, conscious aspect of human beings, but the unglimped, underlying happenings he explored. It took me some time to find out that Lawrence was more than clever; he was wise, wise in actual living.

We never wasted any time in "keeping up with the Joneses" or playing a role. None of these things. We never were "nice" to

anybody because it might be to our material advantage; we were fond of people or we weren't. But whenever Lawrence found a spark in a man or a woman, he had to struggle with this spark and try and blow it into flame.

So many people live in a vacuum and sit around and are bored. I have seen Lawrence happy and unhappy, furious and puzzled, but I never saw him bored. Just as you can't imagine Homer's heroes being bored, or Shakespeare's people.

He did not live from a part of himself, but the whole of him; from the top of his head to his toes with every faculty and at every moment, he was at his job of living. He got so much out of it.

And that is why he had this fierce desire to make his fellowmen fill their sad vacuum with all the riches of people and birds and mountains and everything in creation, as he did himself.

EUROPEAN ASPECTS OF COSMOPOLITAN TAOS

Alexandra Fechin

I REMEMBER well our first summer in Taos. It was the year 1926. The two years we had already spent in the United States trying to adapt ourselves to the alien tempo of living, had not changed us very much. Our appearance, our ways and our ideas were still completely European.

Now, midway in the continent, we started the long trip through the mountains. . . . The narrow winding roads, the low fast-moving clouds, the tiny clusters of houses and the villages we passed reminded us of things we had left irrevocably behind in our homeland.

When finally we reached the plateau at the foot of Taos Mountain, something gave in in our very hearts and a resistance vanished. We were profoundly touched. Here, before our eyes, the