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# KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S

## SHORT STORIES




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A mis padres.

CONTENTS

# INTRODUCTION

Katherine Mansfield was a short-story writer, from New Zealand, who in the early twenties was acclaimed as a highly original writer. Her writing life covered a period of about fifteen years, and her output was rather small: a few volumes of short stories, some poetry, criticism, translations, letters, and the notes that her husband, the English critic John Middleton Murry edited under the names of Journal and Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield. Is she an important or a minor figure in the world of English literature? Was her fame only a flame or is she still considered good? Was she influential? What was her achievement?

Her place in the field of English literature will always be regarded as an important one because she assisted the short-story into a world of its own, to a stage of

emancipation from other literary genres. "She had the same kind of directive influence on the art of the short story as Joyce had in the novel. After Joyce and Katherine Mansfield neither the novel nor the short story can ever be quite the same again. They beat a track to a higher point from which others can scan a wider horizon." (1)

Katherine Mansfield stands at the beginning of an era of interest in common lives, proving that they can be interesting even when not raised to highly emotional climaxes. For the first time, the English short story stopped being concerned with set situations, artificial dilemmas and improbabilities, to show a slice of life. A world of immense new possibilities was opened up to novelists and even more to short-story writers. "Katherine Mansfield, showing that by freshness of approach even the most trivial aspect or incident could become vitally interesting, has her share in the opening of that world." (2) She turned away from contemporary literature because it lacked truth, which was her main passion, and counsciously or uncounsciously she prepared the way for others to follow. And, moreover, she achieved a freer mould for the short story, laying out different patterns for it, structured in various ways, breaking up the definition "A short story deals with a single character, a single event, a single emotion, or the series of emotions

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(1) Gordon, p. 17
(2) Bates, p. 133

called forth by a single situation." (3) If we analize her stories, the only subsisting element in them of that definition is the arousing of emotion, which must be the goal of every piece of fiction that is to be called a work of art. A more modern idea about short stories says that "It has discarded insistence on rigid chronology, instead it has resorted to the rich use of suggestion, often at the critical points of the story, projecting the reader's mind into space in order to fix the impressions: but whatever the method, the story, because of its short form, has unity enough, in proportion to its length and purpose, to focus itself on the emotional impression which is to be made on the mind of the reader." (4) Katherine Mansfield's stories fit this idea.

The short story is a literary fiction form which has gradually evolved to fit a need. Stories have been told since the beginning of humanity, because the desire to tell stories and to listen to them is a quality inherent in human nature. There are stories, tales, and fables dating from all ages in all the literatures of the world, but it was not until the XIX century that the short story attained a place as a dignified art by itself. Almost simultaneously, two currents came to influence the form of the short story: Merimée and his contemporaries, on one side of the Atlantic, and Poe and Hawthorne on the other, began to achieve, with

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(3) Mattheus, p. 16
(4) Bement, p. 18

apparent deliberation, "effects." (5) Poe remarked that a "tale" (because the term "short story" had not yet been invented) must be short enough to be read at a single sitting to attain unity of impression without the affairs of the world interfering, and that, when writing, the artist must always have in mind the kind of "effect" or impression he wants to transmit to the reader. Everything else in the story is to be submitted to the effect. His theory still holds true up to a certain point, because nowadays the end which is set out to accomplish is not the creation of the exaggerated effects of horror and pathos of the romantic movement, it is something closer to reality; but the foundation of any good story is still an emotional impression. Therefore, the short story is not a condensed novel, differing from it in scope and structure. While "the novel is expansive, the short story is intensive." (6) It is a literary fiction genre in itself, different also from an episode, which has no plot at all; from a synopsis, a sketch, or a tale, whose development depends on incidents rather than on situations or revelation of character, and which needs not convey a single impression.

In Katherine Mansfield's short stories, each separate part, even each separate phrase and word contributes to the final impression of the whole, and it is not so much the articulation of the narrative as the implications of the words

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(5) Bement, p. 7
(6) Essenwein, p. 21

used that convey the impression. The full meaning of her stories is not written in words but implied and suggested between the lines. Her writing has "that category of fiction of which T. S. Eliot spoke when he said that only sensibilities trained on poetry can wholly appreciate them. By this he meant that it is not read as a time-sequence but as a heterogeneous series of perceptions each catching its moment of intensity without reference to what lies on the succeeding pages, but the entire reading of which conveys a poetic synthesis." (7) This quality of her writing has caused many of her critics to say that she was widely influenced by Tchehov, the master of the short story, from whom Katherine Mansfield learned, if it was not an innate quality of her writing, that there could be casual and oblique narration and that there was a possibility of telling a story by what was left out, as much as by what was said, even when Miss Mansfield used a widely different method to achieve this purpose.

Starting with Poe, with whom the short story knew a great deal of fantasy and imagination, the short story in English had known "ingenuity, as in Wells, masculinity as in Kipling, humour and trickery, as in O. Henry, colour and irony, as in Crane, together with most of the virtues and vices of the novel, but it had been very little touched by poetry. Lyricism was kept outside it; poets, knowing their

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(7) Essenwein, p. 207

own medium, left it alone. But it will remain eternally to the credit of Katherine Mansfield and A. E. Coppard that both attempted to bring to the short story some of the fancy, delicacy, shape, and coloured conceit of the Elizabethan lyric - and that when they left it, the short story had gained new vitality and new design and above all, perhaps, a certain quality of transparency." (8) For Katherine Mansfield's writing has more affinity with poetry than with prose. Poetry evokes specific emotions by the use of images, and her stories evoke emotions, too. Katherine Mansfield borrows the technique of poetry to enlarge the possibilities of expression in prose. "Katherine Mansfield writes the short story with the resources and the intention of lyrical poetry. Her stories should not be read as narratives in the ordinary sense, although considerable narrative movement is implied in the majority of them. She conveys, as a lyric poet conveys, the feeling of human situations, and her stories have all the unity and shapeliness and the concentrated diction of implied emotion that characterizes the wellwrought lyric. As with the lyric, her stories yield their full meaning only on re-reading, when the reader can link up the implications of phrase upon phrase that are not always apparent on the first run-through. And like the lyrics of a poet, the stories illuminate each other." (9)

In this work, I will attempt to analize Katherine Mans-

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(8) Bates, p. 124
(9) Quoted from Conrad Aiken's review of Bliss and Other Stories, in 1921, by Gordon, p. 25.

field's stories taking them merely as stories; not studying them in groups as they appeared in published volumes (10), which many reviewers have already done, nor relating them more than it is necessary to the author's life. Her life was, indeed, so interesting and peculiar, that her critics have slipped from their critical work, fascinated with her life, and even Miss Berkman's Katherine Mansfield, a critical study, which is one of the most complete studies about Katherine Mansfield, is more biographical than critical; she does not even mention all the stories, but only the best ones.

To analize the stories, I have divided them into groups of stories with similar characteristics: humour, character's mood and feelings emphasized, pictorial descriptions, and a group of stories set in New Zealand. Only the stories will be studied, leaving Katherine Mansfield's poetry, critical work, letters, and notes, apart, even if they are used as reference. The groups of stories I have made up are not chronological; they merely have similar characteristics. Before presenting the groups of stories, I shall lay out a biographical sketch of Katherine Mansfield and expose her emotional life, which besides being very interesting, is necessary to understand her writing.

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(10) The stories that made up the published volumes, had frequently nothing in common among them; they were just arranged in a volume because they were written in the same period.

Throughout my student years at the Facultad de Filosofía y Letras of the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México, I have been greatly assisted by my teachers, whose help I acknowledge by means of this work.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Katherine Mansfield was born in Wellington, New Zealand, as Kathleen Beauchamp, on October 14, 1888. She was the third daughter of a family of five. The Beauchamps had been in Australia and New Zealand for three generations. She lived her first years in Wellington and at the age of six moved to a small township called Karori, a few miles from Wellington. Her first story was accepted by The Lone Hand magazine at the age of nine, and at the same age she gained the first prize for English composition at the village school, with A Sea Voyage theme.

The three elder Beauchamp girls were sent to London when Kathleen was thirteen, to complete their education, and there remained till she was eighteen. There she edited the college magazine, and found the beginning of intellectual free

dom through an admiration of Oscar Wilde. She had two interests in life: literature and music. She became a violoncello player.

She returned to New Zealand much against her will, because she felt she was an artist and must live in the world, in London, to her the living centre of artistic and intellectual life. Her heart was full with the determination to return, and to return soon. Wellington, on her arrival in 1906, seemed unendurable to her because of the narrowness and provincialism of it as a remote colonial city, and she spent the next two years of her life in constant rebellion. She turned to music, continuing with her study of 'cello, but kept on writing: long complaining diaries, which have been destroyed, sketches, unfinished stories, fragments of novels, letters. In November, 1907, she was sent by her father on an expedition across the Maori land or New Zealand, which gave her momentary peace, but on her return, she persuaded her father to send her to London, and she went back on a thousand pounds a year allowance that she would receive throughout her life. On July 9, 1908, at the age of twenty, she left New Zealand, never to return.

Once established in London, she gave up music for literature. She submitted manuscripts to editors in vain. For the sake of experience, on March 2, 1909, she married Mr. George Bowden, a musician about ten years older than her. It was her morbid fancy to dress for her wedding entirely in black. Her single attendant was Ida Baker, whom she had met at college

and who turned to be her faithful friend throughout her life; Ida (L. M. in Katherine Mansfield's notes) devoted her whole life to her friend. Katherine Mansfield had looked to find in marriage security, freedom for artistic development, and experience, of which she only found the latter, and within a short time (1) she had left her husband. During this time she had varied and exacting experiences in minor parts in travelling opera companies and the like. The news of her marriage and separation brought her mother to London, and she found her daughter with child, and admittedly not by her husband. She was sent to Bavaria, where her child was born prematurely, dead. By February 1910, restored to health, Katherine Mansfield was back in London.

The quality of her writing was recognized by the editor of The New Age. From 1909 to 1911 she was a fairly constant contributor to that paper. A series of stories based on her experiences while convalescent in Germany was collected and published in 1911 under the title In a German Pension. This book was inmediately recognized and it passed into three editions, when its sale was interrupted by bankruptcy of the publisher.

In December 1911, Katherine Mansfield met John Middleton Murry, who was then an Oxford undergraduate connected with a

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(1) Mr. Alpers says Katherine Mansfield lived with her husband only one day; Mr. Murry says a few days, and Sir Harold Beauchamp says a few months (which is not likely to be true because she was pregnant shortly after, and not of her husband)

youthful literary magazine called Rhythm. She began to write stories for it regularly. Rhythm, which became for its last three numbers The Blue Review, lasted for about eighteen months, during which Miss Mansfield and Murry edited it together. Most of the stories she contributed to it were republished in Something Childish, and Other Stories. Katherine Mansfield and Murry were attracted to each other since they first met, and this attraction strenghtened into friendship and later into love. Encouraged by her, Murry gave up his life at Oxford to enter the field of literary journalism. She had a flat at Clovelly Mansions, and on April 11, 1912, he became her lodger. For some weeks the two went separate ways, but inevitably, on closer contact, love developed and intimacy followed. They could not marry, for Miss Mansfield's husband did not pursue the divorce proceedings. Not until six years later, in 1918, could they become legally mand and wife. When they became "The Murrys" in 1912, both were very young, she was twenty-three and he was one or two years younger. Both regretted the practical difficulties derived from their irregular union, but neither hesitated. Their life together was destined to be hard, struck by poverty in its early years, constant moving and removing, separations, misunderstandings and even alienation.

Through Rhythm, the Murrys met the D. H. Lawrences, and a cordial friendship sprang up. When the Lawrences left for Italy on the winter of 1913, some of their roaming spirit seized the Murrys, who decided to go to Paris, Murry as a

reviewer of French books for the Times Literary Supplement. They had been there for a "honeymoon" shortly after their union, in a very happy trip, but this time, it was a failure, Paris proved cold, indifferent, and Murry's projected engagement with the Times came to nothing. During their stay there, they met Francis Carco, the French writer, with whom they roamed around literary circles. When it became impossible for them to stay in Paris, their books and furniture had to be sold for a pittance, and by March, 1914, defeated, they were in London again.

By the end of August, London was mobilizing for war. Murry enlisted, but got a medical certificate saying that he had had a severe attack of pleurisy, which was true, and ended: Query TB, which was not true, but which kept him out of service. War was not for sensibilities like his. On the last days of October, they moved to live with the Lawrences, for three months. There, the Murrys met Koteliansky, who was to become one of Katherine Mansfield's best and most understanding friends. The relationship between the Murrys was now strained, and by Christmas, 1914, it was understood between them that they were to part. Katherine felt as miserable as her last year in Wellington. She needed change and experience, and on February 19, 1915 she joined Francis Carco at Gray, France, but after spending a few days with him, she left for Paris, and by the end of February she returned to London, to Murry, since she had nowhere else to go. On her return she was ill, crippled with arthritis, rebellious and miserable.

She went to the Lawrences' to recover, and was carried back to harmony with Murry. Nevertheless, she went back to Paris twice, on March and on May, staying in Carco's apartment at the Quai aux Fleurs. On the summer of that year, the Murrys took a charming house in St. John's Wood, London, where they were often visited by Katherine Mansfield's younger brother Leslie during his military training. Before crossing to France in September, 1915, he stayed with them for a week. He was killed at Ploegsteert Wood on October 7, 1915, by the premature explosion of a bomb on his hand. The shock to Katherine Mansfield was overwhelming.

A month after Leslie's death, in the middle of November, 1915, the Murrys set out for the South of France; Katherine stayed in isolation at Bandol while Murry went back to England, but he came back to her on January, 1916. They lived at the Villa-Pauline until mid-april: this period was regarded by both as the happiest and fullest in their lives. But they went back to London at the call of the D. H. Lawrences, who wanted them to live with them once more. They accepted, and for a while, they lived together at Higher Tregerthen, but by the end of May, the Murrys moved to the south side of Cornwall to live by themselves; they parted in a friendly way from the Lawrences, giving as an excuse the harshness of the northern shore; but Lawrence was deeply wounded.

When in September Murry was called to service in the Department of Military Intelligence, they went back to London. By now the war obsessed Murry. Consumed by his military du-

ties, his journalistic work, and an intense depression, he proved an exacerbating companion. Early in 1917, Katherine Mansfield took a studio by herself. They continued to meet each day, but they found life more supportable apart.

During the spring of 1917, Katherine Mansfield returned to the New Age contributing a series of pieces. Since The Blue Review died, in July, 1913, Katherine Mansfield had had no place to write in, till the winter of 1915, when Murry and Lawrence produced three numbers of a little magazine called The Signature, which died within two months. Besides the contributions to the New Age, in 1917 the Hogarth Press, recently established by Leonard and Virginia Woolf, published Prelude as a little blue-paper book, and J. M. Murry and his brother printed Je ne parle pas Francais, for private circulation.

In the summer of 1917, Katherine Mansfield was ill of rheumatic pain, yet she was satisfied with her writing and the main outline of her life, if not with its details. But in December 1917, she had a serious attack of pleurisy. The gloom and depression and sunlessness of a London now completely under the shadow of the war had a profound effect on her. She wanted sun, she was confident that she had only to revisit her beloved Bandol in the South of France to be well again. She left England at the beginning of January, 1918. But travelling conditions in France in the last year of the war were terrible and she reached Bandol, exhausted and terribly ill, to find it altered by the war. She longed for instant return to England, but tragic ill-fortune stopped her in her efforts

to return. She had to stay in France at least three months, her documents said, and, anyway, she had to gain strength before returning. When she was ready, the authorities delayed her permission for weeks, and on the very day she arrived in Paris, weak and seriously ill, - for what had started as pleurisy was now known to be tuberculosis, - the long-range bombardment of Paris began, and all civilian traffic between England and France was suspended. Finally, on April 11, unrecognizable under the shadow of terror and consumption, she could reach London and Murry again.

On April 29, 1918, the divorce proceedings which had gone into suspension six years before were brought to a successful end, and on May 3, Katherine Mansfield and J. M. Murry were married. Within two weeks they were separated again, for Katherine went to Looe in Cornwall for the summer, looking for a place with the right atmosphere for her illness. She returned to Hampstead, London, where she spent a year; the management of the household was given over to Miss Ida Baker. Katherine Mansfield was driven from England once more by her illness, and went to Italy to spend the winter 1919-1920 in Ospedaletti and Mentone. She returned to Hampstead for the summer of 1920, and in September she left once more for Mentone. From there she went, in May 1921, to Montana in Switzerland. During all her illness, she was occasionally visited by Murry, who stayed with her for a while, to leave again and live apart. Her constant companion was Ida Baker.

Murry had become editor of The Athenaeum in the spring of 1919, and Katherine Mansfield began to write weekly criticisms of novels under the initials K. M., which then began to be famous, and a little later she began to write a story each month for the paper. Then, for the first time, the publishers began to ask her to collect her stories, and at the beginning of 1920, Bliss, and Other Stories, appeared. In the autumn of 1921 she completed The Garden Party, and Other Stories, which was published in the spring of 1922 by Constable in England, and later by Knopf in America. The appearance of this book finally established her as the most remarkable short-story writer of her generation in England.

Katherine Mansfield expected a miracle to recover from consumption, and on January 30, 1922, she left Switzerland for Paris to take a course of Dr. Manoukhin's treatments. He was a Russian specialist who was reputed to cure tuberculosis by a systematized X-ray treatment. The result of this treatment was at first only burning fever, neuritis and headaches, but later, it proved apparently successful. In May, she felt better and went back to Switzerland, with Murry and Ida Baker, and towards the end of September 1922, the Murrys went back to England. For six weeks, Katherine Mansfield stayed with her friend Dorothy Brett, and in October she went back to Paris, to go on with the X-ray treatment, that this time did not prove efficent. Miss Mansfield lost hope; she had heard about the Gurdjieff Institute and decided to join it. Gurdjieff was a Russian who had traveled widely in the East, studying especial-

ly the religious rites and exercises of the monastic orders of Turkistan, Mongolia, Tibet, and India. He had gathered a group of disciples made up chiefly of uprooted members of the Russian intelligentsia, whom he established at Avon, Fontainebleau, France. His object as a psychic leader was to develop a harmonious personality in man through the balanced functioning of his intellectual, emotional, and physical centers. He devised a series of mental and physical tests for each individual, who had to follow a life of extremely plain living, of strenous but varied manual labor, and creative expression through craftwork and rythmic exercises. For three months she lived in retirement at Avon.

On January 9, 1923, Murry arrived at the Gurdjieff institute to visit Katherine Mansfield for a week. That evening as she was going to her room she suffered an attach of coughing which brought on a violent hemorrhage. Within half an hour she was dead. She was buried in the communal cemetery at Avon, her epitaph being the words from Shakespeare she always loved: "But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower safety."

## KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S EMOTIONAL LIFE

An artist is usually different from a common person in several things, but one is the most important; one without which an artist would be an ordinary person, and that is: sensibility. An artist's sensibility is extraordinarily developed, and that is the reason why he feels everything more deeply; if he suffers, his suffering is so acute that it tears him to pieces; if he rejoices, his happiness goes beyond words; he has an immediate contact with life and a direct feeling of nature and things. It is not necessary for a writer to be an artist. A writer can be one who has enough craft in the use of language and has something to say; a critic for example, is usually more an intellectual than an artist: he needs more to have an analytic mind than creative power. On the other hand, a person can have a great sensibility and not be an artist if

he lacks the creative power or the faculty of transmitting his feelings by means of a work of art. In Katherine Mansfield we find that she was truly an artist with a great sensibility, the craft in language to transmit her feelings by means of words, and the creative power to make little masterpieces of some of her stories.

Katherine Mansfield's outstanding emotional feature was loneliness. She had one of those souls which are always seeking, always looking for something that they can not find and that, as in this case, they do not even know what it is. Always unhappy, restless, unsatisfied, aspiring for a more complete life, for something more perfect, more full of meaning, that they do not know how to attain or where to look for. This loneliness was due to her extremely great sensibility, to her love for truth, and to her way of idealizing everything, which made her get constantly disappointed with reality. Reality was loneliness for her:

> "...drifted away to that shadowy loneliness which sometimes seemed to her to be her only true life - the only changeless truth - the thing that she was never really certain was not reality after all." (1)

Loneliness appeared in Katherine Mansfield's life since she was a little girl. As the third girl among five children, she held an undistinguished positon in the family, and she often expressed herself troubled by the sense of being

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(1) K. M. Scrapbook, p. 33

alien. The first time she felt lonesome was when her younger sister was born; Katherine was only two years old, but the description of her grandmother with the baby, written by Miss Mansfield as a reminiscence in a diary while she still lived in New Zealand, was so detailed, that it must have been an image deeply marked in her memory. It was the first sense of threatened security. "The child's first realization of aloneness, of standing outside looking in upon the one loved and secure who had taken her place - was keen and sharp enough to be remembered always." (2) The grandmother was her security. Between them the bond was particularly close; in her the child found the love and sympathy she required throughout her life. Later on, her aloneness got closely connected with certain fears: fear of wind, fear of night, and she was haunted by fearful dreams from a fantastic world that would not let her sleep. Loneliness was accentuated in her adolescent years, when she turned inward upon herself; but this feeling did not leave her in later years. When an adult, she had periods when not even writing could shut away loneliness.

This feeling of loneliness is transmitted in many of Katherine Mansfield's short stories, and it has given way to her critics and biographers to try to analize it and to argue about it. But perhaps the best and more illuminating explanation is given by herself, in a letter to Murry, written in 1918, when World War I was almost over:

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(2) Mantz, p. 68

> "I've two 'kick offs' in the writing game. One is joy - real joy - the thing that made me write when we lived at Pauline, and that sort of writing I could only do in just that state of being in some perfectly blissful way at peace. Then something delicate and lovely seems to open before my eyes, like a flower without thought of a frost or a cold breath - knowing that all about it is warm and tender and ready. And that I try, ever so humbly, to express.
>
> The other 'kick off' is my old original one, and (had I not known love) it would have been my all. Not hate or destruction (both are beneath contempt as real motives) but an extremely deep sense of hopelessness, of everything doomed to disaster, almost willfully, stupidly, like the almond tree and 'pas de nougat pour le noël'. There, as I took out a cigarrete paper I got it exactly - a CRY AGAINST CORRUPTION - that is absolutely the nail on the head. Not a protest - a cry - and I mean corruption in the widest sense of the word, of course." (3)

It was very common among the European writers who happened to live during the period of the first World War to feel and express a kind of despair in their writings, of everything doomed to fatality; a negative feeling. Many original and strong minds saw no cause to which their energy could be attached and consequently developed a bitter and frustated spirit. The war unsettled society, and a new realism about human hopes and human actions appeared, "a tendency to look facts however unpleasant, in the face, and to think of man no longer as a giant figure striding to perfection but as a limited creature, who could know perfection, but who was

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(3) Katherine Mansfield's letters to J. M. M., p. 149 (Feb. 3, 1918).

necessarily imperfect." (4) The war also, had a liberating effect upon women, as it brought emancipation to them in every way: politically, socially, and sexually; but this liberation also destroyed a deep subconscious social confidence. Katherine Mansfield lived during this period, and War affected her both as a writer and as a woman. As a writer, she accentuated the tendency that appeared even in her earliest published works, of frustration and bitterness; as a woman, the sense of emancipation came to her too late, for she had already been free from social conventions before the war, and it was after it that she would have liked to be considered and taken care of as a weak female being, for she was already ill and the strength she had always shown had disappeared, but by then, the old idea about women had changed.

The more sensitive writers were, the more the war affected them because of its barbarism. "They perceived the lack of integration in their own lives, and they perceived Western civilization threatened by its own spiritual weakness. The new barbarism made its own confident inroads, and Western civilization seemed not to possess the mind or the weapons to offer adequate resistance." (5). That was the reason why writers showed a bitter spirit and a sense of "what's the use?" towards everything. A terrible psychological depression came, and it lasted not only during the years of the war, but went

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(4) Fraser, p. 73
(5) Evans, p. 26

on for a long time. The measure in which the war affected Katherine Mansfield and J. M. Murry can be easily appreciated by a note in Murry's diary, in 1918:

> "Yes, though I could not fathom it wholly, I knew that the intensity of the love that was Killing Katherine, and now had made my life a living death, was born of the War. I had used Love to deny the War, lived in and by Love to blot it out. But it could not be denied, it could not be blotted out. The War was the reality, the rest was dreams. And the reality, which was the War, would go on, and on. Armistices and Peace and Treaties, these meant nothing - they were mere illusions." (6)

It is true that the most bitter of Katherine Mansfield's stories are those written in the last years of the war, in which she cried against corruption, and that it was then when she was most unhappy and restless. It is also true that the war affected her deeply, but it can not be said that it was the reason for her feeling of loneliness through out her life, for it started long before the war; it started with her life itself, or with the consciousness of it. She was very seldom satisfied or in peace, and we can prove it just by remembering the stages of her life. When she went home from London, she wanted to be back; when she was in London she thought of New Zealand as the only place where she was peaceful, and then she wrote those beautiful New Zealand stories. When she was with Murry she felt she had to be away from him, and when separated, she longed for him.

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(6) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 494.

She was always lonesome, with or without people. So, with these facts in mind, one of the hypothesis of the reasons of her loneliness, is discarded. It was not because she lived in the period of World War I that she was a lonesome being, although she was badly affected by it.

Another theory about Katherine Mansfield's hopelessness and aloneness is her lack of faith. She never belonged seriously to any religion or creed. When she was a child, the Beauchamps were probably members of some church, but no emphasis was given to their religious life. It is nowhere mentioned, save to say that the children wore new clothes on Sunday to go to church. And later, in London, there is no trace even of her going to any church. When an adult, in one of her stays in Europe, she was about to become a Roman Catholic, but she did not; it was probably lack of adequate guidance and instruction in that faith what kept her from joining it. (7) And in her last months of life she joined the Gurdjieff institute with ideas derived from Asiatic creeds adapted to Western thought; but she was not convinced with those ideas, she was merely trying them out to see if she could get well.

Yet in her writings, specially in her notes, the urgent need to believe in something is manifest. She often wonders

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(7) We know from her notes that she was about to become a Catholic because that religion was the closest she knew to her idea of God and eternity. It is probable that for lack of knowledge of it she did not go on with the idea, because she does not mention it ever after to say that it was the creed she did not agree with. The whole thing simply seems to have slipped out of her mind.

if there really is a God, one that she can love and who will protect her. She longs to be able to pray. Lawlor says that "her whole life was a conflict between self and spirit, for the pure spirit is selfless." He explains that "because she fought for the obliteration of self she reached rare heights of artistry, because it is the pursuit of perfection that makes the artist." His idea is that the real tragedy of Katherine Mansfield's life was that "she failed to find the Rock to which her poor tortured spirit longed to cling - the Rock of Faith." (8) Having no other creed, Katherine Mansfield made Truth and Art her only religion, and under it she was even mystic. The need of God was in her a definition of her art. (9) She always pursued perfection in herself, in her spirit and her art. Yet she did not achieve a whole compenetration with her creed, for if Truth was to be her Rock of Faith, she should have fought for it, but not feel disillusioned with reality, with the falsity and ugliness of human life. In one of her last letters to her husband she says:

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(8) Lawlor (pages are not numbered)

(9) Rodríguez Alemán, p. 42:
"El panorama de sentir sobre los objetos destaca el vigor de una religiosidad perentoria en su arte. La necesidad de Dios es en ella una definición de su arte, de las formas esotéricas de la mujer. Este sentido definitivamente alado de sus acciones, de los rigores de su acento, de la emoción desnuda de su cotidianidad, del aliento superiormente profundo de su edad, denuncian un misticismo ardiente, de exuberante penetración de paisajes locales, de un colorido tan vitalmente impresionista que haría resistir trayectorias infinitas."

"if I were allowed one single cry to God, that cry would be: I want to be REAL." (10)

And here, again, we find her constant fight of self and spirit, about which Lawlor was right. Her religion was Truth and Art, but she needed to have faith in something. She did not have it in people, things, or even in herself or her art.

Loneliness and restleness were, then, merely a characteristic feature of Katherine Mansfield's disposition. Among her family, she never found anyone compatible with her character, or congenial enough to make him participant of her feelings. Only her grandmother, when she was small, was understandable enough, and later on her brother Leslie. His sudden death during the war was one of the most terrible shocks she ever suffered, which made her change the whole course of her life and writing, going back to New Zealand for the setting and to her family for the characters of her stories. After his death, she even locked up her feelings towards her husband because she started living in a world in which he had no part, so he could not enter: her world where she and her brother had been happy. However, we find out that when the boy was twelve years old and he was going away to the Wailaky Boys' High School, Katherine was too busied by the urgency of her own evolving life to show any more affection towards him than towards the other members of her family. She was not even conscious at that time of her affection for him; it was something realized much later, as

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(10) Katherine Mansfield's letters to J.M.M., p. 697 (Dec. 26, 1922).

she looked back. Then he was just her only brother, and a very nice one. After his death, Katherine idealized her love for him in such a way that she could not conceive any possible happiness without him. There is, in her Scrapbook, a fragment that she was probably going to use for a story called The Dance. It is a dialogue between brother and sister:

> " 'But supposing,' said Laura, speaking very fast and with the gratest possible earnestness, 'supposing you were terrifically successful, and were married to the person you adored, and you had every single thing you wanted, and your first child was just born, would you be really happier than you are now?'
>
> They stared at each other a moment.
>
> '-I simply could not be.'
>
> At these words Laura gave a beaming smile, a great sigh, and squeezed her brother's arm.
>
> 'Oh, what a relief' she said. 'Neither could I - not possible'." (11)

It would be, without any doubt, a little exaggerated for a common person to feel that way towards a brother, and only Katherine Mansfield's great sensibility can explain it. Leslie had stayed with the Murrys for a week on September, 1915. Together the brother and sister walked in the garden, recalling the days of their New Zealand childhood. There was an apple tree in the Murrys' house, and there had been

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(11) K. M. Scrapbook, p. 165

one at Fitzherbert Terrace, in New Zealand, so a strange thing happened to them: they lived in past and present simultaneously; time took a dual dimension. This feeling of dual dimension was frequently used later in Katherine Mansfield's stories as a device.

Katherine Mansfield was not, throughout her life, a saintly woman, as we can see by glancing at her biography. She had what the French call "un passé". It was a past rich in feelings, if not in sexual experiences. And I differ from Merlin when he says that she had only love in her mind and no taste for adventure. (12) She had love in her soul, it is true, but many things she did in her life were merely for the sake of experience. It is true that she had a great love for humanity, for nature, and for ideas, even if it is questionable whether men were for her only an excuse to love and to suffer. The deceptions she suffered were truly as cruel as her aspirations were immeasurable. Murry, who knew Katherine as deeply as any human being can know another said:

> "I knew that there were two Katherines: one cynical but wonderfully brave, ready to risk anything for the sake of an experience and to keep smiling when it failed her. I had met Katherine in such a moment of reaction, and since I was neither cynical nor brave,

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(12) Merlin, p. 130:
Oui, cette femme avait un passé, j'entends un passé riche de sentiments et non d'experiences sexuelle. Nul goût de l'aventure n'habitait cette fière tête que l'amour - amour du genre humain, amour de la nature, amour de l'idée - tenait tout entière eveillée. L'homme ne lui était qu'un pretexte a aimer, a souffrir; les deceptions étaient d'autant plus cruelles que les aspirations étaient infinies.

> but rather a simple and sentimental and self-conscious young man, she had found a sort of peace with me, in which the other Katherine, who was truly childlike and sensitive like a child, had had time to breath. And if I had been more firmly based on my own self, able to give the lead and set the course for both of us, her cynical self would not have got the upper hand again. But I was a broken reed to lean on. Because I knew that I did not depend on her - it was part of my disease that I did not - I did not understand that she did depend on me." (13)

Besides knowing that Katherine Mansfield had two different personalities, by this introspection of Murry, we find out the cause for his relationship with Katherine being a failure as a union and a marriage. He was weak; she was the strongest one in the couple. Merlin, one of Katherine Mansfield's critics, tries to explain her sufferings, loneliness, and the whole tragedy of her life as being a course without recess towards a masculine ideal (14) never attained. According to him, Katherine Mansfield made a mistake when she thought she was in love with Murry, and she made another when she went to join Carco, and others with other men, and she was terribly disillusioned when she found out the truth about each of them. Her whole tragedy, then, was due to the fact that she never found the ideal man. This may be partly true, but we have to remember that Katherine Mansfield felt lonesome and restless even before she was interested in men,

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(13) Murry, Between two worlds, p. 321
(14) Merlin, p. 47: Cours sans répit vers l'idéal masculin jamais atteint.

so not finding the ideal man may have had accentuated her tragedy, but not caused it.

To understand Katherine Mansfield's life, it is better to take her as she really was, with her cynical and her sensitive facets, and not idealize her and blame her fate for her tragedy, saying that it was not her fault and that it was only the surrounding circumstances that made her suffer. She suffered deeply, and some of her sufferings were derived from her character, her nature, her sensibility. With her way of idealizing everything in her mind, she became greatly disappointed with reality. The souls that seek perfection are never content with the human imperfections, and they do not stop to realize that they are human and imperfect, too. Katherine Mansfield's first years in London after returning from New Zealand were full of experience, emotions and disappointments. The cynical Katherine was acting then. When she met Murry, a period of peace started for her, but it did not last long; her "idyl" (as she used to call it) lasted only three years as such, of the ten years and a half that their union lasted, of which they were unmarried, six. When they finally got married, their love had gone through separations, alienations, mistunderstandings, and if it had not declined, it had become a very special kind of relationship between them.

Katherine Mansfield's and Murry's love was destined to fail because of many differences between them. In the first place, she was older than him and emotionally superior. He confessed in his autobiography that he was verily a poor thing, for he

felt himself to be Katherine's inferior in many ways. He was not really a poor thing, but his character was opposite to Katherine's: he was an intellectual in all the full meaning of the word; she was an artist. Sensibility and logic can not go together for a long time without colliding. Yet she complemented him. She had an immediate contact with life that was completely denied to Murry. No matter where she was, or how she suffered, she was a part of life; she lived in the moment and responded entirely to experience. With Murry it was different: nothing could be real to him until his mind had grasped it. Therefore, he felt that through her he had contact with life; it was only with her that he "lived", that he enjoyed life.

Katherine was older than Murry, and her love for him was somewhat maternal, even more because Murry had a weak character. D. H. Lawrence wrote to Katherine:

> "Beware of it - this mother-incest idea can become an obsession. But it seems to me there is this much truth in it: that at certain periods the man has a desire and a tendency to return unto the woman, make her his goal and end, find his justification in her. In this way he casts himself as it were into her womb, and she, the Magna Mater, receives him with gratification. This is a kind of incest. It seems it is what Jack does to you, and what repels and fascinates you." (15)

Katherine was maternal to Murry, and he found in her the essential security he lacked; in her he had fullfilment and peace, and his desire to love and be loved was wholly

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(15) Lawrence, p. 462 (Dec. 1918)

satisfied in a devouring love. His life during this period was divided as with a knife: on one side, the security of his life with Katherine; on the other, the insecurity of his life in the world. These were the two worlds of his autobiography, and one was the cause of the other. It was the completeness of his security with Katherine which had brought him to the knowledge of his insecurity in the world. And he did not consider Katherine primarily a woman, but a perfectly exquisite, perfectly simple human being, whose naturalness made him natural and with whom there was no need to pretend. With her there was nothing to conceal, and this was the only possible condition for someone like him. In a letter to Katherine, he described himself as having "a very timid, girlish, loveseeking sort of soul." (16)

Murry has been blamed several times of not being "quite a man"; sometimes face to face, by letters, or in books. The direct accusations have come from people who knew him, and the others are based on his actions or lack of action, described by Murry himself in Between Two Worlds. He said he knew there was very little in him of the conquering male. He called himself "a woman's man", explaining that there was in his very composition something which made it inevitable that he should be completely involved with a woman. He knew that it would have been better if he had not been a woman's man, but that "betterness" was purely ideal; it could not be. His idea of

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(16). Murry. Between Two Worlds, p. 493

manliness was perhaps different from the general idea. Regarding Katherine, for example, he never felt he had any claim upon her. He wanted her only as long as she wanted him. If she was tired of him, that was destiny, and if by reason of the kind of life she was compelled to live with him, the fountain of inspiration to write dried within her, she had good cause to look elsewhere, and he would not try to retain her. He said he was man enough to ask nothing of a woman but what of her own motion she could not help giving. Yet D. H. Lawrence, who was even more than a friend to him, told him that he would not be man enough until he would kill his self:

> "Somewhere you've not been man enough; you've felt it rested with your honour to give her a place to be proud of. It rested with your honour to give her a man to be satisfied with - and satisfaction is never accomplished even physically unless the man is strongly and surely himself, and doesn't depend on anything but his own being to make a woman love him." (17)

Katherine Mansfield felt more than ever Murry's weakness when her illness weakened her and turned her into a woman dependent on a stronger being; she had always been the one to give strength, and now Murry was unable to assume the burden. And when tuberculosis was diagnosed to her, Katherine wanted not to be cut off from life; she though a sanatorium would kill her, and Murry did not show

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(17) Lawrence, p. 161

the strength enough to force her to be cured. Once more, he was accused for it. (18) He could have probably saved her when only the first symptoms of tuberculosis had appeared, if he had not hesitated.

When Katherine Mansfield's and Murry's love started, both seemed to have fallen hopelessly, finally in love, and for almost three years they were happy, even if they had to go during that period through economic crisis and several failures in Murry's work. But then Katherine started noticing that Murry was not the idea she had in her mind about him. He was not his ideal of a man. She was bothered by noticing how much of the ordinary man there was in him, how he hated lunch being late or not finding the towels in the right place; it made her think of the separation between the Artist and the Man. She thought he would be happier with a "real wife" and not an artist companion. By Christmas, 1914, they had decided to part, the ostensible reason being that she wanted city-life and he did not; but the fact was that she believed she could see an escape from her unhappiness, while he saw none for His. She wrote her goodbye:

> "That decides me, that frees me. I'll play this game no longer. He has made me feel like a girl. I've loved, loved just like any girl - but I'm not a girl, and these feelings are not mine. For him I am hardly

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(18) Merlin, p. 147:
"On ne badine pass avec la vie quand on s'appelle John Middleton Murry! Un autre homme que lui, un HOMME, eût peut être sauvé Katherine Mansfield qui aurait en tant besoin des les prèmieres symptômes de la maladie, d'un soutien sans défaillance, d'un guide énergique, tout action, tout résolution."

> anything except a gratification and a comfort. ...Jack, Jack, we are not going to stay together, I know that as well as you do. Don't be afraid of hurting me. What we have got each to kill is my you and your me. That's all. Let's do it nicely and go to the funeral in the same carriage, and hold hands over the new grave, and smile and wish each other luck. I can. And so can you. I have already said Adieu to you now. Darling, it has been lovely. We shall never forget - no - never. Goodbye! When once I have left your I will be more remote than you can imagine." (19)

But soon after leaving him, Murry got a telegram saying that she was coming back. He did not imagine that she had returned to him, he was conscious of that; she had come simply because there was nowhere else to go. On her return, she did not want to see anybody. She was bitterly desillusioned and he felt sorry for her and longed to comfort her, but he did not know how. She had been in France with Carco and had been utterly disappointed. She hesitated and doubted whether she should go back to Murry because he never said he longed for her; but he was the being that in a solitary world held her hand, and she his. She was desperate because even if she knew they still loved each other, he had not the need of her he used to have, and somehow, she had to be needed to be happy.

The following years were a succession of periods in which they were together and apart, for reasons of Katherine's health or because of the strained relations between them. And when

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(19) K. M. Scrapbook, p. 23

after six years of waiting for her divorce, they were able to get married, instead of being it a memorable date, their love had declined. Katherine was already ill with consumption, and the war had affected Murry in a terrible way, getting the feeling of "what's the difference?". In his diary, about a month and a half before the wedding, he wrote:

> "At one monent I caught myself thinking what would happen if she were to die, and I am horrified at my own callousness. What is a lover made of? Is it, after all, ordinary clay that claims the right to speak in undefended moments? or is it that love contains within itself something inhuman - so superhuman a belief in its own duration that it becomes hard and cruel to all thoughts of mortality? Does it trample underfoot all fears, however just and tender? Or is it so full of fears that it will not think of them? Or is it..." (20)

He did not finish. It was not because he did not love Katherine any more that he did not care if she died. It was that he was overwhelmed by a terrible depression. Two days before, he had written in the same diary, thinking of Katherine that had gone to the South of France to recover from a pleurisy:

> "Oh, why did she ever go so far away? It seems as though, because we are more in love than any other man or woman in the world, we must go through a perpetual torment of absence and illness - and, most awful of all, illness in absence. I do not believe that anyone has ever had, more than we, the sense of vastness

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(20) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 456

> and inhumanity of the world and our own frailness and smallness." (21)

This cry of Murry was the response to one of Katherine's letters, which in that period drove him into a kind of delirium. He felt that they were killing each other; they had entered a nightmare world where love was poisonous and fatal. To Katherine their marriage was just part of the nightmare, too.

> "Our marriage. You cannot imagine what was to have meant to me. It's fantastic - I suppose. It was to have shown - apart from all else in my life. And it really was only part of the nightmare, after all. You never once held me in your arms and called me your wife. In fact, the whole affair was like my silly birthday. I had to keep on making you remember it..." (22)

With Katherine Mansfield's illness, Katherine's and Murry's love for each other became sick and tormentous. Her obsession by the fear of death made them terribly unhappy, and his anxiety set a barrier between them; he knew that she was a creature now to be tended and cared for deliberately, and she knew that this was present in his mind. A wall was raised between them. When she coughed, Murry was silent, hiding his face with his fingers as though it were unendurable; and even if Katherine knew he could not help those feelings, they hurt her. She wanted him to serve her, to give herself up even for a moment. She felt they were utter-

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(21) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 454
(22) Katherine Mansfield's letters to J.M.M., p. 266 (May 27, 1918)

ly apart when he put his handkerchief to his lips and turned away from her. She started thinking that he was only happy when she was away, without the strain and wear of her presence. But at the same time her devouring sick love demanded for its fulfillment that they should never leave each other. As Katherine would not go to a sanatorium, she decided to have always a separate room and live by rule so that she could get cured at home. This meant Murry was simply to stand by and watch her die. His depression became deeper and he turned into a lonely man. He would have either love or loneliness. But Katherine could not stand the isolation in which she felt, and she would leave him at times. In new surroundings the consciousness of isolation would leave her for a while only to return with redoubled force. She would cry to Murry, and this cry would tear him to pieces: although he had promised never to leave her alone, he had abandoned her. His despair is manifest in the following note:

> "Did I really believe that a sanatorium would kill her? I did not know. What I did know was that, if she went to one, her cries of anguish would tear me to pieces. Did I really believe she would get well? I did not know. What I did know was that I must say so, again and again - for ever." (23)

Murry's egotism and selfishness are present in those words: the "self" that D. H. Lawrence thought had to be killed before he became quite a man. Because it was only his own self that

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(23) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 490

made him act in such a way during Katherine's illness, even if he said that love was the cause of his reactions:

> "Henceforward, my life would be one long lie - of Love. To have no faith and pretend one; to have no hope and pretend it; to watch day by day the circle round Katherine narrower and to feign not to see it; to learn every day anew the utter importance of Love - this was to be my life." (24)

The life of both Murry and Katherine was, from then on, until her death, like a bad dream. Murry's conformity with life and destiny disappeared to turn into despair, and even if Katherine sometimes said that she never loved fully, that she longed to call someone "my darling" with all her love, but that she had never known anyone well enough to call him that, her letters to Murry express a sickly devouring love. In them, all her love, imagined or felt, is poured down. Thus, their love turned into a very special relationship: when they were apart, they longed for each other, and when they were together, they could not stand the presence of each other. But they belonged to each other fully. Murry still felt that he was only real with Katherine and with no one else. It was marvellous to him to have her as his companion; he could talk to her intimately in a way he never talked to anyone. They trusted one another and seemed to share the same secret conviction that there was somewhere to be found a better way of life, and that if only they

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(24) Murry, Between two worlds, p. 493

could keep together, they should discover it. The absolute division between Murry's life with Katherine, not in the corporeal sense, but in the meaning of all that part of his life which centered on her - and the life without her, derived from the extremity of his fear of life and the consequent extremity of happiness he felt in a life wherein there was no fear. The fusion between them, according to Murry, was suprapersonal: they were distinct beings who surrendered to each other as distinct beings, but they did surrender. There was even once, an intellectual ecstasy that both shared, derived from a common conversation. This was supposed to be the climax of their union. Katherine explained their special relationship:

> "We had been for two years drifting into a relationship different to anything I had ever known. We had been CHILDREN to each other, openly confessed children, telling each other everything and each depending equally upon the other. Before that, I had been the man and he had been the woman, and he had been called to make no real efforts. He had never really' supported'me. When we first met, in fact, it was I who kept him, and afterwards we had always acted (more or less) like men friends. Then this illness, getting worse and worse, and turning me into a woman and asking him to put himself away, to BEAR things for me. He stood in marvellously. It helped very much because it was a'romantic'disease and also being children together gave us a practically unlimited chance to play at life - not to live. It was child love. Yes, I think the most marvellous, the most radiant love that this earth knows: terribly rare." (25)

The reason for this special relationship of longing for

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(25) K. M. Scrapbook, p. 147

each other but not standing each other when they were together, was perhaps that both Murry and Katherine were more in love with love than with each other. Katherine would not live without love, and Murry accepted that he was in love with love. He had established a life of his own, apart from hers, reserving a niche for the consecrated image of his wife. Katherine, also, when they were apart, clung to the image of the figure she required him to be. On actual confrontation, of course, the images cracked because they were themselves, not the images, and both were human, not ideal; both were miserable. Murry wrote:

> "I had 'made love all my religion.' Of course, I failed to live up to it, precisely as the sincere Christian must fail to live up to his creed. But I was in a worse case even than the Christian, for I was binding myself to supply all that another human being 'needed and desired'. And what, above all things else, she needed and desired, was to be strengthened in the faith that her dream of happy love could come true." (26)

So in the last years of Katherine's life, she and Murry had, at intervals, love and lack of it. When she sank into despair, she thought she had given up the idea of true marriage; yet she could not bear to think about the things she loved in Murry, the little things, and she did not feel herself complete. She kept always thinking about the future, as the present was unendurable. She did not wish to relive

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(26) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 459

her life with Murry, yet she had to live in the present even if life was only a blank to her. And up to her last days of life she kept thinking about a wonderful future. To Murry, even if he did not accept it, her death must have been a relief. He married again soon after, and this time he and his wife had children, but his wife was to die in some years of tuberculosis, too. Katherine was buried at Fontainebleau, in a seventh class burial, the eighth being the one for indigent people. It was the last separation of Murry and his wife, two beings already separated by their different temperaments and feelings.

The one thing Katherine and Murry always longed to have and never did, was children of their own. Perhaps a child would have been the link to unite them perfectly. Murry dreamed many times that if their desire had been realized, much of the subsequent bitterness of life would have been spared them; and his experience, later, was that only with his children he gained that simple sense of belonging whose absence tormented him and Katherine for so long. They had the desire to have a child since they were first united, and by the end of 1912 it seemed that their dream would come true; but it remained a dream-child that never came true. As for Katherine, she longed to have a child to put an end to her loneliness since she went back to London, and when in 1909 she became pregnant, she awaited eagerly for the coming of her baby. But it was born prematurely, dead. To the physical pain, for her life was in danger, she added the mental agony of her loss. And then when she and

Murry began to live together, she longed for a child, again, but she could never have it. She was so sensitive to little children that once, she was writing in her notebook a sketch for a story:

> "How beautiful little children are! I shall kneel before them and..." (27)

but she could not go on because her emotion was so great she started crying. She knew that not having children was one of the causes of her loneliness.

Her sensibility was always very subtle towards children, and that is the reason why she was so good at depicting children's characters in her stories. She knew them intimately and could communicate to her children's characters that something that makes them children and not the adult conception of them. She had also a keen sensibility for flowers, which she said she loved so much more than people. About her sensibility she wrote:

> "Do you ever feel like that about the world? Of course, this sensitiveness has its reverse side, but that, for some extraordinary reason has never anything to do with present people, but is nearly always connected with things." (28)

This meant she had a greater affinity with nature than with people. She always sought perfection, and nature, of course, was more perfect than human beings.

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(27) K. M. Scrapbook, p. 161
(28) ibid, p. 34

Perhaps a better understanding of Katherine Mansfield will be achieved by quoting Francis Carco, the French writer who knew her intimately, in several of his books. About her physical appearance he said: She was a small woman, graceful in a cold way, whose immense black eyes glanced at everything at the same time. (29) About Katherine as a friend, he wrote: I ignored everything about the friendship that a man can feel towards a woman, and this complex feeling in which Katherine Mans field initiated me, developed suddenly in such a way that I could not understand anything about it when it happened. I did not dare to open myself to anybody. I was afraid of being ridiculous or of not finding the right words when talking about this feeling, so new and peculiar to me. (30) Near Katherine, Carco felt a kind of charm that he attributed to her youth, but that came from within herself, from the source that was herself, and the image he had about her was that of a clear, transparent, limpid stream, that reminded him of the verse of Saint-Amant: 'Little streamlet which runs after yourself and which reflects,

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(29) Carco, Francis. Les Innocents. Quoted by Merlin, p. 95: "C'était une petite femme menue, gracieuse avec froideur, dont les immenses youx noires se posaient partout à la fois..."

(30) Carco, Francis. Montmatre à Vingt Ans. Quoted by Merlin, p. 94:
"J'ignorais tout de l'amitié qu'un homme peut éprouver à l'égard d'une femme, et ce sentiment si complex, auquel, sans que je m'en fussé donté, Katherine Mansfield m'avait initié se développa brusquement de telle sort que d'abord je ne compris rien à ce qui m'arrivait. Je n'osai m'en ouvrir à personne. J'avais peur d'être ridicule, de me tromper de mots en parlant de cet état, pour moi si neuf, si singulier."

to lenghthen best, all the changing hours of day and night.' Carco said that nobody had ever known how to take his impressions so far, to the utmost limit of dream and reality, nor transmit such vigour, such melancholy (31) as Katherine did.

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(31) Carco, Francis. Souvenirs sur Katherine Mansfield.
Quoted by Christen:
"J'éprouvais auprès d'elle une charme que je portais au compte de sa jeunesse et qui venait du fonde d'elle-même, de la source qu'elle était. Vraiment, c'est là l'image qu'elle m'a laissée: un source claire, limpide, qui fait penser au vers de Saint-Amant:'Petit ruisseau qui cours après toy-même, et qui reflète, pour les mieux prolonger, toutes les heures changeantes du jour et de la nuit.' Personne n'a jamais su porter ses impressions si loin, jusqu'à la limite du rêve et de la realité, ni leur imprimer cette ardeur, cette melancolie."

## HUMOROUS STORIES

> "Katherine's conversation, her power of seizing the essence of persons and books and expressing it with just that touch of caricature which seems to put the thing in its right place, is an object of incessant admiration to me", (1)

wrote J. M. Murry. And Katherine Mansfield transmitted this quality to her writing. In most of her stories there is now and then a touch of humour, even in the most bitter ones, and about fifteen of her stories are merely humorous ones. Most of them were produced in her earlier writing years, but some were already part of her mature work. All of her humorous stories are very simply structured and have no complication of any sort; they simply serve the purpose of entertaining,

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(1) Murry, Between two worlds, p. 255

of amusing, which was Miss Mansfield's aim in writing those pieces, or criticizing, at times. Humour prevais in the whole of each story, although there are also satirical strokes in them.

Humourism, in literature, is a very special and personal way of feeling and looking at things, and then expressing contrast, opposition, or antithesis in an artistic and genial way. It reaches the limits of the absurd using contrast, parody or paradox to achieve only a sad smile, not a laughter, from the reader, or a sublime irony which keeps a tender and sympathetic feeling towards that which it criticizes. Humourism demands in the reader a very subtle and exquisite taste to enjoy it fully, because it is at the same time gay and sad, sensible and mad, skeptical and credulous, tender and cruel, sentimental and funny, delicate and cynical; and it swings from smiles to tears. It uses the comic and the ridiculous, but it produces sympathy, grief and laughter conjunctly. When the humorist laughs, it is gloomily. He shows the ridiculous side of life, persons, and things, evoking pity, sympathy, and compassion for the ones who suffer. It is the tragedy of one's own life expressed in writing. If the genial humorous touch were exaggerated, the writing would turn out to be cruel, and it would not be humorous any more, but satirical, insulting, or gross. It must be delicate and produce in the reader the feeling of sympathy or pity. Humour is inherent to English writers' disposition.

In satire there is always a comic element, too. The sati-

rist laughs always, and his laughter runs through all the ranges, from the loud laughter of sarcasm to the cheerful laugh of the gay mockery directed towards something insifnificantly ridiculous. Sometimes it is used to point out the existence of a comic reality, but most of the times it is the combination of the critical and the comic; the comic aspect of criticism. It is a spontaneous outburst of the artist's soul towards the reality against which he rebels. It is the expansion of a feeling of protest. When the reality submitted to criticism appears contrasting to the artist's ideal, and this opposition turns out to be ridiculous, the comic is manifest and the critic bursts out in laughter. Therefore, satire is the artistic manifestation of the confrontation of the objective reality and the artist's conscience, turned into reproach, censure, or mockery of reality. The beauty of satire in literature, apart from the beauty of form, is that of the superior principle, the perfect ideal opposed to the reality against which the artist rebels; this ideal may be explicit or implicit, but it is always there. If the artist rebels against reality it is because his ideal is superior to it. Satire appeals always to ridicule, because it is the most efficient and terrible criticism. And it is usually cruel.

The feeling that prevails when reading the stories of Katherine Mansfield which I have classified as humorous ones, is that of sympathy caused by humour. The whole of the story produces that feeling, although in some of them she satirizes cruelly either herself or other people, usully of other na-

tionalities. Some of Miss Mansfield's humorous stories were written by her when recovering from an illness in Germany; some others when she was staying in France and in other countries of the Continent, and very few in England. The settings of those stories are the places where she lived in Europe and England.

All of Katherine Mansfield's humorous stories have certain common characteristics, besides humour: they are not action stories with a beginning, a climax and a denouement; they are rather the presentation of a character in a humorous situation, or a character who is humorous himself, or a humorous situation. But almost none of them have funny scenes. Only in one of them, an episode is really comic, but the rest are simply humorous. In A Truthful Adventure, the author seemed to be the protagonist: she was in Bruges and wanted to sail in a boat through the canals. She wanted to go alone but the boat-man took a fat-looking couple along who asked her if she wanted to see the Lac d'Amour. She only looked vague, so they took for granted she wanted to go; on disembarking, the fat man gave the woman his walking-stick for support, but

> "She stood up, smiling and vigorous, clutched the walking-stick, strained against the boat side, and the next moment had fallen flat into the water. "ah! what has happened - what has happened!' screamed Monsieur, clutching her arm, for the water was not deep, reaching only to her waist mark. Somehow or other, we fished her back..." (2)

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(2) K. M. A Truthful Adventure, p. 22

The best part of the episode is the final humorous comment, not the episode itself. And after that, the author was blamed by the fat couple for everything, saying it was her idea to go to the Lac d'Amour. Yet the story portrays, in a humorous way, the misfortunes an English woman by herself has to go through in a foreign country where she does not understand people and they do not understand her.

This manner of writing the humorous stories in the first person singular, is also a device used by Katherine Mansfield in most of her humorous stories. "The use of a character as a narrative 'I' is a common method in stories of vigorous, hurried, or somewhat implausible action. It is the commonest method in stories of the fantastic or the supernatural; a reader is more willing to accept an improbable event if someone who was there at the time assures him that it occured." (3) This method gives the impression of retrospection, and the reader is more willing to accept humorous events and characters as real if the story is told in an anecdotic way supposedly by the author. The incidents are neither fantastic nor supernatural, on the contrary, they are every day things that can happen to anybody, grasped by the subtle feeling of the author and written with a witty and graceful humour. They seem even more humorous told by the writter herself as if they happened to her. This method enables the author to convey information to the reader or make any comments she may choose to, for she

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(3) De voto, p. 212

needs only make them natural to the narrator in the circum stances chosen by her. And whenever she comments, she does it with extraordinary wit:

> "His companion, who was dressed entirely in mole, even unto his socks and hair, smiled gently. I think his brain must have been the same colour: he proved so gentle and sympathetic a listener." (4)

> "...a little, hesitating voice seemed to come from under my elbow. I looked down. It was the First of the Barons with the Black bag and an umbrella. Was I mad? Was I sane? He was asking me to share the latter. But I was exceedingly nice, a trifle diffident, appropriately reverential. Together we walked through the mud and slush.
> Now, there is something peculiarly intimate in sharing an umbrella. It is apt to put one on the same footing as brushing a man's coat for him - a little daring, naive." (5)

> "To my plebeian eyes that afflicted child (the daughter of the Baroness) was singularly unattractive. She had an air of having been perpetually washed with a blue bag, and the hair like grey wool-dressed, too, in a pinafore so stiffly starched that she could only peer at us over the frill of it - a social barrier of pinafore - and perhaps it was too much to expect a noble aunt to attend to the menial consideration of her niece's ears. But a dumb niece with unwashed ears struck me as a most depressing object." (6)

> "Said Madame: I have a very beautiful room to let, and quite unexpectedly. It has been occupied by a young man from Buenos Aires whose father died, unfortunately, and implored him to return home immediately. Quite natural, indeed.

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(4) K. M. The journey to Bruges, p. 14
(5) K. M. The Baron, p. 43
(6) K. M. The Sister of the Baroness, p. 46

> "Oh, very! said I, hoping that the Hamlet-like apparition was at rest again and would not invade my solitude to make certain of his son's obedience." (7)

When Miss Mansfield uses dialogue in her humorous stories, she is also uncommonly witty. She seems to have always the right satirical or humorous answer. Dialogue in those stories produces the illusion of immediacy and presentness in the reader, specially because it is the author herself who is one of the characters. "The compromise of direct and reported dialogue has the effect of identifying the characters, author and reader more closely, bringing them all into a unity in which their separateness in less marked." (8) Author and reader are closely joined by dialogue in these stories, specially by a feeling of sympathy and congeniality towards the writer, who is usually the one who answers the questions in the dialogue, and makes the comments.

> "Said Fraülein Sonia, 'I am going to faint here and now!'
> - I was frightened.
> - 'You can't,' I said, shaking her. 'Come back to the pension and faint as much as you please. But you can't faint here. All the shops are closed. There is nobody about. Please don't be so foolish.'
> - 'Here and here only!' she indicated the exact spot and dropped quite beautifully, lying motionless.
> - 'Very well!,' I said, 'faint away; but please hurry over it'." (9)

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(7) K. M. Pension Seguin, p. 149
(8) Mendilow, p. 112
(9) K. M. The Modern Soul, p. 70

"For this seems to me the woman's hour. It is mysterious and almost prophetic, it is the symbol of the true advanced woman: not one of those violent creatures who deny their sex and smother their frail wings under -
- 'The English tailor-made?'
- 'I was not going to put it like that. Rather under the lying garb of false masculinity!
- 'Such a subtle distiction!' I murmured." (10)

" 'But what are you here for?
'...Nerves.'
'Oh, impossible, I really can't believe that.'
'It is perfectly true,' I said, my enthusiasm waning. There is nothing more annoying to a woman than to be suspected of nerves of iron.
'Well, you certainly don't look it.' said she, scrutinizing me with that direct English frank ness that makes one feel as though sitting in the glare of a window at breakfast-time." (11)

Sometimes she is not a character in the dialogue, but she is still telling the story so she comments:

" 'What small hands you have, said the student from Bonn. 'They are like white lilies in the pool of your black dress!
This certainly sounded the real thing. Her high-born reply was what interested me. sympathetic murmur only.
'May I hold one?'
I heard two sighs-presumed he held - he had rifled those dark waters of a noble blossom.
'Look at my great fingers beside yours!'
'But they are beautifully kept,' said the sister of the Baroness shyly.
The minx! Was love a question of manicure?" (12)

From the fifteen stories that I have classified as humorous, seven of them are set in foreign countries, and in

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(10) K. M. The advanced Lady, p. 105
(11) K. M. Violet, p. 156
(12) K. M. The Sister of the Baroness, p. 49

them Katherine Mansfield ridiculizes either herself being English in a foreign country, or the inhabitants of the place where she sets each story, in their different customs, habits and fashions, observing and writing with a touch of caricature, the most dissimilar characteristics, the peculiarities of the people of each country that are difficult to understand by other nationalities, and that, however, are typical to them. These stories are: The Journey to Bruges, A truthful Adventure, Germans at Meat, The Baron, The Sister of the Baroness, Fraü Fischer, and Pension Séguin. The plots of these stories are quite simple and their value lies in the humorous way they are written. All through the story, the reader feels like smiling kindly; there is not even one paragraph in which the feeling when reading it is not such, but it never gets to be a loud laughter.

The Journey to Bruges is a description of the different groups of people Katherine Mansfield meets in a trip from England to the Continent. The author ridiculizes the English when travelling:

> "In the act of crossing the gangway we renounced England. The most blatant British female produced her mite of French: We 'S'il vous plait'd', one another on the deck, ' Merci 'd' one another on the stairs, and 'Pardon'd' to our heart's content in the saloon." (13)

And she describes groups of foreigners:

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(13) K. M. The Journey to Bruges, p. 15

> "All the beuty and artificial flower of France had removed their hats and bound their heads in veils. A number of young German men, displaying their national bulk in light-colored suits cut in the pattern of pyjamas, promenaded. Franch family parties - the female elements in chairs, the male in graceful attitudes against the ship's side - talked already with that brilliance which denotes friction! " (14)

This story is merely a description of the types of people that any traveller can find in a voyage. The young couple is brightly depicted:

> "The young man with whom she had been sitting called to her
> 'Are you better?' Negative expressed.
> He sat up in his chair. 'Would you like me to hold your head?'
> 'No,' said her shoulders.
> 'Would you care for a coat round you?... Is it over?... Are you going to remain there?...
> He looked at her with infinite tenderness.
> I decided never again, to call men unsympathetic, and to believe in the all-conquering power of love until I died - but never put it to test. I went down to sleep." (15)

The old lady is also vividly described:

> "She lay on a rose and white couch, a black shawl tucked round her, fanning herself with a black feather fan. Her grey hair was half covered with a lace cap and her face gleamed from the black drapings and rose pillows with charming old-world dignity. There was about her a faint rustling and the scents of camphor and lavender. As I watched her, thinking of Rembrandt..." (16)

The story is well structured even if it is made up almost

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(14) K. M. The Journey to Bruges, p. 16
(15) ibid. p. 16
(16) ibid, p. 15

only of sketches of people and a minor action. Katherine Mansfield gives glances of each type, shifts to another, goes back to them and reproduce their conversation, making the reading pleasant.

Three different incidents make up A Truthful Adventure, in which Miss Mansfield satirizes herself as a foreigner even more than the people from Bruges. The first one is her difficulty in finding a room to stay and her impressions of the boarding house she stays at:

> "The room was papered in pink, having a pink bed, a pink door, and a pink chair. On pink mats on the mantelpiece obese cherubs burst out of pink eggshells with trumpets in their mouth.
> ...as I climbed into a bed so slippery with fine linen that one felt like a fish endeavoring to swim over an ice pond..." (17)

The second incident is her going in a boat through the canals, which I have already mentioned, and the third one is her finding a woman who had gone to school with her in New Zealand, and was fighting for the suffrage question in her country. This piece is important, as well as the one I mentioned before, as an early example of Katherine Mansfield's arranging immediate experience into lively narrative. The subject of the first part of the story is the same as that of Pension Séguin, written several years after when her writing was more mature. She was trying to find a room in a boarding

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(17) K. M. A Truthful Adventure, p. 20

house, a quiet room removed from any church bells, or crowing cocks, or little boys' schools, or railway stations. She found this room at Pension Séguin, which she thought would be a quiet house because it was all covered with knit mats, so she thought about the lady who owned it:

> "A woman with such sober passions is bound to be quiet and clean, with few babies and a much absent husband. Mats are essentially the fruits of pious solitude. I shall certainly take a room here." (18)

She soon found out that one of the other guests played the Appassionata Sonata all day long, the hostess had three noisy children, and the pension was almost a mad house, for all the people there were bad-mannered. She also found out that the mats were knit by a friend of Madame Séguin. In this story, narration is mixed with dialogue and descriptions of the interior of the house. After the author explains her situation, Madame Séguin is introduced by means of a witty dialogue. Marie, the maid, introduces the other characters, and then they all meet at supper time, when there are also witty dialogues. It is a much more elaborated story than its predecessor.

The remaining four stories of the seven mentioned: The Baron, The Daughter of the Baroness, Fraü Fischer, and Germans at Meat, are all set in Bavaria, and the English superciliousness expressed by Katherine Mansfield is used

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(18) K. M. Pension Seguin, p. 149

to point out the gross stupidity of German burgher life. The author satirizes them and herself sometimes, but only as a means of denigrating them. When the characters are a Baron, a Baroness, or her daughter, it is only to point out the servile admiration of ordinary men towards aristocracy, a position which English can not understand. She feels that as an English woman by herself she is the center of comments of the Germans in the pension where she lives, and her reaction is satiric. She satirizes herself to expose the others:

> "All eyes were sudenly turned upon me. I felt I was bearing the burden of the nation's preposterous breakfast - I who drank a cup of coffee while buttoning my bluose in the morning." (19)

> "Of course it is difficult for you English to understand when you are always exposing your legs on cricket-fields, and breeding dogs in your back gardens. The pity of it! Youth should be like a wild rose. For myself I do not understand how your women ever get married at all!
> She shook her head so violently that I shook mine too, and a gloom settled down my heart. It seemed we were really in a very bad way. Did the spirit of romance spread her rose wings only over aristocratic Germany?" (20)

> "Ah, that is so strange about you English. You do not seem to enjoy discussing the functions of the body. As well speak of a railway-train and refuse to mention the engine. How can we hope to understand anybody, knowing nothing of their stomachs?'." (21)

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(19) K. M. Germans at Meat, p. 37
(20) K. M. The Sister of the Baroness, p. 48
(21) K. M. Frau Fischer, p. 52

" 'Yet a young friend of mine who travelled to England for the funeral of his brother told me that women wore bodices in public restaurants no waiter could help looking into as he handed the soup.'
- 'But only German waiters,' I said. 'English ones look over the top of your head.'
- 'There, 'she cried, 'now you see your dependance on Germany. Not even an efficient waiter can you have by yourselves.'
- 'But I prefer them to look over your head.'
- 'And that proves that you must be ashamed of your bodice! " (22)

Miss Mansfield is always exaggerating the German attitude of feeling a superior race, not equaled in any aspect by any other nation's people, and of being an omnipotent nation:

"Don't be afraid,' Herr Hoffmann said. 'We do not want England. If we did we could have had it long ago. We really do not want you.' He moved his spoon airily, looking across at me as though I were a little child whom he could keep or dismiss as he pleased." (23)

When Katherine Mansfield is satirical, she is even cruel. Her disgust for the German pompous character is manifest. She sits apart and observes, noting down acute, mordant descriptions. In sharp sketches, the characteristic types are presented. The plot of these stories is not complicated; character is drawn with quick strokes, excellent dialogue, and minor action. The scenes are observed and transcribed by a first-person narrator, so the writer intrudes constantly with lavish comments. The characters introduced are con

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(22) K. M. Fraü Fischer, p. 52
(23) K. M. Germans at Meat, p. 40

demned by the very harshness of the presentation. There is a great deal of dialogue in these stories to make them light and pleasantly readable, and even if the author is cruelly satiric in the presentation of the characters, the stories are penetrated by humour that arouses a sympathetic feeling towards her as the protagonist, or even towards the other characters by ridiculizing them. The Baron, for example, who never talks to any other guest, and who is considered by them as a superior being, explains his attitude of being always alone to Katherine Mansfield:

> " 'I sit alone that I may eat more,' said the Baron peering into the dusk; my stomack requires a great deal of food. I order double portions, and eat them in peace!
> Which sounded finely Baronial.
> - 'And what do you do all day?'
> - 'I imbibe nourishment in my room! he replied, in a voice that closed the conversation and almost repented the umbrella." (24)

The servile attitude of the boarders of the pension towards nobility in vividly noted

> "Each guest who came into the breakfast room was bombarded with the wonderful news. 'The Baroness von Gall in sending her little daughter here; the Baroness herself is coming in a month's time! Coffee and rolls took on the nature of an orgy. We positively scintillated. Anecdotes of the High Born were poured out, sweetened and sipped: we garged on scandals of High Birth generously buttered." (25)

> "At that moment the postman, looking like a

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(24) K. M. The Baron, p. 24
(25) K. M. The Sister of the Baroness, p. 45

> German army officer, came in with the mail. He threw my letters into my milk pudding, and then turned to a waitress and whispered. She retired hastily. The manager of the pension came in with a little tray. A picture postcard was deposited on it, and reverently bowing his head, the manager of the pension carried it to the Baron. Myself, I felt disappointed that there was not a salute of twenty-five guns." (26)

> "Absorbing days followed. Had she been one whit less beautifully born we could not have endured the continual conversation about her, the songs in her praise, the detailed account of her movements. But she graciously suffered our worship and we were more than content." (27)

A different theme is used by Katherine Mansfield in The Advanced Lady and The Modern Soul. The subject of her satire and humour in these two stories, is the pedantic woman who is or thinks she is an artist, but who feels superior to other human beings, specially to other women. She could have been criticizing in these pieces other women she knew from literary and artistic circles, and perhaps it was even herself among stupid women whom she censured. She was never pedantic, according to the people who knew her and her critics and biographers, but a simple and exquisite person; but perhaps in her inner self she felt pedantic or that she would like to be sophisticated and to make simple people feel she was superior. She never boasted of superiority in real life, and the characters in these pieces do:

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(26) K. M. The Baron, p. 42
(27) K. M. The Sister of the Baroness, p. 447

> " 'I am always successful,' she said to me. 'You see, when I act I am. In Viena, in the plays of Ibsen we had so many bouquets that the cook had three in the kitchen. But it is difficult here. There is so little magic. Do you not feel it? There is none of that mysterious perfume which floats almost as a visible thing from the souls of the Viennese audiences. My spirit starves for want of that.' She leaned forward, chin on hand. 'Starves,' she repeated." (28)

> " 'How do you manage to find enough to write down?' - 'That is never the trouble,' said the Advanced Lady -' The trouble is to stop. My brain has been a hive for years, and about three months ago the pent-up waters burst over my soul, and since then I am writing all day until late into night, still ever finding fresh inspirations and thoughts which beat impatient wings about my heart'." (29)

If Katherine Mansfield hated sophisticated pedantic women, she expressed it with uncommon wit. The two pieces are only an excuse to criticize and condemn them as well as other simple women who feel dazzled by them. She is also satirical in the presentation of other people in these stories:

> "On the appointed day the married ladies sailed about the pension dressed like unholstered chairs and the unmarried ladies like draped muslin dressing-table covers. The gentlemen wore black coats, white silk ties and ferny button-holes tickling the chin." (30)

A type of woman absolutely opposite to the pedantic ones is presented in Violet. She was a sweet and simple, but absurd girl who went abroad to forget her tragedy in life: she

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(28) K. M. The Modern Soul, p. 69
(29) K. M. The Advanced Lady, p. 104
(30) K. M. The Modern Soul, p. 67

found the only man who really understood her, at a dance, he kissed her but told her he was engaged, and they never saw each other again. Her telling it to Katherine Mansfield is full of humour:

> "He understood me absolutely. And after the seventh dance... No, I must tell you the first thing he ever said to me. He said 'Do you believe in Pan?' Quite quietly. Just like that. And then he said, 'I knew you did.' Wasn't that extraor-din-ary!" (31)

In this story, Katherine Mansfield seems to make fun of Violet, but between lines it is felt that she is really laughing at herself for not feeling the simple emotions of Violet. The author's emotions were at that time tucked away, and she only produced them very occasionally. The story is made up of two parts, the first one is the author's thinking about the truth of proverbs, and their meaning, in an interior monologue, and the second is the episode of Violet. It is one of Katherine Mansfield's first attempts to use the method of the monologue, and although it is not bad, and the humorous part is good, the whole is not outstanding. There is enough material in the story for two of them, and the way it is structured is not very satisfactory. When she is thinking by herself she is bitter:

> "I thought how true it was that the world was a delightful place if it were not for the people, and how more true it was that people were not

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(31) K. M. Violet, p. 158

> worth troubling about, and that wise men should set their affections upon nothing smaller than cities, heavenly or otherwise, and country-sides, which are always heavenly." (32)

Two stories different in kind from all the ones mentioned are: The Luft Bad and Bain Turcs, the latter having the same theme as Chekhov's At the Public Baths, only Chekhov portrays different kinds of men that can be found in turkish baths, and Katherine Mansfield portrays women. The technique she used is: she depicts characters by their dialogue, and by comments made by other characters about them:

> "But I cannot imagine, said the other, why women look so hideous in Turkish baths - like beef-steaks in chemises. Is it the women - or is it the air? Look at that one, for instance - the skinny one, - and those two over in the corner, discussing whether or not they ought to tell their non-existent babies how babies come - and... Heavens! Look at this one coming in." (33)

The story is narrated in the first person and it has nothing in common with Chekhov's except the theme. In Chekhov's story the conversation of the barber with one of the customers, specially, and occassionally with others, let the reader know the ideas he has about young men not getting married, and this is more important than the presentation of the different characters. In Miss Mansfield's story there is no other interest than to present different women that can be found in a place like that, introducing them specially by means of dialogue,

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(32) K. M. Violet, p. 155
(33) K. M. Bains Turcs, p. 161

not by objective description like Chekhov's. The Luft Bad is similar in technique to Bains Turcs: it is the presentation of the different characters that can be seen at a beach; this beach is called the Luft Bad. All the types are ridiculized, in particular and in general.

> "I think it must be the umbrellas which make us ridiculous.
> When I was admitted into the enclosure for the first time, I saw my fellow-bathers walking about very nearly in their nakeds, it struck me that the umbrellas gave a distincly Little Black Sambo touch.
> Ridiculous dignity in holding over yourself a green cotton thing with a red parroquet handle when you are dressed in nothing larger than a handkerchief." (34)

The two stories are really minor ones and their importance lies in the author's wit, the precise and effective dialogue, and the bright characterizations of the different kinds of people.

Katherine Mansfield was already more mature in her writing when she produced her other three humorous stories: An Indiscreet Journey, The Black Cap, and Two Tupenny Ones, Please. The first one is an account of her trip to join Carco, the "little corporal." It is much more elaborated than the former ones. It is vividly described, inlivened by a few touches of dialogue. She introduced in it details of color, movement and sound, which quickened the whole expression to heightened vivacity. One of the interesting

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(34) K. M. The Luft Bad, p. 79

additions is the condensation of imagery, designed to achieve a more concentrated vividness:

> "It was a hot little room completely furnished with two colonels seated at two tables. Sumptuous and omnipotent they looked." (35)

> " 'What's this?' Said God I, querulosly. God II held up a finger to me, and I produced Aunt Julie's letter and her card. But he did not seem to feel the slightest interest in her. He stamped my passport idly, scribbled a word on my ticket, and I was on the platform again. 'That way - you pass out that way' " (36)

In this piece, Miss Mansfield is not objective all the time like in the other humorous stories: she has already started to be subjective in her writing, which was to become her peculiar style. This story may be considered as transitional, for it is not humorous at all times like the others. It consists of three parts: the trip in the train, the arriving and going through the militar office, and next day her having tea with her friend the little corporal and two drunken soldiers who join them.

The Black Cap is also an account of a trip, this one a short journey. She (for she is given no name, just called "she") is tired of the monotony of marriage and under the excuse of going to the dentist, joins her lover with the intention of never going back, but she is terribly disappointed when she sees him wearing a horrible black cap. When they

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(35) K. M. An Indiscreet Journey, p. 188
(36) ibid, p. 189

reach the hotel, she pleads to leave her alone for a few minutes because she is tired, and as soon as she is left alone, she runs away, back home and happy of having been able to escape. The novelty of this story is that it is written as if it were a play, even with marginal notes:

> "(She arranges her veil.)
> He. (tries to take her hand, very ardent). I'll engage one room, my love.
> She. Oh, no! Of course you must take two.
> He. But don't you think it would be wiser not to create suspicion?
> She. I must have my own room. (To herself) You can hang your cap behind your own door! (She begins to laugh hysterically.)
> He. Ah! thank God! My queen is her happy self again!" (37)

Katherine Mansfield was always very good at revealing character through dialogue. There are many changing scenes in this playlet. This semidramatic from was used in several of her stories, which are important because they show the author's inclination towards dramatic form, which was to develop in her technique of interior monologue. The characters here are presented entirely by means of their speech, with several shifts of scene within very short scope, and the narrative is reduced to the marginal notes. That she never wrote real plays was perhaps because even with her great ability to depict character through dialogue, she could not create complex and sustained situation. That may also be the reason why she never wrote novels or anything longer

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(37) K. M. The Black Cap, p. 309

than her stories.

Two Tuppenny Ones, Please, is the last of her stories that I consider a humorous one. It is also written in the same semi-dramatic form, but here the role of one of the speakers is reduced to significant interrogation and exclamation marks. It exposes the idle interests of idle women very effectively. The story takes place in a bus, and the author seems to be reproducing what one of the women said in a loud voice, not being able to hear what the other answers:

"Lady: You've heard about Teddy- haven't you?
Friend:.....!
Lady. He's got his ... He's got his ... Now what is it? Whatever can it be? How ridiculous of me!
Friend.....?
Lady. Oh, no! He's been a Major for ages.
Friend.....?
Lady. Colonel? Oh, no, my dear, it's something much higher than that. Not his company - he's had his company a long time. Not his battalion...
Friend.....?
Lady. Regiment. Yes, I believe it is his regiment. But what I was going to say is he's been made a... Oh, how silly I am! What's higher than a Brigadier General? Yes, I believe that's it.
Friend.....!
Lady. Oh, my dear. Everybody goes over the top nowadays." (38)

This semi-dramatic method was probably only used by Katherine Mansfield as an exercise, because even if it appears in some latter stories, they are not the best. Miss Mansfield loved to try out new techniques, exercizing them as much as she could, keeping only from them that which proved efficient for her

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(38) K. M. Two Tuppeny Ones, Please, p. 303

writing.

Summarizing, I must say that Katherine Mansfield's humorous stories are not her best, for as I will prove in other chapters, she was more skillful in creating moods, transmitting feelings, recreating characters as the ones of the New Zealand stories, and creating effects. She was also extraordinarily witty in satirical comments and humorous episodes, but her humorous stories, taken as a whole, are not the outstanding part of her work. Some were part of her earlier production and others were written more as exercises than to create masterpieces. They are different from the other kinds of Katherine Mansfield's stories in that they are objective, specially the early ones; they are written in the first person singular with the author as the protagonist and intruding constantly with witty comments; they have a greater amount of dialogue than other kinds of stories; and even when there are satirical strokes in them, they are pervaded by humour and they make the reader feel a sentiment of sympathy towards the one who is criticized. It can not be said that any of them is not good, for Katherine Mansfield's stories are either good or very good, for none of them, at least of the published ones, is really not worthwhile reading. "She wrote either well, or not at all." (39)

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(39) Murry. Between Two Worlds, p. 319

## CHARACTER SKETCHES

Katherine Mansfied's character sketches have been so called by me because they portray character in different ways. They include the widest number of stories, according to the classification of her work I have done, and I have divided them into four groups. The first kind of character is the full one, that is to say, the one that is presented in different facets, from which the reader knows all he can know about an individual; his good and bad sides are laid out and there is a feeling of knowing a real person when knowing him. The second kind of character is the one about whom the reader knows only one side; he is not as human as the former for he is more an archetype than an individual, and he represents a human quality: good or bad. The third character sketch is that of a mood of the character, not the character

himself as a person; in most of them the character is not even physically described: it is not the person who is portrayed, but a mood in which he is at the moment chosen by the author, and the feeling derived from that mood is transmitted to the reader. The fourth kind transmits one or several feelings of the characters, who are not particularly in a mood. The four kinds portray character, each one in its own way, therefore I have called this classification "character sketches."

> "The building up of character was not Katherine Mansfield's strong point. She catches at people - very ordinary, very lonely, very happy, very pathetic people as they pass; she succeeds in extracting from each, as it were, a moment or two of self-revelation, gives them her blessing and lets them slip through her kindly, simpathetic fingers." (1)

It is true that if Katherine Mansfield's writting were taken as a whole it would be found out that in most of her stories it is not a character, in all the connotation of the word, what she had in mind to portray, but a mood in which that character was at the moment chosen by her, and of transmitting to the reader the particular feeling derived from that mood. As Mr. Bates points out, the moments of self-revelation of her characters are the themes she picked for some of her stories, and being that her aim, she did a wonderful job with them, for the creating of moods and trans-

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(1) Bates, p. 130

mission of feelings are among Katherine Mansfield's best traits in writing. One can not expect to find very fine criticism in a general survey of the modern short story, but by Mr. Bates' assertion it is manifest that he had probably only contact with little of Katherine Mansfield's work; with the stories that have been printed most, for Miss Mansfield's achievement in the creation of characters is not small if the relatively small bulk of her writing is considered. She created several characters, real characters that can stand the test of repeated encounters, which is probably the most severe test in literature. Besides the Burnell family characters, which are analized in detail in another chapter, and which are round characters, for they are polyfacetic, and they develop and change when they live different experiences, Katherine Mansfield created others, that may be considered as outstanding: the Raoul Duquette of Je ne Parle Pas Francais, Constantia of The Daughters of the Late Colonel, Mis Ada Moss of Pictures, and others. Some of her characters are flat, according to Muir's classification, that is, they are presented only in one of their phases, and even if they are placed in different situations, they do not evolve. They are more types of people than individuals; but yet they may be very well depicted and therefore deserve to be considered good characters, good character portrayal. In this chapter, I will include the presentation of the four kinds of stories in which Katherine Mansfield's principal idea was to portray character: round characters or individuals, flat ones or

types of people, characters portrayed by means of a mood in which they are at the moment, in which the transmission of feeling to the reader is the most important element in the story, and stories which transmit the characters' feelings even if they are not in a mood. After all, the short story's aim is to produce a single emotion in the reader, and this is easily attained with these stories depicting a mood of a character and transmitting feelings. Let novels deal with very elaborated indidual characters, for they have more space to develop there. The rendering of emotion is achieved in the different kinds of Katherine Mansfield's character sketches, and that is what is important.

To prove that Katherine Mansfield could portray character, I will analyze in detail Raoul Duquette in Je ne Parle Pas Francais, who is a full and round character. It was from the fuller knowledge of Francis Carco that Miss Mansfield drew the distinguishing qualities of Raoul Duquette. The portrait is very cruel. The story is supposedly told by him in a confessional monologue, but he does not introduce himself until about five pages after the beginning of the story. At first, we know in detail the atmosphere of the café where he uses to go, the people who go there, and his personality and ideas about different themes by means of his stream of consciousness. Suddenly when he writes down "Je ne parle pas francais", he remembers Mouse, and then he starts telling the story by introducing himself:

"My name is Raoul Duquette. I am twenty-six years old and a Parisian, a true Parisian. About my family - it really doesn't matter. I have no family. I don't want any. I never think about my childhood - I've forgotten it." (2)

"When I was about ten our laundress was an African woman, very big, very dark, with a check handkerchief over her frizzy hair. When she came to our house she always took particular notice of me." (2)

"... she took me into a little outhouse at the end of the passage, caught me up in her arms and began kissing me. Ah, those kisses! Especially those kisses inside my ears that nearly deafened me." (3)

"As this performance was repeated once a week it is no wonder that I remember it so vividly. Besides, from that very first afternoon, my childhood was, to put it prettily, 'kissed away! I became very languid, very caressing, and greedy beyond measure. And so quickened, so sharpened, I seemed to understand everything and to be able to do what I liked with everybody.
I suppose I was in a state of more or less physical excitement, and that was what appealed to them. For all Parisians are more than half - oh, well, enough of that. And enough of my childhood, too. Bury it under a laundry basket instead of a shower of roses, and passons outre." (3)

"I date myself from the moment I became the tenant of a small bachelor flat on the floor of a tall, not too shabby house, in a street that might or might not be discreet. Very useful, that." (3)

Up to this point, what one knows about Raoul Douquette is that he is cynical and probably sexually perverted, and one is sure about it when after saying that he has never yet made

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(2) K. M. Je ne parle pas Français, p. 355
(3) ibid, p. 356

the first advances to any woman, he describes himself in his physical aspect:

> "I am light with an olive skin, black eyes with long lashes, black silky hair cut short, tiny square teeth that show when I smile. My hands are supple and small. A woman in a bread shop once said to me: 'You have the hands for making fine little pastries! I confess without my clothes I am rather charming. Plump, almost like a girl, with smooth shoulders, and I wear a thin gold bracelet above my left elbow." (4)

The effeminate characteristic of Raoul Duquette is maintained througout the story; when he feels hurt by something he feels like a woman, and he uses to read the newspaper standing in front of the wardrobe mirror wearing a blue kimono embroidered with white birds, his hair still wet, laying on his forehead, "wet and gleaming." He believes himself a good inspired writer, but he is satirical in self-portraing him.

> "I write for two newspapers. I am going in for serious literature. I am starting a carreer. The book I shall bring out will simply stagger the critics. I am going to write about things that have never been touched before. I am going to make a name for myself as a writer about the submerged world. But not as others have done before me. Oh, no! Very nãively, with a sort of tender humour and from the inside, as though it were all quite simple, quite natural. I see my way quite perfectly. Nobody has ever done it as I shall do it because none of the others have lived my experiences. I'm rich, rich." (5)

> "I have been very successful. I have two more books on preparation, and then I have written

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(4) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 357
(5) ibid, p. 356

> a serial story, Wrong Doors, which is just on the point of publication and will bring me a lot of money - And then my little book of poems, Left Umbrellas - really did create an immense sensation." (6)

The adaptation of tone serves the purpose of exposure, in this story. As the author of Wrong Doors, False Coins, and Left Umbrellas, Duquette uses a self-conscious literary language, bringing out his conceits as well as his character as he relates the narrative. He represents the perversion and refined brutality often encountered in bohemian circles. His ideas are the onces easily found among sophisticated intellectual egotists:

> "I don't believe in the human soul. I never have. I believe that people are like portmanteaux - pocked with certain things, started going, thrown about, tossed away, dumped down, lost and found, half emptied suddenly, or squeezed fatter than ever, until finally the Ultimate Porter swings them on to the Ultimate Train and away they rattle... Not but what these portmanteaux can be very fascinating. Oh, but very! I see myself standing in front of them, don't you know, like a Customs official.
> 'Have you anything to declare? Any wines, spirits, cigars, perfumes, silks?'
> And the moment of hesitation as to whether I am going to be fooled just before I chalk that squiggle, and then the other moment of hesitation just after, as to whether I have been, are perhaps the two most thrilling instants in life. Yes, they are for me." (7)

He takes delight in watching people: how they rejoice, how they suffer, but keeping himself outside, taking care of not being ever touched by human feelings, only watching experience

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(6) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 363
(7) ibid, p. 350

in others and assimilating it. That way he feels he goes into a stage where everything is arranged and waiting for him, so that he may be the master of the situation. At those moments he smiles, because Life seems to be opposed to granting him those entrances, but he beats her. His philosophy of life is as cynical as everything about him:

> "When a thing's gone, it's gone. It's over and done with. Let it go, then. Ignore it and comfort yourself, if you do want conforting, with the tought that you never do recover the same thing that you lose. It's always a new thing. The moment it leaves you is changed." (8)

> "I have made it a rule of my life never to regret and never to look back. Regret is an appalling waste of energy, and no one who intends to be a writer can afford to indulge in it. Looking back is equally fatal to art. It's keeping yourself poor. Art can't and won't stand poverty." (8)

Thus is Raoul Duquette depicted by his own exposure in all his self-consciousness, cruelty and cynicism. This story is one of Katherine Mansfield's longest stories, and its structure is a very special one. It starts in the present with the scene in a cheap French café where Duquette sketches his own story, touching obscurely on the central story to come, which is really the important one, that of Dick Harmon and Mouse. Then the story goes back to the past, giving a hint of Dick Harmon's excessive attachment to his mother, which is to destroy his relationship with Mouse. The author

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(8) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 354

makes a tangential point, slanting the elements of the central situation to extract an oblique theme. The story of Mouse's elopment with Harmon and her abandonment by him shortly after is shaped to illuminate the peculiar depravity of Raoul Duquette's character. One brief scene follows another, striking now and then the Mouse idea, and each separate scene, penetrating and compact, renders both a new portion of the story and a deeper knowledge of Duquette's character. Both elements are essential to the purpose of the story: Duquette's full portrait is necessary both to sharpen by contrast the genuine suffering of Dick Harmon and Mouse, and to convey the extremity of Mouse's betrayal.

Duquette had happened to meet Dick Harmon and made him his confidant, showing him both sides of his life. He told him everything as sincerely and truthfully as he could, taking immense pains to explain to him things about his submerged life that really were disgusting. This attitude of real friendship in Duquette, gives a light on another phase of him as a character: that of sincerity which he very seldom showed, and that perhaps was his only pure feeling, very occasionally made evident, but yet existing as real. His friendship did not last very long, for Dick had to go back to England, "leaving him on the shore alone, more like a little foxterrier than ever," (In his worst moments, his nose reminded Duquette of that of a foxterrier), thinking to himself:

> "But after all it was you who whistled to me, you who asked me to come! What a spectacle I've cut

> wagging my tail and leaping round you, only to be left like this while the boat sails off in its slow, dreamy way..." (9)

The image of the foxterrier is repeatedly used througout the story in relation to Duquette's nose intruding everywhere, to his rapid movements, to his faithfulness and loyalty at times. - A few months later, when according to his rule of not looking back, Raoul had almost forgotten Dick, he got a wire asking him to get rooms for Dick who was coming to Paris to stay indefinitely, and who was travelling with a woman friend. The loyal friend did as he was asked, but this time he intended to take a new line with Dick: "no more confidences, and tears, and eyelashes;" but everything turned differently from his expectation. He was shocked when he saw Dick's woman friend:

> "this baby walking beside the old porter as though he were her nurse and had just lifted her out of her ugly perambulator while she trundled the boxes on it." (10)

Mouse, by her very name, is defined as a small, defenseless, helpless, hunted creature, and "following the mouse idea", she wears a long dark cloak with grey fur round the neck, and she clings to her little furry grey muff all the time as if it were the only thing upon which she could depend, exercising control on the strain that is felt over the whole situation by speaking very little. Whenever the strain is

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(9) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 362
(10) ibid, p. 366

more acute, she strokes her muff (mouse II as defined by Duquette.) Her first words with Duquette were "Je ne parle pas francais," and she was the only being towards whom Raoul could be human, at least while he had her in front of him. His first impression of her was:

> "Mouse was beautiful. She was exquisite, but so fragile and fine that each time I looked at her it was as if for the first time. She came upon you with the same kind of shock that you feel when you have been drinking tea out of a thin, innocent cup, and suddenly, at the bottom you see a tiny creature, half butterfly, half woman, bowing to you with her hands in her sleeres." (11)

And in relation to Mouse, we find another different facet of Duquette, that of humanity. He felt there was a certain strain and excitement between her and Dick so intriguing and so intense; he could not figure out what it was. What he felt like doing while driving to the hotel was...

> "... to behave in the most extraordinary fashion like a clown. To start singing, with large extravagant gestures, to point out of the window and cry: 'We are now passing ladies and gentleman, one of the sights for which notre Paris is justly famous; to jump out of the taxi while it was going, climb over the roof and dive in by another door; to hang out of the window and look for the hotel through the wrong end of a broken telescope, which was also a peculiarly ear-splitting trumpet.
> I watched myself do all this and even managed to applaud in a private way, while I said to Mouse 'and this is your first visit to Paris?' " (11)

He was nice to her all the time, not showing once his cynism.

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(11) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 368

When they finally arrived to their hotel, and while Dick was in the other room supposedly writing a letter to his mother, Duquette again tried to be nice to her, asking if something was the matter and if he could help. Yes, something was the matter, but thank you, there was nothing he could do. Duquette felt, at intervals, happy and entertained, or strained. He was watching those two suffering as he would probably never see anybody suffer again. After a long silence in the other room, Mouse went in and came back terribly depressed, with a letter in her hands. Raoul feared Dick had shot himself, but when he read the letter, he found out it was a note to Mouse telling her that Dick loved her, but that he could not hurt his mother, so he was going back, and pleading her not to write him nor to forget him, but to love him and forgive him. Duquette was quite overcome, feeling it was incredible, but Mouse was not surprised:

> "I knew all along, of course. From the very moment that we started. I felt it all through me, but I still went on hoping - as one so stupidly does, you know." (12)

The mouse had came out of her hole, timid, but she had come out, and this time, Duquette felt he was not acting a part but really living it when he offered her to come back to see her next morning, as he was her only friend in Paris. But... Raoul went back to his depraved predominating aspect after that moment of emotion, and, naturally, he never went back

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(12) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 375

to see her, and he explained it in his own cynical way:

> "Naturally, I intended to. Started out - got to the door - wrote and tore up letters - did all those things. But I simply could not make the final effort." (13)

> "Je ne parle pas francais. That was her swan song to me." (13)

But the incident of Mouse made Duquette very often break his rule of not looking back and not feeling, for any time he sat in some gloomy café, and an automatic piano started playing a "mouse" tune (R. D. said there were dozens of tunes that evoked just her) he would live the episode again, he would be overwhelmed, his physical feeling being so particular: as if all of him except his head and arms, would dissolve, turn into water. And for one moment he was not, he was "Agony". And he would feel the presence of Mouse, without exactly knowing where or how: in the windows, in the feathery snow, in any little girl, in the shadows, in anything.

This story is really a work of genius. It is very different to Katherine Mansfield's other stories, for here the subject matter is evil, not love as in most of them; evil and subtle danger. It is the most representative of Katherine's particular feeling: "not hate or destruction but an extremely deep sense of hopelessness, of everything doomed to disaster, almost willfully, stupidly." (14) This was her "cry against

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(13) K. M. Je ne parle pas Francais, p. 377
(14) K. M. KM's letters to J. M. Murry, p. 149 (Feb. 3, 1918)

corruption." There is in it a moving personal symbolism, for the fate of Mouse, caught in the trap of the world's evil, abandoned by her lover is Katherine's fate. It was the sign of her revolusion against French people, among whom she was living during one of the worst periods of her illness. The story came from her deepest innerness, for Mouse was the real Katherine, but the one that very few people knew. There was a bitter despair in her when writing it, and she could have not expressed it better directly. She said her story was a tribute to Love, and Murry explained it as being a self-deception or a necessary illusion. The despair was what it was because she had known love, and only in that tragic sense her story was a love-story, born of love and sustained by it. When Murry read the manuscript, he wrote to Katherine:

> "Here you seem to have begun to 'drag the depths of your consciousness! Before, you did something quite different, and I am certain that you will again. But somehow it has happened that in this one occasion you were driven to make an utterly new approach, to express something different. I mean it like this. Ordinarily what you express and satisfy is your desire to write, because you are a born writer, and a writer born with the true vision of the world. Now you express and satisfy some other desire, perhaps because for a moment you doubt or have not got the other vision. The world is shut out. You are looking into yourself." (15)

The story, thus, is very depressive with that terribly deep

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(15) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 464

sense of hopelessness transmitted to the reader all through the story, yet it is an art masterpiece. And concerning art, it is not the state of health of the artist in which one is interested, but in art itself. "Morbidity qua morbidity is not necessarily art, but morbid elements in art do not necessarily vitiate it." (16) And although this story, with the depravity of Raoul Duquette so well depicted and the bitterness felt all through it, is not appealing to a great number of readers, one has to admit it is a work of art. Katherine Mansfield was many times blamed for writing about such disgusting themes.

Therefore, one has to admit it was a wrong assertion to say Katherine Mansfield was not strong at building character. Raoul Duquette is as fully a character as it can be depicted in the brief length of a short story, and there are several characters as complete as this one in Katherine Mansfield's stories, that I will not analize in such a detailed way because it would take a different kind of study from this work, much more extensive. I will merely talk about them as full or round characters. In spite of Raoul Duquette's acute depravity, we have seen that he is not merely an archetype of depravation, for he is presented also in other aspects: loyal with Dick, and human towards Mouse. It is true that his human attitude did not last very long, only while he happened to be with her, and that as soon as he left her he went

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(16) Edel, p. 212

back to his wicked position. But his changing completely would have been the attitude of a happy-ending story's character, and it would not have been human. Duquette changed moved by an experience, even if it was only for a little while, therefore he is a round character, with human and individual characteristics, not an archetype, and a very well depicted round character.

A different kind of character is portrayed by Katherine Mansfield in Mr. Reginal Peacock's Day. It is a good example of a flat character, for he does not evolve in the story. He is the synonym of vanity, and he is depicted at different moments during a whole day, from morning to night, with different people and in different situations, always acting like the "flashy bird of plumage" he is. His very name defines his attitude: Reginald Peacock. He lives a double life: one is reality represented by his wife and son and daily living, which for him is ugly and disgusting, and the other is the fantastic world of vanity, nourished by the compliments of some people as pedantic as himself, among them one of her singing pupils who wrote him the following letter:

> "Dear Mr. Peacock,
> I feel I cannot go to sleep until I have thanked you again for the wonderful joy your singing gave me this evening. Quite unforgettable. You made me wonder, as I have not wondered since I was a child, if this is all. I mean, if this ordinary world is all. If there is not, perhaps, for those of us who understand, divine beauty and

> richness awaiting if we only have the courage to see it. And to make it ours... The house is so quiet. I wish you were here now that I might thank you in person. You are doing a great thing. You are teaching the world to escape from life." (17)

With compliments like that he felt he was an artist who could sway them all. How he sang to teach them all to excape from life! And as he sang he saw, as in a dream, feathers, and flowers offered to him like a huge bouquet. In those moments "Vanity, that bright bird, lifted its wings again, lifted them until he felt his breast would break." (18) His only answer to his women admirers was. "Dear lady, I should be only too charmed," denoting his melifluous personality, and no matter what the question was, if it was something possible or impossible, the answer was always the same, repeated twice at times. He was not only proud of himself as a singer, but as a man, he was just right, he decided, just in good proportion, and he could not help a thrill of satisfaction when he saw himself at the mirror; not that he was vain, of course, it was a thrill of purely artistic satisfaction. And he wanted his little son to shake hands with him every morning because once, when he had spent a weekend in a very aristocratic family, the father shook hands with his children. But Adrian, his son, felt dreadfully silly at having to shake hands with his own father every morning; and he did not understand why he always sort of sing to him instead of talk. Mr. Peacock's relation

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(17) K. M. Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day, p. 387
(18) ibid, p. 388

to his wife and son was umpleasant, for he would have liked them to nourish his vanity, too. And he would not accept them, for they were reality to him. He felt he had done a mistake by getting married, because there was nothing more fatal for an artist than marriage. And it seemed to him that his wife took a malicious delight in making life more difficult for him by denying him his right as an artist and by trying to drag him down to her level (human and normal). Tied and bound like this he could not help the world to escape from life. He was fundamentally cruel to his wife and son in his pompous conceit. He was always thinking wrong of his wife, believing everything she did was simply to bother him. Even her waking him up in the morning, he thought was her way of establishing her grievance for the day. To wake a sensitive person was positively dangerous. It took him hours to get over it! -And, when at the end of the day he goes to bed after singing very successfully in an aristocratic place, he wants to be human, to be a friend to his wife and tell her everything: his impressions, his success, the way they treated him at the party like one of them, everything... so many things that he wanted her to share with him, but all he could utter was "Dear lady, I should be so charmed so charmed! "

As this flat character, about whom one only knows one side, Katherine Mansfield has created several. And even if they are types of people more than individuals, they may be considered as good character portrayal, for in their own condi

tion, and laying out only one particular characteristic of their personality, they are very well depicted. It is a human attribute, that may be a good quality or a defect, what is exhibited in this kind of story, more than a personality.

The third kind of Katherine Mansfield's character sketches is the portrayal of character by means of a mood in which that character is, and the transmission of the feeling derived from that particular mood. This is the kind of character sketch most favoured by Miss Mansfield. It is more fitting to create a mood and transmit a feeling to the reader in the few pages of a short story, than to portray a very elaborated individual character, and besides, Miss Mansfield's sensibility perceived in sharp, intuitive flashes, her apprehension was never the result of long, contemplative thought; therefore her stories are tranfixed within the experience of a moment, and her feelings are expressed in isolated form: an illuminating glimpse into a character or a situation at a given moment, the revelation of the meaning of something beyond the ordinary, the trifling, or banal. It is not easy to produce a mood and transmit a feeling. To be successful in achieving it, the parts of the story which constitute the whole must be shaped so that the central meaning, conveyed obliquely, will emerge clearly. Since emotions are elusive, the clarity of their communication will depend on linking the vague with the concrete. And yet Katherine Mansfield is outstanding in catching an emotionally charged moment and transmitting the feeling

by means of her writing.

In The Tiredness of Rosabel it is tiredness, of course, what Miss Mansfield depicts so well. She does it in this story be repeating very often something about Rosabel's tiredness, until the reader himself feels her tiredness:

> "Rosabel stirred suddenly and unfastened the two top buttons of her coat... she felt almost stiffled. Through her half-closed eyes the whole row of people on the opposite seat seemed to resolve into one fatuous, staring face." (19)

> "Oh, why four flights! It was really criminal to expect people to live so high up! " (19)

> "Well, they had to be faced; it was like bicycling up a steep hill, but there was not the satisfaction of flying down the other side." (19)

The story is the very first one that Katherine Mansfield had published in London after her return from New Zealand. This story is a remarkable one, much better than some stories that followed later, and all the characteristic features that were to be Miss Mansfield's seal in this kind of character sketch can be recognized in it, although in an immature form: the focus on a single moment, isolating one feeling to make it represent the whole of a human problem; the use of the faculty of impersonation, making everything the characters say or think reveal some further aspect of their nature; the use of the three time-levels simultaneously; and the use of daydream

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(19) K. M. The Tiredness of Rosabel, p. 4

to assist this process. Rosabel is made real in a few strokes always emphasizing her tiredness, in her way from the shop to her room, where she changes into her dressing-gown, unlaces her boots, and kneeling by the window begins to daydream about the rich young couple, the handsome, insolent young man and his miss, whom she had served in the shop that day. The rest of the story is her daydream, in which she is Harry's miss, and later his wife, and even if she makes up a fantastic story in her mind, her tiredness is present even in her dream:

> "But she became very tired. Harry took her home."(20)

> "Oh, the haven of those arms, and she was very tired." (21)

> "And that night she wore again her white and silver frock. She was tired after the journey and went upstairs to bed... quite early." (21)

Daydream did not help her in her tiredness, which still appears in reality:

> "The real Rosabel got up from the floor and undressed slowly, folding her clothes..." (21)

There are, inserted into the description of the dream, reminders of Rosabel's actual surroundings, so that the story runs in three places at once: in the shop, in her room, and in the dream home of the fancied marriage; and the story runs also on the three time-levels: the present is reality: her room;

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(20) K. M. The Tiredness of Rosabel, p. 7
(21) ibid, p. 8

the past: what had happened in the shop; and the future is her imagination and daydream. She is not physically described, but by means of impersonation: we know about her only by what she thinks and how she acts. It is Rosabel's mood what is depicted, not Rosabel herself.

Tiredness is also depicted, now mixed with a terrible feeling of wanting to sleep, in The Child-Who-Was-Tired, a rather abnormal child who is the maid of all work in a German family. She is a free-born girl, daughter of the waitress at the railway station. She is half silly because her mother tried to squeeze her head in the wash-hand jug. She looks like an owl. The woman whom she works for beats her constantly and makes her overwork. Her tiredness and sleepingness is manifest in all the things she does:

> "I'm sleepy, nodded the child-who-was-tired, that's why I'm not awake." (22)

> "The oven took a long time to light. Perhaps it was cold, like herself, and sleepy..." (22)

> "Oh, how tired she was. Oh, the heavy broom handle and the burning spot just at the back of her neck that acked so, and a funny little fluttering just at the back of her waist-band, as though something was going to break." (23)

> "She shook back her head, a great lump acked in her little throat and then the tears ran down her face on the vegetables." (24)

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(22) K. M. The Child-Who-Was-Tired, p. 92
(23) ibid, p. 93
(24) ibid, p. 96

In her abnormal imagination, she mixed fantasy with reality, always associating both with tiredness:

> "She remembered having heard of a child who had once played for a whole day in just such a meadow with real sausages and beer for her dinner - and not a little bit of tiredness. Who had told her that story? She could not remember, and yet it was so plain." (24)

> "Gently she stroked the pillow with her hand, and then, just for a moment, let her head rest there. Again the smarting lump in her throat, the stupid tears that fell and kept on falling." (24)

> "As the day drew in (after over-working all day) the Child-who-was-tired did not know how to fight her sleepiness any longer. She was afraid to sit down or stand still. As she sat at supper the Man and the Frau seemed to swell to an immense size as she watched them, and then become smaller than dolls, with little voices that seemed to come from the outside of the window. Looking at the baby, it suddenly had two faces and then no head. Even his crying made her feel worse. When she thought of the nearness of bedtime, she shook all ever with excited joy." (25)

Bu she could not go to sleep at bedtime for the baby started crying and she had to walk him up and down, thinking that if she were not so tired perhaps she could keep him quiet; she did not understand why did the baby not stay still, knowing that all she wanted was to go to sleep. And she suddenly had a marvellous idea. She laughed for the first time that day, and clapped her hands. The baby would go to sleep. In the climax-ending of the story, insanity, reality, fantasy, and tiredness mix again:

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(25) K. M. The Child-Who-Was-Tired, p. 97

> "And then gently, smiling, on tiptoe, she brought the pink bolster from the Frau's bed and covered the baby's face with it, pressed with all her might as he struggled, 'like a duck with its head off, wriggling,' she thought.
> She heaved a long sigh, then fell back on the floor, and was walking along a little white road with tall black trees on either sides, a little road that led to nowhere, and where nobody walked at all.-nobody at all." (26)

This story depicts a mood of tiredness, sleepiness, and despair mixed, but not as a universal feeling, like the tiredness of Rosabel. This feeling is transcribed merely to express it, probably as an exercise, to prove that Miss Mansfield could create it. This story is so similar to Chekhov's Sleepyhead that Katherine Mansfield has been blamed by several critics of plagiarism, not when the story was written, because Chekhov had not been translated to English at the time, but much later, when after being considered Katherine Mansfield as the greatest influence in modern English short story, some critics started to take off merits to her, saying she was only the link between Russian and English literature, and that she was not worthed by herself. This happens to all great artists after they have been recognized: there are always critics who devote themselves to deprive them of any proper merits and values. The theme is the same, and even the structure is similar. It is well known that Katherine Mansfield had read Chekhov widely and translated him to English aided by Koteliansky, and that she called herself

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(26) K. M. The Child-Who-Was-Tired, p. 99

the English Chekhov (27) therefore, it is likely that she tried to adapt one of his stories, merely as an excercise. Ruth Mantz, one of Katherine Mansfield's critics and biographers called this story Katherine's "cry against corruption," identifying the writer with the abnormal child in the story, in her tiredness. Miss Mantz probably had not read Chekhov's Sleepyhead, as she did not even relate both stories. But there are many of Katherine Mansfield's stories that can be called her "Cry against corruption," not this one whose ending is so different to any other of her stories. When she depicts human depravity, it is never with such an ending as the action of smothering an indefense baby. Katherine Mansfield may present human wickdness, but she only exposes it; she never takes revenge on life like that. This story can not be explained in any other way but as being written as an exercise.

A very different kind of mood is depicted in Bliss:

> "Although Bertha was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at nothing - at nothing, simply.
> What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss - absolute bliss! - as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your

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(27) Written in 1917 on the fly-leaf of a volume of Chekhov's stories belonging to J. M. Murry:

> By the laws of the M. and P.
> This book is bound to belong to me.
> Besides I am sure that you agree
> I am the English Anton T.
> God forgive me, Chekhov, for my impertinence.

> bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe?... Oh, is there no way you can express it without being 'drunk and disorderly?' How idiotic civilization is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?" (28)

The feeling of bliss is carried on through the story, or rather the story is derived from the feeling of bliss. Bertha hardly dares to breathe for fear of fanning the bliss higher, and yet she breathes deeply. Her face in the mirror shows a radiant woman, with smiling trembling lips and an air of listening or waiting for something divine to happen. Being with her baby increases her feeling, and she does not know what to do with it. Everything in her house looks beautiful to her, and she begins to laugh: she is getting hysterical. The prose in which the story is written gets uneven and hysterical too, transmitting the feeling and keeping up the tone. She is expecting people for dinner, so she goes to the drawing-room and starts throwing the cushions to the chairs and couches, to make the room look alive, and she surprises herself hugging one of them, passionately. She knows she is absurd, but she feels quite dizzy, drunk. It must be the spring. She feels tender towards the whole world that night. Everything is good, right. All that happens seems to fill again "her brimming cup of bliss." And the climax of the feeling comes when she feels that Pearl Fulton, one of her guests, is feeling just what she is feeling. The "sign" is

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(28) K. M. Bliss, p. 337

given when Miss Fulton asks Bertha if she has a garden, and looking through the window, both admire a lovely pear tree.

> "And the two women stood side by side, looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver into the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed - almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon.
> How long did they stand there? Both, as it were, caught in that circle of unearthly light, understanding each other perfectly, creatures of another world, and wondering what they were to do in this one with all this blissful treasure that burned in their bosoms and dropped, in silver flowers, from their hair and hands?" (29)

The feeling of bliss is suddenly cut off at the end of the story, which does not end but merely stops; Bertha sees, through the window, her husband with Miss Fulton and hears him telling her he adors her. Bliss is transformed into a feeling of "What is going to happen now?"... And the pear tree is as lovely as ever, and as full of flower, and as still.

This story was considered by Mr. Pritchett as a sophisticated failure (30), considering that Katherine Mansfield could never portrait the high-born sophisticated people Virginia Woolf used to deal with. Bertha, her husband, her guests, and Miss Fulton are supposedly that kind of people, and in portraying them, Miss Mansfield exaggerated the note: Miss Fulton is described as having something strange about her that Bertha

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(29) K. M. Bliss, p. 347
(30) Quoted by J. M. Murry in: KM and Other Literary Portraits: Her bad stories are merely the semi-sophisticated ones she wrote about London love-affairs.

could not make out, she was very frank but she very seldom looked at people directly. Her heavy eyelids lay upon her eyes and a strange half smile came and went upon her lips as though she lived by listening rather than seeing. And that night she was all dressed in silver, with a silver fillet binding her pale blond hair. The house described has been recognized as W. L. George's house, and the people in the story as the people he used to join with. The portraying of sophisticated people may be a failure in the story, but it was not really the people Katherine Mansfield was interested in presenting in this story, but Bertha's bliss, and that feeling is wonderfully transmitted to the reader. The explanation for the feeling is that for the first time Bertha really desired her husband, for she was a cold woman, therefore the feeling was derived from a sexual desire, so the climax is even more bitter with the husband's infidelity. But by reading, one feels affected by that bliss Bertha is feeling.

The most common mood Miss Mansfield presents in her stories, is the one of loneliness, which was Katherine Mansfield's own feeling most of the times. One of the stories which is merely the exposure of loneliness is Late at Night. In it a girl examines a letter from a soldier she sent some knit socks to, and she is disappointed by finding out he gave them away. The story is merely the depiction of her feelings by means of interior monologue:

"Oh, I feel I've got such boundless, boundless

> love to give to somebody - I would care for somebody so utterly, so completely - watch over them - keep everything horrible way - and make them feel that if ever they wanted anything done I lived to do it. If only I felt that somebody wanted me, that I was of use to somebody I should become a different person. Yes; that is the secret of life for me, to feel loved, to feel wanted, to know that somebody leaned on me for everything absolutely - for ever."(31)

> "I don't know why, I feel inclined to cry tonight. Certainly not because of this letter; it isn't half important enough. But I keep wondering if things will ever change of if I shall go on like this until I am old - just wanting. I'm not as young as I was even now." (31)

> "But now I want to cry and I yearn for something to make me forget." (31)

> "Oh, I am tired. Often when I go to bed now I want to pull the clothes over my head - and just cry." (31)

This mood of a lonely woman longing to have someone to give her love to, feeling like crying, knowing that she is living an empty life, not leading to anything, is very commonly depicted by Katherine Mansfield, and she did a good job with it, for she was only putting her own feelings into words.

Katherine Mansfield was not only good at creating moods, but she was excellent at transmitting emotions. "It seems best to be grateful for a few scenes in which we recognize the emotions as true and to which we can respond with emotion of our own, passages in which true things seem to be happening

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(31) K. M. Late at Night, p. 300

to actual people, passages that have some wit or grace in them, some beauty of prose..." (32) Real people's, ordinary people's feelings and emotions, and common ones, are the ones Katherine Mansfield transmits in most of her stories, illuminated and clarified through Miss Mansfield's sensibility itself. Emotions affect the reader more if they increase the circunference of his own experience. The reader will live the experience if he can be identified with it, and the highest plan of fiction is that in which the reader can experience a moment of emotion purer and more intensely than he can feel by himself. And this is what Katherine Mansfield achieves in her writing, she is able to transmit emotions and feelings as stronly as any reader can feel them. That is the reason why her writing is even more widely liked as times goes by, and more people get in contact with her. The feelings and emotions she depicts are those that anybody can feel, that is why they do not become old-fashioned. And now, over thirty years after Katherine Mansfield's death, those emotions are the same, for they are universal in scope, and every day, more translations of her works are being published in various languages, more editions of the English ones are printed, and more biographies of her are being written. Her emotions will be felt always.

A slight variation from the third kind of Katherine

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(32) De Voto, p. 13

Mansfield's character sketches, is presented in the stories which do not portray a mood, but only transmit one or several feelings of the characters. It is finely represented with Something Childish but Very Natural, a story of two youngsters portrayed in the emotions of their first love. It is wrapped in tender, enveloping warmth; it is a story written from a pure heart. Edna is "over sixteen" and Henry "nearly eighteen". Spring atmosphere is felt by Henry as follows:

> "The most thrilling day of the year, the first real day of Spring had enclosed its warm delicious beauty even to London eyes. It had put a spangle in every colour and a new tone in every voice, and city folks walked as though they carried real live bodies under their clothes with real live hearts pumping the stiff blood through." (33)

The story is really Henry's. It opens and closes with him and focuses throughout upon his figure. His adolescent feelings are portrayed when reading a poem:

> "He could not have done with the little poem. It was not the words so much as the whole air of it that charmed him! He might have written it lying in bed, very early in the morning, and watching the sun dance in the ceiling. 'It is "still", like that, 'thought Henry. I am sure he wrote it when he was half-awake some time, for it's got a smile of a dream on it." (33)

He meets Edna in a subway train and he feels immediately attracted to her. He feels she is conscious of it, and when they first talk it is about something as unimportant as his apologizing for not wearing a hat, and her answering that she knew

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(33) K. M. Something Childish but Very Natural, p. 165

he had one on because it had left a mark. Henry feels all the happiness and excitement of a young boy who is perfectly understood:

> "Why on earth should those words have made Henry feels so free suddenly and so happy and so madly excited? What was happening between them? They said nothing, but to Henry their silence was alive and warm. It covered him from his head to his feet in a trembling wave. Her marvelous words, "It's made a mark,' had in some mysterious fashion established a bond between them. They could not be utter strangers is she spoke so simply and so naturally." (34)

They went on seeing each other every week in the subway, and their conversations were still as simple, yet they felt they understood each other perfectly. One day, she leaned her elbows on her knees and cupped her chin in her hands.

> " 'That's how I often sit when I'm angry and then I feel it burning me up...Silly?'
> 'No, no, not a bit! said Henry. 'I knew you did. It's your sort of weapon against all the dull, horrid things.'
> 'However did you know that? Yes, that's just it. But however did you know?'
> 'Just knew 'smiled Henry. 'My God! he cried, 'what fools people are. All the little pollies that you know and I know. Just look at you and me. Here we are - That's all there is to be said. I Know about you and you know about me - we've just found each other - quite simply - just by being natural. That's all life is - something childish and very natural. Isn't it?' " (35)

They felt they were one exactly alike to the other:

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(34) K. M. Something Childish but Very Natural, p. 168
(35) ibid, p. 171

> " 'Then you're just like me! said Henry. The wonder of that was so great that he almost wanted to cry. Instead he said very solemnly: 'believe we're they only two people alive who think as we do. In fact, I'm sure of it. Nobody understands me. I feel as though I was living in a world of strange beings - do you?'
> 'Always'." (36)

The reader comes to realize Edna as much through Henry's consciousness as through her direct participation in the scene. The theme of the story is her shy withdrawal, as a sensitive girl, before the physical manifestation of love. She would not let Henry touch her, hold her hand, help her off with her coat, and least of all kiss her, and Henry was confused:

> "Why did he want to touch her so much and why did she mind? Whenever he was with her he wanted to hold her hand or take her arm when they walked together, or lean against her, not hard, just lean lightly so that his shoulder should touch her shoulder - and she wouldn't even have that. All the time that he was away from her he was hungry, he craved the nearness of her. There seemed to be confort and warmth breathing from Edna that he needed to keep him calm. Yes, that was it. He couldn't get calm with her because she wouldn't let him touch her. But she loved him. He knew that. Why did she feel so curiously about it? Every time he tried to or even asked for her hand she shrank back and looked at him with pleading frightened eyes as though he wanted to hurt her. They could say anything to each other. And there wasn't any question of their belonging to each other. And yet, he couldn't touch her." (37)

Edna's explanation to her peculiar attitude was simple:

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(36) K. M. Something Childish but Very Natural, p. 172
(37) ibid, p. 173

> " 'Oh', she sobbed, 'I do hate hurting you so. Every time you ask me to let - let you hold my hand or - kiss me I could kill myself for not letting you. I don't know why. I don't even! She said widly. 'It's not that I'm frightened of you - it's not that - it's only a feeling that I can't understand myself even. Somehow I feel it once we did that - you know - held each other's hands and kissed it yould be all changed - and I feel we wouldn't be free like we are - we'd be doing something secret. We wouldn't be children any more .. silly, isn't is? I'd feel awakward with you, Henry, and I'd feel shy, and I do so feel that just because you and I are you and I, we don't need that sort of thing." (38)

So Henry promised not to even mention it again if she was not frightened any more. London became their play-ground; they explored on Saturday afternoons and they found their own village. From this point on, the story turns to be real and fantastic at the same time, for the young lover's imagination flew away every time they discovered something. One day, when they were out in the woods, and fantasy mixed more than ever with reality, Edna, of her own accord, made her resistance melt because she had at last been taken out of herself, and leaning on Henry's shoulder, let him put his arm round her and kiss her. She had been acting differently all day and it was just that she had got over the former feeling. They started weaving fancies more than ever, and the ending of the story is so vague, in its fantasy, that the reader loses conscience of reality and fantasy.

The technique of the story is a mixture of action with

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(38) K. M. Something Childish but Very Natural, p. 174

day-dreaming. Back-ground and scene are copiously established at the beginning of the narrative, and the idyllic but slow and peculiar relationship is developed at last. From the time they kiss for the first time until the end of the story, the lovers' fantasy mixes so throughly with reality, that the ending is vague. Yet the most outstanding feature in the story is the transmission of the simple and idealistic emotions of the two adolescents, in all their purity, beauty and lack of malice. The happiness felt about that first love is expressed in Edna's words:

> "If I start flying suddenly, you'll promise to cath hold of my feet, won't you? Otherwise I'll never come down. Oh, I am so happy. I'm so frightfully happy! " (39)

The two characters in the story are not in a particular mood: they are in love but that is an emotion, a universal emotion, which is transmitted to the reader by means of the two adolescents' love.

Most of Katherine Mansfield's character sketches are psychological studies. She has thought and felt characters into existence, growing them into relationships and situations that produce emotions. To achieve this she has cut into the minds of her characters and exposed cross-sections of what she sees, through her own mind: this is a subjective method. And in most of her character sketches she mixes the subjective

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(39) K. M. Something Childish but Very Natural, p. 179

with the objective method, which is confining herself to observation and reporting of external things, leaving the reader to gather the implications of what he sees. The result of combining these two methods in this case, is modern psychological writing. It is modern in that it reflects the deepest inwardness of our time. In this kind of writing we are asked to see into the characters, to make deductions from our view, and at the same time to live for ourselves the experience with which we are confronted. The author is not in sight, for she tries to give us the illusion constantly that we are experiencing what is happening. From being spectators we have become participants. Sometimes we are even taken into certain minds where we do not care to stay, and this reflects our own taste and feeling; in life we meet all kinds of people, not only agreeable persons. Katherine Mansfield has the ability of making us live inside her characters, and of experiencing their emotions.

The conception of character and action in modern writing differs vastly from that in earlier fiction. To portray character, several devices that were unknown by writers before this century, as the use of time-shift, stream of consciousness, and interpretative techniques of modern psychology, making the writing turn inward down to the lower levels of consciousness for its material, may be used. Action, therefore, is accorded a subsidiary role. And this is what Katherine Mansfield does with her characters. To be able to

portray them she goes into their minds and expresses their feelings by means of day-dreams, interior monologue, and stream of consciousness, which are the characteristic features of modern psychological writing.

When a character day-dreams, the writer is going into his consciousness and expressing his feelings in a mixture of reality and fantasy, as an escape from reality. Therefore, the different characters have different kinds of day-dreams, as they have a different psychological personality. A young character's day-dream is different from that of an adult. Rosabel looks out of the windows and the lights striking on the panes turn the dullness of the street into opal and silver, and the jewelers' shops look like fairy palaces. And in her fancy she is the most famous woman at a ball that night; men pay her homage, and a foreign Prince desires to be presented to this English wonder. Henry sees the apple trees full of angels and sugar almonds in the deceptive evening light, and he lets his fantasy go so much that he does not know if he is living or imagining things; when he is sure it is reality, he is afraid it might turn into a dream, and he is also afraid of his dreams becoming reality. The first love emotions make him feel as sleepy, and if he closed his eyes; he is happy and does not feel time passing by. Edna also relates her emotion to sleepiness, and she feels like being under the sea, so sweet and so still. Ian French, the painter about whom so many women were interested, but could not understand him, imagined the story of

the girl he saw everyday through his window, for whom he only lived, even if he had never spoken to her:

> "Whom did she live with? Nobody else came to those two windows, and yet she was always talking to someone in the room. Her mother, he decided, was an invalid. They took in sewing. The father was death... He had been a journalist, very pale, with long moustaches, and a piece of black hair falling over his forehead. By working all day they just made enough money to live on, but they had no friends." (40)

His fantasy is of a different kind to that of the youngsters, but yet it is fantasy, for it is something made up in this imagination. And Mr. Peacock's fancy is still of other kind: his artistic life and the flatteries of some people make up his own fantastic world. Children's fantasy is of a different sort:

> "As little B watched the sparrows on the grey frozen grass, they grew, they changed, still flapping and squeaking. They turned into tiny little boys, in brown coats, dancing, jigging outside, up and down outside the window squeaking "Want something to eat, want something to eat!! " (41)

Interior monologue is different from day-dream in that the latter is always related to fantasy, and the former is merely the consciousness of the character expressed in a logical way, but it may or may not be related to fantasy. The term "interior monologue" has been used interchangeably with

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(40) K. M. Feuille D'album, p. 328
(41) K. M. A Suburban Fairy-Tale, p. 313

the term "stream of consciousness", but they are two completely different things. The term "monologue" was taken from association with the theatre, and it does not convey the idea of flux of the mind. The traditional monologue has the sense of speaking alone: the character gives the audience logical and reasoned thoughts, and even if they represent inner reflection, they are structured in a certain way; they have been distilled from the fluid stream of consciousness. "The term' interal monologue' becomes merely a useful designation for certain works of fiction of sustained subjectivity written from a single point of view, in which the writer himself narrows down the stream of consciousness and places us largely at the center of the character's thoughts - that center where thought often uses words rather than images." (42) Katherine Mansfield uses both internal monologue and stream of consciousness in her stories of character sketches to make her characters render their innerness. Here is an example of an interior monologue: reasoned and ordered thoughts, conveyed in words, and structured logically:

> "Oh, be sincere for once. She flopped down on the bed and hid her face in the pillow. I was not in love. I wanted somebody to look after me - and keep me until my work began to sell - and he kept bothers with other men away. And what would have happened if he hadn't come along? I would have spent my wretched little pittance, and then - Yes, that was what decided me, thinking about that then. He was the only solution. And I believed in him them. I thought his work had only to be recognized

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(42) Edel, p. 86

> at once, and he'd roll in wealth. I thought perhaps we might be poor for a month - but he said, if only he could have me, the stimulus... Funny, if it wasn't so damn tragic! Exactly the contrary has happened." (43)

The writer of "stream of consciousness" conveys the disordered thoughts of the characters as they seem to come into their minds, and he renders a deeper innerness: that where the consciousness is expressed in images more than in words. He begins to use increasingly vivid metaphors which pile up image upon image and the artist in prose finds himself functioning as a poet, for he needs symbols to communicate his feeling. When he attempts to create the illusion of a mind flowing with thought and image and impression, he turns to be a symbolist poet. "The stream of consciousness novel approaches the condition of poetry because the writer holds one medium only with which to create his work. He has words as the musician has sound and the painter has color. The novelist sets out to use words to render the very iridiscence and bloom of life or to frame in syllables the light and the dark moments of memory and feeling." (44) If the author succeeds in drawing the reader into the consciousness of the character, he should be able to make the reader feel with him if identification is achieved. The images and metaphors expressed by consciousness may be appreciated in the following piece of stream of consciousness:

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(43) K. M. The Swing of the Pendulum, p. 112
(44) Edel, p. 185

> "For all these gay things round her were part of her - her off-spring - and they knew it and made the largest, most vehement claims. But now they must go. They must be swept away, shooed away - like children, sent up the shadowy stairs, packed into bed and commanded to go to sleep - at once - without a murmur!
> For the special thrilling quality of their friendship was in their complete surrender. Like two open cities in the midst of some vast plain their two minds lay open to each other. And it wasn't as if he rode into hers like a conqueror, armed to the eyebrows and seeing nothing but a gay silken flutter - nor did she enter his like a queen walking soft on petals. No, they were eager, serious travellers, absorbed in understanding what was to be seen and discovering what was hidden - making the most of this extraordinary absolute chance which made it possible for him to be utterly truthful to her and for her to be utterly sincere with him.
> And the best of it was that they were both of them old enough to enjoy their adventure to the full without any stupid emotional complication. Passion would have ruined everything; they quite saw that. Besides, all that sort of thing was over and done with for both of them; he was thirty-one, she was thirty - they had had their experiences, and very rich and varied they had been, but now was the time for harvest-harvest." (45)

The images and metaphors here are vivid: the things around her are gay, so they are compared to noisy children who must be sent away to bed; the shadowy stairs are perhaps the course of life, difficult and sometimes dark; their friendship is compared to open cities, and the vast plain where they are situated is life again, seen from a different angle; he is described as not being an armed conqueror, giving way for the reader to imagine a soft man, and she is not a queen walking soft on petals, so she is a common, ordinary woman; both per-

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(45) K. M. Psychology, p. 315

sonalities are joined in the definition of them as eager, serious travellers, marking once more their attitude by being absorved in understanding what is to be seen and discovering what is hidden; and finally harvest time has come for them, that is to say they have already lived and worked and now they may recollect. Images and metaphors appear disorderly.

The term "stream of consciousness" was given to the subjective states reported in writing, by William James in a brilliant account of psycology of thought in 1890; Principles of Psycology, and it has been the tendency of writers in this century to use it as a device. He explained that there was a need to digest the thoughts of the characters and translating sensations into words, for thought is so elusive, that it is gone in a moment and it is not even the sane when aprehended by conscience. But that there is a possibility of the artist creating the illusion that we are inside the mind of a character, by making real the intense emotions supposedly felt by him. He called the illuminating of situation and character through one or several minds the "point of view," which is the center of his esthetic idea of psychological writing, for once the reader is within a given mind, he has the point of view of that particular mind.

Another device used in modern psychological writing is "time-shift", which Katherine Mansfield used often as one of her means of quietly unfolding character. This manner

of presenting a story using variation of tense, is familiar enough today, but Miss Mansfield was one of the first writers to use it, and her handling of time is her own. The works of two major figures in English literature have made the use of time-shift a commonplace in the novel; Joyce's, A Portrait of of the Artist as a Young Man was published in 1916 and Ulysses in 1922, and Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway in 1925 and Orlando in 1929; and Katherine Mansfield's The Tiredness of Rosabel was published in 1908, and The Daughters of the Late Colonel in 1920. Both of Miss Mansfield's stories use time-shift as a device, the former in an immature way, shifting tense and scene at the same time, and the latter discarding the mechanism of scene-shifting and capturing a narrative economy in transition from scene to scene playing with time backwards and forwards with great narrative skill.

Time-shift is a way of distributing the expository matter, breaking the sequence into fragments and losing all continuity with the changing of tense; but subjective writing by transferring the events to the mental plane, can dispense with ordinary chronological sequence and forward moving continuity, for these are valid only for external standards, and have no justification in the evocation of mental processes where associative memory follows purely private and individual laws of sequence. In modern psychological writing the characters do not proceed in regular progression through time from one point to another; their actions, thoughts and feelings are looked upon by linking present, past, and future, and the whole of their experience is

implicit in any moment of their present, for there are not past and future as such, only a growing present involving them. "The focus of presentness shifts continually; the relative pastness and presentness are deliberately dissolved; the tenses are confused or rather fused, so that the past is felt not as distinct from the present but included in it and permeating it. Every moment is conceived as the condensation of earlier history, and the past is not separate and completed but an ever-developing part of a changing present." (46) Therefore, past, future, and present merge in the mind; we suddenly call up a memory of childhood that is chronologically of the distant past, but in it the memory becomes instantly vivid and is relived for the moment that is recalled, and the same thing happens with imagination of future events. So, in setting down in writing the thoughts as they are passing through the mind of the character, the novelist is catching and recording the present moment. James Joyce, who is considered the master of modern psychological writing, wanted to catch the present, the immediate moment of perception, and he called it an "epiphany", applying the religious word to his artist's vision. Time-present was all important to him, yet in his characters' minds, the three time-levels are depicted. The psychological writer must only deal with psychological time, which posseses its own time measure different within each individual, and widely

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(46) Mendilow, p. 104

different from chronological time. It may be observed that Katherine Mansfield, as she got more mature in her writing, developed a remarkable ability for the time-shift technique. She very seldom favoured chronological narration, rather an alternation of present, past, and future with scenes juxtaposed to heighten the emotional effect she wanted to render. She achieved the "subtle variation of tense" (47) she sought.

Katherine Mansfield's character sketches may be classified into groups. The first is the one portraying women, in their different manifestations and ages, and it may be subdivided into ranks: young women, married women, lonely ones, old ones, and a small group of various kinds of women. The group of women portrayal is the broadest one.

Katherine Mansfield portrayed four different young women in The Tiredness of Rosabel, At Lebmann's, The Little Governess, and Je ne Parle pas Francais. In the first one, Rosabel depicts a mood of tiredness rather than a character; it has already been analyzed. The other three are character portrayal: Mouse is a flat character, only known to the reader as a fragile and scared woman, and she has also been already presented. The other two stories portray young women at the mercy of a predatory male. Sabina works at Lehmann's and she is the very image of innocence. As most of Katherine Mansfield's characters she is not physically described, but we know about her

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(47) K. M. Journal, p. 200

from the way she acts:

> "She flew from one table to the other, counting out handfuls of small change, giving orders to Anna through the slide, helping the men with their heavy coats, always with that magical child air about her, that delighted sense of perpetually attending a party." (48)

The story is related to the painfulness of childbirth, for the woman who owns the café is about to have a baby. Sabina does not know anything about childbirth but that it hurts, and while she waits on the customers, she wonders about it. A young man comes into the café and after being waited on by Sabina, he follows her to the little room where the coats are kept, and kisses her, placing his hands on her breasts. She gets free from him and runs away just in the moment when the owner of the café is screaming and the baby is being born. The story stops at that point; no further explanation is given, but the reader is left with the terribly bitter feeling that Sabina lost her childlike innocence by relating her own feelings when she was kissed, with what she did not know about childbirth. It is one of the stories written very early, when Katherine Mansfield was influenced by the naturalistic movement, and it shows a violent revulsion against the male. The little governess is also a young and unexperienced girl who experiments a great shock when she is kissed by an old man. She had gone abroad to work, and had met an old man in the train who talked to her all the time and acted as nicely

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(48) K. M. At Lehmann's, p. 73

as a grandfather. The contrast is expressed by her youth and his old age, her simplicity and his lust. She can not even believe it is true when it happens:

> "It was a dream! It wasn't true! It wasn't the same old man at all. Oh, how horrible! The little governess stared at him in terror. 'No, no, no! 'she stammered, struggling out of his hands. 'One little kiss. A kiss. What is it? Just a kiss, dear little Fraülein. A kiss! He pushed his face forward, his slips smiling broadly; and how his little blue eyes gleamed behind the spectacles! 'Never - never. How can you! "She sprang up, but he was too quick and he held her against the wall, pressed against her his hard old body and his twitching knee and, though she shook her head from side to side, distracted, kissed her on the mouth. On the mouth! Where not a soul who wasn't a near relation had ever kissed her before..." (49)

Although the themes of both stories are very similar, the stories themselves are not, and the characters are depicted in quite a different way. They are full, round characters, and all they have in common is their youth, and being kissed when they did not expect it.

Two married women are portrayed in Bliss and Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding, and both depict a mood in which they feel. Bertha feels bliss; she has already been analyzed, and Frau Brechenmacher on the contrary, is portrayed with the feeling of "What for?" "What's the use?" Her lack of interest, despair and loneliness are manifest, she is devoured by the physical aspects of domesticity. The wedding she attends is not a marriage of love, and the bride's sordid history is

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(49) K. M. The Little Governess. p. 213

repeated. On her way home, her husband reminds her of her ignorance on their wedding night, and she thinks:

> "Now they had five babies and twice as much money: but "Na, what is it all for?' she muttered, and not until she had reached home, and prepared a little supper of meat and bread for her man did she stop asking herself that silly question" (50)

> " 'Always the same; she said - 'all over the world the same; but God in Heaven - how stupid! Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt." (51)

Five stories present lonely women: Late at Night, Pictures, The Singing Lesson, Miss Brill, and The Canary. In all of them the feeling of loneliness is expressed in an outstanding way for it was Miss Mansfield's own feeling during most of her writing years, and she knew all its manifestations and how to express them. The first one is just, as we have seen, the depiction of the feeling of loneliness by means of the girl's interior monologue. Pictures portrays Miss Ada Moss as a full character. She is a contralto singer who is getting old and fat and can not find a job. She is desperate because she is completely out of money and the housekeeper wants her to leave her room. She goes out to look for a job, knowing in advance she will not find one. There is bitterness against life, felt between the lines, for Miss Moss is a respectable woman who has had a good education and now is out of luck. The character is presented

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(50) K. M. Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding, p. 61
(51) ibid, p. 62

first by her dialogue with the housekeeper, and later intermingling her interior monologue at times, stream of consciousness at others, with objective descriptions of her looking for a job. At the climax-ending of the story, she has to resort to disreputable ways as her only chance to subsist:

> "The stout gentleman considered her, drumming with her fingers on the table.
> 'I like 'em firm and well covered,' said he.
> Miss Moss, to her surprise, gave a loud snigger.
> Five minutes later the stout gentleman heaved himself up
> 'Well, am I goin' your way, or are you comin' mine?' he asked.
> 'I'll come with you, if it's all the same,' said Miss Moss. And she sailed after the little yatch out of the café." (52)

The Singing Lesson is a very minor story portraying two moods in a music teacher, and the tempo or rythm of the prose expressing them, changes with them. At first she is depressed because her fiancée has just decided that he is not a man to marry, and the song she is teaching to the girls in the class in also sad; but she receives a telegram letting her know about his changing his mind, and her songs turn sweet, gay and happy. It is the opposite from Bliss; here the feeling is first sad and later blissful. It was probably written as an excercise for changing the prose rythm. Miss Brill and The Canary portray lonely older spinsters. Miss Brill is a teacher whose only joy in life is going to the concert in the park on Sunday. She buys herself a fur to wear, which is a symbol of herself

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(52) K. M. Pictures, p. 401

in the story, and at the emotional climax a girl in the park ridiculizes it. The very ending of the story exaggerates the pathos when Miss Brill, very hurt, puts the fur away, and in my opinion the story loses so much with it that the feeling it was to render is spoilt:

> "She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying." (53)

The woman in The Canary is so lonesome because her canary died, and it was her only company. The story is merely interior monologue expressing the woman's love for the bird while it lived and how it kept company to her, and now her loneliness. It is not the bird's death what makes the reader appreciate the feeling of loneliness: it is the fact of the woman not having anybody to care for; and not living for any purpose, and her resignation. It was Katherine Mansfield's last complete story, published before her death.

The stories portraying old women are The Wrong House, The Lady's Maid, Life of Ma Parker and The Daughters of the Late Colonel. The first one is a minor story which depicts an old lady who is by herself in her house, and she sees, through the window, a funeral coming. It stops at her door and she is frightened to death because she is the only one in. The feeling portrayed is her fear. And, of course, it is the wrong house. Also minor is the second one mentioned.

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(53) K. M. Miss Brill, p. 554

The Lady's maid tells her story in the semidramatic form used in Two Tuppeny Ones, Please. It is really a monologue, for she is supposed to be talking to someone, but the other's replies are merely exclamation and interrogation marks. She had devoted her whole life to her lady, giving up even marriage for her sake. She is all she has. Very different from this character is Ma Parker, a hardworking woman towards whom life has been cruel. She works cleaning up houses, and she has lost everything she ever had; even her grandson, who was all she had lately, had died of consumption. The story is related by the author, buy laying out what went on in Ma Parker's consciousness. The choice of sordid detail, reduction of imagery, and adaptation of language to Ma Parker's personality, establish the proper tone for the story. The most important of the stories portraying old women is The Daughters of the Late Colonel, in which Constantia's character is supposed to have been drawn from Miss Ida Baker. This story is considered among Katherine Mansfield's best work. The story centers on two spinster sisters, Constantia and Josephine, in a series of scenes which shows them in relationship to various members of their narrow world. Chronologically, the story takes place in a week's time, but psychologically it goes bach and forth, interlacing past and present. Their life is revealed in the present, in the immediate past and in the distant past that made them what they are. They always lived dominated by their invalid father, and now that he died they do not have a reason to live for, but yet their timid, subjugated spirits cling to their pitiful

unimportant pleasures, and to their dreams about the future, which they do not even dare to expose. Each scene is a moment of revelation of their hidden natures and a link for the new one. The story is made up of twelve scenes. The ending of the last one is very effective as to leave in the reader the feeling of their way of being. Constantia wanted to tell her sister something frightfully important about the future, but she was interrupted by Josephine and then both waited for each other:

> " 'I... I'd rather hear what you were going to say first,' said Constantia.
> 'Don't be absurd, Con.'
> 'Really, Jug.'
> 'Connie!
> 'Oh, Jug! '
> A pause. Then Constantia said faintly, 'I can't say what I was going to say, Jug, because I've forgotten what it was... that I was going to say!
> Josephine was silent for a moment. She stared at a big cloud where the sun had been. Then she replied shortly, 'I've forgotten too'. " (54)

The last group of women's stories comprises four of different kinds: The Swing of the Pendulum, A Blaze, Taking the Veil, and A Cup of Tea. All of them are minor stories. The first one depicts the woman's feelings towards her husband and towards a man she happens to meet, whose attitude make her turn back to love her husband, whom she thought she didn't care for. It is presented in her interior monologue and dialogue with the other man, intermingled with narration. The second one is also the presentation of a woman's feeling to-

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(54) K. M. The Daughters of the Late Colonel, p. 483

wards another man, but this one is a friend of them and she is only playing a game with him. The first one depicts a woman wanting to live a new experience and the second one a frivolous woman. The third one: Taking the Veil, is the portrayal of a young girl who suddenly falls in love with an actor she sees in a play, and decides not to marry her fiancée. This story goes on mostly in her mind, so when she decides her only chance in life is to take the veil, she reacts with a small detail and she is still in time to live the life she and her boy friend had planned, and to be happy. It is a rather absurd story, but well written, as well as the last one: A Cup of Tea. It presents a rich, extravagant woman who picks up a girl who asked her for the price of a cup of tea in the street, and takes her home to have tea with her. She feels she is a heroine by doing so, but when her husband comes and says she is pretty, she merely gives her some money and lets her go away. These four stories present merely a mood of each character, not the characters themselves.

There is not such a wide range among Katherine Mansfield's male characters, but they can be classified too. The ones that stand apart are Raoul Duquette of Je ne Parle Pas Francais, Ian French of Feuille d'Album, and Peacock, in Mr. Reginold Peacock's Day, which have already been analyzed. Andreas Binzer, who appears in A Birthday portrays the predatory male of whom Katherine Mansfield's younger women characters are so afraid, and The Fly depicts a bossy man who has never thought of anything but his business and making money. Both charac-

ters have many peculiarities taken from Katherine Mansfield's father, who is so well portrayed as Stanley Brunell in the New Zealand stories. The Man Without a Temperament has the characteristic of not being apparantly very manly, not having character, power, or will. It was surely drawn out from Murry, about whom I have talked in Katherine Mansfield's emotional life. In this story, the man keeps turning his signet ring on his finger all the time, as if it were the bound which had him tied to his invalid life. An explanation is given somewhere in the story of a doctor having told him that his wife would live only two more years, at most. It is a very good story, presented from the man's consciousness, with a great deal of stream of consciousness. It is also built, like some other Katherine Mansfield's longer stories, on different scenes, each revealing a new aspect of his relationship to his wife and illumination the next scene. An Ideal Family and Six-pence depicts moods of male characters. The former presents and old man feeling he is of no use to his family any more and remembering good old days, and the latter presents a man's repentance after beating his little son the first time as a punishment, and his attitude towards his son. Both are minor stories.

Katherine Mansfield's man-woman relationship sketches can be divided into two main groups, where only a few stories do not fit; one is an unhappy relationship because the woman is the victim of a predatory or an indifferent male, an example being This Flower, in which the couple suspects she is going

to have a baby, after living both of them irregular relations, and he is relieved when the doctor says it is a false alarm; and all the stories mentioned before in which a predatory or an indifferent male appear. The second group comprises the stories in which the situation is reversed: the man loves and the woman does not. In this group, five stories may be included: Revelations, The Escape, Marriage à la mode, Poison and Mr. and Mrs. Dove. All of them but the last one present a new type of woman in Katherine Mansfield's characters: the modern metropolitan woman for whom she has no affection. This type is always callous, temperamental, selfish, and unreasonable. These women demand the servile, undeviating attention of their men; their hypersensitive nerves can not endure the slightest strain. They are self-conscious, egocentric beings, and Miss Mansfield utilizes when describing them, their own syncopated accent of speach in her prose. These are some of the "sophisticated failures" of which Katherine Mansfield has been blamed. In Mr. and Mrs. Dove it is not the same situation. The birds simbolize a couple of youngsters of which he is Mr. Dove, always begging for her, and she refusing, as Mrs. Dove. The three following stories do not fit the two groups: Honeymoon is a different situation. Both of them love each other deeply, but a rather insignificant incident makes her realize they really do not know each other and they do not understand one another. Psychology depicts by means of the stream of consciousness of him and her, intermingled, a very special relationship of friendship that is about to finish

and become a nothingness. This story is important as a study in the stream of consciousness technique, for Katherine Mansfield achieves the mixing of both consciousness in a diaphony. (55) A Dill Pickle is an encounter of a boy and a girl who had gone together six years ago and now meet again just by chance. The story intermingles reality in objective description, narration, and the expression of her consciousness, with remembrances of old times. He had been in love with her at that time and now he says he understands why she thought the whole affair silly. On her part, she does not think it foolish any more and is hurt, even when she is not repentant. Her feeling is a very peculiar one. All of the stories of man-woman relationship, depict a special situation besides portraying the characters.

The two remaining groups of Katherine Mansfield's stories are of adolescents and children. Adolescents are portrayed in two stories: Something Childish but Very Natural, and The Young Girl. The first one has already been analized in detail, and the second depicts the feeling of a young girl at the stage when people expect her to act as an adult but they treat her like a child. While her mother goes into the casino, she is left with a woman friend of her mother outside, for she is still not allowed to go in. She is terribly humiliated and that feeeling is the one depicted.

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(55) Mendilow relates literature with music, calling the technique of using two unrelated plots, a diaphony, and several unrelated plots a polyphony. They correspond to the "motifs" in music. Each follows a different course, and they get together at a certain moment.

Children will not be analyzed here any more because Katherine Mansfield's best children's portrayal belong to the New Zealand stories, and they will be throughly analized in that chapter. Two stories will be mentioned here, though: How Pearl Button was Kidnapped and Sun and Moon. The first one depicts a little girl in her relationship to some gypsies who kidnapped her, and the second portrays a boy and a girl in their emotions the first time they are taken down to watch a party of grown-ups. The names are allegorical, but the children have nothing extraordinary in them. Children portrayal was one of Katherine Mansfield's best traits in writing, and although these two are minor stories, the children are very well portrayed.

## NEW ZEALAND STORIES

The New Zealand stories are presented in a different way from the character sketches. Some of them are autobiographical in one way or other, and others just have New Zealand as the setting. Katherine Mansfield wrote them to revive memories of her childhood, to make her native country known to the rest of the world, and, specially, as a homage to the memory of her brother, who died during the war and with whom she had spent so many happy and unforgettable moments. We find her resolution to write about New Zealand in her Journal, on January 22, 1916, when she felt the people who lived or whom she wished to bring into her stories didn't interest her any more, and the plots of her former stories left her perfectly cold because they were not near her:

"Now-now I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is a sacred debt that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thoughts I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.
Ah, the people, the people we loved there - of them, too, I want to write. Another debt of love. Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World. It must be mysterious, as though floating. It must take the breath. It must be one of those islands...'
I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry-basket squeaked at 75. But all must be told with a sense of mystery, a radiance, an afterglow, because you, my little sun of it, are set. You have dropped over the dazzling brim of the world. Now I must play my part.
Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. The almond trees, the birds, the little wood where you are, the flowers you do not see, the open window out of which I lean and dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your photograph looks sad. But specially I want to write a kind of elegy to you... perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of special prose." (1)

Katherine Mansfield wrote poetry also, and most of it deals with New Zealand, specially the poems written from 1909 to 1910 in most of which her brother appears. It is unrhymed poetry: very short poems full of feeling, but without a great value as poetry. Several of her poems written in the period 1911-1913 are set also in New Zealand or are about someone in Katherine Mansfield's family, and from the

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(1) K. M. Journal, p. 43

poems written at Villa Pauline, in 1916, one is specially dedicated to her brother after his death, and some others remember their native land. The last period in which she wrote poetry was 1917-1919; some of the poems are longer ones and some are also related to New Zealand. Some verses of her childhood were gathered by members of her family, and, of course, they are related to New Zealand, for she lived there at that time. As a whole her poetry is not very good; it is just an emotional transmission of feeling. She achieved much more in her short stories, even in transmitting the feelings she had about her native country.

The New Zealand stories are, perhaps, the most well known and liked of Katherine Mansfield's stories and the ones that have been printed most. The general reader may not know they were written as a homage and felt as an elegy by Katherine Mansfield to her brother, but he feels the poetic vein in them, even though they are written in prose, in the very special prose she spoke about in her journal. The love and dedication that the author put in them are felt between the lines.

While writing these New Zealand stories, Katherine Mansfield was "working with memory to the end of autobiography and to the subtler end of fiction. The common ground on which both stand is in their attempt to render the truth of experience." (2) She achieved her purpose of rendering the truth of experience, for as the reader is going through the different passages of

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(2) Edel, p. 164

the stories, he feels that the characters are real, and that what they think and do is really going on.

In all probability she was not reproducing in her stories exactly what had happened but what she knew would appeal to the reader's sensitiveness as a recreation of reality. She had to do it that way, for the real experience and feeling are gone the moment after they happen, and it is the artist's problem to recreate the experience, even if he has to use different means to create the illusion of reality. The best compliment Katherine Mansfield had while still living, about one of these New Zealand stories, was the fact that the printer exclaimed, while reading the material and getting it ready for the press: "But these children are real." (3)

The New Zealand stories are direct in treatment. They are dramatic, if we understand by this term that they have similar characteristics to that of the drama, as confinement to a narrow scene and to one complex of life. We can apply to these stories what Muir says about the dramatic novel: "The reason for the isolation of the scene in the dramatic novel is obvious enough. Only in a completely shut-in arena can the conflicts which it portrays arise, develop, and end inevitably. All the exits are closed." (4) The closed arena Katherine Mansfield chose for these sto-

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(3) K. M. Journal.- introduction by J. Middeton Murry, p. XV
(4) Muir, p. 59

ries is New Zealand, but not as the whole country. She chose people who lived in New Zealand and put them in the New Zealand atmosphere to make them real New Zealanders, but she circumscribed the scene even more. In some of these stories she chose a family, the Burnell family, and all the members of it are presented in different situations and times, feeling and acting. The conflicts do not develop and end, for Katherine Mansfield's stories generally don't have a denouement after the climax. The situation and the conflict are presented almost at the climax and nothing is resolved, leaving the reader to end it in his own mind. But yet they are dramatic because with the closeness of the space in which they develop, and having all the exits closed, intensity is achieved in feeling, acting, and living, and this is the main charasteristic of dramatic writing: the plot is intensive. "The dramatic novel, while not altering its settings, shows us complete human range of experience in the actors themselves. It is an image of modes of experience." (5) This is exactly what Katherine Mansfield shows us in her characters, different modes of experience, complete human range of experience. This will be proved later on, when the New Zealand characters and their experiences are analyzed.

Some authors do not accept the term "dramatic" for this kind of literature and rather use the term "objective", which in my opinion is more confusing. Wellek and Warren say: "Ob-

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(5) Muir, p. 60

jective is the better term to use, since dramatic might mean dialogue or action behaviour (in contrast to the inner world of thought and feeling); but quite clearly it was the drama, the theater, which instigated these movements. The objective method must not be thought of as limited to dialogue and reported behavior. Its triumphs have been in the presentation of that psychic life which the theater can handle but awkwardly. Its essentials are the voluntary abscence from the novelist, and instead, the presence of the controlled point of view." (6) In the New Zealand stories about the Burnell family, the author is absent as such, even if she is present to give a vivid light to the writing, but she is not omniscient. The point of view is controlled; this is to say, the story is told as seen by one of the characters at a time, and the others are external to him. But, Wellek and Warren say also that: "A characteristic technical device of the objective novel is the stream of consciousness and interior monologue." (7) The term is confusing at this point because if the objective method uses stream of consciousness and interior monologue, as a characteristic technical device, which are subjective in essence, the term "objective" for the method is confusing.

The setting for the New Zealand stories is, of course, New Zealand. We get, in them, descriptions of nature in that country:

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(6) Wellek and Warren, p. 232
(7) ibid, p. 233

> "All that day the heat was terrible. The wind blew close to the ground; it rooted among the tussock grass, slithered along the road, so that the white pumice dust swirled in our faces, settled and sifted over us and was like a dry-skin itching for growth on our bodies. The horses stumbled along, coughing and chuffing. Hundreds of larks shrilled; the sky was slate colour, and the sounds of the larks reminded me of slate pencils snaping over its surface. There was nothing to be seen but wave after wave of tussock grass, patched with purple orchids and manuka bushes covered with thick spider webs." (8)

The description is vivid and the reader feels its life, even if he doesn't know it is typical of New Zealand because of the tussock grass, the color of the sky, and the manuka trees. In some cases, the fact that it is New Zealand is remarked:

> "There is no twilight in our New Zealand days, but a curious half-hour when everything appears grotesque - it frightens - as though the savage spirit of the country walked abroad and sneered at what it saw." (9)

With such a description as the former, the author achieves the mysterious sense she wanted to give to these stories about her country. With other descriptions she gets the effect of radiance and after-glow that she also sought:

> "Long pencil rays of sunlight shone through and the wavy shadow of a bush outside danced on the gold lines." (10)

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(8) K. M. The woman at the store, p. 124
(9) ibid, p. 124
(10) K. M. Prelude, p. 222

> "Dawn come sharp and chill with red clouds on a faint green sky and drops of water on every leaf and blade. A breeze blew over the garden, dropping dew and dropping petals." (11)

Katherine Mansfield remembers the flowers her brother does not see and describes them for him and for the readers:

> "The camellias were in bloom, white and crimson, and pink and white striped with flashing leaves. You could not see a leaf on the syringa bushes for the white clusters. The roses were in flower - gentleman's button-hole roses, little white ones, but far too full of insects to hold under anyone's nose, pink monthly roses with a ring of fallen petals round the bushes, cabbage roses on thick stalks, moss roses, always in bud, pink smooth beauties opening curl in curl, red ones so dark they seemed to turn back as they fell, and a certain exquisite cream kind with a slender red stem and bright scarlet leaves." (12)

This description would perhaps be too sweet, femenine, and flowery, in the two meanings of the word, under a romantic atmosphere, or with another type of character, but at the moment of the description, a little girl, Kezia, is the one who is observing and admiring the flowers, and the small details like "too full of insects to hold under anyone's nose", give the impression of reality and vividness instead of an overflowered atmosphere.

We get the feeling that we are somehow floating, with her description of the sea:

> "Ah - Aah! sounded the sleepy sea. And from the bush there came a sound of little streams

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(11) K. M. Prelude, p. 231
(12) ibid, p. 239

> flowing, quickly, lightly, slipping between the smooth stones, gushing into ferny basins and out again; and there was the splashing of big drops on large leaves, and something else - what was it? - a faint stirring and shaking, the snapping of a twig and then such silence that it seemed someone was listening." (13)

This is a fragment of the first part of At the Bay, where Katherine Mansfield describes not only the sea, but the minutest details of nature around it: the beach, the rising of the sun, some piled-up masses of broken rock between which a flock of sheep came pattering, the trees at the distance, the morning breeze, the shepherd of the flock merely as part of the landscape. Beautiful descriptions they are, written in that special prose she meant to use to revive her country and make it known to the rest of the world, and if not known, imagined, for she suggested more than she really said, in a language that could be poetic prose as well as unrhymed verse. This first part of the story is merely the setting to which later on the characters will be brought and in which every one will act his part from his own point of view and his own consciousness. Later in the story, she describes the sea again, but this time to prepare the reader, with its calmness, to one of the character's daydreams:

> "The tide was out; the beach was deserted; lazily flopped the warm sea. The sun beat down, beat down hot and fiery on the fine sand, baking the grey and blue and black and white-veined pebbles.

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(13) K. M. At the bay, p. 264

> It sucked up the little drop of shells; it bleached the pink convolvulus that threaded through and through the sand-hills. Nothing seemed to move but the small sand-hoppers. Pit-pit-pit. They were never still." (14)

Not only does Katherine Mansfield describe nature of her country when she writes the stories set in New Zealand. She also describes houses, towns, interiors, for she tried to revive experience and life that she remembered from the past, and life does not go on only in open nature: The following is an example of a very good description of a summer colony:

> "The green blinds were drawn in the bungalows of the summer colony. Over the verandas, prone on the paddock, flung over the fences, there were exhasted-looking bathing-dresses and rough striped towels. Each back window seemed to have a pair of sandshoes on the sill and some lumps of rock or a bucket or a collection of pawa shells. The bush quivered in a haze of heart; the sandy road was empty..." (15)

Not all the descriptions of atmosphere or setting are of beautiful or even nice things. In some of the stories we also get a sordid and ugly atmosphere for the story to take place in, as in the store lost beside an actually untravelled road, where:

> "Flies buzzed in circles round the ceiling and treacle papers and bundles of dried clover were pinned to the window curtains." (16)

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(14) K. M. At the bay, p. 280
(15) ibid, p 281
(16) K. M. The woman at the store, p. 127

> "In the stifling room, with the flies buzzing against the ceiling and dropping on the table..." (17)

Katherine Mansfield is also particularly good in describing strange atmospheres and settings, like the following:

> "A strange company assembled in the Burnell's washhouse after tea. Round the table there sat a bull, a rooster, a donkey that kept forgetting it was a donkey, a sheep and a bee. The wash-house was the perfect place for such a meeting because they could make as much noise as they liked, and nobody ever interrupted. It was a small tin shed standing apart from the bungalow. Against the wall there was a deep trough and in the corner a copper with a basket of clothes-pegs on top of it. The little window, spun over with cobwebs, had a piece of candle and a mouse trap on the dusty sill." (18)

The reader can imagine animals are not so but children playing animals, but the way the scene is introduced is a witty one, full of interest and novelty that makes the reader want to be one of the animals in the game.

If Katherine Mansfield didn't achieve completely what she wanted, to make her country known to the whole world by her New Zealand stories, at least she made herself known by them, and by knowing her and enjoying her stories, the reader is bound to think about New Zealand as the native country of the great writer.

The New Zealand stories can be classified into four groups:

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(17) K. M. The woman at the store, p. 131
(18) K. M. At the bay, p. 287

the first one is composed by four stories dealing with the Burnell family, which was Katherine Mansfield's own family, and they are: The little girl, Prelude, At the Bay, and The Doll's House. The second group is made up of five stories in which the characters are not named Burnell, but even with different names they are easily recognizable as some of the Burnell family: The Wind Blows, The Garden Party, The Stranger, The Voyage, and the unfinished story Six Years After. The third group consists of three mystery stories set in New Zealand, in which the characters have nothing to do with the Burnell family, but which could only have been possible in the environment of the restricted situation of the colonial New Zealand of that time: The Woman at the Store, Millie, and Ole Underwood. Finally, the fourth group is made up of different kinds of stories that we know have been set also in New Zealand from the research made by Katherine Mansfield's biographers and critics, but that could have happened anywhere: Her First Ball, New Dresses, A Birthday, and the unfinished story Weak Heart. It makes a total of fourteen complete and two unfinished stories that Miss Mansfield set in New Zealand, from the seventy-three stories that make up her whole production of complete stories, and fifteen of the unfinished ones that had meaning enough to be published.

We know that Katherine Mansfield had in mind writing more stories set in New Zealand, for before she died unexpectedly, she was thinking of another book of her stories

to be published. "The evidence available is in three parts: the list of 'Stories for my next book' drawn up on October 27, 1921; the six stories that were actually completed (only one of which figures in the original list); and four unfinished stories, together with a dozen or so of apparently abandoned openings. The list names nine projected stories, giving the briefest notes on their 'ideas', sufficiently only to prevent them from flying away. Of these nine, no fewer than six are marked 'N. Z.' while fragments show that three were concerned with bereavement. But The Doll's House was the only one of the original nine to be completed." (19)

The first group of stories deals with the Burnell family, and they are the stories in which the autobiographical element is present in the highest degree, for the author was writing about her own family with different names, related all of them to the originals. "Burnell itself was the middle name of her mother, as Harold Beauchamp's mother before her marriage was Mary Elizabeth Stanley. Surely it is not by accident that these two names are conjoined in Stanley Burnell (the father). The name of the grandmother, Mrs. Fairfield, is no more than Beauchamp "Englished", and Aunt Beryl is not very far removed from Aunt Belle, Mrs Beauchamp's younger sister. Charlotte, Miss Mansfield's older sister, retains her own name in the diminutive Lottie; Pat Sheehan, the Beauchamp's gardener-coach-

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(19) Alpers, p. 327.

man, his christian name as Pat the handy man; and Kezia is as close as one could come to Kass (the way they called Kathleen Beauchamp at home in New Zealand.) Later, in "The Doll's House", the little Mackelveys, the village washerwoman's children who attended the Karori Primary School, were to appear as the Kelveys, merely shorn of their initial syllable." (20)

If we take the stories in chronological order, the first one in which a member of the family appears is in "The Little Girl." The character is Kezia; she appears for the first time and we don't even know she is a Burnell, but she has already some of the peculiarities the Kezia in the other New Zealand stories will have. She is over-sensitive, afraid of her father, and she loves her grandmother more than anything. The father and the grandmother appear as such and with no names but "father" and "grandmother." The mother appears also but just as a faint figure. It is a very short story but a very good one. Kezia is a perfectly well described little girl. Katherine Mansfield stands out for her wonderful characterizations of children, and this child, although the story was written in 1912 when Miss Mansfield was very young, is a real child who feels and acts as such. The opening of the story gives us in a magnificent example of literary economy, the feeling of the little girl towards her father:

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(20) Berkman, p. 88

> "To the little girl he was a figure to be feared and avoided. Every morning before going to business he came into the nursery and gave her a perfunctory kiss, to which she responded with "Good-by, father." And Oh, the glad sense of relief when she heard the noise of the buggy growing fainter and fainter down the long road." (21)

To Kezia, her father was something very great and inaccessible; "He was so big - his hands and his neck, specially his mouth when he yawned. Thinking about him alone in the nursery was like thinking of a giant." (22) The little girl was so scared about him that she stuttered when she spoke; only in front of him, never with other people. Kezia was very fond of making "surprises" for her people, and when she heard it was going to be father's birthday, she followed her grandmother's suggestion of making a pincushion for his present. Looking for scraps, she couldn't find anything better than a great many sheets of fine paper which she tore into many pieces to fill the cushion. It happened to be father's great speech for the Post Authority. When she was asked if she had seen the papers, she very naturally and child-like answered: "Oh, yes. I tore them up for my s prise." She got a good whip on her hands that she never forgot, for she couldn't understand and only kept repeating, "But it was for your b-birthday! " Whenever she saw her father, after that, she put both hand behind her back and flushed, thinking "What did Jesus make fathers for?" Once she saw the boys next door turning the hose on

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(21) K. M. The little girl, p. 138
(22) ibid, p. 139

their father "turn the hose on him - and he made a great grab at them, tickling them until they got hiccoughs. Then it was she decided there were different kinds of fathers." (23) We find Stanley Burnell, the father, in all the stories he appears, with this characteristic: always too busy to care about the children; it is always his business or his wife he thinks about; far from his children and inaccessible for them, unapproachable.

Kezia was not only afraid of her father, she was also fearful of the dark, of being alone, of being hurt. Once she had to stay home with her father only, because her mother felt ill and she drove to town with the grandmother. Kezia was terrified: "What'll I do if I have nightmare? I often have nightmare, and then grannie takes me into her bed - I can't stay in the dark - it all gets whispery.... What'll I do if I do?" (24) And she did have it, waking up crying for her grannie. The father went to see her and "Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor father! Not so big, after all - and with no one to look after him.... He was harder than the grandmother, but it was a nice hardness.... And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr. Mackdonald (the neighbour).... She had torn up all his beautiful writing.... She stirred suddenly, and sighed. 'What's the

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(23) K. M. The Little Girl, p. 141
(24) ibid, p. 141

to Linda again for two more scenes, one with Jonathan, her brother-in-law, and the other with Stanley, who is terribly sorry and apologizes for not kissing Linda in the morning (and she does not even remenber), and both men are contrasted. When she is talking to Jonathan, "The sun had set. In the western sky there were great masses of crushed-up rose-coloured clouds. Broad beams of light shone through the clouds and beyond them as if they would cover the whole sky. Over-head the blue faded; it turned a pale gold, and the bush outlined against it gleamed dark and brilliant like metal." (32) Scene twelve, similarly to Prelude, is devoted to Beryl, who wonders: "Why does one feel so different at night? Why is it so exciting to be awake when everybody else is asleep? Late - it is very late! " (33) And then an unpleasant episode with Mr. Kember is depicted. The last scene, as we have seen, is merely a closing for the story: stillness.

From the way the different characters of the Burnell family act, feel, and are portrayed they can be perfectly analyzed as a close friend or a member of one's family can be analyzed by his reactions. Stanley Burnell, the father, the head of the family, is, first of all, a business man who evaluates all material things in terms of money. When he buys the new house, he is really proud of himself, and says to his wife:

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(32) K. M. At the Bay, p. 293
(33) ibid, p. 295

> "As the morning lengthened whole parties appeared over the sandhills and came down on the beach to bathe. It was understood that at eleven o'clock the women and children of the summer colony had the sea for themselves." (29)

Here, the exact hour is marked, not only the approximate time. The scene is devoted to Beryl and to two new characters: Mr. and Mrs. Kember. As in Prelude, in the sixth scene, Linda day-dreams, and it is also very significant because with her reflections we get the clue to several details for which we couldn't find an explanation in both stories: she doesn't love her children; never has and never will. In the seventh scene time is marked again:

> "The tide was out; the beach was deserted; lazily flopped the warm sea. The sun beat down, beat down hot and fiery on the white sand." (30)

Kezia and the grandmother are portrayed before taking their siesta, and the idea of death appears, taken in their different levels: child, old woman. It is faced in a different way by Alice, the servant girl, and Mrs. Stubbs, a friend of her and another new character in the story, in scene eight, when "The sun was still full on the garden..." (31) The ninth scene is the equivalent of the duck-decapitation in Prelude; all the children are together "after tea" playing animals, and they get frightened, when it is getting dark, by a strange noise, reflecting their emotions. The point of view shifts

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(29) K. M. At the Bay, p. 293
(30) ibid, p. 280
(31) ibid, p. 284

not a climax or a denouèment, either. Particularly the last sentence "All was still" is felt as specially fitted for the end of the story and of the day. The same technique of Prelude is used here, only introducing time as the main element for the story. It is the method Virginia Woolf will use later as a device, specially in Mrs. Dalloway, only emphasized in a different way. Miss Mansfield usually does not mark the exact hour, only the point of the day it is: morning, twilight, night, and Miss Woolf remarks always the exact time it is: by the Big Ben at Westminster striking the hour, or by any other clock marking the exact hour with clock-like precision, under which the characters act and go back to old memories; but the real time in this novel is marked every half hour or an hour, opposit to psychological time, that covers present, past, and future. The different scenes in At the Bay are united by time. This story goes on in one day and in it the time element is very important. It starts at "Very early morning" and the first part is devoted to physical description of the bay, scenery of the story, where Stanley Burnell arrives trying to be the first one there and finds Jonathan Trout already bathing, in the second scene. A little later, in the third scene, Stanley is getting ready to go to town, but his stick is lost so he goes away without kissing Linda meaning a punishment. All the women in the house are relieved when he is gone. After a while, the children go to the beach, in the fourth scene, and in the fifth, time is marked again at the beginning:

is specially focused in her day dreams. The sixth is a significant scene because Linda and Kezia meet near the aloe, which is the principal symbol of the story, and both are perfectly depicted by their feelings about it: one as a little girl, the other as the fragile, day-dreaming mother. Scene seven is devoted to Stanley, the father, and his relations to everybody, and scene eight to the Burnell children and their cousins Pip and Rags. The ninth scene is the one around which the others are gathered: it is the duck-decapitation by Pat, the handy-man, in front of all the children. It is a highly emotional scene showing the reactions of all the children. Contrasting with this scene is the next one, in which the duck is already cooked and served for supper, and Alice, the maid, and Aunt Beryl are depicted and contrasted. The scene before the last is devoted again to Linda and the aloe, and the last to Aunt Beryl. At the very end Kezia appears to call her for lunch.

At the Bay is divided into thirteen scenes, although the last one is only a brief description of a cloud:

> "A cloud, small, serene, floated across the moon. In that moment of darkness the sea sounded deep, troubled. Then the cloud sailed away, and the sound of the sea was a vague murmur, as though it walked out of a dark dream. All was still." (28)

The reason for using this small piece of lyrical prose as a whole scene, was to give a closing to the story, which has

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(28) K. M. At the Bay, p. 299

> by either the performance or non-performance of some action on the part of the character." (27)

All the characters are in the trap suggested by him, and those traps are merely the circumstances, the environment, that wieghs on the inner self of the characters as in real life the environment of a person is either a burden or a relief for him.

The different scenes of Prelude take place in a period of almost two days, and they are presented in chronological order, but the element time in this story is not as important as it will be in At the Bay, where it is what gives the unity. One or more characters are dealt with in every scene, but seen from the point of view of one of them. In the first scene, Lottie and Kezia are left with a neighbour because there is no more place for them in the buggy. The children are presented in some of their characteristics, as well as the neighbour, the asthmatic Mrs. Samuel Josephs. In the second scene, Kezia goes to the empty house and is awfully frightened. The storeman comes to take them to the new house. The third is the journey; Kezia and Lottie fall asleep, they arrive to the new house and the other characters are introduced in it. The fourth scene is the going to bed of the different members of the family, and the fifth is the getting up of all of them, where Linda, the mother,

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(27) Bement, p. 80

she would later use in several of her longer stories. She divided the whole into parts, twelve in this case; we may call them scenes, as we are comparing these stories to drama. In each of them, the point of view of the story shifts to one of the characters, about whom we find out not only what he does but what he thinks, how he feels, his fears, joys, and everything about him. The reader gets to know how the different characters live, how they dress, what they eat, and how they feel, in a varied and pleasant reading. The whole is built on the unit of Kezia and specially around one significant scene, equivalent to Joyce's epiphany which is the duck decapitation part, where the little girl is revealed as the over-sensitive child. The story does not end, as most of Katherine Mansfield's stories; the characters are simply presented in various scenes, each one of them with its own smaller epiphany, acting in different ways, affected all by the moving to another house, and reacting according to thei inner self. But, nevertheless, the story is dramatic. "Either non-action or action can form the basis of dramatic action,"(26 says Bement, when he explains his concept of dramatic writing:

> "The reader's emotion is aroused by a trapped character. A character in a trap is said to be in a dramatic situation. This dilemma may be occasioned either by the character himself, or some other character, or by some outside event or circumstance. Deliverance may come or not, depending on the idea of the story. In either case the outcome can be accomplished

(26) Bement, p. 79

Prelude and At the Bay, we get a complete view of them. The characters, not only children, for whom Miss Mansfield has always been highly praised, but the grown-ups, too, are so good perhaps because by appearing in several stories they have the chance to grow fully, to be presented in all their facets and under different points of view.

Prelude was first conceived as The Aloe, and it was not until the author reviewed it carefully, making some small changes in the characters and in her style in order to attain a more subtle and powerful prose, that she changed the name to Prelude. It was named The Aloe because that tree had been taken as a symbol and to give unity to the story by relating directly or indirectly everything to it; later, when it was changed, unity was achieved by means of Kezia, the little and sensitive girl. The similarities and differences between The Aloe and Prelude will not be studied here; it is only mentioned to show that Miss Mansfield's prose, as powerful as it is, was not always spontaneous, but the result of a careful revision and hard-working. A study of this subject has already been undertaken by Miss Silvia Berkman for Wellesly College.

Prelude is the story of the Burnell family changing to a new house in the country. Until Katherine was six years old, the Beauchamps lived at 11 Tinakori Road, in Wellington, and they moved to Karori, a Little village a few miles off. For the first time, Katherine Mansfield attempted to use a special structure for her story, that

matter?' asked the father. 'Another dream?' - 'Oh,' said the little girl, 'my head's on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, father dear.' " (25)

It is a beautiful ending for the story, so full of feeling. The sensitive Kezia appears as such, portraying Miss Mansfield when she was a little girl, showing her ability to recapture the living heart of childhood experience. The story is a simple one, with only the portrayal of the character of the girl, and the transmission of feeling to the reader. No complication of structure or further problems appear in the story; only the slight but moving incident.

When Prelude and At the Bay were written, the first in 1916 and the second published in 1922, Miss Mansfield had had enough practice in short story writing and had developed her technique. These two stories are, probably, the two most perfectly structured ones among her stories and part of her best work. At the Bay was conceived as the continuation of Prelude, although it was published six years after the first. The same characters appear in it, the Burnell family, and two or three new ones or which had not been emphasized before. These stories are autobiographical and the characters are all perfectly well designed and described. They are members of Katherine Mansfield's family that had come to life again in scenes that happened in the past. The reader gets to know the characters as well as the writer, and in the New Zealand stories, speciall

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(25) K. M. The Little Girl, p. 142

> "The thing that pleases me is that I've got the place dirt cheap, Linda. I was talking about it to little Wally Bell today and he said he simply could not understand why they had accepted my figure. You see, land about here is bound to become more and more valuable... in about ten years' time... of course we shall have to go very slow and cut down expenses as fine as possible." (34)

He was so proud of himself that the first morning in the new house, he was delighted even with the weather. "He was enormously pleased. Weather like this set a final seal on his bargain. He felt, somehow, that he had bought the lovely day, too -- got it chucked in dirt cheap with the house and the ground." (35) He was also proud of his physical appearance. "He was so delighted with his firm, obedient body that he hit himself in the chest and gave a loud 'Ah'... I haven't a square inch of fat on me. Feel that." (36) Somehow, his vigour set him apart from his frail wife, whom he loved more than anything. "At the sound of her his heart beat so hard that he could hardly stop himself dashing up the steps and catching her in his arms... Burnell slint the glass door, threw his hat down, put his arms round her and strained her to him, kissing the top of her head, her ears, her lips, her eyes." (37) He was usually too busy to care about his children, but with Linda it was different, and watching all his family "he tightened his arm round Linda's shoul-

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(34) K. M. Prelude, p. 230
(35) ibid, p. 232
(36) ibid, p. 232
(37) ibid, p. 243

der. By God, he was a perfect fool to feel as happy as this." (38) And he was so hurt to feel Linda didn't express her love for him as he did. When he came back after a long day without having kissed Linda in the morning meaning a punishment for her:

> "He leapt across the flower bed and seized her in his arms.
> - 'Forgive me, darling, forgive me,' stammered Stanley and he put his hand under her chin and lifted her face to him.
> "Good God! You can't have forgotten. I've thought of nothing else all day. I've had the hell of a day. I made up my mind to dash out and telegraph, and then I thought the wire mightn't reach you before I did. I've been in tortures, Linda."
> 'Linda' - Stanley was very hurt! 'Didn't you realize I went away without saying good-by to you this morning?' " (39)

And, as that kind of man would surely do, he loved good food and would have sworn it in a court of law, if necessary. He didn't like his wife's brother-in-law, the idealistic Jonathan Trout, but he couldn't precisely know why; yet he was deeply bothered that morning at the bay when he founded him already there. This character appears in At the Bay merely to contrast him with Burnell. Unlike him, Jonathan has never been a success. Linda finds him attractive and wonders why he is only an ordinary clerk if "one felt he was gifted, exceptional. He was passionately fond of music; every spare penny he had went on books. He was always full of new ideas,

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(38) K. M. Prelude, p. 244
(39) K. M. At the Bay, p. 295

schemes, plans. But nothing came of it all. The new fire blazed in Jonathan, but a moment later it had fallen in and there was nothing but ashes." (40) He felt it was stupid and infernal to have to go back to work to the office, where he felt like a prisoner with nobody ever going to let him out. He explained his situation metaphorically: "I'm like an insect that's flown against the windows, flop against the ceiling, do everything on God's earth, in fact, except fly out again." (41) He asks himself questions about it and gives the answer to them: "Why don't I fly out again? There's the window, or the door, or whatever it was I came in by. It's not hopelessly shut - is it? Why don't I find it and be off? - I'm exactly like that insect again. For some reason - it's forbidden, it's against the insect law, to stop banging and flopping and crawling up the pane even for an instant." (42) This is a perfect example of the dramatic situation of the story; the character is entrapped and the action consists of a non-action: a failure of the character to act at a critical moment. Trout's real motive for being that way is also analized by himself: "It's not as though I'm tremendously tied. I've two boys to provide for, but, after all, they're boys. I could cut off to sea, or get a job up-country, or - Suddenly he smiled to Linda and said in a changed voice, as if he were confiding a secret - Weak... weak. No stamina. No anchor.

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(40) K. M. At the Bay, p. 292
(41) ibid, p. 292
(42) ibid, p. 293

No guiding principle." (43)

Those are the two perfectly well designed male characters in the New Zealand stories of the Burnell family. The femenine characters are Linda, the mother, and Aunt Beryl. The grandmother is also present but it is not given the same importance to her as to the other two, and the secondary characters appear to contrast to the principal: Mrs. Kember, Mrs. Samuel Josephs and Alice, the maid.

Linda is portrayed as a frail and dreamy woman. She was never too close to her children, because grandmother and Beryl were always there to take care of them. She didn't have to take care of the house, either, or to be bothered about anything. She was the queen, who was not to suffer or have pains or troubles. And she constantly day-dreamed; in her imagination things had the habit of coming alive. "But the strangest part of this coming alive of thigs was that they did. They listened, they seemed to swell out with some mysterious important content, and when they were full she felt that they smiled. But it was not for her, only, their shy secret smile; they were members of a secret society and they smiled among themselves. What Linda always felt was that they wanted something of her, and she knew that if she gave herself up and was quiet, more than quiet, silent, motionless, something would really happen." (44) So she used to stay still as though floating up in the air,

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(43) K. M. At the Bay, p. 293
(44) K. M.. Prelude, p. 234

listening, "waiting for something to happen that just did not happen." (45) In Prelude, we find the aloe as a symbol of herself, as a fortress where she could hide and nobody could get near: "Looking at it from below she could see the long sharp thorns that edged the aloe leaves and at the sight of them her heart grew hard... She particularly liked the long sharp thorns... Nobody would dare to come near the ship or to follow after." (46) The aloe made her dream, and that dream was for her more real than actual reality: "She dreamed that she was caught up out of the cold water into the ship with the lifted oars and the budding mast. Now the oars fell striking quickly, quickly. They rowed far away over the top of the garden trees, the paddocks and the dark bush beyond. And she heard herself cry: Faster! to those who were rowing. How much more real this dream was than that she should go back to the house where the sleeping children lay and where Stanley and Beryl played cribbage." (47) Her day-dreaming was her way of running away from reality, and she expressed it consciously in wishes, sometimes: "She whished that she was going away from this house, too. And she saw herself driving away from everybody and not even waving." (48) A special device is used by Katherine Mansfield with Linda's day-dreaming. She makes her think of something and uncounsciously relate it to another thing, so that by associating the ideas, a thought

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(45) K. M. Prelude, p. 235
(46) ibid, p. 257
(47) ibid, p. 257
(48) ibid, p. 232

or symbol works in a dual form, symbolizing two different things or people. This appears when Linda is thinking of her Newfoundland dog:

> "For she really was fond of him; she loved and admired and respected him tremendously. Oh, better than anyone else in the world. She knew him through and through. She was the soul of truth and decency, and for all his practical experience he was awfully simple, easily plased and easily hurt... If only he wouldn't jump at her so, and bark so loudly, and watch her with such eager, loving eyes. He was too strong for her, from a child. There were times when he was frightening - really frightening. When she just had not screamed at the top of her voice - 'You are killing me' - And at those times she had longed to say the most hoarse, hateful things..." (49)

Unconsciously, Linda is relating her dog to her husband, both of which she loved, respected and admired, but at the same time she hated. Physically, she was very delicate; she had heart trouble and the doctor had said she might die any moment, and she felt always conscious of it. So she felt both her husband and her dog were too strong for her, and she hated them for it. She goes on thinking, now about her husband: "It had never been so plain to her as it was in this moment. There were all her feelings for him, sharp and defined, one as true as the other. And there was this other, this hatred, just as real as the rest." (50)

Her love for him was a special one, she didn't love the Stanley every one saw, but the timid, sensitive, inno-

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(49) K. M. Prelude, p. 257
(50) ibid, p. 258

cent Stanley knelt down every night to pray and who longed to be good. But she saw that Stanley very seldom only in glimpses, moments, and the rest of the time was terrible, with so much vigour and activity about her.

The despair Linda always feels in, is explained by herself. She feels life absurd, laughable, and thinks it is a mania of hers to try to keep alive, if life has no meaning for her: "Why I am guarding myself for so preciously? I shall go on having children and Stanley will go on making money, and the children and the garden will grow bigger and bigger, with whole fleets of aloes in them for me to choose from." (51) And a cry comes from deep in her heart while she feels that life comes like a wind and she is seized and shaken: "Oh, dear, would it always be so? Was there no escape?" (52) Her real grudge against life, what she could not understand, the question she asked and asked and listened in vain for the answer, was about why did she have to go on living like that. It was all very well to say it was the common lot of women to bear children. It wasn't true. She, for one, could prove that wrong. She was broken, made weak, her courage was gone through childbearing. And what made it doubly hard to bear was, SHE DID NOT LOVE HER CHILDREN. It was useless pretending. Even if she had had the strength she never would have nursed and play with the little girls. No, it was as though a cold breath had chilled her through and through on each of

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(51) K. M. Prelude, p. 258
(52) K. M. At the Bay, p. 278

those awful journeys; she had no warmth left to give them. As to the boy - well, thank Heaven, mother had taken him; he was mother's, or Beryl's or anybody's who wanted him." (53)

Beryl, Linda's sister, is different. She is a hard-working woman but she is always boasting about it. When she gets tired, she pretends to be even more tired than she really is, and pretends even to herself; she enjoys feeling as a martyr of circumstances: If only she had money of her own, or if she didn't have to live in that beautiful house but so far away from everything, things would be different. "Why must she suffer so? She was not made for suffering." And she has developed a false self which appears to everybody. She feels miserable and always acts a part, and feels she does because she is so miserable. If she had been happy and leading her own life, her false life would cease to be, she thought. The real Beryl was only a shadow, for only tiny moments she was really herself. At those times she felt: "Life is rich, and mysterious, and good, and I am rich, and mysterious, and good, too." The constant playing of a part made her feel restless and she gave way out of it by being mean to whom she felt inferior to her, as Alice, the maid. She made her feel low, talked to her in a special voice as though she wasn't quite all there, and she never lost her temper with her - never. Even when Alice dropped something or forgot something im-

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(53) K. M. At the Bay, p. 279

portant, Miss Beryl seemed to have expected it to happen. She was mean to the children, too. When Kezia asked the little Kelveys to see the doll's house, she scolded her and shoed the girls out as if they were chicken. She also day-dreamed, as Linda, only it was always only about an ideal man who was to come and take her away, to save her. She felt he had to come, "she coudn't be left; other people, perhaps, but not her. It was not possible to think that Beryl Fairfield never married, that lovely, fascinating girl." For, physically, she was a pretty, radiant girl who could be very nice and pleasant, specially shen she sang, played the guitar, played tennis or cards, and let herself be the real Beryl.

To contrast Beryl and to point out her physical beauty, Mrs. Kember is introduced in At the Bay. She was a long, strange-looking woman with narrow hands and feet, and long and exhausted-looking face; she was the only woman at the bay who smoked, and she smoked constantly and played bridge every day of her life. She had no vanity and treated men as if she were one of them, and spoke always in slang. Her husband was at least ten years younger than she was, and so incredibly handsome that he looked like a picture rather than a man, and he ignored his wife just as she ignored him. It was a mystery. And he was like a man walking in his sleep. The next to the last scene of At the Bay shows Beryl and Mr. Kember. She is looking out of her window when she sees a man coming towards her; she recognizes him and he asks her to go out for a walk. She does not want to, but at his insisting she comes

down and is sorry about it as soon as she finds out he grasps her and tries to kiss her. Suspense is achieved by uncertainty of outcome, and here it is resolved by action, opposite to the technique used by Katherine Mansfield with other characters, like Linda and Jonathan Trout. Suspense is an element of drama, inherent in short stories, too. "Unlike drama, which is substantive, suspense is adjective. It intensifies the drama by intensifying the element of uncertainty." (54) Beryl is a strong girl, who will not do anything out of the right and moral ways, so she frees herself and nothing further happens, but a very dramatic moment is depicted. It is noticeable by studying the primary and secondary characters of the New Zealand stories that the unimportant ones are physically described, like Mr. and Mrs. Kember, and the main characters are never directly described, either physically, morally or psychologically; we find out all about them by being inside of them and knowing how they act and feel, and how the other characters see them. But we never get to know about the physical features of them, as the color of their eyes and hair, their height, or weight.

The children portrayed by Katherine Mansfield are real, as that printer said. They are children by the way they act, think, play, reason, talk, and even pray. Little Lottie's prayer is:

"Gentle Jesus meek anmile,
Look pon a little chile

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(54) Bement, p. 82

> Pity me, simple Lizzie
> Suffer me to come to thee." (55)

and Kezia tells Pat, the handy man, about her family:

> "We've got a nuncle and a naunt living near our house. They have got two children, Pip the odest is called, and the youngest's name is Rags. He's got a ram. He has to feed it with a nemanuel teapot and a glove top over the spout. He's going to show us. What is the difference between a ram and a sheep?" (56)

Isabel, the eldest sister, is always bossy, proud, boasting, and self-sufficient. She was the one to tell the girls at school about the doll's house. She asked her little sister about every movement they made so that she could have them under her government, and she felt she ought to turn them in when they did something wrong, just because the grown-ups "should" know. She boasted about having special things for dinner, about being the only one to go with mother to the new house in the first trip, and about everything she could. She wouldn't let Kezia be a bee when they were playing animals, because "a bee is not an animal. It's a ninseck." And she felt Kezia "too little," and Lottie "a silly."

Lottie is a timid little girl who is always getting lost or losing people only to find them again, to her surprise, round the next tree or the next corner. She is always getting behind and pleading to the other children to wait for her. She found it fearfully hard to get over the stile, at the bay, by

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(55) K. M. Prelude, p. 229
(56) ibid, p. 225

herself. When she stood on the first step her knees began to wabble; she grasped the post. Then you had to put one leg over. But which leg? She could never decide. And when she finally put one leg over with a sort of stamp of despair then the feeling was awful. But she was of a very hopeful nature, and thought she was getting better at it. At the beach, "she liked to be left to go in her own way, please. And that way was to sit down at the edge of the water, her legs straight, her knees pressed together, and to make vague motions with her arms as if she expected to be wafted out to sea. But when a bigger wave than usual, and old whiskery one, came looping along in her direction, she scrambled to her feet with a face of horror and flew up the beach again." (57) She could never decide by herself, not even what animal she wanted to be in the game; she waited for the other children to decide for her. And when she could not follow the game, she did not want to play any more. The other children had to convince her because they knew what that meant. She would go away and be discovered somewhere standing with her pinny thrown over her head, in a corner, or against a wall, or even behind a chair.

Kezia, of all the Burnell family children, is the best depicted one. She is portrayed under all aspects and the minutest details. Perhaps it was easier for Katherine Mansfield to design this character for it was herself she was

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(57) K. M. At the Bay, p. 274.

presenting although with the feelings of a little girl. She is a little girl in every single detail, a lovable little girl because of the great love the author put in this character while portraying it. She was frequently frightened, specially when she was by herself and then she wanted to call someone to help her, but felt IT was just behind her, waiting at the doors, in the stairs, in the passage, ready to dart out. She felt hundreds of black cats with yellow eyes sitting in the sky watching her at night. And she hated rushing animals because she often dreamed they rushed at her, and while they were rushing, their heads swelled enormously. Not only did she have nightmares about animals, but she also imagined them alive, like the hundreds of parrots that persisted in flying past her in the hall of the Karori house, and that were only in the wall paper. She liked doing the things every child does, like rolling over down the grassy slope, even if she had to lay for a while after rolling, waiting for everything to stop spinning. She also liked to stand before a window feeling the cold shining glass against her hot palms, and watching the funny little tops that came on her fingers when she pressed them hard against the pane. She enjoyed playing, of course, all children's games: playing family, school, cooking, hide and seek, animals. When she played animals "she wanted to be a bee, frightfully, a tiny bee, all yellow furry, with striped legs, and drawing her legs up under her she felt she was a bee." She always

found a way to play, as the first night they spent in the new house, when they had not sheets, so she played Indians with her grannie and wanted her to be her Indian brave. Kezia was very fond of her grandmother, she was probably the one who was most close to Kezia, who loved her and understood her best, and "grannie" is portrayed with great love, also, even if she is not one of the main characters in the stories. She is merely a symbol of love, and since she had no apparent problems, not much time is devoted to her.

Kezia had also peculiarities of her own, like making "surprises" for presents. The one she made for grannie was an empty matchbox where she put a leaf with a big violet lying on it, then a small picotee on each side of the violet and then all that was sprinkled with some lavender; this kind of surprises were always very successful. She could not understand grown-ups at times and thought them unfair, like the day she was scolded for digging a river down the middle of her porridge, filling it, and eating the banks away; she did that every morning and no one had said a word until that day. And the night Pat was taking her and Lottie to the Karori house, she couldn't understand why her eyes kept curling up in such a funny sort of way if she was not an atom bit sleepy, so she gave a long sight, and to stop her eyes from curling she shut them, and of course, she went to sleep. The sensitive Kezia appears at every step. When they were at the bay and Lottie could not get over the stile

by herself, she was the one who helped her. She ran back to her and told her where to put the other foot, showing her with her hand, and then made her sort of turn round and sit down and slide. She wouldn't leave Lottie by herself, as Isabel wanted her to do. And when all the children watched Pat cutting of the duck's head, and the headless body started waddling, all of them were very impressed,

> "but Kezia suddenly rushed at Pat and flung her arms round his legs and butted her head as hard as she could against his knees. 'Put head back! Put head back! ' she screamed. When he stopped to move her she would not let go or take her head away. She held on as hard as she could and sobbed: 'Head back! Head back! ' until it sounded like a loud, strange hiccup. Pat dragged Kezia up into his arms. Her sunbonnet had fallen back, but she would not let him look at her face. No, she pressed her face into a bone in his shoulder and clasped her arms round his neck." (58)

The fact that she is a child is also shown when Pat is trying to stop her crying; "she put up her hands and touched his ears. She felt something. Slowly she raised her quivering face and looked. Pat wore little round gold earings. She never knew that men wore earrings. She was very much surprised. 'Do they come on and off?' She asked huskily." (59) And she stopped crying as suddenly as she had begun, portraying the beautiful characteristic of children of smiling the moment after they have been desperately crying.

The idea of death as it appears in a child's mind is de-

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(58) K. M. Prelude, p. 251
(59) ibid, p. 252

picted in the chat Kezia and grannie have about the Australian Uncle William, who had died long ago. Kezia does not quite understand and keeps asking "why" about all the answers she gets, and then keeps asking: "Does everybody have to die? - Me? - What if I just won't?" And tells her grandma very decidedly: "You're not to die. - But you couldn't leave me. You couldn't not be here. - Promise me you wont ever do it. Promise, say never!" (60) And she starts tickling her grannie who tickles her back, and even if she keeps saying "Say never... say never... say never...," she has forgotten what the never is about.

Pip and Rags are the Trout boys, the little cousins of the Burnell girls, who often played with them, "Pip, because he could fox them so and because Lottie was so easily frightened, and Rags for a shameful reason. He adored dolls. How he would look at a doll as it lay asleep, speaking in a whisper and smiling timidly, and what a treat it was to him to be allowed to hold one." (61) Even if Rags is timid, both little boys are boys in their plays. Pip stands on his head, plays with the dog, feels the master of the situation all the time and calls the other children "sillies" if they are afraid. When they play animals, he is the bull, and gives such a tramendous bellow that it scares the children. Rags is a sheep, he is always something less than his brother, and when the duck is beheaded he asks if the head will keep

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(60) K. M. Prelude, p. 283
(61) ibid, p. 247

alive if he gives it something to drink, to which Pip answers "Bah, you Baby." He loves to be mysterious about her "finds" in the sand, making the rest of the children promise they won't say, and making it a very important thing, as the finding of "a nemeral" at the bay. The Trout boys are two very well portrayed little boys.

The characters of the Burnell family are so well depicted that they seem to live. As Katherine Mansfield wrote these stories she was living again her childhood experiences. She used to say that a place could be judged by how vividly one could recall the past, and that she lived in the past in her New Zealand stories, because there was life in them. She was very pleased about it and wrote to a friend:

> "It is a good as I can do, and all my heart and soul is in it... every single bit... It is so strange to bring the dead to life again. There's my grandmother, back in her chair with her pink knitting, there stalks my uncle over the grass: I feel as I write, 'You are not dead my darlings. All is remembered. I bow down to you. I efface myself so that you may live again through me in your richness and beauty.' And one feels possessed." (62)

The Burnell children appear again in The Doll's House, not related to the rest of the family, but to other children of their own age. It is, like The Little Girl, a simple story without a complicated structure, dealing with a single incident, but set in the children's world. Some family friend has sent the girls a doll's house, with which they are so excited

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(62) Katherine Mansfield's Letters. Letter to Dorothy Brett.

they seem to be out of their minds. They talk about it at school and the doll's house becomes the one subject in all the children's minds. All come to see it but the Kelveys, who were the daughters of a washerwoman and a "gaolbird" and in front of whom a line had been drawn and the other girls were not allowed even to speak to them. The little Kelveys are Lil and Else, and they are described:

> "Lil, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lechy, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a night-gown and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with crapped hair and enormous solemn eyes - a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other." (63)

By calling the little one "our Else," Katherine Mansfield transmits to the reader a certain feeling towards the girl, of love, pity, and sympathy for her ugly looks and her

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(63) K. M. The doll's house, p. 573

shyness, for she is the ugly duckling in the children's world. Children are portrayed in this story in differents moods: excited when they see the doll's house, happy when they play at school, and proud and cruel when they want to be mean to the Kelveys. The children's cruelty is depicted in all its strength when one morning at school a girl wants to show out and to do something daring goes to Lil and asks her if she is going to be a servant when she grows up. The poor girl, instead of answering, gave only her silly, shamefaced smile, and "all the little girls rush away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Some one found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as that morning." (64)

As the aloe is the symbol around which Prelude spins round, in The Doll's House there is an object which is the center of attention: a little lamp that stands in the middle of the dining-room table, "an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe, filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it; but there was something inside that looked like oil, and that moved when you shook it." It was what Kezia liked most of all in the doll's house. The sensitive Kezia, bold and daring too, sees the Kelveys go past the house one evening, and as no one is looking, asks them in to see the doll's house. She had asked before several times if she could ask them in just once, but she was not allowed. So

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(64) K. M. The Doll's House, p. 575

Kezia is showing them the wonderful little house with all its beauties, when aunt Beryl comes and shooes them away. The story has a perfect ending to transmit the feelings of the Kelveys. When they are so far from the house that they can not be seen, they stop to rest under a tree, and our Else says she has seen the little lamp, and both are silent once more. The reader is left with great emotion to imagine their feelings for having seen something they never even dared to imagine they would.

The characters of the Burnell stories present a vitality and a completeness rarely met in the sphere of the short story that can stand any test applicable to any fictional character. Being set in the very definite environment of Katherine Mansfield's New Zealand, they achieve unequaled depth and lucidity. "The source of their distinction lies in the subtle penetration with which Miss Mansfield as a woman viewed the experience of her childhood, which she retained in living memory within herself." (65) Along with the characters' perfection as literary portraits, Miss Mansfield achieves in these stories a magnificent transmission of the feelings she seeks to transcribe. Willa Cather says that in them the author "communicates more than she actually writes" (66), and when analizing it, Miss Berkman says: "Miss Mansfield's secret can never be wholly captured: what she somehow manages to convey is that emotional vibration be-

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(65) Berkman, p. 201
(66) Cather, p. 137

tween character and character which we know through intuition in actual life, those filaments of intimate experience which determine the nature of our being and therefore of our happiness." (67) Under any aspect, these stories are excellent: in structure, characters, setting, environment, feelings transmitted, and emotion produced in the reader.

The stories of the second group of the New Zealand ones, are also set in New Zealand, and the characters, although not named burnell, are easily recognizable as the same people under different names. But in these stories the Burnell characters are not presented at the same stage as in the formerly analyzed stories: Katherine is no longer a child, and all the characters in the family have evolved. This group of stories is made up of five, one of which is the unfinished Six Years After. The other four stories are: The Wind Blows, The Voyage, The Garden Party, and The Stranger, the last two of them being considered as two of Katherine Mansfield's masterpieces. They rank among her best work.

Not all the members of the Burnell family appear in all of these stories, only in The Garden Party, where the girls are already adolescents. In The Wind Blows, only Matilda (Katherine Mansfield) and her brother appear, also as young people. This piece is the emotional turmoil of an adolescent girl, whose feelings can only be understood by her brother.

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(67) Berkman, p. 202

It will not be analyzed here but in the following chapter, as it is more important in other sense than as being set in New Zealand. In The Voyage, only Fenella (Katherine Mansfield) and her grandmother appear, travelling in the Picton boat, and there are a few glances at the father. The characters of The Stranger, and Six Years After are Katherine's mother and father: in the former story they appear when their children are still small, and in the latter when they are older. Their only son has already died, and when they are travelling on a ship, the mother listens to her son's voice, coming from the sea, and begging her not to forget him. The dead son wants his mother, calls her, and she thinks as an answer that she is coming as fast as she can. The parents have already been married for twenty-eight years, yet the father and the mother appear both under the same characteristics that they had in the Burnell family, and the son is idealized because he is dead. It is a pity that this story was not finished because it is very powerfully written, and the way in which the author transmits the mother's feeling of anguish for her dead son, is very good.

The Voyage is a minor story of a young girl travelling with her grandmother. The characters of Katherine Mansfield as a child and of her grandmother are clearly recognizable, but the plot is merely imaginative, not autobiographical. The atmosphere of the wharf at night before they get into the ship is lively described, as well the characters in it, among them the child, the father and the grandmother. The

good-bye to the father scene is particularly good as well as others already in the ship. It is not until after the middle of the story that the explanation of the reason for the trip is given: the girl's mother has died, and the feeling of the girl is expressed in simple words:

> "Oh, it had all been so sad lately. Was it going to change?" (68)

The atmosphere is also dark and sad: the silvery whithered trees showed like skeletons and the houses looked pale from the ship. It was cold and dark; the wool sheds, the cattle trucks, the cranes standing up so high, the little squat railway engine, all seemed carved from solid darkness. Men wore their caps pulled down, their collars turned up. A faint wind blew off the water. A bell rang, a whistle shrilled.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, John and Janey, are Katherine Mansfield's parents in The Stranger. He is endowed with the characteristic features of Mr. Burnell: nervous, hard looking, but tender towards his wife and desperately in love with her. She is characterized as a light, airy being who may at any moment fly away. He is at the wharf expecting his wife, who is coming by herself from Europe from visiting her daughter, who was married a year ago. He is terribly excited to get her back and eager to be able to have her to himself. The story begins showing Katherine's great ability to display the technique of economy in writing, when the period of waiting is nearly over.

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(68) K. M. The Voyage, p. 531

The ship has been stopped before arriving, and the atmosphere of non-motion increases the anxiety of the people waiting for the ship to come to the wharf:

> "It seemed to the little crowd on the wharf that she was never going to move again. There she lay, immense, motionless on the grey crinkled water, a loop of smoke about her, an immense flock of gulls screaming and diving after the galley droppings at the stern." (69)

Mr. Hammond's anxiety is expressed by his shrewed grey eyes narrowing and searching anxiously, quickly, the steamer. He buttons and unbuttons his coat, and looks at the time, or at nothing, in his watch, for the twentieth, fiftieth, hundredth time. He takes turns, up and down, up and down, walks as far as the cab-stand and comes back. The reader shares his anxiety and tension. Under the prolonged stress, his figure emerges with intensified force. He is never still, revealing an energetic, nervous and impetuous man. Through his excitement, all the necessary exposition is introduced in the first four or five pages: his nature, Janey's elusive quality, the place, the time, and the circumstances. Finally the steamer starts moving and the story moves, too; Mr. Hammond's heart is wrung with such a spasm that he could have cried out. The feeling of anxiety is stressed because once more, Mrs. Hammond is stopped before leaving the ship. Another moment, and finally she comes out to the rail and smiles. He is so proud of her,

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(69) K. M. The Stranger, p. 446

and so relieved:

> " 'Mrs. John Hammond! ' He gave a long sigh of content and leaned back, crossing his arms. The strain was over. He felt he could have sat there for ever sighing his relief - the relief at being rid of that horrible tug, pull, grip of his heart. The danger was over. That was the feeling." (70)

In his eagerness to have his wife to himself for a while, Mr. Hammond did not bring the children's letters to the boat and he got the train seats to go back home for the next day. But Janey seems distracted as she takes leave of the other passengers; she seems preoccupied, and he feels jealous of her travelling companions. He does not understand, later, her impatience to be reunited with the children, and her hesitation before she accedes to his importunities. At the hotel, he does not only want her for himself, but he wants her to feel this way towards him even more eagerly than he does:

> " 'Kiss me, Janey! You kiss me! '
> It seemed to him there was a tiny pause - but long enough for him to suffer torture - before her lips touched his, firmly, lightly - kissing them as she always kissed him, as though the kiss -- how could be describe it? - confirmed what they were saying, signed the contract. But that wasn't what he wanted; that wasn't at all what he thirsted for. He felt suddenly, horribly tired." (71)

When holding her, as usual, he has the feeling he's holding something that never was quite his, something so delicate and precious, that it would fly away if it could. He always had

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(70) K. M. The Stranger, p. 451
(71) ibid, p. 455

a feeling, like hunger, of making his wife so much a part of him, that she had no way to escape. At the end, the climax of the story appears. Janey explains that the steamer was delayed because of official duties in connection with an invalid passenger who had died the night before, a young man, a stranger, who had died in her arms because he was too weak to move. Mr. Hammond's reaction is a terrible depression:

> "And yet he died in Janey's arms. She - who'd never - never in all these years - never on one single solitary occasion - No; he mustn't think of it. No, he wouldn't face it. He couldn't stand it. It was too much to bear! And now Janey touched his tie with her fingers. She pinched the edges of the tie together. 'You're not - sorry I told you, John darling? It hasn't made you sad? It hasn't spoilt our evening - our being alone together?' But at that he hide his face. He put his face into her bosom and his arms enfolded her. Spoilt their evening! Spoilt their being alone together! They would never be alone together again." (72)

This story is a little masterpiece. It was regarded by Edward Shanks as one of the best stories in the English language. Other critics have noticed Katherine Mansfield's penetration, the poetic quality of her prose, the concentrated brilliance of her technique. Her prose is enlightened by secondary images to give the desired atmosphere: Janey is compared to a flower, a leaf, a star; a candle flame symbolizes love; and the flicker of fire, the couple's

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(72) K. M. The Stranger, p. 458

particular situation.

It was Miss Mansfield's own feeling of shutting herself in the inviolable world a woman inhabits, not to be invaded even by the husband, least of all by the demands of passionate love, that she transcribed so vividly into her story. After her brother Leslie died, she locked herself in a world made up of remembrances, and J. M. Murry wrote:

> "I felt that even her memory of the good time we had together - the three years' 'idyll' as she called it now - was being blotted out by the recollection of a New Zealand past, in which I had and could have neither part not lot." (73)

It has been drawn attention to the thematic similarity of this story and Joyce's The Dead, whose theme is also a wife-husband relationship, that of Gabriel Conroy to his wife. He realizes that he is an exile from Gretta's world of her earlier life with its portion of emotion and experience. The similarity is merely thematic, for the technique is quite different. Joyce's story is built on a succession of several epiphanies: Gabriel at his aunt's evening party, in his relationship to the servant girl, to his aunts, to his wife. to various of the guests. His emotional agitation at the end is due to excitement: dancing, eating, drinking, social gallantry, and the main epihany makes a moral point. When he is locked out of his wife's world, he undergoes spiritual development; he sees himself as self-centered and demanding.

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(73) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 324

As we have seen by analyzing The Stranger, Mis Mansfield's intention was to transmit the feeling of human loneliness, only. She does not make a moral point, and all the tension achieved in the first part of the story is only to emphasize the climax, the terrible feeling of loneliness and despair of the husband when his wife is confined to a world of her own.

Although there is not a thematic similarity between them, Katherine Mansfield's The Garden Party is more similar in structure to The Dead, because it is also built on minute epihanies: the preparation of the party, Laura in relationship to several members of her family, friends, and servants; the party being a success, and at the end, Laura's taking the left-overs to the family of a dead man who lived near her house. The theme of death is also presented as the climax of the story and in contrast to the former social gallantry, only in this case Laura already knew about the dead man, so she kept thinking about it during the party and its preparation. Therefore, the only similarities are the appearance of death at the climax, the contrast of it with a gay, social atmosphere, and the different episodes that make up the stories.

The Garden Party is also considered as part of Katherine Mansfield's best work. She is portrayed as Laura, an adolescent girl with a keen sensibility. While the family is getting ready for a garden-party, a man dies in the neighborhood. When Laura hears about it, she thinks that they can not pos-

sibly have a party with a man dead just outside the front gate; she thinks of what the band will sound like to the poor widow, and after going to several members of her family, she pleads to her mother not to have the party, but the guests are invited and everything is ready, so the party goes on, and it is really a success. After the party, her mother thinks it is a good idea to send all the sandwiches, candies and food left, to the widow and children of the deceased man, and Laura is the one to do it. She does not quite know if it is a good idea, if the poor woman will like that, but she is already at the door, where a dark knot of people stand out-side. She feels ackward with her big hat with a velvet streamer. The people look at her, and she knows it is a mistake to have come, but she can not go back. She is taken into the room where the dead man laid:

> "There lay a young man, fast asleep - sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy...happy... All is well, said the sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content." (74)

The mystery of life and death is exposed, and all the feelings and happenings lay out in the story are extraordinarily syn-

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(74) K. M. The Garden Party, p. 548

thesized in the former paragraph. Social gaiety and sudden death reveal the shock a young girl suffers at the knowledge that such incongruities can happen in life. To express this, Katherine Mansfield concentrates her writing, discarding almost completely narration and description, and using mostly interior monologue and dialogue.

The Woman at the Store, Millie, and Ole Underwod are three kinds of characters that could only flourish in a raw, traditionless country. They are examples of an authentic New Zealand literature: they deal with the problem of relating character to atmosphere. No one had seen New Zealand in that way before, but many writers tried to, after those stories were written. They form the third group of Katherine Mansfield's New Zealand writing, the group of violence stories. The three stories deal with murder and insanity in the rough sections of New Zealand, with the deaths occuring outside the stories, and they are penetrating studies in the psychology of isolation affecting human beings in a raw, unbroken country.

The Woman at the Store is set in New Zealand and the description of the store and the almost deserted hot and dusty road where it is situated have been recognized as being in Maori territory, probably taken from the 1907's trip of Katherine Mansfield. The store is almost abandoned, inhabited only by a woman and a child. There is dirtyness about all the house and this filthy atmosphere contrasts

with the surroundings, which are beautiful. The story is objectively narrated in the first person. The three people travelling are the supposed narrator and two men. They all stop at the store and meet the woman and the child. One of the men had formerly met the woman as a barmaid down the coast, when she was "as pretty as a wax doll;" she had told him once confidentially that she knew a hundred and twenty-five ways of of kissing. When they arrive, they are rather surprised when they look at the woman. Her description is a bright one:

> "She stood, pleating the frills of her pinafore, and glancing from one to the other of us, like a hungry bird. I smiled at the thought of how Jim had pulled Jo's leg about her. Certainly her eyes were blue, and what hair she had was yellow, but ugly. She was a figure of fun. Looking at her, you felt there was nothing but stocks and wires under that pinafore - her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty Bluchers." (75)

The story slowly drives up to a climax as the woman, by means of her conversation, reveals the causes of her change. Her husband used to leave her alone very frequently to go shearing, and as that road was actually almost deserted, she saw nobody, and loneliness had driven her mad. The madness and inferior quality of the woman are revealed by her speech:

> "Trouble with me is he left me too much alone. When the coach stopped coming, sometimes he'd

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(75) K. M. The Woman at the Store, p. 126

> go away days, sometimes he'd go away weeks, and leave me ter look after the store. Back 'e'd come - pleased as Punch 'Oh, 'allo, 'e'd say. 'Ow are you gettin'on. Come and give us a kiss! Sometimes I'd turn a bit nasty, and then 'e'd go off again, and if I took it all right, 'e'd wait till 'e could twist me round 'is finger, then 'e'd say, 'Well, so long, I'm off,' and do you think I could keep 'im? - not me.' " (76)

> " 'It's the loneliness,' said the woman adressing Jo' and bein' shut up'ere like a broody 'en.' " (77)

Her despair is manifest in a attitude of "what for?" that is so commonly found in Katherine Mansfield portraits of women on their own:

> " 'Oh, some days - an' months of them I' ear them two words knocking inside me all the time. 'Wot for! ' but sometimes I'll be cooking the spuds an' I lifts the lid off to give'em a prong and I' ears, quite sudden again, 'Wot for! ' Oh! I don't mean only the spuds and the kid - I mean - I mean, 'she hiccoughed - 'you know what I mean'." (78)

The woman has a daughter of about six, mean and undersized, with whitish hair and weak eyes, who stands up with her legs wide apart and her stomach protruding. This character was probably also taken from the memory of Zoe Mc. Kelvie, one of the washerwoman's daughters, and is also called Else, as the little girl in The Doll's House. The girl is extraordinarily clever in drawing; she draws the repulsive creations of a lunatic. Her mind is diseased. While she shows

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(76) K. M. The Woman at the Store, p. 131
(77) ibid, p. 132
(78) ibid, p. 131

the drawings to the guests, she works herself up into a mad excitement, laughing, trembling, and shooting out her arms. The unexpected climax of the story comes when the child, angry because her mother does not let her stay in the room with her, for she wants to sleep with one of the men, draws for the other guests a picture of a woman shooting at a man and then digging a hole to bury him. The woman had shot her husband. She is presented as avid of sexual life, and the lack of it as the motive to drive her mad. The climax comes at the end of the story, only following a few lines. The reader is kept wondering if the woman was not always mad, because of the insane child and the reference to the many different ways of kissing. The plot in this story is one of Katherine Mansfield's best planned ones, and the prose used is terse and controlled. The atmosphere of heat, dust, and loneliness is sustained, and the characters are well drawn, strongly and firmly. The narrative is objective, and even if it is written in the first person, the author does not intrude at all with comments.

The character for Ole Underwood was taken from a real man whose name was Underwood (79), who frequented the streets near the Beauchamps home in Kathleen's childhood. He had long, lank hair, and wore gold earrings. Small boys who knew that he hated the sound of whistling used to taunt him until he ran at them, waving his arms. He was once committed to prison for being a rogue and a vagabond, on the information

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(79) Alpers, p. 136

of Mr. Harold Beauchamp. He had been a prospector, a gold-hunter from early settlement days. In the story he is an old sailor who has been twenty years in prision for killing his wife. His story is told by one of the men in a bar where he goes in:

> "He pointed at Ole Underwood. 'Cracked! said one of the men. 'When he was a young fellow, thirty years ago, a man 'ere done in 'is woman, and 'e foun' out an' killed 'er. Got twenty years in quod up on the 'ill. Came out cracked! -'Oo done 'er in? ' asked the man. -'Dunno. 'E dunno, nor nobody. 'E was a sailor till 'e marrid 'er. Cracked! The man spat and smeared the spittle of the floor, shrugging his shoulders.' 'E's 'armless enough!." (80)

Ole Underwood's roaming through the streets, gives the author a good excuse for thoroughly describing the town. She alternates descriptions with Ole Underwood's physical and psychological depiction, for the reader is taken through the story within the obsessed mind of the man. The peculiarity of his mind is a beat:

> "Something inside Ole Underwood's breast beat like a hammer. One, two - one, two - never stopping, never changing. He couldn't do anything. No, it didn't make a noise - only a thud. One, two - one, two, like some one beating on a iron in a prision, some one in a secret place - bang - bang - trying to get free. Do what he would, fumble at his coat, throw his arms about, spit, swear, he couldn't stop the noise. Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! " (81)

The story moves to a climax when the man finds a cat, picks

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(80) K. M. Ole Underwood, p. 136
(81) ibid, p. 135

it up and caresses it, but suddenly he tosses his head and feels young again. He takes the little cat out of his coat and swings it by its tail and flings it out, while the hammer beat is louder and stronger. He walks towards a boat, and goes in. The illuminating climax and ending of the story has the property of suggesting many things to the reader:

> "His ship! Mine! Mine! beat the hammer. There was a door latched open on the lee-side, labelled 'Stateroom! He peered in. A man lay sleeping on a bunk - his bunk - a great big man in a seaman's coat with a long fair beard on the red pillow. And looking down upon him from the wall, there shone hér picture - his woman's picture - smiling and smiling at the sleeping man." (82)

Did Ole Underwood know all the time who was the man with whom his wife had been unloyal to him? Was his feeling of rancour so strong that he was going to get even with him after thirty years? Was he really looking at his wife's picture and at the guilty man or was it all a product of his sick imagination? The reader can decide what he thinks best. Throughout the story, the old sailor is compared to several animals in his different attitudes: he sneaks to one side like a cat, and he scuttles like a rat. This murder story is objectively narrated from the omniscient point of view, without the author's intruding. It is the slightest of the three, but it is remarkable for the descriptions of atmosphere, the outstanding character sketck of Ole Underwood, and the suggestive climax-ending.

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(82) K. M. Ole Underwood, p. 138

Millie is also the sketch of a rough character. She is an upcountry childless and hardhearted wife who becomes momentarily human when a young man who has shot someone takes refuge from his pursuers in her cellar. At first she is frightened when she feels there is somebody about, because she is alone in her house, and soon she is not frightened any more but furiously angry, and taking a gun she goes to the stranger. When she finds out he is only a boy, hurt and bleeding, her motherly instincts awake, and she changes her attitude:

> "Nothing but a kid. An' all them fellows arter 'im. 'E don't stand any more of a chance than a kid would.
> 'They won't ketch him. Not if I can 'elp it. Men is all beasts. I don't care wot 'e 's done, or wot 'e 'asn't done. See 'im through, Millie Evans. 'E's nothing but a sick kid." (83)

That afternoon before the incident of the murdered boy, Millie had felt somewhat strange, she did not know what was the matter with herself, but she felt like having a good cry, just for nothing, and while she had a cup of tea, she started thinking back, about her wedding day, about having nobody to talk to because her husband was very frequently away, about not having children. This woman is also a lonely being, stunted by circumstances, with her loneliness increased by the lack of children of her own. Her softening into motherly pity when she is alone with the boy reverts to blood-lust as soon

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(83) K. M. Millie, p. 146

as the hunt is on again:

> "They were after him in a flash. And at the sight of Harrison in the distance, and the three men hot after, a strange mad joy smothered everything else. She rushed into the road - she laughed and shrieked and danced in the dust, jigging the lantern. 'A- ah! Arter'im, Sid! A - a - a - h! Ketch him, Willie. Go it! Go it! A - ah, Sid! Shoot 'im down. Shoot 'im." (84)

In Millie, Katherine Mansfield employs a different technique from the other two murder stories: it is in part impersonal narration and in part interior monologue, skillfully combined. At the beginning, Millie watched the men leaving to persecute a murderer, and this part is transcribed by means of narration. Then the reader finds out what has happened and some facts about her life, by means of her thinking (interior monologue), and in the scene with the boy, both are intermingled. The story goes on like that, mixing skillfully the different techniques.

In the violence stories that make up the third New Zealand group, we find several broad characteristics in Katherine Mansfield's writing: she has a keen eye for excellent detail, sharply perceived and skillfully transcribed; she has an admirable command of lively dialogue, always used to serve a functional end; she presents dramatic scene with concentrated force, though she is better on catching an emotionally charged moment than at constructing plot; she can use a fluid combination of inner and outer view. But in these stories, she does

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(84) K. M. Millie, p. 147

not apply her device used in other types of stories, of economy achieved through implication. She presents her material too abundantly, illuminated by a strong, unshaded light.

The fourth group of New Zealand stories consists in four of them: Her First Ball, New Dresses, A Birthday, and the unfinished Weak Heart. They are set in New Zealand and the characters are members of Katherine Mansfield's family, but they are so disguised and the stories are so universal, that they could have happened to any other people, and they could be set in any place of the world. Yet Katherine Mansfield's biographers and critics have identified both the characters and the setting, so I have made a fourth group with them.

Her First Ball is the story of a country girl's first social experience at a ball in town. The emotions of the girl are depicted, first, at her cousins's house before going to the dance; then when arriving and in the terrible moments before starting to dance, while the carnets are being filled. She is introduced to everybody as the little country cousin Leila, and when she starts dancing, she feels her first ball is the beginning of everything for her, she is beginning to live. She compares the feeling of dancing with a boy to that of dancing with another girl when learning at school. She is simply delighted; but her third partner is a fat, cynical, provincial old bachelor, who talks to her in such a way that she fears her first dance is only the beginning of her last ball. The music seems to change and it sounds sad. She sighs.

How quickly things changed! She feels happiness should last forever, instead of that sad feeling. He has spoilt everything. But the next partner comes and she forgets immediately, proving that young people's suffering does not last very long:

> "But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all became one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, 'Pardon,' she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognize him again." (85)

The story is a very minor one, altough the country girl and her emotions are well portrayed.

New Dresses was chronologically the first story dealing with Katherine Mansfield's family. The mother, the father, the grandmother, and two girls appear in it, but with different characteristics from the ones they will have in the Burnell family. The father is even more rough, the grandmother more tender and understanding, and the mother is the most changed one: she is presented as querulous and hard. Helen (Katherine Mansfield) is depicted as a problem child because she is the least liked one in the family; all the good things are for her sister and the unfair punishments for her. She feels self-conscious and expresses it in a conversation with a doctor, a friend of the family who likes Helen, about her new dress:

> "-'Take care, they'll hear you, Helen! '
> -'Oh, Booh! It's just dirty old cashmere - serve

(85) K. M. Her First Ball, p. 518

> them right. They can't see me if they're not here to see and so it doesn't matter. It's only with them I feel funny." (86)

The story is like The Little Girl, one of childish innocence punished by unsympathetic parents. It is tainted with self-pity and want of emotional security, leading to a kind of cynicism and self-consciousness. The charm and tenderness of the Burnell stories is absent. Katherine Mansfield was, when writing it, very close to the past in which she had suffered misunderstanding, and she could not help expressing grievance when talking about it. The story is mostly told from an external point of observation, although at times the characters slip into interior monologue. Its importance lies in the fact that the members of the author's family appear, although they needed a great deal of polishing to become the wonderful Burnell characters.

The second time Katherine Mansfield tried to draw on her own family was in A Birthday, although she seemed to set it somewhere in Germany and gave the characters German names. In it "there is a 'harbour,' there are 'ferns' in a glass case, there is a 'gully', the wind shakes the window - saches: the scene in New Zealand, Wellington, so accurately depicted that one can today identify even the streets and the actual house in the story." (87) And Andreas Binzer is Katherine Mansfield's father with some of the characteristics he is to

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(86) K. M. New Dresses, p. 32
(87) Gordon, p. 9

have in later stories, although he is not quite the same. He is portrayed as a sensitive but weak man who thinks that everybody about him is nervous. He is actually strong, but his wife has spoilt him and made him weak. He thinks too much of himself. He was already as one of the men of Katherine Mansfield's character sketches.

The last of Katherine Mansfield's stories set in New Zealand is Weak Heart. In this story even the streets have New Zealand names. Its theme deals with death, as most of the last stories written by Katherine Mansfield when she was very close to her end. The characters are a fourteen-year-old girl, the mother, and a younger boy friend. The one who dies is the girl, but the story stops when only the boy's reaction is being presented, and the mother's attitude as well as some explanation, are lacking. It promised to be firm in purpose and to contain a fine work in fertile invention, attractive settings, a sweet appeal to the ear, and interesting characters, but unfortunately, it was not finished.

## OTHER STORIES

There are a few of Katherine Mansfield's stories that do not fit in the former classifications. They are not the most outstanding ones, but they are important because the author used in them a completely different technique from her other stories. All of them are very short and they can be considered as minor stories, yet their style is beautiful. Three of them I consider pictorial, if the term may be applied to literature, and two of them are metonymic: one is suggested by the smell of a flower and another by the noise of the wind.

Since time and space are inseparably fused together, within their different dimensions fiction and painting present comparable aspects and values. "The illusion of perspectives, planes and distances projected in a flat two-dimensional area is somewhat like the illusion of simultaneity and of the con-

current prosecution of anticipating and retrospective movements produced by the unitary, consecutive medium of fiction." (1) Katherine Mansfield's pictorial stories produce, when reading them, the impression that one feels when admiring a beautiful painting. To produce this feeling, the author must have had in mind certain characteristics that she had to apply to those stories to make them pictorial. The angle in painting was turned into the point of view, which in this case is onmiscient to make the writer able to expose and describe everything with the necessary detail; the style used, therefore, is mainly descriptive. The distance from the artist's point of vision had also to be calculated: in these stories it is the scenery that can be appreciated from the window of the artist's room. The physical dimensions of the canvas were the thematic dimensions of the story, and the sense of perspective had to be achieved in writting as well as in painting. There is no plot at all in these stories; they are simply the presentation of the pictures, of static or animated sceneries. They are the description of what one would see if an impressionistic picture would suddenly come to life for a moment, only to return to its static position immediately. The more static they are, the more descriptive in style, and when they get animated, even dialogue is used, but only in as long as the movement of the picture lasts, only to give the note of character or feeling.

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(1) Mendilow, p. 57

Spring Pictures is the most typically pictorial story of Katherine Mansfield. It consists of three different pictures: one of a French market place as seen through the artist's window, the second portrays the author herself under the terrible weight of a woman's loneliness, and the third one depicts another lonesome woman, crying in the evening, leaning against a tree. The style in which they were written is so beautiful, that J. M. Murry wrote about them:

> "They are such stuff as only she can do; they have in them the tremulous, uncertain, fearful poise of spring. The spring of the spirit is manifest in the spring of the senses.
> She has written the mistrust of spring, when the soul does not know whether to hide in the old or give itself to the new, when it dares not yet believe - and less dares doubt ... when it feels the eternal recurrence, and hears a whisper that the new is only a name for the old, the bud for the bark - when it is poised on the threshold of rebirth, and is not." (2)

The first part, the market place, is probably the most beautiful one. The place is thoroughly described as well as the people there, who manifest the sense of spring in them. They will not buy from the stalls; no one will buy. The picture gets animated at brief moments only to hear the women crying at intervals as sing-song voices: "Here are lilies! Here are roses! Here are pretty violets! " From an empty shop a piano strikes up, and a violin and a flute join in. There are also singers in the market known to everybody: they are as old and as new as the songs. The beginning and the end of the

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(2) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 433

first picture, set the atmosphere, and they are particularly good:

> "It is raining. Big soft drops splash on the people's hands and cheeks; immense warm drops like melted stars. 'Here are roses! Here are lilies! Here are violets! caws the old hag in the gutter." (3)

> "It is raining still; it is getting dusky... Here are roses! Here are lilies! Who will buy my violets?..." (4)

The second picture is not descriptive, but the effect is achieved by means of interior monologue, yet, when reading it, one gets the feeling of admiring in a painting, the characteristics of a woman's loneliness:

> "Hope! You misery - you sentimental, faded female! Break your last string and have done with it. I shall go mad with your endless thrumming; my heart throbs to it and very little pulse beats in time. It is morning. I lie in the empty bed - the huge bed big as a field and as cold and unsheltered. Through the shutters the sunlight comes up from the river and flows over the ceiling in trembling waves." (5)

The third picture portrays also the loneliness of a woman, this time by means of her movements. In this picture, the feeling of the woman's sadness is expressed when it suddenly comes to life:

> "She is leaning up against a tree, her hands over her face; she is crying. And now she is walking

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(3) K. M. Spring Pictures, p. 198
(4) ibid, p. 199
(5) ibid, p. 199

> up and down wringing her hands. Again she leans against the tree, her back against it, her head raised and her hands clasped as though she leaned against someone dear." (6)

The second of Katherine Mansfield's stories that I consider pictorial is See-Saw. The setting is also spring, and it is so vividly described that it seems to be felt:

> "Spring. As the people leave the road for grass their eyes become fixed and dreamy like the eyes of people wading in the warm sea. There are no daisies yet, but the sweet smell of the grass rises, rises in tiny waves the deeper they go. The trees are in full leaf. As far as one can see there are fans, hoops, tall rich plumes of various green. A light wind shakes them, blowing them together, blowing them free again; in the blue sky floats a cluster of tiny white clouds like a brood of ducklings. The people wander over the grass." (7)

The beginning of the story and a great part of it are descriptive, and then it gets alive when two little children start playing and talking. The transitional part between the static and the lively part is still descriptive:

> "On the top of a small green mount there is a very favourite bench. It has a young chestnut growing beside it, shaped like a mushroom. Below the earth has crumbled, fallen away, leaving three or four clayey hollows - caves - caverns - and in one of them two little people had set up house with a minute pickaxe, and empty match box, a blunted nail and a shovel for furniture." (8)

When the picture is endowed with life, the dialogue of the babies denotes that they are real children:

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(6) K. M. Spring Pictures, p. 200
(7) K. M. See-Saw, p. 402
(8) ibid, p. 402

"-'Our dog's had kittens!
-'Kittens! 'She sat on her heels - 'Can a dog have kittens?'
-'Of course they can,' said he. 'Little ones, you know!
-'But cats have kittens! cried she. 'Dogs don't, dogs have -'she stopped, started - looked for the word - coudn't find it - it was gone. 'They have - '
-'Kittens, 'cried he. 'Our dog's been an' had two! She stamped her foot at him. She was pink with exasperation.
- -'It's not kittens! she wailed, ' it is -" (9) (and she could never find the word)

To contrast with the children playing adults, in another spot of the picture two "old babies" appear, made alive also by a brief dialogue, but vividly described. They are old people playing babies, and they complete the note of spring in the picture. This story has no plot, either. It is mainly descriptive and animated by means of dialogue for a brief moment.

The other pictorial story is Bank Holiday, which follows a very similar idea and technique as the other two. This one has not dialogue in it. It is descriptive all the time only made live by the cries and shouts of the sellers at the stalls: "Ticklers! Tuppence a tickler! Ool'ave a tickler? Ticle'em up, boys." "Buy a golliwog! " "Buy a jumping donkey." "Superior chewing gum." "Buy a rose. Give 'er a rose, boy. Roses, lady?" "Let these little birds tell you your future! " The technique followed is the same as that of the market place in Spring Pictures, only the atmosphere

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(9) K. M. See-Saw, p. 404

described here is different. The weather is hot, but fine. All the characters that can be found in a park on a bank holiday are described: the musicians, the young soldiers, the girls, the ragged children who are the only ones that are silent, the professor, the old couple, the young ones, the auctioneer, the fortune-teller. Even music is seemed to turn into a pictorial thing in this "picture":

> "...a tall thin fellow, with bursting over-ripe button boots, draws ribbons - long, twisted, streaming ribbons - of tune out of a fiddle.
> ...the pink spider of a hand beats the guitar, the little squat hand, with a brass-and-turquoise ring, forces the reluctant flute, and the fiddler's arm tries to saw the fiddle in two." (10)

This story, too, transmits the sensation of watching a beautiful painting, an impressionistic one, but painted with bright light and vivid colors, and producing the effect of frivolity and happiness in the spectator. The ending is very effective as to produce that feeling, all but the last word, which reveals the attitude of the author of being able to produce it in the reader, but not sharing it:

> "And up, up the hill come the people, with ticklers and golliwogs, and roses and feathers. Up, up they thrust into the light and heat, shouting, laughing, squeaking, as though they were being pushed by something, far below, and by the sun, far ahead of them - drawn up into the full, bright, dazzling radiance to...what?" (11)

Murry, who was probably Katherine Mansfield's best critic, com-

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(10) K. M. Bank Holiday, p. 436
(11) ibid, p. 439

mented about her vivid descriptions:

> "Katherine, when she is Katherine, writes like the South-West Wind. The world is moist, calm, urgent under its touch. All colours have a new life. There is a plenitude of re-birth; a passing of one life into another: a creation, that is, is divined. Thus she reveals the secret life, not merely of the minds - not merely of men and women - but of the whole vast world." (12)

The picture, in its method, is objective, consisting mostly of descriptions, but it renders a specific subjectivity: that of the feeling produced in the reader. It is not presented in time, but in space. As these stories have no plot, there is not the danger of losing the sense of structure by the diversity of impressions rendered: the picture in itself is an impression made up by means of different minor ones.

One of the metonymic stories is Carnation, which is the reproduction of remembrances of the boring French classes Miss Mansfield had at Queen's College, in London. One of the girls always carried a flower, usually a carnation, which she snuffed and snuffed, twirled in her fingers, laid it against her cheek, held it to her lips, tickled Katie's (Katherine Mansfield) neck with it, and ended finally, by pulling it to pieces and eating it, petal by petal. The sensation of the smell of the flower in the hot classroom, and the boring class, was so strong as to make Katherine Mansfield write a story about it many years after, suggested by

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(12) Murry. Between two worlds, p. 434

the smell of the carnation. Besides the metonymic quality, it is pictorially descriptive. Katherine Mansfield's thoughts are expressed subjectively, but the girls in the classroom are objectively described:

> "Some of the girls were very red in the face and some were white. Vera Holland had pinned up her black curls à la japonaise with a penholder and a pink pencil; she looked charming. Francie Owen pushed her sleeves nearly up to the shoulders, and then she inked the little blue vein in her elbow, shut her arm together, and then looked to see the mark it made; she had a passion for inking herself; she always had a face drawn on her thumb nail, with black forked hair. Sylvia Mann took off her collar and tie, took them off simply and laid them on the desk beside her, as calm as if she were going to wash her hair in her bedroom at home.
> She had a nerve! Jennie Edwards tore a leaf of her notebook and wrote 'Shall we ask Hugo-Wugo to give us a thripenny vainilla on the way home!!!! and passed it across to Connie Baker, who turned absolutely purple and nearly burst out crying." (13)

The story is pictorial in the descriptions of the girls, the teacher, the classroom, but it has a great deal of subjectivity in the expression of Katie's thoughts. It is really a minor piece whose only importance is the originality of having been suggested by the smell of the flower, and of expressing it throughout the story.

The Wind Blows is the other story I call metonymic, for it was suggested by a sensation, in this case the sound and effect of wind on the writer. Since Katherine Mansfield was a little girl, her aloneness was closely connected with fears:

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(13) K. M. Carnation, p. 322

of wind, of night; this fear of wind was expressed in several of her stories, already analyzed, to emphasize a certain mood of a character, but it is in this one where Miss Mansfield achieves a perfect identification of mood and external scene, and where the feeling produced and the wind, as a means of producing it, are the most important things in the story, more than plot, character, and structure. The wind appears as a dreadful thing at the beginning of the story and at short intervals:

> "Suddenly - dreadfully - she wakes up. What has happened? Something dreadful has happened. No - nothing has happened. It is only the wind shaking the house, rattling the windows, banging a piece of iron of the roof and making her bed tremble. Leaves flutter past the window, up and away; down in the avenue a whole newspaper wags in the air like a lost kite and falls, spiked on a pine tree. It is cold. Summer is over - it is autumn - every thing is ugly." (14)

> "In waves, in clouds, in big round whirls the dust comes stinging, and with it little bits of straw and chaff, and manure. There is a loud roaring sound from the trees in the gardens, and standing at the bottom of the road outside Mr. Bullen's gate she can hear the sea sob: Ah! . Ah! ... Ah-h'. ..." (15)

The wind affects her so, that anything she can not do is supposedly because of the wind:

> "What an extraordinary thing. Her fingers tremble so that she can't undo the knot in the music satchel. It's the wind..." (16)

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(14) K. M. The Wind Blows, p. 214
(15) ibid, p. 216
(16) ibid, p. 216

Every thing looks different and hideous under the effect of the wind:

> "The wind, the wind. It's frightening to be here in her room by herself. The bed, the mirror, the white jug and basin gleam like the sky outside. It's the bed that is frightening. There it lies, sound asleep..." (17)

> "The wind - the wind! There's a funny smell of soot blowing down the chimney. Hasn't anyone written poems to the wind? ... 'I bring fresh flowers to the leaves and showers...' What non-sense." (18)

The wind is not so dreadful when facing it, outdoors, buy yet it is so annoying:

> "They cannot walk fast enough. Their head bent, their legs just touching, they stride like one eager person through town, down the asphalt zig-zag where the fennel grows wild and on to the esplanade. It is dusky - just getting dusky. The wind is so strong that they have to fight their way through it, rocking like two old drunkards. All the poor little pahutukawas on the esplanade are bent to the ground." (19)

A powerful description of the sea in a windy day is presented:

> "Over the breakwater the sea is very high. They pull off their hats and her hair flows across her mouth, tasting of salt. The sea is so high that the waves do not break at all; they thump against the rough stone wall and suck up the weedy, dripping steps. A fine spray skims from the water right across the explanade. They are covered with drops; the inside of her mouth tastes wet and cold." (20)

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(17) K. M. The Wind Blows, p. 217
(18) ibid, p. 217
(19) ibid, p. 218
(20) ibid, p. 218

The effect of wind is kept throughout the story, which is written from the omniscient point of view to help rendering the impression of the protagonist's mood caused by the wind. The main character is the author herself, for this is one of the stories set in New Zealand, and the author is depicted as an adolescent girl with typical emotional fears and problems. She seems not to love her mother, even to hate her, but she feels conforted by the piano teacher, on whose shoulder she leans. He is so understandable and nice. The story is composed of two parts: the first one is the expression of the girl's feelings and mood caused by the wind, and her going to the piano lesson. The second is her going for a walk with her brother. This second part has a double meaning. It describes at the same time her going for a walk with her brother when they were children, in New Zealand, and another walk with her husband, probably, many years after. The time barrier is absolutely ignored. The reader doesn't even suspect that the wind and the sea are suggesting the remembrance of an episode happened many years ago: the piano lesson and the walk in the wind, until it is merely suggested at the end of the story:

> "They are on board leaning over the rail arm in arm
> .....'Who are they?'
> .....'Brother and sister.'
> 'Look, Bogey, there's the town. Doesn't it look small? There's the post office clock chiming for the last time. There's the esplanade where we walked that windy day. Do you remember? I cried at my music lesson that day - how many years ago! Good - bye; little island, good - bye...'
> Now the dark stretches a ring over the tumbling

> water. They can't see those two any more. Good - bye, Good - bye. Don't forget.
> .....But the ship is gone, now.
> The wind - the wind." (21)

Stories like these, that are really minor ones but have such important innovations, are what made many of Katherine Mansfield's critics lay out theories about what would have hapened if she had lived longer and developed fully her ideas and innovations. Would she have been a genious in literature of the height of the best writers? The secret died with her, only her good writing lasted.

> "There is nothing vague or nebulous - or naïve about her writings. She is assured in her craft, and knowledgeable even to the placing of a comma. She writes with precision, knowing the effect she intends, and achieving it in all her best work with an accuracy and an inexplicable rightness in prose expression that is perhaps the only real secret that died with her." (22)

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(21) K. M. The Wind Blows, p. 219
(22) Gordon, p. 29

## CONCLUSIONS

"To write a series of good little tales I deem ample work for a life-time", (1) said Henry James. As we have seen by analyzing Katherine Mansfield's stories, her work is good enough to grant her a secure, though minor, position in literature. She can be considered, without being arbitrary, as standing at the head of the broad stream of development in the modern English short-story. But her true test as a writer is more than her position in historical development; it is the value of her artistic creation. If she had written only the New Zealand stories about the Burnell family, her artistic work would have been enough to consider her a good writer, and besides that, she accomplished a great deal in character

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(1) Quoted by: West, p. v.

sketching, in creating special atmospheres for certain moods, in the transmission of feelings, in structuring short stories in very different manners, and in trying out new techniques for them. To these, her particular style, must be added, in which she denotes a quality not easily defined, of sharpening her readers' imaginative perception and increasing their capacity for sensuous response.

From the emotional content of Katherine Mansfield's stories and her attitude towards life, a few persisting themes emerge: preoccupation with loneliness, frustration, sexual maladjustment, and purposeless suffering; abhorrence of falsness, ostentation and sterility of modern sophisticated woman, and denial of emotional fulfillment to all classes of men; escape from the oppressions of reality; the sensitive apprehensions of a child, leading sometimes to shock; creation of moods, and transmission of feelings. The communication of these themes is determined by her sensibility and her shaping mind, through her direct feeling. (2)

In portraying character, Miss Mansfield reached a high summit. For her, one family and a few relationships were enough to express universality of experience. In the Burnell characters, the stress is essentially on character and the subtle interrelashionships of people in small groups, tied together by bonds of emotion. The innerness of those char-

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(2) K. M. Scrapbook, p. 160:
"This is the moment which, after all, we live for - the moment of direct feeling when we are most ourselves and least personal."

acters goes beyond the interior monologue; by means of stream of consciousness the world is seen through the eyes of one of the characters, and when scenery is described, it is conveyed to the reader emotionally and uniquely, as only the person in the story can feel it. In those stories Katherine Mansfield never allows herself to come on stage; she sinks herself inside each of the characters, thinking and speaking in their tone or voice. With her remarkable ability to shift the point of view, she can introduce several characters within the confines of a few sentences. In the delineation of children, she stands alone; her life-long discipline in entering into the mind of her subject is essential when the writer enters the mind of a child. Katherine Mansfield portrays children as children, seen through their own eyes and the eyes of other children. "Kezia and Lottie and Isabel Burnell and the Trout boys Pip and Rags (and their dog, a uniquely children's dog) in Prelude and At the Bay, with the unforgettable Lil and our Else in The Doll's House, are creations that stand by themselves in English writing." (3)

Besides the Burnell characters, who are full round ones, Katherine Mansfield created others as complete, as Raoul Duquette, Constantia, Ada Moss, and others. She also portrayed flat characters, delineating in them human qualities or defects, as: vanity, weakness, sophistication, etc. In her character sketches she emphasized, other times, a mood in which

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(3) Gordon, p. 20

the character was, or a feeling of him which she transmitted to the reader. Her range at creating characters is not as wide as Chekhov, another master of the short story, with whom she is often compared. While in Chekhov we know more about each character as we read along, because of his strong objectivity, in Katherine Mansfield we have an impression only of feeling more, not of knowing more; it is our hearts that are the object of attack. Chekhov's characters form, in their immense variation, a whole Russian portrait gallery. Miss Mansfield's aim was not to create a national portrait gallery, but mainly to transmit feelings, for in her writing she was subjective most of the times, with a supremely personal touch in it. She does not even describe objectively her most important characters, but the reader has to find out about them by what they say and how they act, and their peculiarities are transmitted obliquely, not directly. Only the secondary characters in Katherine Mansfield's stories are objectively described. In this way she portrays several kinds of women; very young, older, married, very old, lonely, frivolous, sophisticated, simple, etc.; her men characters are always either weak or predatory males; and the situation among married or unmarried couples is always unhappy. She is sympathetic towards adolescents and outstandingly good at depicting children.

All of Katherine Mansfield's characters are psychologically depicted and the form in which the stories are written is many times a mixture of objective and subjective writing.

When she sinks into the minds of her characters, she uses day-dreaming, interior monologue, and stream of consciousness to render their feelings and emotions. Time shift is also very commonly favoured by Miss Mansfield, for she shifts from present to past and future in the minds of the characters and in her structure of the stories. She is interested in psychological and not external time. She also varies the tempo or rhythm of her prose according to the character's mood. She focus a single moment and while rendering a feeling, she makes the human problem a universal emotion. The bulk of her writing deals with emotion and feeling. The atmosphere of each story is purposely made up to create a mood of the character or a tone for the story.

Katherine Mansfield broke the limited mould of the short-story, using a freer one. She structured her stories in various different manners, leading the way for other writers to follow in making up even other new structures. But the one thing all of her stories have in common is that they do not have a beginning, a climax, and a denouement; the ending is a mere stopping at a climatic moment. And this is another thing in which Katherine Mansfield differs from her master Chekhov: he said that a story has a beginning, a middle, and an end, (4) and although he also finished his stories very near the climax, he prepared everything very carefully for the ending by means of the beginning and middle of the story.

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(4) Chekhov. Letters on the short story... p. viii

Katherine Mansfield does not structure her stories in such a way, but she opens at a critical moment and merely unfolds or rises the story to a climax. The problem is not solved: it is merely stated. Therefore, there are not very elaborate plots in Miss Mansfield's stories: they are merely the focus of a character or a situation at a given moment. And even her longer stories are structured in a somewhat similar way: they are made up of various scenes, and each one of them is the focus of a character or a situation; the whole of the story is built up on a significant scene, to which all the others are subjected, and the final emotion rendered by the whole story is a sum of all the emotions produced by the scenes.

Most of Katherine Mansfield's mature stories are written by mixing the objective with the subjective method, in doing which Miss Mansfield had a great literary skill, but considering the bulk of her work, she used many variations in structure and style. As we have seen, most of her humorous stories, which were part of her earlier work, are written in the first person, with the author intruding constantly with lavish comments; most of that writing is objective; a greater amount of dialogue is used than in other types of stories, and they are pervaded by humour even if Katherine Mansfield is very witty for using satire. But none of the other stories is written in the first person; it is either from one of the character's point of view or from the omniscient point; and in the stories of character portrayal, creating of moods, or

transmission of feelings, the author is never even present: she does not ever intrude, for she would lose, by doing so, the desired effect. However, not all of Katherine Mansfield's writing is a mixture of objective and subjective method. She has stories which are made up only by dialogue; others are written in a semi-dramatic form, a kind of dialogue with one character talking, only, and the other represented by question and admiration marks; some stories are exterior monologues, or interior monologues; in other stories she mixes one or several of the former techniques with description, narration, or stream of consciousness. Yet, her best work is a mixture of objective writting, including narration and description; subjective, including interior monologue and stream of consciousness; and dialogue, occasionally.

Katherine Mansfield's writing is outstanding for her style. Throughout her life she read widely and was, therefore, widely influenced. In her writing she shows signs of different literary movements: there are realistic descriptions, specially of atmosphere, in all her writing, and there are even naturalistic touches in some of her stories, specially those in which a conflict between a young girl and a predatory male appears. On the other hand, subjective writing is a return to romanticism although not to the romantic hero, and the establishing and maintaining a mood is also a romantic characteristic which makes tone and effect dominate over plot. And when her subjective writing reaches de deepest consciousness of the characters' minds, and the stream of consciousness appears as a

series of metaphors and symbols, the style turns to symbolism. All of these different currents concentrate in what is nowadays called psychological writing, which is the main tendency of the writers in the first half of this century and they resolve into a very peculiar style in Katherine Mansfield.

Katherine Mansfield's realism is a mixture of itself with evasions, in a reality of beauty, visions and dreams. Her principles of selection and artistic economy force the reader to look at the picture of life as though it consisted of a series of acts or events regulated by a pure sequence of thought-feeling. The setting for her stories is environment and specially domestic interiors are viewed as expressions of character: a character's house is an extension of himself. And, exposition in her stories is intermingled with the main line of action in the form of short alternating retrospective and anticipatory flashes. By doing this, she is using techniques from a time art: the film, as: the flash back, translated into retrospective episodes; the close up, into realistic descriptions, and superimposition. From another time art: music, she uses also some techniques: she uses themes, counter-themes and thematic variations, diaphony (two unrelated plots developing at the same time) or polyphony (as in Prelude and At the Bay, where several plots go on apparently unrelated until they join at a significant moment) The time factors inherent in literature show a marked similarity with those of the kindred time arts of music and the

film. From the space art of painting she also borrows something: she is impressionistic; by a stroke here and a stroke there she renders the impression of a whole, a different emotion from the smaller ones.

Katherine Mansfield's writing has more affinity with poetry than with prose. Prose generally relies for the evocation of emotion upon its overtones, and their effect is generally vague. It has a mediate effect on the reader; but poetry has an immediate effect. It is allusion working by means of images that produce specific emotions; it is rhyme, refrain and metaphor. Miss Mansfield uses the technique of poetry in her "special prose," rendering the immediate emotions of poetry. Her metaphors are not only from the visible world or even from the possible world, but they are often associations of ideas made possible by their relations with reality. This is usually possible only to achieve in poetry. The technique of her stories lies partly in their constructions and her lyrical use of language.

Among Katherine Mansfield's characteristic traits in style, besides the ones I have already mentioned, are: artistic economy achieved through implications, and synthesis. All of Katherine Mansfield's readers have been struck by the most effective beginnings and endings of her stories. She opens them implying that the reader already knows what has happened before that critical moment: "And then, after six years, she saw him again." (5)

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(5) K. M. A Dill Pickle, p. 330

"The week after was one of the busiest weeks of their lives." (6) "And after all the weather was ideal." (7) Economy is achieved in its highest degree by opening the story at the critical moment. And synthesis is achieved many times throughout the stories but specially at the endings, where Katherine Mansfield lays out within a few lines the climax and ending of the story, and usually concentrates there all the emotion that the story is supposed to convey. "Not a word need be added. Not a word could be dropped. It is all there." (8)

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(6) K. M. The Daughters of the Late Colonel, p. 463
(7) K. M. The Garden Party, p. 534
(8) Gordon, p. 25

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