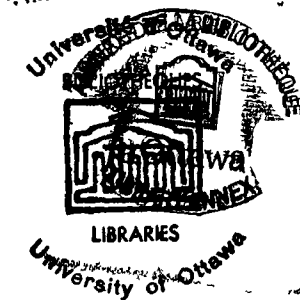


SYMBOLISM
 IN
 THE SHORT STORIES OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD:
 AN EPIPHANY OF HER SENSITIVITY TO SUFFERING
 by
 Sister Celina Wadsworth, C.S.C.

Thesis presented to the Faculty of Arts
 of the University of Ottawa through the
 Department of English in partial fulfil-
 ment of the requirements for the degree
 of Doctor of Philosophy.



*degree granted
 May 20th, 1969
 J. Seachamp, v.
 Secretary*

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This thesis was prepared under the guidance of Doctor Michael J. O'Neill of the Department of English of the University of Ottawa. His kind direction and critical evaluation is acknowledged.

The writer is indebted to Mrs. Macintosh Bell, Katherine Mansfield's sister, for making available books, periodicals, and her personal scrapbook, and for sharing with the writer her memories of her sister. The writer wishes also to acknowledge the assistance and encouragement received from Mrs. Jeanne Renshaw, another of Miss Mansfield's sisters, and from Mr. Andrew Bell, a nephew.

To Doctor Alphonsus Campbell and to Sister Agnes Nyland, S.S.A. who read the manuscript, the writer offers appreciation.

To the Congregation of the Sisters of Holy Cross who made this undertaking possible, the writer is especially grateful.

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CHAPTER I

AN INTRODUCTION

The short stories of Katherine Mansfield reveal some very penetrating insights of the author into the mystery of human suffering. That these insights are so deep is due primarily to the keen sensitivity of her nature. This, heightened by the intuitive perception proper to a woman, gives to her work its distinctive character.

It is accepted by many noted critics and fellow writers that these stories themselves guarantee their author a place of merit among the literary writers of our time. Somerset Maugham, for example, lauds Katherine Mansfield when he states, "Not the least of her gifts was that which enabled her to give you the heartbreak that lay behind what to all appearances was a casual conversation over, say, a cup of tea; and heavens knows, that is not an easy thing to do."¹ Elizabeth Bowen also praises her as an innovator when she says,

We owe her the prosperity of the 'free' story:... How much ground Katherine Mansfield broke for her successor may not be realized. Her imagination kindled unlikely matter; she was to alter for good and all our idea of what goes to make a story.²

Much of her acute response to pain is often unperceived upon first reading. The reason for this could lie partly in the reader's lack of familiarity with Miss Mansfield's particular technique of symbolism; but this stylistic mode of hers is highly effective, and on further reading we experience the grief which lies behind everyday events. Thus, the focal point of this study is suffering. Furthermore, it will be established that the epiphanization

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or the moment of illumination of the symbols in Miss Mansfield's stories, sets her apart as a writer of great sensitivity. She will be considered a symbolist according to the dictionary definition of this term, "A writer who seeks to express or evoke emotions, ideas, etc., by stressing the symbolic value of language to which is ascribed a capacity for communicating otherwise inexpressible visions of reality."³ Thus symbolism is a method of suggestion and evocation, and it will be shown to be used by her where statement is not only inadequate but impossible.

The term epiphany will be taken to mean, "A sudden intuitive perception of, or insight into, the reality or essential meaning of something, usually initiated by some simple or commonplace occurrence or experience."⁴ Miss Mansfield does not use the term epiphany, but in her Journal she says, "But all must be told with a sense of mystery, a radiance, an afterglow,..."⁵ It is this light emanating from the central symbol of each of her stories that at some moment bursts upon the reader. At that instant the symbol is epiphanized. These symbols do not merely communicate an idea, or a state of mind or body; they speak of an experience, and their intention is to draw the reader into a personal involvement, dependent on his own background and his own sensitivity.

Since there is a close connection between Katherine Mansfield's life and her short stories, the second chapter,

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"A First Encounter", will be concerned with biographical data. This knowledge of Miss Mansfield's life, particularly of her almost daily physical and mental suffering, will make more valid and intensify the significance of her presentation of painful situations.

Chapter Three, "Sensitivity to Suffering", will direct attention to the central symbol in each of Katherine Mansfield's more significant writings. It will endeavour to study the suffering of the characters in sufficient detail to make apparent that the cause in each case is alienation of one kind or another. It will deal especially with the pain of self-discovery as experienced by children growing into maturity, and with the growth of adults seeking their identity.

The fourth chapter, "Symbolism in Her Major Themes", will continue the study of Katherine Mansfield's significant short stories. Here it will be shown that certain patterns become evident and reveal her as perceptively understanding of specific forms of suffering. Again, it is through symbolic implication that she is able to heighten in the reader an appreciation of her delicate susceptibility to distress of mind and body.

The fifth and final chapter, "Her Contribution", will seek to evaluate what this study on Katherine Mansfield contributes to English Literature. It will show that her individual manner of expressing her thoughts on suffering

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successfully conveys her message, and causes her readers to empathize with her in her treatment of ordinary, everyday trials and tribulations.

Now, we shall survey and evaluate the present position of research on the subject under discussion. To date, three strictly biographical works are available. That by Ruth Mantz and John Middleton Murry,⁶ as well as the very brief one by Isabel Clarke,⁷ are incomplete, dealing exclusively with her early years. Both these works appeared in the thirties. In 1953, the first biography to speak with full authority on Miss Mansfield was published. Its author, Mr. Antony Alpers, based his full-length study upon the Letters and Journal of Katherine Mansfield, as well as upon interviews with the remaining members of her family as her previous biographers had done.⁸ But more first-hand information was made available to him particularly from his association with Mr. Guy Morris of Auckland, a renowned collector of Mansfieldiana. Likewise, Mr. Alpers met with one of Katherine Mansfield's closest friends, Mr. S. Kotelian-sky who made it possible for him to interview Miss Ida Baker, the "L.M." of the Letters and Journal, and with Mr. G. C. Bowden, Katherine Mansfield's first husband. Mr. Alpers also interviewed people who were at the Gurdjieff Institute at Fontainebleau where Miss Mansfield died.

Besides material obtained from these visits with Katherine's intimate friends, Mr. Alpers made use of a

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second source of information. In 1951 Katherine Mansfield's letters to her husband, John Middleton Murry, were published by Constable. Consequently, because of the availability of so much material inaccessible to previous biographers, a full-scale study became possible. Alpers' biography is the only definitive work on Mansfield. The book by her father, Sir Harold Beauchamp, Reminiscences and Recollections,⁹ carries an excellent chapter on Katherine by Dr. Guy Scholefield who also wrote an abridged life of her for The Dictionary of New Zealand Biography. Miss Mansfield continued to be considered of sufficient importance to cause the grandson of Matthew Arnold, Dr. Whitridge of Yale University, to publish in 1940 a sympathetic and penetrating biographical essay.¹⁰

The above-mentioned sources have supplied much of the information to be found in our next chapter. But to pin-point the almost daily physical and mental sufferings of Katherine Mansfield, and thus reveal a very strong link between the author and her work, one must have recourse also to her Letters and Journal. In these Miss Mansfield's personal acquaintance with the various forms of suffering is very evident. As a result, any direct account or description of this state as encountered by her characters would fail to evoke the deeper reality behind the outward suffering. Accordingly, she communicates through symbols which, because they possess some mysterious life of their own,

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evoke emotions definite, although not definable. It is precisely in this evocation that a combination of the reader's experience of pain, coupled with a knowledge of what the writer had experienced, will produce a many-faceted emotion. The more complex the interrelation, the more powerful the light emanating from the moving of the feelings, and the keener the insight into the emotion experienced.

Our biographical research on Katherine Mansfield will help toward a more complete understanding of her writing; the critical research in succeeding chapters focuses attention on the works themselves. Until the thirties, most estimates of Katherine Mansfield amounted to an appraisal of the person rather than her work. Gradually a more literary evaluation appeared until, in 1951, Sylvia Berkman produced a very perceptive and complete study of Miss Mansfield's work.¹¹ In 1965, Saralyn Daly also published an analytic evaluation of her work.¹² Both critics have given biographical data in just sufficient detail to show the connection between the writer and her writing.

In 1967, appeared a book on Katherine Mansfield by Nariman Hormasji, an Indian scholar.¹³ It presents an Indian point of view on New Zealand, shows a deep knowledge of Katherine Mansfield's diaries, and an appreciation of her short stories. Mr. Hormasji is convinced that

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Katherine Mansfield merits a place of honour in twentieth-century English Literature. His book contains a foreword by Dr. Ian Gordon of the University of New Zealand, who ranks Miss Mansfield among the notable writers of the year 1922.

A book which gives a very profound insight into the spiritual striving of Katherine Mansfield is Eustace's An Infinity of Questions.¹⁴ Eustace makes a study of the lives of five women, all of whom were invalids engaged in the same search for meaning in life, but who moved toward their goal along different roads. In particular, we are given helpful illumination regarding the nature of suffering in the life of Katherine Mansfield.

Helpful understanding of Katherine Mansfield as a person can be obtained from two books written in French: Le drame secret de Katherine Mansfield by Roland Merlin,¹⁵ and La vocation de Katherine Mansfield by Odette Lenoil.¹⁶ Both authors concentrate heavily on the spiritual development of Miss Mansfield.

Dr. Ian Gordon of New Zealand and Professor Sewell of Auckland University have published excellent critical essays. Besides, there have been a number of brief scholarly studies of the individual short stories of Miss Mansfield. Also, doctoral dissertations have shown a growing interest in this New Zealand author; several, however, are merely general studies of her life and work and add little to our knowledge of the writer and her works. But

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those dealing with the method and meaning in her stories and with her literary theory which they expound, are of value to persons making a study of her writings.

Elizabeth Bowen, in particular, speaks of Katherine Mansfield with fresh appreciation. She does this especially in "A Living Writer."¹⁷ It is a brief study, but Miss Bowen feels that Katherine Mansfield's genius of vision, her intuitive knowing, was in some measure responsible for the change in technique of the short-story writers.

It is precisely in her response to modern sophisticated life, to sexual maladjustment, to today's frustrations, to the problems arising from inexperience, from betrayal, and from the presence of death, that Katherine Mansfield's short stories can be considered timely. Her timeliness is also seen in her method of dealing with such topics. She discovered the dramatic possibilities in a brief emotionally charged moment. Furthermore, she allowed her readers to discover for themselves the effect of their involvement in such moments. Several techniques brought out her convictions, but her use of the symbol is perhaps her best literary device. It is through her symbols that she suggests, hints, or implies, rather than states, what is taking place.

In the works about Katherine Mansfield previously described, symbolism has indeed been mentioned, or in some

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cases given a brief section in a book, or a few pages in an article. But, to date, no critic has made a serious and full-length study of the relationship between her symbols and their illumination of her responsiveness to suffering.

Some of the stories achieve a moment of truth in a single word; others reveal intimate connections by means of a single movement or a single phrase. Thus by the use of some trivial happening or action, or some evocative detail, Miss Mansfield intimates and illumines her message. The soul of these narratives unfolds in symbols, and in the unfolding there is a moment of epiphany.

It is not surprising that Katherine Mansfield tells us so much in her short stories through her use of symbols, for there seemed to be inborn in this artist an affinity for the symbolic value of language. All through her own private life, she constantly expressed herself effectively through symbols. This knowledge aids the reader to view the method of indirect communication used in her stories as a natural outcome of her use of symbolism in everyday speech.

In 1907, for example, Katherine Mansfield confided to her Journal:

A perpetual twilight broods here. The atmosphere is heavy with morbid charm....The Velasquez Venus moves on her couch ever so slightly:...My 'cello case is wrapt in profound thought. Beside me a little bowl of mignonette is piercingly sweet, and a cluster of scarlet geraniums is hot with colour.¹⁸

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This exotic arrangement of her New Zealand room seemed reminiscent of her London dream world where art and freedom were of great consequence and parental authority insignificant. Perhaps it symbolized the decadent tendencies imbibed from her reading of Oscar Wilde's Dorian Grey.

The "'cello case wrapt in profound thought" was another symbol of her life during this period. Kathleen, herself an accomplished cellist, had become very much interested in a young cellist, and every glance at the cello case seemed suggestive of her attraction to this young man. The music of the cello sang out its own message telling how emotionally involved Kathleen was, "...and yet music enveloped me again, caught me, thank Heaven! I would have died, I should be dead but for that. I know."¹⁹

Katherine's inclination towards symbolic suggestion reached a peak in 1909, when she dressed in black for her marriage to George Bowden. From this one can conclude that her symbolic use of black on this occasion suggests her desire to shock. It could also suggest that here was an unhappy, restless young woman, seeking attention and freedom from any kind of domination.

Katherine's desire to experience life to the full was further externalized by the use of "Katherina" instead of Katherine. The slight change of name symbolized for her a change of personality; she wished to identify herself with the Russian writers. Thus it is apparent that

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Katherine Mansfield's keen imagination caused her to use symbols which reflected her sensitivity to different situations.

From 1915 until the day of her death, the war loomed as one of the major symbols in her life. At first, it stood for all that was evil. By 1918 the war symbol had taken on a very different signification. In a letter to Murry, she said, "I can only think in terms like 'a change of heart'. I can't imagine how after the war these men can pick up the old threads as though it had never been....Now we know ourselves for what we are."²⁰ The war was still a symbol of death, but it was a death understood as part of life and accepted as such by Katherine. It was, besides, a sign of her change of heart from almost hatred of humanity itself to love of people in travail.

Another symbol, which throws added light on the life of Katherine Mansfield was "The Heron", an imaginary house of her dreams symbolizing her hope for the future. It may be looked upon as an objective correlative, being something outward and objective which stood for an inward and subjective peace. When Katherine mentions in her letter to Murry that Mrs. Honey is "pure Heron" and speaks of the absolute "Heronian weather", one immediately conjures up a picture of Mrs. Honey as a cheerful, honest, exceedingly kind person, and feels certain that Katherine is enjoying the most delightfully sunny days. Just as

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thoughts of "The Heron" fill Katherine with hope of a peaceful future free from worry and ill health, so, too, they call forth the kindest thoughts of her New Zealand days with her mother, father, Chummie, and her sisters. For Katherine had named her dream house "Heron" after her brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp.

Another allied symbol is a group of writers, the Romantics. In Miss Mansfield's life they stood for inspiration. Writing to Murry she said,

There is a light upon them, especially upon the Elizabethans and our 'special' set - Keats, W.W., Coleridge, Shelley, De Quincey and Co., which I feel is like the bright shining star which must hang in the sky above the Heron as we drive home.²¹ Those are the people with whom I want to live,...

In trying to tell us of the role which Ida Baker played in her life, Miss Mansfield again resorts to symbolism. Ida was "The Mountain." This suggests strength, protection, and achievement. That she protected the sickly Katherine from every form of exertion is clear from one of Katherine's letters, "So off I go on Monday with the Mountain very breathless carrying two large suitcases..."²² This same term, "The Mountain", symbolized also achievement which L.M. continually made possible to Katherine. "In fact, as soon as I got here I wrote to L.M. and asked her to come back and look after things as otherwise I'd never be able to get any work done."²³ Unfortunately, "The Mountain" at times drove Katherine almost to hate, and for

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a long time Katherine referred to her as the "Albatross." She acted then as a weight around Katherine's neck as Katherine confided to Murry, "I feel quite all right, not a suspicion of anything is wrong with me, but I'm flat. It's the albatross round my neck...."²⁴ The final days of her life, however, reveal a change of attitude, "L.M. arrived yesterday. The relief to have her is so great that I'll never say another word of impatience."²⁵ Katherine's attitude toward L.M. was then symbolized by the distinctive name, "The Faithful One."

There were other favourite symbols used by Katherine to clarify some emotional importance in her life. In one of her letters of 1918, she said, "I liked my fellow-passengers, but God! how stiff one got, and my feet hurt and the flat-iron became hot enough to burn the buttoned back against which I leaned."²⁶ The symbol "flat-iron", standing for the feeling in her lung, certainly deepens our comprehension of the severe daily physical suffering of this young woman.

The sea is used as a symbol and at times represents real hope and inspiration. One senses the influence for peace that this large expanse of water exerted on Katherine when she writes, "The sea is my favourite sea, bright, bright blue, but showing a glint of white as far as one can see. That lift of white seen far away, as far as the horizon; moves me terribly."²⁷ Sometimes, however, the sea

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symbolized fear, "Another discovery is not to live alone and more or less tied to a house where the sea sounds so loud....but it has a frightfully depressing effect if one doesn't."²⁸ Since the same sea symbolized both peace and terror, it could also stand for the beauty and the corruption which Katherine emphasized as existing side by side in the world.

Just as the sea was a symbol, so too were the boats which sailed the sea. At times they symbolized real ecstasy, "I'd think the pink sea all the lovelier if it had a boat in it with your blue shirt for a sail."²⁹ At other times a boat was a symbol of escape. "We resist, we are terribly frightened. The little boat enters the dark fearful gulf and our only cry is to escape---"³⁰

Isolation and loneliness were often represented by the wind. She spoke to Murry of its effect on her, "The wind has been joined by the robber cold. Both are in the highest spirits. There is a perfect uproar going on outside. It makes my room feel like a lighthouse."³¹ One immediately becomes conscious of Katherine's aloneness in her "lighthouse", and the wind in its fierce strength seems to emphasize the solitariness of the lighthouse occupant.

Tuberculosis often led to isolation for Katherine, and this illness she sometimes compared to a dog:

Don't let's forget how S. has helped. I really think I should just have died in that room upstairs if he had not taken me by the hand, like

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you take a little girl who is frightened of a dog, and led me up to my pain and showed it me and proved it wasn't going to eat me.³²

The dog symbolizes Katherine's illness and shows us the extreme kindness of Dr. Sorapure, her personal physician, in trying to teach her to face her critical sickness. In 1921, Katherine's letter to William Gerhardt shows that she made an effort to follow the doctor's counsel, "Consumption doesn't belong to me. It's only a horrid stray dog who has persisted in following me for four years, so I am trying to lose him among the mountains."³³ The dog symbol helps us to comprehend Katherine's long, weary battle with tuberculosis, and her ardent desire for a miracle.

To Katherine Mansfield, the dog, moreover, symbolized her fear of war. While in France she wrote to Murry, "You should see the swerves I take past the dogs. They really are Bragian upstarts and their bold eyes and lifted lips terrify me."³⁴ In February, she again expressed, in symbol, her fear of war. "My night terrors here are rather complicated by packs and packs of growling, roaring, ravening, prowl-and-prowl-around dogs."³⁵

Strong emotional connotations become visible in Katherine's use of darkness as another symbol of fear. Even at the age of fifteen dark waters were for her connected with death. A letter to Murry in 1915 shows that this fear persisted, "I felt the dark dropping over me and the shadows enfolding me, and I died and came to life...."³⁶ In 1918,

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she wrote again to her husband, "Great big black things lie in wait for me under the trees and stretch their shadows across the road to trip me."³⁷ It is clear from a Journal entry of 1922 that this fear of darkness remained with Katherine until the end of her life. "Travelling is terrible. All is so sordid, and the train shatters me. Tunnels are hell. I am frightened of travelling."³⁸ Such comments lead one to feel that Katherine spent much of her life in a "tunnel."

From this study of her personal use of symbolism one is prepared for the sensitivity and creative imagination evident in Katherine Mansfield's writing. Her symbols constitute an eloquent form of silence. For, as Carlyle says, "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule."³⁹ With the epiphanization of her symbols they, too, as it were, "ruled" her stories.

What are the works of Katherine Mansfield which by means of her economic impressionism impel the reader to view the "something else" of suffering concealed in her symbols? In selecting these works we have been guided by several important considerations. Naturally, no attention is to be given in these pages to those stories, potboilers, written because she needed money. Her Bavarian sketches entitled, In A German Pension, will also be excluded

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because in these stories Miss Mansfield is over-writing, she is telling too much, she is cynically clever but not discriminatingly so. Likewise, the collection entitled, Something Childish, will not be examined in this study because although Katherine Mansfield is here using metaphorical language to give her readers very alive, real images, she is still over-writing. Not yet has she succeeded in putting herself in command of implication as a means of economy of statement. Such economy proved a distinguishing characteristic of her later stories, and was, in fact, one of the reasons for her work being easily translated into so many languages.

The chapters following this introduction will be confined to a fresh appraisal of her later and her best works: the three collections entitled, The Garden Party brought out in 1920, Bliss published in 1921, and The Doves' Nest offered to the public in 1923. The present study of the stories in these three volumes is divided into two sections. The first focuses attention on individual characters both children and adults, and the second stresses the major patterns of suffering found in these short stories.

In the first stories considered, alienation and self-discovery emerge as the two basic causes of suffering. The former frequently results from the feeling of being shut out from the society of others; the latter from children undergoing the tensions of adolescence as they

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grow into adulthood, or from adults who confronted with certain aspects of human experience learn that they must pay for conformity or non-conformity to social conventions. Furthermore, Miss Mansfield's stories reveal her absorption in specific patterns of suffering. Again, the distress is brought home to us particularly through her symbols.

However, Miss Mansfield's presentation both of people and of situations is a truthful one and she exposes not only the corruption in the universe, but also shows a keen perception of the beauty in the world. Finally, it is her keen sensitivity to suffering which emerges most pronouncedly from almost every story she wrote.

NOTES
CHAPTER I

¹W. Somerset Maugham, Points of View (London: Heinemann, 1958), p. 187.

²Elizabeth Bowen, "A Living Writer," The Cornhill, Winter, 1956/7, pp. 126-127.

³Random House Dictionary of the English Language.

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⁵Journal of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry. (London: Constable & Co. Ltd., 1954), January 22, 1916, p. 94. Hereafter cited as Journal.

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⁷Isabel C. Clarke, Katherine Mansfield (Wellington: The Beltane Book Bureau, 1944).

⁸Antony Alpers, Katherine Mansfield (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958). Hereafter cited as Alpers.

⁹Sir Harold Beauchamp, Reminiscences and Recollections (New Plymouth, N.Z.: Thomas Avery & Sons Ltd., 1937).

¹⁰Arnold Whitridge, "Katherine Mansfield," The Sewanee Review, April-June, 1949, pp. 256-273.

¹¹Sylvia Berkman, Katherine Mansfield (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1951). Hereafter cited as Berkman.

¹²Saralyn R. Daly, Katherine Mansfield (New York: Twayne Publishers Inc., 1965).

¹³Nariman Hormasji, Katherine Mansfield (London: Collins Bros. & Co., Ltd., 1967).

¹⁴C. J. Eustace, An Infinity of Questions (London: Dennis Dobson Ltd., MCMXLVI).

¹⁵Roland Merlin, Le drame secret de Katherine Mansfield (Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1950).

¹⁶Odette Lenoil, La vocation de Katherine Mansfield (Paris: Editions Albin Michel, 1946).

¹⁷Bowen, Elizabeth, "A Living Writer," The Cornhill, Winter, 1956/7, pp. 120-134.

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¹⁸Journal, January 1907, p. 9.

¹⁹Ibid., June 25, 1907, p. 16.

²⁰The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry. (London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1928), Vol. I, November 16, 1919), pp. 287-288. Hereafter cited as Letters.

²¹Ibid., March 4, 1918, pp. 142-143.

²²Ibid., Vol. 2, January 1922, p. 177.

²³Ibid., June 6, 1922, p. 215.

²⁴Ibid., Vol. I, November 3, 1919, p. 273.

²⁵Ibid., Vol. 2, June 6, 1922, p. 216.

²⁶Ibid., Vol. I, January 11, 1918, p. 93.

²⁷Ibid., October 12, 1919, p. 250.

²⁸Ibid., November 14, 1919, p. 285.

²⁹Ibid., October 7, 1919, p. 246.

³⁰Ibid., Vol. 2, October 1920, p. 58.

³¹Ibid., Vol. I, November 26, 1919, pp. 303-304.

³²Ibid., October 15, 1919, p. 254.

³³Ibid., Vol. 2, November 21, 1921, p. 157.

³⁴Ibid., Vol. I, January 26, 1918, p. 112.

[Hereafter, wherever underlining is used in quotations from the Journal or Letters, it is the author's.]

³⁵Ibid., February 3, 1918, p. 121.

³⁶Ibid., May 25, 1915, p. 33.

³⁷Ibid., February 22, 1918, p. 132.

³⁸Journal, January 31, 1922, p. 292.

³⁹Thomas Carlyle, "Symbols," in Literary Symbolism, ed. by Maurice Beebe (San Francisco: Wadsworth Publishing Company, Inc., 1960), p. 20.

CHAPTER II

A FIRST ENCOUNTER

To understand the role which suffering plays in the life of Katherine Mansfield, one must first encounter her in her Letters and Journal. Only then can we work outward from the experiences referred to in these writings to a fuller comprehension of suffering as treated in her short stories.

Even as a child Katherine Mansfield was lonely and suffering. She was born on October 14, 1888 at No. 11 Tinakori Road, Wellington, New Zealand. She was christened Kathleen after her grandmother Dyer, who immediately began to fill the maternal role since her own mother Annie Beauchamp, was then a frail, sickly woman. Thus Kathleen grew to love her grandmother dearly.

Closeness to her mother was made further impossible since Annie Beauchamp left her husband, Harold Beauchamp, for England when Kathleen was only a few weeks old. Although one can understand Harold Beauchamp's solicitude for his young, attractive, but sickly wife, nevertheless, Kathleen was very early in life deprived, although for a short time, of a mother's tenderness.

Later, when but two years of age, Kathleen was to feel the frustration of separation from the grandmother whom she dearly loved: a fourth daughter was born, and Kathleen had to stand aside and watch the one person she

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was close to devote every moment of her time to this sickly daughter. The daughter lived only a few months, but the result of that short period of solitude was that Kathleen became a child filled with inward fear. Isabel C. Clarke, one of Katherine Mansfield's biographers, explains it as follows, "She could remember with poignant vividness the arrival of her little sister Gwen two years after her own birth, and her consternation at discovering that Mrs. Dyer's arms were no longer at her disposal."¹

When Kathleen was five, her father moved the family to Chesney Wold at Karori. This country home seemed ideal for his wife and children. But even here, surrounded by gardens, orchards, and the flowers which she loved, Kathleen was lonely. Outwardly she did very well, giving the impression that she enjoyed playing with the other children. But this was simply a façade hiding her true feelings. She preferred to be alone. Perhaps this was the result of her being fat, slow of movement, and unlovely, while her sisters were sweet and well-behaved. Of these facts she seemed convinced, and as a result felt rejected by the adults who were naturally attracted to her alert and gentle sisters. To offset this feeling of inferiority, she sought satisfaction in long hours of reading. She was, at this time, attending the Karori State School, where she met children of a different social status. Immediately she began to develop her interest in people and what caused them to be as they

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are and to act as they do. She took a sincere look at both and realized the suffering which class distinction brings to those at the mercy of superior social standing. Mr. Antony Alpers in his biography makes it clear that Kathleen understood the suffering of the milk boy and the washer-woman's daughter. Helpfully he points out, "It is said that Kathleen instinctively tried to break this barrier down, and conspicuously stood up for the underdog in class."²

Thus, even at this early age Kathleen showed an interest in the subtle workings of children's minds; she was laying the basis for her love of children which, as we shall see, remained with her the rest of her life. This love led her to write about their little joys and sorrows. At nine years of age she won the prize for composition at this same school, the subject being "A Sea Voyage." Young as she was, she understood instinctively the juvenile ecstasy of going on a trip; in fact, she herself had already experienced delight in travelling on the Picton boat to see her grandparents.

Her years at the Wellington Girls' high school led to a continuation of her childhood isolation. Although she had ability to write for one school magazine, to edit another school publication, and to win prizes in English, arithmetic, and French, she did not have the qualities necessary to win friends. One girl only, a Canadian who travelled to New Zealand with Kathleen's parents was able

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to get close to her. This friendship, however, was short-lived, for the Canadian girl soon left Wellington and Kathleen was again alone and lonely.

Besides this separation, she experienced a feeling of alienation from her parents because their small daughter was at an age and of a character to resent all that spelled law and discipline. Indeed, she was an anarchist of the first order whom her refined and delicate mother did not really understand, for Kathleen would have needed much discerning sympathy from her parents. But they failed to recognize and understand their daughter's consciousness of the real poignancy and beauty of nature; her felt awareness of the mystery of existence. Mrs. Beauchamp failed to see that her daughter possessed the same sensitivities as she did and needed much trust and confidence from those guiding her. Kathleen's father, an ambitious business man, but kind and provident to his family, failed also in his efforts to work out a parental rapport with his daughter. So she was alienated from parents and friends even in those early years.

In 1903, Harold Beauchamp sent his daughters to Queen's College, London. During her three years in England, Kathleen became hardened in rebellious non-conformism. She was surrounded, it is true, by many girls, by relatives, and by older people, yet her adventurous spirit, her lively imagination, and her ability to be self-contained caused her

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to be essentially alone. Her interests were not their interests, and she could not communicate with them. Of those days she writes,

I lived in the girls, the professor, the big, lovely building, the leaping fires in winter and the abundant flowers in summer. The views out of the windows, all the pattern that was---weaving & Nobody saw it, I felt, as I did. My mind was just like a squirrel. I gathered and gathered and hid away, for that lone 'winter' when I should rediscover all this treasure --- and if anybody came close I scuttled₃ up to the tallest tree and hid in the branches.

Besides focussing most of her attention on individual traits of the people at Queen's College, she also wrote at that time a short story, "The Pine-Tree, the Sparrows, and You and I." Clearly it manifests her interest in children. How well she understood the little boy's suffering, for example, is best shown by a quotation from this story,

Late that night, when I was locking the windows, and Mummy was lighting the bed-room lamp, a huge big grandfather storm came....'have you got a pain, darling,' I said....'It's about zem poor 'icle sparrows,' That afternoon we had a little sad funeral.

Kathleen Beauchamp had entered into the mind of that small boy and realized what a funeral and the planting of a red geranium on the grave would mean to him.

During this same period she was recording occasional happenings in what was later to be published as The Journal of Katherine Mansfield. Here again we discern her interest in children. On April 1, 1904, she writes, "As I bent over

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them (primroses) their weary, pale faces looked into mine with the same depth of wondering, strange, fearful perplexities that I have sometimes seen on the face of a little child."⁵ Kathleen's noticing the perplexing fear on the face of a child marks her as observant. This child was singled out by her as different. Moreover, on this occasion we also have her awareness of beauty: the flowers made her feel that spring was here, but juxtaposed to the beauty of spring she noticed at once the weariness and the paleness of the primroses. Thus even then at this early age in her search for truth, she discovered that beauty and corruption do exist side by side in real life.

This was the era too when the literary intelligentsia focused their attention on Oscar Wilde and the English "decadents," and Kathleen was among the number stimulated by their works. Professor Rippman, a teacher of German at Queen's College, invited a chosen few, including Kathleen, to his literary evenings and introduced them to the works of Pater, Verlaine, Dowson, Symons and Oscar Wilde. Later, when Kathleen was given Wilde's The Picture of Dorian Gray her interest in him became unbounded. From this milieu she derived most of her ideas about the emotional period of adolescence. She was also striving to free herself from Victorian shackles of any kind, and the intellectual freedom found in Wilde had for her an overmastering appeal. But one of the consequences of this Wildean

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influence was isolation from most of the young girls at her school. To them, the type of romanticism practised by the decadents held a kind of unhealthiness of which they wanted no part.

Another source of alienation from school companions was Kathleen's deliberate choosing of her friends. Her most important choice was Ida Baker, whose talents the students thought she was crushing. This was not true, but it appeared so to these girls and the result was they further shunned Kathleen. It was, however, also a self-imposed isolation which did not seem to produce any deep suffering, but made Kathleen aware of her aloofness from people. Miss Ruth Mantz, Katherine Mansfield's first biographer, writes of this part of Kathleen's life,

Consequently she was not popular. With her chosen friends, her manner was eager and precipitate, but from most of the girls she seems to have held herself aloof somewhat from the hauteur of her own family, and because she had become withdrawn even within its circle.

Kathleen's isolation from people, however, gave her time to concentrate on a study of them, and this early detachment enabled her to come to know people as they really are. She stood aside objectively and studied in particular those who interested her. Her Journal attests to this,

And I was so awfully fascinated in watching Hall Griffin and all his tricks --- thinking about him as he sat there, his private life, what he was like as a man,...and Cramb,...I simply wanted

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to sit and hear him. Every gesture, every stopping of his walk,...

This London life ended in December 1906, when her father insisted that she return to New Zealand. Kathleen was bitterly resentful of his decision, and her rebellious ideas burst forth in Wildean epigrams and romantic sketches. Her exceptionally gifted nature for literature needed the London world of artists, writers, and musicians. In New Zealand she made little contact with this kind of world which stimulates creativity. A Journal entry of this time shows how completely despondent she was,

These creatures who try to play with me ---they are fools, and I despise them both. I am longing to consort with my superiors....I am so unhappy that I wish I was dead --- yet I should be mad to die when I have not yet lived at all.⁸

During this period while in New Zealand Kathleen was corresponding with a young cellist, Arnold Trowell, with whom she had fallen in love before her departure for Queen's College in 1903. Arnold had been sent to Europe to pursue his musical career and separation from him, her first love, was painful. Her distress was lessened, however, by her contact with his parents, who were in Wellington. She took cello lessons from Arnold's father and she visited his home to enjoy the chamber music which it provided. But this contact was cut short when Trowell's parents left for England. To her Journal she confides, "They have left N.Z. all of them --- my people ----my father. It has come of course.

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I used to think: So long as they are here, I can bear it."⁹

Thus her Journal entries of this year give evidence of her suffering, but they do more. In some of them we are again made aware of Katherine Mansfield's interest in children. Besides, to her their fresh child-life is a revelation of beauty and of corruption. Her conviction of this is noticed in a Journal note of 1907,

And across the paddock a number of little boys from the ages of twelve to three, come straggling along, out at elbow, bare-footed, indescribably dirty. But some of them are almost beautiful, none of them very strong. There is one great fellow....and yet there slumbers¹⁰ in his face passionate unrest and strength.

At nineteen, Katherine Mansfield expressed her responsiveness to the misery of these boys. Her love of children makes her see through their poverty, filth, and physical weakness to their possible spiritual strength. The fact that she singles out "one great fellow" for special mention indicates her belief that each child ought to be treated separately as a unique personality.

Eventually, Katherine left for London in 1908 with the one idea in her mind of establishing herself as a writer. She was young; she had achieved a victory over parental authority, she was gloriously free, and she was now in the land of her choice. She, too, was enjoying the elation of making her own decisions, of breaking forth into the literary world, of seeing much of her work accepted by

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The New Age, which at the time was a London weekly attracting to its columns writers of promise. To have its editor, A. R. Orage, praise her writing and show himself a friend, gave her new courage. When in December of 1911 her collected Bavarian sketches were published as In A German Pension by Stephen Swift, her success as a writer seemed assured. All this brought into Katherine's life the joy of accomplishment.

Mixed happiness came to her also in several relationships of the heart: that with George Bowden was short-lived, since her marriage to him lasted but twelve hours; there was also a less ruinous affair with William Orton, and finally, late in 1911 Katherine met John Middleton Murry, the young editor of the Oxford literary magazine Rhythm. They were unable to marry until 1918, but lived together in common-law marriage and experienced the happiness of creativity in their life as writers. Katherine wrote for the two magazines, Rhythm and The Blue Review, which Murry successively edited. Through Murry she met the bohemian literary circle with its head-quarters at Dan Rider's Bookshop, the gathering place for the writers and artists of the day. Meeting these people gave Katherine Mansfield the artistic background she desired. But while it produced some satisfaction for her, it was only later when she learned to face reality that a measure of peace entered her life.

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Thus the return to London held for this artist some degree of satisfaction. But along with the encouragement and pleasure came loneliness. She was separated not only from her family in New Zealand, but also from other people because of illness. Moreover, in the background hovered the fact that Katherine Mansfield as a New Zealand colonial felt an alien in England. As a result, she felt socially insecure. Also she realized that to achieve any status as a writer would mean a greater struggle there than in New Zealand. That Katherine felt an outsider her Journal attests, "Sick at heart, till I am physically sick --- with no home, no place in which I can hang up my hat and say here I belong, for there is no such place in the wide world for me."¹¹

Mrs. Beauchamp's arrival in London in June 1909 did nothing to ease Katherine's loneliness. Her mother knew of the marriage Katherine had contracted, but was totally unaware that her daughter was pregnant and not by her husband. Who the father of the child was is still an undetermined fact, but sealed papers believed to contain correspondence between Katherine Mansfield and Arnold Trowell and owned by Mrs. Trowell may, when opened after her death, throw some light on this matter.¹² On the other hand, Katherine's knowledge of the truth of her condition at once raised a barrier between her and her mother, and thus brought anguish to both. In the midst of her trouble the thought that she

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was soon to have a child of her own was a source of consolation for Katherine. But this hope was to last only a short time, for she miscarried, and once more sorrow filled her life. The loss of this child caused Katherine such deep suffering that she craved another one to take its place.¹³

The year 1910 saw Katherine Mansfield still not established. That she desired to write but lacked ideas is apparent from her Journal, "I have a perfectly frantic desire to write something really fine --- and an inability to do so which is infinitely distressing, as you may imagine."¹⁴ This sterility of her creative powers was inflicting on Katherine suffering which made her write in March of the same year, "This almost mad longing to work is gnawing at me --- it was as though some insidious and terrible worm ate and ate at my heart. A frightful intolerable agony overcame me."¹⁵

As Miss Mansfield's health improved a little, there appears in her writing a strain of loss which shows the disquiet caused by her exile from New Zealand. Her native land which she had been very bent on leaving was now drawing her to meditation on its fields, its waters, and its sky. This feeling of not belonging is noticed also in the poetry she wrote at this time. The poetic worth of the lines is small, but as a manifestation of her feelings as an exile from her own country their value is considerable. To illustrate this one might note her Journal entry,

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The world is beautiful tonight
 So many stars shine in the sky,
 And homeward, lightly hand in hand
 The happy people pass me by

I lose my way down every path
 I stumble over every stone
 And every gate and every door
 Is locked 'gainst me alone.¹⁶

The following years, 1912-1915, were to find the Murrys still restlessly moving from one home to another in an effort to arrive at some measure of tranquility. This frequent changing of abode became a foreshadowing of the uprooting which was to continue during the rest of their lives.

In fact, the cottage in the country at Runciton which they discovered in July 1912, they were forced to leave in November. They had hoped that this would be a place where they could forget London, and to which they could invite their more intimate friends. But peace and friendship they were not to have. For, from London came word that Stephen Swift, their publisher, had swindled them; the royalties from In A German Pension stopped, and Henri Gaudier-Brzesha, who had offered his animal drawings to Rhythm demanded that everything published be paid for.

Financial worries continued to increase. The Murry's attempt to make a success of Rhythm failed. They had presented it to the public with a new format, a new slate of contributors, and a new title, The Blue Review. It went out of publication, however, and this effected

another move for the Murrays, this time back to London to a small room in Chancery Lane. Their stay there lasted but a year because at the insistence of D.H. Lawrence who had become their friend through Rhythm, the two families began to think of going abroad. But to do so the Murrays moved to Baron's Court, London, where they secured employment, and saved to attain their goal. But Katherine was again ill; the poor health which was to haunt her for the remainder of her life had already begun to make its first heavy demands on her. Besides, she was going through another period of sterility in her writing, and this led to a certain restlessness. Murray was in a similar state. The only writing he was doing was book reviews for the Daily Mail and the Westminster Gazette.

In December 1913, the Murrays left for Paris, with its music halls, its museums, its cafés, its more invigorating climate, all of which they hoped would fill the needs of their artistic temperaments. Financially they felt some degree of security, since Murray had a job as a reviewer of French books for the Times Literary Supplement.

Moreover, Murray's efforts as Paris correspondent for the Literary Supplement failed; his weekly wages became less and less, and the demands made on their small savings increased. The monthly payments due Rhythm had to be discontinued, and the Murrays existed on Katherine's allowance alone. It was winter and Paris now seemed in other ways

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also as cold and as intolerably indifferent as the season.

To her Journal Katherine confided,

It is as though God opened his hand and let you dance on it a little, and then shut it up tight --- so tight that you could not even cry.... The wind is terrible to-night. I am very tired --- but I can't go to bed. I can't sleep or eat. Too tired.¹⁷

This was Katherine Mansfield at the end of their Paris sojourn: disappointed, ill, but still in love with Murry, and still determined to write.

Upon her return to London in February 1914, she and Murry moved into two cheerless rooms in Edith Grove, off Fulham Road. Katherine's illness continued; she was unable to write, and incapable of accepting ugliness in any form. She still looked upon the artist as a person apart, a person for whom solitude and beauty were absolute necessities. Edith Grove supplied neither of these and Katherine could not create. Murry had to accept hack work and both were unhappy. Katherine's Journal attests to the discontent of this period, "Oh, if only I could make a celebration and do a bit of writing. I long and long to write, and the words just won't come. It's a queer business."¹⁸

A second meeting later that year with the Lawrences, who had returned to England, helped the Murrys decide to move to what had the appearance of more pleasant quarters in Arthur Street, Chelsea. But bugs drove them from this place. They then took a holiday in Cornwall to avoid the turmoil of war in London. Finally, in October, they settled

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in a cottage at the Lee, Missendon, Buckinghamshire. Here in Rose Tree Cottage they were again close to the Lawrences. Conditions in the Lawrences' home, however, only aggravated the state of the Murry household. Katherine considered it unfair that she should be called upon to settle differences between Lawrence and his wife Frieda. She even became hostile to much of the thinking that went on in Rose Tree Cottage by the intellectuals who joined Lawrence and Murry to discuss the problems of the day. Katherine felt unsettled and depressed; she hated the coldness, the dampness, the lack of money, the people. Her Journal shows her contemplating an existence away from Murry, "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....I have already said adieu to you now."¹⁹

The separation became a reality when her brother arrived in February 1915 from New Zealand to join a British regiment. He financed for her a trip to Paris which Katherine had been contemplating. Soon she found herself in the flat of the French artist, Francis Carco. Paris was a change from the drabness of England, but Francis was a soldier with less than the amount of time Katherine would have liked to spend with him. Accordingly, she returned shortly to England and to Murry who was still at Rose Tree Cottage. Her letter to Koteliansky, one of her friends,

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tells of conditions there, "This cottage is too cold and too depressing....I feel about 800, Koteliansky, for I can hardly walk at all ---nor turn in my bed without crying out against my bones."²⁰

In spite of her illness Katherine did come to some harmony with her husband, and she was able to resume writing. In fact, her creativity so pleased her that she dashed off to Paris again in March. Her reason for this third trip there she reveals to Koteliansky, "I cannot write my book living in these rooms. It is impossible --- and if I do not write this book I shall die. So I am going away tomorrow to finish it....It is agony to go, but I must go."²¹

That she was able to write is clear from a letter to her husband, "And then you know the strange silence that comes one minute before the curtain rises. I felt that and knew that I should write here."²² Thus, Paris, for her, was a source of inspiration, and according to another letter to Koteliansky her physical pain at least was abated, "At any rate I can tell you frankly that the illness that I had in England and longed to be cured of --- is quite gone for ever---"²³

Another trip to the same city two months later brought home to her more forcibly a truth of which she had always been convinced. Here she found this time the refreshing and the sordid, beauty and corruption existing side

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by side. Her letter to Murry is an illustration of the beauty she found, "I cannot tell you how beautiful this place is by daylight. The trees on the island are in full leaf... I had quite forgotten the life that goes on within a tree."²⁴ The same letter, however, showed her concern for the war victims,

There are pallet beds round the walls. The men, covered to the chin, never moved an inch. They were just white faces with a streak of hair on top....All round the walls of the car kind female hands had placed a big bunch of purple and white lilac. "What lovely lilac!" said the people in the train with me. "Look! how fine it is." The wounded men did not matter a rap.²⁵

The war situation instilled in Katherine such acute feelings of disgust and loneliness that she began to feel the innate need of Murry, of collaborating with him to ameliorate the war condition in Paris. Here was opportunity for the "real life" for which she longed, and so she writes to her husband, "Whose fault is it that we are so isolated ---that we have no real life --- that everything apart from writing and reading is 'felt' to be a waste of time?"²⁶

Katherine yearned to give of herself to Murry, but she was too depressed to act, and finally wrote to him,

Yesterday was simply hellish for me. My work went very well, but all the same, I suffered abominably. I felt so alien and so far away, and everybody cheated me, everybody was ugly and beyond words cruel. I finally got to such a state that I could go nowhere to²⁷ eat because of the people and I could hardly speak.

At the end of May she returned to London and settled for

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a few weeks in rooms at Elgin Crescent, Notting-Hill Gate, and then took up residence in St. John's Wood at No. 5 Acacia Road.

This interval from 1912 to 1915 was not the time of Katherine Mansfield's severest illness; it was not a period of the most enforced isolation from her husband. But it did hold for her days of worry, frustration, and uneasiness of one form or another. Alienation from sympathetically discerning minds brought to her, at this time, a special kind of anguish. For example, she had fallen deeply in love with Francis Carco whom she visited in Paris. Friends might have aided her in the solving of this problem, but of true compassion she found little. However, one must admit that Katherine was asking for a perfect correspondence in human relations, not realizing the impossibility of mutual comprehension. She was not facing this limitation of the human state and much anxiety resulted.

So far, her suffering had not effected in her life a mature wisdom; rather it had produced a bitterness, a certain aloofness which hindered her complete development as an integrated person. Katherine Mansfield had not come to realize the cleansing effect of suffering upon the spirit, and thus it was her constant aim to eliminate pain and sorrow from her life. The spirit of hope that might have infused her spirit with resignation to her suffering was never to be hers. For, as Gordon W. Allport, the noted

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psychologist, says, "to live is to suffer, to survive is to find meaning in the suffering. If there is a purpose in life at all, there must be a purpose in suffering and dying."²⁸ Katherine Mansfield never found this more profound meaning of suffering. However, it is true that the war did change her concept of it. She felt the evil around her, and likewise how powerless she was to remedy the situation. Consequently, this feeling of futility led her to further examination of the problem of the coexistence of good and evil. The reality of suffering was brought home to her, and she saw the necessity of accepting pain. But she seemed without insight into the meaning of her suffering. As yet she had established no definite attitude toward it. She saw the necessity of suffering, but failed to succeed in changing her distress into what Frankl terms a "triumph."²⁹

Her brother, Leslie Beauchamp, to whom, as we have seen, she was very close and in whom she had complete trust, came often to see her at No. 5 Acacia Road and had spent a week there on his last leave. These visits restored in imagination their whole period of childhood. The very strong bond that united them can be felt from their conversation on one of these visits,

But isn't it extraordinary how deep our happiness was --- how positive --- deep, shining, warm. I remember the way we used to look at each other and smile --- do you?---sharing a secret....³⁰

During these meetings in London Katherine and Leslie

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Had made a pact to return after the war to the country of their youth and enjoy what had meant so much to them as children. This agreement was never to be kept, for Leslie Beauchamp was killed on October 7, 1915. His death was eventually to bring to Katherine a great peace. She now had a goal to attain. She must write of her memories of New Zealand, and since the thought of death now had a new conception for her, she faced it with a certain tranquil understanding. Of these facts her Journal convinces us,

I want to write down the fact that not only am I not afraid of death --- I welcome the idea of death. I believe in immortality because he is not here, and I long to join him. First, my darling, I've got things to do for both of us, and then I will come as quickly as I can. Dearest heart, I know you are there,³¹ and I live with you, and I will write for you.

Indeed, those memories of their younger days were to produce some of Katherine Mansfield's best stories. In November of the year of Leslie's death she wrote in her Journal, "Because I feel I have a duty to perform to the lovely time when we were both alive I want to write about it and he wanted me to."³² Thus part of the reason for writing her New Zealand memories was her love for her brother, but we see in this desire the impact also of the more happy aspect of her childhood. As a child she had felt the enchantment of the beaches and the forests of her home. Now as an adult she looked toward the country she had emerged from so that she might the better understand the

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person she had become. In her early years also she had understood as we have seen the close connection between suffering and joy. Along with the magic which she had felt as a little girl in New Zealand, she experienced the frustration of a family and a society which made her persist in retreating from the inhibitions they imposed.

Now, a kind of peace entered Katherine Mansfield's soul, but it was a peace produced by the presence of suffering. Again because of Katherine's illness the Murrys moved in November, 1915, from No. 5 Acacia Road to Cassis in the South of France. Here her grief cut her off from Murry completely; any effort on his part to reach her was of no avail. So, Murry installed his wife in Bandol also in the South of France, and left for London. That Leslie's recent death had brought into her life a void which no one else could fill is apparent from a letter to her friend Koteliensky, "On the mantelpiece in my room stands my brother's photograph. I never see anything that I like, or hear anything, without the longing that he should see and hear, too...."³³ Had Katherine been a well person at this time her loss would have been easier to bear, but her almost daily illness was now becoming more and more of a problem in her life. A letter to Murry makes one realize this,

What a night I spent, Bogey! My left leg rushed up to reinforce my other ills and it has won the battle --- In fact I'm a complete prisoner to it

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to-day and shall have to give this letter to foreign hands to post for I can't walk at all --- However, it's just my old rheumatism --- you know what it's like.³⁴

Katherine learned that at the end of December Murry would join her and she was looking forward hopefully to his visit. Murry came and for the next three months he and Katherine lived happily in the Villa Pauline in Bandol. During their brief stay there the simplicity and charm of the place found echoes in their writing. Murry was engaged in his work on Dostoevsky, and Katherine was writing "The Aloe" later published as "Prelude." The new creativity which Lawrence had predicted for Katherine had become a reality. As she mentions in her Journal, "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."³⁵ And finally, she was enthusiastic about the subject of her writing. "Ah, once fairly alight -- how I'd blaze and burn!"³⁶

But even during this short interlude of peace at the Villa Pauline, she experienced some sorrow due to her constant remembrance of her brother. Her Journal speaks to us of her almost pathetic grief,

When I am not writing I feel my brother calling me, and he is not happy. Only when I write or am in a state of writing--a state of 'inspiration' do I feel that he is calm....Last night I dreamed of him...Wherever I looked, there he lay. I felt that God showed him to me like that for some express purpose and I knelt down by the bed. But I could not pray.³⁷

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If Katherine Mansfield's loss of her brother was causing her pain, it was at the same time bringing into her mind an understanding of what her parents had suffered from loneliness down through the years. Her change of heart is seen in a letter to her father on March 6, 1916,

I wish I could tell you, father, how I long to see you. Our dear one, when he was here, seemed to bring me so near to you, and talking of you with him I realised afresh each time how much I love and admire, and how very much you mean to me. Forgive my childish faults, my generous darling Daddy, and keep me in your heart.³⁸

In April 1916 the Murrays moved again; this time from France back to England, to a cottage at Higher Tregerthen in North Cornwall. Katherine's letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell in May tells the reason for their brief sojourn here, "...We are going to leave here as soon as we can. We are at present, looking for a little cottage where we can put our pieces of furniture, for we must have a tiny home and a garden and we must be alive again...."³⁹ The Murrays had not been "alive" at Higher Tregerthen because there they had put up with considerable thwarting of their opinions and ideas by their neighbours, the Lawrences. Lawrence himself was especially demanding of Murray's time, and so Katherine was left alone.

Because of this situation the Murrays moved to Mylor in South Cornwall. Here, Katherine, instead of becoming "alive" again, went through a time of restless anguish because the well-springs of her inspiration once more

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seemed thoroughly exhausted. Even her visits to London failed to bring back to her writing the spontaneity and naturalness which so delighted her.

Autumn of 1916 found the Murrays back in London still not legally married, and therefore having trouble finding living-quarters. Accordingly, Katherine and Murry took separate apartments. Murry, now employed in the Department of Military Intelligence, became so thoroughly obsessed with the state of the war that conditions at home seemed secondary. He was translating and Katherine was revising "The Aloe." Thus, their talent for writing which had drawn them together in an appreciation of each other's gifts, now seemed to be widening the rift between them.

Katherine, in 1917, without Murry's knowledge, returned to The New Age. This fact is significant, for it was unlike her not to discuss her plans for writing with her husband. But Katherine was distressed that Murry was more concerned with his writing than with her. Thus, she talked to her friends rather than to her husband. To Virginia Woolf she said, "I couldn't cope with the copying: I've been so 'ill'. Rheumatics plus ghastly depression plus fury. I simply long to see you."⁴⁰

The Fall of this year, however, brought Katherine Mansfield much pleasure, for October saw the publication of "Prelude." Her delight is manifested in a letter to the Honourable Dorothy Brett, "But the unpardonable unspeakable

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thrill of this art business. What is there to compare! And what more can we desire?"⁴¹ The thrill of publication, however, was to be overshadowed in November by great physical pain resulting in mental depression. Again she speaks to her friend and fellow-writer, Virginia Woolf,

I have not been able to get to a telephone even. For I am alone here, and nobody has visited me. Murry is at Garsington and my rheumatism has ramped and raged....I am so down in the depths that I cannot imagine anything ever fishing me up again.⁴²

There was no doubt that now Katherine at the age of twenty-nine was enduring even more serious physical and mental suffering than previously. She was greatly disturbed because she and her husband had lived apart for the greater portion of 1917. Both became seriously ill; Murry recovered, but Katherine's state of health continued to advance from bad to worse. Thus she wrote to her American painter friend, Anne Estelle Rice,

The reason why I have not replied before to your letter and book has been that I have been strictly in bed for days, nearly weeks, with my left waterwing (alias my lung) entirely out of action for the time and strapped up in plaster...It has been hellishly annoying, as⁴³ you know my views on the subject of ill health.

In December her illness was diagnosed as tuberculosis, and a move to the South of France was suggested by both her husband and her doctor.

Katherine's first reaction at the thought of re-visiting France was one of sheer delight. But, upon arrival, her disappointment was in proportion to her pre-

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vious joy. Her letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell tells the story, "No, no, never come to France while this bloody war is on. It is tolerable as far as Paris but after that it is most infernal weariness and discomfort and exasperation. Unendurable."⁴⁴

Some of Katherine's worry came from a lack of financial security. She talks of this in a letter to Murry, "But oh, as we sat there talking and I felt myself answer and smile and stroke my muff and discuss the meat shortage and the horrid bread and the high prices of cette guerre,"⁴⁵ Later in the month she expresses the same financial worries, "I am doing all I can to live without spending, to wear my old clothes and shoes."⁴⁶

At the beginning of her stay in France, Katherine experienced additional trouble. Seemingly, she once more could not produce any work of value. A letter to Murry affirms that she longed for the power to create,

...and though I do write---it is only a matter of 'will' to break through -- it's all a sham and a pretence so far....I'll go on grinding until suddenly I throw away the stone and begin to create something.⁴⁷

Yet with her short story "Je Ne Parle Pas Français" she wrote even better than she had hoped. It was Katherine's cry against all the evil which war-ridden France had held up to her. About this corruption she speaks to Murry,

I've had two 'kick offs' in the writing game. One is joy--real joy---...The other 'kick off' is my old original one....Not hate or destruction...but an

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extremely deep sense of hopelessness, of everything doomed to disaster....as I took out a cigarette paper I got it exactly--a cry against corruption--...Not a protest --- a cry.⁴⁸

Murry's reply after reading the first chapter of her story brought joy into Katherine's pain-filled days. Her letter to him revealed her deep satisfaction.

I read it and wept for joy. How can you so marvellously understand...I did feel (I do) that this story is the real thing and that I did not once (as far as I know) shirk it.⁴⁹

No doubt Katherine's most severe distress at this time came from her disgust with and horror of the war, and her intense dislike of the cruelty it inflicted. In a reply to some comment Murry had written, she answered,

It's here in me the whole time, eating me away, and I am simply terrified by it. It's at the root of my homesickness and anxiety and panic. I think it took being alone here and unable to work to make me fully, fully accept it.⁵⁰

Further evidence of the mental torment Katherine was undergoing is found in another letter to Murry, "Can I stand another last night? Of course, I suppose I can. But Must I? Not to sleep and to be alone is a very neat example of HELL"⁵¹ Her Journal adds to this tale of intense suffering,

What happens is that I come in absolutely exhausted, lie down, sit up and sit in a daze of fatigue--... I can barely walk--Can't think, don't dare go to sleep because if I do I know I'll lie awake through the night, and that is my horror.⁵²

The first few months of 1918 ended in even worse misery than they had begun. Katherine now learned that what had been diagnosed for her health in 1917 was indeed the

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truth. She was tubercular. This she admitted to Murry,
 "I woke up early this morning...The bound made me cough--I
 spat--it tasted strange--it was bright red blood. Since
 then I've gone on spitting each time I cough a little
 more....⁵³

During this sorrow-filled period Miss Mansfield
 wrote her short story "Bliss", "I've just finished this new
 story, Bliss, and am sending it to you. But though, my
 God! I have enjoyed writing it, I am an absolute rag for
 the rest of the day and you must forgive no letter at all."⁵⁴
 Katherine feared leaving this world with work uncompleted.
 For three months she tried to obtain a permit to leave
 France. In March she wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell,

Spring, this year, is so beautiful, that watching
 it unfold one is filled with a sort of anguish....
 It has made the War so awfully real, and not only
 the war--Ah, Ottoline--it has made me realise so
 deeply and finally the corruption of the world.⁵⁵

Once her permit was obtained she travelled only as far as
 Paris where for three weeks she awaited the end of the bom-
 bardment.

Finally, on April 12, Katherine was reunited with her
 husband at Redcliffe Road. There she wished to remain,
 "As I can't have the perfect other thing, I do like this.
 I feel, somehow, free in it. It has no abiding place, and
 neither have I."⁵⁶ Murry, however, considered the place
 unhealthy for Katherine and insisted that she leave.
 Before this happened the Murrays were legally married at the

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Kensington Registry Office.

On May 17, 1918, Katherine left for Looe, in Cornwall, and before long old troubles reappeared. Her illness continued unabated; she was still separated from Murry, and living among strangers. Her letters to her husband were replete with the misery of separation,

What--of all other things--seems so hard is how we swore not to let each other go again...and then how soon...we were gone....I must come back and die there rather than always this living apart.⁵⁷

Although Katherine once again felt the pain of separation, she was also aware that living together would likewise be a source of suffering, "Queer--I can't write letters any more. No, I can't. I have written too many, you know. I think it is infernal that we should be apart. But we must not be together."⁵⁸ She lets Murry know, nevertheless, what another move meant to her,

You see, I was in the S. of F. from December till April. What was it like on the whole? Just HELL. As you know it nearly killed me. Then I came back to rest with you....Although, please try to realise the appalling blow it was to me to uproot again--⁵⁹

During these five weeks Katherine lived, moreover, in a spiritual turmoil. She found it difficult to accept things as they were, so she wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell, "But the ugliness--the ugliness of life--the intolerable corruption of it all--How is it to be borne?"⁶⁰ It is this last question that reveals Katherine's inner pain. She saw clearly the beauty and corruption in the world, but a

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spirit of resignation to the ugliness, the suffering, she had not yet achieved. This inability to accept reality was emphasized in the same letter when she wrote,

But all that is only part of the other, greater curse which is upon life--the curse of loneliness--I am quite certain that it is all wrong to live isolated and shut away as we do--⁶¹

Katherine Mansfield knew of the social dimension, the social responsibility of life. But she was ignorant of the true significance of loneliness in the existential sense. Her isolation meant suffering and she endeavoured to eliminate this pain and distress from her life. The result for her was disillusion. On the other hand, true resignation to her suffering would have made her hopeful. This lack of hope intensified her sense of isolation. Katherine Mansfield's problem of suffering was not its intensity and diversity, but rather her inability to recognize its spiritual dimension.

She could descend to terrible depths,

I do get black. I simply go dark as though I were a sort of landscape, and the sun does not send one beam to me--only immense dark rolling clouds above that I am sure will never lift. It is terrible--terrible.⁶²

Her letters of this period to Murry reveal also that in the midst of her loneliness her heart often ached for a child of her own, "I feel 'ill' and I feel a longing for you: for our home, our life, and for a little baby."⁶³ However, she did try to understand the meaning of suffering. In a

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letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell we feel a striving to obtain some insight into the metaphysical importance of loneliness,

My secret belief--the innermost 'credo' by which I live is--that although life is loathsomely ugly and people are terribly often vile and cruel and base, nevertheless there is something at the back of it all--which if only I were great enough to understand would make everything, everything, indescribably beautiful.⁶⁴

Her use of the word "great" indicates that she acknowledges the lack in her life of something which would help her understand the true significance of suffering. And her admitting that those same results would be "indescribably beautiful" shows some comprehension of the real meaning of suffering: not the pain of black despair, but the resigned suffering of purpose.

Katherine's feeling of loneliness was to end for a time when Murry paid her a visit at Looe in June of 1918. A letter to Murry shows her happiness at the anticipation of his coming, "If you do come down here and I do meet you at the station I think the Heavens will open."⁶⁵ Accordingly, on June 17 she wrote, "I do feel to-day that Friday is--oh, so near. I keep making preparations...and speculations. Will my flowers last till then?"⁶⁶ Murry arrived, remained about a week at Looe, and then they returned together to Redcliffe Road, London. While they were there Katherine's story "Bliss" was accepted, and in August it appeared in the English Review.

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However, with the elation she felt over this success came the sorrow caused by the news of her mother's death in Wellington on August 8. Her letter to the Honourable Dorothy Brett exposes Katherine's complete understanding of her mother, and the genuine love she felt for her,

Yes, it is an immense blow. She was the most precious, lovely little thing, even so far away, you know, and writing me such long, long letters about the garden and the house and her conversations in bed with Father, and of how she loved sudden unexpected cups of tea...⁵⁷

At the end of August the Murrys moved into their home at East Heath Road, Hampstead. Here Katherine laid the roots of a friendship with Murry's brother, Richard; she renewed her friendship with Lawrence, and most important of all she had her husband with her. But even in what had all the earmarks of a period of happy living there lurked a shadow; her lingering illness was making deep inroads upon her strength. Moreover, as she explained to the Honourable Dorothy Brett, she had to force herself to write,

I am full of new ideas for work. Rather held up at moment by my wretched machinery which creaks and groans and lets me down. But I mean to get it in good enough order to be able to ignore it and plunge into the REAL LIFE.⁶⁸

Her strong will was further evidenced when there was question of entering a sanatorium, "My Papa sent a specialist to see me yesterday, who said that if I didn't go into a sanatorium I had not a Dog's Chance. Blast his eyes!...I feel full of fire and buck."⁶⁹ So, Katherine remained at Hamp-

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stead, but her days were filled with much despair because of the dismal picture she viewed from her bed of pain, "Oh, why is the world so ugly--so corrupt and stupid? When I heard the drunks passing the house on Monday night, singing the good old pre-war drunken rubbish, I felt cold with horror."⁷⁰

The year 1918, however, was to draw to a close on a note of hope, for her physician, Dr. Sorapure, accepted Katherine as ~~the~~ determined person she was, and carried the case from there. He advised her to keep a well-balanced disposition and insisted on her writing because he understood its therapeutic value for her. Dr. Sorapure,

realized that the restrictions of a hospital would be as fatal to her spirit as a London winter would be to her body. She must be free to write, to maintain privacy, or ~~the~~ fire of her own misery would consume her health.⁷¹

Dr. Sorapure alone seemed to come close to an explanation of what Katherine had called, "that something at the back of it all." He perceptibly understood Katherine in so far as she continued to the end of her life to search for a meaning for suffering.

The following year, 1919, was to be one of the blackest of the many predominantly somber years of Katherine Mansfield's life. It opened with Murry editing the very respected magazine The Athenaeum and Katherine reviewing novels for it. Since writing was Katherine's one aim, her position with this magazine should have produced satisfaction,

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but such was not the case. Her health demanded periods of solitude. However, these did not exclude Murry, but he was too absorbed in his work. So Katherine continued to work, to long for happiness, and to suffer. A Journal entry of June of this year is evidence that a child of her own might have mitigated her suffering, "Peace, solitude, time to write my books, beautiful external life to watch and ponder---no more. O, I'd like a child as well---a baby boy; mais je demande trop!"⁷² In July she confided to Lady Ottonline Morrell, "Forgive me -- I can't write--I feel numb with despair--and only want to creep away somewhere and weep and weep--"⁷³ For Katherine, this year had yielded but one thing, "The only thing I have got out of it these months is pennies. I have earned quite a few. That gives me a good sense of freedom."⁷⁴

Living in her own home during this year, Katherine had time for dreams, and her mother and her brother figured in them. The emptiness left by their deaths she still felt, and when the dream ended she was alone and much aware of her separation from her family. Thus, for example, her rather plaintive entry in her Journal of May 1919, states, "My little Mother, my star, my courage, my own, I seem to dwell in her now."⁷⁵ Later in the same month, we find Katherine jotting down her dreams of her brother, "Sometimes I glance at the clock. Then I know that I am expecting Chummie.... He runs up the stairs, three at a time. 'Hullo, darling!'

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But I can't move--"76

In mid August of 1919 Katherine saw her father and her sister Jeanne. Both Katherine and her father realized their loneliness and their need for a more close and endearing relationship. But they were proud people not yet ready to admit that each needed the other.

Only in November, when her father again visited her on his return trip did Katherine and her father allow their relationship to blossom into complete understanding. In her letter to Murry Katherine writes, "I mean, to be called my precious child was almost too much--...It's not being called a wonder, it's having love present, close, warm, to be felt and returned."77 But her father's departure meant deep regret,

And here on the table are five daisies and an orchid that F. picked for me and tied with a bit of grass and handed me. If I had much to forgive him, I would forgive much for this little bunch of flowers.78

Katherine ends this letter with the question, "What have they to do with it all?" The answer to this inquiry is left to the reader who senses its importance. Her father's simple gesture of picking, tying, and presenting flowers spoke to Katherine of his love which at that moment was too deep for expression. His simplicity, however, awakened a corresponding love in her heart, and she forgave him much. The flowers, then, had everything to do with filling Katherine's heart with forgiveness and love for her father.

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In September of the same year Katherine left with Murry for San Remo, Italy, where she took up residence at the Casetta Deerholm at Ospedaletti. Once Katherine was comfortably settled here, Murry returned to Hampstead. Katherine was happy at first, but not for long. Her every action seemed but an attempt to build up faith in her recovery, and the outcome always resulted in black despair. Two months later she wrote to Murry,

I hope to get work done today; I long to--ah, so much!! If that were possible I'd get back my spirit. When that goes (the power to work) then I'm nothing, just a ~~straw~~ before the wind. And I feel one must hurry...

Katherine obsessed by the fear of death, speaks of it more often towards the end of the year. Her Journal, for example, has this entry, "All these two years I have been obsessed by the fear of death. This grew and grew and grew gigantic...."⁸⁰ In the same entry she says, "And, oh, how strong was its hold upon me! How I adored life and dreaded death!"⁸¹

Some of this despair might have been avoided had Katherine enjoyed the companionship of friends. Ida Baker could have helped, but neither Ida nor Katherine seemed to understand the demands of friendship, for their love had in it some selfishness. Katherine wanted Ida only when she absolutely needed her. On the other hand, Ida wished to be with Katherine at all times and allowed her little privacy. A letter to Murry summed up the whole Katherine-Ida rela-

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tionship,

L. M. doesn't help: She always makes me feel she is waiting for me to be worse, but if I see people, the strain of her even goes. I feel I've cut away a few hundred octopus feelers and I feel refreshed.⁸²

The diaries and letters of this period re-echo Katherine's cry of distress because of her being apart from Murry. Writing to him she utters this plea, "Oh, God, let us try to make this our last separation. At any rate it will be. I'd never bear another. They are too terrible."⁸³ Later in November she says, "Oh, I hope I get a letter to-day or something. It's the vilest old day. However, I've just got to stick it. There's nothing else to do. God! how lonely I am."⁸⁴

The year 1920 became even more disturbing than the previous one. Katherine admitted this in her Journal, "I thought last year in Italy: Any shadow more would be death. But this year has been so much more terrible that I think with affection of the Casetta!"⁸⁵ Now the urge to complete her work demanded higher courage. In a letter to Murry she writes,

It's hell to know one could do so much and be bound to journalism for bread....But isn't it grim to be reviewing Benson when one might be writing one's own stories which one will never have time to write, on the best showing!⁸⁶

During the whole of 1920 the Letters show that the race against time was an ever-present problem for her.

The first months of the year continued to be filled

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with extreme mental pain. The temporary separation caused by Murry's departure for London set Katherine back into real despair, "Immediately the sun goes in I am overcome-- again the black fit takes me. I hate the sea....But how can I work when this awful weakness makes even the pen like a walking-stick?"⁸⁷

Katherine's move to the Hermitage in Mentone, France, in late January failed to change the picture, and in mid February she moved again. On this occasion she settled at the Villa Flora also in Mentone, France. This was the home of her cousin, Miss Beauchamp. Here she lived surrounded by colour, sun, flowers, peace and solicitous care, and her health began to show a marked improvement.

At this time she revealed in her Journal an almost fanatical perfectionism toward herself and her work. Some reconciliation with life seemed about to be achieved. However, Miss Mansfield was not just surrendering herself weakly to the beliefs of her friends; hers was rather a powerful submission to a changed vision of life. Mr. Alpers, her definitive biographer, speaks of the struggle Katherine was undergoing, "Her encounter with the Roman Catholic Church was only the first round in this conflict, and the "real" Katherine won it."⁸⁸ As a result, she made her own decision about her religious convictions, and she also made up her mind about changing her vision.

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Her letters of this period are an indication of this change. To the Honourable Dorothy Brett she writes, "Don't feel bitter! We must not. Do let us ignore the people who aren't real and live deeply, the little time we have here."⁸⁹ In the same letter she says, "Little creatures that we are, we have our gesture to make which has its place in the scheme of things. We must find what it is and make it--offer up ourselves as a sacrifice. You as a painter and me as a writer."⁹⁰ But even at the Villa Flora surrounded by complete unselfishness, Katherine, the artist, was unhappy. This she confided to Anne Estelle Rice,

I am living here with 'relations'--the dearest people only they are not artists....I love them, and they've just been too good and dear to me, but they are not in the same world as we are and I pine for my own people, my own wandering tribe.⁹¹

Back in Hampstead at the end of April, Katherine tried to live up to her change of vision. Her acceptance of Murry is seen when she speaks of his reaction to her coughing spells, "I know he can't help these feelings. But, oh God! how wrong they are. If he could only for a minute, serve me, help me, give himself up."⁹² Thus she pleads for understanding from Murry, and we sense the pain which the lack of it causes her. She still loved him, but as she said, "I don't love him less, but I do love him differently."⁹³

In September Katherine took new lodgings in Mentone at the Villa Isola Bella: this was like home to her, for

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she loved its garden, its French windows, its heavenly weather, and even Marie, the excellent cook. Indeed, she wrote to Murry in October and told him, "In fact, I think Mentone must be awfully like N. Z.--but ever so much better."⁹⁴ Katherine still missed Murry, but even in her letters of September we detect a change in her understanding of the separation imposed on her by illness,

Yes, that suddenness of parting--that last moment--
But this last time I had a deep, strange confidence
a feeling so different, to that desperate parting
when I went to France,⁹⁵

This shows Katherine Mansfield's more reasonable attitude toward suffering. Sickness is revealing to her deeper insights into its spiritual significance.

And then suffering, bodily suffering such as I've known for three years. It has changed forever everything...Everything has its shadow....We resist, we are terribly frightened....But it's useless.⁹⁶ One ought to sit still and uncover one's eyes.

"Uncover one's eyes" described the change exactly and its results for Katherine Mansfield were far-reaching. She admitted that to reach her present viewpoint took time, "But it's taken 32 years in the dark...."⁹⁷ Now she has some insight into the meaning of pain.

I sometimes wonder whether that act of surrender is not one of the greatest of all--the highest....It 'needs' real humility and at the same time an absolute belief in one's own essential freedom....⁹⁸
This is true for me as a human being and as a writer.

A careful reading of her Journal note of December will reveal true growing in wisdom,

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Everything in life that we really accept undergoes a change. So suffering must become Love....I must pass from personal love which has failed me to greater love. I must give to the whole of life what I gave to him.⁹⁹ The present agony will pass-- if it doesn't kill.

These entries when read in their entirety and reflected upon deepen the reader's understanding of Miss Mansfield's suffering of soul and point out to what a degree of "acceptance" she had arrived at the close of a year which had begun in black despair.

During the next year physical suffering was still a formidable aspect of her life. In May 1921 she confessed to Anne Estelle Rice, "Can't mount a stair--can't do anything, but lie in a chaise longue looking at mountains that make me feel one is living in the Eye of the Lord."¹⁰⁰ Another letter of the same month makes clear that the doctors had not succeeded in helping her, "I have just paid B. 2,000 francs for looking after me and I'm 50 times worse than I was at Christmas."¹⁰¹ And Katherine continued to become worse as is shown in detail in a letter to Koteliansky, "Do you know I have not walked since November 1920?...Both my lungs are affected; there is a cavity in one and the other is affected through. My heart is weak, too."¹⁰²

Thus 1921 was a year of darkness; but it was a darkness with a difference. Katherine was striving to exercise her belief that suffering can be overcome in the sense that it can be accepted. This philosophy she ex-

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pounds in a letter to Koteliansky,

...I mean all suffering, however great--we have to get over it--to cease from harking back to it--to grin and bear it and to hide the wounds. More than that, and far more true is we have to find the gift in it.¹⁰³

To be able to find the gift in suffering requires a rather unusual person and Katherine Mansfield did find it. She learned to face the realities of life, "I think nearly all my falsity has come from not facing facts as I should have done, and it's only now that I am beginning to learn to face them."¹⁰⁴ This submission to suffering brought love instead of hate into her life.

Although Katherine Mansfield learned to accept suffering, she never ceased to hope for a cure for her illness. So, in May she left her villa for Baughy, Switzerland, to face the Spahlinger treatment. She hated this country, but as she said to Anne Estelle Rice, "I believe it is the only place where they do give back one's wings. And I can't go on crawling any longer."¹⁰⁵ The word "crawling" is significant in its implication of intense and prolonged physical suffering, and the use of the word "wings" is indicative of hope. This treatment, however, failed and another decision to uproot herself faced her. She made up her mind in June, and joined by Murry, departed for a brief stay in the town of Sierre in Switzerland.

From Sierre they moved soon to an isolated chateau, the Châlet des Sapins in Montana, Switzerland. The isola-

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tion of this place about two thousand feet above Sierre brought to Katherine Mansfield a quiet peace. And its atmosphere enabled her to write again. Indeed, this was the year of her greatest creativity, the climax of her writing career. From a letter to the Honourable Dorothy Brett one infers that in her writing she found strength, "The longer I live the more I realise that in work only lies one's strength and one's salvation."¹⁰⁶ This strength produced during this period some of Miss Mansfield's best stories, "Mr. and Mrs. Dove", and "An Ideal Family", "Her First Ball", "The Voyage", "At The Bay", "The Garden Party", and "The Doll's House."

Although 1921 shows Katherine Mansfield at the height of her writing career, it also discloses her deep consciousness of a certain "unworthiness." This can be traced through her Journal records of these months in the Châlet des Sapins. In July she notes, "But marks of earthly degradation still pursue me. I am not crystal clear."¹⁰⁷ Comments on two important stories show this same dissatisfaction, "It seems to me it's a little 'wispy' --not what it might have been. The G. P. is better. But that is not good enough, either...."¹⁰⁸ In a later story of the same month she speaks of her own life, "Oh God! I am divided still. I am bad. I fail in my personal life."¹⁰⁹ Katherine concludes the month with a prayer, "May I be found worthy to do it! Lord, make me crystal

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clear for thy light to shine through!"¹¹⁰

As this year drew to a close, Katherine became more aware of the fatal nature of her illness. For example, her Journal of November queries, "Why am I haunted every single day of my life by the nearness of death and its inevitability?"¹¹¹ Nevertheless, she still looked forward to a cure and wrote to Koteliansky, "Do you know where I can obtain any information about Dr. Manoukine's treatment?"¹¹² Katherine was in a state of mingled hope and fear and admitted this to the Honourable Dorothy Brett, "I am horribly unsettled for the moment....I am making another effort to throw off my chains--i.e., to be well."¹¹³

Katherine heard from Dr. Manoukine, and his reply was responsible for the note of hope on which this year ends. Writing to Koteliansky Katherine says, "A good letter--very....He says the treatment takes 15 weeks if one is not much advanced. But no matter. It is fearfully exciting to have heard!"¹¹⁴ Katherine's expectations were high; she believed or wanted to believe that a miracle was to be wrought. To this effect she wrote to a friend, Sydney Schiff,

He has told me that if I go to Paris he will treat me by his new method and there is the word guérison shining in his letter. I believe every word of it; I believe in him implicitly.¹¹⁵

It was in this mood of excitement and hope that Katherine moved into the final year of her life. But one

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can read from one letter to another, from one Journal record to another of 1922 and sense the depths of anguish the writer was experiencing.

Nevertheless, her suffering does not exclude her longing for a child. Her Journal of January the twelfth shows her saying, "What shall I do to express my thanks? I want to adopt a Russian baby, call him Anton, and bring him up as mine with Kot for a godfather and Mme. Tchhov for a godmother. Such is my dream."¹¹⁶ And on January 20 she tells the Honourable Dorothy Brett of her joy because of other people's love of children, "It is surprising and very lovely to know how people love little children-- the most unexpected people."¹¹⁷ One week later her Journal again speaks of suffering, "I have been in pain, in bad pain all day. I ache all over. I can barely stand."¹¹⁸

The same cry is made in February, "A bad day. I felt ill....I could do nothing. The weakness was not only physical."¹¹⁹ This entry dated the sixth emphasizes Katherine's illness and pain, and yet on February 8 she finds the courage to write to a friend, William Gerhardi expressing her joy on the occasion of the birth of his last child, "I have the warmest feelings towards your little nouveau-né and shall watch its first steps with all the eagerness a parent could desire."¹²⁰ At this time even the Manoukine treatment meant pain, "One burns with heat in one's hands and feet and bones. Then suddenly you are

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racked with neuritis, but such neuritis that you can't lift your arm."¹²¹ But greater than the physical pain was the reliance on others which this treatment caused, "Anything--rather than illness--rather than the sofa, and that awful dependence on others!"¹²²

Eventually, Katherine concluded that the Manoukine treatment represented for her another failure. She still hoped for a miracle, but she realized that she needed guidance. Such convictions led her to seek entrance to the Gurdjieff Institute.

In the midst of the physical and mental agitation of making final breaks with former treatments, with doctors, friends, and with her work, Katherine Mansfield again manifests that children are never far from her thoughts. She remembers her nephew, Andrew Bell, then ten years old, and from No. 6 Pond Street in London writes to this little boy living in Almonte, Ontario. The letter is written in September, 1922, one month prior to her departure for the Gurdjieff Institute.

Certainly, the opening words of the letter would impress the young nephew with a sense of his own importance, for his aunt wrote, "I can hardly believe that the tiny person I said goodbye to in London is able to write with such grown-up hand-writing."¹²³ In the same letter she assures him later he has something to contribute to her education, "You see I don't know a bit the kind of life a

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little Canadian boy leads or the things he learns at school---or out of school."¹²⁴ The more significant part of the same letter throws light on Katherine Mansfield's respect for the period of childhood. To her this world of the child is no mistake. It does not need to be changed or corrected by education and experience. It is the time of life for implanting real and lasting values. The child in its innocence and simplicity can show to the grown-ups some of the solid values of life which they so often overlook. This philosophy is exposed when she says.

The little boy who lives in the house is eight years old and he is a great naturalist. He has stocked a pond with fishes he has caught himself and knows all about them---carp and dace and perch. I wonder if you have those kinds in Canada?¹²⁵

This love for the unsophisticated, the simple, which is placed at our disposal in nature is further shown when she offers, elsewhere in this letter, to send her nephew a book about birds, plants, or wild flowers. The offer is made, however, with the stipulation---"If you would like these." The barrier that usually separates adults from children is one of taste. Katherine Mansfield has bridged that barrier by implying her own liking for animals, plants, birds, and fishes.

Eventually, in October, 1922, Katherine Mansfield entered the Gurdjieff Institute established at Fontainebleau by George Gurdjieff. This organization had for its object the harmonious development of man. Katherine found here a

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different atmosphere and a new way of living. About this she wrote to Murry, "...All I am doing now is trying to put into practice the 'ideas' I have had for so long, of another and a far more truthful existence."¹²⁶ She was making a supreme effort to confront life in a way she had never tried before.

At Gurdjieff she felt surrounded by people who could help her to materialize her aim, "But I cannot tell you what a joy it is to me to be in contact with living people who are strange and quick and not ashamed to be themselves."¹²⁷ That a truthful existence was what she desired is evident from her letter to Murry on Boxing Day of 1922, "You see, if I were allowed one single cry to God, that cry would be: I want to be REAL."¹²⁸ Her aim was not to be realized, for she died from tuberculosis at Fontainebleau on January 9, 1923.

This last year of Katherine's life had been one of more than physical suffering. Her Journal shows how well she understood the pain of alienation from her husband,

You are important to him as a dream. Not as a living reality. For you are not one. What do you share? Almost nothing? Yet there is a deep, sweet, tender flooding of feeling in my heart which is love for him and longing for him.¹²⁹

Shortly before her death the same yearning for Murry's presence urged her to write him to visit her at Gurdjieff, "I hope you will decide to come, my dearest. Let me know as soon as you can, won't you"¹³⁰

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Her rapidly declining health, meant, moreover, an inability to work. To the Honourable Dorothy Brett Katherine explained, "Work I can't at all for the present. Even reading is very difficult."¹³¹ She wrote to her husband in the same strain, "In fact, I feel I cannot express myself in writing just now. The old mechanism, isn't mine any longer, and I can't control the new."¹³²

What is remarkable, however, is that in defiance of her suffering Katherine produced some short stories during 1922. In January, "A Cup of Tea", and "Taking the Veil" appeared, and she began "The Doves' Nest". During February she completed "The Fly." Her last finished story, "The Canary," was written in July. The great physical effort necessary to do this work was accompanied by the gratification of achievement.

Katherine's loneliness during 1922 arose also from her recurring longings for her homeland. The country for which she had left New Zealand she now disliked intensely, "Oh, I shall never go back to England again except en passant. Anywhere, anywhere but England!"¹³³ But of New Zealand she thought often and told her father, "I thank God I was born in New Zealand. A young country is a real heritage, though it takes one time to recognise it. But New Zealand is in my very bones."¹³⁴ When Katherine mentions her family at this time, one senses her loneliness, "It's a sad pity that New Zealand is so far, dearest Papa.

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How nice it would be if we could all foregather more often."¹³⁵

When one comes to know Katherine Mansfield in the manner previously delineated, one is impressed by the predominance of suffering in her life, and the few intermittent periods of happiness. As a child she was alienated from her parents; and she suffered. As a young girl of eighteen returning to New Zealand from London she suffered the isolation of the artist separated from her "artist friends", and when allowed to return to the artistic milieu she felt the distress of being looked upon as "The little Colonial." Later she married an English husband and again she was the alienated one. Murry gave, but not on the level which his wife's determined disposition demanded. Thus the very sensitive wife suffered. Later, she accepted the suffering, but her acceptance did not extend to her illness. Theoretically, she accepted death because she realized the togetherness of life and death. That she persisted in her search for a miracle is understandable because of her developed sense of child-like wonder. The tragedy of her life, however, might be said to have been her inability to believe in a personal God. Because of this her last years were marked by the restlessness of reaching out towards an unattainable goal. They were, nevertheless, marked by a resigned peace. Indeed, she used her own personal creativity in the service of society, and thus achieved a

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real encounter with an ideal that encompasses the world and at the same time, transcends it. Katherine, however, sought for her highest conception of perfection by communicating with the world through literature. Her values were oriented toward the human rather than toward the divine. In none of her stories do we get any insight into the deeper significance of distress, anguish, or pain. In fine, it would seem that her "cry against corruption" represents more an exposé of suffering than provision of a remedy for its correction or cure.

NOTES

CHAPTER II

¹Isabel C. Clarke, Katherine Mansfield (Wellington: The Beltane Book Bureau, 1944), p. 4.

²Antony Alpers, Katherine Mansfield (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958), p. 42. Hereafter this work will be cited as Alpers.

³Journal of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry (London: Constable & Co. Ltd., 1954), February 1916, pp. 103-104. Hereafter this work will be cited as Journal.

⁴Kathleen Beauchamp, "The Pine-Tree, the Sparrows, and You and I," The Queen's College Magazine, December, 1903, pp. 74-76.

⁵Journal, April 1, 1904, p. 2.

⁶Ruth Elvish Mantz and Middleton Murry, The Life of Katherine Mansfield (London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1933), pp. 181-182.

⁷Journal, February 1916, p. 104.

⁸Ibid., October 21, 1907, p. 21.

⁹Ibid., September 2, 1907, p. 19.

¹⁰Ibid., 1907, pp. 28-30.

¹¹Ibid., April 29, 1909, p. 41.

¹²Mrs. Macintosh Bell, (Katherine Mansfield's sister) Personal Interview, Ottawa, November 18, 1967. [These papers have been put into the keeping of the university of Windsor.]

¹³Alpers, p. 125.

¹⁴Journal, 1910, p. 44.

¹⁵Ibid., March 14, 1910, p. 44.

¹⁶Ibid., September 6, 1911, pp. 46-47.

¹⁷Ibid., January 1914, p. 51.

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¹⁸Ibid., May 1914, p. 60.

¹⁹Ibid., December 28, 1914, p. 63.

²⁰The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry (2 vols.; London: Constable & Co. Ltd., 1928), Vol. I, March 1, 1915, p. 6. Hereafter this work will be cited as Letters.

²¹Ibid., March 17, p. 7.

²²Ibid., March 19, p. 9.

²³Ibid., March 29, p. 21.

²⁴Ibid., May 13, p. 22.

²⁵Ibid.

²⁶Ibid., May 15, 1915, p. 25.

²⁷Ibid., May 25, 1915, p. 33.

²⁸Viktor E. Frankl, Man's Search For Meaning, with an Introduction by Gordon W. Allport (New York: Washington Square Press, Inc., 1963), p. XIII.

²⁹"As logotherapy teaches, even the tragic and negative aspects of life, such as unavoidable suffering, can be turned into a human achievement by the attitude which a man adopts toward his predicament....because it shows the patient how to transform despair into triumph." Viktor E. Frankl, The Will to Meaning, (New York: The World Publishing Company, 1969), p. IX.

³⁰Journal, October 1915, p. 84.

³¹Ibid., October 29, 1915, pp. 85-86.

³²Ibid., November 1915, p. 90.

³³Letters, Vol. I, November 19, 1915, p. 34.

³⁴Ibid., December 12, 1915, pp. 42-43.

³⁵Journal, January 22, 1916, p. 94.

³⁶Ibid., February 13, 1916, p. 95.

³⁷Ibid.

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- ³⁸Alpers, p. 220.
- ³⁹Letters, Vol. I, May 1916, p. 71.
- ⁴⁰Ibid., August 1917, p. 75.
- ⁴¹Ibid., October 11, 1917, p. 84.
- ⁴²Ibid., November 1917, p. 84.
- ⁴³Ibid., December 22, 1917, p. 86.
- ⁴⁴Ibid., January 18, 1918, p. 102.
- ⁴⁵Ibid., January 13, 1918, p. 99.
- ⁴⁶Ibid., January 23, 1918, p. 107.
- ⁴⁷Ibid., January 27, 1918, p. 113.
- ⁴⁸Ibid., February 3, 1918, p. 119.
- ⁴⁹Ibid., February 11, 1918, p. 127.
- ⁵⁰Ibid., February 3, 1918, p. 120.
- ⁵¹Ibid., February 4, 1918, p. 122.
- ⁵²Journal, February 1918, p. 128.
- ⁵³Letters, Vol. I, February 19, 1918, p. 130.
- ⁵⁴Ibid., February 28, 1918, p. 138.
- ⁵⁵Ibid., March 1918, p. 158.
- ⁵⁶Journal, April 26, 1918, p. 133.
- ⁵⁷Letters, Vol. I, May 20, 1918, p. 170.
- ⁵⁸Ibid., May 21, 1918, p. 171.
- ⁵⁹Ibid., May 27, 1918, p. 180.
- ⁶⁰Ibid., May 24, 1918, p. 176.
- ⁶¹Ibid., p. 177.
- ⁶²Ibid., June 5, 1918, p. 191.
- ⁶³Ibid., June 7, 1918, p. 196.

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⁶⁴Ibid., June 1918, pp. 204-205.

⁶⁵Ibid., June 1918, p. 186.

⁶⁶Ibid., June 17, 1918, pp. 202-203.

⁶⁷Ibid., August 14, 1918, p. 210.

⁶⁸Ibid., October 12, 1918, p. 213.

⁶⁹Ibid., October 13, 1918, p. 214.

⁷⁰Ibid., November 13, 1918, p. 218.

⁷¹Sylvia Berkman, Katherine Mansfield (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1951), p. 116.

⁷²Journal, June 21, 1919, p. 168.

⁷³Letters, Vol. I, July 1919, p. 237.

⁷⁴Ibid., August 13, 1919, p. 154.

⁷⁵Journal, May 19, 1919, p. 154.

⁷⁶Ibid., May 1919, p. 157.

⁷⁷Letters, Vol. I, November 12, 1919, p. 282.

⁷⁸Ibid., p. 283.

⁷⁹Ibid., November 4, 1919, p. 274.

⁸⁰Journal, December 15, 1919, p. 184.

⁸¹Ibid., p. 185.

⁸²Letters, Vol. I, November 23, 1919, p. 296.

⁸³Ibid., November 6, 1919, p. 277.

⁸⁴Ibid., November 26, 1919, p. 304.

⁸⁵Journal, December 16, 1919, p. 228.

⁸⁶Letters, Vol. 2, November 1920, p. 76.

⁸⁷Journal, January 4, 1920, p. 191.

⁸⁸Alpers, p. 293.

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- ⁸⁹Letters, Vol. 2, March 26, 1920, p. 22.
- ⁹⁰Ibid., p. 23.
- ⁹¹Ibid., March 1920, p. 24.
- ⁹²Journal, August 12, 1920, p. 207.
- ⁹³Ibid., August 19, 1920, p. 209.
- ⁹⁴Letters, Vol. 2, October 1920, p. 60.
- ⁹⁵Ibid., September 1920, p. 40.
- ⁹⁶Ibid., October 1920, pp. 57-58.
- ⁹⁷Ibid., October 1920, p. 65.
- ⁹⁸Ibid., November 1920, p. 78.
- ⁹⁹Journal, December 19, 1920, p. 228.
- ¹⁰⁰Letters, Vol. 2, May 1921, p. 102.
- ¹⁰¹Ibid., May 1921, p. 115.
- ¹⁰²Ibid., December 5, 1921, p. 161.
- ¹⁰³Ibid., March 1, 1921, p. 96.
- ¹⁰⁴Ibid., May 1921, p. 104.
- ¹⁰⁵Ibid., May 1921, p. 103.
- ¹⁰⁶Ibid., October 15, 1921, p. 143.
- ¹⁰⁷Journal, July 13, 1921, p. 255.
- ¹⁰⁸Ibid., October 16, 1921, p. 267.
- ¹⁰⁹Ibid., October 1921, p. 269.
- ¹¹⁰Ibid., November 21, 1921, p. 271.
- ¹¹¹Ibid., November 24, 1921, pp. 271-272.
- ¹¹²Letters, Vol. 2, November 29, 1921, p. 157.
- ¹¹³Ibid., December 5, 1921, p. 161.

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- ¹¹⁴Ibid., December 24, 1921, pp. 167-168.
- ¹¹⁵Ibid., December 28, 1921, p. 171.
- ¹¹⁶Journal, January 12, 1922, p. 285.
- ¹¹⁷Letters, Vol. 2, January 20, 1922, p. 176.
- ¹¹⁸Journal, January 27, 1922, p. 291.
- ¹¹⁹Ibid., February 6, 1922, p. 295.
- ¹²⁰Letters, February 8, 1922, p. 184.
- ¹²¹Ibid., Vol. 2, March 19, 1922, p. 189.
- ¹²²Ibid., August 1922, p. 243.
- ¹²³Katherine Mansfield, (Letter to her nephew, Mr. Andrew Bell), 1922. Now in possession of Mrs. Macintosh Bell, Ottawa.
- ¹²⁴Ibid.
- ¹²⁵Ibid.
- ¹²⁶Ibid., October 26, 1922, p. 262.
- ¹²⁷Ibid., December 31, 1922, P. 268.
- ¹²⁸Ibid., December 26, 1922, p. 267.
- ¹²⁹Journal, October 14, 1922, pp. 332-333.
- ¹³⁰Letters, Vol. 2, December 31, 1922, p. 269.
- ¹³¹Ibid., October 15, 1922, p. 258.
- ¹³²Ibid., October 27, 1922, p. 263.
- ¹³³Ibid., March 9, 1922, p. 193.
- ¹³⁴Ibid., March 18, 1922, p. 199.
- ¹³⁵Ibid., August 22, 1922, p. 239.

CHAPTER III

SENSITIVITY TO SUFFERING

A. Through Her Children's World

1. Treatment of Isolation

Our third chapter will focus on Katherine Mansfield's activity in her world of imagination. In particular, her favourite area is the domain of children. Here she projects her own childhood into the characters of her phantasy. As a result, the young people we encounter are frequently lonely persons who because of their isolation are undergoing some form of suffering.

We see this in "The Little Governess", a story in which we follow the young girl through a day of travel and sight seeing; the young girl has been unfortunately alienated from a knowledge of the outside world. Furthermore, when one reads "Her First Ball", one is immediately conscious that Leila has been completely cut off from the injustice of the social adult. Laura too in "The Garden Party" has seen some of the beauty of life in the gaiety and joy of the party, but she has little insight into the beauty of death. Also, in "The Young Girl" one encounters an adolescent very insecure, lacking maturity, yet striving to reach adulthood. Similarly, Matilda in "The Wind Blows" is isolated from any vestige of emotional maturity.

All these young people, then, are isolated, suffering from some kind of aloneness. How does Miss Mansfield

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make the reader aware of the suffering of these children? Does she communicate the information directly? No, she lets the symbols used in each story speak for themselves.

In "The Little Governess", the strawberries are symbolic of the young governess's unworldliness, of her lack of knowledge of sex. When one reads the lines, "Timidly and charmingly her hand hovered. They were so big and juicy she had to take two bites to them...the juice ran all down her fingers,"¹ one does not dwell on the joy the young girl experiences in eating the large, juicy berries. Rather, the reader immediately focuses his attention on the little governess's inexperience of life. Porters were an enigma to her; she felt that the one who had carried her dress-basket did so with the sole aim of robbing her and she gloried in the fact that she had refused him the franc. Because of her terror of the noisy young men in the next carriage she felt secure in the presence of the old man whom the porter led to her compartment.

All this information is concealed in the image of the little governess facing the gift of the succulent strawberries, and the reader is at first impressed by the simplicity of her joy as expressed in the phrase, "timidly and charmingly." But "her hand hovered" is a telling phrase and the reader sees in the symbolic strawberries the lasciviousness of the old man. Her acceptance of the berries speaks better than any words could that the little

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governess is no longer wisely fearful and is daintily feeding the sensual appetite of her aged companion. Her limitations, however, keep her blissfully unaware of this; and just as the juice of the strawberries continues to run down her fingers, so too the carnal desires of the man with the German title are drawing tighter and tighter the net of his lust until finally he strives to let the juice of his longing truly stain her. She is still unsuspecting. "In spite of the ice-cream her grateful baby heart glowed with love for the fairy grandfather."² But the lasciviousness of the old man at the strategic moment shatters her dream with the question, "And are you going to give me one little kiss before you go?"³

Thus, the strawberries have proved a revealing symbol because each drop of their luscious juice was like a light illuminating for the reader two states of heart: the purity of that of the little governess, and the uncleanness of that of the old gentleman.

Other symbols further impress upon the reader the truth of things intuited from the significantly symbolic strawberries. The old man moves cautiously until he knows all he needs to know about the little governess; and as he asks if he may show her Munich, Miss Mansfield pictures him, "smoothing the palms of his brown suede gloves together."⁴ There is no further glaze to the actions of our hero; he has used artifice to gain an end and his

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action of smoothing the gloves assures the reader of his confidence. A very few lines further on in the story the reader's impression is crystallized by the sentence, "And then for one moment her little hand lost itself in the big brown suede ones."⁵ Again the suede glove implies possession; she is completely enthralled by the attention of this charming old man. As one reads the words, "A drop of sunlight fell into her hands and lay there, warm and quivering."⁶ one feels that Katherine Mansfield is again speaking to her reader through her symbolism. The drop of sunlight is the little governess herself, young, unsophisticated, unlearned in the wisdom of this world, and thus a toy in the hands of the worldly-wise gentleman who will try to use her to satisfy his sensual appetite.

Thus the story of innocence at large in Munich reveals itself through over-rich strawberries, expensive suede gloves, and chocolate ice-cream. Speaking also to the reader is the colour red. The little governess quenches her thirst with red strawberries; she sits on the edge of the red velvet couch. In both instances red symbolizes danger and brings to the reader's mind the deep suffering that is bound to come to the little governess. And it does come with the words, "It wasn't true! It wasn't the same old man at all. Ah, how horrible!"⁷ This time it was not strawberries that he pushed forward, but it was all that the strawberries stood for, and the little

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governess finds herself against his hard old body and his twitching knee.

We are told that the little girl sobbed openly, but true insight into her keen suffering comes to us again through the strawberries. Just as she had accepted the fruit and her fingers had been stained by their juice, so too she had very unwisely said yes to all the offers of her aged companion, with the result that her innocence had been attacked. When one reads the phrase, "While the tram swung and jangled through a world full of old men with twitching knees,"⁸ one senses the author's cry against all philandering old gentlemen who are a source of such purposeless anxiety.

Another story in which we see Katherine Mansfield's attraction to the interestingly unusual beauty of adolescence is "Her First Ball." This presents a picture of a naive, young country girl, Leila, encountering a cynical old man at her first dance in town. Again we are made aware of the author's sensitivity to suffering, and this awareness reaches out to the reader in symbolic form calling for his ability to read and understand the signs.

This entire story centers around a jet of gas. In the midst of last-minute dressing-room preparations for the dance the reader faces this image. "A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It wouldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came

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a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling."⁹ But the picture is quickly changed into the image of an adolescent girl, Leila; she is the jet of gas. The gas is lighted symbolizing the joyousness of life to youth. The word "jet" itself speaks of the speed which fills the life of the young. Just as the flame leaps alternately from a tiny, minute light to a long bright blaze, likewise Leila's emotions oscillate from mountain top to valley with adolescent speed. The flame is very impatient, so too is Leila; it leaps to the ceiling and Leila's joy is difficult to restrain, "And the rush of longing ...was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear along."¹⁰ Then as the reader views the jet of gas "quivering," he at the same instant sees Leila clutching her fan, gazing at the dance hall and murmuring breathlessly, "How heavenly; how simply heavenly!"¹¹

This is Leila suffering the confusion of the young, the bewilderment of adolescent bliss, and Miss Mansfield in her description of the jet of gas has at the same time analysed, for the reader, this period of youth. It is a sympathetic diagnosis, and the reader senses in the author a keen sensitivity to the pain endured by one who at the moment is looking at the world expectantly because of her deep zestful enjoyment of living.

Leila is an ordinary child; she is symbolic of the happiness of youth, but she has been isolated from the

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injustice of the social adult, and just as the jet of gas was at times very low, so too when Leila encounters the bald-headed man she feels depressed; she wants to stop the dance, "But deep inside her a little girl threw her pinafore over her head and sobbed. Why has he spoiled it all?"¹² This bald-headed man is symbolic of age and its sorrows; for him the dance is a means of expressing his youth again. For Leila the dance is life. She is but a beginner in this business of living; she is unschooled in the true significance of just being. When she does make the discovery that mortality means death she complains, "Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn't happiness last for ever?"¹³

For this adolescent the ball is symbolic of human life, but a life in which she wants only its delights. When Leila does not want to dance any more she is a credible character. She has been shocked into reality. But it is a reality which she by reason of her innocence cannot understand, and she flees from it; she wants to forget it.

The real epiphany of the story continues from the jet of gas. It will keep on its dance as long as it is fed more fuel. Then its light will continue to grow. In the same manner, if Leila were to continue to face reality she would continue to grow. But Leila speedily returns to her first delight, "And when her next partner bumped her into

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the fat man and he said, "'Pardon,'" she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognize him again."¹⁴

The values Miss Mansfield wished to convey through this story emerge through Leila. She continues to dance as the jet of gas dances. The society into which she has been thrown is a trivial and foolish one. To enter it one must pay the cost and this Leila does not choose to do. Instead, she abandons herself to the charm, magic, and unreality of the ball. Her mood at the end of the story is the same as it was at the beginning; she is still the quivering jet of gas suffering from the disease of adolescent bliss. When Katherine Mansfield has Leila postpone her facing up to the facts of life which include death, the reader can almost hear Miss Mansfield's cry against the corruption of an adult society which demands pretence and injustice as the price of belonging.

Moreover, in "The Garden Party", a story of Laura's struggle against the conventions of an upper middle-class society, a large picture hat casts its shadow over the sham of another adult world. It is a means of hiding from Laura Sheridan the world of real experience and fitting her for the artificial life led by the Sheridan Family. Laura is an isolated figure; she has lived in a certain hot-house security completely alienated from the social victims living in her very neighborhood. As she moves through the

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story the symbolic intent of her stunning hat is fixed deeply in the reader's mind.

Always, had Laura felt keenly the social injustice of indifference, even at times of unkindness, towards the poverty-stricken, and that she attempted to fight the conventions of her class is apparent from the beginning of the story, "Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the drawing. She felt just like a work-girl."¹⁵ But, once Laura's party-hat makes her aware that her appearance can attract attention, her vanity causes her concern for the lower class to dwindle, "But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided."¹⁶

So the black hat with its gold daisies and long black velvet ribbon communicates to the reader a broader comprehension of a young girl bubbling over with the sheer joy of living. Her imagination makes of the garden party a very real experience, but an experience that leaves Laura puzzled about the ultimate end of all this happiness. Her bewilderment is seen as she watches the couples strolling over the lawn, "They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridan's garden for this one afternoon, on their way to---where?"¹⁷ Laura's hat symbolic of the

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conventions of the time prevents her from sharing her garden with the people in the little cottages, with the workmen. One would like her to remove the hat and advance with lifted head to meet the real world. But the hat given her by her mother with the sole purpose of distracting her from any concern outside their restricted social milieu continues to act as a mask blinding her for a time from reality. The reader feels Laura's struggle between garden-party joy and social injustice. It is in her struggle for what she considers justice that Laura's suffering consists.

When Laura on her way to the cottage says, "And the big hat with the velvet streamer -- if only it was another hat!"¹⁸ the reader sympathizes with Laura's embarrassment. Laura feels she does not belong, but she tosses the velvet ribbon over her shoulder and proceeds to her destination. This shows courage mingled with some pain. In fact the pain is so acute that confronting the deep peace in the dead man's countenance she finds some relief in her exclamation, "Forgive my hat."¹⁹

This is reality, and with her plea for forgiveness she has removed the artificiality of her garden-party world. All through the story the reader is conscious of Laura's suffering from an inability to recognize the difference between sincerity and artificiality. When at the end Laura accepts death, one hears the author's cry against the essentially corrupt attitude of the Sheridan

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society which mistakenly kept Laura isolated from the painful side of life.

A fourth short story in which we meet a character cut off from an understanding of everything that means maturity or adulthood is "The Young Girl." Of this story Arthur Sewell writes, "and I think nowhere does she more successfully capture the troubled quality, the puzzlement of the mind and heart no longer of a child but not yet of a grown-up."²⁰ Yes, Katherine Mansfield, in this story, pictures for us true adolescence. The young girl is disquieted and annoyed; her mother bores her; "She looked her mother up and down. 'Calm yourself,' she said superbly."²¹ She makes a semblance of being unconcerned about food which in the end she childishly and nonchalantly accepts, "She didn't really want anything. Hennie whispered, 'chocolate!' But just as the waitress turned away she cried out carelessly, 'Oh, you may as well bring me a chocolate too.'"²²

The whole story is pervaded by a vein of childishness. She is very annoyed at her mother who tries to get her secretly into the casino; and when her brother spills his cream on the table, she is so completely disgusted that she exclaims, "You utter little beast!"²³ When her diamond wrist-watch gets in her way, her youthful impatience tried to break it, and later the same impatience commands the chauffeur to drive as fast as he can. All this Miss

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Mansfield presents against the colourful background of Monte Carlo. The picture is believable, the young girl is typically adolescent, she presents a rather poignant image of doubt, impatience, and affectation.

But the story's last sentence is what renders it a minor masterpiece. It is at this point that the mind grasps and the senses perceive its deeper significance. The whole story is epiphanized in these words, "Her dark coat fell open, and her white throat--all her soft young body in the blue dress--was like a flower that is just emerging from its dark bud."²⁴ Here again is Miss Mansfield's symbolic reference. The flower emerging from the bud is a symbol of the immaturity and affectation of adolescence. But the very use of a flower as a symbol gives the reader a less harsh picture of this young girl. Just as there was a soft young body underneath her dark coat, so too there was beneath a somewhat forward and impudent exterior a warm, compassionate nature, "And suddenly her cheeks crimsoned, her eyes grew dark--for a moment I thought she was going to cry. "'L--let me, please,' she stammered, in a warm, eager voice."²⁵ In her hesitant, faltering reply one senses the anxiety of insecurity.

Suffering is implied also by the use of the word dark. The period from which this young girl is struggling to emerge is a dark period, dark with the problems of adolescence. But the emergence of the flower suggests to

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the reader a refreshing loveliness. Here is an adolescent girl budding forth into womanhood. And just as the petals of the bud unfold into a beautiful open blossom, so as each moment of this young girl's life brings her closer to maturity, the change is for her replete with expectancy of what the new life will hold.

Is Miss Mansfield aware that this flower can be spoiled by the frost? Is she crying out against some of the forces which seem to have affected the girl's mother? Is she hoping that the falseness and ostentation of modern sophisticated life will leave untarnished the beauty of this young woman? Whatever the answer, the idea of waiting seems significant at the end of this short story. The young girl herself says, "I like it. I love waiting! Really I do! I'm always waiting--in all kinds of places :...."²⁶ She is the flower emerging from the dark bud of adolescence and waiting for whatever life holds for her.

Another baffled adolescent is Matilda in "The Wind Blows". Her task is the typical work of this period of growth, that of self-identification. As the story opens we are given an image of this young girl looking out upon a world which seems to have little to offer her. She is apparently suffering from an inner struggle, unable to withstand the pressures around her, hates herself, rejects herself, and is alienated from self. For an adolescent such self-hatred can end in a kind of apathy. Miss Mans-

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field shows this in such sentences as, "It is cold. Summer is over -- it is autumn --everything is ugly."²⁷ And in the same paragraph, "It is all over! What is? Oh, everything!"²⁸

Another characteristic of the adolescent is a strong reaction from the conduct of adults. So, we have Matilda's comment on her mother's leaving clothes on the line on a windy day, "A perfect idiot!"²⁹ And when her mother questions the hat she is wearing and asks her to come back, Matilda keeps telling herself that she hates her mother and won't return. Finally, she shouts out, "Go to hell."³⁰

There is, however, in the adolescent period a great power for tenderness moved by sexuality. The adolescent is passionate and tends to search for persons or things on which to expend her love. So we have Matilda strongly affected by the kind voice, the fresh hand, and the soft walk of Mr. Bullen, her music teacher. His influence on her is seen best in such lines as, "Mr. Bullen takes her hand. His shoulder is there--just by her head. She leans on it ever so little, her cheek against the springy tweed."³¹

Matilda continues to show her adolescent traits when she encounters her brother. He belongs to her own social group, and the conventions of that group must be adhered to. Thus, she wears the same kind of ulster as he

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does, and when he suggests a walk she consents at once, "They cannot walk fast enough. Their heads bent, their legs just touching, they stride like one eager person through the town, down the asphalt zigzag where the fennel grows wild and on to the esplanade."³²

We are, then, in this short story given a very credible picture of a typical adolescent. But the real impact of the story is felt by the reader in increasing force as the wind howls its background music for every movement. It is a frightening power as Matilda awakens in the morning. It causes a frequent slamming of doors during the day. It is a blinding force as she makes her way to her music lesson. Once back in her room she smells the soot blown down the chimney by the wind, and finally she and her brother, Bogey, must exert all their strength to move forward on their walk along the esplanade.

The wind then is a unifying element in the story. It pulls together every adolescent characteristic of the young girl, Matilda, and forcefully cries to the reader, "This is adolescent storm and stress." Without this symbolic use of the wind we would have sheer facts, but a feeling for and an understanding of what such truths do to the adolescent girl would be missing. When Miss Mansfield makes her reader shudder with the wind, fear its destructive power, feel the depression of its mournful howling, and realize the need for protection against such a mighty

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force, she lights up for him the violent, frantic, emotional period of adolescence. He sees that the confusion caused by the wind in its agitating and violent impetuosity can be likened to the turmoil seething within a young girl's heart because of the forces at work there during this particular time of her life. With this insight into the period of adolescence comes a further one. Matilda, the reader realizes, is growing up and many of her experiences are proving very painful. She is suffering now, but the pain of today will produce the woman of tomorrow.

Katherine Mansfield, then, has kept her reader aware of the wind throughout the whole story, and in this awareness she has illuminated the rebellious spirit of the adolescent Matilda.

2. Treatment of "Growing Up"

As we have shown, Katherine Mansfield has us meet children who seem unparalleled both in their charm and often in their cruelty; we become acquainted also with children growing up. We are made to sense the pathos and the beauty of change from childhood to adulthood. In most cases it is an inner change which the Mansfieldian story indicates. Some reality shocks the characters into the true meaning of life and so they discover themselves. It is this discovery which can be a means towards growth.

All the characters, however, do not grow up. But,

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those who do mature usually find awakening within themselves feelings close to inspiring awe. The realization of earth's misery brings home to them a fuller meaning of life; they face the challenge of adulthood. But to grow into adulthood one must pay the price of one's childhood, and it is in this memorable experience that suffering occurs.

"The Doll's House", for example, tells us of the Burnell children who have received a beautiful doll's house from their aunt, and of Kezia who insists on showing it to the poor Kelveys. This story depicts people living in an imperfect world which they, themselves, have helped to create. The house itself is symbolic of that world and as its descriptive details unfold the reader perceives the social stratification of the Burnell girls. "They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to--well--to boast about their doll's house before the school bell rang."³³

To the Burnell children, except Kezia, the imperfection of the doll's house went unnoticed, "The father and mother dolls,...were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged."³⁴ Moreover, these children were entirely oblivious of the only perfect thing in the house, the little lamp. Kezia, however, focused her attention on the lamp, "But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp."³⁵

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This little lamp is the most highly symbolic element in this story. Through it Miss Mansfield shows us Kezia in the vestibule of adulthood. She alone realizes that for the house to be truly beautiful the lamp should be lighted. It is a symbol of human understanding, and Kezia alone is conscious of the treatment the Kelvey children are receiving both from their school companions who have shunned them and from the parents who have outlawed their association with the rest of the children. There is no light of understanding in this society, and, therefore, no light of human kindness brightens the lives of the little Kelvey children.

Kezia stands uncertain, confused, and alienated to some extent from her family and from the Kelveys. But there is within her a strong thrust towards maturity and she makes her first attempt to light the little lamp, "'Mother', said Kezia, 'can't I ask the Kelveys just once?'"³⁶ The answer is negative, and the Kelveys remain outside the privileged circle.

But Kezia copes with the challenge, and in making her own decision takes an important step in the process of achieving maturity. She invites Else and Lil to come and see the doll's house. In addition, she brushes away their fear by assuring them that no one is around.

The Kelveys enter, view the house briefly, and then are suddenly sent away by a very angry Aunt Beryl. But

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anger is forgotten in the joy that is theirs, and when Else says softly to Lil, "I seen the little lamp", the reader is aware that the lamp is lighted. The story at that moment is epiphanized.

In the light of that illumination the reader knows that Kezia has achieved self-identity. She is now aware of her relationship to reality. But to arrive at this certainty she has laid aside the security and love of childhood, learned to accept responsibility for herself, to face reality, and has discovered how to relate to others.

Thus we leave Kezia and Else at the gateway of adulthood. Kezia, we feel, will continue to set charity above obedience because she has established for herself a personal set of values. Her lamp of human sympathy will go on sending light into a dark world. Else too has grown up in the discovery that she can relate to others. It is in the painful finding of themselves that both these children will continue to suffer.

"Prelude" and "At The Bay" show how the members of the Burnell family think and feel, first of all during the week after their removal to their new home in the country, and secondly during a summer's day at the seaside. In both stories we again meet individuals growing into adulthood. The discovery here is made for the most part by the reader who sees in the aloe and the sea symbols of fear and tension respectively.

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When Kezia who is the center of attraction in "Prelude" looks at the aloe tree and asks her grandmother if it will ever bear flowers, the reader sees Kezia not as a child but as a person on the verge of maturity. The cruel curved leaves of the aloe seem to tell her of hidden evils that may come into her life. But in her desire to see the tree flower we read her hope to offset this ugliness with beauty. With this wish growth ends for her but not for the reader who senses that Kezia will not obtain all the security she longs for and will still have to learn to face reality.

This is exactly what happens when Pat Sheehan, the handy man kills the duck in front of Kezia and the other children. Suddenly, the message of the symbolic aloe seems to reach Kezia and she realizes that death is part of living. There is a moment of maturity here for Kezia, but again the discovery is with the reader, for Kezia's growth stops with the attraction of Pat's gold ear-rings.

In "At The Bay" Kezia was to hear of death again. She and her grandmother had lain down to rest. The smell of the sea was in their nostrils, "Over the verandas, prone on the paddock, flung over the fences, there were exhausted-looking bathing-dresses and striped towels."³⁷ But it was not the odour of the sea that was to disturb these two people but rather the thought of the sea in its implication of fear. "Now a stone on the bottom moved,

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rocked, and there was a glimpse of a black feeler;"³⁸
The "black feeler" was the idea of death. Mrs. Fairfield had gently informed Kezia that death was for everybody; but Kezia, in her repetition of the word "never", misses the moment of growing up and refuses to contemplate any idea that would admit death as a part of life.

Kezia's suffering then is one of tension and fear. In trying to ward off death, in refusing to accept it as part of life, she undergoes the pain of insecurity. The background music of the sea in its moods of tranquility and terror seems to emphasize Kezia's continuing fears. She asks questions. She still does not understand.

But in these same stories there is another character who does discover herself. In "Prelude" the adolescent Beryl admits that she has always acted a part, "And was there ever a time when I did not have a false self?..."³⁹ Perhaps it was Beryl's admission of the truth that the symbolic aloe leaves were hiding all this time. Certainly, in her search to discover the meaning of life she is trying to face reality, and in the small degree to which she is doing this she is growing up.

"At The Bay" pictures the same Beryl not completely adult; she still pretends to be the young, sensitive girl; she knows she ought to fear Harry Kember, but is afraid to do so. Nevertheless, when Beryl says, "You are vile, vile,"⁴⁰ the reader is fully cognizant that she has

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rejected Kember and in that acceptance of her responsibility has grown up. At this point Miss Mansfield allows the reader a further insight into the life of this young girl, "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 waked out of a dark dream."⁴¹ Beryl's moment of darkness had been her whole adolescent life. Like the sea she had been puzzled, restless, and troubled. She had suffered keenly the pains of growing up, but once she discovers herself in her rejection of the Kembers she too wakes from her dark dream. The reader now feels that Beryl is no longer straddling two worlds, but stands on the brink of a different life where her more responsible and disciplined selfhood will enable her to develop more satisfying relationships with the people whom she contacts.

Miss Mansfield introduces us to other young people on the brink of adulthood. There is Fenella in "The Voyage", Laura of "The Garden Party", and the adolescent of "The Young Girl." All three are emerging adults. They are perceptive, and have stopped taking themselves and the world for granted.

In "The Voyage", Fenella grows up to the degree that she accepts her mother's death. Her trip holds much of the wonder of childhood, but at the same time the image produced by the frequent repetition of the words "black"

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and "dark" becomes symbolic of the sadness in the heart of Fenella. When at the very end of the story the reader sees this young girl gazing at a "deep black frame", he intuitively her growth into the mysteries of adulthood and the pain this will entail.

Just as the symbolic black frame guides us into the reality of what Fenella is facing, the flower emerging from its dark bud in "The Young Girl" emphasizes both the beauty of youth and the stress of adolescence. At the same time that the flower is emerging the built-in-goal of adolescence has been attained; the young girl has achieved some adult status.

Katherine Mansfield stops the discovery-experience of this unnamed girl right there. For the reader, however, there is a greater epiphany. The symbolic emerging "flower" speaks to him of unspoiled vigour, generosity, and enthusiasm, all eager to render the world a more splendid place. It speaks, furthermore, of the maturity this young woman will experience when she faces the stupidity, the trivia, and the nonsense that often loom so large in human life. This will be her moment of decision and of suffering.

In "The Garden Party" we enter another artificial world, and throughout the story we feel the dichotomy between this world and that of reality. Laura, like Kezia in "At The Bay", confronts death. But unlike Kezia she accepts it as a reality. When the death of a young man

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from the poor section of the town is announced she wants to stop the party. But just as Kezia was distracted by the gold ear-rings, so the admiration for Laura's party hat again focuses Laura's attention on the brilliance of the party. Laura is striving to grow up, but the hat is symbolic of the sham adulthood into which she would enter if she remains in the world as the Sheridans see it. At the moment that Laura excuses her hat she discovers herself. She finds out that she is part of something great, the larger world. In entering it, she must give up all the security of a sheltered childhood. No longer can she travel with her mother and Jose who will never grow up. Thus the life-and-death struggle ends for Laura in adulthood.

The reader also discovers Laura. The author leaves this girl on the brink of the larger world and ingeniously predicts nothing for her. But the reader looks upon Laura as a universal type emerging from an unauthentic world and engrossed in the universal course of growing up. The reader listens to Laura excusing her hat symbolic of "stupid conventions" and knows at once that Laura visions the outside world only through her own eyes. What stands in wait for her as an adult she does not now foresee. Miss Mansfield has shown her suffering from adolescent inability to distinguish between the genuine and the affected, and the reader senses that for this young adult suffering has not ended. However, Laura has been portrayed as a type of

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person now possessing that inner core of selfhood which nothing can shake. Her security in her own self-evaluation should aid her to survive the artificial world of the Sheridans.

B. Through Her Adult World

1. Treatment of Isolation

Katherine Mansfield, as we have seen, is able to depict for us flesh-and-blood children because she knew that world from direct experience. But she is, as well, a careful observer in the adult world and gives us glimpses of life there with a depth of insight which reveals also the suffering of many of her adults. Isolation exists as a source of pain for them, but adds something to their lives which to understand must be felt. The reader becomes conscious of this deeper meaning through Katherine Mansfield's particular use of symbols.

Time spent in this grown-up, adult world will be rewarded by a knowledge and some understanding of the pain and often pure torture that is there. Josephine and Constantia, the late Colonel's daughters, are pathetic persons, Ma Parker needs assistance in her daily problems, the Reggie of "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" is a plaintive, insecure, suffering male, the Vera of "A Dill Pickle" a frustrated heroine, and the heroine of "Revelations" finds life desolate. There is suffering in the life of a husband trying to free himself from a neurotic wife, in the life of a wife

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Linda of "Prelude", who secretly dreads her husband, Mr. Neave, the forgotten father of "An Ideal Family" is isolated. William in "Marriage à la Mode" is the anguished husband of a superficial wife, just as the Fanny of "Honeymoon" is the wife of a too-possessive husband, and Mrs. Peacock in "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day" is the isolated wife of a conceited husband. All are figures living in an adult world, but secretly suffering some kind of loneliness.

A consideration in these stories of three of the married men, Mr. Neave, William and Mr. Peacock, will clarify the last statement. The very artificiality of the worlds which these men inhabit cuts them off from their wives and children. This is serious, but the havoc wrought in their own lives is more serious. Miss Mansfield, by what she omits to say, by her use of specific symbols, epiphanizes the suffering of each one of these individuals.

When one reads in "Marriage à la Mode" of Bobby Kane's choice of sweets by their colours, of the melon thoughtfully chosen by William as a gift for his children but instead divided by Isabel among her bohemian friends, of the chairs and sofa covered in black, patterns of thought and emotion begin to take shape in one's mind. William's home is entertaining a group of people who in spite of their love of everything bright are themselves colourless, decadent, and at times cruel. William's wife is being

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shared by them, and he discerns the death of their first love. He is a sincerely honest, simple man whose resulting inability to conform to the conventions of a "stupid intelligentsia" alienates him from Isabel, and he is miserable. His emotional frustration is not his greatest problem; his shallow wife is.

Mr. Neave, the father of a supposedly ideal family, is compared to a "Little Old Spider" by Miss Mansfield. This adds a new dimension to the story, for he is a spider caught in the web of falseness and sophistication of his modern family. But the spider symbol is of the nature of poetry; it is especially concrete but reveals more than is actually stated. The reader picturing the spider spinning its web, a thing of beauty, realizes at once that Mr. Neave has made possible the beauty and richness now surrounding his family. He ought to be enjoying the comforts of home and loved ones, but instead, "Old Mr. Neave, forgotten, sank into the broad lap of his chair, and, dozing, heard them as though he dreamed. There was no doubt about it, he was tired out; he had lost his hold."⁴² The spider symbol continues its revelation. Mr. Neave is caught in the web of loneliness where he deserved to be remembered, and as a forgotten old man he is isolated and suffering.

In "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day" one word throws the entire story into focus. Everytime the name Peacock is mentioned the vanity and ostentatious charm of the man is

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apparent. He struts through the day concerned only with people like Miss Brittle who appeal to his vanity. To their every question he replies, "Dear Lady, I shall be only too charmed."⁴³ The illuminating moment arrives when the all-important Mr. Peacock tries to communicate with his wife to tell her of his successes. He is ensnared by his own insincerity and speaks only the words he reserves for affable ladies. At this point the reader senses that Mr. Peacock will continue to preen his feathers before a wealthy society, but in the presence of a long-suffering wife and child he will still be the petulantly selfish father.

Miss Mansfield, in her world of adults, deals also with the indifferent male, and the callous woman. In so doing she challenges her readers to reach her mind or feelings about these people through a comprehension of her symbols.

In the short story, "The Life of Ma Parker", the literary gentleman is an example of the indifferent male. He has no real concern for Ma Parker who is herself a symbol of the pain and isolation resulting from a lack of communication between employer and servant. Her major suffering is the result of the disease, accidents, and deaths that have come into her life. All this is of divine intervention, and the literary gentleman could have added a human participation in an attempt to mitigate Ma Parker's grief. But when one hears him saying, "I hope the funeral

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was a--a-- success,"⁴⁴ one suspects rather a condescending treatment of inferiors. His suspicions about the spoonful of cocoa he had left in the tin make us conscious of Katherine Mansfield's cry against the corruption of unconcern, niggardliness, and small-mindedness which send Ma Parker out into the street in desolation. It is through Ma Parker as a symbol of the effects of a lack of communication that Katherine Mansfield presents to the reader the essence of suffering.

The story, "A Dill Pickle", in its early development expresses a positive theme, the love between Vera and the man she meets in the restaurant. The glove symbol is alive with meaning. The gentleman clutches Vera's glove, then slowly draws it through his fingers, and suddenly in one abrupt movement returns it. This is the moment of illumination; clearly the message is communicated. Loving Vera would mean a sharing, a giving up, and this he is unprepared to do. He is another parsimonious, egocentric male. The conversation which highlights his Russian cigarette case proves him insensitive to real values in life. A third symbol adds further light to the story. The dill pickle which the coachman would share with both of them is symbolic of the self-centered bitterness in both their lives. Such bitterness would, of course, preclude any sharing of love, and this the gentleman admits when he says, "It simply was that we were such egoists, so self-

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engrossed, so wrapped up in ourselves that we hadn't a corner in our hearts for anybody else."⁴⁵ It is their determination to carry on in this egoism that separates these two people and brings suffering into their lives.

Suffering is also the result of the isolation of the two hypersensitive women of "Revelations" and "The Escape." Both desire to escape from their husbands as seen in Monica's words, "I'm free. I'm free. I'm free as the wind."⁴⁶ and the unnamed woman's exclamation, "...if I don't escape from you for a minute I shall go mad."⁴⁷ These are the facts, but the ultimate understanding of these two people comes from deciphering Miss Mansfield's symbolic suggestions.

The wind with its distracting effects of rattle and noise manifests Monica's seriously neurotic, disturbed state. Likewise, the tree with its arc of copper leaves reflecting light points up a like condition in the case of the unnamed woman. Such persons need the sympathetic help of other people, but Miss Mansfield, instead, shows the painful solitude of those who cut off such assistance. The repetitive use of the word white brings home to the reader the cold, callous nature of Monica, while the unnamed woman's deep dislike of and indifference towards children show hers to be a like character.

In "Revelations" the climactic event is the revelation of the child's death. With this news Monica moves

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towards love of others; she would send white flowers, "Lilies-of-the-valley, and white pansies, double white violets and white velvet ribbon..."⁴⁸ But her final action she does not send the flowers, continues callous in its implications. Monica will always be the isolated, neurotic cold, "white" individual she now is, and as such she will suffer.

At no point does the unnamed woman move towards love. Her final gesture is an unfeeling one, the shattering of her husband's peace. As he stands alone enjoying mystical identification with the tree representative of order and serenity, a woman's voice is heard. Immediately the reader intuits trouble. The deceptive charm of woman will continue to cause him pain.

Moreover, there are other stories in which the deepest levels of meaning are grasped also through the symbolism. In "Honeymoon" the idea of "brown, large, hands" and "white mouse" speaks strongly to the reader. Both are symbolic of George's wish to consider Fanny his very own. His love seems all too possessive. What will be the outcome of such domination? The revelation comes through the old man's singing which is a symbol of the suffering in the world. But the real epiphany, however, comes through Fanny who admits this suffering. George, on the other hand, is uncomprehending, and when Fanny makes the statement that sometimes people who are in love mis-

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understand each other about the most important things of all, the reader discerns real isolation between these two people. Because of this the reader feels that suffering awaits both of them.

In "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" the two doves are symbolic of the relationship between Reggie and Anne. The parallel seems to be overdone. Nevertheless, the dove symbol labels the subservience of Reggie to Anne, the more powerful personality. The symbol is not at all subtle and speaks clearly of the suffering which will follow the marriage of a strong-minded woman to a man who lacks a virile, forceful purpose in love.

One of the most enlightening passages in "Prelude" is the following:

Linda looked up at the fat swelling plant with its cruel leaves and fleshy stem....The curving leaves seemed to be hiding something. the blind stem cut into the air as if no wind could ever shake it.⁴⁹

When Kezia asked her mother if the plant ever flowered, Linda replied, "Once every hundred years."⁵⁰ Miss Mansfield has succeeded by means of the aloe symbol in drawing Linda as a truthful but complex character. The reader is shocked into the realization that she does not really love her husband and children. The aloe tree is indeed hiding something; it is a symbol of Linda's feelings of hatred for Stanley, her husband. Moreover, it is symbolic of her fear which at times amounts to a revulsion of childbirth. Real

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insight into the depth of her hatred comes when Linda thinks of the aloe as a ship. At that moment it is symbolic of Linda's desire to escape. Her whole person then seems hardened and unfeeling, "She particularly liked the long sharp thorns....Nobody would dare to come near the ship or to follow after."⁵¹ But the aloe has also been described as a plant which no wind could shake. Linda now is that plant and in spite of her longing to escape, she knows she loves Stanley and will continue to face the problems he and the children pose. Perhaps the plant will flower this year, as her mother suggested. Already Linda can see the aloe leaves becoming less sharp, less cruel. It is this inner struggle between hatred and love that has alienated Linda and caused her much secret suffering.

In "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," the colonel's two daughters have never been allowed to think for themselves. That suddenly upon their father's death they should develop the power of decision-making to the point of being busy is somewhat ridiculous. Certainly, Josephine and Constantia are in some way deprived. However, as one proceeds in the examination of this work little lights are turned on here and there throughout the story which make the reader realize that Katherine Mansfield is attempting more than a description of two comic old maids. She hints at the indescribable truth by her mention of animals. They are symbolic of the doom of the daughters.

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Her description of the Colonel just before death helps the reader to understand this judgment, "He lay there, purple, a dark, angry purple in the face, and never even looked at them when they came in....he had suddenly opened one eye.... It glared at them a moment and then...went out."⁵² Constantia and Josephine, the reader knows, are totally under the power of a stern, overly possessive father.

But the real impact of the story is seen only through the sun symbol the epiphanization of which is a masterful stroke, "The thieving sun touched Josephine gently."⁵³ Almost at once her whole past comes before her, and she feels that it all happened in a tunnel. Thus she and Constantia are viewed as pathetic persons and the sun adds to their suffering by offering them freedom. They cannot accept freedom; the strength it would take to be guided by its light has never been developed in them. Their moment of hope is obliterated by the cloud. As it slowly covers the sun the reader mourns their spiritual death. Constantia and Josephine will continue their life in a tunnel, and Miss Mansfield through her use of the sun-cloud symbol impresses on us her deep understanding of their solitary suffering.

2. Treatment of "Self-Discovery"

Miss Mansfield's adult characters, as we have noticed, do experience their moments of discovery, and such moments often mean pain. They begin to ask themselves the

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over-due question, "Who am I?" With the realization of the answer comes the challenge of acceptance. If the challenge is met, then a further growth in maturity takes place. If it is not, the discovery stops. Acceptance will depend upon the characters' system of values. If it is well-formed, they will continue to grow in the human sphere of intellectual, moral, and spiritual standards. Otherwise, these people remain unfree, dehumanized.

We meet, for example, Mr. Salesby of "The Man Without A Temperament." Miss Mansfield gives us little direct information about him. He is living in an Italian Riviera Hotel where he meticulously attends his invalid wife. But always he is seen turning his heavy signet ring. This ring and his continual twisting of it suggest one thing: this holiday is weary, irksome, and dull. The fact that his wife turns his ring also shows her knowledge of this. At no time does Robert remove his ring; he just turns it. The reader decides that the man is a captive, and come what may, he will dutifully remain one as long as his wife needs him. Both Salesby and his wife have discovered their problem, but when Robert utters the one word "Rot," discovery comes also for the reader. The suffering of Mr. and Mrs. Salesby is the result of their dehumanized lives. The word "Rot" relays the message that their love is corrupt.

"Je Ne Parle Pas Français" depicts a fragile,

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lovely girl, Mouse, and a young, serious writer with long silky lashes, Raoul Duquette. Mouse, as her name implies, represents all tiny, frail people continually pursued by the powerfully evil. In contrast, Raoul Duquette is symbolic of the sadism and inhumanity often found in bohemian groups.

Both these people come to a point of realization in their lives. When Mouse says for the last time, "Je Ne Parle Pas Français", her words symbolize her alienation from her lover and from the people in Paris with whom she cannot communicate. Simultaneously, Raoul Duquette realizes the depth of suffering which Mouse and her lover have just undergone. On the other hand, when later Duquette finds this phrase written on a piece of pink blotting paper, it symbolizes the one moment when he was able to love intensely and purely, and he suffers. "Just for one moment I was not. I was Agony, Agony, Agony."⁵⁴

For the reader also there is discovery. When he hears Duquette say, "What fun I was going to have!"⁵⁵ and later finds him labelled as "the little fox terrier,"⁵⁶ he suspects Duquette's deceit at once. With refined cruelty, Duquette will unearth all the details of the anguish of Mouse and Dick, her lover. Thus the only growth for Duquette will be a growth in evil. He will continue to feed his starved nature at the expense of others. His is the kind of depravity which will surround the frightened

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Mouse. But Mouse will grow, for in the midst of corruption she stands determined and brave, stroking her muff, the symbol of her noble endurance. As she clings to it, the reader senses that she will hold fast to her courage in meeting the dangers that surround her. But in so doing this fragile creature will suffer.

Miss Mansfield shows us other people coming to moments of discovery in their lives, and suffering as a consequence. Janey and John Hammond in "The Stranger" are in love. Suggesting the strength of their love is the blazing fire in their hotel room. But with the wife's revelation that a stranger had died in her arms on board ship a change takes place. Symbolic of the change is the dying fire; it represents the small twinge of jealousy in John Hammond's mind. Even his wife's words now fall like snow upon his heart. The snow symbolizes the cold epiphany which he is experiencing. For him the awareness of "the stranger", death, brings a realization that, "They would never be alone together again."⁵⁷ Discovery then, for Mr. and Mrs. Hammond means only strangeness, unchangeable separation, and the pain of loss.

For Miss Brill in the short story of the same name, and for the unnamed woman in "Psychology" discovery means growth. This is strongly implied by the symbolic fur-piece and the equally revelatory sleeping boy's head. Miss Brill is acting a role and the fur-piece represents the un-

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reality of the part. She does not see herself, nor do others see the true Miss Brill. She has always denied time, and in so doing has denied life. But the boy's words, "Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"⁵⁸ force her to confront reality. The drama is over, and as she replaces the fur-piece in its box the reader perceives her complete and grim isolation. Self-discovery for Miss Brill means loss and suffering, but the laying away of the fur-piece has deeper implications. It suggests a moment of realization and shows a person capable of facing reality, no longer denying death, and seeing herself as she really is, an old woman. In this discovery lie her suffering and her growth.

In "Psychology" Miss Mansfield has us meet a man and a woman who are in the throes of an inner conflict. The sleeping boy's head to which they both are drawn suggests the intellectual friendship these two people have enjoyed. But the fact that it is sleeping warns of a danger to that friendship. The fluttering fire is symbolic of the peril; it implies the love which this couple are trying to suppress. With each glance at the sleeping boy's head, and each flutter of the flame, both the characters in the story and the reader also are aware of the sexual attraction that is under psychological scrutiny here.

After the unnamed man leaves, the spotlight focuses on the woman who cries out "You've hurt me---

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hurt me," said her heart. "Why don't you go? No, don't go. Stay. No---go!"⁵⁹ But he has departed, and the woman continues to suffer alone. While the unnamed woman is investigating her emotional state, a moment of enlightenment comes. Suddenly and deliberately she reaches out and accepts the friendship being offered by the lady with the withered violets. At this point the unnamed woman has ceased receiving and is giving unselfishly. She ends her letter to the unnamed man with the words, "Good night, my friend. Come again soon."⁶⁰ Discovery for her, we feel, will mean a growth in the friendship she has already experienced.

For Rosemary Fell in "A Cup of Tea", there is a moment of discovery also, but it leads to no growth. This story shows her faced twice with something she considers good or beautiful. In the first place, a small, exquisite enamel box attracts her to the degree that she longs to possess it. Yet Rosemary who is extremely rich refuses to meet the price demanded. Secondly, she has a kind of inner urge to help the young girl who is asking only a cup of tea. But the knowledge of her husband's admiration for the girl prevents her from so doing. Thus the story which begins with Rosemary's altruism ends with her self-interest. She is asking her husband this question, "'Philip,' she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, 'am I pretty?'"⁶¹

The question remains unanswered, but not for the

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reader for whom truth emanates from the symbolic enamel box. It is precious, delicate, beautiful, and expensive. Rosemary is affluent, young, clever, and very modern. But the box holds nothing of value and Rosemary's life contains little of the worthwhile. She presents only the brittle façade of the lady of fashion who will continue to concern herself with only one aspect of life, her appearance. Thus the hours for her will be filled with sophisticated boredom which in essence is a form of emptiness and thus of loneliness.

Just as the reader remembers Rosemary as a rather lonely lady interested mostly in the impression she creates as a member of the world of fashion, so also he will recall the boss in "The Fly" as a lonely, self-centered, professional man. He symbolizes the self-satisfied, materialistic business man whose moment of realization comes when he is convinced that the fly is dead: "But such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened."⁶² But the discovery is productive of no growth for the boss. He simply suffers for the moment, gives an order to his messenger, and forgets the whole matter.

Miss Mansfield, however, in her symbolic use of the boss and the fly has led her reader to discovery. The boss's grief is a sorrow of self-absorption. He mourns not for his son killed in defence of his country, but for himself

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deprived of a son who might have carried on the family name in the business world. This is an unnecessary, self-imposed suffering, and the reader senses that the fly perhaps represents Macey, subdued by the self-absorbed boss, or Woodifield intimidated by the same authority, or the son who like the fly thrown into the waste-paper basket is forgotten.

Further illumination comes to the reader from the symbols. The boss is as impersonal as his common-noun name implies. The only love in his heart is a love for himself and his personal interests. For as Bishop Fulton J. Sheen tells us, "Love is a process of feeling others' hunger, thirst, want, and injustice."⁶³ The boss thought not of the suffering of his son killed in battle, but rather of his own deprivation of a son capable of furthering his business interests. His suffering instead of being productive of any great love yields only bitterness which stultifies growth.

Miss Mansfield's use of the fly, a small, insignificant insect, as symbolic of the people tortured in some way by the successful business man, highlights the boss' contempt for the weak, the timid, and even of the financially unconcerned. He is a man without pity of any kind, and thus dehumanized. William Saroyan speaks of just such a man,

Unless a man has pity he is inhuman, and not yet truly a man, for out of pity comes the balm which

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heals. Only good men weep. If a man has not wept at the world's pain, he is less than the dirt he walks upon because dirt will nourish seed, root, stalk, and leaf and flower, but the spirit of man without pity is barren, and will bring forth nothing

--⁶⁴

Likewise, the boss is barren, devoid of healthy relationships; he will bring forth nothing; he is still an immature boy who will remain such. He is caught in the trap of his self-absorption, and thus he is deepening the tragedy of his son's death. His tears are prepared tears; they will produce no fruit. What should have been regarded as a purifying happening in his life was viewed as a financial loss. One is reminded of Teilhard de Chardin's words,

Joys, advances, sufferings, setbacks, mistakes, works, prayers, beauties, the powers of heaven, earth and hell---everything bows down under the touch of the heavenly waves; and everything yields up the portion of positive energy contained within its nature so as to⁶⁵ contribute to the richness of the divine milieu.

But the boss has no understanding of permissive suffering. When a setback touches him he looks neither upwards to the One who has allowed the suffering, nor around him towards others who might help him fulfill his life as a person. Instead, he remains unconcerned about "the divine milieu," and influenced more and more by the power that corrupts.

In all these stories, Miss Mansfield has aimed to tell the truth about ordinary happenings whether they be in the realm of the children's world or in that of adult society. These ordinary events show her sensitivity to the

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pain that is present beneath the surface of day-to-day living. But just as the burden of daily life often goes unnoticed, so too Miss Mansfield's awareness and understanding of pain does not at once come to the surface. She seems to conceal her truth in a capsule, and it is only with the breaking of the capsule and the spilling forth of its contents that the reader is impressed with the odour of suffering. He immediately, because he has intuited the sense of the symbolism, recognizes the depth of the pain involved. Miss Mansfield has not told him; he has simply read her signs and apprehended their connotative value.

When, for example, one reads the stories mentioned in this chapter, one knows from the facts that there is an estrangement between Linda and her husband, Stanley, that Vera and her lover will never be close, that Mr. Peacock and his wife have little in common, that John Hammond and his wife, Janey as well as Salesby and his wife will in essence remain strangers. These are cold facts, but they encircle a central core, a symbol which when it becomes alive gives to the story an emotional value which impresses by its worth.

We have already shown how an aloe leaf, a glove, the word "Peacock", the falling of snow, and the twisting of a ring suggest alienation between people who ought to have been close. But the meaning of these symbols is more subtle. When one sees Linda imagining the aloe leaf as a

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boat bearing her away from husband and children, the plant becomes symbolic of the hardness which fills her heart. Love is kind, but she is embittered. Love is also generous and when Vera has her glove thrust into her hand, we realize that her gentleman friend is as lacking in this virtue as she is. They both feel the need of each other, but lack the spirit of giving. Similarly, with the use of the name Peacock, we know that we are confronting a proud, artificial character. Since love is not puffed up, there can be no affection between this husband and wife. Neither can there be true love between John Hammond and his wife Janey whose words are symbolized by snow. For, indeed, love is warm. When Salesby turns his ring we are very much aware that he is enduring his wife's illness. But love endureth all with love not with stoicism.

All these characters are suffering, but suffering is not neutral; it either bewilders and embitters or emerges as love. Vera and her friend appear bewildered; likewise, Mr. Peacock and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. Mr. Salesby is embittered. For the moment, Linda is embittered in "Prelude", but her suffering eventually emerges as some degree of love in "At The Bay."

In this chapter we have looked upon both children and adults suffering either from loneliness or from the pain experienced in the process of self-discovery. As we have seen, it is the epiphanization of the symbols Miss

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Mansfield used which gives to each story a new dimension; a new insight revealing additional meaning to suffering.

In "The Little Governess," for example, the symbolic strawberries show the reader the deceit being exercised on the young girl. Similarly, Laura's party hat, for which she apologizes, tells us of her anxiety when faced with the truth about life. Leila, too, through the bald-headed man, confronts the sorrowful side of life; her non-acceptance of what he has to offer foreshadows her disillusionment. The turmoil in the hearts of two other adolescents, Matilda and the young girl, comes to the reader forcibly through the wind and the flower symbols. The former reveals their aggressiveness, the latter their expectancy. In the case of Kezia, a lamp sheds light on her suffering from social injustice, and the pain of Fenella in "The Voyage" is shown through the symbolic black frame.

Miss Mansfield's subtle and responsive awareness of distress in adults comes to us also through a process of implication. For Beryl Fairfield, the rat symbol is significant; it shocks her into the truth of the moral debility which surrounds her life. For Miss Brill, the fur-piece reveals to her and to the reader her essential loneliness as an old woman. A fly speaks to us of the personal inadequacy of the boss, and a spider of Mr. Neave's being entrapped in a web of sophistication. The dividing of a melon indicates William's forced sharing of his dearly-loved

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wife, and the very name, Mouse, suggests a tiny, helpless creature, alone, friendless, and exposed to the distress of a large city. Katherine Mansfield uses an exquisite enamel box to imply the emptiness of Rosemary's life, and white flowers to speak of Monica's hard bitterness. Further, she seems not desensitized to the pain which originates from the domination of a more powerful personality. For she introduces us to Reggie intimidated by an over-possessive lover, and Fanny shyly fearful of a kind but very authoritative husband. We also meet Josephine and Constantia paralysed by a dictatorial father, and Ma Parker symbolic of the suffering that stagnates, that rebels feebly against the causes that have brought about her condition.

In these stories, then, Miss Mansfield has through her symbolic evocation impressed her reader with her keen sensitivity to suffering. Her characters, however, stop where she stopped, at acceptance. Probably, had Miss Mansfield been able to transcend her own suffering, there might have been a brighter illumination in her stories. Had she been granted a longer life, a deeper understanding of pain that can occasion renewed trust in God might have been hers. However, at the time of her death she knew only that suffering could be overcome; but as she herself said, "There is no question of what Jack calls 'passing beyond it.' This is false."⁶⁶ Strangely enough, she also said at this time that, "Suffering must become Love."⁶⁷ But for Katherine

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Mansfield there was but one way to change her agony into Love, "I must turn to work. I must put my agony into something, change it."⁶⁸ Seemingly, for her, an understanding of the real significance of suffering was to be found in this life only. Moreover, she says, "One must submit. Do not resist. Take it. Be overwhelmed. Accept it fully. Make it part of life."⁶⁹

Thus Katherine Mansfield put her anguish into her work, and her keen sensitivity to pain is epiphanized through her symbols. They illumine for the reader the nature of the torment that filled Miss Mansfield's life, but at no time do they suggest a solution to the problem of suffering.

NOTES

CHAPTER III

¹Katherine Mansfield, "The Little Governess," Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield (London: Constable and Company Ltd., 1945), p. 183. Hereafter cited as Stories.

²Ibid., p. 187.

³Ibid., p. 188.

⁴Ibid., p. 184.

⁵Ibid., p. 185.

⁶Ibid., p. 184.

⁷Ibid., p. 188.

⁸Ibid., p. 189.

⁹Stories, "Her First Ball," p. 337.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 338.

¹¹Ibid.

¹²Ibid., p. 343.

¹³Ibid., p. 342.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 343.

¹⁵Stories, "The Garden Party," p. 248.

¹⁶Ibid., p. 256.

¹⁷Ibid., p. 257.

¹⁸Ibid., p. 259.

¹⁹Ibid., p. 261.

²⁰Arthur Sewell, Katherine Mansfield, A Critical Essay (Auckland, New Zealand: The Unicorn Press, 1936), p. 30.

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- ²¹Stories, "The Young Girl," p. 296.
- ²²Ibid., p. 297.
- ²³Ibid., p. 299.
- ²⁴Ibid., p. 301.
- ²⁵Ibid.
- ²⁶Ibid.
- ²⁷Stories, "The Wind Blows," p. 106.
- ²⁸Ibid.
- ²⁹Ibid.
- ³⁰Ibid., p. 107.
- ³¹Ibid., p. 108.
- ³²Ibid., p. 109.
- ³³Stories, "The Doll's House," p. 394.
- ³⁴Ibid.
- ³⁵Ibid.
- ³⁶Ibid., p. 397.
- ³⁷Stories, "At The Bay," p. 225.
- ³⁸Ibid., p. 224.
- ³⁹Stories, "Prelude," p. 59.
- ⁴⁰Stories, "At The Bay," p. 244.
- ⁴¹Ibid., p. 245.
- ⁴²Stories, "An Ideal Family," p. 373.
- ⁴³Stories, "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day," p. 149.
- ⁴⁴Stories, "The Life of Ma Parker," p. 302.
- ⁴⁵Stories, "A Dill Pickle," p. 174.

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- ⁴⁶Stories, "Revelations," p. 192.
- ⁴⁷Stories, "The Escape," p. 201.
- ⁴⁸Stories, "Revelations," p. 196.
- ⁴⁹Stories, "Prelude," p. 34.
- ⁵⁰Ibid.
- ⁵¹Ibid., p. 53.
- ⁵²Ibid., p. 267.
- ⁵³Ibid., p. 283.
- ⁵⁴Stories, "Je Ne Parle Pas Français," p. 64.
- ⁵⁵Ibid., p. 78.
- ⁵⁶Ibid., p. 79.
- ⁵⁷Stories, "The Stranger," p. 364.
- ⁵⁸Stories, "Miss Brill," p. 335.
- ⁵⁹Stories, "Psychology," p. 117.
- ⁶⁰Ibid., p. 119.
- ⁶¹Stories, "A Cup of Tea," p. 416.
- ⁶²Stories, "The Fly," p. 428.
- ⁶³Fulton J. Sheen, Footprints In A Darkened Forest, (New York: Meredith Press, 1967), p. 255.
- ⁶⁴William Saroyan, The Human Comedy, (New York; Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1943), p. 81.
- ⁶⁵Teilhard de Chardin, Le Milieu Divin, (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1962), p. 140.
- ⁶⁶Journal, Dec. 1920, p. 228.
- ⁶⁷Ibid.
- ⁶⁸Ibid., p. 229.
- ⁶⁹Ibid., p. 228.

CHAPTER IV

SYMBOLISM IN HER MAJOR THEMES

A. Betrayal

The symbols in Katherine Mansfield's short stories are, then, as we have seen in Chapter Three, an indication of her mind keenly aware of the sufferings of every-day existence. But these symbols speak to us of more than this sensitivity of hers. As we become more and more familiar with her writings, certain patterns begin to take shape in our mind. It is from these that an effective message emanates: her "cry" against suffering.

Miss Mansfield's ability to use symbols opens to the reader a fuller and more vital perception of the suffering experienced by those who betray themselves or others, by those who live a sterile, ostentatious, sophisticated life, by the sexually maladjusted, the inexperienced, the frustrated. Finally, her symbolic writing highlights the anxiety of people who discover the reality of death as part of living.

Indeed, Katherine Mansfield deplores these different forms of suffering and says that she regards her literary work as "a cry against corruption ---...Not a protest --- a cry."¹ Her writing, then, takes the form of a lament for those who endure bodily or mental pain, but it suggests no remedy for this evil.

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One of the commonest varieties of corruption dealt with in her stories is that which arises from people betraying others, or in some cases betraying themselves. When the pear-tree in "Bliss" leads the reader to sense Bertha's superficial joy, soon to be shattered, when the symbolic melon of "Marriage à la Mode" opens up to the reader the fact that a beautiful, wholesome relationship has now been split, when the white flowers which Monica thinks of sending to one in sorrow only emphasize her cold selfishness, when a tiny, exquisite enamel box discloses Rosemary's love of self and of all that glitters, and finally, when a muff points to Dick's clinging to the wrong person, the reader is startled into the realization that in some manner all these people are being betrayed or betraying others.

Thus through these symbols Miss Mansfield exposes the deceits of the everyday world. This should cause no astonishment, for the distress resulting from this form of corruption is very well-known to her; she herself had often felt betrayed by circumstances, by friends, and sometimes by her husband, Murry.

Accordingly, in some of Katherine Mansfield's stories we are struck by the writer's ability to convey the universality of a moment of betrayal. In "Bliss" for instance, when Bertha is preparing for the dinner-party to which she has invited several members of the gay and

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fashionable world, she decides that she must have some purple fruit to "bring the carpet up to the table."² She arranges these with the tangerines, apples, pears, and white grapes in a glass dish and the blue bowl with the strange sheen on it. These two exaggerated arrangements communicate to the reader a sense of Bertha's almost hysterical bliss. Her tendency to magnify her happiness unduly is seen also in her inclination to exaggeration in all her descriptions. She finds Eddie Warren's white socks charming; once she has seen Mrs. Norman Knight's monkey-patterned coat, she imagines her amber ear-rings as dangling nuts, and her yellow silk dress as made out of scraped banana skins.

There is over-emphasis also in her need to assure herself that she is happy, "Really - really - she had everything. She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, ..." ³

Thus Bertha exposes her bliss. But it is an imagined bliss imparted to her readers through Bertha's fancifulness and fantastic metaphor. However, it is precisely her imaginativeness which tells us that Bertha is deceiving herself. She is acting like an adolescent girl, yet she is aware that she is thirty years old. She is now happy because she feels finally ready to be a wife, but persists in her effort to fool herself. Thus the harm done here is her betrayal of self.

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The most significant expression of Bertha's bliss is the pear tree. As she herself describes it, "Bertha couldn't help feeling, even from this distance, that it had not a single bud or a faded petal."⁴ This tree in its perfection is symbolic of Bertha's life seemingly contented, a thing of excellence and beauty. But just as the pear tree will one day succumb to the natural cycle of growth and decay and shed its blossoms, so too Bertha's present bliss is to be shattered. The pear tree cannot prevent the march of time but must accept what it brings, and Bertha too must submit to the fading of her girlhood. In fleeing time during her marriage she has betrayed her husband. When she suddenly cries, "What a pity someone does not play!"⁵ she has not taken into consideration that others besides herself might be playing. It is exactly in taking an active part in the adult game of social appearances that she has betrayed her husband. Bertha's moment of illumination comes when she realizes that Harry too has been playing a game in which he has been a winner. The prize, surprisingly, is the admiration and love of Miss Pearl Fulton.

But Harry, in winning Miss Fulton, has betrayed his wife, Bertha, and put an end to her bliss. Bertha, however, is not a totally pathetic figure. She is a betrayed wife, but one whose shallow sophistication has been made very apparent. As she stands before the pear tree and

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imagines it with its wide-open blossoms as symbolic of her whole life, she fails to appreciate that its beauty is only peripheral unless one accepts all that goes into the production of such loveliness.

In spite of the fact that Bertha has not been drawn as a character who arouses our deep sympathy, nevertheless, the emotions of a woman who feels that she is finally in love with her husband who has betrayed her do awaken some pity in the hearts of those who understand such feelings. Probably it is this very state of unfulfilled love which should arouse real compassion. The symbolic pear-tree in full bloom speaks of Bertha's bliss; her life is now ready for total fulfillment, "But--- ardently! ardently! The word ached in her ardent body!"⁶ This is bliss, but one which will remain unsatisfied, and Bertha, the betrayed wife, will suffer.

The husband, Harry, who has been responsible for this state will also share in this pain. Again the pear tree tells the story. Harry, apparently, had succeeded in making a home outwardly as perfect as the pear tree. But inwardly he had suffered because Bertha failed to understand the deeper significance of the pear tree: true loveliness is the outgrowth of struggle. When Miss Fulton says before leaving, "Your lovely pear tree!"⁷, and Bertha answers, "Oh, what is going to happen now?"⁸ the reader senses that betrayal will spell suffering for all concerned.

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"Marriage à La Mode" presents even a deeper betrayal than "Bliss" does. In it we are again surrounded by a bohemian world of artists, writers, and painters whose queen appears to be Isabel, William's wife. Just as it was time which caused Bertha to flee, so here also time is a disturbing factor. It is time which has made William's tender love seem somewhat wearisome to Isabel. But William fails to grasp this and baffled at the change in his wife he turns for some comfort to his two little boys, "Poor little chaps! It was hard lines on them."⁹

The whole tragedy of this story is seen through the pineapple and the melon. Isabel's handling of these fruits reveals, as was shown in Chapter Three, her unhealthy sharing of her life. Just as she refused to allow these gifts to be given to her two sons, and instead divided them among her guests, so too she refuses all her love to William and shares it with a so-called artistic crowd far beneath him in human worth. Furthermore, she shares her home and her income with these parasites, "'Oh, I forgot. They're none of them paid for,' said Bobby, looking frightened. Isabel gave the shopman a note, and Bobby was radiant again."¹⁰ It is in this sharing that Isabel betrays her husband, and causes him to suffer intense anguish.

In the midst of his sorrow he writes to his wife, "God forbid, my darling, that I should be a drag on your happiness."¹¹ The contents of this missive are symbolic of

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William's whole life. He has always proved a loving, kind, generous, and hard-working husband loath to hurt Isabel even slightly. True, he lacks the maturity one would desire to find in a man of his position. On the other hand, his plight seems undeserved because it is his very qualities that render him incapable of reaching the decision which might have solved his present problem.

Isabel, nevertheless, ignores all her husband's sterling qualities, and still focusing her attention on her popular idols of the moment she reads her husband's letter to them. There follows a continued patronizing of his want of culture and a deriding of William's humble demand that Isabel return to their first wholesome love, "I always thought those letters in divorce cases were made up. But they pale before this."¹² Just as the letter itself symbolizes William's character, so too the reading of it is a real epiphanization of Isabel's true self. She herself admitted, "Oh, what a loathsome thing to have done....But she felt that even the grave bedroom knew her for what she was, shallow, tinkling, vain...."¹³

This is Isabel's one instant of regret, it is the one moment when the new Isabel realizes at least a little what pain her betrayal has caused her husband. Nevertheless, she has no choice now but to return to her friends. However, the fact that she says, "But I shall certainly write,"¹⁴ and that William has previously admitted, "God,

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what blindness!"¹⁵ indicates that both have gained insights from the experience.

So far, we have encountered a husband betraying a wife and a wife betraying a husband. There is, however, another kind of betrayal, that which involves a person being unfaithful to herself. In "Revelations" Monica deceives only Monica; she betrays herself even while she pretends to love.

The two symbols used in this story stand for the same inner experience of the heroine: the state of being shielded from danger and isolated, of safe withdrawal from communication with other human beings. The wind, a symbol of desolation and loneliness highlights Monica's nervous, restless condition, which keeps her somewhat aloof from people. The white flowers, on the other hand, speak to the reader of the lack of warmth and understanding in Monica's personality.

With the epiphanization of these symbols the reader is forced to deeper meditation on Monica's psychological and emotional characteristics. This lonely, neurotic, unfeeling person has become deeply dependent on Ralph, her lover, Marie, her maid, and George, her hairdresser. The result of this somewhat passive dependence has been a morbid resentment even towards those whom she pretends to love, "'Tell Monsieur I cannot come,' she said gently. But as the door shut, anger - anger suddenly gripped her...

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How dared Ralph do such a thing when he knew how agonising her nerves were in the morning!"¹⁶ The same resentment is expressed as George tries to brush her hair, "That's enough," she cried, shaking herself free."¹⁷

A second outcome of Monica's dependence is her helplessness in the face of sorrow, and along with this an inability to make the proper decisions in the same instance. When George informed her that his little daughter had died that morning, Monica burst into tears and fled from the shop. . Instead of trying to imagine the pain caused by the loss of a first child, Monica pictures not a flesh-and-blood little girl, "but a tiny wax doll with a feather of gold hair,"¹⁸ She decides to send flowers to the bereaved father, but cannot decide what to write on the accompanying card. In the end she does not even order the flowers.

It is particularly the implications of this final thoughtless act that lead the reader to conclude that all through the story Monica has been deceiving herself. She has cut herself off from people and remained as cold as the white flowers and as desolate as the wind. Her statement, "We whirl along like leaves, and nobody knows - nobody cares where we fall, in what black river we float away."¹⁹ is proof of the extent to which she has betrayed herself and thus caused her own suffering.

One of the best examples of the betrayal theme is found in the story, "A Cup of Tea." Its heroine when con-

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fronted by the waif who wishes only for the price of a cup of tea asks herself this question, "Supposing she did one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen?"²⁰ Upon hearing Rosemary's answer that it would be thrilling, the reader immediately apprehends her egocentricity. Rosemary's one aim appears to be her great eagerness for an exciting experience which in this instance may be at another's expense. This conclusion has come from Rosemary's own words, but the silent, exquisite, enamel box represents a complex symbol speaking to us not only of the real beauty which she refuses to allow into her life, but also of the superficial elegance which enamels the waiting emptiness she never fills.

The box is the symbol of Rosemary's selfish materialism; it is central to the story, gives it, in fact, its point. For, at the moment of Rosemary's refusal to buy it, the symbol is epiphanized and reveals her self-centered nature. This valuable and delicate ornament appealed to Rosemary's artistic sense, but in spite of her intense desire to possess it, and the fact that her affluence placed it within her reach, she decides not to buy it. Just as she refuses to meet the price of this beautiful object, so too she later refuses to meet the challenge of keeping a beautiful young lady in her home. Instead, she betrays Miss Smith by not only dismissing her very quickly, but also by reducing the five pounds she intended to give her to three.

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The spirit of hope which Rosemary had enkindled in this young woman's heart was extinguished, and in her poverty she will continue to suffer because of a lack of depth of character on the part of an affluent Rosemary Fell.

However, the symbolic enamel trinket interests the reader in a much more important facet of Rosemary's character, her jealousy in getting rid of Miss Smith. The enamel box of such consummate workmanship was not, Rosemary had decided, to enhance the beauty of her artistically planned home. So also she very suddenly determined to cut from her life any unselfish concern for the welfare of others because it posed a threat to her own position. It is precisely in this triumph of Rosemary's worse nature over her better self that the reader is interested. For this is a betrayal of self.

When, at the end of the story, Rosemary asks her husband if he considers her pretty, the reader senses that Rosemary will continue to prevent true beauty from entering her life. She will continue to betray herself and others because of her superficial knowledge and lack of understanding of real values in life. Her attention will be focused on the exterior only, "An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream."²¹ She will neglect to fill her life, the enamel box, with genuine concern for the distresses of her fellow-men, and because of this blindness and pretence she will

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suffer.

Blindness can cause the blind to suffer, but it can also bring suffering to others who see. This is the case of Mouse in "Je Ne Parle Pas Français." She is betrayed by her lover Dick Harmon who is blind to the consequences of his attachment to his mother. On the other hand, Mouse realizes only too well what is happening, but is powerless to change the state of affairs.

There is, however, in this story, much more than these bare facts. Katherine Mansfield in "Je Ne Parle Pas Français" has made much use of names. The very word, "Mouse", is symbolic of smallness and helplessness, whereas Duquette with its feminine ring stands for the corruption and cultured cruelty frequently found in bohemian circles. Each mention of the name, Mouse, brings a certain epiphany revealing to the reader the impact of Dick's betrayal on her life. "She wept strangely. With her eyes shut, with her face quite calm except for the quivering eyelids. The tears pearly down her cheeks and she let them fall."²² Such suffering is regrettable for any person, but for Mouse so tiny and without assistance of any kind it seems more pronounced, more regrettable. Then, too, the fact that Raoul Duquette is the person with her at the moment of her betrayal is significant. Will this young girl, a stranger here in Paris, be surrounded by the sexually perverted, the morally bad, the wicked?

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At this point in the story we are with reason prone to censure Dick Harmon for his desertion of Mouse. But Dick too has been betrayed by a mother who failed to prepare him to face the realities of life which would include separation from her and from home. Thus, betrayal has brought suffering into his life also, "Oh, Mouse, somewhere, somewhere in you don't you agree? It's all so unspeakably awful that I don't know if I want to go or not."²³

Betrayal, then, has brought suffering into the lives of many of the individuals we meet in Katherine Mansfield's short stories. As she permits her symbols to give us some rich insights into their problems, we sense her personal experience in this special area of pain, distress, or sometimes just confusion, and we almost hear her lament the existence of betrayal which she herself looked upon as a form of corruption.

B. Falseness, sterility and ostentation
of modern sophisticated life.

Besides exposing her readers to many experiences of shattering betrayals, Katherine Mansfield, in another group of stories, opens to them a different situation. Here she introduces them to modern, sophisticated society, and lets the symbols speak her message.

One of the members of this modern society is Mr. Reginald Peacock, the simpering hero of "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day." In the very idea of the word "peacock"

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we see this man for what he is, an artificial, insincere, brittle, sophisticate. Running through the whole story is the peacock appearance, an image of a bird with a beautiful, rainbow-coloured, fan-shaped tail which he carries with a pompous, conceited gait. Mr. Peacock swaggers through this story in the same manner as the bird; he is vainly satisfied with himself, "the sight of himself gave him a thrill of purely artistic satisfaction. 'Voilà tout!' said he, passing his hand over his sleek hair."²⁴

Indeed, Mr. Peacock, the singing teacher, attracts only pupils who dress in white and carry blue silk music cases, pupils with names like "Miss Brittle", persons whom he felt he could tell to "breathe the notes like a perfume," those who placed violets in front of his photograph, and finally those who could sit down, breathe the odour of the flowers, and allow him to sing to them.

The reflection from the silly vanity of the peacock, however, extends to more than his choice of pupil. The reader perceives the range of this vanity into the society that Mr. Peacock frequents. When he handles a letter written in violet ink on handmade paper and in language gushing with gratitude, we can see the swelling of his pride. He is charmed to spend week-ends in aristocratic families, to drive to Lord Timbuck's in a white motor-car, and to consume champagne with "the feathers, the flowers, and the fans."

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But we in no way sense his charm extending to those of his household. Indeed, his wife and son never for a moment feel even his insincere fascination. The only result of his peacock-like conceit for them is cruelty. For his wife this intent to hurt takes the form of sarcastic replies, " 'If you don't want to cook the breakfast,' said he, 'why don't you keep a servant? ... and you know how I loathe to see my wife doing the work.' " ²⁵ Continuing his talk on servants he becomes even more caustic when he says, " 'It's not impossible to train a servant - is it? I mean, it doesn't require genius,' " ²⁶

Suffering results because the father's preening attitude invites little communication. The peacock family never experience the warmth of being together. If only the music teacher had projected some of his song into the family circle! Instead, around their table, a place where people should learn to love each other, there is only bickering. Thus the wife and son suffer because of a father refined to the point of artificiality. The father himself is deprived of true family intimacy, and while nourishing his life on the tinkling charm of the dilettantes of the day he himself does nothing to improve and strengthen the family ties. Thus society too suffers from his sterility.

To elucidate further Katherine Mansfield's sensitivity to the suffering incurred by those who live in the midst of a sham, artificial world, let us take a look at the

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people we meet in "An Ideal Family." The very title of this short story is symbolic of happiness, peace, love and understanding. To the outside world this family is considered a perfect model of home-life. But one might ask by what standard of judgment they have reached such a conclusion. Is it that Mr. Neave's son, his daughters, and his wife are among the best dressed in the town? Or could it be because his home is a center of entertainment, or because his children are interested in golf, tennis, and riding? Probably the epithet "ideal" is applied to his family because his son and daughters are invited to the right places by the right people. If such is the norm used, then indeed the word "ideal" is justifiable. That it is the standard of measurement used becomes apparent when one reads, "You're an ideal family, sir, an ideal family. It's like something one reads about or sees on the stage."²⁷ Here is a subtle subservience, the yielding of a father to his wife and children.

This story contains another symbol by means of which the symbolic phrase "An Ideal Family" may be further explained. The spider symbol evokes in the reader an emotion of gratitude toward Mr. Neave who, during his life, had spun a web of beauty for his wife and family. This web is composed of a fashionable home with its gardens, its flowers, its tennis court, and its carriage gates.

Unfortunately, what was ordained to bring happiness

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to his family was used by them as a stepping stone to mount the ladder of social success. When we hear Charlotte asking, "And were there ices?"²⁸ and Ethel responding, "My dear mother, you never saw such ices,"²⁹ and soon after Ethel commenting on a question of dress, "'Not the train!' wailed Ethel tragically. 'But the train's the whole point,'"³⁰ we suspect that it is a worldly, shallow, ostentatious life this family is leading. Our suspicion is crystallized when we hear Mr. Neave's daughter insisting that their tired father dress for the night, "But, father, we've got Lucille coming, and Henry Davenport, and Mrs. Teddie Walker."³¹ And another daughter continues, "It will look so very out of the picture."³²

With this image of the family before us we discern new significance in the title, "An Ideal Family." Yes, it continues to reveal to us the happiness of the Neave family, but it is only an apparent state, for in fact falseness and insincerity are subtly present.

As Mr. Neave meets these social climbers each evening after his heavy office hours, he is reproached by his wife for being tired and she offers him her cheek to kiss. Ethel just pecks his beard, and Marion's lips but brush his ear. When later the father asks, "What had all this to do with him - this house and Charlotte, the girls and Harold - what did he know about them? They were strangers to him,"³³ the reader knows decidedly that he is

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indeed a spider who is now caught in the web of worldly concerns spun by his family. Surrounded by such a sterile, ostentatious group he can only submit and suffer.

Another story in which the symbols lead us to a clearer perception of the suffering resulting from a certain kind of sophisticated living is "Sun and Moon." Here the daughter, Moon, and her brother, Sun, are symbolic of the beauty, joy and gaiety that are present in their affluent home, and in the society which frequents it. But the core symbol is the little pink house which speaks to the reader of the things and qualities in the world which inspire love, affection, and admiration.

But, somehow, we sense a certain falseness, a kind of emptiness present in all this affluence. How is this feeling brought about? Let us say that this Mansfield story first of all presents beauty in the winking glasses, the shining plates, the sparkling knives and forks; beauty is evident in Sun's Russian costume and in Moon's powder-puff dress; there is beauty and gaiety in the preparations for the party, and the party itself is beautiful. The crowning beauty is, however, the ice pudding in the shape of a little pink house.

The moment of epiphany comes when the whole story is illuminated by Sun's exclamation on seeing the ice-cream house "broken and half melted away." He cries, "I think it's horrid - horrid - horrid!"³⁴ With the eyes of a child

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he has perceived the inevitable destruction of beauty.

For the reader there seems to be a further insight. He recalls the mother saying, "I'll ring for them when I want them, Nurse, and then they can just come down and be seen and go back again,"³⁵ Beauty for her is a matter of staging a pageant for her fashionable world.

In her ostentatious aim to please her society she has ruined her son's faith in people, and distressed him. Also, when the reader hears the father say, "'I'm hanged if I won't, I won't be bullied. Kitty - way there,'"³⁶ he suspects that the father too is somewhat of a victim of a shallow, sophisticated wife.

In these stories, then, and in others such as "Marriage à la Mode," and "Bliss", Miss Mansfield manifests her perception of falseness, sterility, and ostentation in the social life of her times. She herself had had sufficient contact with this society to develop an attitude partly of acceptance and partly of hostility to its brittle sophistication. Thus, in her stories, she deplores the suffering caused by such insincere living, and pictures this refined society as cruel.

C. Sexual Maladjustment

Among Miss Mansfield's characters we meet also people miserably unhappy because their years of married life have proved unfulfilling to them. Their relationship has been frigid, devoid of any ability to give and take un-

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reservedly in love.

In "Prelude", a story previously discussed, Linda comes to our mind. She endeavours to keep her husband, Stanley, in ignorance of her real feelings. In "The Stranger", we encounter another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, both of whom are basically cognizant of their lack of sexual adjustment. The glowing fire speaks of a love which each thought the other possessed. But, as we read the story, its title "The Stranger" becomes truly significant: these two people had always been strangers. Why if they had been intimate, could Mr. Hammond feel that the danger was over? Why was he relieved at being rid of "that horrible tug, pull, grip on his heart."³⁷ The answer lies in his insecurity which is again seen when he sighs, "And again, as always, he had the feeling he was holding something that never was quite his - his."³⁸ And later his uneasiness is felt when he asks if she is glad to be back, "But just as when he embraced her he felt she would fly away,"³⁹

Janey, on the other hand, is not insecure but she is elusive. Her charming aloofness can be felt when she says, "We can't go quite so fast, I've got people to say good-bye to - and then there's the Captain."⁴⁰ And again when she addresses John, "Darling - do you mind? I just want to go and say good-bye to the doctor."⁴¹ Later as they drive along in the cab and he asked her if she was glad to be home, "She smiles; she didn't even bother to answer,

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but gently drew his hand away as they came to the brighter streets."⁴²

And finally when he asks her to kiss him,

It seemed to him there was a tiny pause---...
before her lips touched his, firmly, lightly,---
...how could he describe it?---confirmed what they
were saying, signed the contract. But that wasn't
what⁴³ he wanted; that wasn't all what he thirsted
for.

Thus, we have a marital relationship in which the husband is too possessive of his partner, and the wife too coolly remote from her husband. Miss Mansfield in implying that both are strangers also leads us to a more profound comprehension of their anxiety.

There is maladjustment also in "The Escape," where the unnamed woman and the unnamed man are even greater strangers than John Hammond and his wife. Again it is the title which is telling, because it centers the story around the whole idea of escape. This image of freedom is symbolic of the couple's desire to be apart. At one point in the narrative the woman says, "if I don't escape from you for a minute I shall go mad."⁴⁴ This exclamation is the climax of the many annoying situations from which she wishes to escape: her husband's smoking irritates her, his desire to give money to the children vexes her, and his wanting to look for her parasol angers her. Her husband too entertains longings to escape from his selfish, spiteful, fault-finding wife. The tree symbolizes this desire,

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"As he looked at the tree he felt his breathing die away and he became part of the silence."⁴⁵

The emotional pendulum in "The Escape" swings in one direction to indicate the woman's irascibility, and in the other it manifests the man's desire to be away from her hysterical behaviour. As the symbol of escape reveals this situation, it also has a greater epiphany from which the reader intuitively finds the delight individuals sometimes find in being separated. At this same moment the reader's intuition conjures up a different image: the pendulum swinging of necessity into a stationary position. At once the reader senses the intrinsic suffering of a sexually maladjusted husband and wife.

Perhaps Katherine Mansfield's sensitivity to the pain resulting from sexual maladjustment is best illustrated in her story, "The Man Without A Temperament." Here the marital relationship is that of a husband facing the monotony of existence with a sickly wife.

It has been mentioned previously that the ring which the husband is forever twisting is symbolic of his servitude to his wife's illness.⁴⁶ However, this symbol needs a second one to give deeper insight into the story. The pivotal question here is, "Why is the husband in subjection to his wife's ill health?"

Perhaps his symbolic name will supply the answer. Has Mr. Salesby, as his name implies, silently sailed by

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occasions which could have brought peace and happiness into his life? Certainly, his martyr-like devotion to his wife has caused him to remain aloof from the hotel guests. As a result, they dislike and fear him. This is apparent when the Two Topknots express their opinion, "He is not a man, he is an ox."⁴⁷ Also a small child shows her fear of him, "'The Englishman! The Englishman!' she shrieked and fled away to hide."⁴⁸ Likewise, the Countess comments as Salesby passes, "'There he goes,' she said spitefully."⁴⁹

His wife too has felt the coolness of his dutiful attention. For example, he "drops" her cape on her shoulders, and "stifly" offers her his arm. But the watch episode is much more significant, "Suddenly he was back again, 'Look here, would you like my watch?' And he dangled it before her."⁵⁰ Immediately, the reader senses that the watch represents his love which he is simply holding up before her, and tempting her, as it were, to grasp.

A fully developed sexuality, however, implies a freedom from anxieties. But Mr. Salesby's life appears as one of almost total anxiety; he is absorbed with the problem of how to persevere in his duty to his wife and escape in the end into freedom. On the other hand, a daily, rather empty existence devoid of any real affection seems to be the source of his wife's apprehensiveness.

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As we notice that the ring on Mr. Salesby's finger is turned at one time by himself and at another by his wife, we go on being enlightened. Just as the movement of the ring is a futile, unproductive motion, so too Salesby's life is one of sterile futility. His insecure wife will also be subject to much weariness as she continues to wait for some warmth from her bored husband.

In Miss Mansfield's treatment of this social phenomenon, she focuses on one of the most common forms of unhappiness. Indeed, she exposes the pain that is a consequence of husband and wife being unable to communicate. Her problem of unresolved suffering in her own life she projects into the characters of her stories. In the case of the sexually maladjusted the matter is one of deformed love preoccupied with self and unable to meet another in a true encounter of spirit. Their suffering is that convention obliges them to live a lie.

D. Innocence, Inexperience, Immaturity

So far attention has been focussed on Katherine Mansfield's stories dealing with situations in every-day life. Each of these results in some form of unrest or suffering for those involved. There is, however, a fourth group of narratives which reveal through their symbols the author's concern for the pain and perplexity arising from ignorance of evil or inexperience of the corruption in the world.

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Four stories already referred to in another context will also serve to penetrate into the innocence portrayed in Katherine Mansfield's world of children and young people. "The Garden Party," "The Doll's House," "The First Ball," and "The Young Girl," are all stories about innocence. The central characters of these stories, Laura, Kezia, Leila, and the Adolescent Girl, are, moreover, participating in an experience of learning about life's harshness.

For Laura, the party is symbolic of the joy of life; for the rest of the family it has the same significance, except that joy for them is restricted to a rigid adherence to the conventions of the socialites. Laura's happiness, on the other hand, is an outgrowth of her childlike wonder. It makes her question her mother's manner of living and compare it with the existence found in the poor cottages close to her own house.

Thus Laura in her innocence is learning from the party. She learns the supremacy of pragmatic values in the Sheridan world. In fact, when Laura suggests to her sister that they stop the party she replies, "Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to."⁵¹ Immediately, the reader discerns the importance which Jose attaches to living up to society's expectations. Later, when Laura tells her mother that a man has been killed, Mrs. Sheridan says, "Not in the garden?" For the reader

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as for Laura, this reply speaks emphatically of Mrs. Sheridan's one interest, the party. Still later, in manifesting her scorn for the poor, "People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies,"⁵² she implies that human values are to her secondary to material goods.

When Laura, at the end of the day, reviews the garden party, she remarks, "And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else."⁵³ Understanding is beginning to dawn for Laura; she has had room in her life for only the pleasant. Why has she been kept ignorant of the misery existing so close to her own little world? It is in Laura's inexperience of such evils that her problem lies.

Kezia too has her difficulties; they are connected with the doll's house. In this story the house stands for an imperfect world, and it is this symbolic doll's house that highlights Kezia's innocence of the world of real experience. However, just as Laura learned from the party, so too, Kezia is gaining much information about the social inequality which exists even in her little world. The real action of this story takes place right in Kezia's heart; she wonders why she may not show the doll's house to the Kelveys.

When Lil says to Kezia, "Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us,"⁵⁴ and later when Aunt Beryl speaks

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harshly to her, "How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard!"⁵⁵ Kezia's intuition leads her to the conclusion that there is something very wrong about the society which their doll's house represents.

For the reader, too, comes enlightenment. When he reads such passages as "They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, ... Even the teacher had a special voice for them, ..."⁵⁶ And also, "Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions."⁵⁷ he becomes aware of the aversion not only of the children but also of their parents for the world of real experience. The reader is likewise led to conclude that this imperfect society of which the doll's house is symbolic is not only of the children's making but more especially of the adults. Although the children caricature the cruel adult society, they do so without malice and in utter innocence.

In Kezia the conflict between her innocent outgoing personality and the harsh coldness that society is imposing on her causes her inner distress.

Leila is a third character placed in a life situation of which the ball is symbolic. Just as the party in the garden represents life in its most appealing form, a party, so too the ball is a symbol of the joyousness of life to the young. Leila, at the moment, is feeling the

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thrill of the ball but is quite innocent of the adult world which awaits her. She is, however, like Laura and Kezia undergoing a learning experience: she is discovering the transient nature of this life as symbolized by the ball.

It is the fat man who conveys to Leila the changes which the passing of time will bring into her life. He tells her, for example, "long before that you'll be sitting up there on the stage, ... and these pretty arms will have turned into little short fat ones, ..." ⁵⁸ And Leila thinks, "oh, how terrible!" But the fat man continues with his explanation of the transient nature of the ball, "And your heart will ache, ache - ... because no one wants to kiss you now." ⁵⁹

Leila, unlike Laura and Kezia, does not question further about life. For a moment she wonders if this ball is just the beginning of a miserable end; for a moment she is visibly disturbed. But her grief is fleeting and true to the volatile emotions of adolescence she continues to enjoy the ball.

"The Young Girl" portrays for us another adolescent, but one who seemingly is not enjoying this period of her life. She is, as the story states, an emerging flower. This entire narrative centers around the word emerging, for it signifies coming into some notice. The young girl who is in the state of issuing forth into the unknown adult

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world is ignorant of what it holds. She is, however, making an effort to meet its challenges.

Thus in striving to find out her identity she is learning. When one hears her remonstrate with her mother, "'Why can't you leave me?' she said furiously, 'What utter rot! How dare you make a scene like this?'"⁶⁰ one senses her inner turmoil and her striving independence. Again when she speaks to her companion, "'Oh, I don't mind,' said she. 'I don't want to look twenty one. Who would - if they were seventeen!'"⁶¹ she manifests a typically adolescent trait: to be thought older than she actually is. When, at another point in the story, her companion asks if he may smoke, one can almost see the sophisticated turn of her head and lift of her eyebrows as she answers, "'Of course,' ... I always expect people to.'"⁶² Finally, her complete dissatisfaction with present-day life is shown in her remark, "'I wish that orchestra wouldn't play things from the year One. We were dancing to that all last Christmas. It's too sickening!'"⁶³

It is the young girl's state of innocent expectancy which is bringing her unrest; but the condition is not irremediable, she will some day grow up.

We have concentrated on four stories representative of Katherine Mansfield's insight into the innocence of the child and the young person. There are, however, other stories which present a further instance of Miss Mans-

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field's vision of immaturity, this time in the adult. But, although Bertha, Miss Brill, William, and John Hammond are grown-ups, yet their inexperience in some facet of life is always seen through a childlike fancy.

Bertha, for example, is innocent sexually; she thinks it sufficient to be a pal of her husband, "They were so frank with each other - such good pals. That was the best of being modern."⁶⁴ She is also socially inexperienced. At the dinner party, when her husband remarks on the excellence of the soufflé, Bertha's immediate response is anything but adult, "she almost could have wept with childlike pleasure."⁶⁵ Her movements are like those of young people, "Oh, no. And yet, as though overcome, she flung down on a couch and pressed her hands to her eyes."⁶⁶ Similarly her manner is youthful, "'Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her her supper while you put the bath things away.'"⁶⁷ Indeed, all this childlike innocence is climaxed in the symbolic pear tree which she regards ecstatically as symbolic of her whole life. But Bertha does not understand life in its entirety; she sees only the exterior glass, and in her ignorance of the evil surrounding the beauty she remains a self-deceived individual.

Miss Brill is another person living in a world of phantasy. For her as for Bertha adult reality is a threat. To offset this Miss Brill breathes life into an unliving piece of fur, and as a result her childlike

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innocence believes she is secure. However, for the reader, this fur-piece becomes a telling symbol whose epiphanization reveals Miss Brill's ignorance of the passing of time and the sorrows which this entails.

Furthermore, she has aimed at stopping time. Each Sunday she dons her costume, the fur-piece, and acts out her role in the day's drama. Thus each week she eludes the reality of what she has become. However, at the moment she is forced to discontinue her self-perpetuating role. She is frightened by the realization that she is a child no longer.

In the two remaining stories we are given Katherine Mansfield's vision of adult innocence in the marital relationship. William's generosity in sharing the melon is identified with childhood as he wishes to share it with his two children. Likewise his marital happiness is associated with childhood,

When he had been a little boy, it was her delight to run into the garden after a shower of rain and shake the rose-bush over him. Isabel was that rose-bush, petal-soft, sparkling and cool. And he was still that little boy.⁶⁸

William's adult love is still one of childlike dependence on Isabel for its fulfillment. But in his inexperience of her artistic, new-way of living he is baffled and suffering.

John Hammond, too, acts like a child. He wants his wife, Janey, and he wants her for himself at the time and

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in the place of his choice. "But the point was, he had a cab waiting at the end of the wharf. Was she ready to go off? Was her luggage ready?"⁶⁹ His wife in her cool determination remains, "the stranger", a foil for her husband's immaturity.

Both these people are unaware of their mutual dependence. Symbolically the stranger speaks to the reader. He represents the barrier which has arisen between these married people. Mr. Hammond, on the one hand, seems without even a little experience in the world of strangers which his wife inhabits - doctors, captains, the ill and the dying, and finally her own children. On the other hand his wife is totally ignorant of her husband's need to fulfill his passionate love for her. Both, in their childish innocence, are suffering.

Innocence, as we have just revealed, looms then as an important theme in several of Miss Mansfield's stories. In each case it portrays individuals at strife with themselves because of their ignorance of some existing evil in their lives or in the lives of others. So Miss Mansfield in depicting the pathos of their inexperience simultaneously reveals her own sensitivity to their distress.

E. Frustration

Fruitless suffering always brings frustration. Throughout most of Miss Mansfield's life any defeat which

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she felt was the result of either physical or mental suffering. It is not surprising, then, to discover from several of her stories that she understood the pain caused by a feeling of being thwarted, by a feeling that any attempt at success has been rendered in some manner null and void.

Who better than Ma Parker in "The Life of Ma Parker," gives a more complete picture of utter frustration? She is the central symbol around which her whole miserable life is depicted; thus she becomes a symbol of all frustrated individuals.

In the first place after the death of her seven children and her husband she had struggled with only a modicum of success to keep the remaining members of the family together. What a desolate feeling to realize that her efforts had been to no avail!

But when it came to her grandson Lennie her frustration reached its peak. First of all she tried every possible remedy to cure the little boy. "But it was no use. Nothing made little Lennie put on. ... a nice shake-up in the bus never improved his appetite."⁷⁰ These are facts giving us some inkling of his suffering and the resulting worry of the grandmother. But when Katherine Mansfield has the little lad say to Ma Parker, "I'm gran's boy!"⁷¹ the reader senses the grandmother's real anguish.

There is frustration too for Ma Parker when she finds herself incapable of explaining the reason for

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Lennie's pain. "That's what she couldn't understand. Why should a little angel child have to arsk for his breath and fight for it?"⁷²

Then, with Lennie's death she feels that nothing can be of any avail in assuaging her grief. The depth of this sorrow is again brought home to the reader through Ma Parker, "She had nothing. He was all she'd got from life, and now he was took too. Why must it all have happened to me?"⁷³ At this point she is so vanquished by pain that she is numb. "She was like a person so dazed by the horror of what has happened that he walks away - anywhere, ..." ⁷⁴

But the severest frustration of all strikes the reader forcibly when he sees Ma Parker, who has controlled her emotions for years, arriving at a point of complete defeat. She is now able to cry, able to give vent to her emotions. But where? "Wasn't there anywhere in the world where she could have her cry out - at last? ... There was nowhere."⁷⁵

"The Daughters of the Late Colonel" presents a somewhat different picture of frustration. This story introduces us to two people only finally enlightened to the realization that no effort to resume a normal life will be of any avail.

But first of all we must meet these two spinsters after their father's death. There are decisions to be taken and decision making had never until now been required

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of them. Consequently, these two old maids are quite baffled by the necessity of settling their father's affairs. Even when Constantia asks such a simple question as, "Have you got enough stamps?"⁷⁶ Josephine answers crossly, "Oh, how can I tell? What's the good of asking me that now?"⁷⁷ Later, we see both of these people really distressed by their actions, "And now they were going to open the door without knocking even. ... Constantia's eyes were enormous at the idea; Josephine felt weak in the knees."⁷⁸

However, it is through the sun, used as a symbol of light, and the barrel-organ symbolic of joy that we get a deeper insight into the affliction which has entered the lives of Constantia and Josephine. Both symbols speak to us of the brief moment of happiness expressed by Constantia as she revels in the sun's rays and enjoys the music from the barrel-organ. We sense her thoughts as she notices the sun lighting up the different pieces of furniture. Perhaps her life could now be a freer one. Then the sun, as it were, stops at her mother's photograph and Constantia asks herself, "Would everything have been different if mother hadn't died?"⁷⁹ Is this not simply rhetoric? Is she not now realizing to what an extent her personal qualities and womanly interests had been stifled by a domineering father? This is her moment of truth: a life of greater freedom beckons for both of them. But the story

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ends on a note of sadness, for the sun disappears, and both Constantia and Josephine, the reader feels, will continue in a state of docility to a father whose forceful influence has not ended with death.

Another person swayed by a more powerful personality is Reggie; he is Mr. Dove in "Mr. and Mrs. Dove." The very name Mr. Dove is symbolic of Reggie's non-aggressiveness. Juxtaposed to the Dove symbol is that of the snipping scissors representative of every cause of frustration for Reggie.

The first time in the story that the mother's scissors clip off a rose we feel within us a strong sense of Reggie's frustration, because of Anne's parents, who will sever any connections he may wish to pursue with Anne. After all, they know that Reggie is without financial resources; that he can make no claim to being handsome, and that even his health is anything but robust. Thus Reggie is extremely conscious of the apparent uselessness of his mission. "Of course he knew - no man better - that he hadn't a ghost of a chance,...The very idea of such a thing was preposterous. So preposterous that he'd perfectly understand if her father - well,..."⁸⁰

With the second snip of the scissors the reader is made aware that Reggie's love may be cut off by the very person he loves. After all Anne has position, wealth, beauty; she is an only child, clever and popular. Such

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thoughts fill Reggie's heart with fear that Anne may never really love him.

It is, however, Reggie's mother who presents the most formidable obstacle to his love for Anne. As she goes about in her garden snipping the heads off roses here and there, the reader senses Reggie's frustration as his mother strives to shred to pieces his every reason for visiting Anne. Real insight into his suffering comes to the reader from this statement, "And there had been moments when he was convinced that to be a widow's only son was about the worst punishment a chap could have."⁸¹

Nevertheless, Reggie surmounts all this frustration to the point where he asks Anne if she could ever care for him. When her negative answer sends Reginald walking off down the garden path, Anne undergoes a moment of frustration. Of course it is her own egotism which causes this and she calls him back. The fact that he returns causes some uneasiness in the reader's mind. He is left wondering what will be the outcome of a marriage between two seemingly unsuited people.

Katherine Mansfield's stories acquaint us with other individuals suffering because life has brought them moments of defeat, times when they feel their uselessness, their unfitness for any purpose of value in life.

In "The Wind Blows," for example, we have already met Matilda, a very insecure adolescent. Suffice it then

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to say here that she is suffering the ordinary pain of the young girl who feels at times that life can be very frightening. "How hideous life is - revolting, simply revolting."⁸²

In "The Canary," in which a canary is symbolic of happiness and joy, the author shows the elderly lady who owns the bird experiencing a real moment of frustration. She has just had a frightening dream, and all at once her loneliness seems to overwhelm her. "And suddenly I felt it was unbearable that I had no one to whom I could say 'I've had such a dreadful dream,' or - or 'Hide me from the dark'."⁸³ It is the canary, however, with its "Sweet! Sweet!"⁸⁴ that restores her peace.

But the bird dies, and again her lonely life seems devoid of hope, "when I realised that never again should I hear my darling sing, something seemed to die in me."⁸⁵ The canary had always stood for joy in this woman's life, and now its death signifies for her a certain frustrating loneliness.

It is frustrating too for the boss in "The Fly" to feel that his son's death has spelled the ruin of all his hopes for the family name. His blotting the fly to death is significant; it is a means of giving vent to his feeling of defeatism, and of telling the reader that his power will continue to crush anyone who stands in the way of his

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material goals.

Probably one of the most frustrated individuals we meet in all of Mansfield's stories is Jonathan Trout. And possibly the best place for us to reach an understanding of his baffled condition is in what might be termed his twilight soliloquy.

Symbolic of his plight is the insect which he mentions, "But as it is, I'm like an insect that's flown into a room of its own accord. I dash against the walls, do everything on God's earth, in fact, except fly out again."⁸⁶ Miss Mansfield herself had experienced that same hemmed-in, dissatisfied feeling because of a job she disliked. Financial demands forced her, as we have previously learned, to review novels when her whole being longed to create her own stories. Thus it is not surprising that she understands clearly Jonathan's present boredom with his position as an ordinary clerk. For his is an artistic temperament and keeping a ledger gives him no sense of fulfillment.

As the reader imagines Jonathan trapped like an insect in his business quarters, he perceives an individual who, as Miss Mansfield did, will continue to earn his living, but who in the doing will resemble her also in his patient frustration.

In retrospect, in each of the cases previously considered, distress culminates in frustration which evokes

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genuine sympathy in the reader. Through her symbolic evocation we are made aware that Katherine Mansfield senses the deep hurt, the turmoil and the distress of the frustrated. In fact she delicately catches the essence of that instant of experience. It is through her technique of symbolism that these luminous and significant moments of frustration are conveyed to the reader.

F. Death

Death forms a pattern which Katherine Mansfield interweaves in her writings only late in her life. It is, however, a pattern which enables her readers to envisage the change which had taken place in her own life both as regards the meaning of death and the significance of suffering.

In "Revelations," for instance, the death theme plays a major role. The title itself makes us expect some kind of disclosure, and with the death of the child it comes. The flower shop full of white flowers turns Monica's thoughts from herself to the hair-dresser; she must try to understand his suffering. But just as Katherine Mansfield had not at the time this story was written come to an acceptance of suffering, neither does Monica. The sight of the flowers calls forth this exclamation, "Oh, what a perfect thought."⁸⁷ But the thought is never actualized.

Thus for the reader the death of the little daughter

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is a mirror reflecting Monica's shallowness. She refuses to understand George's suffering and the reader senses the death of the little compassion she may have possessed.

The theme of death runs also through "The Stranger." And again it plays a symbolic role hinting to the reader that the stranger's demise will be followed by other mortal blows of even deeper significance than that dealt to the stranger. John Hammond is unable to bring himself to acceptance of the man's death in his wife's arms, "No, he mustn't think of it. Madness lay in thinking of it. No, he wouldn't face it. He couldn't stand it. It was too much to bear!"⁸⁸ On the other hand, Janey fails to comprehend or accept her husband's lack of understanding. "You're not - sorry I told you, John darling? It hasn't made you sad? It hasn't spoilt our evening - "⁸⁹

For these two people death has meant an unsuspected manifestation of the change in their feelings for each other. The reader too has experienced an epiphany; for him the death of the stranger speaks of John and Janey's metaphorical death.

A rather pathetic image of the aftermath of death can be seen in "The Daughters of the Late Colonel." For the reader the Colonel's death emphasizes a final divesting of a dignity his two daughters had never been permitted to foster in themselves. Their thoughts at the mention of communion being brought to them by the minister, Mr.

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Farolles, reveal their childish timidity, "It might be somebody important - about their mourning. Would they get up reverently and go out, or would they wait ... in torture?"⁹⁰

For Constantia and Josephine their father's death shows up what has really happened to them. At first the future seems to open up hopefully, "She went over to where Josephine was standing. She wanted to say something to Josephine, something frightfully important, about - about the future and what ..."⁹¹ But neither woman is capable of action. The death of their father has made apparent the fact that he has killed their spirits.

That Katherine Mansfield was intrigued by the emotions arising from the juxtaposition of life and death can be seen in "The Life of Ma Parker." For this charwoman death had been an ever-present affliction in her life. In the midst of her pain, however, she is determined to live courageously, "Not even her own children had seen Ma break down."⁹²

Lennie's death, however, means for Ma Parker the end of her endurance: "It was too much - she'd had too much in her life to bear."⁹³ For the reader, death brings a deeper insight. Ma Parker is now exposed to deprivation, and the reason is that hope has died within her.

"At the Bay" deals with the thought of death in a somewhat different manner. During a moment of leisure

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while Kezia and her grandmother are enjoying a siesta, death is referred to casually. It would appear that Katherine Mansfield is hinting at the fact that death may linger over even a carefree moment.

While knitting, Mrs. Fairfield, the grandmother, talks of Kezia's Australian Uncle who died of sunstroke. At once Kezia is interested in finding out why he died, since he was not old. The grandmother then explains that death just happens and that it happens to everyone. However, when the granddaughter discovers that her grandmother too must someday die, she cries, "Promise me you won't ever do it, grandma,"⁹⁴

Kezia's fear of facing death is reminiscent of Katherine Mansfield's effort to avoid the inevitable. When Mrs. Fairfield and Kezia at the close of this conversation continue to laugh, gurgle, and forget the serious side of their conversation, the reader feels their symbolic action has some expansive character. Kezia will continue tripping through life intolerant of its adjustive demands because not understanding death, she is consequently ignorant of the real significance of life.

Katherine Mansfield, however, has us meet another person who becomes aware that to live means to die. Laura's party, symbolic of the happiness of life, is still very strong in her heart when she faces the corpse in the carter's cottage. Her garden-party joy only heightens her

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after-party grief, and unlike Kezia she does not ask why. Instead, she admits that life can be terrible, and in the awe of the moment Laura senses to some degree at least that every garden party must come to an end. For her, at this moment, life includes not only happiness but also the sorrow of death.

Death looms also as a very large theme in "The Fly" where it is a direct thematic element. No doubt the reason is that the consciousness of death was becoming more and more a part of Katherine Mansfield's life. In this story we are shown the psychological impact of a son's death on a father who ordained for his son only materialistic aims. When the boss, who occupies the center of the stage throughout this story, says, "Bring me some fresh blotting-paper, ... and look sharp about it,"⁹⁵ the reader intuitively feels that spiritually the boss too has died.

It is evident from the foregoing that Katherine Mansfield's art illuminated certain specific areas of suffering more forcibly than others. She seems to understand that Bertha, William, Monica, Rosemary, and Mouse are involved in acts of betrayal. This she deplores, but leaves her characters smug and comfortably satisfied that this is the way things must be.

Likewise, we terminate our relationship with Mr. Peacock, with the mother and daughters of the Neave family, and with the parents of Sun and Moon on a note of futility.

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The affected charm of their artistic circles will continue to cause disquietude to those searching for sincerity.

Miss Mansfield, too, laments repeatedly the fact that John and Janey Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Salesby, and several other couples are sexually maladjusted. She deplores also the inexperience of Laura, Kezia, Leila, and the adolescent girl, as well as the immaturity of such adults as Bertha, Miss Brill, William, and John Hammond. She also understands deeply the frustration of Ma Parker, Constantia and Josephine, Reggie, Matilda, the boss, and Jonathan Trout. The reader senses the suffering of these individuals. And at the same time the emptiness of their lives. The author's whole attention is focussed on suffering in the universe without any mention of the necessary compensatory value of love.

Towards the end of her life, when Miss Mansfield treats of death, it is not to mourn its existence, but rather to emphasize the distress caused by its non-acceptance. Monica, John and Janey Hammond, Constantia and Josephine, Ma Parker, Kezia, Laura and the boss have been brought face to face with the reality of death, but have failed to recognize its true significance.

All these people, then, allow suffering to distort their perspectives to some degree. The reader senses their realization that it is the law of life, but at no time does he feel that the people, whom he meets in Katherine Mans-

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field's stories are aware of the place of suffering in human existence. Miss Mansfield acknowledges suffering, but her vision of the significance of suffering is somewhat limited. It is the existence of evil in the universe rather than the guilt of the individual causing the evil that Katherine Mansfield emphasizes. The boss, Laura, Kezia, William and the other characters the reader has encountered are much less important than the experience they bring through to the reader.

Consequently, from the viewpoint from which Miss Mansfield's works have been considered, her legacy to her readers is a sense of the corruption of life. Her stories are her "cry" against that corruption.

NOTES

CHAPTER IV

- ¹Letters, Vol. I, Feb. 3, 1918, p. 119.
- ²Stories, "Bliss," p. 93.
- ³Ibid., p. 96.
- ⁴Ibid.
- ⁵Ibid., p. 103.
- ⁶Ibid., p. 104.
- ⁷Ibid., p. 105.
- ⁸Ibid.
- ⁹Stories, "Marriage à La Mode," p. 309.
- ¹⁰Ibid., p. 315.
- ¹¹Ibid., p. 319.
- ¹²Ibid., p. 320.
- ¹³Ibid.
- ¹⁴Ibid., p. 321.
- ¹⁵Ibid., p. 313.
- ¹⁶Stories, "Revelations," p. 191.
- ¹⁷Ibid., p. 195.
- ¹⁸Ibid., p. 196.
- ¹⁹Ibid., p. 195.
- ²⁰Stories, "A Cup of Tea," p. 411.
- ²¹Ibid., p. 409.
- ²²Stories, "Je Ne Parle Pas Français," p. 88.
- ²³Ibid., p. 87.

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- ²⁴Stories, "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day," p. 146.
- ²⁵Ibid., p. 147.
- ²⁶Ibid.
- ²⁷Stories, "An Ideal Family," p. 370.
- ²⁸Ibid., p. 371.
- ²⁹Ibid.
- ³⁰Ibid., p. 372.
- ³¹Ibid., p. 373.
- ³²Ibid.
- ³³Ibid., p. 374.
- ³⁴Stories, "Sun and Moon," p. 160.
- ³⁵Ibid., p. 156.
- ³⁶Ibid., p. 159.
- ³⁷Stories, "The Stranger," p. 357.
- ³⁸Ibid., p. 358.
- ³⁹Ibid., p. 361.
- ⁴⁰Ibid., p. 355.
- ⁴¹Ibid., p. 357.
- ⁴²Ibid., p. 358.
- ⁴³Ibid., p. 361.
- ⁴⁴Stories, "The Escape," p. 201.
- ⁴⁵Ibid.
- ⁴⁶Supra, p.
- ⁴⁷Stories, "The Man Without A Temperament," p. 135.
- ⁴⁸Ibid., pp. 135-136.

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- ⁴⁹Ibid., p. 137.
- ⁵⁰Ibid., p. 136.
- ⁵¹Stories, "The Garden Party," p. 253.
- ⁵²Ibid., p. 258.
- ⁵³Ibid., p. 259.
- ⁵⁴Stories, "The Doll's House," p. 399.
- ⁵⁵Ibid., p. 400.
- ⁵⁶Ibid., pp. 395-396.
- ⁵⁷Ibid., p. 398.
- ⁵⁸Stories, "Her First Ball," p. 342.
- ⁵⁹Ibid.
- ⁶⁰Stories, "The Young Girl," p. 296.
- ⁶¹Ibid., p. 297.
- ⁶²Ibid., p. 298.
- ⁶³Ibid., p. 299.
- ⁶⁴Stories, "Bliss," p. 104.
- ⁶⁵Ibid., p. 100.
- ⁶⁶Ibid., p. 96.
- ⁶⁷Ibid., p. 94.
- ⁶⁸Stories, "Marriage à La Mode," p. 311.
- ⁶⁹Stories, "The Stranger," p. 355.
- ⁷⁰Stories, "The Life of Ma Parker," p. 306.
- ⁷¹Ibid.
- ⁷²Ibid., p. 307. (spelling of "arsk" is that used in
the story.)
- ⁷³Ibid.

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- ⁷⁴Ibid., p. 308.
- ⁷⁵Ibid., pp. 308-309.
- ⁷⁶Stories, "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," p. 263.
- ⁷⁷Ibid.
- ⁷⁸Ibid., p. 270.
- ⁷⁹Ibid., p. 283.
- ⁸⁰Stories, "Mr. and Mrs. Dove," p. 285.
- ⁸¹Ibid., p. 287.
- ⁸²Stories, "The Wind Blows," p. 107.
- ⁸³Stories, "The Canary," p. 431.
- ⁸⁴Ibid.
- ⁸⁵Ibid.
- ⁸⁶Stories, "At The Bay," p. 237.
- ⁸⁷Stories, "Revelations," p. 196.
- ⁸⁸Stories, "The Stranger," p. 363.
- ⁸⁹Ibid., p. 364.
- ⁹⁰Stories, "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," p. 268.
- ⁹¹Ibid., p. 284.
- ⁹²Stories, "The Life of Ma Parker," p. 307.
- ⁹³Ibid.
- ⁹⁴Stories, "At The Bay," pp. 227.
- ⁹⁵Stories, "The Fly," p. 428.

CHAPTER V

HER CONTRIBUTION

It is evident from the sustained interest in Katherine Mansfield's work that much of it has survived the test of time. This fact implies some intrinsic excellence in her writing, and gives to the author herself a place of distinction among the writers of her time.

Her descriptive powers alone merit recognition. Her use of detail not only lends vividness to her images, but helps also to transmit to us the mood of her stories. In addition, her technique of shifting the focus of interest from outer action to what goes on in the hidden recesses of the mind is an innovation in literary expression. Furthermore, her sympathetic interpretation of the joys and sorrows of children and adolescents is unusually perceptive. Moreover, although to some critics Katherine Mansfield seemed no more than a fragile, neurotic, sensitive woman who possessed refined literary ability, when her work is subjected to the scrutiny of critics, it becomes evident that Katherine Mansfield was consciously giving an impetus to the flowering of the psychologically-oriented short story. This was indeed the mission to which she addressed herself. Elizabeth Bowen, herself a noted practitioner of the short story form, praises Katherine Mansfield as one of the pioneers of a new tradition in the short story:

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Had she not written, written as she did, one form of art might be still in infancy....she untrammelled it from conventions and, still more, gained for it a prestige till then unthought of.¹

Likewise, Somerset Maugham commends Katherine Mansfield for her art, "If the technique of our English short-story writers of today differs from that of the masters of the nineteenth century it is, I believe, to some extent at least, owing to her influence."² One of her strongest claims to eminence, however, in the world of letters is her mastery of the use of symbolism.

By means of her symbols, her keen sensitivity especially to pain, distress, trouble, and anguish is conveyed to the reader. He is at one time deeply moved, at another taken by surprise, or perhaps quite impressed by Katherine Mansfield's illumination of ordinary human situations in the life of everyday. What causes this empathy in the reader, this identification with the person distressed? The key lies in Katherine Mansfield's own deep and varied experience of suffering. For a great part of her life she experienced at first hand betrayal, disillusionment, frustration, and her ability as a writer provided her with a means of projecting her own insights about these experiences into what she wrote. Indeed, her sensitivity to suffering, coupled with her literary artistry, brought her at times to peaks of greatness.

Having looked at Katherine Mansfield's life in

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Chapter Two, and having examined a number of representative stories in the subsequent chapters, we find it not at all strange that Miss Mansfield's works reflect her great personal suffering. But the relationship between her life and her works is communicated to the reader by means of a different technique from that used by her immediate predecessors: her method is one of implication, of suggestion, rather than of assertion.

Miss Mansfield is equal to many of her contemporaries for the general excellence of her short stories. In her sensitivity to suffering, however, and in her use of symbolism to epiphanize this sensitivity lies her unique contribution to the writings of her time.

NOTES

CHAPTER V

¹Bowen, Elizabeth: "A Living Writer", The Cornhill, Winter 1956/7, p. 126.

²W. Somerset Maugham, Points of View (London: Heinemann, 1958), p. 177.

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I. WORKS BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Beauchamp, Kathleen. "The Pine-Tree, the Sparrows, and You and I." The Queen's College Magazine, December, 1903, pp. 74-76.

This story written when Katherine was attending Queen's College was among her first published works. In it we meet some of the children who will later capture our attention in "Prelude" and "At The Bay." The story is useful to this thesis in its revelation of Katherine Mansfield's love of children.

Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield. London: Constable and Company Ltd., 1948.

This book contains her five collections of short stories. Bliss published in 1920 covered a writing period of six years. The Garden Party which appeared in March 1922 was completed in a little over six months. The Doves' Nest contains stories collected posthumously by Murry and published in June 1923. Something Childish published in 1924 contains stories written between 1908-1921. In A German Pension contains her Bavarian sketches. It was printed in 1911 and reprinted in 1926. These stories are of basic importance to this thesis. Read in chronological order they are illuminated by the events of her own life. In the first three collections particularly, everyday happenings are heightened by the use of symbols.

Journal of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1954.

This is an informal diary of her last nine years, along with sketches, notes for stories, and some letters. The volume is an absorbing revelation of a young writer struggling against desperate illness and pain in an effort to write. It is a baffling, poignant account of a mind keenly sensitive, apprehending beauty, suffering all experience, in her eagerness for life.

Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry, ed. John Middleton Murry. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1951.

This new edition of Katherine Mansfield's letters is almost one third as long again as the 1928 volumes of letters. It contains only the letters written by Katherine Mansfield to her lover and husband. The letters are intensely heartrending. They come from England, from France

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and Italy, and are full of repeated longings for reunion with her husband. It is in these letters to John Middleton Murry that one discovers much about Katherine's great personal suffering.

Mansfield, Katherine. Novels and Novelists, ed. J. Middleton Murry. Boston: Beacon Press, 1959.

This is a collection of her reviews of contemporary novels written for The Athenaeum. They are in chronological order, and show a critic demanding that the story be an impression, not an argument. They find fault with the artist who stands aloof and criticizes, because Katherine Mansfield feels he will never discover the deeper meaning of life.

Poems by Katherine Mansfield. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1923.

The poems in this volume are grouped in periods. The child verses were written while Katherine was at Queen's College. The book contains much that does not maintain a high level of poetry, but it does show Miss Mansfield's delicacy of imagination and her powers of description. Its greatest helpfulness comes from the fact that she again reveals her suffering particularly from illness and because of alienation from loved ones and from her husband.

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1928. 2 vols.

These two volumes contain letters to various friends, as well as to her husband, John Middleton Murry. They show her as a woman telling sympathetic minds of her daily joys and sorrows. As a writer she did this in letters replete with imagination, wit and perception. This thesis is particularly concerned with Katherine Mansfield as an invalid writing to bridge the physical gap between her and her friends or between her and her husband. It is particularly here that the reader obtains insight into her suffering, and comes to realize that Katherine Mansfield's life is deepened by this suffering.

The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield, ed. J. Middleton Murry. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1939.

This collection comprises quotations from Shakespeare, Coleridge's literary criticism, and Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne. There are beginnings of stories with Kezia in them, and Laura; New Zealand scenes; diary entries; and unposted letters. All these are arranged chronologically. Here is further evidence of Katherine Mansfield's love of children, and her interest in the use of symbols.

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II. WORKS ABOUT KATHERINE MANSFIELD

A. BOOKS

1. Biographical

Alpers, Antony. Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958.

This is the most complete biography of Katherine Mansfield. It was written by an Auckland, Antony Alpers who worked four years in England and one summer in France to get material for his book. The biography, because of its completeness, is of value to this thesis because a knowledge of Katherine Mansfield's life is basic to a fuller understanding of her stories. Because of Mr. Alpers' interviews particularly with her first husband, Mr. G. C. Bowden, and with her lifelong friend, "L. M." this book contains extracts from Katherine Mansfield's letters inaccessible to previous biographers.

Beauchamp, Sir Harold. Reminiscences and Recollections. New Plymouth, N. Z.: Thomas Avery & Cons Limited, 1937.

This book is of interest to the writer of this thesis because it is the story of the Beauchamps most of whom had some literary bent. Of particular interest is the chapter on Katherine Mansfield written by Dr. Guy Scholefield, then parliamentary Librarian. He followed Katherine's reading since she was fifteen. His study of her is a sympathetic one and shows a deep understanding of her spiritual and intellectual sufferings as an artist.

Clarke, Isabel C. Katherine Mansfield. Wellington: The Beltane Book Bureau, 1944.

This is an incomplete but sympathetic study of Katherine Mansfield. Its value to this thesis lies in the fact that Miss Clarke has understood Katherine Mansfield as a person who suffered great physical and mental pain. It contains an enlightening introduction by Mr. P. A. Lawlor.

Lawlor, P. A. The Mystery of Maata. Wellington: The Beltane Book Bureau, 1946.

This volume is not of special use to this thesis except that we do find emphasized again Katherine Mansfield's love of children, her powers of delicate description, and brief mention made of her suffering. It is in the hitherto unpublished letter printed at the end of the book that her interest in children is especially seen.

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Lenoil, Odette. La Vocation de Katherine Mansfield. Paris: éditions Albin Michel, 1946.

This book emphasizes Katherine Mansfield's spiritual evolution. She could not abandon herself to God, and in that inability lay her suffering. Daniel Rops' excellent introduction shows a deep comprehension of her search for truth and her love of nature.

Mantz, Ruth Elvish, and J. Middleton Murry. The Life of Katherine Mansfield. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1933.

This biography written by an American closes with the year 1912. Published only ten years after Katherine Mansfield's death it is of fundamental importance to this thesis, because it gives us Katherine Mansfield's early life in great detail. In so doing, it points out that the roots of her genius lay in her own country where she suffered in silence as a child, and with resentment as an adolescent. It is this New Zealand background that gives the reader a deeper insight into some of her best stories.

Merlin, Roland. Le drame secret de Katherine Mansfield. Paris: éditions du Seuil, 1950.

In making a survey of the life of Katherine Mansfield, Merlin shows the reader how this frail young woman suffered from people, from conditions of living, and from illness. He quotes from her Letters and Journal to prove that she suffered when away from Murry, and she suffered when she was with Murry. The author stresses also the suffering caused by her brother's death. In dealing with her suffering he makes it more poignant by pointing out her eagerness for life.

2. Critical

Berkman, Sylvia. Katherine Mansfield. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1951.

This is an excellent work, with good bibliographical notes. It is of importance to this thesis because it is both a biographical and a critical treatment of Miss Mansfield and her writings. It is of direct importance, because there is some treatment of her personal suffering, her use of symbolism, and of her portrayal of children.

Cather, Willa. Not Under Forty. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1936.

The chapter on Katherine Mansfield is particularly important to this thesis. Willa Cather comments sympathetically on Katherine Mansfield's suffering: her early literary starvation, her later homesickness for New Zealand, and her lifelong struggle because of illness.

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Crothers, George D., ed. The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield. The invitation To Learning Reader on Critic's Choice. New York: The Comet Press, Inc., 1953.

This is a stimulating discussion of Katherine Mansfield and her short stories as broadcast over C.B.S. Radio Network. It is useful to this present work in its specific dealing with Katherine Mansfield's suffering from her husband, and with her use of symbolism. The discussion of her short story, "Bliss" is of particular interest.

Daly, Saralyn R. Katherine Mansfield. New York: Twayne Publishers Inc., 1965.

This book examines Katherine Mansfield's short stories. It looks particularly at her developing technique and its influence on this form of writing. It is valuable to this thesis because of its examination of Katherine Mansfield's penetration into human alienation and its resulting suffering.

Davin, D. M. Katherine Mansfield in Her Letters. Wellington: School Publication Branch Department of Education, 1959.

This pamphlet deals in a special manner with the letters written by Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry during the last ten years of her life. Although it is a brief coverage of these years, yet it has an importance to this work. We see that in spite of the joy in life which the letters reveal Katherine Mansfield to have experienced, Davin feels that these same letters are conclusive proof of the pain, conflict, and misfortune which were almost always with Katherine Mansfield.

Eustace, C. J. An Infinity of Questions. London: Dennis Dobson Ltd., MCMXLVI.

As the sub-title indicates, this is a study of Religion of Art, and of the Art of Religion in the lives of five women. One of these women is Katherine Mansfield. It is quite an illuminating and sympathetic work dealing with Katherine Mansfield as a person striving after spiritual realization, and obtaining it in proportion to her abandonment to God. The author shows a deep understanding of the suffering involved in such a search.

Friis, Anne. Katherine Mansfield. Copenhagen: Einar Munksgaard, 1946.

This book is both biographical and critical. It emphasizes the events of her life which lead to her development as an artist. There is a brief treatment of the symbolism in her stories.

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Gordon, Ian A. Katherine Mansfield. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1954.

Dr. Gordon, at present a professor of English at the University of New Zealand, writes with comprehension and a deep appreciation of his subject. The work includes a valuable bibliography. Professor Gordon shows how Katherine Mansfield's best stories have their roots in her homeland; he also deals with the literary quality of her stories.

Hormasji, Nariman. Katherine Mansfield. London: Collins Bros. & Co. Ltd., 1967.

This is the first appreciation of Katherine Mansfield by an Indian scholar, and presents a rather different approach: the detecting of psychological trends in her life. The work is very pertinent to this thesis, because Mr. Hormasji makes a study of Miss Mansfield's superior understanding of human weaknesses, and of her deep concern with human suffering. The book has a foreword by Dr. Ian Gordon.

Mantz, Ruth Elvish. The Critical Bibliography of Katherine Mansfield. London: Constable & Company Ltd., 1931.

This bibliography is incomplete; it has some inaccuracies in details which J. Middleton Murry has corrected. For the student, the works are dated; for the librarian, there is a chronological arrangement; for the collector, the first periodical appearance is given. An appendix gives her own comments on her publications, and her criticisms of her work. The book contains a check list of periodicals in which Katherine Mansfield's work first appeared.

Maugham, W. Somerset. Points of View. London: William Heineman Ltd., 1958.

Maugham deals with Katherine Mansfield in the section on the short story. He stresses the very personal nature of her stories, and feels that they are the outpourings of a lonely, sensitive, neurotic, sick woman who never felt at home in Europe. He calls her talent a small but delicate one, and says that it lies in her ability to transmit to her reader the heartbreak that lies behind ordinary everyday situations.

Murry, J. Middleton. Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Portraits. London: Peter Nevill Limited, MCMXLIX.

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AN ABSTRACT OF

Katherine Mansfield's Symbolism:

An Epiphany of her Sensitivity to Suffering

by Sister Celina Wadsworth, C.S.C.

This dissertation is concerned with Katherine Mansfield and her short stories. There have been, to be sure, a number of brief scholarly studies of the individual short stories of Katherine Mansfield, and of the effects created by this writer on the people she met. Also, doctoral dissertations have been written on the method and meaning in her stories, on her literary theory, and on general studies of her life and work. None of these pretends to be definitive. Other than a few articles which make brief mention of symbolism, no serious attempt, however, has been made to examine her work through a study of its symbolism. Certainly, no study has yet been done on her symbolism as an epiphany unveiling her keen sensitivity to suffering. This, then, is the purpose of this present work. The importance and meaning of this problem is handled in an introductory chapter.

Since it is her sensitivity to her own suffering which helps her to write sympathetically about the suffering of others, it is fitting that before beginning a study of her use of symbolism as an epiphany of her sensitivity we should consider the events of her life that provided the insights for her writing. The inclusion of such informa-

tion in this thesis can be justified as illustrative background for a fuller comprehension of her short stories, all of which are for the most part autobiographical. This biographical data is dealt with in the second chapter which is entitled, "A First Encounter."

Chapter Three of this thesis studies the symbolic implication of significant short stories dealing with the children and the adult characters in them. It is shown that alienation is the main cause of their suffering. In addition, the growing into maturity of her children and the self-discovery of her adults present a further source of their mental and physical pain. All these characters speak their experience through a symbolic word, phrase, or gesture. This chapter endeavours to make clear that a central symbol in each short story is the medium of transmission of Katherine Mansfield's awareness of and sensitivity to suffering. This symbol embodies the experience and seeks to transmit its significance to the reader. The chapter is entitled, "The Effect of her Symbolism."

However, one can be very much aware of a situation, and very sensitive to the evil entailed in that situation, and remain totally uninvolved. Chapter Four, called "Symbolism in her Major Themes" attempts to illustrate that Katherine Mansfield was concerned with broken, disillusioned, betrayed, frustrated humanity. It focuses attention, therefore, on the patterns found in her short stories. Through these patterns her readers hear emphasized her

"cry" against corruption. This "cry" is most powerfully experienced through the epiphanization of her symbols which constitute her lament for suffering humanity. These symbols, however, offer no solution to the problem of evil; they are in no way a protest against those who cause suffering. They simply, by deploring its existence, heighten in the reader's mind Miss Mansfield's sensitivity to suffering.

The fifth and final chapter attempts a summary of the previous chapters and, in so doing, reaches an evaluation of Katherine Mansfield's special contribution to English Literature through her particular use of symbolism. It is entitled, "Her Contribution."

In selecting the works to be treated in the main body of this thesis several important facts have been taken into consideration. Naturally, no attention has been given in these pages to what might be called potboilers, stories written because Katherine Mansfield needed money. Her collected Bavarian sketches, In A German Pension, as well as the collection called Something Childish have been omitted because in both groups of stories she has not yet mastered symbolic implication for economy's sake. The more significant chapters of this thesis, then, have been confined to a study of her later and best work: the three collections entitled, The Garden Party which appeared in 1920, Bliss which came out in 1921, and The Doves' Nest which was published in 1923.

Further material for this thesis is the published Katherine Mansfield's Letters To John Middleton Murry, the Journal of Katherine Mansfield, The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield, and the Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield.

Resource was had also to the three biographies written respectively by Ruth Mantz, Isabel Clarke, and Antony Alpers. The two critical studies, that of Sylvia Berkman and Saralyn Daly were likewise consulted. Some of the material for this thesis was obtained in personal interviews with Katherine Mansfield's two sisters, Mrs. Macintosh Bell and Mrs. Jeanne Renshaw, and with her nephew Mr. Andrew Bell. Mrs. Macintosh Bell is at present residing in Ottawa. Mrs. Jeanne Renshaw, of London, England, was in Ottawa in 1967 visiting her sister. Mr. Andrew Bell resides in Toronto. Another helpful source of material, the scrapbook owned by Mrs. Bell, was some forty years in the making. This scrapbook has been donated to the Turnbull Library, New Zealand. Critical articles and reviews in various publications were also consulted.

An annotated bibliography of all the available material in book form explains the content and excellence of these sources. This bibliography includes also a list of critical articles, reviews, and unpublished material used in the preparation of this thesis.