JUXTAPOSITION IN THE SHORT STORIES OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BY

LUCILE M. MORSE

Bachelor of Science
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, Oklahoma
1952

Master of Teaching
East Central State College
Ada, Oklahoma
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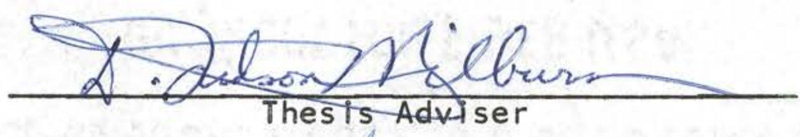

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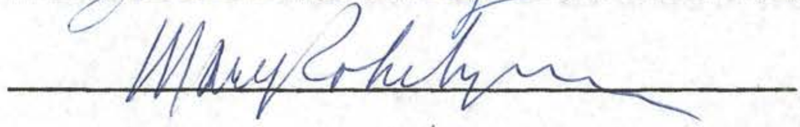

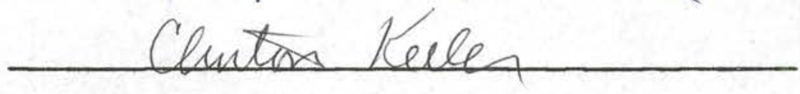

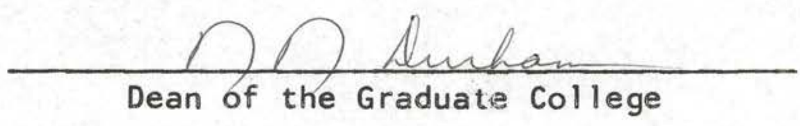

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PREFACE

The scope of this study includes the completed short stories of Katherine Mansfield as published in _The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield_, published by Alfred Knopf, 1920. After all the stories had been studied for the juxtaposition techniques, these categories were set up to organize the evidence: people with people; setting with setting; reality with appearance, dream, and absurdity; point of view with point of view; and symbol by symbol. Only representative stories are cited in this study.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to those persons who have had an important part in my education. First are my parents, who always encourage me to aspire to be the best. Certainly, fine teachers deserve much praise, for it was through their wisdom I learned to gain knowledge. My husband and children have supported my endeavors in learning as well as teaching. My husband deserves particular praise, for he has taken on extra home duties while I have earned this degree.

Many thanks go to Dr. Victor Hicks, Mrs. Leone Mayhue, Miss Gladys Tingle, Miss Clyta McCalib, and Delta Kappa Gamma Society. Dr. Hicks first encouraged me to enter college teaching. The three ladies supported me as an initiate

to Delta Kappa Gamma Society. In turn, Delta Kappa Gamma Society International awarded me the Edna Boyd McMillan Scholarship to study for a year. Then Delta Kappa Gamma Society International, Gamma State, awarded me a summer scholarship to prepare for comprehensive examinations.

Gratitude must be extended to the institution one works in. East Central State College is no exception. To Dr. Gene Collier, Chairman of the English Department, goes much appreciation for his willingness to permit me to study for a year, for his helpfulness in short story discussions, and for his encouragement. Many thanks go to Mrs. Mary Holland McGraw, who has counselled and pointed the way when the right words would not come. Jim and Laura Disbrow have likewise been thoughtful readers and critics.

I am fortunate to have an excellent committee from the staff of Oklahoma State University with which to work: Dr. D. J. Milburn, Dr. Mary Rohrberger, and Dr. Clinton Keeler of the English Department and Dr. John Susky of the Philosophy Department. Each one has, in his own way, proved helpful. In particular, Dr. Milburn has been an encouraging adviser throughout the whole of my doctoral study. And, for her delightful seminar in Katherine Mansfield, I thank Dr. Rohrberger. Too, Dr. Rohrberger, serving as dissertation director and first reader of this dissertation, has been most kind and patient.

Finally, I would like to thank Dorothy Bowersock for her typing excellence, her counsel, and her patience.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The short story undoubtedly began long ago as men related happenings of their lives to their children and their fellowmen. In England, for example, the _Beowulf_ poet wove into his story of the Geatish hero Beowulf many digressions that were embroidered and re-embroidered through many tellings. The _Chanson de Roland_ is a recording of the exploits of Roland, the French national hero. Chaucer wrote unique tales of his time in verse. Chretien helped to make famous the rich fabric of the stories of Arthur. The Grimms delighted the Germans with their folklore while the Russian Gogol wrote of the Ukranians in his tales and myths.

In the nineteenth century, the short story became more than a mere folk tale. Poe, in his famous formula given in the "Review of _Twice-Told Tales_," indicates that the successful writer of tales has deliberately arranged his story, making every incident, every event, and every word contribute directly to the effect the writer has wished to produce. Though great short story writers of succeeding times follow Poe's ideas on the short story, each major writer has added his personal touch to the genre as a whole. For instance, Hawthorne dwells on Puritan good and evil through the

specific use of symbol as in "Young Goodman Brown"; Twain expresses disgust for the human race through a persona as in "The Mysterious Stranger"; James reflects on appearance versus reality through the donnee as in "The Bench of Desolation." Maupassant uses a tour de force to reach a surprise ending as in "The Necklace." Chekhov and Sherwood Anderson move from the plot-centered story that James had already begun to forsake to stories that reveal small moments in the lives of their characters. Though the New Zealand born Katherine Mansfield had not read Chekhov and Anderson's works when she first began writing, she writes much like them. Later, as she read Chekhov, she was greatly influenced by him.

Miss Mansfield's stories are highly skilled technical productions which depend on "atmosphere, mood, exact detail, and precise and evocative phrasing to help expand the moment and give it universal significance."[1] To perfect her best stories, Miss Mansfield uses various techniques. Like Hawthorne, she uses controlling symbols as in "Mr. and Mrs. Dove." At other times, the weather pervades a story as in "Revelations." A narrative pattern like that of "The Man Without a Temperament" can contain flashbacks to plumb the depths of a character and of a situation. Beneath these and other techniques, however, lies at least one substructure upon which Miss Mansfield builds most of her stories. For instance, one can read a Mansfield story on the literal level. The story seems to be formless, leaving

the reader perplexed as to Miss Mansfield's purpose in the story. Then, the reader begins to realize that the way things, moods, scenes, and people are placed beside each other begins to make for nuances far beyond the literal level of the story. Mansfield's skillful use of juxtaposition has subtly made a seemingly insignificant moment balloon into important revelations about the characters and their realizations of changed relationships to other characters. This use of juxtaposition is at least a part of Miss Mansfield's own peculiar contribution to the short story.

Bernard Peltzie and John Hagopian, scholars of English, discuss the use of juxtaposition as a structural device in one Mansfield story, "The Fly." Both writers note that Miss Mansfield juxtaposes the boss beside the other male characters and the fly; neither writer notes her use of juxtaposition in any other way. In a monograph on Miss Mansfield, Ian Gordon notes only in passing that she uses juxtaposition as a structural device to show time present and time past in "The Daughters of the Late Colonel." Two of the three books about Miss Mansfield--Katherine Mansfield: a Critical Study by Sylvia Berkman and Katherine Mansfield by Saralyn Daly--deal with her stories in the traditional aspects of short story analysis; that is, theme, plot, and characters. Both Berkman and Daly include biographical material as they discuss Mansfield's stories. Daly's final chapter includes a comparison of the stories

of Mansfield to those of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. A third volume devoted to Miss Mansfield is her biography by Anton Alpers. He limits his comments on her stories.

The purpose of this dissertation is to study Miss Mansfield's use of juxtaposition as a structural device in the short stories she wrote in order to ascertain how she uses the device. The types of juxtaposition to be examined are categorized into cross-sectional groupings: people to people; setting to setting; appearance to dream and absurdity; point of view to point of view; and symbol to symbol. The scope of the research does not include other structural devices Miss Mansfield has used.[2]

FOOTNOTES

[1]Mary Rohrberger, Samuel H. Woods, Jr., and Bernard F. Dukore, _An Introduction to Literature_ (New York, 1968). p. 8.

[2]At least one limitation affects all work done on Miss Mansfield's stories. After Katherine Mansfield died, John Middleton Murry, her husband, tampered with the various manuscripts she had not published. When judged by Mansfield's published work, some stories he calls complete do not seem to be so; others he calls unfinished seem to be complete. Certainly the best the writer can do and has done is evaluate the stories or fragments on their own merits in deciding whether or not to include them in the study.

CHAPTER II

JUXTAPOSITION OF CHARACTERS

Katherine Mansfield's published short stories deal with at least five different themes: loneliness and frustration; sexual maladjustment; purposeless suffering; denial of emotional fulfillment; and falseness and ostentation as well as sterility in sophisticated modern life.[1] Miss Mansfield builds these themes in various ways. In some stories she uses a major metaphor. In others she uses minute detail. In nearly every story she employs a juxtaposition of characters. Her juxtaposing of a child with other children, a child with an adult, or an adult with an adult reveals nuances of theme as well as character. These juxtapositions disclose relationships between characters and point up significant, small incidents in the lives of the characters.

Knowing, seductive Eva is juxtaposed to the other girls in M. Hugo's French class in "Carnation." The other girls, except for Katie, are charming but extremely naive. Katie is naive when the French poetry reading begins. The reading of the French poetry arouses in Katie a knowledge of sexual desire she has never known. Though Katie must turn away from M. Hugo, she cannot escape the knowledge the

poetry has stirred in her. Neither can she escape the enticing scent of the carnation Eva carries. As Eva, murmuring "<u>Souvenir</u> <u>Tendred</u>," drops the carnation down the front of Katie's blouse, the picture of the first Eve initiating the first Adam is complete.[2]

"Sun and Moon" also has a child positioned by another child. This juxtaposing shows the difference in the way each sex reacts to pre-initiatory sexual experience and the difference in each one's acceptance of what is real or unreal. Moon, girl-like, enjoys entrancing the males at the party. Male-like, Sun has to be told, "Now you're in your Russian costume" (p. 380). He feels silly holding Moon's hand; yet, he puts up with her foolishness because he does not know how to cope with his sister in any role except her child role. Anyway, she always confuses what is real with the artificial, for she believes that being the center of attention when they go down to greet the party guests means the adults sincerely adore her. As the story ends, Miss Mansfield pictures Moon "scrunching" the nut of initiation, accepting her role. She has stooped to the commonplace level of adults who eat beautiful food, dirty shining plates, and break up delicate ice houses. Sun rebels, yelling, "I think it's horrid--horrid--horrid" (p. 384).

Hennie, in "The Young Girl," with his childish forthrightness positioned by his sister with her assumed casualness serves to make more evident the young girl's lack of comfort in her role as a woman. While his sister feigns

boredom, Hennie expresses great interest in dogs, people, and food. The two reverse roles as the chauffeur literally flies them back to the casino. Hennie has to try to look as though he is not hanging on. His sister takes hold of the situation, revealing she has learned to handle herself. Without Hennie, the sister's change from inadequacy to adequacy in the role of a maturing young woman would have no sounding board.

The Child, in "The Child-Who-Was-Tired," placed in charge of Anton, Hans, Lena, and the baby, presents an even more pathetic picture when Mansfield reveals that, beside these children, the Child is lacking in any of the niceties of proper society:

> "Oh, dear Lord"--the Frau lowered her voice--"don't you know her? She's the free-born one--daughter of the waitress at the railway station. They found her mother trying to squeeze her head in the wash-hand jug, and the child's half silly" (p. 97).

The Frau's children live in a normal family world; the Child lives only in her dream world of "Once upon a time there was a little white road--" (p. 96). Like the baby, she has inwardly wept all day. The only way not to weep is to reach oblivion; hence, by smothering the baby with the bolster, she helps it into her dream world.

The very innocence of Sabina in "At Lehmann's" compared to the knowledge of Hans is evident from Miss Mansfield's juxtapositioning of their physical appearances and their attitudes. The pink cheeked Sabina readily accepts extra

work when Anna, the cook, calls on her or when the proprietor has her take over his pregnant wife's usual counter job. Every task is greeted with her "magical child air" (p. 73). Hans, pimply faced and dirty nailed, makes excuses to avoid work. Mansfield further juxtaposes Sabina with the knowledgeable young man who makes advances toward her, asking, "'Look here . . . are you a child, or are you playing at being one?'" (p. 78). That Sabina has unspoken questions about the Frau's "journey to Rome" and is ignorant of how the conception of a baby takes place emphasizes her childlikeness.

"Something Childish But Very Natural" has two similar young people juxtaposed in the lead roles. At various times in the story, Henry and Edna assume the roles of dreamer and fatalist. From the beginning of the story to its end, Henry is the dreamer who cannot face the reality that Edna, the dreamer, comes to face. They cannot play at this love match and win. Both play the game out as though it must end the way it does. Throughout the story, Edna reveals little intimacies about herself, telling Henry that she rides the train daily, taking her hat off to display her marigold-colored hair, playing the game of courtship with the "let's pretend" house, and making the final move that leads to the renting of the small cottage. Realizing that the game must end, Edna closes it in the only way that she can to keep it a game: by sending a telegram instead of coming to Henry at the small cottage.

The dream element is also used to portray the likenesses of the boy and the boy-birds juxtaposed in "A Suburban Fairy Tale." Little B. is "undersized for his age, with legs like macaroni, tiny claws, soft, soft hair that felt like mouse fur, and big wide-open eyes" (p. 311). Like the birds who become "tiny little boys, in brown coats, dancing, jigging outside, up and down outside the window squeaking 'Want something to eat, want something to eat!'" Little B is hungry (p. 313). As the sparrows flit away, Little B. turns into a sparrow and flits away with them.

Typical adolescents are placed side by side in "Her First Ball"; thus, each youngster makes the other seem more typical. Meg, Jose, Laura, and Laurie--the Sheridans complement each other to make a family of congenial young people. The Sheridan girls as well as the other local girls at the ball are aware of the social world of the city. Leila is not. This circumstance is changed though, for Leila becomes one of the initiated group of girls who ignore the old bachelor's warning that they will become like "the chaperones in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly [who walk] with little careful steps over the polished floor toward the stage" (p. 514). Like the other girls, she lives for the present and its pleasures.

Though "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" is dominated by the dove metaphor, juxtaposition is used structurally to intensify the figurative comparison. The doves are mating; Reggie and Anne are courting. As Reggie stands in his room, he

quite overcome by the little he has to offer this young lady. He grabs the chest of drawers, dreaming of their idyllic trip to Umtali. Upon his arrival at her home, Anne announces "in her small soft voice, 'I'm so sorry father is out. And mother is having a day in town, hat-hunting. There's only me to entertain you, Reggie'" (p. 500). Until Anne pointedly tells him to remember Mr. and Mrs. Dove when he gets to Umtali, Reggie fails to pursue his cause even though she gives him many cues. When he does pursue his cause he is still so impressed by his unworthiness that he does so unsuccessfully. Unable yet to grasp the threads of love she has given him, Reggie turns to go to Umtali without her. Anne has to call, "Come back, Mr. Dove" (p. 505).

The practicalness of Ian French seems laughable as Mansfield portrays his never falling in love with all the women who decide he shall love them, his tidy apartment, and his quirk of writing sworn statements to himself. When Mansfield adds the sensible young woman, Ian's practicalness becomes reasonable:

> She never sang or unbraided her hair, or held out her arms to the moon as young girls are supposed to do. And she always wore the same dark pinafore and the pink handkerchief over her hair . . . (p. 328).

Here is another young person just like him. It is precisely at this moment that Mansfield has Ian emerge as an impractical human being. He begins to imagine things about the young girl: her family, relationships in her family, and the way they would live together. Romantically, he follows

her when she goes out shopping. His practicality returns as he follows her, step for step, upstairs to her flat where she searches for her own key to avoid troubling the one with whom she lives. Because the girl remains practical, never exhibiting any of the romantic notions that Ian has come to exhibit, his handing her an egg and saying, "'Excuse me, Mademoiselle, you dropped this.'" brings his practicalness to absurdity (p. 330).

Mansfield, in "The Tiredness of Rosabel," juxtaposes two other young girls to Rosabel to emphasize Rosabel's character. On the bus, the girl reading the romantic novel smiles because she is unaware of the dull world Rosabel sees in the advertisement on the bus, in the mass of people, and in the rainy night. This girl escapes from the reality of life by reading romances while Rosabel escapes by seeing the window panes through the rain as "opal and silver and the jewellers' shops . . . [as] fairy palaces" (p. 3). Rosabel's own street looks like Venice with its Grand Canal. Here then are two young working girls who add romance to their daily lives in different ways. As the tired Rosabel kneels at her window, she muses over a wealthy young girl who has come into the shop that day. This girl has exactly what Rosabel dreams of having and what the girl on the bus reads of: beauty, wealth, flowers, food, clothes, and a suitor. These realities become Rosabel's dream as she pictures herself in the role of the young wealthy girl. She sees herself in a large bedroom

filled with roses in "dull silver vases" (p. 6). A maid waits on her. She carries a muff and wears a large hat, veil, furs, and gloves. As she is escorted to dinner by Harry, the wealthy girl's suitor, he buys her violets. The lunch they share is magnificent; they take in a matinee; they have tea--all things the real Rosabel cannot afford. Invitations await the romanticized Rosabel, but she is "listless about them" (p. 7). As she dresses for a ball, the "voluptuous night" and "lovely white shoulders" of the romantic novel and the "fairy palaces" of Rosabel's bus ride become hers (p. 7). After the ball, Harry takes her into his arms. Their engagement is announced with all the proper trappings of high society. Following the marriage ceremony, they go to "Harry's ancestral home," where peasants curtsy to them and he clasps her hand "convulsively" (p. 8). This reception is juxtaposed by the lack of a reception Rosabel actually has when she returns each day to her flat with its four long flights of stairs which lead to a lone room.

The wealthy young girl who had been in the shop that day rode away from the shop in a carriage. Rosabel rides a bus home, labors up four long flights of stairs, and climbs into a bed covered with a grimy quilt. As she sleeps, she throws out her arm to something that is not there.

Also juxtaposed in this same story are the three Rosabels: practical, impractical, and dreamy. The first Rosabel realizes that Harry is flirting with her in the store.

She also knows she cannot afford the lovely bonnet which she has cached upstairs, so she brings it down to be sold. The impractical Rosabel buys violets instead of a filling meal. The dreamer in Rosabel weaves a fantasy about herself and the flirtatious Harry.

In the New Zealand stories, each Burnell girl serves to make the role the other assumes more definitive of her own character. Isabel, in "Prelude," is the child who identifies with the adult role, the child on the inside. Lottie makes herself at least accessible to the inside by her very weakness, her identification with the baby role. Kezia never stands inside the family circle because she objectively sums up each situation as it really is. Linda Burnell takes Isabel with her to the new house. When the other girls finally arrive under the care of Fred, the drayman, Isabel is combing her mother's hair. Lottie and Kezia are given milk and bread for supper. Isabel informs them, "'I had meat for my supper . . . . I had a whole chop for my supper, the bone and all and Worcester sauce'" (p. 277). Isabel tattles on Kezia for drinking from Beryl's tea cup. Later it is Isabel who insists that Lottie cannot say her prayers in bed unless she is ill. The next morning Isabel pushes the doll buggy while Lottie is allowed to walk by her as a small child might walk by her mother. Isabel tries to get Kezia under her control but fails. Even Linda admits Isabel is more grownup than she herself is.

As the little girls play house and visit, one assumes Isabel must be Mrs. Smith, the visitor, who insists the servant girl should not be introduced to her and for whose baby the servant girl must secure milk, real or playlike. When Rags comes to play, Isabel reprimands him for the way he holds the dolls. She tries to govern the games that the girls and their Trout cousins will play. Even when Pat invites all the children along to watch him kill a duck, Isabel is the one who puzzles over whether or not they should go without permission. At the killing she is delighted by the waddling but headless duck. After the killing she goes to Lottie much as a mother would go to her child. Here Lottie strikes out at her much as an upset child would strike out at his mother.

Lottie's weaknesses throughout the story point up her babyishness. When she and Kezia are left to come with the drayman, she cries. As the Samuel Josephs comment on her distorted countenance, she is pleased. Her face is again distorted as Kezia sees "a little Chinese Lottie through the colored glass of the dining room window" (p. 222). As Fred places the girls inside the dray wagon, Lottie arranges the shawl as one does over a baby. This scene is heightened by her "'Keep close to me . . . because otherwise you pull the shawl away from my side, Kezia'" (p. 223). In typical childlikeness, she appreciated the familiar name of their old home street, Charlotte Crescent. She falls asleep, resting against Kezia; therefore, her grandmother

has to carry her into the new house like a baby. Typically childish, she wants to say her prayers in bed; but, when bossy Isabel insists otherwise, she obeys.

Continuing to be babyish in the new house, Lottie loses or is lost constantly. She continues to do Isabel's bidding as she carries the parasol while Isabel pushes the doll carriage. During the game of house and visitor, she is the servant Gwen who primly lays the table and needs to know if she should go ask for real milk. Too, it is Lottie whom Pip can scare so easily. Yet, this same Lottie refuses to play hospital because she has been mistreated in a previous game of hospital, in her own judgment at least, by Pip. At the beheading of the duck, Lottie becomes so hysterical that she laughs. Then she turns on Isabel, who seeks her out.

Kezia has a role to play as observer which functions as a foil to Isabel's boss role and Lottie's baby role. She is not an absolute necessity to her mother, so she must wait to go to the new house with the drayman. Of importance to her is not getting to kiss "my granma" good-by another time (p. 220). She does not wail; she only bites her lip. To further cover her dismay at being left and being cheated out of kissing her grandmother, she pretends the bite she has taken out of her bread is a gate. The one tear she sheds she catches "with a neat little whisk of her tongue" and she eats it (p. 422). She alone of the children seems to have any great attachment to the house they are leaving.

As she pokes in the various crannies, she finds the little things that mark the missing pieces of things carried to the new house. The dark unknown creeps upon her as night falls, indicating the change that will come to Kezia just as the rest of the family has so easily changed houses. This frightens her. She alone has become aware of the change.

On the trip to the new house, Kezia observes all the things she has not yet seen in her short life. She likes the great drayman, considering him to be a friend. Upon her arrival at the new house, she hurries to her grandmother. Responsible, she carries the lamp for her grandmother while the older lady carries Lottie. It is Kezia who dares to sip Beryl's tea.

The next morning, Kezia, not content to play the "old" games with her sisters, goes off to investigate the new place. She wanders through the maze of garden paths instead of going into the paddock where she has observed the bull. Making her way back to the house, she observes the aloe that stands alone on the island of the circle drive. Curious, she asks her mother, "Does it ever have any flowers?" (p. 240). In the playhouse game, Kezia is Mrs. Jones, who democratically believes her servant can be introduced to the visiting Mrs. Smith.

When the Trout cousins appear, it is Kezia who recommends the veranda as being a flat enough surface for Pip to try his headstand on. When Pip nixes the idea, she

insists they play something. Isabel suggests ladies; but Kezia refuses to be forced into the role of Isabel's child. Miss Mansfield furthers Kezia's rejection of imposed roles by having her dislike the way Snooker's ears turn inside out.

The dying duck holds no charm for Kezia. While clasping Pat's legs and butting her head against his knees, she begs the hired man to "Put head back!" (p. 251). As Pat picks her up, she refuses to let him see her face by hiding against his shoulder. Pat's earrings quickly divert her attention, for she does not want to think about the duck.

While Kezia sniffs of Beryl's pot of cream, she begins to realize the role she must grow up to play. Beryl's leaving the room allows her to pose the calico cat before the mirror, forcing it into a role. Just as the cat falls over and as Beryl has earlier fallen over when she has realized her own false role, Kezia recognizes that she too has used role play with the cat. She cannot yet take what the mirror can reveal to her if she will only look; consequently, she tiptoes away.

The Trout cousins provide male counterparts for Isabel and Lottie in "Prelude," for Pip assumes the boss-antagonizer role while Rags assumes the follower role. In the duck killing scene, for instance, Pip scoffs at the other children's being frightened of the duck. When he gets to hold one duck for Pat, he is beside himself.

Becoming hysterical as the blood spurts from the dying duck, he jumps around the chopping block and lets the one he is supposed to hold go. Furthermore, he yells as the body waddles off. He pronounces the duck dead. Tender hearted Rags reports, "I don't think the head is quite dead yet . . . . Do you think it would keep alive if I gave it something to drink?" (p. 252). Pip, irritated at his own display of emotion, calls his brother a baby for such a statement.

The three Burnell girls are juxtaposed in "At the Bay" to show their likenesses and their differences. They are first pictured as dressed alike, coiffured alike, and allowed to carry similar porridge plates. Here the likenesses end. Isabel is adultish. She does not play with her food as Kezia and Lottie do; she is sent to ask Linda about Stanley's hat; she can swim twelve strokes. When the children play in the washroom, she chooses to be a rooster, the commanding fowl. As Lottie pouts because she has asked if they got to keep the cards, Isabel, who first reprimands her childish sister, says "exactly like a grown-up, 'Watch _me_, Lottie, and you'll soon learn'" (p. 288). She becomes demanding when Pip mentions the possibility of a huge spider's falling on them.

Lottie, in contrast to the brave Isabel, appears babyish and weak. She plays with her food, making a floating island. Kezia must tell her how to get over the stile. As the other children swim in the sea, Lottie sits at the

edge of the beach, getting up to run for higher ground if a big wave comes her way. During the wash house game, she has to be coaxed to play and told each right move to make. She finally turns the game into chaos by not remembering her call. The positioning of Lottie by the call she must make--the he-haw of an ass--is humorous. She rings down the curtain on the wash house scene by being the first to scream that a face is looking in at the window.

In "At the Bay" Kezia is juxtaposed again with her sisters to show her sensibility. When Beryl questions her playing in her porridge, Kezia is surprised, for she has always done this. It is she who has the patience to help Lottie get over the stile. She has never understood the Samuel Josephs' fighting to receive prizes like "[a] very small rusty buttonhook" (p. 272). The practical Kezia wants to know what good Pip can get from the old boot he has found. Kezia can swim a whole eight strokes. In the particularly poignant scene with her grandmother, Kezia is deeply interested in what the older lady has been thinking about. She pictures her dead Uncle William in her own world concept: "a little man fallen over like a tin soldier by the side of a big black hole" (p. 282). Sensibly, yet child-like, she insists she will not die. Then, she becomes easily distracted as does her grandmother. When the children play in the wash house, Kezia chooses to be a bee; and she manages to get to be one despite the dispute raised by the other children. She gives Lottie the suitable

name of donkey. Later she placates the sullen Lottie; finally, she purposely waits for Lottie to get the first call when they have like cards.

Pip and Rags serve as foils for Isabel and Lottie in this story as they do in "Prelude." The young Rags carries water for the sand digging. In the wash house game, he chooses to be a docile sheep. It is he who has a hankie for Lottie to borrow. Pip supervises the sand digging. He possesses the "nemeral" [emerald] . He is in charge of the card game in the wash house. He chooses to be the domineering bull. And Pip is the one who hears the frightening noise, calls it to the attention of the others, and tells the story of the spider that might fall on them.

In "The Garden Party," Miss Mansfield juxtaposes the three girls of the Sheridan family. Meg is terribly practical, yet she cannot supervise the erection of the marquee. She finds it impossible to do anything connected with duty because she still has on her turban and has not had her coffee. She copies her mother at various times throughout the story as does Jose, her impractical sister. Neither can Jose supervise the marquee building, for she is inappropriately dressed for such work in her silk petticoat and kimono jacket. She can, however, do the inside work such as ordering the servants about, an ordering which she does in such a way that the servants love her for it. Jose becomes ecstatic over the smallest of things: sandwiches and cream puffs. Though she and Meg agree with their

mother that the party cannot be cancelled because it would be extravagant and certainly not expected of them, she is inwardly unlike Meg because her eyes are hard as she insists she is sympathetic.

Laura, the artistic sister, reacts self-consciously to everything. She can supervise the building of the marquee because she is sure she can do things much better than anyone else. As she begins the task, she, like her sisters, copies her mother. But she drops this facade as she realizes she is faking. Her artistic temperament allows her to work with the workmen, not boss them. She consciously reacts to the workmen, to the party noises, and even to the fresh air on an open-hearted, democratic basis. She eats a cream puff though she knows she is too big to be sneaking food. Like a suffragette, she determines to have the party stopped when news comes that a workman, not even one working on the marquee, has been killed. Quickly, she is distracted by a pretty hat which her mother places on her head. Laura consciously throws herself into having a perfect afternoon at the party by basking in her friends' compliments and acting as though she must plead to her father for the bandsmen to have refreshments. She self-consciously feels herself apart from her family when they decide to send the party leavings to the bereaved family. As she goes with the basket, the party feeling is still inside her: ". . . she thought, 'Yes, it was a most successful party'" (p. 546). Even though a man is dead and his family is left

without a provider.[3] With no real thought for the grievers, she enters the crowd at the home. As she views the corpse of the young man, she is concerned with what he thinks, not what his family, the living, think. To him, she says, "Forgive my hat" (p. 548). Even when she meets Laurie, as she goes home, she cannot feel anything except her own reaction to death and life, a reaction she finds inexplicable.

In one of her last stories, "The Doll's House," Miss Mansfield structures the story by positioning several school girls side by side. Mrs. Hay has sent the Burnell girls a doll's house that smells too much of paint to be allowed in the house. The girls are quite taken by the little house, but Kezia alone notes the one perfect facsimile: the little lamp which graces the dining room table. Isabel insists she gets to tell the girls at school about the little house because she is the eldest and her mother has told her she can tell first. Instead of blurting out the information, she lets word get around that the girls should see her at recess. At that time she tells all about the house, all except about the lamp. Each girl, except the Kelvey girls, is invited to see the house. When the Kelveys' turn comes, Isabel cannot invite them. In fact, she and the other school girls seek to treat these children in exactly the same ways their parents treat them and their mother: not speaking to them, telling tales about their father, ridiculing their clothes and taunting them. Lottie seems to follow Isabel's pattern.

On the other hand, there is Kezia, who notes the little lamp from the very first and who reminds Isabel to tell the school girls about it. She asks her mother if the Kelveys cannot come to see the house just once. When she manages to evade having to go into the house to entertain proper guests, she purposely persuades and sneaks the passing Kelvey girls into the yard to see the doll's house. Lil, the older Kelvey girl, objects; but Our Else gently persuades her to enter the yard. As startled when Beryl screams at them as is Kezia, who can only remain silent, the Kelveys leave, cowed.

Miss Mansfield also juxtaposes the Kelvey girls with the Burnell girls to show their relationships to each other in addition to their relationships to their respective families. Our Else is dependent upon Lil. As though she is her older sister's shadow, Our Else goes wherever Lil goes. She communicates to her sister through tugs which the older girl never seems to misunderstand. No one has seen Our Else smile. Lil operates under her mother's code: she huddles along; she wears the clothes handed down by the various women her mother works for; she does not impose herself and Our Else on the other school girls; she protests that she and her sister should not come in to see the doll's house.

The Burnell girls do not show this same affinity for each other. Though Lottie takes on much of Isabel's character by copying her, she does not govern Isabel in the way

Our Else governs Lil. Both Lottie and Isabel reflect their elders in their views toward the Kelveys and toward visitors. Kezia stands alone, a Lil and an Our Else combined. She respects Isabel's position as the eldest child; she usually follows her elders' commands. When, however, the need arises to see beyond the confines of society, Kezia willingly does so to share the doll's house. Like Our Else, Kezia sees the lamp that the others--even Lil--seem to miss.

In juxtaposing children with adults, Mansfield places children by parents, usually a girl by her mother in assuming or refusing to assume the woman's role. Rosa in "New Dresses" reflects her mother's attitude of caring for the womanly arts as she begs to go with her mother to the kitchen. She manages to take on her mother's role as she tattles on Helen, who is not asleep. Another Rosa, that of "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding," assumes a mother role also. As the Frau readies the Herr's uniform for the wedding, Rosa helps her mother polish the buttons on the coat. Rosa hands her father the towel when he washes up. She duly admires the good man as her parents leave for the wedding. While the Frau is away, Rosa becomes "mother" to the other children. She wears her mother's black shawl; she gets to stay up later than they; she will give her baby brother his milk if he awakes. In this same story, Theresa's child is juxtaposed to her mother. The child, dressed "in a crumpled muslin dress with a wreath of forget-me-nots hanging over one ear," parallels her mother's

crumpled reputation and "her eyes [that] shift uneasily from side to side" (p. 59). The sausage that the child eats is juxtaposed with the knowledge of marital life that Theresa has accepted.

The little girl in "The Woman at the Store" positioned by her mother serves as her echo. The mother looks like she is "sticks and wire under that pinafore--her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty Bluchers" (p. 126). Her hair is an ugly yellow; her eyes, blue. The child is "a mean, undersized brat, with whitish hair and weak eyes. She stood, legs wide apart and her stomach protruding" (p. 129). Both are inelegant in their conversations with the visitors. Both are prone to other indelicacies: the mother sleeps with various men passersby; the child draws vulgar pictures and picks flies off the treacle paper. Both have fits of anger.

Miss Mansfield places Lottie and Kezia beside differing aspects of their mother in "Prelude." Lottie is as helpless as Linda. Linda declares they cannot take the two little girls to the new house; then, she leans back in the buggy, leaving her mother to complete the arrangements with Mrs. Samuel Josephs to care for Lottie and Kezia. On hearing this, Lottie first finds her handkerchief and then bawls. Just as Linda feels perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, Lottie is satisfied when the Josephs' children give her so much attention for crying. Later, she reacts

in the dray cart just as Linda did in the buggy, for she sees to it that she is covered whether or not Kezia is. At the new house, she has to be carried in by her grandmother. As Linda is seemingly frightened by the cold dew and moonlight, Lottie, too, is easily frightened both by Pip and the dying duck. Lottie and Linda like to play games in their own ways: Linda refuses to play with Stanley and his cherries; Lottie refuses to play patient while Pip plays doctor.

Like situations elicit similar responses from Kezia and Linda. As Kezia stands in the old house alone, the impending darkness and the rising wind cause her to be frightened of the "It" (p. 223). Her mother is frightened when she finally admits to herself that she hates Stanley, her husband. To Linda, Kezia's "It" is a room filled with "They" (p. 234). In the dark at the old house. Kezia wants to call for Lottie but cannot. Linda snatches her hand from Mrs. Fairfield. Both Linda and Kezia are pursued by things they feel incapable of reckoning with. Kezia edges up to the storeman and Pat as they reveal knowledge she is capable of handling. Pat, for Kezia, takes on a bizarre role when he beheads the duck. Linda's father assumes the same kind of role in Linda's dream when the ball of fluff becomes a baby. Just as Kezia refuses to play under Isabel's rule, Linda eludes any responsibility in keeping up with the children by saying to Mrs. Fairfield, "[You] know Isabel is much more grown up than any of us" (p. 238). Both

Kezia and her mother escape routine life: Kezia by wandering about the garden; Linda, by dreaming.

Again Mansfield juxtaposes daughter with mother in "At the Bay." Helpless Lottie cannot climb over the stile unless Kezia supervises her. Linda cannot run her family without her mother's help. At the beach, Lottie remains at the water's edge, shying back at every scary wave. Linda does not participate in the swimming expedition at all, preferring to remain in the garden with her dreams and the sleeping baby. Also Kezia is juxtaposed with Linda to reflect aspects of her mother's character. Just as Linda cannot abandon Stanley and her children neither can Kezia abandon the dependent Lottie. Kezia and her mother regard the prizes they receive for playing the "game of life" as inadequate: rusty buttonhooks and Stanley. Both insist on having their own ways: Linda to lounge in the lush garden; Kezia to be a bee.

Moon in "Sun and Moon" is very obviously a little girl who is awaiting the initiation into the role of woman. As Nurse dresses her for the party, Moon wiggles and squirms just as her mother runs all over the house as she readies it for the party. Moon pulls at the cloth on the play table, aggravating Sun much as her mother flirts with her father after the party. As Sun and Moon go down to be seen at the party, she likes hanging on his arm and hearing the jangling of her bracelet just as her mother likes the attentions her husband gives her. Moon manages her father by

insisting he must carry her upstairs. The mother holds the father's plate and puts "her arm around his neck" (p. 383). Just as her mother knows not to let the children in to see the ruins of the party does Moon know to eat the nut. She will soon know that life has these horridly delightful moments when woman seduces man.

In "See-Saw" the little girl's actions are juxtaposed with the actions her mother must have used at home though only once does the child actually mention her mother. As the girl and the little boy play, she sends him after firewood, asks him "Is that a whole pennorth?" wads up her skirt, puts the boy off with "Oh, don't bother me child," asks for a newspaper, and suggests another method for striking the matches (p. 403). She scolds the boy when he cannot correctly call the name of a dog's young. To win her argument she resorts to crying; but when he cries too, she cannot endure his tears. Scolding him, she manages to pass over the incident so they can continue their game.

Again a girl is positioned by her mother in "The Young Girl." Mrs. Raddick is thoroughly excited about the gambling prospects. In fact, she can hardly wait to cast the young girl on Hennie's governess. The young girl acts astutely bored by the casino and immensely peeved that her mother is consigning her to the governess's care. Hennie seemingly identifies his sister with their mother, for he is joyless at her having to come along on his tea trip. Too, she bawls him out when he spills the pastry on the table

cloth. By the close of the story, the young girl is as self assured as her mother.

Meg, Jose, and Laura--all parallel characteristics of their mother, Mrs. Sheridan in "The Garden Party." Laura reflects her mother's artistic abilities. She copies her mother's voice and airs as she begins to work with the marquee builders. The hat which she dons aligns her with Mrs. Sheridan. At the cottage, she acts as ineffectively as her mother would have. Meg and Jose are also as ineffectual as their mother. Both are too busy to supervise the workmen. They mirror her in their assertion that the party must go on despite the workman's death. All, even Laura, react self-consciously, never seeing the needs of others, rich or poor.

The little Burnell girls as well as their school friends reflect their elders' attitudes toward the Kelvey children in "The Doll's House." Lil, the older Kelvey child, mirrors her mother in her "huddling"along. Isabel and Lottie, along with their school chums, completely shut out Lil and Our Else just as Beryl later shuts them out of the doll's house and the Burnell courtyard. Kezia at least asks Linda if the Kelveys can come just once; and she seizes the lone opportunity she gets to show the little house to them. Little Our Else, like Kezia and unlike the other girls and the adults, sees the perfect part of the house, the lamp which seems to say "I live here" (p. 571).

In "A Suburban Fairy Tale," starving Little B is positioned by his father, Mr. B, a "stout youngish man" and his mother, Mrs. B, a youngish woman with a "plump body, rather like a pigeon" (p. 311). His idea about a child-sized egg for children and the crumbs he offers to the birds contrast the dream foods Mr. and Mrs. B. envision: the Scotch hare with trimmings, the sirloin, the date pudding, and the "glut" of cheeses.

In "Prelude" and "At the Bay," Pip and Rags are juxtaposed with their father and Uncle Stanley. Rags is insect-like as is Jonathan. Both do not beat against the current of life as do Pip and his Uncle Stanley. These latter two are cruel to others yet kind to themselves. Sun in "Sun and Moon" is juxtaposed with his father to point up the characteristics of men. Father has to be reminded to bring assigned things home; Sun has to be told he is wearing his Russian costume. The uninitiated Sun does not wish to partake of the party goodies; his father has partaken enough of the goodies that he insists the children can come down to the leftovers and he frolicks with his wife, whose dress is in disarray. He ignores the untidiness of the dining room to encourage Sun to eat. Sun, refusing the food, cries as he marches back to his room. The father is now as unhappy as his crying son.

Isabel in both "At the Bay" and "Prelude" mirrors her grandmother, for she mothers her sisters much as Mrs. Fairfield manages her daughters and the house. Both Isabel and

her grandmother suffer setbacks in their managing jobs: Kezia will not always obey Isabel; Beryl insists on keeping Mrs. Harry Kember company though Mrs. Fairfield openly objects to her doing so.

Little Karl positioned by his mother, Frau Kellerman, serves to emphasize the ludicrous aspects of her character in "The Advanced Lady." He picks the insides of his watch out with a hairpin. From his tree perch, he eavesdrops on his mother. As the party from the pension house walks to Schlingen, he blooms as he whacks down as many flowers as he can with her parasol. When the group stops to rest, the boy rummages through the public trash can. Here he finds an advertisement on breast improvement. Similarly, the Frau noses about the pension so much that she asks the advanced lady to come on the walk to Schlingen intuitively, for she knows the rest of the pensioners' thoughts before they speak. She is equally nosy about Elsa and Fritzi's engagement. She "blossoms" under rather odd circumstances also: " [n] ewly engaged couples, mothers with first babies, and normal death-beds" (p. 100). She manages to bring up a thoroughly utilitarian subject, the good of "the air of pinetrees for the scalp," when everyone else is enjoying the woods for their beauty and pristineness (p. 103). As the advanced lady explains the theme of her book which must be a novel, Frau Kellerman insists on the utilitarian parts of love and family life: a husband with a job, a husband who wants to go to bed when he gets home, and children who remain young all too short a time.

In at least three other stories, the young are positioned by adults other than their parents to point up character traits. The girl in "Feuille d'Album" pays no attention to Ian; many other women by whom he has not been attracted have mothered him and tried to make love to him. "Miss Brill" also contains elders and youth juxtaposed to show that all do not care for the lonely Miss Brill. The old man and old woman do not talk on this particular Sunday and Miss Brill feels cheated, for she has been an extremely good listener to their conversations on previous Sundays. The boy and girl who come along do talk; and Miss Brill does hear this conversation which sends her back to her own cupboard-like room, with neither her honeycake nor her usual satisfaction from her Sunday in the park.

In the very short sketch, "See-Saw," Mansfield again uses the structural device, juxtaposition, by posing the young "babies" in role play against the old "babies" in their own roles and the roles they have played. In the opening paragraph, Mansfield writes:

> The people wander over the grass--the old ones inclined to puff and waddle after their long winter snooze; the young ones suddenly linking hands and making for that screen of trees . . . walking very fast, almost running, as though they had heard some lovely little creature caught in the thicket crying to them to be saved (p. 402).

From this macrocosm, Mansfield zooms in on a microcosm of two youngsters who are playing house and two oldsters who have already played house. The little girl has a yellow ribbon in her curls; she wears two dresses, her this week's

underneath and her last week's on top, which gives her a bulky look. Red hair, light blue eyes, a faded pink smock and brown button shoes belong to the boy. The "old lady-baby" wears a lilac trimmed bonnet which covers her hair, a black satin coat and black kid gloves into which her hands are stuffed. She is naturally bulky. Only the "old man-baby's" hat is described, yet the reader pictures him as being stuffed into worn gentleman's clothes when Mansfield describes him: "The skin of his swollen old face was tight and glazed--and he sat down clasping his huge soft belly as though careful not to jolt or alarm it" (p. 404). This description not only gives an idea of his looks, but it also tells the reader that the old man has to be careful as to what he eats or does. While the old man must ease himself up and down, the little boy can balance on his toes, use a pickaxe, dance up and down, and wave a shovel.

Miss Mansfield catches the characteristics of both age groups by using different kinds of verbs in her descriptions of them. The old man trumpets, pants, and blows out his cheeks. He heaves himself up to shoo the bird away. The little boy shouts, breathes, squeaks, and cries. He plucks things out of the air. The old lady's voice quivers; she pants. The little girl bosses, pokes, cries, stamps, and wails.

In both generations, the female governs the trivial conversations carried on. The same trait is evidenced in a set of characters not present but mentioned: " m y

Daddy lit the fire with them, and my Mummy said--she said . . . soldiers manners!" (p. 403). The old couple does not have to ask, "Do you like playing with me?" as the young couple does (p. 404). Having played their adult roles so long, they take this for granted. In both conversations argumentative patterns occur. The old couple's disagreement is mild with both agreeing on Nellie's carelessness. The man changes the subject. When the children disagree, both cry. The small girl is so astonished at the boy's crying that she hushes. Then, she changes the subject.

At the close of the story, Miss Mansfield notes the different reasons for each couple's moving on--the children to a new game of house and the oldsters to be "obedient to the sign" (p. 405). The children talk as they move; the oldsters go wordlessly. Both couples have their eyes fixed: the children on life; the oldsters on death. The season, spring, is appropriately used to picture the young as vibrant and ready to live while the old are too learned to want to live more.

Further, in carrying out her juxtaposing of youth with age, Miss Mansfield has the old man clasp himself; the little girl reaches out to touch the boy's arm as she rolls her eyes at him. When the old man cries, the woman gives no sign; when the boy cries, the girl is appalled. The little girl is pleased with the boy and his fire dance. The old lady reacts to the old man only in argument and one cannot be positive she is really reacting to him. She could be

reacting to Nellie. The children have to give each other definite cues to evoke the right answers; the old couple seem to read each other's minds. When they speak, they have the right words; the little girl is left wordless at explaining "soldiers manners" and in remembering what a dog's young are called. Certainly, both couples are babies, for the older couple needs care because of the nearness of the grave and the young couple needs care because of the inability to accept fully the adult role it is destined to fill. As Miss Mansfield has indicated by her title, each couple is, from the other couple, on the opposite end of the see-saw of life. By adding the middle group just in passing, she manages well the fulcrum on which man's passing from one stage of babyhood to the last stage of "babyhood" hinges.

Another story of Miss Mansfield's containing the juxtaposition of youth with age is "Her First Ball." The Sheridan girls, Leila, and the rest of the sure-footed, gaily dressed young girls are positioned by the soberly clad chaperones who must walk carefully over the highly waxed floors to their seats on the stage. Laurie is a dapper and attentive brother who can carelessly throw away the wisp of tissue paper while the old bachelor is shabbily dressed: "His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk" (p. 517). Laurie and the other youth glide Leila over the dance floor, always talking about other dances. They are ignorant of the fact that this is Leila's first ball. As

the bachelor steers her over the floor, he makes it known that he knows this is her first ball. His straightforwardness about her future likeness to the chaperones infuriates Leila so much she refuses to dance with him any more. She accepts only the tactful young men.

Many stories structured on the juxtaposing of person to person have one adult posed by another adult. Further, Mansfield seemingly has particular categories of this type of positioning: husband-wife relationships, man and woman courtships, stages of womanhood, men by men, and artificial society folk by middle-class folk. Some stories contain more than one of these categories.

Mansfield portrays the dissatisfaction in a marital relationship when the man uses his sexual energies for selfish purposes in at least four stories. Though Roy and the unnamed girl are not married in "This Flower," they have been engaged in sexual relationships. Roy is ecstatic when the doctor reports the girl needs only a bit of rest. She has suspected and accepted the coming baby. As Roy gives "a little 'Ah!' of relief and happiness," she realizes he has used her only as a bed partner (p. 407). He has not loved her as he has loved himself. She will have to go away--alone. Her laughing at him while he plies the doctor with questions about her dietary needs as well as her allowing him to hold and to kiss her on his return to the room are token submissions. His "I thought we were in for it

this time. I really did. And it would have been so--fatal--so fatal" becomes ironic, for the relationship is over (p. 408).

The same strand of juxtapositioning is evident in "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding." The little Frau who has had five babies must get her husband's clothes ready for the wedding and get four of the babies off to bed. When dressing time comes, Herr Brechenmacher relegates his wife to the dark passageway while he chooses the well lighted, warm kitchen. She must dutifully fasten his buckles and admire him. Then she must light the lantern; he will precede her through the door so she must close it. As they walk to the Gasthaus, he strides along, telling her to hurry to stay up with him. He barges ahead of her into the Gasthaus, only bothering to apologize for knocking her against the banisters. He joins in the festivities. The little Frau's bloom is pinched just as she begins to open:

> She seemed to fill out and become rosy and warm as she sniffed that familiar festive smell. Somebody pulled at her skirt, and looking down, she saw Frau Rupp, the butcher's wife, who pulled an empty chair and begged her to sit beside her.
>
> "Fritz will get you some beer," she said. "My dear, your skirt is open at the back. We could not help laughing as you walked up the room with the white tape of your petticoat showing!"
>
> "But how frightful!" said Frau Brechenmacher, collapsing into her chair and biting her lip (p. 59).

Each succeeding time she begins to enjoy herself, one of the other women kills her joy. Finally, she is completely revolted by them as they join the men and her husband in laughter over Herr Brechenmacher's crude joke.

On the way home, Herr Brechenmacher again runs ahead of his wife. She prepares a snack for him. As he eats, he rudely recounts their marriage night. Lying on the bed waiting for him, she "put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt" (p. 62).

In both "Prelude" and "At the Bay" Mansfield portrays the dissatisfaction Linda feels in her marital relationship with Stanley. To Linda he is the one who makes her have great "lumps" of children she does not want. She cannot resist him though, even when he seemingly leaps at her. When he becomes irritated with Beryl over her remarks about the difficulty of getting settled, Linda soothes him by "'Pure as a lily, joyous and free'--a good sign" (p. 228). Later, proud of his physical build, Stanley must brag. Linda, who looks at her outdoor garments already in their new bedroom, wishes she could escape from all of her family; yet, she cannot. She and her children, her mother, and her sister are tied to Stanley for their every need. They are as "rooted" and "becalmed" in their relationship to him as the aloe is to the garden.

On his arrival home, Stanley smothers Linda with gifts and loving as though he must do these things in return for her affection and body. Basically, he and Linda become, in

their game of marriage, much like the pegs that go together and then pursue each other in Stanley and Beryl's cribbage game.

Linda, in "At the Bay," still rejects Stanley as the one who causes her to have children she never wants. She rejects as completely as possible any responsibility for her children, even her only infant son who seems to know woman's lot in the sex role. She recognizes Stanley's self-centerness when he returns home with new gloves for himself, not a gift for her.

In this same story are juxtaposed the Stubbs and the Harry Kembers. Mrs. Stubbs joins Linda in her feeling that marriage is a trap for a woman. The relief she feels at Mr. Stubbs' being dead is mirrored in her remark to Alice: "'. . . freedom's best!' Her soft, fat chuckle sounded like a purr. 'Freedom's best . . . !'" (p. 287). Both Kembers seemingly regard fair females open prey for men. Mrs. Kember apparently attempts to procure Beryl for her husband. Because of the stories circulated about Harry Kember, one surmises Mrs. Kember envies Beryl her youthful body.

Mr. Hammond, in "The Stranger," is just about the same kind of childish brute male that Stanley Burnell is. Like Stanley, who storms off to work blaming Linda for not seeing him off and buys gloves for himself instead of a peace gift for his wife, Mr. Hammond seems to feel his wife has mistreated him. The ship carrying Janey has been waiting so

long to dock that John Hammond feels a possible signal to send to the boat is one forgiving them for wrongs so they can feel free to dock. When the boat does dock, all--the stewardess, the good-byes, the cab driver, the porters, the children's letters--keep Hammond away from Janey. Never does he understand that she is putting him off. She recognizes his feelings; but purposely she ignores them, ignores them because she cannot bring herself to be completely possessed by him.

Mr. Peacock is as vain as his name in "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day." He teaches the world to escape from life as he escapes from life. His wife is the one who has to face reality. His is a "charmed" life; hers, a life of actualities: getting food, facing the bill collectors, seeing after their child. With his pupils Mr. Peacock is sure they love him; with his wife he is positive Adrian, their child, comes between them. To his pupils he is all things: admirer, lover in a vicarious sense, and priest. He accepts these roles readily; his wife accepts her role as a necessity to keep them and Adrian alive.

Robert Salesby is a man caught in the net of marriage by a woman he loves even though she can be his wife in name only. Throughout the story, his healthiness is juxtaposed to her weakness; and his being bound by the marriage by her weakness. The claims she makes of not wishing to bind him reinforce his feelings of being bound. She does bind him, however, when she asks him not to be gone long and when she

keeps his watch. He takes complete care of her while she watches over his time, be it the time he uses for his daily walk or for his evening smoke.

The Salesbys as a couple are positioned by the Honeymoon couple who, together, do everything: fish, laugh, and eat. The Salesbys only wait on each other, partaking of each other's love in this way rather than through happy companionship and connubial bliss.

Fanny and George in "Honeymoon" ponder their new relationship to each other. George is exceedingly sure about his part in this marriage. He pockets his wife's hand as he did a pet mouse when he was a boy. He orders food for her, refusing all the extras offered by the waiter. As the music begins, he flatly answers Fanny that he knows her well. As the old man sings, George is harshly critical of the raspy song. George has arrived, for he is young and he has his bride. Juxtaposed to George and his ideas are Fanny and her ideas. She is having to appear blasé when George, by her standards, is too abrupt or slightly rude. She hides her fear at his suggestion that he will swim in the choppy sea tomorrow. She does not dare grasp his hand in public. Worrying that they might not understand each other, Fanny expresses concern. As the old man sings, she realizes she and George are happy, but there is unhappiness in the world. Her facial expression is completely misinterpreted by George, who wants to carry her off to his lair. They are already unknown territory to each other.

Rosemary and Philip in "A Cup of Tea" have an idyllic marriage, for they are rich, have a son, and have charm. Rosemary's ideas of helping the starving young woman are gained from her reading, not from her real concern for human beings. Philip sees the young lady as a particularly attractive woman. As Rosemary begins to see her in this same light, she becomes less philanthropic. Phil, who has given her a son, wealth, and a good life, does not tell her that she is pretty. She must ask him if he likes her. When she wants his attentions, she asks for little gifts that amount to very little.

In a second way of positioning adult by adult, Mansfield places a girl who unwittingly seduces a man by that knowledgeable male. The girl feels irresistibly drawn to the man; yet, she is repulsed by his attentions when he becomes amorous. Sabina is unaware of the seductive picture she makes as she serves the young man his wine on the first evening he comes to Lehmann's. Drawn to him, she chats with him and openly converses about the picture of the nude girl which he shows her. The next evening, as she invites him into the lady's cloak room where it is warm, she again acts naively, for she has not recognized the role he assumes she is acting out--that of the seductive woman. Although thrilled by his closeness and the physical desires she does not understand, Sabina rejects the young man when the tavern owner's newborn baby cries out from the rooms above the tavern.

Viola repeats this same action in "The Swing of the Pendulum." The man who knocks at her door recognizes her naivete, for she goes to the door with her bodice undone. Too, her freshly washed face gives an appearance of unawareness. Viola, dallying with the man, asks him in after she has opened the door the second time. She becomes frightened by his voice when he says, "Let me send you some flowers . . . . I'll send you a roomful if you'd like them" (p. 115). Comforting herself that they are only playing a game, she responds more flirtatiously as he teases. When he presses his cause, she resorts to brute tactics by biting him. Her come-on has been challenged; but she has conquered him. Her triumph is juxtaposed with his anger.

The little Governess, in the story of "The Little Governess," who has never traveled, encounters several knowledgeable young men: the men in the next carriage, the porter, the waiter, and the old man. She presumes that the porter who touches his hat to her as she gets off the train is a guard or a station master. After he snatches her dress-basket to run ahead to the Munich train, she decides he is a robber. He has seen her kind before, those girls who have never traveled and who are doing so for the very first time with a compendium of "dos" and "don'ts" from the Governess Bureau. She does not tip him sufficiently; consequently, her trouble with the various men she will encounter has begun. The men who enter the next carriage laugh at the sign on her car, Dames Seules. They too recognize

her for what she is, so they invite her to join them. She ignores them. The porter returns to purposely remove the sign from her car. He then allows a much older man to enter the car. The little governess is quite relieved because no harm can come from a gentleman this old. The "old" man, with his experiences, knows to move slowly in trying to win her confidence, for he too is aware that she has been repeatedly warned to beware of all strange men. All day long she unconsciously leads him on by accepting the seemingly small favors he offers while he patiently waits for her to relax her guard. When he presses for a return of her favors, she is appalled. She has not realized the price she is to be expected to pay for the day's entertainment. The hotel waiter who had shown her to her little room that day has brooded over her rudely ordering him from her room. He now gets his revenge by telling her intended employer that she has gone with a gentleman, just enough to get her fired before she can ever see the charges she has come to teach.

Beryl Fairchild, juxtaposed by Harry Kember in "At the Bay," falls into this same pattern. She has led Mrs. Kember to believe she is ready for a lover; she even goes outside to meet Harry Kember. When she refuses his attentions, he asks her, "Then why in God's name did you come?" (p. 299).

Miss Mansfield juxtaposes a girl against a man in a slightly different way in "A Dill Pickle." Vera has not done any of the things she and the man had talked about in

their days of friendship. He has done them all. She has not prospered; in fact, she has had to sell her piano. He has prospered so much that he has traveled widely, has good clothing, and has his cigarettes custom made. Vera can remember every detail of their previous relationship down to the yard dog's name. Seemingly, she has lived in suspended time. He has not: "After I recognized you today--I had to take such a leap--I had to take a leap over my whole life to get back to that time" (p. 331). Yet, he has not changed from being the self-centered man he was when she first knew him. He still takes care of himself first, even to asking the waiter not to charge him for the cream she has not touched.

The girl and man in "Psychology" have a similar relationship. Neither can push their affair; yet, neither can seemingly find the heart to break it off. They talk of literature, each knowing personally that he is parading behind a facade but not knowing that the other is only waiting for the dropping of the facade. When the man leaves, the girl is able to accept the old spinster who comes with the violet. She identifies with the spinster, for this lady will be she in her later years. She can no more deny herself than she can keep herself from writing the man about their literary discussion and inviting him to come again to continue it.

The wife in "The Black Cap" is positive her husband does not understand her. Her ultra-romantic feelings for

her lover are at odds with her feelings of subservience to her husband. Mansfield juxtaposes a third set of feelings by these: the wife's feelings for her lover when he comes wearing a black cap because he has been unable to find his own hat. All his loving words and attentions which she has been so certain she needs must be rejected, for she cannot abide the cap. Actually, a fourth juxtapositioning of her feelings occurs as she rides toward the afternoon train which will carry her back to her husband whose ways and actions she can predict.

Mansfield juxtaposes two men and a girl beside each other in "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais." Raoul, the Parisian, plays upon a stage of his own making from the beginning of the story. As he reveals his own ways and thoughts about himself, he emerges as a man who is a false coin, a user of mankind, and an indelicate man who pretends to be delicate. Juxtaposed to him is Dick, the seemingly stolid English man, who cannot leave his mother even after leaving the country with the woman he loves. Even when Mouse comes to Paris with Dick, Raoul sadistically enjoys watching both of them suffer. Though Dick does leave Mouse to keep from hurting his mother, Raoul has no reason for not befriending her, no reason except his own reluctance to get involved with the helpless girl.

Different stages of womanhood are juxtaposed in "At the Bay." Beryl and Alice are young, unmarried women not yet initiated into death through sex. Linda and Mrs. Samuel

Josephs are married women who are opposites as far as being motherly is concerned. Linda and Mrs. Harry Kember point up different kinds of sexual frigidity: while Linda resents Stanley and his attentions, Mrs. Kember acts as a procurer for her husband though her reason does not appear to be to escape his attentions. Mrs. Fairfield never calls her husband to mind; instead, she runs the Burnell household, reminisces about Beryl's childhood, and has a special relationship with Kezia. Mrs. Stubbs keeps a picture of her husband though she insists "Freedom's best" (p. 287). All of these women are positioned by the sea as the mother of mankind. They, like the sea, "murmur, as though [they have] waked out of a dark stream" (p. 299).

Josephine and Constantia in "The Daughters of the Late Colonel" are almost two half people. Combined, the two make a whole person. Always when one acts, the other is a foil for her. In the discussion about disposing of their father's hat, Con lies almost corpselike and responds slowly. Josephine answers sharply, moves about in the bed, and almost giggles aloud. When Con questions the advisability of dyeing even their house robes black, Josephine cannot bear the thought. Again, after the burial of the colonel, it is Jug who remembers they forgot to ask his permission to bury him. The sisters' thoughts, momentarily, run in similar lines as they go into their father's room to sort out his belongings. Both react similarly to the chill room; they sense their father's presence in different pieces

of furniture. Later, as they discuss Benny, they see a black runner taking him a package and they picture Benny and his wife in Ceylon. Each does, however, have her own view as to the runner's appearance. Josephine does not mention it is Cyril she is thinking of when she says: "It would have been such a point, having him," but Con answers as though she has (p. 474). At this, both daughters remember Cyril's intimating that the clock was slow. Without Jug's ever mentioning their father's watch, the decision is made to give it to Cyril so he will know the time. Both regard the nurse as prying and Kate as overbearing. As the organ grinder makes them aware that they must no longer be subject to their father, the sisters recall the yearnings for life they have had. In the close of the story, they cannot make a change in their lives, for they are not free from the memory of their late father.

The little Frau in "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding" is juxtaposed with two different sets of women. First, she is posed by the other women her age who are at the wedding. She becomes a part of the group who carefully examine the bride and her mother. Later she forgets them as she watches the dancing couples, wishing she was among them. When she tunes in the women again, she catches herself up short, for they must not suspect that she has desires other than those of being a wife to her husband and caring for her children. She is more delicate than they because she does not consider Herr Brechenmacher's joke

humorous. Secondly, Theresa, the bride, reinforces the feelings the little Frau has had since her own marriage. Theresa is dressed

> in a white dress, trimmed with stripes and bows of coloured ribbon, giving her the appearance of an iced cake all ready to be cut and served in neat little pieces to the bridegroom beside her (p. 58).

Frau Brechenmacher feels that she is still being served in this same way to her husband. Too, Theresa does not enjoy the Herr Brechenmacher's joke. The other married women at the wedding feast join Theresa's mother in watching the bride's every move. None is cheerful at this gala event.

Man posed by man is used as a structural device in this story of married life. Herr Brechenmacher and the groom are almost carbon copies. Frau Rupp describes the groom: "'He never changed his clothes once in two months, and when I spoke to him of the smell in his room he told me he was sure it floated up from the shop'" (p. 60). Frau Brechenmacher, looking across the room, sees her husband as not exactly presentable: "He was drinking far too much, she knew--gesticulating wildly, the saliva sputtering out of his mouth as he talked" (p. 60). Both the experienced married man and the groom enjoy the coffee-pot joke.

In "The Fly," one of the last stories Miss Mansfield completed, she juxtaposes men. First, she examines the relationship of five men with death. Mr. Woodifield is near death; Macy is obediently on his way to death; the boss has died inwardly; the sons are dead. Secondly, she

positions Mr. Woodifield and the boss to amplify their characters. In section one of the story, she makes Woodifield look conspicuously weaker by having him next to the strong boss. Woodifield is the younger, but he has been broken by a stroke. Because he has the characteristics of the helpless--his hands tremble, his voice pipes and quavers, his eyes are dim--his wife and girls have to care for him as though he were a baby. With their blessing, he is dressed and sent forth every Tuesday to bother his old boss. Understandably, he is forgetful. Yet, Woodifield savours his finger of whiskey, a medicine, just as he savours his day in town because he too often cannot really live. Already his wife and daughters will not let him have whiskey at home. He is cooped up as though he were in a grave.

On the other hand, the boss is free--he believes. He has his health, a newly furnished office, and an immense absorption with his ability to appear above the rest of mortal men. Since it is a sacrilege to tamper with the best of life, he tosses his whiskey off. Apparently, no woman keeps him from his whiskey. And he believes it will cure any illness: "I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again . . . . That's the medicine" (p. 508). Though the boss feels superior to Woodifield, he appears to enjoy this weekly visit as much as Woodifield does.

Miss Mansfield writes of the central experience in each man's life, the death of an only son. The young men

have died in World War I at about the same time and are buried near each other in the same Belgian cemetery. Woodifield's daughters have just been to see their brother's grave and have chanced upon the other grave. Woodifield tells briefly of a gardenlike cemetery with broad paths. The memory is pleasant to him. It is so pleasant that the broken man is irritated that the nearby hotel apparently overcharges the daughters for jam, an irritation even to the daughters who bring the jam pot home with them to spite the hotel keeper. Forgetting the purpose of the daughters' trip, Woodifield leaves, still griping about the high priced jam. The picture of the grieving boss placed beside the first grieved though probably now more irritated Woodifield is a contrasting one. The boss quivers when the graves are mentioned. When Woodifield leaves, he cries, "Quite right, quite right," about nothing though Woodifield probably thinks it is about the jam (p. 599). Then, the boss arranges with Macy to be undisturbed for a half hour. Though he has always claimed nothing will erase his son's loss, the son whom he had groomed to step into his shoes, he cannot weep. His son, after being dead six years, remains unchanged in the boss's imagination. Despite the fact that he had considered himself ruined the day the telegram had come, the boss has kept his business going and refurbished his office while Woodifield is "to his last pins" (p. 508). Neither man remembers his only son in depth. Both have

become caged as surely as their sons are caged. As the story ends, the boss cannot remember what he has been thinking about.

Another juxtaposition of men occurs in "At the Bay." Robust Stanley is, on the surface, a successful businessman who blusters his way through life. Underneath he is meek, but only Linda sees and understands this Stanley. Stanley can change things. He can contribute to society. Greying Jonathan is, on the other hand, insectlike, beaten by the clock and his job. He is managed outwardly by other people. Inwardly he is stormy, but he cannot break through his outward mildness. Neither he nor Stanley is a sensualist. Harry Kember, the sensuous foil for these two, is coldly calculating. He knows what he wants and he intends to have it. Like Stanley, he is understood by his wife; but to all others, he has a mysteriousness that makes him desirable. Beryl reaches out to examine him, only to discover that he is not interested in her but in fulfilling his own desires.

Both the adults of pseudosophisticated society and ordinary people are characters in "Marriage a la Mode," "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais," and "Bliss." In the former story, William, in contrast with Isabel's new poetry friends, is the picture of a sedate, level headed, contributing member of society. Isabel's friends are frivolous and parasitical. William is not a part of their inner group. In the latter story, Bertha is positioned in this same way by Pearl Fulton, Harry, and the rest of the group

she entertains. They are the artificial people who live for nothing lasting.

In "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais," Raoul and his artificial society are played against Dick and his intense feelings for his mother as well as for Mouse. Raoul plays a role, an unnatural male role, each time he appears. He always comes to this particular cafe where he plays his role of hunting for real life which has passed him by. He sees himself as the customs official who examines people as they come into the cafe. He smiles and acts for the mirror opposite himself. Often he describes himself as a sensuous girl or a "perfumed fox-terrier" (p. 361). He pictures himself as interesting to Dick, who is probably only interested in finding a place in France to bring Mouse. When Dick sacrifices his love and Mouse for his mother, Raoul enjoys their suffering. After Dick leaves, Raoul does not aid Mouse. He only dreams of their being innocent children sharing a little home. He leaves the cafe after assuring a "dirty old gallant" that he has just the right girl for him (p. 377).

FOOTNOTES

[1]Sylvia Berkman, Katherine Mansfield: A Critical Study (New Haven, 1951), p. 196.

[2]Katherine Mansfield, The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield (New York, 1920), p. 324. All other references to this book are included in the body of the paper.

[3]Sentence fragment.

CHAPTER III

JUXTAPOSITION OF SETTING

Setting so permeates a Katherine Mansfield story that usually the reader is unaware of it. If, however, the setting for a single story were to be altered, the reader would immediately be aware of an incongruity in the story. This functional use of setting aids Miss Mansfield as she moves through her stories gathering moods and details until she has the right moods and details clustered at the ends.[1] As a result, one can conclude that setting as an integral part of a Mansfieldian story helps develop the theme and shows insight into the characters. To weave setting into her stories, Miss Mansfield uses varied techniques, one of which is juxtaposition.

Frequently, setting becomes a functional part of a story as Miss Mansfield juxtaposes interior scenes.

> [Her] stories are most often set indoors, in a drawing room, a tea room, a room in a hotel, with a particularization of detail: the blue teapot, the gold cushions, the antlers of firelight in the grate, the Japanese vase of paper daffodils. Setting is usually bright . . . ."[2]

For instance, the setting of three interior scenes in "Sun and Moon" is extremely vivid. Set next to each other are a nursery scene, where the two children are protected; a

party scene, where they are exposed to adult roles; and an after-party scene, where Moon accepts initiation into a woman's role while Sun rejects initiation into man's role. The nursery is a typical nursery full of innocent light and sweetness. The party room is the scene of the busy preparations when the children first use it. After the room is decorated, it has, for Sun, acquired a stalemated perfection. In the after-party scene, the party room is a shambles. It has played its part in the entertainment by being used so well it is no longer Sun's perfect room. It is a wreck. Sun's wail protests the acceptance of such use of his perfect room as well as his refusal to accept initiation into a man's role. Miss Mansfield can, however, as easily have a receding setting that operates as functionally as a bright setting. In "An Indiscreet Journey," she purposely juxtaposes interior scenes that are hazy to contribute to the dreamlike vagueness of the narrator. The story begins in a nondescript hotel room, moves to a train, then moves on to a check station for passengers who wish to travel on another train. When the narrator arrives at her destination, neither the train station nor the house she is to stay in are sharply depicted. Her room, bright white, which stands out against the grey of the earlier settings, is mentioned only once and no action takes place in this bright setting. The _Cafe de Amis_, where the final scenes are set, is not clearly defined.

On occasion, like interior settings can serve as backdrops to reveal affinities between characters. If similar scenes did not take place in the same settings, part of the likenesses of the characters would be lost. In the dining room, Mrs. Anne Carsfield and her mother disagree over the trim, which is to be placed on the dresses they are making for Anne's daughters. Anne insists Helen should not have the lace on her dress, for the child is untidy. The grandmother knows that when Anne was a child Anne acted as Helen does. Anne, however, will not believe that she acted this badly. When Anne rises to set the table for the evening meal, she sees a book out in the garden. As she goes out to get the book, she " [shrugs] her shoulders in the way her little daughter had caught from her" (p. 27).

In the garden, Henry Carsfield asks Anne why she is out. Anne lays the blame on Helen and her forgetfulness. The next day, the garden provides a backdrop for Helen's attempt to hide her ripping of the cashmere dress as she furtively clasps the ripped section of the dress and runs to her room. Once Henry and Anne are in the house, he questions her about the cost of the cashmere for the girl's dress. Anne feigns tiredness. Finally, she acts as though she must really search for the bill. Helen reacts in much this same manner when the family is searching in her bedroom for the ripped cashmere dress which has so mysteriously disappeared. Helen, however, knows neither her parents nor her grandmother will think to

search the school satchel in which the dress is stuffed. Like her mother, Helen does get her punishment when the doctor, thinking he is doing the right thing, returns the dress repaired. Her grandmother takes away Helen's privilege of having a new doll and Helen will be doomed to wear again a dress that is really her sister's color. Thus it is that settings that are similar are used in "New Dresses" so Miss Mansfield can picture the effects of environment and parental influence on Helen.

In other stories Miss Mansfield juxtaposes both interior and exterior settings. In "How Pearl Button Was Kidnapped," the backdrop of the box town by the beach and ocean situated such a short distance apart points to the contrast in the life Pearl knows and the life the gypsies know. Everything in Pearl Button's life, even her name, is closely contained and small. Pearl lives in a "House of Boxes" (p. 9). Her yard is hedged in. Dressed in a frilly pinafore, Pearl sings a little song. A ribbon catches up her hair. Small winds blow dust on all the boxlike parts of Pearl's world. Pearl's mother, hedged in the kitchen, does the ironing because one's mother always irons on Tuesday. The policemen who rescue Pearl from the gypsies have as their occupation the confining of men within the law.

On the other hand, everything about the gypsies is free. The women wear brightly colored dresses and kerchiefs. Their legs and feet are free of stockings and

shoes. Since they are extremely plump women, they must walk leisurely. The gypsy woman who carries Pearl away is soft and smells earthy. The men in the gypsy hut sit on the floor, smoking. They play with Pearl. These gypsies clap their hands and laugh. When Pearl eats their fruit and gets juice on her frilly white pinafore, the gypsy lady says, "That doesn't matter at all" (p. 11). When the gypsies move on, they freely laugh and shout. Pearl finds the gypsy woman who now holds her to be warm as well as soft. The woman lets Pearl play with her brooch; she kisses Pearl's little hands.

When the gypsies and Pearl reach the gypsy village, Pearl notices that the huts are close to the sea. Gay washings hang on the fences. Dogs run about unpenned. Babies are naked, and babies are played with. These people play with all children instead of sending them out alone into fenced yards. As Pearl eats supper, she is puzzled by the lack of regimentation here. After supper she gets to walk barefooted in the grass, clad only in her petticoat. She feels free as she digs in the sand and plays in the shallow sea water. Becoming excited over this newly found freedom by the sea, Pearl throws her thin arms around the gypsy woman to hug and kiss her. Over the woman's shoulder, Pearl sees the policemen coming to take her back to her "House of Boxes." They carry the kidnapped Pearl Button away from the newly found freedom back to her home where she is more captive than she has been

with the gypsies. Certainly, the setting is functional in this story as Miss Mansfield ties the hedged-in city child named so appropriately Pearl Button with the lack of freedom and then juxtaposes her with the gypsies who are free and open from their association with the sea.

In some stories Miss Mansfield uses decided changes in interior settings to point up like changes in the temperament of main characters. In "The Singing Lesson," the actions of Miss Meadows are reflected in the setting. Miss Meadows is upset over being jilted by Basil, her fiance. In her distraught state of mind, she forgets to go through her usual morning ritual of accepting a chrysanthemum from her favorite music student. The music room has become just a place to hold a required class. Even the trees outside the windows reflect Miss Meadows's despair: "The willow trees, outside the high narrow windows, waved in the wind. They had lost half their leaves. The tiny ones that clung wriggled like fishes caught on a line" (p. 494). Big rain drops fall from overcast skies. Put beside this set of moods and setting is the abrupt change that occurs in Miss Meadows when Basil telegrams his intentions of still marrying her. She flies up the hall to the classroom, changes the song the girls are practicing to a joyful one, snatches up the chrysanthemum, and beams at the girls who reflexively catch the same mood. The room has become the seat of joyful instruction.

As indicated by the title, "The Swing of the Pendulum" relates the change in the protagonist. This change is also reflected in the setting. As the story opens, Viola is answering a knock at the door. Her visitor, the landlady, has brought Viola a letter from Casimir, her lover. The landlady's apron is dirty; the stove Viola pokes at is dusty; Viola sees the landlady herself as a dirty pigeon. In her mind, she classes the landlady as a "Filthy old beast!" (p. 109). The landlady delivers the letter and threatens to evict Viola if the rent is not paid soon. By the time the landlady leaves, Viola's mood is foul. Even the sky is overcast. In the occasional glints of sunlight, the room becomes even more dingy. The hyacinths on the table do not scent the air; they cause it to reek. Viola reads Casimir's note which says he will come later. That he should suppose she will wait on him arouses her anger.

Viola washes her face. As she wonders how long it would take to drown in the basin, another knock sounds at the door. Without tidying her frock or drying her face, she opens the door. Though the strange man there asks for another girl, he begins to ask Viola questions about herself. Her spirits lift slightly. After she closes the door, she wonders about this stranger. Seeing Casimir's letter on the floor makes her spirits sag again. Reviewing Casimir and her affair, she deplores her present situation: ". . . to stew in this disgusting house while Casimir scours the land in the hope of finding one editorial open

door--it's humiliating. It's changing my whole nature" (p. 113). A man like the stranger at the door would treat her like a queen.

Deciding the stranger is still on the porch, Viola reopens the door. He is there. And he asks to finish his cigarette inside her room. Despite all the warnings she has had about such men, she allows him to come in. As he steps inside, that "disgusting" room changes into a secure, homey place: "It was full of sweet light and the scent of hyacinth flowers" (p. 115). At first the stranger sits in her armchair and makes no demands. As they talk, she senses that he is not as jolly as she had imagined. He begins to make demands on her but she enjoys eluding him. The harder he presses her, the harder and more joyfully she strikes at him. When he leaves, angry enough to report her to her landlady, she dances about the room which is still "full of sweet light." She may be bruised, but she is elated that she has these rooms and Casimir. And Casimir will be successful some day. Thus, the second half of "The Swing of the Pendulum" reflects the change that a character's frame of mind can have on an interior setting in a Mansfieldian story. Viola's room has changed from a "disgusting" place to a perfect dream room, an ideal place to meet Casimir, her lover.

In another story, "Psychology," the protagonist has invited a gentleman friend for tea. She has readied herself and her studio for the occasion by having the tea

table properly laid and a fire banked in the fireplace. When he arrives, she is pleased with her arrangements. He also appears to be happy with the arrangements. As he goes over to the fireplace, the fire obligingly leaps up as though it understands the growing flame of familiarity they wish to share. Instead of moving together just now, the couple move apart. She offers him tea. After lighting the lamp, she pulls the curtains and draws up the properly laid tea table. So perfectly has she arranged the setting for a _tete-de-tete_ that both, unbeknown to each other, regard the tea time as "an interruption" (p. 315). Reacting as properly as she has laid the scene, the girl takes her time in preparing the tea by drying the teapot quite well over the flame.

Now the man joins her in setting the perfect mood further by saying he never notices what he eats unless it is food he eats here with her. He never even notices his surroundings or people "except in this studio" (p. 317). And he can remember every detail of the studio:

> "Here's another queer thing. If I shut my eyes I can see this place--down to every detail--every detail . . . . Now I come to think of it--I've never realized this consciously before. Often when I am away from here I revisit it in spirit--wander about among your red chairs, stare at the bowl of fruit on the black table--and just touch, very lightly, that marvel of a sleeping boy's head" (p. 317).

Unwittingly, he mars the perfect scene he has made by adding, "I love that little boy" (p. 317). Love is not their

usual topic; books and plays are. The word <u>love</u> creates the uncrossable chasm.

Though the perfect mood has been broken, both try to recapture it. They react too hurriedly, too consciously. Just as they are about to become natural, she comments, "'It's raining' . . . . And her voice was like his when he had said, 'I love that little boy'" (p. 318). He quickly mentions the future of the novel. She answers. As the repartee continues, both are confident they have scotched the beast in the jungle: love, the beast that will spoil their relationship. Yet, each realizes the little game of friendship he plays here is not what he really wants. But does the other one feel this new way too? Instead of the gentleman's asking, "Do you feel this too? Do you understand it at all?" he mentions an appointment he must keep (p. 319). Though the protagonist is disappointed, she smilingly urges her guest to keep his remembered appointment. Standing in the door, she notes the perfect evening for lovemaking but feels he is "superior to it all" (p. 319). As he goes, he too realizes this would be a perfect evening for lovemaking. He has failed to move his relationship with the protagonist to be other than friendship.

Moving back into the studio, the girl berates herself for her actions:

> "Oh! Oh! How stupid! How imbecile! How stupid!" And then she flung herself down on the <u>sommier</u> thinking of nothing--just lying there in her rage. All was over. What was over? Oh--something was. And she'd never see him again--never (p. 320).

The doorbell rings and the girl goes to answer it. Here stands "an elderly virgin" who often brings her flowers and enjoys looking at her beautifully appointed studio. The girl starts to turn the woman away, but the beauty of the evening again catches her eyes. Not stifling her feeling this time, she embraces the old woman. This gesture pleases both of them. As the old lady leaves, the girl feels joyful. Though she tidies the studio and sets about writing her gentleman friend a note, she knows the perfect setting will never be quite as it was this evening. She will have her studio perfectly appointed the next time he does come, perfectly appointed for a discussion about the psychological novel.

In other stories Miss Mansfield juxtaposes tumultuous inner emotions with outer composure which are in turn reflected in setting. "Bliss," "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding," The Tiredness of Rosabel," and "Daughters of the Late Colonel" are only a few of the numerous stories containing this device.

Another manner in which Miss Mansfield often uses setting as a functional part of her stories is the juxtaposition of the elements of nature and the emotions of characters. For instance, the snow in "A Blaze" juxtaposed by the white gowned Elsa intimates that Elsa is as cold-hearted as the snow is cold. To further point up the coldness of the snow and the frigidity of Elsa, Miss Mansfield places artificial flowers, a tiger rug, and a blazing

fire in the scene. The floor, "smothered in rugs," gives the impression of being warmer than Elsa, clad in her white velvet teagown (p. 121).

"Revelations" is structured on the same principle as "A Blaze": the elements of nature reflect the emotions of Monica Tyrell. Her inability to cope with her own emotions is reflected in the intolerable winds which rattle windows and doors. At thirty-three, she is afraid of growing old. She likes to think of herself as a young goddess. She is awakened by a door slam that shakes the whole apartment. As Marie, the maid, brings breakfast to her, "the door opened, with a sharp tearing rip out flew the blind and the curtains stiffening, flapping, jerking. The tassel of the blind knocked-knocked against the window" (p. 426). Marie puts the blind up, and Monica sees "a huge pale sky and a cloud like a torn shirt dragging across" (p. 426). Ralph, the man with whom she is currently involved, calls to ask her to lunch. Monica becomes violently angry that he should call so early in the morning and on such a morning as this one. From eight o'clock until eleven-thirty, Monica suffers an attack of nerves while the morning is a "wild white one" and the wind is "tearing, rocking" (p. 427). As the maid combs her hair, she becomes as pale as the morning. Suddenly she feels as wild and free as the wind. She demands a taxi be called. Like the wind she must get away. And like the wind she has specific destination in

mind; therefore, she goes where she always goes--to her hairdresser's.

Disgruntled as the wind is the taxi driver. He drives as recklessly, abruptly stopping before the hairdresser's. Madame, who greets the clientele, is like the morning:

> Her face was whiter than ever, but rims of bright red showed round her blue bead eyes, and even the rings on her pudgy fingers did not flash. They were cold, dead, like chips of glass. When she called through the wall telephone to George there was a note in her voice that had never been there before (p. 428).

Monica tries to assume her usual delight in coming to the hairdresser's, but she cannot. George does not immediately come into his stall to care for her. She hears "[o] nly the wind [blowing] , shaking the old house; the wind hoot[s]" (p. 429). She removes the white kimono she has put on; she must leave to be free. Like the wind, she can again not stay caged in the little stall. Stepping in just now, George smiles oddly. Apparently, he has not shaved this morning. He apologizes for not being there when she arrived. When Monica admits she is frightened, he says, "It's a wind" (p. 429). As she agrees, he begins to dress her hair. Today he does not comment on the beauty of her hair as he customarily does. Nor does he brush skillfully. He tugs, almost as the wind tugs at the old house. George's reply to her questioning if something has happened is "Oh, no,Madame. Just a little occurrence" (p. 430). Now everything in the stall becomes cold and threatening. The wind continues to tear about the house. Monica wants

to cry. Getting up quickly, she takes her pins, pays George, and starts to leave. George says: "'The truth is, Madame, since you are an old customer--my daughter died this morning. A first child'--and then his white face crumpled like paper" (p. 430). The word old coincides with Monica's fear of the morning, the fear of growing old. Her world crumples much like George's face has crumpled.

Sobbing like the wind, she gets into the waiting taxi. Because the driver is still cross, he pays her sobbing no mind. He follows her directions explicitly, taking her to Prince's where Ralph has said he will meet her for lunch. Ralph will understand and pamper her. As the taxi jars along, she sees, in her mind's eye, "a tiny wax doll with a feather of gold hair, lying meek, its tiny hands and feet crossed" (p. 431). Monica sights

> a flower shop full of white flowers. Oh, what a perfect thought. Lilies-of-the-valley, and white pansies, double white violets and white velvet ribbon . . . . From an unknown friend . . . . From one who understands . . . . For a Little Girl . . ." (p. 431).

She wants the driver to stop but he is already at Prince's. Monica has been right: "We whirl along like leaves, and nobody knows--nobody cares where we fall, in what black river we float away" (p. 430). Even at this point in the story nothing in the elements quietens, particularly the wind. And at this point Monica cannot accept growing old gracefully.

Mansfield uses a particularly effective juxtaposing of the elements of nature in an early New Zealand story.

In "The Woman at the Store," the heat, dust, wind, and slate blue sky of the New Zealand bush country affect not only the woman and the child at the store but also the travelers. The wind, pumice dust, and tussock grass turn a beauty into a desperate woman whose appearance reflects her emotional state of mind:

> Certainly her eyes were blue and what hair she had was yellow, but ugly . . . there was nothing but sticks and wires under that pinafore--her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty Bluchers (p. 126).

Like the wind and dust, this former beauty, who knows one hundred and twenty-five different ways to kiss, turns willy-nilly because she cannot remember what she has done with the embrocation bottle. Just as the wind has snapped around the store, she snaps at the narrator when she asks if Else is like her father whom the woman has killed. Like the threatening wind, she threatens her child. Not only have the heat, wind, and dust killed her beauty, they have affected her mind as reflected in the question she poses to the potatoes as they boil: "'Wot for?'" (p. 131). The storm that night mirrors the pent up emotions of the woman and Jo as well as those of the child who flies into a full rage over the laughter of Jim and the narrator. The beauty of the following morning is reflected in the sleeping child and quieted emotions of the adults. That the elements will flare up again is indicated by Jo's staying on with the woman at the store while Jim and the narrator move on.

In many stories Mansfield selects a family. Next she selects a macrocosmic setting to place this family in. Then she cuts into a highly particularized time to describe this family, giving only their own thoughts and remarks of the moment. The crisis is the microcosm. This laying of microcosmic setting with a macrocosmic setting lends universality and realness to the story, making one know the characters and their problems.

In the story that was to have been the novel The Aloe, the women of the story are presented, except for Beryl, at the old house. Beryl is already at the new house to which the family is moving. Mansfield moves from the group, narrowing her lens to focus on Lottie and Kezia. Then, she further restricts her field of vision to focus on Kezia. Moving on through the story, Mansfield, at various times, widens the view to include other members of the Burnell family; but, in the ending, she again focuses on Kezia. The settings of both the old and new houses become exceedingly important as the story progresses. The old life has supposedly been left behind; the new is to come. From the veranda of the new house Linda and Mrs. Fairfield view the panorama which includes a garden filled with lush vegetation and a vague star-sprinkled, moon-bathed sky. The aloe, the central symbol of the story, becomes the focal point:

> The high grassy bank on which the aloe rested rose like a wave, and the aloe seemed to ride upon it like a ship with oars lifted. Bright moonlight hung upon the lifted oars like water, and on the green wave glittered the dew (p. 257).

Only now do Mrs. Fairfield and Linda descend to examine more closely the aloe and its island. Linda, Beryl, and Kezia are much like the garden as each stands on the verge of a life as full as the garden is of vegetation. But each also stands alone on her own island as a mystery not yet ready to reveal all the secrets about herself. None allows anyone to penetrate her inner feelings just as no one actually gets close enough to the aloe to touch it.

The inner conflict masked by a facade, or role, in each of the leading female characters--Linda, Beryl, and Kezia--is the microcosm of the story. By moving from one character to another in the same setting, Mansfield presents the three. The beautiful Linda has what every woman supposedly desires: money, a new home, a mother and a sister to help her manage her home and family, a maid, three daughters, and a loving husband. She appears to be contented. Inwardly, though, she is the proverbial bundle of nerves. She suppresses an urge to tell Lottie and Kezia to stand on their heads to match the chairs and tables on the lawn while they wait for the drayman to come. She comforts Stanley though she would really rather don her purple cape and plumed hat to hie away from her family. In the garden with her mother, Linda appears to be examining the aloe. Actually, she is wishing she could tell Stanley how revolted she is by him when he makes love to her.

Beryl also exhibits a facade. She tries to make the Burnells feel she likes being out in the country. In reality, she is deeply troubled, for how can a Prince Charming find her here--particularly when Stanley's choices of men to bring home are not princes? She works hard to arrange the new house. At night she envisions the young man who will come to carry her away. In her letter to Nan, Beryl writes out a role. She realizes this is not the real Beryl, that she is "[s] illy and spiteful and vain" (p. 262).

In the end of the story, it is Kezia with whom Mansfield is principally concerned. Kezia manages a good front before the Samuel Josephs, but she is upset over being left behind at the old house. She manages to eat the one tear that eeks out from her eyes so no one sees her regaining control of herself. Though Lottie and the other children are mentioned in connection with Kezia at the old house, on the ride to the new house, during the exploration of the grounds of the new house and at Pat's killing of the duck, Kezia's reactions are highlighted. In Beryl's room, at the end of the story, Kezia attempts to get the cat to look at itself in Beryl's mirror, a cream jar lid perched on its head for a hat. Except for the cat, Kezia is alone. As the lid hits the floor and rolls away, Kezia, like Beryl whose room she is in, realizes that she has tried to assume a role. The things from the old house have accompanied them to the new house. They have just been rearranged. Kezia, as well as Beryl, has been trying to rearrange her

role, but she is not successful. Being a child, Kezia does the only thing she knows to do: she tiptoes away from the mirror as though she is afraid of being caught in Aunt Beryl's room with the cat and the lid to the cream jar. She does not even attempt to find the lid to the cream jar.

Linda, Beryl and Kezia feel isolated from everyone in the family just as the aloe appears isolated from the rest of the garden by its island. Yet, they are smothered by their roles within the family much as the garden is overrun by vegetation. Setting is functional in "Prelude." Perhaps Sylvia Berkman states it better:

> The figures in these New Zealand stories, further, are set in a very definite environment . . . . We know the house, the gardens, the paddocks; we know what these people wear, what they eat, and when they sleep. But neither spatial enlargement nor concrete grounding would in themselves make for the unequaled depth and lucidity of the characters.[3]

In "The Fly," Mansfield uses a little action with great expanses of stasis. The setting is the boss's newly decorated office and what little action occurs takes place here: the small talk of the boss and Woodifield, the pouring of the whiskey, the leavetaking of Woodifield, the obedient running of Macey, and the dropping, rescuing, and flicking of the fly into the wastebasket. The remainder of the story is still pictures: Woodifield, the helpless; Macey, the obedient employee; the deceased sons; the Woodifield girls in the Belgian cemetery; the Belgian hotel; the anguished boss. These stills are viewed from the boss's

office where the major action of the story, the killing of the fly, takes place. Setting both the flashbacks and the action in the office serves to depict more vividly the boss and his frustration over losing his claim to posterity. No longer can the boss expect immortality to come to him in the way he has planned for it to come. His only son is dead.

Andre Maurois states "nearly all [Miss Mansfield's] stories are moments of beauty suddenly broken by contact with ugliness, cruelty or death."[4] Van Kranendonk adds to Maurois's statement that Miss Mansfield uses beauty juxtaposed with evil; i. e., perfect loveliness followed by evil.[5] By looking at the two settings in "The Garden Party" one can see how Miss Mansfield handles beauty with ugliness and death as Maurois and Van Kranendonk say.

In "The Garden Party" the luxuriousness of the kind of home and life the Sheridans and their friends live is juxtaposed with the ugly life and home the dead workman's family have. Miss Mansfield begins her story in the lovely manor home of the Sheridans, who are planning a party for themselves and a few select friends. Even the weather has cooperated nicely with this family:

> And after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses

> are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels (p. 534).

Here in the Sheridans' garden a marquee to be used for just this one party is to be erected. The greatest responsibilities the members of the Sheridan family have are supervisory: Laura supervises the building of the marquee and marking of the sandwiches; Mrs. Sheridan supervises the flower arrangements and makes suggestions as to the wearing apparel of the various people; Jose directs the furniture arrangements and the cook. Mr. Sheridan and Laurie go to the office to do their day's work. The Sheridans even have a doorbell to summon their hired help to the door. And they can buy masses of fresh cut flowers for the party. Arum lilies bank the front door to please their guests' eyes. They invite their own guests to come share their garden and afternoon.

In particular the setting affects what the mistress of the house has to do. In this palatial home, Mrs. Sheridan has very little to do with the running of the house. Hired help does the manual labor. She insists she wants to play the guest at her children's party; but she actually takes over by ordering extra flowers. She suggests what one of the guests should wear. She gives Laura a hat to wear. More of a playmate to her children than a mother, she goes about warning the children that she'll tell their father if

they do not behave. Her children are too old for such warnings. And she is again abdicating responsibility. She has promised to make the markers for the various kinds of sandwiches they will serve, but she has lost the envelop containing the names. Her children know she has forgotten to make the flags even though she insists she can have them ready in ten minutes. She finds the misplaced envelop behind the clock that ticks away both perfect and ugly minutes. These, her worries as lady of a manor house, are trivial when juxtaposed with the worries of the wife of the dead workman.

The perfect life here in the idyllic manor house is broken only by songs such as the one Jose sings; and Jose does it in such voice she cannot really know what a weary life is. Perhaps the song and her attitude best express the composite family attitude toward the kind of life workmen have. The "Good-bye!" at the close of the sad little song cinches their attitude.

> This Life is Wee-ary,
> A Tear--a Sigh.
> A Love that Chan-ges,
> This Life is Wee-ary,
> A Tear--a Sigh.
> A Love that Chan-ges,
> And then . . . Good-bye (p. 539).

As she finished the sad song, " [Jose's] face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile. 'Aren't I in good voice, mummy?' she beamed" (p. 539). In such a situation it is no wonder that the death of the workman can be be talked away. After the party his death can be mentioned

again only to elicit the sending of the party scraps to his survivors. Even when Laura takes the food to the family, she imagines the dead man is dreaming of a garden party, baskets, and lace frocks from her kind of world. Laurie and she try to act as though they understand death as he meets her on her return from the widow's house. She still looks like the manor house--happy though slightly troubled and resplendent in her party frock and stunning hat.

Even the help and delivery man at the manor house reflect the expansiveness of the setting. The cook makes mountains of delicious sandwiches. She entices the girls to eat cream puffs right after their breakfast. She can be managed by Jose. The delivery man from the bakery relishes telling of the death of the workman as much as the girls relish eating the cream puffs.

On the other hand, Em, the widow of the dead workman, lives in a little settlement of cottages at the foot of the rise to the Sheridan home:

> . . . the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighborhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there were nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they

> were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went (p. 542).

The people here must work for a living. Many of them look like the haggard-eyed workman who comes to help build the marquee: "He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis court. What was he thinking?" (p. 535). The workman who has been killed was a carter. His horse had shied, throwing him out of the cart. Apparently, his death was not of his own negligence. It just happened just as it just happens that the workmen have to live in such slum-like areas.

The widow does not have a doorbell at her cottage door. Instead, at the gate to the yard sits an old lady with a crutch. As the old lady greets Laura, she rests her feet on a newspaper. At the door, a lady in black greets Laura. This lady, a sister of the widow, smiles an "oily smile" (p. 548). Just as Godber's man, the delivery man, seemingly relished the telling of the workman's death, the sister-in-law seems to delight in showing off her bereaved relative and the corpse. She also seems to enjoy the discomfort Laura feels at being in this house.

Undoubtedly the arum lilies would have been appreciated by these people. One of the workmen who had come to help build the marquee that morning had broken off a pinch of

lavender, sniffing it appreciatively. Laura had been surprised by his appreciation. She has not, however, brought the lilies because they would spoil her lace frock.

The mistress of this house mourns her dead husband. The father of her five children will not be home. She must worry now about feeding her children. The people who flock around her are mourners who do not consider her mourning an offense. Death is bad to these people, for a father whose best labors provide for his family in a very modest way is dead. Only the mourners aid the family in their need. Ironically, the bit of outside help they receive is leftovers from a manor house party. This kind of help is not adequate when it is a real time to weep and mourn.

The setting differentiation in "The Garden Party" seems to be quite intentional. It allows Miss Mansfield ample background to work out the juxtaposition she often expressed in her journal: under every leaf there is a snail which destroys the beauty of the leaf.[6]

FOOTNOTES

[1] Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell, _Dead Reckonings in Fiction_ (New York, 1924), p. 85.

[2] Sylvia Berkman, _Katherine Mansfield: a Critical Study_ (New Haven, 1951), p. 157.

[3] Ibid., p. 201.

[4] Andre Maurois, _Prophets and Poets_ (New York, 1935), p. 323.

[5] A. G. Kranendonk, "Katherine Mansfield," _English Studies_, XII (April, 1930), p. 57.

[6] J. Middleton Murry, _Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Studies_ (London, 1959), p. 76.

CHAPTER IV

JUXTAPOSITION OF APPEARANCE, DREAM, AND ABSURDITY

Nothing in the way of generalization is found in the short stories of Katherine Mansfield. Always she is sensitive to every detail.[1] Her prayer, "Lord, make me crystal clear for the light to shine through," is realized as this light shines through her to picture in her writing the dichotomy of life: potential juxtaposed with reality.[2] To picture this dichotomy of life, Miss Mansfield uses in various stories three kinds of potential: appearance, dream, and absurdity. In a "Truthful Adventure," which bears the date 1910, Miss Mansfield juxtaposes appearance with reality. The guidebook contains hyperbolic statements:

> [the] little town lies spread before the gaze of the eager traveler like a faded tapestry threaded with the silver of its canals, made musical by the great chiming belfry. Life is long since asleep in Bruges; fantastic dreams alone breathe over tower and mediaeval house front, enchanting the eye, inspiring the soul and filling the mind with the great beauty of contemplation (p. 18).

The narrator, who has come to Bruges to enjoy the life as advertised in the guidebook, can find no place of contemplation, no solitude, no idyllic life. Instead she finds the same busy routine of England, commercialism unlimited, and annoying acquaintances from her own far-away New

Zealand. The acquaintances urge the narrator to get into the tourist melange and to take a stand for the suffrage question.

In another 1910 story, "The Journey to Bruges," Miss Mansfield uses appearance with dream and absurdity. The delicate old lady who shares the narrator's cabin provides the narrator with dreams of wealth, for such a wispy old lady is surely near death. When their boat reaches France, these dreams dash to bits. The fragile appearing lady indicates her appetite is neither delicate nor inadequate when she requests three ham sandwiches and some lemonade. The young man who comes to meet her suggests she also have some cakes. Thus, the details of the little lady's appearance result in shattering the narrator's dream. The lady's appearance has become absurd when she orders the huge meal.

One comes to regard the dichotomies present in "The Journey to Bruges" as the predominant images Miss Mansfield receives from the German people. In turn, she presents these impressions in the pension stories which are a part of the volume <u>In a German Pension</u>, 1911. For instance, the Baron in the story "The Baron" appears to remain aloof because he is "one of the First Barons" (p. 41). Actually, he remains apart all day long so he can eat as much as he can as often as he can. Another story from the same group, "The Sister of the Baroness," contains a dressmaker's daughter who parades as the sister of the Baroness Von Gall. Why shouldn't she? The pensioners never question her being the

Baroness's sister; and they cannot address the Baroness's daughter. She is mute. After the dressmaker's daughter has convincingly played her role, the poor girl's hoax is revealed by the Baroness's surprise visit. The pensioners are the dumb ones.

In "Pension Seguin," a pension story published in Something Childish But Very Natural, the salon of the pension adorned with numerous handmade white mats leads the narrator to surmise,

> A woman with such sober passions . . . is bound to be quiet and clean, with few babies and a much absent husband. Mats are not the sort of things that lend themselves to singing. Mats are essentially fruits of pious solitude (p. 149).

As soon as the narrator is situated in her room, she discovers a conservatory student who lives in the pension gives piano lessons on the premises. Madame Seguin's ailing baby and two bratty girls add to the disquietude. The priest who boards here does not meditate; he talks. As the story closes, Madame informs the narrator that Madame Kummer, not she, makes the mats.

Throughout her writing career, Mansfield continues positioning appearance by reality in several ways. One of these ways is by juxtaposing what a man seems to be by what he is. "The Little Governess," a relatively early story, pictures an old man, a waiter, and a porter who are, on the surface, the salt-of-the-earth. All day long the old man squires the little governess about as though she were his own granddaughter. The waiter and the porter appear to be

extremely helpful to her. Finally, all three men reveal their real intentions: preying on innocent young girls who are having their first adventure out in the world.

Raoul in "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais" enacts the role of a suave French gentleman who has a fine apartment, enjoys good food and good company, and does not work for a living. In real life, this pimp and moocher cares for no one except himself. He is as false as the title on his book False Coins.

Not all the male characters Miss Mansfield portrays are determined to dupe ladies. Robert Salesby of "The Man Without a Temperament" is, according to the hotel people, a henpecked husband who runs at his wife's every command. That he must assist his invalid wife in many ways is true; but, contrary to their hotel companions' ideas, Robert Salesby waits on his wife willingly. He has come on this trip with her because he is devoted to her. When the maid offers him an opportunity to be disloyal to his wife, he ignores her. The Honeymoon Couple cannot entice him to speculate over their marital bliss. Though he does dream of the days gone by, the dreams only serve to make him a more devoted companion to his wife. He closes the story with "Rot" because his wife has just called him "Boogles," her pet name for him, and expressed concern over his being forced to care for her (p. 145).

Miss Mansfield also juxtaposes appearance with reality in several stories about supposedly perfect marriages. In

"Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding," "Prelude," "At the Bay," and "The Stranger," the woman in each couple assumes a facade so that she and her husband--the Frau and the Herr, Linda and Stanley, and Janey and John--appear to have been matched in heaven. The men are frustrated on occasion by their wives. Never do they fathom the exact reason for their frustration: They are sexually repulsive to their wives. Wives are not supposed to reject their husbands' sexual advances. For instance, Stanley, in "Prelude" is often frustrated by Linda. He does not realize he is sexually repulsive to Linda. Any man, however, would be sexually repulsive to Linda, who hates childbearing. As far as outward appearances are concerned, Linda appears to be a loving wife who caters to her husband's every need.

In both "Bliss" and "A Cup of Tea," the woman wishes to have a compatible relationship with her husband. Bertha, in the former story, is quite sure she and Harry have an ideal marriage:

> Really--really--she had everything. She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, and they got on together splendidly and were really good pals. She had an adorable baby. They didn't have to worry about money. They had this absolutely satisfactory house and garden. And friends--modern, thrilling friends, writers, and painters and poets or people keen on social questions--just the kind of friends they wanted. And then there were books, and there was music, and she had found a wonderful little dressmaker, and they were going abroad in the summer, and their new cook made the most superb omelettes . . . (p. 342).

As their party continues, Bertha comes to realize that the bliss she feels tonight is her first real desire for her husband:

> Oh, she'd loved him--she'd been in love with him, of course, in every other way, but just not in that way. And, equally, of course, she'd understood that he was different. They'd discussed it so often. It had worried her dreadfully at first to find she was so cold, but after a time it had not seemed to matter. They were so frank with each other--such good pals (p. 348).

With this realization that she can honestly desire Harry, Bertha is positive they will be more than pals. Ironically, her realization has come too late. Harry has already found his sexual needs answered in Pearl Fulton. Bertha Young will remain only Harry's wife and pal; never can she be his wife and lover.

Miss Mansfield uses this kind of juxtapositioning, appearance by reality, to reveal the dichotomies of life in her very late stories. In "Miss Brill," every Sunday lonely Miss Brill walks out of her drab little everyday world to assume her walk-on role on the marvelous park stage. Here she becomes a listener and participant in the lives of all the other actors who play the speaking roles in the park drama. On the particular Sunday Miss Mansfield records, the leading actors fail to pick up their cues to provide Miss Brill with her usual pleasurable Sunday afternoon role. The young man and young woman whom Miss Brill has designated the hero and heroine of the park drama fail to answer with the right lines as they pick up their cues. The wrong lines remind Miss Brill that this drama is of her own wishing:

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all--who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

"It's her fu-fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite cherie--"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not _yet_" (p. 553).

Crushed, Miss Brill hurries home.

Jug and Con, in "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," have played their roles as dutiful daughters for so long that they cannot disassociate themselves from the roles. Neither daughter seems sensitive; yet, at various times during her life time each has felt the urge to experiment with life. Josephine has had to learn to control the giggling she used to be prone to "years ago" (p. 463). Even now Con wants to leave biscuit for mice because she knows what it is like to find nothing. When the girls feel they must go through the colonel's things, Jug's nearly crying as she used to causes Con to urge:

> "But why not be weak for once . . . if it is weak. Why shouldn't we be weak for once in our lives, Jug? It's quite excusable. Let's be weak--be weak, Jug. It's much nicer to be weak than to be strong" (p. 472).

Oddly enough, this same Con had once dared to push their brother Benny into the pond. Jug wonders what would have

happened to her and Con had their mother lived. Con is stirred to remember the nights she had

> crept out of bed in her nightgown when the moon was full, and lain on the floor with her arms outstretched, as though she was crucified. Why? The big, pale moon had made her do it. The horrible dancing figures on the carved screen had leered at her and she hadn't minded (p. 482).

Both women have desired to live other lives; yet, both have sacrificed their individual desires and lives to care for their father. Perhaps the Colonel's looking at them with only one eye as he lay dying reflects his own disgust with these daughters who have made themselves his slaves. He might have wanted them to marry and leave him alone; but this they did not do.

Functional in many of Mansfield's short stories is a dream-reality foundation. Some few stories--"The Woman at the Store," "Escape," and "The Little Girl"--contain dreams, but the dreams are not substantially effective in forwarding the dichotomy of life.[3] Nearly half of the stories do employ dream set by reality as a binding thread. In "Bliss" Bertha moves within an ecstatic emotion of bliss that grows from the first line of the story. Like a lovely dream the bliss swirls and eddies and occasionally whirlpools as it mounts until Bertha and Pearl Fulton "[stand] side by side looking at the slender, flowering [pear] tree" which both resemble (p. 347). With bated breath, Bertha awaits a sign. Until she sees Pearl in Harry's arms, she does not realize that the sign will never come. The dream

of a sign to keep her bliss ironically ends with a whimper, a whimper that says of marital bliss, "Why must it always be Tomato Soup?" (p. 349).

Certainly the peaceful dream is a binding thread in "The Child-Who-Was-Tired." The lack of reality is evident in the use of abstract names: The Child-Who-Was-Tired, the Frau, and the Man. As Daly points out, the focus is on the facts and the hallucination, which pervades the story, is unfocused.[4] The story begins with an idyllic dream: "She was just beginning to walk along a little white road with tall black trees on either side, a little road that led to nowhere, and where nobody walked at all . . ." (p. 91). Though the same dream idea is repeated four more times before its final repetition, the Child-Who-Was-Tired never manages to get any further. Among the harsh realities that intercede in the form of slavish household chores--warming the breakfast; scrubbing the floor; rocking the baby; tending to Anton, Hans and Lena; gathering vegetables in the cellar; hanging out the washing; and helping with the house cleaning--the beginning of the little dream twines. Starkly the white road stands out against the coffee, black bread, dark kitchen, black trees, black linoleumed table, bruised sky, coal cellar, manure, and giant shadows. The dream comes near reality when the Child-Who-Was-Tired remembers the story of the child who once was privileged to play in grassy meadows. And it comes even nearer reality when the two happy girls she watches walk by. These girls may be on

their way to that little white road the Child dreams of. As she serves the guests for the Frau, the dream recurs. To let the baby rest from his crying and to let him share her lovely dream, the Child-Who-Was-Tired chokes him. By doing so, she herself can dream again of "walking along a little white road with tall black trees on either side, a little road that led to nowhere, and where nobody walked at all--nobody at all" (p. 99).

The dream-reality situation of "A Birthday" knits the story together compactly. Andreas Binzer awakes on the narrow little bed he has been consigned to while Anna, his wife, lies in the big bed ready to give birth to their third child. As Binzer wallows in self-pity, he reveals his real self. After getting the doctor for his wife and eating a breakfast kept warm by the servant girl, Binzer, instead of reading, dreams of the child he hopes will be a son: "A boy? Yes, it was bound to be a boy this time . . . . Of course, he was the last man to have a favorite child, but a man needed a son" (p. 88). As the doctor interrupts him, he has been dreaming again, this time of his wife whom he considers a suitable mother for a son. When he gazes at a picture of Anna, he decides,"'She doesn't look like my wife--like the mother of my son.' Yes, that was it, she did not look like the mother of a son who was going to be a partner in the firm" (p. 90). Binzer's drowsing over the picture halts as the doctor returns to give reality to the dreams: Anna has had a boy. Binzer has a son.

The total structure of "An Indiscreet Journey" is a dream-like maze. From the narrator's waking moments at the hotel to her clandestine hiding in the <u>Cafe des Amis</u>, the frenzied activity of her dream flits by, slowed only by touches of reality that become tinged with absurdity. The narrator wears a borrowed old cloak, a Burberry, for which she left her seal trimmed coat. Scurrying to meet her train, she notes the color of a little boy's socks. On reaching the station where she must first change trains, the narrator feels the old fisherman who brings a bucketful of fish into the station wants her to buy some.

> But what could I have done? I could not arrive at X with two fishes hanging on a straw; and I'm sure it is a penal offence in France to throw fish out of railway-carriage windows . . ." (p. 186).

Boarding another train, the narrator sits opposite a lady who has an "incredibly surprised looking sea-gull camped" on her toque (p. 187). The sea-gull converses with the narrator. At X, the colonels have all power over travelers, deciding where each shall go. The narrator calls them God I and God II. Once the narrator gets to X and past the colonels, the little corporal rushes her to a house where her presumed Aunt Julie and Uncle Paul live. The cafe where they regularly dine is papered in "creamy paper patterned all over with green and swollen trees--hundreds and hundreds of trees reared their mushroom heads to the ceiling." Time is out of joint, for the clock is fast. In fact, the whole ending scene is out of joint as the narrator notes that the

drinking soldiers look "like a family party having supper in the New Testament" while outside the police scout for soldiers who are out of pocket (p. 197). The dreamlike maze of the story breaks as the narrator and her friends follow the proprietress of the cafe into a dark scullery to drink "ex-cellent whiskey" (p. 197). This juxtapositioning of dream and absurdity by reality portrays the confused thoughts one has when he is acting on impulse.

The intricate plot of "Something Childish But Very Natural" builds on a poem to set up the dream-reality situation which Henry and Edna alternately fly in and out of:

> Had I but two little wings,
> And were a little feathery bird,
> To you I'd fly, my dear,
> But thoughts like these are idle things,
> And I stay here.
>
> But in my sleep to you I fly,
> I'm always with you in my sleep,
> The world is all one's own.
> But then one wakes and where am I?
> All, all alone.
>
> Sleep stays not though a monarch bids,
> So I love to wake at break of day,
> For though my sleep be gone,
> Yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids,
> And so, dream on (p. 165).

The white to black, light to dark sequences reflect the volatileness of spring and of young lovers' feelings. Henry, who works in an architect's office, constructs castles of love for himself and the marigold-haired Edna. As Edna finally joins in to help Henry pile dream against dream, they live in the dream of the poem: "I'm always with you in my sleep . . ." (p. 165).

As they meet for a second time at the train, their bubble world continues to grow. Each discovers that the other desires just to be natural. The creation of the dream necessitates passing notes much like those children pass in school. As it is in children's school notes, both Henry and Edna reveal their love. Edna, however, rejects Henry's advances when she sees him in person. To keep seeing Edna, Henry promises to make no advances. Their platonic attachment continues. It becomes idyllic, for everything they touch becomes theirs. They dream of a cottage where they can live as sister and brother. Finally they rent the cottage. All that day Edna acts strangely. Here at the proffered cottage she signals her acceptance of Henry and his love by noting the apple tree and admitting she loves him. Though Edna has admitted she loves him, Henry implies that he cannot shatter their dream. He says part of the trees are "full of angels and some of them are full of sugar almonds--but evening light is awfully deceptive" (p. 181). The piled dreams fade into the "web of darkness" as the little girl in the white pinafore brings Henry a note from Edna. Edna will not be coming to the cottage. Their love will always be as it has been: a beautiful dream. When Henry wakes, the prediction of the little poem will be true:

> . . . So I love to wake at break of day,
> For though my sleep be gone,
> Yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids,
> And so, dream on (p. 165).

As long as Henry keeps his eyes closed and stays in the dark, he can dream on.

"The Tiredness of Rosabel," too, is bound together by the dream-reality thread. Rosabel moves from her real world to her dream world several times as Mansfield details both worlds to show the dichotomy of the young girl's real life and her "let's pretend" life. The young millinery clerk has a routine life of work and want. Set by this world is her imaginary world in which her life is glamorous. This life includes a young man who, as a part of her work world, purchases an elegant bonnet for a young woman. Rosabel's muddy London becomes a story book Venice with its canals; her window becomes an entry into a world of palatial wealth with the young man pressing for and winning her hand in marriage. Into her dream, Rosabel incorporates part of the cheap novel which the girl on the bus reads. Unable to cope with the sexual advances the young man must make on their wedding night, Rosabel ends her daydreaming by going to bed. As she sleeps, however, she continues to dream. In the morning, her world is still the same drab London she daydreams to escape from.

Though threads of the existentialist movement can be traced back into nineteenth century European thinking, the movement with its idea of the absurd in life was not an organized philosophical movement as such until after World War II. The lone early claimer of the label Existentialist, Jean-Paul Sartre, was not born until 1905.[5] Therefore, Mansfield

> [p]robably . . . never heard of existentialism [as a movement], but her most consistent observation is of the absurdity that dominates life. So it rings out in her mature stories: isolation, unnecessary and often self-imposed; the capacity for life absurdly wasted; motiveless destruction which involves self-destruction.[6]

This construction using absurdity of life with life itself occurs in Miss Mansfield's early stories as well as her very last stories. In "The Tiredness of Rosabel," Miss Mansfield uses this absurdity: Rosabel's air castles point out more clearly the difference between her dream world and her lusterless world, the world of a sales clerk who staches away gorgeous bonnets she cannot afford only to have to bring them out to be sold to customers she envies. Never can Rosabel be the customers she envies except in her dreams.

This streak of absurdity shows up again in a pension story, "Frau Fischer." Herr Rat appears "angelically clad in a white suit" made from material he has smuggled in from China (p. 52). This same Herr Rat has"spent [time] in Turkey with a drunken guide who was bitten by a mad dog and fell into a field of attar of roses" (p. 53). Frau Fischer arrives at the pension house a bundle of nerves and in much need of relaxing, corsetless and bootless. The Frau, whose candlemaking business consumes all her life away from the pension, cannot rest on her vacation. As soon as she arrives at the pension, she fills her days with meddling in the other pensioners' affairs. She hears Herr Hofmann discussing free love with the maid; she proceeds to find out all she can about the narrator. Her advice to the young narrator is

thus: Have "handfuls of babies" (p. 55). Adding to the absurdity of the situation is Frau Hartmann, who has made every effort to make Frau Fischer's rest pleasant. Frau Hartmann has moved a picture of Christ with His thorn crown out of Frau Fischer's room. In its place she has placed a picture that is distinctly more pleasurable to sleep with: "a new picture of the Kaiser" (p. 51).

The leisure class set aside from the working class provides a juxtapositioning of appearance with absurdity in several late Mansfieldian stories, particularly the New Zealand stories. In "Garden Party," probably the very last completed of these stories, Mansfield discloses the shallowness of the leisure class family as they go about preparing for a party that will entertain only themselves and a select few of their friends for an afternoon. Each Sheridan woman exhibits great concern for her share in making the party a reality and in assuring herself of her own personal importance. A marquee is erected for just this one afternoon; sandwiches and meringues have been prepared; flags have been made to mark the various kinds of sandwiches; special flowers and cream puffs have been ordered. All these meticulous preparations precede the party. When the Sheridan women hear of the death of the workman who lives near their home, Laura protests that the party should be called off. The others object. Impatiently, Mrs. Sheridan reminds Laura that she is ruining their good time. Laura decides to forget the tragedy until after the party.

As the family comments on the success of their party, Mr. Sheridan asks his wife and daughters if they have heard of a workman's death. Mrs. Sheridan reports Laura's desire to have the party stopped. Then she decides to send the mourners the leftovers from the party. She insists Laura must take the basket to the mourners because she had been the first to imply any sympathy for the situation. As the story closes, Laura still has not seen the reality of life and death. She only has a romantic view of a young man dreaming as he sleeps. Never does she see the extreme needs of his family.

In "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," two women, apparently capable of being contributing members of society, have become dead spiritually--deaths they have been unaware of. When they become free of their father, they cannot accept their freedom, for all their lives they have lived by the Colonel's edicts. Now they cannot decide how to let the maid go, what to choose for dessert, or what to do with the rest of their lives. Josephine and Constantia have destroyed themselves. Apparently, the Colonel does not wish for them to be as dependent on him as they are, for when they force Cyril to tell him that Benny, their brother, still likes meringues the old man remarks, "What an esstrodinary thing to come all this way here to tell me!" (p. 478). Cyril has much the same normal reaction. Jug and Con feel it is normal to keep up with such trivia.

Back in their younger days these two women had been contacted by a young man. Since the writing in his note had been blurred by steam from the jug of hot water it was on, they did not know which woman he was attempting to contact. He left the hotel before they could reach a decision. The whole of their lives has been this absurd juggling of what to do; consequently, life has passed both by. They have so totally obliviated their personal identities that they now think together, picking up each other's thoughts almost through extrasensory perception.

"Marriage a la Mode" contains the destruction of a marriage. William goes to the office to work every week day. He is unhappy with Isabel for allowing Bobbie Kane, Bill Hunt, and Dennis to lounge around his home instead of going to an office. To William, writers are not fruitful workmen. Isabel who, William believes, once shared his opinions about people like Bobbie Kane, has become enthralled with the likes of these people. She gives the gifts of fruit William has bought for the children to her guests. She pays out his money for Bobbie Kane's extravagant purchases. According to William, Isabel's present pleasures compared to their old pleasures of having holidays much like little children are unsatisfactory. She laughs at William's sincere letter; then she reads part of it to her guests. When they laugh, she is insulted. She runs upstairs with the letter, but she cannot stay away when her friends beckon her back. William's letter must go unanswered.

In the long story, "At the Bay," Miss Mansfield juxtaposes the absurd games people play in life with the reality of living and dying. Each major character turns from the question of death each time he faces it in his daily routine. The sea becomes the reality--the vastness to which each character turns. The shepherd becomes the timeless question each faces: What about death? Stanley wants to play absurd games by his own rules. In fact, Stanley feels Jonathan cheats him out of his morning game, being the first swimmer out. Jonathan, too, feels cheated, for he cannot get away from the "tension that [is] all wrong" (p. 267). Once Stanley is back at the house, his game of "cater to the head of the house" fails; no one plays by his rules. Beryl does not serve him the sugar in his tea. Mrs. Fairfield spends too many precious minutes looking out the door so Stanley reminds her to slice him some bread. She does not bring his shoes to him until he asks her to. He must also ask for his hat and stick. And someone has taken his stick out of its usual corner. Linda, his wife, will not even help hunt the stick. Finally, he has to grab his own hat and run to catch the coach. As he boards the stage, Beryl forces him to say good-bye. He answers her "for the sake of appearances" (p. 270). Each woman is happy when he is gone to the office: " [Beryl] wanted, somehow, to celebrate the fact that they could do what they liked now. There was no man to disturb them; the whole perfect day was theirs" (p. 270).

At the beach the Burnell girls play with the Trout boys who dig up treasures: an old boot and a piece of green glass. The girls swear themselves to secrecy to see Pip's "nemeral," the green glass. The boys plunge into the sea. Isabel and Kezia exact promises that they will not be splashed. Lottie only goes to the edge of the sea. Horrified, she runs when big waves, the unknown, come. Along with the children come the women. In the summer colony one rule of the game of life is the women and children are at the beach alone at eleven (p. 274). As Mrs. Fairfield comes to the sandy shores, she looks like a typical nanny who has everything under control. She truly does have her grandchildren under control; but, Beryl, her own daughter, causes her much pain. Beryl insists on bathing with Mrs. Harry Kember, whom Mrs. Fairfield decidedly disapproves of.

Stretched out on the sand, Mrs. Kember looks "like a piece of tossed-up driftwood" (p. 275). As she swims away, she resembles a rat. Exactly her opposite is the youthful, lovely Beryl. Since Harry Kember is such a handsome man no one can fathom why he would marry such an ugly wife. Perhaps Mrs. Kember has money. Perhaps people who are alike are attracted to each other, for as Mrs. Kember swims close by Beryl "she looked, in her black waterproof bathing-cap, with her sleepy face lifted above the water, just her chin touching, like a horrible caricature of her husband" (p. 277). Beryl, who plays in the sea, feels "that she was being poisoned by this cold woman" but she cannot manage to

leave her alone (p. 277). Therefore, Beryl plays on in the sea that is "marvellous transparent blue, flecked with silver" whose sandy bottom "looked gold" (p. 277).

Linda and Jonathan play as they dream of what they wish for in life. Linda dreams of a life free of Stanley and childbearing so she can be the "Fair One . . . the Celestial Peach Blossom" that Jonathan calls her (p. 291). Jonathan aches to be free of his office job; yet, he cannot see beyond "three ink stools, three desks, three inkpots and a wire blind" (p. 294). When Linda encourages him to change his job, he says, "I'm old--I'm old" (p. 294).

Fearful of the empty road, Alice, the maid, quakes as she walks to visit Mrs. Stubbs on this her afternoon off. She has to address a gum tree "Shan't be long now" to quiet her anxieties (p. 284). When she arrives at Mrs. Stubbs', she finds the store keeper playing her own game of being free. No longer does Mrs. Stubbs have to worry about her husband. He may be dead, but she gladly repeats, "Freedom's best" (p. 287).

As twilight falls, the children play their animal games, revealing the terror they feel of the dark and their need for one more mature than they. Ironically, their rescuer is the insectlike Jonathan.

Linda and Stanley play a homecoming game which results in Linda's evasion of Stanley's amorous attentions. Stanley calls to Linda as he descends from the carriage. He leaps

over a flowerbed to embrace her. Quickly he asks for forgiveness, but she cannot remember what he has done to need forgiveness. All day long he has thought of his not properly telling her good-bye that morning. Linda has not thought of his good-bye at all. She has dreamed of getting away from him, completely away from him. Trying to soothe him, she admires the gloves he has bought for himself. By running her hand into one glove, she tries out his role, smiling all the while. Stanley cannot bring himself to tell her that he thought of her all the time he was buying the gloves.

Beryl plays her night time game with Harry Kember instead of his wife. In her dreams of the young man who will become infatuated with her, Beryl can control the too intimate moments by moving about her bedroom. Never have her fantasies of intimacy included the ultimate giving of herself to her imagined lover. When Harry Kember calls to her, she refuses to go walking with him; she does not, however, completely discourage him, for she goes out into the garden and walks a short way with him. This is not at all beautiful as her dream was. Kember does not praise her beauty. He does not want her to go to an Edenic land. He, a married man, wants to make love to her under the fuchsia bush in the Burnell garden. His face reminds her of his wife's as she lay in the water that afternoon. Beryl cannot play the Kembers' games. She wants to play games like her nephew plays as he lies beside Linda in the garden, a game of catching soft pink things.

Reality versus absurdity reaches its peak at noon when the sea laps the shores, the sun stands its highest, and the people rest. All is stalemated. Even as Kezia and her grandmother play their question and answer game of death, they reach a stalemate. Neither can accept his own death. Kezia cannot accept her grandmother's death either, so she tries to cajole Mrs. Fairfield into saying she will never die. As they tickle each other, they "[forget] what the 'never' [is] about" (p. 283).

The story closes with a cloud and the sea. The cloud moves away but it will return. The sea murmurs but, for this night, settles down. For all tomorrows, the question will come again. For all tomorrows, men will spend their time playing absurd little games to avoid playing life as a game and facing the question of death as it really is.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell, _Dead Reckonings in Fiction_ (New York, 1924), p. 54.

[2]Sylvia Berkman, _Katherine Mansfield: a Critical Study_ (New Haven, 1951), p. 80.

[3]Jenny Rainwater, _Dream and Reality in the Stories of Katherine Mansfield_, unpublished manuscript, English 5210, Oklahoma State University (Fall, 1967), p. 1.

[4]Saralyn R. Daly, _Katherine Mansfield_ (New York, 1965), p. 29.

[5]Robert G. Olson, _A Short Introduction to Philosophy_ (New York, 1967), p. 130.

[6]Daly, p. 112.

CHAPTER V

JUXTAPOSITION OF POINTS OF VIEW

Point of view, one of the unique aspects of Katherine Mansfield's short story writing, influences the tone, style and syntax of any given story.[1] Miss Mansfield uses several points of view in her stories. Specifically, she uses the first person narrator, third person limited, a combination of a single third person limited character and omniscient narrator, omniscient narrator alone, and a combination of several third person limited characters and an omniscient narrator. Seemingly, she chooses her point of view in the manner that Norman Friedman recommends long after Miss Mansfield's untimely death:

> The only law that binds him [the author] throughout [the story] , whatever course he is pursuing, is the need to be consistent on <u>some</u> plan, to follow the principle he has adopted; and of course it is one of his precepts, as with every artist of any kind, to allow himself no more latitude than he requires.[2]

On some few occasions, as at the close of "The Tiredness of Rosabel," Miss Mansfield failed to keep herself within the latitude she needed. In the main, Miss Mansfield's selection of point of view does reveal her sensitivity to the characters and the themes she writes about.

The German pension stories include most of Mansfield's work written from the first person narrator point of view. Far too often this narrator, an English woman spending time in German pensions, lectures the reader about the German people and their customs or pokes fun at them. Mansfield came to dislike this narrator. After World War I broke out, Mansfield, despite generous offers, refused to permit these stories to be reissued, for she felt that this work, done when she was only nineteen, was inferior:

> I cannot have them "German Pension" reprinted under any circumstances. It is far too immature and I don't even acknowledge it today. I mean I don't hold by it. I can't go foisting that kind of stuff on the public. It is positively juvenile, and besides that, it's not what I mean; it's a lie.[3]

By this time, Mansfield was using the third person limited and multipersonal points of view extremely well. Too, looking at her early work from a more mature vantage point persuaded her to scorn her earlier immaturity.[4]

Despite Mansfield's own reactions to her early stories, her use of the first person narrator in them allows her to portray the sickness she sees in German attitudes and feelings. She can also record the reactions of a foreign visitor to these attitudes and feelings. The reader views with the narrator the less pleasant side of the German people who consider themselves as the acme of world culture. Also, the reader aligns himself with the narrator to react

much as the narrator reacts as she comments on the Germans. For instance, in "A Modern Soul," the narrator reports Fraulein Sonia as saying:

> "I have never been to England . . . but I have so many English acquaintances. They are so cold." She shivered.
>
> "Fish blooded," snapped Frau Godowska. "Without soul, without heart, without grace. But you cannot equal their dress materials. I spent a week in Brighton twenty years ago, and the traveling cape I bought there is not yet worn out--the one you wrap the hotwater bottle in, Sonia. My lamented husband, your father, Sonia, knew a great deal about England. But the more he knew about it the oftener he remarked to me, 'England is merely an island of beef flesh swimming in a warm gulf of gravy.' Such a brilliant way of putting things. Do you remember, Sonia?" (p. 66)

The reader immediately "bahs" and "humbugs" the Germans. Like the narrator, the reader resents the Germans' lack of sensitivity for English customs and culture.

The next scene from this story brings added sympathy from the reader for the narrator who will not get to be a part of the benefit performance for "afflicted Catholic infants" (p. 66). Herr Professor says: "It is a great pity that the English nation is so unmusical. Never mind! To-night you shall hear something--we have discovered a nest of talent during the rehearsals" (p. 67). Thus, the narrator, the lowly English woman, is relegated to be audience only. She listens to the performances and, then, comments on the Modern Soul's performance: "To the right and left of us people bent over and whispered down Fraulein Sonia's neck. She bowed in the grand style" (p. 69). The

narrator's comment pleases the reader who identifies and catches the irony of the people whispering down Fraulein Sonia's neck, not whispering in her ear. Further, that same evening as the narrator and Fraulein Sonia walk, Sonia remarks:

> "I am furiously sapphic. And this is so remarkable--not only am I sapphic, I find in all the works of all the greatest writers, especially in their unedited letters, some touch, some sign of myself--" (p. 69).

The narrator's apt reply? "But what a bother" (p. 69). Sonia adds she may marry the Herr Professor to get around her problem of living with her mother. The narrator retorts: "Oh, Fraulein . . . why not marry him to your mother?" (p. 69). The reader reacts in much the same manner, for he sees the scene filtered through the eyes of the English woman.

Throughout the other pension stories, the narrator's habits are continually under scrutiny by the Germans. In "Germans at Meat," she is reprimanded by the stares of everyone when she cannot bear a German breakfast:

> All eyes were suddenly turned upon me. I felt I was bearing the burden of the nation's preposterous breakfast--I who drank a cup of coffee while buttoning my blouse in the morning (p. 37).

She again incurs their displeasure when she does not know her husband's favorite meat despite the fact they have been married three years.

In the "Sister of the Baroness," the narrator joins the Germans, who thrill to have the Baroness' daughter and the Baroness' sister come. All of them want to be a part

of the "in" group. By asking the narrator to give up a picture from her room so it can be placed in the visitors' room, the pension keeper subtly excludes the narrator from all the visit: "I felt a little crushed. Not at the prospect of losing that vision of diamonds and blue velvet bust, but at the tone--placing me outside the pale--branding me as a foreigner" (p. 47). Not for long does the narrator remain outside the "pale," for even she can contribute to the gossip about the Baroness' sister just as the other pensioners do:

> Absorbing days followed. Had she been one whit less beautifully born we could not have endured the continual conversation about her, the songs in praise, the detailed account of her movements. But she graciously suffered our worship and we were more than content (p. 47).

Thus it is that Miss Mansfield uses the first person narrator in the pension stories as a character whose comments and actions help to elicit comments and actions from the German pensioners. Perhaps many characters are caricatured; but the first person minor character approach in these pension stories does enable the foreign visitor who is always in the minority to comment on the native citizens and their customs. Too, it permits a distancing of the remarks the narrator feels obliged to make mentally. She cannot make them orally; she is outnumbered.

Two other stories written in the first person bear mentioning. One, "The Woman at the Store," contains a hint of the snobbish pension story narrator: "Good Lord, what a

life" (p. 128). Otherwise, the use of the first person narrator in this story permits Mansfield to juxtapose the narrator with the woman at the store. The woman at the store is now ugly and unkempt as well as mentally frustrated when placed by the narrator whose physical description is never given but is inferred by her reactions to the life and environment of the woman at the store. The narrator's husband, Jim, takes her with him; no children are mentioned. The woman at the store has to bear the hardships of bush life, to bear the loneliness of bush life, and to bear her babies with only occasional help from her husband. The woman, away from her West Coast barroom job, flourishes as long as the coach from the coast land has come by fortnightly. When the coach stops coming, the isolation here in the bush overcomes her, causing her to kill her husband. The narrator is just at the point the woman at the store was when the stage was still coming through. Her husband takes her with him. She will not be a resident of the bush. At least one section of the story indicates this. After the child draws the never-to-be-drawn picture, Jim sits up all night with his wife. Too, as a couple they laugh and seem to understand Jo and his passion. Using this first person narrator who is only passing through the bush country allows Mansfield to depict the ravages of the bush country on the woman at the store.

The other story, "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais," is Miss Mansfield's most intricate use of the first person narrator.

Raoul Duquette actually narrates one story while he infers two other stories about himself. The use of the first person narrator allows the juxtapositioning of Raoul as he sees himself, a connoisseur of the finest of France, by what he is, an effeminate pimp. Supposedly, Raoul narrates the story of the elopement of Dick and Mouse, English lovers. In reality, he recounts his own story of his abandonment of Mouse, who cannot speak one word in French. Wrapped around these two stories is the unveiling of Raoul's character, his delight in enjoying the suffering of other people. Throughout the story, as Dick tries to decide between Mouse and his mother and as Mouse struggles to keep Dick, Raoul watches. Never does he attempt to console or aid either. Yet, Raoul expects to gain sympathy because the words _Je ne parle pas francais_ bring what he calls "agony" to him:

> Just for one moment I was not. I was Agony, Agony, Agony.
>
> Then it passed, and the very second after I was thinking: "Good God! am I capable of feeling as strongly as that? But I was absolutely unconscious! I hadn't a phrase to meet it with! I was overcome! I was swept off my feet! I didn't even try, in the dimmest way, to put it down!"
>
> And up I puffed and puffed, blowing off finally with: "After all I must be first-rate, No second-rate mind could have experienced such an intensity of feeling so . . . purely" (p. 354).

Raoul is pleased that he can suffer.

After exposing himself as a gigolo and pervert, Raoul reveals how he views his own body:

> I am little and light with an olive skin, black eyes with long lashes, black silky hair cut short, tiny square teeth that show when I smile. My hands are supple and small. A woman in the bread shop once said to me: "You have the hands for making fine little pastries." I confess, without my clothes I am rather charming. Plump, almost like a girl, with smooth shoulders, and I wear a thin gold bracelet above my left elbow (pp. 357-358).

Emphasizing this description of the beauty of his body is his assertion that women make passes at him. He only does as they bid. To Raoul, his actions are permissible. Thus, Raoul as first person major character narrator makes the intricate structure of this story credible. This particular point of view also permits free shifts in time which are needed for Raoul to reveal himself as he is: callow.

Much time elapsed between the publishing of _In a German Pension_ and _Something Childish But Very Natural_, Miss Mansfield's second book of short stories. The tone of _Something Childish But Very Natural_ is different. In the latter volume Mansfield seems to regard life as a sacred period for most of these characters: they have a right to exist even if they make errors in judgment. Mansfield achieves in part this allowance for errors in judgment by entering into the lives and personalities of her characters. She uses the third person limited character point of view. As Henry James does in his stories, Miss Mansfield filters the story through the consciousness of one character who is involved in the story. The reader can, thus, see this character acting and reflecting on the happenings of the story. This viewpoint character is mentally aware.

The story, "Sun and Moon," is written from this viewpoint. Sun is more important than Moon, for he undergoes the change in the story, a change from illusion to disillusionment.[5] The observations, confined to Sun's viewpoint, Miss Mansfield does not once violate. She describes the things Sun would not know the names of. The opening sentence is typically childlike: "In the afternoon the chairs came, a whole big cartful of little gold ones with their legs in the air" (p. 378). All other sentences are structured to reveal similar childlike views. Sun keeps out of his mother's way so he will not be "sent stumping back to the nursery" (p. 378). He reacts to the nut which serves as a door handle for the pink house, a part of the table decoration: "When Sun saw the nut he felt quite tired and had to lean against cook" (p. 379). This third person limited point of view puts Sun in the position to share with the reader his feelings of superiority toward Moon, who can never tell real things from artificial things. That Sun is young is revealed by his hope that the piano tuner is not to be the music for the party.. When he comes to the party that night, he checks to be certain that the "concert" is not that piano tuner. His youth is further emphasized by his sureness that his father is as shocked as he that the little pink house is ruined. That he is male is revealed by his lack of knowledge about his costume's being Russian and by his full knowledge that Moon purposely poses to get attention whether it be an adult's

attention or his. The idyllic party Sun envisions prepares the reader for his wail in the closing sentence. Sun's innocence about the whole of male-female relationships is apparent in that loud wail. His ideal world of adults has been discredited by the very two people who built that world for him. From Sun's point of view, the little grey man with long whiskers is different. He sees the visitor as one akin to himself. Sun believes the man cares about what boys care for. The child dreams that the man rolls his eyes and asks if he has seen the nut. By filtering the other characters' actions and remarks through Sun as a viewpoint character, Miss Mansfield juxtaposes the reactions of an uninitiated/initiated child with the actions of his elders to reveal the impact maturing has on a child, particularly a male child.

Miss Mansfield uses this same point of view, third person focused through a child, in "The Child-Who-Was Tired." Beginning with the Child's own dream of the little white road, Miss Mansfield presents the story from the Child's viewpoint except for two lapses when she records unchildlike talk: "as if to scold them" and "in attitudes of mutual love" (p. 93, p. 94). The dream road goes to nowhere, for the Child must, in real life, follow adult instructions. Without these instructions, she knows not her destination. When she acts on her own, her actions become folly. Each time the Child is left to her own thoughts, the same little dream serves to haze over the

reality of the situation at hand. Through these lapses into her recurring dream, Miss Mansfield is able to indicate that the Frau gives the Child work too hard and responsibility too great for a child. The focus on reality and the repetition of the same dream lapse emphasize the Child's immaturity. The adults "swell to immense size . . . and then become smaller than dolls, with little voices that [seem] to come from outside the window" (p. 97). Earlier, the "Frau seemed to be as big as a giant, and there was a certain heaviness in all her movements that was terrifying to anyone so small" (p. 95). Even the dahlia roots in the cellar appear to be fighting. The child believes the story a visitor tells of a baby's dying. The baby has teeth in its stomach instead of its mouth (p. 93). Typical of the child that she is, the Child obeys the Frau's every command. When the Frau accuses her of letting the baby fall off the settle, the Child cries out as one expects a child to: "It wasn't me--it wasn't me" (p. 95). Forced into an adult role by having to care for the baby, the Child dreams every chance she has. Always she dreams the same little dream. These dream lapses make credible the closing lines of the story when the child becomes a killer. She has an impractical remedy to the situation of the bawling baby: she will help it into the dream. This focusing through the Child permits a juxtapositioning of her view of the world against the view of the adults who destroy her.

Miss Mansfield continued to use the third person limited point of view throughout her writing career. In a much anthologized story, "Miss Brill," as well as in other late Mansfieldian stories written from this particular point of view, the filtering of the story is through the mind of a woman. In "Miss Brill," the filtering of the story through the little old spinstress' mind juxtaposes Miss Brill's internal monologue with the external scene which she, in part, makes up. Sunday is Miss Brill's day to "cavort" among the people of her Sunday world. As she prepares to leave for the Jardins Publiques, she is like the fur which she dons:

> "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! . . . But the nose which was of some black composition wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind--a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came--when it was absolutely necessary . . . . Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad--no, not sad, exactly--something gentle seemed to move in her bosom (p. 549).

Moving on into the gardens, Miss Brill notes the people who are also out for their Sunday afternoon ritual. She bemoans the fact that the occupants of her particular bench do not talk. If they would talk, she could vicariously experience their experiences. Miss Brill turns her attention to the stagelike garden where actors and actresses

stroll, playing their roles. The other people her own age she does not identify with.

> Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same. Sunday after Sunday, and--Miss Brill had often noticed--there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even--even cupboards! (p. 551).

The band reflects Miss Brill's various moods by playing "flutey" music, gayer tones, resting, and then playing a tune that is

> warm, sunny, yet there [is] just a faint chill--a something, what [is] it?--not sadness--no, not sadness--a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing (pp. 552-3).

She intuits that she and the others on the benches will join the song. A whole, a harmony, is inevitable. But the whole, the harmony, she feels. At this precise moment, the boy and girl who are "the heroine and the hero" enter (p. 553). Miss Brill, so eager to hear their conversation, gets ready to listen. They speak:

> "No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."
>
> "But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all--who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"
>
> "It's her fu-fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

> "Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite cherie--."
>
> "No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet" (p. 553).

Miss Brill is crushed. Back she goes, skipping her usual stop at the bakery shop, to her cupboardlike room. She sits on her bed for an undetermined length of time. As she puts her fur away in its box, she symbolically puts away Miss Brill, Actress, and Miss Brill, a Responsive Human Being. She is to be isolated from her fellow human beings on Sunday as well as during the week.

Not always does Miss Mansfield use only one viewpoint in a short story. In several stories she combines third person limited viewpoint and omniscient viewpoint. "The Tiredness of Rosabel," her earliest story, is written from the third person limited point of view. In several other stories, Miss Mansfield is able to combine the third person limited character with the omniscient to make for a skillful juxtaposition. "Bliss" is an example of an almost perfectly wrought story.

Miss Mansfield opens "Bliss" with the omniscient narrator introducing Bertha and telling the reader about her and her childlikeness. Then Miss Mansfield moves into Bertha's point of view as Bertha registers her inexplicable feelings of ecstasy and her own reasons for choosing the fruits for the arrangement she is composing. From this point forward in the story, Miss Mansfield moves to the

omniscient narrator to introduce new scenes and then moves back to give Bertha's reactions. A harmony between the omniscient narrator and Bertha exists so no difference of attitude intrudes. Too, Miss Mansfield never does allow the omniscient narrator to move into the mind of any other character. At every omniscient report, the reader is still close to Bertha. The closeness of the narrator to Bertha permits the narrator to echo Bertha's distressed "Oh, what is going to happen now?" with "But the pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still" (p. 350).

By using so skillfully the juxtapositioning side by side of the omniscient narrator who is of the same attitude as the third person limited viewpoint character in "Bliss," Miss Mansfield is able to comment on the society cult that the Norman Knights and Eddie Warren belong to. Bertha, who believes the Knights and Eddie to be the acme of society, comments on her guests as she sees them: Mrs. Knight, who looks like a monkey garbed in a "yellow silk dress out of scraped banana skins" and Eddie Warren, who always wears white socks (p. 343). Again the reader gets Bertha's intoxicating bliss set by her utter despair when she discovers Harry's infatuation with Miss Fulton. Bertha can observe the triangle of similarity made by the pear tree, Pearl Fulton, and herself. Berkman indicates that the scene of Harry and Miss Fulton at the close of the story is out of place.[6] It is precisely the point of view that

keeps this scene from being so. Bertha, who desires her husband for the first time in their marriage, reports the scene from her vantage point. The fulfilling of her desire is thwarted by her discovery that Harry desires another woman, a woman who appears so much like his wife and the food that he glories in: "the white flesh of lobster . . . the green of pistachio ices--green and cold like the eyelids of Eyptian dancers" (p. 345). After planning a perfect party and evening as a setting for her feeling, Bertha intuits that the delicate perfectness of the party is being upset. The omniscient narrator reports on the closing scene of Bertha and the barren pear tree to indicate Bertha's agony over the situation, thus emphasizing the irony of the situation and "the immutability of natural beauty in the face of human disaster."[7]

Miss Mansfield seldom used the omniscient point of view without a viewpoint character. Perhaps "See-Saw" is her best story written from this omniscient point of view. For this very short sketch, the omniscient viewpoint is perfect, for omniscient point of view "is especially appropriate where the reader is to perceive a relationship of characters . . . ."[8] And by juxtaposing the young "babies" in role play against the old "babies" in their roles and the roles they have played, Miss Mansfield is able to present the relationship between each member of each couple and the relationship between the couples. If Miss Mansfield had chosen the viewpoint of either child or adult

or if she had entered the minds of all characters, the effect of life-living on humanity could not be seen as clearly.

The opening scene of the story is a macrocosm consisting of many peoples and their reactions to spring. All strive to live at their best.

> The people wander over the grass--the old ones inclined to puff and waddle after their long winter snooze; the young ones suddenly linking hands and making for that screen of trees . . . walking very fast, almost running, as though they had heard some lovely little creature caught in the thicket crying to them to be saved (p. 402).

From this macrocosm, Mansfield narrows her field of vision to a microcosm view of two youngsters who are playing house and two oldsters who have already played house. The omniscient narrator views both couples. The little girl has a yellow ribbon in her curls; she wears two dresses, her this week's underneath and her last week's on top. The little girl cannot but look bulky. Red hair, light blue eyes, a faded pink smock and brown button shoes belong to the boy. The "old lady-baby" wears a lilac trimmed bonnet which covers her hair, a black satin coat and black kid gloves into which her hands are stuffed. She is naturally bulky. Only the "old man-baby's" hat is described, yet the reader pictures him as being stuffed into worn gentleman's clothing when the omniscient narrator describes him: "The skin of his swollen old face was tight and glazed--and he sat down clasping his huge soft belly as though careful not to

jolt or alarm it" (p. 404). This description not only gives an idea of his physical description but also tells the reader that the old man has to be careful as to what he eats or does. Juxtaposed with the insinuation that the old man must ease himself up and down are the facts that the little boy can balance on his toes, use a pick-axe, dance up and down, and wave a shovel.

The omniscient narrator catches the characteristics of each set of babies by juxtaposing different kinds of verbs in her descriptions. The old man trumpets, pants, and blows out his cheeks. He heaves himself up to shoo the bird away. The little boy shouts, breathes, squeaks and cries. He plucks things out of the air. The old lady's voice quivers; she pants. The little girl bosses, pokes, cries, stamps, and wails. In other words, the omniscient narrator depicts each character's age by means of verb choice.

In both generations, the female governs the trivial conversations carried on. The same trait is evidenced in a set of characters not present but mentioned: "My Daddy lit the fire with them, and my Mummy said--she said . . . soldiers manners!" (p. 403). The old couple does not have to ask, "Do you like playing with me?" as the young couple must (p. 404). Having played their adult roles so long, they take this for granted. In other conversations, argumentative patterns occur. The old couple's disagreement is mild with both agreeing on Nellie's carelessness. The

man changes the subject. When the children disagree, both cry. The small girl is so astonished at the boy's crying she stops. She changes the subject.

The omniscient narrator further notes that the old man has to clasp himself; the little girl touches the boy's arm and rolls her eyes at him. When the old man cries, the woman gives no sign; when the boy cries, the girl is appalled. The little girl is pleased with the boy and his fire dance. The old lady reacts to the old man only in argument; and one cannot be positive she is really reacting to him at all. She may be reacting to Nellie. The children have to give each other definite cues to evoke the right responses; the old couple intuit what the other means. When the old couple speak, they have the right words; the little girl is left wordless at explaining "soldiers manners" and in remembering what a dog's young are called. Certainly both couples are babies, for the old need care because they are near the grave and the young need care because they are not yet ready to accept fully the adult roles they imitate.

At the close of the story, the omniscient narrator notes the different reasons for each couple's moving on--the children to a new game of house and the oldsters to be "obedient to the sign" (p. 405). The children converse as they move; the oldsters go wordlessly. Both couples have their eyes fixed: the children on life; the oldsters on

death. The season, spring, is appropriately used to picture the young as vibrant and ready to live while the old are too learned to want to live more. By selecting the omniscient point of view for "See-Saw," Mansfield is able to juxtapose the couples on the see-saw of life to point out the likenesses and the differences of both stages of life. By adding the middle group just in passing, she manages well in this brief but well-executed sketch the fulcrum on which man's passing from one stage of "babyhood" to another hinges.

Mansfield ultimately became concerned that her plots be characteristic of real life, her characters as real as live people. At first, in stories such as "The Tiredness of Rosabel," Mansfield falls prey to the temptation of allowing the omniscient narrator to intrude. As late as the writing of "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" in 1921, she feels she excessively manipulates her endings:

> And I have a sneaking notion that I have, at the end, used the Doves _unwarrantably_. _Tu sais ce que je veux dire_. I used them to round off something--didn't I? Is that quite my game? No, it's not. It's not quite the kind of truth I'm after.[9]

Also she, as the author, speaks out in her early stories. Apparently realizing that her characters can reveal themselves, Mansfield begins trying to have each character unfold himself through the subtleties of his own personal reflections on situations. Edith Wharton writes about the method in this way:

> It should be the story teller's first care to choose his reflecting mind deliberately, as one would choose a building-site . . . and when this is done, to live inside the mind chosen, trying to feel, see and react exactly as the latter would, no more, no less, and, above all, no otherwise. Only thus can the writer avoid attributing incongruities of thought and metaphor to his chosen interpreter.[10]

Before Miss Wharton, Henry James had been obsessed with finding "centre" of focus in his stories in 1907-09 as he writes in his prefaces: "A beautiful infatuation this always, I think, the intensity of the creative effort to get into the skin of the creature . . . ."[11] Mansfield writes in like manner in her Journal:

> When I write about a duck I swear that I am a white duck with a round eye, floating on a pond fringed with yellow blobs and taking an occasional dart at the other duck with the round eye, which floats upside down beneath me.[12]

Certainly for Mansfield, this "getting into the skin of the creature," whether it be man or animal, enhances the intensity, vividness, and coherence for her stories. Not just one character in a story tells of himself in this manner. In many later stories, all the characters do so. In her most mature work, Mansfield as author does not appear. The points of view in "diverse scenes . . . overlay one another, the awareness of one increasing the understanding of another."[13] Daly calls this particular point of view omniscient narrator with a viewpoint character adopted.[14] Dr. Mary Rohrberger calls this point of

view the multipersonal, a term as apt, and probably more concise, as any that might be chosen.[15] In multipersonal point of view, the story flows through the minds of characters who react and comment on the action. Miss Mansfield, in her use of this point of view, never lets a character get out of hand in telling his story. She keeps a close hand on each, moving from one character to another when necessary to pull out states of minds, relationships, situations, and themes.

Miss Mansfield uses this point of view in several stories: "Prelude," "At the Bay," "The Wind Blows," "Psychology," "Carnation," and "Daughters of the Late Colonel." "At the Bay" is representative of the stories done from this point of view. Never does Miss Mansfield inject herself as author. The uniqueness of each individual comes through.

In "At the Bay," Miss Mansfield juxtaposes the point of view of each member of the bay colony to picture how each member of this cross section of society faces the question of death. Though Miss Mansfield uses a whole day as the time of the story, the time of day the character faces the question of death is immaterial. The answer each character finds, no matter the time of day, is the same: no answer. Each character, young or old, goes about routine tasks on this typical summer's day. Mrs. Fairfield keeps house; Stanley goes to the office; Linda dreams;

Beryl dreams; the children play, and the maid has her afternoon off. Though they are doing their daily spate of duties, each character faces the mysteries of death. Beneath the transparencies of routine living, each is haunted by the disconcerting idea that death must be faced eventually. The stillness of the bush, the island, and the sea contribute to the mystery. An air of pity surrounds the characters, an air of pity concerned with the uncertain and distress caused by living by death without understanding death itself. Each character has his fancy which he can control; each character has his terror which he cannot control. Because the sea remains her changeless self at the closing of the story, optimism remains.

Important to the story is the structure. In section one, Miss Mansfield presents the microcosm of the waking day with the rising sun, the sea, and the shepherd. She then focuses in section two on the Burnell household and stays with some member of that household until section thirteen. In this last section, she moves back to the microcosm with the sea again slapping at the shoreline. In the center sections, the characters play out their day with games and threats. Always Miss Mansfield juxtaposes at least two point of view characters in a section.

The use of the multipersonal point of view in the first section of "At the Bay" is a move from the omniscient view of the waking island to Wag, the shepherd dog's, mind. Just as the shepherd nears the Burnell household, he lights

his pipe: "He was a grave, fine-looking old man. As he lit up and the blue smoke wreathed his head, the dog, watching, looked proud of him" (p. 265). From the dog's mind, Mansfield moves to Florrie, the Burnell's cat, to reveal her feelings about Wag, the sheep dog:

> When she saw the old sheep-dog she sprang up quickly, arched her back, drew back her tabby head, and seemed to give a little fastidious shiver. 'Ugh! What a coarse, revolting creature!' said Florrie (p. 265).

Then Mansfield moves back to the dog:

> But the old sheep-dog, not looking up, waggled past flinging out his legs from side to side. Only one of his ears twitched to prove he saw, and thought her a silly young female (p. 265).

After moving to omniscient narrator for further description of the shepherd, his sheep, and his sheep-dog, Mansfield returns to the dog's mind to note his look of disgust when the smell on the rock ledge proves unsatisfactory. As section one ends, the reader knows the animals regard man as greater than they. He also senses that the timeless proverb of "dogs chase cats" does not always hold true. Too, since Florrie is a tabby and Wag is a male, her aversion for him and his opinion of her foreshadow coming incidents in the story.

In sections two, three, and four, Mansfield moves from omniscient narrator to viewpoint characters as they go through their childish morning games. Stanley comments on Jonathan's intrusion at his morning swim, a swim that

Stanley regards as essential to beginning a day properly. "Why the dickens didn't the fellow stick to his part of the sea? Why should he come barging over to this exact spot?" (p. 266). As Jonathan tries to make conversation, Stanley, who is not on vacation, makes a mental estimate of Jonathan, who is on vacation: "What an unpractical idiot the man was" (p. 267). When Stanley rushes back to the house, Jonathan continues to float in the water alone. Jonathan admits he likes to tease Stanley, for Stanley is determined to make work even of play. Jonathan comments on the beauty of the sea: "What a beauty! And now there came another [wave] . That was the way to live--carelessly, recklessly, spending oneself" (p. 267). When he gets out of the water, he finds he has basked in its laving waves too long; he is stiff and sore. By juxtaposing Stanley's and Jonathan's viewpoints through their own comments, Miss Mansfield presents each man's philosophy of living and his evaluation of the other man and his philosophy. Neither admires the other.

In section three, Stanley again has trouble getting anyone at his house to play his games the way he wants to play them. Beryl, he reflects, does not wait on him properly. At the coach she forces him to yell "Good-bye" for "the sake of appearance" when he knows she just expects him, at least as far as Stanley can discern, to go to work to provide for her (p. 270). Mrs. Fairfield takes far too long when she looks out the door so he reminds her of the

exact number of minutes he has to catch the coach and questions her about his shoes. Mrs. Fairfield remains unperturbed. In the ensuing game of "Who has Daddy's stick?" Stanley comes up short. The stick cannot be found. Since he must leave for the office without the precious stick, he punishes Linda by not giving her, in his opinion again, a proper good-bye. He has not had a proper good-bye so why should she? The atmosphere in the house immediately changes with Stanley's departure. Beryl announces, "He's gone" (p. 270). Linda asks if he really is gone. Mrs. Fairfield "gooses" the baby. Alice, the maid, becomes reckless with the water and drowns the teapot as if it were a man: "and drowning was too good for them" (p. 271). Isabel, Lottie, and Kezia--the Burnell girls--run out to play. All the women have escaped from man for a moment. They have reflected Florrie's attitude toward males. So far they have kept busy enough to avoid facing the question of death.

As the little girls run up the beach, Miss Mansfield moves into and out of their minds. Once they are playing with their cousins, she moves to the omniscient point of view to give an overall view of the five children and their activities. Pip, a cousin, ends their games with a "guess what" question which typifies the question the characters have been trying to avoid. The question pops up in the form of a "nemeral" [emerald].

As the different women come to the beach, Miss Mansfield continues to move from the omniscient point of view into their minds. Mrs. Fairfield reflects the composite view of the summer colony's ladies toward Mrs. Kember: they disapprove of the strange woman. Beryl, however, insists on joining Mrs. Kember: "Poor old mother! Old! Oh what joy, what bliss it was to be young" (p. 275). Beryl, lovely in her youth, realizes Mrs. Kember is not good for her; yet, she is irresistibly drawn to this strange woman just as the whole colony is eventually drawn to face the question of death.

Linda dreams as she sits in the lush garden, alone except for the baby. As she tries to understand life, she puzzles over why women must bear children. She has dreaded each child birth she has experienced because it has been a brush with death. And this child who lies beside her gives Linda a clue to answer her question when he insists on smiling: "We know all about that!" (p. 280). Linda feels something new stir within her so she moves toward the baby in an attempt to understand the stirring. The baby, however, is distracted by a "something pink" (p. 280). He moves back to his world of games.

As noon comes the whole bay colony naps. Even Snooker, the Trouts' dog, naps in the middle of the road. "His blue eye was turned up, his legs stuck out stiffly, and he gave an occasional desperate-sounding puff, as much as to say he had decided to make an end of it and was only waiting for

some kind cart to come along" (p. 281). He is deathlike in this position. If the cart comes, he will have to decide whether or not to face death. It is highly unlikely that a cart will come at this time of day, so Snooker will not have to decide. By including this omniscient view of the dog, Miss Mansfield is able to show all earth facing the question of death in and at such a time that the question can be kept unanswered.

Continuing in this section, section seven, Miss Mansfield moves from the sleeping dog to settle on Kezia and her grandmother. As Mrs. Fairfield tells Kezia about Uncle William, Kezia sees her uncle as "a little man fallen over like a tin soldier by the side of a big black hole" (p. 282). Kezia does not want her grandma to be sad because Uncle William died. Mrs. Fairfield reflects: "No, [I am] not sad; no life [is] like that" (p. 282). Kezia begs her grandmother not to die. Both the grandmother and the child keep from answering the question about when they will die by engaging in a tickling game.

As section eight opens, Miss Mansfield moves briefly to the omniscient narrator to note Alice's leaving for her afternoon out. Moving momentarily into Beryl's mind, Miss Mansfield records Beryl's opinion of the maid who is probably about the same age as Beryl: "She supposed Alice had picked up some horrible common larrikin and they'd go off into the bush together. Pity to make herself so conspicuous; they'd have hard work to hide with Alice in that

rig-out" (p. 284). Alice, who is going to Mrs. Stubbs' for tea, faces the question of death's loneness as she walks down the road. Surely someone is watching her from the bush, for she is uncomfortable. She yanks at her gloves, hums, and addresses a "distant gum tree, 'Shan't be long now'" (p. 284). Once at Mrs. Stubbs', Alice reacts to the late Mr. Stubbs' portrait as though his being dead affects anyone who views his picture. She longs to be back home where she knows the certainty of life as a servant girl. She wants to be away from the picture and Mrs. Stubbs, who seems to enjoy talking about death.

Late that afternoon the Burnell and Trout children again play. Moving from child to child, Miss Mansfield portrays the way they feel toward each other and the situation at hand, a game of cards. When Pip hears a noise, they all feel that the dark is racing to cover them. With no adult present, they are facing life without their security; they are facing death without their security. Even Pip and Rags are so terrified they do not recognize their father, Jonathan, when he comes to rescue them and their cousins.

Jonathan and Linda have just been considering the question of why Jonathan has to cage himself at a job when he really wants to be free. What purpose has life for him? Miss Mansfield skillfully moves from Linda to Jonathan, back and forth, as Linda wonders about the tyrant God who

keeps man at his grindstone and as Jonathan begins to comprehend life will never change. He is old. Linda, looking at his greying hair, sees him as he really is: a weed (p. 294).

Sections eleven and twelve continue the closing of the day. Florrie, the cat, comes out to sit on the veranda: "Thank goodness, it's getting late . . . . Thank goodness, the long day is over" (p. 294). As Stanley arrives home, he apologizes to Linda for having left her without a proper good-bye that morning. She has not thought about that good-bye all day. Stanley has, for he has purchased a pair of gloves for himself. He has thought of her as he purchased them, but he cannot tell her so. Most men would have bought their wife a gift. Stanley thinks of himself now just as he will consider only himself in death.

In section twelve Beryl is up in her room, fancying the coming of a lover and their life together. As she dreams, she sees a man coming up. He calls to her just as she imagines her love will. She goes out to him; but, as he insists on her coming further, the beauty of her dream becomes harsh, brittle. She sees him as a death figure, not the handsome man with "[black] hair, dark eyes, red lips, a slow sleepy smile, and a fine tennis player, a perfect dancer" (p. 276). The man who invites her to kill her virginity frightens her. The man, Harry Kember, wants to know why she has come this far only to reject his

advances. His question is not answered. Beryl has gone; she has avoided answering the question by fleeing to the sanctuary of her room.

Miss Mansfield tells section thirteen of "At the Bay" from the omniscient point of view. By moving into the minds of the various characters she has had each one face the question of death. Each character has avoided the question. But here, at the end of the day, the omniscient narrator notes that they and the whole world sleep, a form of death. The sea, in its sleep, murmurs much as a human might murmur in his sleep. Eventually even the sea quietens. No one has answered the question of how to live life, the question of how to die--not today. By closing with the omniscient narrator, Miss Mansfield implies the question will not be answered tomorrow.

FOOTNOTES

[1] Sylvia Berkman, Katherine Mansfield: a Critical Study (New Haven, 1951), p. 163. Also in Saralyn Daly, Katherine Mansfield (New York, 1965), p. 73.

[2] Norman Friedman, "Point of View in Fiction: the Development of a Critical Concept," in The Novel: Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. Robert Murray Davis (Englewood Cliffs, 1969), p. 147.

[3] Letter, Feb. 1920.

[4] Idem.

[5] Katherine Mansfield, "Sun and Moon," in Short Fiction: a Critical Collection, eds. James R. Frakes and Isadore Traschen (Englewood Cliffs 1959),p. 96.

[6] Berkman, p. 180.

[7] Ibid., p. 107.

[8] Richard M. Eastman, A Guide to the Novel (San Francisco, 1965), p. 34.

[9] Katherine Mansfield, Journal of Katherine Mansfield (New York, 1927), p. 187.

[10] Friedman, p. 149.

[11] Henry James, The Art of the Novel: Critical Prefaces (New York, 1934), p. 37.

[12] A. G. Van Kranandonk, "Katherine Mansfield," English Studies, XII (April, 1930), p. 52.

[13] Daly, p. 120.

[14] Ibid., p. 64.

[15] Mary Rohrberger, Seminar in Katherine Mansfield, Oklahoma State University, Stillwater, Oklahoma, Fall, 1967.

CHAPTER VI

JUXTAPOSITION OF SYMBOLS

Katherine Mansfield became enthralled with Oscar Wilde and the Symbolists as early as 1903.[1] In these early years of her enthusiasm with the Symbolists, she purposely copied their techniques of using symbols. By 1908, she had moved to a personalized use of symbol by juxtaposing an association of a fitting concrete correlative with an emotion or feeling to convey meaning.[2] Thus, Miss Mansfield avoids direct statement. In her best stories, the associated object does not stand alone as a distinct symbol but is a functional part of the story with related meaning.[3] In these stories, Miss Mansfield juxtaposes symbols to aid the reader in understanding characters and in grasping the comment she makes about the theme of a story. Because she sees in situations and associations depths that others apparently do not see, Miss Mansfield is an expert in her use of symbols. "She preferred to approach human activity from the very limited single situation and work 'out,' setting going overtones [sic] and implications by means of her manipulations of symbols.[4] Often, as in "Mr. and Mrs. Dove," a story will be built on a major metaphor or symbol

but other symbols will reinforce that metaphor or symbol to enhance its meaning.

True of many of Miss Mansfield's stories is the fact that characters are symbols within the total pattern of the story. This is particularly pointed out by Mansfield herself in relation to the story "Mr. and Mrs. Dove." She felt she had used the doves almost too obviously.[5] In the first half of the story, Reggie's attire and actions mirror a male dove which is interested in mating. The male dove is bluish gray and white. When the sun strikes his feathers, they appear to be other colors. In wooing the female dove, the male dove does little mating dances, starts and retreats, and fakes disinterest. Reggie chooses a tie of blue and cream to complete his attire as he prepares to go to Anne's home. As he finishes his dressing, he argues with himself about his worthiness of Anne. He makes little starts and retreats in his thoughts. He is startled when his hair looks green as the sun rays, glancing off a tree outside, hit it. He stops still as he dreams of taking Anne to Umtali with him. Then he bounds away to present his case. Once Reggie is out on the lawn, his mother's Pekinese dogs observe him as they might a dove which is trespassing on their territory. His mother detains him momentarily.

Escaping from his mother, Reggie almost pirouettes as he admires the loveliness of the afternoon. As he approaches Anne's home, he slows his pace but does move on.

In his eagerness, he rings the doorbell too vigorously. He jumps. Finally caught in the empty drawing room, Reggie prays for help.

When Anne enters the room, she acts like a mating female dove which alternately invites, rebuffs, and finally accepts the male dove's advances. She resembles a dove in her grey shoes and white wooly jacket. She speaks softly like a cooing dove. Her laughter is as incessant as the dove's cooing. Anne informs Reggie that she is the only one who is at home to entertain Reggie. When he tells her he has just come to say "Good-bye," she laughingly flirts with him. She has laughed this way since the first day they met. As he lights her cigarette, her pearl ring has a flame in it. The flame so stirs Reggie that his heart nearly explodes with the tenderness he feels for her. He almost gasps for breath. The cooing of Anne's pet doves drifts into the room. Anne puts Reggie off with a comment her father has made: "'Father was saying only the other night how lucky he thought you were to have a life of your own.' She looked up at him. Reginald's smile was rather wan" (p. 501). Anne leads him out to the porch where the doves are walking. She notes that Mrs. Dove is always a bit in front of Mr. Dove. When Mrs. Dove coos a particular way and runs forward, Mr. Dove follows, bowing. They repeat this over and over again. Reggie takes this as his cue to ask Anne to marry him. She walks away; he follows. She tells him "No," but immediately she laughs. Reggie admits

his inferiority; but Anne lures him on by smiling dreamily and saying, "The man I marry--" (p. 503). Reggie ends her sentence with his own vision of a Valentino whom he assumes might merit Anne. He starts bowing out of Anne's life. Anne changes her flirtatious tactics by telling Reggie how much she cares for him. However, they would be, she says, too much like Mr. and Mrs. Dove. Accepting her verdict, Reggie continues his leave taking. Now, Anne follows him. He cannot help but shake himself as he attempts to understand her tactics. She tries crying, which only serves to bewilder him more. When he begins to run away, Anne calls him back: "'Come back, Mr. Dove,' said Anne. And Reginald came slowly back across the lawn" (p. 505).

It is easy to see that the symbols for Anne and Reggie and their courting are too evident, though the story itself is well executed. The last sentence, "And Reginald came slowly back across the lawn," is too obvious. As Mansfield herself said, she did use the doves unwarrantedly.[6]

In "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding," Mansfield employs numerous symbols to expound one of her favorite themes: woman's revulsion of the sexual act. Although an early story, the symbols used in this story evidence the theme without Miss Mansfield's forcing them as she does the doves in "Mr. and Mrs. Dove." Theresa's wedding becomes a wedding for all couples. The opening line of the story is symbolic: "Getting ready was a terrible business" (p. 56). Though the reader may not perceive so until the close of

the story, Mansfield intends this statement to be a comment on both the wedding and the claiming of woman by man as implied in the last lines of the story: "Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt as Herr Brechenmacher lurched in" (p. 62).

The protagonist and her husband, the antagonist, are named Brechenmacher, that is, breaking-maker. The Herr breaks his wife's sexual resistance to him; together they become the makers of five children. This is not to say, however, that Frau Brechenmacher has come to like her husband's sexual advances. She only accepts them as a part of her marriage to him. Rosa, the child who is not put to bed, will follow in her mother's footsteps, for even now she does not want to go to bed. When she is allowed to wear her mother's shawl until bedtime, she agrees to feed the smallest baby should he wake and then put herself to bed at eight-thirty. At her mother's bidding she admires her father, resplendent in his blue uniform. Symbolically, she has accepted the role a woman in her cultural group must accept.

The dark in which the Frau must dress typifies the woman's role in the sexual act. The Herr chooses to dress in the light. Though she is in the dark, the Frau arranges her attire pleasingly, even the brooch with four medals to the Virgin.

Once on their way to the wedding, the Frau must seek to keep up with her husband. He insists that he will be hindered if he waits for her. Just as the Frau begins to enjoy the wedding, the butcher's wife, Frau Rupp, informs Frau Brechenmacher that a portion of her petticoat is showing. After Frau Brechenmacher sits immediately to hide the showing petticoat, Frau Rupp and the other older women attempt to draw her into criticizing the fallen bride who has "been like a fire ever since she was sixteen" (p. 60). Frau Rupp, who has been a landlady for the groom, wastes no good comments on him. Her attitude reflects Frau Brechenmacher's "Ah, every wife has her cross" (p. 60). The little Frau would like to get away from the other gossiping women to be a part of the festivities. She feels almost like a girl again as she watches the dancers and listens to the "sad and sweet" music, the music that ends a girlhood (p. 61). She has ended that girlhood though, so she must sit with the married women.

The music stops and the guests gather for a gift presentation. Herr Brechenmacher presents to the newly-wed couple a coffee pot. Inside the coffee pot are two dollies. The little Frau is upset by the raucous laughter of the guests and the implication given by the dollies. To her, the guests laugh at her because she is like the bride and must submit to her husband and his crudeness, a crudeness that he does not consider crude at all. As they leave the wedding festival, the Frau follows her husband over a road

that is "white and forsaken" (p. 61). A cold wind buffets her. Nothing is sympathetic to her and the plight she goes home to.

Once home Frau Brechenmacher makes a supper for her husband, a supper she refuses to share with him. When bed-time comes, she will have to be her man's meat. A perfect scene is set: she invites him to bed. The children are all asleep; she gets ready for his coming. Yet, she has to ask herself the question, "'Na, what is it all for?'" (p. 61). No satisfactory answer comes. Her consolation is to be found in "'Always the same . . . all the world the same; but, God in heaven--how <u>stupid</u>'" (p. 62).

The Herr regards his wife as his to use; she is his meat. He regards her as his valet as she comes to help him complete his dressing. He bawls her out for not being ready. When attired in his uniform, the uniform of all men, he considers himself as the epitome of all men. Never can he wait for his wife or help her with the little details of the house. Only once, upon entering the Gasthaus, does the Herr forget his manly rights. He begs his Frau's pardon for knocking her against a banister. After drinking too much at the wedding, Herr Brechenmacher resembles a sali-vating animal. This foreshadows his anticipation of his coming sexual pleasure. He dares to make the coffee pot joke at Theresa's expense. Once back home, he must have another bite to eat. By offering his wife a bit of his supper of meat and bread, he sets the stage for their

coming bedtime. He reviews their wedding night. Then, he "lurches" in to partake of his "meat."

Throughout the story food is juxtaposed with the sexual act. This idea has previously been noted in two ways. The Herr eats his supper for his stomach's good; he then goes in to devour his wife. At the wedding, the food and drink are set before the wedding guests. They devour it as the festival continues. Theresa's free-born child receives a piece of Theresa's sausage. Herr Brechenmacher is stuffed in his uniform much as the sausage is stuffed into its casing. The groom is not yet stuffed into his uniform. As he partakes of his bride and the food she offers him, though, he will be stuffed. The father of Theresa's child is called a "pig of a fellow" (p. 60). The butcher's wife prevents Frau Brechenmacher's return, for an evening, to her girlhood days. The bride's mother drinks beer. She spits and "savagely" wipes her mouth (p. 59). She knows Theresa's future. Most striking of the good images is the bride who is dressed

> in a white dress trimmed with stripes and bows of coloured ribbon, giving her the appearance of an iced cake all ready to cut and serve in neat little pieces to the bridegroom (p. 58).

A Black Mass is a mockery of the mass as said by the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Mansfield uses the Black Mass imagery to further illustrate her theme of sexuality and her use of food images. The Virgin would be the girl; the brooch and buckle, the male and female. The

coffee pot would be the chalice; the beer, the wine. The dollies would symbolize the issue of the marriage. The lights--lamps and candles--and the festivities represent the rituals leading up to the sacrifice. Here the sacrifice for the mass becomes the bride who becomes the bread and wine for the groom. The whole of the Black Mass is a mockery, an orgy. The implication then follows that the marriage ceremony celebrates the beginning of a sexual orgy--at least for the groom.

Though many of the same symbols of sexual union used in "Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding" are present in a later story, "The Man Without a Temperament," Miss Mansfield is not using them to amplify the same theme, woman's revulsion of the sexual act. In this story, the symbols placed by each other amplify another Mansfieldian theme, the isolation of a human despite his being in a crowd. Also, the juxtaposed symbols in this story develop the picture of Robert Salesby, a man in bondage to an invalid wife. Miss Mansfield does not use the symbols in this story as obviously as she does in "Mr. and Mrs. Dove," for one can read the story without being completely aware of every symbol. When he finishes the story, he realizes Salesby is an obedient bondsman. Miss Mansfield's skillful use of symbol in the story has allowed the reader to form for himself his own impression of Salesby.

In the opening paragraph, images of enclosure surround Robert Salesby. He stands in a hall door, turns a signet ring on his finger, looks around a glassed-in veranda decorated with round tables and chairs, and rounds his lips as though he intends to whistle. Throughout the remainder of the story, various prison images, receptacles that trap their contents, mark Salesby's bondage: an antique bag, glasses, tubs of water, a basket of fish, trunks, boxes, a salver that holds letters, ash trays, a balcony, paths, made beds that stand apart, and an iron, cagelike elevator. Salesby is caught by his persistent loyalty to his invalid wife.

Easily, Salesby could escape at least a portion of his enslavement by having an illicit affair with the servant girl who cleans the bedrooms. The girl herself openly suggests such an affair: "'*Vous desirez, Monsieur*?'" she asks when he returns to the bedroom for his wife's shawl (p. 413). The room and its atmosphere, as she works in it, also imply such a liaison. Her loud singing changes to humming as he enters the room. Her eyes invite him. Bright sunlight streams through the open windows. The disarranged bedding suggests the liaison. Salesby ignores all the invitations, seizes the shawl which binds him to his wife, and flees to her side.

The world Robert Salesby returns to is filled with symbols of unfulfilled or sterile love. On the glassed-in veranda with Mrs. Salesby sit three women, all spinstresses.

The American Woman finds solace in consulting her Consul and petting her dog Klaymongso. The two Topknots have each other and their knitting. In the hall are the crippled plants, the wooden bear clasping only sticks, marble children, umbrellas that resemble ancient beggars, unclaimed letters, and a wreckage of baggage. Even Antonio, the waiter, is like a wooden doll. None of these can give warm, human responses. Juxtaposed with these unresponsive people and articles is Mrs. Salesby's urging her husband to eat. He is as unresponsive as they. Other symbols, all reminders of a consummated love, fill the scene: a panoramic view of the trees, lush ferns, and blossoming flowers. Mr. Salesby sits, turning the signet ring that binds him to his invalid wife.

Antonio, the woodenish waiter, brings the Salesbys their mail. One of the letters reports it is snowing at home in England. Mrs. Salesby delights in the account of the snow. The snow reminds Mr. Salesby of a scene out of his once happy marriage. The scene he envisions includes a snow of warmth, the warmth of a happy marriage. The cat paw waves on the snow-covered lawn and the kitten he and Mrs. Salesby fondle symbolizes the connubial happiness they had in those days. But, even in the remembrance a displacement of affections occurs: a cat is loved, not a child. Since Mrs. Salesby is not sharing her husband's memory, she, ironically, comments favorably on the letter. Then she insists Mr. Salesby have more tea. He refuses, saying,

"It was very good" (p. 416). She insists her tea was like "chopped hay" (p. 416). Certainly there is double meaning here. He has not actually eaten; therefore, he must mean the memory was "very good." She means her tea. The flashbacks make clear that Mr. Salesby has enjoyed their earlier married life very much.

The ensuing scene centering around the Honeymoon Couple is filled with the active life they are sharing. They have caught several fish. Some they have kept to eat together; others they have given to some children. The young couple look sensuous with their "black hair, olive skin, brilliant eyes and teeth" (p. 416). They wear bright colors to match their excited attitudes. Both have been to the sea, the mother of life. A Topknot notes they will sleep well as she picks at "her ear with a knitting needle," a needle that has just been working on a "snake" of knitting (p. 416). The young couple insist they are too tired to do anything but have coffee.

Pained, Robert Salesby turns his back on this scene. He busies himself by lighting a cigarette. Mrs. Salesby sends for her cape to be warm. Since they cannot fish together, they will take a walk. As the Salesbys leave, the picture of love they present is pathetic compared to the picture of love the Honeymoon Couple presents. The American Woman points this up with her fake French accent: "'_Vous avez voó ca!_'" (p. 417). Ignorance of the Salesby's

marital situation brings an ironic comment from the Two Topknots: "'He is not a man . . . he is an ox'" (p. 417).

Reinforcing the ironic statement of the Topknots are the backdrop and incidents of the Salesbys' walk. The couple walk into a garden filled with sensual sexual symbols: an aloe loaded with flowers, palms, other flowers, and insects. Three little girls with their skirts about their waists splash in tubs of water. Recognizing Salesby, they fly away. As Mrs. Salesby comments on the girls' abrupt departure, she notices how "wonderfully handsome with the great tropical tree behind him with its long spiked thorns" Salesby looks (p. 418). The tree, a phallic symbol, is ironically juxtaposed with Salesby, whose marriage is sexually stalemated. In this same juxtaposition of Salesby and the tree is implied a crucifixion scene with Salesby as a Christ figure wearing a crown of thorns. He is crucified by circumstances not of his own making. Not knowing his wife's thoughts about his handsomeness, he brushes aside her comment about the girls' abrupt departure with "_Tres rum_!" which causes Mrs. Salesby to react as though she has had a satisfying sexual experience: she feels faint and tired (p. 418). She sits down to rest and look at a flowering heliotrope while he walks further on. She keeps his watch, thus becoming the keeper of his time.

Salesby walks out a pair of gates flying wide against bold geraniums. He cannot escape, however, for the hill he climbs lies "like a great rope looping the villas together"

(p. 419). The General and Countess, an older couple who also stay at the hotel, pass by in a carriage. Together they have been out for the General's daily airing. The General caws when the Countess makes note of Salesby. In essence, the bird symbolism comments on Salesby's inability to escape from his wife. Even the little girls in the previous scene have been able to fly away from "The Englishman" (p. 418).

Moving up the hill and through the villas, Salesby passes luxuriant gardens, carved animals, and fine homes. Miss Mansfield juxtaposes further bird imagery here as the laundry ladies react like birds: "they squatted back on their haunches, stared and then their 'A-hak-kak-kah!' with the slap, slap, of the stone on the linen sounded" (p. 419). The life Salesby does not escape from is reflected in the valley at the bottom of the hill which hosts a dried up river bed and the houses in ill-repair which clutter the hillside. These reinforce the lack of connubial bliss of the Salesbys. Juxtaposed with the falling houses and the dried-up river are the sensuous symbols of the golden sun, the burning charcoal, the great bunches of grapes being cut leisurely by the farmers. The grapes signify the wine of life which Salesby no longer drinks. Instead, he lives by the tick of a small watch. The four--the sun, the burning charcoal, the matured grapes, and the slow moving workman--have years to complete their tasks; but Salesby leans against a wall for support while he fills a pipe with quick-burning tobacco and lights a shortlived match.

As Salesby watches the scene before him, his mind returns to a day long ago. That day was rainy, but he does not complain. Rain is typical for November. Food images crowd the memory: rutabagas, meat, potatoes, wine, bread, fruit. A fire burns on the hearth. Mrs. Salesby, who is near the fire, welcomes him home. For her he has a gift, some blackberry. They and their guests are gay. However, this flashback foreshadows a sterile period to come in their marriage: the potatoes are jacketed; the meat is cold; a book, an imitation of life, provides the topic for the dinner discussion.

In an ironic reversal, Salesby comes back to reality when a clock calls time for him. He must return to a wife who chides him for being a little late just as she might chide a lover who has only a short time to spend with her. Instead of the potatoes being jacketed, Mrs. Salesby wears a cape. She carries the gift, flowers. And the life Salesby returns to is the imitation of real life, for he is almost a servant. At this point the other hotel guests as well as Mr. Salesby protest their unfulfilled lives. Klaymongso, an objective correlative for Salesby, yelps about his situation; the General caws; a Topknot can bawl. Salesby rings insistently for the elevator, ignores the manager's reprimand, and turns his signet ring.

Once in their room, he gives his wife medicine instead of food. As she insists he stay close by, she puts a flower in his lapel, murmuring, "That . . . is most becoming"

(p. 421). As they sit in their room they are as far apart as "the two white beds . . . like two ships". Like the flaming sun which soon shall set, their consummated love has ended. The white beds and the paling sky suggest further the sterility the Salesbys must tolerate now in their marriage. To gain warmth in their marriage, they must turn to artificial means: capes, shawls, hot water, and artificial lights.

At dinner that evening, every hotel guest except the Honeymoon Couple dines, according to his dietary specifications, on invalid's fare: soup, fruit, rice, boiled eggs, spinach. The Honeymoon Couple eat the fish they have caught. Playfully, they tease over who gets which fish. Beneath the table their feet lock. Just as Mr. Salesby could not eat at tea, his wife cannot eat now. They leave the dining room with Mr. Salesby turning his signet ring on his finger. After they take the elevator to their room, Mrs. Salesby goes to bed but she does not invite her husband to go to bed. Instead, she suggests he go back down to the salon, go to the garden, or go out to smoke on the balcony. By smoking on the balcony, he chooses to do what he believes she wants him to do.

As Salesby sits alone on the balcony, fertility symbols emerge. The sky becomes green; many stars stud the sky; the moon rises full. Lightning jags on the skyline like a bird repeatedly struggling to fly. As the music

drifts from the piano in the salon, the lights there beckon to him. The American Woman inquires of Klaymongso "Have you seen this moon?" (p.423). Because he cannot adequately respond to any of these stimuli, Salesby becomes cold. Stepping into the bedroom, he notes its spectrelike whiteness. His wife even looks reposed in death under her mosquito netting.

The story ends with a juxtaposition of binding symbols. When Salesby goes to bed, he remembers the day they were told that Mrs. Salesby must come abroad. At that time she told him he was her "bread and wine," her sacrament (p. 424). Even now he is still her sacrament, her protection as he kills a mosquito that gets under her mosquito netting. She apologizes for disturbing his sleep much as she apologized on that fateful day from taking him away from his home and his work. A displaced sexual act is suggested by his killing the juicy mosquito under the net which encases his wife. After he washes his fingers to rid himself of the blood, Mrs. Salesby calls him back to her bedside. Now she turns the signet ring, calling him "Boogles," a pet name they used in former days. By asking if he minds being here with her, she successfully renews his bondage. He settles her back to bed and whispers, "Rot!" (p. 425). He will remain her bread and her wine, her sacrament. At times, he may be pained by his choice, but his fond memories of his earlier happiness in marriage and his devotion to his wife will make him an obedient bondsman.

The delicate bitter-sweetness of young love which teeters on the brink of success is the theme of "Something Childish But Very Natural." Juxtaposed symbols add depth to the youthful romance which is enacted in an Eden-like spring world. As in that first Eden, the bubbly dream world ends when the woman symbolically betrays the man by not keeping their rendezvous. The first love juxtaposed with springtime indicates Henry and Edna's state of innocence. This same state of innocence is emphasized in the juxtaposing of numerous symbols of childhood throughout the story.

Miss Mansfield begins the juxtaposing of childish ways and miniatures from the beginning of the story. Henry first shows his immaturity by deliberately memorizing a poem about love. He does not have the money nor the desire to purchase the book containing the poem. At the station he fakes a front to impress the other train passengers who could care less. Since he is always the uninitiated male, he is never able to react as an adult. Talking to Edna on the train the first time, Henry "lean [s] forward and clasp [s] his hands round his knees," a fetal position (p. 167. Edna assumes this identical position as she becomes better acquainted with Henry at that first meeting: "She lean [s] her elbows on her knees and cup [s] her chin in her hands" (p. 171).

At the concert, Henry, upset by Edna's crying, calls her "my baby girl" (p. 174). He also notes the charm

bracelet she wears. The two send notes to each other much like elementary school children. When Henry tries to explain how he feels about Edna, he can only say, "I believe I've swallowed a butterfly" (p. 170). Childlike, he cannot comprehend time because all his life before Edna has become nonexistent. As the relationship grows, "London [becomes] their play-ground" (p. 175).

The dreams of a life together that Henry and Edna have are also idyllically childish ones. After finding a small village filled with small houses which have little gardens, they dream of living in one of these cottages with a servant named Euphemia. Henry decides Edna will have toys and wear her hair down. They will eat apples and listen to the kettle sing like many birds; they will have a cat for a pet. Henry bursts this dream temporarily by calling it a dream. In a feeble attempt to face reality, Edna insists they have no money to rent the little house. Henry immediately begins another escapade into the world of fancy by venturing to suggest they can earn money by working. He will disguise himself as an old man to become a caretaker of a large house. He will fabricate a tale to tell tourists. Edna can be the ghost who haunts the house. When the cock-and-bull story does not impress Edna, who insists she does not want to go home, Henry returns to the comfort of the original little house dream.

Later, while Edna and Henry spend an evening in the woods, Henry feels they are not real. He believes he walks

"about with a ring of Edna keeping the world away or touching whatever it lighted on with its own beauty" (p. 178). Playing about in the dream which Henry begins as he lies on the grass are he and Edna, two small children. When Edna enters into the dream making, she sees "little bells" in the heather (p. 179). Walking together toward their little village, Edna breaks the dreamlike silence with her "Carry my silly basket of primroses" (p. 180). This lapse to reality does not last for long, for the lady at the tea house offers to rent them a cottage. This particular cottage has downstairs living and eating quarters and upstairs bedrooms, one for each of them. They examine the cottage, pausing at an upstairs window. When Edna asks if the trees in the tiny garden are apple trees, Henry fails to realize that she is implying their relationship can mature. He indicates the trees are full of angels and sugar almonds.

After the two rent this cottage, Henry feels he is dreaming as he waits for Edna to come: "'I don't believe this,' Henry thought. 'I don't believe this for a minute. It's too much. She'll be here in two hours and we'll walk home . . . '" (p. 181). Henry continues to imagine the things each of them shall do in the little house. They will finally go to bed, each in his own bedroom. Going out to sit on the tiny porch to finish his wait on Edna, he assumes a fetal position. Again he seems to dream but this dream is reality. A little girl brings him an envelop containing a note from Edna. He pretends the message will be

"one of these snakes . . . that fly up at you" (p. 182). And it is, for Edna will not be coming. Henry sits motionless, still dreaming. The Eden has ended, but Henry refuses to accept its real end.

Beside these symbols of the good life of Eden and the betrayal that ends Eden, Miss Mansfield juxtaposes other symbols of the knowledge of good and evil. Quickly identified are the innocent Adam and Eve, the snake, and the apple. Other such symbols are less quickly identified. Edna's cape of hair is a covering of innocence. The charm bracelet she wears hints of the incantation myth that wards off evil spirits. Too, it indicates the tie that Edna still has to childlike innocence. Her fondling of the cat, an animal that eats birds, is juxtaposed with Henry's desire to put the cat inside the pretend house while they take a walk. Earlier, Edna has refused to let Henry touch her. Now that they are talking of the little house, she is beginning to accept the possibility of connubial love. When Edna lies near Henry in the heather, his voice becomes husky indicating his beginning awareness of a need for a consummate love. He is now stifling the growth of this awareness by continuing the dream. After they investigate the cottage offered them by the proprietress of the tea shop, Edna lets Henry put his arm around her. When he attempts to draw away from her as she earlier did draw away from him she embraces him. Then she says: ". . . I've tried every way I could to tell you that I wanted you to

kiss me--that I'd quite gotten over that feeling" (p. 181). Henry fails to accept the implication of her statement, for he calls her perfect (p. 181). The dark of the tunnel, the dark of the night, the gray of the twilight, and the web of the shadows are further evidence of the knowledge and the responsibility Henry is not ready to accept.

The idea of innocence is further symbolized in the goddess-God images. When Henry believes the dream of Edna and his living in the cottage is about to come true, he says: "I feel just like God" (p. 182). He is creating a new life. On first meeting Edna, Henry pictures her as a young goddess:

> Her saw her gray eyes under the shadow of her hat and her eyebrows like two gold feathers. Her lips were faintly parted. Almost unconsciously he seemed to absorb the fact that she was wearing a bunch of primroses and that her throat was white--the shape of her face wonderfully delicate against all that burning hair (p. 167).

Her hat even has a wreath around it. And she sheds a glory that lends its beauty to anything it touches--at least Henry feels she does.

Alongside the symbols of childlike innocence, Miss Mansfield juxtaposes birds and insects to amplify her theme of young love. The poem which begins the story initiates the bird imagery: "A little feathery bird" (p. 165). Edna's eyebrows are like two delicate feathers. The architect's office in which Henry works is located so high up in the building the firm should design nests instead of houses. For not realizing life is for the young, other

people are called "pollies." The little village they find for their own has "white geese" in its name (p. 175). In the dream cottage, the kettle sings like many different birds do on spring mornings. The trees in the garden have angels in them. As Henry and Edna walk in the woods, she feels like flying. Then, as the story closes, Henry comes back to his little poem:

> Had I two little wings,
> And were a little feathery bird,
> To you I'd fly, my dear-- (p. 182).

The three insects Mansfield juxtaposes point up Henry's role in "Something Childish But Very Natural." When Henry first sees Edna, his eyes are like "two drunken bees" (p. 166). On meeting Edna a second time, his stomach has butterflies in it. At the close of the story, the little girl who comes with the telegram looks like a white moth, a freak of nature. The progression from the phallic bees to the fanciful butterflies to the sterile moth perfectly tells the story of Henry's inability to accept a mature role.

The use of color by Mansfield in this particular story underscores the theme. Her juxtapositioning of the colors of nature in the spring and the colors associated with Edna emphasizes the dream world the young couple builds. Since it is spring, the reverduring of the earth is occurring: the grass is green, the skies are blue, gold, green, and apricot; the clouds are strawberry and blue, dream clouds; the half moon is white. And every

color of nature has a special spangle. Pinks, violets, roses, and heather bloom; buds on apple trees nearly burst open. When Edna first meets Henry, she resembles a just bursting bud, for her green coat stands partially opened. As she gets off the train that first day, she buttons her coat. Long marigold colored hair covers her head and shoulders, evoking images of the Midas myth. Her "gold feather" eyebrows reinforce the myth as does the "ring" of light she seems to cast around Henry or anything else she touches. The whiteness of her throat emphasizes her purity. Her grey eyes and gloves are the gentle grey of very early tree buds. She wears a silvery charm bracelet. Even her cheeks are the pink of strawberries.

The colors of the insects have correlatives in the story. The stripes of the bees and the profusion of colors of the butterfly evidence the strong, yet confused, feelings Henry and Edna have toward each other and toward the dream of life they have. The white moth has an immediate correlative in the little girl in the white pinafore. Further, the moth's whiteness indicates the purity as well as the sterility of the relationship Henry and Edna have had.

In the spring all of nature's colors are not beautiful, for storms and rains do come at that season. Mansfield uses these colors to symbolize the harsh reality that must come in young love. Greys and blacks predominate. Since reality to Edna and Henry is objectionable, the train that carries them through the dark tunnel near Edna's home

they dislike. The dark is fearsome because they cannot see in it: It is unknown. Too, nightfall means they must part. In the square near the concert hall, the young couple agree to bury the "bogy," not understanding their immediate reactions to each other (p. 175). At the close of the story, "a web of darkness" covers Henry and the dream cottage. In this darkness he becomes inoperative because he refuses to admit the rosy dream world he has created is not feasible.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Sylvia Berkman, Katherine Mansfield: a Critical Study (New Haven, 1951), p. 22.

[2]Ibid., p. 174.

[3]Ibid., p. 175.

[4]David Daiches, The Novel and the Modern World (Chicago, 1939), p. 75.

[5]Katherine Mansfield, Journal of Katherine Mansfield (New York, 1927), p. 187.

[6]Ibid.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

Willa Cather says of Katherine Mansfield and her stories, ". . . in Katherine Mansfield one recognized virtuosity, a love for the medium she had chosen."[1] Cather continues to explain this virtuosity by noting that "Miss Mansfield's way [was] to approach the major forces of life through comparatively trivial incidents. She chose a small reflector to throw a luminous streak out into the shadowy realm of personal relationships."[2] To enable her reader to see more clearly the "luminous streak," Mansfield turned from the short story as it was written by Poe and Hawthorne: "She had no use for the short stories of the immediate past--so heavy with unrealistic, unpoetic metaphors and overladen with conventions."[3] As Daiches says, "To accept the traditional schematization . . . meant the lack of objective truth to Katherine Mansfield."[4] She chose, instead, to reveal small moments in the lives of her characters.

At least one substructure, juxtaposition, undergirds the stories of Mansfield as she works to reveal her characters through small moments in their lives. She does not juxtapose only one facet of a story. On occasions Mansfield

uses people with people in at least three ways. Sometimes she spotlights a child with one or two other children. At other times, her light focuses on how a child reflects an adult. At still other times, adults contrast or supplement other adults.

In many stories Mansfield uses setting with setting as well as setting with people. Setting, then, becomes functional, mirroring the overt actions and inner feelings of characters. A third type of juxtaposition which Mansfield employs is appearance with dream and absurdity. These three--appearance, dream, and absurdity--are so skillfully interwoven the reader is not aware of the weaving of the story fabric. Mansfield includes the world of the imagination juxtaposed to the world of reality and actuality.

Though Mansfield is impatient with the old techniques of the short story, she cannot avoid using point of view. She proves her versatility by juxtaposing several kinds in various stories. In her first published volume, most of the stories are first person narrator. Other points of view she writes in are third person limited, omniscient narrator, and two combinations. The first of these combinations is third person limited and omniscient. The second is multipersonal, actually a combination of several third person limited characters and an omniscient narrator.

A fifth type of juxtaposition Mansfield uses is symbol with symbol. In using this construction, Mansfield's sensitivity as an artist allows her to employ symbols functionally.

Katherine Mansfield often worried about her success. She wrote to John Middleton Murry of a story: "Tell me if anybody says they like it, will you? . . . It's just a queer feeling--after one has dropped a pebble in. Will there be a ripple or not?"[5] Assuredly there was and still is a ripple flowing from the pebbles Katherine Mansfield dropped into the stream of life. Davin, as quoted in Hormasji, can be agreed with:

> "Katherine Mansfield's imagination stretches both into time, recreates the figures that the past contained, breathes life into them, and the life passes through us who read."[6]

Juxtaposition is just one substructure she uses in breathing life into her characters for those of us who read.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Willa Cather, Not Under Forty (New York, 1936), p. 134.

[2]Ibid., p. 135.

[3]Mariman Hormasji, Katherine Mansfield: an Appraisal (London, 1967), p. 89.

[4]David Daiches, The Novel and the Modern World, rev. ed. (Chicago, 1960), p. 193.

[5]Saralyn Daly, Katherine Mansfield (New York, 1965), p. 122.

[6]Hormasji, p. 87.

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VITA

Lucile M. Morse

Candidate for the Degree of

Doctor of Education

Thesis: JUXTAPOSITION IN THE SHORT STORIES OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Major Field: Higher Education

Biographical:

Personal Data: Born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, July 26, 1930, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robert McCarty.

Education: Graduated from Coweta High School, Coweta, Oklahoma, in May, 1948; attended Mary-Hardin Baylor College, Belton, Texas, 1948-1950; attended Oklahoma State University, 1950-1952, graduating with a Bachelor of Science Degree in May, 1952; attended Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas, summer of 1953; attended University of Oklahoma summer of 1957; attended East Central State College summers and night classes 1959-1962, graduating with a Master of Teaching Degree in July, 1962; attended Oklahoma State University summers 1965, 1966, 1967, and 1967-1968 on a Delta Kappa Gamma Scholarship; completed requirements for the Doctor of Education Degree in Higher Education with emphasis in English at Oklahoma State University in May, 1971.

Professional Experience: English and Speech teacher, Velma-Alma High School, 1952-1954; sixth grade teacher, Velma-Alma, 1955; fourth grade and public school music teacher, Meridian Grade School, Comanche, Oklahoma, 1956-1958; English teacher at Marlow High School, 1958-1959; English teacher and librarian, Byng High School, 1959-1962; English and Speech teacher and debate coach,

Cowley County Junior College, Arkansas City, Kansas, 1962-1963; English instructor, East Central State College, Ada, Oklahoma, 1963-1966; assistant professor of English and director of composition, East Central State College, 1967-1961.