

Lyric Compression in the Stories of Katherine Mansfield

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ABSTRACT

This paper begins by stressing the need for a more critical approach to the work of Katherine Mansfield, accounts of which tend often to rely on purely biographical material. After discussing the relative failure of *In a German Pension*, which is attributed to a want of focus in the narrative point of view, the essay goes on to suggest that, in the later work, the twin techniques of **highlighting** and **epiphany** (the privileging of certain lyrical moments of symbolic vision) enable Katherine Mansfield to construct more satisfactory narratives in which judgements are implied rather than stated. Without denying the importance of Mansfield's personal experiences as source material, or the relatively well-documented influence of Chekhov, the paper stresses the importance in her development of early-century literary theory and practice, especially the current of Modernism as it affected the lyric in particular. It is suggested that this helps to account for the poetic nature of Katherine Mansfield's most characteristic work.

Though Katherine Mansfield's short life was not notably wilder or more obviously exemplary than the lives of most of her literary contemporaries, the closest studies of her work are still critical biographies (Berkman 1951; Alpers 1956; Meyers 1978). In such studies her doings, sexual and otherwise, have (inevitably?) upstaged the impeccably subdued performances of the writer. A number of explanations for this state of affairs suggest themselves. In the first place, the craving for stability that is a strong element in so many of the stories, and the characteristic positioning of her authorial narrators as half-envious witnesses of happier or less fraught lives, may seem to bespeak a native sense of isolation or exclusion of a sort that biography might chart more readily than criticism **tout court**. Secondly, gossip and rumour of a more or less malicious kind were the life-blood of the D.H. Lawrence circle with which Katherine Mansfield and her second husband, John Middleton Murry, were partly associated. Murry's understandable desire to choke these stories, and his somewhat pathetic attempts to smooth out in retrospect the kinks in the historical record, merely encouraged suspicions that there were sustaining morsels here for the literary journalist and for the scandalmonger. Thirdly, and most obviously, the

tragic shortness of Katherine Mansfield's life and the supposedly romantic nature of her fatal illness played their part in turning life into legend: to die of consumption at thirty-odd will not ensure a writer a place in the Pantheon, but it has an undeniable effect on the way the work can be marketed.

There is a further point to be made. In our own time, the vogue for Women's Studies and the official status of feminism as a critical methodology have ensured a second hearing for more neglected writers than Katherine Mansfield. The various women's presses provide a divisional H.Q. for embattled women writers who see themselves as mounting an assault on the previously male-dominated territory of official 'Literature.' Rewarding alternative views of the female mind and its relations with literary creativity have emerged; there is more than mere debunking of male vanity going on in books like **The Madwoman in the Attic** or **The Female Malady** and **A Literature of Their Own** [1]. Still, much that is third-rate gets through, enervating tittle-tattle passed off on an eager public as ideological subversion and challenging analysis. Such an offering is Ida Baker's **KM: The Memories of LM** [2].

Here, the enticements of mild erotica, spiced with dark hints of lesbianism, were sufficient for the Virago Press, who in 1985 reissued the memoirs of Mansfield's companion and dogsbody, 'LM,' complete with a florid introduction in the choicest **Cosmopolitan** prose.

As an antidote to such literal-mindedness and morbidity, the recent publication of the letters is a welcome piece of scholarship[3]. The only problem is that these letters may have the short-term effect of further postponing appraisal of the work until revelations about the life have been exhausted. In bidding her readers listen for (and to) the squeaking of the famous laundry basket, Katherine Mansfield was directing us to hearken to the overtones and undertones of her writing rather than to the splash caused by the public washing of her dirty linen. The reader of her stories can usually ignore the stridencies of her wayward private life. The details of the indiscreet pregnancy that took her to Germany are a case in point. Of the authors I have mentioned, Sylvia Berkman is almost alone in restricting her account of **In a German Pension** to the themes and techniques of the stories themselves. She sees the promise of these vignettes, but shrewdly points out that

the writer intrudes with lavish comments. The reader is constantly distracted by the supercilious British voice condemning the gross stupidity of German Burgher life, which is already sufficiently condemned by the very harshness of the presentation (Berkman 1951, p. 42).

This was sufficiently obvious to the writer herself, who, when reluctantly yielding to pressure to reissue the stories, remarked that they were "nothing to be proud of"[4]. We are now, not infrequently, urged to read them for their freshness and cleverness, or for the buoyancy and truth to life of the characters, as though these factors could somehow induce us to overlook the sneering tones of the priggish and occasionally vindictive narrator. Clearly this will not do. If we wish to understand what it is that makes Katherine Mansfield's later work excellent, we must begin by seeing why the early collection fails.

Here, her own critical perspicacity comes to our aid. Discussing what she saw as the failure of Dorothy Richardson's work, she seized on the accumulation of unjudged detail as the major fault, and wrote:

Until these things are judged and given each its appointed place in the whole scheme, they have no meaning in the world of art [5].

In the stories of **In a German Pension**, such judgement is rarely available. The decisions have all been taken in advance and the reader is swamped in a magma of prejudice, snobbery, jingoism and undirected anger. In the face of so much contempt it is beside the point to dwell on the allegedly delightful characterisations of Frau Fischer, Frau Oberregierungsrat or Herr Rat. These sketches are spiteful and malicious, the statement of their author's anti-Teutonic sentiments and personal vexations rather than the achievement of any clearly conceived satirical design.

Still, Murry was perfectly right to point out that

an author, having once deliberately printed a book, could not disown it in that way . . . Moreover, by refusing to republish it, she could not annihilate it. **In a German Pension** was, irrevocably, in existence [6].

His further assertion that "it was not merely a good book, but a truly remarkable one to have written at nineteen" is a more questionable pronouncement. Nevertheless there are, scattered here and there among the bad-tempered portrayals of German life and manners, occasional flashes of richer work, gleams from the little lodes of gold buried among the barren rock of the collection.

This is notably the case of the story entitled 'Frau Brechenmacher attends a Wedding,' for here the satire (the postman's vanity, the churlishness of the guests, the predictable excess of beer) contrasts with their sympathetic presentation of Frau Brechenmacher, who gains, in a way that foreshadows the later collections of stories, some insight into the nature of her plight and its universality:

"Na, what is it all for?" she muttered, and not until she had reached home and prepared a little supper of meat and bread for her man did she stop asking herself that silly question (GP, p.39).

The details here are **judged** ('home,' 'her man,' 'silly question') and it is the judgement made that gives the final words a resonance beyond their sordid occasion:

"Always the same," she said -"all over the world the same; but God in heaven -but STUPID." Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt as Herr Brechenmacher lurched in (p. 40).

In this case, as in 'At Lehmann's' or even certain passages of 'A Birthday' or 'A Blaze,' human conduct is being judged (in the two senses of discrimination and

dramatisation) by standards more severe but more coherent than those generally available in the collection.

However, it is a constant in her work that these standards should be close to the imponderable; and this, we might argue, is because Katherine Mansfield refuses to separate her notion of significance from her sense of life as a discrete series of moments of emotional intensity. A letter she wrote to Garnet Trowell, which is contemporary with the stories in her first collection, contains the following passage, which sheds light on such definitions:

Why is it we so love the strong emotions? I think because they give us such a keen sense of Life -a violent sense of our own Existence. One thing I cannot bear and that is the mediocre- I like always to have a great grip of Life, so that I intensify the so-called small things- so that truly everything is significant . . . I like to be able to see the flowers pushing their way up through the brown earth. It is the superficial attitude which kills Art, always. Give Life a little attention, a little enthusiasm -and "Fair Exchange is no robbery," she says, and heaps our arms with treasures [7].

Given this ambition, her problem in the stories was to get the particulars in focus. It is a problem she hardly solves when she writes of the church bells in 'A Birthday': "They stirred something in him, those bells, something vague and tender" (GP, p. 74). On the whole, the vagueness of these stories outweighs the tenderness, and it is not until she turns back to her earlier experience that her work begins to develop the combination of hardness and brightness that is to characterise it. We may notice in passing how the sentiments expressed chime with both the aestheticism of, say, Dowson or the early Yeats, and the new sensibility later famously expressed in Eliot's half-ironic evocation of "some infinitely gentle/infinitely suffering thing." This suggests that the relative failure of the early work is owing not only to the intrusion of personal animosity unamenable to fictional treatment, but more decisively to an imperfect assimilation of new aesthetic ideals grafted on to an apprehension of the world that was already becoming outmoded.

It is important to remember that Katherine Mansfield came to maturity at a period that witnessed the partial undermining of the old Western systems of belief. Undoubtedly one of the reasons for her minor status is that she does not appear to have made any attempt to chart, in her work, this collapse of the traditional values in the arts, politics and religion, and the advent of a new irrationalism, in the last two decades of the nineteenth century and the first two of the twentieth. The great Modernist poets, and Joyce and Lawrence in the novel, were effecting a crucial realignment with which Mansfield's stories seem to have little in common.

But then there is the case of Virginia Woolf. David Daiches, discussing the theory of literature that seems to underlie Virginia Woolf's well known description of the mental life ("Life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end") finds similarities between this attitude and that of Katherine Mansfield:

It is interesting that when faced with the problem of defining "real life" Mrs Woolf asks her readers to look within. Katherine Mansfield asked rather for a clearer vision with which to look out. Yet the two procedures are not diametrically opposite, but tend rather to amount to very much the same thing. In practice, what it came to was this: Katherine Mansfield refined herself before looking out on life, while Virginia Woolf refined life before looking out on it. Katherine Mansfield regarded her preliminary personal refinement as a clarification of her vision; Virginia Woolf regarded her preliminary refinement of life as guaranteeing that she would concern herself only with what is important, true or enduring . . . So in Virginia Woolf we have one more novelist in whom a purely personal sense of significance replaces the sense of significance supplied by a tradition[8].

Daiches thus suggests that Katherine Mansfield, though sceptical about certain prevailing values, nevertheless contrived to make the idea of value central to her writing. The "preliminary refinement" may indicate a conviction that refinement was necessary in a world in which everything else was becoming more and more relative, so to speak. This, however conservative, would further suggest that her sensibility was becoming attuned to the developing aesthetic of Modernism; though Joyce's departures from traditional conceptions of the novel were far more radical than anything Katherine Mansfield aspired to, his notion of the "epiphany" and its deployment in *Dubliners* is not so very different from her use of the privileged moment. Besides, the temper of her writing in her later work is a measure of how deliberately she resisted such other contemporary models as Arnold Bennett's crude realism or the whimsy and sentimentality of the characteristic writers of the "Maue Decade." Indeed, both are styles that she had parodied. Such a mingling of ironic distance, emotional subtlety and a vague sort of idealism brought her closer than she probably realised to the sensibility of Eliot, whose poetry she disliked as she made clear in a letter to Virginia Woolf:

The poems look delightful but I confess I find them unspeakably dreary. How one could write so absolutely without emotion- perhaps that's an achievement (Meyers 1978, p. 203).

The dreariness does not seem to have bothered her in the case of Chekhov, whose influence on her work is so often pointed out. Though this influence was invaluable in showing her the potential of mingling psychological realism with the symbolic use of natural elements, it is important to remember that she could have found these resources similarly exploited in any of the western exponents of Naturalism. It is worth considering the possibility that the peculiar blend of intensity, lucidity and dread in Chekhov's work was, at some level, a consequence of his living on time borrowed from his consumption, and that Katherine Mansfield, similarly stricken, was drawn as much to the fellow-sufferer as to the Master. At any rate, though both writers habitually represent the ways in which very ordinary lives are thwarted and small ambitions are frustrated, there are important differences in conception. To put it perhaps a little too bluntly, Chekhov's ironies are ironies of circumstance and Mansfield's are ironies of character: the Russian seems to work from a notion of undifferentiated fatality, whereas the New Zealander undertakes to explore the ramifications of the idea of personal destiny.

This is not, of course, to deny that Katherine Mansfield makes abundant use of the effects on her heroines and heroes of the wider circumstances they move among. She is acutely aware of the rigidity of the social structures, as is made very clear in stories like 'Life of Ma Parker,' 'The Lady's Maid,' 'Bank Holiday,' 'Mr Reginald Peacock's Day,' 'The Little Governess' or 'The Garden Party' itself. But there is always something else, generally the concentration on a particular defect, the focussing on an abnormal receptivity or an unusually exacerbated nervous or aesthetic condition, which determines the dénouement. If one accepts that these stories deal with what W.E. Williams, echoing Chesterton, calls "the tremendous trifles of life"[9] it is only in the sense that nothing shattering ever happens in them. Nevertheless, the best stories are aglow with alertness, radiant with accrued insight into the significance of judiciously presented experience of the ordinary. ("Felt life" is perhaps the phrase that comes to mind here: inevitably, Henry James's shadow hovered over every English novelist of the period). In the presentation of the characters, despite the presiding coolness and distance of the narrative voice, there is a curious alternation between their unconscious self-exposure and the quick imaginative sympathy implied in their creator's devoted attentiveness to their plight, however blind, wilful, selfish or pusillanimous they may be as individuals.

This dualistic treatment of characterisation is matched by a similar ambivalence towards the range of the characters' choices. It is noticeable that many of the stories centre on moments of crisis signalled by a kind of lyrical intensification in the writing itself. Such moments are of two main sorts:

firstly, moments of concentration and condensation, Baudelairean occurrences of lyrical symbolism invariably accompanying a character's sudden perception of correspondences, or more often discrepancies, in the nature of things;

secondly, moments of what, for convenience, we may call "highlighting", meaning by this the expansion of a character's awareness to include simultaneously aspects of external and internal reality, so that the gap between narrator and character is narrowed if never quite closed.

We may think of the former as being allied to Joyce's notion of the **epiphany** but the essential point, in my view, is to notice that both these techniques, like Joyce's epiphanies, are properly poetic in their operations. They are probably responsible for the ascendancy of the lyrical over the prose of **telling** that seems characteristic of the best stories. As an example of the kind of thing I mean, we might consider a well-known passage in 'Bliss.' It comes when Bertha and the fascinating Miss Fulton detach themselves for a moment from the brilliant, brittle set of aesthetes at the dinner party to share the contemplation of the pear tree in the garden:

And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller as they gazed- almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon. How long did they stand there? Both, as it were, caught in that circle of unearthly light, understanding each other perfectly, creatures of another world, and wondering what they were to do in this one with all this blissful treasure that burned in their bosoms and dropped, in silver flowers, from their hair and hands? (Bliss, p. 106).

This moment of rapture, the meeting of two gifted minds in the contemplation of beauty, functions quite as Bertha had hoped; the fact that she is deceived (as we are) in Miss Fulton, though it complicates the meaning of the moment, does not disturb its ideal nature. Rather, the irony at the end is directed at Bertha and her romantic notion of the perfection of human love and friendship: her art of living is as false as the art of her dilettante friend, the poet, for it is the wrong construction she has put on the shared moment that mars the experience for her. Her disappointment and her panic at the end contrast ironically with the description of the pear tree that stands "as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still."

The intensity of this moment thus provides an implied standard of judgement, though its very isolation and the uncertain status of the ideal world glimpsed through it provide one source of the irony that plays such an important role in Mansfield's stories. There is a similar moment in 'Prelude,' again involving two women and a tree, and again poised between lyrical contemplation and a worldly-wise or disillusioned detachment. Linda and Mrs Fairfield, taking a turn in the garden, are struck by the great aloe, and we are taken into Linda's consciousness where the tree is metamorphosed into a great ship:

How much more real this dream was than that they should go back to the house where the sleeping children lay and where Stanley and Beryl played cribbage (p. 54).

This for Linda is the point. Ailing, indifferent to her children, bored with her good-natured simpleton of a husband, she finds at moments like this an answer to the questions that nag her, though it is an answer bristling with ironies. She stores these memories as the most precious things life offers, but is prepared in the next breath to relinquish life as itself finally absurd. Meanwhile, for the reader, it is patently absurd that while Linda has been having her vision, her mother has been wondering how much jam they will get from the fruit trees. Linda takes refuge in laughter, but her creator is clearly aware that the vision and the jam ought to be somehow compatible. (I feel it is right to add here that, in my understanding of it, irony is always **initially** a movement of severance; but to consider it **finally** a force of dislocation and disruption is a much more recent, and as yet incompletely examined, idea. In the present case, our judgement of Beryl and Kezia depends on our responding compassionately to the moment and its aftermath).

A similar point is made in another story involving these characters. In 'At the Bay,' Linda progresses from desultory contemplation of sunlight on the flowers to a sense of the fleetingness of life. But this time the solemnity of the perception, which if unchecked could lead to trite compassion and sentimental regret, is undercut by Linda's awareness of the difficulty of sustaining the vision. Reflecting on the essential innocence of her husband, apt to appear "a trapped beast" among the subtleties of the intellect or the labyrinths of the personality, she is simultaneously aware that such insights are but respites in a life that seems essentially composed of sudden alarms, unfruitful perplexities and petty

domestic worries. This restlessness is the dominant theme explored by the succeeding narrative, presided over by the unquiet sea that laps and questions at the fringes of the characters' consciousness. Section VII makes the metaphor and the question explicit, an effect achieved by the return at this point to impersonal narration. Though the lyrical effects are probably overdone - "lazily flopped the warm sea," "minute ripples laved the porous shore," etc.- the pertinent sense of universality is achieved. It should be added that there is perhaps a slight feeling of strain in the transition, marked by the change of paragraph, from the exploration of marine life to investigation of human life behind the shutters:

And now there sounded the faintest 'plop.' Who made that sound? What was going on down there? And how strong, how damp the seaweed smelt in the hot sun...(GP, p. 36).

These investigations culminate in the story of Beryl's tussle with the brutal Harry Kember; the suggestion is that what goes on in the depths of the human psyche is as nameless and unpredictable as what goes on in the depths of the sea. The story closes on a kind of negative counterpart of Linda's epiphany. The glitter is gone and an enigmatic moon sheds its faint light through the troubled silence of the scene:

A cloud, small, serene, floated across the moon. In that moment of darkness the sea sounded deep, troubled. Then the cloud sailed away, and the sound of the sea was a vague murmur, as though it waked out of a dark dream. All was still (p. 64).

The question is still Frau Brechenmacher's "What is it all for?"

These moments of lyric compression are all static: the narrative flows to and from such points of stasis, which thus lie at the heart of the judgements reached. They constitute the kernel of the stories, the germ from which their moral or psychological 'meanings' grow. On the other hand, the occurrences of what I call **highlighting** are mainly dynamic in that they are achieved states of feeling in which the traditional distinction between the subjective and objective worlds, so essential to the act of contemplation or the notion of symbolism, becomes irrelevant. They are, incidentally, more frequent in **The Garden Party** than in the **Bliss** collection, though whether this represents a significant advance in Katherine Mansfield's technique is a question we cannot go into here. Significantly, they do not seem to arrest the narrative movement, but rather to confirm the status of character; in other words, if we were previously invited to judge character in relation to the special insights gained at certain privileged moments, we are now to judge events and behaviour in relation to established character. Though this undoubtedly makes for a greater rigidity in the creation of character, the gain in clarity is obvious, since it is now the evolving situation that claims most of the reader's attention. It may also be true that the incidence of sentimentality increases, though this is a different sort of problem.

To take an example from "The Garden Party," we have the moment when, after "the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed," Laura is making her way to the house of the dead workman with her inappropriate gift of leftovers from the party. Her misery of the morning has

quite disappeared, together with her feeling of shame that, in these circumstances, they should have gone ahead with the fête:

Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a moment. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else. How strange! (GP, p. 84).

Here, we might say, Laura has entirely internalised the moment of vision; her change of mood is not now the centre towards which the story tends or away from which it veers. It is rather a confirmation **in her own view** of her sensitivity, the mark of a fine scrupulousness. Her character is thus highlighted, illuminated for our inspection. This, of course, is not the same as saying that we are being told what we are to think of her. Her readiness to deem the dead man happy (in her own sense of blissfully at peace, done with the trials and anxieties of consciousness) overlooks the absurdly casual and violent nature of his death; and her word "marvellous" sorts oddly with the widow's situation. Her inability at the last to say what "life" is is crucial; but whether the missing word is "mystery" or "selfishness" or "incongruency" or any other term which the reader might supply, what matters is that the question has been raised not by the deft handling of an abstraction, but by the oblique light cast on a character in action. (Yeats's musings on Browning's dramatic monologues are not entirely irrelevant here).

We find another example of such projection inward in the story "The Stranger," when the uxorious Mr Hammond is eagerly waiting for his wife's ship to dock:

The gulls rose; they fluttered away like bits of white paper. And whether that deep throbbing was her engines or his heart Mr Hammond couldn't say. He had to nerve himself to bear it, whatever it was (GP, p. 216).

In my reading of this, the moment of fusion of outer and inner reality is deliberately at the expense of the latter (Eliot in a famous passage has ironised about "the human heart like a taxi throbbing, waiting") and I assume we are meant to notice at the same time the triviality of the simile preceding it ("like bits of white paper"). The poverty of the imagination thus implied helps prepare the way for Mr Hammond's absurd and selfish grief over his wife's fancied infidelities. This would make the story's closing sentence not poignant but mawkish, and the apparently casual detail crucial:

Spoilt their evening! Spoilt their being alone together! They would never be alone together again (p. 230).

I shall notice just one further instance of this highlighting: it is when Ma Parker asks her little grandson whose boy he is:

And a little voice, so warm, so close, it half stifled her - it seemed to be in her breast under her heart - laughed out, and said, "I'm gran's boy!" (GP, p. 149).

The sentimentality of this cannot in fairness be attributed to the grandmother or the child, nor is it adequately catered for by the narrative environment. We must therefore assign it to Katherine Mansfield. The superimposition of the external upon the internal voice is a risky undertaking, which, as we have seen, requires lyrical or ironic pointing. If the passage works at all, it is because Ma Parker's personality is strong enough to override authorial misjudgement and because her heroic striving against the bleakness of her circumstances, which is central to the story, pits the "warmth, breast and heart" image against her final confrontation with emptiness:

Ma Parker stood, looking up and down. The icy wind blew out her apron into a balloon. And now it began to rain. There was nowhere (p. 153).

It would be unwise to conclude from what I have said that Katherine Mansfield's stories progress from disillusionment to sentimentality, though the increasing concentration on the inner life certainly involved a risk that her distancing devices do not always manage to keep in check. Nor do I mean to imply that the various components of her technique were in constant free variation. But I do believe that the two techniques of epiphany and highlighting are solid stylistic gains and that they underlie some of her finest and most characteristic effects. Both techniques, as I have tried to show, consist in isolating privileged moments of insight, normally associated with brilliance or illumination, and often involving an ironic judgement that may be either simple (incompatibility between two views of the same situation, thwarting of a character's expectations) or complex (ambiguous treatment of the symbol as symbol, thwarting of the reader's expectations). In any case, the **values** such judgements support remain ineffable, in accordance with Katherine Mansfield's scrupulous sense of literary tact and, probably, with her own sceptical view of life. Both techniques are derived from the poetic image. Katherine Mansfield, as her letters as well as some of her stories show, was instinctively given to gush, and so stood, more than most writers, in need of techniques that would sharpen the focus of her emotional insights. No account of her stories that does not bear in mind her exposure to early century literary theory and practice can be satisfactory; and it is certainly relevant to this brief consideration of her work that the Imagist/Modernist aesthetic to which they pay distant tribute was primarily developed in the lyric of her time.

NOTAS

1. S. Gilbert and S. Gubar, **The Madwoman in the Attic** (Yale University Press, 1979); E. Showalter, **A Literature of Their Own** (London: Virago Press, 1984; **The Female Malady** (London: Virago Press, 1987).
2. LM (Ida Baker), **KM: The Memories of LM** (London: Michael Joseph, 1971; repr. London: Virago Press, 1985).
3. V. O'Sullivan and M. Scott, **The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield**, 4 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1984), I.
4. Quoted by J. M. Murry, "Introductory Note" to **In a German Pension**, p. 8.
5. In **Novels and Novelists**, ed. J. M. Murry (London: Cape, 1930), p. 4.
6. Murry, "Introductory Note," p. 8.
7. Letter to Garnet Trowell, 8 Nov. 1908 in **Collected Letters**, I, 88.
8. D. Daiches, **The Novel and the Modern World** (Chicago: University Press, 1960), pp. 192-193.
9. W. E. Williams, Introduction to **The Garden Party**, p. 8.

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