

ENDNOTES TO KAT AMONG THE TIGERS

Although Katherine Mansfield adapted many names for herself over the years, I will refer to her simply as K. John Middleton Murry is indicated as JMM. Irregular spellings are K's and have not been changed. LM refers to K's companion and caregiver, Ida Baker (Lesley Moore).

The following sources were most helpful and have been abbreviated to the following:

CL = *Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield* (Vol. 1, 2, and 3) Ed. by Vincent O'Sullivan and Margaret Scott, London; Oxford Clarendon P, 1984/1987.

L & J = *Letters and Journals*. Ed. KC.K. Stead, London: Penguin, 1977/1988.

LKM = *The Life of Katherine Mansfield*. Anthony Alpers, London: Oxford UP, 1982.

WAW = *Katherine Mansfield: The Woman and The Writer*. Gillian Body. 1988.

JKM—*Journal of Katherine Mansfield*. Ed. John Middleton Murry, Constable & Co. 1954.

The epigram is from K herself in a letter to Koteliansky, October, 4, 1916 describing her feelings towards Frieda Lawrence. Like Alpers, who chooses to end his book with this

quotation, I also think it a fitting beginning (390). This quote may also be found in E.W. Tedlock Jr.'s book on Frieda Lawrence, *The Memories and Correspondence*.

Notes on the poems:

Stay a while, stay (Island Bay, New Zealand, February, 1907)

I have altered K's last sentence from this entry which reads: "This sounds paradoxical, but is true." (*L & J*, 26).

Through the Chestnut Leaves (Bavaria, June 1909)

"Heat coldness, hand coldness, soul coldness" are K's words. (*CL* Vol. 1, 92.)

Adieu, My Darling (Rose Tree Cottage, the Lee, Buckinghamshire) Nov/ Dec. 1914

See Dec. 18, 1914 (*JKM*. 63).

During a brief affair with Francis Carco K is quite taken by the image of an old man carrying spotted fish (*L & J* 51), a fitting metaphor for K & JMM's failing relationship.

K is first told of a spot in her lung on December 12, 1917, but because so many were stricken with TB I would think it likely K thought about the possibility of contracting the disease long before she was ever diagnosed with it. Riddled with arthritis and in pain constantly, K might very well feel as if her life and love for JMM is like a needle stabbing her over and again.

The image of a fly drowning in a milk jug is one of K's favourites and she returns to it in her short story, "The Fly."

J's Pudding (Rose Tree Cottage, Buckinghamshire, January/March 1915)

"You've got to love me" writes K to JMM referring to her father the summer of 1913 (*L & J*, 42). In another letter that same summer, K confesses to JMM she "hates" cooking and getting meals. (*L & J*, 43-44). I have borrowed K's description, "Sparrows outside are cheeping like chickens" (March 23, 1915, *L & J*, 46).

In October, 1914, JMM & K move from Paris where JMM would review French books for the *T.L.S.* and rent Rose Cottage, in Buckinghamshire near D. H. Lawrence and his companion, Frieda. It is Lawrence who "strings out a story of sex."

On January 19, 1915 Jack makes a currant pudding for a dinner party with Lawrence (*L & J*, 48 and *JKM*, 69). K describes a previous evening at the Lawrences “witless and dull.” (Jan. 16, 1915 *L & J*, 49 and *JKM*, 69).

So and So (Gray, France, February, 1915)

After a period of restlessness and indecision about her relationship with JMM K decides to join French novelist Francis Carco at the front in the town of Gray where his army unit is stationed. Carco would later write he was in love with K and had only the most honourable intentions, but K, undecided about her feelings for him, seems disappointed with the affair (*L & J*, Feb. 29, 1915, 50-54). Describing their love making as “quite incidental,” K records, “[a] whole life passed in thought. . . . We went to India, to South America, to Marseilles in the white boat [bed], and then we talked of Paris” (*JKM*, 78). Further disappointed to find Carco so effeminate, she writes, he has “pretty hair” and with his “one hand with a bangle over the sheets, he looked like a girl” (*JKM*, 78). Because K frequently spoke of the ‘Pa man’ in such glowing terms, I took this to mean she had already found Carco somewhat lacking as a man. On February 20th K sums up the affair in her journal: [it] “seemed somehow so ridiculous, and at the same time so utterly natural. There was nothing to do but laugh.” (*JKM*, 77).

This affair is fictionalized in K's story, "An Indiscreet Journey" published in *Something Childish (The Little Girl)* edited by JMM in 1924.

Again My darling, Again (Rose Tree Cottage, Buckinghamshire, February, 1915)

After her affair with Franco in early February, K returns to JMM as his lover, but relations continue to be strained. To show her frustration and unhappiness K repeats her earlier statement, "I'd like to kill my you, your me" (see above quotation of *Adieu*) to JMM and the sad image of the fly drowning in a milk jug appears again.

Doo-Da-Doo-Da (Paris, France, March 1915)

Unable to work with JMM at Rose Tree Cottage, K leaves for Paris again on March 18, 1915. Attempting to describe the air raid she experiences from her window the night of March 20th in a letter to JMM, K likens the noise to a horn, "almost soothing you know," "doo-da-doo-da repeated hundreds of times." (*C L*, Vol.1, 158-159). "Jaggle" is K's term (159). In a second letter to JMM dated March 22nd, K's feelings seem to have changed. This time the raid is "extremely terrifying" and she is "nearly sick." (164).

Wish-wash, (Paris, March, 1915)

Kat Among the Tigers

Reflecting on her unsatisfactory relationship with JMM at Carco's flat in Paris K writes:

". . . why haven't I got a Chinese nurse. . . I'm not a girl—I'm a woman. I *want* things. Shall I ever have them? (*L & J*, 57 March 23, 1915. *CL* Vol. 1, 177 records it as May 7, 1915).

In her journal K recalls a dream about the Brontës and her friend, Kot, breaking an orange into a bowl (May 8, 1915 *L & J*, 58–59.) Bogey was K's pet name for JMM, but I have also seen her refer to her brother and father by that name in earlier journal entries.

When the Aloe Blooms, (Villa Pauline, Bandol, France, Nov/Dec. 1915 – February 1916)

K is remembering her brother Leslie, recently killed in the War in early October 1915. Unable to accept his death, she feels haunted by his spirit and moves to France where she feels compelled to live for them both. At the end of December JMM joins her and they spend what may be their happiest moments together before he returns to England.

The Hedgehog Hides his Prickly Head (Villa Pauline, Bandol, France, March 1916)

Frederick Goodyear (F.G.) a friend of both JMM's and Katherine's, exchanged many letters with K before he was killed in the War on May 23, 1917. On March 4, 1916, K

responds to his letter angrily, "I'm so hungry, . . . There's nothing here to eat except omelettes and oranges and onions." (*CL, Vol. 1, 248-251, L & J, 70*).

I have adopted much of Goodyear's lists, but with adaptations and used K's phrases "boa-constrict" and "curdling effugion" from her March 4th letter (*CL Vol. 1, 248*).

K was reading Dostoevsky's *Idiot* in March likely so she could help JMM with his book, *Fyodor Dostoevsky: A Critical Study* (*L& J, 71*). K reminds Frederick of Henry James' recent death (February 28, 1916).

"Dead man's bread" is a type of berry K and her brother, Leslie, found as children in New Zealand. She recalls this in a poem in a journal entry dated, "1916 Bandol" (*L&J, 72-73*).

This Master, This Mistress (Higher Tregerthen, North Cornwall, April, 1916)

In a delightful love letter to JMM, K writes from France "[y]ou and I don't live like grown up people, you know." (*CL. Vol. 1, March 22, 255*). By April she and JMM reluctantly move to Cornwall to be near the Lawrences, but K soon becomes tired of Lawrence's insistence they talk about sex. By mid-June, K and JMM move to another cottage in Mylor, South Cornwall.

In a letter to her friend, Kot (eliansky), May 11?, 1916, K describes Lawrence's vicious beating of Frieda and their odd behaviour afterwards which included Lawrence, the very next day, taking Frieda breakfast and trimming her a hat. K tells Kot she "hates [the Lawrences] for it." (J & L 79, CL Vol. 1, 264).

Matters Tremendously (Higher Treggerthen, North Cornwall, May, 1916)

In a letter to her friend, Beatrice Campbell, May 14, 1916, K sympathizes with her about a recent shooting in Ireland. "I can understand how it must fill your thoughts – for if Ireland were New Zealand and such a thing had happened there. . . it would mean the same for me – It would really (as unfortunately George-out-of-Wells would say) Matter Tremendously." (CL Vol. 1, 265). In the same letter, K tells the story of an abandoned calf beneath her window. "If the calf were only something smaller I could send my soul out wrapped in a nonexistent shawl and carrying a nonexistent basket lined with nonexistent flannel and bring it in to the dead out kitchen fire to get warm and dry. . ."(CL Vol. 1, 266).

The bride which K speaks of in this poem is Grace Gifford who marries Joseph Mary Plunkett of the Republican Brotherhood hours before his execution on May 4, 1916. Gifford's portrait, painted by William Orphen appeared on the front page of *The Daily Mirror* May 9, 1916 and K is troubled by the way he paints women's hands.

Boom Boom (Sunnyside Cottage, Mylor, South Cornwall, August 1916)

After JMM returns to his war job in London, K writes to him “... I feel that I am “free” even of sun and wind – like a tree whose every leaf has turned.” (August 18, 1916, *CL* Vol. 1, 274).

K writes to Kot (May 1916), “[i]t may all be over next month; in fact it will be.” From the entry, however, it is not quite clear what K means by “temporary” – life by herself in Cornwall, the war, or both. (*CL* Vol. 1, 264 and in *L & J*, 80). She is also ambiguous in her use of pronoun; she may be describing her time living near the Lawrences, her relationship with JMM, or the war.

Their Little Necks are Broken (141A Church St, S.W. 3. Chelsea, late July 1917)

In February 1917 K and JMM agree to live apart due largely to their dwindling finances and not as rumour suggested, because they had gone their separate ways, although clearly their relationship is strained. K is especially troubled by JMM’s reluctance to go to the front as he’s been instructed to do if he doesn’t settle into a government job soon. Terrified of serving and convinced that like his friends and K’s brother, he will surely die at the front, JMM is torn by his “contradictory desires” and feels unable to

communicate these feelings to K, so for a time he does nothing. His passivity shames her.

At her own studio in Chelsea that summer she writes JMM:

I feel. . . that when certain winds blow across your soul
they bring the smell from that dark pit and the uneasy
sound from those hollow caverns, and you long to lean
over the dark swinging (driving in *L & J*) danger and
just not fall in – but letting us all see meanwhile how
low you lean.

(*CL Vol. 1 318, L & J 81*)

*Each source gives a slight variation of the letter often using different punctuation.

In the previous paragraph of the same letter K writes:

I feel that you are going to uncover yourself and quiver.
Sometimes when you write you seem to abase yourself
like Dostoevsky did. It's perfectly natural to you, I know,
but oh my God, don't do it. It's just the same when you say,

. . .: *If I am not killed – if they don't kill me.* I always laugh

at you then because I am ashamed that you should speak so.

Towards the end of the letter K admits, “[i]t’s a terrible thing to be alone. Yes it is – it is. But don’t lower your mask until you have another mask prepared beneath – as terrible as you like – but a mask.”

“Biff,” a favourite word of K’s, appears often in her letters and journals.

In the autumn of 1916, K writes to Lytton Strachey, “I think it [the *Garingston Chronicle*?] ought to be allowed to die – No amount of Valerian Drops will keep alive a creature so unwilling–” (*CL* Vol. 1, 279).

“The day shot with geraniums” is from K’s letter to her friend Mary Hutchinson, late August, 1916 and written when she and JMM are still at Sunny Side Cottage. (South Cornwall). (*CL* Vol. 1, 278).

To “be extravagantly frank” is K’s phrase. (Letter to JMM January 14, 1917 in *CL* Vol. 1, 290).

K was reading a Dostoievsky (K’s spelling) novel in January 1917.

“There was a Little Man,” is the name of the twentieth fourth chapter in JMM’s autobiography, *Between Two Worlds*.

In May 1917 K had been reading Forster's *Howard's End* and found it "not good enough." Further commenting, she says, he "never gets any further than warming the teapot. He's a rare fine hand at that. Feel this teapot. Is it not beautifully warm? Yes, but there ain't going to be no tea." (*L & J*, 82).

Goodbye Soul (141A Church St, S.W. 3. Chelsea, December, 1917)

On November 25, 1917, K ends a letter to JMM with "Goodbye for now, my soul." (*CL* Vol.1 339). A month later on Dec. 22nd she again refers to him as "my soul." (*CL* Vol, 1 355).

I have reused the line quoted May 1917, "there ain't going to be no tea." (*L & J*,82).

On Dec. 22nd, K writes to JMM, "Ah God! why cant you simply give yourself up to your power *now*. Why must your bird be still chained to your wrist when it is so ready for flight? "Later in the same letter she speaks of her "medicine man" and in her journal lists his cures which she feels are rather wasted on him (*L & J* 87). Sometime in December K's "Medicine man" confirms her greatest fear when he tells her with

certainty “there is a Spot in [her] right lung. (CL Vol. 1, 356 Dec. 23 or 24th. Alper’s argues this occurs on Dec. 12th).

On Dec. 21st, K writes to JMM she has “spent nearly the whole day lying on the sofa fast asleep.” (CL Vol 1, 352). The next day she is awakened in a fog by carol singers singing “Christians! Awake! Salute the Happy Morn.” (CL Vol. 1, 354).

Little House Upon the Beach (Bandol, South of France) late January – early February
1918

Ordered by her doctor to avoid another English winter K returns to Bandol without JMM, but finds the place changed. Horrified by what she sees she writes JMM:

The light was flashing through the dusk from the lighthouse,
and a swarm of black soldiers was kicking something about
on the sand among the palm-trees – a dead dog perhaps,
or a little tied-up kitten.” (Jan. 13, 1918, *J & L*, 94).

By February K is tiring of the French and complains to JMM, "I hate the French bourgeoisie for. . . their absorbed interest in evacuation. . . . my English gorge rises and my English lips curl in contempt." (Feb. 6, 1918, *J & L*, 99).

K meets up with her acquaintance Madame Geoffroi and her husband January 19th. After dinner Madame Geoffroi accompanies K to her room where she talks endlessly until 11:30 pm although it is apparent K is quite ill and needs rest. The next day they meet again and K confesses in her journal:

. . . how I bore the conversations I have no idea.

I simply died with them and rose again – died

and rose again and I am sure that there is not

a poem unturned in the whole of the Provencal

literature after that.

(*L & J*, 95).

K complains of "aching lungs" (*L & J*, 96).

On January 21st, K, noting the rough wind reminds her of Coleridge's famous poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" writes to JMM, "God knows how many Ancient Mariners cried in it or how many lost souls whirled past." (*L & J*, 96).

By February K's health is increasingly worse and she begins to have her "black moods" suffering more and more night terrors "complicated by packs and packs of growling, roaring, ravening, prowl-and-prowl-around dogs." (Feb. 3, 1918, *L & J*, 98). Several days later, she confesses to JMM, ". . . you know those first days I was there I went a bit GREY over both temples. Real; grey hair." (Feb. 6, 1918, *L & J*, 99).

Let us be tender; let us be kind (47 Redcliffe Road, London, August 1918)

Now legally married to JMM (May 3, 1918) they are staying at JMM's flat on Redcliffe Road while they prepare to move to their new home, "The Elephant," in August. (*CL* Vol. 2 July 15, 1918 252). Despite their nuptials, relations are again strained between the two. K is very disappointed with her marriage and feels she isn't being treated as a "wife"; at the same time she believes JMM needs one.

Writing in her journal in July K confesses, . . . "I wish to God I could destroy all that I have written and start again: it all seems like so many 'false starts.'" (*L & J*, 124).

In an undated entry at Redcliffe Road K observes a “poor underfed dog” running about the gutter. She sees the “creeper covered balconies” and hears “silly piano” music spill out of window all of which she finds “drunk with sentiment – gorged with memory.” (124). K’s illness worsens.

Since JMM’s recent scathing review of Siegfried Sassoon’s *Counter-Attack and Other Poems*, relations with the gang from Garsington are tense. Fearful of the damage this may also do to her relationship with Lady Ottoline, K writes to her friend Dorothy Brett, (July 26, 1918 *CL* Vol. 2, 259-260), “I don’t want to hate people: I want to love them. . . .” (260). K has also recently argued with LM over living arrangements in Hampstead and on Aug 1, K apologizes for her earlier actions and asks her not make too much of it (*CL*, 261-262). To add to her difficulties, K has lost her mother and grieving, writes again to Dorothy:

I feel inclined to say. . . Let us love each other. Let us be kind and rejoice
in one another and leave all squabbles and ugliness to
the dull dogs who only become articulate when they bark
and growl. The world is so dreadful in many ways. Do let us be tender
with each other.

(August 14, 1918. *L & J*, 126, *CL* Vol. 1, 266-267).

I have also used fragments of K's recollections of her visit with Lawrence and Frieda where, she admits, she and Lawrence "did not talk about people. We kept to things like nuts and cowslips and fires in woods and his black self was not." (October 27, 1918 *L & J*, 128).

***Love's Anesthesia* (2 Portland Villas, East, Heath Road, Hampstead ("The Elephant"), September, 1918)**

On September 20th, K terrified of own fits of temper, compares the violence of them to those episodes she and JMM have witnessed between Lawrence and Frieda and concludes, "I am more like L. than anybody. We are unthinkable alike, in fact." (*L & J*, 127).

In the same journal entry K complains "the fire makes a noise like a flag." Her arthritis, a symptom of an untreated case of venereal disease, (likely syphilis which was prevalent during the war), worsens as her TB compromises her immune system. K admits to herself, "I am very stiff, very unused to writing now, and yet, as I sit here, it's as though my dear one, my ONLY one, came and sat down opposite me and gazed at me across the table." (*L & J*, 127) K seems to gain little comfort from L.M. or JMM, the latter with whom she feels is obsessed with his work and has no time for her. Instead, it

is her brother's ghost and the memories they shares of childhood and family and Lawrence with whom she shares a love of words, that become her "anesthesia."

K read "Prufrock" in 1917 aloud to her friends at Garsington after Clive Bell picked up several copies of the volume in London. (Alpers, 238)

Breath of Time (it means nothing) (2 Portland Villas, East Heath Road, Hampstead, "The Elephant," November, 1918)

The title of this piece comes from a letter K writes to Lady Ottoline Morrell about her feelings at the end of the War:

I opened the window and it really did seem – just
in those first few moments that a wonderful change
happened – not in human creatures hearts – no –
but in the air – there seemed just for a breath of
time – a silence, like the silence that comes after the
last drop of rain has fallen. . .

Later in her letter, however, K concludes she feels as if the war has not changed anything, that people show a "lack of heart" and that this "will not allow them ever [to]

come to full flower – (*JKM, Vol. 2, 290–291*. November 17, 1918. Note: *L & J* records this letter as Nov. 13th, 130). That same month, K asks herself “[w]hat is the meaning of it all? (*L & J, 131*). Recording “drunks passing the house singing the good old pre war drunken rubbish,” and feeling “cold with horror,” K concludes, “[t]hey are not changed.”

In an undated entry in November, K records her impression of the world as it prepares to celebrate peace:

When I read of the preparations that are being made in all
the workhouses throughout the land – when I think of all
those toothless old jaws guzzling for the day – and then
of all that beautiful youth feeding the field of France –
Life is almost too ignoble to be born. Truly one must
hate human-kind in the mass, hate them as passionately
as one loves the few, the very few. “(*L & J, 131*)

Lilacs grow in K’s garden at the Elephant where she thinks of JMM who is away and now making a name for himself as editor and critic. K is deeply disturbed that he does

not seem affected by the war or the end of the war—at least not in the way she is. JMM’s Autobiography, *Between Two Worlds* addresses some of the difficulties he & K have communicating their feelings to each other about the war and other matters.

Purple lips are one of the symptoms of the Spanish Flu that recently claimed the lives of K’s Uncle Val and Great-Aunt Louie (mother to her cousin, Elizabeth).

***Terrible Silence of Light* (2 Portland Villas, East Heath Road, Hampstead, “The Elephant,” December 1918)**

Not long after her first lung haemorrhage, K knows she is very ill and admits, she been “obsessed by the fear of death.” Just beginning a series of shots which she hopes will prolong her life, K recalls her dream the previous night when feels her whole body “breaking up,” with such violence “it [breaks] like glass.” Feeling as if she has died in this dream K wakes and writes she is determined to “go on living” if only for “months, or for weeks or days or hours. “ (*JKM*, 184 -185)

In the same entry K writes: I’d like to write a long, long story on this and call it “*Last Words to Life*.” (185).

I have chosen Shelley’s story since K enjoyed the Romantics and likely had read *Frankenstein*.

***Tired of Tigers* (2 Portland Villas, East Heath Road, Hampstead, “The Elephant,” April 1919) For Virginia Woolf**

K & J are dubbed the 'Two Tigers' by a friend of JMM's, Tig (usually JMM, but sometimes K too) and Wig (K). K ill and often exhausted, has begun to feel lost in a world of change, one which she does not feel JMM or his friends at *Athenaeum* are part of. When they visit at the 'Elephant,' K finds them hopelessly old-fashioned, relics of the past when she wants to be "modern." K, however, longs for the company of another woman writer who feels the same way and so on April 10th, K writes to Woolf praising her craft:

You write so *darned* well, so *devilish* well. There
are these little others [writers], you know, dodging
stumbling along, talking a sniff here and a stare
there—& there is your mind so accustomed to take
the air in the 'grand manner'—To tell you the truth—
I am *proud* of your writing. I read & I think 'How she beats them —

(CL Vol. 2 311)

Later in April, K writes again to Woolf this time praising her article on Defoe. K speaks of "shed[ding] a skin," and although she tells her friend she is content with husband and home, she longs for good companionship, lively conversation, and a little spring sunshine, without which "the cold shuts the door of [her]cage." (CL Vol. 2, 314)

K & JMM's cat, Charlie Chaplin, has just had kittens (April 5, CL Vol.2 letter to S.S. Koteliensky p. 309) and K, fascinated by them, is journaling their behaviour. These kittens are very much on her mind and she writes Woolf about them comparing them to the baby she feels JMM wants. (CL, 311).

I Would, I Could a Crocodile: Notes for Virginia ("The Elephant," May, 1919) for Virginia Woolf

K writes to Virginia Woolf several times during the spring of 1919. In her letter of April 10th, K refers to seeing a soldier lying on the grass hiding his face as well as the first daffodil of spring (CL Vol. 2, 310). In a second letter dated late April 1919, K bemoans their visit to the Hampstead Heath Fair, claiming, "[i]t made me feel so utterly wretched. I felt there was nothing to do but sit on the stairs & lift up ones voice and—weep for Babylon." (314). K also congratulates Woolf on her article on Defoe appearing in *The Times Literary Supplement* April 22, 1919.

On May 5th K writes to Woolf there is the "smell of burning." Further in the letter she writes of her recent visit with Lytton Strachey whom she found "excessively dull" but charming when he arrived for tea (May 5?). K also references a dinner given by a "brilliant but cynical hero" (possibly Desmond MacCarthy) and describes to Woolf how he "[l]ay upon the sofa, buried his head in a purple pillow and groaned. . ." (316).

On May 27?, K shares with her friend her visit from the Vicar (May 26?) who asks K "if he might come occasionally & administer a LITTLE Private Communion to [her] at any time. . . Just a drain of wine [she] suppose[s] and a crumb of bread." (320).

K & JMM host a party at the Elephant for writers of the *Athenaeum* on May 29th. K is bored by the guests, including E.M. Forster whom she does not care for mostly because

she feels he dislikes her. She finds the party exhausting and later tells Lytton Strachey, a guest, she believes her “part in parties now is a corner away from the door & the window, beating time with a fan & trying to keep my mittens over my elbows” (CL Vol. 2, 321). The party was a “dull dog” and “heavy work.” (June 4th, 324). K ends her letter by referring to the Victory Derby which is to be run in the presence of the King and Queen. Longing to see her friend again, K tells Woolf, “I wish I could take an umbrella & walk across to you.”

Dorothy is Dorothy Wordsworth whose journals K had been reading in May 1918. (CL Vol 2, 175). Dorothy is known in her writing for her exacting details.

On April 28th K writes to her friend Estelle Drey complaining of her health and admits, I have been living with a Black Monkey all this winter” (315). To Woolf she admits, “I wish the weather were quite summery: the cold shuts the door of my cage.” (Vol. 2, 314)

By August, K apologises for not writing to Woolf earlier because she has “been rather badly ill. “ Complaining of her cough keeping her from her writing K adds, “I will write again very soon. . . I would I were a crocodile” who “[a]ccording to your Sir Thomas Browne it is the only create who does not *cough*.” (347 also *L & J*, 137).

In a letter to JMM from Menton more than two years later, K writes, “one must be, if one is Wig, continually giving & receiving, and shedding & renewing & examining & trying to place.” (Jan 23, 1920. *CL* Vol. 3, 193). In the same letter to JMM, K, explaining

her new responsibilities tells him, "I don't care two figs. I feel perfectly reckless. . . Ill just go on. Its worth it." (CL Vol. 3, 192).

***All that is silent* (2 Portland Villas, East Heath Road, Hampstead, "The Elephant," June 1919)**

On June 21st, some months after her first lung haemorrhage, K, musing about death and disease, lists several ways disease spreads, noting Prof. William Bateson's project on lice. She also worries about worms in immature Australian grapes that attack the liver and presumably cause death. (*L & J*, 133-134).

Swimming in her usual confusion to love or to resent JMM, K clings to the notion of love and reflects on the changes she sees in her own self. (*L & J*, 133 – 134).

Bogey, is K's pet name for JMM.

***Pantomime of the sea* (Casetta Deerholm, Ospedaletti, Italy) Sept – December 1919.**

Alone in Italy with only L.M. to care for her, K feels abandoned by JMM. During her stay of several months she writes desperate letters often accusing him of not loving her enough to help her or support her in any way. Desperate, gloomy, and experiencing the

classic pattern of ecstasy and disillusionment so common to victims of TB, K feels “trapped” and believes she may never recover.

K often refers to L.M. her caregiver and old school chum as “the albatross around my neck” (Alpers, 302).

Charlie Chaplin is K’s cat, (April 1919, *L & J*, 132), but here she is also thinking of the screen star of the new films, Charlie Chaplin. K known for her parlor performances in previous years with Garrett, had also been an extra in a film. Critics have not identified the movie.

Spring, maniac, maniac (Casetta Deerholm, Ospedaletti, Italy) January, 1920.

As JMM prepares to return to London after visiting K in Italy where she has been very ill and very depressed, K notes in her journal the figs drying, a “dish of oranges and rain-wet leaves – a pack of cards on the table.” (*L & J*, 163). By Jan. 11th, in the company of L.M., K records, “[i]n the sea drowned souls sang all night” (*L & J*, 165). In the same entry K records, “J & I are no longer as we were. I love him, but he rejects my *living* love. This is anguish. These are the worse days of my whole life.” (Jan. 11, 1920 *L & J*, 165).

Where I Lay Down My Head (Villa Flora, Menton, France) Feb. 1920

Urged by her caregivers, her father's wealthy cousin, Connie Beauchamp, and Connie's friend, Miss Jinnie Fullerton, to re-examine her life and to find peace, K concludes she cannot convert to Catholicism as they would wish, because she does not "believe in a God" (CL Vol. 3 Feb 24, 230–231). Eight days later, K changes her mind and writes to Ida Baker, "I mean to be received into the Church. I am going to become a Catholic. Once I believe in god, the rest is so easy" (240). But she doesn't and still searching for the spiritual K writes JMM, ". . . I want to live by the spirit of Love—love all things. See into things so deeply and truly that one loves" (CL Vol. 3,232).

J Arriving (Chalet de Sapins, Montana-sur-Sierre, Switzerland, September/October 1921)

The first stanza of this poem echoes an early draft of K's infamous short story, "Her First Ball" as she records it in her journal July 23, 1921 (*L & J*, 226). K recently reunited with JMM works hard and produces some of her best work including her novel, *Karoi* (later retitled and drafted as "Prelude"), and her collection of short stories, *The Garden Party*. Yet, it is clear from K's stories, journal entries, and correspondence, that it is his

love she craves. JMM, driven by his own work, and possibly aware that K had little time left to live, pushes her to write whether she wants to or not.

J Arriving II (Chalet de Sapins, Montana, Switzerland) November 1921

As the weather worsens and becomes cold K suffers from chills and fever and eventually takes to her bed. Unable to walk for almost a year, her body becomes her “prison” (*L & J*, Nov. 24, 240). Despite her illness, K and JMM work hard and K completes *The Garden Party*. Driven by ambition and the need to make money, it is JMM’s attention she continues to crave more than anything else.

Towards the end of the poem I play with K’s journal entry “I want to remember how the light fades from a room—and one fades with it, is *expunged*, sitting still, knees together, hands in pockets . . .” (*L & J*, 247, January 1922).

The Beetle, the Mouse, You, Me (Paris, February 1922)

K returns to Paris so she can receive a new x-ray treatment for TB patients. Exhausted from her treatments, worn thin by LM and JMM’s hesitation to join them, K writes to Ida who has returned to Switzerland:

How hard it is to escape from places. However, carefully

one goes they hold you – leave little bits of yourself

fluttering on the fences – little rags and shreds of your life.

(*L & J*, March 7, 1922, 256)

I have borrowed a line from K's journal entry, February 9, 1922 which reads: "Every time one leaves anywhere something precious, which ought not to be killed, left to die." (*JKM*, 296).

Later in the same entry K admits to "hating" LM (*JKM*, 297) and does not want to live with her again since tension between them has been great. Mouse is one of the names K gives to LM.

K recalls a game of chess she and JMM play and then and later in her room she wakes and confuses him with someone else. She wonders if "this is what people who are going out of their minds must feel about the faces that bend over them . . ." (*JKM*, 297-298)

Many of K's dreams are about her home in NZ and her family.

Clearing the Campground (Fontainbleau, France, January 1923)

K's final request to JMM was to clear out her campground and to "tear up and burn as much as possible." (*L & J*, "Introduction," 11)

On September 15, 1920 K admits the problem of keeping a journal: “I should always be trying to tell the truth (*L & J*,”Introduction,” 12. I could not locate this entry in the journal itself or in Murry’s edition of her journal). K had discussed the possibility of one day publishing her journals for cash and was sometimes careful what she said. Many of K’s entries do sometimes appear affected.

Erin Mouré argues in *O Ciudadan* (65) that the narrative presence (story) is a landscape or lung. I think K would agree.

In the summer of 1913 K obviously deeply in love, writes to JMM: “It would take me a long time away from you before I could bear to think of you. You see, when I am not with you, every little bit of you puts out a flaming sword. (*L & J*, 42)

From the *Rough Notebooks*:

To appease her father, K spent several months in 1907 and 1908 living in New Zealand’s bush country. Although initially she didn’t want to go—she was in a hurry to return to London where she and her sisters had attended Queen’s College, a finishing school for young ladies—in the process of her travels I believe she discovered she wanted to be a

writer. Piecing together notes and sketches of her journeys in a travel journal she called her *Rough Notebook* (later renamed by critics the *Urewera Notebook*), this little book remained with her all of her life and would be her inspiration for many of her finest stories and characters. Mostly I think, it may have helped her remember and relive her youth in a land she continued to call 'home.'

All entries are based on KM's notes as they appear in their published form in *Urewera Notebooks*. Page numbers refer to her travels as recorded in the *Urewera Notebooks*.

***Softly, gently* – (Dec 2 and Dec. 3, 1907 (78, 81-82, 83-85 (K's vignette). Terraces Hotel, near Taupo)**

KB writes to her sister Marie (Chaddie), December 2, 1907, "I am a vagrant a Wanderer, A Gypsy . . ." (78). Towards the end of their travels, the group camp at Taupo for several days and enjoy relaxing mineral baths. It is here with some rest, K writes a vignette that will eventually become her first publication in the Australian journal, the *Native Companion* in October and November the following year.

For some time K played with using "I" or "she" to describe herself. In letters K is always "I," but in these notebook entries K varies between "she" and "I." In the vignette, the narrator uses "I".

Because there were no lilacs (November 15? 1907) (33- 35)

It is likely this entry was made on the first day of K's journey from Wellington to Hastings where she and her fellow traveller, Millie Parker embarked to meet Millie's relatives and their tour guides, Mr. and Mrs. Ebbett. In her entry, KB records seeing a young boy riding a horse beside the train and as Ian Gordon suggests, she may be thinking of Whitman's "tanned- faced children" in his poem, *Pioneers! O Pioneers!* Unconsciously, however, K may have been thinking more about the poem's theme – that of unity of the self and country, something that troubled her until her death.

Johanna (November, 25, 1907(?) Te Whaiti (61 – 64)

According to Ian Gordon's notes in the *Urewera Notebook*, K's entries do not always follow in sequence. No one could be certain just when each site was visited. Because K often kept quite detailed accounts, it is believed that this date should be fairly accurate despite her habit of skipping ahead in books or looping back to previous pages.

In a letter to her mother, K describes Johanna, a Maori, whose family where they sleep outside of one night possibly in November 1907. K is quite taken by this little girl who loves literature, but is clearly divided between her native culture and one she cannot

hope to join. According to Gordon, K had learned that road development to Ruatahuna had brought a degree of Europeanization to the local Maoris. She clearly feels for Johanna and perhaps to a small degree, recognizes something of herself in the child.

God takes the frog's song (Nov. 26, 1907. On the way to Waiotapu, 65)

This is perhaps one of the more negative accounts in K's notebook. Sickened by the sulphuric smell of the volcano, "a boiling filthy sore upon the earth," "[d]isgusted and outraged" and feeling poorly, K records the early silence of the day when "she" hears only "the sound of a frog – Intense stillness – almost terrible." (65)

K was an inconsistent speller throughout her life and this passage is a wonderful early example of her constant variety of spellings. First she writes, "*by and bye* a little puff of white steam . . .". Then further on "*Bye and Bye* we got to see the mud volcano. . ." (Emphasis mine in each case).

With A Small Sliver of Moon (Mon. Dec. 2, 1907) (72-75)

KB's guide, George Ebbett, a solicitor from Hastings and somewhat of a Maori scholar, spoke the language and often told stories of famous Maori battles. K, intrigued by his stories and the language itself, imagines the Maoris fighting on the mountain.

Water mentioned in the poem is the Waikato River.

“Ancient fighting pah” is K’s phrase (72). According to her biographer, Alpers, Pah, Pa, or Pa-Man, was a common term in the Beauchamp household used to describe a man’s man. She often referred to her father as such. This term is also used in K’s journals.

K describes the bird they see as “large and widely silent.” (74)