

Katherine Mansfield is Also a Poetess

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While probing into the material of my thesis about Katherine Mansfield's art in the field of short story writing+, I have noticed that Mansfield is not only a writer of short prose, but also a versifier that should be taken into consideration . This article then, is a modest contribution to the critical heritage of Katherine Mansfield's art of poetry . My aim is to attempt a critical analysis to her splinters of verses and poems, and lay bare what they have as techniques, contain as themes and communicate as vision .

Through my voracious reading of her poems, I have got to a compromise of methodology which is essentially based on three major elements : first , to know about Mansfield's nature and sensibility poetry . Second, to short out her themes and subject-matters and see whether they are introspective or not . Third, to shed light on the literary devices and see to what extent her poems are effective . However, it is difficult to dissociate all these elements while discussing her poems, because poetry is an art , and art is an entirety--a wholeness--, where all its parts are intermingled to contribute to the harmony of the verses, and therefore to the unity of effect of the poem .

Art is an essence reached through the amount of perfection which is conditioned by the extent of the craft of the artist . In this sense, Katherine Mansfield appreciates poetry because of the sensibility it evokes .

The poems she likes are ever tinged with gloom and, or, overtone with sadness . They represent grief, bereavement and the longing for beauty

In a letter to the Countess Pussell[2] in October 1921, she wrote, giving her impression about Thomas Hardy's poems :

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How exquisite, how marvellous some of those poems are ! They are almost intolerably near to one. I mean I always long to weep ... that love and regret touched, so lightly -- that autumn tone, that feeling that 'Beauty passes through rare rare it be ... '[3]

The sentence , I mean I always long to weep ... ' , has a psychological resonance . There is a kind of isolation and frail relationship within a world of a decaying moral order . The personal focus in poetry , and modern literature in general, is one of the characteristics of modern poets , and among them Katherine Mansfield. She abandoned her homeland and her people, and spent a shabby life full of guilt and remorse . These circumstances are the catalyst that makes her inner-self grow in her poetry : there is an attempt at an equation between the exterior world and the human faculties . H.G. Bantock in his article, "The Social and Intellectual Background " , puts it well when he says :

The associational process' which constituted the medium of opinion formation; it also bore witness to a developed : ideology of secular individualism and psychological privacy and linked with an essentially romantic self-image of isolation ... it represented the artists 'refusal to compromise with the unifying and homogenising tendencies of the age .[4]

This 'self-image of isolation' is a kind of direct experience , a mask, a dramatised conventionalization of the artist ' own experience, or a connection of oblique resemblance's . What presents the notion of isolation moves the sensibility, shakes the emotions and bleeds the hearts . It even haunts the individual . To Ottoline Morrell in January 1922, Katherine Mansfield wrote commenting upon Walter De La Mare's collection of poems, *The Veil & Other Poems*, published in London in 1921 :

I am so glad you liked *THE VELL* . There is one poem :
Why has rose the faded and fallen
And these eyes have not seen
it haunts me . But it is a state of mind I know so terribly well--
that regret for what one has not seen and felt-- for what has
passed by --unheeded . life is only given once and then I
WASTE it . Do you feel that .[5]

No doubt, Katherine Mansfield found in poetry the support she needed in order to step beyond the vicissitude of life and its absurdity, and created, instead, an ideal world where she had all what she lacked of in reality : the pursuit for love beauty and truth . However, there is a cult of sensibility which is based on the power of feeling and relied more heavily upon truths to which feelings granted them to excess . The truth is that Katherine Mansfield spent a bohemian life wandering aimlessly for the sake of art, cure and health; but through her travels , she was spiritually bereft and devastated by loneliness and grief : in her life there are some records of failures, disappointments, abandonment and disillusionment's . These records are proofs of her troubled life and deceit . Sylvia Berkman, in the Foreward of Ida Baker's book, Katherine Mansfield : The Memories of L. M.,[6] wrote :

Deep down, beyond all self-blame and self-accusation ,
Katherine felt betrayed : Murry [7] had not given up his
own pursuits to join her; he had chosen his work and his
homeland . He had abandoned her to the embrace of
death . In her bitterness and pain she turned the blade of
her wild despair against L . M .[8]

This 'self-blame' or 'self-accusation' is not in fact a false judgement . True is that Katherine Mansfield revolted against her family and tradition; true too is her rebellious self . She was a hypersensitive, fastidious and independent being . It is this FORCE DES CHOSSES which pressed so much upon her all along her life. She is conscious of things, and in this way her sensibility is ever keen and alert . It is always associated with hopelessness and pessimism, that is way she appreciates any poem that reflects her state of mind and presents what she never has in her life, or also revives her own past .

But Katherine Mansfield is not only a spectator that appreciates what others do, she is a verifier of good stand . She writes poems that reflect what she thinks, reveal what she wants and record her personal facts. In her Journal at Bandol in December between 1915-16, she wrote :

Then I want to write poetry . I feel always trembling on the brink
of poetry .
The almont tree the birds, the little window out of which I lean
and dream

that you 'against my shoulder, and the times that
your[9]photograph 'looks sad.[10]

The reader of Katherine Mansfield's poems and splinters of verses, may notice that all her poems are made with serenity and sensibility . As the Romantic poets, there is always, in her poems, a complaint, a regret, and a great emphasis upon the inner self[11] which seems oppressed by circumstances and cheerless fate . Her description of the external world and the depiction of her self, render the reader affective and shares with her complaint and wounds . "All good poetry", said Wordsworth in the preface to his Lyrical Ballads "is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings[12] ." This escape to romanticism was a revolt against the hold of the industrial revolution of Victorian Era, which pressed so hard upon the individual and reduced him to anonymity . It has destroyed intimacy between people, disintegrated the pattern of the family and made of the individual an object, a one-face-coin, with no value . This escape, however, is a cry against the corruption of the modern world . Margaret Stonyk goes in this sense and says :

A true romantic was being born at a more significant level with a new generation of independent thinkers who had been reared in the atmosphere of industry and piety and who were now committing themselves to a personal search for the right basis for faith and action .[13]

The truth then for Katherine Mansfield is only a shabby life full of depravity and unhappiness, that is why all her poems are overloaded with gloom and the longing for beauty . They reveal the "profoundest Ocean" of her aspiration and dig into the depth of her heart, because there is a "rainbow shell" of hope that wants to leap up; but it is murdered by her misdemeanour and buried by circumstances that never praise her, as we may read in the following poem " The Secret"[14].

In the profoundest Ocean
There is a rainbow shell,
It is always there, shining most stilly,
Under the greatest storm waves
And under the happy little waves
That the old Greeks 'ripples of laughter . '
And you listen . the rainbow shell
Sings---in the profoundest Ocean .
It is always there, singing most silently!

Katherine Mansfield's desire was to achieve purity of vision in her art : to see clearly herself, through her own past and present, in order to transmit truth to the reader . She wants to make the reader see, and drives him into the unhealed wounds of her own past .

Katherine Mansfield's life was troubled and unstable . Early in 1918, under the threat of tuberculosis, she left England to the South of France because of its milder climate . But the place was never the ideal ; she was overwhelmed by anguish of loneliness and despair . The frightening shock of haemorrhage at the age of 29, made her subject to intense and agonising pressures the spiritual torment and the increasing physical weaknesses . She strove to overcome her difficulties and control her own existence but she did not succeed, because her adversary was implacable and beyond any control . This is what exacerbated her situation and made her art full of morosity and hopelessness. Pessimistic at the extreme and haunted by the idea of death, She sent very sad verses, quoted from Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, to John Middleton Murry :

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough
And there my mate that's never to be found again
Lament till I am lost .
Your eyes be musical, your dewy feet
Have freshly trod the Lawns for timeless hours,
O young and Lovely dead! [15]

Katherine Mansfield's poetical soul awoke earlier . So young , in a competition about the writing of a good piece of poetry in a 'violet party' organised by Mrs Randine-Brown, the wife of her professor of Classics, she was the winner of the first place . The second one went to her former teacher . Her entry was entitled "Why Love Is Blind" :

The cupid child tired of the winter day

Wept and Lamented for the skies of blue
Till, foolish child! he cried his eyes away ---
And violets grew .

This earlier poem, However, is highly personal and reveals the frail heart and the sensitive nature of the girl. But this sensitive girl is also

a revolting one . In 1919, she turned on her husband in a cruel rage and sent to him bitter verses entitled "The New Husband" . In this poem, she compared him to her father Sir Harold Beauchamp who came to visit her in London . In this poem, she sees herself as a child without protection, since Murry was a 'unfair' husband who had let her down in critical circumstances :

Someone came to me and said
Forget, forget that you've been wed.
Who's your man to leave you be
Ill and cold in a far country ?
Who 's the husband who's the stone
Could leave a child like you alone

Katherine Mansfield felt cheated, because she never had what she wanted and never wanted what she had . She felt that Murry's love was growing cold, and their marital relationship impersonal : that is why she became rebellious and played different roles to men . In his article , "Les Inconstances de Katherine Mansfield", François Bott stresses the point and says :

Les pauvres amants découvraient, avec Mansfield ,
toutes les Ses exaltations retombaient aussi vite qu'elles
étaient nées . Ses inconstances, qui n'avaient rien
de frivole ni de délibéré, procédaient de sa nature,
comme la mélancolie de Baudelaire , la fantaisie de
Giraudoux, les fureurs de Céline .[16]

Besides her self-introspection and her "melancholy, melancholy things [17], Katherine Mansfield poured out her poems with nostalgia and homesickness . She longed her homeland, New Zealand, its beauty and its people, as she was later to complain in a poem "To Stanislaw Wyspianski"[18], composed in the manner of Walt Whitmans .This poem is considered as one of her best poems .

It was thought to have been written in around 1907 at the time of the death of this Polish nationalist, the time when Katherine Mansfield was in New Zealand . Thought the poem is about the glorification of this Polish compatriot, there is however a taint of love to New Zealand, that Katherine Mansfield considered as a sacred debt to write about

From the other side of the world,
From a little island cradled in the giant sea bosom,

From a little land with no history .
(Making its own history, slowly and clumsily
Piecing together this and that, finding the pattern solving the
problem
Like a child with a box of bricks)
I, a woman with the taint of the pioneer in my blood
Full of youthful strength that wars with itself and its lawless
I sing your praises, magnificent warrior ; I proclaim your
triumphant battle .

The same thought and the same driving emotions are behind
another poem entitled "October"[19] (it was published as
"November" in Daily news in November 1909) ,
which is metrically a sort of Walt Whitman's free verse .

It is a poem about New Zealand and the city of Paddington
described in autumn .

It is dated '22 x 08' and sent to Vera [20] in 1908 at Beauchamp
Lodge, as a present
to her twenty third birthday . It starts by describing the mist and the
fog which are the characteristics of a New Zealand early morning:

Dim mist of a fog-bound day ...
From the lilac trees that droop in St Mary's Square
The dead leaves fall, a silent shivering cloud .
Through the grey haze the carts loom heavy, gigantic
Down the dull street ... children play in the gather,
Quarrell and cry ; their voices are flat and toneless .
Without a sound like the shuffling tread of some giant monster
I hear the trains escape from the station near and near
their way into the country

This lovely homeland with its lilac trees and its ever grey haze is
contrasted with the dirtiness of London which looks strange, devilish
and melancholic . Then, the poem becomes a symbol of barrenness
and death.

Though Katherine Mansfield dealt with free verse form like Walt
Whitman, she did not appreciate cities like him . He found cities
positive, vital and attractive, while Mansfield found them drab,
rotten and corruptive, as we read in the last stanza of the same poem
:

Dim mist of a fog-bound day .
From the lilac trees that droop in St Mary's Square
The dead leaves fall, a silent, fluttering crowd .
Dead thoughts, that , shivering, fall on the barren earth ...

Over and under it all the muttering murmur of London .

Katherine Mansfield's attitude towards love . country and beauty is that of a transcendentalist . According to her, what is lovely is always beyond the earthly side of human life, and therefore beyond the physical into the realm of the spirit and the ideal .

Concerning the form of her poems Katherine Mansfield embraced both the free and the rhymed forms . Like Walt Whitman she dealt with free verse form, revolting against ornaments and decorations, but like Hardy either, she rhymed her verse aiming at evoking musicality and melody .

Walt Whitman, in order to reach the American people, dropped down the extrinsic beauty and the traditional ornaments of the verses, and created instead, his own form of writing poetry, as he proclaims in his preface to his collection of poems *Leaves of Grass* :

A poetic quality is not marshalled in rhyme or uniformity or abstract addresses to things

not in melancholy complaints or good precepts, but it is the life of these and much else and is in the soul .

The profit of the rhyme is that it drops seeds of a sweeter and more luxuriant rhyme, and of uniformity that it conveys itself into its own roots in the ground out of sight . The rhyme and uniformity of perfect poems show the free growth of metrical laws and bud from them as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses, on a bush, and take shapes as compact as the shapes of chestnuts and oranges and melons and pears, and shed the perfume impalpable to form .

The fluency and ornaments of the finest poems
or music orations or recitations are not
independent but dependent .[21]

This unrhymed free verse, however, is distinguishable in its affinity with the Bible : there are cadences, repetitions and impressive words that attract the reader, as in this passage from "Song of Myself", in *Leaves of Grass* :

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace
and knowledge that pass all the argument of the earth,
And I know that the land of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brother and the women

my sisters and mothers,
And that a kelson of creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And mossy scribes of the worm fence, hea'd stones, elder, mullein
and poke-weak .

Katherine Mansfield, like walt whitman, wrote some of her poems in free form she used repetitions, and emphasised words for the aim of evoking impression, as in "October"[22] or in the following verses of her poem "To Stanislaw Wyspianski" :

How alive you leapt into the grave and wrestled with Death
And found in the veins of Death the red blood flowing
And raised Death up in your arms and showed him to all the
people .
Yours are more personal labour than the Nazarene's miracles,
Yours are more forceful encounter than the Nazarene's gentle
commands

Katherine Mansfield, like Thomas Hardy, dealt also with the traditional verse form which reveals the intrinsic beauty of the rhyme and the rhythmical melody of the verse . Hardy's poems form is grounded upon the tradition of rural song . It has taken their power and cumulative force and the aptness of metre and diction from its roots . We notice these qualities in the following verses taken from " A Broken Appointment" :

But, unto the store
Of human deeds divine in all but name,
Was it not worth a little hour more
To add yet this : Once you, a woman, came
To soot a time-worn man, even though it be
you love not me ?

Katherine Mansfield rhymed her poems and structured them in Hardy's manner, in order to evoke the euphony of her verses and 'spell' the reader, as this stanza, from "Sanary", illustrates :

Her little hot room looked over the bay
Through a stiff palisade of glinting palms
And there she would lie in the heat of the day,
Her dark head resting upon her arms,
So quiet, so still, she did not seem
To think , to feel, or even to dream .

Or these first six verses of the poem "To L . H . B . (1894-1915)" [23].

Last night for the first time since you were dead
I walked with you, my brother, in a dream .
We were at home again beside the stream
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white and red .
'Don't touch them they are poisonous,' I said
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam
Of strange, bright laughter flying round your head
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam .

Katherine Mansfield adopted the rhymed poetry for the aim of evoking music . like the musician who recounts his tourments through music scales, the poet textualizes them into words . Music , like the poetical language, contributes to the melody, rhythm and harmony of the piece of art . Every note and tune, every rhythm and modulation in music corresponds to a special thought and a precise feeling . Reviewing the Oxford Book of English Poetry in the Ninth of December in 1919 . Mansfield wrote to John Middleton Murry at Bandol :

except for Shakespeare and Marvel and just a handful
of others it seems to be a mass of falsity . Musically speaking
hardly everyone seems to EVEN UNDERSTAND what the
middle of the note is---what that sound is like . It's not perhaps
that they are even 'sharp' or flat--- it's something much more
subtle--
they are not playing on the VERY NOTE ITSELF .[24]

Melody, rhythm and harmony are elements that contribute greatly to the beautification of Mansfield's poetry . what characterises the melody of her poetry is its particularity . It constantly expresses in all its details the subject-matter of the poet . This element is qualified as '*sonorous motion*' , since it is evocative and expressive as a symphony which arouses our feelings with its ups and downs, and evokes therefore what the musician wants to communicate .

Rhythm in Mansfield's poems changes and repeats itself each time all along the verses (see "Sanary and the Secret") . It is completely subject to the needs of expression and varies in accordance with what Mansfield wants to show .

Harmony is evoked by the unity of effect of the poem . And this unity of effect is related to the wholeness and uniformity in the theme and structure of the whole poem, e . g . , if Mansfield wants to communicate a sad mood, there must be a dull atmosphere, and the latter in its turn should rely on words, rhythm and the theme that relate to such state : the phonic and the graphic contribute to the sense and meaning [25] . René Wellek and Austin Warren put it well in their book *Theory of Literature*, when they proclaim that "in many works of art, including of course prose, the sound-stratum attracts attention and thus constitutes an integral part of the aesthetic effect . This is true of much ornate prose and of all verse, which by definition is an organisation of a language's sound-system . "[26] Any good verse is musical, and any musical verse holds some general conception of its meanings and its emotional tone . Thus, the effect of any poem is caused by its musicality, or what we call euphony . That is why Katherine Mansfield's poems are very attractive and of a good quality . "Relational distinctions", say Wellek and Warren, " ... are those which may become the basis of rhythm and metre : the pitch, the duration of the sounds, the stress, the frequency of recurrence, all elements permitting qualitative distinctions,[27] "and go on claiming that "the meaning of poetry is contextual : a word carries with it not only its dictionary meaning but an aura of synonyms and homonyms; Words not only have a meaning but evoke the meaning of words related either in sound, or in sense or derivation --- or even words which are contrasted or excluded . "[28]

The interrelation of words, either in sound or sense, forms the texture of the piece of art and weaves the skeins of its composition and thus, it gives birth to an image-making which reflects the emotion and, or, the state of mind of the poet . Artistically speaking, there are many types of image-making there are the gustatory and the olfactory and the thermal and pressure images ('kinaesthetic', haptic', emphatic') . There are clear differences between static images, as describing : landscape and 'kinetic' (or 'dynamic') as depicting a movement of a person or sea-waves . There is also the synaesthetic imagery which reflects the psychological 'constitution of the poet . This type of imagery is used to translate, from one sense to another, the sound in colour, as the heavy, noise of the waves which connotes some thing strange , unknown, and therefore dark . So, any image is a representation, and any representation, is rooted in the person of the poet . "The visual image is a sensation or a

perception, but it also 'stands for', refers to, something invisible, something 'inner'. It can be both presentation and representation at once. "[29] The same view has been claimed by W. B. Yeats. In *Essays and Introduction*, he says :

all sounds, all colours, all forms, either because of their pre-ordained
energies or because of long associations, evoke indefinable and yet precise
emotions, or as I prefer to think, call down among us certain disembodied
powers, whose footsteps over our heart we call emotions; and when sound
and colour, and form are in musical relation, a beautiful relation to one
another, they become, as it were, one sound, one colour, one form, and
evoke an emotion that is made out of their emotions, and yet is one emotion. [30]

Katherine Mansfield never neglects such techniques in verse writing. Her verses enfold all these poetical qualities that make them famous and ever afresh. In her poems, she manages words and arranges them in order to produce a special sound and accent aiming at giving pleasure or impression which music gives, and reproducing an artistic image which echoes her own heart, as the following verses, from 'To L. H. B.', illustrate :

I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar
of the dark water tumbling on the shore.
Where--- where is the path of my dream for my eager feet ?
By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands ...
These are my body. Sister, take and eat.'

Katherine Mansfield is drawing, here, an artistic image which is not pleasing at all, because she is herself astounded by the moaning of the wind and the roaring of the wild waves at dusk. This visual image, however, implies death---the death of her brother. It is loaded with gloom, threat and incomprehensibility. This image is contrasted with a remote one which symbolises happiness and the good times spent together with her brother. It is a kind of reminiscences where she makes her brother alive and makes him talk to her

(‘These are my body . Sister, take and eat .’)[31], as opposed to the first image where the talker is Nature , which remains an enigma like the secret that life enfolds .

In Katherine Mansfield ‘s poems[32], we often find image contrasts . There is the co-presence of two contra-stive twin poles : that of life and that of death .

There is a certainty for Katherine Mansfield that life with its happiness and pleasure, and death with its bereavement and gloom have to co-exist, because they are parts of one thing---life . They have to exist even if we don’t like . We have to accept it as it is, but not as it should be. It is a fact .

To round off, one should undoubtedly say that Katherine Mansfield, the lively, the sensitive, the enthusiastic , the tender, is also a versatile poetess who has a greater knowledge and comprehension of human nature . She often begins with her personal focus which serves as a fulcrum for the structure of her poems . Anthony Hecht proclaims that ‘the work of art bears some important imprint of the spirit and inmost life of its maker .’[33] And I do conclusively say it is .

ENDNOTES

1- Bouregbi, Salah, Katherine Mansfield : A Short Story writer . Her Art and Craft . University of Annaba, 1991 .

2- Katherine Mansfield’s cousin , born Mary Annette Beauchamp in Sidney, Australia, author of the best selling *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* . She was married to the Count Von Arnim and after his death , Lord Russell .

3- Katherine Mansfield , *Letters and Journals* , ed . C . K . Stead (Harmondsworth , Middlesex : Penguin , 1977, rep. . 1981) , p . 235

4- G . H . Bantock , “The Social & Intellectual Background ,” in *The New Pelican Guide to English Literature : From James to Eliot* (N° 7) , Ed . Boris Ford (Harmondsworth, Middlesex : Penguin , 1983 Rep. . 1984) , p . 13 .

5- Katherine Mansfield , *Letters & Journals* , Op . Cit . , p . 260 .

6- L . M . : Leslie Moore , the name given by Katherine Mansfield to her intimate friend Idea Baker , the author of the book .

7- Murry : John Middleton Murry , the husband of Katherine Mansfield .

8- Ida Baker , Katherine Mansfield : The Memories of L. M. (London : Michael Joseph , 1971) , p . 15 .

9- John Middleton Murry .

10- Katherine Mansfield , Letters & Journals , Op . Cit . , p . 66.

11- It is the characteristic of all the Romantics mainly Wordsworth and Coleridge . The inner self was a Protestant creation , and also was prefigured in Catholicism (as the Catholic reformer Savanorala, and the meditative Thomas à Kempis, Who wrote The Imitation of Christ). Martin Luther , too , dealt with this notion . It is said that there is a paradoxical relationship between the inner-self and the external world : as the inner self grows , landscape paradoxically visible precisely through a devaluation of everything moves outward as the inner self grows inward, until the estrangement between the two worlds produces the phenomenon of ecstatic nature worship .

12- William Wordsworth , " Preface" to Lyrical Ballads , Cited in Notes on Selected Poems of Wordsworth , by D.H. Parry (Harlow : Longman , 1982) , p . 10

13- Margaret Stonyk , Nineteenth Century English Literature (London : Macmillan , 1983 , Rep. . 1984) , p . 138 .

14- * This poem has the same thematic concerns with her short story " At the Bay " , in The Garden Party & Other Stories . Harmondsworth, Middlesex : Penguin , 1981

15- Katherine Mansfield , Letters & Journals , Op . Cit . , pp. 103-104.

16- François Bott , " Les inconstances de Katherines Mansfield , "in le Monde , 11 Decembre 1987, p . 15 , Section ' Le Monde des livres' , Col . 4 .

17- Katherine Mansfield , Letters & Journals , Op . Cit . , p . 141.

18- The poem was dated Worishofen , 1910 , and therefore seems to belong to her first works of the German Pension , But most critics thought it was written in New Zealand .

19- This poem has an affinity with Katherine Mansfield's short story , "At the Bay" in The Garden Party & Other Stories . Harmondsworth, Middlesex : Penguin , 1981

20- Her sister.

21- Walt Whitman , ' Preface ' to leaves of Grass, Quoted in Concise Anthology of American Literature , by George Michael (New York , London : Mac millan Publishing Compan y, Collier Macmillan Publisher , 1974, Rep. . 1985) , pp . 903-04 .

22- Compare the first three verses of the first stanza with the first three verses of the last stanza :

S I First tree verses :

Dim mist of a fog-bound day ...

From the lilac trees that droop in St Mary's Square

The dead leaves fall , a silent , shivering cloud .

S II First three verses :

Dim mist of a fog-bound day .

Form the lilac trees that droop in St Mary's Square .

The dead leaves fall , a silent , fluttering crowd .

23- Lelie Harold Beauchamp, her brother . The poem is about the death of her brother who was killed in the South of France during the W . W . I . , while manoeuvring a faulty handgrenade .

24- Katherine Mansfield , Letters & Journals , Op . Cit . , p . 63.

25- Linguistically speaking , the phonic and graphic together are called Signifier (Signifiant) and the sense is called Signifié) . In other words, Form Idea are interrelated .

26- René Welleck , and Austin Warren , Theory of Literature (Harmondsworth , Middlesex : Penguin , 1956, rep. . 1985) , p . 158 .

27- Ibid. . , p . 159 .

28- Ibid. . , p . 175 .

29- Ibid. . , p . 188 .

30- W . B . Yeats Essays & Introductions (London : Macmillan , 1982) , p . 214 .

31- This verse has a Biblical connotation : ' And as were eating , he took bread , and blessed , and broke it , to them , and said , ' Take ; this my body . And he took a cup , and when he had given thanks he gave it to them , and they all drank of it . And he said to them , ' This is my blood of the convenient , which is poured out for many . Truly , I say to you , I shall not drink again of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new in the Kingdom of God . ' , Marks 14 , Verses 22, 23, 24, 25 .

32- Also her short stories : ' The Garden Party ' , ' At the Bay ' , ' Prelude ' , ect...

33- Anthony Hacht , ' Richard Wibur : A Poet Called to Praise , ' 'in Dialogue , N° 85 (March , 1989) , p . 67 .

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