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KATHERINE MANSFIELD AND THE “WIZARD”
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**FIRST ENCOUNTERS: D. H. LAWRENCE,
KATHERINE MANSFIELD AND THE “WIZARD” LONDON**

JANE STAFFORD

... I know the bush is beautiful
The cities up to date
In life, they say, we're on the top
It's England, though, that's late.
But I, with all my longing heart,
I care not what they say
It's London ever calling me
The live long day.

When I get back to London streets
When I am there again
I shall forget that Summer's here
When I am in the rain.
But I shall only feel at last
The wizard has his way
And London's ever calling me
The live long day ...

(Katherine Mansfield, 1907)¹

... the people in London do not feel so strange; they are folk who have come down the four winds of Heaven to this center of convergence of the Universe; people in Manchester and Stockport and the awful undignified provincial towns are like races of insects running over some food body; one naturally gravitates to London; one naturally flees from the cotton centres.

(D. H. Lawrence, 1908 [*IL* 80])

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D. H. Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield arrived in London within two months of each other in 1908, Lawrence from provincial Eastwood, Mansfield from colonial New Zealand. Both were conscious that they had made a significant move from periphery to the centre; both saw the advantages of the move in terms of their literary ambitions.

London, for both writers, had been an idea, a set of associations, part of the imaginary of the provincial and colonial worlds in which the two were brought up. It was “The wizard ... London”, which, Mansfield wrote as she journeyed through the New Zealand bush in 1907, laid “cold fingers about her heart”, enticing and, subject as she was to her parents’ wishes, frighteningly unobtainable.² “There’s nothing on earth to do”, she wrote to her cousin, Sylvia Payne, of her life in Wellington

– nothing to see – and my heart keeps flying off – Oxford Circus – Westminster Bridge at the Whistler hour – London by hansom – my old room – the meetings of the Swans – and the corner in the Library. It haunts me all so much ... How people ever wish to live here I cannot think –³

For Lawrence, London was the “pompous, magnificent capital of commercialdom, a place of stately individualistic ideas” (*IL* 80). For both writers, London represented a set of social possibilities which could be gratifying or intimidating. And most importantly, London was the location of the professional network of editors, reviewers, publishers and informed readers, as Lawrence put it in a letter to Frederick Atkinson, to “break me an entrance into the jungle of literature” (*IL* 222). For both, inhibited, variously, by place of origin, class, and gender, entry into this jungle, these sites of activity and recognition, was not straightforward. However, both were aware that their backgrounds gave them access to novel and marketable subject matter and modes of writing.

The friendship of Lawrence and Mansfield began at their first meeting in London in June 1913, was intense until June 1916 and

then proceeded unevenly until her death in 1923.⁴ Kathleen Jones describes it as characterised by “insults”, “dramatic quarrels”, “silences, and then communication as if nothing has ever happened”.⁵ This essay is concerned with their initial professional and formal encounters as editor and contributor in 1913, and the contrasting manner in which each writer, at this early stage of their careers, marketed the distinct material of their backgrounds – provincial, colonial – to their London audiences.

Lawrence and Mansfield first met in the Chancery Lane offices of the journal *Rhythm* for which Mansfield was, according to the contents page of the fifth issue, “assisting” the editor, John Middleton Murry.⁶ She had written to Lawrence in January 1913 when he was living in Gargnano on Lake Garda to ask if he would give her a story for *Rhythm*, presumably on the basis of stories and poetry that had appeared in the *English Review* and the *Westminster Gazette*, with which she was familiar. Although Lawrence reminded her that *Rhythm* had said “nasty things” about his recently published novel *The Trespasser* (*IL* 507) – a review by Frederick Goodyear called its tone “very curious, almost indescribable, and on the whole unsatisfactory”⁷ – he was well-disposed, offering Mansfield ‘The Soiled Rose’ which he described as “a sickly title, but not a bad story” (*IL* 507). It had already been promised to the American journal *The Forum* but Lawrence suggested they might agree to a simultaneous publication with *Rhythm*. If not, he wrote, she should contact Edward Garnett in London, now acting as his unofficial literary agent and advisor, for another. He would be back in London in March, he told Mansfield, “and then, if your tea-kettle is still hot, I shall be glad to ask you for the cup you offered” (*IL* 508).

The journal *Rhythm* had first appeared in 1911 and, according to Frank Swinnerton, quickly made a name for itself in the London literary scene as “youth’s alternative” to the *English Review*, established in 1908, where Lawrence’s poems and stories had previously been published.⁸ Authors, realistic about the finances of such London literary publications, were happy to let their work

appear without payment. “Are you cross with me for telling Katherine Mansfield she could have a story for *Rhythm* for nothing?”, Lawrence wrote to Garnett: “I wanted to do it. But if you disapprove, then I won’t promise any more. You will have heard from her perhaps” (*IL* 510). Garnett had indeed. In a brief and wonderfully unpunctuated letter Mansfield had written: “Im sorry. I explained to Mr Lawrence that we dont pay: I made it quite clear – ”.⁹

In a placatory manner, Mansfield sent Lawrence a copy of *Rhythm*, and asked him to review Edward Marsh’s *Georgian Poetry* (which included one of his poems – a fact he conceded in his overwhelmingly positive review). She told him that that “everybody was talking about [his] poetry” (*IL* 530). Her flattery worked even if the experience of reading *Rhythm* did not. In February Lawrence wrote to Ernest Collings: “You should find some of my stuff in March *Rhythm*. It’s a daft paper, but the folk seem rather nice” (*IL* 519). Lawrence’s story did not appear in March and by May *Rhythm* had collapsed leaving Murry and Mansfield with a debt of £400. It was replaced by *The Blue Review* and ‘The Soiled Rose’, now named ‘The Dead Rose’ (later ‘The Shades of Spring’), appeared in the first issue.

Faith Binckes describes the new venture in the London literary scene as “representative of a set of volatile intersecting networks, the interests of which, like the interests of the magazines themselves, often – but not always – overlapped”.¹⁰ But her assertion that the new publication “was the context in which Lawrence was first introduced to Murry and Mansfield” is, as the preceding detail has shown, incorrect. Jenny McDonnell claims that *The Blue Review* “increasingly became a showcase for Georgian writing”,¹¹ but the fact that Lawrence’s story was solicited by Mansfield for *Rhythm* and carried over and published in the new title suggests there was no strict distinction between the two. And it is difficult to argue, as McDonnell does, that the publication of Lawrence’s story “represented one of [*The Blue Review*]’s major

coups” as Lawrence had originally offered the story to *Rhythm* and Mansfield had accepted it before that journal’s demise.¹²

In common with many London periodicals at the time, the economics of *The Blue Review* proved no more robust than those of *Rhythm* and Mansfield’s involvement on the editorial and business side lessened. But the third issue, its final, contained an essay by Lawrence on German literature as well as a review of *Sons and Lovers* by Hugh Walpole, who noted its “passionate beauty” and its “passionate ugliness, grit, grime, vice, disorder, unhappiness” but also its “zest” and “flaming excitement about everything in the world”.¹³

These business-like exchanges between Mansfield and Lawrence point to a significant factor that shaped and structured their work, that of the modernist marketplace of contemporary London, the study of which has become, according to Carey Snyder, a “flourishing new field of scholarship”.¹⁴ Despite “the modernist-perpetuated myth that the movement was antithetical to pressures of the marketplace”,¹⁵ at the time of their first contact with each other both Mansfield and Lawrence were acutely aware of the demands and possibilities of this nascent market and the career advantages to be gained by attention to “changing attitudes to authority and audience within the publishing context of the little magazine”.¹⁶ Mansfield proved herself to be “a shrewd negotiator of England’s literary marketplace”,¹⁷ with a “business savvy, underlining her capabilities as a professional writer with an understanding of the practicalities of the marketplace”.¹⁸ Binckes describes Lawrence’s relationship with *Rhythm* as demonstrating the way he “worked to balance the material, financial and the aesthetic in his early forays into the literary field” and notes the “element of pragmatism and negotiation” exhibited by both writers and demonstrated by Lawrence’s willingness to revise his work.¹⁹ Annalise Grice writes of the manner in which little magazines, anthologies and reviewing “provide[d] an outlet for the staging of authorial voices, identities, associations, and networks”²⁰ and the

suitability, in such a milieu, of Lawrence's "sociable nature and his collaborative literary practice and covert self-promotion".²¹

Mansfield was, at this time, twenty-four. She was living with her lover, later husband, John Middleton Murry. Lawrence was three years older. Both writers were in a similar legal position, waiting for the machinery of divorce to proceed. In March 1909 Mansfield had been briefly married to George Bowden, a singer. She became pregnant to her New Zealand lover Garnet Trowell about this time – Kathleen Jones is certain this occurred before her marriage and was its cause; Antony Alpers is more circumspect with the available evidence²² – but she had a miscarriage or stillbirth in June. Bowden behaved in a cooperative manner throughout what he later described as "an episode not without its dignity and good fellowship";²³ the two were not divorced until 1918. In July 1913 Lawrence wrote to Constance Garnett "she is (like F[rieda] and me) with Murry ... Love and running away from husbands is desperately ticklish work" (2L 31–2).

Both writers had been productive and professionally successful since arriving in London. Lawrence was completing and proofing his third novel *Sons and Lovers* for Duckworth and the collection *Love Poems and Others* was about to appear. Mansfield's stories based on her time in Germany, where she had been dispatched for the expected extra-marital birth by her outraged and unforgiving mother, had appeared as 'Bavarian Sketches' in *The New Age* between February 1910 and July 1912 and as a collection *In a German Pension* published by Stephen Swift in December 1911.

Yet despite this, money was a concern for both. Although Mansfield's mother wrote her out of her will as soon as she arrived back in Wellington, her father continued her allowance, a generous £120 pounds a year. But it was eaten into by *Rhythm*'s printing debts which would eventually, in 1914, force Murry into bankruptcy. Lawrence and Frieda were in Gargnano from September 1912 to April 1913 for reasons of economy: his letters are full of delighted references to the cheapness of the local wine. His second novel *The Trespasser* had, he told Ford Madox Hueffer

in December 1912, “brought me enough money to carry me – so modestly, as you may guess – through a winter here on the Lake Garda” (*1L* 485). But in August he had written to Garnett “I must get some money from somewhere, shortly” (*1L* 434). He and Frieda returned to London in June 1913.

Both Mansfield and Lawrence would, later in life, undertake the involuntary travel of the expatriate consumptive, and even as early as 1913 neither was in a domestic situation that might constitute a home, physically or emotionally. London was a reference point, professionally, and to an extent socially, but at no time a stable place of domicile. Lawrence and Frieda moved around Germany and Italy during 1912 and the first half of 1913, returning briefly to London before coming back to Italy in September. Mansfield and Murry changed house six times between April 1912 and December 1913, living at Clovelly Mansions, Chancery Lane (later *Rhythm's* office), Baron's Court, and Beaufort Mansions, as well as spending time in Buckinghamshire and Paris. Little wonder Mansfield planned a story called *Furnished Rooms*.²⁴ “I want some peace”, Lawrence wrote to Garnett in December 1912. “I want to be able to look ahead and see some rest and security somewhere. By the time I am thirty I shall have had my bellyful of hard living, I think, and shall have either to slacken off or go to the devil” (*1L* 489).

There was another less tangible similarity between the two writers – a factor which influenced, constrained, and at the same time enabled their operations in the modernist marketplace. In the London literary world they inhabited or aspired to inhabit in 1913, both writers were outsiders: Mansfield the colonial, the “little savage from New Zealand” as one of her London teachers had described her;²⁵ Lawrence the board school-educated miner's son. Both had socially aspirant parents. Mansfield's father Harold Beauchamp was, by 1913, a moderately wealthy business man but he was self-made, “born on an Australian goldfield to a rolling stone of a father whose example he did *not* intend to follow”.²⁶ He saw the value of cultural as well as actual capital – Mansfield had by far the best formal education of all the modernist women writers

and artists, attending the recently designed state education system of late-colonial New Zealand as a child and as an adolescent being sent to the progressive London girls' school Queen's College with connections with London University (Figure 3).²⁷ Lydia Lawrence had come down in the world and she transferred her thwarted social and educational ambitions to her children, encouraging Lawrence to go to university and train as a teacher. Both Lawrence's mother and Mansfield's father had been supportive of their children's initial attempts at writing. (Lawrence's father and Mansfield's mother were a different story.) Beauchamp's secretary typed drafts of the teenaged Mansfield's stories (she thought them "morbid") and he asked the advice of Tom L. Mills, a local journalist, as to possible publication venues – "I have a daughter, Mills", he said, 'who thinks she can write'.²⁸ John Worthen describes Lydia Lawrence as "both informed and interested" in her son's writing despite Lawrence's later representations of her as hostile.²⁹ Both were rewarded by being portrayed in their children's work, Beauchamp in the brash though not entirely unendearing Stanley Burnell (Lydia Wevers refers to the "humane and gently mocking rendering of his character"),³⁰ Lydia Lawrence in a series of aloof and controlling wives and mothers.

As provincial working-class and colonial female subjects, respectively, both Lawrence and Mansfield had benefited from the modern, flexible education systems they participated in, provincial and colonial, where the study of English literature was more developed than in the establishment public school and Oxbridge syllabi.³¹ However, as establishment outsiders neither had the comfortable networks of class, family, or longstanding friendship that characterised and oiled the operations of the London literary world they now encountered. The partners they had chosen were no help in this respect: Frieda was a German, initially married to a Nottingham University professor; and although Murry, the scholarship boy, was a Londoner, as Lawrence wrote to Constance Garnett, he "came of the common people in Peckham" (2L 31–2). Binckes writes of the way in which the London publishing contexts

of the period represented various interlocking investments – political, social, aesthetic, familial – all of which were mediated via the commercial, and all of which connected the magazines to diverse networks of contexts. Neither Mansfield nor Lawrence could take for granted their membership of these networks. “I hate the conventionalised literary person” Lawrence wrote to Collings in December 1912 (*IL* 491), and to Garnett “I wish I was a navvy or a policeman” (*IL* 530). Mansfield wrote in her notebook:

I am the little Colonial, walking in the London garden patch – allowed to look, perhaps, but not to linger. If I lie on the grass [the flowers] positively shout at me. Look at her, lying on our grass, pretending she lives here ... She is a stranger – an alien. She is nothing but a little girl sitting on the Tinakori hills & dreaming: I went to London and married an englishman & we lived in a tall grave house with red geraniums & white daisies in the garden at the back. Im-prudence!³²

“Last night I dined with celebrities”, Lawrence wrote to Jessie Chambers, “and to-night I am dining with two R.A.s, but I’d give it all up for one of our old evenings in the Haggs parlour” (*IL* 138). Mansfield describes a “silly unreal evening” at the home of Naomi Rhoyde Smith, the literary editor of *Westminster Review*: “Pretty rooms & pretty people, pretty coffee & cigarettes out of a silver tankard ... I was wretched. I have nothing to say to these charming women. I feel like a cat among tigers”.³³ In both cases there was an element of performance in such postures, a sense of a need to impress a non-London audience with one’s indifference to such settings. Would, one wonders, Lawrence really prefer Haggs farm to dinner with Ezra Pound? Is there not ample evidence that Mansfield was a confident and intimidating dinner guest?³⁴ Both were cannily aware that their outsider status could be fashioned into an asset in the literary London they were keen to enter, and the advantages that status – working-class, regional, provincial, colonial – might confer in terms of their works’ novelty of subject

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matter, voice or genre. As Matthew Gaughan puts it, “Pre-war artistic London was a kind of cultural battlefield on which writers fought to be the centre of attention”.³⁵ Both could perform for this world when required, but also experienced bad dreams that they had lost their foothold on it: Lawrence that he was a teacher again (*IL* 471) and Mansfield that she was back in New Zealand without a return ticket.³⁶

Given that Mansfield solicited a story from Lawrence in 1913, it can be assumed she had read his work. But had he read her work? He had subscribed to *The New Age* from 1908 to 1909 – Andrew Thacker says he began reading it “at the height of its popularity, shortly after joining a socialist discussion group at college in Nottingham”.³⁷ Mansfield’s first *New Age* contribution was in February 1910, the Chekhovian story ‘The Child who was Tired’, and her work appeared there regularly until July 1912 when her relationship with the editors A. R. Orage and Beatrice Hastings deteriorated and she defected to *Rhythm* – “in part”, states McDonnell, “motivated by a desire to develop the experimental and impressionistic strain of her writing, which had not been fostered by *The New Age*”.³⁸ Lawrence was certainly aware of *Rhythm* before Mansfield approached him, writing to Garnett the previous December, “I wonder if *Rhythm* would take any of my stories or sketches” (*IL* 489).

The issue Mansfield sent him, presumably that of January 1913, contained, among its usual mixture of poetry, prose and art criticism, one of her New Zealand stories, ‘Ole Underwood’. While her earlier writing had consisted of Oscar Wilde-style vignettes, modishly anti-German sketches and satires of London society, ‘Ole Underwood’ is one of three stories with New Zealand settings written in London in 1912 and 1913 and published in *Rhythm*, the others being ‘The Woman at the Store’ and ‘Millie’. Of the latter Rupert Brooke had written to Garnett, “She *can* write, damn her”.³⁹ Angela Smith describes these stories as conveying the “repression and inarticulacy of the inhabitants of a surreal and brutal landscape”,⁴⁰ although “surreal” is perhaps not the right term for

what the stories present as an entirely realist depiction of the colonial world. Bridget Orr's suggestion that the *Rhythm* stories "narrativise the process by which such unstable selves are produced and come to crisis in the context of a settler society" is more apt.⁴¹ And yet their immediate context – the location of their readership – is London. As Anna Snaith states, Mansfield's "engagement with empire, and the presentation of herself as a New Zealand writer, happened in direct response to the periodical culture around her" where "the discourses of empire" were remarkably present.⁴²

More a sketch than a story, the strength of 'Ole Underwood' is its evocation of a dislocation which is both in the mind of the main character but also a feature of the exterior setting. Ole Underwood walks down the hill towards the harbour raving at the elements: the "mad wind" and the "black webby clouds".⁴³ Man-made structures are provisional: "ugly little houses ... built of wood – two windows and a door, a stumpy verandah" (131). The only solid structure is the prison "perched like a red bird" above the town (133). Ford Madox Hueffer famously responded to Lawrence's 1909 story 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', which he published in the *English Review* in June 1911, by writing that: "You are ... for as long as the story lasts, to be in one of those untidy unfinished landscapes where locomotives wander innocuously amongst women with baskets".⁴⁴ Both 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' and 'Ole Underwood' rely on a particularity of place, alien and confronting to the urban London reader, or as Hueffer puts it, "a landscape just sufficiently constructed with a casual word here and there".⁴⁵ In both stories place is untidy and unfinished and there is a changing and potentially threatened natural world at odds with the tokens of the modern, the urban, and the industrial.

In 'Odour of Chrysanthemums',

The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit-pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the alders, to roost in the tarred fowl-house. The pit-bank loomed up beyond the pond, flames

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like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon’s stagnant light. (PO 181)

But Lawrence’s story is set firmly within the frame of a community – geographical, cultural, historical and lexical – and a web of relationships that are informed and given meaning by that frame however much natural despoliation, poverty and fissures in human relations are a feature. Even death is accommodated within prescribed and commonly accepted rituals of mourning specific to place and class. In his 1923 *Studies in Classic American Literature*, Lawrence writes, “Men are free when they are in a living homeland ... Men are free when they belong to a living, organic, *believing* community” (SCAL 17). What disconcerts in ‘Ole Underwood’ is the absence of any “living, organic, *believing* community”. As Smith suggests, the central figure is “in a kind of limbo, both social and psychological”.⁴⁶ Other characters appear as disconnected encounters: jeering children, “men in big coats and top boots with stock whips in their hands”, a bar-maid, “Chinamen sitting in little groups on old barrels playing cards” (132). However disaffected, tragic or trapped Lawrence’s characters feel, they have a pre-existing landscape (in the broadest sense) which the arbitrary, improvised and provisional settings of ‘Ole Underwood’ and its companion stories do not. This is the new canvas of the settler empire, “not just disconcertingly strange, but ... in the process of being re-formed as the settlers burnt the Bush (with matches and axes imported by Bannantyne’s, the importing firm of Katherine Mansfield’s father)”.⁴⁷

Lawrence described ‘Odour of Chrysanthemums’ as “a story full of my childhood’s atmosphere” (IL 471), the autobiographical sources being not just his uncle’s death in Brinsley Pit but the relationship of his parents. Biographical readings of Mansfield are a New Zealand national sport and the suggested biographical associations of these *Rhythm* stories are many: Mansfield’s father was a Justice of the Peace and had dealt with someone similar to Ole Underwood;⁴⁸ Mansfield had recently been on a camping trip

that took her through a landscape very much like that of ‘The Woman at the Store’ and ‘Millie’.⁴⁹ Yet Ian Gordon notes that, for all Mansfield’s “power of sympathetic recall”, the stories’ settings were foremost “landscape[s] of the mind”.⁵⁰ Mansfield’s New Zealand stories in *Rhythm* may have been grounded in experience but their literary articulation came from the literary conventions of colonial writing which she had encountered in her New Zealand reading before 1908 and which she was now trying out on her London audience. This literature is that of the settler empire where settlement is unachieved and perhaps unachievable, where both society and landscape are, in the words of the New Zealand poet Blanche Baughan, “Made, unmade, and scarcely as yet in the making”.⁵¹ “Art is movement, ferocity, tearing at what lies before” wrote Murry in the first issue of *Rhythm*:⁵² “Before art can be human it must learn to be brutal”.⁵³ Colonial literature had implicitly worked within these principles long before modernism adopted them, and in London Mansfield made the most of her colonial advantage.

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After 1913 Mansfield did not revisit this disturbing brand of colonial subject matter and she did not allow these stories to be republished. Her work moves from the fractured external of the colonial world to the fractured or at least mobile interior consciousness of modernism. When she returns to New Zealand as a setting towards the end of her life it is as a landscape of memory peopled by figures at least analogous to her own family – for both Mansfield and Lawrence family was a source of emotional irresolution and guilt, but also of copy. The two were no longer friends by 1921 when Mansfield wrote ‘The Garden Party’, published in London the next year, but she reworks the scenario in Lawrence’s ‘Odour of Chrysanthemums’ of an accidental death and tableau of a dead man. In ‘The Garden Party’, set in Wellington, the naïve, upper-class young girl Laura comes straight from her

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mother’s garden party to one of the “mean little cottages” (497) where a young man killed in an accident lies. He seems “fast asleep – sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away ... He was wonderful, beautiful” (498). In Lawrence’s story the wife has a similar sense of the apartness of the dead man, of what is described as “the naïve dignity of death” (*PO* 196). Here the wife’s fluid yet articulate thought processes and the reader’s access to them are in contrast with the external description of the widow in Mansfield’s story who is marked by bafflement, silence and a lack of agency, “Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips ... What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about?” (498). In Lawrence’s story the maturity of the narrative voice guides us through the final scene and its meaning. The wife may not say very much but we have access to her complex and developing thought processes. In Mansfield’s account we are located within Laura’s unformed consciousness where her experience has not yet given her words to frame and contain her feelings.

Despite the memento mori of the dead young man, the setting of ‘The Garden Party’ is more reassuring than in Mansfield’s *Rhythm* stories. It has more substance; it conveys a complex representation of modern urban life with characters shaped by implicit relationships and collectively agreed roles: family, guests, cooks, maids, workmen, neighbours. If this world does not have the networks of history and community of ‘Odour of Chrysanthemums’, it at least has the affective bonds of civility and familial ceremony of James Joyce’s 1914 story ‘The Dead’. ‘The Garden Party’, ‘The Dead’, and Virginia Woolf’s 1925 novel *Mrs Dalloway* all centre on a social occasion disrupted by a death.

From 1913 onwards, Mansfield chose not to perform “the little savage from New Zealand” for London audiences; Lawrence tired of playing, in Violet Hunt’s words, “a board-school boy grown to man’s estate”.⁵⁴ The two writers remained outsiders to the London literary world. Vincent O’Sullivan describes Mansfield’s career as characterised by “discomposure *everywhere*”.⁵⁵ Worthen’s 2005

biography of Lawrence is sub-titled *The Life of an Outsider*,⁵⁶ though as Grice suggests, “It is an indication of his skill at negotiating the complexities of the literary marketplace that he managed to retain his status as an embattled outsider while achieving notoriety in the eyes of the public”.⁵⁷ However, for both Mansfield and Lawrence, that outsider status was now not derived from their colonial or class status, despite the literary advantages those denominations had previously given them.

Mansfield’s tuberculosis increasingly required that she spent her time in warm places on the continent. She was in London only intermittently and in touch with London literary circles only indirectly, through her personal correspondence, her reviewing and publications. But if London was no longer the “wizard” she had longed for, it still held a central position in her imaginative landscape, a “landscape of the mind”, as Gordon puts it. A list of planned stories in her notebook in late 1921 indicates the setting of each, “N.Z.” or “L” for London, in equal numbers.⁵⁸ Of the three final stories written before her death in Fontainebleau in January 1923, two, ‘A Cup of Tea’ and ‘The Fly’, are set in London, one in Belgravia, one in an office in the City.⁵⁹ From 1914 onwards, Lawrence’s references to London tend to be bleakly negative. The city is “like some hoary massive underworld, a hoary, ponderous inferno” (2L 339); “There are so many people, but none of them have any real *being*” (2L 399); “nothing ripens, neither good or evil, but goes bitter on the tree, with cold slowness” (2L 452). London becomes a metaphor for something much more complex than a physical place or a set of social relationships, and is configured as an all-embracing symbol of sterility and commercialism:

We must rid ourselves of this ponderous incubus of falsehood, this massive London, with its streets and streets of nullity: we must, with one accord and in purity of spirit, pull it down and build up a beautiful thing. We must rid ourselves of the idea of money. (2L 380)

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In part, this is an effect of the war but not entirely. Frieda, he writes, thinks that “people are good, that life is also good, that London is also good and that this civilisation is great and wonderful” and that “if the war were over things would be pretty well all right”. “But” he asserts, “they are all wrong” (2L 380).

¹ *The Notebooks of Katherine Mansfield*, 2 vols, ed. Margaret Scott (Canterbury and Wellington, NZ: Lincoln UP and Daphne Brasell, 1997), vol. 1, 86–7. Hereafter *Notebooks* 1 or 2.

² Ibid.; Katherine Mansfield, *The Urewera Notebook*, ed. Anna Plumridge (Dunedin: Otago UP, 2015), 104.

³ Vincent O’Sullivan and Margaret Scott, eds, *The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield*, vol. 1, 1903–1917 (Oxford: Clarendon, 1984), 21. Hereafter O’Sullivan and Scott, *Letters* and volume number.

⁴ After the failure of their attempt at communal living at Zennor, Cornwall, in April–June 1916, there was a serious rift. But when Lawrence was in Derbyshire in 1918, he and Mansfield corresponded and exchanged gifts, and, in October, he visited her in London. Then disputes over Murry’s editorship of the *Athenaeum*, and what Lawrence inferred was Mansfield’s part in rejecting his submissions, caused another estrangement. Lawrence wrote Mansfield an abusive letter, she told Murry on 7 February 1920, saying, “You revolt me stewing in your consumption” (O’Sullivan and Scott, *Letters* 3, 209). And yet, when he and Frieda visited Wellington on 14 August 1922, they sent Mansfield a postcard with the message “Ricordi DHL” and underneath “We thought so hard of you here! FL” (Alexander Turnbull Library MS-Papers-11326-002). Mansfield wrote a will on the same day. In it she stipulated that Lawrence should be given one of her books. Indirectly through S. S. Koteliansky (4L 349) and Murry (4L 364), Lawrence sent her greetings in December 1922. She died in Fontainebleau on 9 January 1923.

⁵ Kathleen Jones, *Katherine Mansfield: The Story-Teller* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2010), 452.

⁶ *Rhythm* 2.5 (1912).

⁷ Frederick Goodyear, ‘Review: *The Trespasser*’, *Rhythm* 2.10 (November 1912), 278.

⁸ Antony Alpers, *The Life of Katherine Mansfield* (New York: Viking, 1980), 154.

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- ⁹ O'Sullivan and Scott, *Letters 1*, 119.
- ¹⁰ Faith Binckes, *Modernism, Magazines, and the British Avant-Garde* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2010), 170.
- ¹¹ Jenny McDonnell, *Katherine Mansfield and the Modernist Marketplace: At the Mercy of the Public* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010), 57.
- ¹² *Ibid.*, 55.
- ¹³ Hugh Walpole, 'The Novels: Security and Adventure: Book Review of *The Inside of the Cup* by Winston Churchill, *Isle of Thorns* by Sheila Kaye-Smith, and *Sons and Lovers* by D. H. Lawrence', *The Blue Review* 1.3 (July 1912), 192.
- ¹⁴ Carey Snyder, 'Katherine Mansfield and the New Age School of Satire', *Journal of Modern Periodical Studies* 1.2 (2010), 125.
- ¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 125.
- ¹⁶ McDonnell, *Katherine Mansfield and the Modernist Marketplace*, 48.
- ¹⁷ Snyder, 'Katherine Mansfield and the New Age School of Satire', 126.
- ¹⁸ McDonnell, *Katherine Mansfield and the Modernist Marketplace*, 56.
- ¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 189.
- ²⁰ Annalise Grice, ‘“That’ll help perhaps to advertise me”: Lawrence’s “The Georgian Renaissance” Review in *Rhythm*’, *D. H. Lawrence Review* 40.2 (2015), 35–53: <<https://search.proquest.com/docview/1861782205?accountid=14782>>.
- ²¹ Annalise Grice, ‘Journals, Magazines, Newspapers’, in *D. H. Lawrence in Context*, ed. Andrew Harrison (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2018), 48.
- ²² Jones, *Katherine Mansfield: The Story-Teller*, 98–107; Alpers, *Life of Katherine Mansfield*, 85–93.
- ²³ Alpers, *Life of Katherine Mansfield*, 87.
- ²⁴ O'Sullivan and Scott, *Letters 1*, 339.
- ²⁵ Scott, *Notebooks 2*, 31.
- ²⁶ Alpers, *Life of Katherine Mansfield*, 2.
- ²⁷ Mark Williams, ‘The Pa man: Sir Harold Beauchamp’, in *Katherine Mansfield's Men*, eds Charles Ferrall and Jane Stafford (Wellington: Katherine Mansfield Birthplace Society and Steele Roberts, 2004), 21.
- ²⁸ Alpers, *Life of Katherine Mansfield*, 51–2.
- ²⁹ John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Early Years, 1885–1912* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991), 142.

³⁰ Lydia Wevers, 'The Sod Under My Feet: Katherine Mansfield', in *Opening the Book: New Essays on New Zealand Writing*, eds Mark Williams and Michelle Leggott (Auckland: Auckland UP, 1995), 40; Richard Brock, 'Disapprobation, Disobedience and the Nation in Katherine Mansfield's Stories', *Journal of New Zealand Literature* 24.1 (2006), 61.

³¹ See Philip G Altbach and Gail P Kelly, eds, *Education and Colonialism* (London: Longman, 1978); Chris Baldick, *The Social Mission of English Criticism, 1848–1932* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1983); Gauri Viswanathan, *Masks of Conquest: Literary Study and British Rule in India* (London: Faber, 1990).

³² Scott, *Notebooks* 2, 166. Mansfield's handwriting is notoriously difficult. In this passage, "grave" seems a suspect reading. The Tinakori hills are at the back of Thorndon, the Wellington suburb where she was born and where her family were living when she left New Zealand for the last time in 1908.

³³ Scott, *Notebooks* 1, 281.

³⁴ Lytton Strachey describes her "ugly impassive mask of a face" and the "sharp and slightly vulgarly fanciful intellect sitting behind it", quoted in Alpers, *Life of Katherine Mansfield*, 248; Virginia Woolf noted her "commonness at first sight" but thought her "so intelligent & inscrutable she repays friendship", in Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie, eds, *Diary of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 1 (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979), 58. Mansfield wrote to Middleton Murry "Don't lower your mask until you have another mask prepared beneath – As terrible as you like – but a mask" (O'Sullivan and Scott, *Letters* 1, 318).

³⁵ Matthew Gaughan, 'Review of *Bohemia in London: The Social Scene of Early Modernism* by Peter Brooker', *The Cambridge Quarterly* 34.1 (2005), 72.

³⁶ Scott, *Notebooks* 1, 280.

³⁷ Andrew Thacker, "that trouble": Regional Modernism and "little magazines", in *Regional Modernisms*, eds Neal Alexander and James Moran (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2013), 33.

³⁸ McDonnell, *Katherine Mansfield and the Modernist Marketplace*, 74.

³⁹ Rupert Brooke, *The Letters of Rupert Brooke*, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (London: Faber, 1968), 479.

⁴⁰ Angela Smith, *Katherine Mansfield: A Literary Life* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2000), 95.

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- ⁴¹ Bridget Orr, ‘Reading with the Taint of the Pioneer: Katherine Mansfield and Settler Criticism’, *Landfall* 172.4 (December 1989), 457.
- ⁴² Anna Snaith, *Modernist Voyages: Colonial Women Writers in London, 1890–1945* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2014), 112–4.
- ⁴³ Antony Alpers, ed., *The Stories of Katherine Mansfield* (Auckland: Oxford UP, 1984), 133. Subsequent page references to Mansfield’s stories are in the text.
- ⁴⁴ D. H. Lawrence: *A Composite Biography: Volume I: 1885–1919*, ed. Edward Nehls (Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 1957), 109.
- ⁴⁵ Ibid.
- ⁴⁶ Ibid, 88.
- ⁴⁷ Jane Stafford and Mark Williams, ‘Fashioned Intimacies: Maoriland and Colonial Modernity’, *Journal of Commonwealth Literature* 37.1 (2002), 39.
- ⁴⁸ Alpers, *Stories of Katherine Mansfield*, 552.
- ⁴⁹ Katherine Mansfield, *The Urewera Notebook*, ed. Anna Plumridge (Dunedin: Otago UP, 2015), 3–6.
- ⁵⁰ Ian A. Gordon, ‘Introduction’, *Undiscovered Country: The New Zealand Stories of Katherine Mansfield* (London: Longman, 1974), xviii.
- ⁵¹ B. E. (Blanche) Baughan, “A Bush Section”, *Shingle-Short and other Verses* (Christchurch: Whitcombe and Tombs, 1911), 79.
- ⁵² John Middleton Murry, ‘Art and Philosophy’, *Rhythm* 1.1 (Summer 1911), 10.
- ⁵³ John Middleton Murry, ‘Aims and Ideals’, *Rhythm* 1.1 (Summer 1911), 36.
- ⁵⁴ Worthen, *Early Years*, 230.
- ⁵⁵ Vincent O’Sullivan, “‘Finding the Pattern, Solving the Problem’: Katherine Mansfield: The New Zealand European”, in *Katherine Mansfield: In from the Margins*, ed. Roger Robinson (Baton Rouge and London: Louisiana State UP, 1994), 13.
- ⁵⁶ John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Life of an Outsider* (London: Allen Lane, 2005).
- ⁵⁷ Grice, ‘Journals, Magazines, Newspapers’, 55.
- ⁵⁸ Mansfield, *Notebooks* 2, 296–7.
- ⁵⁹ The setting of her final story, ‘The Canary’, is unspecified but seems to be “N.Z.” – a house with a “verandah”, a “backyard” in which there is “a dark gum tree” (Alpers, *Stories*, 538–41).