Chapter VIII

8 Conclusion: A Re-valuation

8.1 A Resume of the Findings

8.1.1 Statistical Ratings of the Analysis
8.1.2 Mansfield as a Linguistic Innovator
8.1.3 Details of Mansfield's New 'Style'
8.1.4 Final Salutation
Conclusion: A Revaluation

8.1 A Resume of the Findings

This chapter makes a final study of Katherine Mansfield as a writer with an innovative bent. The objective analysis of the statistical data projects her structural and stylistic feature of the narrative pattern she adopts. In the following analysis three stories are picked up from each collection whereby it is found that her style is more subjective than verbal and more literary and descriptive in style. (See Appendix II)

The tradition of 'Stream of Consciousness Technique' has been repetitively used by Katherine Mansfield which indicates that she constantly erodes the conventional rules of grammar and syntax, violates orthodox punctuation, coins heavy metaphorical expressions and runs impression with syaesthetic richness. Here and there she uses Germanic words to capture the native feel of emotions. Her language sometimes takes the form of poetic prose that has the symphony of good language. Further the rhythm of her prose is also enriched by the choice of her words, minute power of observation, the detail flux of emotions, the picturesque dab of concrete words and the rise and fall of notes that produce a fine rhythm. She makes an extensive use of metaphors and similes and also deviates from the norms of conventionality to be emphatic in expression. Such features have
stamped her personality where by her art is marked with a recognizable singularity. Hence experimentation, inventions, innovations and deviations are some of the landmarks of Mansfield’s style. That she has taken liberties with semantic and syntactic features signifies how committed she is to the task of enriching and beautifying her text. Undoubtedly because of an unconventional stylistic devices and linguistic inventiveness Katherine Mansfield remains an exemplary and model writer for the last eighty years and continues to remain the same.

The art of Katherine Mansfield is singularly distinctive. It has made a mark not only in the field of literature but also in language. Her communicative competence therefore invites a probe to measure her uniqueness in terms of choice of words and display of lexical as well as semantic features. This singularities of her style reveals her inclination to lexical opulence, recurrent deviation in the form of metaphor, simile, hyperbole and litotes. Hypallage also stares quite often at the face of the reader. Such syntactical deviations are her common tools to invite immediate focus of attention.

Lexical collocation is the chief tool of cohesion, a characteristic feature that identifies her linguistic excellence. Ellipses and references (both exophoric and endophoric) may be seen widely spread through out the text under study:
Interpreting her use of cohesion, it could be deduced that Mansfield uses implicit devices for reference, interpretation and extension of meaning. Lexical cohesion as it necessarily happens is complementary to grammatical and the other way round too. To cite an example:

“She felt it and swelled, smiling timidly...she liked the feeling oh the cold shining glass against her hot palms; and she liked to watch the funny white tops that came on her” (lexical and grammatical cohesion)

Katherine employs in her stories, the varied images, metaphors, and symbols for bearing out the interior regions of human psyche, inner motives, suppressed desires and repressed impulses of human mind.

SPC features summed up

**Cohesion**

It is examined in chapter VII that Katherine Mansfield makes her text correspond at different points through choices that presuppose one another, forming network of sequential relations. By using Cohesive devices she allows her readers to course through a well-knit text for an aesthetic pleasure.

She uses Cohesion through reference, ellipses, conjunction, and
lexical organisation. Here are some spurious examples that are picked up to further illustrate Katherine's stylistics devices.

Reference

Anaphoric Reference

(1) "There was a sound of footsteps shuffling along the passage. Herr Lehmann! Yes! he was rattling at the door". ('At Lehmann's, In a German Pension, 40).

(2) "She knelt down on the floor, and thrust the wood into the oven, laughing. Here was someone beside her laughing, too. She wanted to go on laughing or brought out crying-or-or catch hold of the young Man. ('At Lehmann's, In a German Pension, 42).

Cataphoric Reference

(1) "Andreas Binzer woke slowly. He turned over on the narrow bed and stretched himself yawning opening his mouth as widely as possible and bringing his teeth together afterwards with a stamp 'Click'. ('A Birthday' In a German Pension, 49).

(2) "Linda frowned; she sat up quickly in her streamer chair and clasped her ankles. Yes that was her real grudge against life; that was what she could not understand. ('At the Bay', The Garden Party and Others, 27).

Co-reference

(1) "Against the Karakas. Then the Karaka trees would be hidden. And
they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit”. (The Garden Party, 3).

(2) "No chair was there - of course, he'd forgotten, there wasn't a chair in this wretched spare room.” ('A Birthday', In a German Pension, 46).

Repetition

A reader very easily notices that this is a direct form of lexical cohesion in which the repeated items bridge the gap either within or across the sentences, reinforcing the dominant thought in the sentence. Here are few examples:

(1) “His smile was so easy, so friendly, that Laura recovered” (epizeuxis, The Garden Party, 61).

(2) “They turned, they started in the direction.” (local repetition, The Garden Party, 61).

(3) “…And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers, someone whistled, someone sang out”. (Repetition of echoic word and indefinite pronoun ‘some one’, The Garden Party, 62).

(4) “She put her arms round her mother’s neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother’s ear.” (The Garden Party, 67).

(5) “The giggle mounted, mounted, she clenched her hands; she fought it down; she frowned friendly at the dark and said ‘terribly
sternly.'”


(6) “Black! Two black dressing-gowns, and two pairs of black wooly slippers creepers off to the bathroom like black cats.” (repetition through consonance, The Garden Party, 63).

(7) “Up to a certain point Miss Fulton was rarely, wonderfully frank, but the certain point ...not go”. (Bliss, 118).

(8) “She sat up; but she felt quite dizzy, quite dark”. (epizeuxis, Bliss, 124).

(9) “I'm too happy too happy.” (local repetition, Bliss, 119).

(10) “And up I puffed and puffed, blowing of finally with.” (local repetition, Jene Parle Pas Francais, 73).

(11) “When she opened the door and saw him standing there she was more pleased than ever before, and he too, as he followed her into the studio, seemed very, very happy to have come.” (‘Psychology’, local repetition, Bliss and Other Stories, 146).

(12) “She wanted time in which to free herself from all these familiar things with which she lived so vividly.” (‘Psychology’, distant repetition, 146-47).

(13) “Say never, say never, say never!” gurgled Kezia, while they lay laughing in each other’s arms. (‘At the Bay’ The Garden Party, 20).
(14) “Josephine cut reckless into the rich dark cake that stood for her winter gloves or the soiling and heeling of Constantia’s only respectable shoes”. (“The Daughters of the Late Colonel”, The Garden Party, 102).

(15) “It meant she would have to leave here, leave every where, for ever, leave, leave her grand mother. (‘At the Bay’, The Garden Party, 20).

(16) “He touched her cool hand, her cool cheek”. (Marriage a la Mode, 155).

(17) “No ice! No ice! No ice! She shouted gaily.” (Marriage a la Mode, 159).

Ellipsis

(1) “Yes that was what he waited for so did she. Yes while she shook the tea-pot hot and dry over the spirit flame she saw those other two, him, leaving back, taking his case among cushions, and her...

(Psychology, 147).

(2) “Herr Brechenmacher strode up and down the kitchen was helped on with coat, then waited while the Frau lighted the lantern”. (In a German Pension, 22).

(3) “Herr Brechenmacher broke the bread into his plate, seemed it round with his fork and chewed greedily” (In a German Pension, 25).
(4) “He took a piece of crumb, wiped it round his plate edge, and held it up to her mouth. She shook her head”. (In a German Pension, 25).

(5) “The flour of the salon was freshly polished, chairs and benches arranged, and a row of little flags strung across the ceiling..they flew and jigged in the draught with all the enthusiasm of family washing” (In a German Pension, 31).

Parallelism

(1) It’s dirty sad, sad. (Jane Parle Pas Francis, 1 of 29).

(3) “We can decide tomorrow,” she said. Constantia had noticed; she sighed. (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 2 of 23).

(4) Looking at them she wished that she was going away from his house too. And she saw herself driving away from them all in a little buggy, driving away from everybody and not even waving. (Bliss, 9).

(5) Yes, everything had come alive down to the minutest, tiniest, particle. (Bliss, 11).


(7) “Branches decorated the front doors, which swung open, and in the hall the landlord voiced his superiority by bullying the waittresses, who ran about continually with glasses of beer, trays of cups and
sauces and bottles of wine”. (In a German Pension, 28).

(8) “Grouped about them, with a fine regard for dignity and precedence sat their parents and relations; and perched on a stool at the bride’s right hand a little girl in a crumpled muslin dress with a wreath of forget-me-nots hanging over one”. (In a German Pension, 23).

Deviation-collocated to further substantiate:

Because deviation is integral to modern stylistics, it is considered as an act of conscious choice. In Mansfield’s art, it is functional at language, meaning and suggestion though implied. The following sentences illustrate this feature:

Semantic Deviation

(1) “I felt I was bearing the burden of the nation’s preposterous breakfast” (In a German Pension, 2).

(2) “Ah! that’s one thing one can do”, said I, laughing. “I can make very good tea. The great secret is to warm the teapot” (In a German Pension, 2).

(3) “But she graciously suffered our worship and we were more than content” (In a German Pension, 12).

(4) “Late afternoon the Frau Doktor came upon me in the writing room and took me to her bosom.” (In a German Pension, 12).

(5) “Did the spirit of romance spread her rose wings only over
aristocratic Germany?" (In a German Pension, 13).

(6) "But a dumb niece with unwashed ears struck me as a most depressing object" (In a German Pension, 11).

(7) "There were possibilities in that young woman for an inspiration, not to mention a dedication, and from that moment is suffering temperament took up its bed and walked." (In a German Pension, 11).

(8) "Did the spirit of romance spread her rose wings only over aristocratic Germany?" (In a German Pension, 13).

(9) "But in the afternoon, six or seven choice spirits played cards and everybody who was nobody drank tea or coffee" (‘At Lehmann’s’, In a German Pension, 37).

(10) "One could not have one without a husband—that she also realized (one is used for body)." (‘At Lehmann’s’, In a German Pension, 37).

(11) "Every stick of the furniture has been sunning in the garden for three days". (‘Frau Fischer’, In a German Pension, 15).

(12) "And now that you are here we shall renew our quiet little talks after supper. (‘Frau Fischer’, In a German Pension, 17).

(13) "The piano burst out so passionately that Jose’s face changed". (The Garden Party, 83).

(14) "When he fangled, the sweet sprang out on his head, his eyes
beyond, his heads warned, and the great lump bubbled as a potato knocks in a saucapan” (‘La of Ma Parkar’, The Garden Party, 149).

Paradox

(1) “With her broad smile and the long bacon knife in her hand, she looked like a brigand.” (‘At the Bay’, The Garden Party, 22).

(2) “It might be somebody important about their mourning.” (‘The Daughter of the Late Colonel’, The Garden Party, 92).

(3) “It is much nicer to be weak than to be strong”. (‘The Daughter of the Late Colonel’, The Garden Party, 98).

Syntactic Deviation

(1) “Nothing at all”, cried Herr Hoffmann from Berlin. “Ach, when I was in England in the morning I used to eat” (In a German Pension, 3).

(2) “The dishes were changed for beef red currents and spinach”. (In a German Pension, 3).

(3) “She very obviously followed the advice” (In a German Pension, 4).

(4) Said the traveller: “I suppose you are frightened of an invasion, too, eh? Oh, that’s good” (In a German Pension, 4).

(5) There is a likeness, “mused the Frau Doktor.” “Quite. What a manner she has. Such reserve, such a tender way with the child”.

(In a German Pension, 11).
(6) "She was like a young tree whose branches had never been touched by the ruthless of man. Such delicacy!" (In a German Pension, 13).

(7) "A breathless pause. Then presumably the winged shaj struck her collar brooch." (In a German Pension, 32).

(8) "Death such a simple theory". ('At Lehmann's', In a German Pension, 37).

(9) "Deaf and dumb was the child; in fact, the population considered her half idiot..." ('Frau Fischer', In a German Pension, 16).

(10) "And behind him, not in the least interested, sat Hilda, the unknown sister-in-law" ('The Daughters of the Late Colonel', The Garden Party, 100).

Parataxis

(1) "He coughed; Josephine clasped her hands; Constantia looked vague". (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 91).

(2) "The blinds were down, a cloth hung over the mirror, a sheet hid the bed; a huge fan of white paper filled the fireplace." (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 96).

(3) "The platform was crowded, the train was in" (Marriage a la Mode, 96).

(4) "She stared in front of her, she was laughing and holding and cockling to her self; her claws clutched round what looked like a dirty boot-bag". (The Young Girl, 132).
Pragmatic Deviation

Litotes

(1) Voted her childish, and cold like all blonde woman, with a touch, perhaps, of anaemia of the brain. (Bliss, 5).

(2) Her heavy eyelids lay upon her eyes and the strange half-smile came and went upon her lips as though she lived by listening rather than seeing. (Bliss, 9).

(3) My tragedy is my mother. (‘The Modern Soul’, In a German Pension 34).

(4) But a dumb niece with unwashed ears struck me as the most depressing object. (The Sister of the Baroness, In a German Pension, 11).


Hyperbole

(1) “Most likely it is a good stomach”. Answered Harry. (Bliss, 5).

(2) As he dandled these treasures before Theresa the hot room seemed to heave and sway with laughter. (The Sister of the Baroness, In a German Pension, 25).

(3) We bit into our pounds of the best cherries and an't not find one? Specimen without a worm. (‘The Modern Soul’, In a German Pension 28).
(4) But she graciously suffered to any worship and we were more than content. (The Sister of the Baroness, In a German Pension, 25).

(5) You know I am the greatest martyr to rheumatism. ('The Sisters of the Baroness' (In a German Pension, 25).

(6) The widow and her five innocent daughters stood tastefully grouped together upon the steps in appropriate attitudes of welcome. ('Frau Fischer', In a German Pension, 25).

(7) "While they were playing, the day had faded; the gorgeous sunset had blazed and died" (At the Bay, The Garden Party, 28).

Lexical Deviation

(1) "Are you can American?" Said the vegetable lady turning to me. (The Luft Bud, In a German Pension, 45).

(2) "There is the whole psychology people: and how Un-French, how Un-French. ('Je Ne Parle Pass Francias', Bliss and Other Stories, 86).

(3) "Oh, your delicate chest. Commanded the Frau Doktor. ('The Sister of the Baroness', In a German Pension, 13).

(4) "She arched her plump neck. What a neck she had". ('At the Bay', The Garden Party, 24).

(5) "I hope it's not very bittah medicine". ('The Daughters of the Late Colonel', The Garden Party, 93).

(6) "But Cyril was most unmanlike in appetite". ('The Daughters of the
Late Colonel', The Garden Party, 102).

(7) “Both of them felt certain that eye wasn’t a peaceful eye". (‘The Daughters of the Late Colonel’, The Garden Party, 93).


(9) “Beg Parding sir?” said old Ma Parker. (‘Life of Ma Parker’, The Garden Party, 141).

Simile

(1) “But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl”. (The Garden Party, 142).

(2) “Her faint far-away voice seemed to come from a deep well. (Bliss, 127).

(3) “Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon. (Bliss, 132).

(4) “Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones”. (Bliss, 119).

(5) “And she seemed to see on her eyelids the lovely pear tree with its wide open blossoms as a symbol of her own life. (Bliss, 124).

(6) Mrs. Samuel Josephs, like a huge warm black silk teacosy, enveloped her. (Bliss, 2).
(7) "When she opened them again they were clanking through drive that cut through the garden like a whiplash. (Prelude, 12).

(8) "Yes, I am", she laughed. "I long for tea as strong men long for wine". (Psychology, 147).

(9) "Like two open cities in the midst of some vast plain their two minds lay upon to each other. And it wasn't as if he rode into hers like a conqueror, armed to the eyebrows and seeing nothing but a gay silken flutter nor did she enter walking soft on petals". (Psychology, 148).

(10) "He was like a man who wakes up in a train to find that he was arrived, already, at the journey is end". (Psychology, 149).

(11) "No, indeed, "I replied, still hypnotized by the Baron, who looked like a little yellow silkworm" (In a German Pension, 7).

(12) "They are like white lilies lying in the pool of your black dress" (In a German Pension, 13).

(13) "Frau Brechenmacher, followingly her man down the room after party, knew that she was going to enjoy herself" (In a German Pension, 13).

(14) "She forget her five babies and her man and felt almost like a girl again" (In a German Pension, 23).

(15) "...everybody roared at his grimaces, and at the way he carried the coffee-pot to the bridal pair, as if it were a baby he was
holding... (In a German Pension, 25).

Metaphor

(1) “I felt I was bearing the burden of the nation’s preposterous breakfast”. (In a German Pension, 2).

(2) “He fixed his cold blue eyes upon me with an expression which suggested a thousand premeditated invasions” (In a German Pension, 2).

(3) “You have got no army at all—a few little boys with their veins fall of nicotine poisoning” (In a German Pension, 4).

(4) “There must have been eight or ten of us gathered together, we who were married exchanging confidences as to the underclothing and peculiar characteristics of our husbands, the unmarried discussing the over clothing and peculiar fascinations of possible ones. (In a German Pension, 7).

(5) “As well speak of a railway train, and refresh to mention the engine. How can we hope to understand anybody, knowing nothing of their stomachs?” (In a German Pension, 16).

(6) “A great automobile snorted at the front door” (sy-aesthetic metaphor, In a German Pension, 14).

(7) The Frau was forgotten, the stupid day was forgotten. (Je Ne Parle Pas Français, 42).

(8) “Who remained very still, with little vacant smile on her lips”.
(concrete metaphor, In a German Pension, 23).

(9) "Moira was asleep. Sleeping was her latest discovery". (‘Marriage a la Mode’, 164).

(10) A blow-fly buzzed, a fan of whity stream came out of the kettle, and the lid kept up a rattling jig as the water bubbled. (Prelude, 54).

**Juxtaposition**

(1) “Madame is thin and dark, too, with white hands.” (Jene Parle Pas Francais, 2 of 29).

(2) “On the morning well, on the last morning, when the doctor had gone...our guest?” (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 87).

(3) “The music sounded sad and sweet” (‘The Sisters of the Baroness’, In a German Pension, 25).

(4) “Sonia absorbed my outward and visible form with an inward and spiritual glance, than repeated the magnificent gesture for my benefit.” (‘The Modern Soul’, 29).

(5) “Nine verses equally lovely commanded her to equally violent action”. (‘Frau Fischer’, In a German Pension, 15).

(6) “It seemed to me imbecile, just as informal, to have to go to the office on Monday,” said Jonathan. (‘At the Bay’, The Garden Party, 29).
(7) "I've only one night or one day, and there's this vast dangerous garden, waiting out here undiscovered unexplored." (At the Bay, The Garden Party, 30).

(8) "She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother". (At the Bay, The Garden Party, 30).

(9) "Would they get up reverently and go out, or would they have to wait in...torture" (The Daughters of the Late Colonel', The Garden Party, 91).

(10) "No more confidences and tears on eyelashes." (Je Ne Parle Pas, Francis, 92).

Pathetic Fallacy

(1) She opened her eyes wide, and she heard the silence spinning its soft endless wed. (Prelude, 11).

(2) She hardly dared to cold breathe for fear fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. (Bliss, 2 of 15).

Aposiopesis (Incomplete sentence/dialogue)

(1) "A strong little laugh flew from her lips: she leaned back against the buttoned leather cushions and shut her eyes, her lips trembling with laughter..." (Prelude, 1).

(2) "...until finally the Ultimate Porter swings them on to the Ultimate Train and away they rattle..." (Jene Parle Pas, Francis, 1).

(3) "Some little sparrows, young sparrows they sounded, chirped on
the window-ledge...” (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 23).

(4) “Something pink, something soft waved in front of him…” (At the Bay, 29).

Verbal opulence

(1) “But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl”. (The Garden Party, 61).

(2) “Moses grinned and gave her a nip as she sat down; but she pretended not to notice. (Prelude, 2).

(3) “Into the trap they walked and were snatched and taken off to be devoured”. (Je Ne Parle Pas Francais, 96).

Adjectival opulence

(1) “What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! (The Garden Party, 62).

(2) “They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour”. (The Garden Party, 64).

(3) “But at the word ‘Good-bye’, and although the piano sounded more desperate than over, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic simile.” (The Garden Party, 67).

(4) “I’m sure, and her face, swollen too, tried an oily simile” (The Garden Party, 76).
(5) "He sat aside his coat and hat gently, lingeringly, as though he had time and to spare for everything, or as though he were talking leave of them for ever, and came over to the fire and held out his hands to the quick leaping, flame". (Psychology, 148).

(6) "And the best of it was they were both of them told enough to enjoy their adventure to the full without any stupid emotional complication". (Psychology, 148).

(7) "Carefully she cut the cake into their little wades and reached across for a piece". (Psychology, 149).

(8) "Often when I am away from here I re visit it in spirit wander about among red chairs, stare at the bowl of fruit on the black table and just touch, very touch, very gently that marvel of a sleeping boy's head" (Psychology, 150).

(9) "It stood on the corner of the mantle piece, the head of one side down dropping, the lips parted, as though in his sleep the little boy listened to some sweet sound". (Psychology, 150).

(10) "But I was exceedingly nice, a trifle diffident, appropriately reverential". (In a German Pension, 8).

(11) "It is apt to put one on the same footing as brushing a man's coat for him-a little daring, naive". (In a German Pension, 8).
(12) "He was always the first to enter the dining room and the last to leave; and in a vacant chair beside him he placed a little black leather bag." (In a German Pension, 7).

(13) "Either she could be very severe, felt back and front, or she would be tall, fair, dressed in mignonette green, smelling of rather sweetish lavender water." (Je Ne Parle Pas, 92).

(14) Lottie's stolid compact little voice cried: "Ke-Zia". "Isa-bel"

(Prelude, 24).

Inversion

(1) "Perfectly well". (Prelude, 5).

(2) "Oh, on the contrary!" (Bliss, 123).

(3) "Down she flew. It was Harry". (Bliss, 122).

(4) "How towered beside her as a giant and new wooden boxes"

(Prelude, 4).

(5) "Birth-what was it? Wondered Sabina. ('At Lehmann's', In a German Pension, 37).

(6) "But now? But now" (The Daughter of the Late Colonel, 114).

(7) "But now! Lannie Gene what had she?" (Life of Ma Parker, 149).

(8) Down he sat on the side of the bed, and seized one of her hands.

(Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day, 208).

Trailing phrases
(1) "She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast." (The Garden Party, 61).

(2) "A grey cat, dragging its belly, crept across the lawn, and a black one, its shadow, trailed after. (Bliss, 123).

(3) "The giggle mounted, mounted; she fought it down, she frowned fiercely at the dark and said "Remember" terribly sternly. (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 83).

(4) "They all looked at me, shaking their mouth full of cherry stones" (In a German Pension, 5).

(5) "I looked at the first of Barons. He was eating salad- taking a wholelettuce leaf on his fork and absorbing it slowly, rabbit wise-a fascinating process to watch" (In a German Pension, 6).

(6) "I seemed to see his visions of some splendid sacrifice of newspaper to this exalted one, a 'danke schon' to be handed down to future generations" (In a German Pension, 8)

(7) "Small wonder that we were a little excited, a little expostulatory". (In a German Pension, 8).

(8) "Nice time she'll have with this one". Frau Rupp exclaimed. (In a German Pension, 24).

Alliteration through Consonance

(1) "Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered
with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones“. (Bliss, 121).

(2) "And then Miss Fulton, all in silver, with a silver fillet binding her pale blonde hair, come in smiling her head a little on one side" (Bliss, 126).

(3) "Her flat little laugh flew from her lips" (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 110).

(4) Spiders. To dream of spiders creeping over you is good. Signifies death of one you hold near and dear (Prelude, 53).

(5) She was all in black, with a little black hat with a floating violets in her bosom (Mr. Reginald Peacock's day, 203).

(6) He was the soul truth and decency, and from all his practical experience he was awfully simple, pleased and easily hurt... (Prelude, 62).

Quaestetio

(1) "What did it mean? What was it she was always wanting? What did it all lead to? Now? Now?" (The Daughters of the Late Colonel, 116).

(2) "How did one prove things, how could one? Suppose Kate had stood in front of her and deliberately made a face, mightn't she very well have been in pain? Wasn't it possible, at any rate, to ask Kate as if she was making a face at her? ('The Daughters of Late Colonel'. The Garden Party, 110).
(3) What was the matter with her? What the hell did she want? Hadn't he three times as many pupils now as when they were first married, earned three times as much, paid for every stick and stone that they possessed, and now had begun to shell out for Andrian's Kindergarten? ... And had he ever reproached her for not having a penny to her name? (Mr. Reginald Peacock's day, 196).

8.1.1 Statistical Ratings of the Analysis

Analysis has been made of the selected corpus in Appendix I. A broad structural analysis of all the 2010 sentences in the selected corpus is given in Appendix II (Fig. 1). The parts-of-speech analysis (Fig. 2 & Fig. 3) leaves bare the structure of the sentences, the stylistic choices of the author and the deviations and selections of the word forms. Cohesion, the factor that binds or structures a text at surface and deep levels has also been taken into account to measure the functionality of the cohesive ties.

Spurious examples are also put in to group various stylistic choices from the stories along with the signature ones. This effort further enhances the results derived by force of additive examples. Percentage calculations of the word-classes sifted in all the three signature stories indicate a common stylistic pattern. Hence this can be stated that the statistical calculations have added mathematical certainty to other wise deep and surface study made in chapter VI.
8.1.2 Mansfield as a Linguistic Innovator

As far as interpretation via linguistics is concerned, it could be stated that the analysis undertaken substantiates Mansfield as an original stylist. Her attempts to transmit impressions through repetitive and co-referential nouns along with epithets in the form of attributive adjectives to give vividness to thoughts; are integral to her style. Further the grammatical structure together with changes in dynamic verbs contributes to easy flux of action and flow of narration. With abundance of metaphorical images, thoughts are woven within the text directly and indirectly. Repetition asserts the idea emphatically; this is how the core ideas are brought into immediate attention. Hence, the style is the charm of textual and contextual architectonics. The stories of Mansfield’s are therefore an aesthetic pleasure in literature and language study.

8.1.3 Details of Mansfield’s New Style

The stylistic approach exclusively concentrates on the text itself with its specific organization of linguistic choices. The stories of Katherine Mansfield therefore make explicit her linguistic creativity, and are functional in portraying her aesthetic and linguistic potential to communicate the live experiences of the protagonists. Katherine’s literary competence as a modern writer rests much on how the stories
are narrated and through what resources. The relevance of her linguistic features as detailed in 8.1.1 section of this chapter for the aesthetic responses reveals her artistic perfection. The textual data along with the analysis of linguistic choices greatly support this idea. Each of the surface meaning of her stories under study is quite simple.

The intensive analysis of her linguistic choices attempted points to the violation of lexical and grammatical rules to put the text in conformity with the flux of a protagonist’s thought. The stream of consciousness technique as named is made distinctive by filling in visual imagery to map out the world within. This process distinguishes the locale of the thoughts and feelings. Syntactically, the sentences are parenthetical; trailing phrases and heavy embedding depicts either an anxious mind or a perturbed one. Extensive use of double adjective adds concretization to thoughts and feeling. Hence it is easy to explore the deep implied meaning.

8.1.4 Final Salutation

A story is a complex creation accommodating emotions and feelings along with a sketch of thoughts on one hand and linguistic elements with connotations and denotations, overtones and undertones on the other hand to give a precise and organized picture of the created world. Linguistic-Stylistic pattern of Mansfield’s world of shorter fiction reveals a cohesive, concrete, and lyrical
world of feelings and thoughts. The stylistic devices that she uses are deviation or ‘obstrusive irregularity’ as named by Leech, which helps transference of meaning through literal absurdity and leads the mind to comprehend the world of letters on a figurative plane. Semantic deviation adds interest and surprise to an otherwise automatic pattern of expression. By extensive use of metaphorical expressions, Mansfield widens the expanse of the implied meaning.

Parallelism, also viewed as ‘obstrusive regularity’ explains the ecology and geography of Mansfield’s range of selections. Through verbal and phonological repetitions Mansfield breaks the formality of the established speech in the textual pattern. This not only gives newness to formal expressions but also intensifies embodied feelings and thoughts. Finally one notices that through cohesion, Mansfield constitutes a text of descriptive nature, where the foregrounded features are identified in isolation and also in an entirety. These features give a sense of distinguishable identity to her art.
Works Cited


..., In a German Pension. London: Stephen Swift, 1911.


(1) Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavements, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at nothing at nothing, simply.

(2) What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly by a feeling of bliss absolute bliss! as though you’d suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe?...

(3) Oh, is there no way you can express it without being “drunk and disorderly”?

(4) How idiotic civilization is!

(5) Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

(6) “No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean,” she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key she’d forgotten it, as usual and rattling the letterbox.
(7) “It’s not what I mean, because Thank you, Mary” she went into the hall.

(8) “Is nurse back?”

(9) “Yes, M’m.”

(10) “And has the fruit come?”

(11) “Yes, M’m. Everything’s come.”

(12) “Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I’ll arrange it before I go upstairs.”

(13) It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly.

(14) But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.

(15) But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place that shower of little sparks coming from it.

(16) It was almost unbearable.

(17) She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and air of listening, waiting for something... divine to happen... that she knew must happen... infallibly.

(18) Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.
“Shall I turn on the light, M’m?”

“No, thank you. I can see quite well.”

There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink.

Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones.

These last she had bought to tone in with the new dining-room carpet.

Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them.

She had thought in the shop: “I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table.”

And it had seemed quite sense at the time.

When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect and it really was most curious.

For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air.

This, of course, in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful....She began to laugh.

“No, no. I’m getting hysterical.”

And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery.

Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath.
(33) The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue woolen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak.

(34) She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump.

(35) “Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl,” said nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had come into the nursery at another wrong moment.

(36) “Has she been good, Nanny?”

(37) “She’s been a little sweet all the afternoon,” whispered Nanny.

(38) “We went the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put its head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it.

(39) Oh, you should have seen her.

(40) Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn’t rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog’s ear.

(41) But she did not dare to.

(42) She stood watching them, her hands by her side, like the poor little girl in front of the rich girl with the doll.

(43) The baby looked up at her again, stared, and then smiled so charmingly that Bertha couldn’t help crying.

(44) “Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her supper while you put the bath things away.”

(45) “Well, M’m, she oughtn’t to be changed hands while she’s
eating,” said Nanny, still whispering.

(46) “It unsettles her; it’s very likely to upset her.”

(47) “Oh, I must!” said she.

(48) Very offended, Nanny handed her over.

(49) “Now, don’t excite her after her supper.”

(50) “You know you do, M’m.”

Appendix I

In a German Pension

(1) Bread soup was placed upon the table.

(2) “Ah”, said the Herr Rat, leaning upon the table as he peered into the tureen, “that is what I need”.

(3) My ‘magen’ has not been in order for several days.

(4) Bread soup, and just the right consistency.

(5) “I am a good cook myself.”-he turned to me.

(6) “How interesting,” I said, attempting to infuse just the right amount of enthusiasm into my voice.

(7) “Oh yes- when one is not married it is necessary. As for me, I have had all I wanted from women without marriage”.

(8) He tucked his napkin into his collar and blew upon his soup as he spoke.

(9) “Now at nine o’clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much.
“Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea—that is nothing to you.”

He asserted the fact so vehemently that I had not the courage to refute it.

All eyes were suddenly turned upon me.

I felt I was bearing the burden of the nation’s preposterous breakfast—I who drank a cup of coffee while buttoning my blouse in the blouse.

“Nothing at all”, cried Herr Hoffmann from Berlin.

“Ach, when I was in England in the morning I used to eat”.

He turned up his eyes and his moustache, wiping the soup dripping from his coat and waistcoat.

“Do they really it so much?” asked Fraulein Stiegelauer.

“Soup and baker’s bread and pig’s flesh, and tea and coffee and stewed fruit, and honey and eggs, and cold fish and kidney, and hot fish and liver?”

All the ladies eat, too, especially the ladies.

“Certainly. I myself have noticed it, when it was living in a hotel in Leicester Square,” cried the Herr Rat.

“Ah, that’s one thing I can do,” said I, laughing brightly.

“I can make very good tea. The great secret is to warm the tea-pot”. “What do you warm the tea-pot for? Ha! ha! that’s very
good! One does not eat the tea-pot, I suppose!"

(23) He fixed his cold blue eyes upon me with an expression which suggested a thousand premeditated invasions.

(24) "So that is the great secret of your English tea? All you do is to warm the tea-pot."

(25) I wanted to say that was only the preliminary canter, but could not translate it, and so was silent.

(26) "I eat sauerkraut with great pleasure," said the Traveller from North Germany, "but now I have eaten so much of it that I can not retain it. I am immediately forced to..."

(27) "A beautiful day," I cried, turning to Fraulein Stiegelaur.

(28) "Did you get up early?"

(29) "At five o’clock I walked for ten minutes in the wet grass."

(30) "Again in bed."

(31) "At half-past five I fell asleep, and woke at seven, when I made an ‘over body’ washing! Again in bed."

(32) "At eight o’clock I had a cold-water poultice, and at half-past eight I drank a cup of mint tea."

(33) "At nine I drank some malt coffee and began my ‘cure’."

(34) "Pass me the sauerkraut, please."

(35) "You do not eat it?"

(36) "No, thank you. I still find it a little strong."
(37) “Is it true” asked the Widow, picking her teeth with a hairpin as she spoke, “that you are a vegetarian?”

(38) “Why, yes; I have not eaten meat for three years.”

(39) “Im — possible! Have you any family?”

(40) “There now, you see that’s what you’re coming to!”

(41) “Who ever heard of having children upon vegetables?”

(42) “It is not possible.”

(43) “But you never have large families in England now; I suppose you are too busy with your suffragetting.”

(44) “Now I have had nine children, and they are all alive, thank God.”

(45) “Fine, healthy babies.. though after the first one was born I had to..”


(47) “Wonderful,” said the Widow contemptuously, replacing the hairpin in the knob which was balanced on the top of her head.”

(48) "Not at all. A friend of mind had four at the same time."

(49) Her husband was so pleased he gave a super party and had then placed on the table.

(50) Of course she was very proud.
Appendix I

In a German Pension

(1) Bread soup was placed upon the table.

(2) "Ah", said the Herr Rat, leaning upon the table as he peered into the tureen, "that is what I need".

(3) My 'magen' has not been in order for several days.

(4) Bread soup, and just the right consistency.

(5) "I am a good cook myself."-he turned to me.

(6) "How interesting," I said, attempting to infuse just the right amount of enthusiasm into my voice.

(7) "Oh yes- when one is not married it is necessary. As for me, I have had all I wanted from women without marriage".

(8) He tucked his napkin into his collar and blew upon his soup as he spoke.

(9) "Now at nine o'clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much.

(10) "Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea-that is nothing to you."

(11) He asserted the fact so vehemently that I had not the courage to refute it.

(12) All eyes were suddenly turned upon me.

(13) I felt I was bearing the burden of the nation's preposterous
breakfast—I who drank a cup of coffee while buttoning my blouse
in the blouse.

(14) “Nothing at all”, cried Herr Hoffmann from Berlin.

(15) “Ach, when I was in England in the morning I used to eat”.

(16) He turned up his eyes and his moustache, wiping the soup
dripping from his coat and waistcoat.

(17) “Do they really it so much?” asked Fraulein Stiegelauer.

(18) “Soup and baker’s bread and pig’s flesh, and tea and coffee and
stewed fruit, and honey and eggs, and cold fish and kidney, and
hot fish and liver?

(19) All the ladies eat, too, especially the ladies.

(20) “Certainly. I myself have noticed it, when it was living in a hotel
in Leicester Square,” cried the Herr Rat.

(21) “Ah, that’s one thing I can do,” said I, laughing brightly.

(22) “I can make very good tea. The great secret is to warm the tea-
pot”.

(23) “What do you warm the tea-pot for? Ha! ha! that’s very good!
One does not eat the tea-pot, I suppose!”

(24) He fixed his cold blue eyes upon me with an expression which
suggested a thousand premeditated invasions.

(25) “So that is the great secret of your English tea? All you do is to
warm the tea-pot.”
(26) I wanted to say that was only the preliminary canter, but could not translate it, and so was silent.

(27) "I eat sauerkraut with great pleasure," said the Traveller from North Germany, "but now I have eaten so much of it that I can not retain it. I am immediately forced to..."

(28) "A beautiful day," I cried, turning to Fraulein Stiegelaur.

(29) "Did you get up early?"

(30) "At five o'clock I walked for ten minutes in the wet grass."

(31) "Again in bed."

(32) "At half-past five I fell asleep, and woke at seven, when I made an 'over body' washing! Again in bed."

(33) "At eight o'clock I had a cold-water poultice, and at half-past eight I drank a cup of mint tea."

(34) "At nine I drank some malt coffee and began my 'cure'."

(35) "Pass me the sauerkraut, please."

(36) "You do not eat it?"

(37) "No, thank you. I still find it a little strong."

(38) "Is it true" asked the Widow, picking her teeth with a hairpin as she spoke, "that you are a vegetarian?"

(39) "Why, yes; I have not eaten meat for three years."

(40) "Im—possible! Have you any family?"

(41) "No."
(42) “There now, you see that’s what you’re coming to!”

(43) “Who ever heard of having children upon vegetables?”

(44) “It is not possible.”

(45) “But you never have large families in England now; I suppose you are too busy with your suffragetting.”

(46) “Now I have had nine children, and they are all alive, thank God.”

(47) “Fine, healthy babies.. though after the first one was born I had to..”

(48) “How wonderful!” I cried.

(49) “Wonderful,” said the Widow contemptuously, replacing the hairpin in the knob which was balanced on the top of her head.”

(50) “Not at all!”
Appendix 1

The Garden Party

(1) Then the door opened. (80)

(2) A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

(3) Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?"

(4) But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

(5) The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her.

(6) "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

(7) She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp.

(8) There was a woman sitting before the fire.

(9) But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round.

(10) Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible.

(11) She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there.

(12) What did it mean?

(13) Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket?

(14) What was it all about?
(15) And the poor face puckered up again.

(16) "All right, my dear," said the other.

(17) "I'll thank the young lady?"

(18) And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss,

I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile. (81)

(19) Laura only wanted to get out, to get away.

(20) She was back in the passage.

(21) The door opened.

(22) She walked straight through into the bedroom where the dead man was lying.

(23) There lay a young man. fast asleep sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both.

(24) Oh, so remote, so peaceful.

(25) He was dreaming.

(26) Never wake him up again.

(27) His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids.

(28) He was given up to his dream.

(29) What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him?

(30) He was far from all those things.

(31) He was wonderful, beautiful.
While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane.

Happy...happy...All is well, said that sleeping face.

This is just as it should be.

I am content.

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him.

Laura gave a loud childish sob.

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister.

She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people.

At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.

He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes" "Mother was getting anxious." "Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh Laurie!"

She took his arm, she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother.

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder.

"Don't cry," he said in his warm, loving voice.

"Was it awful?"
APPENDIX II
Distribution of Words and Sentences

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>WORDS</th>
<th>LINES</th>
<th>SENTENCES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bliss</td>
<td>887</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a German Pension</td>
<td>675</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Garden Party</td>
<td>448</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>2010</strong></td>
<td><strong>219</strong></td>
<td><strong>150</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fig. 1
## Aggregate Display of the Distribution of Word Classes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bliss</th>
<th>In a German Pension</th>
<th>The Garden Party</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Noun</td>
<td>171</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verb</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adj</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>117</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adv</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prep</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conj</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Det</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Int</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inf</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pron</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total:</td>
<td>887</td>
<td>675</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fig. 2
Distribution of Parts of Speech
(From the Selected Corpus, Appendix i)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bliss</th>
<th>In a German Pension</th>
<th>The Garden Party</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Noun</td>
<td>19.3</td>
<td>18.8</td>
<td>17.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verb</td>
<td>12.3</td>
<td>17.2</td>
<td>19.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adj</td>
<td>14.5</td>
<td>17.3</td>
<td>19.64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adv</td>
<td>10.3</td>
<td>9.03</td>
<td>8.26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prep</td>
<td>10.6</td>
<td>9.5</td>
<td>7.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conj</td>
<td>6.65</td>
<td>4.1</td>
<td>3.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Det</td>
<td>8.1</td>
<td>8.3</td>
<td>9.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Int</td>
<td>0.9</td>
<td>0.74</td>
<td>0.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inf</td>
<td>2.5</td>
<td>0.89</td>
<td>12.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pron</td>
<td>14.9</td>
<td>14.1</td>
<td>1.12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fig. 3
Percentage Display of the Distribution of Word Classes

Parts of Speech

- Noun
- Verb
- Adj
- Adv
- Prep
- Conj
- Det
- Int
- Inf
- Pron

The Garden Party
In a German Pension
Bliss