In a letter to the Murrys D.H. Lawrence writes:

.... I am glad you are happy. That is the right way to be happy - a nucleus of love between a man and a woman, and let the world look after itself. It is the last folly to bother about the world. One should be in love and be happy - no more. Except that if there are friends who will help the happiness on ... let us be happy together.

It is quite in keeping with the nature of D.H. Lawrence to desire for happiness in marriage. But the ideal set for marriage here is quite rare and difficult to attain. Katherine Mansfield's first few stories written after her marriage with George Bowden are the result of her unhappy marriage. Some of the satirical sketches she composes as an exile in Germany deal with a few problems of men and women in love and marriage.

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In "Frau Fischer" Frau Fischer makes bold statements about marriage and widowhood. She says in apologetic voice:

"We are such a happy family since my dear man died".

"But these marriages one must have courage: and after all, give them time, they all make the happy family bigger - thank God for that."

Frau Fischer resumes her argument on marriage with the narrator:

"... My dear I am a woman of experience and I know the world. While he is away you have a fever in your blood. Your sad heart flies for comfort to those foreign lands. At home you cannot bear the sight of that empty bed - it is like widowhood. Since death of my dear husband I have never known an hour's peace".

She goes on to tell various ways in which a woman can enhance the strength of the bond of marriage. She advises the narrator to put up bright and energetic appearance and make her sailor - husband proud of his
wife as the sailors are often prone to terrible temptations. She also tells that the wife's right place is by her husband's side.

In "Frau Brenchenmacher Attends a Wedding" there are two parallel marital situations. The story opens with the preparation of Frau and Herr Brenchenmachaer to attend the second marriage of Theresa. Theresa is marrying a man who never changes his clothes even once in two months. Frau Rupp concludes her statement on the bridegroom saying that every wife has her cross. Frau Brenchenmacher finds her cross in her husband:

Frau Brenohenmacher saw her husband among his colleagues at the next table. He was drinking far too much, she knew - gesticulating widely, the saliva spluttering out of his mouth as he talked.

"Yes" she assented, "that's true. Girls have a lot to learn". (p.723)

When Herr Brenchenmacher makes the presentation speech, everybody laughs and thinks it funny. But Frau thinks that they are laughing at her husband. Throughout their way home she is silent. She dislikes the behaviour of her husband. When they reach home she attends to her
The children were all soundly sleeping. She stripped the mattress off the baby's bed to see if it was still dry, then began unfastening her blouse and skirt.

"Always the same", she said - "all over the world the same; but God in heaven - but stupid".

Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt as Herr Brenchenmacher lurched in. (p.725)

The story presents a realistic situation of marital life. The ill fate of Theresa's marriage gives a chance to Frau Brenchenmacher to see her own "cross" in marriage. She is also vexed with the unchanging pattern of her married life and maternal cares.

In "At Lehmann's and "A Birth Day" the husbands do not want to care for their wives in maternity. Herr Lehmann plays cards with his friends while his wife suffers. Andreas Binzer murmurs at the show (his feeling) his wife puts up:
"Frightful business, frightful business" he heard himself whispering. "And I can not understand. It isn't as though it were her first it's her third. Old Schafer told me yesterday, his wife simply dropped her fourth. Anna ought to have had a qualified nurse. Mother gives way to her Mother spoils her

(p.749)

In all these German Pension stories we notice that all the marriages are unhappy because of unadjusting men. They do not relax even a little to help their wives.

"The Woman at the Store" has the case of a woman who murders her husband. The woman was a barmaid, 'as pretty as a wax doll'. When she married, she is brought to the isolated store from a coastal town. Her husband disappears quite often leaving her alone to look after the store for long periods. The isolation and the indifference of her husband drives her to murder her husband.*

* Katherine Mansfield must have been familiar with a parallel situation on her tour of New Zealand. It is the first New Zealand story based on her experience at the exhibition of Post-impressionists in London.
In "Violet", Violet meets the narrator near a fountain. She recounts how she is disappointed in love. She feels 'frightfully' depressed. After dancing for seven rounds, her lover asks Violet whether she believes in Pan. Violet proceeds with her story:

"He said I think I must be mad. I want to kiss you', - and I let him".

"Do go on"

I simply can't tell you what I felt like. Fancy! I'd never kissed out of the family before. I mean of course- never a man. And then he said: 'I must tell you I am engaged'.

"well?"

"What else is there? of course I simply rushed upstairs and tumbled everything over in the dressing room and found my coat and went home. And next morning I made mother let me come here. I thought," said Violet, "I thought I would have died of shame". (pp.601-02)

The fountain, at which Violet meets her friend, the narrator, becomes a symbol speaking on the state of Violet. It appears to "be weeping", of course, reflecting the mood of the viewer.
In "Something Childish But Very Natural"

Henry meets Edna in a railway station. At once he falls in love with her. He tries to touch her, but she avoids his touch some how or other. She explains:

"Oh, "she sobbed, "I do hate hurting you. Every-time you ask me to let - let you hold my hand or - or kiss me I could kill myself for not doing it... Some how I feel if once we did that - you know - held each other's hands and kissed, it would all be changed - and I feel we would not be free like we are - we'd be do-ing some thing secret. We would not be children any more..." (p.618)

But she is kissed by him later while they together inspect a cottage.

"What has been the matter with you all day? She said - and then did not wait for an answer but ran to him and put her arms round his neck and pressed his head into the hallow of her shoulder. "Oh", She breathed, "I do love you. Hold me, Henry". He put his hands round her, and she leaned against him and looked into his eyes. "Hasn't it been terrible, all to-day?" said Edna. "I know what was the matter and I've tried every way I could tell you that I wanted you to kiss me - that I'd quite got over
the feeling". (pp.625-26)

As the story ends, Henry dreams of a happy marriage and a comfortable life in a cottage. He sits on the door step and waits for Edna. He notices 'a nice little girl walking towards him:

When she was quite close to him she shook her hand from under her pinafore and gave him a telegram and smiled and went away... He laughed gently in the dream and opened it very carefully. "It's just a folded paper." He took it out and spread it open (p.627)

Thus, Henry's dream ends when Edna simply fails to arrive. The story's half-lit sense of unreality can be seen in the journal entry Katherine Mansfield makes:

Today the World is cracking, I am waiting for Jack and Ida. I have been sewing as Mother used to - with one's heart pushing the needle. Horrible But is there really some thing for more horrible than even could resolve it'self into reality, and is it that something which terrifies me so?³

Katherine Mansfield's presentation of husband

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and wife relationship based on her father and mother can be seen in "Prelude". Stanley becomes impatient to return home after his office work in town. When he reaches home he is in a hurry to kiss Linda all over. He does it the moment they are closed in their room.

Linda finds the aloe infront of their house. She wonders at the security of the plant contrasting with her own fragile state. Stanley has her love, respect and admiration but still she hates him. The first part of the story shows Linda and Stanley happy. When Linda sees the aloe, she realises her predicament. She grudges the 'plant's health'. She finds her life meaningless.

Katherine Mansfield evokes the discordant note in the life of Linda and Stanley even in the apparently blissful moments. When Stanley says that he is confoundedly happy, the surroundings do not echo it:

It was quite dark outside now and heavy dew was falling when Linda shut the window the cold dew touched her finger tips... "I believe there is going to be a moon" She said.

At the words, and with the cold wet dew on her fingers, she felt as though the moon had
risen - that she was strangely discovered in a flood of cold light. She shivered...(pp.38-39)

In "Prelude" Katherine Mansfield shows the light through the mist. It is only Linda's mother who discovers her coldness physically, perhaps even metaphorically, not her husband, breathing business through every pore of his body, who has reduced her into a child-bearing machine. He himself becomes a money-maker and property-seeker. Here Katherine Mansfield attempts to show the darkness surrounding the light, the coldness engulfing the warmth, in the midst of the trifling moments of the seemingly ineffective events of the day.

"Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day" presents the gulf between Mr. Reginald's idea of a dream and the practical aspect of his family. He is not happy with the way his wife wakes him up in the morning:

....She came into the room buttoned up in an overall, with a handkerchief over her head - thereby proving that she had been up herself and slaving since dawn - and called in a low, warning voice. "Reginald!"...

"It's time to get up; it's half past eight" and out she went shutting the door quietly
after her, to gloat over her triumph, he supposed (p.144)

Mr. Reginald thinks that his wife wants to drag him to her level. His wife has done her best to clip his wings. He wants to wake up in a different way:

....One ought to wake exquisitely, reluctantly, he thought, slipping down in the warm bed. He began to imagine a series of enchanting scenes which ended with his latest, most charming pupil putting her bare scented arms round his neck and covering him with her long perfumed hair. "Awake, my love!"...(p.145)

Reginald's day ends with the triumph of his ego in the evening. He eats with Aenone Fell, sings to a responding audience, drinks with Lord Timbuck and staggers home. But as he reaches his flat his marvellous sense of elation flies away. His wife is asleep. She is not at all interested in his triumph. He tries to tell her about his evening, but he could only say: "Dear Lady, I should be so charmed - so charmed". (p.153).

Reginald's self as a husband is completely dead. He has lost the language even to talk to his wife. He retains only a few polite words that match with the
terribly exalted moments of his life. He could condescend
to any level to his young lovely students. He could
accept a stranger's invitation to dinner but fails to
remember his wife's warning regarding his dinner.

"The Black Cap" presents a situation opposite
to "Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day". Here the wife leaves
her husband to meet her lover and wants to bid goodbye
to her married life. She is not happy with her life of
caring for the minute daily needs of her husband. On her
way to the railway station she thinks:

..... I am glad that it happened like this; it
puts me so finally, absolutely in the right
for ever! He does not want a woman at all. A
woman has no meaning for him. He's not the
type of man to care deeply for anybody except
himself. I've become the person who remembers
to take the links out of his shirts before they
go to wash - that is all! And that is not
enough for me. I'm young - 'm too proud. I'm
not the type of woman to vegetate in the
country and rave over "our" own luttuces....
(pp.655-56)

Her husband never cared for her even once. He
neglected her soul. She wants freedom and riches. She
wants to be the queen of her kingdom. But soon she learns the truth. Her lover appears much more absurd. He appears in a black cap which she dislikes. He fails to realise the absurdity even after looking into the mirror. Suddenly she resolves to return to her husband. She never minds the defeat. She says:

Yes, Waterloo. Ah, I've escaped - I've escaped! I shall be just in time to catch the afternoon train home. Oh, it's like a dream - I'll be home before supper I'll tell him that the city was too hot or the dentist away. What does it matter? I've a right to my own home ... It will be wonderful driving up from the station; the fields will smell so delicious. There is cold fowl for supper left over from yesterday, and orange jelly... I have been mad, but now I am sane again. Oh, my husband! (p. 659-60)

The woman becomes egotistic and starts finding fault with the behaviour of her husband. She feels that she is reduced to an attendant mechanically helping her husband. It is only when she meets the lover in a black cap that she realises how her lover would be more absurd. In this context she recognises the worth of her family and her husband. She prides over what she has.
In "Dill Pickle" Veera meets her former lover after six years. As he recollects all the pleasant aspects of their past, Veera could remember only the unpleasant aspects of the events he recollects. He seems to be the same man with his stingy nature, but he appears to be developed:

He was certainly far better looking now than he had been then. He had lost all that dreamy vagueness and indecision. Now he had the air of man who has found his place in life, and fills it with a confidence and an assurance which was to say the least, impressive. He must have made money, too. His clothes were admirable.... (p.169)

He also tells he has been to all the places they talked about. He has spent three years travelling to Spain, Corsica, Siberia, Russia and Egypt. He could not visit China. As he spoke about these things,

She felt the strange beast that has slumbered so long with in her bosom stir, stretch itself, yawn, prick up its years, and suddenly bound to its feet, and fix its longing, hungry stare upon those far off places. But all she said was, smiling gently: "How I envy you". (p.170)

When he recounts his visit to Russia Veera
imagines herself in Russia. He appreciates her that she is a good listener. He wants to carry her to all the places she wants to see like a magic carpet. Now she thinks that she has made a mistake by throwing away the love of the only man who has ever understood her.

Meanwhile,

Suddenly with a quick gesture he handed back the glove and scraped his chair on the floor. "But what seemed to be mysterious then is plain to me now. And to you too of course....It simply was that we were such egoists, so self-engrossed, so wrapped up in ourselves that we had not a corner in our hearts for anybody else. Do you know" he cried, naive and hearty and dreadfully like another side of that old self again, "I began studying a mind System when I was in Russia, and I found that we were not peculiar at all. It's quite a well-known form of..." (p.174)

"Dill Pickle" assesses the love between Veera and her lover after six years. Veera is almost assured that she can be safe in his hands. But when he leaves her glove Veera decides that he no longer requires her. Katherine Mansfield in this story tries to explore the reasons for incomplete understanding between men and women. Here neither Veera nor her lover comes out of
the egoistical shells. He is the same man, though he appears better, with his fundamental nature retained. In "The Black Cap" the issue between the husband and wife is resolved by the black cap. Here the glove undecideds the love between Veera and her lover. Thus, the insignificant facts decide the fate of marriage and love.

Man and Woman relationship in "Je ne parle pas francais" is broken by the man's pull towards his mother. The story opens in a little cafe. The "madame" in the cafe appears to be in search of some body:

When she is not serving she sits on a stool with her face turned, always, to the window. Her dark ringed eyes search among and follow after the people passing, but not as if she was looking for somebody. Perhaps fifteen years ago she was; but now the pose has become a habit. You can tell from her air of fatigue and hopelessness that she must have given them up for the last ten years, at least...

(p.61)

This ingrained disappointment leads to Mouse's disappointment later, Raoul Duquette, the narrator of the story, tells about his own experience with women:
I never yet made the first advances to any woman. It's not as though I've known only one class of women - not by any means. But from the little prostitutes and kept women and elderly widows and shop girls and wives of respectable men and even advanced modern literary ladys at the most select dinners and soirees (I've been there), I've met invariably with not only the same readiness, but with the same positive invitation. It surprised me at first. I used to look across the table and think "Is that very distinguished young lady, discussing le Kipling with the gentleman with brown beard, really pressing my foot?" And I was never really certain until I had pressed hers. (p.68)

Raoul Duquette must be enchanting to the ladies he speaks about. For the purpose of the story it accounts for the readiness of women in general to get into the trap of men.

Dick suddenly leaves Raoul for England and returns with a young woman, Mouse. Dick receives them at the station and takes them to the hotel where he has booked rooms for them. Dick leaves Mouse and deserts her to her fate in Paris. Mouse is not surprised. She says: "I knew all along, of course," said the cold,
salty little voice. "From the very moment that we started. I felt it all through me, but I still went on hoping -" and here she took the handkerchief down and gave me a final glimmer -"as one so stupidly does, you know." (p.88)

She cannot return to England. It is impossible. She has no plans. She agrees to the help that Raoul promises. But Raoul fails to go to her again.

Middleton Murry claims that "Je ne" contains personal symbolism which only he can understand. No doubt, he thinks more about its features than the resemblance of Raoul Duquette to Francis Carco, the French writer with whom Katherine Mansfield had enjoyed an escapade in 1915. "The fate of the Mouse, caught in the toils of the world's evil abandoned by her lover", as Murry feels, "is Katherine's fate". 4

In "Bliss" the reverse of "Je ne" obtains. In "Jene" Mouse and Raoul try to become closer to Dick.

Here Bertha and her husband compete for the proximity of Pearl Fulton, a new find of Bertha. Bertha has every thing:

She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, and they got on together splendidly and were really good pals. She had an adorable baby. They did not have to worry about money. They had this absolutely satisfactory house and garden. And friends - modern, thrilling friends, writers and painters and poets or people keen on social questions - just the kind of friends they wanted. And then there were books, and there was music, and she had found a wonderful little dressmaker, and they were going abroad in the summer, and their new cook made the most superb omelettes....

(p.96)

Bertha has all that is expected of a happy married life, but she is after new finds. She wants to be closer to interesting people like Pearl Fulton. The real lapse in the personality of Bertha is suggested in other ways. Bertha's virginal frigidity, for example, is revealed not only in her own terms - 'she'd been in love with him, of course, in every other way, but just not in that way' - but also by the somewhat inappropriate application...
of the word 'bride groom' to her husband after several years of their marriage.

The question of maturity takes a deeper resonance when we consider the other members of the dinner party. Of all the characters Bertha has the most potential for growth and maturity. Her suppressed but real sexual force is indicated in the fire and sun imagery in the first half of the story. When Pearl Fulton enters the moon imagery ascends suppressing the rebirth of Bertha. In the words of Andrew Gurr and Clare Hanson:

Her development is blocked by the circumstances of a life which she herself has created. It was the young and immature Bertha who chose the husband who now constrains and defines her. His coarseness not only checks the birth of her desire for him very obviously in the course of the story but also by implication throughout their marriage life. It also determines the intellectual level on which she lives, among a circle of friends not sufficiently intelligent to enable her to develop such abilities as she does possess. She is, as Mansfield pointed out, that most pitiable of creatures, the 'artist manquee' of the
type analysed by Thomas Mann, condemned to suffer from sensibilities and perceptions which she lacks the drive and talent to use constructively.5

"Bliss" illustrates the possibility of Bertha's maturity. As her companionship with Pearl Fulton sparks off the complete womanhood in her, she longs for her husband for the first time. Pearl not only initiates Bertha but also overtakes her. By the time Bertha gets ready for Harry, Pearl is found in Harry's arms.

"Bliss" has come in for a good deal of criticism, some found it "disagreeable" or 'cruel' while others found it shallow. Virginia Woolf describes it as "not the vision of an interesting mind"7 Here Katherine Mansfield aims at a story which cannot be simply summed up discursively. It resonates yielding a number of subjective assessments.

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"The Man without a Temperament" presents the situation Katherine Mansfield wants Murry should adopt. In a letter to Middleton Murry from Ospedaletti, she writes:

Once the defences are fallen between you and Death they are not built up again. It needs such a little push, hardly that, just a false step, just not looking, and you are over. Mother, of course, lived in this state for years. Ah, but she lived surrounded. She had her husband, her children, her home, her friends, physical presences, darling treasures to be cherished and I've not one of these things, I have only my work.  

In the story, Robert is exiled from London to look after his invalid wife. He reverts three times to the land that he has left. As the story opens, Robert is seen turning his heavy signet ring. He is chained to his invalid wife. He is mocked by all the people in the pension down to the servant girl. His state is contrasted with the honey-moon couple. He envies their happy state. He is brilliant and learned, but tied to the diseased wife.

The husband's miserable state is brought out more by the symbols and the surroundings. The people around them offer contrast. His recollection of happy occasions in London aggravate his misery. The ring on his fingers becomes a symbol of his captivity. At the end, Robert becomes the fluttering bird 'that tries to fly and sinks again and again struggles. Andrew Gurr and Clare Hanson say that,

The final clamp on the man's trap is his wife's devotion and the hostility of every one apart from her in and around the pension. All the guests contribute to the perspective of which he is the focus. The "two Topknots" emphasise the desiccated sameness of life. The honeymoon couple, creatures of a different moon from the husband's underline what the man with the copse like wife has lost. The American widow with her lap dog parodies the invalid wife with her servant-husband and sexless loyalty. The general and the countess (and their driver) confirm the alienation already shown in the contemptuous maid servant and the frightened children. All this he has to endure for the sake of his wife's dependency on him. 9

"The Stranger" is about Mr. Hammond's anxiety to receive Mrs. Hammond as quickly as possible and keep her 'entirely to himself'. He is tremendously excited. He makes meticulous calculation of the boat's delay. He becomes impatient when his wife delays further to say good-bye to other passengers. When they reach the hotel, he does not want to be disturbed by his business pals. He is not sure even when he embraces his wife:

...he felt she would fly away, so Hammond never knew - never knew for dead certain that he was as glad as he was. How could he know? Would he ever know? Would he always have this craving - this pang like hunger, some how to make Janey so much part of him that there was not any of her to escape? He wanted to blot out every body, everything. He wished now he'd turned off the light. (p.361)

He does not want anything to intervene between them even the letters of their own children. Even when she kisses, he considers it a signed contract. But all his desire cools down when he learns about a young man who lost his life in his wife's hands. His wife becomes silent.

But her words, so light, so soft, so chill, seemed to hover in the air, to rain into his
breast like snow.

The fire had gone red. Now it fell in with a sharp sound and the room was colder. Cold crept up his arms. (p.363)

Hammond could not bear it. He hides his face in his wife's bosom and enfolds her in his arms. It "Spoilt their evening! Spoilt their being together! They would never be alone together again" (p.364) Mr. Hammond reminds us of Gabriel Conroy in "The Dead". He feels that the dead has conquered her heart. The overwhelming feeling does not allow any peace for him.

In "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" Reginald wants to settle with Anne the matter about their marriage. But she goes on laughing. She wants to be serious, but she cannot help her laughter. The doves in Anne's house become a symbol of their love. Anne does not want the state of doves in the real life. Anne advises Reginald to forget her.

But it did not seem at all simple to Reginald. It seemed impossibly difficult. "Don't pity me, dear little Anne," he said gently. And this time he nearly ran, under the pink arches, along the garden path.

He stopped, he turned. But when she saw his timid, puzzled look, she gave a little laugh.

"Come back Mr. Dove," said Anne. And Reginald came slowly across the lawn. (p. 294).

At the end of the story, they do become the doves much against Anne's will. Katherine Mansfield is not satisfied by the story. She says in her journal:

I finished Mr. and Mrs. Dove yesterday. I am not altogether pleased with it. It's a little bit made up. It's not inevitable. I mean to imply that those two may not be happy together - that that is the kind of reason for which a young girl marries. But have I done so? I don't think so. Besides it's not strong enough. I want to be nearer - far, far nearer than that I want to use all my force even when I am taking a fine line. And I have a sneaking notion that I have at the end used the Doves unwarrantably... I used them to round off something - didn't I? Is that quite my game? No, it's not. It's not quite the kind of truth I'm after... 10

"At the Bay" presents a wide spectrum of men and women. Katherine Mansfield wants to tackle "with more difficult relationships"¹¹ in this story. In the third episode Stanely makes the entire household search for his stick. He feels unhappy over the 'heartlessness' of the women in the family. It pains him to know that they take it for granted that it is the duty of the man to slave away for them. When he leaves for his office, the household heaves a sigh of relief.

The fifth episode presents Mrs. Kember. Her husband is ten years younger than Mrs. Kember herself. He ignores her much as she ignores him. In the sixth episode Linda recollects how she found her Stanely as her beau and how her father teased her. Stanely is timid, sensitive, innocent and he longs to be good. He believes in people with his whole heart and suffers terribly when someone is not sincere. Linda is used to find him in distress. Her whole time is spent in rescuing him. And what is left of her time is spent in the dread of having children.

¹¹ Ibid., p.185.
If we consider "At the Bay" a sequel to "Prelude", we find both Linda and Stanely a bit matured. They are more compromising than they were in "Prelude". Both are reticent. They are contrasted with the mutually unfaithful pair of Kembers. Stanely's concern for frivolous details like saying good-bye to Linda appears a bit melodramatic. But it becomes consistent with his character as Linda understands him. The character of Stanely is revealed through the heart of Linda.

"Marriage a la Mode" describes the changed attitude of William's wife when she goes "modern". The new Isabel creates a new atmosphere in the house. William finds his own house stranger when he comes to his house for the weekend:

As William wandered downstairs, the maid crossed the hall carrying a lamp. He followed her into the sitting room. It was a long room, coloured yellow. On the wall opposite William some one had painted a young man, over life-size, with very wobbly legs, offering a wide-eyed daisy to a young woman who had one very short arm and a very long, thin one. Over the chairs and sofa there hung strips of black material, covered with big splashes like broken
eggs, and everywhere one looked there seemed to be an ash-tray full of cigarette ends (p.315)

The grotesque nature of his modern house repels William. He could not meet even his children in the weekend. On his way to his office he writes a letter to Isabel. When she receives it, she is confused. She finds her friends 'Vile, Odious, Abominable and Vulgar'. William's words - 'God forbid, my darling, that I should be a drag on your happiness' haunt her. She feels that even the bedroom knows her for what she is, 'Shallow, tinkling Vain!.. At this juncture her friends call her for bathing:

Isabel sat up. Now was the moment, now she must decide. Would she go with them, or stay here and write to William. Which should it be? "I must make up my mind. Oh, how could there be any question?" Of course she would stay here and write

"Titania" piped Moira

"Isabel"

No, it was too difficult. "I'll go with them, and write to William latter. But I shall certainly write" thought Isabel hurriedly
And laughing in the new way, she ran down the stairs (pp.320-21)

Isable is not like Katherine Mansfield's other prudent women. Wisdom dawns on her when she reads her husband's letter, but she does not obey its dictation immediately. She swings towards her new way - nasty way with her new gang.

Rosemary Fell in "A Cup of Tea" is wiser than all other women in Katherine Mansfield's stories. She wants to show that wonderful things can happen in real life. She picks up a beggar girl and introduces her as her friend to her husband. But when he becomes interested in her, she sends her out with some money. Seen against the background of the previous story Rosemary is wise and wary.

George and Fanny in "Honey Moon" are mutually adjusted in spite of some individual differences with in themselves. They enjoy this agreement very much. In the Hotel

.... she felt a rush of love for George. His hands were on the table, brown, large hands that she knew so well. She longed to take one of them and squeeze it hard. But to her
astonishment, George did just that thing
(p.405)

Fanny does not disagree even when she strongly feels the difference. When George says that he would go into the
see next morning, Fanny's heart shrinks:

She heard for years of the frightful
dangers of the Mediterranean. It was absolute
death trap... But she'd made up her mind long
before she was married that never would she be
the kind of woman who interfered with her
husband's pleasures, so all she said was,
airily "I suppose one has to be very up in the
currents, doesn't one?" (p.403)

In Katherine Mansfield's stories, a stable and
lovable relationship between man and woman seems to be
impossible. It is very difficult to know the complica-
tions involved in the bond between man and woman as wife
and husband or as lovers. However we can notice the
polarity between man and woman being gradually reduced
as we come towards the end of her story-craft. In some
stories there are dominant wives. In some other stories
the husbands are domineering. Katherine Mansfield is not
sentimental about a particular state of families. She
endeavours to focus the attention on various nuances of
family life. In an unposted letter she mentions:

We are neither male nor female. We are a compound of both. I choose the male who will develop and expand the male in me; he chooses me to expand the female in him. Being made 'whole'. Yes, but that is a process. By love serve ye one another... And why I choose one man for this rather than many is for safety. We find ourselves with in a ring and that ring is as it were a wall against the outside world. It is our refuge, our shelter. Here the tricks of life will not be played. Here is safety for us to grow.  

12