

to her unhappy life. First, he referred to the all-pervading influence of Murry who, even though his wife was now dead, distorted by over-emphasis or suppression the many aspects of her life. He was satisfied, however, that Antony Alpers was about to write the true life of Katherine Mansfield. Then, in a most interesting manner, he drew a parallel between the life of Frances Newman (author of *The Hard Boiled Virgin*) and Katherine Mansfield. They had many things in common in their ambitions and frustrations. At this stage his address was so clear and vital, almost overwhelming in its interest, that I looked around those present and saw them all engrossed in what he was saying. Suddenly a strange manner came over him. His voice became low and more rapid. His wife who was sitting next to me whispered, 'Guy is ill.' I went over to the chairman, Alan Mulgan, and suggested that Morris should give his address seated, that he would feel more at home. However, he hurried on only more rapidly, his voice dropping lower. I gently suggested that he should take his seat, and then he seemed to collapse. . . .

His wife was heroic. Her view, in my opinion the right one, was that he died as he would have liked, speaking on his favourite subject in the Turnbull Library with all the beautiful Katherine Mansfield books around him. Guy Morris had a story to tell but it was so terrific that the telling proved too much for him. When the call came he tried desperately to persevere; like his heroine Katherine Mansfield he died—still seeking. . . .

'It's always the next story which is going to contain everything, and that next story is always just out of reach.'