

treated with less critical detachment. It is a self-indulgent picture, done with some clumsiness of expression, suggesting an early date – perhaps not long after *Juliet*. But other suggestions belie this. A prominent figure is Pip (based of course on Katherine Mansfield's brother Leslie) who is portrayed not as the child whom she knew in New Zealand, but as a young man, boldly drawn and fully realised. This brings one at once to 1915 when Mansfield and Murry were living in Acacia Road and Leslie came to England for a few months before going to France and to his death. It was during this reunion with Leslie that Katherine Mansfield began her series of intense recollections of their childhood in New Zealand which were later honed into some of her finest stories. Many of these recollections she put on paper before Leslie's death, and most of them were published in the *Journal*. It seems likely that *Toots* was part of the whole process of stirring up of childhood and adolescent memories which was triggered off by Leslie's visit. Then, too, one is startled, in *Toots*, by Pip's description to his mother of his feeling of bliss. His words closely echo those describing the feelings of Bertha in 'Bliss' which was conceived in 1915 in Acacia Road though not written until three years later. And finally, in a search of all the manuscripts for sheets of paper which physically matched those on which *Toots* is written, I found only two. They contain a fragment which can be read only with the greatest difficulty, but because they are probably significant in dating *Toots*, a transcription is worth giving:

'She stepped down on to the platform, and quite suddenly, as though this were part of her programme and she had fully expected and prepared for it to happen she gave a strange little smile. She felt herself what a fearful mockery of a smile it was and she went up close to Max and stood in front of him.

But before they reached the end of the platform she could bear it no longer – she turned her back on the people and staring up at a huge red and green poster which announced a sale of winter costumes at B——mans [?] she paused for a moment. She said to herself as she stroked her muff "keep calm!" but it was too late. She had no more power over herself. She could not get calm. She was somehow quite out of her own control. She faced Max and lifting her arms she stammered I must you know I must have love, because I cannot live without love you know it's no –

At the words that block of ice which had become her bosom melted, melted, into warm tears and she felt these tears were great warm ripples flung over her whole body. Yes she wept, as it were, from head to foot. She lowered herself over the darling familiar muff and felt she and he would dissolve away in tears. It was all over. What was all over. Everything! The battle was lost.'

(MS Papers 119:12)