

I think you could find a publisher overseas even as the MS. stands at present, but to be worthy of the subject and to make it a readable and quotable book for all time, it should be revised with an eye for literary niceties. I could not undertake publication; it is too ambitious for me and also as you might guess, there are points in your MS. that jar my over delicate conscience (the second of last line on p. 28 for instance). I do not agree with you that K.M. was convinced that to be at once a Catholic and a great artist was impossible. Who could believe such a thing remembering the notable Catholics (some of them saintly men and women) who were truly great artists?

However this outstanding study of yours should and must be published. How the Centennial Essay people let it go without some effort to retain the rights or to preserve the MS. beats me.

I hope that before you seek a new publisher you bring it up to date with some reference to Nelia Gardner White. Finally I appreciate more than I can tell the opportunity of reading your MS. and thank you.

And the final chapter. He came to my house the Sunday night before his lecture and was then full of life, enthusiasm and humour. He was the best of bookish friends—he revelled in my books as if they were his own. He called at my office on the Tuesday. I next saw him as he waited to give his lecture at the Turnbull Library. He looked nervous but confident. Normally he was an interesting speaker. That night he was brilliant—the fierce flame of the high-power globe before the final flicker.

What a perfect setting for the last scene of his thirteen years of unselfish labour. Around him were men and women who had known Katherine Mansfield in her girlhood, there were students who knew her intimately through the written word, there were bibliophiles who enthused over the many rare editions grouped for the occasion about the room. And the radiant centre of all these memories, personalities and printed records, was Guy Norman Morris, inspired to excitement by the occasion and what he had to impart. I noticed that when he rose to speak he was holding himself in check, those long, strong arms of his were wrapped around his chest. He opened up brilliantly and with wonderful clarity. He said he was going to trace the psychological development of Katherine Mansfield and to give his theories as