

Katherine Mansfield
and
Gurdjieff's Sacred Dance

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The facts are singular enough: Katherine Mansfield, a young woman who could scarcely walk or breathe, absorbed in sacred dances that lie on the very cusp of human possibility.

Some ideal of inner conciliation—neighbourly to the dancers' purpose there—seems to have visited Katherine almost precociously. At twenty, she had written, "To weave the intricate tapestry of one's own life, it is well to take a thread from many harmonious skeins—and to realise that there must be harmony."¹ The tapestry she had achieved in the ensuing years had been a brave one: on a warp of suffering she had imposed a woof of literary success. Slowly, implacably, her body but not her spirit of search had failed her, and in her final extremity she arrived at a resolution: "Risk! Risk anything!"² So determined, she entered the gates of the Château du Preiuré, at Fontainebleau-Avon, on Tuesday, October 17, 1922, and there, at George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff's Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, she lived out her last, intense three months. There, on January 9, 1923, she died.

No one imagines that Mansfield's fundamental significance lies outside her oeuvre, her individuality, and her life's full spectrum of personal relationships; no one would claim some mystical apotheosis at Fontainebleau that overrode all that. But it is equally disproportionate and ignoble to strike the entire Gurdjieff entry from the Mansfield balance sheet, or to situate it within a beauty-and-the-beast fable, now so patently debilitated. To dismiss the consistently positive tone of all her letters from the institute, and not least her admission that, "I've learned more in a week than in years là-bas," would be as much a dereliction of scholarship as a failure of intuition.³ Who was Gurdjieff? What did he teach, and how did his regime impinge on Mansfield?

Gurdjieff was fifty-six when he first met Katherine Mansfield. He had been born in 1866 in Alexandropol, on the Russian side of the Russo-Turkish frontier, his father a Cappadocian Greek carpenter and bardic poet, and his mother an illiterate Armenian. The experiences and special education to which he was exposed imbued him—transfixed him—with "an 'irrepressible striving' to understand clearly the precise significance, in general, of the life process on earth of all the outward forms of breathing creatures and, in particular, of the aim of human life in the light of this interpretation."⁴ In unremitting pursuit of that question, he dedicated over twenty years, from 1887 to 1911, to a search for traditional knowledge, concentrated most heavily in Central Asia. His work as a teacher, begun in Moscow in 1912, was disrupted by the First World War and the Russian Revolution of 1917. Tirelessly ingenious, he succeeded in extricating his nucleus of Russian pupils by way of Yssentuki [Essentuki], Tbilisi, Constantinople, Sophia, Belgrade, Budapest, Berlin, Hellerau, and Paris. With a sense of new beginnings and high hopes, he settled at the Prieuré in October, 1922, and there upon the urgings of A. R. Orage, soon received the stricken Mansfield.

Although her motives were doubtless ambivalent, her spiritual aspiration seems transcendent. "I want to be all that I am capable of becoming," she had written, "so that I may be . . . a child of the sun."⁵ Considering the progressive course her pulmonary tuberculosis had taken from 1911,⁶ her metaphor seems linked to her ambitious hope of metempsychosis with a presentment of death. Certainly, long before she met Gurdjieff or even heard of him, she was steeped in the book *Cosmic Anatomy*, listed as being by "M. B. Oxon.," with its dangerously facile affirmation "To the Sun goes he who dying thinks upon the Sun."⁷

Gurdjieff well knew that to receive an international celebrity in such a state was to lay himself and his institute open to denigration, but he felt compassion for Mansfield and responded to her wishes: "G. was very kind to her, he did not insist upon her going although it was clear that she could not live. For this in the course of time he received the due amount of lies and slanders."⁸ None of Gurdjieff's four books

had been written when Mansfield encountered him, and his awkwardness with English and French hindered him from presenting the vast canvas of his ideas through lectures. Mansfield, like others who joined him, was magnetised not by a system of self-supportive notional abstractions but by a human being of Rabelaisian stature, by the fine energies at his disposition, and by his empathy, his vision, his humour, and his sheer quality of “being.”

The Prieuré was a school of attention and a sustained experiment in holistic living. Mansfield had not been there a day before she grasped that “Here the philosophy of the ‘system’ takes second place. Practice is first.”⁹ And in that variegated practice, one thing especially and immediately interested her: Gurdjieff’s “exercises,” “Movements,” or sacred dances. “I have never really cared for dancing before, but *this*—seems to be the key to the new world within me,” she wrote.¹⁰ In her focus, there is something touchingly apt, for it was as a “Teacher of Dancing,” even as a “rather good teacher of temple dances,” that Gurdjieff preferred to present himself.¹¹

With the important caution that Gurdjieff did nothing to encourage choreographic analysis, we may suggest that the word *Movements*, which in 1928 replaced the term *exercises* in the Gurdjieffian vocabulary, embraces seven discrete categories: rhythms (harmonic, plastic, and occupational); preliminary exercises, or “Obligatories” (six of them); ritual exercises and medical gymnastics; women’s dances; men’s ethnic dances (“dervish” and Tibetan); sacred temple dances and tableaux; and the Movements of Gurdjieff’s last series (thirty-nine of them, none of which Katherine Mansfield saw). The provenience of Movements is unresolved, though the geographical ambit of Gurdjieff’s twenty-year search is Central Asia is suggested in the programs of public demonstration given under his direction in Paris and the United States in the winter of 1923-1924. In any case, though Gurdjieff clearly earned access to authentic material from many ‘inaccessible’ places, the Movements bear the stamp of his own genius as a master of dance.

Corroboration of Gurdjieff’s mastery is implicit in Sergei Diaghilev’s visits to the Prieuré, and his wish, to which Gurdjieff did not accede, to include the Movements as a novelty item in one of the Ballets Russes seasons. Notable too is the explicit and generous acknowledgement by Lincoln Kirstein, Gurdjieff’s pupil at the Prieuré from 1926.¹²

Watching, Mansfield with all her force longed to take part. Did she recall, with some sense of waste, her use of former health? (“At B’s this afternoon there arrived ‘du monde’ including a very lovely young woman—married & *curious*—blonde—passionate—We danced together.”)¹³ She could not dance when she was at the institute, yet she entertained a gallant dream: “To think that later I shall do it is great

happiness.”¹⁴ Seeing her draw such nourishment from that impossible hope, did Gurdjieff have the obligation to undeceive her? Mansfield never could and never would dance at the Prieuré. It was a colourful invention when Vivien Eliot wrote to Ezra Pound that Mary Lilian, viscountess Rothermere, was “in that asylum for the insane called La [*sic*] Prieuré where she does religious dances naked with Katherine Mansfield.”¹⁵ According to a more pastorally adapted canard retailed by Miron Grindea, Mansfield “submitted herself to the most farcical therapeutics imaginable, such as dancing round the pig sties.”¹⁶ Gurdjieff, the “crazy Russian,”¹⁷ has been treated less than sympathetically for his kindness to the dying stranger.

But Mansfield was as integrated in the sacred dances as anyone not a physical participant could be. Night after night—her face just sufficiently rouged to defy its pallor—she offered herself as a sensitive witness to the classes in the salon and study house: “She sat in a comfortable chair near the big fireplace. She always dressed beautifully, simply, with some little touch of colour. . . . She understood the beauty of symbolic movement. She watched so eagerly she seemed mentally to do the movements with all the rest.”¹⁸ Think what it cost her in terms of physical effort. When at midnight Gurdjieff taunted his pupils, “Whoever needs to sleep, go and sleep,” very few wavered. Nor did Mansfield: she was there at one, at two, at three—as long as that extraordinary drama developed before her eyes.

It is surely not by accident that Mansfield found her way to these dances: her quality, her aim, her question bore with them a predisposition to such a rare experience. She was not a mere aesthete or journalistic voyeur. She escaped Gurdjieff’s indictment “You saw our movements and dances. But all you saw was the outer form—beauty, technique. But I do not like the external side you see. For me, art is a means for harmonious development.”¹⁹ She was of that rare company of witnesses who “are touched, because it is not a professional performance that they are watching, nor a demonstration of the results of schoolwork, but a living event that is taking place in front of them, with all its risks, its moments of rise and fall.”²⁰ She had discovered, very late in her life, a spring of living water that corresponded to her special thirst.

Gurdjieff, in assigning helpers to Mansfield, seems deliberately to have fed her interest. Her roommate was the stately “front row” dancer Olgivanna, later the wife of Frank Lloyd Wright. Another of Mansfield’s special friends was Jeanne de Salzmann, the “chief dancer here—a very beautiful woman with a marvellous intelligence.”²¹ Among her friends, too, was Gurdjieff’s wife, Julia Ostrowska, the protagonist in Mansfield’s favourite dance, “The Initiation of the Priestess,” which was publicly performed in its authentic form for the last time at Carnegie Hall in New York, in April, 1924.²² To this sacred tableau, a fragment of a mystery called “The Truth Seekers,”

Mansfield responded very strongly: "If only I could have just a little place in that group, if I could sit in front of Mrs. O. with my arms crossed on my breast. I would listen to the beautiful music, I would feel Mrs. O's marvellous arms raised above me in prayer. How grateful I could be for it." ²³ Emotion indeed! Yet Mansfield, with her fine critical intelligence, was also keenly alert to decode the dance's thematic content: "There is one that takes about 7 minutes and it contains the whole life of woman—but everything" Nothing is left out. It taught me, it gave me more of woman's life than any book or poem. There was even room for Flaubert's *Coeur simple* in it, and for Princess Marya. . . . Mysterious." ²⁴ She was beginning to approach Gurdjieff's ideas in that direct experiential way he so strongly preferred.

That men and woman have always danced is a truism, but the roots of the Priuré dances tapped deep into the subsoil of history, where they found a real culture that flows from one civilisation to another. Mansfield gave credence to the antiquity of the material, and testimony to its effect, writing to Murry, "They are working at present at a tremendous ancient Assyrian group Dance. I have no words with which to describe it. To see it seems to change one's whole being." ²⁵ In the most inaccessible monasteries of Central Asia, Gurdjieff as a young man had witnessed ceremonies and ritual movements that convinced him that millennia ago, at the time of the greatness of Babylon, sacred dances were created with the intention of preserving and transmitting a primordial science, even the memory of which rests in jeopardy and in fragments:

The Dance had then a significance quite other than that which we of today are accustomed to give it. The ancient dance was a branch of art; and art in those early times served the purposes of higher knowledge and of religion. In those days, those who devoted themselves to the study of any special subject expressed their wisdom in works of art, and particularly in dances; just as we, to-day, give out our knowledge through books. Thus the ancient sacred dance is not only a medium for an aesthetic experience but also, as it were, a book containing definite knowledge. Yet it is a book which not everyone may read who wants—which not everyone can read who wishes. ²⁶

Gurdjieff believed that by experientially studying this nearly forgotten science for a long time, he had succeeded in divining its fundamental lines, and he took transmitting its essence to be one of the specific ends of his work.

Although he whimsically said of ancient dances that "in some of them one can even read a recipe for cooking a dish," their highest common ideological factor is undoubtedly a "metakinetic" one: "In man, as in the universe, everything is in motion. No movement, no energy, no vibration remains the same. Nothing continues forever nor ends completely. Within this universal movement each entity, each living being, must of necessity evolve or involve in obedience to lines of force that ascend or descend. The function of sacred dance is to, reveal the play of these forces." ²⁷ Despite the

relativism that everywhere else pervades Gurdjieff's ideas, it is arguable that the revelation spoken of here—depending on the integrity of the manifestation—either succeeds absolutely or fails absolutely. Gurdjieff, in his autobiography, *Meetings with Remarkable Men*, described an apparatus “resembling a Vesanelnian tree” that was used to teach dancing to temple priestesses. Clearly conveyed here—without of course denying that popular devotional dancing is often expressionistic and even ecstatic—is the imperative purity of sacred dance at its highest level: “Everything must be rigorously exact. Each gesture, each attitude, each sequence has its place, its duration, its proper density. The slightest error in the structure of the rhythm alters the sense, deforms the meaning, and the dance is no longer sacred.”²⁸ How could this patrician demand, this quest for perfection, not resonate for Mansfield, who, in the placement of a comma or the cadence of a phrase, sought unremittingly for the truest form?

The idea that the individual dancer, in striving second by second to understand and serve the Movement, aspires to touch a universal order where everything moves according to law, and that his painful sacrifice of habitual gestures and automatic attitudes orients him toward a deeper level of his own reality, far removed from the surface turbulence of his customary egoism. That would be a vindication in practice of Mansfield's earlier affirmation.

In the profoundest Ocean
There is a rainbow shell,
It is always there, shining most stilly
Under the great storm waves.²⁹

But the technical difficulty is prodigious. Gurdjieff so constructed his movements that the participant cannot rely on repetitious practice, reflex functioning, or even, in the final analysis, Aristotelian logic. Characteristically he must allow each limb to conform to different contrapuntal rhythms, and he must vary his place in the ensemble at speeds that accord with mathematical criteria. Special counting exercises in canon may be added and silent and spoken prayer.

The seemingly impossible demands upon the dancer can be reconciled only through totally mobilised attention. As intellect and body are sensitively calibrated, a certain feeling, supported by an indescribably fine energy, may enter and be given hospitality. Head, hand, and heart, in the name of an unknown I, are consecrated to the harmonious development of man—the institute's *raison d'être*. At this rare moment, the dancer is granted an entirely new sense of his awakened presence. To verbalise the noetic content of such a definite inner event is of course notoriously difficult, but it is perhaps nowhere more lyrically and successfully handled than in Mansfield's evocation of a “self which is continuous and permanent; which, untouched by all we acquire and

all we shed, pushes a green spear through the dead leaves and through the mould, thrusts a scaled bud through years of darkness until, one day, the light discovers it and shakes the flower free and—we are alive—we are flowering for our moment upon the earth. This is the moment which, after all we live for,—the moment of direct feeling when we are most ourselves and least personal.”³⁰

After studying Gurdjieff’s dances for three months, Mansfield died at the Prieuré. That is a simple and natural fact—a fact, however, that the European intelligentsia have granted a crepe-edged ascendancy over her entire experience at the institute—at the cost of contradicting every word she herself wrote there. Life—that is what she urgently sought, and found. Again and again she insisted on that:

Mr. Gurdjieff likes me to go into the kitchen in the late afternoon and “watch.” I have a chair in a corner. It’s a large kitchen with 6 helpers. Madame Ostrovsky, the head, walks about like a queen exactly. She is extremely beautiful. She wears an old raincoat. Nina, a big girl in a black apron—lovely, too—pounds things in mortars. The second cook chops at the table, bangs the saucepans, sings; another runs in and out with plates and pots, a man in the scullery cleans pots—the dog barks and lies on the floor, worrying a hearthbrush. A little girl comes in with a bouquet of leaves for Olga Ivanova. Mr. Gurdjieff strides in, takes up a handful of shredded cabbage and eats it . . . there are at least 20 pots on the stove. And it’s so full of life and humour and ease that one wouldn’t be anywhere else.³¹

Or, “What were all my teas and dinners and people, my writing—yes, my writing too—in comparison with the *real* life that I find here?” A sunlit zest and humour—caught in Fritz Peters’ memoir *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*³²—permeated the institute by day; by night the sacred dances elevated the current of energy toward more subtle states of consciousness, in pursuit of a new perception of reality.

In the Bhagavad-Gita, so cherished by Orage, Mansfield’s friend and contemporary at the Prieuré, is a thrilling assurance of Krishna:

The wise grieve neither for the living nor the dead.
Never at any time was I not, nor thou,
Nor these princes of men, nor shall we ever cease to be.
The unreal has no being,
The real never ceases to be.³³

That summons our attention from the mirage of past and future into the eternal now and demands a rightful self-nullification and a rightful self-regeneration. Mansfield, with her fine intelligence, grasped both: “One of the K. M.s is so sorry. But of course she is. She has to die. *Don’t* feed her.” But there was also the other aspect:

“Give it, the idea of *resurrection* the power that death would like to have. Be born again and born again faster than we die.”³⁴ Mansfield had led, she felt, a very typically false life, but she had come to yearn for authenticity in all her being: “You see . . . if I were allowed one single cry to God, that cry would be: *I want to be REAL.*”³⁵ Her alignment with the institute’s unique search for a conscious reality became her individual strength and augury of freedom: “More than ever I feel that I can build up a life within me which death will not destroy.”³⁶ She made that affirmation defiantly in the very face of death.

“The Initiation of the Priestess” remained her favourite Movement and poignantly enough, was the last she witnessed. Gurdjieff was present in the salon, and gathered there under his direction were all her newfound friends, her “living people who are strange and quick and not ashamed to be themselves”:³⁷ Olgivanna, Jeanne de Salzmann, Olga de Hartmann, Elizabeth Galumnian—and beyond them, Julia Ostrowska. Then, shortly after ten o’clock on January 9, 1923, the light lit in Wellington in 1888 simply went out. One could say, with forgivable poetic license, that Katherine Mansfield had died into the impressions of sacred dance.

Years passed. On Thursday, August 25, 1949, Gurdjieff, in his little apartment at 6 rue des Colonels Réards, in Paris, spoke for the last time to his pupils about “my good friend Katherine Mansfield.”³⁸ On October 11, he gave his final Movement at the Salle Pleyel. On October 27, he called to his bedside his senior pupil, Katherine’s friend Jeanne de Salzmann, and gave directions for the future. On October 29, aged eighty-three, he died of old age. He is buried near Mansfield at Avon.

The wise, we are assured, grieve for neither the living nor the dead. Katherine Mansfield commands a powerful constituency, and her writing will stand. As for Gurdjieff, the note he struck is slowly beginning to resonate in the domain of ideas. Only his most opinionated critics—not quite yet an endangered species—would today deny him a niche of significance in a variety of fields. Study groups and Movements classes are planted on five continents and have taken firm root in Paris, London, and New York. The Nucleus of these groups will carry Gurdjieff’s work into the future.³⁹

What special initiation the young literary priestess Katherine Mansfield may have received at Fontainebleau we will never agree upon. Much depends on the estimate of Gurdjieff’s stature. But already the belief that he was a “crazy Russian” is offset by Peter Brook’s panegyric: “Gurdjieff is the most immediate, the most valid and the most totally representative figure of our times.”⁴⁰ We understand enough to be unhappy with a stereotyping that assigns Mansfield the sheepish role of wronged woman to Gurdjieff’s predatory male. Whatever else, it was not really like that.

Then what *was* it like? The coloured glass windows of the study house at Fontainebleau lie shattered. Dispersed into private collections are all the vibrant paintings of Alexandre Salzmann and the “carpets [from] Persia and Samarkhand and the little rugs of Beluchistan.”⁴¹ One objective criterion remains, as alive today as in 1922: Gurdjieff’s Sacred dances. In October, 1988, on the hundredth anniversary of Mansfield’s birth, Salzmann—herself then in her hundredth year—sent Gurdjieff’s dances in a carefully preserved film from Europe to Wellington as a testimony to her master’s work and an affectionate tribute to her old friend. This cycle of return resembles a round or a canon that takes us by surprise. The dance goes on.⁴²

¹ *Journal of Katherine Mansfield* ed. by J. Middleton Murry. Definitive ed.; London, 1954, p. 37.

² *Ibid.*, p. 333.

³ *Katherine Mansfield’s Letters to John Middleton Murry, 1913-1922*, ed. J. M. Murry, London, 1951, October 27, 1922, p. 680.

⁴ G. I. Gurdjieff, *The Herald of Coming Good*. Paris and Angers, 1933, p. 13.

⁵ *Journal op cit.* p. 334.

⁶ Antony Alpers, *The Life of Katherine Mansfield*. London, 1980, p. 27

⁷ M. B. Oxon. [Lewis Alexander Richard Wallace], *Cosmic Anatomy and the Structure of the Ego* London, 1921, p.167.

⁸ P. D. Ouspensky, *In Search of the Miraculous*, London, 1950, p. 386.

⁹ *Letters to Murry* Op cit. October 18, 1922, P. 676.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* October 27, 1922, p. 681.

¹¹ G. I. Gurdjieff *Beelzebub’s Tales to His Grandson*. London, 1950, p. 9.

¹² Lincoln Kirstein “Gurdjieff” [Letter to the Editor] *Times Literary Supplement* June 27, 1980.

¹³ *The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield* ed. by Vincent O’Sullivan and Margaret Scott. 4 vols. projected, Oxford, 1984, Vol. 1, p. 164.

¹⁴ *Letters to Murry* Op cit. October 27, 1922, p. 681.

¹⁵ Vivien Eliot to Ezra Pound, Nov. 2, 1922, in *The Letters of T. S. Eliot* .ed. by Valerie Eliot. 2 Vols., London, N. Y.: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1988, p. 588.

¹⁶ Miron Grindea, Editorial *Adam International Review* No, 300, 1963-65.

¹⁷ Ian A. Gordon. *Katherine Mansfield* Rev. ed., London, 1971, p. 29.

¹⁸ Olgivanna. “The Last Days of Katherine Mansfield,” *Bookman* LXXIII March 1931, p. 12. Olgivanna was the sobriquet of Olga Iovonova Lazovich Milanoff Hinzenberg, (later Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright.)

¹⁹ G. I. Gurdjieff *Views from the Real World: Early Talks . . . Recollected*. N. Y. and London, 1973, p. 183.

²⁰ Pauline de Dampierre “Sacred Dance: The Search for Conscious Harmony,” *American Theosophist* LXXIII, 1985, p. 181. This is an interview by Jacques Le Valois. Dampierre is one of a number of senior teachers of Gurdjieff’s Movements. The interview’s placement in a theosophical journal is entirely coincidental.

²¹ *Letters to Murry* Op cite, Nov. 12, 1922, p. 686.

²² “The Initiation of the Priestess” has evidently not been included in the extensive film archive of the sacred dances produced by Jeanne de Salzmann since Gurdjieff’ death, and the unhappy inference

- is that it has been lost. No reliance can be placed on the description of Olgivanna Lloyd Wright in *Our House* (New York, 1959), p. 100: the choreography described there is ascribable not to Gurdjieff but to Olgivanna's second daughter, Iovanna. Somewhat nondescript photographs of the dance appear in Thomas de Hartmann's *Our Life with Mr. Gurdjieff* New York, 1964, p. 71; and in C. S. Nott's *Teaching of Gurdjieff* London, 1961, p. 51. Some recorded and sheet music for the piece remains extant.
- ²³ Olgivanna, "The Last Days of K. M." Op cite, p. 12.
- ²⁴ *Letters to Murry* Op cite., Nov. 12, 1922, p. 685.
- ²⁵ *Ibid.* Nov. 7, 1922, p. 684.
- ²⁶ Program of *Movements, Sacred Dances, and Ritual Exercises of Gurdjieff* Fortune Theatre, London, May 18, 19, 1950.
- ²⁷ Gurdjieff *Views* Op cite., p. 183; Jeanne de Salzmänn, *Sacred Dances*, 1974, roller caption to film.
- ²⁸ Gurdjieff, G. I. *Meetings with Remarkable Men*, London, 1963, p. 161-162; Salzmänn, *Sacred Dances*, *Ibid.*
- ²⁹ *The Poems of Katherine Mansfield*. Edited by Vincent O'Sullivan, Auckland, 1988, p. 34.
- ³⁰ *The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield* ed. by J. M. M[urry], London, 1939, p.137.
- ³¹ *Letters to Murry* Op cite., October 27, 1922, p. 680.
- ³² Fritz Peters *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, London, 1964, p. 175.
- ³³ This inscription, in fact extracted from passages of the Bhagavad-Gita, is carved on the tombstone of A. R. Orage in Old Hampstead Churchyard, London.
- ³⁴ *Journal* Op cite., Oct. 9, 1922, p. 331; in *The Letters of Katherine Mansfield* ed. by John Middleton Murry 1913-1922, 2 vols., London, 1928, p. 253.
- ³⁵ *Letters to Murry* Op cite., Dec. 26, 1922 p. 697-98.
- ³⁶ Olgivanna "The Last Days of Katherine Mansfield" p. 8.
- ³⁷ *Letters* Op cite., Dec. 31, 1922, Vol. 2, p. 267.
- ³⁸ John G. Bennett and Elizabeth Bennett *Idiots in Paris*. Sherborne, 1980, p. 44.
- ³⁹ Catherine Harrison *George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, the Man, His Work, and Its Influence: A Bibliography* [relating to Katherine Mansfield], Wellington, 1976. J. Walter Driscoll and the Gurdjieff Foundation of California *Gurdjieff: an Annotated Bibliography* New York, 1985.
- ⁴⁰ Interview of Peter Brook by James Moore. *Guardian* (U. K.), July 20, 1976.
- ⁴¹ [Ida Baker], *Katherine Mansfield: the Memories of L. M.* London, 1971, p. 226.
- ⁴² The film *Gurdjieff's Sacred Dances* was shown to an audience of several hundred at the Katherine Mansfield Centennial Conference, at Victoria University of Wellington, in October, 1988. Jeanne Salzmänn continued to supervise classes in sacred dance up to a few months before her death. Almost certainly Mansfield's last surviving friend, she died in Paris on May 25, 1990, at the age of 101.

