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Abstract
Writing literary criticism as a collaborative act is a complex operation. It requires similar interests, similar styles of writing and above all a similarity of critical perspective which must be neither so narrow as to inhibit original thinking nor so broad as to allow real differences to show. Even parallel lines of thought can follow tracks different enough to be embarrassing when the aim is to present a coherent and unified view of the subject. When the writer is a regional figure with a metropolitan publishing history the strain of diversity can be acute.

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Katherine Mansfield: The Question of Perspectives in Commonwealth Literature

Writing literary criticism as a collaborative act is a complex operation. It requires similar interests, similar styles of writing and above all a similarity of critical perspective which must be neither so narrow as to inhibit original thinking nor so broad as to allow real differences to show. Even parallel lines of thought can follow tracks different enough to be embarrassing when the aim is to present a coherent and unified view of the subject. When the writer is a regional figure with a metropolitan publishing history the strain of diversity can be acute.

I was asked some years ago to write a small book about Katherine Mansfield’s prose fiction, an offer I was quick to accept. Perhaps there was a touch of atavistic loyalism in the speed of my response, and there was certainly an undertow of self-assurance which ought to have set off a few alarm signals. I felt that I knew her work well enough. Reading her at home in New Zealand as a New Zealand writer had given me that sense of inwardness which, translated to a foreign soil, unthinkingly turns into a feeling of possessiveness. By geographical accident I knew her better than any foreigner, metropolitan or whatever, I thought, and so should have no difficulty imposing my authority, like the archetypal one-eyed man in the country of the blind.

That was a mistake of simple ignorance, and this paper is not intended as an apology for my stupidity. I found soon enough how small were the helps that geography gives to criticism, and even knowledge of the pattern which a regional writer follows going into freedom and exile in the metropolis became dangerous, because the identified pattern too easily becomes a shaping mould. At such times of crisis one of the sensible things to do is scream for help, and this I did. The answer to my scream was the act of collaboration on the book about Mansfield which gave me the materials for this paper, and the lessons which are its real subject.
Clare Hanson, with whom I came to collaborate on the book, was an Oxford graduate who had recently completed an M.A. at Reading University where I was teaching. The M.A. course was on the interaction between literature and the visual arts in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in England. Clare’s dissertation for the course was on Middleton Murry’s two ‘little magazines’, *Rhythm* and *The Blue Review*, which he edited in 1911-1913, with Mansfield’s help. Clare became interested in the magazines partly because of their place in the development of English Symbolism in art and literature at the beginning of the century, and substantially from her interest in Mansfield as a feminist writer. Those two lines of interest developed logically into a Ph.D. on Mansfield’s involvement with Symbolism and her activities with Beatrice Hastings and the *New Age* group up to the evolution of her own distinctive art form with *Prelude* in 1916.

*Prelude*, of course, was Mansfield’s first masterpiece and was about her New Zealand childhood, which was where I, like any narrowly regional reader, thought I came in. I had read Ian Gordon’s ingenious rearrangement of all Mansfield’s New Zealand writing, in *Undiscovered Country*, and had swallowed all its not particularly hidden assumptions about their autobiographical nature. *Undiscovered Country* presents the stories in sections and in a chronological sequence fitting every piece of fiction to the equivalent stage in Mansfield’s real life. All the Burnell stories about young Kezia are in the first section, ‘Spring’, all the adolescent Sheridan stories in ‘Summer’ and so on. Taken in that sequence it makes a fascinating record of a writer’s memories. What it does not supply with any of the needful precision is much indication of the fictitious nature of the constructs. It leaves us to assume that Mansfield was a faithful recorder of fact thinly veneered with fictitious names and dipped in an elegiac nostalgia, an evocative realist. The Burnell stories, one of which she put at the beginning of each of the three books of stories she issued after *Prelude*, can be read precisely as an evocation of childhood and its awakenings and no more than that. Sophisticated nostalgia, superbly composed in a realist mode of composition. The regional approach to Mansfield, fostered by the layout in *Undiscovered Country*, encouraged that kind of placing.

You can, if you try, accommodate the sections of *Prelude* and ‘At the Bay’ which feature the adults into the prevailing perspective of Kezia, even though Kezia features in a minority of the sections in both stories. By doing so, however, you narrow the focus in ways that deny the fundamental principles of poetic symbolism by which Mansfield composed all her greatest stories. The narrower the perspective, the more of this kind
of writing is lost to the reader. That is one of the evident dangers of reading Mansfield just as a New Zealand writer.

English readers, who have on the whole known her as a Bloomsbury writer either in the shape of Lawrence’s malign Gudrun or as Middleton Murry’s sentimentalist, have tended to suffer from different versions of the biographical overload, and have looked from an equally narrow perspective. Clare, who is English but who came to Mansfield through the Modernists who were not of the Bloomsbury group, was freed from the biographical burden partly by the demolition of Murry’s view started by Ian Gordon in 1959 and completed by C.K. Stead in 1977, but more substantially by her approach through the aesthetics of the Symbolists and the Modernist movement. She was also free of the preconceptions about realism inherent in what Stead has called ‘New Zealand critical nationalism’. From my initially narrow standpoint she had more value as a corrector than as a collaborator.

The small book that did emerge as the product of collaborative criticism took relatively little time to write. But the process of collaboration was more than three years in preparation and involved much more than just modifications to the separate realist and modernist approaches. We exchanged views, articles and critiques of individual stories until we could be sure of knowing not just our differences but all the other avenues of approach too, before we actually started writing the book. The end product still contains submerged differences, apparent to anyone with the right kind of critical sonar, but it was not difficult to write and it was, I think, a much better book because it came from a collaboration than it might have been had either of us written it individually. Without it we should not have had the benefit of that Leavisite form of critical exchange so vital for the Modernists --- ‘This is so, is it not? Yes, but...’, and more substantially we should have lacked individually the breadth of perspective which is only now beginning to tackle the scale of Mansfield’s literary achievement.

Mansfield’s biographers are from New Zealand. Her principal exegetes have been American and French. British criticism has been patchy, and has generally selected an individual story for comment rather than the whole oeuvre, like Eliot on ‘Bliss’ or Daiches on ‘The Daughters of the Late Colonel’. She is as much a many-faceted writer as she was a many-faceted person, and few critics have tried with much success to comprehend all the facets. I find it a rather endearing irony, and also slightly worrying, that the two critics who have written best on her should have trodden the same approaches as our collaboration did. C.K. Stead began his critical work as a student of early twentieth-century poetic
theory. Vincent O’Sullivan began as a student of the Symbolist poets of the 1890s. Both are New Zealanders.

The worry of course is that they may seem the best critics precisely because they share the same perspectives as we developed. Solipsism is a problem for critics as well as for writers. How can we be sure that our approach has a better load-bearing capacity than any of the others? One of the benefits that emerged from the collaboration was the confidence that we have an answer to that challenge. Out of that confidence I will try first to explain something of the nature of that benefit, and to offer a small lesson about the criticism of regional (meaning principally Commonwealth) literatures, and secondly to provide one rather elaborate illustration of it.

Much has been made in recent years, particularly over African writers who use English, about the disparity between the local, indigenous or regional view of them and the foreign, metropolitan or Eurocentric perspective. The same can be said about assessments of writers who publish in a metropolis but who write substantially about their home territories, like Naipaul, Patrick White and Nadine Gordimer. Alien critics who commit acts of what has not inappropriately been called ‘Larsony’ are shot at by barrages from the walls of Stead’s ‘critical nationalism’. Alien critics, it is argued, lack the inwardness which local critics have for the writer’s own cultural heritage and the materials the writer utilises. There is indeed much truth in that view. But it runs the risk of narrowness by assuming that the writer’s experience and vision must be coextensive with the critic’s. If the writer is not a contemporary of the critic, or has made international contacts alien to the critic, the assumption can be positively dangerous. Katherine Mansfield’s New Zealand is not the same country as the land and culture which New Zealanders now encounter. She had formulated a Symbolist aesthetic of sorts before she finally left the country in 1908, and yet another eight years of intense experience and experimentation in the metropolis went by before she began to write the great New Zealand stories.

I am necessarily oversimplifying my picture, making a simple mould instead of tracing an intricate pattern, and it is true that Stead and O’Sullivan do not fit the mould. Nor have I any wish to advertise my own breadth of perspective by cataloguing the narrowness of others. It is better to make a symbolic exemplary picture than to put together a photo album of the multiple misrepresentations. Just one small example as a trailer to the symbolic picture. Ian Gordon writes in his introduction to *Undiscovered Country* that Mansfield wrote a kind of prose ‘which draws on the stratagems of poetry, notably an unobtrusive — but powerful — use
of symbolism.\textsuperscript{10} The assumption here is that Mansfield’s prose is composed in Jakobson’s metonymic mode, using symbolism as a pointer for the discursive narrative structure.\textsuperscript{11} The Symbolist mode, in which she composed all her major work, is essentially metaphorical and poetic. She said that ‘Prufrock’ is ‘after all a short story’,\textsuperscript{12} and there is a close affinity between her compositions and Eliot’s poems. To say that the stories use symbolism is to assume that their mode is primarily realistic, a misconception which hampers recognition of what the major stories are doing. The same assumption leads the critic to rearrange the stories in the chronological order of their author’s life on the grounds that she would have done so herself had she lived to complete the book she called \textit{Karori} and which was to have included all the Burnell stories.\textsuperscript{13} That assumption ignores her own statement that the sequence of discrete, self-sufficient events which would compose \textit{Karori} would conclude with the birth of the boy child, an event which in ‘At the Bay’ is already some time in the past. And more generally it ignores the characteristically non-sequential \textit{Prelude} technique of developing the narrative by discrete patterns of parallel and conflict.

So to my example, which is the central symbol in \textit{Prelude}. A symbol it has to be, because in botanical terms it is distinctly unreal. Viewed literally, Katherine Mansfield’s famous aloe must have been largely an agave. Viewed literally, on the other hand, it is a symbol of such potency that its botanical origin seems incidental. Viewed either way the nature of the plant which gave a name to the first version of her most famous story provides a basic test of the reader’s perspective on all her major New Zealand stories.\textsuperscript{14}

As the first of the major stories \textit{Prelude} was in all sorts of ways an innovation. Its form, twelve episodes or scenes, each one linked obliquely by theme and implication rather than by incident to its predecessor, was original in fiction, its closest kin perhaps being the associative form Eliot developed at the same time for \textit{The Waste Land}. The material, a highly contrived reshaping of childhood memories, was both Proustian and Symbolist. In the form of a search for the past the artist creates a present self out of the personal store of memory, a \textit{recherche} for the timeless \textit{temps perdu} which is timeless because of the memory which holds it and ultimately because art will capture it as a timeless moment, frozen for eternity. The influence of symbolism is not so aggressive as it became in poetry, but it is apparent in Mansfield’s short fiction in several ways, notably the delicately etched minutiae which only become symbolic through their recurrence and their juxtapositions in the patterns of parallel and contrast through the discontinuities of the narrative. In
*Prelude* two particularly powerful episodes, the scene in which Kezia watches the handyman Pat chop the duck's head off, and the scene in which Kezia and her mother look at the aloe, are particularly potent images. But because each image is offered in isolation, with no obviously recurrent symbolism, exactly what they signify has been much debated. It is for this reason that the botanical nature of the aloe is worth scrutinising.

*Prelude* was first drafted, under the title 'The Aloe', in the winter of 1915-1916 which Mansfield spent at Bandol in the South of France after the death of her brother Leslie. In part she wrote it as therapy for his death, a reconstruction of the childhood which they had spent so much time recalling lovingly through the summer of 1915. During 1916 and 1917 she worked on 'The Aloe', revising it, and trimming it drastically into the discontinuous, tightly organised pattern of parallels and contrasts which is *Prelude*. She cut out all explicit authorial analysis, explanation, and commentary so as to leave only the stark account. Explication is rejected, and implication becomes the only means of access. Implication has to be drawn from the patterns of parallel and contrast and from the recurrent images — birds, the sun and moon, the adults who turn the tables and chairs upside down at the beginning of the story, and Kezia who knocks the calico cat over at the end. Where in the original version the aloe was the only enigmatic image, because of its centrality, in *Prelude* the aloe is just the foremost of a complex of images all of whose significance is indicated only indirectly.

Nonetheless the aloe is more isolated than the other images. Pat and the duck are surrounded by references to birds, not least the dream which Linda, Kezia's mother, has on waking, of a monstrous baby bird which turns into a demanding bird-baby. The aloe likewise has links with the other images of flowers, such as the bouquet which Aunt Beryl's imaginary young man offers her at bedtime, but because it is the central image in the story, its linkages are less specific and more broadly suggestive than the sequence of bird images. It stands alone in the garden of the new house, seen by Kezia as a wholly strange and menacing phenomenon, and explained to her by Linda in a way which locates it as the pivot of the story's counterpointing of childhood awakening against adult experience.

Kezia finds the aloe at the end of the sixth of the story's twelve sections, exactly halfway. She has been exploring the wild garden of the new house. On one side of the drive are tall, dark trees and muddy paths, 'with tree roots spanned across them like the marks of big fowls' feet'. This is 'the frightening side'. In total contrast the other side is orderly,
with low box borders and a delightful collection of roses, pansies and other flowering plants in dazzling variety. And in between, in the middle of the drive, where it branches around an island of grass, grows the aloe.

...on her way back to the house she came to that island that lay in the middle of the drive, dividing the drive into two arms that met in front of the house. The island was made of grass banked up high. Nothing grew on the top except one huge plant with thick, grey-green, thorny leaves, and out of the middle there sprang up a tall stout stem. Some of the leaves of the plant were so old that they curled up in the air no longer; they turned back, they were split and broken; some of them lay flat and withered on the ground.

Whatever could it be? She had never seen anything like it before. She stood and stared. And then she saw her mother coming down the path.

‘Mother, what is it?’ asked Kezia.

Linda looked up at the fat swelling plant with its cruel leaves and fleshy stem. High above them, as though becalmed in the air, and yet holding so fast to the earth it grew from, it might have had claws instead of roots. The curving leaves seemed to be hiding something; the blind stem cut into the air as if no wind could ever shake it.

‘That is an aloe, Kezia,’ said her mother.

‘Does it ever have any flowers?’

‘Yes, Kezia,’ and Linda smiled down at her, and half shut her eyes. ‘Once every hundred years.’

The context of the whole story, which dwells on Linda’s timidity over sex and children (she is only in the garden because her mother, Kezia’s beloved grandmother, sent her on a reluctant search for her children), and the adult world of Linda’s escapism, her sister Beryl’s moody preoccupation with young men and her husband Stanley Burnell’s complacent masculinity, makes it hardly surprising that the aloe should be seen as a symbol of sexuality. It has however been variously interpreted in this role, as an image of male sexuality — ‘a phallic tree of knowledge’, as one commentator has called it — or as an image for the flowering of female sexuality, Kezia’s first point of real contact with the adult world of her mother. It is because of this variety of interpretation that I feel it is worth drawing attention to the botanical curiosity which the plant in the story seems to be.

Strictly speaking, it is an aloe with one distinctive attribute peculiar to agaves. Agaves and aloes occupy roughly the same ecological niche. They are both large flowering succulents native to an arid climate. But the agave evolved in central America while the aloe evolved in West Africa, and so although they have an outwardly similar appearance, they differ in a number of significant ways. The true aloes vary widely in size and shape, but generally have a rosette or spray of broad, tapering, fleshy leaves with prickly edges, and a central spike on which a set of colourful
flowers blooms for most of the year. Some of the larger varieties of aloe have grey-green, thorny leaves similar to the main varieties of agave, with the result that for many years agaves were thought to be a type of aloe.

Agaves differ from aloes in that their growing tip is the centre of the rosette of leaves. Only at the end of the plant’s lifetime does this growing tip throw up the central spike which aloes have throughout their lives. The agave’s spike is thrown up in a single season, growing perhaps as much as fifteen or twenty feet high. It flowers, and then the whole plant dies. The *agave americana*, which is still to be found in the Botanical Gardens in Tinakori Road, Wellington, where Katherine Mansfield lived as a child, and which grows wild in several parts of the city, exactly fits the description in *Prelude* in every detail except for the central stem, which should appear only immediately before the plant flowers and dies. The stem which Mansfield described in *Prelude* is either that of an agave about to burst into its unique flowering, or the spike of an aloe, which stands for year after year between flowerings, somehow transplanted by Mansfield’s peculiar botany into the rosette of an agave.

Linda Burnell says that her ‘aloe’ flowers only once in a hundred years. In the nineteenth century when agaves were first propagated widely and were thought to be a variety of aloe they were commonly known as the ‘century plant’, on the assumption that they flowered only once a century. The actual period between the leaves reaching the point of maximum growth, which might give it a spread of as much as six feet, and the throwing up of the stem on which the flowers appear is usually between twenty and thirty years, depending on climatic conditions. The abnormally dry summer of 1979-80 in New Zealand produced an exceptional display of flowering agaves, including the first in Wellington for nearly forty years.

The ‘aloe’ of *Prelude*, then, is a variety of aloe similar to the *agave americana* with the stem of an aloe grafted on but with the rare flowering characteristic of an agave. It is not a real plant at all. If it was a true aloe it would flower annually. If it was a true agave it would lack the ‘tall stout stem’, the blind phallos which ‘cut into the air as if no wind could ever shake it’. The question which this botanical hybrid raises is whether Mansfield was simply ignorant of the plants which grew in the various gardens of her childhood, or whether she deliberately created a symbolic monstrosity, a unique image at the centre of her story possessing the features appropriate to her symbolism rather than to botany.

Since the aloe is the central image in *Prelude*, and since *Prelude* was the first of the major New Zealand stories, the genesis for the *Karori* sequence
and the first story to use the new Symbolist method of narration, our conclusions about it have implications for any critical approach to her oeuvre and any evaluation of her achievement. Most obviously an unreal aloe challenges the assumptions made about the function of memory in the construction of the New Zealand stories, and the general acceptance of the realistic basis for the literary method used in them.

It is not easy from her writings, whether fiction or otherwise, to locate the precise principles on which her art was based. In all the volumes of her personal writings, which Middleton Murry was so assiduous to publish, there is strikingly little about her artistic principles, and little enough about her practice. She developed as a Symbolist early on under the influence of Wilde and Symons, she wrote poetry and made several unsuccessful attempts at a novel, but she never obviously strayed far from the familiar conventions of realistic prose fiction. Our own expectations about the short story as a form can all too easily disguise the radical nature of the transformations she introduced into it in the wake of that great heyday it enjoyed from about 1890 to 1920. The 'poem in prose', the form which combines the subjective and imagist principles of post-romantic poetry with the realistic outlines of prose fiction, was her main vehicle. Two of her finest and most difficult stories, 'Je ne parle pas français' and 'A Married Man's Story', show her art at its most complex, and both are first-person narratives spoken by a persona who is a mixture of artist, liar and poseur. Mansfield was always ruled by her awareness of the inescapable subjectivity of human consciousness, and the vision of the great stories never professes to be an objective depiction of reality. She was always more a symbolist than a realist. So however readily we may identify the Tyrrell Street where the Sheridans live with Tinakori Road in Wellington, or the Karori house of Prelude with 'Chesney Wold' where Mansfield lived from the age of four till she was ten, we must acknowledge the essentially fictional nature of the world presented in the New Zealand stories. Memory was the secure basis for a wholly fictional set of constructions. The stories are not memories but artifacts.

If we recognise this feature of Katherine Mansfield's major work, then it becomes possible to look at Prelude's aloe with a more urgent concern for its artificiality as the central symbol in the story. The different interpretations of course reflect the different approaches to the story. Critics who see the method as realist have claimed that an aloe is an aloe, like the pansies and the red hot pokers on the flowery side of the drive. Alternatively, its 'cruel' leaves and 'fleshy' stem are seen to symbolise the aggressive and frightening sexuality of Stanley Burnell. Stanley is the only male in the household's three generations — a female
Agave, Botanical Gardens, Tinakori Road, Wellington.
pyramid of grandmother, two sisters Linda and Beryl, and three daughters Lottie, Isabel and Kezia — and both of the older generations express their relief when Stanley leaves the house to go to work. His sexuality is evident not only in his complacent aggressiveness but in the bed-time image of him as a large turkey, and the picture of him doing his exercises in the exact centre of the square of morning sunlight on the bedroom floor. The turkey image has been linked with the episode in which Pat chops off the duck’s head, an image of castration (or rather total mutilation) which most commentators relate to Linda’s rejection of her husband’s sexuality.

Linda is the queen of the household. She plays at the work which her mother and sister do as a routine. She loves her children but dreams of them as huge and voracious babies with gaping bird-mouths. She rests while others work, and only ventures into the wild garden when Grandmother Fairfield dismisses her from the kitchen and sends her to find her children. For Kezia the true mother-figure is her grandmother. Linda is too absorbed in the adult world and its sexual tensions to afford Kezia the single-minded routine love which she needs. Kezia plans to make gifts for her grandmother. Her only contact with Linda is the enquiry about the aloe, with its fat and fleshy stem which flowers only once in a hundred years.

Evidently the ‘aloe’ is a complex symbol. Its stem, cruel and fleshy, must relate to Stanley and by extension to Linda’s timidity over sex and rejection of the children who came as a result of it. But Stanley’s fleshy stem is obviously not the kind of object which flowers only once a century. The bird images confirm that aspect of the husband/wife relationship. So, it is argued, the rare flowering is Linda’s, a single opening of herself which either has happened once only or perhaps will happen at some future time. On either of these interpretations, the hybrid Mansfield made by linking the aloe’s perennial stem with the agave’s unique flowering seems to imply above all else that the sex life of the adult Burnells was a distinctly unsatisfactory experience for them both.

There is undoubtedly a strong undercurrent of concern with sex throughout the story. Grandmother Fairfield is at ease because it does not concern her. Linda, married, is put under pressure by it both through her husband and through its products, her children. Her unmarried sister Beryl is tormented by it because she fears and wants fulfillment at the same time, and cannot really know what it is she wants. Linda and Beryl alternate through the story in a delicate pattern of contrast. They represent the Scylla and Charybdis between which Kezia
will have to steer her way. The complex strains, the fear and the flowering, are essentially what the aloe represents for Kezia’s future, standing as it does between the two aspects of life, the fearful and the delightful, on either side of the driveway in the strange garden of this new phase of Kezia’s life.

A phallic tree of knowledge, then, the aloe certainly is. But its rare flowering is not at all the once-in-a-lifetime act of sexual joy for Linda which the more literal-minded commentators have called it. The flowering is Mansfield’s necessary fiction; it is told to Kezia out of Linda’s understanding — the recurrent contrast with Beryl’s angry ignorance — and it is the promise that the future holds for Kezia. The promise of flowering is Kezia’s not Linda’s. What it symbolises is not simply sexual knowledge or even sexual fruition, but the flowering of life itself. The leaves are cruel, the stem hard and unpromising. But the semi-invalid Linda knows that life can flower, though she has been bruised and has retreated. She describes for Kezia the moment in her future when out of the menacing enigma of the aloe will come the momentary brilliant flowering, not just of sex but of life.

All the major New Zealand stories have a central symbol, and all the symbols represent something fragile and transient, which may be no more than a momentary gleam but which is a central reason for existence. In ‘The Doll’s House’ it is the little lamp, the essence of art. In ‘At the Bay’ it is the baby boy, who appears in exactly the same place in the story as does the aloe in *Prelude*, at the end of the sixth of the twelve sections. All of these symbols had a complex personal significance for Mansfield. And the first of all these central symbols, the aloe, signifies the daunting fears and pains of a lifetime, lived for a brief moment of flowering, that timeless moment which both illuminates and justifies all the rest of the pained and miserable time of learning.

Much of the best writing in English this century has been prose fiction by writers born outside the great metropolitan centres. Many writers followed Mansfield in leaving their Commonwealth home for a form of exile in the metropolis. Consequently much of their finest fiction has been constructed about the distant homeland from the standpoint of exile. Away from the homeland the writer of realistic fiction necessarily relies on memory and the kind of mental reconstruction which, if it was content to reproduce only what memory had to offer, would be no more than an exercise in at best autobiography and at worst sentimental nostalgia (no writer has ever claimed that the life of exile is preferable to the homeland). What art adds to memory is complex and crucial. Memory is inescapably subjective, and the stronger and clearer the artistic vision,
the more potently will the work of art simultaneously *seem* realistic and *be* imaginary. Whether Mansfield’s aloe was a botanical monstrosity or an artistic hybrid does not matter. As a symbol it is the supreme exemplification of her subjective vision of life’s threats and promises. We should value it above all for that.

Critical readers are as subjective as writers. The perspectives of a particular geographical or cultural orientation are inherently narrowing, more than is good for our appreciation of the kind of modern art which Mansfield’s aloe represents. One of the ways to repay the debts we owe our great writers is not to approach their work either too lightly or too narrowly.

NOTES

1. This is the subject of my *Writers in Exile* (Brighton: Harvester Press, 1981).
5. A summary of these stereotypes is in Hanson and Gurr, *Katherine Mansfield*, pp.2-4.
8. Ibid., p.29.
9. The term was used by Ayi Kwei Armah to describe Charles R. Larson’s *The Emergence of African Fiction* (Bloomington: University of Indiana, 1972) in his review ‘Larsony or Fiction as Criticism of Fiction’, *Asemka* 4 (1976), pp.1-14.
15. *The Aloe* was published separately by Murry in 1930.