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20世纪英美文学作品

精选与导读

下册·短篇小说篇

● 王兆润 赵永欣 主编

Selected Readings of 20th Century
British & American Literature

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20 世纪英美文学作品精选与导读

(下册·短篇小说篇)

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总序

近年来,对大学生的人文素养状况调查和研究结果表明,培养学生人文素养的呼声越来越高,这是高等教育不容忽视的问题。改革开放后,为顺应外向型经济的发展需要,理工科大学学生的英语课程成为必修课。为了提高英语教学质量,国家成立了全国高等学校外语教学指导委员会,80年代末期开始了全国大学英语统一考试(大学英语四、六级考试,英语专业四、八级考试),这在很大程度上促进了正规化教学。但是,在重视学生英语达标的同时,也强调了应试教学效果。很多学校并没有为理工科学生开设文学选修课程,甚至英语专业中的文学阅读课程普遍存在着课程体系不系统、课时量不足、各个阶段英语教学与内容脱节的现象,并导致学生文学知识面偏窄、思辨能力偏弱等问题。在教学实施上,教师对学生阅读文学作品的引导不足,文本分析多于思想内涵理解分析,忽视了对学生文学素养的培养;学生受当今社会流行的快餐文化、急功近利的学习方式影响,也直接导致了学生忽视自身文学素养的培养与提高。因此,无论从教学内容,还是教学方法上,改革势在必行。

“人文素质”内涵分广义和狭义两种,广义上是指一个人成为合格的社会公民和发展为人才的内在精神品格,狭义上是指一个人的文化素质和精神品质。文学素养是人文素养的一个重要方面,是指一个人在文学创作、交流、传播等行为及语言、思想上的水平。文学素养作为一个名词,相对“人文素质”更具有具体性。提高文学素养包含人文知识、人文精神、人文行为的学习。因此,在进行人文素质教育的过程中,传递人类文化知识是基础。大学的文学课程承担培养学生文学素养的重任,文学素养在一定程度上可以帮助学习者通过分析、综合、比较等思维活动,把学到的知识内化为人格、气质、修养,成为内在的精神品格,从而影响其行为表现,也就是由人文知识内化成人文素养,由人文素养外化成人文形态,这是我们素质教育的终极目标。

近年来,人们对如何培养学生人文素养展开了大量讨论。早在20世纪60年代,加拿大的教育专家就对幼儿教育开展了研究,尝试“以学科内容为依托的语言教学”方法。80年代,加拿大又将这一成功经验引入大学二语/外语教学,引起了专家和研究人员的极大兴趣。他们纷纷在美、英、澳等国家试验推广,使之演变成内容依托教学法(CBI)。随后流行于美国、英国的中小学外语

语言教育将语言教学同学科内容相结合,把语言作为内容学习的媒介,把内容作为语言学习的源泉。受此影响,我国从 20 世纪 90 年代开始,许多地方逐步开展以内容为依托的教学方法的研究与实践。人们认为结合专业进行语言教学应该是大学英语基础阶段衔接专业英语阅读教学的方向。Krashen (1985) 认为,使用扩展性强的文本阅读材料,如散文、小说或短篇小说,能帮助学生了解文学作品风格,了解历史与现实、社会与人生、文化与心理,扩展自然和人文知识,学生会在不知不觉中提高文学素养。

《20 世纪英美文学作品精选与导读》是由具有多年文学课程教学经验的教师经过多年的教学实践而编写的英语阅读教材。本书的设计遵循系统化培养学习者的文学修养水平的原则。散文篇和短篇小说篇分别精选了英美国家优秀的散文和短篇小说。全书编排系统合理,作者及话题涉及面较宽,蕴含了丰富的英语语言资源和文化信息,为学习者进入高级阶段文学作品赏析做好了铺垫。本书的编写体现了编者丰富的教学积累和温馨的人文关怀,培养学习能力和塑造人格并重,语言运用和思维训练并举。应该说本书的出版为以内容为依托的英语教学改革提供了教学材料,为英语学习者尽早接触文学名著提供了资源,是阅读者欣赏名家名篇的较好读本。

史耕山

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前言

《20 世纪英美文学作品精选与导读》的编写基于目前英语教学改革要求,依据西方 20 世纪 80 年代兴起的语言教学 CBI (Content-Based Instruction) 理念模式,“以学科内容为依托的语言教学”将语言教学同学科内容相结合,把语言作为内容学习的媒介,把内容作为语言学习的源泉。英语教学不仅要提高学生的语言技能,还要训练其思维能力,培养其文学素养。

短篇小说是以篇幅短、人物少、情节简单为特点的文学体裁,常常截取生活中一个富有代表性的截面,人物集中、情节集中、结构严谨、叙述简洁,既能塑造血肉丰满的典型人物,又能揭示生活本质;可以帮助学生扩展词汇,体验经典语言,更重要的是能够启发学生对现实生活问题的积极思考,在阅读和思考中提高文学鉴赏的水平和品位。

目前,市场上的英美文学选读读物多是为英语专业高年级学生或英语水平较高的爱好者编写,而适合英语专业低年级学生和非英语专业英语水平一般的学生阅读的文学作品选读不多见。本书力求让英语专业低年级和非英语专业学生尽早地接触英美优秀文学作品原作,培养学生对短篇小说阅读的感受力、鉴赏力、思辨力和分析能力,为他们进入英语学习高级阶段文学作品赏析做好知识水平上的铺垫。

本书特色:

(1) 选材:注重思想性和文学性、作品的故事性和多样性。与国内同类教材相比,所选的文章尽量避免与近几年相关英美短篇小说作品选读雷同,使读者享受全新的作品。所选作品多数作者获得过不同类别的文学奖项,或深受文学界好评。

(2) 难易程度:作品的选取充分考虑学生的语言接受能力和鉴赏水平,无论是语言的表达方式还是所关注的社会话题,都更容易引起读者的共鸣;作品写作风格多样;兼顾作者国籍和性别,使读者从多重角度接触文学原著。

(3) 内容编排:本书按照作品出版的时间顺序排序,有利于读者根据作者所处年代及所发生的社会事件,形成对文学史的了解。本书对作品中涉及的文化背景现象做了一些标注,力求帮助读者理解作品的语言,促进他们对作品深刻内涵的思考;原文后附有思考题,有助于教师更加灵活地施教,通过点拨、

启发,引导学生创造性地解读文本;有助于课堂上实施探究式、讨论式、参与式教学方法,激发学生思考,提高学生的文学鉴赏能力,培养学生独立思考的能力以及批判性的思维意识。

(4) 读者对象:本书适合英语专业二、三年级学生及理工科专业本科生和研究生文学爱好者完成基础英语学习后的英语课程教学或课外阅读使用,为读者逐渐进入高级阶段文学作品赏析奠定基础。

内容简介:

本书全部作品均选自 20 世纪作家和作品,包含 20 位著名作家的 20 篇作品,话题涉及文化、人性、婚姻、教育、家庭等方面,每篇文章包含:

(1) 导读:全英文的作者生平简介、作者的代表作、所选作品的主题简介、写作特点简介,帮助学生从宏观上认识 and 了解作者及其作品,便于读者挖掘作品的主题思想。

(2) 作品

(3) 脚注:对作品中涉及的相关文化背景做了一些脚注,帮助读者更好地理解原文。

(4) 思考题

此外,书后有补充阅读材料,附录为文学作品评论常识及专有名词介绍。

本书在编写过程中参考并借鉴了国内外学界同仁的研究成果,参考了维基网的信息资料,在此表示深深谢意。感谢南开大学出版社张彤编辑的支持与帮助,其创新的策划意识促成了本书的出版。感谢英文编辑的细心审校。虽然每位编者均是一线教师,有着丰富的英美文学知识和教学经验,但本书也不免有这样或那样的不妥之处,望学界同仁和广大读者多加批评指正,使之再版更加完善。

编者:王兆润、赵永欣

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The Interlopers

By Saki



Saki, the pen name of Hector Hugh Munro (18 December 1870–13 November 1916), and also frequently as H. H. Munro, was a British writer, whose witty, mischievous and sometimes macabre stories satirized Edwardian society and culture. He is considered a master of the short story and often compared to O. Henry and Dorothy Parker. Influenced by Oscar Wilde, Lewis Carroll, and Kipling, he himself influenced A. A. Milne, Noël Coward, and P. G. Wodehouse.

Saki was born in Akyab, Burma (now known as Myanmar) when it was still part of the British Empire and was the son of Charles Augustus Munro, who was an Inspector-General for the Burmese Police and Mary Frances Mercer (1843–1872), who was the daughter of Rear Admiral Samuel Mercer. In 1872, on a home visit to England, Mary was charged by a cow; and the shock caused her to miscarry. She never recovered and soon died. Charles Munro sent his children, including two-year-old Hector, to England, where they were brought up by their grandmother and aunts in a strict puritanical household.

Munro was educated at Pencarwick School in Exmouth, Devon and at Bedford School. At the start of World War I, Munro joined 2nd King Edward's Horse as an ordinary trooper, later transferring to 22nd Battalion, the Royal Fusiliers, where he rose to the rank of lance sergeant. In November 1916, during the Battle of the Ancre he was killed by a German sniper.

As for his writing career, he started his career as a journalist in England, writing for newspapers such as the *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Express*, *Bystander*, *Morning*

Post, and *Outlook*. In 1900, Munro's first book appeared: *The Rise of the Russian Empire*, a historical study modeled upon Edward Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

From 1902 to 1908, Munro worked as a foreign correspondent for *The Morning Post* in the Balkans, Warsaw, Russia (where he witnessed Bloody Sunday), and Paris; he then gave that up and settled in London. Many of the stories from this period feature the elegant and effete Reginald and Clovis, young men-about-town who take mischievous delight in the discomfort or downfall of their conventional, pretentious elders. Shortly before the Great War, with the genre of invasion literature selling well, he also published a *what-if* novel, *When William Came*, subtitled *A Story of London Under the Hohenzollerns*, imagining the eponymous German emperor conquering Britain.

Beside his short stories (which were first published in newspapers, as was customary at the time, and then collected into several volumes), he wrote a full-length play, *The Watched Pot*, in collaboration with Charles Maude; two one-act plays; a historical study, *The Rise of the Russian Empire*, the only book published under his own name; a short novel, *The Unbearable Bassington*; the episodic *The Westminster Alice* (a Parliamentary parody of *Alice in Wonderland*), and *When William Came*, subtitled *A Story of London Under the Hohenzollerns*, a fantasy about a future German invasion of Britain.

Saki's work contrasts the effete conventions and hypocrisies of Edwardian England with the ruthless but straightforward life-and-death struggles of nature. Nature generally wins in the end.

The Toys of Peace, and Other Papers, the collection in which "The Interlopers" was included, was published in 1919, three years after Saki's death. "The Interlopers" is a story based on its fundamental theme of the deadly repercussions of long-standing feuds and a willingness to commit violence. The two characters, Georg Znaeym and Ulrich von Gradwitz, hate each other for no other reason than they have inherited a feud from their grandfathers surrounding a piece of land. Two feuding neighbors set out to hunt for each other, but after a falling tree immobilizes them, they befriend each other just before wolves attack. In their forthcoming destruction of Ulrich and Georg, the wolves demonstrate their ownership of this savage domain.

The Interlopers

1

In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Carpathians^①, a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision, and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirt was not remarkable for the game it harboured or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner's territorial possessions. A famous law suit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighbouring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never acquiesced in the judgment of the Courts, and a long series of poaching affrays^② and similar scandals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbour feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to it was Georg Znaeym, the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game-snatcher and raider of the disputed border-forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been compromised if the personal ill-will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another's blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scourged winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a look-out for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck, which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm-wind, were running like driven things tonight, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess

① Carpathians: or the Carpathian Mountains, are a range of mountains forming an arc roughly 1,500 km long across Central and Eastern Europe, making them the second-longest mountain range in Europe.

② affray: noisy quarrel

the quarter from whence it came.

2

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill, and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight and sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness—that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilisation cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbour in cold blood and without word spoken, except for an offence against his hearth and honour. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting-boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till some one came to release him. The descending twig had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeym, alive and struggling, but obviously as helplessly pinioned down as himself. All round them lay a thick-strewn wreckage of splintered^① branches and broken twigs.

① splinter: to break into small sharp pieces

3

Relief at being alive and exasperation^① at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank-offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was early blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried; "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!"

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

"I'm caught in my own forest-land," retorted Ulrich. "When my men come to release us you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbour's land, shame on you."

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly:

"Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest tonight, close behind me, and THEY will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these damned branches it won't need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form's sake I shall send my condolences to your family."

"It is a useful hint," said Ulrich fiercely. "My men had orders to follow in ten minutes time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out—I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands I don't think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family."

"Good," snarled Georg, "good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz."

4

"The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest-thief, game-snatcher."

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a

① exasperation: the feeling of being extremely annoyed and impatient

bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavours to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat-pocket to draw out his wine-flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get any of the liquid down his throat. But what a Heaven-sent draught it seemed! It was an open winter, and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless, the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

"Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?" asked Ulrich suddenly; "there is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can. Let us drink, even if tonight one of us dies."

"No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked round my eyes," said Georg, "and in any case I don't drink wine with an enemy."

Ulrich was silent for a few minutes, and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and languor that Ulrich himself was feeling the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down.

5

"Neighbour," he said presently, "do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I've changed my mind. If my men are the first to come you shall be the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarrelled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can't even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here tonight thinking I've come to think we've been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbour, if you will help me to bury the old quarrel I—I will ask you to be my friend."

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought, perhaps, he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

"How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market-square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud tonight. And if we choose to make peace among our people there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside ... You would come and keep the Sylvester night beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle ... I would never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wildfowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wineflask ... Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend."

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree-trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succour^① to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honourable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

6

Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke silence.

"Let's shout for help," he said; "in this lull our voices may carry a little way."

"They won't carry far through the trees and undergrowth," said Georg, "but we can try. Together, then."

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

"Together again," said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering halloo.

"I heard nothing but the pestilential wind," said Georg hoarsely.

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

"I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside."

① succour: help given to someone who is in serious need

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.
 “They hear us! They’ve stopped. Now they see us. They’re running down the hill towards us,” cried Ulrich.

“How many of them are there?” asked Georg.

“I can’t see distinctly,” said Ulrich; “nine or ten.”

“Then they are yours,” said Georg; “I had only seven out with me.”

“They are making all the speed they can, brave lads,” said Ulrich gladly.

“Are they your men?” asked Georg. “Are they your men?” he repeated impatiently as Ulrich did not answer.

“No,” said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

“Who are they?” asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

7

“Wolves.”

(2,160 words)

Questions for discussion

1. What is the theme of the story of “The Interlopers”?
2. How does the setting of the story contribute to the mood of the story?
3. What is the moral lesson learned in the story?
4. What is the central conflict of the story?
5. Analyze Saki’s choice of title for his story. Who are the interlopers? Why are they interlopers?

The Garden Party

By Katherine Mansfield



Katherine Mansfield Beauchamp Murry (14 October 1888–9 January 1923) was a prominent modernist writer of short fiction who was born and brought up in colonial New Zealand and wrote under the pen name of Katherine Mansfield. Mansfield left for Great Britain when she was 19 where she encountered Modernist writers such as D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf with whom she became close friends. Her stories often focus on moments of disruption and frequently open rather abruptly. Among her best-known stories are “The Garden Party,” “The Daughters of the Late Colonel” and “The Fly.” During the First World War Mansfield contracted extrapulmonary tuberculosis, which rendered any return or visit to New Zealand impossible and led to her death at the age of 34.

Mansfield was born in 1888 into a socially prominent family in Wellington, New Zealand. The daughter of a banker in a middle-class colonial family, Mansfield had two older sisters, a younger sister and a younger brother. Her father, Harold Beauchamp, became the chairman of the Bank of New Zealand and was knighted. Her grandfather was Arthur Beauchamp, who briefly represented the Picton electorate in Parliament. The Mansfield family moved from Thorndon to Karori in 1893, where Mansfield spent the happiest years of her childhood; she used her memories of this time as an inspiration for the “Prelude” story.

She moved to London in 1903, where she attended Queen’s College along with her sisters. Mansfield recommenced playing the cello, an occupation that she believed when at Queen’s that she would take up professionally, but she also began