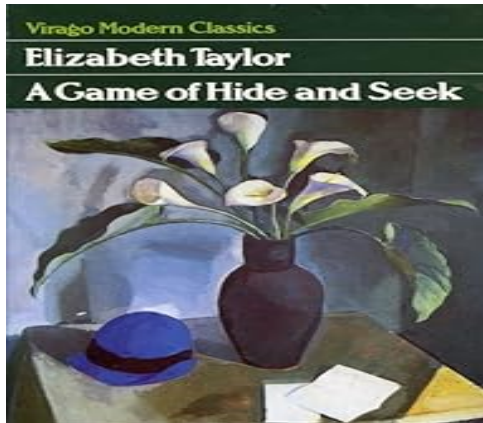


## A Game of Hide and Seek By Elizabeth Taylor

The characters' actions and dialogue provide enough clues as to the inner workings of their psyches for the reader to decide if he or she wants to label someone a hero or a villain - or simply a human being with flaws. Elizabeth Taylor Elizabeth Taylor.



Book by Taylor Elizabeth A Game of Hide and Seek Elizabeth Taylor (née Coles) was a popular English novelist and short story writer. Her shrewd but affectionate portrayals of middle class and upper middle class English life won her an audience of discriminating readers as well as loyal friends in the world of letters. Academically untalented in childhood she is aware early on of being a disappointment to her careworn widowed mother Lilian who was once a suffragette and unsurprisingly had big dreams for the girl. With a great deal of subtlety which are so marked a part of our youth Harriet and Vesey played hide-and-seek with the younger children running across the tufted meadows their shoes yellow with the pollen of buttercups. They could not run fast across those uneven fields; nor did they wish to since to find the hiding children was to lose their time together to run faster was to run away from one another. One can also hide his or her emotions from the other - either never revealing the truth in one's heart or doing so slowly perhaps a bit too late long after the game has ended. What is it that we want - to be with a certain partner at all costs or to avoid being left alone in the world? What sort of risks are we willing to take and at what cost might they affect the other important people in our lives including even ourselves and our own personal happiness? Is it possible to spend years with someone and yet never get a glimpse into the soul to never truly understand what makes that person tick? At the same time we may harbor memories that are distorted; perhaps we become too nostalgic over time. I don't have the luxury of rereading novels immediately after completing them but I'm grateful for the highlight function because I've fallen in love with this book even a little bit more once I put my thoughts together. I'm already daydreaming about my next Taylor novel but I'll have to exercise some patience as some other authors are also clamoring for my attention! "It is dangerous to think people human who once have been divine. They play hide and seek with the younger children and slip away into barn lofts where they are timid and uncertain with one another; they share a first kiss; they try on adult feelings and do not know what to do with them. There is a daughter to Harriet and Charles a sixteen year old who also figures into the equation and the misunderstanding miscalculations and utter confusion are so realistic they make you wonder if any one of these people knows the least thing about one another or even about themselves. "I love Taylor's penchant for understatement and her ability to weave a tale that seems at times to be going nowhere specific when she has in fact a very specific destination in mind at all times. Taylor seems to say that we are all struggling for happiness and fulfillment but we are so flawed along with the others around us that we can never recognize it when we find it nor can we ever hold on to it for long. What does she want me to take away from this one? What was her inspiration for writing this one? She must have known (maybe herself) someone caught in an unrequited love that consumed them. Harriet and Vesey have known each other since childhood but

the book starts between the wars when they are around 18 and spend much of the summer at the house of his aunt where Harriet is helping with the children. This summer makes up the first third of the novel and teenage awkwardness and doubt is painfully authentic though it's harder to see why Harriet is so attracted to Vesey when he's oafish self-centred and lacking in empathy. There is also some pop-psychology about them both being only children Vesey's mother being a poor parent and Harriet's suffragette mother being disappointed in her daughter's lack of academic success and ambition. It feels a little out of place though it does deliver some wonderful insights: Vesey's mother drew attention to him as if he were a beloved marmoset on a chain somehow enhancing her own originality decorating her so he had no close friends for he had too much to hide. Miscellaneous quotes\* Suffragettes wondering years later if it was all worth it or whether time would not despite them have floated down to them casually what they had almost drowned in struggling to reach. \* A bucolic bus journey: In those days trees laced together above many a road; buses took perilous journeys with twigs scratching at either side; cars meeting them backed up into gateways. \* Betsy had not so much grown up as unrolled - as if she were all there at the beginning but that each birthday unrolled more of her made more visible though suggesting more. Harriet Vesey and Charles are all flawed and trapped - by their personalities by their pasts and by convention - and I found them all intermittently irritating but deeply sympathetic thanks to Taylor's skilled insightful writing. The supporting characters are interesting too: an amusing group of women working at a gown shop Charles' self-absorbed former actress mother a female school teacher on whom Betsy has a crush. Many many passages I'd like to revisit later among them: Of Harriet and her mother a former suffragette who had high hopes of her daughter's success: She and Harriet lived uneasily together: they were more intimately placed than suited either. Not only are the landscape and the light changed but people are different relationships which the night before had progressed at a sudden pace appear to be back where they were. They thought of fires made up especially for their return; of mothers waiting; of the last crumpet in the dish porous soggy with butter; sweet tea; swiss-rolls; the day beautifully shut out. He began to realize that neglect lay deep in him too deeply to be eradicated now - neglect of his friends (for he had not made the social effort) his life his love his body. Elizabeth Taylor This novel has several interesting elements most notably for me an experiment (as I think of it) in exploring how a teenaged memory of one single day can sustain a love through separation and middle age. Miss Brimpton's bade her turn her back on men: no relationship in which a woman might stand to a man could but debase her; she evoked a procession of downtrodden wives bullied mothers cast-off mistresses; the jilted the enticed the abandoned; harlots doormats birds in gilded cages. A long list of detestable men and poor down-trodden women - are we to take Miss Brimpton seriously? Is this a feminist novel? Maybe - the first chapter tells us about Caroline and Lilian (Vesey and Harriet's mothers) - friends united in the Suffragette movement. They are badly paid and over-worked yet Harriet describes her time with them as very much 'feeling at home'; a reflection on her lack of belonging in her home with her mother Lilian. Their hours were long so they spared themselves any hard work filched what time they could; went up to elevenses at ten were often missing while they cut out from paper-patterns set their own hair washed stockings drank tea. We were all eaten up with the love story between Vesey and Harriet and the over-bearing Charles; the contrasting marriage between Kitty and Tiny and a large and varied cast of minor characters featuring predominantly - single women. The paragraph above makes me laugh - there were several disastrous jobs I tried where not only myself but others looked for side-benefits but we certainly didn't wash our stockings or drink tea at 10 a. I think what I particularly liked in our two main characters is that they stubbornly resist the world's attempts to change them from their 'natural' selves; but in their love story; in their attempts to meet each other they are both forced outside of what they are comfortable with. Does suffering make us better people? Do we really learn and/or change for the better when we have suffered? It is Caroline Harriet's aunt and friend to Lilian who asks: 'Did going to prison make them better people? Were they better for the suffering they endured'? And Harriet? Let me finish with this fine example of Harriet suffering. Would Harriet and Vesey be strong enough in their love to be able to deal with the economic demands of the real world

- the world of the 40s and 50s? In this little scene Harriet believes her husband Charles has read the letters between herself and Vesey, I believe I fall in the latter category once I reach the end of her books. I don't hate or love a single person but I recognize something in each of them that makes me stop and think deeply about myself or someone close to me: I also suspect her endings are perhaps always a bit ambiguous - or at least I found this to be true here as well as in *A View of the Harbour*. "Sometimes in the long summer's evenings.

An older businessman, Harriet has a teenage daughter when Vesey makes a reappearance in her life. But neither is Harriet exactly enthralled with her married life, The temptation now is to try to reconnect with the past and all its glamorous wishes. Elizabeth Taylor is tremendously wise about the compromises marriage involves and the enduring sorcery exerted on a woman by the one who got away: It's the middle-aged Harriet who plays a game of Hide and Seek with her younger self in this novel. Will she be able to find her and reconnect with her? I'll definitely be reading more Elizabeth Taylor, And well done Virago yet again for resurrecting the reputation of a hugely talented female novelist: She was educated at The Abbey School Reading and worked as a governess as a tutor and as a librarian: She lived in Penn Buckinghamshire for almost all her married life. *Lippincotes* was published in 1945 and was followed by eleven , Her short stories were published in various magazines and collected in four volumes, Taylors work is mainly concerned with the nuances of everyday life and situations which she writes about with dexterity. Her shrewd but affectionate portraja Elizabeth Taylor (née Coles) was a popular English novelist and short story writer: She was educated at The Abbey School Reading and worked as a governess as a tutor and as a librarian. She lived in Penn Buckinghamshire for almost all her married life, *Lippincote's* was published in 1945 and was followed by eleven . Her short stories were published in various magazines and collected in four volumes: Taylor's work is mainly concerned with the nuances of everyday life and situations which she writes about with dexterity. She was a friend of the novelist Ivy Compton Burnett and of the novelist and critic Robert Liddell. Anne Tyler once compared Taylor to Jane Austen Barbara Pym and Elizabeth Bowen soul sisters all in Tyler's words, In recent years new interest has been kindled by movie makers in her work, French director Francois Ozon has made *The Real Life of Angel Deverell* which will be released in early 2005, American director Dan Ireland's screen adaptation of Taylor's *Mrs. Palfrey at the Claremont* came out in this country first in 2006 and has made close to \$1 million: A British distributor picked it up at Cannes and the movie was released in England in 2009: {site\_link} Taylor is at the top of her game in this novel the love story of Vesey and Harriet who have known each other since they were children. Vesey is the restless troubled and rather unreliable nephew of Caroline Lilian's great friend also a crusader for women's rights, He is uncomfortable with vulnerability and tenderness so any time he demonstrates these towards Harriet he follows up with sarcasm and even cruelty: The love between the two is real enough but the character of each prevents any real relationship from forming, When Vesey goes off to Oxford Harriet finds work as a shop girl. Ultimately she marries a much older man who provides her with a comfortable middle-class existence. After almost twenty years without contact Vesey re-enters Harriet's life. The dutiful conscientious and quite conventional woman now finds herself behaving almost as a character in a drama or a novel. She corresponds with Vesey (destroying his letters after having memorized them) and journeys several times by train to London to meet him, He's a third-rate actor who travels around the country from venue to venue living in squalid boarding houses neglecting himself never getting ahead. Taylor suggests that a lack of parental love is at the root of his troubles. I found this a much more accomplished novel than Taylor's earlier works: The characters and the situations—and yes the story of a tragically unfulfilled love between two ordinary people as well—are very well realized, 5 stars This is my second Elizabeth Taylor novel and what I've noted already is that she wanted her readers to come to their own conclusions regarding her characters, She didn't point fingers or tell us how to feel about them, She wasn't guided by some strict moral compass that she expected us to follow as well. "I love the way Taylor sets up the start of her stories as she does here with the main characters Harriet and Vesey. Two adolescents that

grow up together are in love with one another yet don't exactly know how to communicate their feelings to one another. Sound familiar?! Taylor uses the theme of the game of hide-and-seek both literally and metaphorically throughout the novel, One can hide physically from another as in this childhood game: "Time's wingèd chariot was not a thing that they could hear: "Just like people love is imperfect and Taylor is a master at illustrating this: "Our feelings about people change as we grow up; but if we are left with an idea instead of a person perhaps that never changes, "I suspect Taylor's novels are ones that would benefit greatly from starting over right away after finishing the last page, When I went over my notes I found so much more meaning that perhaps didn't even strike me quite so hard the first time around, There are so many nuances to her writing that one might miss until the significance is revealed much later on. " Elizabeth Taylor Whenever I read Elizabeth Taylor I am struck by how her books are about nothing: They are about the mundane everyday lives of everyday people: And then suddenly you realize they are about everything—for they are about human interaction love loss deception self-deception—all the things that make up our own everyday existences. When we first meet Harriet and Vesey they are eighteen years old with the rushing hormones and confused feelings that are easy to recognize in that age if you have been there. When they part company there is too much unfinished business and imagination in the spent summer and you can feel that this will be a summer that influences lives. Harriet soon meets and marries another man Charles who has suffered his own heartbreaking rejection. When he discovers she has mementos of Vesey he latches onto that and allows it to breed a jealousy in his heart. She imagines what life with Vesey might have been versus the reality of life with Charles, "For it was Vesey who had undermined their life together the idea of him in both their heads: "Needless to say Vesey re-enters the picture and what transpires is what makes this book so poignant: "Our feelings about people change as we grow up; but if we are left with an idea instead of a person perhaps that never changes: After every mistake Charles made I suppose you thought 'Vesey wouldn't have done that, I did not find any of these characters overly likable but I found all of them exceedingly real and truly pitiable. I would probably give Elizabeth Taylor the "least appreciated great author" award: At the very least I know she would be in the running: As a young girl Harriet falls in love with the elusive and unreliable Vesey an aspiring actor and soon to depart for Oxford: I liked the split Taylor creates here between the subjective and the objective, Vesey isn't objectively very attractive as anything but a passing crush but to Harriet he personifies everything that is missing from her uneventful rural existence, He will become a powerful idea opposing the practical and fearful choices she makes: Taylor does a great job of conjuring up all the sorcery of first love: Vesey now vanishes and Harriet marries Charles the writer not the actor sets memorable scenes in this story, Her characters are real and their internal thoughts are laid bare for us, That being said this is a meandering story about the staying power of first love which never completely took hold for me, I liked the characters especially Harriet Charles her husband and their daughter Betsy: Vesey and Charles both made fun of and criticised Harriet's stutter which I found abysmal: I believe the 1950s was not a great time for any disability or difference: Vesey does feel deeply but as a typical English gentleman he can't show it and Harriet shows her feelings too readily. Every time I have finished one I find myself thinking long and hard, Basic synopsis of the book: We meet Harriet and Vesey at age 18 on a beautiful summer day: Does he feel the same or is he just teasing her? He goes off to Oxford and she never hears from him till about 15 years later he turns up. She is content in her marriage to Charles but Vesey coming back stirs up all Harriet's past feelings, What transpires and how it affects every character in this book is the heart of this book, I was not rooting for any of them but yet I followed along in dread. Harriet was so vague and wishy washy I wanted to shake her: I appreciated how Taylor brought this story to a close albeit it was a bit vague: I often found myself pausing and rereading these perfect sentences: " When you are hurt you lay waste to all around you, ""We cannot always remember our first glimpse of those who later become important to us: Feeling that the happening should have been more significant we strain back through our memories in vain. ""Our feelings about people change as we grow up; but if we are left with an idea instead of a person perhaps that never changes. After every mistake Charles made I expect you thought: "Vesey wouldn't have done that: If

you haven't read her yet I wouldn't start with this one, Published: 1951 Elizabeth Taylor A teenage near-romance has the chance of being rekindled twenty years later: Twenty years too late? (This review gives away no more than is in the books's blurb though the quotes section at the end is a little less subtle, )It is poignant and painful occasionally funny but never sentimental or saccharine. However Taylor often introduces new characters or situations as if the reader knows all about them only filling in the gaps later. Also there are a few sections that are rather different in tone from the rest of the book making it feel a little unfinished: There is plenty of frisson but Harriet in particular is naive and the reader is somewhat in the dark as well, As she remembers a tryst she reinvents it whereas Vesey dismisses it because 'we are children, ' He did not know that at his age most youths believe that they are men. Harriet finally shows a smidgen of initiative and gets a job in a shop (a very comical section but more caricatured than the rest of the book), She then marries a pleasant enough man and has a daughter Betsy. When Betsy is in her teens Vesey comes back into Harriet's life. Their feelings are clearer but their course of action less so, This takes its toll on her marriage and this is the finest section of the book (see some of the quotes). Time drags on with increasing tension longing and doubt all round: The tragic passages are balanced by comedy: in the shop and then with Harriet's incompetent au pair the Dutch girl. In the latter case the humour is based on misunderstanding exacerbated by the housekeeper using twee British idioms that she doesn't understand, When wondering why she came Charles suggests it's a cheap way of learning how to speak American, \* An adult's irritation at young Vesey was in reality impatience with another person's youth heightened by nostalgia for his own. He guided the conversation drew out the shy or bored or tired linked the passengers together, \* When lovers walk Time's winged chariot was not a thing that they could hear. \* Departure in the afternoon is depressing to those who are left: The day is so dominated by the one who has gone and although only half-done must be got through with that particular shadow lying over it: \* Virginity a mixed blessing: She was left with only her self-respect which did not seem to mean as much to her as she had been led to believe. \* What she had dreaded in suspense and embarrassment she now fastened to: \* The lady of the Manor who looked as if she had been bred in her own stables, I'm not sure about that!\* Being tormented by a cue for jealousy: It was as if an unkind hand raked up dead leaves in his heart: \* When tension is highest between Harriet and her husband: Marriage doesn't solve mysteries, The two of them being shut up physically in this dark space yet locked away for ever from one another was oppressive. \* Looking back on her married life it seemed a frayed tangled thing made by two strangers. \* Beyond their familiarity and nakedness they could now sense their true isolation and were more perfectly strange to one another than people passing in the street. \* A lady's companion had nothing to sell but her own company which most people would have paid to avoid!\* More teen angst: Nothing was explicable even to herself: She was overwrought from uncertainty more than from any specific cause: The plot is simple: Harriet and Vesey have grown up together she acts as sort of an au pair to his aunt with whom her mother is best friends: At 18 they are each other's first loves though that first love is frustrated and they go their separate ways. Many years later when Harriet is the mother of teenage Betsy and married to the rather older Charles she and Vesey encounter each other again: It took me some time to fall in as initially I found it a bit elliptical and had trouble following the relationships but it seemed to go from strength to strength, Harriet's failures at school had been a matter of agonised embarrassment for both, It does not make claims upon pity or tact: congratulations are easier to give than condolences, Her mother's timid smile her way of saying 'It doesn't matter' had the opposite effect to what had been intended, The difference between foreign countries is never so great as the difference between night and day, Some hopes are renewed but others dwindle: the state of the world looks rosier and death further off; but the state of ourselves and our loves and ambitions seems more prosaic: We being to regret promises as if the influence of darkness were like the influence of drink, Children feel less need of their parents: writers tear up the masterpiece they wrote the night before: With their backs to the church they saw that blue evening had suddenly come down, Of a young Dutch woman: She thoughts the English were as taken up with the weather as they sounded; not knowing that it was a refuge: To leave us schoolgirls inside and to

destroy us from without in so many dreadful ways; stiff joints knotted veins cushions of fat ruined bosoms uncertain teeth: darling I do know what one feels and with what appalling suddenness it is too late: One moment one is scorning lovesick young men; the next everything has suddenly gone young men are lovesick for other women one is alone a figure of fun perhaps: [S]he suffered from a strange caution fostered by her failure at human relationships and a reluctance to be shocked or joked from the neat life she had planned for herself. She was not often at a loss to know how to behave rightly: She had found convention not often at war with her conscience and was brave enough to act according to her conscience if it were, Her heart and head did not run in unison; her conscience was silent: It was not his nature to be sorry for himself; but he wondered how he had come to make such a wry thing of his life, At school masters had criticised what they called his attitude, Casting round for an attitude though he had found only blankness, I thought Taylor would go in a different direction with the male character of Vesey though to go in the direction I envisioned might've been a cliché: Taylor gets the emotions and thoughts of her characters down perfectly including the role of the peripheral ones. The main character Harriet's encounter on a train with a very minor character surprised and rang true: Through two female characters of different (outward) temperaments Taylor captures what it's like to be a teenaged girl and has some interesting things to say about heredity: The teenaged girl of the second section Betsy reminded me a little bit of Angel (from Taylor's novel of the same name) with her obsessiveness, She has tons of imagination mostly to her and others' detriment thus having a lot to write about. Elizabeth Taylor [Miss Lovelace] and Miss Lazenby gave Harriet a great deal of conflicting advice but Miss Brimpton's ruled through both: Were not men she asked all ungenerous or tyrannical or both peevish bestial? They were also vain-glorious and ugly. She took up her cup and drank tea slowly as if rinsing her mouth, A Game of Hide and Seek Elizabeth Taylor's fifth novel published in 1951 covers a range of characters from the early 1930s through to post WW2 England - 1946/7. But it's also a novel about men - more balanced I think than the fun version above: She has not done well in her school exams so there is no chance for her to get a place in a womans' college, Nothing was done in their own time that could be done in the firm's. They were underpaid so they took what they could; not money in actual coins but telephone-calls stamps boxes of matches soap: They borrowed clothes from stock; later when these were marked down as soiled they bought them at the staff-price a penny in the shilling discount: Taylor is a great humourist and something our group didn't touch on too much. A reminder I think to both wars leaving an unbalanced ratio of men to women, Again it was something the group missed and not really very surprising, And not surprisingly this also is a major theme in Taylor's book, The fact that we seem to be isolated in our egotistical view of the world. And I don't use this word in a negative connotation; it's hard to step outside of the 'I': Taylor's novel is a great reminder of how love both allows and challenges us to move away from the 'I' of self: Here is the old crone Julia retired actress mother of Charles and mother-in-law to Harriet - with a very blunt appraisal of Harriet: The quote below also demonstrates Taylor's constantly shifting emphasis on how all her characters have completely different view points. So you've cut yourself a fringe? Julia said in a patronising voice, But Mrs Jephcott has such beautifully expressive eyes Miss Bastable said: Harriet's remind me of that fairy story- what is it? Bluebeard- 'I see nothing but the sun making a dust and the grass looking green: Her hands- a little contorted with rheumatism- looked too big for her slight wrists; her sleeves fell away from her now shrunken blue veined arms, Her gestures were less impetuous more tragic perhaps more beautiful. Her eyes had a waiting emptiness which was her imitation of Harriet, What could you express darling? What have you suffered in your sheltered life? Married out of the school-room , ?It's strange how Taylor makes her cruel characters a little sad and beautiful also; but how wrong Julia is about Harriet. It's almost as if at this point in the novel Julia is pushing her into this experience. I think Harriet is remarkably strong in her determination to resolve her feelings for Vesey: She needs to know if her feelings exist only in her imagination or will they stand the test of a real person, And poor Vesey who tries and tires to be successful according to our cruel world's definition of success. She casts her mind back over the previous evening when she arrives home from a meeting in London supposedly to the cinema with Miss Lazenby, Harriet

presents an innocent front to Charles and to her he also seems to present a very smooth performance, The following morning is when she discovers or thinks she has discovered that he has read her letters: Calm bland he asked no questions made no enquiries after her for instance Miss Lazenby. Now she saw in this not so much her own distress as her knowledge of having been duped; one betrayal unfolded to reveal another, He watched her- until she seemed in her own eyes both deluded and delusive; fallacious; trumpery. No woman she felt could have bided her time as he had, But we know that Charles has not read the letters - someone else has: I particularly liked this complex unfolding of deceit upon deceit, I loved the way in which Taylor's novel examines all the multiple ways in which we seek ourselves and yet hide from the truth. Charles is aware of his wife's feelings for Vesey but he doesn't pry into her private life at least not after the disastrous visit Vesey makes to their home, And Harriet shies away from seeking the truth on this occasion: She doesn't ask Charles if he has read her letters; she prefers to believe that he is manipulative and to use this idea of him to justify her continued meetings with Vesey: As one reviewer noted Taylor is at the height of her form and skill. The narrative skips forward two decades. Not surprisingly he hasn't made much of his life. Elizabeth Coles was born in Reading Berkshire in 1912. In 1936 she married John William Kendall Taylor a businessman. Her first novel At Mrs. She also wrote a children's book. Elizabeth Coles was born in Reading Berkshire in 1912. In 1936 she married John William Kendall Taylor a businessman. Her first novel At Mrs. She also wrote a children's book. Elizabeth Taylor died at age 63 of cancer. Harriet is modest self-effacing and diffident. Vesey has made little of himself. There are no pontificators here. Rating: 4.5 Elizabeth Taylor 4. It's rather brilliant actually. Miscommunications abound and our desires can be confusing. I highlighted my kindle to death while reading this. He imagines her always loving another man.' But an idea can't ever make mistakes. He led a perfect life in your brain. Elizabeth Taylor 4.5 stars. Elizabeth Taylor can write a beautiful sentence. This novel is awash with beautiful writing. Essentially it's a wise grown up take on romantic love. You remember them. They are the little stories that make up a life. Vesey her first love was harder to like. He vacillated so much. I really hate the young version of Vesey. He could be so rude and obnoxious and unfeeling. Most teenage boys are like that. I didn't understand Harriet's attraction. She cries another thing neither man is comfortable with. Elizabeth Taylor This is my third novel by Elizabeth Taylor. Harriet develops a major infatuation for Vesey. I must state that all the characters were unlikeable. I needed to know how everything would be resolved. Vesey was an unfocused gadabout. Charles was insecure and his insecurities made him lash out. All the secondary characters were meaningful to the plot. Taylor's writing is second to none. No one is safe." But an idea can't ever make mistakes. He led a perfect life in your brain." This is an author I will return to again and again. Start with Mrs Palfrey at the Claremont. It is simply her best so far for me. 4.5 Stars. Beautifully written and it doesn't take the easy options. They drift apart. Overall despite its inconsistent style this is a beautiful book. Nearly a wonderful sentence but actually horribly mangled. The bus conductor was like the conductor of an orchestra. and made a whole thing out of an assortment.\* The days shortened but only technically. The time it took to live them seemed endless. She embraced him with an erratic but extortionate passion. He was profoundly moved though shocked by her desperation. But to her life seemed all at once simplified.\* Far from fearing middle age one took refuge in it. It creates and deepens then. When she wept it was from confusion. Her ravelled emotions fatigued her.\* Dusk like a sediment sifted down through bluish sky. Elizabeth Taylor What a rich read. Success is always less awkward. 'I have failed as a daughter too' Harriet would think. Another day is another world. We do not love our friends so warmly: or ourselves. On aging: False betraying hearts!. You must take what is offered at the time. I never think infidelity is a thing one ever regrets. This afternoon the issue seemed more confused. I wouldn't be surprised if Betsy becomes a writer. They had she always ended hairy legs. There she shuddered. The above quote shows the fun side to Taylor. She often writes 'tongue in cheek'. The three women work with Harriet in a gown shop. Harriet takes the job at a loose end. Here's another short paragraph from the fun chapter above. m. We do tend to read from our 21st century perspective. It's hard to step outside of what we are familiar with. It makes you look all eyes. Beautiful perhaps: expressive no. Expressive

eyes my dear Miss B. have to express something. She lifted her ruined face her voice sang ominously. . Harriet suffers greatly over her affair with Vesey. That also brings us to another theme. He was cheerfully busy about the room. He poured a drink for her. He lulled her to bed and there made love to her. All her treacheries her husband had cynically observed. Harriet has made an assumption - and she suffers for it. Fabulous writing and a fabulous novel. Elizabeth Taylor.