

[DOWNLOAD] A Closed Eye

## A Closed Eye

Von Anita Brookner

ebooks | Download PDF | \*ePub | DOC | audiobook





Anita Brookner

A Closed Eye



'One of Brookner's best . . . will move you to tears'  
*Mail on Sunday*

 Download

 Read Online

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrang: #891223 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2016-05-19Erscheinungsdatum:  
2016-05-19File Name: B01BXPO470 | File size: 68.Mb

**Von Anita Brookner : A Closed Eye** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Closed Eye:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Another depressing yet quite irresistable Brookner voyage... Von Ein KundeThe first half of the book contains, as do almost all Brookner books, a compelling word-picture of a girl, growing to maturity in a social landcape of seemingly appalling emptiness. Her rather distraught mother, sensing her daughter Harriet's inability to manage anything like a full life,

manages to get her married off to the safe Freddy (whose safeness seems somewhat perverted in the bedroom - in one small, laconic and chilling scene, Brookner obliquely describes Freddy's style, characterised by the infliction of careless rather than deliberate pain and the sotto voce commands of "quiet!" and "keep still...") Still, it seems enough for Harriet despite her intuitive feel that it must be possible for it to be better. When her daughter Imogen is born, both she - and in a lesser and perhaps more pathetic way Freddy - bring the child up to be a perfect monster of selfishness and ingratitude. One can almost SEE Immy, prancing and demanding as an infant, self-centred and contemptuous as a girl. Imogen is beautiful, shallow, not particularly intelligent but full of what it takes to succeed. One of her chief 'attributes' is her ability to reduce her ageing father to humiliated shame at daring to be the father of such a beauty and he mother to fruitless pleadings to be allowed into her life. Harriet is doomed, it seems, to a life half-lived in matters of love. Her friend Tessa (a bit of an Imogen herself as a girl) had married Jack, a deeply attractive man of the sort our mother warned us about - uncommitted to the point of pathology. Anita Brookner's admiration for this character is apparent, especially the part where she gives him terse-but-manly lines to say on Tessa's deathbed. Of course Harriet is in love with him, always has been, but true to her usual style, never manages much more than a kiss, though it is an apocalyptic one. (Germaine Greer once said that as a girl she thought that apocalyptic kisses in novels should be understood as full blown sex....??). Jack and Tessa's daughter Lizzie (about whom I both wanted to hear more but was afraid to do so in case she turned out to be a life not even a quarter lived..) has been semi brought up by Harriet, mostly due to the fact that Tessa regarded Lizzie as a kind of hostage for Jack's eventual return(s) and needed somewhere safe to park her. Poor Lizzie, forever in the shadow of the unspeakable Immy; did she know her moment of Pyrrhic victory when she is carried away on Jack's shoulders and Immy sees that Lizzie's father is so superior to poor old Freddy? It's scenes like this that keep me reading Anita Brookner, no matter how cross and depressed the heroines make me. Imogen's death in a rather banal car crash scenario (why, I wonder - would not death-by-botched abortion, a scene perfectly possible, given the grounds already laid for it with the cool and distanced Lizzie, have been better, dramatically speaking?) sets Harriet free - if freedom to take your decaying and cantakerous husband to Swiss health spas can be called freedom. His death really sets her free, but for what? The novel ends with Harriet asking Lizzie to come and stay with her (providing Immy's name isn't mentioned) in her European villa. She, Lizzie - (depicted as living upon low-fat yoghurt when she remembers to eat at all) and Harriet's new-found friend an aging but jaunty old boy of the type Elizabeth Taylor the English novelist described so well, are left at the end of the novel, poised to become a trio, all with inner emptiness held at bay by each others doubtful company and those little tricks known to all lonely people which make the day pass. Why does one keep reading Anita Brookner and engaging with these bloodless heroines? Because she writes SO damn well and just when you least expect it, provides a little vignette which flushes the corpse with life!!!

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A sharp portrait of loneliness

Von HORAK Harriet Lytton is a naive and undemanding woman who expects very little of life and that is what she receives. Married to a respectable man old enough to be her father, Harriet's only taste for passion comes when she meets television journalist Jack Peckham, the unruly and attractive husband of her friend Tessa. Tessa and Harriet have for many years been bound together by their childhood friendship and the imposed alliance of their two daughters, Imogen and Lizzie. But events conspire to shatter the gentle rhythm of Harriet's settled life. Sadly constrained by her own cautious decisions, she faces the cruellest losses of all: those of hope and desire. An altogether convincing portrait of failed love and solitude, reminiscent of so many of Anita Brookner's protagonists.

Kurzbeschreibung'Without warning, it seemed, she had become a married woman.' Naive and undemanding, Harriet Lytton expects very little of life and that is what she receives. Married to a respectable man old enough to be her father, Harriet's only taste of passion comes when she meets Jack Peckham, the unruly, attractive husband of her friend Tessa. Tessa and Harriet have for many years been bound together by their childhood friendship and the imposed alliance of their two daughters, Imogen and Lizzie. But events conspire to shatter the gentle rhythm of Harriet's life. Tragically restrained by her own cautious choices, she faces the cruellest losses of all: those of hope and desire.

Pressestimmen"Anita Brookner has staked out a distinctive territory...and made it clear that she is one of the finest novelists of her generation." -- The New York Times "If Henry James were around, the only writer he'd be reading with complete approval would be Anita Brookner. A Closed Eye is [a] marvel of ease and clarity, and precision." -- The New York Times Book "[Brookner's] prose is famously graceful, her understanding of human nature always keen .... A Closed Eye exhibits all of her elegance, subtlety of perception, and wistful tenderness" -- Newsday "Stiletto-sharp powers of observation...[Brookner] offers amusement akin to the slightly illicit pleasure of sitting down to lunch with a clever and malicious gossip. Indiscretions will be revealed, unhappiness and tragedy hinted at, and you will be...hungry for more." -- Chicago Tribune

From the Trade Paperback edition. Kurzbeschreibung'Without warning, it seemed, she had become a married woman.' Naive and undemanding, Harriet Lytton expects very little of life and that is what she receives. Married to a respectable man old enough to be her father, Harriet's only taste of passion comes when she meets Jack Peckham, the unruly, attractive husband of her

friend Tessa. Tessa and Harriet have for many years been bound together by their childhood friendship and the imposed alliance of their two daughters, Imogen and Lizzie. But events conspire to shatter the gentle rhythm of Harriet's life. Tragically restrained by her own cautious choices, she faces the cruellest losses of all: those of hope and desire.