

that sooner or later I shall be hampered with desirable acquaintances takes away much of the glamour. The great thing to do is to start as I mean to continue, never for one moment to be other than myself as I long to be – as I never yet have been except with David.’ She laid down her pen and began braiding her hair in two thick braids. There was a knock at the door and immediately afterwards Miss Mackay entered with a tall thin girl beside her. ‘My dear’, the old lady said, ‘Juliet’ – positive Maternity in her tone – ‘this is your roommate, Pearl Saffron – new like yourself so I hope you will be friends.’ (pp95a–97a)

R Because she was the youngest she expected the most. She had vague notions that it was always, would always be the third who was the favourite of the Gods. The fairy tales that she devoured voraciously during her childhood helped to stimulate the thought.²¹ (p98)

S Juliet passed a sleepless night.²² She lay still in the darkness staring at the dim outline of the roof outside the window, thinking, thinking. Each moment her brain seemed more awake. If I do once go back, she thought, all will be over. It is stagnation, desolation that stares [me] in the face. I shall be lonely, I shall be thousands of miles from all that I care for and once I get there I can’t come back. I can’t do it. If they choose to behave like devils they must be treated as such. On one hand lay the mode bohème, alluring, knowledge-bringing, full of work and sensation, full of impulse, pulsating with the cry of Youth Youth Youth – Pearl with her pale eager face and smiling ripe mouth, crying to Juliet ‘Here I am, here we both are. Trust me dear, live with me, you and I to reach for things together, you and I to live and prove our new Philosophy.’ On the other hand lay the Suitable Appropriate Existence, the days full of perpetual Society functions, the hours full of clothes discussions, the waste of life. ‘The stifling atmosphere would kill me’ she thought. The days, weeks, months, years of it all. Her father, with his successful characteristic respectable face, crying ‘Now is the time. What have I got for my money? Come along, deck yourself out, show the world that you are expensive. Now is the time for me to sit still and have my slippers brought to me. You are behaving badly. You must learn to realise that the silken cords of parental authority are very tight ropes indeed. I want no erratic spasmodic daughter. I demand a sane healthy-minded girl. It is quite time for you to put up the shutters upon this period.’²³ In the darkness Juliet smiled at the last expression. It was so exactly like him – an undeniable *trade* atmosphere. Towards dawn she slipped out of bed, wrapped herself round in the quilt, and began pacing up and down. Her face was burning with