

among beautiful things'. 'I understand—of course, it must be so.' 'And the absurd thing is that it's only a question of time . . . and when I do have it I'll have no more need of it'. Rhoda left her. On the canal bridge for the first time she refused a beggar.

CHAPTER V Sunday at the Close family. Hot and fine. The boys are late to breakfast—they do not wear collars and ties. Maisie in mignonette green. Be it known . . . that they have hereby decided to envelop the capillary substance of our illustrious craniums in the folds of the pellucid aqua purissima. The great event dinner. A joint and greens and plum pie. Debussy wears a bow tie. May's strange dream. The knock at the area door.

Maata is very fine in a wine dark cloth dress with an astrakhan coat Afterwards she goes up and puts on a big apron and washes Hal's hair. A walk to the Heath. Hal, Maisie, Maata and Philip. And after tea, while Mum and Dad are playing Halma and Maisie reads Dickens she and Philip play cribbage. In the evening Music. The old man* holds her 'trembling with life'.

CHAPTER VI The singing lesson and the concert. In the middle she leaves and wanders about, exhausted, unhappy. It is cold and windy. Why hadn't she said she could not afford to pay so much. She arrives home draggled. Rhoda is there. She tells Rhoda. Rhoda persuades her to allow her to pay.

CHAPTER VII Maata at the Closes. Only the mother is in. They have a long talk in the ugly dining-room with the darning basket. The family come in for tea. It brightens. She and Philip have another game and Maata is persuaded to stay for dinner. Hal sees her home. 'What do you think of my brother?' The letter from Rhoda.

CHAPTER VIII Philip surveys his life and his prospects. His loneliness—his lack of faith in himself. He hears Maisie singing in her room. He goes in to her. 'No, I can't go on with you listening.' 'Don't be such a baby, kid.' In his desire to stamp out the image of Maata he sits on Maisie's bed with her curled up in his arms and plans her gorgeous life. She is happy beyond words. 'And we'll have a little house, girlie, on the shores of the Mediterranean and travel all over the world.' 'Just you and I, Pip.' 'Yes, yes, just you and I.' He denies Maata. He hugs and kisses her. 'Not enough, not enough'.

CHAPTER IX Maata meets at the flat the dark strange boy Max Castello. Mally does not arrive. They sit and talk among the garden baskets of artificial flowers. Passion is the only thing in life. It is to dare everything. They are bitter and cold. His eyes shine as though by candlelight. They arrange to meet.

CHAPTER X What rubbish is this what rubbish, she stammered,