

Maata : Plan

Maisie 14, Philip 19, Maata 19, Hal 17, Rhoda 19, Max 18.

CHAPTER I Rhoda Bendall wakes up in the rain and remembers that it is the day of Maata's arrival. A sort of a song of songs from Rhoda to Maata. A day of waiting. The past reviewed and Maata brought up to date. Ending with Rhoda at the station. ✓ Aug 13th.

CHAPTER II Philip and Maisie are waiting for Maata. She arrives. She sees them first. She is radiant, eager—her lovely voice like water. She goes off with Rhoda in a hansom through the wet sunshiny street to a room in the house by the canal. She half undresses and curls up on the bed. Sends Rhoda out for food. She is alone in a dusky room. The lights from the street come in. She rolls and stretches and flings out her arms—laughing and chuckling.

✓ November 16th

CHAPTER III Evening at the Closes. The old ghost wandering up and down. Ma, so excited. Father very flushed, and wheezing. Hal malicious, and Maisie romping. They watched her run up the steps. The door flew open. She was in Janey's arms. She is introduced to May and Debussy. A tour of the house. Supper and stout and ale in the dining room. Before they go Hal plays his latest. She sits against the window curled in the blue chair, her arms along the sides, a bunch of violets falling from her fingers. Philip leans against the mantelpiece watching her, breathing to the rise and fall of her breath.

CHAPTER IV The arrival of the piano. The room transformed. The blue bed-cover stitched with gold towers and minarets and a border of leopards. Chrysanthemums. A tiny fire. Maata in a grey and pink gown, in a *cur-i-ous* mood. She had spent yesterday shopping. She felt like she used to when she was a little girl and spoke her name and address outside the sweet shop. She pokes up the fire and sits down at the piano. 'Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix.' 'I had no idea. I did not dream—and that you should need anything—you with your voice.' 'Listen, listen a moment, darling'. 'To the Forest'. She ran forward and took Rhoda's hand. 'But that is *nothing* to what my voice is going to be like—nothing. Just wait. I promise—promise—'. She reverts always to money. 'But you have some haven't you?—I can't explain but my spirit seems to need luxury. I can only expand

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