



Chapter 5

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a crowded City. Make him know a loneliness he could not imagine in a forest empty of people for fifteen miles, or on a river bank with nothing but live bait for company. Convince him he had never known the sweet side of anything until he tasted her honey. n and she gives him more than the time of day with a look, the watching eyes of his menfriends are moe satisfying than hers. Or he feels sorry about himself for being faithful in the first place. And if that virtue is unappreciated, nobody jumps up to congratulate him on it, that sorrow turns to an anger which he has trouble understanding but no trouble focussing on the young men, radiant and brutal, standing on street corners. Look out. Look out for a faithful man near fifty. Because he has never messed with another woman; because he decided to love that girl, he thinks he's free. Not free to break loaves or feed the world on a fish. Nor to raise the War dead, but free to go do something wild. Take my word for it, he is bound to the track. It pulls him like a needle through the groove of an x record. Round and round about the town. That's the way the City spins you. Makes you do what it wants, go where the laid out roads say so. No jumping into thickets because you feel like it; if mowed grass is okay to walk on the City will let you know. You can't get off the track a City lays for you. Whatever happens,