

big empty house, where her mummified husband ~~husband~~ had dominated and supervised her every ^e motion? Had Foster visited his childhood scenes, and overwrought with urge - and knowing the how and where - had made the fatal plunge?

He saw Foster prowling the darkness as he was doing. He pitied him.

A boy, a man, walking the earth alone. Alone with the memories and scenes of his childhood, alone with the unsolved problems of youth, and the burden of the stream of endocrinal secretionsⁱ that pour and pour and find no outlet.

He made the plunge and came out befouled. Maimed? The good doctor says he is cured. Or was he?

CHAPTER IX

The Eternal Cycle of Creation And Decay

Led by the pale shimmer of the water George found his way through the murky dusk to the end pilings of an old neglected wharf.

He stood there. Alone! The gentle lappings and murmurings of the sea came to him, and he hears his father's ^{voice} in them and in the silence of the night. The sea never rests, life fills it inside and out. A great womb, a great mother - the sea. All born in the sea. The mystery of creation is there. The mystery of life and death! The mingling of the smells and effluvium of Life's Force in its eternal cycle of creation and decay. The salty, clean smell of fresh new life in the new tide, and the washing of the wave. The mark of the thick-layered crustaceans that cling and inhabit the understructures of wharves and boats - the mark and sign of life in the sea. The misty mustinessⁱ and stench of time's corrodings - once living water, dead and decaying now.

The interlocking, the intermingling and confusing and uncertain

line of demarcation between life and death. The primaeval miasmatic fauna and flora from which life was reborn from multitudinous deaths. The ever recurring progression into stillness and death, and the re-birth into motion and life. In the wharf, in the sea, life is predominant always! A vibrant pulsation of living that swells the tides of life, and spills over and engulfs the dead and the rotting - stimulating and tingling! Death which is decay coming into its own, renewing its energies inherited through the ages. Death but a necessary hiatus, wherein the forces of creating are reborn and marshaled.

The egg, the sperm, the fish, the embryo. The man!

The man, the offal, and the many eggs and sperms, and the infinite other embryos! The reverse of the cycle.

And the other Cycles. And the end Cycle, and Man!

Kinships!

CHAPTER X

A Tribute to Pacific Street

Across the street from where ~~where~~ George was sitting in the Franklin was the Brandt Appliance and Bicycle Shop. Originally the old man had dealt with old stuff, odds and ends, but with Harold's mechanical bent and enterprising spirit he was persuaded to open the new establishment. Remnants of the old trade were still scattered through the place, but mostly it shone forth in its new merchandise. Harold had always boasted of his wizardry with tools and gadgets and of his business