

HOUSE of MUSIC

The stories in this collection can be read separately, and in any order. If, however, you read in the conventional direction, you will find that the characters who are named in the first story – as opposed to the endless throng of drinkers, talkers and excitement-seekers who pass through the house of music – are picked up at least once in their later lives. Their fates and fortunes – like the events detailed in the stories – differ widely, and the reader may well ask what, if anything, bonds these people, these events, together. The collection, finally, leaves the question open, but the last story reaches a serenity, an acceptance, which is somehow the outcome of all the events, and all the lives, detailed herein.

Chester Eagle

HOUSE of MUSIC

TROJAN

HOUSE of MUSIC

like to walk with you for a block or two. If you don't mind.' There was anger in him, but also a feeling that this last meeting shouldn't be spoiled. She told him how she would get to her apartment - which, he knew, and accepted, he'd never see - and suggested he accompany her to a point where he could catch the subway back to his friends on Second Avenue. **So they walked, for a few blocks, beneath the shining towers, the colossi of capital, the rabid over-development of what had once been modest blocks of scrub, amid the beggars and the wealthy, the handsome, well-groomed citizens of the world capital of rhetoric, and the victims, maimed and pleading, of the forces that had created the towers, and the wealth, and they knew, as they turned to each other for the last time, at the point where he had to go underground, that though they'd done their best to manage their lives, they'd always been eddying on currents too large for them to understand, let alone control, and that things had rarely, and for only handfuls of people, been any different.** She took his hand. 'I'm glad I saw you. It hasn't been easy, has it, but it's better that we saw each other than if we hadn't. I forgot to tell you - René still talks about the time you got up when your legs were giving you hell, and took him for 'an instructive

a suite of stories by Chester Eagle