8-4-1985

The Faithful Desperado

Lance Compa
Cornell University, lac24@cornell.edu

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The Faithful Desperado

Abstract
[Excerpt] Publicly confessing fidelity is a risky step, hard to do without sounding sanctimonious. The supposed return to traditional values is the last bandwagon I’d want to ride. Then there’s the risk of hypocrisy. I can’t guarantee that this streak of fidelity won’t end. The only way out is to confess ambivalence. I’m not so sure I want to be faithful. With both of us working, raising kids and running a household, married life takes on a draining routine. Lingering mornings of love play are long gone now; little feet and little stomachs and quirky faucets and job deadlines see to that, just as they lengthen the intervals between loving nights.

Keywords
marriage, commitment, fidelity, op-ed, adultery

Disciplines
Social Psychology and Interaction

Comments
Suggested Citation

Required Publisher’s Statement
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This article was selected as a “Best Column” for inclusion in the book About Men: Reflections on the Male Experience (Poseidon Press, 1987), edited by Edward Klein and Don Erickson.

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THE FAITHFUL DESPERADO

JUST COMPLETED SEVEN YEARS of marriage without having to scratch the famous itch. It's not something I dwell on, but when I speculate — usually idly — on having an affair, I'm surprised to have been faithful since my wedding.

Fidelity doesn't fit a self-image shaped by the sportings of a normal young adulthood. There were different loves of varying lengths and passions, some of them concurrent, but only once did I succumb — not entirely a victim to the fever of an affair or at least a fling. It's not something I dwell on, but when I speculate — usually idly — on having an affair, I'm surprised to have been faithful since my wedding.

There it is on the horizon and moving closer: in seven years of marriage without having to scratch the famous itch. It's not something I dwell on, but when I speculate — usually idly — on having an affair, I'm surprised to have been faithful since my wedding.

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