

But she was wrong. She knew it the moment she walked into the beautiful drawing room, cold and correct like its mistress. Leah had not changed. As one slow minute dragged forth a fresh one, Pavia saw the old faults grown bigger, the few virtues nearly dead. Pavia's mind could not leave her hotel suite, where the girl she loved above all else was waiting for a fatal call.

And Leah, receiving no encouragement, nor even interest, became more aggressive, and after dinner in the middle of a plea for forgiveness and understanding, with tears, and "can't we try just once more, darling," the sleek young chauffeur had strolled in, out of uniform, his collar open, as if he had owned the house! The situation was as ludicrously clear as Leah's face. Pavia could hardly keep from laughing aloud. Of course, the man had apologized, thinking, "Madame was alone," which only made matters worse for Leah. After that, even a fool would have understood that Leah didn't care where her pleasures came from — so long as the supply was tremendous, varied and unending. Pavia went back to town in a cab, leaving Leah's paramour to justify his deliberate intrusion in ways best known to them alone. She hoped they would be very happy, as she laughed in spite of her misery.

But the episode had helped to restore enough perspective to get her through her first performance at the Antoinette Room. She had told Joe Rich, "I'll just do three numbers," and afterward, "I don't think I should do a second show the first night — bad psychology to crowd them on an opening," and miraculously, he had agreed with her. She escaped to her suite where she expected to find her secretary at least ecstatic, and probably packed.

To Pavia's surprise, there was a candlelit table laid for two overlooking the city, the lake and the night. Jill, who had been weeping, was dressed in the gown Pavia liked best. But she barely spoke as Pavia took off her wrap.

"Well," Pavia tried to sound cheerful, "is this for *Auld Lang Syne*?"

"It *is* an occasion," Jill said, biting her lip and not looking at her. Then she burst forth, "I can't leave you, Pavia. Jerry called just a few minutes ago. My answer was *no*. He . . . he was even drunk!"

"But why *no*? He has a right to get drunk once in a while, surely?"

"It wasn't that! Drunk or sober, I don't love him . . . like I do you!" She started to cry. "Mrs. Brake may be more important to you than I am — but she won't go with you everywhere as I will, and you *do* need me . . . in spite of what you may think . . . as I need you!"

Pavia felt the fatigue within her melt from her mind down through her muscles. She felt like a girl again herself, living in the imagery of Millay and Dickinson. But she knew Jill too well. She must not give in too quickly to her for the girl had to be taught to be stronger and more self-reliant somehow, and Pavia knew how she must teach her. It would be difficult, but it would be heaven.

"Jill, dear," she said quietly, "I've a surprise for you — two of them, in fact, before we have a long, long talk. First, Mrs. Brake is sleeping with her chauffeur, and I'm glad she is. Second, if you found a jeweler's box when you unpacked for me, it's for you. You see, I remembered what day it is too," she nodded to the roses and candlelight. "Why don't you get the box?"

"Pavia! It can't be the —" Jill ran from the room.

"But it is, dear," Pavia said softly as the girl brought the box back and opened it. "Every flower a perfection of the carver's art, all worked into several strands of tiny pearls." Something out of the same gentle sea from which Aphrodite arose, and over which Sappho gazed as she wrote her lyrics. It might have been my going away gift, but thank God, it isn't. Come, my mouse, let me help you put it on."

# one magazine

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

15TH YEAR

APRIL 1967

FIFTY CENTS



## ONE, INCORPORATED

Founded October 15, 1952

*A non-profit corporation chartered by the State of California May 27, 1953. Its Voting Members elect the Directors to direct the affairs of the Corporation. Elected to serve until the 1969 Annual Meeting are:*

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Bookservice  
Chuck Thompson, Director of Social Services



" . . . a mystic bond  
of brotherhood  
makes all men one."

Carlyle

**magazine**

Volume XV

Number 4

April 1967

- 4 The Feminine Viewpoint (December, 1957)
- 6 Remembered Music, poem by Carol Tylir  
(December, 1955)
- 7 The Gateway, story by Jody Shotwell  
(December, 1954)
- 13 Sappho Remembered, story by Jane Dahr  
(October, 1954)

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Readers have written to ask if the recent policy of republishing material from earlier issues of ONE Magazine implies a scarcity of new manuscripts. Far from it! Because of very heavy expenses during the past two years arising for reasons beyond ONE's control, the Editors have been compelled to temporarily forego the cost of new typeset, and use fine material from earlier issues. Most of it is entirely new to the majority of current readers and represents writing of enduring interest. The Editors hope, however, to again present new material as soon as finances permit.

EDITOR RICHARD CONGER

ASSOCIATE EDITOR R. H. CROWTHER

MANAGING EDITOR ROBERT GREGORY

ART EDITOR GREG CARR

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# THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

*by and about women*

In the spring of 1953 about a half year after ONE's founding a tiny brown-haired girl shyly approached the staff member who was speaking to a group of sixty or so people about ONE and said she would be glad to help in some way. Thus Ann Carll Reid and ONE first met each other.

There were tedious boxes of envelopes to be addressed, order blanks to be folded, stuffing, stamping, sealing and mailing to be done. There were messy handwritten manuscripts to be deciphered and typed. There were three-line letters to be written. The Corporation's files did not exist, except as shapeless bundles of unsorted items: correspondence, minutes of meetings, financial records, letters from would-be authors, letters from those in jail asking ONE to "take my case."

These were things she worked at. In June of that year the minutes record her appointment to the Circulation Department. That meant going to the postbox each day for the mail, sorting it, answering routine letters and then, when the Magazine came out, working at mailing copies to the subscribers.

The August issue carried on its masthead for the first time the name of Ann Carll Reid, as a member of the Editorial Staff. At a Corporation meeting that same month, the Chairman's report called this "a most important landmark in the history of ONE. We now have officially for the first time, feminine representation . . . . We have wanted this from the

first day . . . but it has not been easy to find girls who knew how to do the work, and would do it."

In July, 1954, she became Managing Editor, her years of experience in the field of printing and advertising having become increasingly valuable for the smooth operation of the Magazine. The countless details of how to thread together the various necessary editorial and production operations were tremendously developed and improved under her energetic regime, until March, 1956, she became Editor, the second the Magazine has ever had.

Every reader has seen how the Magazine has grown in stature and importance, the new departments that have been added, the way in which it has matured from a bouncy little pamphlet into a smoothly professional monthly, pressing ahead continuously to broaden knowledge and understanding in its chosen field. Ann Carll Reid's part in this development would be hard to overestimate.

Meanwhile, as a Corporation Member and Director (Chairman of the Corporation in 1956) her shrewd business knowledge and sound good sense helped carry the expansion and development of the Corporation through many a difficult, touchy situation. When it came to questions posing timidity against courage, Ann was always found on the right side, bolstering the faint-hearted and supporting each and every move for going ahead.

Her most important contribution,

however, may have been in her work with other women, encouraging them to submit articles, fiction, poetry; rounding up helpers for various volunteer committees; corresponding with women in all parts of the world regarding ONE. The section of the Magazine called "The Feminine Viewpoint," has brought many women subscribers, has introduced new writers, and above all has shown both the

men and the women that their problems are not so different after all and that as all learn to work together for each other's good, progress is going to be sounder and faster.

Four and a half years of hard work, much of it of a pretty dull and routine sort, done without pay should certainly deserve the accolade, "well done, good and faithful servant," wouldn't you say?

October 21, 1957

Board of Directors and Members  
ONE, Incorporated  
232 South Hill Street  
Los Angeles 12, California

Dear Friends:

Difficult as this letter is for me, it must be written. As you know, my recent surgery curtailed all activities for the past six weeks. I have now been advised by my physician that I must exert a "minimum of effort" for some time to come.

I have for some years given a "minimum" of effort" to my employment and the "maximum of effort" to ONE. The situation would remain this way had I any say in the matter. I have not.

In the interest of health, and the hope that in the future I may work actively with ONE again, I must at this time resign.

It would be impossible to state in mere words what my association with ONE has meant. I have worked with exceptional people and have made many wonderful friends. And I love them all.

Please accept my resignation with the knowledge that I am with you, all the way and always.

Thanks for all that ONE, its staff and subscribers, has given me.

Sincerely,

*Ann Carll Reid*

Ann Carll Reid

November 4, 1957

Dear Ann:

It is indeed a blow to us all to lose you as a member of the Corporation, which you have been since July, 1953; as a Director, which you have been since January, 1954; as Editor of ONE Magazine, which you have been since March, 1956.

Your faithful, untiring work in each of these positions, and the many others you have also held from time to time, have meant much to each of us personally as inspiration and encouragement. Even more important, Homophiles in this country and elsewhere will always be indebted to you for your work, though they may not know your name or ever have seen ONE Magazine.

We shall miss your friendly presence from our meetings and your invaluable experience and know-how in the conduct of the various Divisions of the Corporation. We trust that your full recovery and regaining of strength will not be too long delayed.

Will you not accept from us the post of Honorary Member, without special duties or obligations, as the first person to hold such a position? We would be especially pleased if you would do so and are happy that we will in any case frequently be seeing you as a friend.

With affectionate best wishes,  
ONE, Incorporated,  
in Meeting assembled.

## REMEMBERED MUSIC

Carol Tylir

You went on playing the "Appassionata",

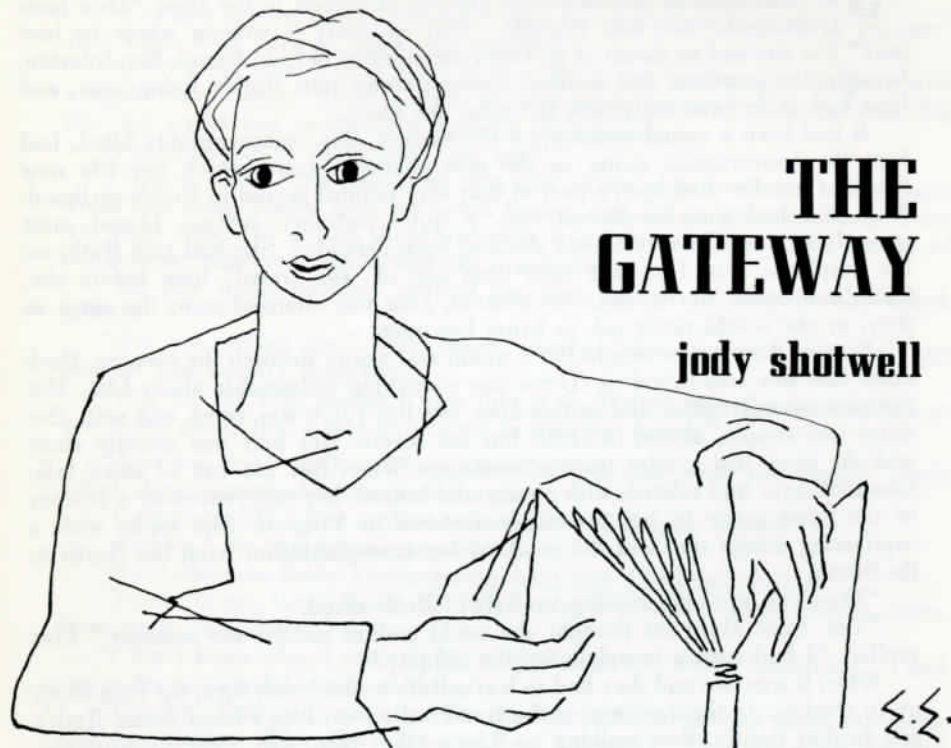
You commanded the black and white keys and they  
responded obediently,

Another century became now,

The night became noon,

You and I were more ourselves and less ourselves.

With what note would the music end?



**R**UTH let the tattered notebook fall to her lap and stared out of the window, seeing, yet unseeing her two young sons cavorting on the front lawn. A couple of the lines of the poem she had written many years ago repeated themselves in her mind.

*"A gate sprang open there before her,  
"A passage-way through Lesbos' wall . . ."*

Yes, it had opened once. Long ago, as long ago as this forgotten poem in this forgotten notebook. But it had closed again, and left a part of her on the inside and a part of her on the outside.

"And what does this make me," she thought, a trifle whimsically. "A split personality or a dual personality?" It didn't matter superficially. What was left of her on the outside had healed and grown into a working organism. Only at times, like now, having discovered this old book deep in a drawer, did she ache with phantom pains for that of her which had been amputated.

She arose from her chair by the window and went to the desk to put the book away. Closing the drawer, she glanced in the mirror and then straightened up and stared at herself. She seemed lit by an inward fire that made her eyes luminous and her skin the color of youth.

"What has come over me!" she murmured aloud. This was the face that had looked back at her from her dressing-table mirror the night she met Lisa, ten long years ago. The face that had never been pretty, and was suddenly beautiful.

SHE had come upstairs after her walk to the bus-stop, and had caught then, as now, without meaning to, a glimpse of herself in the glass. "How have I changed," she had thought, "that suddenly a woman wants to love me?" For she had no doubt of it. From the moment her old friend, Bev Johnson, brought the gracious and smiling young woman into Ruth's livingroom, and Lisa looked unwaveringly into her eyes, she knew.

It had been a casual evening, on the surface. Bev, unaccountably blind, had kept the conversation going in the new channels down which her life now flowed. Once Bev had been a part of that very painful period in Ruth's girlhood. Now she had metamorphosed into a quite ordinary person, biased most strongly against the very things she had once defended. She had told Ruth, on the telephone, that Lisa had once been one of "the crowd" long before she, Ruth, had come into it. But, she assured, Lisa was changed now, the same as they, or she would never ask to bring her over.

Now, as Lisa's eyes sought her's, again and again, through the evening, Ruth knew that Bev was mistaken. There was something indefinable about Lisa. Her features were irregular and unfeminine, but her voice was sweet and soft. Her attire was simple, devoid of frills, but not severe. Her hair was smartly short and she wore just a faint trace of make-up. When Bev ran out of small talk, Lisa took over and related, with charm and humor, her experiences as a teacher of the third grade in her present home-town in Virginia. She spoke with a captivating accent that was the result of her transplantation from the North to the South.

"Then you are only visiting up here?" Ruth asked.

"Yes. Aunt Margaret thought she could endure me for the summer," Lisa replied. "I had such a nostalgia for the old city."

When it was late and they had to leave, Ruth walked with them the long block up to the bus. In the darkness of the tree-lined street, Lisa's hand found Ruth's and held it tightly. Bev, walking on Lisa's other side, was blissfully unaware. They parted with plans for a swimming party the following weekend, but Ruth knew she would be seeing Lisa before then.

NOW, turning away from her mirror, she prepared for bed in a fever of anticipation. The light out, she lay unsleeping, trying to realize the happiness she felt. Lisa was going to love her. It was for this she had suffered the pain and frustration of her high-school years. Well, not really. She didn't believe in fate, really. But it was satisfying to feel now that she could go to Lisa clean and whole, free of a background of promiscuity.

She reminded herself, sharply, that she was not guiltless. That it was only because none of "the crowd" had ever made a gesture toward her, that she had remained untouched. She had had her cravings; immature ones, it is true, but her inhibited nature had never allowed her to reveal them. She was forced to wait for the approaches that never came. Thus retrospectively, her new joy was flavored with bitterness as she recalled the conversation with Bev that day in the Sweet Shoppe near school. It had been a different Bev then, a Bev with boy-cropped hair and a tailored shirt. They sat facing each other across the small table, Ruth also with her hair cropped, newly, and wearing the closest thing to a boy's shirt her mother would allow. She remembered that she smoked her first cigarette that day, and that she was glad to be able to pretend that the smoke bothered her eyes when Bev's words brought her so close to tears.

It started with Bev's entreaty that she drop her masquerade.

"You're a femme, baby," she said, "And you don't know how lucky you are." And when Ruth tried to speak, she went on.

"Oh, I know what you're going to say. But I just happened to be born with a figure like a stick. These clothes *do* something for me." And she had dug into her wallet and produced a battered photograph.

"Me, a couple of years ago," she said.

"This is you!" Ruth exclaimed. The girl on the picture wore a ruffled party dress that hung limply over her scant bosom and fell in graceless lines about her bony legs. The curled shoulder-length hair concealed all of the beauty of Bev's facial structure. She looked like a scarecrow.

"Do you think anybody noticed me then, except to laugh?" she asked, bitterly.

"Are you telling me," Ruth began, slowly, "that you went this way just because you weren't attractive?"

"You are the first person I ever told it to, Ruthie. But I'm worried about you. I feel guilty that I ever let you get in with our bunch."

"And you don't really go for girls at all? Is that what you mean?" Ruth asked, slightly numbed by Bev's revelation.

"I despise girls." Bev replied vehemently. "I despise myself."

"And me? Do you despise me, too?"

"No. I like you, Ruth. You're getting hurt, and I feel responsible."

"You're crazy, Bev." Ruth said. "Why do you think I asked you to introduce me to the others?"

"I don't know why. I can't figure it. You're sweet, you're feminine . . . and you're far too good for any of them."

"Thanks," Ruth said, shortly. "But the fact is, I just haven't made the grade with any of them. Why, Bev? Why am I so different?" This was when she had nearly broken down and wept.

Bev finished her "coke" and lit a cigarette.

"I'm not sure, Ruth. But I think they are a little afraid of you. Most of them are phonies, like me, you know. Real satisfied with their silly crushes. And you go around with that intense look, like you need badly to really love somebody. It scares them, honey."

TWISTING and turning in bed now, Ruth realized that she never actually was sure whether Bev was being truthful that day, or merely kind. She had been right, of course, about her wanting to really love someone. It had always been that way with her. She had a boundless well of love, drawn from some unknown source. Her parents were, in their way, devoted to her, but cold. She couldn't remember that they ever addressed her by a pet name, ever spontaneously embraced or kissed her. The aunt who called her "dear," the uncle who tousled her hair and held her on his lap . . . they were her objects of worship. Later, it was this teacher, or that schoolmate. Gender was unimportant. At least, it was unimportant until she learned about sex. It was plain to her then that love was between male and female. Accordingly, she diverted, between her thirteenth and fifteenth years, her affections toward sundry boys in the neighborhood and at school. Kissing games were fun, and so was the mild "necking" on her front porch after dark. She wasn't sure now exactly when she rediscovered her susceptibility to her own sex. Perhaps it was the time, at a party, when she

remarked to her "date" that a certain girl across the room was fascinating to look at.

"That sounds queer, coming from another girl," the boy had remarked.

"Why?" she asked. "Can't one girl admire another girl's looks?"

"I guess so," the boy admitted. "But most girls are catty about other girls, especially good-looking ones."

"Well, I think that's silly," she replied, heatedly. "I appreciate beauty in anyone."

And later, thinking about it, she realized that she would like to have come closer to that girl, to touch her . . . She felt uneasy about such a feeling then, and wondered about herself.

SHE had always read a great deal. She had a young uncle who was a medical student, and when she could steal unnoticed to his room in her grandmother's house, she read avidly his copy of "Millie" and "Dr. Fu Manchu" along with whatever she could comprehend in his medical books. It was here she found, one day, when she was sixteen, a copy of "The Well of Loneliness." She read a few chapters and couldn't bear to leave it when the time came for her to go home. She wasn't sure of what it was all about, but a tremendous excitement possessed her as she read, and she took the book with her.

The story of Stephen filled her with a great sadness, but it didn't help her to understand about herself. She wasn't like Stephen at all. She wasn't masculine. She didn't find boys repulsive. She felt sure she would someday marry and have children. It was just that there was something within her that allowed her to respond to certain people . . . and it didn't seem to matter about their sex.

It was because of Stephen and The Well of Loneliness that she was attracted to "the crowd" when she first saw them at Starfield High. She met Bev first, and through her, the others. And it was nothing but heartbreak for her, all the way through. In her odd, misdirected little mind, they were Stephens, every one of them. And she wanted to love them, separately or collectively. She wanted to make up to them for all of the Angelas, all of the Marys who had taken their love and betrayed it. Only, they weren't Stephens, after all . . . and they didn't care for her compassion. Her final gesture was the cropping of her hair and the adoption of boyish clothes. If she couldn't be an Angela or a Mary, then she would be a Stephen. But Bev's words put a sharp halt to that.

Her lips twisted into a wry smile, thinking of it. What a poor little clown she had been! Because she knew now that haircuts and clothes had nothing to do with it.

YOU are so lovely, so lovely!" Lisa whispered. They had paused in the shadows of the Greek pavilion, and Lisa had just kissed her for the first time. Ruth leaned against a column for support, dizzy and weak from overmuch joy. They had been wandering through the park for an hour since the final curtain of the play held in the small open arena. Lisa had called Ruth the morning after they met.

"Would you be willing to deceive Bev a bit and come to a play with me tomorrow night?" she had asked. It was to be Shaw's *Candida*, one of Ruth's

favorites, but she would have gone with Lisa to a lecture on the sex-life of the stringbean.

They met at the entrance to the park, met a little awkwardly, full of the realization that they scarcely knew each other. Lisa had not so much as touched her hand through the performance, nor was there any but accidental contact as they strolled through the gathering darkness. Only now, in the Sapphic atmosphere of the pavilion, were they drawn together.

"Do you have to go home now, Lisa," Ruth asked. "I don't want to leave you . . ."

"I'm afraid I must. Aunt Margaret's a worry wart. She feels responsible for me while I'm up here, you know."

Suddenly Ruth experienced the sickening realization of Lisa's temporary stay here. She had almost forgotten that with the end of summer Lisa would have to go back, go nearly five hundred miles away. Tears sprang to her eyes and she fought them back.

"Honey," Lisa said. "Let's hail a cab. We'll take you home first, then I can go on."

In the back seat they held hands and talked very little. At Ruth's house, while the driver walked around to open the door of the cab, Lisa kissed her cheek quickly and whispered, "Call you tomorrow."

It wasn't often that they could be alone. Bev felt responsible for Lisa's entertainment, and planned a series of parties and outings which included Ruth. Pleasurable as they might have been under other circumstances, now they were merely a hiatus between the hours when the two of them could steal away together for an afternoon or evening.

"It's alright, Lisa," Ruth assured her. "I'm perfectly happy, just doing this." But she wasn't. The joy she felt in Lisa's presence was overshadowed by the necessity of yet another unfulfilled parting. It was a month now since they'd met and this was the fifth time they had managed to get out alone. And each time it had been like this . . . like a high-school date. A few short hours, a movie, or a walk in the park; once a venture into a midcity cocktail lounge where they were promptly approached by a couple of men and left abruptly. And all the while, their need for each other growing and growing . . .

Lisa never visited at Ruth's home alone, fearing that her mother would mention it to Bev. It wouldn't do for Bev to know, to become suspicious.

So now, walking along and looking in the store windows, Ruth, in spite of her words, became more tense and silent as they approached the intersection where they must take separate busses to their separate destinations.

"Ruth, I feel so . . . so futile," Lisa said, moving close to her, so that their arms touched from shoulder to hand as they walked. "You aren't happy, and I just can't stand it."

They paused on the corner, waiting for the light to change. Ruth knew that once on the other side of the street, Lisa would leave her. She couldn't let that happen, not again, not tonight.

"Lisa . . . darling. I just thought of something. Come home with me. It's late. Mother and Dad will be in bed. You've got to come. I'll die if you leave me now." She slid her hand up Lisa's arm, gripped her elbow for a moment, then released her and stood, breathless, awaiting the other girl's reply.

Lisa looked for a long time into Ruth's eyes before she said, "Yes. Let's go."

END of summer came threateningly on. Ruth, because she had not completed a year at her job did not rate a vacation, but she and Lisa contrived one blissful weekend by the sea. There had to be lies and deception, of course. Ruth told her parents that Lisa's aunt invited her down, and Lisa let her aunt believe that Ruth's parents were accompanying them. They kept their fingers crossed that there would be no checking.

Only on the last day did either of them mention Lisa's imminent departure for home.

"What am I going to do without you, darling?" Lisa murmured.

"Are you going to do without me?" Ruth asked.

"How easy it would be," she said, "if I were a man. I would marry you and take you with me, and . . ."

Ruth came and sank to her knees on the floor.

"Take me with you. You must take me with you!" Lisa wound her fingers through Ruth's hair.

"Sweetheart, you're talking wild. We can't do anything like that. What reason could we give? You're only nineteen, remember? Your folks would never let you go."

"I'll run away. I don't care what they say. I can get a job down there. I don't need them."

"You don't understand, darling. It would be awkward for me, too. I'm twenty-two, but Mother and Dad still treat me like a child. And they . . . expect things of me. It meant a lot to them to see me graduate from college and become a teacher. They sort of think I'm . . . well, perfect . . ."

Ruth arose and sat down beside Lisa without touching her. "I see," she said, dully.

They met only once more before Lisa left. Ruth didn't go to the train because she well knew she would break down. But she went to the farewell dinner at Bev's house, and at a silent signal from Lisa, she followed her upstairs. In the bathroom, with the door locked, they clung to each other for a moment and wept. Lisa kissed her tenderly, then bid her wash her face and compose herself.

"We'll write, darling, every day, won't we?" she said.

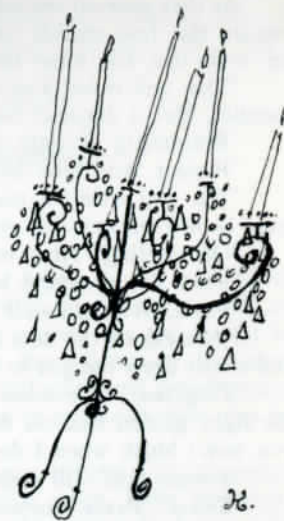
"Yes, we'll write," Ruth replied. Lisa went down first, and Ruth turned to the mirror to repair her lipstick. When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she saw that Lisa's aunt and uncle had arrived to drive her to the station. Lisa stood in the center of the room, surrounded by their friends. She did not look up at Ruth.

The group moved toward the door, and no one noticed that she was not among them. Watching them accompany Lisa down the path, Ruth knew that the gateway to Lesbos had closed, and that she was forever on the outside.



## SAPPHO REMEMBERED

Jane Dahr



On the way from the airport to their hotel they had no chance to talk for Joe Rich, the manager of the Antoinette Room where Pavia was opening that night, was giving her all the information he'd given Jill, her secretary, at least four times already. Joe Rich was obviously the itchy type.

"And Miss Orr," he said ridding himself of yet another hangnail with his small bright teeth, "your secretary and I decided to let your accompanist do a whole number by himself tonight before you sing. Then, when he's half way through the second number, you start singing softly out beyond the spot and just sort of wander into it. Ignore the audience, sort of, you know."

Beneath her mink coat, folded over her knees, Pavia pressed her knee conspiratorily against Jill's. The routine was as old as the ballad singer, but an effective opening for any *disease* with her poise, and Jill knew Pavia was delighted to have it accepted without a row. She said in that silky, famous voice of hers, "That's a very shrewd idea. Yours, Mr. Rich?"

"Well, I suppose," he admitted modestly. "If it's done right, it sort of catches 'em napping, you know. And wear that slinky silver and white job your secretary showed me yesterday — Gad! you've got a figure!" His eyes appraised the firm lines beneath her beige jersey dress with a buyer's gleam. "She says it's a Fath original — I'll see the word gets around where it'll do the most good — and it fits you like the hide on an earthworm." He leaped ahead of himself and rushed on, "And keep that pianist of yours out of trouble. This town's hot as a rivet since they picked up the mayor's kid queening a drag ball. We're sold out for the next three weeks and we can't afford any bad publicity. Didja notice I had three photographers at the airport? Not bad for a town this size!" But before they could reply, "Oh, here's the hotel. Want me to come up awhile. I can."

"No, thank you, Mr. Rich, I really need to relax." Pavia cleared her throat and Rich jumped with fright.

"Something wrong with your throat? I know a specialist—"

"Everything's fine, Mr. Rich. I'll see you this evening."

"Nine o'clock! Don't forget! Don't be late! Remember, nine o'clock!"

As they entered the lobby, where Pavia instinctively took Jill's elbow to assist her at the few marble steps, she said, "Poor darling, have you had to put up with that for three days?"

"That and more! Pavia, don't be surprised if he drops dead before your first number. He's a dynamo, but too big for what he's supplying."

"Everything all right, if you'll excuse a foolish question?"

"Perfect. And how did Dr. Kaegel impress you?"

"Jill, that man's a marvel. He has facts that will make Kinsey's look like copy book exercises. But everyone's afraid of him, so I promised —"

"Oh, darling! How much this time?"

"I said five thousand, but if you —" Pavia trailed off sheepishly.

"Pavia, five thousand! You're so generous, and even though you're —"

Pavia closed the door of their suite behind them, tossed her coat on a chair and gently drew the girl to her.

"Forgiven?" she asked at last. She touched the delicate pulse beat beneath the light golden hair on the child-like temple. "Will there ever be a day when you won't blush when I do that," she murmured.

"I hope not," Jill sighed. "It's so good to have you back."

"Sweet." Pavia touched her earring. "Coral flowers on little shell ears. Coral suits your coloring, Jill; pearl, ivory, coral, gold. But aren't those the ones we saw in the shop in New York?"

Jill nodded. "I showed them to Jerry and he bought them. I couldn't resist taking them even though they're far too dear. They had a necklace too, each little flower was a perfection of carving and it was all worked into several strands of tiny seed pearls. But it was sold." She sounded heartbroken. She was such a child, Pavia thought with annoyance.

"Never mind, you're pretty enough without it. Any mail?"

"Pavia, you don't mind my taking presents from Jerry occasionally?"

"Of course not. You're free to do as you please — until you decide. You know that." Pavia's rich voice had grown ominously flat as she took off her hat and fluffed her short dark hair in the mirror. "Any mail?"

Jill picked up a stack of letters and two unopened notes that had been delivered by hand. "Do you know a Mrs. Leah Brake," Jill asked.

"Why yes, she's —" Pavia stopped short, feeling herself flush.

"— the girl who had you expelled from college," Jill finished for her. "The one I remind you of so much. The notes are from her. She has called three times, wanting you have cocktails and dinner with her tonight — just the two of you — out at her home. She said she's a widow now."

"I know," Pavia put the mail down unexamined. "I think I'll shower."

"Pavia, Jerry's calling from New York tonight for a definite answer."

"Have you made up your mind?"

"I think so."

"When will you know?"

"I don't quite know. It's rather up to you, isn't it?"

Pavia took a cigarette from her bag and lighted it. "Nothing is up to me. That decision is yours. I've explained why." She started out. "Call Mrs. Brake and tell her to pick me up here at five."

"I . . . I've found a girl here in town who can take my place," Jill said quietly. "She's a good secretary, a wonderful girl. I knew her sister."

"I'll interview her tomorrow." And Pavia left the room.

She dressed in the new gown that Jill had put out for the show, and as she caught up her long ermine wrap and shimmering bag, she called to Jill, who was staring out of the tall windows at the snow falling over the lake, "Will I see you before the show? I'm not coming back here."

"I suppose so," Jill replied, not turning, "but if you don't—"

"If you want, you may wait here for your call."

"Thank you. Mrs. Brake's chauffeur is waiting in the lobby."

"Good night."

"Good night."

How could she, Pavia reproached herself as she stared at the back of the chauffeur's sleek, well groomed head. She was numb with misery and yet she had done nothing to alleviate the pain. She had practically pushed the girl out of her life, even before she knew what her decision was to be. But Jill was so dependent; she had to learn to think more for herself. And hadn't Jill said she'd found another secretary? Of course, that had been after she'd told her to call Leah. Still, she had been searching for a substitute.

Pavia massaged her throat which suddenly had begun to ache with suppressed emotion. The chauffeur was staring at her in the mirror again. Now that they'd left the downtown traffic, he had divided his attention almost equally between her and the road, yet his eyes held neither admiration nor curiosity for the famous. It was plain hatred. Did he know about her, Pavia wondered. If he did, how did he know? Did Leah send for other women now that she was a widow? She picked up the small microphone at her elbow and said, "Will you keep your eyes on the road, please?" His face and neck turned scarlet, but he did not look at her the rest of the drive.

She wondered again about Leah. Was it possible for the personality of such a woman to change? Vividly she remembered their sorority room at the university, the faces of their House Mother and the Dean of Women as the door had burst open upon them, that nightmare of an inquisition in the office downstairs with Leah hysterically screaming accusations at her, her parents' faces as they had come to take her home. Ten years ago, and yet the agony could still bleed freely. Was it possible she still loved Leah? She had thought she wanted never to see her again, yet here she was on her way to answer the first summons the woman had sent her. But how much had Jill to do with her going — and Jill's young man.

Jill was so helplessly young, only twenty and actually nearer sixteen in many essential ways of maturity. She'd known this Jerry all her life; they'd been in love in a way, until she'd come to work for Pavia. Pavia had met the fellow several times, a nice young man, good job, good prospects, he would give Jill a good life with healthy babies and her share of bliss and mediocrity. Could I do more, Pavia thought with a sharp ache in her heart.

Then she remembered what Dr. Kaegel had said to her in New York: "We, as individuals, are not important; but as a part of some scheme of Nature we have yet to understand, we're terribly important. As individuals it doesn't matter if we're big or little, wise or foolish, so long as, together, we generate enough energy, or enlightenment, to reveal the darkened stage upon which Nature has set us. We have to find the main switch before we are all lost or dead! That is how we are important to mankind!"

He was right. It must not matter what the Jills did. There were always the Leahs to provide the essentials, Pavia told herself fiercely.