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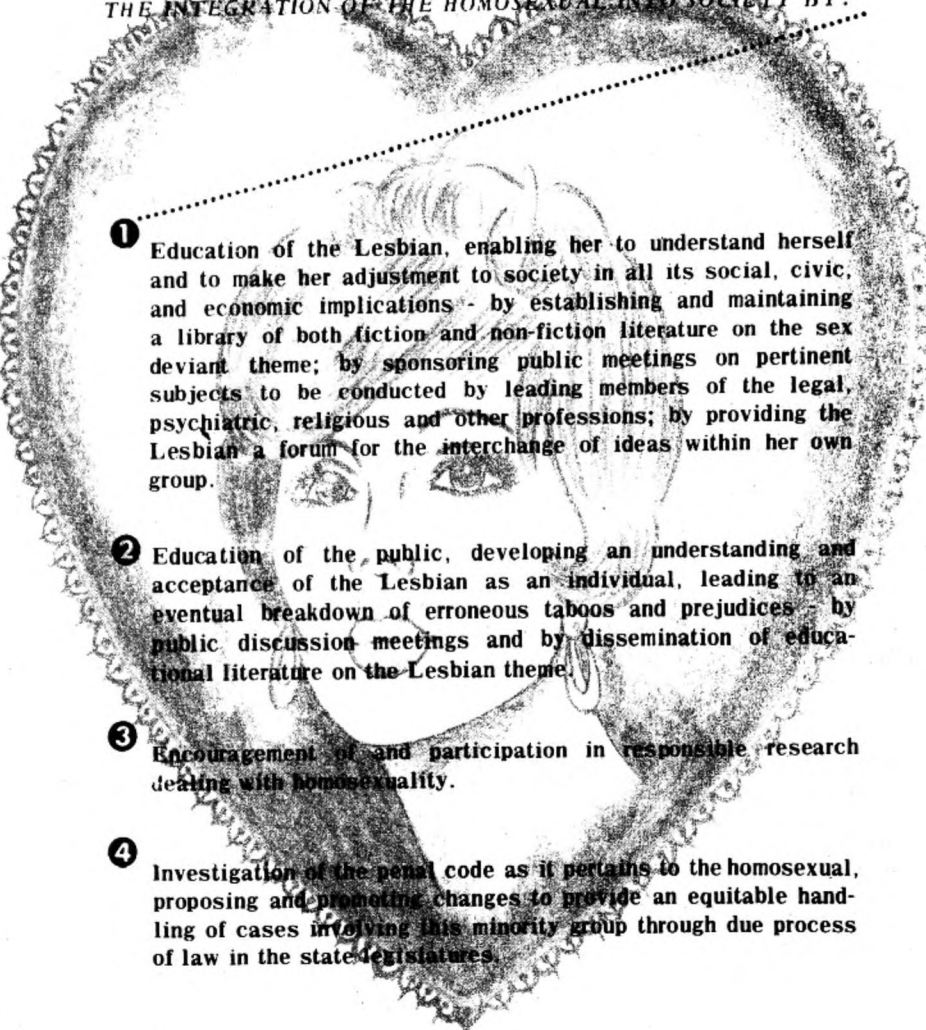
The Ladder ***a Lesbian Review***



February-March 1968

purpose of the **Daughters of BILITIS**

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING
 THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

- 
- ① Education of the Lesbian, enabling her to understand herself and to make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic, and economic implications - by establishing and maintaining a library of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public meetings on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by providing the Lesbian a forum for the interchange of ideas within her own group.
 - ② Education of the public, developing an understanding and acceptance of the Lesbian as an individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices - by public discussion meetings and by dissemination of educational literature on the Lesbian theme.
 - ③ Encouragement of and participation in responsible research dealing with homosexuality.
 - ④ Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposing and promoting changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group through due process of law in the state legislatures.

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects, and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization except such opinions as are specifically acknowledged by the organization.

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Cover by Elizabeth Chandler

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It Is Our Pleasure...

THE LADDER is proud to present the following selection of poems from the work of Canadian poet, Helene Rosenthal.

About herself, Mrs. Rosenthal writes: "I began writing and publishing poems four years ago and have since appeared in a range of journals across Canada including THE CANADIAN FORUM, FIDDLEHEAD, EDGE, WEST COAST REVIEW, PRISM International, TALON and others. In the U.S.A. I have appeared in ETC., the general semantics journal, and in THE MINORITY OF ONE. My first book of poems, PEACE IS AN UNKNOWN CONTINENT is now at the printers and publication is promised for February, 1968. It is being put out by Talonbooks, Very Stone House, 1911 Acadia Rd., Vancouver 8, British Columbia. I am at present a third year student in Honours English at the University of British Columbia. I am married and have two children."

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Rosenthal's letter was written in January, and by the time you read this, her book should be available.)

Time To Kill

At the corner of First and Last a woman
 an I know stops me Have you
 got a minute she asks me I give
 her what I have she uses
 it I get it
 back 2 hours late -
 r second
 hand.

Virtue

Of arms and thighs
 and breasts et cetera
 my head has had
 much business,
 but when it comes
 to play -
 Jack is a dull boy

Necklace For My Love

Regarding	Windblown from a star-seeded sky into my garden, blossom, strange love.
risks,	Why have I left my house, wings still damp for the unsafe outdoors today?
and you	Poise is purpose for a butterfly a flower told me secretly
and joy,	Stars have their poise too. Small suns which light our dreams timeless, as love's noon is.
ah care,	The day that held the sunflower held me; one face suffused the other.
beware	My heart sprang to enclose summer trembled as chill fingers seized the latch.
the fearful	When frost ravishes unready blossoms death flowers on time's cold plot.
outcome -	Dreams are hothouse plants my roofless care destroyed. Next time, love take shelter.

Dedications

i

The tree
beats off its ghosts.
I quiver out of time
a parchment leaf in braille
read by antennae dusk.

All this immaterial
living in the present.

But I won't permit temples
to rise.
I've had enough
blood spilt.

ii

All gentle animals meet
in your eyes
your hair is silky
animal
you wear soft hide
you come through campus groves
laughing at oracles
your feet are satyrs
your mouth speaks Greek
wine flows
I sacrifice my thigh-bones
to the gods

iii

Worship:
oil
pressed from the flesh
of olive. The pure light
burning.
After, black
branches lopped off,
the trunk is dragged
to where the oxen
are. the truth
is this:
the tree
lit fiercely on the shore
is what there is
of knowledge.

Eye like I

She called me beautiful
which even made *me* smile,
but I've been thinking
how the inner eye for all
its probing zeal
can only be approximate.

And yet

... I must prefer it
to the perfected outer one
which sees only
like a camera
or looking through a lens
sees only what the world sees
looking, like a tourist.

Re-union.

We met on the horizon's edge.
It was snowing
and because
there was nowhere
on either side
we had to stand very still
or fall off.

Look down, my love
here is the first crocus
between us
its life still clenched
in green withholding.
When it is born
to light
there will be space
for growing.

The cup shone glad
with offering.
The no-color of the place
receded like a mist.
Flakes turned to tears
of joy.
Slowly, one foot
behind the other
we moved apart.

No words need apply

I

"express(ed) mirth spontaneously;"
made
"an involuntary explosive sound of amusement"
according to Webster;
that is to say
I laughed.

Just so
the other day
listening to your long explanations,
I cried.

"... but be."

If our bodies had their way
would my poems still make love
to you
discovering
ways?
Or would the poem
of our love
take final shape.

Take Care

I will love you as
a sudden fire takes a log
wild water takes a stone
windstorms take fields

but if you take me first
love,
be gentle.

Two Loves

He looked at me
in the way a man
looks at the women he loves
- rejoicing of difference,
but you looked at me
like love itself
that knows no
division.

In the Garden

Clothed by your hands
my body is
the most envied form
of all consciousness
since Eden.

NOVEMBER ARRAS
(hung over a song by Buffy Ste. Marie)

i

Iseult
reading Tristan by the fire:

Wood whispers, needs
my prodding iron.
Crackles,
sputters.
says: don't hide
behind the smoke you are
in danger

He comes in, the King
and royally unfolds
the evening paper.
The dwarf
evilly crouches
in the antechamber of
his hand, turns
on the hi-fi.
His smile
spreads.

I sent you a note
by the evening stream:
meet me at the mobile
tree of the propellers

ii

The cat sleeps
under fluffed-up ash.
Watching, I
am watched.
the dwarf
licks his tongue
over a black record
"one more time."

If I can get away
from the wheel that spins
gold out of straw
I will bring
the partly-woven
web. Listen
for the bell
of the fairy dog

The King is doing cross-
word puzzles.

and remember the way
to the glazed house
high over
the mountain of undoing
- where the sun is smokeless -

iii

The small rose telephone
is silent where
the helicopter hovers
in the corner

her book
has fallen -
the words all
scramble

off
surfaces
to the fireplace,
rustle a while
as
crisp wings

sub

s
i
d
e

iv

How loudly the King
SNORES

(an engine takes shape
something whirrs

faroff

The black whine slows
the record
I can't forget
"... and it's real
and it's real

one

more
time ... "

I think I should tell you
there's no way out
of here

Temple of Athene

by Hilary Farr

Part III

"Come, not so fast." Lenox Van Tuyl's voice was ironic but her eyes in the shadow were almost tender. "Try beginning again." And then as Theodora did not speak, "I think perhaps you got quite drunk?"

"No." Theodora's own voice turned hard. "I can't talk about it . . . But you must know this much—I am . . . too drawn to you. To the point of emotional instability if you like. I should have known last summer, I should never have come here. But I thought I'd . . . grown up more than I have. That's all."

Lenox VanTuyl sat without motion but her face whitened and her eyes for a moment reminded Theodora poignantly of the portrait. Then she said in a deepend voice, "I understand very well, as I believe you know. I thought I sensed last summer that you know. I recognized a risk and I took it when I asked you here. I'm still inclined to think I made no mistake."

"Oh, Miss VanTuyl!"

"Just for tonight when we're talking woman to woman would you call me by my name? And may I say Theodora?"

Theodora's face went down against the arm of Lenox VanTuyl's chair as a long shuddering sob ran through her. But she got hold and raised her head. "Thank you—Lenox." She felt

her face flame but would not look away. "You're willing then . . . to give me another chance?"

"I fancy tonight has taught you something. It's teaching me." She fell silent, eyes fixed on her resolutely quiet hands. "Tell me," she said at last, "has this whole year been so dreadful?"

"No! Most of the time it's been a joy just knowing you're here. Little as we've seen of each other. Sometimes I've even had the presumptuous feeling you were glad of me too."

"Don't be mock modes. You know it was not presumptuous." There was passion in the tone, as though the denial had broken through some guard.

Theodora began to tremble again, but differently. "Then by spells I go half crazy because we're so separated," she said in a rush. "It's not enough to know we're on the same campus. I want everything a real friend wants, time, companionship—love!" Her voice broke.

"Please, please."

"One can keep hold just so long and then—it breaks out other ways. I sat all afternoon in the library with that . . . shattering portrait I never let myself look at. I read all I could find—about the artist, your own French study—and then I ran out and walked for hours and . . . Well, I ended here."

While she talked she flung off the scarf, got to her feet, looked around wildly as if for escape. She ended crouched on the floor against Lenox VanTuyt's chair, clutching at a hand that never relaxed, never stopped straining to be free. Weeping caught her again, silent, painful, without tears.

She felt Lenox VanTuyt wrench away and move to the shaded window. She felt the estrangement in

this outburst that brought her some relief while the other woman held her iron control. She stood up and groped her way to the dark doorway.

"Theodora." The voice was hushed and gentle. "Neither of us can stand more of this tonight. I think . . . there must be a choice. If you can't be alone . . . without illness, then stay here. But then over this next long weekend you must find something to do your second term other than teach here. 'Leave of absence' will compensate you, an administrator's gambling loss can't be charged against a runner who couldn't stay the course." Faint irony made the fault wholly her own. Then her tone changed. "Or else leave me now—I'll give you something for sleep—and tomorrow pick up and go on as we were. *But no more such visits.* Which?" She seemed to hold her breath.

"No more like this. But oh, why no more at all? If I knew that when things pass bearing I might just drop in—"

"No. I can't argue tonight nor can you listen, but when you look at it sanely in daylight . . . Such things are fatal. A person in any sort of public position *can't* take the chance. And I chose this life deliberately, years ago, at a cost that will never be known."

"At a cost recorded forever in that portrait!" Theodora broke out bitterly.

"Thank heaven not many eyes have your power of seeing. Yes, that portrait is—a monument of sorts. You shall have the story one day. And what you saw this morning, looking straight into me with your uncanny insight, is still a scar. This has been . . . an anniversary. Oh, don't blame yourself too much for what you've been through today," she went on in a different headlong voice, "I started it merely by

meeting you this morning. We're too intuitive, you and I. That's why it's such a comfort to know you're about. It is, you know. And I hadn't thought it was a tax on you. Not to any morbid degree. Or is it? *Is it?*"

"Lenox! It's a tower of strength to me too. Almost always. And now knowing I'm some good to you I think will make me invulnerable. I'll go. I don't want sedative. I won't do this again. And thank you . . . for telling me . . ."

She felt she was babbling, but words were the only way to keep down the anguish of compulsion that was rising again.

Lenox VanTuyt guided her down the dark flight and at the bottom, turning suddenly, took her shoulders in a bruising grip. Holding her thus helpless to come nearer, she bent her head and for one long moment set her lips on Theodora's forehead. Then she opened the door and fairly thrust her through.

Theodora stumbled home through a slow melancholy rain, herself shedding tears softly and steadily and cherishing with her two hands the throbbing marks of strong fingers upon her shoulders.

Continued on Page 20

AMERICAN WOMEN

CAREY THOMAS

Dean and President of Bryn Mawr.

by Lennox Strong

(Editor's Note: This is the fourth article in a series devoted to American Women of unusual achievement.)

When I began this series of articles I appealed to friends to aid me in suggesting women who would fit the particular requirements. A faithful friend suggested Carey Thomas, and less than a week later an unknown reader also suggested this indomitable lady.

Carey Thomas was born January 2, 1857 in Baltimore, Maryland. She was the daughter of a strong but self-effacing man, Dr. James Carey

Thomas. Her mother, Mary Whitall, was a descendant of a particularly domineering female clan. Mary's sister, Hannah Whitall Smith, was a minister.

Carey was raised as a proper Quaker child, but the training didn't take and the wild anecdotes about her early life are too numerous to list. She was an ardent tomboy and rejected all feminine duties. Unusually and blindly attached to her mother, she was also greatly influenced by her aunt Hannah. The next most important person in her life was an older male cousin who died tragically

at an early age. This boy, Frank, aided and influenced her violent desire for a college education.

Against much opposition Carey won her right to higher education—thought at first she was only permitted a Quaker boarding school, The Howland Institute. Her teacher there, Miss Slocum, turned her from her desire to be a physician into the paths of scholarship, exhorting her to use her fine mind for educational purposes.

After many battles with her father, but with the quiet aid of her mother, Carey was allowed to take entrance examinations for Sage College, Cornell University. She was accepted and at age 20, in 1875, she entered Sage College as a Junior.

At Sage Carey met Alice Hicks, the first of many female distractions from her chosen goals. Some months of Miss Hicks' satisfactory company helped lower Carey's academic standing. Miss Hicks', however otherwise delightful, was Carey's intellectual inferior and far less ambitious. They had many battles about this which ended when Alice would, in Carey's own words "fling herself on the lounge in a passion of tears, and sometimes we would both cry." She adds: "Altogether it was dreadful . . . This high tragedy seems ridiculous written but I know I shall forget the possibility of such things unless I do write it."

Her brilliance, though, shown through, and she much impressed her teachers. She was graduated in June, 1877 with her bachelor's degree. Eighteen years later she was elected first woman trustee of Cornell University—but she had many mountains to climb before that day.

After Carey's return to Baltimore, she met a group of young Quaker

women from quite wealthy families. They introduced her to a broader cultural world, plays, literature on the level of Shelley and Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and a generally sophisticated milieu beyond her past experience.

One of these women, Mamie Gwinn, was found to be so delightful that Carey "wished constantly to be with her," and with her lifelong battle between distraction and success ever near, she lamented in her diary: "Have I the time?"

Carey Thomas's major biographer, Edith Finch, sums up Carey's initial attraction to Mamie in this way:

"The truth was, she was fascinated by her. Her mind was subtle and brilliantly keen. To talk with her exhilarated Carey. In appearance too, Mamie charmed her irresistibly. She was slender and delicately boned, white skinned and black haired, and her dark eyes were intensely alive. Her movements were light and languid. Again, she was the opposite of the robust and instinctively headlong Carey."

She next entered John Hopkins University working toward a graduate degree but met with such unfair opposition that she resigned. She was denied entrance to classrooms and only allowed to study in absentia, and to take no part in lectures or discussions.

Realizing that European universities were beginning to accept female students on a fairly even footing with male students, Carey campaigned with her family and won permission to enter Leipzig University. Mamie Gwinn threw a fit of hysterics and her family allowed her to accompany Carey. In July, 1879, they sailed for Europe.

They went through a series of

trials but were, for the most part, allowed to study in peace at Leipzig. Their relationship, however, was so very close that they made few other friends, with the exception of a pair of young women who lived in an apartment above them. One of these women was the daughter of Edward Everett Hale.

Mamie was always a difficult person. She demanded more time from Carey than Carey could afford from her studies. She was, in the words of Edith Finch, "a time-consuming temptress." Among Mamie's demands was her desire for constant travel during vacation periods. Travel that was beyond Carey's financial capabilities. One of these trips, however, reunited Carey and Mamie with another of the original group of women who had gathered Carey into their circle in Baltimore following her graduation from Sage College. This was Mary Garrett, who was later to play a vital role in Carey's life.

Another obstacle fell in Carey's path when Leipzig University decided that even though she (and some other female students) had completed her work for her doctorate, that they would grant no degrees to females. Carey applied for entrance into Zurich University in Switzerland to continue her studies and was accepted. She went on to graduate from Zurich University in November, 1882, as a Doctor of Philosophy. The degree carried with it a further honor, the highest honor the university could bestow, for it was granted *summa cum laude*. She had received a degree granted heretofore only to men, and with the highest possible honors.

Suddenly she was famous. All the papers of Zurich carried an account of her life, people stared at her on the street, and scholars were respect-

fully silent in her presence. Susan B. Anthony and her friend, Rachel Foster, expressed a desire to meet her.

Despite all the excitement, Carey's last several months in Europe seemed to her an anti-climax and, though she loved Europe she returned home eagerly. Home, however, held a special promise for her, for she meant to ask for a position at Bryn Mawr College, which was then just being formed.

Carey was only 26 years old, but she was, obviously, remarkably brilliant and, at last, suitably educated. After going through the necessary political and social steps, Carey asked for the top job, the presidency and, as an alternative, professor of English.

As it turned out, because of her extreme youth, she was denied the presidency, but was made instead, in December, 1883, Dean of Bryn Mawr, and professor of English.

The history of Carey's time spent from her appointment in 1883 until the official opening of the college on September 23, 1885, is quite fascinating. She quickly toured all major existing women's colleges to see how to make Bryn Mawr even better. Her skeleton faculty was small but star-studded, and included Woodrow Wilson as associate professor in History and Political Science. The first student body consisted of thirty-five undergraduates and seven graduate students. Four of the seven graduate students held fellowships. Bryn Mawr was the first women's college to grant them.

During the next five years the college moved forward with fantastic speed, Carey's accomplishments too numerous to list, her innovations in education amazing.

Mamie Gwinn, of course, had re-

mained with Carey all these years, living with her in the deanery. In 1888 she became an associate in the English department. The events that followed are well recorded by Edith Finch:

"From that time on in the early years of the college, behind the clearly spotlighted figure of Carey Thomas moves the shadowy form of Miss Gwinn, lending depth and chiaroscuro to a picture otherwise somewhat unshaded. A curiously enigmatic figure, Mamie Gwinn, both repellent and fascinating: dark haired, dark eyed, white skinned, tall, elegant; physically indolent, languid in movement, studied in gesture; self-fish, sometimes malicious; and mentally, brilliantly, subtly active. In intellectual matters, especially, Bryn Mawr could have lost her only to its detriment . . . Her intellectual ideals were the same as those of Carey Thomas—had she not, indeed, taken a chief part in forming Carey Thomas's?—and she had influenced and helped her in almost every way behind the scenes in shaping the college.

When she did creep out from behind the scenes and take an active part in the teaching she became almost famous for her talents as a teacher, though her methods were considered extremely weird (which they were).

During the summers Carey and Mamie travelled all over Europe. They were inseparable, and incredibly, no one seems to have remarked upon it.

But all was not well in the deanery toward the end of the 1890's. Mamie had always been something of a bitch, as must be quite clear, and she became bored easily. Carey, for all her lovely points, was

something of a bright and devoted square. Where her women were concerned she was obviously always the giver, or it had been this way, at least, with both Alice Hicks and Mamie Gwinn. To make a messy triangle short, Mamie got involved with a married male faculty member, and after years of ugliness, Carey tossed her out. As long as Carey Thomas occupied the deanery, Mamie stayed away from Bryn Mawr. Her "resignation" took place in 1904. There is no way of knowing how long Carey closed her eyes to the scandal, which was certainly rampant news on the campus.

Carey, however, was not to suffer long. Miss Finch explains it this way:

"Carey Thomas's life was complicated by the bewilderment and heart-ache and the blows to a sensitive pride that the breaking up of personal relations always brings. Without doubt Carey deliberately closed her eyes to the development in all its unlovely intrigue . . . Then, at last, the fire flared too bright for Carey Thomas to refuse to see it.

The strain this caused must have been too obvious in a hundred ways to be ignored. Be that as it may, and however great a blow the repudiation was to her affection and pride as well as to her faith, Carey Thomas carried herself to all outward view with equanimity. But she needed always an intimate companion . . .

Her sense of mission and the growing isolation that is so often the fate of an administrator put severe restraint on her natural expansiveness. Instinctively she turned now to her friend Mary Garrett.

In the last years of Mamie Gwinn's life at the deanery, Mary Garrett's visits had become more frequent and extended, and not long after Mamie

Gwinn's departure she came there to live. Though Carey's imagination, perhaps, was never caught, as Mamie Gwinn had caught it, by the upright, unromantic Mary Garrett, she was genuinely touched by her . . . and more and more warmly bound by her self-effacing loyalty and co-operation. Mary Garrett had shown herself a staunch friend all through the various important projects on which they had worked closely together during Mamie Gwinn's ascendancy."

Though Mary did not begin living with Carey until 1904, she had been instrumental in Carey's founding the Bryn Mawr School for Girls in their native Baltimore, in 1885. She supplied much of the money for this venture as well.

More remarkably, these two women raised the necessary money to endow John Hopkins University for a medical college, stipulating only that women be admitted on equal footing with men. This all took place during the late 1890's.

Carey was also greatly assisted by Mary in her battle from 1892 to 1894 to be named President of Bryn Mawr, when the incumbent, Dr. Rhoads, became too old and ill to remain in the post. Mary Garrett's wealth was more than useful. She wrote to the trustees—without Carey's knowledge—offering several cleverly stipulated endowments which made clear that they were forthcoming ONLY when Carey became President of Bryn Mawr. She was then 37 years old. It must be mentioned, however, that she was more than capable of running Bryn Mawr at that time, and had, indeed, been doing so for some years as Dr. Rhoads's health failed. He was, also, her strongest supporter with the

trustees and clearly felt her best suited for the post.

From 1894 to 1908, moreover, Carey was both President and Dean. Her years as President were both exciting and profitable for the college. The advent of Mary took all of the domestic burdens off Carey's shoulders, for, unlike Mamie, Mary carried her share and more. Her love for Carey was remarkable. She stood by for years in the face of Carey's obvious preference for Mamie Gwinn. But when needed, she was there.

Carey, a born fighter despite her Quaker ancestry, kept picking out new goals and achieving them. She fought from 1894 to 1902 to be named as one of the college's trustees.

Mary Garrett's considerable fortune was poured into their domestic life and into the school itself. Carey's life, for the first time, was completely free of money worries. They were very happy until 1912, when Mary Garrett was discovered to have leukemia. This, understandably, cast a shadow over the remainder of their life together.

They travelled together a good deal and enjoyed a much more extensive social life than Carey had shared with Mamie Gwinn. They also took part in many activities not directly connected to Carey's college work. From 1906 on they were very active suffragists. Carey had been mildly interested in the movement but Mary was always an ardent suffragist. Possibly some of Carey's increased interest came from her close friendship with Susan B. Anthony and Julia Ward Howe. Both of them urged her strongly to help the movement. Julia Ward Howe, by the way, was the person who put Carey wise to Mamie Gwinn's behavior years

before, and may well have triggered Carey's temper on that score.

By 1914 Mary Garrett's illness forced both of the women to curtail all but essential activities. On April 3, 1915, Mary died. Carey was surely thoroughly prepared for her death, but despite this she just fell apart. For the first time in her career and life, she seemed incapable of going on with her duties. She was in a state of bleak despair and nothing seemed to interest her. Finally a friend snapped her out of it by appealing to her pride. Many years later she wrote: "I never let myself be without a book. I did not dare. And in time, wonderful, incredible as it seems—life comes back and peace and even joy in life . . .".

Carey's loneliness, however, was filled by a more usual object than a book in short order, in the form of Miss Anna Howard Shaw (actually Dr. Shaw, but, unlike Carey and most of her friends, a doctor of medicine rather than philosophy). Anna Shaw never lived with Carey, but she lived very near and was able to spend most of her time with Carey from 1916 until Anna's death in 1919.

Carey was then 62 years old, and, despite her bright star career, she had weathered many campus storms—the hideous complications innocently described as campus politics are often bloody wars. There had been much vindictiveness over Mary Garrett's having left all of her fortune to Carey, and some speculation as to why. Edith Finch's bland statement is: "But the explanation is self-evident: she loved Carey Thomas deeply . . .".

More and more Carey turned to travel to still her personal restlessness. From 1919 until 1922, Carey seems to have been without any spe-

cial friend, and this was clearly a dark hour in her life. If Carey had any great tragedy in her life, it was that she was fated to outlive everyone who mattered to her.

In 1922, at 65, she retired from Bryn Mawr. She never retired from an active part in the life of the college, however, nor from her various other activities in the general field of educational progress.

During the summer of 1922, immediately following her retirement, Carey took a villa in Constantinople on the Bosphorus and invited her friend Georgianna King along with Georgianna's companion, Edith Lowber, to visit. Georgianna, an 1896 Bryn Mawr graduate, later an English instructor at the college, and finally Chairman of the Department of the History of Art, soon faded out of the picture, leaving Edith Lowber to Carey. Edith was 21 years younger than Carey, tall and very handsome and completely footloose. She adored the luxury that Carey showered on her. Despite her attractive, robust physical appearance, Edith was not very strong. In 1934, while they were living at a Villa on the Riviera, Edith suddenly became ill and died six days later at the age of 56.

After coping with the terrifying details of death in a foreign country, Carey returned to America in October, 1934. She never went abroad again. Edith's twelve years with Carey, though, had been bright and happy ones for both of them, and it was good that Carey had this diversion in view of her having left the primary interest in her life, Bryn Mawr.

Carey's last moment of public glory came on November 2, 1935, when she spoke at the 50th Anni-

versary Celebration of Bryn Mawr—where she had reigned for 37 years in its highest offices. One month later, December 2, 1935, she died suddenly, just short of her 79th birthday. Her ashes are buried in the cloisters of the Bryn Mawr college library.

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Finch, Edith. *Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr*. N. Y., Harper, 1947.

(Note: There are numerous magazine articles and newspaper articles on Carey Thomas's life and educational goals. Most of these can be located by going through THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE, magazine articles, and THE NEW YORK TIMES INDEX, items that have appeared in the New York Times Newspaper.)

LESBIANA

by Gene Damon



THE GAY DECEIVER, by Peter Leslie, N.Y., Stein and Day, 1967, is just that, and then some. All of the "ins and outs of various scouts" in the London Secret Service, with a broad accent on hilarity. One of "them" is in love with one of "us," and this is messing up the spy business. And "they" think that a high class bordello catering to very special tastes is a secret training ground for agents. "They" bug the place and some of the things they overhear, my dear!! About ten plots intertwined here, and the play and the players are all very amusing, and anything but conventional. Shrieking, but good humored stereotypes of all of your friends, male, female and undecided, are here. As satire, and it is intended to be satire, it is not successful. Mr. Leslie isn't a good enough writer to carry it off. You can and will forgive him, though. Don't miss it.

Those who enjoyed THE DIARY OF ALICE JAMES (edited by Leon Edel, N.Y., Dodd, Mead, 1964, Apollo, 1966) will want to go on and read WILLIAM JAMES, by Gay Wilson Allen, N.Y., Viking, 1967. This biography of Alice's psychologist, philosopher brother contains further comment on her affair with Miss Katherine Loring. Mr. Allen does not divulge the source of his information (odd in such a well-documented book) but he tells us that William James's wife, also named Alice, felt that Alice James's relationship was Lesbian. This is hardly a surprising conclusion to draw from the facts, in today's more sophisticated age, but it is a bit unusual for the time portrayed.

As sadly noted before, we now have to pay more for books which used to appear as "evening waster" paperbacks. A number of hardback

publishers are now accepting books they wouldn't have touched five years ago. It is not a change for the better. A recent example is the sexorama, **CALL ME BRICK**, by Munroe Howard, N.Y., Grove, 1967. This follows the adventures, all horizontal, of Britannia "Brick" MacLean, from her first "pussy petting" episodes at Camp Winnepesaukee, through many willing and available bed partners. All sexes, all ages, all positions. What a waste of time, money, and even the glimmerings of talent in Howard's writing. Sick . . .

On the other hand, the excellently done books from Paris which tourists used to smuggle home are all being issued this year. There has been a growing trickle of them for several years, and the infamous Supreme Court decision of last year has, if anything, increased them. It has been announced that the rest of the famous "Traveller's Companion" series will be published here from a New York office, in quality paperback form. One of these, Thomas Peachum's, **THE WATCHER AND THE WATCHED**, Paris, Olympia, 1954, pbr, Traveller's Companion, 1967, is of interest in this column. A voyeuristic male accidentally discovers a couple of schoolgirls making love. He uses his discovery to blackmail them into performing for his benefit. Close to the edge of pornography, but not over it, and well written, obviously from the pen of a known author, regardless of that ambiguous pseudonym. (Note: Greenleaf Classics, a San Diego paperback firm has a pirated edition of this out, also published in late 1967.)

The vituperative short novel,

THE FOX, by D. H. Lawrence, has been reprinted by Bantam, 1967, as a movie tie-in. By now almost everyone has seen or heard about the October, 1967 issue of **PLAYBOY MAGAZINE**, with its candid shots from the movie, which stars Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea and Anne Heywood. Miss Dennie is certainly a remarkably talented actress but she hardly seems attractive enough for the role of the Lesbian, and ironically she has the physical coloring which Lawrence used with such heavy symbolic intent for the male protagonist in the story. It won't be fun watching Miss Dennis killed by Mr. Dullea (and he is surely some example of poor type casting) over Miss Heywood, but Hollywood is Hollywood and it is doubtful that they had a Lesbian on the set as technical advisor. Read the Book, See the Movie, and **BE FURIOUS** . . . (Then go back and read Maurice Shadbolt's beautiful short story, "Neither Profit Nor Salvation" reviewed in the December, 1966 issue. Same plot, different ending.)

So many moderately good English novelists are simply not known in this country. Through some matter of luck or bad promotion, many books issued in England just don't get chosen by United States publishers, and when a few do get out over here, they get ignored by the critics. One such author is the very prolific and more than competent Francis King. He has published nine novels under his own name, and one, **THE FIREWALKERS**, under the pseudonym. Frank Cauldwell, as well as two volumes of short stories and one of poetry. **THE**

FIREWALKERS is a very important male homosexual novel, and his novels, **THE MAN ON THE ROCK** and **DARK GLASSES**, are minor male homosexual works. He has done, now, three Lesbian titles: **THE CUSTOM HOUSE**, London, Longmans, 1961, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1961; **THE WIDOW**, London, Longmans, 1957; and his latest novel, **THE WAVES BEHIND THE BOAT**, London, Longmans, 1967. **THE WIDOW** was never issued here, and it is a major study, and worth obtaining by inter-library loan if you have missed it. The novel, **THE CUSTOM HOUSE**, was published here, but completely ignored. His latest, **THE WAVES BEHIND THE BOAT**, is his best novel among those I have read, and it is uncommonly accurate in its portrayal of repressed Lesbian emotions. It is also a very exciting story, almost a novel of suspense. An Englishwoman drowns in a mysterious accident. Young university lecturer, Bill, and his wife, Mary, are erroneously drawn into the aftermath of the accident. As are many of Francis King's novels, this is set in Japan, but it features English and Russian personnel. Bill and Mary meet the members of an unconventional White Russian household, Bibi Akulov, and her brother, Sasha (and their various and sundry hangers-on). Mary is pregnant, and Bibi gets an opportunity to save her life when she begins hemorrhaging badly during one of Bill's many absences. To recuperate Mary is invited to stay with Bibi and Sasha. She walks into a nightmare primarily of her own desiring. How it is resolved, I

leave you to discover for yourself, and I hope most of you will.

A biography by Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford, **EMILY BRONTE: HER LIFE AND WORK**, N.Y., Coward-McCann, 1966, provides a somewhat unusual view of Emily Bronte. Unlike many critics and biographers, Miss Spark sees no proof of homosexual tendencies in her actions or her work. She explains that Emily was a born celibate, saying, "It is a type of love peculiar to the natural celibate, and is a relationship which the current usage of the term 'platonic' does not altogether describe. It is not a passionless friendship. It is a passionate and in many ways mystical union; and is described in early writings to the effect that the individuals are so closely united that they share as it were a single soul, without losing personal identity, not a common state, but not a freakish one. The partners are nearly always of the same sex, and that such a relationship presupposes celibacy (not merely continence) will make clear its great distinction from homosexuality." To this I am tempted to add a loud **BRONX** cheer—but out of respect for Miss Spark's talents I will refrain. The biography is, despite the gross and unnecessary apologia, very good.

Brigid Brophy's collection of essays and reviews, **DON'T NEVER FORGET**, N.Y., Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966, 1967, should really be read by everyone. It is only incidentally of interest in this column, but the enormous intelligence of this woman, and her ability to apply it to practical as well as utopian ends concerning the moral dilemmas of our

time must make it of concern to all of us. Some of the essays: "The Immorality of Marriage"; "Monogamy"; "Women," and "The Nation In The Iron Mask," deal directly with the unfair treatment of homosexuals of both sexes, the unfair treatment of women period, the ridiculous restrictions of marriage and the idiot resolution called divorce, etc. etc. A number of others deal with various writers. Of these, the ones on Gillian Freeman, John Horne Burns and Colette, are the most significant here. Particular mention must be made of the critical essay on John Horne Burns, surely one of the great writers to emerge following World War II. Mr. Burns died very young, and left a relatively small body of work (though not so thin, for example, as that of Hart Crane, the poet). Burns is seldom heard of today, having fallen into critical disfavor. Since much of his work deals with homosexuality as a moral, societal, and political issue, serious readers who have missed him may want to look into his novels. They are better, all of them, than the majority of the books published in the last 30 years in the fiction field. Lastly, for animal lovers, and those people interested in good examples of morality left behind, the essay, "The Rights of Animals." This essay, unlike most which violently defend animals against man's cruelties, does not make the mistake of going overboard and elevating animals to some special plain far above man. It is all the more effective for that reason.

This business of searching for books becomes disheartening when a book comes out in the United States and gets extensively reviewed and not one reviewer bothers to mention the homosexual content. Then a couple of years later the book comes

out in England and at last, a reviewer makes mention of the homosexual portion. The book in question is **GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSE-WATER**, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., N.Y., Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1965, Dell, 1966. Thanks to a kind friend's clipping of an English review I can now pass on to you the information that this contains a brief bit of satiric Lesbianism in a novel which, unfortunately, is an overdone satire on corporation life in America. Entertainment only

Pauline Cooper's **THE OLIVE BRANCH**, Private Editions, 1967, is a poorly done paperback original, mentioned here only for its excellent examination of the way the military work to discover homosexuals in the ranks. The settings are various bases in West Germany, and the personnel is a number of members of the Women's Army Corps. Constant harassment is the name of the game, and it is played ruthlessly. An ugly picture of an ugly situation.

THE FARM, by Clarence L. Cooper, Jr., N.Y., Crown, 1967, is set in a coeducational institution for drug addicts, run by the U.S. Government. A Negro male addict falls in love with a Negro female addict, and most of the plot centers on their futile attempts to build a worthwhile relationship under such living conditions. There are a number of male and female homosexuals in minor roles. The novel is very well written, and despite a disturbing combination of argot and dialect, it moves rapidly toward its inevitably unhappy conclusion. The Lesbian portions are minor, but not badly drawn.

A magazine directed to persons in the theater business, **THEATRE CRAFTS**, in its September/October, 1967 issue, has an article about de-

signing the costumes for a production of **LA TRAVIATA** at the Lincoln Center. There is an amusing bit about the use of a Lesbian in the ball scene, on page 23. Unusually candid comments

Despite its title, **EDITH HAMILTON: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT**, this biography by Doris Fielding Reid, N.Y., Norton, 1967, is most unsatisfactory. It is not a very clear portrait, and, although the author lived with Miss Hamilton for much of her life, it is hardly an intimate view. Edith Hamilton was our most renowned classicist. She produced nine highly acclaimed works in her field, and her **THE GREEK WAY**, her first book, is a modern classic. Hardly less famous are: **THE ROMAN WAY**, her **MYTHOLOGY**, **THE ECHO OF GREECE**, and **THE EVER-PRESENT PAST**. Long before she achieved fame as a writer and classicist, she had made a very distinguished career as head of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, where the author, Doris Reid, was a pupil. Miss Hamilton was born in 1867, just two years after the Civil War. She was a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and when the experimental Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore decided it could not function without a headmistress, Miss Hamilton was pressed into that post in

1896. She held the position until 1922, some 26 years of service. Her lifelong relationship with Miss Reid began when Doris Reid became a pupil in the school in 1903. Although Doris Reid left the school in 1911, she was by then a good friend to Miss Hamilton, and they continued their relationship throughout Edith Hamilton's life. In 1916 they began living together part of the year, and in 1922 after Edith Hamilton left the school, they began living together all of the time. The relationship lasted until Edith Hamilton died in 1963. One of the amazing things about Edith Hamilton is that she did not publish her first book until 1930, when she was 66 years old. Another is that she was vigorous and able to write when in her 90's. The portions of this biography that deal with Miss Hamilton's creative and professional life are excellent, and even a little exciting. The lack of information concerning her personal life is disconcerting. We are told that she loved animals and was surrounded with beautiful cats and dogs at all times. We are also told that she was a close friend of Isak Dinesen and that she loved mysteries. Her favorite authors were Ngaio Marsch, Dorothy Sayers, and particularly Josephine Tey. I, for one, would like to see a biography of her life written some 20 years from now.



Temple of Athene

She was out the door and along the corridor at a noiseless trot.

Kat Aummers stood for a moment grinning wryly. "I'm wasting your time hating myself. Why should an educated gal go all self conscious and defensive over wanting to take a sex subject? It's childish."

"Charge it up to group mores, Kat. What is the subject?" Theodora was thoroughly alert, for this term Kat was her strongest student.

"Homosexuality in a non-literary society—that's your part of it. You see, Miss Levering has said twice this year, once last term and again yesterday, that all the talk in modern lit is half responsible for 'current irregularities.' But I think—" Theodora lost a sentence in a double flare of irritation, at her own stubborn ignorance of last month's hushed scandal that must have sparked this interest, and at any colleague's fanning that spark in class after Lenox and the discipline committee had done their best to bury it. "... and I want to show that deviation exists where there isn't any literature," Kat finished, watching her closely.

"It's a challenging idea. What's your plan of attack?" She asked the routine question quickly, afraid her monetary lapse might have suggested disapproval.

"Well I'd start with groups that don't treat the subject in folklore. And then if there's time I'd go on to the ones with legends, for comparison."

"I'm glad you're thinking already in terms of possible limitation. You mustn't embark on a master's essay however fascinating."

"No, but I *do* need this to back up my literary job—British and American censorship as against French frankness, and yet just as much goes on here as in France."

"But how much do you know of your facts there, Kat?"

"I've lived in dorms since I was eight," Kat said grimly, "and about France I know from Gaby Hatvany, she grew up in Paris and Budapest. And she has a lot of notes on French lit that she's going to give me. So I thought the comparison with a really non-literary culture would just clinch it. Besides killing those two birds."

"Very well, good hunting to you—so long as your birdshot is scientific honesty and not just finding what you want to find. Limiting your literary study is Miss Levering's problem, not mine, thank heaven, for it's likely to be a tough one."

"But you approve your part? That's wonderful. And Gaby'll be glad too, she wanted to do it herself, or something like it."

"I'm sorry we lost her," Theodora offered on a tentative note, for Gabrielle Hatvany, twenty-four and with a continental education, had been easily the best student she ever taught, and the girl's unexplained withdrawal at mid-year had left a hurt.

"I am too. And she hated dropping out, she was crazy about the course . . . I wish I could explain, but her reason's personal—I mean with her, nothing to do with you!"

"I'm glad it wasn't loss of interest," Theodora said smoothly. "As for you, don't undertake more than you can do well in the time you have, will you? And make quite sure Miss Levering doesn't mind your using Gabrielle's notes in her field."

"I've already done that, Miss Hart. She's 'eager to examine the evidence,'" Kat said with bland innocence in the fog-gray eyes but not quite in that telling voice.

Theodora watching her go was aware of quickened interest herself. If Gabrielle Hatvany had been concentrating in that field, then her own wild guess about the girl's defection might not be so improbable after all. And to have a student like Kat at work on the subject . . . Teaching had its unexpected rewards.

Outside, a February sun behind thin cloud suffused the air with just that unfulfilled promise which was to her the most exciting of all lights. And it had been the mark of-how many Valentine's Days? It was doubtless adolescent to love this particular holiday with such intensity, but more than once it had been the high point in a personal relation. It permitted one to send flowers anonymously.

But before, a verse had gone with the flowers, revealing to the recipient that she was . . . cherished. And what could one send to Lenox after that November night? The three poems that had welled up irresistibly since then were too naked for any but her own eyes, and a graceful sonnet had resisted all her efforts these last weeks. But she knew what the bouquet would be, one never sent before, a mass of Parma violets—and cost be damned. They were unlikely to be available out here, and one could risk nothing from a local shop anyway, too many amateur sleuths were in action on and after the fourteenth. That meant a trip to the city. She could get away unquestioned during convocation—when it was led by Dr. Venner one could well bear missing it—and she had cached her wraps in the downstairs parlor of her dorm. But she must get tomorrow's early lecture well in hand first.

Few students being free of classes at nine, she had the Anthropology reserve alcove in the library to herself and laid out a handful of books for quick inspection. Her notes from Northwestern were in good shape and should need little revision. She chose a corner with her back to Betsy Cotterill's desk, for that picturesque young woman's technique with students held a distracting fascination. (If she had left her senior reserves here in the main library instead of removing them seminar-fashion to her classroom shelves, would Gabrielle Hatvany have dropped her course for World Literature? The girl had spent all her waking hours during fall term sitting across this table in the chair that gave between shelves a view of the librarian's desk.) Theodora shook off idle speculation and opened Clark Wissler. When the nine-fifty bell rang she laid

aside the last book and began to collect her cards. She would give the half dozen students and Cotterill a chance to get away to convocation before she took the opposite path to the dorm.

"Is *La Belle Elisa* going to convo?"

Theodora froze to immobility. That was Gaby's delicious accent, but the indescribably Hungarian voice held a timbre that was new to her.

"No, but surely you are, for you're hopelessly overcut. And I am very busy."

"Ah not so fast please. I will have time still to arrive and you to work after what I shall say."

Theodora turned with caution and bent her head to peer between book-tops and shelf above. She could see only a fragment of Betsy Cotterill's cameo profile, cool and immobile as the fragile carved shell it resembled.

"Well?" The monosyllable was as cool as the perfect pale mask, but underneath that ice glinted a bright current unmistakable to old-world sophistication.

... Hex! Theodora muttered inwardly.

"This weekend I would so much like that you by my guest for a trip to New York. You have read perhaps that *Pillar of Cloud* begins its showing next Saturday—my mother you know plays the lead. The opening would be most enormous fun. She will not be in this country of course, but many of our friends will attend, and—"

"That's charming of you, Gabrielle, but I was in New York last weekend," (and so was Agnes Haynes, as Gaby must know), "and I couldn't possibly get away so soon again."

Theodora could imagine the inimitable shrug. "*Bien*, another time soon. Any that is possible for you."

"But my next trip I really must devote to my family. I saw next to nothing of them this last time as it happened."

"Ve-ry well. It is possible by flying to reach New York in time for the late show on Friday. That night you are my guest, and on the Saturday I relinquish you to your so fortunate parents. I shall not be a pi-ig." Gaby was laughing, but the sound made Theodora shiver.

Betsy Cotterill too was laughing, a light trill, very sure of herself. "But my dear child, I can not spend another whole weekend in New York within the month."

Gabrielle Hatvany's control held, but from the lowered and sharpened tone, the speed of staccato syllables, one would have guessed her older than the woman who had called her child. . . . A gypsy roused. Watch for the sudden knife . . .

"If I ask you then for the cinema only. Dinner with me perhaps or supper after or only some drinks. And not the night." There was a wicked undertone, at once full of fire and deadly cold. "Or even," as Betsy did not answer immediately, "we could fly there for the early, the afternoon showing, and return by plane that same night. If you would not wish to spend a night away from the campus."

There it was at last, the unmistakable intended taunt. Theodora held her breath. But would have given much to see Betsy Cotterill's face, but the woman had edged toward her office out of range. Her tone betrayed not the slightest awareness of the implication. Not even, Theodora thought in spontaneous tribute, the faint increase of affability she herself would have fallen into.

"My dear Gaby, what I have been trying to say without rudeness is that I simply cannot accept your very generous invitation. But you make it difficult. And now I really must get to work—and you to convocation." Theodora heard the light step traverse the few feet to the office and a door close.

The whispered explosion of Hungarian consonants was like water on hot metal. Then came an irregular clicking rush of high heels and the furious double sigh of a doorstep as the girl bolted into the corridor.

Theodora replaced books quickly and fled on crepe soles before Betsy emerged. She dealt gently with the betraying corridor door and out in the cool dimness drew a deep not wholly steady breath. How right she had been! Gabrielle Hatvany's spectacular success in Anthropology last term, her six hours daily in the reserve alcove, were amply explained. Poor devil. Could her passion have hit upon a less fortunate object? But it was inevitable. Betsy's enameled cosmopolitan facade was just the magnet to draw that other outwardly polished worldling. And how unerringly the girl must have sensed underlying emotional sophistication. Had her intuition failed to warn her that it was already engaged? Or had the knowledge been just futile? An inborn fatalistic masochism . . .

If she were to make the ten-twenty-three she would have to move fast. The restroom downstairs offered the quickest opportunity for putting herself in order. She reached its door and had her hand on the panel before she heard the voices inside, and their fierce absorption checked her. The, her skin creeping, she knew it was but one voice—Gaby's—in an icy mixture of unintelligible French and English, a profane fury of Hungarian retort. And then weeping, if one could think of that retching agony as related to tears. She heard fists and then it must be a head beaten against the rough wall.

One should go in and do something. But she was afraid. This was no school-girl in a fit of exhibitionist hysterics, it was a woman, a fury, past all human control. She beat a silent retreat, cursing herself for a coward but never once checking her flight. But this was serious. It was such moods that generated *crimes passionelles*. Did Lenox know? She should. The girl was here very much under her aegis.

Oh damn and blast! She would miss her train and there was not another for better than half an hour. She began to run like a hare along the moist paths.

The train had reached Hathaway before she entirely regained her breath or remembered with any vividness on what errand she was bound. Then she untied, and the familiar elastic drew her back . . . to Lenox, double handfuls of deep purple scented beauty for Lenox, a formal nosegay framed in the heart-

shaped leaves and no other ornament . . . And the verse? She gave a silent scornful laugh to composing a romantic sonnet at the eleventh hour, on this rattling suburban threading its way through the infernal hideousness of freight yards, with her mind roiled still by its cowardly half-encounter with that savage passion.

Then layer by layer the acres of track, the echo of Slavic curses, the vapid striving toward an octave in pentameter fell away like harsh casings from a winter bud and the small flower rose cool and entire:

Love can be hell.
Now quiet-seeming
Ecstasy shimmers streaming
Under waking, through dreaming.

Of silent spell
Still unbroken,
Kiss ungiven,
Word unspoken,
Be these token.

She was left without substance, her mind full of warm clouded light touched with promise. Only the watery February sky was present to her now, and beyond the near ugliness a distant wall of old brick gave back buried rose, a wet slate roof night-blue . . .

Writing out her verse on an austere gold-edged card bought recklessly for the purpose she found it not quite so Minerva-born as it had seemed, but it would do. Her rapid graceful printing had served before this as a disguise not too complete. The verse was not completely true either, of course—at least half the time a crashing lie. Was there a chance Lenox wouldn't guess that? Would imagine her really serene?

She came near tithing her month's salary at Rochelle's for the violets and for certainty of suburban delivery before noon tomorrow. Then she finished off the reckless gesture by going to the Pump Room of the Belvidere and getting quietly loaded on two cocktails.

V

The May sun on her shoulders, the scent of lilacs on the cool air were so delicious that Theodora broke into a thread of whistling, and once around the corner of Science away from censorious eyes she let her feel slip into the intricate tap she and Marion had done that first faculty stunt night . . . if only she might do it again, top hat, tails and all for Lenox to see . . . But hardly! What passed for clever at twenty-four would at thirty be only silly—and indiscreet. Especially in a season when even slacks were no longer popular.

Oh dear! Smithie creeping pale and plump along the book-store walk. But after all what matter? "Spring's in the air, sap's rising," Theodora grinned,

dropping into a walk.

"I imagine you've come for your costume too," the thin voice murmured with its chronic polite constraint.

"Yes indeed. To know the worst."

She felt herself seized around the waist from behind, whirled about, and swept into a crazy two-step. "Here we come running to learn the worst, learn the worst, learn the worst," sang Psych Smith lustily to the tune of *Nuts in May*. "Hi, Chem!"

"Dorothy! The students!"

"That won't wash, Dorothea. Students all safe in S.G. meeting. Didn't you know Our Van convened it so her faculty could riot to wardrobe-call untrammelled and unrestrained?" Psych, rough chestnut mop wild, raised her rough tenor next in 'You've got that thing, that certain thing,' and switched from two-step to rumba, complete with bumps. Irresistably Theodora followed her masterful lead for a half dozen steps. Then she broke away gasping, "Quit it, you dimwit. Spare my aging bones." She wished Dorothea Smith had not been witness to the dubious performance.

Now Mary Dawson materialized from heaven knew what direction, her dark gaze sharp and quizzical, and beyond her Theodora saw half a dozen others of the cast bearing down on them. "Vanity, all is vanity," Mary said with an inclusive gesture, intellectual dames though we be."

Chem Smith's mouth primmed. "I always want a rented costume in time to send it to the dry-cleaners. Once I even had to make a whole muslin lining before I could possibly put the garment on."

"What I want time for," said Psych, "is to grasp mine seam by sorry seam entire and mold it nearer to the butt's require."

"Dorothy!"

"Truth before all, Dorothea. Aren't you a scientist?"

"Line forms on the left," Mary Dawson said quickly. "Cotterill, I wronged you. Thought you were having yours custom-made."

"So I am, the bridal regalia. But I couldn't run to three changes, thank you." Betsy Cotterill, a vision in tailored taffy to match her hair, moved cool and exquisite on the edge of the growing swarm. They filed down the steps into the basement bookstore where the town student who manned it was waiting to distribute the stacked boxes. But Psych Smith laying a hand on the counter vaulted it cleanly and became M.C., with a running accompaniment of patter. In a moment the dark little room was echoing to peals of helpless laughter.

Theodora stood back half envious, wholly admiring . . . How does she do it? Here only since February, and knowing everybody already and everybody's crotchets. What is it about her that gets *men*? When with those hoyden's ways, that voice, you'd think . . . You're getting to think that far too readily, my dear, watch it, remember Jinx Legman . . .

"The foul Raoul Wilde," Psych called over intervening shoulders and pitched a box to Theodora, who caught it neatly. Somehow she couldn't rip it open

here as the rest were doing, she wanted no one to see it till she had assessed it herself. For, by Jove, if it didn't promise aid in playing the cool villain to the hilt, she'd go out for some custom tailoring herself. If it broke her. Dance the Top Hat she might not, but her Raoul Wilde was going to offer Lenox VanTuyt something to beat as hero of the piece.

"What about Van's?" called Mary's quiet voice, carrying somehow through the chatter. "Come on, show us Lord Farrand's."

The pale student shook her head. "It's gone, she had it sent over as soon as they came. Nobody was to see it."

Lenox too! Theodora began to edge toward the door before they could turn and demand a showing from her. But they were too absorbed in their own welter of taffetas and lawns and broadcloth. As she gained the walk, however, she found Mary beside her, the spinster aunt's lilac poplin over her arm. "What about yours?" she asked. "You haven't even looked."

"I really do want to know the worst myself first."

Mary gave her an odd look. "Apeing the hero? No, forgive me, I shouldn't have said it. But Theo, seriously, I heard you give your order to the costumer that afternoon and I'm worried."

"What about, for goodness' sake?"

"That it's too mannish. Did Van know what you ordered?"

"I can't imagine how she would. I thought anything within the quarter-century was supposed to be safe enough. Keeping it rigorously 'period' was just what we're avoiding. Because of Jane's and Agnes's heirloom gowns and all that."

"I know. But the reason it had to be set so early was to keep out of anything like modern men's clothes, don't you remember?"

"It was mentioned, yes, but not underlined."

Mary walked several yards in silence, eyes on the path. Finally she said, "For an understanding person you've accumulated less campus undercurrents than anyone I've ever known. It's as if you lived purposely behind an insulated screen. But you'd better know. Two years ago we did a St. John Irvine thing, and well. And the rest of that spring there was the most ghastly hysterical crop of crushes. One girl threatened suicide over Barbara Weston. So that was the end of faculty plays in modern dress. But—Empire! I'm afraid you're going to turn out a regular Scarlet Pimpernel."

"Well I certainly wasn't going to appear tricked out in satin breeches and lace frills. Faugh! how I hate the Louis's."

"I know. But this year of all years! That's why it wasn't underlined—why they tried to get it across quietly."

"What are you getting at?"

Theodora. Do you honestly not know what went on in January!"

"I know that every mortal effort was made not to have anything known. And I've had my fill in my time of campus scandal. You mean of course those two girls leaving, and I suppose Babs Weston's 'leave of absence' this semester."

She felt her color rise, remembering the leave that had been offered her, and hurried on. "But—well—everything I know of the Radnor underground I've taken from you, because I like and trust you, and if it was so hush-hush that you either didn't know or weren't volunteering, I wasn't prying."

... And I know that Lenox VanTuyt lost pounds and went about for a fortnight looking like death, and I'd have died before I multiplied by one syllable any gossip she wanted killed, she though fiercely.

After another moment Mary asked, "Why did you think those three left?"

"One heard the current legend that they were drunk out at the Black Jack one Saturday night—and far into the nascent Sabbath."

And is that all you honestly knew or suspected?"

"It's more than I literally knew, considering the source. Which I won't tell you, except that it was a student." (No use involving Kat Summers). "Not being blind, I'd seen that Gail and Elise were obviously fond of one another and that Gail used little judgment about wearing pants. I'd also caught a glimpse of Babs Weston with a rather lurid female one afternoon in town, and picked up at Faculty Table that the lady was very dimly viewed both there and here."

"So you did suspect—?"

"I was careful not to," said Theodora coldly.

They walked up the dormitory stairs in silence. Theodora knew that at their floor Mary would come into her room, and racked her brain for means to prevent it. But this was her day of no more classes and Mary had none at eleven, and she would not betray eagerness to look at her costume.

Mary followed her in and closed the door, "You've run a superhuman bluff this year, Theo, but you haven't fooled me." Theodora heard the quiver of nerves in her voice and shrank. "If you're playing ostrich even with yourself it's time someone pulled your head out. Because if I know anything, this year's trouble isn't over, and the more people there are—sane people—who know where it's likely to break, the more chance of heading it off. Van's going to need all the help there is, and for her sake I'm going to enlighten you. Though I'm violating a confidence, and if you betray it I and someone else you think well of will be ruined."

"Oh dear!" Theodora said resignedly. "Well, at least sit down and relax."

Mary obeyed the first injunction but not the second. "Gail and Elise were a problem the first of last year, but the Dean and then Van took them in hand and the discipline committee's spell of feeling they should be asked to leave blew over. You can probably imagine the prime witch hunters."

"Chem and Levering?"

Mary nodded. "As for Barbara Weston, her being a problem came to a head with that play the year before, and nobody thought she'd be asked back. But she was an extraordinary teacher and Van knew it and must have put the fear of the Lord into her, for last year she had no personal connections on campus whatever. She was away almost every weekend and evidently lived her own brand of private life elsewhere."

"She was obviously still water."

"And then that bitch Etta Windle came to town."

Theodora suppressed a start. Mary's impeccable vocabulary had never cracked before.

"Or rather she came back. As a freshman she was expelled years ago—it must have been just before your time—and she vanished until an aunt died last summer and left her that house."

Now Theodora's start could not be suppressed. "Wait! You said her name was—"

"Etta Windle now. She's said to have run through two or three husbands. Originally it was . . . Hickman? Edman? but most appropriately she was called Jinx, and that she still is. Until she can be got rid of altogether there'll be no peace."

Theodora sickened at recall of the loud flame-haired character she had so narrowly missed encountering with Babs. "She runs through ladies too?" She managed with a show of lightness . . . What if, that freshman year . . . She shuddered.

"Lord yes, For all anyone knows Barbara may have met her in the city last year—that sort runs in gangs. Oh, what a tragic mess for a girl of Barbara's ability to get entangled in that sort of thing! What will become of her now, Theo?"

"She'll go somewhere else and make a fresh start, sadder and wiser," Theodora said matter-of-factly, but her skin crept. "What happened in January?"

"She'd been going to Etta's instead of away all fall. For awhile nobody caught on, but she took to running around in Etta's car in men's clothes, once or twice in broad daylight. I heard that first in November." (Dear God, what cause there had been for Lenox's panic that mad night! . . .) ("Then it seems Gail and Elise ran on to them one Saturday at the Black Jack—a few of our little black lambs quench their thirst there despite all our thunder—and after that they joined forces. Poor Gail must have been a real transvestist, there were rumors she kept a couple of men's outfits in locked luggage in her closet. From then on she kept them at Etta's, and heaven knows how much time those two youngsters spent down there or what went on. 'Origes' was the word in Discipline Committee meeting.")

"The committee had better read their Juvenal," Muttered Theodora flip-pantly, and could have bitten her tongue out. Just so Oscar Wilde betrayed himself with wit.

But Mary only looked blank. "They were careful enough ordinarily, but you remember that January-thaw week when the forsythia budded and everyone went a bit wild?"

"Do I not! Gaby Hatvany fell sound asleep in my class, and would have talked in her sleep if Kat Summers hadn't pinched her till she squawked."

"Yes, I heard embroidered versions of that. Well—" Mary's face darkened,

"they'd been drinking at Etta's, and some devil possessed them to drive out to the Black Jack just as they were, Barbara and Gail so convincingly masculine that the four of them were admitted as bona fide couples—even that little hole could hardly welcome mellow unescorted females at midnight. Gail was supposedly off on a weekend and was actually staying at Etta's, but Elise had run out of overnight permissions and so they had to stop on their way and put her through the ropes."

"...?"

"Oh, you know the routine. You come in a couple of minutes early and fall into bed as fast and conspicuously as possible. Then into other clothes and out again, presto, while the procs are still checking in-signatures."

Theodora grinned reminiscently. "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*"

"It might have worked but that Gail got out to escort her lady—Elise was supposedly dating Jimmy Jones—and finding they were a bit early the tipsy lunatics stopped in the shadow of that shrubbery outside Science for a good embrace. By the blackest of luck Chem Smith had been working late in her lab and she came out full upon them. She thought it *was* Jimmy Jones, and if Gail had been sober and held her tongue . . . But Chem tore into Elise, and was informed profanely—in a recognizable voice—that Gail's lady stood for no *manhandling*. With that Chem went simply off her head—waxed thoroughly scurrilous, I gather—"

"I can well imagine." Theodora stole an itching glance at her watch and at the costume box. "But how did Barbara get into it?"

There was a pause, and she saw dull red creep up Mary's throat and face as she stubbed out her cigarette and lighted another. "It doesn't make nice telling," Mary said in a strained voice. "Gail seems to have told Chem that she obviously didn't know what she was talking about, and before she accused harmless innocents of depravity she'd better learn the ABC's of it."

"And—?"

"Well, she and Elise proceeded to—give some sort of demonstration."

Theodora let out a low whistle. "No details reported in committee, I imagine." (Hardly more than the ABC's under the circumstances, she thought, aching with suppressed mirth. Thank heaven she had never laid her cards face-up with Mary!)

"No. Only Gail's taunt that Chem didn't know her luck, she'd be paying fifty bucks to see the show in New York or New Orleans. At which point Chem's story is that she 'mercifully lost consciousness.' You may remember she sported a faintly bruised cheekbone."

"And was pointedly cryptic about it."

"Well, that's where Barbara was dragged in. The youngsters were much too scared and fuddled to manage Chem alone—she was flat on the walk and in hysterics. Barbara and Etta got her into her dorm somehow and tried to laugh off the girls' insane performance as just a prank, but Chem wasn't accepting that, thank you. So, realizing they were all sunk anyhow, they simply took the

girls on with them for a night of it at the Black Jack. By then I imagine they all needed it.

"Barbara turned up at poor Van's door early on Sunday morning and outlined a decent mode of exit if Chem's mouth could be stopped. But Chem balked. And gloated. She said for the good of the college the facts must be on record with the Discipline Committee, and a fine dozen hours of session that cost them. Van must have thought it would be some sort of catharsis for the woman, but I tell you she's still dangerous, I saw her watching you and Psych down there, that rhumba."

Theodora cursed silently.

"She has her eye on Psych now. So be careful."

"Psych? But good heavens, the girl mows men down in windrows."

"Chem has no eye for distinctions. She has worked up a phobia for *a*: the slightest unfeminine attributes, and *b*: any high emotional voltage. Keep out of her way. And if you can dream up any means to prevent her orbit from crossing Gabrielle Hatvany's, use it. Chem's sights are trained on her too, and Our Van values that young woman."

"Oh lord, lord," groaned Theodora, pressing her temples. She was tempted to confide the February scene in the library, but the fewer who knew about that the better. She also itched to ask how much Lenox valued the Hatvany, and why. But that was suicidal.

"Gaby isn't in my classes this term, you know," she said, to close that issue.

"I know. And I think I know why--"

"Oh Mary don't! I've had enough." Theodora sprang up and walked to the window. "I want to get out, into this clean day. It was so heavenly an hour ago."

Mary's answering voice shocked her with its cold bitterness. "Forgive me for spoiling it," she said, and quickly as Theodora turned it was to see only a rigid back going out her door.

She opened her lips to call Mary back but closed them again and sat down on the edge of her cot, shoulders sagging. What to say that wouldn't just reopen the whole business? And she *had* had enough. But what ailed Mary? And then her mind flew back over the last half hour, weighing in detail in the fashion she had learned from Marion. She saw Mary's sharp gaze on her and Psych Smith, dancing. It wasn't Chem alone who had her eye on Babs Weston's February successor. She heard Mary's accusation that *she* was living intentionally insulated. She had hoped these past empty months had altered Mary's feeling. But they hadn't. . . Still oversensitized, she thought with a shiver . . . She has noticed even that Gaby Hatvany interests me. Why else suggest that I might keep her and Chem from tangling? Oh dear . . .

With a faint scrape a white oblong was thrust under her door. Girls had a friendly way of bringing up her mail if they knew she was in her room. She picked it up. Marion's bold script and the Boston postmark. She tore it open and ran her eye down the page.

. . . You know I've sensed something off key in your Radnor life this long time. Want a berth up here in these less tropical climes?

No, no! Not with Marion again . . . She stared blankly into space, educated by that instantaneous revulsion.

Not here, worse luck, but 'Our Henry' is clamoring for help and I've sent her a reminder that will do you no harm. Follow up with your own best try, spread all your intellectual plumage, buy a Harris tweed to match dem eyes for your interview, and her latitude will cool you nicely next year . . .

Theodora let the rest fall unread. . . . To escape this whole hotbed . . . not that all women's colleges weren't much alike, but . . . a fresh start! . . . For a flash she felt as though she were already out in the May breeze. Then leaving Lenox caught her throat. How could she? *Could* she?

She picked up the costume box and jerked impatiently at the string. After all if alterations were needed she must get to Mrs. Masters with the thing before noon, before a half dozen colleagues were in ahead of her. After that she could walk miles and beat out this new problem.

Smoke gray and severe the Empire suit shook out under her hands more as she would have it than her best hopes. She stripped off feminine trappings and pulled on the long slim trousers, set the coat to her shoulders, folded the oyster-white stock. In the inner box were accessories and cleverly sectioned tall swagger cane. It could have done as it was in a pinch, and with professional fitting it would really be something to see. She got the garments back into their box and herself clothed and set out with speed for the dressmaker's cottage across town. She could see herself stalking across the stage, feel the ranting Byronic part come to complete life. She saw Lenox VanTuyl in something to equal it. How they would play out the grand farcical melodrama, matching their wit and their stature!

Leave Radnor? Not to be thought of until this was over.

Mrs. Masters, perfect New England spinster for all her Maryland widowhood, greeted her with tight lips and dry wit. "Lucky Easter's past and commencement not caught up with me yet. I expect the lot of you will be down on me like locusts. So far though Miss Wilson and President VanTuyl's the only ones ahead of you."

"Miss VanTuyl has been here already?"

"No, but she's had a noon appointment for two weeks. No grass grows under her feet."

A noon appointment. So one wouldn't see her at lunch. But it was eleven-thirty now, and if this could be strung out . . . Theodora retired behind the big screen and dawdled over changing as long as she dared.

"You haven't seen her costume yet of course?"

"Oh yes, they're both here, she had Mamie Price bring the boxes over as soon as the lot came this morning. But no use asking me to see them. Orders. I can tell you, though, she's going to look mighty handsome."

Theodora finally had to emerge and take up her stand between the long

mirrors.

"Hm! So are you when I get done with you. They allow space in these things for more figure than you've got. Most women need it."

Theodora let herself be pushed, turned, pricked, admiring the skill of the bony fingers and hating their efficient speed. The difference a few half-inches made was amazing, her spirits rose with every dart that was pinned. But at this rate she would be gone before twelve.

"There." Mrs. Masters backed off and squinted admiringly over her spectacles at her own handiwork and Theodora inside it. "Never saw a handsomer young man. You and the President must have set on the style of the piece. No costume I ever saw that's better suited to show off your build."

"Hers are like this then?"

"Y'p. No harm telling you that much, seeing as how the whole piece must be costumed alike, I suppose."

So much for Mary's alarms! "Well, there's a good deal of leeway. A couple of the women have family gowns they're set on wearing and they aren't exactly the same period, so we're not being too particular. It's a complete farce, you know."

"Yes, I been letting out that plaid taffeta for Jane Wilson. Beautiful piece of goods, and six yards of it in that skirt. They don't make stuff like that these days. Fancy any silk you'd buy today lasting better'n a hundred years. But here now, you get yourself out of that and out of here. Can't have you around for the President's fitting."

Theodora idled shamelessly again over dressing, but she was complete to the last detail and saw her next appointment written in the book and still through the big east window there was no sight of Lenox VanTuyl.

Saying goodbye and laying hold of the doorknob she felt it turn under her hand and the door swing in, bringing her all but breast to breast with the entering tall figure. Incredulously she saw the reflection of her own flush rise in the dark face as they both recoiled with apologies. Lenox must have come from the center of town, not from the campus.

"Oh Miss Hart, I'm so glad I met you. I need to see you soon. When would you be free?"

"Any time—I've no more classes today." (What now?) "I should like to see you too. In this morning's mail there was . . . an offer of sorts."

The instant of pain she saw was more unsettling than the flush. "My calendar if hopelessly full today, straight through that rehearsal this evening. But perhaps after it? It shouldn't take long. My business, I mean." Lenox VanTuyl was cool now and detached. "Suppose you go across to Maplewood and wait—you're off the stage a scene sooner than I, and it might be as well if we weren't seen in conference at this particular juncture. Sorry to sound mysterious—it will all be clear this evening." With a bright nod she went in and left Theodora to close the door behind her.

Theodora walked blindly back toward campus and lunch, but she found the

thought of food distasteful. What could be afoot now? And why had mention of her own mail burst out of her like pulp from a pressed grape? It was the last thing she had intended or wanted. Now she would have to decide as it were in public . . . Oh, if she could just drop into oblivion from now until tonight after the play!

Suddenly in the noon street she felt Lenox VanTuyl's tall length entering that door and encountering her own bodily instead of checking in time. She went hot and hollow and unsteady. She turned west toward Elsinore.

The rehearsal was deadly. They were all wooden, especially Lenox VanTuyl, and Ally Lind, directing, looked ready to weep when Theodora made her last exit and slid out of the wings. The thought of not watching the hero's final scene had depressed her all day, but now it was no loss. Something was really wrong with Lenox, and more than most of the cast realized, she set the mood for them all.

Theodora was crossing the side street when she caught the sound of a swift step behind her and they went through the door of Maplewood together. Sherry and wafers were waiting in the study and Lenox settled her quickly, but herself paced the carpet, a failure of composure so new as to be further unsettling.

"Mary Dawson says she has told you about the January mess," she began abruptly, and then in answer to Theodora's start, "yes. She shouldn't have known herself, of course, but someone on the discipline committee it seems was so overwrought she had to unburden or break. Unfortunate in principle because it's just so that scandal spreads like grass fire in a place like this. But she chose her confidants well, and as soon as Mary felt it was for the general good to pass it on to you, she and her informer came over here for wholesale confession."

She paused in her stride before Theodora's chair, staring down with the first shade of a personal look, smoking nervously. "It isn't to warn you against repetition that I asked you here, I'm confident there's no need. The immediate storm center is Gabrielle Hatvany. How much do you know about her?"

Theodora drew a slow breath. "That she's the best student I've ever taught, partly from maturity and continental training, no doubt. That she dropped out of my course at midyear without a word of explanation, but for a reason as to which I've made a pretty certain though unverified guess. That her mother is a noted continental film actress. *C'est tout.*"

Lenox VanTuyl nodded. "And her father was one of the continent's most notoriously temperamental composers and orchestra leaders. Her childhood was fantastic. Hardly more fantastic perhaps than her being on the Radnor campus at twenty-four. But the girl who has become Liane d'Estree once did an inestimable service for me—and for Janet Ivorsen—and so when she begged me last summer to take her daughter here, how could I refuse?"

Now she flung herself into a chair with more careless, almost boyish abandon than Theodora had yet seen. Her heart warmed that for whatever reason

a guard had been let down. "Neither her mother nor I imagine that an American degree can be of any practical use to the girl, but when she had managed to get the doors of half a dozen continental and English schools closed against her—and was going to the devil on greased skids, to put it vulgarly—it seemed to us both that this might be some sort of haven. And if she makes it, our degree will be one thing in her history that she has accomplished, not tossed overboard in mid-flight. If she makes it."

"What's the immediate danger?" Theodora lit another cigarette from the stub of her last.

"Liquor—and Betsy Cotterill. Was that young woman any part of your unverified guess?" Theodora merely nodded. "Cotterill isn't a willful fool. I think she's half afraid of the girl, her major interest is absorbed elsewhere, she has the dangerous magnetism of arrogant beauty, and no comprehension whatever of a tragic personality because she has never suffered herself. She's doing her best no doubt but it's not good enough, and Gaby has fallen back rather recklessly on alcohol. Did you know she was found dead drunk in the library rest room in February?"

"I didn't, but I'm not surprised. The thirteenth, wasn't it? I overheard—a conversation in the library."

She saw her identification of the exact date bring to Lenox VanTuyl's memory the reason why she might remember it so clearly. That one brief deepened glance was the first admission she had had that the violets and the verse ever arrived. Lenox had been absent from dining room and convocation on the fourteenth and had made no subsequent sign. She watched the straying attention rained back and spurred on.

"I had to exert my administrative authority over a certain portion of the discipline committee to save Gaby from expulsion then and there. For that was not the first dereliction, though they've not all been alcoholic. If anything serious whatever happens again I'm powerless, without doing myself grave professional hurt."

"I'm sorry!" Theodora said with passionate sincerity. "What is it that I can do?"

"Help me keep an eye on the girl, and if you find her in a dangerous mood, bring her straight here. My doors have been open to her any hour of day or night all year, and she has come fairly often—"

Sharp jealousy, and then the proud compensating realization: But not to you, because she can trust you to consume your own smoke . . .

"But lately she hasn't been coming soon enough. My last hope is that if enough of you are alerted—for I can't be where I can watch at all, you see—perhaps we may carry her through commencement. It's barely three weeks." She gave a sigh of profound exhaustion.

Theodora said quickly, "I'll do what I can, I promise," and made a move to rise, but a gesture checked it. A picture lit in her mind of steering Gaby over here at midnight, and of the gratitude in that beloved weary face.

"About your own problem, the offer, forgive me if I say you'll have to handle that beyond my saying please do nothing hastily. Give yourself as much time as can be exacted from the other party. I think you know my hope." Now she stood up, terminating the interview. "We both have full days ahead. Thank you for coming so late, and for your support." She took Theodora's hand in a brief impersonal clasp and then walked with her to the door. There she paused. "One thing more. I seem to be constituting you a general guardian of the peace, but if anything could be done to tone down our ebullient young Psych Smith a bit—"

"Ah, so you've caught the campus terminology."

"Yes, and I think it's delicious. But I fear our poor Dr. Dorothea does not relish her own departmental lable. The identity of personal names and the contrast in age, temperament and general human appeal are the real reasons, of course, but she feels her dignity is in question, and her namesake as you know is completely without reverence or tact. I understand 'Chem' rather has her knife out, and young Psych has been doing some conspicuous dancing with Gaby in the common room after dinner. Would you think it possible to drop any kind of hint? Without divulging the real reason, though, for I very much do not want that delightful rattle-pate in on any part of our problem. Her school of thought is too ready to strip everyone in public."

Theodora chuckled appreciatively. "I might try offering myself as substitute for Gaby, Though it's my impression it's she who has been inviting to the dance, to show off before Cotterill of course. The pair were reaching stage exhibition levels as I came through from dinner last night."

"By the time I came along they were cutting dangerously close to Montmartre burlesque. My august passage dampened them momentarily, but Dorothea Smith in her corner of the window seat had a witch-hunting look."

"Oh dear!" Theodora let out an exasperated breath. "Well, I'll do what I can. I do enjoy dancing with Psych."

"As well one must enjoy anything so beautifully done. Well, thank you again, and good night."

Theodora walked through the May night swelling with light hearted exaltation. 'Anything so beautifully done!' And a couple of definite services to render, and five certain nights in the next fourteen of seeing Lenox at rehearsals. She would be writing no applications just yet . . .

But next morning when after but four hours' sleep she rose hot and shaken as the price of her second significant encounter of the year, she was not so confident. As a kind of sheet to windward she dashed off a note to Marion.

. . . What with faculty dramatics and a couple of the witches' brews that only convents in the spring can ferment, I'm unequal to a decent application for at least a week or two. Hope that won't let me out altogether, and I'd appreciate any delaying action your old acquaintance with Our Henry could manage. But the present berth is really far from untenable. You know how grateful I am anyhow . . .

After dinner Psych and Gaby were not on the dance floor. But then, neither was Betsy there for audience. On her way home from her office just before ten Theodora stopped at the library for a current journal and to her surprise found Betsy Cotterill working. Evening duty was generally left to senior student assistants. More surprising, Gaby was not in evidence. Was a little unadvertised schedule-shifting in process by way of throwing the girl off?"

She went out through the corridor and the back door and at first glance saw no one. Then a pale blur waiting unobtrusively in the shadows gave her a sufficiently genuine start. "Oh! Hello there—" She peered closely and to her amazement recognized Agnes Haynes. "So you're a night stroller too," she said inanely, struggling with embarrassment. It was rather awful to catch a colleague mooning about after her adored. And mooning was not at all in character for either of this pair.

"I'm waiting for Betsy, to be sure that crazy Hatvany woman doesn't fasten to her. That girl's dangerous besides being a public nuisance. What Van is thinking of to keep her here—"

"Knew her mother, I believe," Theodora said inadequately. "And of course one has to allow for the Hungarian temperament. If Betsy could be less glacially Anglo-Saxon she'd have less fatal appeal in that quarter, I've always thought."

"One degree less glacial and the witch would have moved in with her by now," said Agnes with venom.

So that was how the wind blew. Ah well . . . "You can go around front and collect Betsy. I'll take over the rear guard action."

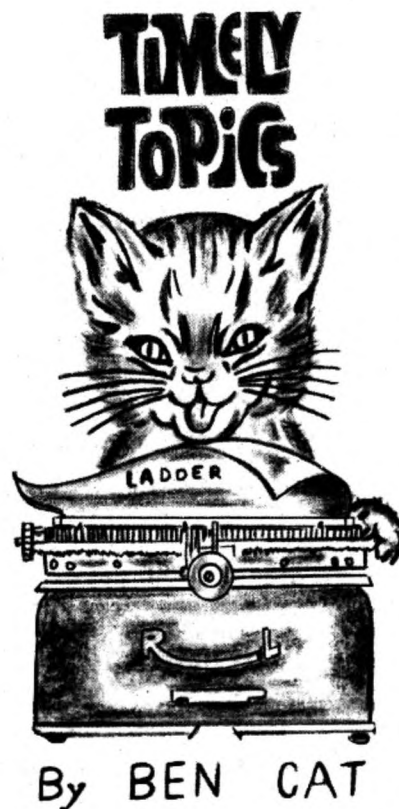
"Thanks. I for one will be glad when this year's over."

Theodora, left alone, felt her skin contract with chill but not from the May night . . . When this year's over . . . It's barely three weeks . . . Must that be the end of everything? But there was so little, so little to come to an end for her . . . She saw the lights go off in the building behind her, heard the distant slam of the heavy front door, and it seemed safe to move off. Not wanting even a stroll tonight, she cut around to the north toward her dormitory, walking the pathless lawn. A choking moan stopped her short. Peering through shadows she could just make out a prone figure shielded from the walks by dense spirea. It was Gabriel with sobs and tearing at the grass with her hands.

Dear heaven, what ought one to do? In February she had fled and the girl had drunk herself into disgrace. But how could one possibly go to her like this? . . . If anyone caught me like that I'd kill either her or myself afterwards, she thought with nausea . . . The Hungarian temperament can't be so different that she'd ever forgive me. But I'm responsible . . . She compromised by standing patient guard till every joint ached and it seemed the girl must wear herself down to insensibility. But when at last the wilted figure pulled itself up, its stumbling half-blindness was clearly the product of tears, not alcohol, and under her own power Gaby headed for Maplewood. Theodora skulked along behind and watched from across the street

until she saw the girl walk in without knocking and then Lenox VanTuyt come quickly from the study and lead her back to some unknown rear region, a consoling arm close about the crumpled shoulders. Not until she was well along toward her own building did she discover that she was trembling through and through.

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This has been a wretched time. My folks moved! They upset everything and all of THE LADDER things are mis-placed. They had read an article in the magazine a while back and thought they were going to have a hard time buying a house, but it happened so easily that they weren't prepared at all and right now I am forced to contemplate wall-to-wall boxes.

Fortunately they had this wonderful group of poems. We actually had a picture of Buffy St. Marie at one time, but I have looked everywhere for it and I am forced to say now that if you know and admire her beautiful songs and her sad message, then you will appreciate the poem and if you don't know of her, then the picture probably wouldn't add much to your lore. Sandy is sort of an "Indian buff" and wanted to run the picture, but I have told her that we will just have to survive this chaos as best we can and hope that our subscribers will understand that we are doing well to publish anything this spring.

It is my personal opinion that the material in this issue is very good. I have not had time to get well acquainted with the cats in the new neighborhood, so I have not solicited their opinions, but from my own vast experience, I feel free to say that we are coming into a better and better area of literature. I've seen some correspondence around here that indicates that we will even have some fine covers starting with the next

issue. A lot of material is submitted to us for covers but we cannot seem to convince our artists that this is a labor of love and very little money and we simply cannot print in more than one color. **BLACK AND WHITE** is the scene, baby, and that has nothing to do with politics.

If you like the heading of my column this issue, thank Elizabeth Chandler who drew it. Obviously she paid no attention to my photographs which have appeared from time to time. She shows a prejudice toward tiger type kittens. This is a time for acceptance and I will not complain about this. Kittens are cute. However, if her model ever grows up and gets in my environs, he had just better watch it! I am going to send her a print of a picture of me and maybe she can get me revised by next month. I don't want to start any ethnic squabbles.

I like my new home. It has lots of secret places and unexplored territory. It will be hard for me to settle down and pay attention to my duties to our magazine.

Our "Letters" column is not here this time because all of you wrote nice things and the DOB Prexy says we can't print pats-on-the-back. We are supposed to publish your complaints and barbs. Please send them in. There must be a lot of them. One subscriber did write to say that my Christmas column was blasphemous, but the letter was pretty far out. Someone else complained about not getting the magazine on time. I don't know what "on time" means. We would need a staff to have a schedule. We hope that the material in the publication is of such a nature that you will be glad to receive it whenever we can get it to you. Nobody

even mentioned the fact that we added 8 pages to the January issue. Maybe one of these days we might want to go to a bi-monthly and give you whole long stories and things you want to keep. You could write and tell us how you might like to solve some of our problems.

The Daughters are going to get together in August to talk about a lot of business. I have not been invited. (I hate to travel, anyway.) But I could be a lot of help to them if I had a bunch of mail from all of you about what you want in the magazine, how you would go about financing it, etc.

Oh, I got another letter, too. It seems that I mis-spelled a word in one of my columns. Well, thanks a lot. I appreciate knowing that someone is reading me so very carefully. I will try to do better. My folks have a whole lot of dictionaries, but many of them are too heavy for me to manipulate and I think I am a pretty literate cat, withal. Most of my friends can't spell their own names. We have had real fights over "judgment." Some put in an "e" and some know enough not to, but I say, don't judge.

Enjoy, enjoy. If you want controversy it isn't here this month, but we'll try to find some right soon.

I must be off to unexplored sandboxes.



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VI

Dress rehearsal indeed! Theodora sat on the stone doorsill down the corridor from the dressing room and gulped night air thirstily after the reck of grease paint. The one more big scene with Lenox held no promise but gnawing boredom. Again tonight the woman simply wasn't there, she was walking through her lines like a prompter reading from the page. Nor was she in costume despite Ally Lind's ultimatum. What business had a president accepting a role if she must treat it as cavalierly as Lenox had treated this one?

All her rosy palpitating hopes! Built on that first night when they actually were reading their lines and Lenox was most tinglingly alive of them all. Between her verve and Ally's the whole interpretation had miraculously taken form in that one evening—that was something to have seen, but nothing like it had happened since. One rehearsal out entirely, and the empty one the night of the Gaby conference, and now this one, stone dead. And no costume. It was alarming, one needed a sight of her as she would be on Saturday night, to be forewarned and braced against her. How play the cool villain if the sudden revelation of her as male lead set one all awash? . . . You ought, Theodora relected listlessly, to be in the wings as usual, getting at least so letter-perfect in every intervening speech that no state of nerves Saturday can shake your timing . . . But it was too humiliating, let alone heartbreaking, to be looked at or through like so much more painted scenery. Never before in Lenox's presence had she simply not existed for the woman at all.

And Saturday night would be the end of these two weeks for which she had been living since Easter, when at first mention of faculty play and Lenox's starring she had gone all out to make the cast. And it would be two years before the faculty put on another. Was this past fortnight quite enough of personal contact to live on for two years?

At the end of her next scene she'd strip out of this mockery—what use that she looked in it all she'd hoped? If like this one could be invisible to Lenox, what use anything at all . . . And then in everyday character she'd go to her office and beat out the first draft of an application. She would not continue to dangle here as Radnor like a spaniel kennelled all day and then in convulsions for the few minutes his master deigned to notice him. 'It shouldn't happen to a dog,' flashed through her head, and the little explosion of bitter mirth left her readier to go back for her last appearance.

As she re-entered the wings she thought there was one sidelong flash from Lenox on the stage. Had her absence been noticed, then, if not her presence? This was the first night she hadn't stood the whole time with eyes so fixed on every move that she'd feared being obvious to the whole cast. Well, cherish this crumb . . .

She walked through her own lines now, all but mocking Lenox by her imitation. Ally Lind was cracking her knuckles as Theodora came off. "I can't well flay Van but I can you! I hope you two damn' sandbags are just saving your strength for Saturday, because if you're not this thing's going to be a wet mess the faculty'll never live down. That *woman!*" Had Lenox caught an echo of the rasping whisper or was she actually noting a departure? Feeling petulant and vindictive Theodora hung the gray costume on the wardrobe hanger, dragged on her slacks, and slouched out with hardly a word to the two or three others in the dressing room.

But outside she wavered wretchedly. Her office and that letter? A long hike? A long drink behind locked bedroom door? Neither of those latter tonight, with last classes tomorrow and Saturday's performance coming up. And the letter gagged her. But what then for heaven's sake? Languish in the shadows for a glimpse of Lenox going home, a la Hatvany?

Would that crazy thing be hanging around the stage door tonight? Cotterill in the bridal regalia *was* something to see. Theodora wandered out the corridor door, lit a cigarette, and stood inspecting night sky through the leaves, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the darkness. Then very casually she strolled off the walk and on to the lawn surrounding the building, cutting her eyes into the shrubbery as she went. Suddenly voices drew her—but they came from the dressing room windows. Lucky those were fairly elevated or young devils would have been squinting through the venetian blinds these many nights. A wonder some of them hadn't tried it anyhow, with those silly stone railings imitating renaissance balconies across the windows.

Idly she reconnoitred, and then in perverse tomboy mood—after all this was her first time in slacks on this campus—she reached up for the coping of a balcony and set her crepe soles against the rough stone of the building. If she made it, there would be one glimpse of Lenox she'd never be caught stealing . . . It took a bit of doing, only a tall women could make it, but she pulled up to the point of reaching with a knee for a hold beside her hands when she was startled almost to dropping off by a movement outside the second window. Not six feet away she could see Gaby Hatvany's white face and glittering eyes turned on her with quite insane fury. Her "*Quiet!*" was more telegraphed than uttered, and it meant business.

She nodded with careful indifference, turned noiselessly, and stared between the slats of her own blind. They were all there undressing—all that is but Lenox, who having no costume was probably by now all comfortable at Maplewood. Betsy Cotterill lifted the bridal froth over her head and stood revealed in skeletal hoops over pantalettes that lent her cool Park Avenue presence a touch of delicate depravity. Psych Smith, skin as brown as her hair from much tennis in the minimum of covering, stood now in the same amount of nylon looking rather like a well-rounded Greek boy.

To Be Concluded Next Issue

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