Problem in Women

Anonymous*
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Abstract

Is there really beauty here, Absolute, Defined as curve of legs or shape of hands?...
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Is there really beauty here, Absolute,
Defined as curve of legs or shape of hands?
Or shall I say this beauty is in me,
Dependent on the functions of my glands?

The dividing line

My best friend just called me a snob. It made me feel funny — like a child who has learned there is no Santa Claus. Still, I have a suspicion that she is right. I'm not mad at her, but the other day I crossed the street to avoid speaking to her, and today, she called me a snob. "You're starting to talk just like a sorority girl," she had condemned. "You're a snob."

It all began years ago when we were small. I stood, all gawky legs going off at odd angles and damp frizzy hair, by the pool at the Country Club. Sally was there, too; a round-faced little girl, younger than I, with huge brown eyes and a wee, snub nose, the face of a Renoir innocent, and long dark hair caught back of her ears like a ballerina's. We smiled shyly at each other, but that was all. In later years, as we knew each other better, we became close friends. We laughed a lot, and cried a little, and grew up together. Now, it is today and yesterday is gone. The little girls that were are gone, too. Strange it is, to grow up and become another person; to find the world a different place. But that is what happened.

The day that Sally ran, dark-eyed and laughing like some darkling rose blowing across our yard, I had not seen her for over a year. College was upon us now — high school years, simply years we marveled, behind us. "I'm going to really become grown-up now that I'm in college, Annie," Sally said. "I'm not a child anymore."

It had always been my private opinion that Sally was, if