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## *Introduction*

When I was growing up in the racially-segregated American South, a young Southern lady could reach the top of the pole by being a cheerleader, beauty queen or the belle of an Old South ball. She might idolize *Gone with the Wind's* spirited Scarlett O'Hara with her 21-inch waist and crinoline-covered hoop skirts only to become a docile Melanie Wilkes, if briefly, when she married her high school or college sweetheart. And if she ever spent time with a person of color it was probably the family maid.

Although I, too, was directed toward Southern belledom, my path headed off in a different direction. Perhaps it was genetically preordained: my mother, a rebel against domesticity, was descended from a courageous survivor of American Indian captivity, and my father worked his way through college during the Great Depression by running a jazz band. Be that as it may, after maneuvering myself into the all-male newsroom of a Virginia newspaper, which was dedicated to preserving racial segregation, I spent many an evening attending racially-mixed parties organized by my Jewish boyfriend from "up North".

Inspired by a mind-expanding university trip throughout Europe, I then bought a one-way ticket to Paris to reignite a summer romance with a handsome young Frenchman – and decamped with his Sicilian-American friend to become a travel writer in Athens. Next stop: 1960s "Swinging London" where I later married a British photographer known for his photos of the Beatles and the great American jazz musicians.

It was a great time and a great place to establish new careers in both journalism and international tourism promotion. Pan American World Airways, which I joined as the Public