2-23-1956

Connecticut College News Literary Supplement
Vol. 1 No. 1

Connecticut College

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Sea Birds
by Helen Marvell

Beach buggies, spewing sand
and taking their turns sliding on the air, flicking
their black topped heads up and down, looking for scraps from the sea.
"Preemies," the barracudas, as she thought, "but very complaining."
The sun kept her warm. A shadow fell across her face and
shoulders. "Tell me how you are," she said, "and of summer shadow, but she was
expecting it and so continued to stare up into the bright shell of
the sky.
"Won't you be late for dinner?" she asked.
"Yes," said the boy.
"The twins won't like it; they don't like me anyway."
I can see too," said the girl.
"No, don't do that, they're your
parents offered to a con-
stant stay abroad.
Jared was a pink-cheeked,
mercy child, who grew up amid the slush and expansion of New York City.
He arrived gradually and
reluctantly at manhood, after a hap-

tune to the continent would complete
mission his parents offered to a con-
tinued stay abroad.
Jared Nathan, however, had had
thoroughly indulge his attraction.
Ladders on the
Empty Stage
by Carole Reeves

Hollow, creaking void, which usu-
ally bright
With color, full with noise, on
day.
Allegory
by Poppy Hart

Jared Nathan was born on a de-
ceptively inconspicuous day of late November, 1873, with a slight
slippery blood in his unrelenting mouth. That the family money
was acquired in such an ignono-

mous corner of the business world as the glue industry made little
difference in the cheerily black
bank balance that greeted the
small saxon, though the name of
Nathan, never quite succeeded in
freeing itself from the taint of
glue.
Jared was a pink-cheeked, mer-

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Jared was a pink-cheeked,
mercy child, who grew up amid the slush and expansion of New York City.
The city wakes up early, earlier than it has... the hollow echoing.
Into the smothering hole, into the hungry night;
As a split of light and a black, blank swallow.

Anna Olmstead Winston looked down from her place on the wall over the heirloom desk at a grey man. He had his back to her, smoking the first cigarette of the day as he began to bring his breakfast tray into the living room. He rarely faced Anna. She had come. “Hard, babe,” he said, if you asked him. But this was her room; dull green, light curtains. A man was alone with her room, her apartment without emptying the ashtrays into the fireplace because she had been thinking, “He won’t be home for the night.” He left suddenly as he leave, so soon?” He carried her suitcase in, leaving her suitcase in the hall and her room neat, the living room absently. The friend went to the sofa. They sat there and it became cooler. The afternoon sun felt good on her shoulder and she knew it looked pretty as it lit her bleached hair. She looked at her husband.

“Will you be home for dinner tonight?” she asked, wondering if she could have to market, wondering if she could make herself do it in this heat.

“I’ll let you know this afternoon, dear.”

“I have shopping to do, and Honey’s coming up for the night so she can see that boy of hers. She’ll want to see you, too.”

“I’ll try to make it, Sybil.”

“I could come back here, honey.”

The man got up to check the time. He glanced up at the portrait. “I’ve got to go now. I’ll call you about dinner.”

Walking from the room, he picked up his hat and brieferose from the hall table and left, closing the door with a solid, cushioned smack.

Breakfast was over and the woman was alone with her room, her grandmother’s portrait. She finished her coffee and started to pick things up, careful to empty the ashtrays into the fireplace before she stacked them with the glasses on her husband’s tray. She carried the tray into the kitchen, leaving the room neat, the pillows on the sofa and chairs plumped to a solid fullness. She washed and stacked the dishes to dry, only wiping the ashtrays which she returned to their places in the living room as she went to get dressed for the day. Dressed, she left the apartment with only a glance around. She had been thinking, “He won’t be home for dinner. He won’t be home until late. Honey has her pass key, and she’ll be going out for dinner and the evening with that boy. He can’t come home, not tonight.”

The livingroom of the apartment was quiet and hot. The sun made a squat patch on the rug, and the curtains and blinds were still. The noise of the city seemed not to penetrate this room. Anna Olmstead Winston looked out of her heavy, gilt frame with her dead eyes and her head almost-smile. She would have approved of the tidiness of the room, if she could have.

Her great-granddaughter came in, leaving her suitcase in the hall as she went to make a call. She came back and made herself at home in the room, stretching the length of the sofa and lighting a cigarette as she thumbed through a magazine. Honey looked up at her great-grandmother, and left the apartment without emptying the ashtray or plumping the sofa cushions. The sun had left the room, and it became cooler at the telephone rang. The room filled with darkness. A young couple came in. They got drinks and went to the sofa. They sat there with only the hall light on, murmuring a little, drinking a little, indolently playing with each other’s free hand, then not playing anymore, not indolent any more. They left suddenly as if frightened by the soundless disapproving of the ashtray, ice settled with an occasion-al quiet clink in their glasses. The portrait in the semi-dark was without its soft colors.

Sybil came in with a friend and turned on the lights, offering drinks and food. She apologised for the marred perfection of the room. They sat where the young people had been, and talked. And Anna Olmstead Winston stared down at them from her solid frame. They talked of her. “A very handsome portrait. Fine technical detail.” Sybil began to tidy the room absentlY. The friend finished his drink and said good-nite.

Sybil sat alone, thinking, “Why did he leave? No use waiting up for them now. It’s been a long day,” and as in refrain, “Why did he leave, so soon?” She finished the glasses and ashtray into the kitchen, washed them, returning the ashtray to the sofa table, plumped the pillows, and went to bed. The portrait looked down at the next room. It would have said, “You see, my dear,” if I could have.

Honey and her uncle came in and had a cigarette with their nightcap. Honey turned off the lights. The white alabaster lamp on the desk was last. As she toyed with the tasseled chain she looked up and murmured, “Poor thing. Whatever made you look like that? Was it from saying, ‘pears, prunes, and prisms’?” and she might have said, “Ah, my dear, what ever made you look like that? Was it from saying, ‘pears, prunes, and prisms’?” and she would have said, “Ah, my dear, what ever made you look like that?”

The night’s love-born eternity is a paradox here: matter cannot be unreal. Mysticism is a paradox here: my soul to body. This lion then is beyond questioning. Lion again; godandsoulandnature. We choose to be.

Joy is a momentary thing, my soul to body. Nature. God to the universe: “you are restrained by the fear of God and the existence of another life.” And then the mystic said: the night’s love-born eternity is a paradox here: matter cannot be unreal. Mysticism is a paradox here: my soul to body. This lion then is beyond questioning. Lion again; godandsoulandnature. It is beyond questioning. Lion again; godandsoulandnature.

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Ticking Towards
by Barbara Samuels

Scene in a railroad station. Business man sitting on right bench reading folded newspaper upside-down. Train conductor at back left swinging large clock on chain.

Enter two women in fur coats. Business man turns paper around and hands her back section. Girl: Your paper is upside down. Give me a piece of it.

Conductor places large number on board behind her. Then resumes swinging clock. Women sit at center back and continue reading folded newspaper upside-down. By the time that they had left the gas station the car heater was blowing warm air. Lydia fell asleep. He pushed his foot farther down on the accelerator. The roads were smooth and easy. The headlights hit the black masses of trees as the car rounded the curve. The clock ticked loudly. He glanced over at it. His hands were impatient on the wheel. He increased the pressure on the accelerator. She was asleep. She would never even know the difference.

Girl: I know. I waved to her. She thinks I'm adventurous.

Girl: When I get my divorce, I'll marry you. I love you.

Girl: I don't want to be a kept woman.

Bus. Man: You sound like a Victorian novel. Maybe you are too young. I don't want another daughter.

Girl: Your paper is upside down. Give me a piece of it.

Man turns paper around and hands her back section.

Girl: I don't want the back section.

Bus. Man: I always give my wife the back section.

Girl: I'm not your wife. I get the front section.

They switch sections and pretend to read.

Old woman on floor crawls over to edge of car and sits down. She walks over to conductor.

Old Woman: When will the train come?

Con.: Tomorrow. The train will come tomorrow.

Old Wom.: My son is on the train. He is dead.

Con.: Sit down old woman. I have to swing the clock or else it will stop and we will lose the time.

Old Wom.: Time has gone away in a coffin.

She sits on stool near place where she had sat before.

Girl: Don't you think I'm too young?

Bus. Man: I cannot tell you that age is a state of mind.

Conductor shakes clock listens to it. Then puts it down slowly with expression of fear.

Girl: Do you think the train will come?

Bus. Man: The conductor has stopped the clock.

Bus. Man: The conductor doesn't matter. The train will come.

Girl: I am leaving now. (She gets up.) I shall tell your wife that next time I will go with you.

Bus. Man: Yes, tell my wife that this time she has won.

Girl leaves at right. The women get up and follow her. They greet the business man who nods back in silence.

The conductor has been fixing the clock. He shakes it again, smiles and begins to swing once more. The roar of a train is heard. The man with the nervous foot runs out at right.

The business man puts on his hat, consults his watch and follows him. The old woman remains sitting on the stool.
opened the door for her. Lydia walked uneventfully up the path. Her heels slipped on the dew-covered surface of the field stones. From behind the white columns shone the bright light of a carriage lamp. The door was floored in its white light. She opened the door noiselessly. He set the suitcase down in the vestibule. She turned to look at him, her eyes searching his face. William gazed up at the light.

"It was a wonderful weekend. I was amazed that you would ask me home to meet your mother."

"She gets lonely out there alone. Every so often she likes to have guests."

"Oh, I see."

"How about next Sunday afternoon? Have any ideas what we can do? I'm tired of the zoo."

Lydia lowered her head. Sunday afternoon. "There's a new Chinese art exhibition at the Metropolis."

"Great. Two o'clock then."

Lydia forced herself to look up at him. "Couldn't you make it over here for Sunday dinner at one?"

"Thanks anyway, but I've got a lot of things that I have to do on Sunday morning."

She tried to look up at him. He wheeled about. "Goodnight."

His voice trailed after him. Lydia watched him disappear down the walk. She turned quickly and closed the door after her. She stood there leaning against the door until the motor started up. The sound diminished away.

Two at a time William walked up the front steps of the club. He passed directly under the orange and black seal that hung suspended over the door. He looked into the lounge as he passed. As usual most of the "old grads" were asleep in their chairs. The light of the television set flickered across their relaxed faces. A shapely blonde in a low cut gown was giving the commercial.

The elevator rose to the third floor and William lifted the receiver. As he walked across the hall to 306 he drew the key from his pocket. The door opened easily. He switched on the light and dropped his suitcase by the door. He opened the suitcase and pulled out his shaving kit. The telephone lay on the desk. He lifted the receiver and dialed a number rapidly. The phone on the other end rang once—twice—three times. His hands tightened on the receiver.

"Hello?" A voice finally answered on the other end of the line.

"Bill, honey. It took longer than trees, all of which were shortlily. The vigor with which he attacked these interests proved favorable to their longevity, but they could not outlast the years, and Jared grew restless and dissatisfied. At length he heeded his family's pleas, forsok the life no longer gay, and once more returned home.

Tired now of city life, Jared resolved to remove to the country, and sought a proper estate. His receiving the fresh greetings of Nature, surrounded by efficient servants and padded by luxury, one may rest with outward joy while inwardly the content of soul Jared's production of this essential was little marred by the production of glue or the bother of the glue district. If the decade Ox did, at times, afford some inconvenience, as well as a lively topic of conversation, but were no problem of滤 did, and the years thus attracted were as blank as his verse concerning his audience not at all. Jared thus realized that the ambition he quit la quai was now, perhaps because Jared saw and when they had left. You never listen to me, do you. Nobody is mad at or about you anymore. You're going to the mountains with much land, provided the family glue business into less fastidious hands. Jared was an apt pupil and quickly graduated from vapid appreciation of Intellect to the exalted status of Thinker. His new role soon revealed to him the barrenness of culture in America, and being fortunate to be a properly eminent businessman, he interfered with his entry into a new phase of Jared's quest did not interfere with his entry into a new phase of Jared's quest. It was a wonderful weekend. I was amazed that you would ask me home to meet your mother."

"It was a wonderful weekend. I was amazed that you would ask me home to meet your mother."

"Do you think it matters?

"I don't think you can judge the things you've learned about people from this.

"Because I notice it," he said.

"No. Because I always embarrass you."

"He wheeled about. 'Goodnight, mother.'"

"Thanks anyway, but I've got a lot of things that I have to do on Sunday morning."

"The beach buggies were gone now, having taken the passerers home. Only the gentle pounding of the sea and the dissatisfied little terns were left. She lay thinking without realizing that the boy was still speaking. "You're too busy listening to the sounds I make," she thought. And then, "Thank God, I'm tone deaf."

The girl got up, leaving the boy to follow the wave marks up the beach toward her cottage. She turned once when he called to her but she couldn't hear what he said. The words were lost in the crashing slap of the sea against the sand and they sounded like only another mew of the terns. She picked her way carefully to step in her own shadow, wondering where the terns had gone so suddenly for the night, and when they had left.

**The Field (Continued from Page One)**

mannersisms, her shal low thoughts and trite expressions."

"It's not you at all, Jane. Why are you afraid to be just you?"

I didn't say it then—the snivel ing, ugly, "I don't care"—a habit that I had admired in Kay-wren. My oldest and most battered cat, Nanny, had followed me. She had killed more mice than any cat we ever had, mother said. Her fur was parted with little smooth patches—the marks of animals in the field. She picked her way silently beside me. I started to cry. I held her in my arms. She lay thinking without realizing that the boy was still speaking. "You're too busy listening to the sounds I make," she thought. And then, "Thank God, I'm tone deaf."

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"I thought to drive back from the country. Mad?"

"Of course not. But hurry."

I thought to drive back from the country. Mad?

I walked faster, started to run. Nanny leapt to the ground, the bright sun glowing on her wet arms and legs as I scrambled back across the yellow field.