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Literary Supplement

Sea Birds

by Helen Marvell

Beach buggies, spewing sand and exhaust, raced coughing engines as they slewed along with their laughing loads. The girl in shorts lay in the sand of the beach listening to the tide break closer and closer to her feet, hoping it would drown the sound of the battered old machines and their passengers. All she could see was the sky and the little mewing terns sliding on the air, flicking their black topped heads up and down, looking for scraps from the sea. "Pretty little scavengers," she thought, "but very complaining." The sun kept her warm. A shadow fell across her face and shoulders; a long, thin, end 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'm leaving tomorrow morning, early, and I wanted to say something before I left." He sat down shadowing her eyes so she could look up at him if she wanted to. "I don't want to go away with you being mad at me, because it's not my fault that I can't change their minds for them, and besides, I can see what they don't like about you."

"I can see too," said the girl. "They don't like me because they think we're in love." She squinted. The sky was hurting her eyes, and she knew none of what she said was true.

"No. That's not why. It's your voice. I've told you that before."

"Yes."

"They don't feel they can trust you because you're always changing the sound of your voice when you talk to them. You know, you can tell a lot about a person from their voice."

"Yes." The sky became very hard to look at as it faded so she closed her eyes and just listened to the surf come closer and the quickening mew of the birds.

"They think you are putting on airs. But I'm sorry and I'm going to talk to them and give them hell for being so sullen, like I should have before. I might as well. I'm going away."

"No, don't do that, they're your sisters. It won't help."

"But they're not being fair to you, not even civil."

"Yes, I know, but you agree with them. I embarrass you when we're with other people when you

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

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February 23, 1956

ALLEGORY

by Poppy Hart

Jared Nathan was born on a deceptively inconspicuous day of late November, 1873, with a silver soup-ladle in his unresisting mouth. That the family money was acquired in such an ignominious corner of the business world as the glue industry made little difference in the cheerily black bank balance that greeted the small scion, though the name of Nathan never quite succeeded in freeing itself from the taint of glue.

Jared was a pink-cheeked, merry child, who grew up amid the slush and expansion of New York City. He arrived gradually and reluctantly at manhood, after a happy adolescence, and was shuttled off to Harvard for a gentleman's education, which he received with reluctance as great, and achievement as small, as maturity. When not involved with mundane academic affairs he began a thorough study of the art of distraction. He learned, successfully, to drink, and the Demon Alcohol became one of his more favored companions, rivaled only by the more responsive attractions of the less responsible members of the fair sex. When the freshness of the distractions palled, Jared turned to other sources. He explored the growing limits of Boston, developing a fond disgust for that tradition-ridden city. He entered with enthusiasm and warm reception the society of Boston, his background, education, outstanding appearance and merry disposition quickly fashioning for him a glittering circle of friends and activities. The years passed thus into enticing memory, and Jared received at last his long-awaited and hard-earned degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had indeed learned many arts, and most of all he had discovered boredom.

Jared, though now acquainted with the ways of the world, was not yet prepared to enter the battle. It was not proper for a young gentleman of his stature to settle immediately into the idly engrossing pattern of activity that would shape his life. It was thereupon agreed by the Nathans that a visit to the continent would complete their son's introduction to life. It was this pronouncement which

awaited the weary lad on his triumphant return home.

Jared Nathan's reaction to this offer of liberation from the tiresome duties he had expected was quite the hearty acquiescence anticipated. After some deliberation it was determined that he should visit London, Paris, Vienna, and Florence over the course of a year, allotting to each stop of the route an amount of time proportional to its cultural significance and attraction for him. Jared found no cause for delay in embarking on this final step of his education, deeming it a far more profitable course than his years at the esteemed institution heretofore mentioned. With newly fond farewells he set upon his voyage.

London Jared found of slight interest, Florence of little more, and his stays therein were accordingly brief. His arrival in Vienna was accompanied by the careless air of an experienced traveler who looks forward to pallidness only, but he was here afforded pleasant surprise, and remained in that pastel city for a large sector of his apportioned wanderings, shortsightedly leaving time for only a taste of Paris. When at last he culminated his journeyings by the appointed visit to Paris he was dismayed to find himself delightedly succumbing to its lures without sufficient time to thoroughly indulge his attraction. Jared Nathan, however, had had inculcated in his nature an inability to refuse himself, and quickly overcame what wavering opposition his parents offered to a continued stay abroad.

Jared quickly established himself in a suitable location and company, and set about a study of the pursuits of pleasure in Paris. While typical of the many young gentlemen of his generation and others in his gay surrender to the legendary charms of the White City, he was atypical in the efficient and systematic manner in which he sought his delights. However, the manner in which he attained his ends is irrelevant to the results: he acquired a taste for fine wines, intellectual discussions, and flirtatious women, and resolved to possess a wine cellar, intellectual friends, and a mis-

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Ladder on the Empty Stage

by Carole Reeves

Hollow, creaking void, which usually bright
With color, full with noise, and gay
Insanely rushing forms who splatter gray
And crimson cities overnight.

The shadows spill on empty planks, and vast
Empty marching rows of plush
Suspend themselves between the frantic rush
Of night to night, A sullen cast

Of undertones, and one might even say
"A Study in the Essential," negatively done
With interest in the silhouette,
Alone among the dust at cracking day.

The Field

by Gail Nuckolls

That was the first morning when I knew mother was right, and did not hate her or myself for it. I had gone off across the yellow wheat fields as I had since the beginning of the cool weather, lost in a child's little frightened thoughts, trying not to startle the gray, furry field mice, who clutched the dew-drenched wheat.

I knew that I was guilty of a wretched wrong-doing, but it was a strange, intangible thing that I had done. Perhaps that was why my anger with this new failure died—a weak, small voice. Mother understood before I knew that I had failed in some way. I couldn't understand—it was very hard and I could only think back to the night before. Confused, I tried to remember what mother had said. Could she have made a mistake? Did she know why I was copying Kay-Wren?

Her eyes were deep and brown last night—they always were when she explained, softly, so that I might understand. "You must be yourself, Jane, always. You will learn nothing from Karen. You've adopted her smug

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The Lion and The Mystic

An old man a

The city muffled its noises, going to sleep late, later than it should, being a busy city. The blinds clattered gently and the curtains moved in the last part of the day's heat.

POEM

Into the smothering hole,
Into the hungry night;
A split of light
And a black, blank swallow.

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. First woman: I told Margie that Mrs. Green's nose was much too straight but she laughed in my face and Christmas is soon what shall I get for the kids they've got too much already and my husband's business quite confidentially is on the skids. But I don't care for Papa left me some money and he said when he died now honey don't forget yourself whatever you do.

Second woman: my husband says that you don't live forever and you might as well enjoy yourself what with wars and Russia in the news how long can we keep up the pose I said but he just laughed and seemed so wise that who am I to fight his size. He seems to know all the answers and do you know my stockings ran so Millie froze them in the frigidaire and I wore them today to prove she's wrong that stockings run in hot or cold . . . why Sarah I think I left the sprinkler on the lawn.

Conductor places large number seven on board behind him. Then resumes swinging clock. Women sit at center back and continue moving lips and arms in waving gestures.

Business man looks at watch and refolds newspaper.

Enter old woman at right. She limps badly and doesn't seem to know where she's going. Man strides in rapidly from right and pushes her. She loses balance and sinks to floor apparently quite happy to remain there.

Man talks to conductor.

Man: Is the train late?

Conductor: All trains are late.

Man: I mean the train to Hong Kong.

Con.: The train to HongKong will arrive at twenty-one hours 13 minutes.

Man: Everything is late today. My wife didn't get up and my son has a cold. Damn.

He sits down at end of bench with the two women and taps foot nervously.

Conductor swings clock slowly.

Enter girl from left. She looks around and waves to women in center. She sits next to business man on right bench.

Business Man: Where is your suitcase?

Girl: I'm not going. I came to tell you.

Bus. Man: You have to come. I told my wife.

Girl: You and your wife. I don't want to be a mistress. I'm too young.

Bus. Man: Your mother is sitting in the corner with Mrs. Craig.

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

Bus. Man: 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 wall and pulls herself up. 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.

Cond.: 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. The conductor has stopped the clock?

Bus. Man: The clock 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.

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WILLIAM

by Marsey Ann Kelly

"William. Sit down. Your pacing is so distracting."

William stopped short in front of the fireplace. He turned his eyes upward toward the Sargent that hung over the mantle. His eyes rested easily on the face in the portrait. The eyes seemed to smile down at him, or was it a laugh that lighted them that way? William always felt warm when he looked into that face. He always seemed to know. It was hard to remember him just as he looked then. Towards the end he had looked so haggard and worn. How many years ago? It must have been at least ten, or was it eleven? Eleven. Freshman year at prep school—that was the year.

"Sugar, William?" The woman in the straight-backed chair poised a lump of sugar over a cup. "No thank you, Mother."

She dropped the lump into the next empty cup. The sinews in her hand stood out as she poured the tea. As the cup filled the steam rose up toward her face.

"When you were small you couldn't get enough sugar. Tastes shouldn't change that much. Are you sure that it isn't this diet business?"

"No, Mother."

He watched her take a piece of lemon from a silver bowl. It looked out of place with the rest of the service. He remembered it now—Georg Jensen. Another peace-offering. Somehow he had always pictured it laid away in a cupboard somewhere.

"Is Lydia not coming down to join us?"

"She's packing. I told Walter to bring her bag downstairs when she's finished."

"She's such a lovely young woman. So intelligent and poised. Mrs. Train paid a visit last night. She says that the Embrees are an old Back Bay family. Where was it that she went to school?"

"Miss Porter's, Mother."

"Yes. Naturally. Then Radcliffe."

William sank into the leather chair and leaned his head back. His unseeing eyes searched the ceiling.

"You must realize how I worry about you. You know how I hate your living at that club. Those college friends of yours are so crude. That is exactly why I wanted you to bring Lydia home this weekend. I wanted to see with whom you are spending all this time. But now that I have met Lydia—"

She raised her cup to her lips. He didn't move. It was always like that. William can't possibly go away to boarding school. William must be a day student at a nearby academy. George must drive William to school. George must call for William to bring him home safely. He remembered

that quarrel the morning Maria had shown her the traces of lipstick on his dirty shirt collar. Was it that long ago?

The knob turned on the heavy door. The door opened wide. A young woman entered. The butler closed the door quietly behind her.

"Lydia, do sit down and have some tea."

He automatically stood until she had seated herself on the divan.

"When do you expect to leave, dear?"

The girl looked over at him. He was still staring at the ceiling.

"William. When are you leaving?"

He started at the harsh tone of his mother's voice. "Oh—As soon as Lydia finishes her tea, I guess."

"Sugar?"

"Yes please, and a little milk." Lydia took the tea. It was easier than sitting there with empty hands.

Mrs. Lindley rang for Walter to remove the service, and took up her needle work. The two women started their conversation. It was the usual. Their voices droned on. The logs in the fireplace burned down lower and lower. William remained silent, pondering the thought of the farewell that must eventually take place. That too would be the usual.

It was a long drive back to New York. He stopped to get gas and some cigarettes at the first small town. 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 deserted. His headlights hit the black masses of trees as the car rounded the curves. 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.

William drove on. It got too warm in the car and he started to nod. His eyes blurred as he tried to concentrate on the white line that stretched out ahead of him. Finally he reached over to open the fan window. A blast of cold air circulated by his face. That was better. Her head's down on the seat. She won't feel a thing, he thought.

The car pulled up in front of the house and stopped. He turned off the headlights and looked over at her. She stirred and sat up, pushing the hair back from her face. Slowly she raised her head up. Her eyes met his momentarily. His left hand groped for the door handle. The light flashed on inside the car as he opened the door. The trunk was opened and the suitcase was pulled out. He walked to her side of the car and

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William

(Continued from Page Three)

opened the door for her. Lydia walked unevenly 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 flooded in its white light. She opened the door nervously. 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 Metropolitan."

"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," he said.

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 with her back against the door until the motor started up. The sound diminished. Gone.

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 stepped out. 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

tress, all of which were shortly his. 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, forsook 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 search was scarcely interrupted by his introduction to the glue business, as he need take but a comfortably minor part in the family industry until the unforeseen retirement of the elder Mr. Nathan. After some time he located a spacious, if not attractive, mansion with much land, procured the monetary approval of his parents, and set to the business of removal. At last the estate was prepared and equipped for its new position as the home of Jared Nathan, country gentleman, and that worthy established himself therein.

Jared found country life quite satisfactory. He had hoped to find in this way the happiness that had so soon escaped him in the hectic enchantments of Paris, and now believed that he had indeed discovered the Secret of Successful Living. Breathing the new air, perceiving the fresh glories of Nature, surrounded by efficient servants and padded by luxury, one may rest with outward joy while producing inward content of soul. Jared's production of this essential was little marred by the production of glue or the bothersome spats of that decade (which did, at times, afford some inconvenience, as well as a lively topic of conversation, but were no profound discomfort), and the years drifted by in pleasant obscurity that faded into monotony.

So it went, until the fateful day when Mr. Nathan passed to his reward. Jared, shortly recovered from grief, received the family business with enthusiasm and delight, assured that here at last lay the resolution of the boredom that he now knew so well. And indeed his ambition left little time for boredom. The newness of power was excitement, and the possibility of glory was welcome incentive. Jared's economic diversions colored his days until they blended into a dull grey of detail.

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

"Of course not. But hurry."

The phone was replaced on the hook. He put his shaving kit in his brief case and walked toward the door.

Allegory

(Continued from Page One)

and his hands grew dry with the petty necessities.

The inevitable outcome of this phase of Jared's quest did not interfere with his entry into a new circle of acquaintances and sundry friends and his discovery thereby of the institution of patronage. As a properly eminent businessman, with the education and world experience which produce intelligence and clear-sightedness, Jared was welcomed into this shining band of the elite and offered a vision of a newer and better life whereby he might contribute to the intellectual welfare of society. In short, Jared Nathan became a Patron of the Arts. Or, more specifically, of one Wilhelm Vandermeer, a mystical, unintelligibly accented, and satisfactorily aesthetic poet who read his creations to an enthralled group of initiates crowded into a deliciously cluttered Greenwich Village studio black as his predictions, save for one thin green light. That his talents were as blank as his verse concerned his audience not at all.

Jared thus realized that the answer to his quest lay within himself, in the raptures of intellectualism. He viewed with disgust the mundane obscenities and passed the family glue business into less fastidious hands. Jared was an apt pupil and quickly graduated from vicarious appreciation of Intelligence to the exalted status of Thinker. His new role soon revealed to him the barrenness of culture in America, and being fortunately at liberty to pursue happiness he repaired to the continent to seek the new life.

Europe looked far different now, perhaps because Jared saw it through older and wiser eyes. The delights of the flesh no longer enticed him; he wandered lonely as a cloud through the spiritual raptures of the continent. It was while he was enjoying his solitary bliss in Paris, in the company of a few select, similarly situated Thinkers, that Jared received the news of his mother's death and a request to return home to attend to the disposition of the will.

Once more Jared Nathan returned home, and found the journey disturbingly familiar in its difference. He walked slowly up the long road to the house on the hill, and saw beside him himself walking, through the years, up the hill. He stood in the hollow room and listened for voices forever gone; he said farewell and knew the completeness of that farewell. And one by one the years went by; he looked and called them vain. The long shadows brightened the images that mocked him, and he stood, an old man in an empty house, and said: "There is no happiness in life."

Seabirds

(Continued from Page One)

don't think I talk in my natural tone of voice. You've told me this before, but I can't hear myself, at least, not often. I never notice. Why do you always tell me this?"

"Because I notice it," he said.

"No. Because I always embarrass you." The sea was full now and had not yet begun to sink back, and the sky had disappeared to a light nothingness as the sun set. The terns continued to complain. The girl began to feel the evening chill. She opened her eyes and the sky didn't hurt any more because there wasn't any hard blue shell; only a soft no-color. She continued, "I'm not mad at you. Nobody is mad at or about any one any more. You're going away, and I won't embarrass you again. You never listen to me, do you?"

The beach buggies were gone now, having taken their passengers home. Only the more 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 scalloped 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 waved and walked on, careful 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)

mannerisms, her shallow 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 sniveling, 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've 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.

I shivered as I turned there in the field away from the old path to Kay-wren's house.

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