The Griffin

'53

THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

"This creature was sacred to the sun
and kept guard over hidden treasures."

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MIKE

Carolyn Stuart, from St. Louis, Missouri, is a freshman. Besides her interest in the writing field, Carolyn is interested in the fields of psychology, sociology and music.

CAROLYN STUART

NOBODY knew where Mike had come from, and nobody knew where he would go if he left, but if he had not killed old Grandpa Rouse, he could have stayed on for six or seven years more.

Grandpa Rouse was fussy and cranky, and he had nothing better to do than to find fault with everything all day long. Even if he had been left alone, he would not have stayed alive too much longer, anyway.

"You ought to have had better sense than to do what you did," William Price told Mike.

"It wasn't sense that had to do with it," Mike said.

"Just the same, it wasn't a good thing for you to do."

"A man oughtn't be an out-and-out trouble-maker," Mike said. "People who spend their lives making things like I do don't have time to find fault with others."

"Even so," William said, "you should not have done what you did to Grandpa Rouse."

A whole twenty-four hours could be spent in telling the troublemaking things Grandpa had said and done during the past six or seven years. If he ran out of ordinary things to find fault with, such as not enough gravy on the chicken or too much sweetening in the custard, he would quarrel about the weather. Sometimes when it was raining, he would say it ought to be sunny, and if it were sunny, he would say it should be raining, and become angry if anyone tried to explain to him that his arguments could not change the weather a particle either way.

Only a few days before he died, Grandpa Rouse had gotten after William because the chimney might not be in plumb. That made William so mad he almost lost his head.

"And what if it ain't in plumb?" he shouted at the old man.

"Because if it ain't, it ought to be," Grandpa Rouse answered.

William was so mad by that time, he stalked to the barn for the plumb line, clambered back to the rooftop, and dropped the line on the chimney. The chimney was only an inch out of plumb.

"That sure ought to make you shut your mouth from now on!" William shouted at Grandpa Rouse.

"I won't shut my mouth, either, because the chimney is out of plumb and you know it. It ought to be torn down and built up again right," Grandpa Rouse said.

"Over my dead body," William told him.

Grandpa Rouse fussed about the chimney being out of plumb all the rest of the day, and even through supper until he went to bed that night. He called William and all the Prices a lazy, good-for-nothing, slip-shod bunch.

He even followed William around the place saying that anybody who would stand for an out-of-plumb chimney on his place was not a good citizen.

"The more I think about it, Mike, the more I'm sure you shouldn't have done it," William said. "Any number of times I've felt like picking up a brick or a crowbar and doing the thing myself, but a person can't go around hitting old men like that no matter how provoked he is. There's a law against it."

"I just couldn't stand it no longer, Mr. William," Mike said. "I'm sorry about it now, but it just couldn't be helped at the time."

Mike had lived there for some six or eight years. When he had walked into the farm-yard for the first time, it was during the cotton-picking season. He said he was looking for something he could do. It was at a time when William needed cotton pickers as he had never needed them before. William was all ready to hire Mike. He told Mike he was paying sixty cents a hundred pounds brought in from the fields.

Mike shook his head as though he knew exactly what he wanted. Cotton picking was not it.

"No sirree. I don't pick no cotton," Mike said.

"But I haven't got any need for anybody else these days," William told him. "The cotton is falling on the ground, going to waste faster every day, and that is all I'm concerned about now."

"You always got need for something new, or something made of something old."

"What do you mean?"

"I make things," Mike said. "I just take what's thrown away and make it useful. Sometimes I like to make a thing just because it's pretty, though."

He picked up a stick of wood about a foot long and two or three inches thick. Nobody paid much attention to what he was doing, and William was sizing him up to be a tramp. He asked Mike if he had ever worked in the fields, and Mike said he had not. He asked him if he had ever worked on the river steamers, and Mike said no. In the cotton mills. Not ever. Railroads. No. William shook his head. He put Mike down a tramp. Mike stood there unconcerned. He scraped the wood with the knife blade and handed it to William. It was the smoothest-whittled wooden spoon anybody had ever seen. It looked as if it had been sandpapered and polished. It had taken Mike only the length of time he was standing there to do it. William turned the spoon over and over in his hand, felt of it. He liked it. and he knew he liked Mike. He smiled at him. Anybody who could do a thing like that deserved a better jacknife than Mike had. His was old and worn from much use. William reached into his own pocket for his knife. It had been a possession of his family for generations, a gift for his great-grandfather when the old gentleman had retired from business. The knife was the finest that could be bought, with a mother-of-pearl handle, and four blades. Something Mike needed, and would like. William took the knife out of his pocket and gave it to Mike. It was a pact between them.

Nobody said anything more to him about picking cotton in the fields. Mike walked around the yard looking at things for a while, and then he went around to the back of the house and looked inside the barn, the woodshed, the smokehouse, and the chickenrun. He looked in all the hen nests, and then he began carving nest-eggs out of some blocks of wood he found in the barn.

They were smooth and brown, and the laying hens liked them better than any other kind.

After he had made six or eight nest-eggs, he found something else to do. He never asked William or anybody if it was all right for him to do a thing, or if they wanted something made; he just went ahead and made whatever he felt like doing. The chairs Mike made were the most comfortable in the house, the plow-stocks were the strongest on the farm, and the weathervanes were the prettiest in the country.

"The trouble with Grandpa Rouse, he wasn't like me and you, Mike," William said. "The reason me and you are alike is that I get a notion to make things grow in the fields and you to make things with your hands. Grandpa Rouse didn't have that feeling in him. All he wanted was to find fault with what other people grow or make."

Mike was sad and dejected. He knew it would take him a long time to find another place where the people would let him stay and make things. He would be able to stop along the road now and then, of course, and make a chicken coop for somebody or build a pigpen; but as soon as he finished it, they would give him a leftover meal or a pair of old pants and tell him to go on his way. He knew all about the trouble he was going to have finding somebody who would let him stay and just make things. Some of them would offer him a job plowing in the fields, or working on a river steamer.

"I want to make things out of pieces of wood," Mike said. "I want to build things with my fingers." The people were going to find themselves too busy to see him when he came looking for work. They would turn stupid faces toward him and shut the door. The door had been shut before. He had had a good job in Perry some years ago, carving intricate designs for bedsteads and buffets. He worked harder than any other man in the little shop. He loved to linger over each piece of wood, carving it as perfect as his fingers would allow. Once there had been a deadline to meet on a rush order, and Mike had caused a delay. His boss lost the order and a considerable amount of money besides. Mike had always taken time with his work and on this occasion worked more slowly and carefully then before. Mike's work was taken from him by his angry boss before he had added his last touch. This worried him; everything had to be perfect.

And then came the day when his boss told them the news—the shop was changing hands. Mike and his friends knew there would be changes made, but they did not expect to see big machinery put in the shop. All the men had to learn how to use the new machines and Mike had tried learning too. Day after day he stood over his machine, working, trying. But he hated the way the heavy machine stamped the design from wood, and finally he had to leave. Remembering, he could not sit still. His hands began to tremble.

"What's the matter, Mike?" William asked him. "What makes you shake like that? Don't let what happened to Grandpa Rouse untie you."

"It's not that, it's something else."

"What else?"

"I'm going to find it hard not having a place to live where I can make things."

"I hate like everything to see you go," William said. "Somehow or other it don't seem right at all."

"But," William said, "the sheriff will make it hard for me if I fail to tell him what happened."

It was already the day after Grandpa Rouse had died, and the sheriff had to be told about it before Grandpa Rouse could be buried in the cemetery.

"But I don't want to do it, just the same," William said sadly. "It means driving you off, Mike, but I'd drive you off a dozen times before I'd let the sheriff find you here when he comes."

It hurt William so much to think about it he could not sit there and look at Mike. He got up and walked away by himself. When he came back, Mike was not there. But presently he saw Mike's head bobbing up and down behind the barn fence, and he was relieved. After a while he went into the house to change into clean overalls and shirt. He had to change before he could go into town, anyway. There was nothing to stop him from taking as much time as he wanted, though. He looked at two or three pairs of overalls before deciding which to put on. He liked to have a person like Mike around, because Mike was always making something, or getting ready to make something. That was what he liked about Mike. He was like the children when they came home from school, or on the holidays. They were busy at something, work or play, every minute they were awake.

When William finally came out into the yard, it was late in the afternoon.

"I don't like to go to town at this time of the day," he said to himself, looking toward the barn where Mike was, up at the sky, and back again toward the barn.

"It would mean coming back long after dark."

William walked around the house, to the garden several times, and finally toward the barnyard. He wondered more and more all the time what Mike was spending so much time down there for. Several times he had seen Mike come to the barn door, throw some trash and shavings outside, and then disappear again.

It grew dark soon and William did not see Mike again until the next morning. Mike was at the table eating breakfast when William came in and sat down.

"What's this?" William asked, standing up again suddenly.

"A little present for Grandpa Rouse," Mike said.

"But Grandpa Rouse is dead—"

" I made it to hang around his neck in the grave," Mike said. "I wanted to make something for him, but I thought he'd find so much fault with it if he was alive that I went ahead and made it all wrong just to please him."

It was a wooden chain two feet long, each link about the size of a fingernail, and attached to each one a different object. Mike had carved it from beginning to end since the afternoon before, sitting up all night to finish it.

"If Grandpa Rouse was alive, he'd be so tickled to get it he wouldn't want to find any fault with it, Mike. As it is, I don't know that I've ever seen a finer-looking present."

William sat down and picked up the chain to look at it more closely. The first object he looked at was a miniature chair with three legs shorter than the fouth one. He chuckled.

"I didn't think anybody but me remembered about that time when Grandpa Rouse quarreled so much about one of the chairs having one leg shorter than the others. I said one leg was shorter. Grandpa Rouse said three were short and one was long. Up to that time, that was about the biggest quarrel me and him ever had, wasn't it, Mike?"

Mike nodded.

William bent over to see what some of the other objects were. One was in the shape of a cactus with slivers of wood sticking out all over it for prickles. Grandpa's disposition, no doubt, thought William. Another object was a picture in a frame that looked upside down no matter which way it was turned.

Mike pushed back his chair and got up.

"This is too fine a thing to put in a grave, Mike," William said. "It would be a sin to bury a thing like this in the ground where nobody could ever see it again."

"I made it for a present to hang around Grandpa Rouse's neck," Mike said. "That's why I made it."

"Well," William said, shaking his head, "that being the case—I guess you've got the right to say—But it does seem a shame—"

Mike went out through the kitchen, down the steps, and across the yard to the barn. As soon as he got inside the barn door, he fired the shotgun.

William jumped to his feet, carrying the chain for Grandpa Rouse's neck with him.

"What did Mike shoot for?" he said. Then he went down to the barn. He opened the door and looked around.

"Mike? Mike! Are you all right?" he called. Stillness answered him.

He pulled back the ragged blanket that covered one stall in the barn and stepped into Mike's cubicle. Everything was in order, as Mike always kept it. His wooden cot, in the far corner, was covered with an old quilt, once used as a mattress pad, and it was pulled taut at the corners to cover up the sag in the middle of the cot's straw mattress. A packing box served as Mike's dresser. On top was a candle stuck in an old bottle for light, a few coins, and the knife. Inside the case dresser were a few back issues of *Country Day* and *Farm and Home.*

The pane in the small window chinked with old newspaper rattled, and William, startled, realizing for the first time how dreary Mike's room was.

"I should have made things better for him," William thought. "He worked so hard, he really did deserve something better."

The kids had often laughed at Mike and his small room. They took great delight in tearing it up so he would have to set everything in order again. He was so particular and fussy about his belongings, the kids liked teasing him. "I've got to take those kids in hand," William thought.

"But Mike, where is he," William asked himself. He pulled the blanket aside and stepped from the stall. Across the barn William saw two coffins, and walked quickly to them. Mike had done this work by hand last night too.

One coffin was very plain in comparison to the second. This one had elaborate scroll work on top and twisted handles at either end. Both coffins were so smooth, it was as if they had been sandpapered and polished, but William knew that only a pearl-handled knife and skilled hands had touched the wood.

As William turned to leave the barn, he saw Mike where he had fallen in the hay, the gun beside him.

He was slow about coming back to the house. He looked sad, but there was another look on his face at the same time. One moment he appeared as if he might cry; the next moment it was as though he felt so good he had to grin about it.

"Mike won't have to go now, after all." He grinned all over his face. "If Mike had stayed alive, I'd never have seen him again," he said to himself. He walked up on the porch and began looking at the chain again, picking out a link here and link there to stare at and feel with his fingers.

"Grandpa Rouse can be buried in the cemetery if he wants to," he said aloud, "but Mike is going to be buried right here in the backyard."

He felt the chain with all the fingers of both hands and held it up to gaze at in the sunlight.

"I want to have him around," he said.

AUTUMN (Haiku)

Michiko Takaki is a senior from Tokyo, Japan. Michiko who has completed majors in both English and history plans to return to Japan this summer. She has been studying the influence of the Japanese HAIKU on English and American modern poetry.

MICHIKO TAKAKI

CLOSING eyes,
The voice of the fall is
To my eyelids.

AUTUMN

WILD Chrysanthemums are
Indifferent to me,
A passer-by.

STUDYING ABROAD

IN a strange place,
I smell snow.
Christmas is near.

TO A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

A white chrysanthemum.
A docile day
I have had.

MISS AGATHA

Jo DeWeese, from Hugo, Oklahoma, is a junior English major. She was the editor of the 1951-52 Griffin and is now the literary editor of the 1952-53 Linden Leaves.

JO DE WEESE

SHE is old and of no color,
Dim-dressed in dusty black,
Brown-edged as is a fading rose
Faint-scented of summer . . .
Tired, as gardens in October
Drained by the hungry bees.
Yet the thousand proud-flown banners
That have gone before her
Move in the straightness of her back
And wave valiant in her eyes
That no longer see the streetlight.
(Banners stop for nothing).
So, grasping her prayerbook in black-gloved hand,
She pushes the world before her
With a walnut cane.

AMBIVALENCE

Rita McGee, from Mount Pulaski, Illinois, is a senior and an art major. In addition to her interest in art, Rita is also a member of the campus Poetry Society.

RITA MC GEE

SO the sleeping dog Desire has stirred,
smiled,
Then cursed the importunate and returned again
to a deep and
solemn
Sleep of confidence.

But the sleep-warned hand
clutches convulsively,
Grasping
a
nothingness.

YOUNG BARNEY

Bettegene Nebesnick graduated from Lindenwood in 1952. She is now doing graduate work in English at the University of Iowa. Bettegene plans to teach after she receives her M.A. degree.

BETTEGENE NEBESNICK

BARNEY, walking slowly, in order fully to savor the thrill of each unrestrained step, deliberately made his way to the northeast corner of the grounds. He stopped frequently along the way and stretched his head upwards with such great intensity that the muscles on either side of his neck grew into great bulges. Standing thus, with arms rigid at his side, he would pirouette around, slowly, carefully, so that nothing should escape his penetrating gaze; neither trees nor heavens, for that is all there was to see.

He peered through the spike-capped fence on the northeast corner with hungry eyes; his features distorted with wonder, incredulity, and infantilism. His magnificent young body produced a single tear, huge and swollen, that dribbled down the left side of his face only to fall off and spatter on his worn shirt. Inclining his head forward, he groped blindly for the bars of the fence. The fence supported the bulk of his body, which was wracked with great, dry sobs, that issued forth spasmodically. Soon all movement of his body ceased save the violent clutching and unclutching of his fists about the bars. Eventually this ceased and all was still. Barney threw back his head presently, and there, broadly and tightly stretched across his face, was a grin.

The sunlight cascaded through the tree branches and fell upon Barney in tiny rivulets. They toyed with the frayed edges of his clothing, which he was rolling gently between his forefinger and thumb, as he waited docilely for the approaching attendant to lead him back once again.

CHOUTEAU AND 18TH

Dorothy Neblett is a sophomore art major from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Besides her interest in painting, Dorothy is a member of the campus Poetry Society.

DOROTHY NEBLETT

COLD, brick walls
Crumble in silence,
And lost behind tattered shades
Eyes peek
At the carnival of souls.

Clicking heels
And rushing cars
Pass sidewalks
Marked with children's games.

From grayed-brick walls
The half-smile
And powdered face
Flap
In the wind of neglect.

A dancing newspaper
Joins skipping leaves
Which hurry to be trampled
By the details of time.

I KNOW WHY APRIL . . .

I know why April sprinkles earth
With gossamer light
And why nature's new scent
Effervesces,
And I know the secret
The hummingbirds
Sing,
For I went walking
One night
In an April rain
That slid me into
The heart of spring.

Bettegene Nebesnick

MUTABILITY

Patsy Waterfield is a freshman from Nashville, Tennessee. She plans to major in English. Her poem "Mutability" won first prize in the 1952-53 Poetry Society contest.

PATSY WATERFIELD

THREE words you pressed into the sand;
Came sun and calm, then blue-cold sea.
The sands have changed, and now I know
You never spoke the words to me.

DUSK ON MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND

AS I sat waiting
for the afternoon to end,
the heat that had swayed
in a flat curtain
across the sky all day
swung gently to a stop.
I saw a gull climb,
falter in a poised instant,
and plane away toward the red waves,
while the beach, darkening with effort,
crept closer to the water,
pausing again and again
to gather in its edge.
Then the sun suddenly dropped,
sizzling, into the sea,
and went out so quietly
evening was caught by surprise.

Carolyn Stuart

HOLIDAYS

Odette Cocusse is a senior from Ormoy-sur-Aube, France. After she has returned to France this summer, she will teach.

ODETTE COCUSSE

IT was a big event in the village when, at the beginning of the summer—the beginning of my vacation—two hundred kids from Paris came here to spend a month, camping. They arrived a Monday morning, very early, in five big yellow buses. They were shouting, screaming, yelling songs and laughing aloud in their joy. They waved to everyone, and, from their doorstep, all the farmers, and the farmers' wives, and the farmers' children waved them back a hearty welcome.

With the kids were ten young camp-counsellors, probably students or young men working in some office. I think they found the village boring after a while. Not too many girls to flirt with when they had some spare time; and the few village girls were not very attractive to those city boys. They must have been delighted when they saw Irene for the first time. She had only been in the village for two or three months. She was an orphan, and she had been sent here by her orphanage, to be the maid of an old, well-to-do couple who lived idly on the interest of some investments. She was rather pretty with straight dark hair, big eyes rather vacant-looking, a tiny freckled nose, a mouth as high as it was wide. Maybe this impression of a very high mouth came from the fact that she never closed it completely. For a girl of sixteen, her hips really were too large; but her legs were lovely. She probably knew it; as soon as the camp-counsellors were in the village, she began wearing shorts.

She had no friends. Sometimes, you would see her playing with some very young girl as if she were ten years old. I never could understand her. The city boys could not either, probably. I don't think they even tried. They enjoyed flirting with her; she enjoyed having someone who paid attention to her, and the back-biters of the village enjoyed having something to gossip about.

After a month, the kids left. The camp-counsellors too. After all the excitement was over, everyone began looking forward to the big event of the season: the hunt banquet, which was to be held in the only cafe of the village.

Chickens were killed, eggs were brought to the cafe by dozens, cakes were ordered from the baker. One day before the banquet, the owner of the cafe began tearing his hair, because he thought he did not have enough wine. Nevertheless, when the great day came, everything worked out fine.

At five o'clock, the banquet was nearly over, and the men were drinking coffee. One of them was smoking a big cigar and his neighbours were making fun of him and calling him "American." The air was thick with smoke; it was very hot. The huntsmen had been eating and drinking a little too much. Most of them had red faces, and perspiration shone on their foreheads, and along their noses. Some had taken off their ties, rolled them into their pockets and unbuttoned the upper part of their shirts. Through the opening of the shirt of Crevisy, a wealthy dairy farmer, you could see the blond hair which covered his chest, among which something was shining: a little silver cross, hanging on a very thin silver chain. Crevisy was just telling how he had bought a

good cow for a very low price from a farmer of a village in the neighborhood. He was playing both his part and the part of the seller:

" 'You can't do that to me,' I told him. 'I have got four children and a sick wife at home . . .' "

His audience burst into laughter. At a near table, an old farmer with gray hair was telling of his last hunting adventure, and he punctuated his tale by hitting the table with his fist . . . Another group was just roaring. The old drunkard of the village sat there, more drunk than ever, and he was trying to explain for the fourth time how he had caught the biggest trout which has ever been caught by man.

Yes, it was a very fine banquet.

Then, one of the men saw Irene, peeping at them through the open door. He was a tall fellow, rather handsome, with silver in his dark hair and wrinkles on his forehead. If he did not have the heavy long slow step that ploughing gives to the farmers, it was only because he did not go ploughing. He preferred to let his employees work alone while he played cards in the cafe with some dairy farmer, or had a coffee party with the women while their husbands were working in the fields. He was well-known all around the country for his hunting-dogs, his Jeep, and his love affairs.

"Oh! Come on, girl!" he shouted. "Come in and have a drink with us."

He had a smile which pulled up only one corner of his mouth—very ironical and a bit cruel; the smile he usually had when he was talking to a girl, especially to the one he knew . . . very well.

She smiled back at him, stood on one foot, then on the other. She bent a little forward, keeping her legs straight and bending not from the waist but from the hips.

"Oh, no, I'll not go," she said.

"Yes, come on, my lovely," said the drunkard. "Come and sit with me."

He stood up, grasping the table, then began moving toward the girl. He was zig-zagging across the room and the whole assembly just roared. The girl stood where she was, not knowing what to do, still smiling at the handsome fellow who had first called her. The drunkard grabbed her arm.

"Kiss me, sweet," he said.

She looked at him as if she were going to bite him. Then she slapped his face twice, with all her strength.

"You, big stupid," she screamed. She turned her back and began running.

Everyone was talking about this incident when I went to the municipal washhouse, some days later. I don't like washing in the washhouse. You have to kneel on the wet stone, near the basin, to bend above the water, to rub your washing with a brush, to put it down in the water, lift it up and twist it. My knees and back always ached after a while. I don't like washing. But—it has to be done.

When I arrived, four women were already there: three of them were farmers' wives; the other one was Margot, the carpenter's wife, the nosiest woman in the village—a short, bony creature with a long thin nose, a lipless mouth, and quick-moving eyes.

Laure, one of the farmers' wives, who was washing a sheet, straightened her back, lifted up the sheet, twisted it; soapy water bubbled out. Just like

that; in the twinkle of an eye. It seemed so easy; her three fat chins did not even move. I don't understand why I can't do it.

"What do you think about Irene?" asked Genevieve, another well-known back-biter.

"Well, I just don't know her enough to have an opinion. She has not had a happy life, I guess, and . . ."

"That is not a reason to hang around men, the way she does."

Her back straightened, her fist on her hips, Margot snapped out her indignation in a very high voice. She had stopped washing to deliver us her vehement speech:

"Did you see her going around in shorts to show her legs when those camp-counsellors were here? Did you see her when she talked with boys? The way she talks, the way she looks at them! Did she need to hang around the cafe when the banquet was held there? Believe me, she is . . . ."

We never knew what she was. A wheelbarrow stopped in front of the door. Irene, who had been pushing it, waved at us, told us good morning, took down two big pails full of washing and carried them inside. She knelt near Margot and began telling I don't know what fish-story about I don't know whom. It was about some love affair. At least I know that.

It was a fairly long time before I went back to the washhouse. I found Margot there, washing a shirt. At least, that was what she was supposed to be doing. She looked very excited:

"I told you, I told you!" she snapped at me. "To you, Irene is as innocent as a lamb. Well, the lamb is pregnant. She is going to leave tomorrow. I think her grandmother is still living, I don't know where."

Her yellow eyes had never been so shining. Suddenly, they looked straight at the door. I looked too. Irene was coming, her mouth as open as ever. She smiled, said good morning. She carried some clothes in one pail, probably her own washing. She knelt near Margot, took a blue slip out of the pail, began soaping it.

"How silent you are," she said.

Then, it was time for me to go back to town. Autumn was coming. Cold was coming. I had to go back to teaching.

I don't remember why I went back to the village for a weekend. Oh yes, I know. It was the end of October, and I wanted to pick apples in my orchard. The first person I met was Genevieve.

"Have you heard from Irene?" I asked.

"Oh yes! I have been told that she had her baby and he was born dead. Well, it is better for her . . . Excuse me, I am afraid it will rain and we have potatoes to pick. Last year, it rained so much that we had to leave half of them on the fields, buried in the mud. I fear the same will happen this year."

She was right. An hour later, large drops of rain were beating against my window.

INSOMNIA

NIGHT comes . . .
But no clean wind
Blows away the swollen
And red-eyed memories
That dance distorted
To a drum pounding chorus
Of words that echo
Again and again against
The blank walls of silence.

Jo DeWeese

TRIVIA

BUBBLES
Floating,
Blithely skimming
Polished surfaces
Leaving
Unoccupied depths
Unoccupied—
For how can vacuum
Pierce vacuum?

Bettegene Nebesnick

STOMP DANCE

Betty Jack Littleton graduated from Lindenwood in 1951 with MAGNA CUM LAUDE for her honors work, a collection of poems entitled BETWEEN THE MOON AND THE THISTLE.

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

DUST clogs the sky
Settles on dry faces
Of women stirring pots of food,
And men lining the shade of trees
Like chiseled monoliths.

Season of Green Corn—
The axis of belief
Hinges on summer solstice.

Night flattens the prairie.
Curdles milky edges of light
In a brush arbor
Where the chief speaks of friendship.
Empty symbols crash
Like glass upon silence.
Sound beats from the tom tom,
Hollow as the spirits prodding human forms
To rise and join the fetish dance,
To praise the gods of the Senecas
To celebrate the season of Green Corn.

SEA STORY

Min Hi Oh, from Seoul, Korea, is a senior and an English major. Next year she plans to do graduate work in the United States. In this tentative draft of a play "Sea Story" she has attempted to present some of the viewpoints and problems of the Korean people.

MIN HI OH

Scene: A small island in South Korea, where the people fish and grow oranges. The season is the early summer of 1949. The scene is the front garden of the house, which has something like a veranda in front of it where the family chatter and eat. At the back of the house is the high bluff overlooking the sea. The weather is very mild although often they have tempests and storms. It is a beautiful island with deep blue sky and balmy air. It has a very high mountain in the center; they call it Mt. Hanla. Even before the Korean War, the communist guerrillas had occupied the mountain hoping to destroy the South Korean Government. The people had carried on a simple and peaceful life uninfluenced by materialism and the conflict between two great political ideas, until the guerrilla movement established itself in the island. The guerrillas came down from the mountain and took away food and livestock to feed themselves in order to carry out their so called "sacred war for the salvation of suffering people under the tyranny of the capitalist influence."

On the veranda there are two benches and a square, bare table. On the left hand of the stage, there is a pile of half dried fish on the straw mat and piled fishing nets beside it.

Characters:

Kil Do Kang.....A fisherman, the father of the main character Ok Sun, called by the people, "Kang."

In Won Kang.....Wife of Kil Do Kang, mother of Ok Sun, Diver.

Ok Sun Kang.....The main character, a girl eighteen years old, a diver.

Moo Yong Kim.....Only teacher of Grammar School in the village.

Chang Suk Kim.....Mother of Moo Yong Kim.

Jin Sim Kim.....Blind sister of Moo Yong Kim.

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(Ok Sun and her mother are mending the nets behind the table.)

Mrs. Kang: Did you close the kitchen window, Ok Sun? (Ok Sun nods, mending the fishing nets.) The wind is rising. I hope your father is back soon from sea.

Ok Sun: (Shrugging her shoulders) He will be back unless the storm swallows him.

Mrs. Kang: (Rather sharply) That's no way to talk. Your grandfather used to say he was brave, whatever else he was.

Ok Sun: (Sarcastically) He's brave. But it's not the sea you're afraid of, is it?

Mrs. Kang: Ok Sun, don't blame him. I have seen a worst drunkard than he. Men, especially those who work hard risking their lives, seem to need liquor. He is not the only one who drinks heavily.

Ok Sun: (Bitterly) Mama, you will get the first prize from Confucius for saying that. I don't want to be married if it makes me blind like you. You make him worse that way. Of course, I know it is useless to say anything against him, but still aren't you mad when you see him drinking away the last penny we've got to pay for the sheep?

Mrs. Kang: (Sighing deeply) I know he is not what he ought to be lately. But it is useless to say anything to him. I can't quit from being his wife.

Ok Sun: (Sarcastically) Not only that, you can't quit from loving him in spite of all those disgusting things he does.

Mrs. Kang: Well, well, maybe you are right. But I can't help it.

Ok Sun: You can help it! (Helplessly) That is the beginning of your tragedy.

Mrs. Kang: Tragedy? It might be a tragedy. But what else can I do? And now, don't tell me you can help me.

Ok Sun: Of course. I wouldn't be blind like you . . .

Mrs. Kang: Yes, yes. You are my daughter. You have half of my blood. Only you have inherited your father's stubbornness.

Ok Sun: Well, well.

Mrs. Kang: Don't you remember? When you were five years old, you were so scared holding a can which had two big frogs in it? When one of the frogs jumped out from the can, you lost consciousness. Poor Kim was so frightened when he came to tell us about it. He was breathless and pale. After you had recovered, I told you that you didn't have to hold the can if you were so much scared by those poor creatures. You said "Mama, I like Kim, and if I don't do what he wants me to do, he will not take me anywhere." I really don't like frogs, but I thought I'd rather hold the can than hear him say, "If you are scared by frogs, don't come with me. I am going to catch a thousand of them. Wait right there." Isn't it enough to explain what I mean? (pointing to Ok Sun).

Ok Sun: Did I say that? But I don't trust your memory, mama.

Mrs. Kang: Yes, you did. Now what are you going to answer to Mr. Lim's proposal? You said you don't love Kim. If that is true, you have to say yes to Mr. Lim.

Ok Sun: Here comes this marriage business again. Mama, what did you get out of your marriage? Humiliation! Slavery! Backache! Is it worth while to give up one's freedom and independence for the brief passion of man? I won't marry unless I

love somebody; I *will* be responsible for myself. I don't want to marry the way you did. I don't love Mr. Lim either.

Mrs. Kang: Look here child . . . don't get excited so easily. We don't want you to marry the man you don't love, but . . .

Ok Sun: (Rather mockingly) But think of the comfortable, lazy life you will have being Mr. Lim's wife . . . think of money. . . think of better surroundings . . . That is what you want to say, isn't it?

Mrs. Kang: Well, well, I won't say anymore. You are as stubborn as your father. Don't tell me anything bad about him. You are both very much alike in some ways. But listen, Ok Sun. When we married, we didn't have to save our money for the future. If we worked, I got enough money to live on. But don't you hear about the starving people who have been robbed of all their stock of food by the communists? If they have some money they can buy the food, but they didn't think of it until they faced the reds. Now, the people are nervous about the future. Everybody feels insecure, and we have come to realize the importance of saving money.

Ok Sun: It's a joke when the Communists teach the importance of money! You're quite a cynic! That is your masterpiece, mama. They teach the unimportance of individual property, or so they say.

Mrs. Kang: Ok Sun, listen! A woman is made to love the man who loves her best. I want you to have what I have missed in my marriage. They say Mr. Lim's father has left him plenty of money which he earned by trading with the Chinese. He doesn't have to earn his living now; just paints a few pictures, now and again. You remember how pretty and well dressed his sisters were last summer. When . . .

Ok Sun: Mama, please stop talking about that old story. Anyway, I don't care for big money, and I can't do with a man who doesn't have to work for his living.

Mrs. Kang: He has everything—money, education, and he is very handsome, too. Aren't you proud of being proposed to by a nice city boy? It is a very rare chance for a girl in this island. All the things we couldn't afford to give . . . When he saw you the first time on the shore . . .

Ok Sun: Here we go again . . . you're repeating yourself, and you enjoy it. It is the only occasion when your face is happy.

Mrs. Kang: (Disregarding her) According to what he said to Kim, you know, you have a wild beauty. I don't know what he means by "wild beauty." (smiling wryly) You don't look like a lion. But I can see, when you raise your stubborn head, and open your eyes wide to look up at something you are certainly beautiful. He said, "under your determinedly calm mask, he had a glimpse of blooming sentiment which Eve had lost in the paradise of Eden." He said he had seen the strongest passion and hatred in your calm face, and he was fascinated. (More excited) He thinks that your profile and black straight hair without any artificial wave are the masterpiece of God. He

doesn't like the permanent waves of Seoul women. I like it, though. Kim said all this when he brought his proposal. Kim was red when he spoke to us. Poor boy . . . it was hard for him to do this when he loves you himself, but he is a good man. Then seeing our gladness, he became calm and stiff. He is so nice, although he hasn't those privileges which . . .

Ok Sun: Oh mama, you like all the boys around this place, don't you? . . .

Mrs. Kang: Why are you so stubborn? Don't you think he is a wonderful boy? You don't have to act as if he is your enemy. (smiling cunningly) Sometimes, a girl's hostility toward a boy could mean just the opposite . . . .

Ok Sun: Oh, you make me mad. All right then, he *is* a wonderful boy, smart, handsome . . . .

Mrs. Kang: Yes. Surely he is. I know you like him.

Ok Sun: (Hotly) Won't you stop that nonsense mama? I can't stand it.

Mrs. Kang: All right, my dear, but if you still have that warmhearted feeling toward him, and it's natural when you've been playmates since you were five-years old, you might have pitied him when he brought Mr. Lim's proposal.

Ok Sun: Why? What are you talking about?

Mrs. Kang: Well, I felt he had some interest in you, and I was convinced about it more when he brought Mr. Lim's proposal. (Ok Sun shrugs her shoulders) He became gradually pale and calm and uninterested when he knew we were delighted by the proposal. Poor boy. It seemed that he couldn't refuse to bring it, since he is the only one friend of Mr. Lim's in this island.

Ok Sun: (Laughs) Ha, ha. You really do have a wonderful imagination. (serious) Yes, he is a nice boy, but that doesn't mean I love him. Don't get all mixed up, mama.

Mrs. Kang: Since he came to the island the kids have been so happy in the school. If he hadn't had the courage to challenge the Governor, they wouldn't be getting a new school building and equipment. You know we all respect him. But his poor mother, she is worrying about him so much . . .

Ok Sun: Why? Why does she have to worry about her son?

Mrs. Kang: You see, he has been strongly influenced by all this talk about communism. He even joined the communist party while he was studying on the mainland. But now he realizes what the communists do in this island. He said the other day "at first, communism came from deep sympathy for the suffering of the common people; it was affection, and the desire to drive out the evil in society. Now it has become the slave of one man's creed, just totalitarianism. What is totalitarianism? I am ignorant. I don't understand it all, but I'm sure that they are doing wrong here."

Ok Sun: You said you are ignorant. All right, I am ignorant, too. I never went to high school. That is the reason why I can't marry Mr. Lim, we are so different in every aspect. As different as a star in heaven and a sea-shell on the beach.

Mrs. Kang: Again you are talking nonsense. Let's stop talking about Mr. Lim then. By the way, what happened yesterday when Kim came to us? You looked so angry after he had left.

Ok Sun: I was angry with myself. Now! Don't let your imagination run away with you, mama. You would be angry if anybody refused your kindness toward her so many times. That was it. He likes to educate me. (Laughs) . . . He can't marry a girl who is very ignorant like me. That makes me so mad. Sometimes he acts as if he is saying "I know you like me, don't be foolish." So confident! I don't love anybody. I told him.

Mrs. Kang: (Smiling) Well, I hope your father doesn't hear me. I loved another boy at first, but it was a big secret between us. There were no girls on the island at that time who had married of their free will. I was kind of scared of being in love. When my father said, "you are supposed to marry Kang," I tried to love him, and I eventually found myself in love with him.

Ok Sun: Tried to love somebody!

Mrs. Kang: That is life. That is what life turns up for us. Nobody knows! (She tries to get up, but stumbles.)

Ok Sun: What is the matter Mama? (She helps her to get up) What do you want?

Mrs. Kang: Oh, I was going to get a drink of water. I don't know what's wrong with me. I have a pain in my legs, and my back aches. But I can walk. It happens to me once in a while.

Ok Sun: (Resentfully) The wickedness of it all. He made you like this. I will get you some water. Stay right here mama. (She goes in the house, Mrs. Kang slowly sits down again, sighing deeply. She thinks for a minute; then picks up the nets again. Ok Sun comes out with water.) The cursed house! The cursed land! (To herself)

Mrs. Kang: Hush! Ok Sun, didn't you hear anything? (The voices of fishermen are heard from the shore.)

Ok Sun: (Bitterly) His Majesty comes back to the golden palace. (They put the nets aside. Mrs. Kang goes into the house. Ok Sun looks down to the shore. Kang appears with several other fishermen. He holds a jar of wine. He is already half drunk.)

Mr. Kang: Sit down everybody. (He throws his staff on the ground.) Hey! Mom! (Mrs. Kang appears.) Bring out cups here. (She looks at him for a moment, and goes in the house helplessly.) It's going to be another stormy day. (Mrs. Kang appears with cups)

Mrs. Kang: What did you catch? (He is silent.) Oh, tell me. We have got the sheep to pay for.

Mr. Kang: Shut up! You spoil my mood. Go! Go away! (Mrs. Kang goes to the nets, rearranging them, casting side glances at him.) Let's drink, friends. Help yourself. The Japanese steal our fish and the guerrillas take our cattle and savings. Nothing is left except useless complaining wives like that one over there. (Mrs. Kang tries to move some nets. She looks tired.) Hey!

Can't you even take up that net? Anybody would think you had built a house singlehanded. Damn useless witch!

Fisherman A: Kang! look here. Don't . . .

Mrs. Kang: (Resigned) Oh, never mind. Let him say anything. I don't care. We are used to his tongue. It doesn't hurt me any more. Let him say what he likes and drink what he likes.

Mr. Kang: Won't you shut up, woman? I earned it, and I am going to drink. Get out of here. (Still standing among the nets.) Get out, I say.

Mrs. Kang: All right, I will go away. But listen to me. What are you going to do about paying for the sheep? I have run out of excuses. I can't meet Al's wife again, empty handed.

Mr. Kang: (Standing up and throwing his cup. It is shattered near her feet.) That's for the devil! I won't feed you if you make me mad like this.

Mrs. Kang: (Standing among the broken pieces of the cup.) Kang, I only wanted you to be reasonable, and consider the debt that ought to have been paid long ago. Please remember it. I'll go away. (She disappears.)

Mr. Kang: And don't come back here. (Drinking from the jar.) Woo, it's good.

Fisherman B: (nudging his neighbour) Stolen sweets are best.

Fisherman A: Another's wine has better taste. (They laugh)

Mr. Kang: By the way, did you people hear about the guerillas? They came down from the mountain last night and took all the grain and cattle in Chiwon. There were nearly fifty. They kidnapped fourteen young men and nine girls, too.

Fisherman A: Girls? What for? This is the first time they've taken girls.

Mr. Kang: Be careful, boy! If they come they wouldn't miss your wife.

Fisherman A: Kidnap my wife, as thin as a naked poplar tree?

Fisherman B: Hey! She is still very nice looking. (He laughs sardonically)

Fisherman A: Let them go ahead and take her. Anyway she is the only property I have. They will feed her better than I do now.

Mr. Kang: (Becomes more and more drunk) Hee . . . don't be sissy, brother. Let them take our last stocks of grain. Let the Japanese catch all our fish. Let city women eat our oranges and let the city men smoke our tobacco and drink our wine.

Fisherman B: (Sarcastically) Gracious God! Oh, Heavenly Father, Thou art merciful giving stones to eat instead of bread, giving snakes to eat instead of fish . . .

Fisherman A: Stop brother! That's blasphemy.

Mr. Kang: Look here, boy. (He laughs) . . . you seem to be influenced by your wife.

Fisherman A: I am not a Christian, but I know we shouldn't talk like that about God.

Mr. Kang: Shut up, Puritan! Why not? (He drinks the last drop) Hey— Come here, woman! (Nobody answers) Nobody there? Ok Sun! Witch's brat!

(She comes out from the house.)

Fisherman B: Witch's brat! Good gracious! She is bigger than her mother now.

Mr. Kang: You go to Al's shop, and tell him I want some more wine, and I will pay for it tomorrow. Understand?

Ok Sun: You'd better drink sea water. That will do you less harm than that stuff.

Mr. Kang: Keep your mouth shut, daughter. Go right ahead!

Fisherman A: Kang, I am going back (standing) and you people had better not drink any more. (He exits. Another is getting up from the seat)

Kang: Stay here, fellows. I want you to drink too. Hey! Ok Sun, hurry!

Ok Sun: I am not going. (Defiantly) Papa, I've got a bone in my leg.

Kang: Damned witch! What did you do all afternoon? The nets are not repaired yet. You damned . . . (Fisherman B fills the tobacco in his pipe and lights it. He sneaks out silently.)

Ok Sun: I was watching the sea from the window. That's the only comfort there is, looking at the sea. You can't forbid me doing it.

Kang: Look at the sea. What happiness did it ever bring to you?

Ok Sun: None. You will never understand. I feel as though I were born in the sea, and my spirit lives there. I will go back soon. When I dive the beauty under the water fascinates me. Yes. I will go back soon . . .

Kang: Won't you stop that nonsense?

Ok Sun: It's clean, and when the tides rise and fall they carry me with them.

Kang: If you won't shut your mouth, I will shut it for you. (He lurches up to her. She runs into the house.) Devil catch you. (Mrs. Kang appears) Come on, mom. Here! Here! Why do you look at me like that? I am not groggy.

Mrs. Kang: You're tottering on your feet. You should not have drunk so much.

Kang: I say I am not groggy. (Comes near to her. She stands still) What have you been doing, ha? Nothing? Why don't you go into the water? You don't look that old to quit diving. My mother used to dive when she was over sixty. Don't you hear me?

Mrs. Kang: (Quietly) I have mended your fishing nets. What do you want me to do now?

Kang: Oh, don't act like an angel! (hitting her) I can't stand that attitude and your Bible talk. (Mrs. Kang has fallen on the ground with subdued screams.) Damned woman! No peace at home! Why do I have to pay for the sheep? Those devils from the mountain would take them someday. Not only sheep, but everything. (He drinks some water, looking at his wife on the ground. He suddenly puts the cup on the table. His shoulders slump. He comes near to her. The wind blows very strong. There are shouting voices down the cliff.)

Get up mom! (Rather softly. She is silent, and looks as though she has lost consciousness.) Mom! (He shakes her, she doesn't move. He looks terrified.) Mom! Wake up! Oh, wake up; do, dear! (He embraces her, watches her and kisses her) Forgive me, dear! (She moves her hand a little. He runs to the table and brings the water.) Drink it, darling. Oh, forgive me. I love you, dear, you know that . . . but that devil springs out from me sometimes. I love you, dear, believe me . . . (He kisses her again. She begins crying. The kitchen door is slightly opened, and Ok Sun looks out, and then shuts it quietly. Kim's mother, and her blind daughter appear.)

Mrs. Kim: Good afternoon, Kang. Oh, what's happened? (She approaches Mrs. Kang.) Good Heavens! In Won, I will help you to get up. Kang, I think you'd better go down to the shore, and see what is going on there. Something is wrong. It will help you cool your hot head. I will take care of your wife. (He looks back at his wife, then goes out. Ok Sun comes out, and runs to her mother.)

Ok Sun: Poor mother! Are you all right? You are crying . . . (She caresses her mother's hair.)

Mrs. Kim: Ok Sun, let's take her to bed. She needs some rest. (They help her to walk. Mrs. Kim disappears into the house. Ok Sun helps to open the door. She looks around and notices the blind girl sitting in the corner.)

Ok Sun: How are you coming along with your knitting?

Jin Sim: I am about through with the stole.

Ok Sun: That's wonderful.

Jin Sim: I really like doing that. When I knit I have to concentrate my mind because, you know, I cannot see. So it helps me a lot to forget everything.

Ok Sun: What do you have to forget, darling? You are too young to say that. You'd better not think so much.

Jin Sim: Well, I think you don't know about me. I feel that I shall miss something wonderful in the future because I am blind. Something terribly thrilling!

Ok Sun: Poor child, quit thinking of that. Life is not as simple as you think, Jin Sim. You are lucky in some ways. If you could see all the things going on here, you might want to be blind, as I do sometimes. (Mrs. Kim comes out.) How is mother?

Mrs. Kim: She is all right I guess.

Ok Sun: Poor mother! Poor father! I can't hate him. I am coming to know why mother loves him so much. He is nasty, he is a drunkard, he doesn't care for his family, but mother loves father. Yes, she does! Woman! I hate myself for being born a woman. But now . . . it's my secret. Sometimes I . . .

Mrs. Kim: I what?

Ok Sun: I feel a keen happiness because I am a woman. I can tell there is something marvellous waiting for me. Not only happiness but sadness too. Something . . . for it I could sacrifice my life,

for it I could drink poison with a smile. Often I cry without any reason, and then I watch the sea. It makes me calm.

Mrs. Kim: Dear angel! Why should you cry? There is a well educated, fine city boy like a prince in the fairy story waiting for your answer. You will wear silk dresses and sit in a comfortable room doing nothing. When you want something all you have to do is to call the servant. Seoul! I'd like to see Seoul sometime.

Ok Sun: Oh, you don't understand me. I don't love him at all. Besides, we were brought up in very different circumstances. When I say that a marvellous thing is waiting for me in my future, I don't mean anything material. It would be a tragedy for some people. He is not my kind. He would be ashamed of me if he married a diving woman.

Mrs. Kim: The people say he has painted your picture all through the summer. Did you see it?

Ok Sun: Yes, of course. But I couldn't tell that it is I, and I was so disappointed. It wasn't a pretty painting at all. I should say ugly. I told him that. He said with a big smile "you don't understand modern art."

Mrs. Kim: Does he still want you to marry him?

Ok Sun: I don't know.

Mrs. Kim: You don't know?

Ok Sun: He said he would wait a year for my answer, and a week ago, he wrote that he is coming here soon. It will soon be a year. But grandma, I can't marry him. I told you.

Mrs. Kim: Why not, dear?

Ok Sun: I told you, I don't love him.

Mrs. Kim: Well, Ok Sun, you will love him if you marry him.

Ok Sun: Oh, no! That is what my poor mother is trying hard to tell me. No, I can't. I know myself better than anybody else. No matter how angry my father would be I will say "no" to him. He will kill me if I say "no," but I've got to say it, I've got to.

Mrs. Kim: You might be right. Young people should do what they want. The way I've treated my son. By the way, has Kim been here today?

Ok Sun: No. Why?

Mrs. Kim: I haven't seen him all day. The summer vacation started yesterday, and you know he doesn't have to go to school early in the morning. But he left home very early this morning as if the noisy kids were waiting for him.

Ok Sun: (Looks irritated.) Don't worry, he will come back for supper. But he'd better be careful. You know the Reds are appearing everywhere lately.

Mrs. Kim: I told him that. But he smiled and said "I will be careful, mama," as if I am worrying about something very stupid.

Ok Sun: He will come back soon.

Mrs. Kim: Well, I hope so. I am so proud of my son. He is so eager to help the village people to write, besides his hours in the school. So sweet to his blind sister, who is just a burden for him.

Ok Sun: Hush! poor Jin Sim might hear it. (The blind girl nervously moves in her seat, looking vacantly into her lap.)

Mrs. Kim: (Whispering) Poor thing! . . . Ok Sun . . did Kim tell you anything?

Ok Sun: About what?

Mrs. Kim: Well, he seems happy and healthy, yet I feel he is worrying over something. He is very nervous once in a while. I know he doesn't sleep much.

Ok Sun: Nervous? How come?

Mrs. Kim: Ok Sun, promise me. It is a secret.

Ok Sun: What is it?

Mrs. Kim: See, you remember he made a public statement that was printed in the newspaper, that he would like to withdraw from the communist party. He had dropped all those ideas and we thought he was received by the people.

Ok Sun: Wasn't he?

Mrs. Kim: No, the other day he found that the police are suspicious of his conversion, and the Reds, too, are looking for the chances to kill him. Now his name is on both black lists.

Ok Sun: He should be careful then, especially with these ruthless Reds around this place.

Mrs. Kim: You don't know the situation, he has to be careful with both. The guerrillas knew so well the weaknesses of the police around here that the police came to take him as a spy, and they think he tried to cheat them by making false statements.

Ok Sun: That's horrible. Something has to be done for him. He is not a communist. That is as sure as we are living. He only wanted to bring about some better way of living for the common people. But they'll never believe that. I'm afraid they'll do him some harm. Here I go looking on the dark side of things. (But Ok Sun is serious.) Excuse me, I am going to mother. (She goes into the house.)

Mrs. Kim: (Looks at her daughter.) Jin Sim, what's happened? (The blind girl raises her head smiling, tears in her eyes.)

Jin Sim: Nothing, mama . . . I was . . . I was listening to the wind. It is interesting. If you listen to it attentively, you will hear many kinds of song in it. I like hearing the wind. Mama, does wind have any colour?

Mrs. Kim: No, my dear.

Jin Sim: What is blue? What is red? You say my blue dress and so on.

Mrs. Kim: (Half crying) You listen to the wind dear, and find beauty in it. Perhaps one day you'll get to go to the school for the blind and deaf . . . I know Kim would like that for you. Though. where in Heaven's name the money is coming from, I don't know.

Jin Sim: I don't want to go away from you and Kim. I like the wind in this island. They say if I go to the mainland, I wouldn't hear the wind as I hear it now. But if I know what colour the wind has, I will be satisfied.

Mrs. Kim: (Comes near to her.) Oh, poor girl. You'd better not to see the world. It is not as beautiful as you dream.

Jin Sim: Sorry, mama. I didn't mean to make you sad. (Ok Sun comes out)

Ok Sun: (Looking at the mother and the daughter) What's the matter, grandma? What's wrong?

Jin Sim: Oh, never mind. I made her sad. I asked her what is the colour of the wind.

Ok Sun: Is that it? Jin Sim, dear, it hasn't any colour. Nothing! As blank as somebody's head. The world might not be . . . (A man comes in.)

The Man: Hallo.

Ok Sun and Mrs. Kim: Hallo.

Ok Sun: Can I help you? (Inquiringly and suspiciously)

The Man: (Ignoring her) Are you Mrs. Kim? (He looks into Mrs. Kim's eyes.)

Mrs. Kim: (Withdrawing a little) Yes, I am. What can I do for you?

The Man: (Arrogantly) When did your son leave this morning? Did he tell you where he was going? Now tell me honestly. (Everybody seems frightened).

Mrs. Kim: (Looking at him pleadingly, and speaking very slowly.) Well . . . he left home early in the morning. He didn't tell us anything. We didn't see him after that. Who are you? You are not a local person. Could I ask your name?

The Man: My name is Paik. Thanks, Good-bye. (exit. They watch him going away.)

Mrs. Kim: Wait a minute . . Oh, no, I have to tell him that my son is not a communist. I have to . . . I have to tell him if the police make innocent people suffer they'll never do any good for us. . . . (Still looking at the door from which the man has disappeared.)

Ok Sun: There is something wrong with Kim! Something! I know but I can't tell . . .

Mrs. Kim: Poor boy! I know it too. Oh! God have mercy upon us. He was so shocked when the guerrillas killed his friends who had been communists. They changed their mind when they saw what the reds are actually doing here. Like Kim. Kim went white when he heard of it. I am afraid of . . . the man. Who is that man?

Jin Sim: I know who he is . . .

Ok Sun: You do?

Jin Sim: Yes. About a week ago, I was hearing the wind on the shore, and it was he. I am pretty sure. A man came to me and asked about Kim.

Mrs. Kim: Oh, dear, you didn't tell us that?

Jin Sim: I told Kim, but I didn't tell you. I knew it would upset you. Kim said "don't tell mother about it."

Ok Sun: What did he ask?

Jin Sim: The same questions. But after he left there, the girls on the beach were talking about the man. He came from Seoul, and he often stays late in the police station. I remember his voice.

Mrs. Kim: Then . . . then . . . Oh, Ok Sun! What shall I do? Where is my son? Tell me . . . oh, tell me.

Jin Sim: Mama, don't worry, he will come here.

Ok Sun: How do you know?

Mrs. Kim: Please stop talking nonsense dear. It's not the time to talk nonsense. What shall I do if that man is going to . . .

Jin Sim: Kim will come here anyway. He will come to see Ok Sun.

Ok Sun: (Angrily) Jin Sim, you are silly! I tell you, you are very, very silly now.

Jin Sim: Yes, I am silly. But I know it. The Reds and the police are not the only reason why he is nervous. I am blind but I could hear, Ok Sun. He loves you. He loves you very, very much. (Ok Sun withdraws from her.)

Mrs. Kim: (Desperately) Jin Sim, what are you talking about?

Jin Sim: You know it too, mama. You said "Poor boy, he'd better forget about her. She'll never think of marrying him."

Mrs. Kim: Oh, you are stupid tonight. It is not the time to talk like this. That man was from Seoul. I don't know why I am shaking. My dream last night was terrible. Oh, it was a horrible dream . . . Don't . . . please don't take away my son!

Ok Sun: They wouldn't take him away. The man must be his friend. (But she doesn't believe what she says.)

Mrs. Kim: Yes, they will! Oh, tell me what can I do for him now. I cannot stand here like this. Kim! Where are you? Poor, poor boy . . . (For a while nobody says anything.) Please don't kill him, please don't . . . Everyone makes mistakes. He is not a communist any more. If I am lying, go ahead, kill me . . . (Falls down on the ground sobbing. The blind girl approaches her mother awkwardly and timidly.)

Ok Sun: Poor mother, poor Kim! Why should Kim and mother suffer? Why should sweet Jin Sim be blind? What is this misery? Why? . . . (Several fishermen come in.)

Fisherman: Mom! (excitedly) Look here. You'd better go home and wait for your son to come back. He went to Chiwon to investigate the damage of the red attack last night. They burned up the school there. Kim heard about it and he said he is going to do something for the school. I think he is on the way back now. Hurry, mom.

Ok Sun: How would that help?

Fisherman: Listen! We got news that the police are going to arrest him this evening. Damn! They don't know what is white and what is red. They catch the moose and let the lion go free.

Mrs. Kim: Why? Tell me why should he be arrested like a criminal? Why should he be blamed? My son, he is a real patriot. No, not only a patriot but he has deep affection for everybody . . . I will go home, if it will help him . . . Kim! your poor old mother cannot do anything for you . . . your beloved land hasn't any room for you. It can only blame you . . . (she slowly goes out.)

Ok Sun: Who made us like this? Who is responsible? . . . The cursed land!

Jin Sim: Mama, I told you he will come here, first.

Mrs. Kim: (Looking back) Please Jin Sim, you know what is happening here.

Jin Sim: Oh, mama, we can never see him if we go home. (shouts) Mama! Mama . . . (Already Mrs. Kim has disappeared. Jin Sim follows after her awkwardly.)

Ok Sun: (Addressing a fisherman. Other fishermen have disappeared with Mrs. Kim.) Do you know what is the best thing to do?

Fisherman: Well, anyway he should leave here.

Ok Sun: To go where?

Fisherman: . . . I don't know.

Ok Sun: Oh, you people should know. He needs people who know these parts. Listen! Do you think my father's boat could go to Hommosa?

Fisherman: Hush! Ok Sun, I doubt it. But he will manage. There is no use worrying. He will know what he must do. Things never come out the way we want. No use. (Mrs. Kang slowly enters the room.)

Mrs. Kang: I heard everything that went on. What a cursed land! The poor boy can go neither north nor south. Listen, (Addressing the fisherman) you go down to the beach and tell my husband about it. He will gladly offer his boat.

Fisherman: Kang already fixed up the boat and they are waiting for him now. Down there. (Points to the sea shore.)

Ok Sun: That's fine.

Fisherman: Somebody said that usually security officers from Seoul ignore a case if they get a big enough bribe. Our president is too hard-boiled and the officials are corrupted. Life is getting harder and harder.

Mrs. Kang: The people say there will be another war between Russia and America in the future. I wish I could die beforehand.

Fisherman: Nobody can stop it. So, let them fight. We are a piece of meat between two fighting dogs. Russia says "we are willing to help North Korea and America sends us her armed men. We want neither help nor hindrance."

Ok Sun: Kim says that we need a really great leader like Gandhi . . . We have our own culture and neither communism nor capitalism would be fit for us. We should reconcile them and think out our own ideas. And he says that is true not only for the Koreans but for the peace of the world. The danger of our

age is the failure of these two ideas. Love should be the foundation of the world and not greed or selfishness.

Mrs. Kang: Wouldn't that be wonderful? . . . But we have forgotten Kim.

Ok Sun: Don't bother, mama. He will be all right. (Her voice is firm yet trembling.)

Fisherman: It is getting late . . . I better run down to the shore and see whether he has left or not . . . (Suddenly the back door is opened and Kim appears. He looks haggard. Everybody shouts.)

Ok Sun: Hush!

Fisherman: Kim! Look here, did you hear . . .

Kim: Thanks, I know.

Fisherman: Then hurry up.

Kim: What for? I am not going away. Let them come and arrest me. I am not a Red any more. You know when I joined the communists it wasn't legal to organize any political party. We discussed the theory openly at school. I didn't withdraw from the party because it is taboo, but because I can't agree with them any more after seeing all the mess they had made. Now I am not a Red. I will face them right here.

Fisherman: Don't be silly when this may be your last moment, boy!

Kim: I am serious. I know I may be killed. It's hard to explain but perhaps it's like this—Perhaps it's not a question of American democracy or Russian communism, but a bigger question of equality and individual right and I can help to get this idea across. I may be an idealist but I can't help it.

Mrs. Kang: I don't know much about these ideas, but you are always right. We know. So do what you think you should do. Now you've got to escape.

Fisherman: Please, Kim, the boat is waiting for you . . .

Kim: I know. But somehow, just because this may be the last moment I'm with you, I want to say this—It seems very clear to me now. Our country is divided. Perhaps we are a sacrifice to bring the world to its senses. If we are, the destruction of this country could be a most wonderful thing.

Fisherman: It sounds deep to me, but I believe in you. You must keep yourself safe—we need you. Why did you ever come here? I told your mother to tell you to go down to the shore.

Kim: I came to visit this family.

Mrs. Kang: Thank you Kim. But my advice is, you had better escape. You haven't done anything wrong, but if you die now you will die like a dog under the name of a Red. Let them know you are not a Red. They are not to be reasoned with, lately. Even in this small island you see how much work you have to do for us. It is easy to kill oneself, but who is going to do this work? Think of it, please. Someday they will know the truth and forgive you . . . (Kim hears these words, his head lowered.)

Kim: (Whispers.) Poor mother! Poor blind Jin Sim! My poor people!

Fisherman: Hurry up, Kim. (He drags him.)

Kim: Let me go and see my family. Mother might be worn out waiting for me and crying. Poor mother. I'm worried to think who would look after her when I'm away.

Kim: There will be another storm tonight. The wind is very strong, and it is getting stronger and stronger. Where shall I go? . . . in this darkness. Good-bye everybody! Good-bye . . . (He looks back at Ok Sun, then disappears. Ok Sun follows him to the end of the stage, and stops there. She turns to her mother.)

Ok Sun: Mama! Mama, he is gone! (Stands like a statue.)

Mrs. Kang: He has to, dear. He has to get away. Some day we will see him again, some day when peace comes back to all of us . . . Wait, Ok Sun.

Ok Sun: Wait? (she turns) What do you mean? What are you talking about? I don't love . . .

Mrs. Kang: Yes, you do, my dear. Don't cheat yourself. Good-bye, my dear. Be brave! He is a brave boy.

Ok Sun: Please, I shouldn't love anybody. Oh, I shouldn't. I don't want to be like you, mama. You said . . . I love him. Oh, that . . . might be truth. I hate myself. I tried not to love him or anybody. I'm scared to be like you.

Mrs. Kang: My poor child!

Ok Sun: Once I love anybody, I will become a submissive slave like you. You don't oppose father, you can't hate him. You love him even when he beats you.

Mrs. Kang: Ok Sun!

Ok Sun: Yes, you do. But I know I am a slave already . . . Yes, I am a slave. When Kim looked at me at the first time he came back here, his eyes were shining like father's eyes when he kissed you after he had beaten you. That's a man's eyes . . . which no woman can resist . . . Mother, I am a slave already . . . I am scared. I must go . . . I must . . . .

Mrs. Kang: (Quietly) I know.

Ok Sun: I must follow him. He and the sea—they seem to me, akin. Whether I like it or not I am drawn to them both. They are close to me. I must go now . . . mama . . .
(Disappears from the stage. Mrs. Kang is helplessly sobbing.)
Curtain.

WHIPPOORWILL

BELOW the autumn-crested hill,
As silent as a drifting leaf
He comes, and, when the air is still,
Repeats, repeats, his grief.

Is it for gold leaves turning brown,
Or for the thin edge of the frost
That sickles last bright blossoms down,
Or for a summer lost?

Carolyn Stuart

THE WARNING

WHAT are the low-muttered
Sounds on the wind
That catch in branches
Of the magnolia tree?
Why is it that no bird sings,
And the wax-molded blossoms
Drop their bruised fragrance
To the ground?
The cat waits gray-striped
In the shadows
For the moment to spring . . .
What words are in his ears;
What prey does he scent
In petals on the grass?
There is something that the cat knows . . .
Why can we not translate the wind—
What lies before us?
What warning is it
Tangled in the leaves?

Jo DeWeese

THE OUTGOING TIDE

Janet Elser, from California, is a freshman. She has lived in Turkey and attended school in Switzerland, and one of her main interests is traveling.

JANET ELSER

A roar, a crash, the boom of thunder,
The comber strikes the beach.
A rippling, whispering of waters
Spreading further, further, further,
A faint hiss, a sigh, a drawing-back,
The tide is drawn in and out,
Just so the tide is drawn in and out,
Day by day,
Drawn by the moon,
Held by the earth.
The great, green breakers,
Mountains of green ice,
Slipping, sliding, falling, crashing, breaking, splintering,
Fling shreds of spray
At the free, sea wind.
The tide draws in, flows out.
The great green, ice-green waves shimmer in the sunlight,
Beckoning,
Beckoning.
I walk by the sea.
Listen, listen,
Something whispers within me.
It is the tide,
The restless tide,
The outgoing tide,
Calling, calling, forever calling.
And so to the cool wetness,
The exhilaration of salt water, I come,
Plunging, battling, against the waves,
The fierce, relentless waves.
They would draw me back,
Back to the shore,
To crash on the beach and be bound by the earth,
But the outgoing tide is strong and smooth.
It carries me out, away
To the moon, to the moon!
And on the outgoing tide,
I may rest.

TRANSITION

Deane Keeton is a sophomore from Kansas City, Missouri. Deane plans to major in English. Her poem "Transition" won first prize in the 1952 Pi Alpha Mu contest.

DEANE KEETON

STREET cars lead men out of the racket of the city,
Out of the heat, the push of crowds; the liquor, the smoke, the greasy smells,
Out of the thunder of traffic, the relentless shuffle of human footsteps.
Where any clean breeze of summer night is caught in the peaks of mountain-buildings,
Where breeze never falls to the concrete-and-glass valley below.
Street cars lead men away from the light-brightened dirt of the town.
Suspended glitter from the stone peaks, blinding light in the valley.
—The city is a never ending, man-made day—
Street cars lead men from the might and bright and light
Into a soothing, darkened peace of park or wide boulevard,
Revealed only by occasional brilliancies of street lights
And headlights of crawling cars, which shine on the satin strip of the moist city street.
Breezes are no longer caught in building-tops—
They find their way through windows of the street car—a speeding capsule,
Lightened, brazen, an invader of the night, which radiates
From the gaudy, sparkling hub of the town.
A silent dreamer within leans his head away from the heat of the street car.
His face meets the rush of air which resists the invader's advance as it streaks deeper into the night.
The dreaming passenger is hypnotized by the rocking,
By the rhythmic "clik-clok" of the wheels passing seams in the rail.
He moves willingly and unconsciously with the abrupt, screaming stops—
Never seeing the blinking, blinded lovers who, laughingly
Lurch and clutch and stumble into the light
As the street car resumes its way through the blackness—
Away from machine and metal and man.

MATRIMONY

Carolyn Kavanaugh, from Fort Worth, Texas, is a freshman. She plans to complete a major in foreign languages and a minor in English.

CAROLYN KAVANAUGH

WE mustn't disparage marriage—
It's really a fine institution.
But so many misledded wedded
Are going to their own execution
Because they think problem solution
Lies in substitution.

THE MORNING

Carol Mahan, from Ashland, Kentucky, is a senior and an English major. She is the editor of this year's Griffin.

CAROL MAHAN

LOST in the reveling travail
Of sounds poured forth
From some unknown,

Driven by blue winds
To pinnacles
Of perception.

I seek to recant, to disclaim
This passion
For living;

Bodiless, to know only
The force of all time
At its zenith.

A CAT IN THE SNOW

IT is quiet today . . .
It snowed last night,
And snow is too much like
The end of things
For men and cats.
We like textured days
That we can feel with
Our faces, and warm
Our hands against,
Not this frozen nothingness
Where one sinks and sinks
And sinks into nowhere . . .
I think Hell must be made
Of snow, and so does
The kitten . . . There she goes
Now, floundering bewildered
Through stuff that is too cold
For a fireside cat.
Snow is nothing, really,
And too much like the end
Of things for a gray-striped cat.

Jo June DeWeese

BITTER-SWEET

Magthilde van der Haagen, from The Hague, The Netherlands, is a senior and an art major. She has spent two years at Lindenwood and plans to return to her own country at the end of the summer.

MAGTHILDE VAN DER HAAGEN

THE leaves are gone,
But still the stem
Molds to its fruits;
Bright orange bears
Both death and life.

DEATH IN EFFIGY

QUESTION marks on the gray concrete.
A window frame divided by a half-closed door.
Silhouettes blown from the dark to the dark.
Uncadenced motion; non-metrical nothing.

The white and gold land lies withered
In a begging bowl.
The scorched wax dissolves and coalesces
With the shadow of a question mark.

Carol Mahan

BREADTH OF BEING

THE moth upon the leaf has closed its wings,
And we who watch the wind pursing each
Cannot define the mover of the leaf
Or moth or self. For now, upon the edge
Of frozen thought and charred remains of reason,
Our Midas touch has withered sight
And sound—the combinations we have borne
Upon our conscious minds . . . Could we but know
Or guess the fragment-choice—in roar of the city,
Oceans of tides and depths in time and where;
In fields, a glaze of grass brawny with growth.
In rivers, synchronized descent of elements;
In small towns that float upon the crest
Of prairie; in snow, the enclosure of variety
A breath beyond reach . . . Could we but gather
Fragments from this heap, and placing them
In empty corners of our minds, construct
The breadth of being. . . A day may come
Into this wilderness where we are seated,
Two blocks of ice reflecting, each
On each . . . And when the leaves, like foaming brass,
Have covered hands and feet; when winds but hover
At the backs of things; when sun and rain
Are held between our knowing-wonder, perhaps
Then we will speak, or move, or even melt
Away, holding, still, enormities of being
Within the partial sense of eye and ear.

Betty Jack Littleton

THE DOOR

A mahogany door separated the two rooms.
The study room rejected all light and selfishly drew its dim cloak fastly about itself, enclosing Antony within the thickest folds. He paced only the small area commanded by the arrangement of furniture on either side and before the fireplace. Quickly as light plays across a prism, a thin ray of falling mid-winter sun fell at his feet through the open side of the blind;—then vanished. Antony's muscles relinquished all support of his body and he stood as a giant puppet with both forearms thrown across his eyes.

The dark leather chair before the fireplace welled up about him as he sagged into it. Two concessions were made to movement. With his feet he drew simultaneous concentric circles—repelling—attracting; repelling—attracting. At intervals his chin rose from his chest, his eyes were elevated and he absorbed himself in the reflection appearing in the mirror over the mantle; the reflection each time diminishing in clearness, until at least he was alone.

And darkness was complete.

John's cigarette shifted about like a phosphorescent fish in darkness of the adjoining room its murky depths; still momentarily, then moving; restless, impatient. The speck of luminosity made a decisive, elongated dart and its brillance was doused by the greater brillance of the overhead light.

"Turn it off."

"Mary, use a little common sense, its almost four-thirty. Nobody wants to sit in the dark."

"Turn it off, I say. Oh, you're selfish, selfish. You never think of anybody but yourself."

"No, I won't turn it out."

"You always cause trouble when you come. Go, go on, get out!"

"You know they'll be here with the papers to sign at five."

"I only know you're a selfish old fool."

Mary's passivity ended coincidentally with John's first movement. They were two like poles; both moving at the same speed, neither increasing nor decreasing their distance apart She walked across to the black window, which so recently had claimed for its own a vertiginous welter of russet tones and which now offered stark branches as testimony of what had been. John sat on the divan, next to his wife, but turned from her, settling his eyes on Mary's back, lifting them only after several moments' silence.

The furnace, directly beneath the living room, snapped and crackled excitedly, and sent up billowing gusts of heat through the register behind the divan. Heat particles wallowed through the hair on the back of their heads and made it vibrant and alive Bess made a gutteral sound of displeasure and crossed over several feet to sit on the arm of a chair. The back of John's neck grew redder and more fiery as his eyes inched along the surface of the west wall, always nearer to the door into the study.

"And you call yourself a brother. You're no brother!" Rigidly facing the black expanse of glass Mary denounced, as she would a corporal power, the reflection of John.

"I did what had to be done."

"I can take care of our brother. He'll be all right in a few days—he went to work until Tuesday."

"Maybe she's right John. And these people in small towns—you were raised here, you know how they talk." Bess spoke to her husband alone.

"No,—I don't think—no, besides the doctor and Taylor will be—"

Mary spun around and burst out, "I'm not going to sign the papers."

"It only needs one."

Mary turned around carefully, meticuously, to resume her original stance. The springs tinged as John moved up to sit on the edge of the divan. Bess tested the thickness of the carpet; pressing her foot deeply into the pile and raising it, and fitting it back into the same pattern. The house was still. Outside, a thick branch swooped down like an invading enemy and was overthrown by the force of the window.

"Well, I uh—," said John, "Well, I guess I'd better see Antony, and try to explain to him—about things."

"Will he leave with them—when they get here?" Mary didn't turn around.

"I imagine. Bess, why don't you go up and pack a few things for him—just in case."

John turned the key; he slipped it out of the lock and handed it to Mary who was beside him. He turned the knob and pushed the door open. The brilliant light from the living room fell through the doorway upon Antony, who still sat in the big, leather chair. Like some forest creature, suddenly alone and exposed in an open area, Antony bounded back to the shade and pressed himself into the darkest corner of the study. Not until the door was closed and a tiny candle lit and set at the far end of the room did he withdraw from the corner and return to sit in the chair.

". . . be here any minute. You understand—don't you?"

Not once did Antony remove his eyes from the tiny scar on John's forehead; not once did he attempt to answer. Mary sobbed; and breathed deeply and tremulously and tried not to sob.

". . . won't be there very long. Listen, listen to me."

Upstairs, piles of masculine apparel lay on the bed; Bess was almost finished. She pulled a small suitcase from the floor of the closet and snapped the top back. She started; her eyes made hasty trips between the bed and the suitcase. The suitcase was full.

It was a confusion of wrinkles and disorder. Colors interwove; disappearing to appear in some unsuspected spot. A sheaf of poetry had been laid on top and was crumpled by the force of the suitcase pressing it against the irregular mass of clothing. Bess removed the confusion and replaced it by the clothing on the bed.

The doorbell rang in an acute jangling fury.

She slammed down the top and found the handle in a single sweeping movement. As she scurried down stairs it knocked against the wall with each alternate step. Bess left the suitcase at the foot of the stairs in the hall and opened the door.

Bettegene Nebesnick

NOCTURNE II

LIE still
And listen to the night blowing up on the wind,
Washing black waves over the sun-bleached sky.
Close your eyes to the lingering light—
Now is the time for living,
Uncluttered by picnic rubbish along the shore . . .
In the dark tide all lines smooth out,
And the sea is one with the sky.
Words hang long on the silence,
Slow-said, with space for thinking,
Dying like the red-tipped ember
Glowing on the sand.
Time stretches out,
While the cricket sets the tempo for the dark . . .
Lie still, and rest. Let the embers fade,
And listen to the deep-breathing night.

Jo DeWeese

SHROVE TUESDAY

Dr. Siegmund A. E. Betz is a member of Lindenwood's English faculty. Dr. Betz is the sponsor of the junior class for this year.

DR. SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

THE hours move in a panorama sequence
Past the sentient crystal of our vigorous eyes;
Events seem forever hardened to unchangeableness,
Watched and replaced by a petrifaction of moments.

Things done are not things gone but sealed
Forever in the hermetic jar of time—
Except when by the motility of wills
And on the current of a sacrament

We suddenly undo strange knottings, shatter
The all-at-once frail ceramic of the past, catch
In a trap of penance the fugitive game of our sin,
Revisit, better-pathed, the woods once strangely wandered in.

WIND PRELUDE

THE wind stirs.
Within its light cold breath
a whisper-wail
cries softly,
Then suddenly sings shrilly,
Piercing with an incisive sound the
deep
still night.

Subtly, its crescendo increasing,
It dances,
grasping and sweeping.
Then turning swiftly, it
hisses
And furrows caressingly beneath the fall-laid leaves,
till lifting quickly, it draws those
dead
crackling ashes
of summer
Close.

Abruptly, it casts and flings them loose
From a deep-breathing core
into confusion,
and wheeling freely, they
settle
slowly whirling
Into another pattern
wait again.

The wind hovers,
and subsides in
slight
furtive gusts,
Scattering a softness
of
rain.

Rita McGee

SILLY WILLY

HE is servile,
An inferior rooster,
Scrabbling in the gravel
Of the great; glorying
In the roll of titles
On the tongue, giving them
Where none are granted.
"How do you do,
Your excellency?"
Tasting the texture
Of the word on his lips,
Licking it with
A large wet tongue.
He preens his hair
With manicured hand,
A minor courtier
Insecure in his lineage,
More gaudy than the rest,
His baroque exterior
A vacant shell.

Jo DeWeese