

SPRING - 62



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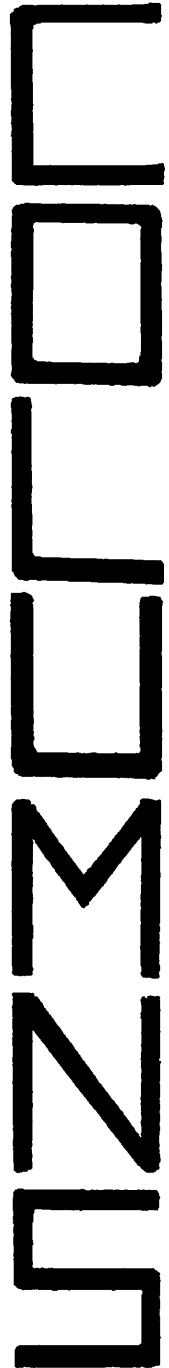
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# Those Dirty Little Children

Gail Mudge

It was spring, and the city was slowly regaining its meager share of beauty. The air was moist and smelled of damp earth. The pale morning sunlight was shining through the new, apple-green leaves of the ginkgo trees, and the season's first dandelion was boldly nudging the sidewalk. An elderly gentleman locked the park gate after entering and looked for a sunny bench on which to read the WALL STREET JOURNAL. The park was circled by old brownstones with neatly painted white doors. It is known as Gramercy Park, an affluent oasis in one of New York's slum districts, a district in which the ignored, little, bold dandelion would have either been treasured or trampled. It was in this setting that a young girl gained insight into a pattern of behavior that was common among her acquaintances.

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I go to a progressive school. We have no grade divisions; instead we are allowed to advance at our own rate. I have been a member of the enriched group since I was in nursery school. I like all my teachers, but my favorite is Thomas. We don't have to call them by their last names. I am very lucky to go to this school. My mother also sees to it that I have very fashionable clothes and lots of the right toys to play with. I also have a dog; her name is Jeanette, and my mother has many pretty jeweled collars and coats for her. I don't like to go for walks, but my mother, Jeanette, and I often go for walks in the park. Every Saturday my mother and father and I spend the day together. One time we went to the circus. Other times we go to a museum or movie or even the planetarium. We often have company. I remember one time in particular when one of my mother's friends was visiting.

My mother and Mrs. Lothrop were having tea in the library.

I remember Mrs. Lothrop saying when I came into the room, "Darling, what a nice little girl you have."

"Oh, yes. She's her father's little angel." My father never spoke to my mother's friends very much. I remember that on this day he smiled a sort of smirk and disappeared behind his newspaper.

"Cynthia Lee, why don't you show Mrs. Lothrop the pretty picture you made in school."

"Cynthia Lee goes to one of the most unusual schools in the city, Mrs. Lothrop. As you know the neighborhood around our square is a little run down. So it has been arranged to have some of the local children, who cannot afford the prices at "Miss Benedict's School",

to attend—regardless. You tell Mrs. Lothrop, Dear, how Miss Benedict takes children whose parents come from all walks of life. Within reason, of course." Mother then turned back to Mrs. Lothrop who smiled courteously. "Several of us mothers got together, in fact, and insisted on it. Too many children in New York have no regard for other types of people, and we wanted to insure against that happening to any of our children."

Mrs. Lothrop didn't seem to know what to say so she brought up a subject that is very familiar to me. "Cynthia Lee, that's an unusual name; does it have any significance?"

While I was still trying hard to look like my "father's little angel", my mother answered, "Oh, yes. It represents our southern background; we felt that it was important that our daughter retain some of our southern culture."

Mrs. Lothrop now found it necessary to follow her original topic of conversation, and on this certain day I was sent off for my music lesson.

Although it was the same sun that shone on the neighborhood surrounding the park, it had not the same warmth, but this was not because of a lack of life. One could hear the grinding of a garbage truck on a nearby street and the grating of the children's roller skates. Stickball players were cheering, little girls with dark pig-tails and limp dresses were chanting as they jumped rope, and a baby was crying in one of the tenements.

---

I don't like to go for my music lessons. On this special day my starched dress was warm and scratchy. I thought it might be fun to jump rope with the other girls. All people are the same. Their rope was longer than mine. Only one person could jump at a time with mine.

When I got home, I heard my father saying as I stood in the doorway, "Cindy's got her first shiner. Took me till I was twelve!"

"Albert," whispered my mother and excused herself from Mrs. Lothrop.

"Cynthia Lee," sobbed my mother, "didn't I tell you not to play with those dirty little children?"

As my mother and I entered the room again I half heard her saying, "I was just telling Mrs. Lothrop how we like you to play with the little children in the neighborhood. You tell her, Dear, how we like you to play with all the children."



# Love

Ann Forkel

Love is gay and love is grim,  
Often a bitter-sweet brew;  
Love is mead when you're with him,  
But hemlock when you're through.

# The Ancient

Ann Forkel

Her face was as grim,  
As she could make it-  
Her heart was of stone,  
Nothing could break it.

When she attempted a smile,  
It was dreadful to see-  
Medusa was not  
More successful than she.

## a) set of anti (sleep

William T. Swaine

sweet sweet maureen  
between the drolling of the crickets  
and the rapacious mosquitoes as she damned them  
spread out blandly on the blanket in the centre  
having stepped over me in my thought  
and having lifted the cigarette  
from between my dangling lips: said lovers  
respect what is migraine to others.

really so inane i said  
treading in the algae thickness of the air  
and i rolled over onto the greenwind of her hair  
with my finger tips  
and untightened my smile  
into what was intended to be teeth:  
teeth as white as cherokee bone  
while in my brain the snake feet chanted home.

insensate

like the pinto-pony-moon  
or two people smoking sex in total darkness  
or a thousand froglings remonstrating  
in the neuro-fibril rain:  
a kiss is an awkward tenderness  
with my cigarette clasped  
indignantly between her eyes.

# From *The Lamentations*

Neil Greenberg

Crepitant waves break gray  
on the crepuscular shore  
with flakes of foam  
where a withered form in a hidden pool  
sways gently  
undulates  
with the rhythm  
of the receding surf.

a pitted white face  
peers emptily up  
from the depths

wrinkled, deeply furrowed, once  
flesh  
played with by snails  
and anemone  
wrinkle-reflected patterns of  
moonlight  
played with by the  
torpid rippling.

two cavities full of empty stare  
question me

and the answer's there-  
beyond the crest, under  
the foam, between  
the currents, in  
the sea  
where my dead child's soul  
sulks and waits for me. . .



## **MARCH 21st**

**Ronald J. Barber**

**GREY GREY DAY**  
Creeps along wet hanging branches  
Drops to the sodden ground  
And continues its snakey movement  
Through old leaves of Autumn

The mist enshrouds all  
In its hug, the landscape is  
Muted, as the song of  
A lonely sparrow bravely  
Reminding itself of the day

Nature, bird, man are  
Raped again to conceive  
The cycle of life-death  
As the inevitable day  
Creeps greyly along.



Kotw

# Reason In Madness

James Franklin Knapp

Sea clouds and shadows  
Descend into winter  
To wrack the first evening,  
To curse the heart's fabler.

The wind has blown black  
And drowning torches smoke;  
The eye of God is steaming,  
The world in us is cracked.

No no life  
In a golden cage,  
Yet ever down rage  
Shivers  
The world wild dove.

# the inner skin

(for Charles Wallace)

William T. Swaine

1.

A weedy rain  
sculling over broken bracelets  
dragging the dead fallow deep. . .

i was  
with her when she reached  
for the leaves of your love  
like the prowling wind,  
and when we walked  
that winter night  
into her certain rape  
Pound had already fled  
eastward.

2.

the trees slivered into the sky  
and greybleak clouds,  
my moist lust, hung,  
falling faintly  
where we walked.

and bundles of squirrels  
cut their way with jaundice teeth  
across the stiffly frozen field,  
which crackling  
brought the five of us:  
ice, breath, and thought,  
together in a predeath howling.



3.

before you breathed  
the eunuch dreamed your death;  
before you sensed the sliding blood,  
or one poem had pushed its breast  
against your secret heart,  
the darkness sped along your soul  
and stabbed the bone  
into your dancing flesh.

In this dumb prolapse  
slipping blindly past  
peels of silent skin,  
we drink dark totems,  
feelingless tunnels,  
of disbanded earth and dung.

## Dark Night of The Soul

James Franklin Knapp

Follow the twilight carousel  
under the vast  
of black Jones Beach.  
Spiral down the laughing  
to roots of the sea,  
And there in bedrock  
Burn:  
(Astrophel puzzles  
the kiss kiss being  
of neon symbols.)

# Song of Wyandanch the Shell Gatherer

William T. Swaine

O winter-mother  
Our bright dead suffer  
The breath of the night.

Accursed is thy twisted womb  
Beneath the tethering of the crows

Inward to the cloudy eye  
Thy secret wind  
Thy virgin snow.

Our valiant dead rock in their tombs  
Their frozen lips split back to dread  
Split back to catch

The ocean he reaches farther  
He is the dark blanket  
Touching the violet sun with his waters.  
The ocean he is strong in his silence  
When I sing to him of the twilight.  
I have seen his fingers leaping to the sky  
And here before him I shall gather up my life.

My hunter-brother  
He listens  
For the delicate doe

The dark-eyed youth  
With his bow in the brush  
And the leaves swishing  
While he waits.

My father's son  
Nestled in the murmur of the forest  
His black hair glistens like the beaver  
Layed straight into his chary heart.

He listens  
With the edge of his soul  
A bead of the long sun

When the miracle of death,  
When the river of the wind  
Rotates our bleeding eyes  
Against the wisdom of the gods;  
When our macerated skins  
Are drying in the sun  
And our womens teeth turn black;  
When the snows are in a period of completion  
Settling like our lung-dust voices  
But on our chattering tombs,  
Settling like the beetles of emasculation  
From within;  
We shall long since have taken nourishment  
By the womb of the moon.

# "The Star o' Rabbie Burns"

Ronald J. Barber

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne !

On January 25th each year at dinners held for this specific occasion, cups are lifted the world o'er in toasts to the immortal memory of Robert Burns. There are over 800 clubs in the Burns Federation and their geographic distribution is international, overcoming language, ethnic and social barriers. Most of the speeches given on this occasion are overly sentimental in their enthusiasm, for no other poet has ever aroused such annual universal admiration and acclaim as the Bard from Ayrshire. When one begins to contemplate the competition he has had in England's Milton and Shakespeare, Italy's Dante or sentimental Ireland's Yeats, this emotional attachment becomes even more astonishing. Why, then, should this poet from a small northern country, writing in a dialect spoken by less than one million people, receive such acclaim? Perhaps by examining his life, poetry and background we can discover the answer.

On closer inspection, the reason for his universal popularity becomes clouded, not clearer, with the enigmas of Burns' own life and reputation. Burns had more than the usual complexities of life and in making statements about him one has to be more than careful --- for every affirmation about his life seems to generate a counter-affirmation. He is praised for being religious, yet condemned for being anti-religious; he is condemned for being sensual, yet praised for his sublime love poetry. In Scotland he is condemned with Presbyterian vigor for being an immoral drunkard, yet lovingly idolized in the heart of every Scot. However, these apparent contradictions can be easily answered for it is only a matter of emphasis and the vantage point from which you view the Bard.

His other idiosyncrasies, however, are harder to explain but should be answered, if possible. He was very democratic and favored the French revolution, yet proclaimed Jacobian sentiments (return of Prince Charlie to the throne); he was very nationalistic, yet proclaimed the brotherhood of man; he used the genteel English literary tradition, yet he wrote nearly all his best poetry in the broad Scots dialect. To resolve these and other paradoxes, we shall have to examine first the Scottish literary tradition and then Burns' position in this tradition.

In most English anthologies, Burns is listed as a pre-romantic for lack of a better term, trying to fit him into the English tradition rather than seeing him as a product of a different culture. He is too large a figure to ignore, but he refuses to slip snugly into the alien tradition.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,  
I think ye seem to ken me;  
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,  
But yet I canna name ye."  
Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,  
An' taks me by the hauns,  
"Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck  
Of a' the ten commauns  
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun--your cronie dear,  
The nearest friend ye hae;  
An' this is Superstition here,  
An' that's Hypocrisy.  
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,  
To spend an hour in daffin:  
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,  
We will get famous laughin  
At them this day."

Scottish and English literature had been developing synonymously but differed because of historical and cultural influences. After a Scottish literary revival in the late 14th and 15th centuries, the Scottish and English traditions grew further apart with the Scottish tradition remaining closer to the original Chaucerian language. Despite the Union of the Crowns in 1603 and the Union of Parliaments in 1707, the traditions still did not merge. However, there did develop in Scotland a tradition which adapted the English speech, dress and manners while maintaining pride of birth. This tradition developed rapidly, in spite of two insurrections in 1715 and 1745 against the Union, which increased Scottish fervor and patriotism but did little else.

In such a confused, complex situation, one would hardly expect a high literary standard and yet this is precisely what occurred. Both the older and new literary style had a revival that reached such a peak that Edinburgh became the intellectual center of Europe. The newer tradition contained such famous men as Adam Smith, John Home, William Robertson and David Hume. The older tradition consisted mainly of poets such as David Herd, Robert Ferguson (the Scottish Keats), Allan Ramsey - the Ettrick Shepherd, and Rabbie Burns. The 18th century was the golden age of Scottish literature.

In 1759 at Alloway in a small thatched "but and ben", Burns was born of lowly birth. His father, however, was an ambitious farmer and like most Scots had a great respect for learning and was determined that his sons should receive an education. (It is interesting to note that as a result of his zeal, William Burnes is forever immortalized as the Cotter in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"). William Burnes formed a federation with his neighbors and hired a young teacher, John Murdoch, for their children. Young Robert Burns now came under the influence of the new genteel tradition which his teacher followed. Murdoch proved to be a good teacher and Burns an apt pupil; he learned to write good prose in the new style, losing all trace of his rusticity. One only has to read his letters, even those written in anger, to discover his neo-classical command of the English language. Indeed his first editor, Currie, says that "Burns had less of the Scottish dialect than Hume." In order to reach such perfection, Burns had read and studied nearly all of the writers of the neo-classical tradition.

Why, then, did Burns choose to write in the older Scottish tradition of broad dialect rather than in the newer, more acceptable tradition? I believe this was a deliberate choice and not a result of lack of education. Many have been led astray when they read in Burns' "Epistle to John Lapraik"

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,  
 Confuse their brains in College-classes!  
 They gang in Stirks, and come out Asses,  
   Plain truth to speak;  
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus  
   By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,  
 That's a' the learning I desire;  
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire  
   At pleugh or cart,  
 My muse, tho' hamely in attire,  
   May touch the heart.

This is found in the first edition of his poems published in Kilmarnock in 1786; but I do not think that Burns' statement regarding education can be taken at face value. This edition was his claim to fame; he'd already had his "college classes" and had made up his mind to write in the older tradition. However, if he was to succeed, he had to be accepted by the literati of Edinburgh. Ever class conscious, Burns was aware they would condescend to accept him if he threw himself into the role of "noble savage". This cult had arisen in his century and he knew they would fall for this "spark o' nature's fire". His subsequent success as the plough boy from Ayr proved his judgment to have been both correct and shrewd.

Why did he run the risk of being rejected when he could very easily have written in the more acceptable style? For the answer to this we have to look to his background and birth. Educated in the new, he was born and raised in the old tradition. His mother often must have crooned to him in the auld Scots tongue and it was in this same tongue he first learned to think, love and express himself --- it was ever the language of his heart. In a letter to a friend, he is trying to describe a girl and he says he can best describe her as "A fair wee sonsie thing" showing that he thought and expressed himself better in the dialect. This may be one of the reasons he is so popular today -- he wrote in the language closest to his heart, expressing the feelings of the heart with which all men can empathize.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met--or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Another result of his lowly birth was his strong belief in democracy and his hatred of all social class barriers. He sympathized with the French revolution in the overthrow of tyranny in the form of the French aristocracy and all they represented. It was no theoretical knowledge of repression that spurred Burns on, but rather the fruitless sweat of his brow and his father's untimely death. He knew what it was to toil and sweat like his cotter, trying to eke an existence out of the soil without hope of reward. He could therefore say to the mouse. . . .

Still thou art blest compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But oh! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

As a result of his toils, it is believed he contracted rheumatic fever which left him with a weak heart and caused him much pain, finally leading to his early death (it was *not* alcohol and women, as many believe that destroyed Burns).

Although he knew "yon birke, ca'd a Lord who struts and stares and a' that", Burns' love of democracy never led to bitter class hatred. He hated the title, but accepted the man as he was. In the often misinterpreted lines, "The rank is but the guinea's stamp; the man's the gowd for a' that" he is preaching democracy, not communism, in the sense that we must accept a man for what he is, not for his title -- he may have a title and still be accepted anyhow because he may be gold for all that. His ardent belief in democracy which gave Burns his international outlook also contributes further to his popularity today. He believed that finally all over the world

every man would have an equal opportunity, irrespective of his birth, race or creed. It was in this belief he penned the famous lines...

It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

With this strong belief in democracy and international brotherhood, how could Burns be Jacobian and nationalistic? Burns said that after reading the story of the Scottish hero, William Wallace, there "poured a Scottish prejudice in my veins which will boil there till the flood gates of life shut in eternal rest". This nationalistic prejudice and the Jacobian cause were bound indestructibly together in his and in all Scotsmen's hearts. There was a direct line from Wallace and Bruce to Bonnie Prince Charlie and all stood for Scottish independence, freedom and greatness. His Jacobian sentiments grew out of Scottish patriotism, not out of love for royalty. Nationalism was for him, as for all Scots, a necessity of life, but not a barrier between men. He felt all men should respect each other's nationalism and become brothers in democracy, not tyranny. To Burns and Scotland of the 18th century, nationalism gave cohesion, self-respect and significance to their country, through which they hoped to achieve their desired goals.

Perhaps, however, we have not yet touched the main reason for Burns' international adulation--the sheer beauty of his verse and the depth of its feeling. He was a first class craftsman, who in such a poem as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" skillfully blended the best of two traditions in his poetry; note the flow of feeling in his verse that reaches its height in his love poetry...

My love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
My love is like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

The reader feels part of the experience which is told in simple, honest language and Burns' prayer is answered because it does reach the heart. This is achieved, I believe, because his good education was ever wed to the plough-- the first giving discipline, the second humility. He is all men -- he laughed, loved, toiled, cried, was disappointed, as are all men, and like most, he toiled to the end. Unlike others, though, he left a record of these experiences enabling lesser men to find expression, sympathy and relief in sharing similar experiences by reading his poems.







# A Walk In The Rain

Ann Forkel

"Take a walk, little girl- that always helps. Remember? Whenever you're feeling out of sorts, a walk always helps. You go out, and you run for a few blocks, and you let the wind blow through your hair, and you don't come back until the rain has washed the hurt away, and you feel all clean and tired. Oh yes, a walk always helps."

"Not this time it won't."

"Why not?"

"This time it's different; this time the rain won't ever wash the hurt away, and this time the wind won't blow hard enough to make you feel clean, and this time you can't walk far enough to be tired all through."

"Perhaps I'll go down to the lake...the lights shine so bright-dark on the water, and the waves crash so hard-soft on the rocks at the end of the pier."

"Yes, yes, that's a *good* idea, little girl, go down to the lake, and look at the lights and listen to the waves, and think bitter-sweet, and feel happy-sad."

"And taste life-death?"

"And taste death-life."



# I AM

**W. R. Barrowclough**

I am a compilation of extreme unknowns, conceived without purpose  
and enhancing no result.

I am the bridge and the water; the East, West, top, bottom, deep,  
shallow, mind, matter -

I have nothing of me but me, and there is nothing other than that  
within and all that is, is within.

I am love and hate and every differentiation and pause;

I am every leap.

I am immortal and yet I shall die.

# No Arms

Robert L. Douglas

The sand castle was almost completed when high tide started its death watch. The young builder stopped working and abandoned his castle. He walked home, because it was dinner time and the sun had set.

Next morning, the young builder returned to the beach. The tide was low and he could have just the right mixture of sand and water to build another great castle. But when he got to the same spot he had built on the day before, he was surprised to see that the castle was standing, unharmed by the tide. The young builder decided to enlarge the castle and he worked all day, adding walls and turrets and moats. That evening as he walked home he wondered if the tide would wash the castle away.

Next morning, the boy ran to the beach to see if the castle had survived-- it had. The builder worked all day on the castle, and that night he decided to see why the ocean waves didn't wash it away. He waited until his parents slept, then he ran to the beach. Soon, the waves came close to the castle's walls and they slid into the ocean. The waves undermined the entire fortress, and there was nothing left but the flat beach.

The boy was afraid; not because of the strange destruction, or because of the darkness broken only by moonlight escaping through clouds. It was a low, snarling laughter that frightened him. The boy turned to see who was laughing. The laughing stopped, but another sound frightened him. It was like a log being dragged through dead leaves. The boy ran towards his house, but he could see no lights and was lost. The laughing started again. The boy ran until he came to the ocean, then he saw what was laughing. The moonlight, dim and misty, outlined the shape of a man. The boy was silent. The shape collapsed and slithered towards him-- the man had no arms or legs. He pulled himself along with two saber-like fangs. The boy cried and screamed and ran into the water. The creature followed.

Later, the creature came out of the ocean and dragged himself to a spot where another child had built a sand castle the day before. He began to rebuild.

## Spring Snow

Ronald J. Barber

silently indifferent snow  
buries the bare brown earth  
of dead winter  
hiding its sinful ugliness  
with a white merciful covering.

hushed in humility  
winter penitently waits to be forgiven  
in the warmth of the sun's love.

shedding tears of quiet joy  
it shall be resurrected  
shyly pushing skyward  
a green prayer of thankfulness  
to its redeemer.

# A Metaphysic In Firelight \*

James Franklin Knapp

Turning and turning  
In softwood burning  
I am one moon in winter,  
To light with Orion  
A snowfallen sky.

Yet suddenly nearer,  
My sky is forgotten:  
In marvel of pinelight,  
Watched eyes are watching  
(dark deep as sap)  
And O bright so shining.

\*published in *Modern Age*, Winter, 1962.



# Song Of A Scholar

James Franklin Knapp

Angel unfolding in nebular grace,  
Shadow my heart  
With hydrogen sparklers,  
And answer me this:  
When time shatters Bach  
Into vibrating moments,  
Where is the craftsman  
To firefuse galaxies?  
Or when dark roses  
Swallow the sun into hiding,  
Who is it looks out  
Of the neon primeval  
With so dark red eyes?



