

THE CARRELL

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THE CARRELL

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Girard, Girard

Why, we puzzle,
does Viola choose,
ever, near-midget or dwarfish
manservants,
her hostesses
all towering giraffes
or great tubby
ostriches—the latter embellished
with lardy buxom charms. But none of the women,
however nubile
or maidenly, challenge Viola's
midfifties'

glamours, The hostel
is run by that bevy
of tall audacious damoiselles
who manage all
check-outs, check-ins,
the ledger, account books;
hear complaints,
survey dysfunctions in plumbing, wire
circuitry, electric light fixtures, fans' bent blades.
Three night porters
(handymen, by day) fetch spare parts,
tools; transfer

bulky equipment;
see to all repairs.
Tiny and swift and agile, heights
under five feet,
the men scurry about
skittishly—their shoulders
twisted one way,
hips pivoting the other. And we can see
they'd *have* to be built close to the floor to cover
so much ground space
per second per second. Night foreman
and day chief,

near lookalikes,
blend into the one
tireless caretaker, who pops up
everywhere, face
first, feet a blur;
he's still running in place
(like a swimmer
treading water), legs oddly stationary,
thighs pumping, when he greets my plea: *At your service,*
Monsieur, Shortorder
cook, for breakfast, lunch, poolside
or bedtime snacks.

Ace lifeguard
at the ready for pool
rescues. Paramedic deputy braced
to administer
emergency first aid,
or pulmonary resuscitation
from cardiac
arrest. Allhours' night clerk, who beds down
on floor and sleeps with one eye open. Steadfast guard,
behind locked gates,
who springs to full service at our wee
hours knuckle rap.

Surrogate uncle
to small children, parole
officer to miscreant sons of guests,
or to Viola's
derelict offspring,
alike. Services carried off
as numberless
as hours per week of their vigilant fury
of labor—the men all the same body type, small-boned,
squat, hyper-alert. . .
But their fey supervisor, in a class
apart, sports skin

pigment two shades
lighter; his bristly
thick eyebrows and bushy mustachios
curled at far ends,
earhair tufts untrimmed:
all hairy puffs and twists
seem to flicker
with his inner wraith, a sprite of soft wit
and quiet laughter—those waxed and crimped hair points
of his fur express
elfin cheer, broad smile aglimmer
in brown eyes, always,

but it rarely erupts
from his winsome lips,
unparted. A shy man sworn to tasks
of deed or ready word,
his one word, *heedful*,
is charged with the drift and scope
of our palavered
fifty. . . Though Viola, his headmistress, claims
his all-hours duty, the bondage of an indentured slave,
it's those children
of all faiths, color, age, sex, who
manifestly *own* him.

The other six men,
jockey-slim stewards
reduced by bullying, perhaps, to bland
faceless *yesms*, *yessirs*,
or the French equivalent
(her ghostly eminence presiding),
are mere makeweights,
factotums. But Girard, his banter to children
swirling through halls, down corridors, makes fond jest
of infants' tears—
his whimsy a resourceful high art
for turning menial

chores to play.
By the very bounce
of his worn sneakers, the pixieish
dance step of his turns,
while racing around corners
freighted with pagoda towers of trays
in one hand, tall
columns of washcloths and towels balanced
on the other (never an eggshell cracked nor full teacup
spilled), the very air
breathed is charged with laughing gas,
and we fall in fits

of uncontrolled mirth.
The children are beguiled,
above all, by his perfect mimicry
of a dozen *barnyard*
critters: goat, sheep, peafowl. . .
Best are his hearty dovecalls, owlhoots,
finger-in-tongue
surprise parrot chirps, the enchanted kids' wails
charmed to sighs and titters: GIRARD, GIRARD, they chant,
singly, or in chorus,
leaving us struck with the name's innate
wry twang, years after. . .

Essays on a Man

On the occasion of T. S. Eliot's death, I was asked to write and to deliver (in the Episcopal chapel on the University of Miami campus) a eulogy.

Which I did—as follows:

Eliot

If any single line of English poetry sums up the life-long teaching of T. S. Eliot, it is that ambiguous exclamation of John Donne, later to become the most eminent of Anglican divines: "For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love." From his earliest dramatic monologue to his latest verse-drama, Eliot explored love both in its physical and in its spiritual aspects—more often, perhaps, in its failures than in its triumphs, but certainly not neglecting the latter.

Love has been defined as "the adhesion of the will to an object which is presented by the intellect as good." It is an austere, even forbidding definition, but it is one which the poet who prays God to "Teach us to care and not to care, Teach us to sit still" would affirm. For clear vision, steady intellection, the ability to discriminate between the difficult best and the easy good-enough, a passionate caring for the former and an active willing toward its attainment—these are the qualities revealed in all of Eliot's work.

The love that he esteems is sharply distinguished from the sentimental swoon or spasm induced by moonlight and roses or Sousa marches, from the physical itch that metamorphoses two human beings into a single two-backed beast, and from the effete yearning which, like jasmine tea, turns from tepid to cold "among velleities and carefully caught regrets." In such cases, the neural or physiological subjugates the intellectual, permitting it no power of choice; or, if the intellect somehow contrives to make a choice, it receives from the will no assistance toward the chosen object.

Thus we have at one extreme Apeneck Sweeney—"Gesture of orang-outang, rising from the sheets in steam"; and Grishkin, whose "friendly

bust gives promise of pneumatic bliss"; and "the damp souls of housemaids sprouting despondently at area gates"—animal and vegetable created He them; at the other, the lady (in whom the wench is dead) who smiles, of course, and goes on drinking tea and who reads, much of the night, and goes south in the winter; and Pruf-rock, upon whom Christ did *not* build his church; and that whole lot of delicately gelded or spaded gentlemen and ladies who crawl between dry ribs to keep their metaphysics warm.

And between the extremes are so many of the rest of us, crowds of people walking around in a ring, the unfortunates who never were alive, neither rebellious nor faithful, but only for themselves, the spiritually slothful, so busily engaged in devising the perfect refrigerator, in working out a rational morality, in printing as many books as possible; who, confronted by the fact that *all flesh is grass*, believe that "The first thing to do is to form the committees: the consultative councils, the standing committees, select committees, and sub-committees"; and the monument of whose civilization will be "the asphalt road and a thousand lost golf-balls."

Almost all that I have to this point quoted or paraphrased from Mr. Eliot comes from his pre-Anglican poems—which so consummately caught and expressed the mood of the intellectuals of the 1920's that he was adopted as *their* voice crying in *their* wilderness. But he was *not* their voice; it was, for Eliot, precisely they who were the generation of vipers who needed to be scotched. And so he made a public declaration of his allegiance to his new testament: classicism, royalism, and Catholicism. It produced a shock felt round the world. That a man so intelligent, and well-educated, and ironically perceptive—in a word, so modern—should renounce the Unitarian enlightenment and submerge himself in the medieval mummary of Catholicism, even though it was *only* Anglo-Catholicism—a faith that interferes neither with a man's morality nor his religion—was incredible to the Liberal Humanists who had claimed him as their own.

But the move was logical. What the Liberals had not understood was that *The Waste Land* and its companion poems were not merely an exposure of the time, but equally a *mea culpa*, a confession of a failure in love as a direct result of spiritual sloth. Unlike his fellow-liberals, he did not blame those convenient Others—politicians, military leaders, and the like—but himself and his ilk, and he proceeded from confession to contrition to adequate recompense in the form of *Ash Wednesday*, *The Rock*, the verse-drama, and *Four Quartets*. For those liberals too impercipient to grasp the meaning of the poems, he put the matter in plain prose in his book *The Idea of a Christian Society*, where he says of Liberal Humanism:

By destroying traditional social habits of the people, by dissolving their natural collective consciousness into individual constituents, by licensing the opinions of the most foolish, by substituting instruction for education, by encouraging cleverness rather than wisdom, the upstart rather than the qualified, by fostering a notion of *getting on* to which the alternative is a hopeless apathy, Liberalism can prepare the way for that which is its own negation: the artificial, mechanized or brutalized control which is a desperate remedy for its own chaos.

Because of Mr. Eliot, neither Liberal Humanism nor Anglo-Catholicism has since been or henceforth can be what it was. He has augmented our vocabulary, refined our sense of rhythm, re-organized our sensibility, sharpened our vision, and persuaded us to a revaluation of our values. He has compelled the Christian to intellectualize his affirmations and the skeptic to discriminate his denials. He has forced answers to his questions:

Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

"The good man," Mr. Eliot said, "is the builder, if he build what is good." He was by his own definition, a good man, who has won home, after the difficult passage through the waste land, to

Shantih shantih shantih

* * *

A good many years later, retired, with time on my hands, having read the greater part of Dryden's, Pope's, Byron's, and Browning's poems, I was moved to turn the eulogy into a verse-essay, in the manner of Pope but, modified by Browning, not so heroically coupleted. As follows:

Macavity

They said of Ezra Pound, This difficult man,
But Eliot was more so. His queer plan
Of saving Europe from its Untergang
By thrusting it into the hands of Anglicans
was funny-moneyer by far
Than any scheme of Pound's. Hitch your wagon to a star,
Said Emerson, but Eliot chose an asteroid.

Perhaps he thought that, Europe null and void,
 Berlin, Rome, Paris, Moscow shoveled under,
 All covenants that bound them burst asunder,
 Good men of will would come to Canterbury
 And not to Caesar (Pope or commissar). A very
 Far-fetched notion. One does not wish to mock
 (Though he mocked Pound, Joyce, Lawrence, Yeats—their flock-
 ing to strange gods), but there is something risible
 In thinking that the Undivisible
 Would take the English as His chosen people.
 The Jews were bad enough. We all like sheep'll
 Go astray—but none, none further than the English. Need
 I say that Albion's always been perfide?
 Just ask the Irish. Ask the Indians if greed
 Followed the flag. Or ask the French. Indeed,
 Show me the European who'd not balk,
 To leave *his* dance of death and do the Lambeth walk.
 That Eliot—Missouri show-me man,
 Informed, avant-grade, Unitarian,
 Taught in the school of James and Santayana
 Not far from Plymouth Rock, where the Madonna
 Was not hail-Mary'd, save by Irish tweenies
 Or (twice a year) by pugilistic Sweeneys
 (One taught him how to keep a left-hand guard up);
 That Eliot—how did he come to be so hard up
 For rite and ritual, cathedral-close,
 Communion, cassocks, stained glass, and the Rose
 (The single Rose where all loves end), when Freud,
 Marx, Darwin, Nietzsche, Comte had rendered void
 And null the need for all that sort of thing,
 The scent of thuribles, the ting-a-ling
 Of sacring bells all safely out of mind?
 A cold coming we had of it, mankind,
 From shaman, priest, ontologist, to man
 Of science who presumes not God to scan.
 And suddenly the spokesman for the crème
 de la crème of intellects, forsaking them,
 Goes back—well, halfway back—to darkest Rome,
 From Harvard Yard to Paul's, if not St. Peter's dome.
 Perhaps if he'd gone all the way? The shock
 Would have been slightly lessened? To turn the clock
 Back half-way indicates half-heartedness.
 In any case, he posed a problem. A less-

er man might without notice retrogress.
 But Eliot! O Lucifer, son of the morning,
 How art thou fallen from Heaven! The scorning
 Rage, sense of betrayal, the rat-like scurry
 (On glass) of nervous wastelanders. Should we not hurry
 To join him? Please, is it time? Or should we stand
 (under the bam, under the boo) firm in the sand,
 Firm rocks against his tide's backslidingness,
 Etymologically sure that mass is mess?
 For most, the glory was departed from
 Their Israel. They named him Ichabod. But Tom,
 In every garden, every alley-way,
 A convert in full heat, began to spray
 Out words with such a cat-like sexual vigor
 It seemed as though he meant alone to trigger
 A counter-reformation—words lyrical,
 Dramatic. The Marxists grew hysterical
 Because great art (they said) must always say, Fare forward,
 And never move men Babylonian-whoreward—
 Yet his *was* great. And some of us were sad.
 It was as if one of our sort, a decent lad,
 A De Molay, were seen at night across the tracks
 Dawdling with girls who lived in wooden shacks,
 Our warmth for him diminished to a freeze—
 He might infect our Rainbow Girls with dread disease.
 A puzzle. How like an angel he could write,
 What backward-looking thoughts in the despite
 Of homeland, Harvard, healthy humanists
 He wrote. I think he spread miasmic mists,
 For I prefer Pound's piths (and vinegar) and gists
 To Eliot's Anglo-Catholic orotundities;
 And Pound in the gorilla cage hard on his knees
 Affects me more in a religious way
 Than Eliot at his prie-Dieu. Well, we pray,
 Each in his fashion, all creatures great and small,
 To this, to that, to sundries, to the All.
 To whom or what? It doesn't really matter:
 The humbleness is all; the rest is idle chatter.
 Enigma? There's a spice in mystery
 (The cunning passages of history,
 The eye behind the mask, the road not taken,
 The serial—Is little Nell forsaken?—
 What next? Why me? But when? How? Where? Whodunit?)

Which gives a zest to the quotidien. It
Can make a cooked egg caviar to the colonel
And Grishkin's blisses sweet, albeit diurnal.
We humanists achieve our clarity
(I say this in all Hume-an charity)
By seeing life quite clearly but not whole—
The feast of reason lacks the flow of soul.
So if, not wholly comfy in our muddles
(The comfiness of contraceptive cuddles),
That puzzling poet Eliot still befuddles,
We must be grateful that he taught (and so did Dante)
The beatitude of Shantih, shantih, shantih.

* * *

Still later, still retired, still unoccupied, having read some part of
the works of E. C. Bentley, I boiled eulogy and verse-essay down into
a cleriheh.

Thus:

Cleriheh

Thomas Stearns Eliot
Thought (as well he ought)
That men should do his bidding
As they did at Little Gidding

One man in three versions. A blessed trinity?



Acts

*There came a sound from heaven,
as of a rushing mighty wind,
and it filled all the house.*

(Acts 2:2)

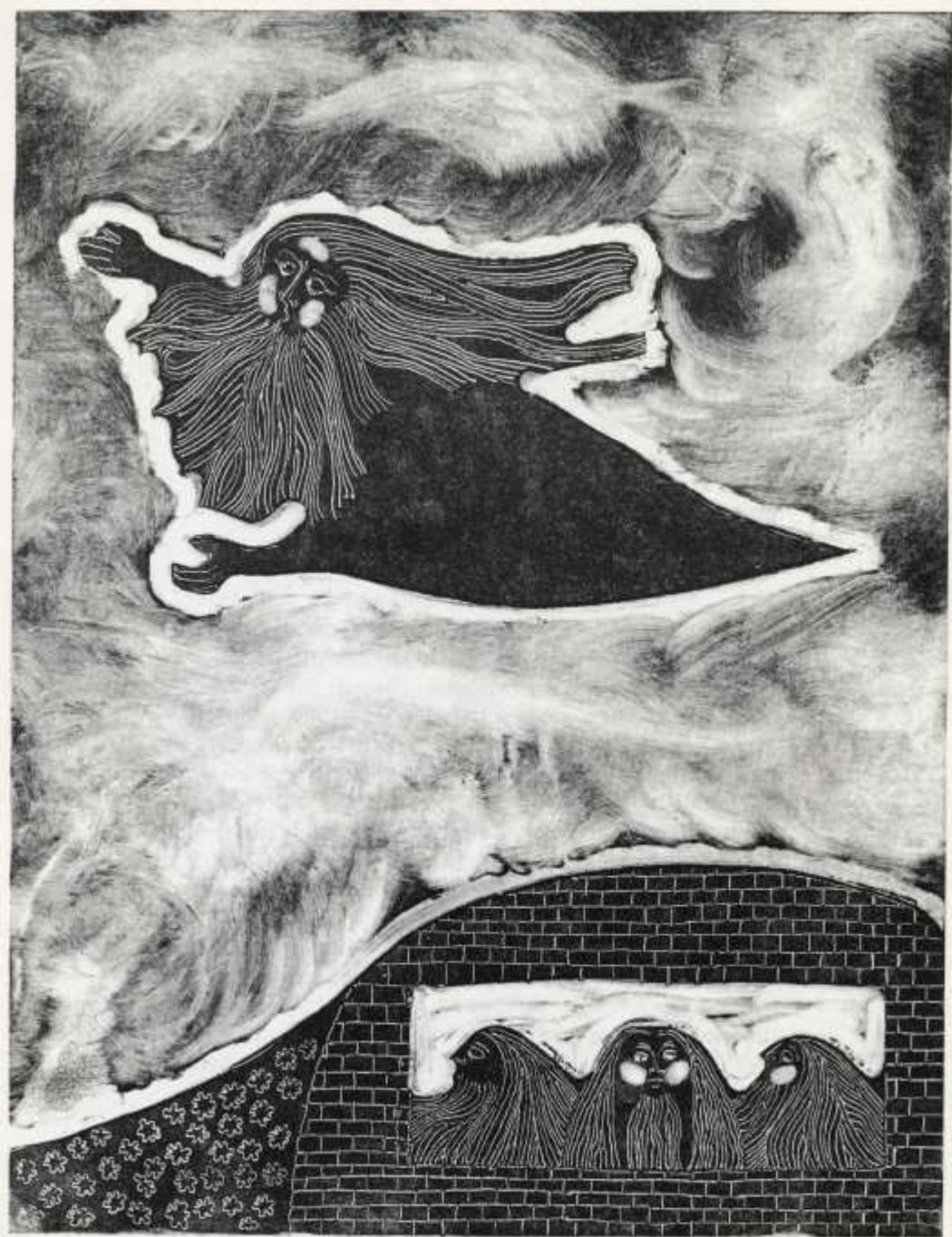
I have sat in the dumb house
waiting for a song to sound
me out and make me sound, full
as a storm trooping heaven,
still as the eye of the wind,
draft of the dove's upward rush.

Some static, ecstatic rush,
still unmoving in the house,
might move me still, or a wind
sweep my tongue with a dry sound
up the chimney, or heaven
drizzle. Can I not be filled

again: riven, spent, be filled
again, rocked among rushes,
a tower hewn toward heaven,
a loaf lifting through the house
its fine aroma, filled, sound
as the wheat, the wave, the wind,

even the song of the wind,
wayward, prophetic, fulfilled?
My brain aches and my thoughts sound,
straining against the flood's rush,
dry as old timber, poorhouse,
dashed on the rocks of heaven,

or a stomach dry-heaving
old hungers into the wind.
I have become a dumb house,
a beached ark. Busy and full
of noise, earth heaps in a crush
of traffic and sirens sound



me out of sleep, Sirens sound,
Lashed to the mast of heaven,
this is for another page
I am carried on a rush
of salt in a shrieking wind,
deaf to dreams: the fine jugs filled,
fresh waters borne to the house.

*There appeared unto them
cloven tongues
like as of fire.*

(Acts 2:3)

They share a dream of fire,
one of blood, while they wait there
in an attic that swells like
an egg in heat. It appears
they are the burden, ripe tongues,
mute, swollen, rooted, cloven

as a serpent. The cloven
head and heel of sweet fire
promises the bursting tongues
of phoenix. They are tight there
as an egg, airs apparent
of a silence that is like

a curved shell and space that like
a knob waits to be cloven,
to be turned: features appear
then, facets of the fire,
the possible faces, there,
of every fortune, the tongues

that speak the future, the tongues
that lift time off its pad like
a rocket: time and space: there,
then: now, here: nowhere: cloven
rock of ages, muse of fire.
Broker, landlord disappear.

The master has not appeared.
Only in their dreams, on tongues
of pearl, he climbs cold fire
to the sun and darkens like
Judas asunder, cloven
earth, erupted, sodden, there.

Judas: a world's litter. There
they are, like apparitions
that fade upon a cloven
air or a host on the tongue,
awaiting new bodies, like
doves, like the wind, like fire.

*They were all filled
and began to speak
as the spirit gave them utterance.
(Acts 2:4)*

Time has no handles, gods give
whatever: we are not filled.
O stomach, stomach—spirit—
Saucers fill the sky. Begin
again; spill, like milk, and speak.

Perhaps the neighbor's cat speaks,
grimly, "We're all mad here." Give
me room, a clear beginning.
Days: I keep busy, filling
the yard with flowers. Spirit

drifts with blown petals, spirit
lifts on the basil or speaks
through silent toads, beautiful
bonds of brown sunshine. I give
my days the garden, begin

with waiting, do not begin.
I've learned my will's not spirit.
I doubt I know my will. *Give*
us, forgive us—Prayer speaks
willful and unfulfilling.

O toad—Timeless: to be filled
with hearing. All that's begun
is ended; continues, speaks
thus is for another page
rain and sunshine. The spirit
explores, still, unforgiven.

*How hear we
every man in our own tongue
wherein we were born?*
(Acts 2:8)

What word struggles to be born
above the marketplace? How
many angels pin their tongues
to the wall and who will hear
fido wag and echo: man?

They are waiting for the man
to walk across the sky, born
on the clouds, waiting to hear
the summons, willing, somehow,
to drown in that fine air, tongues

flowing like bright banners, tongues
of flame, roasted flesh. God, man,
the smell of burnt meat! And how
else may the past reach us born
from old graves? They wait to hear

the word and perhaps they hear
us, hoarding atoms, our tongues
flagging Babel. They have born
their grief in silence. Each man
now, at the nonce, rises. How

they leap! How they stagger! How
they sing! At last the crowd hears,
in the word of every man,
doomsday glitter, on their tongues
milk and briny spittle, born.



*Others, mocking, said
these men are full
of new wine.*

(Acts 2:13)

I was dancing my own wine-
dark wave: rages of others
could not touch my rage. Each new
tower rode a mockery
of old floods. The moon was full.

I was another. A full
moon dissolved inside me: wine
and housel, peckers' mocking.
I have shed several other
skins: dead cells. What else is new?

I work under the sun now,
pulling weeds, raking gravel,
spreading manure, another
mowing. Meanwhile, wild grape twines
through old spruce and deadheads mock

my burn. Old walnut, I mock
time and mark how every new
day treads the pattern, new wine
in old skins. Snakeskins, awful
reminders, lace another

spring, one root or another,
lilac, forsythia, mock
orange. Such routine, so full
of repetition and new
plots, charms, stupifies, like wine.

*The sun shall be turned into darkness
and the moon into blood
before that great day.*

(Acts 2:20)

They prophesy. The bright day
holds them in its fist, turning

their hunger, body and blood,
this way and that, darkening
their vision: stone, shadow, moon.

East: west. The sun and the moon
share morning: evening. The day
brightens around them, darkens.
Limp bodies swoon. The tides turn
flooding dry brains: brine and blood.

Revelation stirs their blood.
Mountains, craters of the moon,
flow like ocean. Their heads turn
like planets on their necks. Day
and night chase time down darkness.

They are lifted through the dark,
hover like a gelid blood-
ball on the air, scabrous day,
an eloquent wound, old moon
ballooning, hover, and turn.

Here is no time: O—They turn
upon this center. The dark
draws them outward while the moon
rages and their dancing blood
speeds the light toward that great day.

*Him . . . ye have taken
and by wicked hands
have slain.*

(Acts 2:23)

Early frosts perhaps have slain
me, or I sleep. I've taken
refuge in the monstrous hands.
Maybe I dream: a wicked

child rages at a wicked
world and, still, my heart has lain
aloof in the dirty hands;
a man sits with a toad, takes

the sun, contented, taking
comfort from the earth. Wicked
as flowers, I watch my hands
like one who dreams or lies slain.

*Thou hast made known to me
the ways of life;
thou shalt make me full of joy.
(Acts 2:28)*

After they have known such joy
as leaves nothing left to know,
how do they endure the life
of stale bread, old tongues, straight ways?

They look back, long days and ways,
through a needle's eye, at joy.
What is the good? outliving
one's doom, living out knowledge

that, outlived, mocks the knowing:
platitude. They are always
caring, serving, doing. Life
is their patient, sick of joy.

*And fear came upon every soul;
and many wonders and signs
were done.*

(Acts 2:43)

Solitude is never done:
I: They: We: still hoard our fears
of being and its wonders.

O Toad—You are the wonder,
our doom's renewal, undone,
we might become should our fears

impel us beyond all fear,
all poetry, all wonders,
where we are, God, said and done.



Naming the Stars

Add to the list
of all I do not understand
your latest desire; for \$35,
in a trendy catalog,
I can give you a star.
Or fix, at least, your name
firmly in some official firmament.
But what good is a gift
(however permanent)
I could hardly select:
a stranger sealing your name
in a giant registry, and choosing
a star someone else's name
might already belong to—
as if more of us existed
than bodies in the night sky.
And the star might even be dead—
red giant, white dwarf, or flame
of supernova—I'd have
no control over what exactly
I might be saying. And though you persist,
with some romantic view
of the light reaching us
(however faintly)
long after the fire had swallowed
itself, although you insist
on one star in lieu
of all the stars I would give you—
it would be for me, finally,
a redundancy, however desirable:
something celestial I can barely see,
with your name on it.

Waiting for the Comet

My friends are leaving for the Keys
to see the comet. For them it will be
a milestone, a line of demarcation
to remember like a first date,
a first morning together.
But I don't want to squint to see it,
nor travel miles from my quiet apartment
in the city, to stand on a dark shore
beneath a moonless sky,
binoculars in hand to bring it in,
and regret the competing starlight.
Or to climb above the pinkish glow
of millions of lightbulbs,
to wait my turn
with the other gawkers
for the telescope at the observatory,
to bend and see it vaguely
pulsing in place like something caught
on a slide in 7th grade Science.
No, I'd like to step from my door
and see it as some time-lost ancestor
must have—as a sight
to invent a god for,
to gather one's kin around
and watch it move the measure
of an upraised arm,
a lengthening rent
closing itself each night.
I want to feel his hesitance
before that riverbed of dust and astral dirt,
a trail I could almost walk
back through time. To know
that some amazements never change,
like the sudden apprehension
of a love that comes, they say,
once in a lifetime if you're lucky,
in the right place, your eyes open.

Ghost

The wind is aimless in the stricken trees
With just a touch of dry and powdered snow
That hisses in the bone-white grass and curls
About my hand. These tumbled ruins yield
Before a scattered host of silver oaks
That shoulder walls long cold to human touch.
The sky is flat and scudding clouds drift south
To blind a small and sunken sun, pale eye
Of life that summons them to other forms.
What knowledge after pain of loss, what love
When thought creates warm images of scenes
Forever lost in the blackened throat of time.
Fat swallows flit where vacant windows stare,
And I a dead soul wander with the dead.

Adam and Eve

He was watching her
Not as a thing apart
But blissful as a child
With his own arm or leg.

Between them there was what
Could not have come at once.
A bud their sun of love
Had brought from seed and shoot.

They lived its flowering.
Berry on the bush.
Come, eat with me,
Sun so bright above.

Eye met eye and saw
Not earth as thing apart
But as the upthrusting tree
Their branches grew upon.

Storm

Conceive the day—
A shade of storm dark sky
Drawn down to press the light against the land
And bind our world to water
Dancing mad beneath the boat
That wallowed in the wake of waves
Exploding from the north.
Unconscious of our course
And shorn of all but self
We fought the frenzied lake
And driven by the dumb wind
Washed, by chance,
Upon an island
Where we huddled in the rocks
To wait the spending of the storm.

Later, when the sun came out
And tamed the sullen waves
I walked the shore
And found thrown up
Foul smelling weeds
Torn from the belly of the lake
Enshrouding swollen carcasses of fish
That stared with stationary eyes
From that green winding sheet.

The Fall

A whisper in the grass.
Wind's work, pay no heed.
The circle is unbroken,
Heart's waters are still.

Two heads together,
Eye inclined to eye.
What ripcord glances!
Air and earth wait.

A busyness of blood
Bangs heart to ribs late.
What is known is known
And cannot be denied.

Beat brain's light to dark
And in the bone and blood
Let the free self sing
And in its songs delight.

Wind, bite, wail,
Hound haggard heads.
Heart's waters whipped,
And every tree an eye.

Anselm's Proofs

Consider the proofs of Anselm.
Beautiful, and brittle as stiff flowers
that crumble at the touch.
One thinks with the mind of one's time,
one uses the words it allows
in the ways it allows,
and not otherwise. One writes
the poetry it permits. Another age,
finding such words, skillfully arrayed,
will make a poet famous for what he never said,
will make our Homer, and make him blind.
What is it that Anselm's proofs
no longer prove? We have no word.

Creation Theory

Light explodes from a stone fist
and so every rock
is the cavern of a thousand suns,
is paradise encapsuled.
But whose, you say,
the hand that closed that fist?
It is no matter.
Five-pointed like a star
it lies open, generous
and its fingers stream infinity
back into stone.

Contributors

Peter Schmitt, fulltime lecturer at the University of Miami, is a 1988 winner of *The Nation* "Discovery" Prize for poetry. In addition to *The Nation*, his poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Boulevard*, *The Quarterly* and *Passages North*, where in 1987 he was a winner of the "Emerging Writers" invitational competition.

Laurence Lieberman, poetry editor for the University of Illinois Press and professor of English at the University of Illinois, has had poems and critical essays in most of the country's leading magazines, including *The New Yorker*, *The Hudson Review* and *The American Poetry Review*. Author of five books of poetry, his fifth, *The Creole Mephistopheles*, will be published in January 1989 by Scribners/MacMillan. It will include "Girard, Girard."

Clark Emery, former professor of English at the University of Miami, is now retired in Palo Alto, California. Author of books on Ezra Pound and Dylan Thomas, his clerihews have been published in *The Oxford Book of Clerihews*.

Robert Zaller, who formerly taught in the History Department at the University of Miami, is presently Chairman of the Department of History and Politics at Drexel University in Philadelphia. He has published numerous books and essays in history and literature, including a prize-winning study of Robinson Jeffers.

David Rogers is the editor of *Spirit*, published at Seton Hall University in New Jersey. His poetry has appeared in numerous magazines.

Tom Smith is professor of English and chairman of the department at Castleton State College, Castleton, Vermont. His poems have appeared in *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The American Scholar*, *Chicago Review*, and numerous other literary magazines.

Patrick Donovan, whose silverpoints and etchings have appeared regularly in *The Carrell*, was a former student at the University of Miami. He is presently retired at Fort Richie, Florida. His silverpoint of T. S. Eliot and a forthcoming silverpoint of D. H. Lawrence, to appear in a study of that author by University of Miami professor Ross Murfin, are his most recent work.

Laurence Donovan, who did the monotype illustrations for Tom Smith's "Acts," recently had a one-man exhibition of his prints at the Beth Sholom Temple, Miami Beach. Forthcoming poems are to appear in *Kansas Quarterly*, *The Caribbean Writer*, and *Spirit*.

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