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carroll quarterly



spring 1975



*The seed of our destruction will blossom
in the desert, the alexin of our cure grows by a
mountain rock . . . Through Chance, we are each a
ghost to all the others, and our only reality;
through Chance, the huge hinge of the world, and a
grain of dust; the stone that starts an avalanche,
the pebble whose concentric circles widen across the
seas.*

Thomas Wolfe

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Un Jour Vient De Mourir

The sundance of splintering rays
Crystal clear from the core of the sun;
Brazen straight
Like silver roads of light,
Burst forth from the snowy white clouds.
Across the landscape
Echoes the loud dawning signal,
Of the early sun crow;
Flapping feathers in awe,
Searching for episodes,
Lost in yesterday.

Men, alive in the midst of slumber
So tranquil,
Others glide towards Hades.
Clouds timely disperse
Revealing the infinity of blue heavens.
As the day drifts along
Her mariners welcome
The coming of a mysterious night,
Dark as the abyss, cold and nameless.

The night creeps cautiously
Towards the frightened day,
And the wounded sun
Leaving bloody trails in the sky,
Disappears down the western horizon . . . in escape
Then reincarnates into moon;
Accompanied by constellations,
They challenge the ultimate darkness of the earth.
Minuit sails by with the cool breeze
To be there is to remember,
Another day is done.

Pa Joh

blossom

we smelled spring in the dirty snow
running lines down concrete avenues
into drain, dripping winter into gutter;
free wind automobile rides, running
in open shirt feeling the smell of seasons
and energy, loose in the street
and days dancing through gasoline fume
and power
and soul screaming loud,
child light brightness in flower,
butterfly in air
looking for love,
a dark falcon in the night

Dennis Archambault

HOMO LUDENS

I know a man who
keeps stashed away in the
glove compartment of his
decaying car a mask left
over from a Halloween
past and some nights, at the wheel
of a drunken flight, he
grins and mugs through its
great mustache at other
drivers who glide past in the dark. Children
in the back seats always laugh.

Other times, penniless between
pays, asleep in the sun in the city park,
I have seen it worn to
 scare away the world
 that he might dream
 of the good some whiskey could
 do crippled hearts.

Mark Norman Fink

Here Is All of Us on the Home Front

I was waking up so slowly on a Friday
that I thought "treat yourself
to a nice breakfast."
And got out good cheese, green peppers,
a ripe tomato to add to scrambled eggs.
Was down in the kitchen drinking coffee
in the sunshine and the radio
when newsman bangs out! Vietnam Vietnam!
raps the news in 2½ minutes
as yellow eggs bubble and I stand
at the stove thinking "treat yourself, yes,
but give yourself a break don't
eat alone." So I looked for something
to eat with, picked up *Life* magazine
picked up eggs toast coffee and sat
reading loud voiced *Life*:
with pictures of Charley Chaplin
with pages of pictures of Vietnam.

Life shows me its snapshots over breakfast
slaps me on the back lights a big cigar
shows me battle shows me death
tells me war is hell
drops cigar ashes on my scrambled eggs
and I ask it to leave my table
I can't eat this now some muscle
is tensing won't let me swallow
thinking this is foolish foolish
throwing food away foolish choking
over eggs in a sunny room where nothing
upsetting can happen thinking relax
treat yourself
to an extra nice breakfast
just this time leave *Life* out of it.

Kip Zegers

ONE NIGHT AS I WAS BECOMING HEMINGWAY . . .
(trying to know *A Farewell To Arms*)

BY DAVID LA GUARDIA

You begin with a river, a plain, a mountain, a sky. And the measure of what follows lies in what you take out. The leaves stay, and clouds. Trees along rivers. You hint at the commotion of absurdity, but say little about it. But what you take out! Stars, fish, breeze, moon; weeping and whining. (The authentic scream remains. Bloods remains.) But no children anywhere, no pets, parents, nothing utterly important or utterly anything. You take out utterly.

You begin with people. A woman with a wound whom you call Catherine. And she is no one that you know and everyone that you are. And you take from her all reflection and insight; all memory and anticipation; all groping for the theory below the theory of hearts. You take from her the curve of life, the fresh plum, and music and dance and father and mother. You give her no grin, no careless laugh. You let her weep when she spits at death but no other time. You take away all her adjectives.

You give her an essence -- of occupation, of womb, of lover. You give her a fear that is all fear. You make her Woman -- but you give her a wound. Her action is her wound. Her character is her wound. She is upon her own cross in her own eyes, always. She is stoic, dying, stoic, dying. A Christ-mother raped by God. Since there is nothing left, you make her simple. To her simplicity you graft a world -- a river, a plain, a mountain, a sky. You people the world with person, places, things: nouns. She in her world is too familiar to be recognized. Those who try to know her say "life is not like this, a woman is not like this, I will not be like this." You make her an echo that won't shut up. You make her you.

You create for her a beloved. Those who come to know him say "he is more like it, he is more like life, like I am. But not enough." You make of him a wanderer, wonderer, thinker. You make him intolerant of the weak, the stupid, the inane. You make him search. You give him lies and cunning. You give him will and choice and call him Frederick. And he meets his Catherine and they kiss in a garden. You

give him games and drink and appetite. You give him basic functions -- lust and comic leer. You let him be slapped at love in the garden and send him on a journey. You give him alternative. (And she knows his games and is silent. And she plays his games. And she seems to be trite but we know her for the embodiment of negation. But we forget her wound and call her silly. And we wish that she were Desdemona or the Wife of Bath during a time when there were gods.) You give him tension, dilemma: a priest, an atheist, a patriot. You give him war and rain and whores. You wait a while and laugh at him.

And then you give him a stigmata. You put him upon Catherine's cross. You wound him in the head and foot. You wound him in the hands rowing for Catherine. You make him become more like her. Slowly like her. Wounded like her. You make him see Passini die, Aymo die, trees die; you make him kill a coward, protect virgins, prevent theft. You make him very drunk and very hungry and you make his language drip and drip like a torture. You make him cleanse the harlots from his teeth with a toothbrush and you make him cleanse the war from his being with a river. You make him progress. You give him a separate peace in a village, on a mountain, in a bed. You put him back in a garden with a wound larger than a slap. You make him father waiting for child. You give him Catherine as an only hope left and place them for the while back in the garden. And Rinaldi was the snake of reason; for Rinaldi, all true thinkers are athiests.

And it is almost over. You only let happen what does happen but not enough to destroy the faith-swept eye. Someone who does not have much doubt nor much death will hate you for what you have done. Someone who measures their significance will vomit you. But all the someones left who are dying will read you for relaxation.

And the infant dies. The rains come and the spring is fertile and the spring brings forth its corpse. A plain, a mountain, a river, a sky. You are the end of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton. They said it and said it and said it all. Until there is nothing more to say. You do not try to say it all again. You let those whose needs are in what you left out read their Lear's and Othello's. You hammer your noise on a bucket at night and hearken for the cry of a stillborn loon. This is enough. And if it is not, you will begin again. With a river.

* * * * *

Dan Conté Discovery I



Teaser

Strip teasing in see-through
Wiggle and posing,
Then a camera flashes.
Wow, slim figure
Two mounds of pregnant flesh
Fighting to emancipate themselves from a blouse.
You wonder how they would...oops
May I?

Skin bruises skin
Your fingers explore
That valley on her chest.
Vibrations enter your body
Her trembling lips part,
Graciously, you receive them.

Your mind starts to escape
Senses adrift,
Your body presses against hers
Forces her down,
Down, until the springs squeak.
Fingers mechanically undo button
But as you brush that skirt off,
She looks into your eyes...and whispers,
No!
I've never done this before.

Pa Joh

In a Suburban Railway Station

I sit in a train station
in a lyric suburb
beneath the flaunting trees of fall,
reading the shaman Duncan,
dreaming of the time you will come
and your eyes will be the region
of my life again
-- that country where no light goes out,
and now
the trees are all afire
for the look of you.

James Magner

AND ALL FALLS IN

Often I dream, before sleep, of a glacial bay
and sheer walls of ice, blue and white.
At the sudden rush of unconsciousness
I see the ice crumble endlessly.
First comes the slow crack, then mountains thunder
and the slabs plunging to their mirror image,
dagging the bay. That first boom
of water and tons of ice has in it
the throat and throb of a universe beginning
or a life undone.
It leaves little thought of hope.

Then there's the huge spume shooting to lupine points,
blooming past sides of the world
that grind and let go into the abyss.
The whoosh and pound is as blood's in the ear,
a sound that always brings such silence after
as we feel those times each year
we view a corpse
and imagine the struggle of that still chest
to rise against the massive crush of death.

Floyd C. Stuart



Larry Story

TEN FEET TALL

(after a photograph by Diane Arbus)

For us standing is one of the less
provocative things we do,
but you--fat hands fat lips hang
My God, the embarrassment at the beach--
even fat feet!

Does your hair grease smear the ceiling?
How much do you eat?

*Roof beams warp my spine.
The walls inch in.
My head is a heavy flower,
and people a perverse sunshine
shooting from angles
I can hardly bend down to.*

Of course we've been crude,
but let's be frank:
the mass of your flesh, while not a deliberate
excess, stirs a disgust
coiled so deep in us. . .
You understand. Don't overly distrust
our well-meant friendliness.

Floyd C. Stuart



HOME

BY YASUNARI KAWABATA

Translated from the Japanese by Richard A. Schuchert, S.J.

Translator's Note: Yasunari Kawabata (1899-1972) is a challenge to the translator. His aesthetic sense is rendolent of haiku poetry. The style is compressed, the diction highly symbolic. It smolders with lyrical cues for the Japanese, which are, however, in danger of being lost on outsiders. "Home" (Katei) appears in a large collection with the overall title Tanagokoro no Shosetsu (tanagokoro - 'palm of the hand', and shosetsu - 'fiction') The stories are vignetter sketches of Japanese life either contemporary or in the Edo period, impressionistic and intimately charming. The author is famous for subtle portrayal of

female characters and their feelings. Kawabata was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature (1968). Among his novels published in English translation are Snow Country, Thousand Cranes, and The Sound of the Mountain.

The blindness referred to herein does not of necessity pertain to eyes that do not see.

A man leading his blind wife by the hand was walking up a hill to look at a house for rent.

"What's making that sound?"

"The rustle of the breeze in a patch of bamboo."

"That's it, for sure. I haven't been out of the house for so long. I couldn't remember the tone of bamboo leaves. -- In our present home the stairway to the second floor is gentle, is it not? When we first moved in, my feet could not get the feel of the steps and it was rather awkward. And now that I feel completely at home with even the stairway, you tell me, 'Let's go and inspect still another house.' A blind person knows the inside and out of her long-time home, every last corner, the same as her own body. Home is as dear as her own person. The blind woman's blood will course through a house that has died in the eyes of her husband. Will I have to go at it again --- bumping into walls in a strange house, tripping on the threshold?"

The man released his wife's hand when he moved to open the white painted wooden door.

"My goodness! The yard appears so gloomy! Thick with overgrown trees. It will be cold in the house when winter comes, don't you think?"

"It is indeed a spooky European house, to look at the outside walls and the windows. Apparently some German was living here. His name plate is still attached, --- it's Leidermann."

Albeit, once he pushed open the entrance, he reared back as though struck by blinding light.

"It's marvelous! It's all aglow. If the yard is like night, the interior is daylight."

Wall paper designed of wide stripes in yellow and vermillion appeared resplendent as a ballroom curtained in red and white. The crimson window drapes were brilliant as colored electric lights.

colored electric lights.

"It has a sofa, it has a fireplace. A clothes closet, a chandelier, a matched table and chairs. Have a look at this . . ." he said, landing his wife into the sofa with a rough-and-tumble throw. His wife's arms sawed the air, as in a braceless slide on ice, then her body bounced on the springs.

"Look-----there's even a piano!" He grabbed her hand to pull her forward. She sat down to a spinet near the fireplace. Tentatively she stroked the keys like touching some scary object.

"Oh-h, it's in nice tune!"

She began to play a children's song, one she had learned and remembered from when she was still a child able to use her eyes. When the husband went off to inspect the study, which was furnished with an ample desk, he took note of the bedroom next door, which held a broad double bed. Oddly, the mattress was finished in a sturdy cloth of stripes in red and white. When he threw himself on it, the bed was sensuously resilient. Little by little the wife's piano played along into a thing of rollicking delight. And yet, when here and there she struck a false note --- the sad part of being blind --- he heard her laugh it away like a child.

"Hey! --- why not come here and see the huge bed?"

It was incredible --- still unfamiliar with the arrangement, like a young woman enjoying sight, his wife came briskly through the house and into the sleeping room.

Seated on the bed together, arms folded about each other's shoulder, they romped like a pair of wind-up dolls. The wife let out a quiet whistle. She had lost all count of time.

"Where are we?"

"What does it matter?"

* * * * *

THE NOWHERE OF BIRDS

Eye strays to window edge
and spies against the snowhill
branches of a black tree
bursting into birds.
They wedge adjust

float soundlessly
into ragged brick.

We almost know
what they have said.

A squall dissolving the valley
presses the pane white
stretches past

to swallow
the nowhere of birds.

Mind sits and stares
unwilling to shatter glass
and enter
an emblem of our lives.

Floyd C. Stuart

The Lost Soul

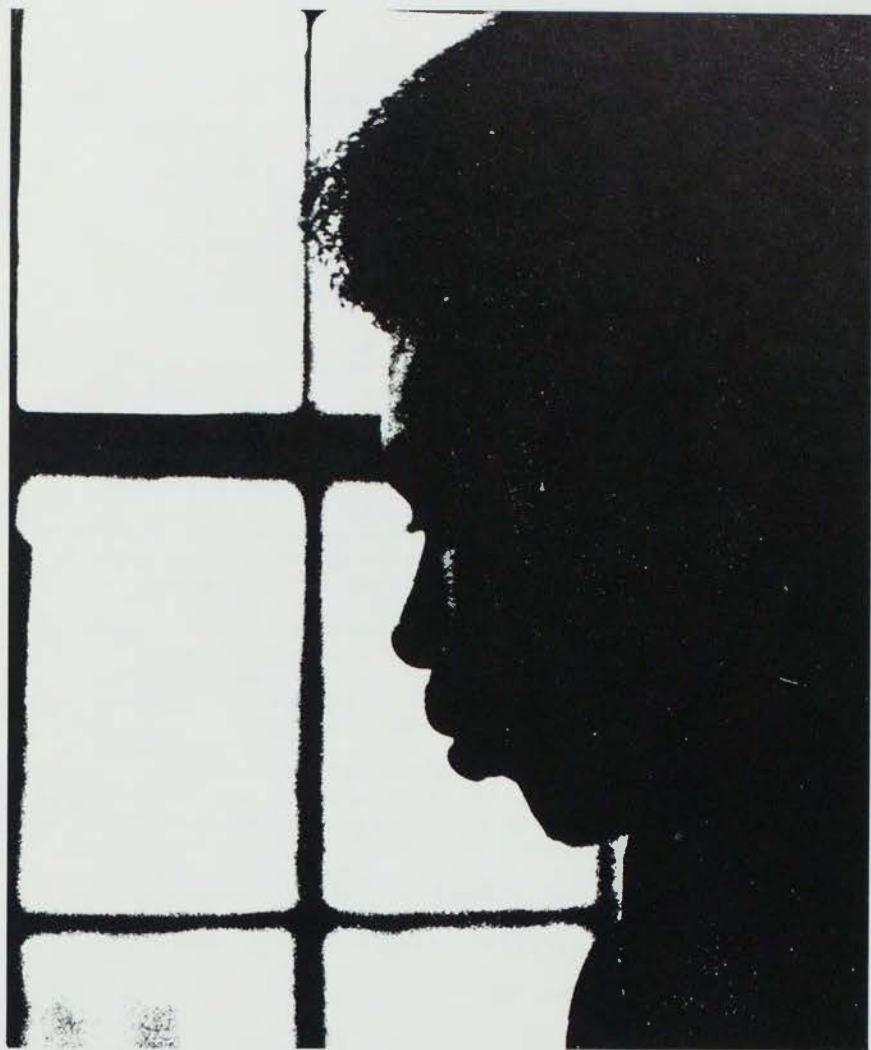
Sitting in a cool campus room staring blank,
The cold eyes of nostalgia exploring your mind,
As you recall the sugar-loaf mountains of Banjul,
And the evergreen vallies of youth
Where the crimson rays of the dying sun
Come to rest in splendid unity with mother nature.

Destined to be trans-Oceania,
From reality - Love - and comfort,
You roam the slumbering city,
In your world of fantasy and thought.
The rhythm of silence and loneliness
Join in odd colors in your soul.

I can't stand it, said a tormented voice.
You look around - nothing but the breeze.
The shores of your eyes start to flood with tears
And the owl circling at zenith looks down and
asks---who?

You tilt your face up towards the gloomy sky,
And answer---I don't know.

Pa Joh



Dan Conti

Where the Loon Cried

where the loon cried,
we came together to collect thoughts
and speculate on shafts of sky,
which raced through the pine grove heights
down to that grassy spot
and dappled the ground in shadow and light.

where the loon cried,
we sat, talking with the agony of souls
stretched in tension on the mind's spell.
the wind was gentle,
but I recall your hands,
suspended high in frantic gesture
and silhouetted dark against the sun,
that flashed in your eyes.

where the loon cried,
the fire left us surprised by silence
and comfortless without the intervening words.
then your golden hair caught the light
and held it, streaming down across your shoulders,
falling softly at your breast.

where the loon cried,
I caught another, softer tone
and a quicker breath than wind could have.
sight blurred awhile and
mind raced through a flowered haze
that exhorted us to further depths;
while beneath us, soft forest floor gave way,
and above, a final light-shaft pierced the clouds.
the sun was setting as we sank in our repose,
and there, in the quiet lessening of time,
the night renewed its form.

where the loon cried,
we interlaced our gaze
and joined ourselves together as we died.

Vincent Casaregola

"and to whatever point you turn
you come upon being"
-Martin Buber

Lover, when
like an augur you
open and spill me
on the sheets to see
if what I bear inside
bodes good;

when waking at twilight,
we play, our seeing grown soft
and grey, charged with
love for the swelling night

I remember then the sad times,
before we knew

what each particular trickle has
to say about the place where water's
born,
why snails sign their shining names in slow and silvered
script,

or how, high and low, birds blacken staves of wires
in perfect arpeggios
of undulate song.

To know
you've seen a creature turn and sniff
and read the air?

Alive can be like that.

Mark Norman Fink

IX

A creased note on a yellowed page
Is all that yet remains,
Of dauntless pride's untempered rage
In face of love's sweet chains.
I left in haste from Cupid's path,
Without a word in rue;
So sure that time would quell the wrath
My words instilled in you:
But now I see I ran too fast,
Escaping from my plight--
For emptiness is mine at last,
As I fall to the night.
A creased slur on broken heart
Has proved to split my world apart.

G. Zelinsky

Daughter Of The Singing Light
(To Maureen)

Somehow from ever
in my seed
was sown the daughter of the singing light.

Out from the towers of Babylonian splendor
of that dreamic stalagmite city
that birthed me from its heights
massive along the Hudson
and rising to the sea.
Out from the wino womb of ashcans
and the Rorschach alleys of my pummelings,
the vomit of the yellow blare of bars
upon the oil-sick sound and sea*
and in the lonely watches of my youth
and the lyric soundings of my soul
was her beauty ever
singing in the light.

In shivered sleep in pig-mulch
in Beppu's pouring rain,
upon the face of Korea's rigored corpse
and in the cold that crystallized
urine in the air
--below all contorted reveries
and weariness beyond imagination
was there sown, my daughter,
your singing in the light.
In the globic arc of wanderings
and in the single mystic arrow's flight
to find its quivered rest,
among the latter years of bells
and beads and silence
and in the lonely tower of my prayer
were you born the eidolon
of all my dreams of beauty.

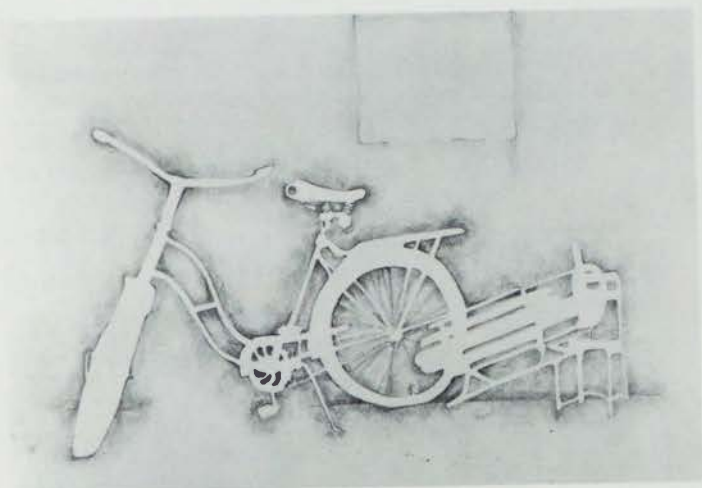
No pain, no night
no expenditure could abort
your singing in the light
my daughter.

**The word "sound" refers to the Long Island Sound*

James Magner



Darrell Bilancini



Mary Pat Francel

In Memorial

My life was a product of the primes,
Computed, undisputed before the age of twenty-
nine,
Of Euclidian advancement that dominates
Those who dare to recreate
That which is and remains to be,
The idea of Mathematical reality.

But, the graying years unfold their tears,
Covering o're my wrinkled form
A slovenly slimish unmeasurable fear,
While my sceptical mind leads me blindly on
Unpurposely into the midnight of my years.

Life of late is a helpless state.
To not be provable is not rejectable,
To be simultaneously disprovable is unacceptable
Miserable
Despisable.

Death is near, I cannot fight or fear
The nothingness of my plight.
It is useless, it is worthless,
The irony laughs inside my hollow mind, refind.
Death promises nothingness which is what I have,
And by death I will surely achieve the same.

My dilemma is the only continuous thread that
remains.

I have de-evolved, dissolved,
I have become less than a critic
un-ambitious, non-delicious, un-ridiculous.
I no longer seek the truth, I seek relief,
I seek death.

I can no longer see my mirrored reflection,
I am not superimposable, how reposable,
I'm disposable, is it possible?
Am I now reasonable, am I trivial?

My energies are entropies,
My skull a phrenological mishap.
If but to plagiarize my past
If but to reminisce my youth.

Vacuous thoughts of death dominate, reverberate,
undulate.

Archimedes I will never meet.
Immortality I have over-reached
A one-way-street, a youthfull treat,
defeat.

What happened to Fermat's theorem?
The law of quadratics, the idea of irrationality,
Have I lost my common factors?

Not a significant idea remains, I am tame.

Seriousness has become despairation, a dis-
pensation.
A generality, a triviality.
Depth is but despair, without repair.
Nothing is abstract, it is imminent,
Utility is happiness and I am useless.

I played chess today,
It did not relieve my symptoms.
Elusiveness prevails, un-ables
The story of a life gone by.

The reality that I once knew does not exist.
I am dormant, nonabsorbent.
Reality lies outside my "self",
I can no longer observe it, preserve it, conserve
it.

I once said, "imaginary universes are so much
more beautiful
than this stupidly constructed real one."
I hope it is
true.

J. Fiordalisi

THE LIFE OF SAINT CHURD

edited By JOSEPH F. KELLY

Editor's Note: Not long ago, while working in the archives of the Bedford Heights Public Library to find information on the veneration of the American Eagle by the Dubuque chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (for my forthcoming book, Patriotism and Animal Fetishism in Eastern Iowa), I came across an old manuscript, crumpled and worn and with strange circular markings on the cover. When I asked one of the curators what it was, he said he did not know but that it made "a damn fine coaster." He told me I could have it, so I rushed home with this prize to examine it more closely. It turned out to be not only a damn fine coaster but also one of the oldest extant lives of the great Anglo-Saxon saint, Churd.

The handwriting was difficult to read and the manuscript was in poor condition, but after some effort, I was able to establish the text. Here it is exactly as written, except for the spelling which I updated, e.g., the original title was "Ye Lyff andd Myraccles offe Seynt Churde."

The Life And Miracles Of Saint Churd

In the little Anglo-Saxon village of Twerp-on-Tweed, there lived the blessed boy Churd. He was the son of the pagan warrior Ulk and the Christian virgin Casta Connubia. His father wanted him to follow the crude and savage ways of the pagans but the blessed boy stayed close to his mother who taught him the ways of the faith and cross-stitching. At school the cruel pagan boys would mock the holy lad, calling him insulting names, but he would cleverly reply, "It takes one to know one." Having thus routed them peacefully, he would return home.

One day while he was alone in his room, behold, a great light shone all about and an angel appeared to him. Churd looked on in amazement as the heavenly being spoke.

"Blessings on you, O Gundlap."

"But, blessed sir, I am not Gundlap."

"You're not? Then who are you?"

"I am Churd."

"Isn't this Twit-on-Tweed?"

"No, sire, it is Twerp-on-Tweed."

"Oh, hell, I'm lost. Look, kid, where's Twit-on-Tweed?"

"It's five miles upriver, blessed sire."

"Thanks, kid. Seeya'round."

With these words, the heavenly being departed, leaving Churd to wonder what his words could mean. He asked his father Ulk, who replied, "Get your ***** Christian ***** out of here." (*Editor's note: The lacunae in the text are explained by a marginal note: "Pious Christian eyes should not read such words."*) Next he spoke to his mother Casta Connubia, who said she did not know but urged him to speak to the famous hermit, Scratch.

Scratch had deserted the company of men seventy years before and lived on the moors, eating nothing but bark and leaves. When Churd approached, he noticed the holy man was having something extra that day - two ripe pine-cones. Scratch explained it was a feast day and graciously offered food to Churd who humbly refused. The boy then explained the vision to Scratch, whose only reply was "It's hard to get good help these days." At length, Scratch suggested that Churd speak to the famous bishop Erg or to the abbess Mother Obsessissima and to ask them what they thought.

Taking leave of the hermit, Churd went to the bishop's palace. There he learned that the holy man was away, waging war on the pagans, trying to convert them to the Truth. The chamberlain said that if Churd left his name and address, the bishop would get back to him. But Churd thought it best to look elsewhere.

At length he came to the convent of Mount Saint Morticia, and there he spoke to the abbess Mother Obsessissima. She listened with interest and care to his story, but could offer no help. However, recognizing this was more than just an ordinary boy, she said, "I hear you're a whiz with a

needle. Would you like to help me finish this tablecloth?" Churd realized there was great spiritual affection behind those innocuous words, but he knew that he could not stay. He had to work out the implications of the vision for himself.

At length, finding help nowhere, Churd decided to leave civilization and to wander about the countryside, looking at the sky, rolling grass, (*Editor's note: No doubt this should be read: rolling in the grass*) and living in harmony with the wild animals with whom he established many deep and meaningful relationships.

He lived in tranquility and peace for many years. Gradually, people from the towns came to him to ask advice on many issues. Always they received kindly words and sage counsel. Thus the fame of Churd grew and spread.

Soon even kings came to see him. Prominent among these was Charles the Simple. Humbly he approached Churd and said, "How do you do? I am Charles the Simple. My father was Charles the Bald and his father was Charles the Fat. How do you do? I am Charles the Simple." For many hours saint and ruler discussed things earthly and heavenly, until at last the king took his leave, saying, "Good-bye. I am Charles the Simple, Good-bye."

Shortly after that, England was ravaged by the Vikings under their war-lord Fork, a foul and obscene pagan who worshipped the pagan gods Winkin, Blinkin, and Nod. Having terrorized one and all, Fork came at last to the abode of Churd. Invoking his evil gods, Fork hastened to kill the holy man. But Churd, strong in his faith, said a short prayer and immediately Fork was turned into a bowling ball. Thereupon Churd took up the bowling ball and donated it to the monks of Saint Draco for use by the monastery's bowling team, the Holy Rollers.

Churd had served his country; now he was called upon to serve his Church. At that time there arose in the Church a great consternation, caused by the heretical theologian, Jacobus of Toledo. In his book *De Contemptu Laicorum*, Jacobus propagated the heresy of Patridepressionism, which claimed that if people are out of work, they will love God. This virus soon spread throughout the whole mystical body and eventually made its way to the head, Rome. When the pope, Aquarius LV, realized that it infringed upon the prerogatives of the Holy See, he condemned it in the bull *Disgustabili*.

The pernicious heresy also threatened the civil peace, so the Holy Roman Emperor, Halitosus Magnus, banished Jacobus from his domains. After a time of wandering, the dreaded heresiarch at last came to this other Eden, demi-paradise, this fortress built by Nature for herself, this precious stone set in the silver sea, this blessed plot, this earth, this little realm, this England.
(Editor's note: This passage appears to be a later interpolation.)

In but a short time the heresy was disrupting the English church. At last, Skulf, bishop of Chanticleer, decided to call a council at which the heretic Jacobus would debate Patridepressionism with leading Anglo-Saxon theologians. The appointed day arrived and the first to debate Jacobus was David of the West Virgins. David was learned in God-talk but not in other-talk, and when Jacobus challenged him to say, "Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions on a sesame-seed bun," David was forced to retire.

Next to debate the heretic was Ethelred the Unread, a great ascetic and philosopher who had left the seminary and had worn nothing but blue-jeans for forty years. But the wily Jacobus was more than a match for him. As the debate was about to begin, the heretic said, "Good morning, Ethelred." Being a true philosopher, Ethelred replied, "I'd like to analyze that statement." While he was doing that, Jacobus wrote another book, *Life, Love, Sex, Suffering, Death, Hope, Despair, Cosmos and Cookies*; and the heresy flourished.

At last the Church turned to Churd. This holy man, knowing from a vision what was to happen, had prepared himself for it by neither eating nor washing nor changing his clothes for three months. When he entered the debaters' hall, his very presence caused Jacobus to turn away and flee along with his followers. So overpowering was Churd, that even some of the faithful fled, too. The Church was saved! Editor's note: *The defeat of the heretic Jacobus by Saint Churd was one of the most frequently portrayed themes in Medieval art. Cf. Eberhard Weber, Die Geschichte und die Ikonographi der Spitoonischeforschung im Mittelalter, 12 volumes, Leipzig, 1881-87*

Churd then returned to his simple life in the wilderness. Of his blessed end, nothing is known, save that one night a strange light was seen glowing in the midst of the forest, but when people from the towns reached the spot, nothing could be found. However, some months later, the bones of a man were found in a lonely grotto, and these were piously believed to be those of Saint Churd.

To make certain of this for themselves and to refute pagan scoffers who doubted Churd's sanctity, the Christians tested these precious relics. One evening they left the bones in the middle of the village square along with some bread and meat and vegetables. On the next morning, not only was the food gone but the saint's bones had miraculously grown in size. The impious pagans claimed that during the night some Christians had eaten the food and replaced the bones of the man with the bones of an ox. But the pagans are the partners of the Evil One and should not be believed. This and other miracles were performed by the relics of the blessed Churd.

Let no one who reads this add or delete one syllable; if he does, let him be anathema. Blessed be Saint Churd. Finis.

* * * * *

Classicist

Walking dense woods men seldom care to travel
with tickle of spiderthread breaking against
 my face,
with multiple plop of water I bother off leaves,
I notice the wild ones get along well without me.
Like a man come back to visit the old quadrangle,
I feel awkward, alien, out of place;
only mosquitoes, from the alumni office,
welcome me long enough to suck my blood.

What I learned here came effortlessly, in
 pleasure,
like a poetry lesson suddenly understood;
no pain of algebra or tedium of experiment
interrupted my curriculum. But these days,
with dumb unfeeling discipline I cut
and classify lost kin in a long dead tongue.

Kevin Cawley



Sylvia Gale

home

I awake bleary eyed, sneezing
to glittering light, white
tiny bulbs strung through the city,
rolling in on a greyhound, 10:30;
home, place of birth
strange place for a holiday, anyday;
different street empty of names
roaring of new kings, their cars

the romance of dancing flame
in a quiet place, somewhere
in the cold of other times
thinking of rain
heavy in the frozen sky,
and days of pillowed youth,
I close my eyes to the noise of children
running roadraces of the imagination--
little girl crying, trying to break in
a contest of roaring drivers
screaming together;
the unrecognizably pleasant music
of a past holiday muffles that fight,
flame continuing in aged form,
beautiful, crackling light

white light through tear steamed eyes
eating away at the soul, older
lost and running;
new schools, bars, freeways,
old neighbors forgetting your name
parents remembering you five years shorter;
something about those small sparkles
now outlining a city breaking apart in distance,
yesterday's home surrounded in smile
warm, nice,
and you know it's all illusion
and you know
you can never go back

Dennis Archambault



Bernie Schultz

*O death in life that turns our men to stone!
O change that levels down our gods! If only one
lives yet, above the cinders of the consuming
years, shall not this dust awaken, shall not dead
faith revive, shall we not see God again, as once
in morning, on the mountain? Who walks with us on
the hills?*

Thomas Wolfe

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