

**Literary
Quarterly**

**Marist
College**

VOL. I NO. 1

1961

CONTENTS

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What is the content or nature of a Catholic? What properties does the Catholic possess which distinguish him from his non-Catholic fellows?

Take on each after a variety of theological and philosophical answers to these questions, the present volume is a brief study of the kind "Catholic" term in everyday, practical usage of New York's Catholic community. A Catholic may be conceptually defined as one who

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WHAT IS A CATHOLIC?

What is the essence or nature of a Catholic? What properties does the Catholic possess which distinguishes him from his non-Catholic fellows?

While one might offer a variety of theological and philosophical answers to these questions, our present concern is a brief study of the word "Catholic" from an everyday, practical point of view. From this standpoint, a "Catholic" may be descriptively defined as one who lives a good and honest life, one who is tolerant in his relations and contacts with other persons, and observant of the laws of justice in regard to them. More specifically a Catholic is one who has been "baptized and professes the true faith, and who has not been so unfortunate as to separate himself from the unity of the Body, or been excluded by legitimate authority for grave faults committed" (Pius XII, *Mysticis Corporis*, para. 22).

Properly speaking, therefore, the common expression "he was born a Catholic" is actually an anomaly. To use the image of Christ, the Everlasting Truth, a Catholic is one born again of water and the Holy Spirit of God. "Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless a man be born again of water and the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God; and that which is born of Spirit is spirit" (John 3: 5-7). Water, then, is the material element in this new birth and the principle of fecundity is the Holy Spirit. Plumbing Christ's statement a little more deeply, the logical thinker consequently sees that, from God's point of view, there are really only two types of men: those born only once and those born twice--of man and woman in the first case, of water and the Holy Spirit in the second birth. The former are only human, "children of men;" the latter are superhuman, "children of God." Thus, no one is "born a Catholic." Although its essential meaning is largely lost on people today, the expression "christen" does epitomize a transcendent element in the life of an individual. One who is "christened," or

more accurately "Christ-ened," is endowed with Christ, is incorporated into Christ. Christening, accordingly, bestows a new vital principle upon an individual; in a word, in its most complete sense, it makes him a "Catholic."

Studied in this context, the awful significance of the sacrament of Baptism stuns a man to his knees in an attitude of humble gratitude. Having been endowed with a new principle, a new sort of formal cause, a specific, characteristic sign which raises him to a particular class or species to which, of himself, he has no right to aspire, the baptized Catholic becomes a son of God. He has been sanctified, divinized, deified--in an accidental way, of course, proper to those who have been "born of God" (John 1: 11). He is an adopted son, to be sure, But a son nonetheless, and more, a brother of Christ, an heir to the eternal glory of heaven. "For whoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. Now you have not received a spirit of bondage so as to be again in fear, but you have received a spirit of adoption as sons, by virtue of which we cry 'Abba! Father' The Spirit himself gives testimony to our spirit that we are Sons of God, but if we are sons, we are heirs also, heirs indeed of God and joint heirs with Christ provided, however, we suffer with him that we may also be glorified with him" (Rom 8: 14-17).

Indeed, "the world is charged with the grandeur of God." What can a man say to Him Who has given him the means and shown him the Way to be a son of God even here on earth through the exercise of the infused theological virtues? When all is said and done, what man says matters little. Of far more vital importance, what will he do in return?

Bro. William C. Lambert

CONSECRATION

Bending low o'er altar linens,
Whispering this solemn phrase:
"Hoc est enim Corpus Meum,"
Lost in silent, deafening praise.

Kneeling slowly and serenely -
Deference for sacrifice;
In his fingers Corpus Christi,
Gestures cautious and concise.

Rising fast in exaltation,
Holding high for all to see
Wheaten Host, the same in aspect,
Changed from bread to Deity!

Bro. John J. McDonnell

THE LIBERAL ARTS: TWO VIEWS*

When I was asked to participate in this forum, I tried to clarify more precisely the exact topic that would be under discussion, with those who had organized it. In reply, I was told that the area covered would be as large as possible, considering aspects of both a liberal and a liberal arts education, and that the speakers would be expected to merely give their opinions on the broad general topic.

I was first exposed to the discussion of this general topic--that of liberal education--in my first year of college, here, in the freshman English composition course, and it is from considerations that were presented in this course that I presume that we are to work from tonight. However, although we were presented with a great variety of views on the subject, my own experience, and to some extent, I believe that of the rest of the panel, is largely associated with the college education we have been receiving here at Marist. And so, with perhaps less than a minimum of knowledge of the controversy surrounding the subject as it pertains to, say, education in America, I would like to restrict my present remarks--opinions that are by no means indelibly established in my own mind--to that segment of the educational sphere with which I am most familiar--Marist College.

In the discussions by students of the nature, purposes, and failings of this school that I have overheard or participated in, several points have been made which can be summarily dismissed as being concerned with only the temporary nature of things, for the school is

* Editor's Note: The following articles by James Callahan and Bro. Timothy O. Lafferty were delivered at a forum, the topic of which was the Liberal Arts.

not yet a miniature of what it is someday to be. There are absolute deficiencies in some areas, criticism of which is, and will be, unjustified until these fields are even minimally covered.

One topic of conversation which is valid, however, even if it is, as I will presently try to demonstrate, untenable, is the general complaint of too much work, especially in fields other than the major. This point is symptomatic of any liberal arts college's principal educational dilemma--the dual problem of specialization and academic regimentation.

I think I will stand in open agreement with most of my fellow panelists when I say that, if anything, there is too much specialization and concomitant lack of academic direction. The freshman composition course should be continued, in a progressing and expanding form, for all four years. The courses in philosophy and theology should be intensified, and much more thoroughly integrated as to subject matter. As an example, students taking third year theology are almost totally unprepared to cope with the subject matter of the course, not because it is unjustly thrust upon them, or because the philosophy department has failed to do its job in preparation, but because there is no coordination of effort or joint planning on the part of the two departments, and the result is either a duplication or a total omission of relevant subject matter. Also, logic should be tied in more with the modern mathematics which have greatly enriched it. This would mean of course that the mathematics must necessarily be taught also. Science should not be spoon-fed to those who feel their special interests lie in history, languages, and English. Economics and political science should not be left in right field to be swatted at by a handful of the "history majors". Course work should be integrated over a wider area, and pre-requisites set up, that jump the boundaries of major fields. I feel there are good reasons, for example, for considering the Lyric Poetry course nec-

essary for entrance into the course in the Old Testament, and that the Old Testament course should definitely remain as a requirement. *Introduction to* and *Fundamentals of* courses should be entirely replaced by a larger number of courses on specific points of the various subject matters. The latter half of this is, of course, being done right now, but these go under the title of major courses, and the *Introduction to* courses remain to justify the fact that students are supposed to be molded and deepened, into fuller human beings. Modern languages should be given the emphasis that graduate schools place upon them, and I do not believe that it is unrealistic to consider the main function of a liberal arts education to be the preparation for graduate school. Specifically, I would prefer a reading comprehension of at least two languages--some combination of the usual four: French, Spanish, German, and Russian; rather than the "almost" grasp of perhaps one.

All these considerations are of course only half truths, and the important fact to draw out of them is that they exclude much thought of individual freedom of choice and specialization, and also, incidentally, sound like they are going to involve more, and not less, work for the student, especially in fields in which he has little interest. But is not anything else a debasement of the institution? Should it bend to the expediencies of the times, and return to the people only what they ask of it, or should it actively mold the people? This, I think, is the essence of academic freedom; not whether an agnostic or an atheist should be allowed to fill a class of gullible engineers or budding philosophical "free-thinkers" with the "real thoughts" of Western man in their one and only Humanities course.

It would be unfortunate if my preceding remarks were to be misconstrued as an indictment of Marist College, because, as I tried to present at the outset, such a criticism must be invalid, until the school is physically able to sustain a permanent policy. An in-

tensification of program can only come as a later step in the school's development, at a time when it has a physical plant, library, and faculty necessary to handle this intensification.

Also, what I have said is inapplicable, and I would be presumptuous to think otherwise, to the school as a suggestion of the policy it should follow in the future It is merely the education I would want for myself--a choice that I would make freely, but once chosen, would feel bound to attain.

James Callahan

If there is one question that every college student should ask himself at some time or other during his ninth to twelfth years of schooling, without a doubt, it is the "Cur venisti?" of St. Bernard. "Why have I come?" Unless the student grapples seriously with this problem at some time or other, he has not only failed to come to grips with the very *raison d'être* of education in general, but, moreover, the years which he has spent on intellectual development have been pitiably wasted.

Frank Freshman enters an arts college. Why? Oh, he wants to get a good job, he guesses; perhaps he or his parents are afraid of what others will say if he does not go to college. On the other hand, he might have a special aim -- he may want to become a teacher, or scientist, or veterinarian. If he has the title "Brother" in front of his name, he is fired up with zeal to save souls in the schools conducted by his congregation. In any case, Frank -- no matter what his aims are -- thinks that an arts college will help him achieve them. Of what other possible use could the arts be?

He begins college with gusto, and finds himself taking courses in religion, mathematics, English, a science, philosophy, history, a foreign language. In Sophomore year he chooses a major and begins to "specialize." Even if he majors in a science, he still takes religion and philosophy, for example. Of course, by now Frank is tumbling head over heels into college activities, and his original aim may become somewhat subconscious, not to say unconscious. And this at the precise time when he should be recalling the "Why?"

Depending on such factors as time, interest, and ability, to mention a few, Frank may start making connections among his various courses in Junior Year. He may realize that the Aristotle he now hears about in a major English course as author of the *Poetics* is the same man upon whom Saint Thomas built so much of his metaphysics. Similarly, if, during a modern history course, someone refers to the *Lettres Provençiales* or *Pensées* of Blaise Pascal, he may remember that this same Pascal so distinguished himself in the science of physics as to have his name applied to the law of pressure which he formulated. Moreover, his philosophy and religion courses may coincide, too, and from here on in, he consciously tries to integrate all his courses and extracurricular studies into one body of knowledge.

But what about his original aims? How does all this knowledge, compounded in varying amounts of speculative and practical ingredients, contribute to the goals which Frank set for himself at the outset of his college career. To be honest, I do not see how the arts -- *per se* -- can help Frank to get a better job or save souls or any other concrete, secondary goal in life. Have the arts failed in their purpose? Has the college failed to accomplish what it originally set out to do? I say no, but before I can make my answer completely comprehensible, I must set down what I consider to be the goal of the arts.

Returning to Frank, I think that his original aims

in going to college were somewhat shortsighted. I am not blaming him in the least, but I hope that by the time he reaches Junior Year, he will have outgrown his blinkers and will have become a little more universal in his outlook. Only then will he see that the function of the arts is not utilitarian; rather their purpose is to make men. Needless to say, this notion provides a vast field of inquiry and can be approached from many different perspectives. For my part, I am taking as my point of departure the scholastic conception of the virtue of art, namely, that which perfects right reason in the making of things. Thus the arts will make a man of Frank, if only he has the prudence to act as generously toward them as they do towards him.

In consciously unifying the corpus of his intellectual acquisitions, he has taken the first step. Now he must go on and set up his own philosophy of life. Once he has found that knowledge is one, he will soon discover that reality is one, and that he is one particular instance of that one all-embracing reality. Accordingly, he will establish himself in a certain metaphysical unity of order, which is itself directed to its proper end -- God. Frank, like everyone else, has heard such expressions as the "riddle of life," "the complexity of life," "the mystery of life!" but he will now be able to smile at these superficialities. He will realize that reality in general, and life in particular, are actually quite simple, because their ultimate Principle is simple. While he is cognizant of the fact that he is using the word "simple" analogously here, nevertheless, he will delight in the revelation which this analogy exemplifies.

Thus, the mere integration of intellectual knowledge is not enough. To single out a particular case in point, I might refer to a certain nuclear physicist, a portion of whose work I have read recently, who is so well-rounded as to see that what men seek today is wisdom, a wisdom which adds order to knowledge, without which knowledge is dry. For him neither the humanities nor the sciences

suffice in themselves -- the two must be synthesized. And yet, as far as he is concerned, "man's freedom is only symbolic." Or again, I might allude to a teacher who has recently written a book on higher education in which he missed entirely the spiritual nature of man. No, an integrated comprehension of all natural learning does not suffice to satisfy the goal of the arts. The individual Frank himself must act, must take the bull by the horns, must roll up his sleeves -- use any metaphor you like -- but the individual Frank must place himself in the context of the whole of reality, both sensible and supra-sensible, and make his contribution.

Contribution to what? What is the function of contingent reality? This is no problem now for Frank who is in his fourth year in an arts college. No, he glibly answers that the purpose of all created things is to contribute to the extrinsic glory of God. Since he is a rational being, however, Frank knows that he must do this consciously, intelligently, and voluntarily, in a word, formally. Whether he could have arrived at this height of wisdom, be it supernatural or natural, by any other means is not at issue here. The fact is that he did achieve it through the "arts," -- all the arts, not merely the "liberal arts" in the restricted sense of trivium and quadrivium.

Herein lies the importance of the arts in a democracy such as ours. In Plato's *Republic* the arts student would have been "guardian" of the state, but in our society every man must, in a real sense, be his own guardian. Perhaps this is the reason why Soviet Russia has proscribed the works of Plato and still frowns on Dostoevsky. If the arts fail to achieve this desired synthesis, if a student graduates without having "found himself," so to speak, in all honesty, the student has failed to develop what we may charitably call an "attitude of order." The truth is that some obtain the necessary insight, and others do not, though all have "gone through" college together. Beauty, truth, and unity -- in a word, order -- can be found in all the arts, be they aesthetic or

scientific, and Order, no matter where it reveals itself, leads to the one great Reality for Whom, by Whom and in Whom I exist -- the very dynamic principle of my existence -- God!

Bro. Timothy O. Lafferty

WISDOM SPEAKS

"Counsel and equity are mine,"
Thus speaks Wisdom, for all time.
"Prudence, and strength, I give
To everyone who will live
In fear of the Lord: loving kin,
Hating arrogance, pride, all sin.

By me all kings gain
Justice, riches, glory, reign.
Of more value than silver, gold
Or precious stones, glittering bold,
Am I, Wisdom, to thee;
To all who seek and treasure me.

Before earth's foundations were laid,
Before the depths were made,
Or the bulk of great mountains,
Or the mighty seas and fountains,
Before the heavens came to be,
I was set up from eternity.

When He compassed the sky and seas,
With certain law, enclosed depths, with me,
I was delighted, and every day
I was content to stay before Him and play.
My delights, to the children of men,
Were to be manifested time and again.

Blessed are children of men, who wait
Daily, willingly, at my gate.
Blessed are they who keep my ways.
He that finds me shall have life, all days.
From the Lord shall come salvation.
Fear of the Lord is Wisdom's formation."

Toni L. Knapp

THE CHORUS

You hollow wooden barrels
Afraid to think!
Herd-like talkers,
City-bred squawkers,
Community cows!
Public parlance your master!

Bro. Eugene P. Zanni

WHAT IS YOUR HEEL QUOTIENT?

If you are like most white-collar workers in the United States today, neither joining a health mission in Africa, nor starting a small, self-sustaining farm where you would hope to lead the "good, clean life," holds much interest for you. More probably, you are completely engrossed in the problem of how to gain more material success for yourself than can Mr. Jones across the street. What is more, you have decided that you can best hope to achieve this in the employ of some large corporation where lies, as W. H. Whyte, Jr. put it, the "center of society." Assuming this to be the case, and further assuming that you are not the boss's son, or son-in-law, or even a third cousin by marriage, your heel quotient is of barely less importance to your chances of success than is your intelligence quotient!

The forerunner of today's IQ tests was developed by Mssrs. Binet and Simon around 1905 in order to determine which children were mentally unfit for school and hence eliminate them from Paris's overcrowded classrooms. Today we have the problem of overcrowding in the staff conferences of big business, and since Necessity continues to give birth to Invention, an anonymous "C" student from a night school Introductory Psychology course has at last developed an HQ Test that will enable top management to separate its bureaucratic wheat from chaff.

Years of careless study have indicated that the letters H - E - E - L can represent four of the most important characteristics necessary to the man who wishes to succeed in the overcrowded big corporation. First, he must be in a fanatical Hurry to get ahead, willing to compromise any one of his principles to speed up the process of succeeding. He must accept as dogma the proposition that Effect on his superiors should be the deciding factor for or against anything he may intend to

do. He must be able to Endure the ill will that will be poured upon him by equals and subordinates as he trods over them on his way up. Lastly, he must learn all facets of the fine art of social Lubrication; for once he is accomplished this he will know how to "grease the skids" for the man holding the job he is after, and he will know how to "slide" into the right circles where he can best display his own talents.

If you are interested in knowing your own HQ, you can get a rough idea by answering the questions listed here as truthfully as you possibly can.

Sample "HQ" Test
(answer all questions)

1. Would you say that 35 is not too young for a man to be president of the company you work for?
YES ____ NO ____
2. Do you believe that large salary increases are the quickest way to develop young executives' capabilities?
YES ____ NO ____
3. Do you feel that potential exposure to top management is of prime consideration in selecting a position?
YES ____ NO ____
4. Is it true that a single good showing at a top-level meeting is better than months of conscientious effort on the job?
YES ____ NO ____
5. Does the fellow who outlines the new method to management deserve more credit than the one who dreamed it up and ironed the bugs out so that it works?
YES ____ NO ____

6. Do you believe that most people you work with do not trust each other and that the few who do are fools?
YES ____ NO ____
7. When you are promoted, isn't it perfectly natural for others to resent you at first, but then "come around" later on because you are in a position to help them?
YES ____ NO ____
8. Is it clearly in the best interests of your company for you to advise your superior of character flaws you have (or think you have) detected in your co-workers?
YES ____ NO ____

HOW TO GRADE YOUR HQ TEST

Beginning with score of 100, add 10 points for each YES answer and deduct 10 points for each NO.

If your score was:

- 20 to 60: Even if you became an organ-grinder, the monkey could probably out-hustle you!
- 70 to 100: Better be satisfied with what you have got!
- 110 to 140: With luck, you may become supervisor of the typing pool!
- 150 to 180: The sky's the limit! Incidentally, have you ever thought of going into politics?

Joseph Robillard

SILENT STAINED SHADOWS

Cones of light pillar the crush of night.
Walls of black frame six cubes of yellow:
The homes of humanity's haggard might:
Depths of light scattered on a surface shadow.

A battered garbage can halved by an arc of darkness,
A stoop : four worn steps of red cement --
All is silent with a soft summer stillness.

Two lovers: face by face in an anguished embrace
Twist in a passion that longs to race
And a fear of Time's insistent pace
That separates them to their common place.

The Daily News suddenly circles and scrapes the street.
SOVIET SPUTNIK CIRCLES SOLAR SYSTEM
YANKEES WIN. Fair and Warmer Tomorrow.

Stars sparkle soon to smoother in the sun;
Dreams delight now, but drown in the day
When gossips the sills, and kids scream in fun,
And runofthemill men flow the runofthemill way.

Bro. James R. Gara

SOLILOQUY OF THE ENTERTAINER, A PROLOGUE TO A MUSICAL PLAY

I hope my appearance is not too disappointing, but I will not allow this curtain to be opened until I have welcomed you, made you feel relaxed, and warned you not to expect too much from my little production. (Lord, is the producer going to die!) I think it unforgivably rude if a host neglects his guests, especially on such an important occasion for the host.

Fine, and you? . . . It's been a long time since the Palace, Joe. . . . Yeah, I wondered how long it would take you to throw out that monkey act.

. . . You don't say! The Palladium, ummh. . . . Command performance?

. . . That old bag couldn't sing a note; I always said there's no accounting for some people's tastes.

Don't tell me, . . . don't tell me. The Majestic, but I thought you two were . . . well, never mind.

You'll have to excuse me; I'm ignoring some of my guests over here.

Permit an introduction. I am the entertainer, here to present my entertainment; I am the bistro portrait sketcher here to scribble over a piece of canvas, not for your education, though by no means do I wish to curtail that, but for your enjoyment . . . and for my paycheck. True, the patchwork which I am presenting has found its origin in a tumor of corruption; it has found its conclusion, I trust, in the nobility of man (things being the way they are, you can never really tell these days). But between vice and virtue, there waves the daisy speckled field of entertainment, of humor and of pathos. Drawing from both dignity and degradation, relying on neither virtue nor vice, I have construed this quilt of dilemma.

Fully aware of your keen sensibilities and your acute perceptiveness, I, the entertainer, like a *cafe da Vinci*, have taken very little trouble in richly ornamenting my vehicle. Broad outlines are traced, significant

movements are accounted for. Don't become engrossed with a flow of people, but with a march of life, a trudge of adversity, a fanfare of resolution. Let a white and black road sign bring you to your destination and not merely along a forest-guarded highway. Not that the scenery isn't pleasant; it's just that the goal is so much sweeter.

With this, I invite every critic in the audience to leave. I ask every searcher for a moment of diversion to stick around. I seek only to entertain you, to pry a reluctant smile, to bounce a slightly itching foot.

I once heard the story of a town whose future was in perilous threat. A doctor, I seem to recall, was beset by timorous conscience, a man among men, a saint among sinners. But now who's kidding whom? And where's the fun in scaling up, if there's nowhere to climb up to? Well anyway, our man among men was a servant to all, but a respecter of none (perhaps that's where the fun comes in). As the story went, our hero had his eye on the future, his back to the past. I guess this made him a disciple of progress, but I'm not here to canonize that.

This tale told to me by a Norwegian, whose name my wallet forgets, stuck in my mind. The doctor, a paragon of innocence, beset by the cunning of self-seeking humanity, struggled through his plight, never certain of the outcome, but sure of every step. I told you that I wasn't adverse to your education; after all, life forever teaches. Yet, I've taken the story and twisted it around in hope that it might relieve a frown.

So come along to a remote region of a highly civilized country. All right, observe the burnished veneer of a proper society; sniff the rotting wood of a worn out system; catch the foibles of my imperfect marionettes; notice their lack of foresight; take a glimpse at their fickle gyrations; it can't be helped. But don't let that cement your lips or anchor your foot.

Mr. Longshore, take it away!

Bro. Edmund L. Sheehan

THE NTH ARS POETICA

Alliteration, Assonance, alike yet not alike,
Repeated vowels, consonants, of these the sounds they strike.
Metonymy is Metaphor as Simile is not.

The Tone's the thing, so's Imagery, *sans* these what have you got?
Take but the Meter, Rhyme it well, add not the "Speech of Figure"
Each empty word, though spoke with verve, soon loses all its vigor.

A Poem's a tale of joy or sorrow, 'sperience profound
Search not for moral beauty, hark closely to the Sound
Lest Irony's Allusion escape your mental grasp
And toss the world in turmoil like Pandora's box unhasped.

Read slow and loud, mind's heart impress
With love's large hate brute's tenderness.
Hear murmur of torrential stream
Feel damp dank rain seep through each seam.
Perceive the light of poets' suns
So pure as lives of sheltered nuns
Nor least nor last, do not forget
All life's a Poem to music set.

Michael A. Turco

