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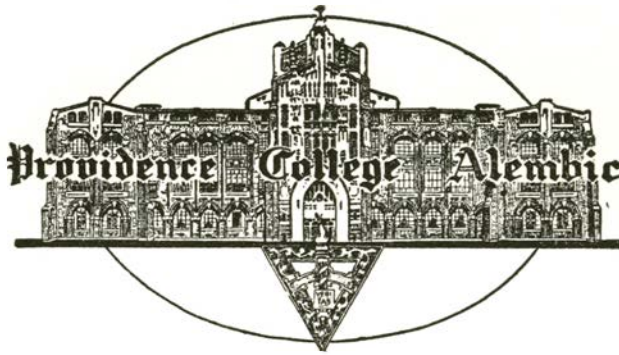
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PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

ALEMBIC

THE ALEMBIC



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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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Inspiration

TIMOTHY MOYNAHAN

IT was a cold wintry day nearly twenty-five years ago. I was on a bus traveling from Denver to New York with the hope that I might finally land a job. The bus had stopped in a small town to refuel, and since there was a diner opposite the station, I got off and crossed the street, welcoming the prospect of hot coffee. A light snow was falling, adding to my own feelings of tiredness and depression an extra weight.

Inside the diner it was warm and comfortable. At one of the tables I noticed a group of old farmers engaged in a light and relaxed bull session.

As I seated myself at one of the stools, the waitress placed a cup of coffee before me without a word. Evidently, she was aware of the needs of a weary traveler. I dropped several lumps of sugar in the cup and sat there staring at the little squares bobbing up and down and finally drowning in the rich brown liquid.

As I stirred the hot coffee, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation going on near me.

"Lucas," said a weatherbeaten, white-haired man, "What's the best advice you got in all your life?"

Now, that's a tough one, I thought, listening in on the discussion. He's got some thinking to do if he considers his whole life. Without realizing it, I was rapidly becoming interested and slightly amused by the proceedings.

But no, I was wrong. The ancient Luke was not stymied. "Why, that's easy, Ezra," he said. "It was a story

The Alembic

my pappy told me when I was a little snapper. You know, like any young kid, I could listen to them stories of knights and the like for hours. Come to think of it, I still can. Well now, to get on with this here story. Once upon a time there was a Prince who was all decent and perfect in every way. He went around all hours of the day and night doing them good deeds and helping everybody in trouble.”

The old man’s audience listened intently. I took a sip of coffee, found it was cold, and quickly turned my attention once more to the old man’s words.

“So, it followed just naturally when he heard some poor folks on the other side of his kingdom had their little girl stolen by a fierce dragon, he had to set out and do his doggonest to save that child. But first of all he went to see her mommy and pappy and told them not to fret. He would save their daughter. Those old people knew how good this here Prince was and they figured he’d just get killed tryin’ to carry out this foolish notion.

So the pappy said, ‘Don’t go; you’ll never be able to do it.’

‘That’s right,’ his wife agreed, just like a woman buttin’ in. ‘No one ever has done it.’

“Now, do you think that Prince backed down and went runnin’ to his castle? No, siree! The Prince chuckled and said that maybe it couldn’t be done, but he’d be doggoned if he wouldn’t give it a try. Full of confidence he jumped on his horse and skedaddled out of there.

“Well, to make a long story short, he killed that there dragon with one mighty stroke of his sword. And that little girl — why, she wasn’t quite so small as that Prince had thought. Nope—not quite. He married her and they lived happily ever after. Now, don’t get the idea that this means

Inspiration

we're all goin' to live happily ever after. It don't! But it sure proves that we can't do nothin' less'n we believe we can and try our best."

I stared at my coffee. Those words had struck home: "Unless you believe in yourself and do your best". Those words have been my strength and guiding light to this day. I came to New York and with this confidence I went on to success.

"So, little Al, that takes us up to the present. Now it's time for bed. Come on. You promised."

"Gee, dad, that was a swell story. Is that the way it really happened? Is that how we got this big house and all those men that work for you and do whatever you tell them to?"

"Yes, son," said Big Al. "That's how it happened. Now get under those covers and go to sleep. It's past your bedtime."

"Okay. Good-night, dad."

"Good-night, little Al."

The big man left the room silently. Halfway down the long corridor he stopped before the wall-sized mirror and looked.

"So you're a success now, Al Anastasia. Yeh, a real big success. But was it worth it?"

He continued slowly down the hall, muttering to himself, "Was it worth it? was it worth it? was it worth it???"

Providence College
Providence, R. I.

BELLEVIEW MANUFACTURING CO.
21 VAN DOREN AVENUE
NEW YORK 64,000, NEW YORK

Gentlemen:

Your "Silent Commercial" gadget has brought me more relief than the analgesic ingredients of aspirin and bufferin combined. What a joy it is to sit back, relax, and watch those gagged commercials. To see those usually unconvincing salesmen — and women — open their mouths wide like fish out of water and to hear nothing is the ultimate in viewing pleasure. Your diminutive, magical contraction, when pointed in the direction of the set, renders them speechless, unable to utter even a single, irritating sound. Ah, the sheer delight of it all! How did you ever think of the idea? I could cry with gratitude when I contemplate how many millions of American TV viewers you have saved from going absolutely stark raving mad. Bell may have invented the telephone; Ford may have perfected the motor-car; Washington may have gained us our liberty; but you, you my dear friends, have entirely revolutionized television viewing, making it bearable and, at times, even enjoyable. No longer am I compelled to listen to what doctors do when cold strikes or what nine out of ten recommend. Now, with just one quick press of the thumb, all those grating, nerve-racking noises can be instantly and completely obliterated; sanity can be restored.

Oh, how I only wish I could end this letter here, but unfortunately I cannot. Why? Because, believe it or not, my main purpose in writing to you is to complain. You see, when I bought this priceless little gem from you, I was

An Open Letter

assured that it would blot out every commercial that ever entered my living-room. This, I find, is not correct. There is one commercial against which it is absolutely useless—yours. When your “Are you guarding against insanity—Have you got your commercial eradicator?” ad comes on, it is completely powerless; the little darling is helpless. I sit there pressing it frantically, almost to the point of hurting it. (God forbid) but nothing happens. It is like driving a six-inch spike with a rubber hammer.

Now here is my point. If this means I have received a faulty “pacifier”, I will excuse you, but if it is another of your clever little ideas I feel you have cheated me. Did you do it on purpose? You are crafty creatures. Why take part in this annoying, aggravating, advertising rat-race in the first place? Word of mouth will sell your contrivance, I assure you.

Please look into this matter, and if you find I have received a defective “life-saver” do something about it. If, on the other hand, it is all part of your plan, then work hard to find something which will exterminate even your own craze for notoriety.

As you may have concluded, I abhor commercials—even those for commercial eradicators.

Very truly yours,

A. CORDE

Divorce

TED THIBODEAU

Most people divorced merely misunderstood;
That vow “for better or worse” is also for good.

Mark Twain's Attitude Towards the Church: A Paradox

WILLIAM FREDA

BECAUSE of the prominence of the Catholic Church in certain writings of Mark Twain, the question often arises: What actually is Mark Twain's stand on the Catholic Church? Many of his critics, with strong evidence supporting their view, claim that he is bitterly anti-Catholic; and, at the same time, many other critics, with equally strong evidence supporting their view, claim that Twain is definitely not anti-Catholic. A curious situation indeed! And one that demands a careful look at the argument of both sides—"pro" and "con," since obviously a thing cannot be and not be at the same time.

Let us first examine the "pro" side—the side that maintains that Twain is anti-Catholic. This side's argument depends chiefly on *The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* to prove its point, but it also draws from other sources such as Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*.

The Connecticut Yankee is first quoted to show us that Mark Twain calls the Roman Catholic Church a well-organized swindler of its members:

Well, the priest did very well, considering. He got in all the details, and that is a good thing in a local item: you see, he had kept books for the undertaking department of his church when he was younger, and there, you know, the money's in the details; the more details, the more swag: bearers, mutes, candles, prayers—everything counts; and if the bereaved don't buy prayers enough you mark up your candles with a forked pencil, and your bill shows up all right.

Mark Twain's Attitude Towards the Church

And while the "pro" side is on the subject of buying prayers, we are invited to read from *The Innocents Abroad*:

In that singular country [Protestant America] if a rich man dies a sinner, he is damned; he cannot buy salvation with money for masses.

To be buried in such ground [soil from the Holy Land] was regarded by the Ancient Pisans as being more potent for salvation than many masses purchased of the church.

And if you still are not convinced that Twain is anti-Catholic, they pull out their most powerful weapon, Mark Twain's low opinion of the Church's role in history as set down in *The Connecticut Yankee*:

There you see the hand of that awful power, the Roman Catholic Church. In two or three little centuries it had converted a nation of men to a nation of worms. Before the day of the Church's supremacy in the world, men were men, and held their heads up, and had a man's pride and spirit and independence; and what of greatness and position a person got, he got mainly by achievement, not by birth. But then the Church came to the front, with an axe to grind; and she was wise, subtle, and knew more than one way to skin a cat—or a nation; she invented "divine right of kings," and propped it all around, brick by brick, with the Beatitudes—wrenching them from their good purpose to make them fortify an evil one; she preached (to the commoner) humility, obedience to superiors, the beauty of self-sacrifice; she preached (to the commoner) meakness under insult; preached (still to the commoner, always to the commoner) patience, meanness of spirit, non-resistance under oppression; and she introduced heritable ranks and aristocracies, and taught all the Christian populations to bow down to them and worship them.

With a smug, self-contented smile, the affirmative side rests its case. The facts are there and any reasonable

man can see the logical conclusion: Mark Twain is anti-Catholic, and bitterly so.

At this point, it would be well to note that the Catholic Church did not invent feudalism as Mark Twain claims (refer to the above quotation), but rather that the Church supported it as a beneficial social system and preached humility, obedience to superiors, the beauty of self-sacrifice in the same manner that Saint Paul preached that slaves should be obedient to their masters. Saint Paul was not approving of slavery but was advising prudence. It was not wise for the slaves to be rebellious, not only for the higher Christian motives of resignation to God's will and Christ-like acceptance of the crosses sent their way by God, but also from the natural standpoint, since they were likely to pay for their rebellion with their lives.

Actually, feudalism was the natural outgrowth of barbarian disorder in an age of transition after the downfall of the refined culture of Ancient Rome and Greece. Nor was the system necessarily evil; it was as good a system as any when one considers the times and their people. It gave law, order, and protection. In ignoring these benefits lies Mark Twain's basic error. He views the abuses of feudalism with nineteenth century, American eyes. But I digress.

In all debates, there is an opposing side and this side now rises to state its case. Using the same sources but drawing different conclusions, the opposition quotes from *The Connecticut Yankee*:

Something of this disagreeable sort was turning up every now and then. I mean, episodes that showed that not all priests were frauds and self-seekers, but that many, even the great majority, of these that were down on the ground among the common people, were sincere and right-hearted, and devoted to the alleviation of human troubles and sufferings.

Mark Twain's Attitude Towards the Church

This is not the type of admission a bigot, an anti-Catholic is going to make. Nor is it likely that a bitter anti-Catholic would write the scene which precedes the cruel execution of a young mother for stealing to provide food for her starving infant. In *The Connecticut Yankee*, we read:

. . . she cried out:

“Oh, my child, my darling, it will die!
It has no home, it has no father, no friend,
no mother—”

“It has them all!” said that good priest.
“All these will I be to it till I die.”

Finally, we are shown two selections from *The Innocents* which are totally incompatible with the stand that Mark Twain is anti-Catholic:

I feel that after talking so freely about the priests and the churches, justice demands that if I know anything good about either I ought to say it. I *have* heard of many things that redound to the credit of the priesthood, but the most notable matter that occurs to me now is the devotion one of the mendicant orders showed during the prevalence of the cholera last year. I speak of the Dominican friars [this is an error; judging from what follows, Mark Twain is referring to the Franciscans]—men who wear a coarse, heavy brown robe and a cowl, in this hot climate, and go barefoot. They live on alms altogether, I believe. They must unquestionably love their religion, to suffer so much for it. When the cholera was raging in Naples; when the people were dying by the hundreds and hundreds every day; when every concern for the public welfare was swallowed up in selfish private interest, and every citizen made the taking care of himself his sole object, these men banded themselves together and went about nursing the sick and burying the dead. Their noble efforts cost many of them their lives.

The Popes have long been the patrons and preservers

of art, just as our new, practical Republic is the encourager and upholder of mechanics. In their Vatican is stored up all that is curious and beautiful in art; in our Patent Office is hoarded all that is curious or useful in mechanics.

And with a smug, self-contented smile, the negative side rests its case. The facts are there and any reasonable man can see the logical conclusion: It is not true that Mark Twain is anti-Catholic, and bitterly so.

This is very confusing. How can Mark Twain be anti-Catholic and not anti-Catholic simultaneously? Actually, the answer lies in the fact that the two views are not only not opposing but are actually perfectly reconcilable to each other. How you might ask? This is how:

Mark Twain was a lover of the freedom of the individual to the point where he confused freedom with license. Thus, as a lover of individualism, he hated institutionalism and took great delight in attacking the human failings of any institution he came across.

The Catholic Church is the largest and best organized of all the Christian religions. Thus to Mark Twain, it represented the best target. In criticizing the Church as an institution, he was criticizing all institutions from the smallest to the largest. And in his criticizing of the Church, he concerned himself solely with the Church's human aspects—the aspects that result from her being an institution, a society composed of human beings. At no time does Mark Twain take it upon himself to find fault with the doctrines of the Church, or the sacraments of the Church, or the worship of the Church. It is true, however, that Mark Twain does criticize Catholics for what he calls "buying salvation" with money for masses. Actually, there are two issues at stake here—the first, that of "*buying*" salvation, which is

Mark Twain's Attitude Towards the Church

the confusion of the giving of an offering with the payment of a price; and the second, that of "buying" *salvation*, which is a simple case of not understanding the Church's concern for her deceased members, and as a consequence, her prayers for them. But I digress again.

Even in finding fault with the human aspects of the Church, Twain is careful to say whatever good he might know about the Church or her priests: "I feel that after talking so freely about the priests and the churches, justice demands that if I know anything good about either I ought to say it."

Even if Mark Twain were a devout Catholic he probably would continue to poke fun at the human side of the Church, and in that sense alone can he be called an anti-Catholic, for any of his typically Protestant prejudices are more a result of his lack of a formal education, and his lack of any acquaintance with Catholic customs (Twain having been raised in a town so Protestant and anti-Catholic that the building of a Catholic Church was an issue to be debated in the newspaper) *, than a result of bigoted hatred on his part. He certainly is not an anti-Catholic in the cross-burning, host-desecrating, or theses-writing sense.

*Seymour L. Gross, "Mark Twain and Catholicism," *The Critic*, April-May, 1959, p. 9.

Epitaph on a Disc Jockey

TED THIBODEAU

Here lies an idol of the teen-age set,
A turntable knight, who for a while
Sorted the good records from a pile
Then played the bad for all that he could get.

It Takes a Thief

THOMAS CRAWLEY

A FULL moon strode the cloudless sky. Over the green tile roof of the Roudan mansion was spread a soft emerald sheen, giving the house on the hill a dream-like aspect. Stillness ruled this night of shadows as a lithe figure glided silently along the house top. Clad in tight-fitting, night-colored clothes, he slid over the side and swung his full length in toward the mansion's wall, suspending himself from the rain gutter. Three stories below, the stone paving of the courtyard waited patiently in semi-blackness for the slightest mistake. As his feet touched a narrow window-sill, he snapped his torso inward and reached quickly for the slender handhold which the window frame offered. Then taking a long breath, he opened the window and slipped into the quiet house. Halfway across the room, he reached for the slim blade at his belt, for the lights had suddenly gone on! Standing in the doorway, his hand holding a wicked-looking revolver, Henri Roudan smiled at him.

"If you so much as touch that knife, thief, I'll shoot you where you stand," said the very calm Mr. Roudan. Then he hesitated, wondering if he should call the police, or . . . "You, sir, may be able to help me out of quite a dilemma; as I may be able to help you."

Henri appeared to be deliberating with himself, or perhaps sizing up the tense interloper who stood in the center of the room. Then, "My good man, it seems that my loving wife has designs upon my wealth and, consequently, upon my life. I have been wondering how I should stop her vile little plottings without causing myself any legal, uh . . . shall we say, embarrassment?"

It Takes a Thief

“Yes, let’s say that, shall we?” replied the intruder.

Henri thought a bit, and then continued, “If a thief should break in here, and, being discovered by some woman, should kill her before he made good his escape, I couldn’t possibly be implicated, could I?”

“Not possibly,” answered the “thief”.

“Well, sir, do you agree?” Just then Henri turned and saw his wife standing outside the door, listening and watching. It was then that the “thief” went again for his knife, and before Henri saw him this time, the blade had sunk deep into his throat; Roudan fell, gagging. The pistol fired, and crimson flashed across the “thief” as he too fell—dead.

Cecile Roudan stared at the blood-scene before her. She shook her head sadly. “Ah, poor Henri. My poor, stupid Henri! You invented such a lovely murder—couldn’t you guess that I too had the very same idea? But as always, I’m one step ahead of you, my dear. The ‘thief’ you killed was the assassin I hired!” Then she shut off the lights and went to phone the police.



Allen Tate Speaks at Brown: A Review

JOHN WILLIAMS

SEVERAL weeks ago Mr. Allen Tate was in Providence to deliver the annual Wetmore lecture at Brown University. He had been asked to read poetry, and he chose four or five of his own poems and selections from three other twentieth century American authors. The reading was appropriately held in Alumnae Hall of Pembroke College, and even on a Friday night, there were several hundred students present, as well as the East Side followers of such affairs. Some in the audience were wisely equipped with anthologies and divers editions of the works of Mr. Tate, John Peale Bishop, Phelps Putnam and Hart Crane.

Although Mr. Tate gave adequate critical commentary for each poem, the program was essentially one of reading. Poetry reading by well-known poets has become stylish again—Robert Frost is frequently featured reading his works—but quite a number of people are wondering if such programs are really good things after all. Indeed, Crane's "Voyages," for instance, might be hard enough to follow by privately and slowly reading from the text. Some might say: the reading is all right, but why did Allen Tate pick selections from such non-entities nowadays as Bishop and Putnam?

Allen Tate is one of our country's really first-class literary critics. Although his talent as a poet and novelist

Allen Tate is a good poet and a good literary critic who is distinguished for the sagacity of his social judgment and the consistency with which he has maintained the least popular of political attitudes—that of the sage. He believes in reason rather than enthusiasm . . .

T. S. ELIOT,
The Sewanee Review
Autumn, 1959

Allen Tate Speaks at Brown: A Review

is generally well acknowledged, he is most highly regarded for his scholarly, lucid and original literary essays. Several volumes have been published, one just recently. When he was appointed editor of *The Sewanee Review* in 1944, the format was changed; sales shortly quadrupled; and the magazine acquired the reputation as the best quarterly in the United States.

In his commentaries on Crane's "Voyages II," Putnam's "Hasbrouck and the Rose," and Bishop's "Perspectives are Precipices"—which begins, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"—he used good judgement in not saying everything he could have, in not pressing dogmatic points on style or using critics' stock phrases and their jargon, such as Waldo Frank employed in his introduction to the *Collected Poems* of Hart Crane. These poets were his friends, and he was quite familiar with the occasions which prompted the writing of each poem. To many readers "Voyages II" and Tate's own "Mediterranean" might not have had the same personal appeal without this background, just as many of the best-liked poems in English literature desperately need their titles. Everybody knows that there is more to reading poetry effectively than good elocution. Allen Tate has more than a distinguished polished Kentucky drawl: he has to perfection the knack of reading with interpretation. Certainly "Hasbrouck and the Rose" required a different spirit from his dramatic and moving "Ode to the Confederate Dead"—

Hasbrouck was there and so were Bill
And Smollet Smith the poet, and Ames was there.
After his thirteenth drink, the burning Smith,
Raising his fourteenth trembling in the air,
Said, "Drink with me, Bill, drink up to the Rose . . .

It ends anti-climatically, but somehow very effectively with

Young Smollet Smith let fall his glass; he said
"Oh Jesus, Hasbrouck, am I drunk or dead?"

Mr. Tate considered Phelps Putnam a poet's poet, one of the most original American poets of his time. Putnam was probably most popular for *The Five Seasons*, a series celebrating the wanderings of his mythological American hero, Bill.

Tate and Crane may occasionally be read by undergraduates; Bishop and Putnam, hardly ever. All four have been relegated in varying degree to that amorphous category: minor or secondary poets. Secondary is too often synonymous with second-rate, a word which has an undesirable connotation.

What are the reasons for this neglect? One reason is undoubtedly that in American classrooms we have relied on large anthologies to set the outline of a literature course and to supply the selections. There is so much material in these books that outside reading of supplementary texts just is not required, rarely suggested and less often expected. The editors of these texts do try to please everybody in every section of the country with the very same book—though some publishers have expediently put out “baptised” editions with a hefty selection of “Catholic” literature. While the old stand-by English and American romanticists who have come to be regarded as absolutely essential are given the place of prominence, anthologists are usually adroit in their inclusion of negligible little snatches from a large number of poets and essayists to satisfy passing individual demands.

Even as one of “the Fugitives” of Vanderbilt University during the early twenties, Allen Tate saw more acutely than anybody else the regrettable destruction of regionalism and sectional pride and self-confidence, as a result of the passing of the agrarian economy which had determined to a great measure the traditional Southern

Allen Tate Speaks at Brown: A Review

culture. A local, native literature had always served to bind people in a very advantageous way to their regions. Much of this literature cannot be fully appreciated by readers in other sections of a state or country. But its worth is tremendous. And one can be sure that the residents of Virginia's Eastern Shore, the two countries of Northampton and Accomack, would feel particular attachment to John Peale Bishop's unheralded and perhaps inconsequential "Sights"; as would Massachusetts' South Shore people towards his poems inspired by the Cape and all New England.

John Peale Bishop's works, for example, do show the distinct influence which he received from the places he lived: Charles Town, West Virginia, where he was born in 1891 and spent his youth; Princeton, New Jersey, where he attended college; the outskirts of Paris, where he lived with his wife, Margaret Hutchins, during the twenties and early thirties; and Cape Cod, where he spent the later period of his life, and where in 1944 he died at South Chatham. Because of national standards, Bishop's poems are not given the attention they deserve in the very localities where they were written, or which inspired their being written.

Poems which should not be of secondary significance in certain areas are not even treated at all, because of this prevalent and unhealthy subservience to national standards . . . and text-books. A lot of what is classified as of secondary importance or value, like many of the great poems of the Middle Ages, is not secondary at all; but even if many of our minor poets are minor, they still should not be categorically ignored because of neat package-deal anthologies, serving students from Maine to Louisiana.

Too often speakers will address an admittedly much impressed audience with a lecture of formal and excellent

criticism on some general or specific topic. Very good information is being imposed upon the listeners. They like it. But sometimes the process is too easy for students. So perhaps Allen Tate was very prudent in choosing to read for the Wetmore Lecture just a few poems by a few contemporary authors—two Southerners, a mid-Westerner and a New England Yankee—and, no doubt, he must have known that to many collegians most of the poems and authors would be new, yet valuable additions to the standard curriculum. The introduction and background was both light and necessary. He allowed the audience to draw the final conclusions. The program was quite satisfying, and surely many in attendance must have referred afterwards to *American Harvest*, an unusual anthology edited by Mr. Tate and the late John Peale Bishop, because it contains most of the works read.

With Apologies to the Authors

TED THIBODEAU

“Tiger, tiger, burning bright”
You’re no cool cat tonight.

* * * *

“Drink to me only with thine eyes.”
Unless, of course, you’re the one who buys

* * * *

“Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.”
Prices are rising everyday.

* * * *

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?”
Yes, specially if they owe you not
A debt of any kind.

A Review of *Power Without Property*

By Adolph A. Berle, Jr.

CHARLES GOETZ

ADOLF A. BERLE, JR., is a remarkable man-teacher, author, practicing lawyer, public servant, and active politician. His latest contribution to the literature of political economy is one that can be gainfully read by all literate Americans, but particularly by the young adult and college student.

Twenty-seven years ago, Berle and his colleague Gardiner C. Means published a then-revolutionary volume entitled *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. In it the authors expounded two main conclusions with regard to the changing structure of American industrial organization. First, they offered statistical evidence that, already in 1932, a comparatively small number of mammoth corporations had become responsible for an exceedingly large share of all national economic activity. Secondly, practical control of many of these industrial giants had shifted from the hands of stockholders to those of the corporation's management. Nominations of management for posts on the company board of directors were given mere token ratification by stockholders who, in the realistic and practical sense, had little or no alternative other than to grant their approbation. Management groups, in such enterprises, thus tended to become autonomous and self-perpetuating.

Berle has since evinced mild surprise at the stir provoked by that earlier book, insisting that he and Means propounded no new theory, but merely documented an economic phase which already existed. Although the conclusions expressed in that earlier publications were initially

denied by those who had difficulty in accepting their ramifications, they have since gained universal acceptance.

Power Without Property is Berle's attempt to re-appraise and bring up to date the thread of the narrative he first took up back in the thirties. The picture he now portrays is one of a developing "economic democracy" wherein the power of the individual is secured by his consumer buying power and franchise as a voter rather than by the traditional trappings of privilege once associated with property ownership.

The remarkable thesis of the book is apparent from its title. In brief, the United States has metamorphosed itself from a nineteenth century "property system" to what can be described as a social system. In the course of this development process, America has evolved a product which is perhaps unique in the history of world civilization. In his *Reflections on America*, Jacques Maritain describes the emergence of the new American system in the following words:

The industrial regime inherited from Europe has become unrecognizable in this country. It has been superseded by new economic structures which are still in the making, and in a state of fluidity, but which render both capitalism and socialism things of the past.

The recent commentary on the American scene by a French Dominican, Father Bruckberger, may be cited to bear out a general awareness of this unique quality in U. S. socio-economic structures.

Berle traces the shifting balance of economic power with a great deal of lucidity. He hearkens back to the days of quasi-personal proprietorship, exemplified by the turn-of-the-century tycoons, for an illustration of the economic power originally attached to the property rights

A Review of "Power Without Property"

represented by each shareholder's stock certificate. Those at all familiar with recent economic history on this continent will recognize the ensuing stages wherein personal control gave way in the course of a generation to control by family blocks. The requirements of tremendous technological advancements and enlargement of productive capacity have, of course, long since seen the control of almost every great American corporation pass from the hands of family interests into those of professional management groups.

The most recent stage intermediate to present conditions involved the familiar concept of majority block control. Indeed, this system of organization, although waning, still prevails in a considerable segment of American industry. Block control persists where an individual or group can maintain a common stock voting interest which, although usually short of absolute majority, suffices to dominate corporate elections.

During the past decade, however, it has often become impossible to suggest a clear-cut, simple answer to the question of the location of working control in our larger corporations. We have entered the era of extremely diversified ownership. Far-flung, publicly held corporations with diffuse stockholdings spread through a wide cross-section of the United States present a challenging problem in the power picture. The fact is, it is more than likely that the ability of at least working, and sometime unchallengeable control now is rooted in the corporation's staff of career management executives.

Diffusion of stockholdings had already heralded this development in the thirties when Berle and Means wrote, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. Moreover, subsequent developments have constantly increased the

advantages inherent in concentration of economic power. Although the general public is aware of the diffusion of ownership through vastly increased small investor participation in the stock market, it is largely ignorant of the growing importance of pension trusts and mutual funds in the area of economic power.

Berle discerningly points out the growing concentrations of common stock voting power being amassed by the great pension and mutual funds, and, to a lesser extent, the insurance companies. Although beneficial ownership, i. e., the ultimate participation in profit distribution remains with the individual participant, management of the huge assets of these financial institutions rests with their powerful executives and trustees. The author notes that alliances between various funds have the potential even now of altering policies or toppling management in many of our greatest corporate giants. That fund trustees have thus far foresworn this exercise of their latent economic power does nothing to mitigate the state of the increasing concentration of power which exists. In fact, the effective neutralization of such large blocks of voting power, eliminating them from participation in the game of "corporate politics," tends only to further augment the power of those who *do* play an active role, namely the class of professional management personnel.

Aloofness from corporate manipulation, moreover, is not a policy which can be counted upon for perpetuation on the part of the funds. The great and growing influence of pension funds in particular has been explored in detail by Paul P. Harbrecht, S.J., in a recent work published by the Twentieth Century Fund under the title of *Pension Funds and Economic Power*. In evaluating such new forces in the national economic structure, we are compelled to bear in mind that they are no less than an addi-

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tional refinement and extension of the burgeoning paraprofessional society—power without property.

With the notable exception of the public utilities, whose rates are regulated on a so-called "fair return" basis, the autonomy of management is not even generally subject to the restraints inherent in a periodic necessity to enter the public market in quest of investment capital. Berle is able to demonstrate statistically that, since World War II at least, American corporations have supplied some three-fifths of their needed monies by internal generation via depreciation reserves and undistributed earnings.

Granting the formal autonomy of management in our present system entailing separation of ownership from control, it is imperative to search for some counter-force within whose framework the potential excesses of the concentration of economic power may be controlled. The author postulates two phenomena which serve this function. The first is the "public consensus," an ethical concept which is an extension of public opinion. His theory proposes that the pressures of society induce management to observe the niceties of a species of group morality. It is when these "unwritten laws" are contravened that the second controlling force plays its part; i. e., the state steps in to formally compel conformance to the public consensus.

Thus, as modern conditions have caused control of productive property to coalesce, the influence of the individual has shifted from the area of property rights to that of his importance as a consumer and voter. Managers and controlling groups in the modern corporation—now largely salaried officials rather than owners—are taking on the functions of a class of non-statist civil service. In effect, therefore, the corporate system is operating to "socialize" American industry without benefit of intervention by the political state.

From time to time, the mainstream of *Power Without Property* is diverted to corollary matters. In the light of his primary thesis here, Berle feels that, at least in the economic sphere, there is no fundamental antipathy between the U. S. economic system and that of Soviet Russia. Also, he applies himself to the formulation of suggested plans for future socio-economic development. Here however, in one of the rare imperfections of the book, the author seems to show a propensity to shrink from the perplexities of practical application.

Berle's ideas are provocative and his arguments agile. Although they are for the most part tentative, his observations may ultimately reveal themselves as no less than timely excursions behind the veil of the future.

This writer has made a mental note to re-read this work a decade or so hence, when the future has become the present.

the passing away

T. F. MAGUIRE

a friendly greeting bestowed friendly like
a warm uninhibited friendly response
a meeting, unexpected but welcomed
a friendship, casual acquaintance, romance

a month, a year passes; friendship declines
a casual acquaintance remains; chilly and cold
a friendly greeting appears no more, nor response;
a romance has ended; love has passed away.

Poe's Eldorado Revisited

E. A. P.

Motley bedecked,
A broken wreck,
Filled with a false bravado,
He'd journeyed afar
In search of the car
That is known as the Eldorado.

As day grows old,
This rogue grows bold,
And when descends the shadow,
He'll oft forage
In a closed garage
In search of an Eldorado

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He saw a speeding shadow,
"That shadow," said he,
"Yes it must be,
The car called Eldorado".

He runs along,
Singing a song,
Toward the speeding shadow.
A sickening thud,
A pool of blood,
He has found his Eldorado.

Vivace

THOMAS ECK

Cascading and intertwining
little groups
of sheer
noise

swaying
like beer
in the hands of a drunk

summit to depths to summits
again
like a whisper and roar
both together
although that's clearly

impossible.
Such is music!

Matrimonial

G. BRIAN SULLIVAN

Two lovers out upon the lea
And slow and leaning.
Two hands locked upon the morn
Of mist and rising light.
As a quiet rain the lovers fall
Or blend into one pool.
Some morning I shall hold your hand
And walk with you upon the lea.

sometimes for a little while for Gerry

TED BERRIGAN

sometimes
for a little while
I fall in love . . .
do you ever do that?

I think
love has no plan
or formula . . .

once I met
a sad sweet girl
just homely enough
to be beautiful

she asked me
If I needed anything . . .
coffee
or another can of beer . . .
I just wanted to say
It's all right dear,
I love you . . .

but you never say those things

no one would understand
if you did . . .
I wish sometime
someone would understand . . .

I want to meet a girl
sad
and sweet . . .
only for a minute
and say to her . . .
I love you
and have her say
sadly
"I know" . . .

December Pastorale

RICHARD LEIDIG

Along the aching road whose back is furrowed,
The coach advances, huge, black abrupt,
Stark form against bleak, wintry sky
Companioned with withered shrubbery
So dead, doomed, and unfutured.

Pausing now at a country pond,
Horses drink in greedy gulps from still-lifed water.
Sudden steam rages upward
(Mixing with surfeited atmosphere,
Who can say where one begins, the other ceases) ?

Patient work-lords now done with drink,
Passengers compose themselves with much complaint,
A serious business.
The coach is moving now, below the bleak skies.
The land alone remains fixed, unchanging.

