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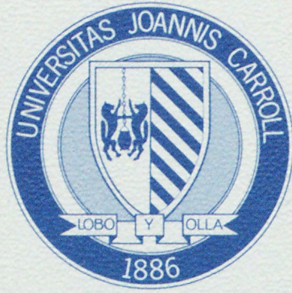
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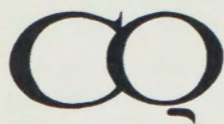
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carroll quarterly







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Winter, 1968

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Here & There:
the View from No. 11, D.S.

It is with deep regret that we note the departure of two *Quarterly* editors. Literary Editor Paul E. Heltzel, completing his studies at the University this month, is going on to graduate studies. Poetry Editor Michael Pellegrini, whose studies are taking him to Loyola College in Rome for the spring semester, will be on a leave of absence. The *Quarterly* thanks both editors for their contributions to the success of the publication. We are certain they both deserve some sort of purple heart for having to deal for so long (both are three-year staff members) with an irascible Editor and contributors who were occasionally late contributing.

No persons have as yet been appointed to fill the vacancies.

Her poetry has an elegant wit, a tension, and a great looming, if sometimes disturbing, talent behind it. She is skilled in her craft, but her hold is not simply the splendid verbal mastery of her poetry. It is the force of a public, as well as a personal, sense of the drama of her life.

Anne Sexton is a beautiful woman. A fuller Anne Bancroft, she reads with a warm, almost wooden voice. And her reading was, perhaps, the most enjoyable ever presented by the Contemporary Poets Series.

Mrs. Sexton was a student of Robert Lowell at Boston University. In a relatively short time, she has become the most honored woman poet in the United States. Without stooping to the categorical, it is sufficient to say that she concerns herself with love and death, with this world as its victim would see it, and

speaks in soft tones of Lowell's observation that "the dead don't say anything to the living." If it were another person, if it were not Anne Sexton speaking, one would be embarrassed by the frankness of her poetry, and the frankness of those words she spoke to so many bewildered admirers here at Carroll.

At a time when poetry is silent, Anne Sexton has given it a voice, one that can be enjoyed for its clear and intense beauty.

A View of Values . . .

The problem of the end of literature is a part of any discussion of the value of a writer's work. Mulk Raj Anand's novels, according to an essay by English professor Dr. Margaret Berry entitled *Mulk Raj Anand: the Man and the Novelist*, are finally valuable for

the witness they give of India's agonizing attempt to break out of massive stagnation and create a society in which men and women are free and equal, in which they can, therefore, live dynamically and creatively . . . (for) the testimony they give of a generation of Indians familiar with the best and the worst of the West and with the best and the worst of India . . . (for) the evidence they afford of the modern educated Indian's struggle to identify himself and his country in the context of modern world society and to find roots that yet live in a mouldering heritage . . . (and for) the search they pursue for a . . . principle of unity . . . which Anand knows as *bhakti*.

This brief review will consider the value of the values in Mulk Raj Anand's work as novelist.

An original definition of what constitutes excellence in a novel is offered by Dr. Berry:

A good novel presents interesting and believable human beings in reaction with their environment so as to suggest richly and intensely the universal experiences of man.

This definition requires that the end of the literary form of the novel be to "suggest richly and intensely the universal experiences of man." The classical norm, that literature's end is to delight and to inform and instruct by imitating Nature, is perhaps implied here; we are not certain. However, the values of Anand's novels fall short in three areas of the norm of the definition posited in the essay. If a novel offers witness of a country's struggle to break free of massive stagnation and create a free society, or testimony of a generation of persons familiar with the best of two worlds, as well as the worst of two worlds, or evidence of a struggle for a national identity, then that novel does not suggest richly and intensely the universal experience of man. We may be accused of too narrowly limiting the scope of the universal experiences of man, but love, hate, passion, disgust, agony, searching for knowledge and truth, good, and evil seem to us to provide the widest possible range of experience in which to ground good literature. Insofar as the experiences of Anand's novels are primarily understandable in terms of a particular time or place, or with a specific political or sociological problem, their genuineness as great literature fails, and they are doomed to be no more than character pieces of a particular time in the rich panorama and history of literature.

As Dr. Berry justly criticizes, Anand's doctrinaire aesthetic is stultifying and misplaces the emphasis of his efforts. We are not altogether certain that a writer cannot disregard how men will understand his work once the political import of it has disappeared. This is, again, the problem of the universal in literature.

There is one other aspect of Anand's work that, as it were, transcends the difficulty of his too closely tying his novels to this time and this place; and that is the search for the principle of unity, or *bhakti*. *Bhakti* very closely resembles Christian love — charity — as Dr. Berry points out. (It is interesting that Anand rejected Christianity, for the resemblance as a philosophical concept between charity and *bhakti* is incredible.) In presenting this search, Anand attempts to portray a wholeness in man that comprehends his goodness and his evil, his personal development and his love for all men, his constant problem of revivifying the necessary forms and institutions that relate to his life. Here Anand approaches a universal problem — one that would be familiar to St. Thomas Aquinas, Sir Isaac Newton, Mulk Raj Anand, and presumably any future man; and familiar as well (and this is significant) to almost any other man living now. Depending on how well Anand resolves the problems of this search for *bhakti*, and the abilities he can bring to bear as a writer, Anand's work may survive as — if not great — then certainly good literature. Transcending the first three of the four values, Dr. Berry concludes, will probably be too great a task, even for the skill and talent of Mulk Raj Anand.

— Roderick Porter

It Cries for Music

“KENNEDY IS DEAD.” The exhilarated proclamation came two weeks before the event in Los Angeles. The assured prophet was George Meany, perhaps gazing into the funhouse mirror of his own ego, perhaps mistaking the flabby and toothless reflection for the militant ghost of the John L. Lewis of the Wilkie campaign. No more vatic utterances were to be heard this year from the grave of the American labor movement. Mr. Meany, who is said to be proud of never having conducted a strike, was last seen limping in the Humphrey parade to miraculous defeat.

The prophet, who has some of the old-fashioned political grace and Irish charm of Mayor Daley, spoke with the deadly literalism of the Delphic oracle. Not only are two bearers of the Kennedy image violently dead, but the image itself seems to have been inadvertently destroyed as a real factor in American life. During the fall campaign William Scranton reported from a fact-finding mission made for Richard Nixon, who is nothing if not open-minded about public images, that Europeans were repelled by the “crude and incredible” Johnson, that they could not buy the current model of Nixon. What they wanted, with pathetic and desperate nostalgia in a time when mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, a time of riots and political murder, was John F. Kennedy, whom they considered “civilized and cultured — almost like a European.”

The deadly realities of the new age of dullness make clear to Americans how fanciful, how foreign is the notion of a revival of the qualities which Europeans associate with John Kennedy or even the special kind of passionate commitment manifest in the last days of Robert Kennedy.

The irrelevance of either Kennedy image to the new day, when justice is to be viewed as “incidental to law and order,” is established in the fact that either sacred name could be invoked, according to need, by the candidates — not only by Humphrey and Nixon, but even George Wallace. The use of the Kennedy icon had become as meaningless and as unscrupulous as waving a flag. But, in a year of extensive flag-burning, its use in the campaign does suggest the value of the Kennedy image, at least in the minds of politicians, as a substitute symbol of unification, perhaps as an anesthetic for the violent impulses of desperate minorities, or as an antidote for the illiberal pattern of the nationality vote or the mindless disengagement of the New Left or the rowdy disenchantment of those who think of themselves as American Youth or the bootstrap mythology by which newly “affluent” suburbanites and blue collar bigots attempt to expunge the economic and social shame of their own past.

One almost forgotten element of the pristine Kennedy image before Dallas came to life again in the brief journalistic interlude, the royal masque of the marriage of Jacqueline Kennedy to an archetypal figure who seemed, in the eyes of an expectedly puritan and disturbingly prurient audience, to be a classic Greek translation of Bunyan's Sir Having Greedy of Vanity Fair.

It all came back. In a season when "a rough beast, its hour come at last," slouched out of Yorba Linda toward the White House, it all came back to public consciousness — days and nights as remote as Versailles or the Cafe Royal. The thousand days of Kennedy high comedy: the drama of good manners and understated self-mockery; the *fete champetre* at Mount Vernon, a triumph of elegance and DDT; the busy swimming pool at Hickory Hill; Leonard Bernstein weeping like a Restoration gallant at the presence of Pablo Casals in a refurbished White House once hallowed by the command performances of Fred Waring and Tommy the Cork; art, cuisine, and good tailoring; happy press conferences and boating mishaps; the unabashed pride in "having had a good war" and the charmed peace and poverty workers on the lawn; Caroline's pony and the first lady hurtling from a hesitant horse over a hunt-club fence.

The Kennedy comedy of manners was an all too temporary triumph over the normal American preference for the more deeply rooted, more native comedy of humors, which is now back on the road: frontier boorishness now updated into a political and academic tactic, programmed responses now turned into policy, and the neutralist social pallor of corporate types moving, with carefully unregional accents, from defrosted meatloaf to the expense-account splurge. High comedy is as remote as Camelot.

The extent to which the relevance of the Kennedy image has been shattered by the numbing consequences of two pointless acts of the public violence of our time is suggested when one examines what Kennedy admirers in 1963 thought the image was. An essay written for the *Quarterly* after Dallas saw the image as a calculated one, consciously projected at least to the degree that any public personality is. On the other hand, the Kennedy image was seen, in the context of the time, as a courageous challenge to the images which had worked for politicians in an earlier decade of dullness — "cloying togetherness, amiable mediocrity, and simplistic belligerence." These had been especially effective in a political period dominated by old men on executive pensions and young fogies trying to get a piece of the same corporate and country-club action.

The three phrases, so patronizingly repudiated in the thousand days, have, it is now clear, taken new wing and in 1968 have come home to the public-relations roost. "Cloying togetherness, amiable mediocrity, and simplistic belligerence" seem, with some updating, a summary of the campaign styles of the surviving candidates of 1968 — Democratic, Republican, and American Slob. In the homey gaucherie of this election year we saw the aged Democratic device of convenient togetherness for strange bedfellows become brutal and shrill; we saw the old Republican nostrum of Coolidge mediocrity become a permanent instant replay of organized balloons and drill majorettes moved to pubertal frenzy to shield the faceless candidate from

public questions. Even the Wallace crowd, remaining generally loyal to the old American simplicities, reduced the crudity of unabashed hatred and social terror to a special language.

For the Kennedy image it has been a rough, although not altogether destructive, five years. The first open and shattering blow, as distinguished from the polysyllabic sniping of William Buckley and the magpie scholarship of Victory Lasky, came in the sad comedy of errors incidental to the publication of William Manchester's book. However, until the long day's journey between St. Patrick's and Arlington Cemetery, a large public nurtured a comforting anticipation of an updated Camelot — less social and aesthetic, but even more lively and athletic. The paradoxical measure of our half-conscious expectation that this was a comforting but impossible dream was the tragic acceptance, by practically everyone who cared, of the inevitability, by one bizarre and graceless means or another, of Robert Kennedy's destruction.

So, on a bright Wednesday morning we settled down to TV for a new production of an old show, laying in an adequate supply of snacks and feeling more than slightly uneasy about not being shocked into the wordless grief of the first time. The *media* (a word that has become ugly and singular in the five years) went into rehearsed doomsday with a clown mayor, show-biz anecdotalists, Irish poets, and appreciative professional reviews of the music and ritual.

The old Kennedy hands showed for the last time, in a not unnoted parody of the Cuban crisis, their unmatched skill at coalescing to improvise splendor and to provide occasions for national catharsis. We each have a number of scenes we can never forget and do not want to forget. It was a national happening that worked.

The Camelot image was a fusion of what Robert Frost called Harvard and Irish. It is hardly remembered now that the most important fact about John Kennedy before the Nixon debates was that he was not only a Roman Catholic, but Irish; indeed, one Indiana evangelist after a quiet encounter in a courthouse corridor pictured him as an "Irish roughneck," presumably Studs Lonigan in a Brooks-Brothers suit. On the other hand, Mr. Nixon, who in blood is equally Irish, suffered by his resemblance to everyone's idea of a YMCA secretary addressing the good fellows of a men's bible class. In any case, 1960 was probably the last year that the American People of God felt the need to be on their best ecclesiastical behavior before a Protestant majority.

What Frost meant, of course, was the alliance in an individual of the Boston line of paternalistically ruthless Irish "leaders" and the Boston Brahmin sense of the political vocation of the beautiful rich. Mayor Daley's archaic and ponderous cuteness, in packing galleries for his own acclaim and in smothering the belligerent aftermath of the Kennedy tribute at the 1968 convention by staging a hurried ceremony for Martin Luther King, has, I think, destroyed whatever attractiveness the Irish-mafia side of the Kennedy image ever had. The jowls of complacency, brutality, and stupidity can no longer be concealed from even the most sentimental.

The Brahmin side remains as something we properly miss. It was invoked

with some success by Edward Kennedy to win back some of the ethnic and blue collar voters who had been prepared to vote their prejudices. The two dead Kennedys aimed, in Newman's words, "at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life." In terms of government the Brahmin side means the presence in national power of educated gentlemen to dominate and control the servile operatives — the blinkered technicians, the social engineers, the glorified cops, the economic seers, the payroll meeters, and the military tradesmen.

In 1963 that seemed to many of us what we were about to lose. We had no idea how great the loss or even the memory was to be in five succeeding years of verbal and military overkill.

Perhaps Robert Kennedy's peculiar portion of the Kennedy image is closer to the memory and aspiration of a new time.

By birth he ranked
With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry . . .

— JOSEPH T. COTTER



To Penelope

*Who? Me? Love you?
You're a frog.
I am a toad
I am told.
The Kierkegaardian leap?*

— P.E.H.

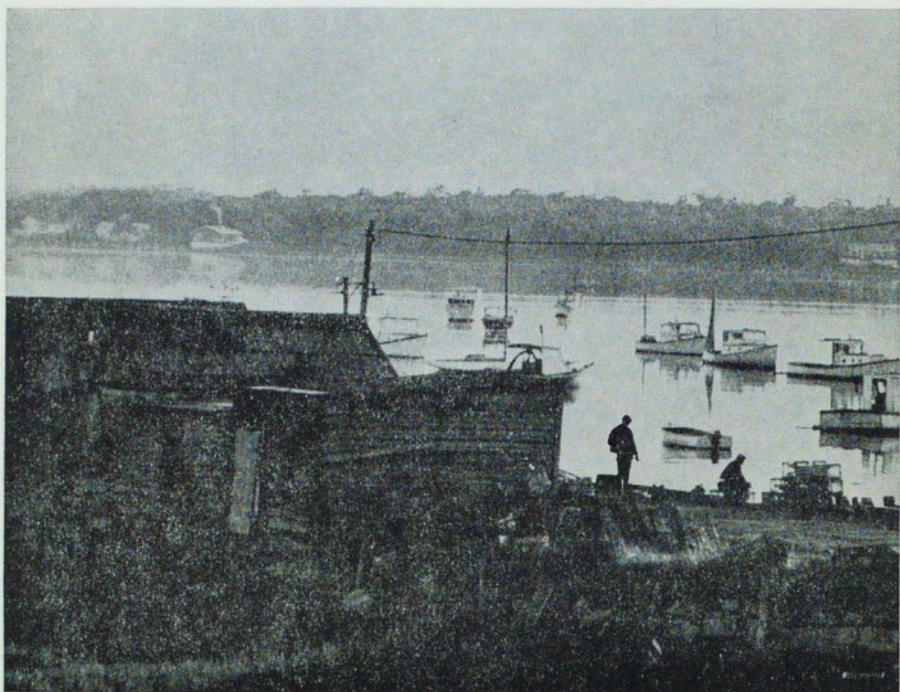
How Many Boyhood Days I Passed With Books

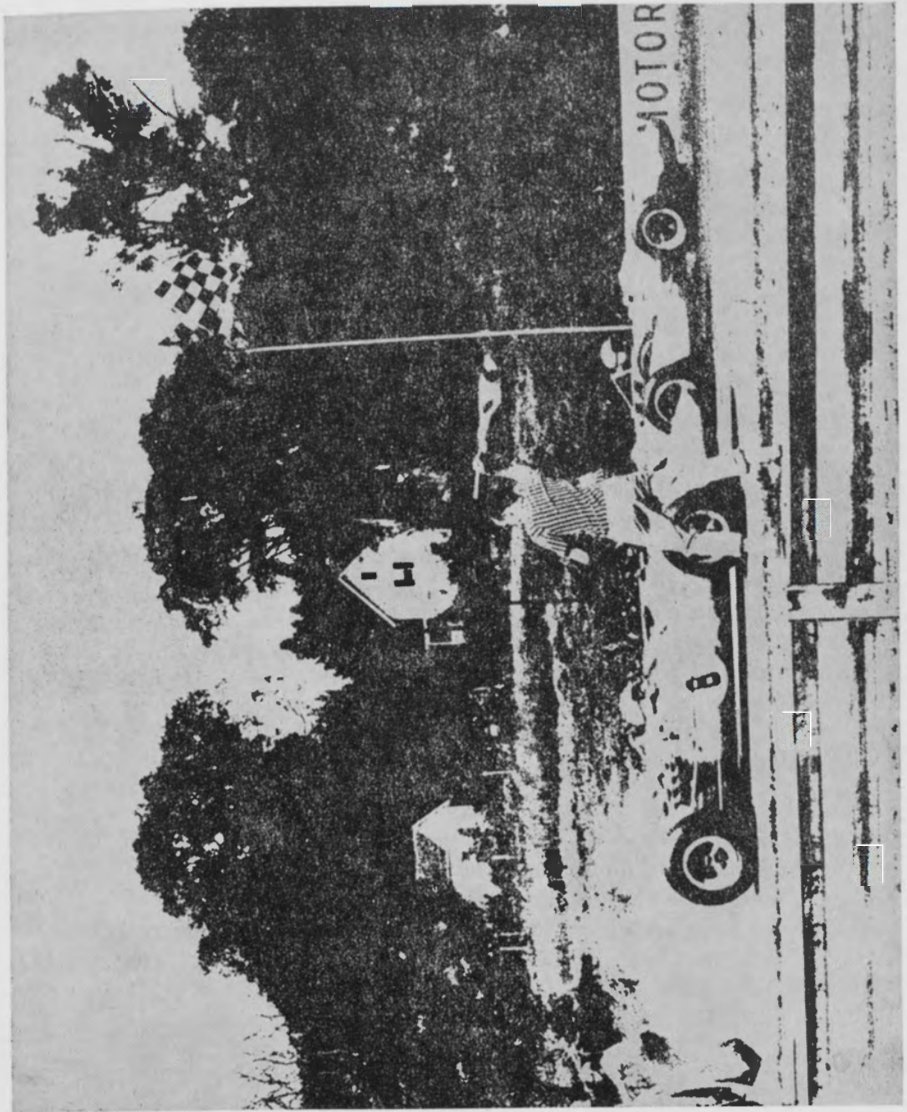
*How many boyhood days I passed with books
To dream the cold away, what pageantry
Of captured damsels hid in castle-nooks
Waiting for Lancelot to set them free;
How many storied seas I sailed to flee
The quiet, friendless hours, to isles of treasure;
Those tales are now, like fallen leaves, debris,
Yet manhood's sweet, for by a rose I measure
The fleeting hours of life, and from it reap my pleasure.*

*Though greater priced are pearls encased in gold,
Though richer hues of red a ruby shows,
Though Persian silks a brighter sheen unfold,
What other gift so simply can disclose
A lover's heart as will a single rose?
Yet scarcely is it prized before it fades:
All dreams are such; this blood-red blossom blows
A moment in the wind with green stalk blades,
And while it breathes, no sweeter scent the air pervades.*

— G. L. BRANCAE

PHOTOGRAPHS
by Paul C. Bailey - Gates





PHOTOGRAPH
by Frank Poole

The Owl and the Hawk, or Variations on a Theme of Imposition

*In Birddom all is harmony in caste:
Between the wren and eagle is a vast
And all-inclusive pitch which Wisdom made.
Nor does the wren attempt to fly where she'll invade
The sky the eagle calls his own. Nor will
The eagle deign to dine or soar or fill
His solitary crag with twitting wrens.
"Each to each," they say, and rooks and hens
And geese and ducks and daws and jays and owls
Respect the universal laws for fowls.*

*Not so old Hawk, who says to Owl, "Poor thing,
Why can't you be like me and hang on wing
Out-stretched: a spider in a sun-spun web?
I fly alone, a solitary reb!
And I can see! So clear in morning air
Through emerald eyes that far is near, and lair
Of weasel, fox, or hare is crystal-clear;
And nothing needs but fold, and fall, and hear
The scream of air, the cold and crystal air
Against my eye.*

*"And what do you but sit and stare
And say 'Whoo-hoo,' and turn your head
And blink and blink, and never would get fed
Unless some clumsy mouse comes stumbling by?
If you could learn to climb your tree, you'd never need to fly!"*

Owl blinked, and cried, "Ho-hum," and finally said,
"You criticize the way I turn my head,
My face, my eyes, my voice, are all too tame.
You'd like for me to see life as a game
Where savoir faire and joie de vivre are all.
I've played that game, and nothing seems so small
To me as owl who deems it wise to do
The things peculiar to a hawk: fly through
The sky in sun-time, blind his eyes in glare
He was not meant to see, and then is bare
To every gawking stare. Humility
Has its limits, friend. I am not free
To go without a catch. If I should fail,
The owlets starve. And so I must curtail
An appetite I must confess I lost
When first I tasted weasel and I tossed
My cookies all over the tree. Rabbit
Is stringy, and I don't have the habit
Of hunting just for sport. A mouse is nice
And tender, easy to digest, no vice
Engenders; yet I think it will suffice.
As for my eyes, I see enough to make
Me glad that I'm an owl; and if you take
Offense because that's not enough for you,
Remember that I've no desire, in few,
To change one wit tu-who. Enough for me
If you'll remain a hawk eternally,
And look, and look, for that you cannot see.

But if some day the clouds should block your view,
Of if the woods here form a wall for you,
Come sit with me upon this ancient tree,
And see with me the little that I see."

— ROBERT A. ENGLERT

*My Lord Is Full of Delight**

*Our babies tumble
Fretfully
In the country of his arms.
My Lord invites me
To laugh,
Yet his eyes
Mark the hour of truth.*

*The gentian cries
Blueness.
In the paling evening,
My Lord calls me
To be —
And covered with soft sleepiness,
We lie down in the breathing winds.*

— ALICE KEATING

*from the Chinese *Shih ching* (*Book of Songs*)

Good-Natured Critics, Denatured Critics, and Judicial Critics

HISTORIANS of modern criticism tend to classify modern critics into various categories according to their special interests in literature. Thus we have historical critics, biographical critics, social critics, Marxist critics, formalist critics, Freudian critics, anthropological critics, textual critics, and so on. Such categories indeed give us a good notion of the variety of approaches which modern critics have offered up to the study of literature, and in many ways they suggest an advance over the far less sophisticated methods of European critics writing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In fact, modern critics have become so sophisticated in their various approaches that we tend to assume that we cannot learn much from these older critics.

I would like to suggest, however, that there is a good deal that modern critics can learn from the practical critics of the past, and to suggest, in fact, that modern criticism, despite its apparent vitality, has been seriously weakened from the failure to learn from them. In order to do so, I would like to propose a new and simpler category of practical critics which would consist of three sorts: good-

natured critics, denatured critics, and judicial critics. Briefly, the good-natured critic is concerned primarily to call attention to the strengths and excellences of the work he is writing about and to share his enthusiasm for them with the reader. He is a good-natured critic primarily because he doesn't write about works he doesn't like, or if he does, he tends to write only about the parts he likes of the works he doesn't like. He is roughly equivalent to the "appreciative" critic except that he tends to appreciate only works which are already widely appreciated.

The denatured critic, on the other hand, is concerned primarily not with the strengths and excellences of the work — or with the weaknesses either — but rather with an attempt to explain what the work is about, either by referring it to its historical or social or literary milieu or to its author's life or mind or spirit, or he may simply be interested in giving an explication or exegesis of the work, pointing out the relationship of the various parts, trying to throw some light on the obscurity of the language or the thought or explaining whatever else seems to need explaining. He is a denatured critic because

Editor's note: "Good-natured Critics, Denatured Critics, and Judicial Critics" is part of a book entitled *The Future of Literature* being written by Arther S. Trace Jr., Ph.D., Professor of English at John Carroll University.

he is not interested primarily in whether the work is any good or not, i.e., in the human value of the work, though he tends to assume that it is good, especially if it was written by an established writer. The denatured critic aims chiefly to establish certain more or less verifiable facts relating in one way or another to the work, facts which may or may not clarify its meaning.

The judicial critic writes about a work not primarily with the idea of sharing his enthusiasms for the beauties of the work or primarily of explaining what it means in relation to the author's time or life or mind, or what it means even without relation to these considerations, but rather with the aim of determining how good or how bad the work is and why. He regards it as his most solemn obligation as a critic to point out where the author erred as well as where he did well because he thinks that in so doing he can offer a corrective to the art of the author and to the taste of the reader, such as the good-natured and denatured critic do not do. He also calls attention to the worthy works of unrecognized writers as well as to the unworthiness of the works of writers who have been unduly praised. The judicial critic is like the real estate appraiser who examines a piece of property not merely to admire it or to measure it, but to appraise it.

Now, obviously, there is some overlapping of these categories, because the good-natured critic usually feels that he has to do some explaining before he can do much appreciating, though he rarely does any depreciating; similarly, the denatured critic from time to time ventures his opinion as to whether what the author has written is good or bad, though

such observations are usually irrelevant to what he is doing. And the judicial critic regularly makes use of his learning to explain a work which he is judging and from time to time shares his enjoyment of the work with the reader, just as the good-natured critics do. None the less, these categories remain surprisingly distinct, and almost all practical critics can be pretty well categorized in this fashion.

But these distinctions take on their greatest significance only in the light of the history of practical criticism as it developed in Europe and America, and it is only in the light of the history of practical criticism that the specific character of modern criticism can be fully understood.

In a sense Thomas Rymer may be said to be the father of practical criticism, for he was the first to make a standard practice of examining literary works systematically and in detail, and he did much to spark the practical criticism of such critics as Jeremy Collier, Charles Gildon, Elkanah Settle, and John Dennis. Their analytical criticism in turn led to that of Joseph Addison, Leonard Welsted, George Sewell, William Duff, James Upton, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Samuel Johnson, and other eighteenth century English analytical critics. These critics and others like them on the continent established once and for all the widespread practice of examining literary works in detail, both in Europe and later in America, a practice which accounts for perhaps upwards of ninety per cent of the literary criticism being written today.

Now virtually all of the important practical critics writing in England in the later seventeenth century and much of the eighteenth century, both

in England and on the continent, were judicial critics rather than good-natured or denatured critics, i.e., they thought of their function primarily as calling attention to both the beauties and the faults of literary works with a view to indicating to authors and readers alike what should be avoided and what emulated.

The judicial critic who perhaps best epitomizes the judicial spirit of literary criticism is John Dennis. Dennis was not only the first professional critic to make a living as a critic but he was almost universally regarded as the greatest literary critic of his time.

There can be no mistaking Dennis's view of the function of the literary critic. The critic, says Dennis, "designs to detect and disgrace Error, to disclose and honour Truth; he designs the Advancement of a noble Art; and by it the interest and glory of his native country, which depends in no small measure upon the flourishing of the arts." Probably no critic has worked harder or more zealously to "detect and disgrace Error" than Dennis himself, for he was convinced that "Poets would grow Negligent if the Critic has not a strict eye on their Miscarriages."

John Dennis may be thought of as a watchdog of poetry. He carefully guarded the Temple of Poetry against the untalented who sought admission, and while it is true that he occasionally bit the leg of a few poets who actually lived there (Pope in particular was bitten regularly and badly) and licked the hand of a few that did not, he by and large did his job well. To the charge that he was an ill-natured critic, Dennis pointed out that "it is the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers by discouraging bad." And

finally, he himself points out that "no English author of any note has commended so many English Poets as I have. I shall give a list of some of them: Shakespear, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Roscommon, Denham, Waller, Dryden, Wycherley, Otway, Etherege, Shadwell, Crowne, Congreve, and Phillips."

Dennis's criticism belongs of course to the beauties-and-faults school of criticism which grew out of neo-classical critical practice. But between the time of the publication of Thomas Rymer's *Tragedies Of The Last Age Considered* in 1678 and about 1740, by which time Dennis was dead, neo-classical critics, particularly in England, tended to emphasize the faults of the literary works in question and to pay somewhat less attention to the beauties. During the course of the eighteenth century, however, more and more attention was paid to the beauties of literary works and less and less attention to their faults, so that even Samuel Johnson's insistence upon pointing out the faults of individual poems in the spirit of a truly judicial criticism may seem reactionary.

This gradual decline of judicial criticism was due largely to the advent of the idea of the natural goodness of man, as opposed to the traditional Christian view that man is by nature morally corrupt at birth or the much later Calvinistic view that man is totally depraved at birth. The literary theory which evolved from this new look at man's moral nature tended to place more emphasis upon original genius rather than upon original sin. Since this new view of man held that his emotions were both good and trustworthy, the release of the poet's emotions through literature was considered more cer-

tain to produce great literature than the poet's efforts to understand his emotions. Thus the critic's function came more and more to be to admire the originality and genius of original geniuses and less and less to consider whether the poets were really either original or geniuses. And so the era of the good-natured critic was born.

The spirit of good-natured criticism today is perhaps most accurately stated in a little book by Helen Gardner entitled *The Business Of Criticism*. A hint of her position is in her observation that "the rudiment of criticism is not so much the power to distinguish any good poem from any bad poem, as the power to respond to a good poem and to be able to elucidate its significance, beauty, and meaning in terms which are valid for other readers." (p. 4)

In another place Miss Gardner explicitly repudiates the idea that literary critics "should keep a strict eye over the Miscarriages of our Authors," as Thomas Rymer put it, or that they should "detect and disgrace Error" as John Dennis put it. "Critics," she says, "are wise to leave alone those works which they feel a call to deflate." (p. 6) In still another place in the first chapter of this little book Miss Gardner refers to an allegory by Samuel Johnson in which Literary Criticism bears the sceptre which was given her by Justice and the torch which was manufactured by Labor and lighted by Truth. Applying this allegory to herself Miss Gardner states flatly, "*I do not feel any call to wield the sceptre.*" (p. 14. Italics Miss Gardner's)

Miss Gardner is not, of course, speaking officially for anyone but herself, but it would appear that she is speaking unofficially for a vast majority of the most influential liter-

ary critics writing today, for the more modern criticism one reads the more one is forced to the truth of the observation by Stanley Hyman in his book *The Armed Vision* that "evaluation . . . has largely atrophied in the serious criticism of our time." (p. 4) The spirit of good-natured criticism has indeed won the day.

But, the good-natured critic was also joined some thirty or forty years ago by the denatured critic. The rise of denatured criticism is a complex phenomenon. It stems in part from the fact that as the doctrine of self-expression came more and more to dominate literary theory and practice the authors felt less and less responsible to their audience, and found themselves free to express themselves in increasingly obscurantist and even unintelligible ways; so that by the early decades of the present century much poetry and some fiction had become "difficult" indeed. Thus, the critics had to spend more and more of their energies trying to understand and explain what the work was about, and many of them died before they understood well enough what it was about to write any good-natured criticism about it or to find out whether what they had spent so much time on was any good or not. Certainly, they almost never concluded that the literary work was bad on the grounds that they could not understand it.

But other factors besides the increased "difficulty" in modern literature contributed to the rise of the denatured critic. In addition, a whole group of specialists with primarily extra-literary interests were let loose to plunder literature for its secret meanings. These included sociologists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, biographers, philologists, historians,

anthropologists, and so on, whose work more or less is commonly regarded as literary criticism, even though most of it represents denatured criticism in its purest form, i.e., it is purely scholarly inquiry rather than genuinely critical inquiry.

Thus, virtually all the literary critics writing today appear to be either good-natured critics — including even the New Critics, who, despite their remarkable talents, have for the most part carried on the spirit of the good-natured critics of the last century—or denatured critics. Stanley Hyman seems to be quite right in also observing in *The Armed Vision* that Yvor Winters is virtually the only critic today who is keeping evaluation in criticism alive, even though he treats Winters' criticism very unkindly indeed. For who among our most influential critics, apart from Winters, can be said to be writing truly judicial criticism? Cleanth Brooks? Allen Tate? Kenneth Burke? R. P. Blackmur or William Empson or John Crowe Ransom? Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Herbert Reed, or John Livingston Lowes? Maud Bodkin, Leslie Fiedler, or Caroline Spurgeon? Others? It should be remembered too that a critic does not become a judicial critic merely by interrupting his good-natured or denatured criticism to write against some novel or play or poem that he doesn't like. Genuinely judicial criticism stems from a particular habit of mind and a different understanding of the function of criticism than these critics appear to have.

How fully literary criticism is now in the hands of our good-natured and denatured critics is suggested by an observation of T. S. Eliot where he says: "If in literary criticism we place

all the emphasis upon *understanding*, we are in danger of slipping from understanding to mere explanation . . . If we overemphasize *enjoyment*, we will tend to fall into the subjective and impressionistic . . . Thirty-five years ago, it seems to have been the latter type of criticism, the impressionistic, that had caused us annoyance . . . Today it seems to me that we need to be more on guard against the purely explanatory." (*On Poetry and Poets*, p. 131) Generally speaking, Eliot is himself a pretty good-natured critic, but there is much to suggest that he may be right in thinking that the denatured critics have replaced the good-natured critics as the dominant force in modern criticism.

This triumph of good-natured and denatured criticism over judicial criticism raises some crucial questions about the nature and function of literary criticism generally and of modern criticism in particular. Among them are the following: Is either criticism or literature losing anything by the fact that our most serious critics generally avoid criticizing? Does the general demise of the genuinely judicial critic have any effect upon the health of modern literature, i.e., does bad literary practice beget bad literary practice? Is it better for the literary critic to break the sceptre, and if so, can he still bear the torch, to use the figure Miss Helen Gardner refers to? Is the super-abundance of good-natured and denatured critics sapping the vitality of modern literary criticism? Are good-natured critics performing only part of their functions as critics? Ought we to make a much sharper distinction between pure scholarship and genuine criticism than we are making now?

However one answers these questions one may yet say that if judicial

critics like Dennis and Johnson — and Winters — are the watchdogs of Lady Poetry, there is much to suggest that the typical modern critic today is Lady Poetry's poodle dog, who lets pass the true inhabitants and the interlopers alike into the Temple of Poetry, and who spends most of his time fawning over his mistress and cuddling warmly in her lap, and thus leaves the temple door unguarded. And yet there is much to suggest too that in the past forty or fifty years the Temple of Poetry is more than ever before being besieged by sinister and dangerous intruders; that some have been climbing in through the windows at night, and some often

walk in through the front door in broad daylight, where Lady Poetry remains inside defenseless, fearing for her life and with only her poodle dog to comfort her. The occasional yap of the poodle is hardly enough to scare the intruders away.

If Thomas Rymer and John Dennis were living in our time, they would feel impelled to write a book a month in order merely to identify the modern literary monstrosities which our modern critics are busy either praising or explaining or ignoring. Ours is indeed an age of poodle-dog criticism.

— ARTHUR S. TRACE JR.

There Will Be Children

*There will be children,
Under the night lamps,
Laughing in the cool air
Of a closing summer.
The first leaves will be
Upon the street,
Brown at the veined tips,
But green with air still
Moist with the
Juice of life.
And in every embrace
Our passions will
Quiver, and
Shake, and
Reveal the underside
Of our existence,
And our leaves upon
The street
Will be caught in a
Cold waft, and gone,
They will fly out
Of our dark, and
Solid arms.*

— MICHAEL PELLEGRINI

April Is Not the Cruellest Month

April is not the cruellest month. It is November when the wind sucks the blood from the veins of leaves, hurls them earthward to burn and turn to mulch for some future fertile season.

Now this is no season to sow a child. Wombs are dry and dusty like fields cracked and furrowed for lack of water. No. Better to wait for April; November is no friend to the new.

— JAMES L. BOURKE JR.

In the Green-shroud Sea

*In the green-shroud sea
the great ship rolls, sways
with her mainmast
burden.*

*It is Budd, the foretopman, makes
her roll so, makes the world
roll so — when goodness hangs
from a tree somewhere in
nowhere and all eyes
turned, while the ship rolls, the
world rolls, upward where suspended,
hangs and sways in vertigo, all of
us, on a tree, somewhere in nowhere,
waiting to be cut down and buried
with a hiss, in forgetfulness.*

— JAMES L. BOURKE JR.

Sonnet: to Charlene

*The murmured breeze reminding me you're near
To spark the embers glowing out the pain
Upon a crusted hearth of wrinkled fear
Just winks and brings the drizzle of the rain.
And if the crystal wind has eyes to see
Beyond the mirror face that I must wear,
I cannot keep the wind from knowing me,
My true reflection hid behind a stare.
While you as quick as fire can comprehend
Why raindrops glaze my cheeks with magic grace,
It's only gratefulness I own to spend
When laughing celebrations we embrace.
A crumbled wall became the Sculptor's mud;
Two artists traced eternity in blood.*

—WALTER ONK

Problem: 1968

*How to wear
His facial hair
Makes him despair.
A beard, moustache, sideburns,
He tried them all, combined, by turns.
None seemed just right;
None pleased his sight.
He wished his face
Of hair
Was bare.*

— DOUGALD B. MacEACHEN

Man in Modern Fiction: a Review

Man In Modern Fiction: Some Minority Opinions On Contemporary American Fiction, by Edmund Fuller, 171 pp., Random House (1958). A discussion of current American fiction in light of the great traditions of literature with a view to the value of literature as a valid and potent form of human expression.

* * *

EDMUND FULLER is a critic obviously disturbed about something amiss in current fiction. He is also sceptical of the general willingness of the majority of other critics and writers to accept the solution to the literary *malaise* which he suggests they have stumbled into. At stake, Fuller's book implies, is the value and the future of literature as a valid and potent form of human expression.

"All fiction," Fuller writes, "is a comment upon the life and nature of man — though not necessarily consciously so. It cannot help being such inasmuch as varying concepts and projections of the nature of man are the subject of all literature. The writer cannot be wholly coherent, as artist, unless he possesses a wholly coherent view of man to inform, illuminate, and integrate his work." (*Man in Modern Fiction*, p. 7. Hereinafter, all such "footnotes" will be accompanied with only the number of the page from *Man in Modern Fiction*.) At the root of this "coherent

view of man" must be, Fuller continues, if not a thesis, then at least a premise, "whether declared or tacit, . . . conscious or unconscious . . ." (7)

This premise is the author's view of the moral nature of man, of which views Fuller can find basically only three. The first, labelled the Judeo-Christian-Hellenic tradition, is embodied in the "literature from the Hebrews and Homer down to the early part of the present century . . ." (7-8) and is grounded firmly upon the "tacit or declared premise that there is a God," (8) with all the ramifications attendant on man — as creature, free-willed, morally responsible, and intelligent; as in a relationship to that God. In this view, man is a unique person, inherently imperfect, with immense possibilities for redemption and reconciliation with God. This creature is never wholly determined in any one state or condition. "Man is not portrayed as *either* good or bad, but as *both* good and bad." (10)

A second view of the moral nature of man, which has profoundly affected modern literature, is based on the romantic tradition of MAN (Fuller's emphasis). Man is here a being who is "biologically accidental, self-sufficient, self-perfectible, morally answerable only to his social contracts." (10-11) In some instances in this view, man assumes the stature of God.

Finally there is a corollary view which is in effect the reverse of the "fiction of MAN." This is the view of man as a "biological accident, inadequate, aimless, meaningless, isolated, inherently evil, . . . morally answerable to no one, clasped in the vise of determinism . . ." (11) Fuller contends that the writer who accepted the view of MAN as inherently good — frustrated increasingly by the obvious evil in that MAN's world and person — could see no other way out of his dilemma but by retreating to the opposite extreme; hence the corollary view.

Fuller asserts that the great "continuing, immemorial theme of the writer . . . (is) the explorations of his own nature." (64) Depending on his view of the moral nature of man, which can be more or less categorized by adherence to one of the above-mentioned views, the writer will produce good or "un-good" literature, with the possibility of mediocre writing being encompassed by various degrees of acceptance of one of the views of man's moral nature, and the use and quality of a particular writer's technical skills.

To become a discerning critic, and to be able to judge literature as basically good or "un-good" becomes for Fuller to accept the traditional Judeo-Christian-Hellenic view of the moral nature of man, and to evaluate a particular work in the light of that view as expressed or represented by the author. The presentation of the full, total, and richly experienced life of man, with all its subtlety and simplicity, plurality and oneness, good and evil, is the highest achievement of the artist as writer of fiction, and is only possible within the structures of the traditional view of man's moral nature, behind which Edmund

Fuller stands solidly and with which he proposes to arrest the literary *malaise* of much of modern fiction. The worth of a writer as writer is determined by his own attitudes on man's moral nature and the particular sympathies or antipathies he develops in his characters.

The larger part of *Man in Modern Fiction* is an analysis of peculiarities of modern fiction in the light of the belief of modern writers about man's moral nature. The "new compassion" (which borders on the ludicrous and would become for Fuller downright silly except for the seriousness of its moral consequences) simply equates a person's degradation with compassion. Thus there emerges the "genial rapist, the jolly slasher, the fun-loving dope pusher." (33) Compassion, in the traditional view of man as applied to literature, is "discernment of the gap between the man that is and the potential man that was . . . (and requires) a large and generous view of life and a distinct standard of values." (34)

In somewhat the same manner modern fiction has lost its willingness to express a given set of values, and prefers rather to let "popular tastes" dictate values, without regard for their real worth. The problem of the writer today "is not the impersonal one of absence of values, but is the everlasting private one of acceptance or rejection, of the *choice* of values." (50-51) Today's writer — hampered by his inability to see life in a full sense, cannot make a decision. For Fuller the question for the modern writer is "How can I, the writer, express a particular set of values? If all men are totally, really good, then there is no need to express one. If all men are totally evil, then obviously

the values I derive are irrelevant and evil."

The next problem for Fuller is the loss of imagination in imaginative writing, seen in the increasing use of clinical terms and others to suffice for words to express a fuller view of life. If the artist's view of life is not so fully open as the traditional Judeo-Christian-Hellenic one would allow, his vocabulary shrinks because many words express relations and aspects, and subtleties of relations and aspects, of life that simply do not exist for the writer of MAN or his corollary. The view of animal man necessarily reduces the possibilities of experience in the human life. There is still sex, but where can there be love? There is still brutality, but where can there be justice? There is still evil, but where can there be hope? There is still calculating and self-centered reason, but where can there be faith?

A highpoint of the book is the discussion of the modern degradation of woman in literature. Sex has been reduced from its fullest importance. "Sex, in fulfillment, is not fun, but is ecstatic, a condition of exultation and pleasure at the threshold of pain, so that conversely sex without a true union of fulfillment can be at the least a desolation and at the worst an agony and anguish." (129) And again: "There are two great facets of sex in the life of man. It is both unitive and procreative — and it is these things above and beyond anything else that can be made of it." (117) Since the modern writer in many cases will not accept this (how can he?) woman becomes in effect nothing else but an object of purely physical gratification and the "cult of the brothel" develops.

Concomitantly, sexual disorder becomes increasingly more in order. Woman is a "vessel for male use." (121) Fuller objects to this in literature; his quarrel, he says, is "not against portraying the disorder — it is against failing to recognize the disorder for what it is and failing to have some vision . . . of a proper state for man's sexuality." (121) "A writer," Fuller says, "who himself holds this concept, or who can see and portray no other, may be able to accomplish various things, but he will never be able to paint for us the living portrait of a woman, or to project a true and total union between a man and his mate." (121)

Fuller spends a brief essay on Joyce and objects to his concept of total inner communication and its lack of communication to any other person. This lack of communication is for Fuller the prostitution of the genre.

Finally Fuller demonstrates criticism gone bad in the Whyte review of the novel *Caine Mutiny*. Herman Wouk's most lasting achievement, Fuller suggests, in this novel is his totally human — complex in that they are both good and evil — characters, expressing within themselves (as Queeg does) the human paradox which also serves as the human condition — the presence in man of both good and evil, and his lifelong struggle to act in a physical world in a moral order. Without the realization and acceptance of that, man only deludes himself and, for Fuller, produces "ungood," that is, downright bad, literature.

— RODERICK PORTER

Untitled

*She burned very near
to the edge of my eye
with a glitter that challenged stars
and the gold of her laughter
startled the darkness
and dancing
she thrilled the dumb sky
till the shadow that slept
deep by a lash
stirred from its musing
and blushed her away.*

— WILLIAM BUTALA

A Personal and Psychological Biography of the Empress Alexandra

Introduction

The fall of Imperial Russia was a titanic drama in which the individual destinies of thousands of men all played their part. Yet in making allowances for the impersonal flow of historic forces, in counting the contributions made by ministers, peasants and revolutionaries, it still remains essential to understand the character and motivation of the central figures. To the Empress Alexandra Fedorovna this understanding has never been given.

— Robert K. Massie

I. THE EARLY YEARS — 1872-1904

Childhood

ALIX Victoria Helena Louise Beatrice, Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, was born on June 6, 1872 in the ancient Rhineland city of Darmstadt. Her mother, Princess Alice, the youngest of Queen Victoria's nine children, died in 1878 at the age of thirty-five.

Princess Alix went to England to live with her grandmother after her mother's death. But for the six-year-old child the loss of her mother had a shattering effect. A shell of aloofness formed over her emotions, and

her buoyant smile appeared less frequently. Craving affection and intimacy, she held back, and it was only at small, intimate family gatherings that she managed to unwind.

The English background and training she received at Windsor were to remain with her long after she had seen England for the last time. (Edward, Duke of Windsor relates in *A King's Story* that the Imperial family made its last state visit to England in August 1909 for Regatta Week on the Isle of Wight. They were the guests of King Edward VII and his wife, Queen Alexandra, the sister of Dowager Empress Marie Fedorovna. It was at the Regatta that he

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met his Russian cousins for the first and only time.) Alix considered English her native tongue and always spoke and wrote to the Emperor in English. (Though their correspondence was in English, when the Soviet government released the letters they had been translated into Russian. Therefore, our version of the Imperial correspondence is a re-translation of the Russian into English.) She even, at times, thought and spoke of herself as an Englishwoman.

Nicholas

Alix first traveled to Russia when she was twelve. She witnessed the marriage of her older sister, Elizabeth, to the Grand Duke Serge, younger brother of Tsar Alexander III.

She immediately caught the eye of the young Tsarevich Nicholas, who one day tried to give her a small brooch as a symbol of his affection. The shy, young princess, however, blushing refused his token of esteem.

Within the next several years, the two met quite often on their various travels across Europe. It was in the spring of 1894, however, at the marriage of Alix's older brother, the Grand Duke Ernest, that the romance really blossomed, under the careful direction of that grand old matchmaker, Queen Victoria.

Though the Tsar was somewhat displeased with the affair and hoped it would pass, he became alarmed during the summer about his own deteriorating physical condition. While nothing could be done about the Tsarevich's lack of political experience, the Tsar felt that Nicholas could at least gain from the stabilizing benefit of marriage. Since "Princess Alix was the only girl

Nicholas would even remotely consider, Alexander III and Marie reluctantly agreed that he should be allowed to propose." (p. 28)

Alix's chief opposition to the match was religious. She could not renounce her deep Lutheran faith without the conviction that Orthodoxy was the true religion. With the encouragement of her sister Ella (Elizabeth), who had voluntarily converted when she married Serge, and the consultations of Father Yanishev, the Tsar's personal confessor, she satisfied the deepest instincts of her nature and accepted both Orthodoxy and Nicholas's proposal.

On November 1, 1894 Alexander III died at the Livadia Palace in the Crimea. Alix had been in Russia ninety-six hours when her fiance suddenly became Autocrat of All the Russias, the absolute ruler of one-sixth of the world. She spoke Russian with difficulty and had no conception of the interminable Imperial Court etiquette. While Marie Fedorovna had had seventeen years in which to prepare for her accession to the throne, young Princess Alix had less than four days.

But if Alix was not prepared to become Empress, neither was Nicholas ready to take the reins of government. The Grand Duke Alexander remarked in *Once a Grand Duke* that the twenty-six-year-old Tsar, when he saw him once, cried: "Sandro, what am I going to do? What is going to happen to me, to you, to Xenia (his sister and Alexander's wife), to Alix, to mother, to all of Russia? I am not prepared to be a tsar. I never wanted to become one. I know nothing of the business of ruling. I have no idea of even how to talk to the ministers."

Alexander's funeral was held in St.

Petersburg in the middle of November. The new Grand Duchess Alexandra Federovna rode in a separate carriage behind the rest of the family during the procession. As she passed, the silent crowd strained to see the young Empress-to-be. Shaking their heads, old women crossed themselves and murmured darkly, "She has come to us behind a coffin."

The week after the funeral, on November 26, Nicholas and Alexandra were married in the Winter Palace by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. Following the ceremony, the young couple went directly to the Anitchkov Palace, where a few days later Alexandra wrote her sister, Princess Victoria of Battenburg: "I cannot yet realize that I am married, living here with others, it seems like being on a visit."

The Coronation and Life in St. Petersburg

The official period of mourning for Alexander III lasted twelve months, and the coronation of the new Tsar and his Empress was scheduled for May 1896, when the snows had melted and the Neva once again emptied into the Gulf of Finland.

The coronation, however, did not take place in St. Petersburg, but rather in the ancient, historic capital of Moscow. The Imperial family, which now included the Grand Duchess Olga Nicolaievna, entered the city on May 25. The following day Nicholas crowned himself, as was customary, and his wife in the Ouspensky Cathedral inside the Kremlin in a glittering five-hour ceremony.

The coronation festivities, however, were marred by the tragedy in the Khodynka Meadow outside Moscow where hundreds of peasants were

killed in a stampede to receive souvenirs of the coronation. Once again the simple masses took the disaster as an omen of an unhappy reign.

Back in St. Petersburg after the Coronation and the state visits of the royal family, what should have been a brilliant social season at the court collapsed because of Alexandra's devotion to her family and dislike of court society.

Grand Duke Alexander recalled that the Empress made several small errors while attempting to master the intricate court etiquette. Insignificant as they were these errors were tantamount to formidable crimes in the eyes of St. Petersburg society. This frightened the young empress and she became reserved in her treatment of others. And, as if in a vicious circle, comparisons then arose between the friendliness of the Dowager Empress and the "snobbish coolness" of the young Tsaritsa.

Alexandra, in turn, wrote, "Petersburg is a rotten town, not one atom Russian." And slowly a rift really did develop between Marie and her daughter-in-law. In court protocol, a dowager empress took precedence over an empress, so that at public ceremonies Marie walked on the arm of her son while Alexandra followed behind escorted by one of the grand dukes. Likewise, in another incident, Marie hesitated to give up some of the Imperial jewels which were considered the property of the reigning empress, causing a brief, but bitter, family fight.

In the same manner, in the early years of his reign, Nicholas was guided chiefly by his mother's advice. Later, as Alix began to resent this, Marie's influence with the Tsar diminished, and eventually she was al-

most completely cut off from her son.

At the same time that she should have been breaking down the barriers that existed between the court and herself, Alexandra was recurrently pregnant — first with Olga in 1895, and thereafter with Tatiana in 1897, Marie in 1899, and Anastasia in 1901.

Her few feeble attempts at friendship were, in any event, rebuffed by the ladies of St. Petersburg. One notable flop recounted by Anna Vyubova, the Empress's best friend, tells of Alexandra's desire to form a sewing society whose purpose would be for each member to make three garments a year for the poor. The society, once it got started, did not last long. Vyubova, writing in *Memoirs of the Russian Court*, noted, "The idea was too foreign to the soil."

II. ALEXIS — 1904-1912

Alexis and Hemophilia

IT might well be said that the collapse of Imperial Russia began on August 12, 1904 with the birth of the Tsarevich Alexis, rather than on the more popular date of October 30, 1905 when the Imperial Manifesto was issued calling the first Duma.

From the time her son was born, the central concern of Alexandra's life was her fight against hemophilia. This fight, with its consequent introduction of Rasputin, led directly to the mismanagement of Russia's war effort in World War I, and, therefore, was responsible for the collapse of tsarism in March 1917.

It is worth noting that the birth of a son and heir, a birth so long awaited and so wildly hailed, should prove to be a mortal blow for Imperial Russia. For Russia was toppled not so much by the socialists, with their strikes and bombs, as it was by this tiny defect in the body of a small

boy. "Hidden from public view, veiled in rumor, working from within, this unseen tragedy would change the history of Russia and the world." (p. 114)

Not until six weeks after his birth was Alexis's hemophilia even discovered. At that time, the Tsar noted in his diary: "Alix and I have been very much worried. A hemorrhage began this morning without the slightest cause from the navel of our small Alexis. It lasted with but a few interruptions until evening. We had to call the surgeon Fedorov who at seven o'clock applied a bandage. The child was remarkably quiet and even merry but it was a dreadful thing to have to live through such anxiety."

Alexandra and Hemophilia

In discussing the blight of hemophilia, the real personality of Alexandra comes through clearly. She was not an ogre or a wench as her enemies, both contemporary and present, are wont to describe her. She was rather the mother of a desperately sick child, who because of her devotion became, as the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna said, "the most maligned Romanov of us all."

Hemophilia was introduced into the majority of European royal houses by Queen Victoria, who at her death was "Granny" or "Great-granny" to half of Europe's ruling families. She herself was often heard to moan, "Our poor family seems persecuted by this awful disease, the worst I know."

While it is possible that Nicholas was aware of the hemophilia present in the House of Hanover, and therefore the House of Windsor, it is unlikely that he gave much thought to the issue prior to his marriage to Alexandra. Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, who

has made a study of the disease in Europe's royal families, believes that if court physicians mentioned the possibility of hemophilia to the engaged couple it probably went unheeded. On the other hand, he concludes that "if a distinguished doctor outside court circles had desired to warn Nicholas of the dangerous character of his approaching marriage, I do not believe he would have been able to do it, either directly or in columns of the press. Kings are carefully protected against disagreeable realities. . . ."

Only recently have psychologists begun to treat hemophilia, with its consequent effects on hemophiliacs and their families, as a subject within their legitimate area of study. R. K. Massie, whose son is a hemophiliac, relates that the maternal instinct to fight is immediately apparent when a mother is told of her son's disease. Somehow, somewhere the physician or the cure will turn up. Slowly, greeted with disillusion after disillusion, medical hope disintegrates, leaving the will to fight nothing but emotion on which to feed.

A mother with even the slightest religious training turns instantly to her faith in God and miracles when she or a loved one is faced with an incurable disease. There is no religion better suited for this mystical faith than Russian Orthodoxy. With its icons, censors, and heavily bearded clergy chanting mysterious Greek prayers, combining with Alexandra's fervent and absolute faith in their power, the stage was set for the arrival of a miracle or a miracleworker.

Meanwhile, the rest of the world seemed coldly indifferent to the mother and her afflicted son. Only among members of the family or close friends can the disease be frankly

discussed, and therefore only among members of the family can solace be found. As Massie points out while discussing Nicholas's role in the family tragedy: "No man ever was gentler or more compassionate to his wife, or spent more time with his afflicted son. However this last Russian tsar may be judged as a monarch, his behavior as a husband and father was something which shone nobly apart." (p. 154)

Besides her husband, Alexandra had her one intimate friend, Anna Vyrubova, with whom she shared every ache and pain, physical and psychological. But her friendship with Anna, like all the rest of the Empress's actions in Russia, led only to hard feelings. Anna's simplicity and homeliness plainly outraged St. Petersburg society. Grand duchesses of the Imperial blood who were never invited to the palace were livid when they thought of "dumpy Vyrubova" sitting night after night, week after week, in the intimate circle of the Imperial family.

During those times when the Tsarevich was well everything went along smoothly at the Alexander Palace in Tsarskoe Selo. Indeed, Pierre Gilliard, in *Thirteen Years at the Russian Court*, remarks, "everyone and everything seemed bathed in sunshine." But when an accident occurred and the bleeding began the horror of the old disease once again enveloped the palace and its family. No one could describe the scene more vividly than Gilliard, who was Alexis's French tutor:

One morning I found the mother at her son's bedside. He had had a very bad night. Dr. Derevenko was anxious as the hemorrhage had not stopped and his temperature was rising. The

inflammation had spread and the pain was worse than the day before. The Tsarevich lay in bed, groaning piteously. His head rested on his mother's arm and his small, deadly white face was unrecognizable. At times the groans ceased and he murmured the one word, "Mummy." His mother kissed him on the hair, forehead, and eyes as if the touch of her lips would revive him. Think of the torture of that mother, an impotent witness of her son's martyrdom in those hours — a mother who knew that she herself was the cause of those sufferings, that she had transmitted the terrible disease against which human science was powerless. Now I understood the secret tragedy of her life. How easy it was to reconstruct the stages of that long Calvary.

Tormented as she was by this feeling of guilt at being the cause of all her son's agony, Alexandra determined that, if she could not give Alexis health, at least she could preserve his inheritance. She was not by nature opposed to parliamentary institutions, having grown up in England under the most constitutional of monarchs. But when illness struck she steeled her will and resolved to offset Alexis's physical handicaps with the mighty, undiminished splendor of the autocracy destined one day to be his.

III. RASPUTIN — 1912-1917

The Incident at Spala

IN the early fall of 1912 the Imperial family began an extended tour of the western parts of the empire. The primary purpose of the trip was to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the Battle

of Borodino, which the Russians consider the beginning of the end of Napoleon.

Following the celebrations at Borodino, the family moved on to their Polish hunting lodges at Bialowieza and Spala. While at Bialowieza, Alexis began going for boat excursions each morning while his father and sisters rode through the immense forests. On one of these outings the Tsarevich fell while leaping into the boat and ground a gunwhale into his left thigh.

Dr. Botkin, Alexis's physician, found some slight swelling and sent his young patient to bed for rest and recovery lest something more serious develop.

After two weeks at Bialowieza, the family proceeded on to Spala. There the riding and hunting continued, and Alexis recovered quite satisfactorily from his fall. The Empress, seeing the improvement, decided Alexis needed some fresh air and, therefore, ordered her carriage on the afternoon of October 4. When they had traveled a few miles the hemorrhaging suddenly began, brought on by the jostling coach, and continued at an alarming rate. Alexandra immediately ordered the driver to turn around and head back for the hunting lodge.

There followed what Anna Vyrubova called "an experience in horror." Every movement of the bouncing carriage worsened the pain until Alexis was nearly unconscious with the torture, while his mother approached the brink of hysteria.

Doctors rushed in from St. Petersburg, but to no avail; the bleeding continued unabated. "The days between the sixth and the tenth were the worse," the Tsar wrote his mother. "The poor darling suffered intensely,

the pains came in spasms and recurred every quarter of an hour. His high temperature made him delirious night and day; and he would sit up in bed and every movement brought the pain on again."

Meanwhile, almost unbelievably, life continued as usual at Spala. In their strict devotion to secrecy the family refused to admit the illness to anyone. Spala was by far the classic example of the tragedy of their double life.

Eventually, however, Russia had to be prepared for the almost certain death of the Heir. The gravity, though not the nature, of the illness was disclosed, and the nation was plunged into prayer. At length Alexandra bowed to Anna Vyrubova's wishes and permitted her to telegraph Rasputin on the tenth asking for his prayers. He immediately cabled back: "God has seen your tears and heard your prayers. Do not grieve. The Little One will not die. Do not allow the doctors to bother him too much."

The following morning the bleeding stopped, Alexis's temperature broke, and though he would convalesce for more than a year, the crisis had passed. The Tsarevich was alive.

The effect was electric. Rasputin, the Siberian monk, who had met the family only once long ago, had miraculously saved the life of the Heir.

No medical explanation has ever been given for the cure at Spala. Dr. Fedorov, the Tsar's physician, had thought of trying "something" radical the night the telegram arrived. Whether he actually did try something extraordinary when all was lost is unknown, for he refused ever again to comment on the issue.

Thus Dr. Fedorov may have performed some unknown, life-saving treatment on Alexis that evening. We shall never know. More importantly, however, Alexandra never knew, and she therefore ascribed the cure to Rasputin.

Henceforth, his place at court was secure, and until his death on December 27, 1916, Rasputin would never want for anything nor fear any man in Russia. He, in the truest sense of the words, became "Autocrat of All the Russias."

1912-1915

In the years following Spala, Rasputin wielded great influence at Tsarskoe Selo. But his influence was indirect, reaching the Empress through Anna Vyrubova rather than in direct confrontations. Though Alexandra placed no stock in the tales of the "holy man's" lecherous life in St. Petersburg, she did feel that it would be improper for him to become too intimate with the Imperial Court. Therefore, Rasputin's visits to Tsarskoe were usually confined to Anna's small cottage a few hundred yards from the Alexander Palace.

During this period between Spala and Sarajevo, however, all was fairly peaceful in Russia. The Tsarevich continued his satisfactory recovery, Nicholas had his Dumas seemingly under control, and the four grand duchesses were rapidly approaching womanhood. In 1913 the dynasty and all of Russia celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of Romanov rule in huge festivals all over the country.

August 1914 brought the First World War and an unparalleled rise in patriotism among all the classes. The Imperial family made a tri-

umphal entry into St. Petersburg, which Nicholas renamed the more Slavic Petrograd. The French ambassador, Maurice Paleologue, watching from his embassy window, later recalled: "To those thousands on their knees at that moment the Tsar was really the Autocrat, the military, political and religious director of his people, the absolute master of their bodies and souls."

The Tsar's cousin, the Grand Duke Nicholas, was named Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, and he led them admirably. But as the war dragged on through its first winter Nicholas developed the notion that a true tsar belonged at the front leading his troops to victory as in days of old. In August 1915 he made his decision and left for Stavka, the headquarters of the Russian western front. This decision, more than the war itself, caused the fall of Imperial Russia.

Nicholas at the Front

Alexandra had endorsed the Tsar's decision to assume command of the army, and wrote him when he left: "God anointed you at your coronation, he placed you where you stand and you have done your duty, be sure, quite sure of that. . . . Our Friend's prayers arise day and night for you to Heaven and God will hear them. . . . It is the beginning of the great glory of your reign. . . ."

Once Nicholas was at the front guiding the military, Alexandra, as regent, began guiding the political functions of the government at home. Inexperienced as she was, it is no wonder that at first the Empress restrained herself and left much of the decision making to the ministers. It was with the ministers, the real administrators of the nation, however, that Rasputin managed to have his

most deadly effect. Nicholas regularly deferred to Alexandra's judgment on her choices. "And it was her choice of ministers, proposed by Rasputin, beseechingly pressed on and unwisely endorsed by the absentee Tsar, which lost the Tsar his throne." (pp. 342-343)

Rasputin had no real political goals in mind, no designs for power; he simply wished to maintain the status quo — to live, unhindered, his "free-wheeling, dissolute life." (p. 342) He knew very well who his enemies in power were, and he used all possible influence on Alexandra to have them dismissed.

Throughout her letters to Nicholas, Alexandra writes, "Gregory earnestly begs . . ." or "I must give you a message from our Friend." The extent of Rasputin's influence is probably never more apparent than it is in November 1915 when Alexandra wrote: "He begs you to order that one should advance near Riga, says it is necessary, otherwise the Germans will settle down so firmly through all the winter that it will cost endless bloodshed and trouble to make them move. . . ."

Thus, the ultimate stage is reached. Rasputin, the peasant preacher from Siberia, commands the army, appoints and dismisses ministers, and provides the direct link between God and the Romanov family.

With this kind of situation existing in Russia at a time of gravest national danger it is not hard to see why, or how, a revolution developed. By December 1916 the economy had collapsed, the army was in shambles, communications and transportation were at a standstill, and the autocracy was crumbling. On the twenty-seventh of the month, Prince Felix Yussoupov, aided by the Grand Duke Dmitry and Vladimir Purishkevich, a

member of the Duma, attempted the murder of Rasputin and dumped his still-breathing body into the Neva River. But even the assassination of Rasputin could not stem the course of the national avalanche.

IV. THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ROMANOV — 1917-1918

Abdication

BY March 1917 the Tsar's writ had effectively ceased to run. Government throughout the Empire, on a national level, disintegrated, to be followed only by the disintegration of the Empire itself. On Thursday, March 15 at 3:00 p.m. in his railway car at Pskov, Nicholas signed his instrument of abdication. That evening he noted in his diary: "For the sake of Russia, and to keep the armies in the field, I decided to take this step. . . . All around me I see treason, cowardice and deceit."

The Empress first learned of the abdication from the Grand Duke Paul, the Tsar's uncle, and refused to believe it. Later that evening, the sixteenth, Count Benckendorff, Minister of the Imperial Court, confirmed the news to her. She received it calmly, but, he writes in *Last Days at Tsarkoe Selo*, "as we went out, I saw that she sat down at the table and burst into tears."

Nicholas arrived back at the Alexander Palace on March 22 and there, sobbing like a little boy, joined Alexandra, never to leave her again.

EPILOGUE

The Empress Alexandra certainly is one of history's most complex figures. She should not be used, however, as a psychological guinea pig. In her environment, she reacted to personal tragedy in the only way she knew. An instinctive turn to religion and God, when medical sources failed her, led her into the clutches of a devious peasant monk, who, with her unknowing approval, developed into a Samson and pulled her own house down upon her.

From the vantage point of fifty years, the fall of Imperial Russia is lamentable. We can easily see that Imperial autocracy was replaced by an autocracy far less noble and a thousand times more malignant. And yet, the collapse of the Romanov family was hailed in America and the West, while their deaths were scarcely noticed, and certainly never mourned. As Sir Winston Churchill noted so eloquently in *The Birth of Britain*: "What claim have we to vaunt a superior civilization . . . ? We are sunk in a barbarism all the deeper because it is tolerated by moral lethargy and covered with a veneer of scientific conveniences . . ." And again, in *The New World*: "In our own time we have seen an Empress slaughtered in a cellar without any marked reaction upon the collective mind of civilization."

So it was then, and so it remains today during this fiftieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

— JAMES F. McCONNELL JR.

Moon

*In fayette by fowlers mill
they came one by one — the
plumber man, Tex, the clerk,
Old Braun Baggy and Arky to
discuss things, the conversation,
fillin with didya hears and
I knewed it all the times and
then in he strolls blocking out
the sun like a giant moon
and the sawdust skittered
cross the floor, from the wind
outside and he shuts the door
and just stands there, shivering
he was most of the time
he was standin, and sniffin
like he was sick or something
and then he up and sits
down on number three, Old
Braun Baggy's stool, and orders
a bottle of somethin or other
nobody ever heard of and
Chester wipes off the dusty
bottle of whatever it was
and plunks it down with
a glass and mumbles a price,
a dollar it was, and then
the moon, that's what they
called him after it was over,
he goes into his pocket, frayed
they were and big like a
carpenter or something like that,
and pulls out a bill or two,
not large mind ya, but enough
to cover it and he starts
to drinking slowly and it got
real quiet, oh Arky cleared
his throat once or twice
and if Old Braun Baggy's eyes*

could have talked they
would have said plenty as he
look at his stool, I mean
a man's stool is his specially
if he's been sitting there eleven
years and he was a touch
confused, not uppity mind ya,
but confused so he just sat,
and the plumber ticked the
edge of his matches and Chester
had him another beer real quick
and Tex kinda shuffled to the
Juke box hummin a sort of nothing tune,
but then his whole life was
like a shuffle well-timed but
awkward mosta the time so
no one made a big fuss but
just then the clerk makes a
scraping noise with his foot,
rubs his double chin and sighs
a, "Well, I'll be damned" and
Chester starts to make a stoppin
motion with his hands and the
clerk well he calms down a
bit and the moon just keeps starin
straight ahead but still sniffin
and snuffin not lookin nowhere
and Braun Baggy starts his
rockin motion like when he wants
to make some important point,
clears his throat and picks up
old Tex's nothin tune and then
the plumber makes a gathering motion
and Chester ambles down-wind
and joins the rest and pretty soon
Tex shuffles on back and they is all
talkin low and looking this away
and that away and the moon
just keeps drinkin real slow and starin

