

## PARIS ABSTRACTS

analysis, this paper focuses on the unstable triangulation of Prufrock and Eliot with Hamlet/Shakespeare in order to explore broader questions about the dogmatic dissociation of literary and historical voices, finally proposing a more open-ended subjectivity which can accommodate the textual reality of both. To this end, I trace this compound figure's delays and deferrals across a decidedly non-causal web of reference, including Freud's 1910 study of Da Vinci, which dwells on these very issues and concludes by linking the painter to Hamlet; and Ernest Jones' study of Hamlet, written under Freud's direction in 1910. The

latter not only reaches conclusions similar to Eliot's, I will argue, but directly informs James Joyce's Hamlet/Shakespeare hypothesis, as voiced by 22-year-old, familiarly hesitant Stephen in *Ulysses* – another “autobiographical” text, whose mythic model comes full circle to provide the objective “solution” to the Prufrock/Hamlet problem for Eliot's next masterwork.

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## ELIOT NEWS

### T. S. Eliot Summer School 2011

Marianne Huntington

I feel an anticipating sensation of returning home as I enter through the wrought iron gates on Mallet Street, pulling my eyes away from the handsome and tall central tower above, contrasting the cornflower blue London sky, altering my focus on the well-worn marble steps of the colonnade leading to the Senate House. I push through the rotating doors with New York intensity expecting a large gathering around the registration table, eagerly claiming their name tags and “see-through” plastic envelopes filled with carefully thought out programs for the extended week ahead. Involuntarily, I lock my attention with the welcoming arms of the central staircase of South Block hall, almost passing the crowded reception table manned by Ron Schuchard and the beloved directors from the English Department at the University of London, Zoe Holman and Wim Van Mierlo. After a warm reunion and finding my own among many neatly placed name tags, after clutching my clear plastic folder just as I pictured it, I learn of the massive stateside storms narrowly missed. Ron and I concur it was a good strategy to fly the day before an event, “many a slip twix cup and lip.”

The smooth registration process left me plenty of time to sit on the grass of Russell Square awaiting the start of the opening ceremony. The third annual T. S. Eliot International Summer School was proudly honoring the highly acclaimed author and poet Simon Armitage, who read from both Eliot's work and his own. A portion of my favorite piece echoed in my mind: “You're beautiful because for you, politeness is instinctive not a marketing campaign. / I'm ugly because desperation is impossible to hide.”

Following Simon's captivating reading was the granting of the bursaries, where Wim decided that “the naming a bursaries is a difficult matter,” cleverly giving each the name of a cat and finishing with expressions of gratitude to the benefactors: Mrs. Valerie Eliot and the Estate of T. S. Eliot, Dr. Julius Cruse, Rick Gekowki, Professor Joseph Hassett, Joan and Joe Mcbreen, Professor Ronald Schuchard, and Mark Storey for making all of this happen.

The reception afterwards across from Beveridge Hall (ironically), offered a spread of highly popular cheeses and appetizers, creating a setting for old friends to meet for the first time, and bonding over refreshing cocktails under the well-lit chandeliers of Macmillan Hall. Fortunately, the Ezra Pound Society happened to be finishing up their week-long seminar at Senate House as the T. S. Eliot Summer School was commencing, creating a brief, priceless moment where the two shall meet.

Ron opened the first day of seminars with a forgiving lecture titled “The man who suffers and the mind which creates in *The Waste Land*,” delivering an in-depth view into Eliot's complex psyche before the taking of coffee and cranberry cookies. His talk was followed by award-winning biographer Lyndall Gordon's paper, “Eliot's Unattended Moments,” which deliberations were followed by a well-attended lunch discussion over freshly made sandwiches and rocket.

Monday night we enjoyed a private reception at the Francis Kyle Gallery on Maddox St., celebrating a collection (called “This Twittering World”) of contemporary paintings representing *Four Quartets*. Also in attendance was Jim McCue, co-editor of Faber and Faber's new edition of Eliot's poems, who spoke about the philanthropic endeavors of the East Coker Preservation Trust, an organization spearheading the project to save East Coker from being “engulfed by an urban sprawl of 3741 new houses

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and an industrial site. East Coker today is still very much as Eliot knew it, with its Heritage buildings, 'shuttered' deep lanes, beautiful trees and farmland."

Each morning we heard papers presented by distinguished lecturers. Jason Harding opened Tuesday morning speaking about "Eliot's Shakespeare," while notes were being taken feverishly throughout the room. His talk was followed by Sir Christopher Ricks' "Eliot and the Auditory Imagination," which paper left us keenly aware of our own diction, understanding that the changing pronunciation of a word will most certainly change the meaning: "one must be so careful these days."

Jewel Spears Brooker gave a gripping paper titled "Eliot Among the Poets in Hell and Purgatory." Shortly afterwards, Stephen Regan graciously presented a paper for the absent Professor Crawford, "T. S. Eliot and Anglophobia." I am not, he quipped, "Robert Crawford, nor was meant to be," continuing with a bit of "pawky humor."

Anne Stillman's paper, "T. S. Eliot and the Architecture of the Nerves," left many students and professors in deep discussion for days on the subject. Later, as William Marx considered "Eliot's Classicism: A French Idea?" it was noted that his paper was unintentionally, yet appropriately, scheduled on July 14th, Bastille Day.

Michael Coyle's rich paper, "Eliot, Pound and the Idea of Literary Criticism," addressed his subject in formal as well as biographical terms. I personally benefited by this lecture because I was also enrolled in Professor Coyle's seminar, "Eliot and Pound: Instigation and Divergence, 1917-1924," which left me knowing just enough about Pound and his work to carry me through the rest of the year. Professor Coyle's discussion about Eliot's relation to Pound was followed by John Kelly's talk, "Eliot and Yeats: A Mutual Illumination?"

On Friday night at the London Library, where Eliot was a long-standing member, during the reading of his book, "How the Snow Falls," Craig Raine shared darkly intimate and personal poems. Our mood lightened, however, at the reception generously offered by Mark Storey of the London Library on St. James Square.

After the seminars on Tuesday and Wednesday we

### Tom & Viv

Between November 14th and 19th 2011 the Talisman Theatre Company of Kenilworth England staged a production of Michael Hastings' "Tom & Viv": we would be eager for reports from anyone who was able to attend.

had a choice between viewing the BBC Arena biographical documentary simply titled "T. S. Eliot," or taking the walking tour of "Eliot's London" led by the enthusiastic Carey Karmel. Starting at Lower Thames Street, where the walls of "Magnus Martyr hold / inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold," and where the Vicar, after giving a detailed history of the Church, and a brief one of St. Magnus, the early 12th century, ironically peaceful Nordic warrior and co-ruler of Orkney (to some, a pacifist), questioned why Eliot would have suggested the word "inexplicable." Leaving most scholars in attendance stumped by the question, we concluded it would be a good subject for a paper. A slippery walk on the algae-coated steps down to the river Thames, looking for "cardboard boxes and cigarette ends, led us on to where St. Mary Woolnoth kept the hours. Finding the doors locked and no Stetson in sight, the group split between going back to the Lamb or continuing on to St. Paul's, and then to the Lamb for an after-tour discussion over a cool Guinness. Nightly gatherings at the Lamb became an integral part of the Summer School, with the sharing of ideas and talk and company effecting a real community, even as they made early morning lectures a bit harder to make on time.

An overcast Saturday morning on the bus; it's the last official day of the Summer School Program. The branches of the berry trees leading to Burnt Norton had grown quite thick this past spring as they pushed and scraped the sides of the buses, reaching through the roof vents and leaving snapped-off branches as a reminder of the disturbed pristine setting. Contrastingly we were received with warm hospitality from our hosts Sir Conroy and Lady Caroline, graciously offering their home as a perfect setting for lunch *al fresco*, overlooking the majestic English estate. The tempestuous wind that rose subsequently fazed neither hosts nor guests during the compelling lecture and a reading of "Burnt Norton" by Craig Raine and John Kelly, as a few of the attendees valiantly prevented the large tent from blowing away. In closing, as the sun emerged, Lady Caroline drew from her soon-to-be-published book on the subject a history of Burnt Norton, giving detailed accounts dating back to 1620 when Lord Saye built the original farmhouse (which is their home today), leading up to the dramatic tale of the large mansion built by Sir William Keyt to please his rapacious mistress. Keyt himself torched the mansion in 1941, taking with it his own life and the lives of members of his staff. Lady Caroline closed by noting that the estate was called originally called "Upper Norton," coming to be known as "Burnt Norton" only after the fire.

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The week closed with a visit to East Coker; however, I was unable to attend. I unfortunately had to leave my new friends disembarking the bus from Burnt Norton, rushing off to Paris the next day for more T.S.E. seminars

and papers. There is finally no satisfying way to thank the hard-working coordinators of the Summer School—except perhaps to say that I look forward to returning soon.

## REVIEWS

### Andrew John Miller, *Modernism and the Crisis of Sovereignty*. Routledge, 2008.

Reviewed by Anderson D. Araujo  
University of British Columbia

In this bold study, Andrew John Miller takes stock of the first stirrings of a “planetary consciousness” (xxi) in the modernist era. He does so with an impressive body of evidence, even if at times he only glances at it. Miller engages with the heavily freighted terms in the title—*modernism*, *crisis*, and *sovereignty*—as interdependent categories. The book goes to great lengths to flesh out this vexed alliance. It locates in Yeats, Eliot, and Woolf the foremost expression of modernism’s response to the crisis of territorial sovereignty—not that the six-chapter discussion is evenly divided. The lion’s share goes to Yeats. Early on, Miller situates the poet at the “bloody crossroads where aesthetics and political sovereignty meet” (xiii). But all three writers crossed paths in their “postnational” hermeneutic (vii). The international webs of aesthetic and political connections in which they trafficked were at odds with the geographical limits of the modern nation-state, as formalized by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. Their postnationalism was also born of chagrin at the failure of modern nation-states to prevent global warfare. Miller cogently argues that Yeats, Eliot, and Woolf came to consider the boundaries between the public and the private spheres virtually impossible to distinguish due to the steady erosion of Westphalian-bourgeois notions of sovereign power, autonomy, and privacy. Hence modernism itself emerged at the nexus of this crisis of sovereignty.

Foundational for Miller is Carl Schmitt’s definition of “sovereign” as “he who decides on the exception” (xiv), by which Schmitt means a state of emergency declared during times of national or international crisis. Miller locates this widespread sense of crisis in World War I, while also citing the Irish independence movement, the Russian Revolution, the Spanish Civil War and, at an ideational level, the “civil war of language” (33).

He borrows this concept from Lyotard and associates it most strongly with Yeats, a “shape-shifting” Anglo-Irish Protestant Theosophist. Like Yeats, so too did Eliot and Woolf dig trench lines in the global civil war with texts that defy the hegemonic status of the nation-state. As Miller points out, even in our own era of “transcendental homelessness,” as Lukacs puts it, this linguistic civil war is far from over (15). Strong as Miller’s evidential claims on the modernist discourse of war and sovereignty may be, his self-confessed willingness to overlook “fissures” (xxvi) sometimes leaves the reader to do much of the work. And it is theory that emerges as his gap filler of choice.

Specifically, Barbara Herrnstein Smith provides much of the book’s theoretical ferment. Of note here is the paired opposition she sets up between “privileging” the self and “pathologizing” the Other (55). In a similar vein, her Woolfian notion that we possess locally and provisionally unified “multiple selves” (34) compels Miller to interrogate Yeats’s “Irishness” as a poet. As such, he scoffs—too hastily in my view—at the bulk of “historical” scholarship in Yeats studies (39). Cited without much commentary or even an endnote, Miller’s unflattering list of critics (Hirsch, Hutchinson, Deane, Cullingford, and Eagleton) begs further investigation. Yet his contention still appears to hit the mark. For Miller, these critics mimetically chart Yeats’s writings in relation to Irish national history, a category Miller finds too unstable to serve as an expressive foundation for the poet’s art. By the same token, he challenges “postmodern knowingness” in recent Yeats criticism, as it so often betrays essentialistic visions of Irishness (35). In its stead, he sees Yeats’s Ireland not, strictly speaking, as a historical locale, but as a “virtual,” “deterritorialized” fantasy (40-41).

Thus Miller aims to explore texts by Yeats, Eliot, and Woolf that he sees as typifying still unresolved, non-spatial conflicts which in turn render it nearly impossible to “establish a clear line of demarcation between war and peace” (164). One of the main assumptions underlying Miller’s keen-sighted analysis here is the degree to which all three writers’ transnational and geopolitical concerns prefigure McLuhan’s technocentric vision of a global village. However, Miller is deeply sceptical of McLuhan’s