Wrestling with Words and Meaning

T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* and Scholarly Writing about Literature

PAUL T. CORRIGAN
SOUTHEASTERN [FLORIDA] UNIVERSITY

The poetry does not matter.

—T. S. Eliot, "East Coker" II

So much scholarly work about literature has little to do with the human impulses that are the primary reasons people read literature. This is particularly ironic, even sad, with texts like *Four Quartets* which have been so personally meaningful for so many readers. Though what is "personally meaningful" certainly differs from person to person, the question of personal meaningfulness ought to be explicitly addressed at the least. Doing academic research in the humanities should not mean not talking about things that humans care about but rather talking about those things with a sense of rigor. Literary scholars ought not to abandon the traditional purposes of literature ("to delight and instruct") to the casual reader but rather ought to be far ahead of the casual reader in those very things.

On the whole, recent scholarly writing about literature falls short of the reasons that people read literature and falls short of the description of writing in T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. This is particularly ironic when it comes to scholarship written about *Four Quartets*. However, if we read those passages in *Four Quartets* that deal with language and writing in light of this disconnect, we may find some ways to move forward in our scholarly practice. In particular, we can read the poem as inspiration and exhortation to wrestle more deeply with words and meanings in our scholarly work, with the craft of writing and with the implications of what we write and what we write about.

Why People Read *Four Quartets*

Obviously, no single answer can do justice to all of the different purposes and motivations people have for reading literature. But certain reasons come up again and again—people read to develop empathy, cultivate imagination, gain wisdom, find enjoyment, and so on. In other words, people read because they find that reading matters for their lives. These reasons have been particularly so for many readers of *Four Quartets* which is undoubtedly an artistic masterpiece and for some a spiritual masterpiece as well.

I first read *Four Quartets* as an undergraduate because a respected professor told me that it had been spiritually important to him for many years. When he and his wife adopted an infant girl who turned out to be severely autistic, their lives became incredibly difficult and they entered an intense period of personal darkness and isolation. Reading *Four Quartets*, he told me, played an important part in bringing him out of that darkness.

His story imbued *Four Quartets* with deep personal meaning for me even before I read it. When I read it for the first time, though I did not understand

a single thing it said, I knew I was doing something important. So I reread it. Then I listened to a recording of T. S. Eliot reading it. And I reread parts of it again and again until I finally found a way into the poem. Almost by chance, I noticed a parallel between some of the passages in the poem and something else I was reading about the *via negativa*. From there, I slowly built my own framework for understanding the poem. I spent several days at my desk mapping out charts and graphs of the structure of the poem as I saw it, something like a sine wave with increasing high and low points. For about a year afterwards, I went around quoting the poem as if it were a gospel. What I came to understand the text to say, to do, and to be spoke to me at a deep level. It expressed some things I deeply believed, and at the same time it challenged what I believed. And it was beautiful.

David Finn's journey with the poem is similar to mine, but more intense and over a longer period of time. In the introduction to *Evocations of Four Quartets*, his book of paintings in response to the poem, he relates that he happened upon a book of commentary on *Four Quartets* on a friend's coffee table. Reading that book led to reading the poem which led to rereading and rereading it. He took to carrying around a copy of the poem with him in his pocket to read in spare moments. He carried that copy until it wore out. Then he bought another copy and another, until he wore out a total of sixteen copies of the poem. "Virtually every word," he says, "carried resounding overtones that reverberated throughout my being." So he memorized the entire poem by heart. Then he read all the books on the poem that he could find. Finally, he painted a series of responses to the poem, his own visual interpretations. His reading of *Four Quartets*, he testifies, "had a profound influence on my life" (11-12).

The common theme in my teacher's story, Finn's, and mine is that we read literature, particularly including *Four Quartets*, because we believe that it matters for our lives. The same is the case for many others, perhaps even for most readers of poetry. "There is," as John Booty puts it, "a growing multitude of those who read these poems for the way in which they nurture the spirit" (13). Many people who *write* about *Four Quartets*, I would argue, do so for similar reasons. Writing is an extension of reading, a dialogue with the texts we are reading and with each other about those texts. But so much scholarly writing these days is far removed from such a purpose, including scholarly writing about *Four Quartets*.

The State of Scholarship on *Four Quartets*

One of the first critical works that I read on *Four Quartets* was John Booty's *Meditating on Four Quartets*. Though I have read much on the

poem since, it remains one of the most useful and meaningful pieces of literary scholarship I've read on any text. As an undergraduate, I wrote a review of it online on Amazon.com: "Good for those who want to understand the *Four Quartets* for personal, spiritual use. Even better for those [who] want a scholarly handling that does not violate Eliot's premise that poetry should be experienced rather than forced into false patterns!" (I was as enthusiastic then as I am now.) But alongside my review, there is one by Christopher Culver, a "Top 500" reviewer for Amazon. He writes that he "found the book no different in the end than most coverage of *Four Quartets*," that it had "few redeeming qualities," and that it "did not give [him] any additional insight on the work." Whatever the actual merits and faults of the book are, these two contrasting reviews illustrate two different sets of values concerning what literary scholarship should be and do. What I value about Booty's book was that it helped me to read the poem, that it was written with style, that it had moments of insights, and that it continually emphasized what readers might take away from the poem for their own lives. What Culver devalues about the book was that it was not sufficiently "different" from other works on the poem, that it lacked "additional insights." From my perspective, Culver's review illustrates the disconnect in recent literary criticism between why people read literature and the predominant kind of criticism that is written.

"To read widely in academic literary criticism of recent decades," Frank B. Farrell observes, "is to wonder why literature matters at all" (1). Reading recent criticism on *Four Quartets* leaves me wondering why academic literary criticism matters at all. In a piece published online in the *New York Times*, Robert Pippin ponders the same thing. "Clearly, poems and novels and paintings were not produced as objects for future academic study," he writes. "By and large they were produced for the pleasure and enlightenment of those who enjoyed them." Pippin seems to have been reading the same kind of criticism as I have. Pippin and I both seem to see, along with Robert Scholes, that by and large "the study of poetry" and literature in general has been disconnected from "the human interests and impulses . . . vital to it" (Scholes, *Crafty Reader* 36).

Much of the most stimulating and intellectually sophisticated of the recent scholarship on *Four Quartets* has little to say to people reading for human purposes, while much of the work that takes up such questions directly (like Booty's book) is either not very intellectually sophisticated or otherwise set on a low rung of the academic hierarchy. This is just the inverse of what ought to be. One of many factors that may cause this phenomenon is the academic standard

of "newness," illustrated in Culver's critique of Booty. Can it be that everything humanly meaningful has already been said? Is that why scholars tend towards the irrelevant, abstract, and obscure? Can't we have writing that is new and meaningful? Can't someone say something old well, and that be worth something to us? And if we must choose one or the other, shouldn't we prioritize meaningfulness over newness? If I'm generalizing here, it's in order to indict the general direction of literary scholarship.

Of course, there are some scholarly works that do directly take up the question of how a text might be meaningful for its readers and that do so in an intellectually sophisticated manner. When Denis Donoghue writes that *Four Quartets* is about "how to convert the low dream of desire into the high dream of love" (268), he may be saying as much about himself as about the poem since these words come at the end of his book *Words Alone*, a sprawling work he describes as "partly a memoir, partly a study of Eliot's poetry" (x). William D. Melaney reads *Four Quartets* as an autobiography that changes the past, redeeming it through retelling it, while "engage[ing] the reader in the spiritual adventure" along the way (148). Kenneth Kramer's comprehensive reading of the poem was born out of thirty years of reading and teaching it and was wrought from fire, almost literally, when halfway through those years his house burned down and he almost lost the manuscript. In the body of his book, Kramer explains how four different spiritual paths play out in the poem, moving "back and forth" between "ordinary time" and "redeeming time." In his conclusion, he suggests four spiritual practices for readers to live out the insights enacted in the poem.

These exceptions to the general direction of literary studies aren't completely unproblematic. Despite being partly memoir, Donoghue's treatment of *Four Quartets* does not dig as far as one might hope into the question of what readers can take away from the text. Melaney's comment inviting readers on their own spiritual journey comes almost as an aside at the end of the essay. And Kramer's recommendation of specific spiritual practices falls outside the realm of literary studies. But nonetheless, the point remains that studies like these ones that address questions relevant to readers reading for personal meaning *are* exceptions.

What should be more notable is that this line of exploration is absent in some of the most excellent scholarship on *Four Quartets*. One example of this is an outstanding essay by Peter Middleton in a recent volume on gender and sexuality in T. S. Eliot's work. Middleton makes a sharp contrast between "Burnt Norton" as published as an individual poem and "Burnt Norton" as published a decade later as

one of the *Four Quartets*. Though the texts of the two are identical, he argues that the new historical context and the three other quartets turn the first one into a different poem. The first quartet is "feminine," "pervaded by a subdued eroticism and awareness of the body" and talk of love. But the other quartets carefully "undo" all of this so that the final poem, the whole of the *Four Quartets*, is "masculine." The bodies of the first quartet become merely the compound ghost of the last. The cycle of poems is a "cycle of erasure" (91). This reading is complex and nuanced, close to brilliant (even if his calling "Burnt Norton" feminine is undersubstantiated). But what does it mean for readers of the poem? Should they reject the later three quartets? Should they read them but make sure to resist them? Perhaps. But Middleton never even raises the question of what the implications of his reading are for readers of the poem.

Another example is Ruth Abbot's excellent, prize-winning study of meter, rhythm, and versification in *Four Quartets* ("best dissertation" in the Cambridge University English honours exam). Looking closely at the rhythm of individual lines, she shows how the play of meter and rhythm, the poem's formal qualities of sound, adds a layer of subtly to seemingly straightforward philosophical passages. She writes that "living versification is achieved not by rejecting form, nor by embracing it, but by playing hard to get with it, as it were" (367). The verse works through "turning away in order to come close with greater clarity" (373). Her work is precise and insightful. But what does her essay offer to readers? Should they, taking her studying into account, make sure to read out loud? Should they read at a certain pace or tempo? Should they read with a rhythm informed by patterns in the poem that they heretofore would have missed? She doesn't say. Both her study and Middleton's are clear on why their arguments are pertinent to the discipline, but they say very little about why they matter to readers of the poem. It's not that these studies don't have implications for readers (I certainly think that they do). It's that they don't even address the issue. Those who are interested in such questions are left to connect the dots by themselves. In this regard, these studies are more or less representative of the discipline as a whole.

What *Four Quartets* Has to Say about Scholarly Writing

Four Quartets offers wisdom about writing that speaks to the current state of scholarship on literature and suggests how we ought to move forward as a discipline. Properly speaking, *Four Quartets* does not address scholarly writing (though it does talk about writing poetry), and even if it did, we would be hard pressed to make the case that it presents a

particular position on it because the poem is more art than treatise. As Abbot shows, the poem's music necessarily and fundamentally qualifies any position the poem seems to take. In other words, along with other literary qualities, the music of poetry means that we cannot put *the* meaning of a poem neatly into a prose interpretation. But while poems cannot have a single meaning because they are musical, they *can* have multiple meanings because they are "polysemous." The poet Jay Wright, from whom I borrow this term, describes poetry as "a concentrated, polysemous, literary act . . . [p]olysemous here mean[ing] capable of translation from one meaning to another" (Rowell 4-5). Poems engage readers in a process of making meaning—making multiple meanings. In suggesting that certain passages in *Four Quartets* speak to the question of writing, I am not trying to get at the meaning of the poem but rather I am engaging with the poem in a process of making a meaning, specifically one that pertains to the lives of readers and writers.

Part V of "Burnt Norton" provides the first extended discussion of language in *Four Quartets*. On the one hand, there is the language ideal, represented by "stillness"—"as a Chinese jar still / Moves perpetually in its stillness." A reference in the passage to Christ as the "Word in the desert" underscores the importance that the poem ascribes to this language ideal. On the other hand, the poem also bemoans the possibility of using language in an ideal way. The famous lines describe the utter instability of language, which "[d]ecay[s] with imprecision, will not stay in place, / Will not stay still." In contrast to the ideal, the poem paints a picture of how the poet sees language actually being used—so much shrieking, scolding, mocking, and mere chattering. The poet's own experience writing seems to have allowed him to anticipate poststructuralism by several decades.

None of these lines are "about" literary scholarship *per se*. But they do speak to the state of the discipline. While there are outstanding individual literary studies and profoundly important movements, the field as a whole—if we measure it not by its best but at its most typical—could be described by these same lines. When I read a lot of literary criticism and then read this passage, I feel my dissatisfaction put into words. The field of literary studies consists largely of scolding and chattering and the occasional "loud lament of the disconsolate chimera." This contrasts starkly not only with the language ideal that *Four Quartets* reaches for but also with the human impulses that inspire people to write, read, and talk about literature in the first place. Even this essay of mine falls somewhere between chattering, scolding, and a lamenting chimera. It is not, however, disconsolate, as I have hope.

I am well aware that equating the bulk of recent criticism with "the crying shadow in the funeral dance" sounds like an exaggeration. Indeed, my argument is admittedly hyperbolic. Most work in the discipline is not really *that* bad, and we don't actually need to aim for the same language ideal as *Four Quartets*. But, accepting it as hyperbole, the parallel I'm making between what this passage describes and a lot of recent criticism is appropriate. So much criticism simply isn't very meaningful or well written, and when this amounts to thousands upon thousands of conference papers, articles, and books, the poem's description of shrieking, scolding, mocking, and chattering is not that far off.

But another passage in *Four Quartets* stands in sharp contrast to this one. The opening lines of Part V of "Little Gidding" offer a vision of language use that is very different from the mess of sliding, cracking words described previously. This passage describes writing where "every word is at home, / Taking its place to support the others." It describes words that are "exact," "precise," and "dancing together," rather than "ostentatious," "vulgar," or "pedantic." Though the poetic language described here is different from the mess of sliding, cracking words, it is not the "Word in the desert" either. That language ideal—the opposite of language that slips and cracks—can never actually be reached. Language does not exist in the realm of the ideal, and the ideal does not exist in the realm of language. The "Word in the desert" is not a word in the order of those words that can slip and crack. Writers who cannot settle for less than the ideal represented by the "Word in the desert" will always be frustrated since all actual language use is always partial. But that does not mean, contrary to what the earlier passage might imply, that all language use is necessarily totally meaningless.

This later passage comes at the end of *Four Quartets* and resolves the poem's discussion of language, presenting a third option for using language. This passage describes writing that lies between the ideal of "the Word in the desert" on one hand and the insurmountable sliding and cracking of words on the other. That every phrase and sentence is "right" does not mean that they transcend the limits of language. As the poem describes them, the "rightness" of the phrases and sentences is that they are well written. This passage does not describe writing that transcends the limits of language but, more humbly and feasibly, writing done with a sense of craft and artistry and writing that offers something in terms of wisdom for living. In this regard, the passage sounds almost like one by Czesław Miłosz: "To find my home in one sentence, concise, as if hammered in metal. Not to enchant anybody. Not to earn a lasting name in posterity. An unnamed need for order, for rhythm, for

form, which three words are opposed to chaos and nothingness" (452). Scholarly writing that could be described in such terms is rare. But I would like to read more of it.

So how do we get from where we are now to that kind of scholarly writing? Yet another passage speaks to this, Part V of "East Coker" which comes, appropriately enough, about midway between the other two passages we've looked at. In this third passage, the poem laments the "[t]wenty years largely wasted" between the two World Wars. These are years during which "one has only learnt to get the better of words / For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which / One is no longer disposed to say it." Because language is "shabby equipment always deteriorating," every attempt that the poet has made at writing has been a "failure." On first reading, this passage may seem no better than the one in "Burnt Norton" that also describes the dismal state of language, only rewritten in more personal terms. Because the medium in which the poet works slips and cracks, he is frustrated and cannot find the words to say what he wants to say while he wants to say it—and, besides, he cannot really put what he wants to say in language anyway. Such would be a reasonable reading. But looked at more closely, these lines do something more than just continue to describe the slipping and cracking of language. Written from a depth of personal experience gained through many years of writing and struggling to write (despite Eliot's insistence against autobiography in poetry), these lines also offer some wisdom about what it means to write. This wisdom speaks to how we can move from the typical type of criticism we have at present to a type of criticism that matters on the level of those reasons for which people read literature in the first place.

To begin with, this passage takes for granted that what one writes about are things that matter for humans living in and trying to understand this world, thus talk of "emotion" and "the inarticulate." Secondly, the repetition of the phrase "twenty years" and the reference to Dante's journey through heaven and hell ("So here I am, in the middle way") give the sense that that developing as a writer requires a long journey through which one develops interiorly. Thirdly, words like "trying" and "fight[ing]" indicate that the journey is one marked by significant struggle with writing, particularly with the craft of writing. Finally, the statement that "there is no competition" suggests a transcending of egoism and competition. Altogether, the passage communicates a depth of awareness about writing, about how to write, what the challenges are in writing, and most especially why one writes. What matters is the larger task of "recover[ing] what has been lost / And found and

lost again and again." Writers take part in a large communal project, where writing is what matters and where doing our best counts as success: "there is only the trying." Though this passage clearly deals with writing poetry, what I am arguing through applying it to scholarly writing is that more scholars ought to approach their work with a sense of artistry and with a notion of themselves as artists.

"Reconnect the Study of Poetry . . ."

Martha Nussbaum argues that more literature should be taught because reading literature develops empathy and insight into other people's lives and because it fosters imagination and a sense of play, which are missing from too much education to the detriment of democracy and humanity (101-102). I argue that these same values—empathy, insight, imagination, and play—are also in short supply *even within the study of literature*. If I'm right, what follows is that reading literature does not in itself automatically result in the developing and fostering of such important qualities. It is how we read and write about literature that determines what we get from our reading and writing. Writing about teaching, Robert Scholes argues that we need to "reconnect the study of poetry to the human interests and impulses . . . vital to it" (*Crafty Reader* 36). I argue the same thing about scholarship.

So much scholarship is written without a sense of artistry, lacking the very thing that makes the texts written about significant. So often, we write scholarship for reasons quite different than the reasons for which we read literature. Our academic system today fosters competition and hurriedness. We talk at cross purposes, and we are often harsh in our criticisms of each other. We write under tight deadlines and under the pressure of requirements for graduate school, tenure, and rank promotion. We spend so much of our time trying to master argument, critical thinking, and research that we forsake style, wisdom, and a larger purpose. The best scholarly writing today, the exceptions to what I am describing, is surely written by scholars who have internalized attitudes similar to the ones we can see expressed in Part V of "East Coker," about the inadequate nature of language as well as about what it means to be a writer in light of the inadequate nature of language. If more scholars should take on themselves the attitudes of the poem in these regards, it would be to the benefit of the discipline.

In his history of literature as a profession, Gerald Graff describes how attacks have often been mounted against new or old methodologies for not being humanistic enough. He cites one early twentieth-century scholar, for instance, bemoaning the accumulation of "facts, still more facts" without "some purpose beyond them" (143). Similar critiques have

been made about and by one camp after another, first Philology, then Old Historicism, then New Criticism, and most lately Theory (4). The critiques suggest that the scientific study of language removes readers from the meaning of language, that the practice of collecting historical facts about texts disconnects readers from the very texts the facts are meant to illuminate, that close reading is incompatible with developing social engagement, that deconstruction erodes all human values, and so on. In fact, however, these different approaches were not (and are not) at all incompatible with human connection. Scholars in these traditions regularly speak about human connection as a larger context. The problem is that when it comes time to do the actual work of writing about literature, they too often take it "for granted" (30).

So it is not so much particular approaches and theories that fail to connect literature to issues of human meaning and how we ought to live our lives but rather the way in which approaches and theories are put to use in particular works of scholarship. What I mean to do is to repeat calls for resumed attention to the humanistic impulses of literature but not against any particular approach. Any approach that readers find useful for opening up, taking apart, or otherwise working with literature ought to be able to be applied to meaningful ends. Historicism, close reading, and deconstruction as well as postcolonial, feminist, psychoanalytic, ecocritical, and Marxist ways of reading are all useful and can all be connected to the reasons we read in the first place. Robert Scholes writes that too many scholars "have lost faith in the possibility of . . . telling the truth about anything important in the lives" of people (*Rise and Fall* 81). The solution is not to return to the Truth of (Western, Male) Traditional Humanism but to work with the truths of the disciplines in which we work, the texts about which we write, and our own lives and the lives of those we write to.

My argument speaks to a common set of desires. Scholars who are happy with the state of scholarship and with the work they are doing should not write differently than they want to, whether their work is meaningful to others or not. But it would be good if we could restructure the priorities of the discipline to encourage those who want to write scholarship that is meaningful to how people live. I would like to see scholarship that addresses the reasons for which people read literature become the dominant kind of scholarship. I would like to read more interpretations of poems that are themselves poetic. We who struggle so much over the words and meanings of others ought to wrestle more with our own writing. If we revised the system of rewards in the university, we could foster better scholarship rather than just more scholarship. Then our work would matter more than

it does now.

Though "pure" math and "pure" science may be considered higher pursuits than applied fields, the "discoveries" of our discipline are never "pure." They are always as much inventions as discoveries, and they are also not valuable apart from the use to which they are put. If we ourselves do not connect the dots between the work we do and concerns that are relevant to our lives and to the world, no one else will ever make use of our work either. Even if we can never offer fully satisfying answers, we need to ask more often: What are the implications of this reading or that reading for those who read for some purpose related to the human impulses that inspire the writing of literature in the first place?

Conclusion

Since we give and take so much time for reading and writing, so many hours of our and our students' lives, our scholarship should matters beyond itself. If literature matters for how we live, then our writing about literature ought to matter for how we live. At the end of the day, if we can conclude about our scholarship that

> That was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory:
> A periphrastic study in a worn-out [scholarly] fashion,
> . . . . . .
> . . . The [scholarship] does not matter.

-- then we ought to revise our way of writing and our way of doing things in the discipline. We need to take part in the larger task of "recover[ing] what has been lost / And found and lost again and again." We need to write about things that matter for understanding and living in this world. We need to journey and develop interiorly. We need to struggle with the craft of writing. We need to wrestle with words and meaning.

Works Cited

Abbott, Ruth. "T. S. Eliot's Ghostly Footfalls: The Versification of Four Quartets." *Cambridge Quarterly* 34.4 (2005): 365-385. Print.

Booty, John E. *Meditating on Four Quartets*. Cambridge, MA: Cowley Publications, 1983. Print.

Donoghue, Denis. *Words Alone: The Poet, T. S. Eliot*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000. Print.

Eliot, T. S. *Four Quartets: An Accurate Online Text*. Ed. Tristan Fecit. 2000. Web. 3 Dec. 2010. <http://www.tristan.icom43.net/quartets/>.

Finn, David. *Evocations of Four Quartets: Paintings*. Redding Ridge, CT: Black Swan Books, 1990. Print.

Graff, Gerald. *Professing Literature: An Institutional History*. 20th Anniversary Ed. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2007. Print.

Kramer, Kenneth P. *Redeeming Time: T. S. Eliot's Four Quartets*. Lanham, MD: Cowley Publications, 2007. Print.

Middleton, Peter. "The Masculinity behind the Ghosts of Modernism in Eliot's *Four Quartets*." *Gender, Desire, and Sexuality in T. S. Eliot*. Ed. Cassandra Laity and Nancy K. Gish. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004. 83-104. Print.

Miłosz, Czesław. *New and Collected Poems 1931-2001*. New York: Ecco, 2001. Print.

Nussbaum, Martha C. *Not for Profit: Why Democracy Needs the Humanities*. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 2010. Print.

Pippin, Robert. "In Defense of Naïve Reading." *Opinionator Blog*. NYTimes.com, 10 Oct. 2010. Web. 3 Dec. 2010. <http://opinionator.blogs.nytimes.com/2010/10/10/in-defense-of-naive-reading/>.

Rowell, Charles H. "'The Unraveling of the Egg': An Interview with Jay Wright." *Callaloo* 9 (1983): 3-15. Print.

Scholes, Robert. *The Crafty Reader*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2001. Print.

---. *The Rise and Fall of English: Reconstructing English as a Discipline*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1998. Print.

YEATS ELIOT REVIEW

Spring-Summer 2012

Volume 29, Numbers 1-2

An Independent Journal of Scholarship, Criticism, and Opinion

The Yeats Eliot Review welcomes submissions on any and all aspects of the life and work of the poet W.B. Yeats and of the poet and critic T.S. Eliot, in particular as the themes and vision of each impinge on current literary, intellectual, aesthetic, and socio-cultural issues and concerns.

ISSN 0704-5700.

The Yeats Eliot Review does not necessarily share the opinions of its contributors, who are solely responsible for the accuracy of all signed copy. All manuscripts should be submitted electroinically and adhere to MLA style. Articles should average 25 typed pages. Reviewers should query before submitting. Notes of from 5 to 10 typed pages will also be considered for publication. Address submissions and queries to the editor, P.O. Box 4474, Little Rock, Arkansas U.S.A. 72214. E-mail: <murphy2@arkansas.net>.

YER is a publication of Murphy NewsLetter Services/Milestone Press.

The Yeats Eliot Review is indexed in the MLA Bibliography.