"The Dial" last year awarded him their \$2,000 prize for his long poem "The Wasteland", which was hailed by some crities as a brilliant achievement, by others as absurd; in fact, some suspected it of being a hoax, because of its obscure symbolism. Ellot was born at St. Louis, in 1888. He was graduated from Harvard, took a master's degree there, then later studied both at the Sorbonne and Oxford. His stay in England dates from 1913. I am inclined to think that those who find great art in him as a poet, sometimes miss the point of his satire and of his really rare sense of humor.

"At least two-thirds of Eliot's sixty-three pages ['Poems'] attain no higher eminence than extraordinarily elever—and eminently uncomfortable—verse. The exaltation which is the very breath of poetry—that combination of tenderness and toughness—is scarcely ever present in Eliot's lines. Scarcely ever, I reiterate, for a certain perverse exultation takes its place; an unearthly light without warmth which has the sparkle if not the strength of fire. It flickers mockingly through certain of the unrhymed pictures and shines with a bright pallor out of the two major poems."—Louis Untermeyer in "The Freeman", June 30, 1920.

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Poems. Knopp.

From the obscure and difficult mazes of his poetry, there rise occasional pictures of great beauty, moments of superb satire and others of an almost clownish humor. It is a perverse talent, much discussed and difficult to understand. His more ardent admirers consider him a genius, and there is enough in his work so that his most ardent enemies can scarcely call him fool.

Still another of the expatriated Americans, T. S. Eliot has lived for some years now in England, where his criticism as well as his poetry has a hearing. The editors of