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## Biography Research of Thomas Stearns Eliot

Sources :[https://ro.wikipedia.org/wiki/T.S. Eliot](https://ro.wikipedia.org/wiki/T.S._Eliot)

### Early Life:

First, he had to overcome physical limitations as a child. Struggling from a congenital double inguinal hernia, he could not participate in many physical activities and thus was prevented from socializing with his peers. As he was often isolated, his love for literature developed. Once he learned to read, the young boy immediately became obsessed with books and was absorbed in tales depicting savages.



**Family Life:** His parents were both 44 years old when he was born. Eliot was born at a property owned by his grandfather, William Greenleaf Eliot. His four sisters were between 11 and 19 years older; his brother was eight years older. Known to family and friends as Tom, he was the namesake of his maternal grandfather, Thomas Stearns.

### Works

After working as a philosophy assistant at Harvard from 1909 to 1910, Eliot moved to Paris where, from 1910 to 1911, he studied philosophy at the Sorbonne. A connection through Aiken resulted in an arranged meeting and on 22 September 1914, Eliot paid a visit to Pound's flat. Pound instantly deemed Eliot "worth watching" and was crucial to Eliot's beginning career as a poet, as he is credited with promoting Eliot through social events and literary gatherings. He was instead spending long periods of time in London, in the company of Ezra Pound and "some of the modern artists whom the war has so far spared... It was Pound who helped most, introducing him everywhere."<sup>[22]</sup> In the end, Eliot did not settle at Merton and left after a year. In 1915 he taught English at Birkbeck, University of London.

**3 Interesting Facts:** 1. Throughout his life, Eliot supported himself by working as a teacher, banker, and editor, writing poetry only in his spare time. 2. He may have been the first person to write the word "bullshit". 3. He held some troubling beliefs about religion.

**End of life:** Eliot died of emphysema at his home in Kensington in London, on 4 January 1965, and was cremated at Golders Green Crematorium.

*The Hollow Men by T.S. Eliot*

*Mistah Kurtz - he dead.*

A penny for the Old Guy

I

We are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Leaning together  
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!  
Our dried voices, when  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dry grass  
or rats' feet over broken glass  
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,  
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed  
With direct eyes, to death's other kingdom  
Remember us - if at all - not as lost  
Violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed men.



||

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams  
In death's dream kingdom  
These do not appear:  
There, the eyes are  
Sunlight on a broken column  
There, is a tree swinging  
And voices are  
In the wind's singing  
More distant and more solemn  
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer  
In death's dream kingdom  
Let me also wear  
Such deliberate disguises  
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves  
In a field  
Behaving as the wind behaves  
No nearer -

Not that final meeting  
In the twilight kingdom



III

This is the dead land  
This is cactus land  
Here the stone images  
Are raised, here they receive  
The supplication of a dead man's hand  
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this  
In death's other kingdom  
Waking alone

At the hour when we are  
Trembling with tenderness  
Lips that would kiss  
Form prayers to broken stone.



IV

The eyes are not here  
There are no eyes here  
In this valley of dying stars  
In this hollow valley  
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
Gathered on this beach of this tumid river

Sightless, unless  
The eyes reappear  
As the perpetual star  
Multifoliate rose

Of death's twilight kingdom  
The hope only  
Of empty men.



V

Here we go round the prickly pear  
Prickly pear prickly pear  
Here we go round the prickly pear  
At five o'clock in the morning.

Between the idea  
And the reality  
Between the motion  
And the act  
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception  
And the creation  
Between the emotion  
And the response  
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire  
And the spasm  
Between the potency  
And the existence  
Between the essence  
And the descent  
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is  
Life is  
For Thine is the

This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but with a whimper.