

## The Dry Salvages—Topography as Symbol—<sup>1</sup>

by John D. Boyd, S.J.

Cape Ann in Massachusetts is one of the more plentifully documented areas of the country in tourist literature and in books of local colour and history. Details of historical and literary interest are carefully noted in brochures and guide maps. Kipling's *Captains Courageous* and James B. Connolly's *Gloucestermen* are rightly remembered. Summer visits of minor New England literary figures are duly recorded, and reference is ubiquitous to the Reef of Norman's Woe off the Magnolia side of Gloucester Harbour, immortalizing Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus'. Yet one looks in vain for any notice of Cape Ann's most distinguished literary event, T. S. Eliot's *The Dry Salvages*, despite his explicit note preceding the poem: '(The Dry Salvages—presumably *les trois sauvages*—is a small group of rocks, with a beacon, off the N.E. coast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts. *Salvages* is pronounced to rhyme with *assuages*. *Groaner*: a whistling buoy.)'<sup>2</sup> I found a recent visit to the museum of the Cape Ann Scientific, Literary and Historical Association in Gloucester no more rewarding. Apart from a few of his published books, the Sawyer Free Library in the same town has only a small collection of photos of Eliot and a drawing by his sister. Even the detailed and very readable *Saga of Cape Ann* of Melvin Copeland and Elliott Rogers (1960) passes the poem over in silence, though it does speak of the danger to navigation offered by the rocks from which Eliot named the third of his *Four Quartets*.

In a more directly academic context, however, two studies have recently appeared which do deal to some extent with the Cape Ann background of the poem. These are Herbert Howarth's *Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot* and Samuel Eliot Morison's 'The Dry Salvages and the Thacher Shipwreck'. Though both speak of the poem in a general way, Howarth's interest is largely biographical and Morison's one of regional history and nomenclature. Neither is concerned with the subject of this paper, namely the strong intrinsic

<sup>1</sup>This article is reprinted, with certain minor corrections, from *Renascence*, Vol. XX, No. 3, Spring, 1968, by kind permission of the editor of that journal.

<sup>2</sup>T. S. Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909-1962* (New York, 1963), p. 191. All references to Eliot's poetry are quoted from this edition by permission of Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc. I am especially indebted to Mrs Henry Ware Eliot, Jr., the poet's sister-in-law for information about several details of his life, shared in a gracious interview with Fr J. Robert Barth, S.J. I must also thank Fr Barth who very obligingly helped me in several ways, Mr W. H. Bond of the Houghton Library at Harvard, for permission to quote from the Henry Ware Eliot, Jr. Collection and Mr Wallace A. Bruder of the United States Department of Commerce for some valuable geodetic and naval information. Finally I wish to thank the following for certain incidental information, and suggestions: Mrs Margaret Ferrini, Dr Walter J. Bate, Jr., Frs Vincent Blehl, S.J., Edwin Cuffe, S.J., James Finley, S.J., William Power, S.J., and Robert Tobin, S.J.

connexion between the Cape Ann topography and the Eliot poem.<sup>1</sup> The better known commentators on the poem have regularly been satisfied with a general reference to the Cape Ann background and its influence. Although *The Dry Salvages* is not really a descriptive poem but mythic and depth-symbolic in its ultimate concern, nevertheless I believe that the details offered here and the interpretation suggested should enrich the reading of the poem.

I tend to agree with Miss Gardner's passing comment about Eliot's Cape Ann experience that has been transformed in the poem: 'As always when he writes of the sea the poetry has great freedom and power; and in this poem, for the first time in the *Quartets*, the natural imagery is used boldly and beautifully, and, as it were, for its own sake. The landscape of *The Dry Salvages* is a landscape remembered, for this poem is not about the present, but about the past as it is known in the present, in our consciousness of it through memory' (Helen Gardner, *The Art of T. S. Eliot*, New York, 1950, p. 170). The scenery of the poem, though of the sea, which 'is the land's edge also', is not quite the same as that of Dover or even of Cape Cod, but uniquely that of Cape Ann. Eliot's early impressionable years in the neighbourhood and his experience of later visits surely called profoundly, yet uniquely, to what Jungian depths the images of the sea have for us all. And the poet in him then fetched us the broader and more universal meaning which his poem achieves. Miss Drew has wisely observed: 'The poet's own experience flows into the poem through the identification of the river with the Mississippi, and the rocks and sea with the New England Coast. But the tone changed from that of purely personal introspection to that where the poet is the individual interpreter of general human experience' (Elizabeth Drew, *T. S. Eliot: The Design of his Poetry*, New York 1949, p. 177.) In a broader context Albert Cook offers a pertinent reminder of what is true of all symbolism: 'All symbolism must start from actual facts and symbolize them, rather than combine them in merely logical patterns (*The Dark Voyage and the Golden Moon*, Cambridge, Mass., 1949, p. 21). The topography which I identify here has in itself a biographical interest for students of Eliot. But, more important, without being either 'affective' or 'intentional' in my criticism, I wish to claim that both cumulatively and in detail this topography offers evidence of being a peculiarly realistic basis for the symbolism of the rocks and the sea in the poem, and that these symbols have a peculiarly realistic structure and character precisely because of Eliot's Cape Ann experience, later recollected within his Christian point of view which governs the poem's development.

<sup>1</sup>Herbert Howarth, *Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot* (Boston, 1964), pp. 113-121; Samuel Eliot Morison, 'The Dry Salvages and the Thatcher Shipwreck', in *The American Neptune*, XXV (1965), 233-247. I originally completed most of my research independently of these two studies, but have since found them valuable, especially Morison's careful search into the origin of the name of the Dry Salvages. In the course of the paper, however, I shall have reason to differ on some minor details with both of them.

Eliot has spoken warmly of his impressionable years spent in both areas of the United States which are celebrated in this poem, Missouri and Massachusetts—‘The river is within us, the sea is all about us’. His family, he says, ‘guarded jealously its connexions with New England; but it was not until years of maturity that I perceived that I myself had always been a New Englander in the South West, and a South Westerner in New England. . . . In New England I missed the dark river, the ailanthus trees, the flaming cardinal birds, the high limestone bluffs where we searched for fossil shell fish; in Missouri I missed the fir trees, the bay and golden rod, the song sparrows, the red granite and the blue sea of Massachusetts.’<sup>1</sup>

In another interview reported in the *St Louis Globe Democrat* Eliot gives a slight edge to his Missouri impressions: ‘Of course my people were Northerners and New Englanders, and of course I have spent many years out of America altogether; but Missouri and the Mississippi have made a deeper impression on me than any other part of the world’.<sup>2</sup> Yet it is clear, for our present purposes, that *The Dry Salvages* reflects much more of the Cape Ann days than those spent in the West. At all events, we need only recall what Eliot wrote in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* to guess through metonymy how rich and pervasive his memory of Cape Ann days was. Here he speaks of ‘the experience of a child of ten, a small boy peering through sea water in a rock-pool, and finding a sea-anemone for the first time’.<sup>3</sup>

*East Gloucester.* T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) likely first saw the Cape Ann region when he was five years old in 1893. In all he would have spent nineteen summers in the area, including the summer of 1911. These spanned the years of his grammar and prep schools, his undergraduate days at Harvard College and the year he was a graduate student and teaching-fellow at Harvard University. After that time he visited the neighbourhood only for a few days in 1915, when he returned from abroad, and again in 1960.<sup>4</sup>

The senior Eliot had a house built especially for the family on Edgemoor Road in East Gloucester. This included a fireplace made from bricks carried from their St Louis home. On the occasion of the first American edition of *The Dry Salvages*, Eliot’s brother, Henry Ware Eliot, Jr. (1879-1947), sent a letter to the Sawyer Free Library in Gloucester, which reads in part: ‘My brother spent some 20 summers (a round number, I take it) as a child and a youth at

<sup>1</sup>Quoted from an interview reported by Kristian Smidt, *Poetry and Belief in the Work of T. S. Eliot* (London, 1961), p. 4.

<sup>2</sup>From an interview with M. C. Childs in the *St Louis Globe Democrat* (1930), by permission of the Harvard College Library.

<sup>3</sup>T. S. Eliot, *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (London, 1933), pp. 78-79. The strong impact of memory upon imagination is stated in more general terms in this same context: ‘There is so much memory in imagination that if you are to distinguish between imagination and fancy in Coleridge’s way, you must define the difference between memory in imagination and memory in fancy.’

<sup>4</sup>I am following Mrs Henry Ware Eliot, Jr., on these dates; see note 2 above. Professor Howarth says Eliot first came to Gloucester in 1895, and that he lived at the Hawthorne Inn until the Edgemoor house was built in 1897, p. 113.

Eastern Point where my father had a house on the top of the hill back of the old Beachcroft hotel. The poem reflects a very deep affection for these scenes' (*Gloucester Daily Times*, February 27, 1942, by permission of the Harvard College Library). The house still stands on Edgemoor Road, now owned by the Cahill family. The road was named for the large moor it bordered, still partially there though partially built upon, but in those days it swept spaciouly down to the sea. The Eliot house commanded a 270° panoramic view: northward and eastward to the Gloucester Harbour and beyond in the direction of Boston, then, moving counterclockwise, southwestward towards Eastern Point Lighthouse, then southward and eastward over the entire expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, past what is now the Jesuit Eastern Point Retreat House (where I first conceived an interest in this topography), then northeastward and northward over Brace's Cove, Bass Rocks, Thacher Island, Straitsmouth Island, and ultimately to Rockport, off which lie the rocks that give their name to the poem. This sweep becomes much more than mere topography when one remembers its issue in:

the sea is all about us;  
The sea is the land's edge also, the granite  
Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses  
Its hints of earlier and other creation.

.....

The sea howl  
And the sea yelp, are different voices  
Often together heard: the whine in the rigging,  
The menace and caress of wave that breaks on water,  
The distant rote in the granite teeth.

This granite is everywhere along the shore and even well back from it. Eliot, we have seen, remembered its red colour, caused by oxidation when the rain and the waters spray it. A picture is extant in the Henry Ware Eliot Collection at Harvard of the young Eliot playing on a large slab of such granite directly outside the Edgemoor house.

In three poems, the last section of *Ash Wednesday*, the Cape Ann section of *Landscapes*, and in the latest, *The Dry Salvages*, Eliot shows an interesting gradation in his attitude towards the sea. In the first of these childhood memory is alluring, as on a halcyon day, as Miss Gardner says, 'looking on it there with longing as on a world hard to renounce' (p. 170).

(Bless me father) though I do not wish to wish these things  
From the wide window towards the granite shore  
The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying  
Unbroken wings  
And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices  
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices  
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel  
For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell  
Quickens to recover

The cry of quail and the whirling plover  
 And the blind eye creates  
 The empty forms between the ivory gates  
 And smell renews the salt savour of the sandy earth.

In the Autumn this neighbourhood is alive with golden-rod and in the Spring with lilac, and with the many birds Eliot affectionately counts in the second of these poems. In it, while the materials are still from boyhood memory, his judgment is firm with resignation and realism:

Follow the feet  
 Of the walker, the water-thrush. Follow the flight  
 Of the dancing arrow, the purple martin. Greet  
 In silence the bullbat. All are delectable. Sweet sweet sweet  
 But resign this land at the end, resign it  
 To its true owner, the tough one, the sea-gull.  
 The palaver is finished.

The dense litany of birds in this entire section of *Landscapes* reminds one of the mixture of birds' and children's voices in the first part of *Burnt Norton*. It seems quite likely that the idea originated in this East Gloucester terrain. At present there is a large bird sanctuary of the Audubon Society at Eastern Point, two miles from the Edgemoor house. At all events, in *The Dry Salvages*, the third of these poems, the sea becomes the vehicle of his most realistic response to life. For all its beauty, it is the primeval and all but insurmountable threat to mankind, to his entire human condition, needing a redemption well beyond the devices of childhood imagination:

It tosses up our losses, the torn seine,  
 The shattered lobsterpot, the broken oar  
 And the gear of foreign dead men.

*The Dry Salvages*. Turning from the Eliot house to the near-by main road, Atlantic Road, going generally northward—'If you came this way, / Taking the route you would be likely to take'—you would travel about ten miles to Rockport, a small fishing village of colonial origin, now shared with the artists. About a mile and a half offshore, at approximately 42° 40' 20" N., 70° 34' 06" W., lie the rocks which gave the poem its name. They are at the centre of swift currents, and, as one can observe on Chart 243 issued by the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Department of Commerce, the waters about them are quite shallow, at times only about three fathoms deep. These cold facts are enough to indicate their danger to ships at sea. *The Saga of Cape Ann* of Copeland and Rogers has the following comment:

The hazards of navigation in the neighbourhood of Thachers and Straightsmouth are rendered substantially more serious by the Salvages—the savage rocks—which lie outside Straightsmouth. The Little Salvages are about a mile offshore and the Big Salvages [The Dry], a half-mile farther out. On a clear day the Big Salvages glisten in the sun, whitened by the droppings of myriads of gulls,

but in stormy weather those ledges have brought disaster to many a ship.<sup>1</sup>

Although the authors of this passage give no indication of being familiar with Eliot's poem about the rocks, their account echoes the realism of the poet's description:

And the ragged rock in the restless waters,  
Waves wash over it, fogs conceal it;  
On a halcyon day it is merely a monument,  
In navigable weather it is always a seamark  
To lay a course by: but in the sombre season  
Or the sudden fury, is what it always was.

This topographical realism will have serious import in the second part of this paper for interpreting this central symbol of the poem. It will be an important point of return.

*The Groaner*. A central concern of the poem is life as a voyage. The Dry Salvages have frequently been the scene of hazard and of wreck to many returning from fishing ventures on the Grand Banks or to those coming to our shores from across the sea:

O voyagers, O seamen,  
You who come to port, and you whose bodies  
Will suffer the trial and judgment of the sea.

Actually many ships make landfall within sight of these rocks, and then sail along the coast till they round the Eastern Point Lighthouse and are safely inside the Gloucester Harbour. They pass by much of the panoramic sweep described above, and heed 'the wailing warning from the approaching headland'. *The Saga of Cape Ann* describes this important station:

For the seafarers of Cape Ann, Eastern Point has always been an outstanding landmark. Located at a sharp angle on a rocky shore, it indicates dangerous rocks and reefs to be shunned and marks the entrance to Gloucester Harbour from the east, a point to be rounded to reach a haven of safety in foul weather.<sup>2</sup>

In 1812 the station had a beacon and lantern, which were replaced in 1831 by a modern lighthouse. In 1904 a breakwater, the Dog Bar Reef, was built westward from the point with a small light at its end. It acts as a powerful breakwater for the harbour, offering safe anchorage after a difficult entry (it is at the opposite side of the

<sup>1</sup>Melvin Copeland and Elliott Rogers, *The Saga of Cape Ann* (Freeport, Me., 1960), pp. 132-133. Straitsmouth and Thachers (Thatcher, Thatcher's) are islands due south of the Salvages, with important beacons on them. Thatcher is unique in the country for having twin lighthouses. Only one of them is now in use, however. The beacon on the Dry Salvages of which Eliot speaks in his prenote, though there while he was a resident and when he wrote the poem, is no longer there. It was removed through Notice to Mariners 26 of 1945. There is, however, a lighted bellbuoy about a thousand yards north-east of the rocks, established through Notice to Mariners 44 of 1935. I am grateful to Mr Bruder for this information.

<sup>2</sup>Copeland and Rogers, p. 69. Morison places the Groaner east of Thacher Island, 'and the "wailing warning" of the diaphone on Thacher's itself.' I prefer to think of both of these at the voyage end, rounding Eastern Point, partly for the sweep of the terrain involved, mentioned earlier, and its consequent inclusion of the entire voyage, and partly because Eliot speaks of the 'wailing warning from the approaching headland', whereas Thacher is an island. Morison, 234-235.

harbour from the Reef of Norman's Woe). Though constructed of many granite slabs twelve tons in weight, this wall was recently broken through at one point by a winter storm, reminding us that the sea as well as the river keeps 'his seasons and rages'. A further defence against the sea's ravages was installed about 1880, Eliot's 'heaving groaner / Rounded homewards'. A notation in *The Saga of Cape Ann* corroborates that this is the spot Eliot had in mind: 'As an additional aid to navigation a whistling buoy [Eliot's very phrase in the prenote] was placed, in 1880, in the ocean off Eastern Point' (Copeland and Rogers, pp. 69–70). Today it, or its successor, heaves and groans even on a relatively calm day.

An interesting bit of minor history surrounds the early days of this buoy. Copeland and Rogers record that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was one of the more distinguished early summer residents of East Gloucester. A minor literary personage, she opened her home, 'Old Maid's Paradise' on Grapevine Road, to literary celebrities and a few boarders. Longfellow is said to have first seen the Reef of Norman's Woe from her cottage. The noise from the groaner, however, annoyed Miss Phelps, 'who was then suffering from a nervous ailment'. Subsequently to her complaints the United States Secretary of the Navy gave orders 'to have the buoy taken up in May and put out again in October'. This occasioned a sort of town-and-gown conflict with the year-round fishermen, who claimed that the solution endangered their safety. Shortly afterwards, however, the problem was solved from an unexpected source. Miss Phelps soon married Rev. Herbert Ward, a clergyman sixteen years her junior, who had been a boarder at her cottage during the summer, while a sloop he had commissioned was being built. *The Boston Record* summarily commented: 'Since her marriage Mrs Ward is much better, and the officer who had to remove the buoy has put it back with the assurance that next summer he will have no orders to disturb it' (*ibid.*, p. 70). The buoy still whistles and groans.

*The Shrine on the Promontory.* From the Dog Bar Reef referred to above one can view the town of Gloucester encompassing the harbour and rising above it like a huge scallop shell. Dominating this view is the church of the Portuguese fishermen on Prospect Street, the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage. The original structure was built in 1893 but destroyed by fire in 1914. It was replaced the following year by the present building, modelled on a church on the Island of San Miguel in the Azores. It is finished in white stucco with blue-capped twin towers, one of which houses a 31-bell carillon, the first in this country, installed in 1922. (Kitty Parsons, *The Story of the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage*, North Montpelier, Vt., 1945, pp. 7–11; Howarth, p. 118). The church is tastefully decorated in nautical fashion. Outside between the towers stands a life-size statue of the Lady sustaining a fishing vessel in her outstretched arm. Inside over the main altar is another statue of her

holding the Christ Child in one arm and a ship in the other. The windows, too, depict various scenes and aspects of her life, frequently including the ubiquitous ship as symbol. Her features are somewhat swarthy and Portuguese. These windows are the gifts of captains and seamen. The rear tribune displays five model ships, two of them Gloucester schooners, together with a life preserver, gifts of 'Thomas Fortune Ryan of Virginia'. Though Eliot was more familiar with the previous structure, he had opportunity to see the new one during his visit in 1915.

The 'Lady, whose shrine is on the promontory', has as pervasive a presence in the poem as she has in the church's décor, and, indeed, in the Christian tradition. Eliot's reference to Dante's *Paradiso* (XXXIII, 1), 'Figlia del tuo figlio', shows her as the paradoxical context of God's Incarnation, 'of whose human substance God was made man, the timeless taking the temporal to itself.' (Grover Smith, *T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Meaning*, Chicago 1956, p. 283.) Her presence in the Christian tradition as Star of the Sea has the proportions of an archetypal image. The well-known ninth-century hymn, still used in the Roman Liturgy, the '*Ave Maris Stella*', reflects this imagery. Because she is God's human Mother (*Dei mater alma*) she is also a Star (*maris stella*) to the redeemed on the sea of life (*iter para tutum*), leading to the 'heaven-haven of the / Reward' (*felix coeli porta*). Eliot uses this same pervasive image; and when the sea bell becomes the angelus bell, the complicated themes of the poem receive a taut clarity. It is interesting to note that by the identification of these two bells the entire expanse of the sea, from the Dry Salvages and beyond to the harbour, is united, and becomes the redeemed arena where the fishermen must struggle, leaving and returning to harbour many times before reaching the heaven-haven of the reward.<sup>1</sup>

*Gloucester.* Gloucester has long been famous as a fisherman's town. Though the volume of trade is considerably lessened today and the town depends as well upon tourists and permanent summer guests, it still sustains a substantial fishing community. Fishermen of various sorts come and go day and night, for short trips to the lobster beds along Cape Ann or for long hauls off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The town is alive with history and with its own contemporary concerns, concerns of 'those / Whose business has to do with fish'. This fits the dominant mood of the poem which deals with ultimates only through the daily round of the commonplace. Here one will find lobster pots, shattered or whole, oars, broken or pliant; and 'every lawful traffic', as indication of the on-going quality of human life. Though fish processing is mechanized, the name of Gorton still greets one as a familiar American trademark. One readily thinks of the fifth stanza of the second section of the poem:

<sup>1</sup>Herbert Musurillo, s.j., *Symbolism and the Christian Imagination* (Baltimore, 1962), pp. 133-134. The hymn *Ave Maris Stella* occurs in Vespers common to the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the *Breviarium Romanum*.



We have to think of them as forever bailing,  
 Setting and hauling, while the North East lowers  
 Over shallow banks unchanging and erosionless  
 Or drawing their money, drying sails at dockage;  
 Not as making a trip that will be unpayable  
 For a haul that will not bear examination.

Here too, as in other New England towns, one finds an occasional 'widow's walk', a mute reminder of the terror of the sea. It is a porch high atop a house, where an anxious wife would pace while awaiting the uncertain return of her husband at sea. In the publisher's preface to the 1928 edition of James B. Connolly's *Fishermen of the Banks*, written according to Haworth by Eliot, we read: 'There is no harder life, no more uncertain livelihood, and few more dangerous occupations' than that of the fishermen. And: 'Gloucester has many widows, and no trip is without anxiety for those at home.'<sup>1</sup> This awareness enters the theme of the poem, when he speaks of these 'anxious worried women':

Trying to unweave, unwind, unravel  
 And piece together the past and the future,  
 Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception.

The Portuguese fishermen of Gloucester also hold a memorable fiesta in June, marked by the solemn blessing of the fleet, as well as a 'Crown Service' at the Lady church on Trinity Sunday, begun in 1902, in thanksgiving for a rescue from a disaster at sea. The beliefs of these fishermen mix easily with their daily round of work, as the names of their boats well suggest. Finally, from the Gloucester Harbour the famous statue of the Gloucester Fisherman peers out to sea with a look that has about it something of the archetypal eternity of the Scriptural quotation on its base: 'They that go down to the sea in ships.' (Psalm 106, 23). Though it marks three hundred years of Gloucester's lifetime (1623-1923), one feels that it marks 'a time / Older than the time of chronometers'.

The topography of Cape Ann is very beautiful and attractive. 'On a halcyon day' it can even tempt one to romantic reveries about the sea. But the beauty of Eliot's poem is of a far deeper sort, a poignant and at times almost terrifying beauty of 'the hardly, barely prayable / Prayer of the one Annunciation'. It leads us to revise any too easy notion of the beauty of the sea we may have formed and of the other hidden forces in life which Eliot has it symbolize. Like the river, the sea is

ever, however, implacable  
 Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder  
 Of what men choose to forget.

We can never quite become 'worshippers of the machine', when even within the past few years at least four shipwrecks have been recorded

<sup>1</sup>Haworth, p. 117; James B. Connolly, *Fishermen of the Banks* (London, 1928), pp. vii-viii. Haworth also speaks of a widow's walk on the Edgemoor house, which at present, at least, is no longer there, p. 114.

in the neighbourhood, that of *The Ohio*, a fishing trawler, off 'Mother Ann' (a rock formation, resembling an old woman's face, just north of the Eastern Point Light), that of a pleasure craft off the Reef of Norman's Woe, and those of the tanker *Lucy* and the Navy minesweeper *Grouse* on the Salvages themselves. This 'realism' of fact, I believe, has effectively entered the tone and structure of the main symbols which Eliot has incorporated in his poem.<sup>1</sup>

To stop, then, at the mere recital of topography would be like having 'had the experience but missed the meaning'. Yet the meaning of the symbols which rise out of the topography enjoy a peculiar character precisely because, as Miss Gardner has already been quoted as saying: 'The landscape of *The Dry Salvages* is a landscape remembered.' I suggest that this symbolism, especially of the sea and the rocks and of the plight of the fishermen, has a peculiarly realistic quality. I use the word 'realistic' largely in an epistemological context, with, however, psychological and anthropological overtones. This quality refers to structure, theme and tone. Further, transforming and intensifying this realism is a structure best seen as deriving from a Christian imagination—an 'approach to the meaning restores the experience / In a different form'.

*(To be continued)*

## **The Work of Brothers to All Men in Bihar, India**

by Jim Thomas

During 1965–66, India suffered the worst drought in living memory the monsoon had failed for the third time in four years; food grain production fell by 19 per cent, and there was widespread famine. Mothers spent hours searching the cracked earth for grains of rice or wheat with which they could feed their children; and would walk miles to the nearest good well for a couple of buckets of water. Life was reduced to the absolute basics. Women would cut a sari into two and wear half each. When the Brothers to All Men (B.A.M.) team first drove into the village of Kosila the people tried to take the canvas from the jeep for clothing.

Bihar is the most backward state of India, and the Gaya district is one of the poorest in the State. Thus B.A.M. established a team of

<sup>1</sup>I am grateful to Mr Lorne G. Taylor of the United States Department of Commerce for some of this information. Also see Morison, 233. Copeland and Rogers speak of the long history of wreckage that has attended the Gloucester fleet, p. 119.