

BYU studies



A Voice for the Community of LDS Scholars
Winter 1974 Brigham Young University

COVER: A photographic copy from an 1845 or 1846 daguerreotype of Emma Smith and David Hyrum Smith, who was born 17 November 1844, after his father had been assassinated. It is owned by Lynn E. Smith, a grandson of the baby David Hyrum Smith. Design and layout by Robert Milberg, Graphic Communications, BYU Press.

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IN MEMORIAM

Harold B. Lee
1899-1973



Photograph by Spencer G. Lewis

"A giant redwood has fallen and left a great space in the forest."

President Spencer W. Kimball
29 December 1973

Humility before God, and fearlessness before men, was the essence of his character. His ministry has been characterized by an uncommon originality and daring. He was neither circumscribed, nor restricted, by the learning of the world, or by the wisdom of men. We who sat with him daily were frequently amazed at his vision, at the breadth of his vision and the depth of his understanding.

President Marion G. Romney
Funeral Sermon for Pres. Harold B. Lee
29 December 1973

There has come to me in these last few days a deepening and reassuring faith. I can't leave this conference without saying to you that I have a conviction that the Master hasn't been absent from us on these occasions. This is his church. Where else would he rather be than right here at the headquarters of his church? He isn't an absentee master; he is concerned about us. He wants us to follow where he leads. I know that he is a living reality, as is our Heavenly Father. I know it. I only hope that I can qualify for the high place to which he has called me and in which you have sustained me.

I know with all my soul that these sayings are true, and as a special witness I want you to know from the bottom of my heart that there is no shadow of doubt as to the genuineness of the work of the Lord in which we are engaged, the only name under heaven by which mankind can be saved.

My love goes out to my own family, to my associates, to all within the sound of my voice, even the sinners; I would wish that we would reach out to them, and those who are inactive, and bring them into the fold before it is too late.

God be with you. I have the same feeling as perhaps the Master had when he bid goodbye to the Nephites. He said he perceived that they were weak, but if they would go to their homes and ponder what he said, he would come again and instruct them on other occasions. So likewise, you cannot absorb all that you have heard and that we have talked about, but go to your homes now and remember what you can, and get the spirit of what has been done and said, and when you come again, or we come to you, we will try to help you further with your problems.

I bear you my witness to these things and leave you my blessing in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Pres. Harold B. Lee
8 October 1972



Photograph by courtesy of *The Ensign Magazine*

Now I stood alone with my thoughts. Somehow the impressions that came to me were, simply, that the only true record that will ever be made of my service in my new calling will be the record that I may have written in the hearts and lives of those whom I have served and labored, within and without the Church.

Pres. Harold B. Lee
6 October 1972

. . . . I have been moved as I think I have never been moved before in my life. If it were not for the assurance that I have that the Lord is near to us, guiding, directing, the burden would be almost beyond my strength, but because I know that he is there, and that he can be appealed to, and if we have ears to hear attuned to him, we will never be left alone. . . .

Follow the Brethren, listen to the Brethren. I bear you my witness as one whom the Lord has brought to this place I thank the Lord that I may have passed some of the tests, but maybe there will have to be more before I have been polished to do all that the Lord would have me do.

Sometimes when the veil has been very thin, I have thought that if the struggle had been still greater that maybe then there would have been no veil. I stand by, not asking for anything more than the Lord wants to give me, but I know that he is up there and he is guiding and directing. . . .

Peace be with you, not the peace that comes from the legislation in the halls of congress, but the peace that comes in the way that the Master said, by overcoming all the things of the world. That God may help us so to understand and may you know that I know with a certainty that defies all doubt that this is his work, that he is guiding us and directing us today, as he has done in every dispensation of the gospel, and I say that with all the humility of my soul, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

The closing words of Pres. Harold B. Lee's
last General Conference address to the
Church, 7 October 1973

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Guest Editor's Introduction

Neal E. Lambert*

Over the years *BYU Studies* has offered its readers a scattering of short stories, poems, and critical articles on matters of literary interest to the Latter-day Saints. Now for the first time in its recent history it presents an issue completely devoted to such pieces. Not that this is intended as any literary declaration or manifesto. What this issue does acknowledge, however, is a growing body of significant writing, both imaginative and critical, by and about the Latter-day Saints. So in devoting a whole number to the subject we hope not so much to set permanent landmarks as to suggest the range and variety of the territory that we might label "Mormon literature."

One of the difficulties of defining this area lies in the ambiguity of the terms we use. One might expect, for instance, that in a "literary" number our attention would focus exclusively on poetry and prose fiction. But such limits would cut us off from much material that has genuine merit: the journals and diaries of the Saints, the narratives of Western travellers, the spiritual autobiographies of the converts—these are but three possibilities. As one considers, he is finally forced to acknowledge that wherever the author's imagination has come into play, wherever he has begun, either consciously or unconsciously to use the tools of the imaginative writer to shape and form an image of the Mormons, there we have a situation that is of literary interest, whether or not the author's ostensible purpose is travelogue or novel, history or poetry. So our concerns may be less exclusive than some might expect.

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Defining the "Mormon" limits of our literary landscape is no easier. One might say that when we use the term we simply mean a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. But even as we say that, we have to ask ourselves, what about the man who belongs to the Church but doesn't believe? Or what about the man who believes but doesn't belong? And this still says nothing about what it is that a Mormon may believe in, what he may accept as articles of his own faith. For some, "believing" may simply mean acknowledging a culture characterized by a remarkable number of meetings, organized activities, and cash contributions sweetened by a generous flavoring of neighborliness. For others, it may mean taking up a position on an historical foundation built of a succession of dramatic episodes and the biographies of spiritual supermen. But particularly for the modern Mormon, cultural or historical definitions don't work. His sense of community with Saints ultimately arises out of a particular theology, out of the unique philosophical anthropology that defines man as a literal child of God. As a man moves closer to that belief he comes more and more to accept modern prophets, modern scriptures, and an ecclesiastical organization that are the concrete corollaries to that belief. This is not to establish categories so much as it is to set up, for literary purposes at least, a continuum that would be wide enough to include not only the cultural observer who writes about Mormons because they might interest him or his readers, but the tithe-paying, temple-going member as well, who writes out of the pride and humility and hope and frustration of infinite potential bound up in finite flesh.

But perhaps the best evidence for the necessity of broad definitions is the collection of pieces presented in this issue. These range from the intense personal introspection of the poet to the broad dispassionate synthesis of the objective scholar. All the authors are Latter-day Saints, but each takes a slightly different path into the territory of Mormon letters.

Leonard Arrington is already familiar to readers through his writings about the Mormon in fiction. In the pages of *Dialogue*, *Western Humanities Review*, and *Western American Literature* he has presented the best discussion we have so far of the image of the Mormon in nineteenth century American literature. In his essay presented here, Professor Arrington summarizes and adds to that work with some significant ob-

servations on the influence that non-Mormon writers may have had on the direction of Church history, as well as some remarkable challenges to the young Mormon writer who is trying to find his own artistic territory today. A companion piece to Dr. Arrington's article is Wilfried Decoo's "The Image of the Mormons in French Literature." Narrower in focus, this piece is the first of a three part series which will, when completed, offer the most thorough study yet published of French conceptions of Mormons and Mormonism. Already this first installment has made it necessary to readjust some of our received notions about European attitudes towards Mormons in the nineteenth century. Karl May does not speak for the whole continent when it comes to Salt Lake City and the Elders of Zion.

Another pair of articles which fit well together are the pieces by Tom Schwartz and Richard Cracroft. Indeed, the work done by Mr. Schwartz began as part of a Master's degree project under the direction of Dr. Cracroft. Well-known to readers of *BYU Studies* for his work on Mark Twain and the Mormons (Winter, 1971), Professor Cracroft maintains a lively scholarly interest in Mormon Studies: he teaches a course in Mormon literature at BYU and is co-editor with this writer of an anthology of Latter-day Saint literature, *A Believing People*, which will be published soon by BYU Press. His discussion of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, and Tom Schwartz's treatment of Bayard Taylor's play, demonstrate that following "the Mormons" as a theme can be a rewarding pursuit for the judicious scholar of American literature. These articles show that this was not an uncommon subject for American writers but more than that, they demonstrate that by studying the ways in which authors have handled Mormons, we find an intriguing means of comparison which not only helps us understand and appreciate the writer's own talents, but which also gives us a glimpse into the forces that impinge on the creative process itself.

Sid Jensen's discussion of Wallace Stegner is published here because of both the author and the subject. In the first place, Dr. Jensen's critical vision is focused by both his training and his "testimony." For while he works with the tools and vocabulary of the literary critic, his analysis also implies certain assumptions about the nature of man and the moral imperatives of the universe, assumptions which are more than familiar

to the Latter-day Saint. In the second place, Wallace Stegner needs to be included in any discussion of the Mormons in literature. In *Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *Mormon Country*, and *Handcarts to Zion*, he has shown a sympathetic interest and unusual understanding of the Latter-day Saints, and in speaking of Salt Lake City as "home," he demonstrates his identity with the ethos of the homeland of the Saints.

"Joseph and Emma" is, so far as the usual forms of literature are concerned, an anomaly. It fits none of the standard categories of poetry, fiction, or drama (though it may come closer to the last by way of the fact that it is a script for a slide-film production, a "presentational piece.") It is not strictly biography because Joseph's "Song to Emma" is a wholly imaginative product of the twentieth century. Nor is this what we would call good history, for the whole subject of Eliza R. Snow and the other wives of Joseph Smith is entirely absent. Nevertheless, by this particular arrangement of historical detail, and through the medium of our own associational sympathies, the piece has a remarkable ability to affect us, especially when the reader's attention grows to include both the text and the pictures. As his imagination recreates the presentation for which the text is intended, the reader may well discover a new Emma who, instead of deriving from the old stereotype of a petty, carping shrew, now takes on dimensions of patience, endurance, and courage. This may be, for many readers, a new Emma—a woman of truly remarkable stature, impressive in her own right, but who also carries with her the suggestion of genuine tragedy.

The two short stories in this issue, both about what we would now call old Mormon houses, are written by two of the best writers of fiction in the Church today. "Sayso or Sense" by Eileen G. Kump is a delightful and skillfully handled piece, a fine example of tone which may well serve to remind us that we needn't always take either ourselves or our ancestors with unqualified seriousness; that a healthy acceptance of both history and authority can acknowledge with a smile the failures and foibles of either. Douglas H. Thayer's "Zarahemla" may be a different reading experience for those used to short stories with fast moving plots and surprise endings. Not a great deal happens in this story, but the tensions which inform it are significant for Latter-day Saints, for many of us, like the Jared of this story, recognize within our own feel-

ings, about our ancestral past, a complex set of emotions. At what point does our respect for the past change to worship of it? How do we maintain those essential roots which tie us to the past without at the same time being unduly circumscribed or even stunted by the limits of that connection? These are not easy questions, but they are necessary questions for the modern third and fourth generation Mormons, and "Zarahemla" raises them in a way that is at once familiar and discomfoting.

The poetry of this issue is also representative, coming from both the student and the acknowledged author. In Stephen Taylor's poem we see a good example of some of the very interesting and sophisticated work being done by young, talented writers of the Church. "Hay Derrick," by John Sterling Harris, presents us with a poem uncommon in its clarity, hard conciseness, and simple beauty. In Arthur Henry King we have a man of secure reputation who by the power of his poetry provides us with his own passionate apprehension of moments of significant experience. With Clinton Larson we have the nearest thing in Mormondom to a professional poet, at least in the sense that he is best known by a remarkable succession of plays and volumes of poetry. In his poems published here we recognize the confident technical experimentation and the sure strokes of the mature poet as he presents scenes from the natural and spiritual landscape of our own exterior and interior worlds.

If by this gathering of articles, poems, and stories we may provide interest and pleasure for an hour, that is good; but if by what is published here, we may encourage the reader in his own creative and scholarly efforts, that would be better still.

Mormonism: Views from Without and Within*

Leonard J. Arrington**

There must be an opposition in all things, says 2 Nephi, and a discussion of the changing image of Mormonism since 1830 helps to demonstrate that principle. On the one hand, the Church sought to establish a favorable image through missionary work and the preparation and distribution of tracts and other literature. On the other hand, those opposed to the Church, its doctrines and practices, also prepared and distributed tracts, pamphlets, and other literature conveying an unfavorable image. Thus, a literary history of Mormonism is largely a story of creative plot and counterplot.

The public image of the Saints went through three phases during the first 135 years of the Church's history. The image was a product of the reports about the dominating personality of Joseph Smith: Was he a gifted and inspired man of God, as his followers claimed, or was he a blasphemous imposter, as his enemies and detractors contended? The second phase, covering the years after the Saints had settled in the Great Basin, was influenced primarily by image-makers who knew little about the Mormons but used them as a foil, as a symbol, as a means of working out their personal aggressions and social

*Address to a literature session of the Mormon Arts Festival, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 22 March 1973. Dr. Arrington is grateful for the suggestions of Jon Haupt and Maureen Ursenbach. Two papers by Dr. Arrington and Jon Haupt deal with a similar theme: "Intolerable Zion: The Image of Mormonism in Nineteenth Century American Literature," *Western Humanities Review*, XXII (Summer 1968), 243-260; and "The Missouri and Illinois Mormons in Anti-Bellum Fiction," *Dialogue*, V (Spring 1970), 37-50. Other treatments of this theme include: Cassie Hyde Hock, "The Mormons in Fiction" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Colorado, 1941); and Neal Lambert, "Saints, Sinners and Scribes: A Look at the Mormons in Fiction," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, XXXVI (Winter 1968), 63-76.

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philosophies. Since the Saints were not aggressive and resourceful in their own image creations—they produced mainly exposition and proselyting polemics—the prevailing image was one of disloyalty, criminality, and degradation. The third phase began in the 1930s when some scholars and writers, products of our culture, having received their undergraduate education in Utah, wrote theses and dissertations in eastern graduate schools, wrote works of fiction and non-fiction, and created works of art which helped the nation to understand that Mormons were human, rational, loyal as other Americans were loyal, and basically honest, hard working, and friendly. The nationwide broadcasts of Richard L. Evans and the Tabernacle Choir added substantially to this image.¹

About 1967 when the Mormon Arts Festival was inaugurated, there was a cultural explosion among the Latter-day Saints, still under way, which promises to create a far more favorable image—an image of vitality, sensitivity, and vigor. *Dialogue* and *BYU Studies* have given the Church a new intellectual image, and young people, many of them graduates of BYU, have achieved national and international stature in the dance, the theater, music, and the graphic arts, painting, the plastic arts, and the literary arts. Our new Church publications: *The Ensign*, *The New Era*, and *The Friend*, reflect and contribute to this new image of a vibrant and warmly sophisticated culture. This year's Mormon Arts Festival gives promise that this creative explosion is as alive as ever and that we are in the process of a most remarkable period in the cultural history of the Church.

Let us look back at the first period of our cultural history. We were not hesitant about taking the initiative in creating a positive image of the Restored Church. We published the Book of Mormon and took it to the people as our numbers would permit; this was a period when, literally, every member was a missionary. Ever aware of the importance of literary symbols, Joseph Smith worked on a revision of the Bible, published the Book of Abraham, published works of his own

¹In a Ph.D. dissertation for the University of Utah, "The Changing Image of Mormonism in Periodical Literature" (1969), Dennis Lythgoe found a renewal of severe criticism of Mormonism in the 1960s because of its so-called "Negro doctrine." My own impression is that this criticism has moderated as writers have found little evidence of anti-black prejudice among Latter-day Saints.

with poetic qualities, and encouraged our finest literary people, Parley Pratt and Orson Pratt, to publish tracts and pamphlets, some of which had distinct literary merit. In the war of images, it seems to me, the Church won out. To the constant persecution, the Prophet and his associates responded with things of the mind and spirit. When problems developed in Kirtland, he sent apostles to England. When there were troubles in Missouri, he directed the Saints in building the beautiful city of Nauvoo.

This period saw nothing of significance produced by the anti-Mormons. There were a few tracts and pamphlets and some exposes, but nothing of literary merit directed against the Church. In the field of prose fiction, there were only two works published during the lifetime of the Prophet. They were *Monsieur Violet* by Frederick Marryat, and *Der Prophet* by Amalie Schoppe. Subtitled *Travels and Adventures Among the Snake Indians and Wild Tribes of the Great Western Prairies*, *Monsieur Violet* is a rambling romance by a former British naval captain who wrote sixteen novels during the 1830s and 1840s. A story of the exploits of a young Frenchman among the Indians of the Great Plains and Southwest, the novel deals only obliquely with the Mormons in an episode in which Violet, as the representative of an Indian chief, seeks to interest Joseph Smith in uniting with the Indians to extend the Mormon empire. Although the Mormon episode comprises about fifteen percent of the total volume, it is not well integrated and appears to have been an afterthought. Comparison shows the Mormon section of Captain Marryat's book to be almost identical to sections in John C. Bennett's *History of the Saints* (New York, 1842) which is in turn essentially a reprint of *Mormonism Portrayed*, a pamphlet published in 1841 by William Harris and probably written by Thomas Sharp, editor of the *Warsaw Signal*. Sharp was one of the men tried for the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

Der Prophet, subtitled *An Historical Novel from Modern-day North America*, was published in Jena in 1846. Although it is what the Germans call a *Hinterreppenroman*, the author was not entirely unknown in German literary circles. The plot revolves around a young German immigrant by the name of Arnold, who wanders among the Indians in the Midwest and ends up as a surveyor in Nauvoo. Joseph Smith, it turns

out, is really a former Dr. Adalbert Braun, of Germany. Amassing a well-armed and well-trained military force in Nauvoo, he tries to make himself dictator of the American West. He lays siege to the capital of Illinois and St. Louis, Missouri, and eventually captures several cities. The young engineer, in combination with troops of Chippewa and Sioux Indians and the state militias of Illinois and Missouri, retakes the cities captured by the Mormons and mortally wounds the Prophet. On his deathbed Joseph Smith admits his German origin and even confesses that he is the natural father of Arnold. While this revelation does not necessarily please Arnold, he marries the lovely daughter of Governor Boggs of Missouri and presumably lives happily ever after.

The theme of this and many European novels which followed was that American democracy was in reality a form of demagoguery in which intelligent, educated, and handsome men like Joseph Smith, ruthlessly and arrogantly took advantage of the ignorant, easily-deceived, and fanatical masses to lead lives of debauchery and self-gratification. But real German culture proves in the end to be superior, as the impeccable hero—brave, tender, and cultured—eventually triumphs and establishes something equivalent to a benevolent monarchy.

The second phase of the changing image of Mormonism began with the removal of the Saints to the Great Basin in 1847. While the Saints were busy establishing the basis for life—building roads, constructing canals, planting crops, and building their herds of livestock—anti-Mormons viewed this settlement as equivalent to a nest of snakes in America's Garden of Eden. The limited communications of the time, along with the relative isolation of Mormon settlements in the West, insured that the images of the Saints commonly accepted by many Americans were formulated and expressed primarily by imaginative writers rather than by objective on-the-spot reporters. And even the personal experience and travelers' narratives were often permeated with elements of make-believe and thus merged into fiction. The effect was cyclical: Anti-Mormon propaganda frequently borrowed from fiction; fiction in turn fed on propaganda. Thus, the contemporary image of the Mormons was largely a fabrication of imaginative literature—prose fiction.

The fascination of outsiders for the Mormon community

was like that of children when they look into a snake pit; or similar to that of the woman with her eye glued to the telescope focused on a neighboring apartment who keeps repeating, "Isn't it disgusting!" The image was one of hateful intolerance, but the fascination was such that an enormous literature was produced. More than two hundred book-length accounts were published detailing travel through Mormon country; more than a hundred novels were printed giving fictional accounts of experiences with Mormons; and perhaps a dozen books of anti-Mormon humor were published. No local group in America had ever been the object of such interest and concern. And the image of the Mormons conveyed in these works, which were written by persons, many of whom had never met a Mormon, was almost completely unfavorable. The men were ugly, dirty, lustful, and cruel. The women were ignorant, submissive, and shameful. The narratives featured episodes involving Danites, concubines, and consummate knavery. In all of these, the Mormons were portrayed as seething cauldrons of sexual passion, cruelty, and fanaticism.

For Latter-day Saints this literary preoccupation was unfortunate because the subject was of sufficient interest to attract not only hack writers, but some great artists as well. The anti-Mormon works of the period include some of our great national literature, which is another way of saying that the anti-Mormon cause had some very visible, very articulate spokesmen. Consider the following:

1. The first appearance of Sherlock Holmes was in an anti-Mormon story, "A Study in Scarlet." Arthur Conan Doyle created the character to deal with a vengeful group of Mormons. Holmes was such a successful character that the host of stories featuring him then followed and the clever detective was established.

2. Joaquin Miller made his national and international reputation largely on an anti-Mormon novel he wrote in England in 1871 entitled *First Fam'lies of the Sierras*. Miller's novel was so successful that he later wrote a play from it, *Danites of the Sierras*, which played on Broadway for several months. A rewritten play based on the same theme, *The Mormon Maid*, appeared in 1917 as one of the motion picture films.

3. The book which really "made" Mark Twain nationally was *Roughing It*, first published in 1871, and the section

which created the most excitement and interest, still often quoted, was that relating to his visit in Salt Lake City.

4. The first novel of Meta Victoria Fuller Victor, who later wrote scores of books for the Beadle series of dime novels, was an anti-Mormon polygamy novel, first published in 1855. Other feminine writers who included commentary, mainly anti-pathetic, about Mormons in their works on suffrage, temperance, and better home life included: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Livermore, Kate Field, Etta Luce Gilchrist, Mrs. J. H. Hudson, and Cornelia Paddock.

5. His hilarious lectures on the Mormons caused Artemus Ward to become recognized as America's greatest humorist—he was the Bob Hope or the Will Rogers of his day. And his famous London "Mormon" lecture was attended by Queen Victoria, cabinet ministers, and other leading figures. Oscar Wilde treated Mormonism, as did the humorist Bill Nye and Marietta Holley.

6. The man often recognized to be the father of the land grant colleges—Jonathan B. Turner—launched his career as president of an Illinois college, by writing an anti-Mormon book, *Mormonism in All Ages*.

7. What Carl Van Doren calls the first really fine novel of the West was the anti-Mormon novel *John Brent*, written by Theodore Winthrop and published in 1861. Winthrop is still regarded highly as an American novelist. Other Western novels have followed in profusion. The most prolific writer of them, Zane Grey, wrote his first Western, *Heritage of the Desert*, on an anti-Mormon theme. His second, and most successful of all, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, was also an anti-Mormon book. This one has been produced several times as a motion picture.

Most other Western novelists have tried at least one anti-Mormon book: Hoffman Birney, Forrester Blake, Dane Coolidge, Mayne Reid, Percy Bolinbroke St. John, Noah Brooks, Bernard DeVoto, and many others.

8. In the 1870s appeared in Great Britain a Robert Buchanan poem, for many years mistakenly attributed to James Russell Lowell, entitled *St. Abe and His Seven Wives*. Bayard Taylor, playwright, poet, and literary lion wrote a book-length dramatic poem, which he named *The Prophet*, and Albion Tourgee wrote *Button's Inn*.

9. Prosper Mérimée, who wrote the story around which Bizet's opera *Carmen* was based, was the man who first interpreted the Mormons to the French. His sixty-page article appeared in the leading French magazine of the time.

10. Some among the notable literary figures defended the Mormons in their religious prerogatives. The foremost British intellectual of the nineteenth century, John Stuart Mill, in his book-sized essay *On Liberty* discusses the Mormons and whether they should be permitted freedom to pursue their peculiar practices. The father of Bertrand Russell, John Russell, the Viscount of Amberley, was another of the few Britishers to defend the right of the Mormons to believe and practice their religion, which he did in a brilliant series for a leading British periodical, *The Fortnightly Review*.

There can be no questioning that American and European intellectuals were curious about the new religion, and some were perhaps excited about the attraction which drew thousands of people into its sphere. Its leadership, its experiments in social and economic reform, and its capacity for bold and unified endeavor intrigued the intellectually curious, many of whom made pilgrimages to Utah.² These distinguished visitors saw the Mormons developing a separate culture and civilization in the heart of the Rockies and wrote what they saw with a mixture of fascination and condescension. In any case, Salt Lake City was on the must list for world travelers.

Prior to and concurrent with the publication of these accounts, however, were the scurrilous novels which drew suggestions from the first-hand accounts, but based their interpretations on anti-Mormon sentiments. The plots of the hundred or more anti-Mormon novels of the period revolve around a number of different motifs. There is the personal experience motif, in which a lovely and high-principled woman becomes associated in some way with the Mormons, and tells of her various experiences with the sect, all of which are designed to demonstrate that the Mormons were cruel, treacherous, and

²Travel accounts include: Jules Rémy, *Journey to Great Salt Lake*; Richard Burton, *City of the Saints*; Charles Dickens, *The Uncommercial Traveler*; Hepworth Dixon, *New America*; Mark Twain, *Roughing It*; Phil Robinson, *Sinners and Saints*; John Codman, *Mormon Country*, and works of Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Oscar Wilde, Emily Faithful, Florence Merriam Bailey, and Samuel Bowles. For a good introduction to these, see Edwina Snow, "A Study of Accounts of the Mormons by Travelers Visiting Salt Lake City, 1847-1869" (M.A. thesis, George Washington University, 1971).

depraved. Or there is a flight-escape motif, in which the narrative features encounters with vengeful Danites, and thrilling escapes as the Destroying Angels pursue the pure-hearted heroine, in some cases across the seas. A third type is the loosely-drawn portrait of life in a polygamous household; polygamous husbands are shown to be materialistic, insensitive, and lecherous. In most treatments the Mormons are represented by two stereotypes: a hierarchy of wily, insincere leaders, and the rabble of ignorant, fanatical followers. The plots are designed to reveal numerous examples of cunning deceit and deluded obedience.

The following notes suggest the general image presented by these works:

1. That the Mormon community was a personal dictatorship with terroristic police, which explains why the people smart enough to be aware of the humbuggery did not leave it.
2. That the converts were deluded fanatics—ignorant, poor, filthy, and immoral. In particular the women were degraded—totally devoid of nobility of character.
3. That the appeal of Mormonism was not to intellect, but to emotion and the baser passions.

Several considerations help explain the preponderance of anti-Mormon sentiment in the nineteenth century novels: (a) There is a snobbishness involved: an easterner cuts down a westerner by trying to show the latter that he is uncivilized. Mormons were an ideal scapegoat. (b) People, writers included, tend to think in terms of stereotypes. Not knowing anything about the Mormons, and not really wanting to find out, they based their view about polygamy on the image of the similarly polygamous Turks, about whom much salacious literature was written. (c) The "facts" upon which views of the Mormons were based were presented by the enemies of the Church. Writers learned about the Mormons from Missourians, and Missourians based many of their stories on the alleged activities of the Danites—a small group of militants who were not even acknowledged by the Church. (d) Finally, much of the literature presented a pandering to a vitiated literary taste.

There is in every literature an undercurrent of "wicked" writings—those whose appeal is to the anti-moral and a-social of the public taste. Nineteenth century Americans, Victorian

descendants of Puritan forebears as they were, found in anti-Mormon literature what the present generation finds in pornography: a way of experiencing sex and sin without participating in the wickedness. They could enjoy the evil while still feeling quite smug and superior. With frequent descriptions of flaggelations and indecencies, anti-Mormon novels were an interesting combination of self-righteous piety and titillating suggestiveness. They remind one of Biblical movies of recent years, in which nine-tenths of the footage consists of the dance of Salome and her seven veils, the fleshpots of Babylon, and the sins of Sodom, while the last tenth closes piously on a message of Moses or David or Jesus. Anti-Mormon novels, apparently, could be read by the self-righteous women and girls in all good conscience, because their avowed purpose was the identification and rooting out of evil. The market for prurient descriptions of lust, licentiousness, and sensuality was as wide then as ever.

In short, anti-Mormon fiction tells more about the people who wrote it and read it than about the Mormons they were writing and reading about. The novels tell us that women hate their husbands and/or fathers, but the novelists didn't dare say it in that way. So they pictured Mormon polygamists with the qualities they saw in their own husbands and fathers, putting into the Mormon content the evils they saw in their own society. The projection is a common one. If the Mormons hadn't been around the novelists would have written in the same manner about some other group. But it was among the Mormons they set their scurrilous novels, and it was the Mormons whose public image was defamed.

In the face of this barrage of unfavorable literature, what was our LDS response? Whether or not it was the most effective under the circumstances, our response in this second period was a continuation of hard-sell missionary work and the distribution of a few tracts which answered in a straightforward way the charges of our enemies. Articles were published in the national press by George Q. Cannon, Theodore Curtis, and Susa Young Gates. The most effective writing to project a pro-Mormon stance was done by Edward Tullidge, who published several articles in eastern literary magazines; and Colonel Thomas L. Kane, that great and good friend of the Saints, who wrote and delivered a marvelous Emersonian-

type lecture in Philadelphia entitled "The Mormons." The three letters of biting satire which Colonel Kane published in the New York *Herald* in 1851 under the name of Jedediah M. Grant, then mayor of Salt Lake City, were marvelous in their literary quality and had an electrical effect on a wide reading public. Colonel Kane's wife, Elizabeth, also gave favorable coverage in her *Twelve Mormon Homes* (New York, 1874).

This is not to deny that we did a superior job of generating expository and other works designed to retain the loyalty of our own members. We produced some outstanding hymns, sermons, apologetic pamphlets, and a great volume of poetry, not all of it doggerel. Beginning in the 1890s we also produced some creditable novels, particularly those by Susa Young Gates and Nephi Anderson, all, however, intended for the local market. There were group celebrations and other rituals which were successful in maintaining a high degree of devotion and allegiance. Thus, so far as the local community was concerned, we were effective in constructing symbols of worth and permanence.

The point is, however, that the Latter-day Saints produced no imaginative literature for the national market. For all practical purposes, for the hundred years from the death of Joseph Smith to 1938, virtually no imaginative literature of our own creation went outside our own group.

The most obvious explanation for this neglect is that Utah's pioneers, even the most sensitive creative artists, were involved in the desperate struggle to wrest a livelihood from the rugged mountains and desert wasteland that comprised the "Great Basin Kingdom." Another explanation might posit that the literalistic community leaders of the Saints had inherited the Puritan prejudice against prose fiction and believed fiction to be a "tall story" unworthy of a great people who had migrated several thousands of miles to form a society based on righteousness and truth. The bias against reading fiction was strong; that against writing it was even stronger.

But popular impressions are based on the imagery of myth as well as on the power of logic. That truth may be expressed more enduringly in the form of literary and artistic symbols than in selective "factual history" was well understood by Joseph Smith, but Latter-day Saints seem to have forgotten or neglected that tradition for a long time. In appraising the re-

markable achievements of Utah's pioneers one senses that a major deficiency was their failure to encourage or produce, for publication, a body of literature describing the variety, richness, and quality of pioneer life. It is at least conceivable that if the Latter-day Saint community had supported, on a regular basis, the labor and genius of a handful of loyal and imaginative writers, the enormous investment and loss involved in the Utah War, the Underground of the 1880s, and the incessant sparring with federal officials throughout the nineteenth century might have been avoided, or, at least, materially lessened.

By not producing their own imaginative literature the Latter-day Saints lost the image-battle during the period of their western pioneering. In fact, it was not until the 1930s that the literary image began to change substantially. The Mormon scholars in eastern schools, the Tabernacle Choir broadcasts, and increased tourism helped people know us better. Publicity surrounding the Church Welfare Plan during the Great Depression helped change the image of the present-day Saints, and the uncovering and publishing of pioneer diaries and histories by Andrew Jenson, Juanita Brooks, Preston Nibley, Dale Morgan, and Nels Anderson told the impressive stories of the once-maligned early-day Saints.

Above all, it seems to me our image changed as a result of our production of a significant body of high-quality imaginative literature by a number of people reared in our own culture. Stimulated by Bernard DeVoto, that talented, brilliant, and opinionated child of a Mormon mother and Catholic father, and based on a reading of pioneer journals and immersion in pioneer folklore, Maurine Whipple won a Houghton Mifflin literary fellowship in 1938 to write *The Giant Joshua*, and Vardis Fisher won the Harper prize with *Children of God* in 1939. These were followed in rapid succession by Ray West, Virginia Sorensen, Richard Scowcroft, and others. At the same time, we contributed a significant body of appreciative folklore under the energetic leadership of Thomas Cheney, Hector Lee, Wayland Hand, and Austin and Alta Fife.

These and others have taught and inspired a host of young writers who are now producing a veritable explosion of creative and imaginative works—works which are clearly evident in this 1973 Festival of Mormon Arts. To name those in the-

ater alone, we have marvelous productions of Clinton Larson, Orson Scott Card, Carol Lynn Pearson, and Thom Duncan. Clearly, our talented young writers are placing a new image before the public, an image of cultural excitement and creativity, a vision of souls on fire. We must encourage this exploding creativity with every resource at our command. The embodiment of ideas of permanent and universal interest in popular and artistic forms is an object of the highest and finest leadership. A nation, a sub-culture, or a religious community which neglects it does so at its own peril. The enduring images by which people live—symbols of credibility, integrity, and artistic excellence—are the products of a people with qualities of greatness.

In the few minutes remaining I should like to offer an historian's comment on three kinds of images that imaginative writers may draw from our rich pioneer past.

First, the pioneer image of man's relationship to nature. It is fashionable these days for writers to denigrate science and technology. Science and technology, we are told, are destructive and immoral; they do not relate to social values. They have polluted the environment, involved us in an inexcusable war, and dehumanized our civilization. Down with science, they say. Our Latter-day Saint heritage helps us to put this in a more realistic framework. Faced with an inhospitable environment, we had to channel water to make life possible in our Promised Valleys; we had to conquer distance to escape our isolation; we had to fight deadly bacteria which brought premature death; we had to develop new varieties of crops and new breeds of livestock that would provide food and clothing. Our science and technology, crude as they may have been, were our way of making nature serve us instead of fighting us. Those who long for the pastoral world of nature are children of the city who have not realized, as our pioneer ancestors realized, that science and technology can be used in solving problems which will make it possible for us to become more human, more spiritual. The designs of our tools and machines, in fact, are no less a product of our creative imaginations than are works of art and literature. Their purpose, as that of art and literature, is to help individuals and society in developing their potentialities. They are an extension of our physical strength, the use of our intellects in

solving the problems of survival. The long view which sees the historic facts of man's adaption to and of his environment puts them both in clearer, truer relationship: man and nature coexist beneficially.

This brings me to a second insight. Our pioneer heritage teaches us of the importance of things of the spirit, the intangible, the things that can't be coded and computerized. As one reads pioneer diaries and reminiscences, he cannot but be impressed that the pioneers were not ashamed of their mystical experiences—of the experiences which enabled them to move out of the imprisonment of their environment. Mormon lore is rich in emotion, in excitement, in mysticism, a healthy departure from the undeviating march of contemporary society toward materialism and rationalism. Joseph Smith had demonstrated to them, as the Gospel has demonstrated to all of us, that religious ecstasy need not be a negation of reason; it does not destroy the rational structure of the mind. The writings of the pioneers demonstrate that the Gospel helped in separating creative reasonableness from mad rationality—we can use our minds without losing our senses. The cultivation of scientific rationality—what somebody called the search for objective truth with no holds barred—is important and desirable, but it does not provide the only reliable access to the truth—to a reality “out there” in a realm presumed to exist independent of human perceivers. Our heritage tells us there is another access to truth—revelation, contemplation, intuition, ceremony, transcendental experience.

This brings us to a third insight. The frequency with which our healthy and practical pioneer diarists and sermonizers mentioned spiritual experiences is verification that such experiences are not necessarily manifestations of sick minds. They are evidence, and the distinguished psychologist, the late Abraham Maslow, supported the view, that the Freudian model that tended to interpret extraordinary behavior as the manifestation of deep-seated neuroses or disorder, is mistaken. To put the pioneer view in modern psychological terminology, the unconscious is the source of our higher energies, a sacred reservoir of the self that can be, at times, unhealthy, but that in the end must be recognized as life-giving and essentially beneficial to man. Devout Latter-day Saints—men and women who may be prophets, apostles, patriarchs, Relief Society presi-

dents and Primary teachers—are not abnormal or irrational; they are normal persons who have grown beyond the rest of us. They are supernormals—Maslow uses the term “more-than-normal.” The reality of the subjective life of Latter-day Saints, in other words, leads us to the realization, so clear in imaginative literature, that it is here, in the soul, inside the fantastically complex phenomenon of man, that the salvation of the entire world will take place. Let us follow the pioneers; instead of hiding our spiritual and inexplicable experiences, we must learn to articulate and share them.

I like the symbolism in a story given in the book of Nehemiah in the Old Testament. Nehemiah felt that it was a disgrace for Jerusalem to be in ruins and helpless, her wall broken down, her gates burned, her spirit and pride dead. And so he sought to revive pride—and a measure of sovereignty—to the people by getting them to repair and reconstruct the walls and set up the gates once more. The various enemies of the Israelites plotted and planned measures to prevent the rebuilding of the wall. But Nehemiah and his builders were prepared for them. Half the men went on with the work and the other half held the spears, shields, and bows. The builders of the wall were also armed, says the chronicler, carrying on the work with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. As Nehemiah described it: “While the building was going on, none of us took off our clothes; each kept his weapon in his hand.”

This is a magnificent symbol. It suggests that we must never slacken in our defense of the Gospel. Once it was important to fight for the Gospel in a physical way; but the great need today, it seems to me, is to carry the Gospel in ways that are more sophisticated, more deeply spiritual, more artistic and imaginative. The arts—literature, music, the visual expressions—are at once the modern weapons of our defense and the tools with which we build the Kingdom. We must craft the tools with care, and hone the weapons finely. Let us, then, go about our assignments with open souls and keen intellects—with a symbolic pen or brush in one hand and the sword of truth and righteousness in the other. In this way, in our deeply-felt intellectual and spiritual experiences, we shall prepare ourselves and others for exaltation.

Poems by Clinton Larson

The Coming of Winter

A gust preens the hedgerow,
And cold intervenes in the flow:
A cornstalk is borne in a field
And pirouettes against a shield
Of light over snow, where it leaps
Skyward into rain; a peak sleeps
In light, then vanishes in the steel
Dark, hidden in storm, the feel
Outward, white wires in the cold.

Deputy's Report

I came from the windward side of the peak,
Where wraiths of shadows rise over ledges
And toss away into the rolling air.
Then I reined and rode down the northern ravine
Of Malad Pass, over drifts of snow, to Jake's
Cabin. I had remembered his guilt and tousled
Worry, as if he had arisen suddenly
From a dream of bearing south over canyons
Of the Colorado where the breath hovers
In awe before you move to feel the canyons
Of being. For day closes like that,
Gulfs beyond and glimmering the shades
Of evening in the mauve light as you wait
On the bluff of your spirit, seeing no way.

He waited at the door, grisly in the dark cold,
Evenly calling to me: "Arthur! Is it you?"

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I said. "Yes," beside the snow-dusted logs
 That wisped frost gathering like a hand
 And making strands of bark stiffen angular
 And sharp, like flint.

He asked into the darkness:
 "Why have you come? To fetch me home to Malad?"

"No. To see if you were well. You haven't come in
 To spend the winter. The nights of a mile
 And a half high can seep into the mind like winds
 Over the rock slopes above the pass and keep you
 Here."

"Why have you come? Carswell died
 Across my line, on my fence that he ripped down
 And pulled into my grain."

"It will not do,
 Jake. Come in as you honor the crest of grain
 That shapes and mellows the hill you keep.
 Gather the peace of gulls wandering
 Against the clouds."

"I will die for what I've done.
 No."

And he turned like a shouldering steer
 Into a stall, his gait rolling him forward, face
 Set misshapen, worry in a devotion of pain
 That he knew must end. Then he looked back,
 To catch my resolve like a rock thrust up
 And cragged like a Fury killed. He drew his question
 Into him and kept it there as he closed
 The door. The lamp dimmed, coasting out,
 And around the cabin the cold seethed darkly,
 The cabin itself like an outcropped boulder.
 Then a bullet slammed into the silence, the sound
 Muffling over the new snow.

I found his body,
 My hands fumbling for a wick to light,
 But touching him coldly in the darkness.
 I stepped back into the open doorway.
 "Jake?"

And the grass beyond the room
 Rose before the wind, freezing, gathering
 Lobes of frost in the light of my mind.

Autumnal

Frost visits a pall mid-air; the upland mists
 Hush silvering whitegold into a cottony patina
 Of evergreens; a round and luminary moon persists
 Through drifting halos of weather. A concertina
 Wheezes in the hollow's musicale of firelight:
 Schottische or dancing in the square, a voice
 Calling home, and the star of hands slight
 The dark reverence of shadows, as if the choice
 Of a saucily tossing head moving and flaring red
 Upon red out of flame as the firefly sparks
 Ascend, swirl, and flicker out. But what sped
 Across the ebon mantle of vales, across parks
 Of hoarfrost fields and lawns, riding on light?
 Down in the caves of Walpurgis autumn's dark
 Is the mirroring spring where wizards plight
 Their fell secrecy, whispering: hounds bark
 Miles away, inquisitive in brambles and sedge
 For some white fur, and a thin scream wanes
 In a rustle of leaves. What oath or pledge
 Repines in the mindlight of autumn and reigns
 In me as I scan these still meadows of night?
 Am I the daemon I strike from the imperium
 Up the sky, far east, or the entailing fright
 I smooth in me, primeval in my cold delirium?

The Image of Mormonism in French Literature: Part I

Wilfried Decoo*

Anyone who studies the image of the Mormons in French literature must of necessity work with rather broad definitions of the word *literature*, for studying fiction and poetry alone does not adequately reflect the wide range nor the considerable interest that French authors from various fields have shown in the Latter-day Saints. In fact it was the non-fiction writers—historians, moralists, travellers, philosophers, and sociologists—who delineated the Mormon image that fiction eventually enlarged and distorted. This factual interest was, for the most part, a product of the positivistic movement that prevailed in France at the time of the introduction of Mormonism; most of the French authors of the 1850s-60s tried to approach Mormonism objectively, intending to analyze it “scientifically.”

This intended objectivity is in marked contrast with the spirit of most American authors who, deeply involved as they were in the religious controversies of the time, concentrated their efforts on either attacking or defending Mormonism. Even today, one can find in America vestiges of this particularly bitter 19th-Century controversy over the Latter-day Saints. Many American critics and readers still ask first not whether a particular work is accurate, but whether it is favorable or unfavorable in its image of Mormonism. Book lists, for example, are often divided into two sections, the pro- and the anti-Mormon works.

The position of most French authors was very different. Caring less about what they considered to be sectarian hatreds,

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they looked with simple curiosity on this far away religious movement on which their American colleagues were debating with such barbed comments and exulting panegyrics. The Mormon missionaries whose proselyting successes provoked such violent controversies in the Anglo, Germanic, and Scandinavian countries were met by the rather indulgent but unbelieving smiles of the Frenchmen. As early as 1863 the President of the French Mission, Louis Bertrand, abandoned his missionary efforts and closed the mission: "An experience of three years has taught me that nothing at all is to be expected among the French infidels: they are everyone spiritually dead."¹ And the free thinking Frenchman comfortably confirmed Bertrand: "France and all the Latin countries have no representatives in Mormonism at all, three or four at the most. We have become too skeptical to believe in any religion, and we are too much home bodies and too much at ease to emigrate so far without knowing what will come."² Even the confirmed Catholics had no reason to get upset. For them, Mormonism was one of those "doctrines begotten by pride, by error, by deceit around the firm and admirable unity of Catholicism."³ The Baron of Woelmont, observing the interest provoked in the eastern United States by the death of Brigham Young, could say with dignity: "We who do not have the same hatred, who are above these sectarian rivalries, because we are Catholics, can look upon the departure of this figure with more detachment."⁴ The only exceptions to this superior attitude are the writings of a few Protestant ministers, generally from French-speaking Switzerland where Mormonism was making headway.⁵

¹Letter from L. Bertrand to Brigham Young, 23 January 1863, cited by Gary Ray Chard, "A History of the French Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1850-1960," Thesis (Utah State) 1965, p. 41.

²Louis Simonin, *A travers les Etats-Unis, de l'Atlantique au Pacifique* (Paris: Charpentier, 1875), p. 90.

³Marmier, "Les Mormons," in *Voyage d'une Femme autour du Monde*, II, Bibliothèque Illustrée, 32 (Ixelles Lez Bruxelles: Delevigne et Callewaert, 1853), p. 6.

⁴Baron Arnold de Woelmont, *Souvenirs du Far-West* (Paris: E. Plon, 1883), p. 174.

⁵E.g.: Louis Favez, *Lettre sur les Mormons de la Californie* (Vevey: E. Buvelot, 1851); Idem, *Joseph Smith et les Mormons, ou Examen de leurs prétentions relativement à leur Bible, et à leur Prophète et à leur Eglise* (Lausanne: De La Fontaine, 1845); Idem: *Le Mormonisme jugé d'après ses doctrines* (Lausanne: De La Fontaine, 1856); Emile Guers, *L'Irvingisme et le Mormonisme Jugés par la Parole de Dieu* (Genève: E. Beroud, 1853); Idem, *Le Mormonisme polygame* (Genève: E. Beroud, 1855); Frederic Desmons, *Essai historique et critique du Mormonisme* (Strasbourg: Berger-Levrault,

Thus, an important characteristic of most of the French publications on Mormonism is the ease with which the author moves from the positive to the negative. Any absolute judgment on the value of the Mormon Church or any personal involvement either for or against the cause of the Saints is rare. In general the French author simply observes, commenting on what seems to him good and bad among the Mormons.⁶ In his critique of *Voyage au Pays des Mormons* (1860) by Jules Rémy, Louis Bertrand remarked that by "simply pruning a few pages one could make a genuine apology [for Mormonism] out of this book."⁷ By their judicious use of extracts, ellipses, or rather free translations, some Mormons actually succeeded in amending the rather ambivalent testimonies of Rémy and others into positive witnesses for the Latter-day Saints.⁸

Even though the French wrote less about the Mormons than did the Americans, what they produced deserves attention because of the variety and quality of their writers: Prosper Mérimée, Alfred Maury, Hippolyte Taine, Elisée Reclus, Guillaume Apollinaire, Pierre Benoit, and Marc Chadourne, to name only the most famous. Although the interest accorded to the Mormons fluctuated, one can discern three periods of rather frequent and important French publications concerning the Mormons: 1850-1866; 1920-1930; and 1948 on, which correspond more or less to the Mormon proselyting periods in France: 1849-1864, 1924-1939 (if we exclude the unfruit-

1856). This last work is a thesis, conceived to show the falseness of Mormonism, defended before the Faculté de Théologie protestante de Strasbourg—a striking example of the Protestant need to intellectually dispose of Mormonism.

⁶A small number of French writings about the Mormons have been studied but with the peculiar American pro- and anti-Mormon sensibility: Dee J. Valentine, "Inventaire et Discussion de la Littérature française sur les Mormons, leur Histoire, leur Religion et leurs Moeurs," Master's Thesis, University of Utah, 1947. This thesis, lamentable in language and content, concerns the favorable and unfavorable observations about Mormons in only nineteen French writings, and stigmatizes every negative remark as incorrect and prejudiced.

⁷L. A. Bertrand, *Mémoires d'un Mormon*, Collection Hetzel (Paris: E. Dentu, n.d.), p. 209. See also note 39.

⁸E.g.: John A. Widstoe, *Ce que les Autres disent des Mormons* (Ville d'Avray: Eglise de Jésus-Christ des Saints des Derniers Jours, n.d.), pp. 1-18; Vicomte d'Haussonville, *One Day in Utah: A Literary French Nobleman's Views on the Mormon Question*, trans. Leo Haefeli (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Company, 1883); Anon., *Le Mormonisme vu par la Presse parisienne* (Genève: P. Rulon Christensen, 1928).

ful period of 1912-1914), and from 1946 on. What follows in this article is a study of the first period—1850-1866.

1ST PERIOD—THE TIME OF INTELLECTUAL FERVOR (1850-1866)

The renewed interest in science led the French authors of the second half of the 19th Century to attempts to understand the world in which they lived. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Moniteur Universel* engaged a good many critical thinkers to popularize the discoveries of the time, to defend the various points of view, and thus to contribute to the elaboration of the great systematic vision of the world. As with so many other religious and social movements of the time, Mormonism was caught up by the intellectual momentum. American publications on Mormonism were circulating the reports of Kane, Gunnison, Stansbury, the works of Bennett, Bowes, Gray, Mayhew, Mackay, revealing to the French devotees of political, social, and religious studies the existence of a spurned, persecuted and exalted people. In 1849 French Utopian Socialism was watching with interest the work of Cabet who was trying to establish his Icaria on the very place abandoned by the Mormons: Nauvoo, where the ruins of the Temple still stood. Returning from the New World, French travellers also brought their impressions of the Latter-day Saints. And in 1850, John Taylor and his companions arrived in Paris, followed shortly by their periodical *L'Etoile de Deseret*, a few pamphlets, and finally in 1852, *Le Livre de Mormon* itself. The French intellectuals needed no more to begin discoursing themselves on what was for them one of those "bizarre religions professed in the American union."⁹ In a general way one can divide these intellectuals into two groups—the bourgeois historians and the positivistic critics.

THE BOURGEOIS HISTORIANS

In addition to real historians, this first group includes a disparate band of young free thinkers, noble Catholics, cultivated ladies, amateur intellectuals—in a word, bourgeois, often more fond of their own commentaries than of the facts. Since in most cases they only repeat their sources, the themes they pose deserve here only a brief sketch.

⁹B. H. Révoil, "Souvenirs des Etats-Unis," *Illustration*, XV (1850), 251.

For France of the 1850s Mormonism was only one of the many sects that appeared in the United States; thus it was often mentioned as part of a larger discussion. The American population, said Auguste Laugel, is characterized by credulity, by anarchy of beliefs, and by a spontaneity of the spirit which reveals itself in the most capricious and disordered ways,¹⁰ and for C. Jannet, (a late follower of these moralizing historians) Mormonism was one of the "extreme symptoms of the religious and social disintegration" of the United States.¹¹ For these commentators, this was not strange, since America had "populated itself for two centuries with the overflow and—dare we say—the refuse, the scum of all nations."¹² The Irish emigrants especially were held responsible for the religious troubles in America since they were thought "ignorant, fanatic, and excessively pugnacious."¹³

For the French, then, who was this Joseph Smith? Questioning as they did American morality and intelligence, they excluded *a priori* any possibility of miracles as such, divine intervention, or prophetic calling. They did not even consider the possibility of there being a supernatural reality in Mormonism. Two explanations of the work of Joseph Smith shared the French pages: conscious imposture and unconscious delusion. The Spaulding manuscript theory of the Book of Mormon (mentioned as a fact by almost all the authors) was in accord with the view of Joseph Smith as "an obscure rustic of a more than suspect morality and of a very limited education."¹⁴ The second case is well represented by Hortense DuFay, who refused to "suppose him a hypocritical charlatan," claiming that Joseph Smith had been the "dupe of a nightmare or of hallucinations resulting from an electrical effect quite natural to the powerfully magnetic makeup of the man."¹⁵ This farfetched interpretation was supported by the alleged visionary

¹⁰Auguste Laugel, "Une Campagne des Américains contre les Mormons," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, XXVII (septembre 1857), 194-95.

¹¹C. Jannet, *Les Etats-Unis contemporains, ou les Mœurs, les Institutions et les Idées depuis la Guerre de la Sécession*, 2nd ed. (Paris: E. Plon, 1876), p. 370.

¹²Mme Olympe Audouard, *A travers l'Amérique: Le Far West* (Paris: E. Dentu, 1869), pp. 7-8.

¹³Oscar Comettant, *Trois Ans aux Etats-Unis: Etude des Mœurs et Coutumes américaines*, 2nd ed. (Paris: Pagnerre, 1858), pp. 205-6.

¹⁴M. Etourneau, *Les Mormons* (Paris: Bestel, 1856), p. 2.

¹⁵Mme Hortense G. DuFay, *Le Prophète du XIXème siècle, ou Vie des Saints des Derniers Jours (Mormons), précédé d'un aperçu sur d'autres socialistes unitaires et sur le génie de la poésie anglaise* (Paris: E. Dentu, 1863), p. 37.

character of the Smith family, in line with the French interest in seances, in the adventures of the Fox family, and in the works of the Swedenborgians, Allan Kardec, and Daniel Home. Finally, many authors adopted an eclectic theory, and explained Joseph Smith by both imposture and delusion: "The indomitable courage of Smith amid such great danger, his firm confidence in the final triumph of his doctrine, prove, as we have already said, that in the end he came to believe that he was himself an apostle."¹⁶ This gradual spiritual elevation overcame the first abuses of power and received a kind of ratification in the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and his brother. Prosper Mérimée affirmed that "it is probably because of the bloody pages in its history that it [Mormonism] has not succumbed to the ridicule which condemns so many human follies."¹⁷

The attitude of the commentator usually changed, however, when he came to the persecutions and the exodus from Nauvoo: "Whatever disapproval one may attach to the frauds of Joe Smith, one cannot help but pity his proselytes who suffered such atrocious persecutions, nor can one follow their long emigration without a profound concern."¹⁸ The moving strokes with which some Americans like Colonel Kane painted the trials of the Mormons in their departure from Nauvoo and in making their way to the promised land, left few Frenchmen unmoved. For instance, after having mocked the "sad extravagance" of Joseph Smith, Mérimée wrote sublime pages on the heroism of the pioneers.¹⁹

But when they came to the Mormon growth and progress in Utah, the commentaries went in opposite directions. Although some French authors mentioned that the Mormons succeeded in "transforming deserts into blossoming colonies,"²⁰ and that they manifested "great perseverance and an incredi-

¹⁶Amédée Pichot, *Les Mormons* (Paris: L. Hachette, 1856), p. 154. Pichot gives hardly anything more than an abridged translation of the work of Charles Mackay on the Mormons.

¹⁷Prosper Mérimée, "Les Mormons," in *Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires*, 2nd ed. (1855; rpt. Paris: M. Lévy, 1867), p. 3. This article first appeared in *Le Moniteur Universel*, 25, 26, 31 March, and 1 April 1853. Mérimée's interest in Mormonism is quite relative. He wrote his article at the request of the editor, J. F. Turgan. His correspondence shows that he did his reporting mainly for the money and with little care. See P. Mérimée, *Correspondance*, série I, tome VI (Paris: Le Divan, 1947), p. 478; série II, tome I (Toulouse: E. Privat, 1953), pp. 18-19, 26.

¹⁸Marmier, p. 23.

¹⁹Mérimée, pp. 44-49.

²⁰*Ibid.*, p. 17.

ble activity,"²¹ the majority of the bourgeois historians preferred to borrow the more bizarre ideas, the more sensational facts which were more apt to fascinate the reader and excite his imagination. In Utah, according to M. Etourneau, the Mormons were dominated by a power that was as despotic as it was violent. The vindictive and pitiless Mormon clergy kept the women, the blacks, and the Indians in a lamentable, servile condition.²² As barbarous inside their territory as they were rebellious against Federal authority outside, the Mormon leaders had installed "the most abominable code of tyranny which modern times have seen founded."²³ Hortense DuFay, who was generally favorable towards the morality and the magnetic gifts of Joseph Smith, imputed to Brigham Young, on the other hand, the instigation of despotism while accusing him of destroying the work of Christ and of plunging his people into "the mire of barbaric antiquity."²⁴

Mormon doctrine itself wears thin in the hands of the *petite histoire* amateurs: "I obtained the books of the Mormons and tried to read them, but courage quickly failed me," confessed Mérimée at the beginning of his article.²⁵ However, this did not stop him from defining the doctrine as a "confused mixture of the principles of Christianity, of Puritan reveries, with here and there a few strokes of Joseph Smith's own down-to-earth politics."²⁶ Seldom did the authors take the trouble to go into the doctrines in more detail. And if they did, it was with reservations: "We would have liked to avoid discussing the religious doctrines of the Mormons, for it is a difficult task. And we confess in all humility, that we understand very little of all that rigmarole; let us try, however, to explain their principal dogmas."²⁷ There usually follows at this point a number of semi-authentic, semi-fanciful considerations of the Mormon deities, the Mormon sacraments, the different resurrections, their spiritual gifts, and, of course, polygamy.

Among all these contradictory notions, it is not surprising

²¹Hippolyte Ferry, *Description de la Nouvelle Californie géographique, politique et morale* (Paris: L. Maisson, 1850), p. 87.

²²Etourneau, pp. VI-VII.

²³Laugel, p. 208.

²⁴DuFay, p. 31.

²⁵Mérimée, p. 4.

²⁶Ibid., p. 13.

²⁷M. Granson, *Des Mormons* (Le Havre: Lepelletier, 1863), p. 9.

to see the intellectual amateur conclude for this 1850-1866 period:

There is nothing more bizarre and more indefinable than the constitution of the Mormon society. A mixture of Judaism and Muhammadanism, of strange barbarity and extreme civilization, of religious oligarchy and industrial democracy, it is a kind of theocratic Venice where the senate of the prophets crushes the faithful under an iron despotism. With the unity of effort and discipline which tyranny imposes, these sectarians have the energy, the initiative, the spirit of labor and of activity which elsewhere are the possessions of liberty.²⁸

Most of the authors confidently predict that this theocratic Venice will soon disappear under the push of civilization.²⁹

THE POSITIVISTIC CRITICS

Like the bourgeois historians, some great "scientific" critics were also interested in Mormonism: Philarète Chasles, man of letters and titular professor at the *Collège de France*; Alfred Maury, also titular professor there and director general of the Imperial Archives; Jules Rémy, great traveller, botanist and ethnologist; Hippolyte Taine, the historian-critic-philosopher; Elisée Reclus, famous geographer and professor at the Free University of Brussels. At first, the writings of these men seemed to differ little from those of the amateur intellectuals, mainly because these writers often got their inspiration from the same sources, published in the same journals or had their works printed by the same publishers. They also shared with the bourgeois historians common ideas about Joseph Smith, that is: he was brought up in a national and familial environment favorable to the blossoming of a new religion, his vocation was a mixture of imposture and illusion, and his martyrdom confirmed his final canonization. However, the scientific critics had deeper interests in Mormonism, which differed considerably from those of the bourgeois writer.

At first these great men approached Mormonism with an absolute scientific detachment. They wanted to analyze it, to ex-

²⁸Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne, *Huit Mois en Amérique: Lettres et Notes de Voyage 1864-65* (Paris: Librairie Internationale, 1866), pp. 247-48. We should note that Duvergier, although he had been in the United States, did not visit Utah; his information is all second-hand.

²⁹Cf. Etourneau, pp. vi-viii; Janet, pp. 373-74; J. J. Ampère, *Promenade en Amérique: Etats-Unis, Cuba, Mexique*, 2 vols. (Paris: M. Lévy, 1855), pp. 405-6; C. F. Audley, "Le Passé et l'Avenir des Mormons," *Correspondent*, XLIV (juillet 1858), 458-61.

plain it, to classify it as if it were an astronomical or geological phenomenon. The botanist Rémy, according to his own testimony, studied the Mormons because, among religions, Mormonism "impressed me as being not only a variation, but also a curiosity of the species, a rarity if not an anomaly, like certain plants I had seen near the equator, like the *Rizophora*, for example. . . ."³⁰ Thus, instead of the imitative strokes of the petty commentaries or the moral reflections of the bourgeois historians, we find in the positivistic critics a careful examination of the reasons for the progress of Mormonism and the weakness of its system. For Philarète Chasles, the Mormon enterprise combined some of the characteristics of the first period of American history (the time of the credulous and fanatic Puritans) with the genius of the third period (the era of the conquering nation).³¹ Alfred Maury also saw Mormonism as the union of divergent tendencies, but he viewed it in the context of Protestant history which was the source of millennialistic and spiritualistic movements which sometimes stirred in the dreams of utopian socialism.³² Jules Rémy, in the more than 1,000 pages of his two volumes on Mormonism, digs deeply into the vital conditions of his "religious *Rizophora*." He went through great pains to study it at first hand, suffering through the inconvenience and discomfort of traveling across the American desert to Utah, and then spending a whole month in Salt Lake City. The readiness of the American soul for a religion which speaks to the spiritual and temporal needs of the underprivileged, of the ambitious, of the visionary; the pretention to universality; the moral and doctrinal eclecticism; the political and social flexibility of the Mormon community, its history and its doctrine—all this is treated with dignity and seriousness in this book, which is also replete with fascinating anecdotes and all kinds of observations about the geology, the flora and fauna of the region. Hippolyte Taine and Elisée Reclus, who did little

³⁰Jules Rémy, *Voyage au Pays des Mormon: Relations, Géographie, Histoire naturelle, Histoire, Théologie, Moeurs et Coutumes*, 2 vols. (Paris: E. Dentu, 1860), I, x.

³¹Philarète Chasles, *Anglo-American Literature and Manners* (New York: C. Scribner, 1852), pp. 269-70. Translated from the French *Etudes sur la Littérature et les Moeurs des Anglo-Américains au XIXème siècle* (Paris: Amyot, 1851).

³²Alfred Maury, "Sectes religieuses au XIXème siècle: Les Irvingiens et les Saints-du-dernier-jour," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, XXIII (1er septembre 1853), 964-68.

more than review Rémy's work, indicated their interest in the observations of the ethnologist by their adherence to his conclusions.³³

In almost all of these "scientific" writings on the Mormons, there appears from time to time a seemingly insignificant element lost in the large amount of data, i.e., the comparison of the rise of Mormonism with other religious movements or with the beginnings of cults in general. Mormonism was often considered in connection with contemporary sects such as Irvingism or the Quakers, or it was studied in the light of such historical movements as the Leiden Anabaptists, certain Judaic sects, and, most important of all, the first Christians. These little comparisons, over which the unwarned reader passes, are not as innocent as they seem. As early as 1856, Emile Montégut launched a diatribe of rare violence against "those who want to see in Mormonism the material and evident proof that all religions have been, in principle, pure frauds, that all sects have been founded on a lie, and that the first god was a lucky imposter."³⁴ And with this, Mormonism is suddenly and unknowingly launched as an object of controversy in the great intellectual struggle of 19th-Century Europe, the controversy which opposes absolute faith in the supernatural biblical facts to critical exegesis and to euhemerist and mythological explanations! This struggle which the philosophers and the free thinkers had been carrying out for almost two centuries in France reached a new climax in the second third of the 19th Century due to the invasion of the scientific method in Biblical exegesis. The works of the Germans—Eickhorn, Bower, Wicklein, Strauss, Volkmar—which came to France early, inspired such men as Littré and Renan, and provoked new scientific speculations about the natural origins of Christianity—speculations which

³³Elisée Reclus, "Le Mormonisme et les Etats-Unis," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, XXXII (15 avril 1861), 881-914; Hippolyte Taine, "Les Mormons," in *Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire* (Paris: L. Hachette, 1865) pp. 271-99. This article first appeared in the 31 January 1861 issue of the *Journal des Débats*. A translation by Austin E. Fife was published with the pompous title "Taine's Essay on the Mormons, translated with introduction and notes by Austin E. Fife," *Pacific Historical Review*, XXXI, 1 (1962), 49-65. The introduction and notes are very short and elementary, failing noticeably in their major responsibility of separating Taine's original ideas from Rémy's.

³⁴Emile Montégut, "Le Mormonisme et sa Valeur morale: La Société et la Vie des Mormons," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, XXVI (15 février 1856), 692.

the Guizots and Dupanlous strove to refute. Since Mormonism was a tangible example of a new religion, since it was born in circumstances comparable to those of Palestine at the time of Christ, and since everyone in France recognized its human origin, it did more than captivate certain critics: it stood as a proof of the theory of the natural genesis of all religions.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Montégut loudly denounced the use of Mormonism as "the justification for the raillery and judgments of the encyclopedists against all religions."³⁵ But the polemical situation of Montégut was ambiguous: In his argument against those who compared the beginnings of Mormonism to the beginnings of Christianity, this apologist was in a peculiar quandry regarding the acceptance of the supernatural elements in the calling of Joseph Smith: If he denied them and Mormonism continued its rapid development, then the origin of Christianity could also be explained away by natural phenomena. If he accepted them, he would contradict the veracity of his own church. There was only one way to get out of this dangerous dilemma: malign, violate, or tarnish Mormonism to such a degree that every comparison with the evangelical origins of Christianity would become impossible. And so the torrent of insults, accusations, and scurilous and bloody anecdotes which Montégut poured out about the Mormons had only one goal—to prove that Mormonism was "the most odious of the sects. It has absolutely nothing Christian: We might call it a bastard child from the union of Mosaism and Muhammadanism through the repulsive collaboration of a Jewish junkman, a Moslim dotard, and an old St. Simonian apostle who could find no railway to exploit."³⁶ In spite of this vehemence, Montégut was not led by what an American critic would interpret as an anti-Mormon passion.³⁷ This Christian apologist was only answering an argument launched against the basis of his Christianity.

As to the future of Mormonism the scientific critic saw two possibilities. First, it seemed desirable that the Mormons would continue to develop themselves until they reached the

³⁵Ibid., p. 690.

³⁶Ibid., p. 719.

³⁷Chard, p. 27. Chard mentions nothing of the controversial position of Mormonism in the struggle between the positivistic critics and the Christian apologists.

stage of a world church and furnish the final proof of the theory of the natural genesis of religions. This would be done by following the example of the great preceding religions: a dubious infancy growing into a glorious history, the theologians purifying and organizing the doctrinal muddle into a sophisticated system, the number of believers continuing to increase while the excesses of the first decades wither away. But these speculations were expressed with circumspection in the various writings so as not to exasperate Christian believers too much or to scandalize any conscientious churchman.³⁸ The second possibility for the critics was to predict the disintegration of Mormonism as soon as its isolation would be violated by the encroachment of civilization. And then the factual truth, of which our critics made themselves the proud heralds, would free the Mormons of their doctrinal and sacerdotal yoke. It is obvious that the second prediction was implicitly just as disastrous to other religions as the first. No matter how the positivistic critics turned it, Mormonism was to be a battering ram which would help break down the doors of historical Christianity.

In 1861 as the great intellectual animosity was wearing itself out, the voice of a true Mormon literary man made itself heard, that of Louis Bertrand.³⁹ E. Dentu, who had just published the work of Jules Rémy, thought it only fair (and probably financially rewarding also) to allow utterance to "a man of conviction, and to permit the naive testimony of a believer, even if only out of curiosity."⁴⁰ One senses that Dentu was perhaps excusing his own boldness before the difficult bourgeoisie. But Bertrand was anything but naive: a great traveller, former associate of Cabet, editor of the daily *Le Populaire*, admitted to the great Masonic Lodges of Paris, he became a Latter-day Saint for well-founded doctrinal and social reasons. His 300 plus page book demonstrates a good intellect and stylistic mastery. Only when Bertrand criticizes the "absurdities" and "incoherencies" of the Parisian press does he become somewhat aroused. His testimony, strength-

³⁸After Bishop Dupanloup warned the Catholics against positivistic critics such as A. Maury, H. Taine, E. Renan, of whom J. Rémy claimed discipleship, most of their writings were characterized by prudence mingled with a sort of paternalism toward the "simple" religious minds.

³⁹The previously mentioned work of Louis Bertrand appeared as a series of articles in 1861 in *La Revue Contemporaine*. The book was probably published in 1862.

⁴⁰Preface to Bertrand, pp. 2-3.

ened by a stay of several years in that "most excellent, bucolic city" near the Great Salt Lake, contrasted singularly with the platitudes, the ignorance, and the vulgar mysticism which French authors in general attributed to the faraway Mormons. The *Mémoires d'un Mormon* thus constituted, considering the era and the contemporary prejudices, a unique apology which attracted the surprised attention of the intellectual public.⁴¹

Having considered the two intellectual tendencies of the first period, we must also devote a few paragraphs to two subsequent ways in which French publications made their points about the Mormons: namely, the popular press, and the reports of French travellers in America. Although these less frequent and less important pieces take us partly into the last third of the 19th Century, they deserve consideration here because they refer to the writings of the 1850-1866 period.

THE POPULAR TRADITION

In 1856 Emile Montégut mentioned the famous novel *Female Life Among the Mormons*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This same year two independent French translations of this novel were sold all over France, one by C. Everard in the "Illustrated Publications for 20 Centimes," the other by B. H. Révoil, mentioned above as the commentator on American "bizarre religions."⁴² From these translations, from statements such as Montégut's, and from the extravagant stories originating in America and published in French papers, a popular tradition developed which even in 1974 has not completely disappeared. This tradition generally includes the same themes which Leonard Arrington and Jon Haupt have identified in 19th-Century American literature, namely the bloody vengeance of the Danites, the sacerdotal tyranny over the mass of the ignorant faithful, the terrible secret society of the endowment, and the patriarchal pasha in his haven of white

⁴¹Cf. DuFay, p. 31; Granson, p. 19; Audouard, p. 366; Oscar Comettant, *Les Civilisations inconnues* (Paris: Pagnerre, 1863), pp. 19-35; a review of Bertrand's work even appeared in Charles Dickens' literary review *All the Year Round*, as "Brother Bertrand, Mormon Missionary," no. 203 (14 March 1863), 68-72.

⁴²*La Femme chez les Mormons: Relation écrite par l'épouse d'un Mormon revenue récemment de l'Utah*, trans. C. Everard (Paris: Marescq, 1856); *Les Harems du Nouveau-Monde: Vie des Femmes chez les Mormons*, trans. B. H. Révoil (Paris: M. Lévy, 1856).

slaves.⁴³ In 1859 a second rank novelist, Paul Duplessis, exploited these themes in a 1600 page, multi-volume novel, *Les Mormons*. Although the intellectuals who were interested in Mormonism never mentioned this work of popular fiction, it was reprinted several times within a few years. The plot follows a usual pattern, but uses French characters in the positive roles: two innocent girls, compelled by all kinds of horrible intrigues to travel to Utah, are liberated from the claws and atrocities of the Danites by a few noble heroes. Duplessis presented what was an original idea for the Mormon novel (although it is typical for French popular interests of the time): Hiram-Harris, a medium with a monstrous and hypnotic personality, is an invisible force who drives Mormonism and manipulates the straw-man, Brigham Young. The moral tone of the novel is best rendered by an utterance of one of its very noble and very Christian heroes: "Whenever a Mormon kills another Mormon, honest people must rejoice."⁴⁴

But in the French popular tradition the theme of polygamy predominates. At a time when the vulgar theater flooded the stage with love triangles, with impossible matrimonial combinations, and with unbelievable erotic situations, Mormonism furnished for the frivolous and trivial imagination of a certain class of French people a frame for inexhaustible intrigues. One told jokes such as the following:

One day Victor Hugo received a delegation of Mormons. Because they wanted some of the descendants of the great man in their own country, they came to offer two pretty girls of their sect. Hugo replied: "Impossible. My contract forbids all foreign reproduction. Ask my publisher."⁴⁵

The French imagined that "Brigham Young is an old libertine who walks around naked arm in arm with his seventy wives,"⁴⁶ and that Mormons, addicted to sensual delight among

⁴³Cf. Leonard J. Arrington and Jon Haupt, "Intolerable Zion: The Image of Mormonism in Nineteenth Century American Literature," *The Western Humanities Review*, XXXII, 3 (1968), 243-60.

⁴⁴Paul Duplessis, *Les Mormons*, 5 vols. (Paris: A. Cadat, 1859), IV, 305.

⁴⁵Cited by Chard, p. 102.

⁴⁶*Retour de la Nouvelle-Calédonie: De Nouméa en Europe* (Paris: Ancienne Librairie Martinon, n.d.), p. 247. This 1881 book by the Marquis of Rochefort is luxuriantly and richly illustrated and printed. The popular traditions are often identified in travelogues of this time when the writers confessed their former opinions in the light of what they discovered in Utah.



A French embellishment of a "Danite sacred murder" scene based on a less artistic drawing in John C. Bennett's *The History of the Saints*. This engraving by A. Gusmand was printed in a French translation of Richard Burton's *City of the Saints* in *Le Tour Du Monde*, III (1862), 393.

favorite slaves are "Turks without Muhammed."⁴⁷ Jules Huret confessed much later that the ideas of the "legendary Mormons" concerning love "were already haunting my adolescent dreams."⁴⁸ French comedy and vaudeville staged a few of those dreams in the penny theaters. For instance, the public roared with laughter as they watched an American Mormon, "cumulator of women," traveling through Europe on a "religious" recruitment mission.⁴⁹ Following the tradition, Jules Verne, in his novel *Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingts Jours* (*Around the World in 80 Days*), takes advantage of the opportunity to enliven the crossing of Utah with two comical Mormon elements—the introduction of an Elder William Hitch, who tries to convert Passepartout, and the barely successful flight of a Mormon who, even with one wife, had more than he could handle.⁵⁰

Although the French popular tradition embellished the same theme of polygamous society, it had little of the holy abhorrence which the puritan American ladies felt for the "Utah harem." Not one concern for decency, not one moral lesson disturbs the spicy gaiety of a good racy story about those polygamous Mormons. Moreover, the popular tradition which ties polygamy to Mormonism is so strong that in many cases the word *Mormon* has become a synonym for polygamist and *Mormonism* for polygamy.⁵¹

THE REPORTS OF THE TRAVELLERS

Saturated with these comical stories about the Mormons, the French travellers in the new world approached Utah, not with apprehension or caution, but with the hope of witnessing some spicy and funny scenes. Even women were not exempt from this anticipation. Without any scruples whatsoever, Mrs. Audouard notes at the border of Utah: "We exclaimed with joy: 'Finally we are going to behold those seventeen member

⁴⁷Le Comte d'Haussonville, *A travers les Etats-Unis: Notes et Impressions*, 2nd ed. (1883; Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1888), pp. 324 and 353.

⁴⁸Jules Huret, *En Amérique: De San Francisco au Canada* (Paris: E. Pasquelle, 1921), p. 107.

⁴⁹Edouard Malortique, *Les Aventures d'un Mormon: Dialogue en Trois Parties* (Paris: J. Lévy, 1886).

⁵⁰Jules Verne, *Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingts Jours* (1873; rpt. Paris: Hetzel, n.d.), chap. XXVII, pp. 154-159.

⁵¹Cf. P. Mérimée, *Correspondance*, série II, tome I, p. 45; Audouard, pp. 297-8, 366-7.

households which have only one man.'"⁵² Upon arriving at a polygamous household: "I sighed in satisfaction, I saw real Mormons with my own eyes."⁵³ How far from the terrors of those Victorian American authoresses such as Maria Ward, Cornelia Paddock or Amelie Matthews! In light of these piquant hopes, it follows that the first French reaction to contact with real Mormons was one of disappointment: "[There is] nothing of the enormous and bizarre eccentricity which one expects to find in Mormon country," lamented M. Dugard.⁵⁴ After this the travellers had to reconcile themselves to reality and make excuses to the reader who was expecting exciting revelations: "Please do not accuse me of pleading a paradoxical cause: I am sincere in my account of my travel impressions. For me, Salt Lake City is by far and away the most beautiful city in the West, and the one where the people look the least rough, the most honest, and obedient to authority."⁵⁵ The Marquis de Rochefort is less conciliatory to his compatriots, and accuses them of ignorance and rudeness in the preconceptions of Mormonism: "The nonsense which French flippancy has imagined about the actions and ideas of the adherents to this doctrine is indescribable."⁵⁶

Following this confrontation with reality, the testimonies of the French travellers are characterized by a remarkable unanimity on the Mormon situation in Utah: the towns are well built, the houses are big and clean, the Mormons are hospitable and friendly, virtuous, educated, hard working, etc. In this concert of praises only one discordant note was heard: the Count of Turenne, who in the course of an unsuccessful hunt got lost between Salt Lake City and Provo on a cold, dark November night, thought the Mormon women ugly, Brigham Young feeble, and he regretted that "the time of the Destroying Angels is also past."⁵⁷

Almost all the French travellers of this time (the great majority belonging to that nobility which, tired of the political events, wandered all over the world after the War of 1870)

⁵²Audouard, p. 292.

⁵³Ibid., p. 296.

⁵⁴M. Dugard, *La Société américaine: Moeurs et Caractère, Famille, Rôle de la Femme, Ecoles et Universités*, 2nd ed. (Paris: Librairie Hachette, 1896), p. 62.

⁵⁵Woelmont, p. 149.

⁵⁶*Retour de la Nouvelle-Calédonie*, p. 246.

⁵⁷Le Comte Louis de Turenne, *Quatorze mois dans l'Amérique du Nord, 1875-76*, 2 vols. (Paris: A Quantin, 1870), I, 67-93.

paid a visit to the President of the Church, Brigham Young, or later John Taylor or Wilford Woodruff, retaining very pleasant memories of the occasion.

The reaction of the travellers to the institution of polygamy is no doubt the most interesting one can read. The Marquis of Rochefort considered it "an element of work and fortune as well as an added force to procreation."⁵⁸ And as he viewed this remarkable cult of fecundity, the Marquis could not help but regret the fate of "so many unfortunate Catholic girls who languish in the convents."⁵⁹ Studying the organization and stability of polygamous life in Utah, the Count of Haussonville exclaimed that finally there was "the ideal basic family, which was so strongly advocated by the school of social reform and its illustrious founder, M. LePlay. What a pity one has to come from so far to find it!"⁶⁰ Almost all our travellers were in agreement in recognizing the advantages of polygamy: less jealousy, no adultery, no illegitimate children, and a commendable fruitfulness. The most remarkable testimony comes from the emancipated Mrs. Audouard. Striking up an immediate friendship with the first wife of Brigham Young, and being on good terms with the sixteen others, she claimed to have made an in depth study of the female hearts of Utah. Her conclusion is very favorable: in addition to the advantages already mentioned, "the Mormon woman is happy," in this system of "biblical patriarchal polygamy."⁶¹

In order to console the reading public for the lack of excitement in the visit to the Mormons, most of the travellers held their readers in suspense by describing terrifying mountain passes, tumultuous rivers, gigantic mountains and ravines which they had to face to enter and leave Utah.⁶² Others gave themselves over to lyrical effusions on the shores of the mysterious Salt Lake, that beautiful "great pale sheet of motionless water stretched out from the feet of the purple mountains, but possessing the beauty of death."⁶³ However, much to the detriment of the social and moral realities which the travellers defended in such laudatory terms, only these land-

⁵⁸*Retour de la Nouvelle-Calédonie*, p. 263.

⁵⁹*Ibid.*, p. 268.

⁶⁰Haussonville, p. 331.

⁶¹Audouard, pp. 340, 350.

⁶²E.g.: Honoré Beaugrand, *Six mois dans les Montagnes-Rocheuses: Colorado-Utah-Nouveau Mexique* (Montréal: Granger Frères, 1890), pp. 208-215.

⁶³Dugard, pp. 57-8.

scape images of the great mysterious lake and the impressive surrounding mountains found a place in the overall picture which France had of the world of the Mormons. Without having been in Utah, Hortense DuFay affirmed that in the middle of the delights of flowers and perfumes, the traveller through the Rocky Mountains "is overcome by a vaporous melancholy which pertains to those magical countries."⁶⁴

At the end of our survey of the 19th-Century French literature about the Mormons, the farewell of another French traveller, Albert Tissandier, to the Latter-day Saints may serve as a last note:

After my peculiar sojourn in the province of Utah and in Arizona, I can assure that the Mormons are hospitable, good to strangers, amiable, and sufficiently educated: most of them are interested in all things of civilization. I will always remember with pleasure their cordial and moving reception; they received me as a brother: What more could I have asked?⁶⁵

But the French authors did ask more of the Mormons, as our succeeding article on the image of the Mormons in the 20th Century will show.

⁶⁴DuFay, p. 109.

⁶⁵Albert Tissandier, *Six mois aux Etats-Unis: Voyage d'un Touriste dans l'Amérique du Nord, suivi d'une Excursion à Panama* (Paris: G. Masson, 1886), p. 108.

Looking Beyond the Solstice

Stephen O. Taylor*

I

Time is space a Japanese
Print would enclose with seacoast
Or temple walls and furnish
With pine, peony or stone.

Time: springwork of the
Universe unwinding,
Silent water all unflowing;
Line nor circle answers: all a maze.

A hill grows toward the sky
Almost nothing in a day;
A pebble shifts an inch toward
The sea: Will I speak?

II

Advance and retreat of the
Year's armies confounded in
Self-combat: pawns fall bloody—
Red or bloodless, yellow-dry.

At night, the bitch cries at pups
Birthing, forgetful of the
Moan she made at their begett-
Ing, or bitten nursing, or

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Without child to suckle.
The moon watches burning, white,
Or black, uncaring, falling back,
Swells to greatness, only to be

Caught and by the sun devoured,
Unless the sun forgetting
Old perfidy feels the bite
Of her dark mouth. Sharp tooth

Reasons well enough to make
The soul feel pain, pierced by frost
Or heat where the root joins the
Body. Both burn the petal:

Resolution in ice or
Flame with no delay for
Contemplation at the poles
Or in passage; passage is

Reason enough, mutation
Is the form's revelation.
What can thought, faced with this, do?
Run myths to earth; stop all the

Spinning drift of galaxies;
Make motion be implied in
Static essence, the seasons
Be mandalic symbols mind

Can operate? Be content
That thought does not fly south in
Winter; but take more care lest
The labyrinthine animism

Bound in tree and leaf should find
All the world objectified
In desert, unbind itself
And build again its halls in

Man's poor mind.

III

Higher peaks whitened to a line
 Still above the hills near the valley,
 Mist hides the highest:
 All white, tree and earth and stone.

Brown scrub lowers
 Rain-darkened beneath grey walls,
 A dearth felt winter will fill;
 Winter sits about us,

Mirthless, her line threatening grim
 Fall for leaf and dust; limbs will
 Lie shattered, trees learn to bear
 Their loveless burdens, though now

The wine of rotting apples
 Rests in skins the worms have claimed,
 As if the days would wait for
 Sour juice to mellow; bare

Trees await their harvest; un-
 Prophetable birds flee south,
 Unwilling to eye the slate
 Waters for a resting place

Among the rushes. But dark
 Blood-purple berries, holy
 Ivy, oak, reddened by the fall frosts,
 Give consent that soon

Falling snow be white:
 Metaphor of birth.

Zarahemla

Douglas H. Thayer*

In pajamas and robe, Jared walked up the dark hall from their bedroom, where Ann sat brushing her hair. He passed Craig's and Brad's half-open doors. Their lights were out. He walked into the living room. Gedder's letter and the contract lay on the pedestal table. Jared picked up the letter again and held it up to the window and the moonlight. Gedder had a Los Angeles dentist who would pay cash for the stone house Jared's Great-grandfather Thatcher had built. "Upon receipt of the signed contract, I will be pleased to send you a certified check for the full amount of \$6,000 by return mail."

"Well, do as you want, dear," Ann had said. "The house means a lot to you, I know that, but we don't get down there very often to enjoy it." They could use the money for Craig's and Brent's missions. "Your great-grandfather would be pleased if we did that I think."

The offered price went higher each of the four years Gedder had been after him to sell. His Great-grandfather Thatcher, stonemason, polygamist, had built the stone house Jared had lived in until he was eighteen. His great-grandfather had built a stone house for each of his four wives and her children, although Jared's house was the only one in good repair, the other three lost out of the family before he was born. Except for the row of Lombardy poplars, hedge of lilacs, and wrought-iron fence, each house was different.

Jared looked up from Gedder's letter to his great-grandfather's large oval picture on the wall. The matching

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oval-framed picture of the four wives and thirty-two children hung over the brass bed in Craig's room. He had wanted it when he found it in the hall drawer. Jared's grandmother had dusted the two pictures every day. She had been born in the stone house and lived there all of her life, and it was she who had made his great-grandfather real to him. "My son," she said to him often, "your Great-grandfather Thatcher was one of the noblest men who ever drew a breath of air on this earth. He was God's servant, and if ever a man inherited the celestial kingdom he did." The two pictures had hung over the fireplace. His great-grandfather wore a full beard and long hair. He was not a tall man.

He had named Zarahemla, chosen the name of the greatest city in the Book of Mormon, been bishop for twenty-five years, laid out the town, built the stone wardhouse (sketched the scenes for its six stained-glass windows), built all of the original stone houses and town buildings, dug the canal, planted many of the trees, fed and fought the Indians, been judge and jury, and he had healed the sick and raised the dead. The last ten years of his life he had been a patriarch, people bringing their children fifty and sixty miles by wagon to receive their blessings under his hands. The last year, sitting up in the big brass bed, he had to reach out to lay his hands on the child's head. Brigham Young, prophet of God, stayed with him on his trips south through the villages, the other white-topped wagons carrying the apostles, special witnesses for Christ. "Be like your great-grandfather, my son," his grandmother said, "for no boy ever had a nobler example."

In five generations his Great-grandfather Thatcher now had ten thousand known descendents, the blood brought over a millennium before to England by the marauding Danes carried by him to the edge of an American desert. But the family was scattered now over the whole country, not located in one village, that sense of blood and relationship gone, the first two generations and most of the third dead. The white shaft of stone his great-grandfather had cut stood at the center of the family cemetery lot, which was enclosed with a wrought-iron fence. Every stone but three had embedded in it, sealed under glass, the daguerreotyped face of the relative whose grave it was, proof of who was buried there to rise in that likeness on resurrection morning.

Jared laid the letter back on the table, put his hands in his robe pockets and turned to look out through the large picture window at the valley below. The full moon filled the valley with detail and turned Utah Lake silver. His great-grandfather had lived in Provo for a year after he returned from his mission. President Brigham Young had called him to serve in the Southern States just two years after the saints had arrived in Salt Lake Valley.

Leaving his pregnant wife and five children behind him, he had served nearly three years, been hunted by mobs, tarred and feathered, shot at, arrested a dozen times; his journal was full of accounts of the danger and persecution which made daily miracles necessary. And in those three years he converted over six hundred people to the gospel, each name carefully recorded in his journal: "This day I did baptise and confirm members of Christ's true church the following persons. . . . The mobs continue to hunt us from village to village." And now this convert posterity was part of the tremendous growth in the Church his great-grandfather had foretold.

Nathaniel Thatcher had had perfect faith, vast energy, splendid individuality. His life had been full of things to accomplish, and he had done them, always with a sense of God in his life. As a boy Jared had always thought that *his* life would be like that, but it had not been. He had one wife, two sons, a doctorate, a professorship, and a house other men had built. Compared to his great-grandfather's, his life seemed abstract to him at times, simple, not deep, as though he had followed the wrong stars or no stars at all. And although he believed, his life did not use or need a faith like his great-grandfather's.

Nathaniel Thatcher knew that the gospel was true when he read the Book of Mormon, for he had received that promised revelation of its truth, the fire of that testimony through the Holy Ghost burning in him as he did God's work on earth. All his life he preached and taught the latter-day restoration of the gospel, the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith, taught the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, the divine sonship of Jesus Christ, the perfectibility of men, the literal resurrection, taught the gathering of the Jews, the return of the Saints to Zion in Jackson County to prepare for the millennium and Christ's second coming. And he taught all this as fact, taught

through the strength of the holy Melchizedec priesthood, God's power given to man on earth.

His patriarchal blessing, given under the hands of the Prophet Joseph Smith's father, said he would be a savior on Mount Zion among the American Indians. And he had been, for he had preached the gospel to the Utes and the Navahos. Now the areas of greatest growth in the Church were in Central and South America, where the Lamanite blood was most abundant. And the Church was using new proselyting techniques, language schools for the missionaries, the standardized six-lesson approach, television, radio, films, exhibits at the world and national fairs, techniques that Jared hadn't even heard of when he was on his mission.

It was as if the Church no longer needed the pioneer heritage and testimony, the desert and mountains, needed only faith, doctrine, programs, money, and organization, with leadership to be the new adventure as the Church spread the gospel through the whole earth. The new generations did not value and feel the past as he had, did not need it to make religion concrete for them.

Standing there in the semidarkness of his own front room, Jared saw the spire of the new ward chapel rising above the house roofs below him, the high narrow milk-glass windows glinting in the moonlight. He had been on the building committee. The Church architect's office allowed only seven or eight basic chapel designs. The chapels were big, efficient, carpeted, air-conditioned; they housed two and three wards, members going to meetings in shifts.

But whenever he sat in a meeting, looked up at the windows, Jared always thought of the old stone warehouse in Zarahemla. In the last rays of the evening sun the room would fill with a hazy golden glow, and it was as if Brigham Young, the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Angel Moroni, the Father, the Son, and the other figures stood suspended in air, each window a vision.

Jared pushed his fists deeper into his robe pockets. He knew now that in many ways the past was more necessary and more real to him than any present or any future. To his right the small solid-oak end-table gleamed in the corner, the finish all but reflecting the moonlight. Ann had wanted the table, his grandmother's rocking chair, the brass bed (which

had been Jared's as a boy and was now Craig's), the two solid-oak chests of drawers, and the china closet out of the stone house. His grandmother had been dead eight years, and he had kept the stone house empty, getting down to Zarahemla two or three times a year to air out the place. His Uncle Charley and Aunt Laura, who lived down the road, had kept an eye on the house for him. They turned the water in on the lawn every time they irrigated. His Uncle Charley was his grandmother's half-nephew.

Jared had planned to make a summer home out of the place. Except for the indoor plumbing and electric lights, it was still the same as when Nathaniel Thatcher built it, because his grandmother didn't want anything changed. Jared had even thought that after he retired he would spend part of the year in Zarahemla farming. But Zarahemla was too far away from Provo for a summer home. He was too busy at school, and he and Ann were busy in the Church, their Sundays always full. Craig and Brent, now that they were both in high school, wanted to stay in Provo for the summer to be with their friends and go on the trips with the ward explorer post.

Jared had always wanted Craig and Brent to feel what he had felt as a boy. For him, real belief in the Church seemed impossible without that attachment to the past. He had told them all of the family stories, just as his grandmother had told them to him. He had shown them all of the same pictures in the old family albums, named the uncles, aunts, and cousins. He read to them from his typed copy of his great-grandfather's journal, described his own boyhood, but his sons hadn't lived in Zarahemla and didn't know the valley, river, mountains, and desert. They were another generation removed from the past, couldn't feel it. (Craig brought his friends in to see his bed, the polygamy picture, and his great-great-grandfather's picture.) But then Zarahemla had changed, deteriorated, even from the time when Jared was a boy, the whole town still suggesting the depression.

Except for an occasional house being remodeled by retired people moving in, the houses were old, dilapidated, the lots trashy. The center of each block was a jungle of hundred-and-twenty-year-old fruit trees, lilacs, hollyhocks, rotting pioneer barns and outbuildings, and rusting junked cars and

farm machinery. Only the retired people moving back from Los Angeles and the other big urban areas after forty years away painted houses and planted big flower gardens. Gedder sold most of them their houses, and if not the houses then the solid hard-wood furniture and brass beds they all wanted *for* their houses. For four years Gedder had phoned him every time he came through Provo. "Just wondering if you're ready to let me have that house yet," he always said, and then he would laugh.

Jared had always wanted Craig and Brent to live at least one whole summer in the house to know what that was like. He had saved the ledge swimming hole on the river to show them when they were both old enough to really appreciate it, but they wore their trunks, didn't run wild and free under the big cottonwoods, and they didn't yell and holler when they swung in wide arcs on the rope swing. He told them how he and his friends swam naked like the Indian boys he was certain swam in the ledge hole centuries before he had. He described to his sons the arrowheads he found along the river, and he climbed through the ledges to show them the petroglyphs.

He and his friends had carried water to the clay beds, wrestled and fought in the splendid wet red clay, their bodies completely red, then ran and dived off the ledge, the water blood where they hit. He described for his sons the trout they caught and broiled, the smell and taste of potatoes and fresh corn buried under the coals to cook for their feasts. It was marvelous and cool in the shade under the big cottonwood trees, and they lay on their backs in the sand to watch the fluttering leaves, the cottonwood smell sharp and clean. Sometimes they went down at night to swim, build fires, the mountains black against the incredibly starry sky, the south end of the valley opening toward the desert beyond, their bodies alive even to the silence.

"Sure, Dad, it must have been great down here, really great," Craig said. "You must have had a lot of fun in those days."

His sons had different emotions, pleasures, values, different attachments than he had had. They didn't want to go to the cemetery with him to take care of the family graves, wipe off the glass-covered pictures in the headstones to see the

faces, read the names and dates, hear the stories. They didn't want to help their Great-uncle Charley cut hay and irrigate and they didn't even particularly want to go down to the Thatcher family reunion on Pioneer Day anymore. (It had surprised Jared that Craig wanted the brass bed and the picture.) They liked Provo and their friends, their girl friends, their hi-fi, the color TV, their closets full of clothes and their twice-daily showers in summer. Both Craig and Brent took swimming and tennis lessons every summer and played league baseball.

They had never felt his boyhood sense of poverty, had not been motivated by that, yet they both studied hard in school, already knew that they wanted to be lawyers, talked about it to their friends. The boys in Indian Hills talked about college, going into the professions, mostly law or business, each wanting to be finally president of a corporation, chairman of the board, or be in government, an ambassador or in the president's cabinet. And some wanted to go to the military academies, wanted to be generals, admirals, or they wanted doctorates in chemistry, physics, and mathematics, wanted the Nobel Prize.

That was the new future, the kind of power they would have, the Church breeding that kind of ambition in his sons and friends' sons. BYU was changing, the administration and faculty full of young men now who intended to use the gospel, the university, and the Church to change the world. The mountains, desert, and valleys were no longer necessary to salvation. Doctrine was more important than any heritage. At times Jared felt tired, exhausted. He wanted then to return to the known past, avoid the new future.

Driving back from Zarahemla after the family reunion, he had always tried to go through Manti after dark so that Craig and Brent could see the lighted temple their Great-great-grandfather Thatcher had gone on a year-long work mission to help build. Brilliant white in the darkness, lighted, it stood before them like part of a celestial city. When the boys were younger, Ann always told them the story again of how Moroni, the Book of Mormon prophet and general, had dedicated the hill fifteen hundred years earlier for the building of the temple. And she always told too how Moroni, now an

angel, had appeared to Joseph Smith and led him to the golden plates.

Twice a day, driving back and forth to school from Indian Hills, Jared saw the progress on the new Provo Temple. The big sign listed the architect, all the contractors, and the expected completion date. The new Provo and Ogden temples looked almost alike. The real strength of the Church was in the big urban areas like Los Angeles, the Bay area, Denver, and Washington, D.C., not in the rural towns. It had been this way for forty years. The ninety miles between Ogden and Provo was becoming one city, as his Great-grandfather Thatcher had foretold in his journal: "God will prosper his saints in this land and all the valleys will be filled with a righteous people." The Church's population had increased five to six times since his own birth. And Salt Lake had developed in the last twenty years the administrative know-how and standardized programs to run the big urban wards. The new central office building would house next year, finished, nearly three thousand salaried clerks, secretaries, and administrators.

"Dear, it's getting late. Have you got a headache?"

Jared turned from the window. Ann stood in the hall doorway. "I'm all right, just thinking a little."

"If you don't want to sell, you don't have to."

"It's probably the only sensible thing to do."

"It would be nice to have the money in the bank for the boys' missions."

"I suppose it would."

"Well, honey, don't stay up all night worrying about it."

He watched her walk down the hall past the pictures gleaming in the light from the bedroom. She had arranged pictures of his boyhood, highschool activities, mission, college days, and marriage on the wall to tell the story of his life, each picture framed and glassed.

Jared picked up Gedder's contract from the table and raised it to the light. Gedder had included a stamped self-addressed envelope. He had called earlier in the evening. The signature lines on each page were checked.

Jared laid the contract back on the table and turned to look out the window again, his hands back in his robe pockets. All they could see of the new temple from their place was the spire. When he drove past the temple he usually thought of

his grandmother. Every September until he was fourteen she took him to Salt Lake. His Uncle Charley drove them up the canyon and over to Sigurd where they caught the bus. They bought his new school clothes, visited relatives, and went to see the Salt Lake temple again. After each trip, both coming and going, his grandmother narrated for him his Great-grandfather Thatcher's journey from Provo to Zarahemla in 1851 with twenty-seven families. Brigham Young had called him to leave Provo where he had settled after his mission and go build a city at the edge of the desert.

The youngest daughter of the fourth and youngest wife, not born until years after it all happened, still she knew all of the stories and had memorized long sections of her father's journal. She knew the springs, camping places, where the Indian parleys had been, the place the wagon and team went over the cliff, the canyon the Johnson children had been drowned in during a flash flood, knew where all the graves should be. His grandmother talked of it all as if the ashes of the cooking fires were still warm, the wagon tracks still visible in the sand, the songs and prayers of thanksgiving and faith still audible on the night breeze: "Today, the Sabbath, the company rested. We spent our time in singing praises to God and bearing testimony to his work in the latter-day kingdom. Thus we renewed our minds and bodies to his service."

"They were faithful, Jared, my son, remember that," his grandmother had told him a thousand times. She would take his great-grandfather's picture down for him to hold and have him name again all of the faces in the polygamy picture. She made her stories part of his memory and emotion, his sense of family, blood, and God. As a child sitting between her and his mother in the old warehouse, he looked up at the stained-glass windows, each a scene out of Church history. The six window spaces had been filled with ordinary glass for twenty years, until the saints in Zarahemla could raise the money to have the stained-glass windows made in Italy. Sunday evenings, the windows alive with light, he looked for his great-grandfather among the figures.

Jared took his hands out of his robe pockets and folded his arms across his chest, held himself tight. He was perhaps the last person in the whole family for whom the past was

vivid, personal. It was necessary to his belief. Craig and Brent didn't really need the past the way he did. He saw that now. It was obvious in the whole Church, which had gone beyond the pioneer sense of the physical to doctrine and the millennial hope.

His freshman year at the University of Utah, where he had gone on a state scholarship, his first time away from Zarahemla, he began to understand that his belief was almost physical, an accumulation of all he had smelled, seen, touched, tasted, and heard for eighteen years. His whole mind, memory, and emotion were suffused with these things, his blood taught. And he could not comprehend, understand even, the students who spent their days and nights trying to cleanse themselves of everything Mormon. In their dedicated rage to change their way of feeling and knowing, they turned to gambling, drunkenness, fornication, homosexuality, or they became fanatic about science, literature, psychology, and art. They forbade themselves any longer to be limited by the injunction "be ye therefore perfect," denied prophets, revelation, cursed the idea that man could progress through the eternities to become like God.

Jared's mother had been dead fifteen years, his grandmother half of that time. And yet in the summer evenings when he was alone in the silent stone house, their memory was so strong that he turned to see them or raised his head to listen for their voices. He touched the furniture, the brass bed, his grandmother's handmade quilts on the beds, the old gunmetal-grey Maytag, the marred surface of the kitchen table, all of it still a braille for his hands. In the cellar the rows of fruit jars glistened before him empty, dusty, when he turned on the light, some of the old glass-topped jars his great-grandmother's. When they ate the fruit from one of those jars, his grandmother made it a sacrament.

"We all have great reason to be grateful," she said. "We have food to eat, clothes to wear, a good roof over our heads; we have the iron rod of the gospel to cling to, and we have the family."

Jared relaxed his arms across his chest. Fewer house lights burned below him in Provo now; west of town fewer cars moved along the freeway. Utah Lake was silver under the moon.

His grandmother had been wrong about the family. Even during his boyhood the family had already been gone for thirty years, the farms divided too often to be productive, the family spread over the whole country, driven by the depression, those thousands of descendents of one man and four women, the sense of blood dissipated. But still there were the old family houses, barns, outbuildings, and fields, which his grandmother named for him. She described the relatives, their lives, showed him their old pictures, told their stories, even read him their patriarchal blessings, and so he knew them all. He went with his grandmother to paint the wrought-iron fence around the family graves. He cut the grass, raked the leaves, washed the headstones, the faces in the embedded pictures watching him, waiting for the morning of the first resurrection. His grandmother described even that to him, his Great-grandfather Thatcher and his four great-grandmothers and the whole family visiting and talking together in the shade under the trees, the graves open.

His grandmother seemed always to walk in sunlight, her hair in a tight bun, blazing white. She put on every morning and every afternoon one of her clean starched cotton dresses. Because his mother worked every day at the store, his grandmother did the housework. She kept the house immaculate so that it seemed always to shine inside. Daily she opened his dresser drawers to straighten his shorts, T-shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks. Work was theology, the idler damned, a lesson he had learned working in his Uncle Charley's fields under the white desert sun.

For fifteen years his grandmother took in dress shirts to wash and iron in order to earn money for his mission and college savings account. She had started the account by mail the day he was born. His father, who was from Price, had been killed there in a coal mine three months before his birth. His grandmother filled the house with smells of cooking, baking, bottling, washing and ironing, smells he had remembered all of his life, smell for a boy as important as sight or sound, no smells ever better than those.

And often when he came home from school in the silent afternoons, he found a note on the kitchen table: "Jared, my son, I have gone over to help Sister Johnson." Or it would be the Grays, Oldroyds, Tuckers, Lunds, or someone in the

family; wherever there was sickness, injury, birth, or death in Zarahemla, his grandmother went to help. No doctor within fifty miles, no hospital within a hundred, no wonder drugs, no health insurance program, no automatic washers and dryers, no funeral home—charity was a required part of existence. And when his grandmother returned at night, she told stories of suffering, death, the priesthood's power to heal, to call back from the dead. She told stories of family members coming back from paradise in dreams and visions to comfort the living.

Cemetery hill rose beyond the fields behind the stone house. Evenings sometimes, shafts of sunlight deflected by a high layer of clouds slanted down to strike the hill, turning the headstones white, like windows into the earth, the Thatcher family shaft glimmering at the top of the hill under the trees. Then the light changed and the hill grew dark, the fading sun slanting out to color the desert beyond the valley, turning the distant plateaus violet and gold before they too vanished. Standing in the backyard, the evening breeze stirring the poplars looming above the house, he watched the mountains, valley, and desert fade into darkness, the evening stars close to the earth.

But Jared knew now that the land in Southern Utah could not have been beautiful to the pioneers, most of whom came from England and Europe and the American east knowing what rain and green fields were. The desert had to be an enemy, something their faith overcame, for they had no affinity for sandstone, alkali, sagebrush, pinion forests, sandy soil, and irrigated fields. In the alien dry land diphtheria killed whole families of children or took one at a time. The pioneers were the Israelites in the wilderness, their Caanan and their Zion always Jackson County in Missouri, with its green hills and rain. For some the desert and the mountains were only a necessary refuge, and it had required two and three generations for the fear of these to die out.

And the small pioneer towns like Zarahemla could not have been paradise on earth, not when a man killed his neighbor in his own garden with a shovel because of a stream of irrigation water. There was drunkenness, lust, ignorance, bigotry, pride, hate, pillage, and theft, all of the evils of life. Men were flogged, imprisoned, hanged, and some executed

by shooting to wash away their guilt with blood to save them in the life to come. And Nathaniel Thatcher had recorded it all (a group of Zarahemla boys out cutting wood had murdered an Indian and hid his body), recognized too his own weaknesses in the sight of God, taught repentance, sought forgiveness of his mortal sins. All these details made the past real, gave the insights.

Jared counted the white roofs below him on Cheyenne Avenue in the moonlight. The houses were all comfortable, the families young, self-sufficient. Death and suffering always came by surprise. Living in Provo and Indian Hills, Craig and Brent did not have that pioneer sense of neighborhood the daily physical need for charity created. The emphasis now was on the great growth of the Church, the Church developing new programs in education, welfare, genealogy, social services, chapel construction, missionary work, and family life to meet new needs.

Above all, the Church needed leaders on every level to assume the responsibilities of a world organization. This was the new excitement for the youth. It wasn't necessary to endure and overcome the land now; that sense of God's work had vanished. The Church embraced the whole world, not letting a man love a place, things, a neighborhood more than God, the gospel, and the salvation of all men. Jared knew his love for, his absolute need of the past weakened him, made it difficult for him to accept the future, love it, glorify God in it.

Unfolding his arms, he turned from the window and walked over to touch his grandmother's rocking chair shining in the moonlight. The chair had belonged to Nathaniel Thatcher's fourth wife, Lily, Jared's great-grandmother. The wood was warm to his fingers. He and Ann had refinished all of the furniture they had brought up a piece at a time from the old stone house, all of it solid, none of it veneer. Gedder had offered to buy all of the furniture still left in the house. He had offered Craig a hundred dollars for the brass bed. "A lot of California tourists coming through are nuts about brass beds," Gedder said.

"No thanks," Craig said, "I want to keep it."

"Well, son," Jared said, "it's your bed now and you can

do with it what you want. But if you're going to sell it, I'd like to buy it."

"No, I want to keep it."

Craig had spent the first week of the summer vacation taking the bed apart and polishing it. He had had his friends over to help him. As a boy lying in the brass bed, Jared listened to the wind blowing through the poplars his great-grandfather had planted. In the spring the scent of the hedge of century-old lilacs came through Jared's two open windows; it all seemed to make doctrine unnecessary. Whatever the brass bed meant or came to mean to Craig, it would not be the same thing it meant to him.

Lifting his hand from the back of the rocking chair, Jared looked across the moonlit room at his Great-grandfather Thatcher's picture. He looked at the room itself. He and Ann had sketched the plans for the house they wanted, and after ten years of scratching for every dollar, they had the house built on the valley-view lot they bought before Provo land prices went out of sight. And nearly every evening in those months they had driven up to see how much the contractor had done that day, walked through the skeletal house to guess at the progress.

His great-grandfather had taken a crew up Pine Canyon to cut his own timber for his permanent houses, put it through his own mill. He had seasoned it for two years before he ever built with it. And with his own hands he helped to cut and shape the stone for each of his wives' houses, which he designed, each of the four houses different except for the poplars, lilacs, iron fence, and the wood and the stone. He had built his first wife's house first, for everything had its order. And then in his daily journal he wrote: "Today we began to build my beloved wife Lily's stone house. We will finish it by September so that she may be comfortable and have her own place like my other three wives." After each house was finished, he blessed and dedicated it.

And it was in that house that Jared's great-grandfather lived the last ten years of his life. He gave patriarchal blessings in the front room, all the parents wanting their children to receive blessings through him. He had known the Prophet Joseph Smith, known Brigham Young, been driven out of Nauvoo by the mobs, crossed the plains with those first com-

panies in 1847, a man who had been pioneer, missionary, faithful husband to four wives, father of an Abrahamic posterity. This appointed man, God's mouth, gave blessings, told each child his lineage, Dan, Benjamin, Joseph, Judah, what his blood inheritance was, what God proposed for him if he proved faithful. In those ten years he gave over a thousand blessings, his mind clear until the day he died.

He was ninety-two that year, his three other wives dead before him, and he died in the brass bed in the bedroom of a stone house he had built nearly fifty years before. And after a hundred years that house, because it had been taken care of, was still true, the two-foot thick walls still solid, no squeak or give in the double-thick pine floors joisted every four inches, the house silent in a storm. Like his neighbors in Indian Hills, Jared had planted his own lawn, braced his frail new trees, put in a patio, and built his own grape-stake fence.

"Jared."

He turned. Ann stood in the hall doorway again.

"Honey, you're going to be tired in the morning."

"I know; I'm coming."

"Don't get in a stew about the house. You don't have to sell it if you don't want to."

"I know."

"Well, I'm going to bed."

"Okay, I'll be right there."

He watched her turn and walk down the hall past the pictures of him she had so carefully selected and framed. To get Craig and Brent thinking about their missions, she had emphasized his missionary pictures. Jared pushed his hands into his robe pockets and looked out the window again. He wondered sometimes what kind of a missionary Craig would make. His own mission had ended just as the Church introduced the new standard lesson program, use of the flannel boards, film strips, tapes, and the referral system. Five thousand missionaries preached the gospel when he was out; now the Church had fifteen thousand in the field, and in a few years there would be thirty, forty, fifty thousand, whatever it took to carry the gospel to every corner of the earth; the gospel, true because it had the same meaning everywhere, was universal.

A new tri-ward chapel was planned for the neighborhood

north of them. In the three years they had lived in Indian Hills, he had watched the new subdivisions and mobile-home parks going up around Provo, farms vanishing, Provo, Orem, Springville, and the other towns beginning to merge along the freeway, becoming part of that ninety-mile-long city between Ogden and Provo.

But now the Church was moving to an international emphasis, was no longer the Utah or American church of a people persecuted and driven to the frontier. That image was being played down. History was used only to prove the possibility of the future, the future more important than any past. The four huge bas-relief designs on the new thirty-story Church office building in Salt Lake were of the whole world, the general conference sessions sent out by the Church-owned shortwave radio stations all over the world in nearly a dozen foreign languages, the Church publications in seventeen languages now.

That spring day in 1851 when the thirty-two covered wagons had pulled down out of the canyon and stopped on the hill above Zerahemla where the Daughters-of-the-Utah-Pioneers monument now stood, Nathaniel Thatcher had written in his journal: "Praise God, we have come to the end of our journey. Here we will begin to raise a beautiful city on the edge of a great desert. We will call the city Zarahemla." And all that afternoon the white gulls, came up from the river, followed the plows in white flocks. By the next day his great-grandfather had surveyed a ditch, and they brought water from the river to soften the ground to make the plowing easier.

It became a town, not a city. But it was beautiful—houses built, trees, flowers, hedges of lilacs, grass, gardens planted, the yards all fenced, order visible. And the people had during the town's first fifty years a sense of brotherhood in the gospel of Christ, of being a chosen people governed by the holy Melchizedec priesthood, none of that unity dissipated by radio, cars, freeways, television, which would have been unnecessary contact with the outside world. The irrigated fruitful fields, the herds of sheep and cattle in the mountains, the growing families all proved faith and works triumphant against the desert, God's mercy and bounty known to his people. And it was that original pioneer beauty taught to Jared by his grand-

mother as still existent that became part of his imagination, his concept of what God's work was.

But Zarahemla and many of the other rural pioneer towns had been dead now for over forty years. The rural town and county governments were poor, inefficient, the services all substandard or nonexistent, and the wards had gone to seed, the possessions of a few active families. The small towns had the highest per capita liquor consumption in the state, the most people on welfare, high rates of juvenile delinquency, divorce, and suicide. The young left as soon as possible to escape the boredom and poverty. Some land was being bought up by outside money for recreational development.

Jared's sons played basketball, football, tennis. They skied, swam, did not work because there was no work for them to do in Indian Hills except take care of the lawns, which wasn't really work anymore. Their work was to learn to play the piano, to study, earn college scholarships, be active in the Church, develop strong testimonies. They needed to prepare themselves for their missions, and after that for marriage, college, graduate school, to prepare to become national leaders in business, government, and science. And, finally, they needed to prepare themselves to become the new bishops, stake presidents, regional representatives, and apostles that the expanding world Church needed.

Jared had stopped telling Craig and Brent stories about work, about the sweat, heat, smells, the awareness of fields under the desert sun, fields his Great-grandfather Thatcher had been the first to break under the plow and irrigate. Jared knew the time of day and years by the shadows, position of the sun, color of the fields, mountains and distant desert plateaus, and by the earth's smell. He had stopped telling his sons how in the late afternoon, naked, his body wet from swimming in the river, he ran with the other boys across new-plowed fields to fight their spring wars, the soft clods exploding against their bodies, the air full of the rich smell of earth. How finally, exhausted, bodies brown, they lay down in the soft sun-warmed sandy loam, vanished in the brownness, lay there in the silence, each of them alone, staring up at the blue sky, watching the white circling gulls.

At night, his whole body tired from work, he lay in the brass bed that was now Craig's. His grandmother had kept

the bed polished, and it shone in the darkness. "It was the bed in which your Great-grandfather Thatcher died, Jared, my son," she told him, repeated the story many times of her father's death, led Jared to stand and stare up at the picture, his great-grandfather looking down at him. The last entry in the journal, which was now in the Mormon Collection at BYU, was written from that bed: "My beloved wife Lily nurses and cares for me. God must take me home. My work is done."

"A thousand people came to your great-grandfather's funeral, Jared, even the apostles from Salt Lake City."

In that brass bed twelve children had been conceived, born, four to die in infancy, but the earth replenished. And at the side of that bed, kneeling, his great-grandfather had uttered his thousands of prayers. Every day of his boy's life in Zarahemla, Jared had seen one or two, sometimes all three of the other stone houses, two already abandoned, their roofs caved in, the yards high with weeds, half the row of Lombardy poplars dead, the lilacs wild, the wrought-iron fences broken. He had crept through those abandoned houses, thought of the three other beds, the wives and other children, all those other thousands of prayers. His Great-grandfather Thatcher spent one month with each of his families, was sent by one wife to the next with his basket of clean clothes, loaves of fresh bread, fresh pies behind the carriage seat. At night, reaching out in the darkness, Jared felt the brass bed's cool metal.

He had gone to the Manti Temple many times to be baptized for the family dead whose names his grandmother had researched. And it would not have surprised him then on a late summer evening to have one of those relatives knock at the door and ask for his grandmother. Every time he took Craig and Brent to Zarahemla, he got the key and walked with them in the evening to the old ward house to see the windows, the Father, the Son, the Angel Moroni, and the prophets made alive by the last rays of the sun.

When his grandmother took him to Salt Lake every September to buy his school clothes and visit relatives, he saw the Angel Moroni, a great gold statue on top of the highest tower of the Salt Lake Temple, his grandmother pointing up to it, and thus he knew that the Book of Mormon was true.

Moroni's people had fought against the Lamanites, from whom the Indians were descended. His great-grandfather wrote: "Today we met with Chief Walker and his people to preach the gospel of Christ unto the remnant of the Lamanites. We distributed winter flour, fifty sacks. My good wives and daughters had baked a great store of fresh bread for the chief which he and his people much delighted in."

Standing there in his front room looking down at Provo, Jared blotted out all the lights below him, the buildings, houses, freeway, business section, subdivisions, made it all again sagebrush, grass, willows fringing the creeks, cottonwoods following the river to the lake. And near the river stood the log-walled Fort Utah, the log cabins scattered around it. The thirty-two covered wagons, oxen and mule-drawn, stood lined up, tops white in the morning sunlight, a small herd of cattle off to the side. Nathaniel Thatcher knelt with the company, leading them in prayer: "This day we began our journey, which we asked God to bless to his glory. May our faith increase to the measure of our tasks. God willing, it shall be so."

And his Great-grandfather Thatcher, then husband to two wives, father to six living children, three of the wagons his, rode at the front. Stonemason, farmer, bishop, architect, engineer, explorer, Indian agent, missionary, patriarch, man of God under a prophet's mandate, he led them all to face the daily reality of Indians, drought, hunger, disease, death, loneliness, and the desert. And they would help build the kingdom of God on this earth, their faith as useful and necessary to them as the water they brought down from the river onto their crops, all their visions grand, their triumphant lives caught up in the meaning of things and their share of God's work.

Jared watched the valley lights. There was hardly any freeway traffic now. He turned from the window and looked across the room at the picture of Nathaniel Thatcher and then down the hall to the glass-fronted pictures of his own life. The last picture was of Brent and Craig and him with a mess of trout they had caught at Strawberry Reservoir. Jared stood there for a moment, then he relaxed his hands in his robe pockets, walked over to the desk and got a pen. He picked up Gedder's contract, looked at it, and then in the moonlight

coming through the window, signed on each of the lines. He refolded it, put it in the self-addressed stamped envelope and sealed it.

Walking down the hall, he passed Brent's room but stopped at Craig's and pushed the door open another foot. Craig lay on his stomach, his blue pajamas dark against the white sheets, one arm above his head. The picture of Craig's four great-great-grandmothers and thirty-two cousins hung on the wall above the polished brass bed. Jared stood there a moment looking at his son; then he turned and walked down the hall.

Joseph and Emma: A Slide-Film Presentation*

Buddy Younggreen**

NARRATOR: On the 18th of January, in 1827, a young couple exchanged wedding vows in the home of a Squire Tarbill in South Bainbridge, New York.¹ The young man was twenty-one years old, stood six feet two,² was fair complexioned, with blue eyes and light brown hair. The young woman was twenty-two years old, dark complexioned, with brown eyes and black hair. Later, the young man, Joseph Smith, would be known as the Mormon Prophet, and "the wife of his youth," Emma Hale, would be designated "the Elect Lady."

(Music)

Joseph Smith was born December 23rd, 1805, in Sharon, Vermont. He was the fifth of eleven children born to Joseph

*A multi-media presentation made at the second Joseph Smith, Sr. family reunion held in Independence, Missouri, 16-18 August 1973.

**Mr. Younggreen is the executive secretary of the Joseph Smith, Sr. family organization. Active in stage and television direction and production for many years, he is currently producer-director of the Sundance Summer Theatre in Provo Canyon.

¹The genealogical data concerning the Joseph Smith, Jr., and Emma Hale Smith family is taken from the family record portion of their 1831 family Bible. The entries are in Emma Smith's handwriting. The Bible is in the possession of Kenneth J. Smith of Independence, Missouri, a great-grandson of Joseph and Emma. All the genealogical data for the Smith family are from this record unless otherwise stated. Occasionally it disagrees with printed names and dates such as the name of Joseph and Emma's adopted son: It is listed as Joseph Murdock Smith in the record while the *History of the Church* lists it as Joseph Smith Murdock. (1:265) We have relied on this new record.

²B. C. Flint, *An Outline History of the Church of Christ (Temple Lot)* (Independence, Missouri: The Board of Publications, 1953), p. 85, and, John D. Lee, *Confessions of John D. Lee*, [a photomechanical reprint of *Mormonism Unveiled or The Life and Confessions of the Late Mormon Bishop, John D. Lee*. 1880 Edition.] (Salt Lake City, Utah: Modern Microfilm Co., n.d.), p. 76.

Smith, Sr., and Lucy Mack, and although the fourth of nine sons, the name of his father, Joseph, had been reserved for him.

(Music)

Emma Hale was born July 10th, 1804, in Harmony, Pennsylvania. She was the seventh child and the third daughter in a family of nine children born to Isaac Hale and Elizabeth Lewis.

(Music)

Of his first meeting with Emma Hale, the Prophet Joseph Smith was to write:

JOSEPH: In the month of October, 1825, I hired with an old gentleman by the name of Josiah Stoal, who lived in Chenango county, state of New York. He had heard something of a silver mine having been opened by the Spaniards in Harmony, Susquehanna county, state of Pennsylvania; and had, previous to my hiring to him, been digging, in order, if possible, to discover the mine. After I went to live with him, he took me, with the rest of his hands, to dig for the silver mine, at which I continued to work for nearly a month, without success in our undertaking, and finally I prevailed with the old gentleman to cease digging after it. Hence arose the very prevalent story of my having been a money digger.

(Music)

During the time that I was thus employed, I was put to board with a Mr. Isaac Hale, of that place; it was there I first saw my wife (his daughter), Emma Hale. . . . [Her] father's family were very much opposed to our being married. I was, therefore, under the necessity of taking her elsewhere; so we went and were married at the house of Squire Tarbill, in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, New York. Immediately after my marriage, I left Mr. Stoal's and went to my father's and farmed with him that season.³

NARRATOR: When Joseph Smith had approached Emma

³Joseph Smith, Jr., *History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, ed. B. H. Roberts, 7 vols. (Salt Lake City, Utah: by the Church, 1964), 1:17. Hereafter cited in parentheses in the body of the article, as will be references to the Standard Works. We have adopted the Pearl of Great Price spelling of Stoal.



NOTE: All the photographs in this article are numbered and identification lines are found on pages 225 and 226.

Hale's father to ask for her hand in marriage he was told by Mr. Hale that he was a stranger, that he had no steady, remunerative employment, that he had the reputation of looking into peep-stones and hunting for treasures with a witch-hazel.⁴

(Music)

Thus, the young couple was forced to elope. . . . In a letter to one of her sons, October 11th, 1866, Emma was to write:

EMMA: I was visiting at Mr. Stoals, who lived in South Bainbridge, and saw your father there. I had no intention of marrying when I left home; but during my visit at Mr. Stoals, your father visited me there. My folks were bitterly opposed to him; and being importuned by your father, aided by Mr. Stoal, who urged me to marry him, [and] preferring to marry him to any other man I knew, I consented.⁵

(Music)

NARRATOR: And so the Mormon Prophet and his bride were married.

(Music)

Exactly eight months and four days later, September 21st, 1827, Emma accompanied her husband Joseph from their residence with his parents in Manchester, New York, to the nearby Hill Cumorah and helped him secure the plates from which the translation of the Book of Mormon was made.⁶ These gold plates were the subject of much excitement in the vicinity of Joseph's parent's home. Gold at that time, of any kind, implied fabulous wealth, and Joseph and Emma had many struggles keeping the whereabouts of the golden plates a secret.

(Music)

The next year, Joseph and Emma returned to Harmony, Pennsylvania, to be near her parents. It was here Joseph commenced the work of translating the Book of Mormon. It was

⁴John Henry Evans, *Joseph Smith An American Prophet* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1946), p. 38.

⁵*The Saints Herald*, vol. 26, p. 289.

⁶All dates, references, paraphrases, and quotations of patriarchal blessings are taken from Volume 1 of the Book of Patriarchal Blessings in the Historical Department of the Church in Salt Lake City, Utah. The remarks and blessings given by Joseph Smith, Sr., are recorded in the handwriting of Oliver Cowdery.

also here at this time that Joseph and Emma had a son born to them who lived only a few hours. This son was named Alvin, after Joseph's deceased brother. The inscription on the old headstone, that still stands in the neglected cemetery at Harmony, reads, "In Memory of an Infant Son of Joseph and Emma Smith—June 15th, 1828.

(Music)

After the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, on April 6th, 1830. During the month following Emma Smith's baptism, in June of 1830, her husband Joseph received the following revelation in her behalf:

JOSEPH: Hearken unto the voice of the Lord your God, while I speak unto you, Emma Smith, my daughter; for verily I say unto you, all those who receive my gospel are sons and daughters in my kingdom. . . . Behold, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou art an *elect lady*, whom I have called. . . . The office of thy calling shall be for a comfort unto my servant, Joseph Smith, Jun., thy husband, in his afflictions, with consoling words, in the spirit of meekness . . . and thou shalt go with him at the time of his going. . . . (D&C 25:1,3,5,6. Italics added)

(Music)

NARRATOR: Joseph and Emma did not tarry long in Harmony after the Church was organized and the "elect lady" did go with her husband at the time of his going, . . . from Harmony, Pennsylvania, to Colesville, Fayette, and Manchester, New York. When the Smiths left the shadow of Emma's parental home in Harmony, the parting was a bitter one. Isaac Hale's last words to Joseph were:

ISAAC HALE: You have stolen my daughter and married her. I had rather followed her to the grave!⁷

(Music)

NARRATOR: Emma never saw her parents after that time. True to her "elect" call she chose to go with her husband and

⁷E. D. Howe, *Mormonism Unveiled* (Painesville, Ohio: E. D. Howe, 1834), p. 234.

be his comforter. The love she had for the parents whom she was never again to see . . . would cause her sorrow. This, and the heartache she still carried from the loss of her first-born, were but the beginning of the pain she would be called upon to bear in her lifetime . . . Emma Smith—the Elect Lady.

(Music)

Lucy Mack Smith, the mother-in-law of Emma, wrote of her daughter-in-law during this period:

LUCY MACK SMITH: Emma's health at this time was quite delicate, yet she did not favor herself on this account, but whatever her hands found to do, she did with her might until she went far beyond her strength, that she brought upon herself a heavy fit of sickness, which lasted four weeks. And although her strength was exhausted, still her spirits were the same, which in fact, was always the case with her, even under the most trying circumstances. I have never seen a woman in my life, who could endure every species of fatigue and hardship, from month to month, and from year to year, with that unflinching courage, zeal, and patience, which she has ever done; for I know that which she has had to endure. . . . She has been tossed upon an ocean of uncertainty. . . . She has bested the storms of persecution, and buffeted the rage of men and devils which would have borne down almost any other woman.⁸

(Music)

NARRATOR: In January of 1831, during the fifth month of her new pregnancy, Emma and Joseph moved to Kirtland, Ohio. Four months later, April 30th, 1831, Emma gave birth to twins. Joseph and Emma named the boy Thaddeus and the girl Louisa. Like Alvin, the twins were to enjoy only a few hours of mortality. In the small nearby village of Orange, Julia Clapp Murdock, another Latter-day Saint mother, gave birth to twins and died. She was the wife of John Murdock. The Murdock twins were also a boy and girl. When these twins were nine days old, and because he had five other children to care for, John Murdock gave them to the Smiths for

⁸Lucy [Mack] Smith, *Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith the Prophet and His Progenitors for Many Generations* (Liverpool, England: Orson Pratt, 1853), p. 169.

adoption, that Joseph and Emma might enjoy these twins as their own. The Prophet and his wife gladly adopted these motherless infants, naming the boy Joseph, and the girl Julia.

(Music)

By March 24th, 1832, Joseph and Emma, with their new family, had moved thirty-five miles southeast of Kirtland to John Johnson's home in Hiram, Ohio. That evening, the twins were ill with measles. The boy was sleeping with Joseph while Emma cared for the girl. Enemies of the Prophet came into the Johnson home, while everybody was asleep, and dragged Joseph from his bed to a field where they beat, then clawed, and finally left him covered with tar. Joseph recovered, but four days later the baby, Joseph Murdock Smith, died from exposure. This baby became, perhaps, the first martyr in the restored Church. (*HC* 1:265)

(Music)

After a little over five years of married life together, Joseph and Emma had buried four children. They had no home to call their own; they were wanderers, suffering revilement and persecution at the hands of vicious enemies of the Church. Still . . . they vigorously sought to establish the "cause of Zion."

(Music)

Three weeks before their next baby was born in Kirtland, on October 13th, 1832, Joseph was absent from his wife and seventeen-month old daughter, on a mission in the eastern states. That particular day he wrote a letter to Emma, describing his anxiety and deep love for her:

JOSEPH: My dear wife . . . the thoughts of home, of Emma and Julia, rushes upon my mind like a flood, and I could wish for a moment to be with them. My breast is filled with all the feeling and tenderness of a parent and a husband, and could I be with you, I would tell you many things. . . . I feel as if I wanted to say something to you to comfort you in your peculiar trial and present affliction. . . . I feel for you, for I know your state and that others do not, but you must comfort yourself, knowing that God is your friend in heaven

and that you have one true and living friend in earth, your husband. . . .⁹

NARRATOR: Joseph Smith returned to Kirtland, from his mission, on November 6th, 1832, immediately after the birth of his son, Joseph Smith III, who was a source of joy and happiness to his parents and a most welcome brother, play-mate, and childhood companion for his sister Julia.

(Music)

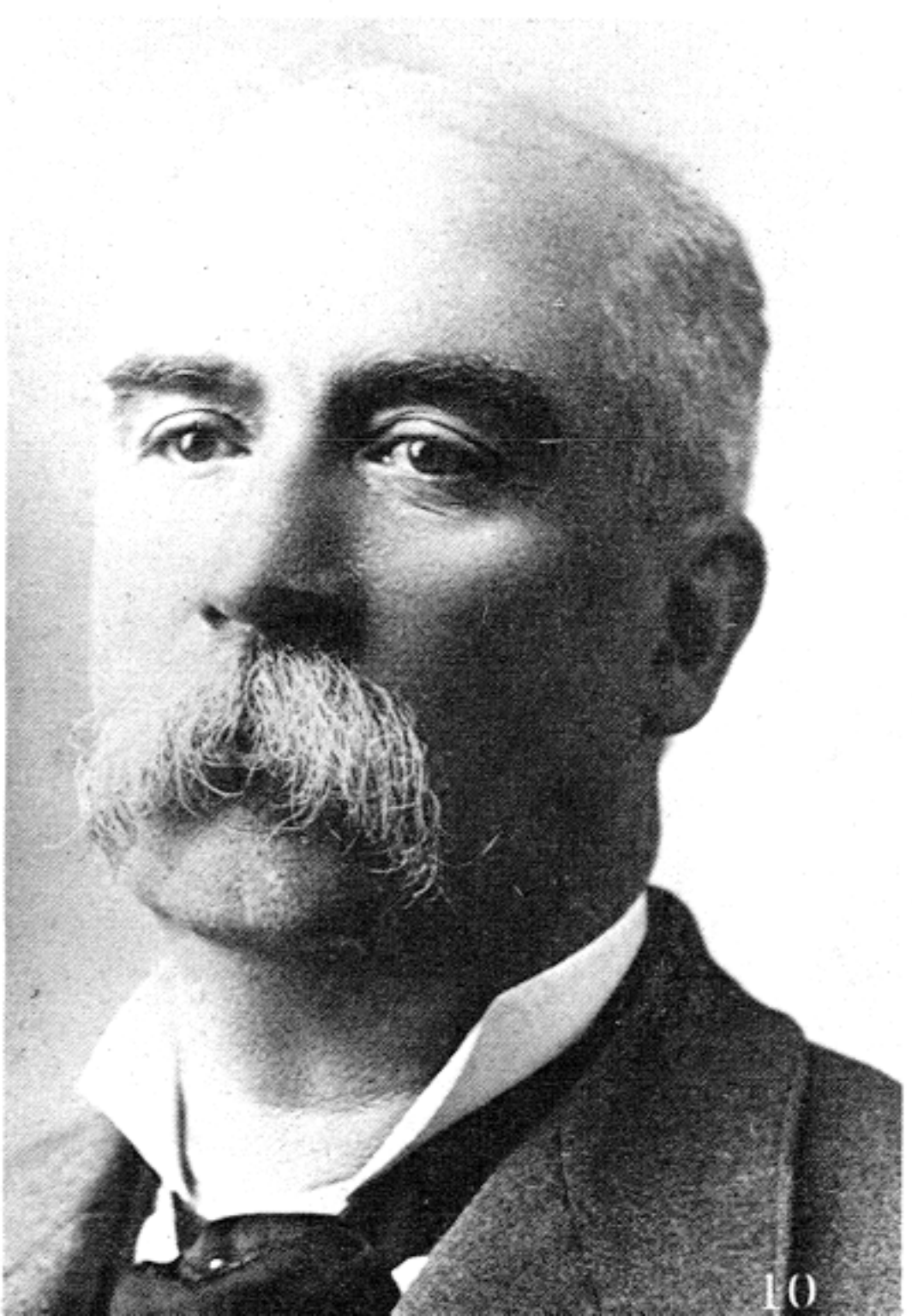
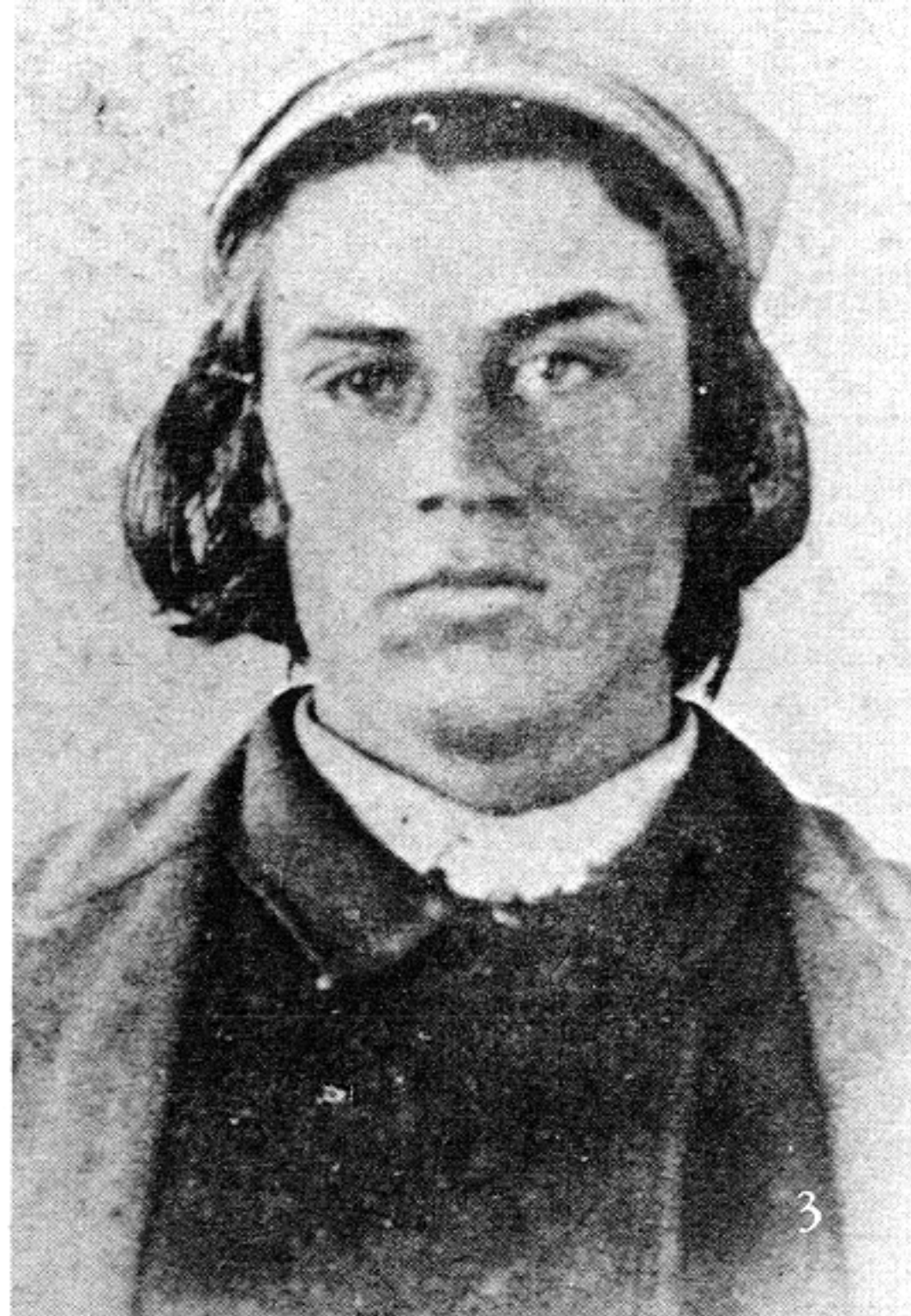
On December 9th, 1834, Joseph the Prophet and his companion, Emma Hale Smith, received their Patriarchal Blessings, under the hands of their father, Joseph Smith, Sr. Joseph, Jr. was told in his blessing that he had been called to do a work in this generation that no other man could do as himself, that he would hold the keys of the ministry, even the presidency of the Church, both in time and in eternity. The Prophet was promised further that his name, and the names of his posterity, should be recorded in the book of the Lord, even the book of blessings and genealogies, for their joy and benefit forever. Joseph was told that thousands and tens of thousands should come to a knowledge of the truth through his ministry and that he would rejoice with them in the celestial kingdom.

(Music)

Following his son's blessing, the Patriarch laid his hands on Emma and said:

JOSEPH SMITH, SR.: Emma, my daughter-in-law, thou art blessed of the Lord for thy faithfulness and truth. Thou shalt be blessed with thy husband and rejoice in the glory which shall come upon him. Thy soul has been afflicted because of the wickedness of men in seeking the destruction of thy companion and thy whole soul has been drawn out in prayer for his deliverance: rejoice, for the Lord thy God has heard thy supplication. Thou hast grieved for the hardness of the hearts of thy father's house and thou hast longed for their salvation. The Lord will have respect to thy cries, and by his judgments he will cause some of them to see their folly and repent of their sins, but it will be by affliction that they will be saved.

⁹E. Cecil McGavin, *The Family of Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City, Utah: Bookcraft, Inc., 1965), pp. 130-131.



Thou shalt see many days, yea, the Lord will spare thee till thou art satisfied . . . thy heart shall rejoice in the great work of the Lord, and *no one shall take thy young from thee*. Thou shalt ever remember the great condescension of thy God in permitting thee to accompany my son when the angel delivered the record of the Nephites to his care. Thou hast seen much sorrow because the Lord has taken from thee three of thy children: in this thou art not to be blamed for He knows thy pure desires to raise up a family that the name of my son might be blessed. And now, behold, I say unto thee that *thus [saith] the Lord, if thou will believe, thou shalt yet be blessed in this thing and thou shalt bring forth other children to the joy and satisfaction of thy soul and to the rejoicing of thy friends*. Thou shalt be blessed with understanding and have power to instruct thy sex. Teach thy family righteousness and thy little ones the way of life and the holy angels shall watch over thee and thou shalt be saved in the Kingdom of God; even so, amen. (Italics added)

(Music)

NARRATOR: On June 20th, 1836, shortly after the completion of the Kirtland Temple, and true to the promise of her patriarchal blessing that she should have other children, Emma and Joseph became the parents of another son. This son was named Frederick Granger Williams Smith, in honor of his father's intimate friend and second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, Dr. Frederick Granger Williams. During the following year, 1837, in the midst of financial panic in Kirtland, the Kirtland Safety Society Bank failed. Since Joseph Smith had been one of the chief officers of this bank, great hatred arose against him. For their own safety, Joseph and his family had to leave Kirtland in January of 1838. Stopping just long enough for Joseph to earn enough money to care for his family, they arrived in Far West, Daviess County, Missouri, on March 14th, 1838. Less than five months later, on June 2nd, while the Smiths continued to reside in Far West, their eighth child, Alexander Hale Smith, was born. He was named for his father's friend and lawyer, Alexander Doniphan,¹⁰ and his mother's maiden name, "Hale." Joseph

¹⁰Author was told of this oral tradition among the descendants of Alexander Hale Smith by Anna Earlita Smith Inslee, a granddaughter of Alexander, on 18 February 1973, at her home in San Clemente, California.

was quoted as saying that during the birth of this son a real "Hale-storm" was in progress.¹¹

(Music)

Before Emma had fully regained her strength from the birth of Alexander, election troubles that summer in Daviess County were followed by the Battle of Crooked River, the Haun's Mill Massacre, and the siege of Far West by militia-mobocrats. By November 2nd, 1838, Joseph was arrested for charges relating to these Daviess County disturbances. He was taken to Independence, leaving his five month old son, Alexander, his two year old son, Frederick, his nearly six year old son, Joseph, his seven year old daughter, Julia, and his beloved wife who did not know where, or whether, she would ever see him again.

(Music)

Following an effort by the militia leaders to have the Prophet shot, an effort which was thwarted by the courageous actions of Alexander Doniphan, Joseph was allowed to see his family and say goodbye:

JOSEPH: I found my wife and children in tears, who feared that [I] had been shot by those who had sworn to take [my life], and that they would see me no more. When I entered my house, they clung to my garments, their eyes streaming with tears, while mingled emotions of joy and sorrow were manifested in their countenances. I requested to have a private interview with them for a few minutes, but this privilege was denied me by the guard. I was then obliged to take my departure. Who can realize the feelings which I experienced at that time, to be thus torn from my companion, and leave her surrounded with monsters in the shape of men, and my children, too, not knowing how their wants would be supplied; while I was to be taken far from them in order that my enemies might destroy me when they thought proper to do so. My partner wept, my children clung to me, until they were thrust from me by the swords of the guards. I felt overwhelmed while I witnessed the scene, and could only recommend them to the care of that God whose kindness had followed me to

¹¹McGavin, *Family*, p. 133. See also Raymond T. Bailey, "Emma Hale Wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith," master's thesis (Brigham Young University) 1952, p. 31.

the present time, and who alone could protect them, and deliver me from the hands of my enemies, and restore me to my family. (*HC* 3:193)

(Music)

NARRATOR: In letters to his wife, during the next five and a half months of incarceration in various Missouri jails, the Prophet Joseph reveals his deep concern for his family:

JOSEPH: Independence, Missouri, November 4th, 1838, My dear and beloved companion . . . I have great anxiety about you and my lovely children. . . . I can't write much in my situation. . . . Those little children are subjects of my meditation continually. Tell them that father is yet alive. . . . Oh Emma . . . If I do not meet you again in this life . . . may God grant that . . . we meet in heaven.¹²

(Music)

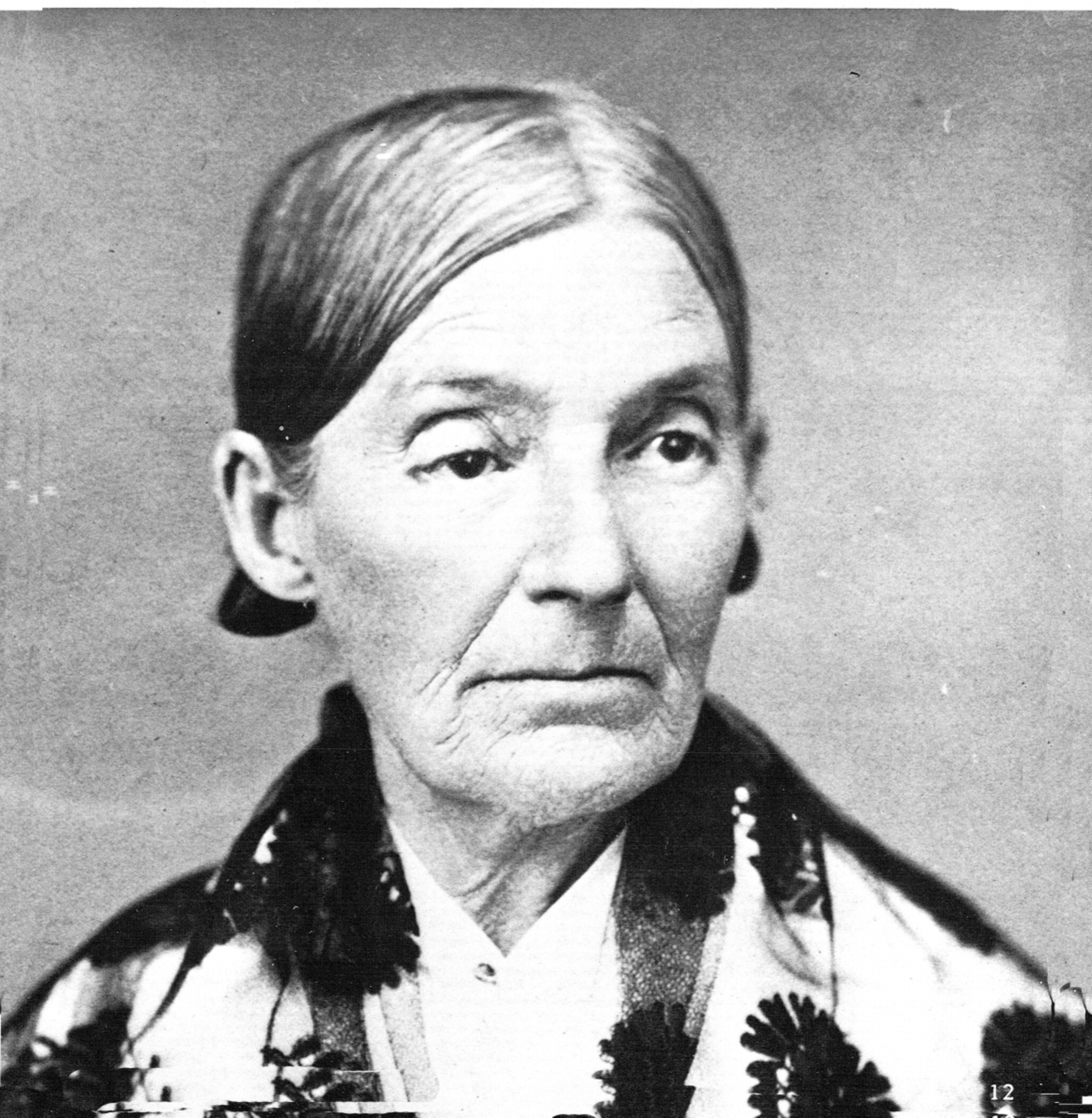
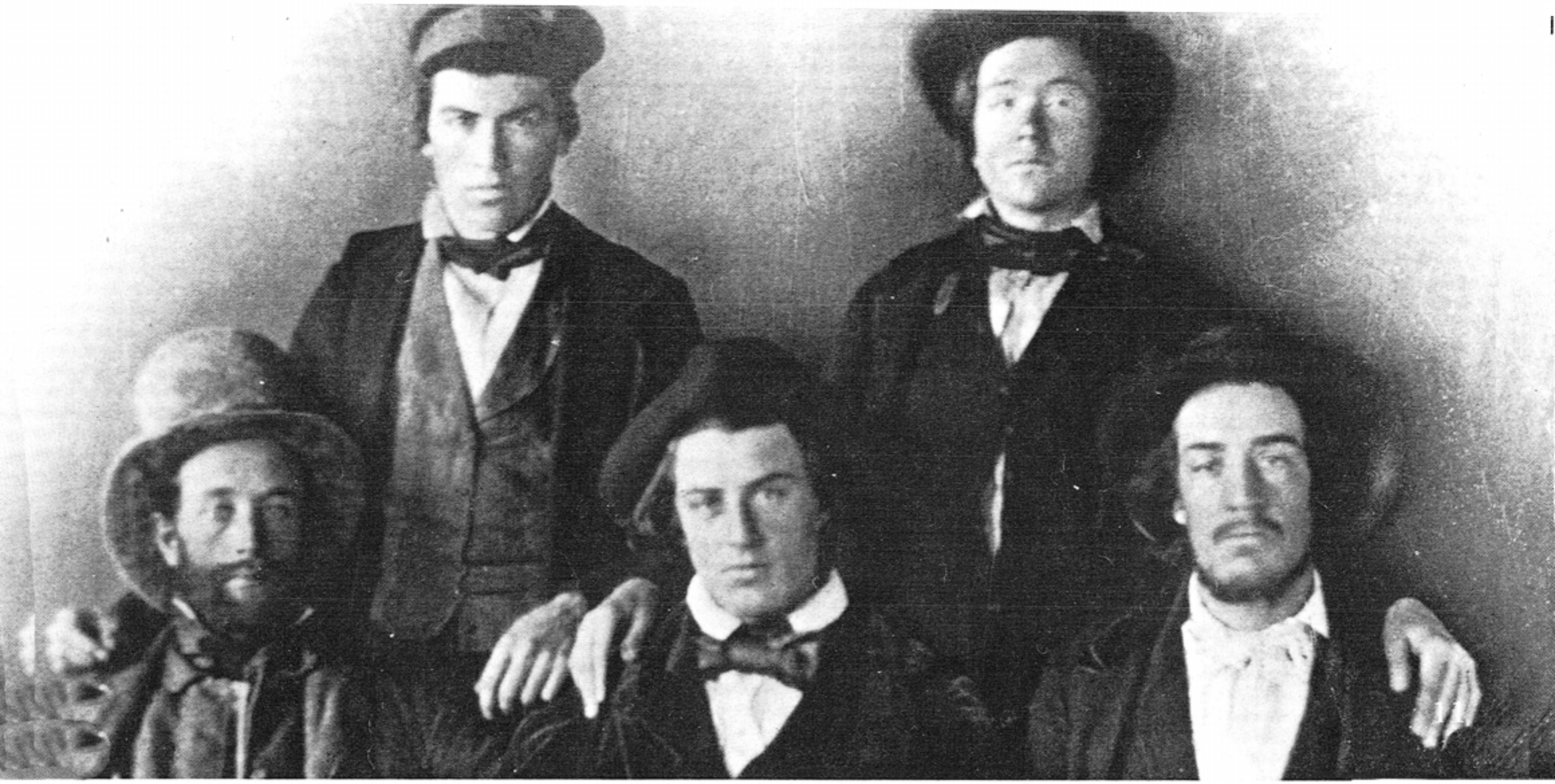
Richmond, Missouri, November 12th, 1838, . . . My dear Emma. . . . We are prisoners in chains and under strong guard for Christ's sake. . . . Oh God, grant that I may have the privilege of seeing once more my lovely family . . . to press them to my bosom and kiss their lovely cheeks would fill my heart with unspeakable gratitude. Tell the children that I am alive . . . comfort their hearts and try to be comforted yourself all you can. . . . Tell little Joseph he must be a good boy. Father loves him with a perfect love; he . . . must not hurt those that are smaller than he, but care for them. Tell little Frederick father loves him with all his heart; he is a lovely boy. Julia is a lovely girl; I love her also. She is a promising child, tell her father wants her to remember him and be a good girl . . . little Alexander is on my mind continually. Oh, my affectionate Emma, I want you to remember that I am a true and faithful friend to you and the children forever.¹³

(Music)

Liberty, Missouri, April 4th, 1839, [Dear and Affectionate Emma] . . . I want to see little Frederick, Joseph, Julia and Alexander . . . there is a great responsibility resting upon you in preserving yourself in honor and sobriety before them, and

¹²Bailey, "Emma Hale," pp. 40-41.

¹³Ibid., pp. 41-42.



teaching them right things, to form their young and tender minds. . . .¹⁴

(Music)

NARRATOR: It was winter when the followers of Joseph Smith left Missouri and crossed the frozen Mississippi River into Quincy, Illinois. Emma Smith was among them. She didn't know where her husband was, nor whether he was dead or alive. Under her dress, in cotton bags of sufficient size to contain them, Emma carried some of the Prophet's papers which included the manuscript for the Inspired Version of the Bible. In her arms were her two smallest children, Alexander and Frederick. The older two children, Julia and little Joseph, clung to her skirts as she crossed the frozen river on the ice that bitter cold 15th day of February, 1839.¹⁵

(Music)

In the late spring, the opportunity of escape from his unjust confinement presented itself to Joseph and his brother, Hyrum, who was being held with him. They escaped as they were being transferred from Daviess into Boone County, arriving in Quincy, Illinois, on April 22nd, 1839, much to the joy and thanksgiving of his family and the Saints.

(Music)

Within three weeks, the Prophet moved his family into a small log cabin, upriver from Quincy, at a new gathering place for the Church, known as Commerce, formerly Venus and next named Nauvoo, a Hebrew word meaning "beautiful place" and connoting a "place of rest" for the Latter-day Saints, who by 1844 (in this city alone) would number more than eleven thousand.¹⁶

(Music)

A ninth child was born to Joseph and Emma in Nauvoo, a little over a year later, on June 13, 1840. He was named Don

¹⁴A photostatic copy of this 4 April 1839 letter of Joseph to Emma is in the Bancroft Library at the University of California at Berkeley.

¹⁵Joseph Smith III, *Joseph Smith III and the Restoration*, ed. Mary Audentia Smith Anderson (Independence, Missouri: Herald Publishing House, 1952), p. 15, and Inez Smith Davis, *The Story of the Church* (Independence, Missouri: Herald Publishing House, 1959), pp. 286-287.

¹⁶(Nauvoo population in 1844 was 11,057) *Times and Seasons*, 6:1031.

Carlos after Joseph's six-foot-four younger brother.¹⁷ The following year, during the month of August, double tragedy descended on the family as the baby's namesake died of consumption, followed shortly thereafter by the babe itself, who by this time was a little over a year old.

(Sound of wind)

There is evidence that yet another baby, a son, was stillborn to Joseph and Emma in 1842. Death, even at this date, was no stranger to either the Prophet or the "Elect Lady." They had lost six of their ten children. Emma's father died in 1839; Joseph's father died in 1840; Emma's mother died in 1842. Their sisters-in-law, Jerusha Barden and Mary Bailey, the wives of Joseph's brothers, Hyrum and Samuel, had also died. Brother, nephews, nieces, uncles, aunts, grandparents, and cousins, had all crossed beyond the veil. . . . In the midst of such tribulations, during August of 1842, Joseph took time to record his thoughts of Emma:

JOSEPH: . . . my beloved Emma . . . my wife, even the wife of my youth, and the choice of my heart. Many were the reverberations of my mind when I contemplated for a moment the many scenes we had been called to pass through, the fatigues and the toils, the sorrows and the sufferings, and the joys and consolations, from time to time, which had strewed our path and crowned our board. Oh what a commingling of thought filled my mind for the moment, again she is here, even in the seventh trouble—undaunted, firm, and unwavering—unchangeable, affectionate Emma! (*HC* 5:107)

(Music)

NARRATOR: On January the 18th, 1843, while living in Nauvoo, the Prophet and his wife celebrated their sixteenth wedding anniversary with a party. Here, they finally had a home of their own, and in this home there was the business of raising a growing family, in addition to the first-family's responsibilities to church, civil, military, political and social obligations. As Joseph was often away from home, the major respon-

¹⁷See undated letter of Mary Norman (daughter of Samuel H. Smith) to Ina Coolbrith (daughter of Don Carlos Smith), regarding Don Carlos Smith, in Collection of Letters from Mary Norman to Ina Coolbrith in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints' Department of History, Independence, Missouri.

sibility of rearing their family was Emma's. She never allowed her children to strike each other. Once, Alexander and young Joseph had a quarrel and Alexander bit Joseph's arm. . . . When Emma was told of the incident, she calmly looked at the teeth marks on Joseph's arm and then rolled up Alexander's sleeve and bit him in the same place. . . .¹⁸

(Pause)

The Saints could not exist within frontier conditions without creating their own "code of ethics" and tempering it with a sense of humor; the Smith family was no exception.

(Music)

On August 31st, 1843, the Prophet's Mansion House was completed and his six-member family moved from "the Old Homestead" into their new residence. Joseph III always referred to this Nauvoo period as "happy days,"¹⁹ but the "happy days" were to be short-lived.

(Music)

Problems within and without the Church built to culmination while Joseph, once again, was plagued with arrests and harassments from enemies of the Church. The charges were different, but the reasons were the same. This time, however, the Governor of Illinois, Thomas Ford, requested Joseph to meet him in the neighboring town of Carthage and answer these charges before a legal tribunal there, this in exchange for his promised protection.

(Music)

In June of 1844, it was revealed to Joseph Smith that his enemies wanted his blood; not justice. The Prophet understood that if his life was to be preserved, he must flee to the West. He wrote on June 18th, 1844:

JOSEPH: My heart yearns for my little ones, but I know that God will be a father to them. . . .²⁰

NARRATOR: On June 22nd, upstairs in the Mansion

¹⁸Vesta Pierce Crawford, "Collection of Unpublished Notes" (Xerox copy) Brigham Young University Library, Provo, Utah, (n.d.), p. 13.

¹⁹Davis, *Story of the Church*, p. 443.

²⁰Copy of Joseph Smith, Jr., letter to James Jesse Strang, 18 June 1844, Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Historical Department of the Church, Salt Lake City, Utah.

House, Joseph and Hyrum met with some of their associates and made plans for their escape. It was decided that they would cross the Mississippi River that night and go away to the great basin in the Rocky Mountains.

(Music)

As Joseph Smith left his family, he wept and held a handkerchief to his face, following his brother Hyrum without uttering a word. Together, with Willard Richards and Orrin Porter Rockwell, they rowed to the Iowa side of the river. The next day, Sunday, June 23rd, Porter Rockwell went back to Nauvoo for horses, returning in the afternoon with Reynolds Cahoon, who had been guarding the Mansion House, Hiram Kimball and Lorenzo Wasson, Emma Smith's nephew. (*HC* 6:547-48) Reynolds Cahoon gave Joseph a letter from Emma and at the same time he reminded the Prophet that he had always said if the Church would stick with him, he would stick with the Church.²¹ These three men chastised Joseph for running away. After accusations of cowardice, and much persuasion, Joseph decided to go back. He remarked:

JOSEPH: If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself. . . . (*HC* 6:549)

NARRATOR: When Emma was asked of Joseph's decision to return to Nauvoo, and go from there to Carthage, she replied:

EMMA: . . . his persecutors were stirring up trouble at that time, and his absence provoked some of the brethren to say he had run away, and they called him a coward. . . . Joseph heard of it and [when] he . . . returned [he]. . . said, "I will die before I will be called a coward." He was going to find a place and then send for the family, but when he came back, I felt the worst I ever felt in my life, and from that time I looked for him to be killed.²²

(Music)

NARRATOR: Prior to his leaving for Carthage, Emma de-

²¹Journal of Wandle Mace 1809-1890. Typewritten copy made by Brigham Young University Library in 1959, p. 144. (The original manuscript is in possession of Mrs. John H. Schmutz.)

²²Edmund C. Briggs, "Visit to Nauvoo in 1856," Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints' *Journal of History* (Independence, Missouri: Board of Publication, October 1916), IX:4, pp. 453-454.

sired a blessing from her husband. Joseph told her to write out the best blessing she could think of and he would sign it on his return. Thus, Emma committed to writing the desires of her heart:

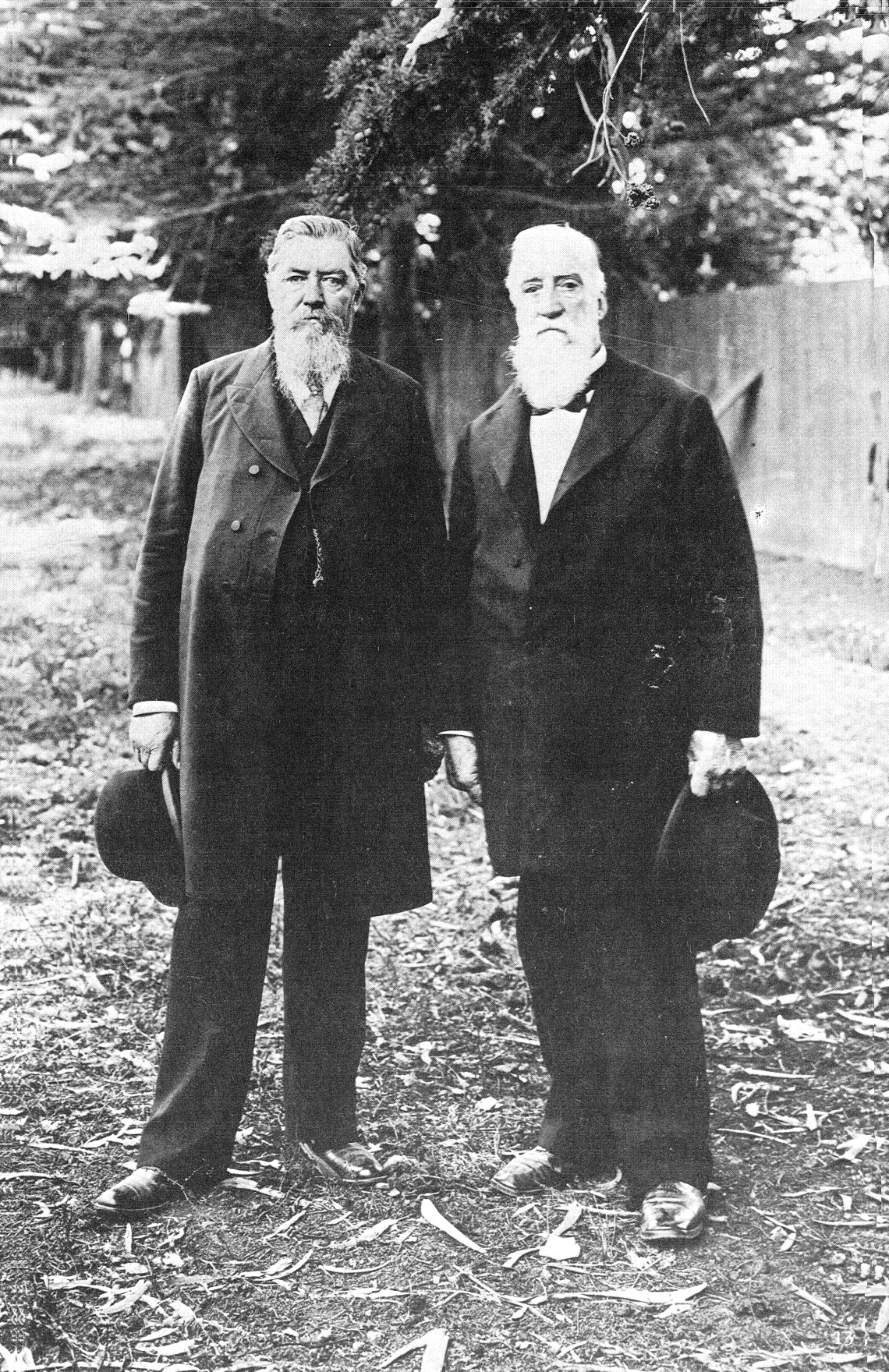
EMMA: First of all that I would crave as the richest of heaven's blessings would be wisdom from my Heavenly Father bestowed daily, so that whatever I might do or say, I could not look back at the close of the day with regret, nor neglect the performance of any act that would bring a blessing. I desire the Spirit of God to know and understand myself, that I desire a fruitful, active mind, that I may be able to comprehend the designs of God, when revealed through his servants without doubting. I desire the spirit of discernment, which is one of the promised blessings of the Holy Ghost. I particularly desire wisdom to bring up all the children that are, or may be committed to my charge, in such a manner that they will be useful ornaments in the Kingdom of God, and in a coming day arise up and call me blessed. I desire prudence that I may not through ambition abuse my body and cause it to become old and care-worn, but that I may wear a cheerful countenance, live to perform all the work that I covenanted to perform in the spirit-world and be a blessing to all who may in any wise need aught at my hands. I desire with all my heart to honor and respect my husband as my head, ever to live in his confidence and by acting in unison with him retain the place which God has given me by his side, and I ask my Heavenly Father, that through humility, I may be enabled to overcome that curse which was pronounced on the daughters of Eve. I desire to see that I may rejoice with them in the blessings which God has in store for all who are willing to be obedient to his requirements. Finally, I desire that whatever may be my lot through life I may be enabled to acknowledge the hand of God in all things.

(Music)

These desires of my heart were called forth by Joseph, sending me word . . . that . . . I could write out the best blessing I could think of and he would sign the same on his return.²³

(Music)

²³Bailey, "Emma Hale," pp. 112-113. (A copy of the blessing is also on file in the Historical Department of the Church, Salt Lake City, Utah.)



NARRATOR: The last words Emma heard from her husband, before he rode off to Carthage, she heard him speak three times:

JOSEPH: Emma, can you train my sons to walk in their father's footsteps?

EMMA: Oh, Joseph . . . You're coming back! . . .

JOSEPH: Emma, can you train my sons to walk in their father's footsteps?

EMMA: Oh Joseph . . .

(She sobs)

JOSEPH: Emma, can you train my sons to walk in their father's footsteps?²⁴

NARRATOR: Slowly, after a parting kiss with her husband of seventeen years, Emma gathered her children around her: Julia, age thirteen, Joseph, age eleven, Frederick, age eight, and Alexander, age six. They waved goodbye to Joseph and Hyrum as they rode out of their lives and journeyed towards martyrdom at Carthage.

(Music)

NARRATOR: There were those along the Carthage Road that day who heard the Prophet Joseph say:

JOSEPH: I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and all men. . . . If they take my life I shall die . . . innocent . . . and it shall be said of me "He was murdered in cold blood!" (HC 6:555)

NARRATOR: Three days later, June 27th, 1844, sometime before midnight, word reached the Prophet's family he was dead. . . . He had been ". . . murdered in cold blood."

(Music)

No one knew the full depth of the sorrow Emma felt on that occasion. She cried out:

EMMA: Why, Oh God, am I thus afflicted? Why am I a

²⁴Edwin Rushton, "Bridge Builder and Faithful Pioneer," in *Pioneer Journals*, (n.p., n.d.), p. 3.

widow and my children widows? Thou knowest I have always trusted in thy law. . . . My *husband* was *my* crown: for *him* and my children I have suffered the loss of all things; and why, Oh God, am I thus deserted, and my bosom torn with this ten-fold anguish?²⁵

(Music)

NARRATOR: Emma's last baby was born the following November 17th, 1844. Joseph had desired to name this son after his brother, Hyrum, in addition to the name "David" which Emma had selected to honor her brother. Thus it was that the eleventh child of Joseph and Emma was named by his mother, David Hyrum Smith. . . . Eliza Snow, the poet-laureate of Mormondom, composed a poem on the occasion of David's birth:

ELIZA R. SNOW:

Sinless as celestial spirits—
Lovely as a morning flow'r,
Comes the smiling infant stranger
In an evil-omen'd hour.

.

Not to know a father's fondness -
Not to know its father's worth -
By the arm of persecution
'Tis an orphan at its birth!

.

Thou mayest draw from love and kindness
All a mother can bestow;
But alas! on earth, a father
Thou art destin'd not to know!²⁶

(Music)

NARRATOR: When her son Joseph was born, Emma's husband was absent on a missionary journey, but he returned shortly after the birth to stand beside her bed and gaze upon little Joseph. "Now when David Hyrum was born, no stage-coach or riverboat could bring him back. There was no familiar voice to comfort [Emma], no warm hand to caress her,

²⁵E. Cecil McGavin, *Nauvoo the Beautiful* (Salt Lake City, Utah: Bookcraft Inc., 1972), p. 144.

²⁶*Times and Seasons*, vol. 5:735.

no familiar lips to kiss her cheeks in gratitude when her last child was born. The master of the house had gone away, and the cries of his widow and children could not bring him back.”²⁷

(Music)

Three and a half years later, December 23rd, 1847, Emma Hale Smith remarried.²⁸ She married a widower, with two children. This “New Citizen” to Nauvoo came from Canton, Illinois.²⁹ The man, Lewis C. Bidamon, or “Major” Bidamon as he was more often referred to, had been Abraham Lincoln’s commanding officer in the Black Hawk Indian War.³⁰ When he married Emma, the “Major” became the step-father of the Prophet’s four sons; sons who grew to maturity and had families of their own.

(Music)

Emma remained married to the “Major” until her death, April 30th, 1879,³¹ in the seventy-fifth year of her life. Of the five children to survive their father, four would survive their mother; one would not:

(Frederick’s photo)

Frederick Granger Williams Smith, the Prophet and Emma’s second living son, died in his twenty-sixth year, April 13th, 1862, preceding his mother by seventeen years. Frederick married Annie Marie Jones September 13th, 1857, and they had one daughter.

(Julia’s photo)

Julia Murdock Smith died in 1880, soon after Emma’s death. She married twice but had no children. Julia’s first husband

²⁷McGavin, *Family*, p. 140.

²⁸Hancock County Marriage Record in Carthage Courthouse, Carthage, Illinois. Book A1 1829-49, Page 105, entry 1242.

²⁹Letter of Lewis C. Bidamon to Emma Smith dated 11 January 1847, (Department of History, Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Independence, Missouri.)

³⁰From an interview with Leah Bidamon McLean (A granddaughter of Lewis C. Bidamon), 22 February 1973, in her San Francisco, California, residence.

³¹Mary Audentia Smith Anderson, *Ancestry and Posterity of Joseph Smith and Emma Hale* (Independence, Missouri: Herald Publishing House, 1929), p. 565. All the following dates for the Smith family come from this source unless otherwise noted.

was Elisha Dixon and after he was killed in a steamboat explosion, she married John J. Middleton.

(David's photo)

David Hyrum Smith, the lastborn child of Joseph and Emma, died August 29th, 1904, in Elgin, Illinois.³² He was sixty years old. David had married Clara Charlotte Hartshorn on May 10th, 1870, and they had one son.

(Alexander's photo)

Alexander Hale Smith, the Prophet and Emma's third living son, died August 12th, 1909, when he was seventy-one. He married Elizabeth Agnes Kendall on June 23rd, 1861. They had nine children.

(Joseph III's photo)

Joseph Smith III, the first living son of Joseph and Emma, lived to be eighty-two years old. He died December 10th, 1914, after outliving his parents, his brothers, and his sister. Joseph married three times and had seventeen children. He had five children by his first wife, Emmeline Griswold. When she died, Joseph married Bertha Madison by whom he had nine children. After her death he married Ada Clark by whom he had three children.

(Music)

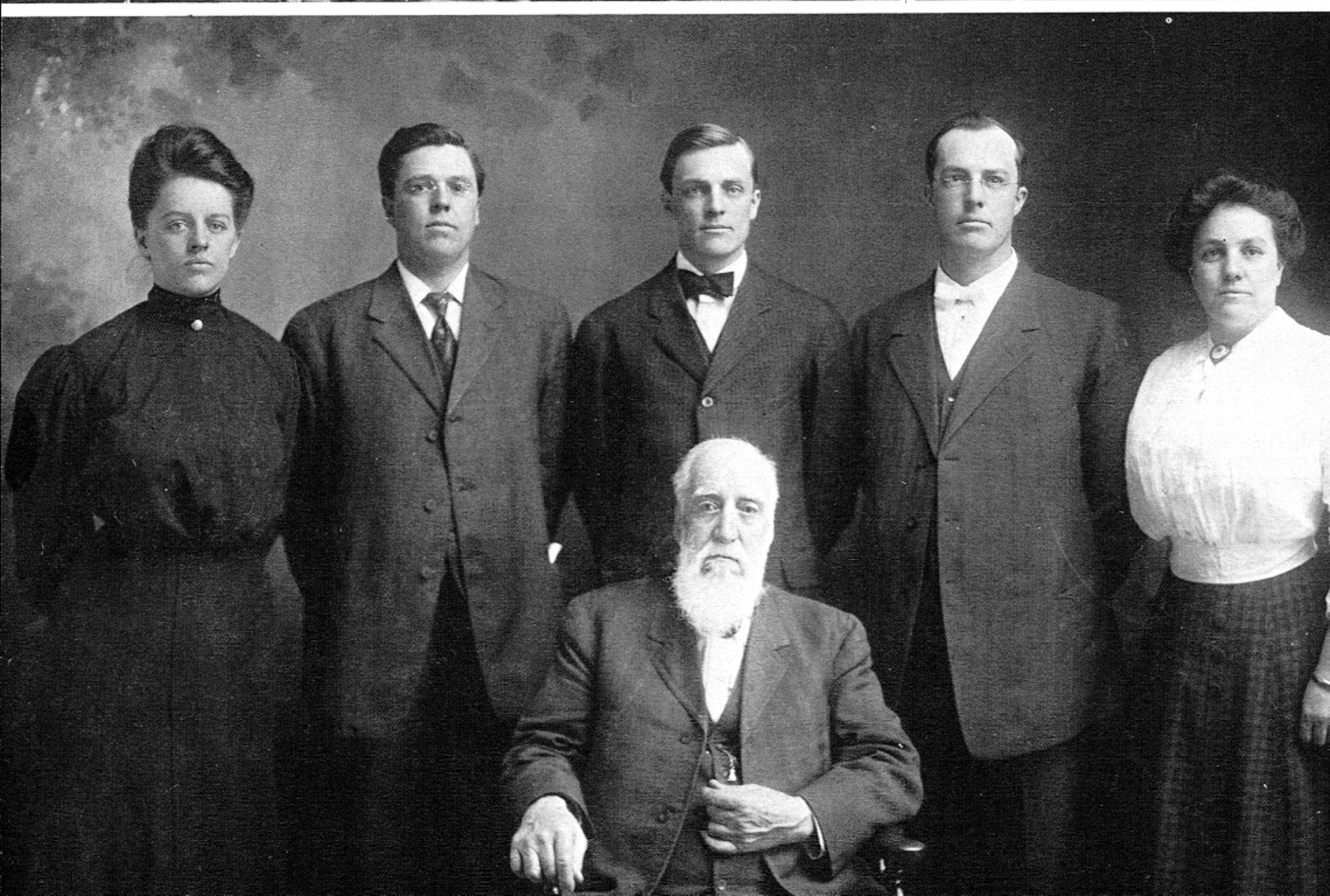
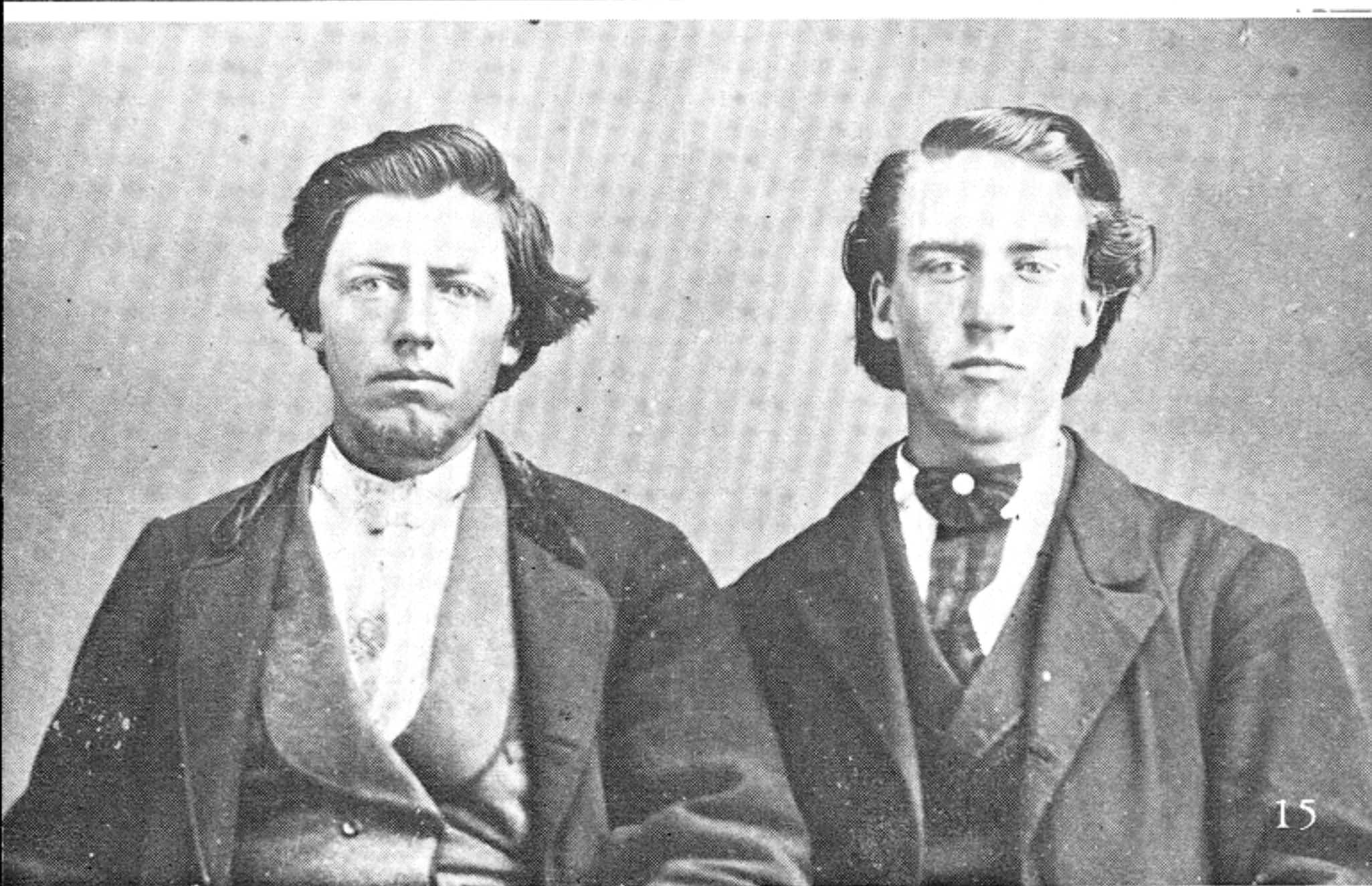
The posterity of Joseph Smith and his wife, Emma Hale, is numerous, beginning with eleven children and twenty-eight grandchildren.

(Music)

The final episode in the story of Joseph and Emma was recorded by Alexander Hale Smith, their son. He was at his mother's bedside when she died:

ALEXANDER HALE SMITH: Just before she passed away she called, "Joseph, Joseph." I thought she meant my brother. He was in the room, and I spoke to him and said, "Joseph, mother wants you." I was at the head of the bed. My mother raised right up, lifted her left hand as high as she could raise

³²Copy of David Hyrum Smith's death certificate in possession of the author.





it, and called, "Joseph." I put my left arm under her shoulders, took her hand in mine, saying, "Mother, what is it?" I laid her hand on her bosom, and she was dead; she had passed away. And when I had talked of her calling, [Sister] Revel, who was with us during our sickness, said, "Don't you understand that?" "No," I replied, "I do not." "Well, a short time before she died she had a vision which she related to me. She said that your father came to her and said to her 'Emma, come with me, it is time for you to come with me.' And as she related it she said, 'I put on my bonnet and my shawl and went with him; I did not think that it was anything unusual. I went with him into a mansion, a beautiful mansion, and he showed me through the different apartments of that beautiful mansion. And one room was the nursery. In that nursery was a babe in the cradle.' She said, 'I knew my babe, my Don Carlos that was taken from me.' She sprang forward, caught the child up in her arms and wept with joy over the child. When she recovered sufficiently she turned to Joseph, and said, 'Where are the rest of my children?' He said to her, 'Emma, be patient, and you shall have all of your children.'"³³

NARRATOR: Perhaps Emma received additional comfort from her Prophet-husband as she passed from mortality into that "Mansion of Light":

EMMA: Joseph, Joseph!

JOSEPH:

Emma, from my Carthage twilight
I beheld our children, adrift
On the sea of your uncertainty.
And the light I saw, in the mountain-west, departed,
Leaving Julia, Joseph, Frederick, Alexander and
David
Gazing darkly into the night of my departure.

Wife of my youth,
The seventh trouble is past,
And I am here;

³³This narrative by Alexander Hale Smith was printed in the R.L.D.S. Church publication *Zion's Ensign* 31 December 1903.

In the light that casts shadows of the temple
 Across our Mansion House,
 While Alvin, Thadeus, Louisa, little Joseph,
 Don Carlos, and our silent babe,
 Wait with me, for you,
 Near the Bright and Morning Star.³⁴

³⁴"Joseph's Lament" by Buddy Younggreen.

Photograph Identifications

1. "This oil painting appears to have been painted about 1840 by an artist trained in the Pennsylvania school." A statement by Frederick B. Anthon, Restorer for the Huntington Library Art Museum, after he cleaned and relined this painting to new canvas in 1968. This painting is owned by the author.
- 2: Julia Murdock Smith
- 3: Frederick Granger Williams Smith (as a young man)
- 4: Emma (Hale) Smith (a retouched photo from her later years)
- 5: Alexander Hale Smith (as a young man)
- 6: Joseph Smith III (as a young man)
- 7: David Hyrum Smith (as a young man)
- 8: Alexander Hale Smith (as an older man)
- 9: Joseph Smith III (as an older man)
- 10: David Hyrum Smith (as an older man)

Pictures on page 211

- 11: (Seated L-R) Lewis Crum Bidamon, Frederick Granger Williams Smith, Joseph Smith III (Standing L-R) David Hyrum Smith, Alexander Hale Smith (about 1860. Frederick Granger Williams Smith died in 1862)
- 12: Emma (Smith) Bidamon (age 70, about 1874)

Picture on page 217

- 13: Alexander Hale Smith and Joseph Smith III, in Los Angeles, California, in 1901.

Pictures on pages 222-223

- 14: Smith Family/Late 1915
 (L-R)
 1st Row (Seated L-R) Louis Brainerd Smith, Smith DeWalt Lysinger, Philip Eugene Lysinger, Lynn Elbert Smith, Elizabeth Grace Horner, Marion Don Smith, Maxwell Alexis Smith.
 2nd Row: Robert George Badham (Baby), Walter George Badham, Heman Conoman Smith, Vida Elizabeth (Smith) Smith, Clara Charlotte (Hartshorn) Smith, Elizabeth Agnes (Kendall) Smith, Ina Lorena Horner (Baby), Ina Inez (Smith) Wright, Lois Audentia Smith, Coral Cecile Rebecca (Smith) Horner, James Brandon Horner (Child), Doris Rae Lysinger, Susan Zenetta (Pearsall) Smith, LaJune Harriett Smith
 3rd row: Joy May Smith, Winsome Lavinia Smith, Freda Saloam Smith, Harold LeGrande Smith, Lucy Yeteve (Smith) Lysinger, Clara Abigail (Cochran) Smith, Ronald Gibson Smith, Mary Angelina (Walker) Smith, Frederick Alexander Smith, Frederick Madison Smith, Ruth Lyman (Cobb) Smith, Alice Myrmida Smith, Emma Rebecca Weld, Beatrice Adelle Smith.
 4th Row: Velora Belle Smith, Carrie Lucinda (Smith) Weld, Zadie Aileen Salyards, Richard Savery Salyards, Elbert Aoriul Smith, Jesse

- Melvin Lysinger, Avis (Hopkins) Smith, Glaucl Leslie Smith, Francis Marion Weld, Frederick Augenstein Smith.
- 15: Two sons of Joseph and Emma (L-R) Alexander Hale Smith and David Hyrum Smith (about 1869)
 - 16: Three daughters of Joseph Smith III and Emmeline Griswold: (L-R) Zadie Viola (Smith) Salyards, Carrie Lucinda (Smith) Weld, Emma Josepha (Smith) McCallum
 - 17: Joseph Smith III and five of his children by Bertha Madison:
 (Seated) Joseph Smith III
 (Standing L-R) Lucy Yeteve Smith, Hale Washington Smith, Israel Alexander Smith, Frederick Madison Smith, Mary Audentia (Smith) Anderson.
 - 18: Smith Family/6 November 1912
 (Sitting, children L-R) Joseph Arthur McCallum, Homer Alexander McCallum, Carol Rogene Smith, Lois Audentia Smith, Lucy Rogene Anderson, Smith DeWalt Lysinger, Philip Eugene Lysinger.
 (Sitting on steps) Glenna Marie Kennedy, Corlie Corrine McCallum, Robert Montfort McCallum.
 (Sitting adults) Carrie Lucinda (Smith) Weld, Emma Josepha (Smith) McCallum, Joseph Smith III, Ada Rachel (Clark) Smith.
 (Standing on ground) Reginald Archer Smith, Israel Alexander Smith, Mary Audentia (Smith) Anderson, Hale Washington Smith, Lucy Yeteve (Smith) Lysinger, Frederick Madison Smith, Richard Clark Smith, Duane Smith Anderson.
 (Standing on steps) Richard Savery Salyards, Alice Myrmida Smith, Benjamin M. Anderson.
 (Standing on porch) Corlie (Montfort) McCallum, Bertha Aldine Smith (Baby), Rogene (Munsell) Smith, Emma Rebecca Weld, Doris Zuleika Anderson, Bertha Audentia Anderson, Ruth (Cobb) Smith, Roger Alexander Kennedy, Emma Belle (Smith) Kennedy.
 - 19: Two of Alexander Hale Smith's daughters:
 (L-R) Emma Belle (Smith) Kennedy and Eva Grace (Smith) Madison.
 - 20: The three sons of Joseph Smith III by Ada Rachel Clark:
 (L-R) Reginald Archer Smith, William Wallace Smith (current President of the RLDS Church), Richard Clark Smith.
 - 21: Alexander Hale Smith, wife and children, about 1903:
 (Sitting, L-R) Vida Elizabeth (Smith) Smith, Alexander Hale Smith, Elizabeth Agnes (Kendall) Smith, Frederick Alexander Smith
 (Standing) Don Alvin Smith, Coral Cecile Rebecca Smith, Joseph George Smith, Emma Belle (Smith) Kennedy, Arthur Marion Smith

Three Poems by Arthur Henry King*

Anthropomorphic But Not Mythical

With imminent night behind, a wall of thundercloud

— a vast ghost of Carrara marble
apparently as hard and smooth
and certainly as vacuous
as Thorvaldsen,

but swelling to fill an orient fifth of the twilit vault —
confronts at evening's occidental cavemouth
a watery afterlight blotched with sepia —
the aquarellist's or calligrapher's
tint for revelation or deception.

At the other end of the dark,

a candid cumulus by Palmer

— tumescent for vague Arcadians
in Shoreham's vicarious climax —

and a waned Isis framing the negative
of her full past

look back

on a band of subaqueous dawn
with its tinge of Mantegna madder
but barred with black.

It is all a ghostly show:

dark at the source of light and bright reflected,
as if the light were stronger where it rested
than whence it came.

*Dr. King, associate director of the Honors Program, is Professor of English at Brigham Young University.

However – though Apollo-Polypheme
 with his red socket
 May fumble exhausted down to places west,
 and Phoebus reorientated and reoculate rise to
 provide T.V. in Plato's antre-theatre –
 I thank God
 (to say so begs the question
 of Pharisaical anti-Pharisaism
 like that of the Establishmentarian anti-Establishment
 or the bellicose pacifist –
 let alone that of Eliot's theological terminology
 in the Four Quartets –
 but what else can properly be said?)
 I thank God that I am as other men
 – sharing their prospect of salvation –
 and not, *exempli gratia*, the character
 taken over by World Literature
 when someone born of seven cities
 representing, perhaps, a consortium –
 nodded at an intellectual junk-sale;
 not, in short,
 that shady, myth-torn, god-thwarted, goddess-supported
 Achaian shroud of a Phoenician spirit
 who
 past fellows of a hopeless underworld
 eager only to sup unatoning blood,
 past fabulous rocks, volcanoes, islands and oxen,
 through winds, whirlpools, drugs and figmentary women
 struggled (Calypso?)
 unrecognized (Noman?)
 but for an old hound (twenty-one or more!) –
 struggled unrecognized, but for an old dog, home
 (a doubtful homer, cynics might rebark,
 (since *canis familiaris* may, according to occasion,
 be faithful or mordant) –
 home in transit to a hopeless underworld.
 And yet, from that inactive hopelessness,
 or Tennyson's indefinitely telescopic
 arch of experience
 – more accurately speaking, a tunnel of active despair
 ending in Dante's Atlantic hurricane –

or — more exactly still —
 from the sleepy lower-middle-class backwater
 of number seven, Eccles Street, Dublin,
 Christ died, and lives, to liberate Odysseus
 (as man self-spun to a chrysalis of "person",
 mummy embalmed in legend,
 or pupa swaddled in a maker's imagination)
 — if, like Lear or Hamlet, can accept Him —
 into his real imago. This kind may be but shadows;
 but for shadows there is a shadowy salvation,
 for spirits a spirited choice, for man a soul —
 spirit with body capable of shadow.

We have not emerged from a mother's womb
 to be haunters each of his own dusk-mouthed cavern
 where hucksters, treacherous clerics, and politicians
 manipulate our lowest common denominator
 on their phantasamal screen;
 but, whatever Galileo may covertly have muttered
 or that rather more steady Sir Fred Hoyle state
 — on grounds with no beginning, no middle, no end —
 about what moves about what in what, still moving about,
 still stays about the same,
 we stand restored
 at the moral centre
 — for its other planets are certainly uninhabited—
 at the moral centre of a solar system
 (its comparative position in the cosmos
 not being — yet — strictly our business),
 on a living, breathing, white and blue cloud-agate
 with a streak or two of cinnamon
 (no other planet looks remotely like it):
 Earth,
 spinning in a noon sun towards the Millennium.

And I, a solid body here in the middle
 — too, too solid, perhaps, in the middle,
 but not too much i' the son —
 am not, at least, a shadow: I cast one in God's image.

And I shall cast it sharper still
 – my mettle of incorporate god –
 at the moment of the trumpet
 call to shattering reunion
 through the bright Millennial morning
 on the Resurrection Day.

Is It the Tree?

This is the biggest tree in the soke. It stands
 on a bare ridge that makes the most of it,
 and so it can be seen for miles, especially
 on a June evening or a frosty morning
 from Coneyhurst (called Pitch) or Holmbury Hill.
 It looks, naturally, a typical oak;
 and it is, of course, marked in the larger Surveys –
 indeed, spot on the county boundary.
 But no pig's teeth were ever stuck in its bark,
 as at Howards End; no intertwined initials
 carved in a heart; and no slim animals
 nailed there to stiffen: it is itself alone.

It . . . it . . . Yes, what have I to do with it?
 Or rather, is the only thing that has to
 do with it I? Am I not man the namer?
 The things were there, so Adam gave them names;
 but then he had to go producing pronouns,
 which God will hardly have looked upon as proper.
 (Didn't the serpent actually insinuate
 the idea through Eve, to give her social status?
 Women do use their pronouns more than men.)
 How ever it was, nouns, Adam thought, can't be
 complete without their pronouns (thus projecting
 the patriarch's view of man and woman, and
 providing a convenient example
 for Levy-Strauss); and then, the thing was not
 'not he' without its it.

And once it had

'it', it had had it: *Ding an sich* no longer —
 sub-substantive . . . extrapolate . . . reduced
 to inessential. All very well for 'him',
 still better 'her' (Lawrence on Heathcliff: 'he
 calls her a thing'). But was it — Adam — right
 to impose on thing the mask of 'personal'?
 The game of tag, meaning attach or touch —
 isn't it usually 'it' or 'he'?
 Could Eve know 'she' would soon be the cat's mother?
 These pronouns do depersonalize.

Or do they?

The mask's ambiguous:— Which is the person?
 The 'man who suffers'? The 'artist who creates'?
 Does mask show you more you? Or would its absence?
 Like trying on a head to get a hat
 (now men — and women, too — adventure hatless),
 are the modes ranged for choice? Or grown concentric,
 like Peer Gynt's onion? Tree rings round what centre?

But tree's not personal or impersonal.
 Either might be an insult — 'rude' or 'cold' —
 arboreally wrong; and you can't jump
 on tree until sawn down; when wood, indifferent —
 now it's material it's of no matter —
 and rough enough, could rudely bark your shins,
 refuting Berkeley 'thus'.

And why insult?

Tree stands on neither own nor other's dignity.
 Seedling to shade by grace, condignly more,
 it grows the kind of beam in Father's eye —
 tree of prescriptive, not descriptive knowledge —
 to make the moot point between Him and me —
 a cross-rood — an atoning shaft of light
 transforming Yggdrasil to a tree of heaven.
 In short, a pronoun's not appropriate
 for tree: I must redo my thing without it.

And in that case, what do I do about
 nouns? Are they properly common? Was not each
 of Adam's names really a proper noun —
 one of the names of God?

Well, since the gift
 of tongues is, we had better assume that language
 must be, of God: it takes the word for deed,
der Tat in the beginning as the Verb,
 the tree as act, not *dramatis persona*.
 Only He That; and we, because like Him
 also in His linguistic image — not
 King Log.

They Seek a Country

There are the rivers:
 prompted from the most high
 to the lowest of the low,
 governed through every seeming deviation
 to find their rest by law,
 but in the purview of the circling kite
 a system of wrinkles
 like Moses' face, running with invisible tears,
 as on Mount Nebo, ultimate in Pisgah,
 he traced them tacking down the Abarim
 towards Jordan, the great salt lake, the promised land's
 at this point hardly promising terrain.
 Wordless, he noted it all.
 Then, as the promise lifted into vision
 (Gilead, Hermon, Carmel, the sea that turned
 its back on Israel and their inland waters
 to show a face elsewhere, Gaza, Kadesh
 Barnea—sad reminder—Seir, Zoar . . .),
 and there,
 far from his fathers, hidden from his children,
 keeping an eye still full of the odd question
 upon the evening sky
 his body slept its coveted earth sleep.

Watercourses may be channelled or polluted;
 yet they drain the impartial rain into the sea
 from which, as the salmon do, it returns in due season.

And there are the roads we have imposed:
stricter, straighter,
yet relenting to nobly gradual curves
like the neo-Ciceronian, surface-for-essence,
petrified folds disposed as the statue
(tortoise-head extruded) of a rail-and-mill statesman—
say Huskisson's in Chichester cathedral;
who as a bright young man played parts in the French
 Revolution,
but forty years later, tired and inadvertent
(or like some Juggernaut fan impelled by self-immolation)
fell an inaugural victim to a new tin deity
spawned by the highway god yet now half-gobbled
 by him.

Indeed, our metalled thoroughfare
sweeps over streams in such a swath
that we take the route system for granted,
 exploiting it
for traffic of stinking, overweight pseudo-necessities,
and forgetting—till the floods come—
the water that goes—and will go—its own way.
Economics knits a network of urban compromise
(What modified Brigham Young's town plan?),
mathematics lays down an A-B-M grid,
cybernetics mythologizes the way that,
lurching through a confused abstraction of
sheep, hill, cattle, dale, swine, beechwood, church,
 bog, cot, boulder and alehouse,
the "rolling English drunkard made" the winding
 English lane;
but everywhere abstract language whines along the
 concrete,
whirrs across asphalt masking rubble
till, at Danzig or Sarajevo,
the diplomatic limousine screeches into a desperate
crash.

Roads may reach the sea, but never enter;
rivers thrust right in, or take the tide
that brought the long-ship fleet, the needed invaders.

Can a rapid reading-course
 based on the highway code,
 teach us again to interpret the land
 by "streams of living water"
 welling up on the divide
 or struck out of the rock?
 What had Moses had to do with roads?

Nothing since Egypt;
 nor, for that matter, with rivers either as,
 accompanied by some half million
 disgruntled kinsmen—
 the rest may well have behaved—
 he wandered up and down wadis
 without a Nile to assimilate their spates,
 or followed a half-track
 sifted over with shifting sand
 and strewn with stones—
 at one crucial point
 with fragments of the primordial tables;
 but he willed a people
 reluctant to suffer a "sea change"
 through between wind and tide;
 and then,
 led by the vision of a shepherd-king tending his flock,
 forty years long he scanned the contours for them,
 as prophets duly continue to do.

Roads go to more of the same.
 Rivers have a different intention:
 though we seek it downstream,
 our pilgrimage is by water from another country.

Bayard Taylor's "The Prophet": Mormonism as Literary Taboo

Thomas D. Schwartz*

In recent years scholars have been piecing together the story of Mormonism's bizarre image in American literature. The basic historical outline, as Leonard Arrington and Jon Haupt have argued, is that the Mormons, "ignored by literary masters," quickly "fell into the hands of hack writers who denied them a grandeur they rightfully deserved."¹ Consequently, the hack writer's image of Mormons has triumphed and the Mormons entered nineteenth century American literature either as "wily insincere leaders," or as "ignorant, fanatical followers."² Neal Lambert and Richard Cracroft have similarly found the nineteenth century fictional Mormon to be either a "murderer or a seducer,"³ and scholars seem in agreement that the Mormon in fiction settled firmly into the "stereotype of the popular villian."⁴

No one has attempted to explain why, popular as it was among the reading public, the theme of Mormonism was ignored by America's foremost writers. Neal Lambert has suggested by implication that the Mormon's popular image did not lend itself to great literature. "Polygamy, secret rites, blood atonement, [and] priestly orders . . . have made the Mormons slip easily into a stereotype for slick fiction and

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¹Leonard J. Arrington and Jon Haupt, "The Missouri and Illinois Mormons in Anti-Bellum Fiction," *Dialogue* (Spring 1970), 49.

²Leonard J. Arrington and Jon Haupt, "Intolerable Zion: The Image of Mormonism in Nineteenth Century Literature," *Western Humanities Review*, XXII (Summer 1968), 245.

³Neal E. Lambert and Richard H. Cracroft, "Through Gentile Eyes: A Hundred Years of the Mormon in Fiction," *The New Era*, March 1972, p. 19.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 14.

gross comedy.”⁵ This, of course, better explains the interest of hack writers than it does the silence of literary greats.

A partial explanation can be offered through a discussion of Bayard Taylor’s poetry drama, *The Prophet: A Tragedy* (1874), the only significant break in that silence. The play, which has hitherto escaped the notice of Mormon scholars, is itself an indispensable addition to the literary history of Mormonism; and the play’s reception by the critics, the denunciation of Taylor’s attempt to write of Mormonism from no less a “literary master” than Henry James, clearly suggests that Mormonism was not simply ignored by America’s greatest writers of the period, but rather, was consciously avoided.

During the 1870s and 1880s Bayard Taylor was a highly regarded man of letters. He included among his friends such illuminati as Mark Twain (who described Taylor as “a genial, lovable, simple hearted soul”), Howells, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant. A man of no small ego or ambition, Taylor aspired to greatness as a poet and produced a considerable quantity of lyrical verse characterized by technical proficiency and the sort of liberal ideas which were considered safe in the New England of his time. Today most critics agree with Richard Henry Stoddard’s assessment that Taylor was a versemaker and not a poet, and he is remembered chiefly for his 1871 translation of Goethe’s *Faust*, which even now is considered by some the most accurate English translation of the great German epic. Taylor has often been given the dubious title of poet laureate of the Gilded Age, for he reflected in his work the homely sentiments, the common goals, and the self-satisfaction of his readers. Like the age, his aspirations were high but his talents limited.

Early in his career, Taylor felt that a religious theme would tap his deepest powers. After immersing himself in nature worship, Taylor abandoned altogether the idea of an institutionalized religion for the possibility of inner communion with the divine force, and became zealously concerned with what he saw as the heresy of orthodoxy. Christians, he felt, were paying too close attention to the scripture, refusing to accept what scripture did not guarantee.

Taylor, needing a dramatic vehicle for his ideas about an

⁵Neal E. Lambert, “Saints, Sinners and Scribes: A Look at the Mormons in Fiction,” *Utah Historical Quarterly*, XXXVI (Winter 1968), 64.

excessive adherence to scripture and the dangers of fanaticism, saw a rich potential in the phenomenon of Mormonism. At this time the Utah Mormons were coming under increasing attack from the American press because of polygamy. Seeing the tragic possibilities in the ongoing Mormon drama, Taylor began as early as 1862 to think of Mormon history as the perfect vehicle for his project. By the mid-sixties he had already committed himself so firmly to a drama about Mormonism that when Thomas Bailey Aldrich told Taylor that he was working on a piece entitled *Seven Mormon Wives*, a stunned Taylor immediately felt that his own piece had been purloined and later feared that Aldrich would accuse him of having stolen the Mormon theme. It was not until 1873, however, that he wrote the play. The conception of writing a Mormon play, he wrote in 1873, "struck me at first as so important that I kept it so many years in order to grow up to it."⁶

Taylor's letters from Gotha, Weimar, and Leipzig between August and November of 1873, during the writing of *The Prophet*, reflect intense satisfaction with his work. Supposedly vacationing after the nervous exhaustion which followed his translation of *Faust* in 1871, Taylor felt himself at the peak of his poetic powers and believed that he had found a theme worthy of his best.

Writing to J. R. Osgood and T. B. Aldrich, he predicted accurately that "the poem will certainly attract a great deal of attention—possibly of controversy. I assure you in advance of its originality and of its power, as contrasted with my former works." (*Letters*, 636) Several days later he wrote Aldrich, "The poem is by far the best thing I have ever written." (*Letters*, 638)

That the play is based on the early history of the Mormon Church is made clear both by the play and Taylor's letters. In November, 1873, he wrote, "The history of the Mormons is a back-ground to the poem. Nauvoo is suggested; but the conception of the prophet's nature is quite independent." (*Letters*, 635) Much of the plot material, he suggested, is taken from early Mormon history. "It is full of passion and intrigue; among the scenes are: a camp meeting; miracles in a mountain valley; camps on the prairies; the Temple of the New Zion;

⁶Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder, eds., *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, II (New York 1884), 636. Hereafter: *Letters*.

secret councils of the Twelve; and at last battle and death.” (*Letters*, 635) In December, 1873, he informed Aldrich that the play was to be:

wholly American in scene, character, and plot; in fact the story could not happen in any other part of the world. The rise of the Mormons under Joe Smith, the building of the Temple at Nauvoo, and the death of Joe Smith there, form a sufficient historical background. (*Letters*, 638)

Taylor’s letters also make clear his intention to write something more than an expose on Mormonism. “The poem is a two-edged sword,” he wrote in November, “cutting the fossilized orthodox to the heart no less than the Mormons.” (*Letters*, 635) Taylor insisted that he was not writing about religious aberrations but about human passion. In February, 1874 he wrote:

I make the origin of the Mormon sect and the Joe Smith tragedy the historical background of my poem; but my plot has the universal human element. It stirs up more than one question which disturbs the undercurrents of the world just now; for it is pervaded with that sort of logic which lay behind the Greek idea of fate. (*Letters*, 647)

In another letter he spoke of the hero as having a “Hamlet-nature.” (*Letters* 635) Taylor clearly felt that in the theme of Mormonism he had found a framework for a dramatic presentation of issues which he considered central to American society.

David Starr, who dominates *The Prophet* as Taylor’s fictional Joseph Smith, is introduced as a spiritually intense young man living in a period of religious unrest. David’s father interprets his dissatisfaction as a product of adolescence and suggests to David’s mother that what the youth needs is a wife. This confusion of David’s spiritual unease for sexual restlessness provides early tension for the theme of polygamy which is central to the later development of the play. At a camp meeting, David finds in the preacher’s words evidence of a loss in power in contemporary Christianity. In Mormon terms, he senses apostasy. The preacher calls on David to confess. David answers:

The heart within me aches from the stress of faith:
I have no need to pray, except for power,

Which is the seal and covenant for them
Whom he has chosen.⁷

David seeks the restoration of the power of Christ's church: the miracles of faith, the gifts of tongues, healings, and spiritual manifestations. While not rejecting prayer and confession, he finds these preoccupations indicative of a loss of power. He shouts:

Have you the privilege
To darken counsel with your cloud of words?
To teach the lesser part, reject the whole,
And mutilate His glory unto men? (*Taylor*, 13)

David also has graver doubts augmented by the impotence of modern Christianity. Momentarily tempted by atheism, he doubts if Christianity was ever more than it now is, and he cries:

O my God! There is no faith, no power,
Nor miracle; and never can have been.
But this is madness! This makes truth a lie,
Makes life an emptiness far worse than death. (*Taylor*, 14)

Encouraged by his wife, Rhoda, and his servant, Peter, David determines to become a preacher. He stirs up some controversy and wins the admiration of Nimrod Kraft, Taylor's fictional Brigham Young. Kraft contrasts the vigor and personal strength of David to the enervated Christianity he has known, and says of David:

He claims his birthright, will possess,
And may restore to others, bringing back
The old, forgotten forces of the Church,
Whose right hand is Authority, whose left
Obedience. But, however, he may build,
My coarser strength must hew and set the stones.
If but my purpose can be squared with his. (*Taylor*, 27)

From his first appearance in the play, Nimrod Kraft is depicted as a self-seeking Iago, a man of demonic determination, who manipulates David Starr into providing a framework for his own glory and dominion. Throughout the play Taylor describes the two leaders in fire imagery, David being the pure flame (spiritual, intuitive, a man of faith), Nimrod being the fuel (practical, sensible, a man of action).

⁷Bayard Taylor, *The Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor* (Boston 1880), p. 12. Hereafter: *Taylor*.

Nimrod asks David to lay his hands upon his head and bestow upon him understanding and "the power to serve," but David falters, realizing that without the power he can not assume the office. However, David feels that Nimrod's desire obligates his exertion of faith, so he blesses Nimrod with whatever power he may possess.

Musing later, David convinces himself that authority is a consequence of faith. Here as elsewhere Taylor blends Protestant ideas into the fabric of his Mormon drama, omitting the Mormon claim to direct restoration of the power through heavenly messengers.

David assembles a crowd and speaks of his religious fears:

I tried to understand
The many promises that rust unused;
And all I asked, was, Are they granted yet? (*Taylor*, 37)

If faith were sufficient, he explains, the power of God would be restored. He ponders:

Who knowest whether I deserve or no
The signs of power,—Who, should I point, as now
And say, "Be Thou Removed." (*Taylor*, 37)

At these words a large part of the rock which he is standing upon falls with a great noise. The people cry out, recognizing David as a prophet.

This miracle, borrowed from the life of the prophet Matthias, seems irritatingly pale next to the events which began the ministry of Joseph Smith. In attempting to strengthen the credibility of the miracle, Taylor weakens the credibility of David's impact on his followers. It is one thing to follow a man who claims to have seen God and spoken directly with his Son, and with angels, and to have translated from golden plates the prophetic history of an ancient people, and it is quite another thing to follow a man who happens to have been standing on a rock speaking of faith, when the rock broke with a loud noise.

In Taylor's attempt to make the Mormon prophet appealing by reducing the supernatural aspects of his ministry, he strips the prophet of that which in the case of Joseph Smith made him a powerful leader. However interesting David Starr may be as a character, he is not a leader; and however credible he may be as an individual, he is conspicuously incredible as

the dictator which his dramatic role demands. The reader scours the play in vain for some property of a leader in David Starr, for self-confidence, charisma, determination, and finally must content himself with having ferreted out Starr's capacity for exuding a faint spiritual effervescence. Even David realizes before long that his miracle was slight, that the rock could have split by coincidence, and he comes to doubt his own prophetic calling.

With his newly gathered followers, David builds a city, which, though unnamed, is clearly Nauvoo. He sets the members to work on the Temple, establishes a Council of Twelve Apostles, the law of tithing, the principle of revelation, and a priesthood hierarchy.

As Nauvoo is being built, Livia, whom Nimrod describes as possessing "knowledge of the world," and "influence with her sex," approaches the camp and asks David for the gift of tongues. He blesses her and she speaks in Dutch, French, and Cherokee. The people naively take it as a wondrous miracle and David feels that he has met his equal in faith. When David praises Livia for her faith, she replies:

I was the harp-string, mute until you touched;
If to your ear the sound be melody,
Strike out of me the strong, full-handed chords
To your exaltment! (*Taylor*, 63)

More a seducer than a prophetess, Livia makes her purpose clear:

There is no woman lives but in her soul
Demands a bridegroom; failing one of flesh,
Then one of spirit. Learn to promise this
In secret visitations, mystic signs,
Make truth seem love, and knowledge ecstasy,
And you will lead our sex. (*Taylor*, 69)

One afternoon David's servant, Peter, talks to Nimrod about his marital predicament. He loves both Jane and Mary Ann and doesn't know which to marry. Nimrod asks why he should not marry both. "You've read your Bible," he explains; "What the Lord himself established for the fathers of the world, is justified to us." (*Taylor*, 79) Whereas in Mormon history polygamy was introduced by revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, here it comes to Nimrod Kraft (Brigham Young), the man whom the gentile world had identified with

polygamy. Also it should be noted that although David speaks about revelation throughout the play, the ultimate authority rests with scripture, and as Taylor does not introduce the Mormon's claim to additional scriptures, this means that authority rests in the Bible. But again it should be remembered that Taylor is using Mormonism as a vehicle for his argument with Christianity.

Nimrod convinces the other members of the Twelve that polygamy is desirable and calls in David to hear their proposal:

We would restore that patriarchal home
The Lord preferred,—its fair, obedient wives,
Its heritage of Children; as He gave,
So giving now, that none be left alone
Or fruitless. (*Taylor*, 82-83)

David's belief in the need for a restoration of the primitive church predisposes him to the suggestion that polygamy reflects the power which has been lost. He also realizes that this would evoke the anger of the gentiles and make "a chasm impassable between us and the world." (*Taylor*, 83) Nevertheless, the desperate plan answers his need for a supreme test. "There is faith that loves a trial" (*Taylor*, 83), he says, affirming the plan. When he tells his wife, Rhoda, she pleads with him to change his mind. "Put me aside," she cries:

But think of innocent wives, whose joy of life,
So satisfied with trust in one man's truth,
Sustains them in long weariness and fear,
That ends in pangs, and endless, narrowing cares:
No, no: you will not rob them! (*Taylor*, 86)

David goes to the temple and as he prays, Livia enters and plays the organ. She lies and tells David that it was his faith which enabled her to play, and proclaims her love for David in words of spiritual union. They embrace and David finds a personal commitment to the new law. Meanwhile, Rhoda, at home, realizes that Livia's ingenuity has destroyed her marriage:

My tongue deceives my heart,
I speak but foolishness, and vex him more.
But hers makes beautiful a darkened thought,
Makes purity a secret selfishness,
And holy love an evil. (*Taylor*, 97)

She vainly goes through the Bible trying to find a verse

which denounces polygamy. Taylor's purpose again is to show that a close adherence to the Bible can lead one into moral turpitude or downright villainy.

Rhoda is not the only wife who is appalled by the new law. Because of their wives' indignation at plural marriage, two members of the Council of Twelve, Jones and Hugh, conspire against the prophet. They visit Colonel Hyde, the leader of the gentile forces, and guarantee him evidence that plural marriages are being performed in the Temple.

Following David's secret marriage to Livia, word comes that Colonel Hyde plans to suppress polygamy. Nimrod responds with indignation at the law's harassment, and he fulminates:

What have we done that should alarm the law?
Low! Strife and murder in this border land
It scarcely chides, is patient of free lust,
Yet makes a culprit of the sanctioned love
That broadens home. (*Taylor*, 115)

Taylor denounces polygamy, not as illegal but as unnatural. The play becomes a poignant statement against polygamy, focusing not only on the spiritual development of David, but on the love and sorrow of Rhoda; and Taylor is at his best when he allows Rhoda to articulate her grief:

There's something in a woman's heart,
I think, so delicate, so soft a force,
That it will cling like steel, nor feel a bruise;
Yet loose one fibre, it may bleed to death. (*Taylor*, 124)

But she also knows now that David's life is endangered. Like the mother in the story of Solomon, who would rather give her baby to another woman than have it killed, Rhoda, worried about David's safety, goes to Livia for help. She knows that Livia has a quicker mind and will be more useful in saving David. But Livia, like the errant mother who cared little for life, is reluctant to help because she is thrilled by the glory of the trial that awaits David. It is not life but dramatic effects which she values.

When the soldiers come for David, he commissions Nimrod to take care of the Saints. As David turns to meet the soldiers, Nimrod tells the people not to lament. Nimrod prophesies that they will cross the river and "found another

Eschol in the West." Then David reappears, mortally wounded, supported by Rhoda and Livia. David asks the people to listen to his last revelation. Then he falls, exclaiming, "I see no more—but, yes! one blessed face;/ 'Tis yours!—You're with me, Rhoda! you, my/love!" (*Taylor*, 164) With David dying in her arms, Rhoda sends Livia away: "Leave us! You have no more a part in him./ He is all mine at last." (*Taylor*, 164)

David Starr had not been driven into polygamy through sensual desire—the usual fictional approach to the Mormon prophet. He genuinely saw himself as an instrument of the Lord in bringing about the restoration of all things. Nimrod Kraft had convinced Starr that polygamy was a necessary part of the old order of things. Starr's dying realization, that he had been duped by his strict adherence to the scriptures and that he had struck out against the wisdom of the heart, forced him to see his second marriage as adulterous. The reconciliation between Rhoda and David thus became a scene of repentance and forgiveness for an act of infidelity. The play ends with affirmation, as David Starr, fully aware of the mistakes of his past and the pain they have caused Rhoda, reestablishes in his dying moments the joy of monogamous love.

Despite Taylor's enthusiasm for his play, and the popularity which his translation of *Faust* had engendered, *The Prophet* did not receive critical acclaim. It was criticized both on points of poetry (its language was too commonplace, too realistic) and on the subject (the critics were not really interested in a poetized history of Mormonism). In November, 1874, Taylor responded to the criticism in a letter to Paul H. Hayne: "The critics are mistaken," he wrote "in supposing that my design was to represent a phase of Mormon history. The original conception was totally unconnected with any actual events; the features which suggest the Mormons were added long afterwards." (*Letters*, 664)

For Taylor, such a response was natural, even predictable, concerned as he was about his reputation and standing with the critics. His defense of the play from this point on becomes a denial of its Mormon elements and a reversal of his original ideas.

The most substantial attack on the play was a seven-page discussion in the prestigious *North American Review* by Henry

James, already a significant voice in American letters and the man whom T. S. Eliot later credited with having possessed the finest mind of his generation. To James the historical source was too glaring to be lightly disposed of. He writes:

[Taylor] has written the tragedy of Mormonism, and taken Joe Smith and Brigham Young for his heroes. His experiment has not, to our taste, been remarkably successful, but it is creditable to his intellectual pluck.⁸

Throughout the review James wavers between a revulsion against the subject of Mormonism and a respect for Bayard Taylor's literary reputation. However, his discussion centers on the subject of Mormonism:

It disturbs our faith a little to learn that the prophet is Mr. Joe Smith, and the denouement is to be the founding of Salt Lake City by Mr. Brigham Young; we reflect that there is a magic in associations, and we are afraid we scent vulgarity in these. But we are anxious to see what the author makes of them, and we grant that the presumption is in favor of his audacity. Mormonism we know to be a humbug and a rather nasty one. It needs at this time of day no "showing up," and Mr. Taylor has not wasted his time in making a poetical exposure. He assumes that the creed was founded in tolerable good faith, and he limits his view of its early stages, which already, at Western rates of progression, have faded into the twilight of tradition. His design has been to show how a religion springs into being, and how an honest man may be beguiled into thinking himself a prophet. (*James*, 231)

James commends Taylor on the subtlety with which he makes his prophet a mysterious mixture of "fierce monomania" and "clever charlatan," and also compliments Taylor on not spending too much time on the doings of Brigham Young whom he refers to as the "theocratic millionaire of Salt Lake City." (*James*, 233) But overshadowing such petty compliments is the insurmountable criticism that Taylor went beyond the limits of propriety. James insists that:

If his book has no atmosphere, the fault is not only Mr. Taylor's but his subject's. It is very well to wish to poetize common things, but here as much as ever, more than ever, one must choose. There are things inherently vulgar, things

⁸*North American Review*, January 1875, p. 188. Reprinted in Henry James, *Literary Reviews and Essays by Henry James*, ed. Albert Mordell (New Haven 1957), p. 230. Hereafter: *James*.

to which no varnish will give a gloss, and on which the fancy contents only grudgingly to rest her eyes. Mormonism is one of these; an attempt to import Joseph Smith into romance, even very much diluted and arranged, must in the nature of things fall flat. (*James*, 236)

To writers of the 70s and 80s "vulgarity" was not a light charge. This was a time of literary taboos, and one need only to recall the press' vicious attack on Harriet Beecher Stowe for her airing of the incest theme in the Byron controversy to realize that the serious writer had reason to take such taboos seriously.

Following James' review, Taylor decided on a public statement denying the Mormon emphasis in the drama. In early spring of 1875, the *New York Staatszeitung* reviewed *The Prophet* as a history of the early Mormon Church, and Taylor had his chance. In a letter to the editor of the *New York Staatzeitung*, published on May 3rd, 1875, he wrote, "*The Prophet* does not represent the early history of the Mormons, and David Starr is as far as possible from being Joe Smith. The man who most nearly stands for his prototype in real life was the Rev. Edward Irving." (*Letters*, 664) Irving had been a Scottish religious reformer who emphasized spiritual gifts and faith.

Luckily for Taylor his letters which had made clear that the plot, characters, and themes were distinctively American and Mormon, were private and could not be used to disprove his new stance. According to Taylor, "The immigration to the West and the manner of David's death are the only features that coincide with the story of the Mormons." (*Letters*, 665) Taylor conveniently ignores David's calling to the ministry, the building of the Temple in New Zion, the meetings of the Council of Twelve, the Danite-inspired conspiracy in Act Five in which Jones is apparently killed by Nimrod's men, the institution of tithing, revelation, and the priesthood hierarchy, the commissioning of Nimrod to lead the members across the river to the West, and of course, the central theme of polygamy.

The anti-Mormon sentiment was so pervasive that even Taylor's biographer, Albert H. Smyth, familiar with many of Taylor's letters, felt it important to carry the argument in Taylor's behalf. Smyth wrote that "in David Starr . . . there

is no attribute of the Mormon leader. Starr is a fine idealist, not a vulgar sensualist," and Smyth underlined the assertion that the play bore only slight resemblance to Mormonism.

What Taylor had earlier called the finest thing he had written, now became an embarrassment. By November, 1874, he was feigning indifference. "*The Prophet* now belongs to my past," he wrote, "and will not trouble my thoughts any more." (*Letters*, 664) Dissembling his irritation, he told his friends that he was relieved to get to work on other projects, more important projects, and *The Prophet* was effectively forgotten by author and critics alike.

In this manner America's most able critics succeeded in silencing this fictive study of Mormonism, and in silencing Taylor they possibly silenced other writers who may have been interested in the theme of Mormonism. Had the critics sounded a different note, a note of interest and appreciation, Taylor's effort might have encouraged other serious writers to continue the dramatic study of Mormonism. Eager as American writers of the period were to find American material, a usable past, such encouragement might have led to a significant literary interest in this uniquely American religion.

The Compassionate Seer: Wallace Stegner's Literary Artist*

Sid Jenson**

The word "artist" is not a word I like. It has been adopted by crackpots and abused by pretenders and debased by people with talent but no humility. In its capital A form it is the hallmark of that peculiarly repulsive sin of arrogance by which some practitioners of the arts retaliate for public neglect or compensate for personal inadequacy. I use it here only because there is no other word for the serious "maker" in words or stone or sound or colors.

Wallace Stegner
"Fiction: A Lens on Life"

Paul Horgan speaking about the art and discipline of writing says:

We must go beyond the pencil boxes, as it were, and look beyond the page to consider the writer's vision of life, which all simple and habitual mechanics of writing exist to serve. Where many literary workers fall short of making significant works is just where spiritual values come into focus in a point of view.¹

Wallace Stegner, I am sure, would agree. I am also sure that Stegner would agree with Mr. Horgan when he says:

The spiritual life of the modern world becomes increasingly fragmented. Modern writers, like everybody else, long for a nourishing explanation of life; but all too many turn to recent and fugitive systems of imposing orderly but incomplete designs upon life's teeming and elusive variety, and in

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¹Paul Horgan, "The Way to Writing," *Intellectual Digest*, 3 (July 1970), 57.

doing so, seem to lose the deepest well of their inspiration and their artistic intuition.²

Mr. Horgan concludes his comment about the source of man's creative powers with this comment:

When aesthetic perception approaches its fullest realization, it is akin to man's religious vision, whatever form this may take. Faith is a supernatural grace. The true artist is he who knows without learning. His own intuition is closer to the supernatural than it is to any prevailing temper of the pluralistic and pragmatic modern culture.³

Wallace Stegner may not agree with every letter and line quoted above, but I am sure he would agree with the tenor and tone, with the basic point of view Paul Horgan has toward the creative artist.

Wallace Stegner has been described as a non-religious humanist,⁴ but his theory of literary art is based on a belief in literature which is not unlike the religious faith that Jonathan Edwards had in the "divine and supernatural light," or the faith that Ralph Waldo Emerson had in "Reason," or that the devout Mormon has in the "Holy Ghost." Stegner's literary beliefs center on the idea that the aesthetic experience is a private, subjective, mystical experience that is "never quite communicable,"⁵ and that the aesthetic experience is not subject to empirical verification. Art has its own peculiar sort of truth, the ancient and unverifiable "knowledge of things *as experience*,"⁶ and this truth is just as important as, and is complementary to, measurable, scientific truth. The artist, for Stegner, is the "man aware,"⁷ the man who can record the knowledge of things as experienced. But today we live in the age of the transistor and too often ignore or distrust the subjective, mystical experience; and says Stegner, this makes us like little children "trying to spell [the word] God with the wrong blocks."⁸

²Ibid.

³Ibid.

⁴James L. Clayton, "From Pioneers to Provincials: Mormonism as seen by Wallace Stegner," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, 1 (Winter 1966), 111.

⁵Wallace Stegner, "One Way to Spell Man," *The Saturday Review*, 41 (24 May 1958), 43.

⁶Ibid., p. 10.

⁷Ibid., p. 9.

⁸Ibid.

Another contemporary problem with the creative artist is that he has quit. "From the Western writer's square, naive point of view, the trouble with Modern Man, as he reads about him in fiction, is that Modern Man has quit."⁹ The modern literary generation specializes in "despair, hostility, hypersexuality, and disgust."¹⁰ Today's artist too often gives himself the status of "Man as Victim."¹¹ The artist by his own definition is "a victim, a martyr, a loser, a self-loather, a life-hater."¹²

Wallace Stegner, who comes from the West and has "incorrigible hope,"¹³ wants none of this. He advises the western writer to keep his values, "to hang on to his basic hopefulness, instead of giving it up for a fashionable disgust."¹⁴ Stegner advises, "The West's own problems are likely to be more to the western writer's purpose than any that he can borrow, especially when in borrowing he must deny his own gods."¹⁵

Stegner's literary theory and practice do not categorize nicely into any of the traditional groups, such as classicism, naturalism, or realism. If one must have such a handle, he might try soldering the word "archetypal" onto Stegner's works, but don't put too much pressure on the handle by overloading the pan or all your beans will be in the fire. Labeling Stegner's fictional work with a term which describes literary technique or type is not the best approach. What is needed in Stegner's case is a philosophical focus, an examination of Stegner's life and his moral-ethical-philosophical beliefs.

In this short paper one cannot trace the life of Stegner. For our purpose, we need only say that he had an abnormally migrant childhood which gave him an acute sense of physical and moral dislocation. Because of this moral rootlessness, Stegner's writing has taken on the purpose of bringing order to disorder, helping to make this earth a place where children will not have to experience all the disorder and early sorrow Stegner did. From the sorrows of the bleak life on a Saskatche-

⁹Wallace Stegner, *The Sound of Mountain Water* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, 1969), p. 184.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 171.

¹¹Ibid., p. 176.

¹²Ibid.

¹³Ibid., p. 185.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 182.

¹⁵Ibid., p. 184.

wan farm, from the disorder of the sooty life in cities, Stegner has tried to find physical and moral order.

In *Wolf Willow* Stegner has said that he ranks fictional or poetic truth a little above that of historical truth.¹⁶ He felt he could get more truth in a fictionalized account of the cattle industry on the Saskatchewan plains than he could with any historical summary. The personal impetus for Stegner's study and writing of history was his search to find himself and to know his roots. In *Wolf Willow* he says, "I may not know who I am, but I know where I am from."¹⁷ Historical knowledge satisfied his question, "Where am I from?" but the more difficult question, "Who am I?" is better answered by poetic truth.

We read poetry (or literature), Stegner feels, primarily because we are searching for ourselves. "In all our wandering through . . . fictional worlds it is probably ourselves we seek."¹⁸ But we never find ourselves. What we do find is how the author, "another waif in a bewildering world, has made out to survive and perhaps be at peace."¹⁹

Out of this belief comes Stegner's principal literary theme, the search for individual identity. In an early work, *Fire and Ice*, Paul Condon unsuccessfully struggles to find himself: "It's pretty clear to me that I didn't know myself," and "The biggest wrong I did was not to know myself better."²⁰ At the end of the novel, he leaves Salt Lake City, walking straight east, heading back toward where his countrymen came from, with the resolve to answer the question, "who am I?" "I'm going to do nothing but work and read and think till I've got an answer of my own that suits me. . . . Freshman Condon in search of the Grail."²¹

Lyman Ward, in Stegner's latest novel *Angle of Repose*, asks the same question, "Why then am I spending all this effort trying to understand my grandparents' lives?"²² Lyman

¹⁶Wallace Stegner, *Wolf Willow: A History, A Story, and A Memory of the Last Plains Frontier* (New York: Viking Press, 1962), p. 307.

¹⁷Ibid., p. 23.

¹⁸Wallace Stegner, *The Writer in America* (Folcroft, Pa.: Folcroft Press, 1969), p. 12.

¹⁹Ibid., pp. 12-13.

²⁰Wallace Stegner, *Fire and Ice* (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941), p. 212.

²¹Ibid., p. 213.

²²Wallace Stegner, *Angle of Repose* (New York: Doubleday, 1971), p. 439.

Ward is trying to write a history of his grandparents in order to understand them. He hopes that if he understands them, he will understand himself. Lyman Ward's search is not eastward like Paul Condon's, but westward, all over the West. In the end their search must be inward, but both start their search as Galahads of the public library.²³

In the libraries these characters find literature, and literature for Stegner is a lens on life. "The work of art is not a gem, as some schools of criticism would insist, but truly a lens. We look through it for the purified and honestly offered spirit of the artist."²⁴ Literature is a tool by which man can enlighten himself about the human predicament. Reading literature "is precisely like the act of putting a smear of culture on a slide for inspection under the microscope."²⁵ Literature is not life; it is a way of seeing life; and for Stegner, it is the best way. As Ruth Liebowitz says in *Second Growth*, "But anybody with any sense can learn more from novels than he can from all the textbooks in your box. Novels give you an understanding of people."²⁶

Stegner recognizes that literature does have its limitations. A microscope, no matter how well it illuminates a particular problem, has a very narrow range of vision. Its range is limited in proportion to its degree of magnification. The writer's vision is limited by his life, by his experience, his keenness of mind, and his ability of expression. But "the most inclusive vision is not necessarily his aim; it is the *clearest* vision he is after."²⁷ Limited though the microscope and literature may be, they both give a penetrating view of a small part of the world. "Certainly, no writer can see or know all or get all life into his fiction. His quality will be measured by the amount he does succeed in getting without blurring the edges of his simplifying frame."²⁸

Stegner realizes that, like the microscope, art distorts life. Unlike the microscope fiction need not always be absolutely true to fact. Discussing some factually inaccurate farming details in *On a Darkling Plain*, Stegner warns that the writer

²³Stegner, *Fire and Ice*, p. 213.

²⁴Stegner, *The Writer in America*, p. 13.

²⁵*Ibid.*, p. 11.

²⁶Wallace Stegner, *Second Growth* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1947), p. 42.

²⁷Stegner, *The Writer in America*, p. 5.

²⁸*Ibid.*, p. 11.

must convince, and he must continuously maintain his dramatic illusion.

For he *must* convince; he *must* drug his reader into complete acceptance of the premise of his story, and maintain his dramatic illusion by never slipping into inaccuracies of fact that may haul the reader up short.²⁹

Stegner warns that specific facts had better be accurate or the dramatic illusion may be broken for the informed reader. Stegner notes the exact date Mark Twain used in *The Connecticut Yankee*. That fact is central to the plot; Mr. Clemens would not want to be called on the point by some astrologer or astronomer.

But the greater literary truth of *The Connecticut Yankee* does not rely on an accurate date at all. An author can fake, and "fake shamelessly" the factual materials of a story as long as the dramatic illusion is maintained, and just so long as the work is true to human experience.

For here is the incontrovertible fact about fiction: that the details in scene after scene can be faked, spurious, or even absolutely false, and the validity of the novel's message be unimpeachable.³⁰

Stegner cites Keats' use of Cortez instead of Balboa to prove his point: "That passage, for all its spuriousness and in spite of its bald error, says so much, and so truly, about the essential human qualities of wonder and surprise that the details are overlooked."³¹

In contrast to a historical novelist like Vardis Fisher, Stegner makes this suggestion to the writer: "Look up your details when they are important and must be exact, but fake them where hunting them down would be tedious and unnecessary labor." You should "spend most of your time, most of your thought, on the people, the psychological rightness, the ultimate implications of your story. . . . Those are things that cannot be faked, skimped, or rendered impressionistically. . . . Keep the attention focused on the people, where it belongs."³²

²⁹Wallace Stegner, "Truth & Faking in Fiction," *Writer*, 53 (February 1940), 41.

³⁰*Ibid.*, p. 43.

³¹*Ibid.*

³²*Ibid.*

The essential truths of literature are not simply historical facts or ideas. Ideas, says Stegner, have an important place in fiction, "but ideas are not the best *subject matter* for fiction."³³ Some writers, Stegner notes, begin with ideas and make them into flesh and blood as Nathaniel Hawthorne did. Other writers start with flesh and blood and let them work themselves out into ideas, as Mark Twain did.³⁴ Regardless of the method, the artist's goal is "dramatized belief."³⁵ No fiction should state its meaning flatly: "It does not state: it imitates or reflects, and is witnessed."³⁶

For Stegner, human dramatization is the writer's key tool. Chisel a great character and you have great literature—Oedipus, Don Quixote, Hamlet, Ahab, Huckleberry Finn. The meaning of life lies in people. Literature must be drawn from "people, places, and things—especially people. If fiction isn't people it is nothing, and so any fiction writer is obligated to be to some degree a lover of his fellowmen, though he may, like the Mormon preacher, love some of them a damn sight better than others."³⁷

Even when writing history (which he considers a branch of literature), Stegner tries to focus on people. The spirits and bodies of William Clayton, Patience Loader, and Margaret Dalglish all come alive in *The Gathering of Zion*. Margaret Dalglish was one of those stout-hearted pioneers of the Mormon migration who journeyed with the ill-fated Willie-Martin Handcart Companies. Stegner describes her actions as she entered and overlooked for the first time the Great Salt Lake Valley:

Margaret Dalglish of the Martin Company, a gaunt image of Scottish fortitude, dragged her handful of belongings to the very rim of the valley, but when she looked down and saw the end of it she did something extraordinary. She tugged the cart to the edge of the road and gave it a push and watched it roll and crash and burst apart, scattering into Emigration Canyon the last things she owned on earth. Then she went on into Salt Lake to start the new life with

³³Stegner, *The Writer in America*, p. 7.

³⁴Wallace Stegner, "Creative Writer as an Image Maker," *Writer*, 76 (October 1963), 24.

³⁵Wallace Stegner, "To a Young Writer," *Atlantic*, 204 (November 1959), 89.

³⁶Stegner, "One Way to Spell Man," p. 11.

³⁷Stegner, *The Writer in America*, p. 6.

nothing but her gaunt bones, her empty hands, her stout heart.³⁸

Quoting Joseph Conrad, Stegner says that the task of the artist is, "by the power of the written work to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see."³⁹ "Creative writing begins in the senses," Stegner says. "Without senses the writer cannot create images, and images are his only means of making his reader hear and feel and see."⁴⁰ Lyman Ward, the narrator of *Angle of Repose*, tries to help the listener of his tapes *see* the time and place. Susan and Oliver Ward are headed for Leadville, Colorado for the first time:

Tiny figures at the foot of a long rising saddle, snowpeaks north and south, another high range across the west. The road crawled toward the place where the saddle emptied into the sky. The wind came across into her face with the taste of snow in it, and not all the glittering brightness of the snow could disguise the cold that lurked in the air. In the whole bright half-created landscape they were the only creatures except for a toy ore wagon that was just starting down the dugway from the summit.⁴¹

If you have had mountain experience, if you have imagination and if you read carefully, you *see* what is happening.

Following in the tradition of T. E. Hulme's idea of the "image," Stegner believes that images (concrete things drawn from experience to symbolize the human truths of experience) are what make the reader *see*. For example, in *Second Growth* Stegner uses the image of a porcupine trapped in a flashlight beam to represent a trapped man: "The eyes reminded the old man of the eyes of a porcupine trapped in a flashlight beam, eyes that stared glassily and yet seemed constantly to swim in every direction at once, looking for an escape."⁴² But images have their limitations. For just as the reader who does not know how to fish misses the import of Eliot's Fisher King fishing after he crosses the Waste Land, the reader who has never seen a porcupine in a light will not *see* the effect.

Stegner recognizes this. "Literature is a game played be-

³⁸Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964), pp. 255-256.

³⁹Stegner, "One Way to Spell Man," p. 44.

⁴⁰Stegner, "Creative Writer as an Image Maker," p. 24.

⁴¹Stegner, *Angle of Repose*, p. 231.

⁴²Stegner, *Second Growth*, p. 210.

tween writer and reader, both of whom must be products of essentially similar cultures."⁴³ To be successful, the game of literature must be played by two sympathetic people. Just as the writer must be emotionally and intellectually linked with his materials, so must the reader.⁴⁴ "The proof of art," for Stegner, "is in the response, in the esthetic experience."⁴⁵ And that experience is subjective, even somewhat mystical. We attempt to analyze the aesthetic experience, but ultimately we cannot explain the reader's experience any more than we can explain the creative principle or act of the writer.⁴⁶

The writer's or the reader's aesthetic experience is not subject to empirical measurement. Art is cumulative, unlike science which is progressive. Ibsen does not replace Shakespeare, nor does Shakespeare replace Aeschylus. But Harvey does replace Galen, and Einstein does replace Newton. "Artistic insights tend to remain discrete; they do not necessarily make the building block of future insights; the [literary] tradition accumulates less by accrual than by deviation and rebellion."⁴⁷ For these reasons, "anyone who speaks for art must be prepared to assert the validity of non-scientific experience and the seriousness of non-verifiable insight."⁴⁸

Since all fiction begins from the artist's experience, Stegner feels that a serious artist needs a broad, deep experience with life. This experience, short of crippling, must have hurt him.⁴⁹ "Hurt" is not the only word proper here. "Annoyed" or "outraged" might also be used. But Stegner's idea is correct. A writer must have deeply felt his experiences. A writer's emotions as well as his intellect must be moved before he can move his readers.

In addition to feeling his experience, the artist must be a special kind of person. Stegner quotes Joseph Conrad to explain:

A novelist who would think himself of a superior essence to other men would miss . . . his calling. . . . I would ask that in his dealings with mankind he should be capable

⁴³Stegner, "One Way to Spell Man," p. 43.

⁴⁴Wallace Stegner, "Religionism in Art," in *Modern Writing*, ed. W. Thorp and M. F. Thorp (New York, n.d.), p. 293.

⁴⁵Stegner, "One Way to Spell Man," p. 11.

⁴⁶*Ibid.*, p. 10.

⁴⁷*Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁴⁸*Ibid.*, p. 10.

⁴⁹Stegner, *The Writer in America*, p. 5.

of giving a tender recognition to their [mankind's] obscure virtues. I would not have him impatient with their small failings and scornful of their errors. . . . I would wish him to look with a large forgiveness at men's ideas and prejudices. . . .⁵⁰

Stegner's ideal artist is a person of sensibility, intelligence, but most important of all, a person of artistic and personal control.⁵¹ The artist is essentially a common man, but a man who has uncommonly developed humility, patience, and impartiality. He forgives easily; and because he is compassionate, rebukes softly. The artist realizes, as Lyman Ward does in *Angle of Repose*, that it is love and sympathy which makes him capable of reconstructing the lives of his grandparents.⁵²

Lyman Ward is a good example of Wallace Stegner's idea of the creative artist. As he struggles with the problems of writing his grandparents' history, as he struggles with his dying, paralytic body, as he struggles to behave properly towards his unfaithful wife, we see that Lyman has come to realize, "that most lives are worth living even when they are lives of quiet desperation." Lyman has come to realize that "the point is to do the best one can in the circumstances, not the worst."⁵³

Lyman Ward, unhappy with his present, turns to the past, searching for an angle of repose. As he studies his grandparents' lives he slowly recognizes what caused the slow decay of their marriage. He slowly compiles the "cumulative grudges" which caused the decline and fall of their marriage. His grandmother, Susan Burling Ward, lived for the future all her married life, and "what she resisted was being the wife of a failure and a woman with no home."⁵⁴ She looked for her angle of repose in the future, but it was not there, just as it is not in Lyman Ward's past.

The term "angle of repose" is a geologic one which means the slope angle, about 30°, at which dirt and pebbles stop rolling. But Susan and Lyman Ward are too alert to the possible figurative, human possibilities of the phrase to allow it to be a mere descriptive term for detrital rest. They both ap-

⁵⁰Ibid., p. 4.

⁵¹Wallace Stegner, "Sensibility and Intelligence," *Saturday Review*, 41 (13 December 1958), 24.

⁵²Stegner, *Angle of Repose*, p. 439.

⁵³Stegner, *Mountain Water*, p. 184.

⁵⁴Stegner, *Angle of Repose*, p. 277.

ply it to themselves. Lyman says Susan never achieved her angle of repose, "as Grandmother's biographer, I'd have to guess she was never really happy after, say, her thirty-seventh year, the last year when she lived an idyll in Boise Canyon."⁵⁵ Susan Burling Ward was a proud, Victorian lady. Why wasn't she happy? Lyman thinks he knows.

Because she considered that she'd been unfaithful to my grandfather, in thought or act or both. Because she blamed herself for the drowning of her daughter. . . . Because she was responsible for the suicide of her lover—if he *was* her lover. Because she'd lost the trust of her husband and son.⁵⁶

Earlier Lyman had explained Susan Ward's failure to find repose in another way. She was:

a woman who was a perfect lady, and a lady who was feeling, eager, talented, proud, snobbish, an exiled woman. And fallible. And responsible, willing to accept the blame for her actions. . . . She held herself to account, and she was terribly punished.⁵⁷

But Lyman Ward could never figure out what the phrase "angle of repose" meant for his grandmother, except that he knew the phrase was too good for mere dirt. But he knew what it meant for him.

During a moment of depression, in a nightmare dream, he once said it meant "Horizontal. Permanently."⁵⁸ Later he recanted this part of his dream and explained:

some cowardly, hopeful geometer in my brain tells me it is the angle at which two lines prop each other up, the leaning-together from the vertical which produces the false arch. For the lack of a keystone, the false arch may be as much as one can expect in this life.⁵⁹

Lyman begins to realize that those final years that Susan and Oliver Ward spent in Zodiac Cottage produced a "false arch" between them. In some quiet, non-spoken, non-touching, non-kissing way, Susan and Oliver Ward had made a kind of angle of repose, an accommodation of sorts. While this may

⁵⁵Ibid., p. 558.

⁵⁶Ibid., p. 560.

⁵⁷Ibid., p. 534.

⁵⁸Ibid., p. 562.

⁵⁹Ibid., p. 568.

not seem like much, maybe, thinks Lyman, maybe this was all these Victorian people needed. But a false arch is not enough for grandson Lyman. He still searches with his hopeful geometer for the keystone.

Lyman Ward, a product of the twentieth century, needs to speak, touch, to kiss. A silent accommodation will be no angle of repose for him. With the inherited pride of his grandmother and the stubbornness of his grandfather, he continues his search for repose. As a historian, Lyman Ward looks at the past and the present, seeing the sharp contrasts between his grandparents' life and the present flower children like Shelly Rasmussen, his secretary-assistant. Lyman does not like the hippie cult with its utopian dreams "because their soft headedness irritates me. Because their beautiful thinking ignores both history and human nature."⁶⁰ Also, Lyman thinks that his wife, Ellen, has become a victim of the casual fornicating of this generation.

Lyman notes the failure of previous utopian communities which the hippie generation unknowingly has copied. Brook Farm, New Harmony, Amana, the Shakers, the Icarians, the Oneida Colony, the United Order of Zion, all failed, and why? Depravity. Not that Lyman especially cares about utopian schemes or about reforming hippies; he just does not want to personally repeat failure.

Shelly Rasmussen will not accept Lyman's historical argument: "You're judging by past history." "All history is past history," Lyman replies. "All right. . . . But it doesn't have to repeat itself," Shelly says. "Doesn't it?" Lyman replies, well knowing by this time that his own history is in the final stages of repeating his grandparents'. Shelly is not convinced; she does not believe history can teach her generation much. Shelly's crowd quotes Whitman and Thoreau to support their beliefs on nature, free love, meditation, communion, and communal living. Lyman the scholar rebuts, "I never liked Whitman, I can't help remembering that good old wild Thoreau wound up a tame surveyor of Concord house lots." Shelly does not understand the significance of this, "What's that supposed to mean, that about Thoreau?" Lyman explains:

How would I know what it means? . . . I don't know what anything means. What it *suggests* to me is that the civiliza-

⁶⁰Ibid., p. 518.

tion he was contemptuous of—that civilization of men who lived lives of quiet desperation—was stronger than he was, and maybe righter. It out-voted him. It swallowed him, in fact, and used the nourishment he provided to alter a few cells in its corporate body. It grew richer by him, but it was bigger than he was. Civilizations grow by agreements and accommodations and accretions, not by repudiations Civilizations grow and change and decline—they aren't re-made.⁶¹

Lyman Ward has expressed his own situation. He simply cannot reject his wife as young Thoreau and the hippie cult reject the establishment. "You can't retire to weakness," Lyman says, "you've got to learn to control strength."⁶² Lyman must control his strength, not retire to weakness. He must not let his grandmother's pride or his grandfather's stubbornness keep him from making an accommodation with his wife. Ellen has made a mistake; she may have been living a life of quiet desperation; she may have a chemical imbalance; she may have been influenced by the present loose sex standards; she may not have relished the idea of living with a paralyzed grotesque for the next forty years.

Lyman Ward, who has yet to figure out for sure why his wife ran off with his doctor, knows only this, he must not repeat his family's history. To stop the cycle, he will have to accept the false arch with its modified angle of repose and quit searching, quit hoping for the keystone. With this, the tape of the novel ends, but ends somewhat ambiguously with Lyman wondering, "I lie wondering if I am man enough to be a bigger man than my grandfather."⁶³

But the ambiguity is not true ambiguity at all. After watching Lyman Ward wrestle with his wheelchair and his marriage problem for almost six hundred pages, the reader knows whatever else Lyman Ward is, he is kind, considerate; he is a gentleman. He will accommodate, he will accept a modified angle of repose, realizing that maybe this is "as much as one can expect in this life."⁶⁴

This accommodation, says Anatole Broyard in a review of *Angle of Repose*, is regrettable:

⁶¹Ibid., p. 519.

⁶²Ibid.

⁶³Ibid., p. 569.

⁶⁴Ibid., p. 568.

[When Lyman pardons] his bitchy wife, his brash son and his gang-banging secretary, not every reader is going to feel that he has risen above his distaste for our times. Whatever the author intended, we're more likely to see this last-minute reprieve as a perversion of character, a regrettable crumbling of a good, crusty character.⁶⁵

Mr. Broyard is wrong. Lyman Ward still strongly dislikes much of the 20th century life; his cultural tastes have not changed. But his dislike does not mean he should condemn those things or people he dislikes. Lyman knows what he dislikes, but he also knows what he ought to like. He ought to like whatever is honorable and proper. He ought to behave kindly. He ought to love the sinner (including himself) and hate the sin.

Earlier in his review Mr. Broyard states that in sifting through his grandmother's materials, Lyman Ward was "looking not only for a story but for the *standard of conduct* whose loss he feels as keenly as he does that of his leg."⁶⁶ This is quite right. Lyman is determined to behave properly. His grandmother, Susan Ward, had told him once, "I was never never *never* to behave *beneath* myself. She had known people who did, and the results were calamitous."⁶⁷ Lyman now understands because of his study that those people who behaved beneath themselves were his grandparents. But in spite of their calamity, Susan and Oliver Ward had set an example of civilized conduct. "They respected each other. They treated one another with a sort of grave infallible kindness."⁶⁸ Lyman Ward follows his grandmother's advice and example. This is the least he and his wife, Ellen, can do for each other—be kind.

Lyman Ward learns that even though he tries never to behave beneath himself, personal disaster and heartbreak will probably still be his lot, but that his grandmother's Victorian principles (what Mr. Broyard calls "standards of conduct") will guide and sustain him toward a life of muted joy.

Lyman Ward is a good example of Wallace Stegner's creative artist. He is a common man who lives in the world, among people. He is a man who matures "the strength of his

⁶⁵Anatole Broyard, "Were the Old Times Really Better?" *Life*, 70 (26 March 1971), 14.

⁶⁶*Ibid.*g, p. 14.

⁶⁷Stegner, *Angle of Repose*, p. 313.

⁶⁸*Ibid.*, p. 562.

imagination among the things of this earth.”⁶⁹ He matures from a literary craftsman to an artist when he develops Pauline charity, when he becomes a compassionate seer.

The primary aim of literary art, Stegner believes, is to celebrate the human spirit. Literature today, he also believes, has assumed much of the spiritual responsibilities traditionally belonging to religion. “Literature has become for many of us . . . the source of wisdom and the receptacle of values.”⁷⁰ Along with the wisdom and values, Stegner’s theory of literature also includes an element of mysticism which traditionally belongs to religion. Neither the creative act nor the act of reading can ever be reduced to the laws of measurable science. The aesthetic experience is “an insight communicated by example from writer to reader.”⁷¹ and is never quite explainable. The writer and the reader are men fishing in obscure depths; they are dealers in mystery. When the writer reveals to the reader the truth he has found, he is a seer; and Stegner quotes Conrad again, these revelations “bind men to each other, . . . bind together all humanity—the dead and the living and the living to the unborn.”⁷² The creation and understanding of a piece of literature are mystical experiences. This experience is a kind of private insight by which man gets a “clear-eyed”⁷³ view of the ambiguities of human life.

⁶⁹Stegner, *The Writer in America*, p. 4.

⁷⁰Stegner, “One Way to Spell Man,” p. 10.

⁷¹Ibid., pp. 10-11.

⁷²Ibid., p. 43.

⁷³Ibid.

Sayso or Sense

Eileen G. Kump*

Amy Gordon was to have a new house, and in a frenzy of neighborliness folks came to tell Israel how to build it. Neighbors who shared work horses and yeast starts freely shared their wisdom. "If I were you, Brother Gordon—"

Too excited and pleased to do otherwise, the Gordons listened well; then after supper they separated the wheat from the chaff and fortified themselves for another day. Israel told Amy, "It's your house, within reason." Reason meant whatever the bank would loan a man with an excellent reputation and fair collateral. She was therefore careful with her dreaming: It would be a simple, strong house with plenty of room and one or two of those up-to-date advantages.

When Israel's father arrived—suitcase in hand—Amy showed him a cot in the children's room. "For as long as you will stay," she said. "Lola begs to sleep on the floor and she will have her wish."

"Thank you, Amy dear."

There were tears in the old man's eyes as Amy kissed him on the cheek. "We need you."

"I thought we would lay foundation today," he said, folding back his shirt cuffs.

Amy smiled and put her arm through his as they walked outside. "Oh, we're not ready for foundation, Grandpa. We've lots to do first." Sixty years experience, she thought. Sixty years head start. She watched him go, thankful in her heart for his strong back and, yes, even for his knowhow. What they did not want of it they could manage a piece at a time. The neighbors had given them plenty of practice.

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But what are a few weeks of practice against a lifetime? Amy turned from her sewing and saw Israel and Grandpa, side by side, announcing before she was even aware of their presence that she did not want what she knew she wanted. In Israel's eyes was the zeal of a convert and in Grandpa's the patient kindness a good man shows the child found in error.

"You don't want a basement, Amy dear," said Grandpa.

How could she reply? Despite his size—he was six inches shorter than Israel—Grandpa had in his wide back energy for a full day's labor, in his hands the craftsman's skill. Worse, he had one of those rich, prophetic voices some of the Church leaders had, voices that didn't need to shout. And he had an iron gray mustache.

Amy looked at him and at the son who thought his father was Moses and wondered whether to go down fighting.

"Israel says it won't cost much more than an extra room upstairs, Grandpa. I do want a basement."

"Amy, Amy, Amy," Grandpa's voice gradually softened, but it was the softening voice of intensity, not argument. "You don't want one of those—those dugouts on this fine property!" He walked to the window. "What a fine corner lot! My—"

"But it wouldn't be a dugout, Grandpa. We'll have cement. It would be cool—and beautiful!"

"Amy." Grandpa came and put his arm around her shoulders. Still, he was not arguing. Still, his voice did not waver. "Amy, you need to be reminded that your own father—and I've known him all my life—was born in a cave on the side of a hill. I've heard him tell of it, how his pa dug that hole with his own two hands. But your pa never called it a house! It was a place to exist until a house could be built on top of the ground where a house ought to be. Do you think your pa didn't build that house as fast as he could?"

"Grandpa, there are no snakes here!"

He laughed without impatience. "I'm not talking of snakes, my dear. Why, an upstairs is heaven—and closer to heaven, too!" He smiled, his voice jolly and nostalgic at the same time. "My, but the mornings that come back to me out of an attic room with an east window. My, my—"

He was off into thought, as always, absolutely right, absolutely unmovable. But was he right? Amy looked at Israel for an answer but saw only Mosaic adoration.

"You promised me, Israel. We thought about a basement together."

"I know it, and we're not going to do anything you won't allow. But Pa has built a lot of houses."

"And now he's building ours?"

It was an unkind thing to say. No one in southern Utah could build a better house. But her basement! She had felt its coolness, imagined the baby asleep there while she canned away August. She had already dug it with her bare hands!

Now Grandpa was rolling his sleeves all the way up, the matter settled. Of course it had been settled when he rode up with his suitcase. Amy would not have her basement. She would not have whatever Grandpa in a lifetime of experience had not found to be good. She could see her house now, just like Grandma Nellie's, with a steaming upstairs and deck porches the width of the house on both floors.

A carpenter came and Amy sent him to join the adversary. She tried to keep away from the window so she would not have to watch them bury forever her undug basement. Could she do as much? Could she bury her anger and never mention basements again as long as she lived? She could try. What did she really know about them anyway? A picture, a comment, things that wouldn't cover the head of a pin beside Grandpa's knowhow. She scolded herself, unselfishly took all the blame for troubling the waters, and hoped for an extended peace, hoped that Lola had not outgrown that old whim of hers about sleeping on the floor.

By the time the foundation was laid and the plans were completed, Amy had given up her ample closets: "Can't you see that they would encourage the foolish acquiring of clothing? Remove temptation. Be frugal and simple, my dear." She had also changed her mind about wanting deeper, more gradual stairs: "A waste of space, daughter. Up is up." But these submissions were trifling. Amy began to suspect male judgment in any form. If Israel said, "Bedtime," she got to looking at the clock, even if she was having difficulty keeping her eyes open. When he called on one of the children to say family prayer—no matter who it was—she knelt there wondering whose turn he had overlooked. But the thing that finally shattered her faith in men, the thing that finally made Grandpa an old man with old-fashioned ideas, was the problem

of which direction the house ought to face. Only it was not a problem to Amy. She had never for one second seen it as a matter that needed deciding until she overheard the men talking.

"Will the house look west or south, Brother Gordon?" asked the carpenter.

Grandpa was silent, and silence made Amy uneasy. West. To the main road of course. To the west!

"How fortunate to be on a corner lot and have a choice." Grandpa sounded really grateful. "By all means," he said, "the main entrance should be on the south."

South? Amy looked over at Grandpa and in a tight, slow voice said, "Why don't you put it on the roof?"

"What was that, Amy dear?" asked Grandpa.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa. I was being foolish. I thought I heard you say that the house was to face south."

"By all means."

Amy sat down and picked up her mending, but her trembling hands would not sew. She had been patient. She had been agreeable. Sometimes she had been right. And all those times floated back, giving her strength.

"By *what* means, Grandpa? By *what* means? Why south?" She stood and went to the door. South she saw the cemetery, the narrowing road where it curved into the desert. South she saw one house: the shanty where Watermelon Joe lived.

"Look south! Look!"

"The town is going to grow Amy. Someday the main part of town will be out there."

"It will?"

"It will."

"But, Grandpa! The school, the church house, the store, the people! They're all north! The whole state is north!" She looked at Israel. "Don't let him!" Back to Grandpa. "What isn't north, Grandpa? Name one thing that isn't north!"

The carpenter filled the silence. "That's just it, Sister Gordon. North is all filled up. North is utilized, fully utilized."

"That's why a south front would be nonsense. Don't you see? Everyone who comes, including our children and ourselves, including you, Grandpa, on your way from Willow Flat, comes from the north." She sat down again. "My garden and

kitchen are on the north. Folks will spy the back door and they will come right in. Who will walk clear around the house just to get in right? Everyone will come through my kitchen—the bishop, the Relief Society sisters, the apostles!”

Amy was sure she had been convincing. She would forgive Grandpa his momentary blindness. After all, he had built most of his houses where there were no main streets to consider. She smiled at him and he smiled back.

“This decision is very important. You will live here for the rest of your lives.” It was an observation, not a rebuttal.

“That’s true, Grandpa.”

“You will likely never move again. You ought to be content.”

Sometimes she loved that voice.

“Yes, Grandpa. You do see.” Perhaps he *was* a Moses.

“And when the town grows south—”

Amy felt her cheeks flame. Had he heard one word?

“When the town grows south, a west entrance will be a daily annoyance, a daily reminder of lack of foresight. When the—”

“When! When! When!” She was sure she would cry. “And when the town does not grow south, I will have a daily annoyance that will drive me out of my mind!” She ran from the room, abandoning the men to their visions. She could see the town through her tears, snuggled against the graveyard, the rattling homestead, the barren fringe of desert. She would *not* submit!

But that night she had a dream. God was conducting priesthood meeting and Grandpa and Israel and the carpenter were on the front row, hanging on every word. God said when they came to earth, men could have their choice—sayso or sense—but they couldn’t have both because that wouldn’t be fair to the women. He called a vote and Grandpa’s hand shot up for sayso before God had finished speaking. Amy awoke, sure the choice had been unanimous. By daylight she had decided that, God approving, she had no alternative but to leave the men to their folly.

After breakfast she made her speech. “The front door should face west, main street. It should be easy and logical to get to from the north. Or the south. My mind is the same as it was last night. However, I gave up my basement, which

would have been cool and beautiful, and I gave up my vain closets and wasteful stairway. I will now give up having my front door on the front of the house."

"Amy, Amy, Amy."

"I don't want to talk about it any more."

They left her, their stomachs full, their minds undoubtedly troubled that she did not see. Perhaps Israel reminded his pa that it was Amy's house after all. But Amy never even hoped it. She let herself be mad inside whenever she wanted to and she watched them build her house the way they wanted to. She never let on what she had dreamed or how much she hurt inside. When they built her a coolroom with several inches of cobble rock underneath the cement floor and with sawdust between the studding in all the walls, she showed them her pleasure. Inwardly she marvelled at how the men in her dream could go about building such a fine coolroom without her objections.

But to nurture such sarcasm made Amy uneasy. It was wrong for a woman. When the house was finished, the pictures hung, the rooms moved into, she was pleased, and she longed to have once more her sturdy faith in Israel, that trust that made obedience beautiful. She longed to feel again that the priesthood could actually carry the burdens without throwing the world into chaos.

When the time came to dedicate the new house to the Lord's care, Israel relinquished his right and asked Grandpa to offer the prayer. Amy hid her unsightly wash boiler and such things as usually hang beside a back door, and on Sunday afternoon Grandpa and a radiant band of friends and neighbors filed in through the kitchen. They arranged themselves in the parlor.

As Grandpa began to pray, Amy's heart churned for a miracle. She had to have it! "Father, we dedicate into Thy watch-care and keeping this beautiful home." *Oh Father, it is beautiful, it's beautiful regardless!* "Bless this good family. Thou knowest the intents of their hearts are righteous, Father." *Thou knowest how men are, Father. Help me to take no delight in their folly.* "Bless every comfortable room, bless every child who grows there. Bless the timbers that the elements—" *Bless me never to mention my basement again. Remove bitterness, doubt—* "Within these walls let Thy Holy Spirit abide in peace always, we pray Thee, in Christ's name, Amen." *In peace. In peace. Oh, please! Amen.*

Amy sank into a chair. Not until Grandpa came over and looked into her eyes and took her hands between his own did she realize she was still crying.

"Thank you, Grandpa."

"I'm sorry everybody invaded the woman's realm by tracking through the kitchen, Amy dear, but please don't cry."

She cried harder.

"My, my, Amy. It's only a house," he said.

Amy's eyes were suddenly dry. She looked up at the old man.

"Of course, Amy. A wordly convenience. Trivia is trivia and must remain so in a world of sorrow."

Amy's heart quieted after that. Oh, there were setbacks. The President of the Church himself walked through her kitchen once during soap making, and one cold Saturday night the Relief Society sisters almost stumbled over Israel sitting before the oven door in the bathing tub. There may even have been another time or two when Amy came so near telling Israel her dream that she trembled. But she kept it. Trivia is trivia. Besides, how could a dream matter to Israel when it made less and less sense to her.

Hay Derrick

John Sterling Harris*

You can see the derrick there
In the lower meadow by the marsh
Where there's a low stack
Of hay against the pale sky.

The father made them unhook the chain
That linked the pole to base
And lowered the end
To rest upon the ground.

But the big pine pole
Used to point toward the sun like a dial
And swing across the summer sky
To raise the loads of meadow hay

That creaking wagons brought to stack—
The Jackson hanging from the block,
With four curved tines like blades of scythes
Dropping down and sinking in the load,

Then hoisting high with cable taut,
Turning slowly in the air,
And swinging over the stack
With the screek of straining blocks—

Then the shout of *yo* to pull
The trip rope and dump the hay,
Returning them to the wagon—
Eight forkfulls for the load.

*Mr. Harris is an associate professor of English at Brigham Young University.

So they were that August day,
The father pushing the fork into the load,
His son carefully building the stack,
And a child on the plodding derrick horse

That drew the cable up
Then backed to let it down,
In easy rhythm of lower
And hoist and swing and drop.

Then there came a shift of wind
That made the derrick horse start.
The child tried to pull the reins,
But the horse bolted fast.

The empty fork flew to the block
But stopped and then plunged down
Where one tine pinned the son to the stack
And the broken cable covered him with coils.

They left the stack unfinished
To bleach in the summer sun,
And the autumn winds stirred the hay
Like unkempt hair on the head of a boy.

Distorting Polygamy for Fun and Profit: Artemus Ward and Mark Twain Among the Mormons

Richard H. Cracroft*

To many nineteenth century readers, in America and abroad, Mormonism and its "peculiar institutions" were blatant affronts to decency, serious moral blemishes on the Christian escutcheon of the United States of America. To the majority of such readers, as Richard Bushman asserts, Mormons, as they were portrayed in popular literature, became "a foil, . . . the picture of what a good American was not."¹ As such, it was inevitable that Mormonism and things Mormon would become an important part of the standard bag of tricks of every American humorist from Josh Billings and Mark Twain to Max Adeler and Artemus Ward.

The Mormons were excellent targets for reform and exposé, as well as all types of humor. Sufficiently remote from the East and West coasts, isolated in the fortresses of the Rocky Mountains, and virtually independent of outside influences, the Latter-day Saints and their Territory of Deseret quickly became more than a gathering place for the faithful; they became, as well, a gathering place and focal point for a myriad of jokes, myths, and distortions which would long go uncorrected by the schooling hand of familiarity and first-hand knowledge. The very remoteness which protected the Saints from their enemies also allowed those same enemies (and even the apathetic) to fan the coals of ignorance into bright flames of bigotry.

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¹Richard L. Bushman, "The Historians and Mormon Nauvoo," *Dialogue*, V (Spring, 1970), 58.

Indeed, as Leonard J. Arrington, Latter-day Saints Church Historian, has postulated, numerous popular ante-bellum anti-Mormon novels, together with the well-attended public lectures and writings of eminent nineteenth-century humorists, probably did much to influence national attitudes, and, consequently, national policies regarding the Mormons.²

But to the humorist the truth (at least the *truth* with a small "t") was not important, for he saw in the myths which grew up around Mormon doctrines and customs, especially around polygamy with Brigham Young as its prototype practitioner, an opportunity for a literary bonanza which would allow him to mine, unchallenged, the ubiquitous anti-Mormon claims of Mormon licentiousness, as well as the nebulous gothic horrors of death by Danite murderers and mysterious and secret Mormon ritual in forbidden temples. All of these fascinations would receive humorous attention, but the focus would remain on that which seemed to most of the humorists a chance to explore an apparently funny anachronism—a Turkish harem in the American Far West. The Mormon situation gave the humorist unlimited opportunity to exploit mock envy, ridiculous exaggeration, and wild hyperbole, as well as a chance to jab at what the non-Mormon world saw as a startling discrepancy between claims of religious piety and the apparent sensuality of polygamy.

Of course they knew better. At least Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, the two leading humorists of their decades, knew better. Twain, in *Roughing It*, admitted begrudgingly that Mormon society looked decent and hard-working, and Artemus Ward (the pseudonym for Charles Farrer Browne, 1834-1867), who made so much capital from his world-famous lecture, "Among the Mormons," had to admit soberly that "Apparently, the Mormon women are happy. . . . I saw plurality at its best, and I give it to you at its best." Then, fearful of popular opinion, he hastens to add, "I have shown the silver lining of this great social cloud. That back of this silver lining the cloud must be thick and black, I feel quite sure."³

²See Leonard J. Arrington and Jon Haupt, "Intolerable Zion: The Image of Mormonism in Nineteenth Century American Literature," *Western Humanities Review*, XXII (Summer, 1968), 243-260; also, "The Missouri and Illinois Mormons in Ante-Bellum Fiction," V (Spring, 1970), 37-50.

³Charles Farrer Browne (Artemus Ward), *The Complete Works of Charles F. Browne* (London: Chatto and Windus, Publishers, c. 1870), p. 235. All references to Ward's works cited in the text are from this edition.

It was not, however, "plurality at its best" that made for laughter on page or stage, and, consequently, Twain and Ward turned from the facts as they had learned them firsthand, to the myth which fascinated and delighted millions. Thus an anonymous reviewer in the *London Times* favorably reviewed Ward's Mormon lecture because it was "utterly free from offence, though the opportunities for offence given by the subject of Mormonism are obviously numerous." (p. 391) The myths which surrounded Mormonism were at once repelling yet titillating, and Artemus Ward and, to a lesser extent, Mark Twain seized upon this tension to excite wide reading and listening audiences by speaking with poker-faced solemnity about the perils of going, unattached, among the marrying Mormons. The laughter which the pair aroused in their writings and their lectures reverberates into the present at the same time that it sheds new light on the past.

A look, then, at Mark Twain's and Artemus Ward's humorous use of their popular Mormon material shows not only their own adherence to the anti-Mormon myth, despite their own experience to the contrary, but it also reveals clearly that despite Mark Twain's literary supremacy, it was Artemus Ward who realized and utilized the Mormon material to greater advantage. Such an examination also suggests that Mark Twain probably learned a great deal about handling his Mormon material from Ward and reveals that both of them, lionized as they were at home and abroad, hit very near the sensitivities of the English-speaking people regarding world opinion about Mormonism. The Mormon materials become, then, for literary and historical reasons alike, a fascinating prism on the past.

THE DIFFERENCES: TWAIN'S GENIUS VS. WARD'S BRILLIANCE

It is important here to establish the obvious: that regardless of Twain's relative failure to utilize with much success the Mormon material, he was, nevertheless, superior in his artistry to Artemus Ward. Ward was a lecturer who could understand and then shape his audience; but he had little patience with writing. Twain, also a fine lecturer, became a great writer, plumbing to its depths a well of natural genius. The differences are seen clearly in their handling of another mutual topic—Horace Greeley's unforgettable ride to Placerville.

As Artemus Ward told it to rollicking audiences it must have been a classic recountal. The story tells how Greeley, while making a celebrated progress through California, became impatient one late afternoon with the California Stage Company, which had been chartered to carry him the forty miles from Folsom to Placerville, in time for a 7 p.m. festivity in his honor. The Stage Company, writes Ward, said to Henry Monk, its crack driver, "Henry, this great man must be there by seven to-night." Monk accepted the charge. However, soon after departure, the great Greeley became impatient at the slow progress over rough roads and shouted to Monk, "Sir . . . are you aware that I must be in Placerville at seven o'clock tonight?" To which Monk drawls "I've got my orders," and continues his slow pace. In response to numerous similar protestations, Henry Monk merely repeats, "I've got my orders." Greeley becomes more and more upset. Then, suddenly, Henry Monk cuts loose and the horses begin a furious run, achieving, under the cursings and whippings of Monk, "a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses." Bouncing about miserably, Greeley becomes furious and manages to scream "Do—on't—on't—on't you—u—u—think we—e—e—e shall get there by seven if we do—on't—on't—on't go so fast?" To which Henry Monk replies, "I've got my orders."

Frightened at the breakneck speed, Greeley begins to insist that Henry slow down, just as earlier he had urged him to speed up. Again, "I've got my orders" was the only response. Finally, irritated by Greeley's vociferous cries, Henry yells down to Greeley in astonishing democratic irreverence for the great:

I've got my orders! I work for the Californy Stage Company, *I* do. That's wot I *work* for. They said, "Git this man through by seving." An' this man's goin through. You bet. Gerlong! Whoo-ep!

The stunned Greeley roars, "Stop, you—maniac!" To which Monk answers "I've got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

The story concludes with Henry Monk's driving determinedly through a welcoming party of soldiers, brass band and wagon-load of lovely damsels in milk-white dresses, refusing, with an "I've got my orders," to allow Greeley to disembark until he reaches Placerville, at "seving." Again he shouts to his nose-bleeding and bedraggled passenger, "Whoo-ep! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE," and finishes the drive. Keeping

his emphasis on the exploitation of the genteel-vernacular tension and the resultant humor, Ward concludes the tale by pointing out that Monk enjoys a modest fame because of the adventure, and that Monk himself concludes always by noting, democratically that he "yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley." (pp. 206-210)

Though undoubtedly exciting and hilarious when told orally, this tale lacks the finesse of Twain's similar tales. The genteel-vernacular tension is well drawn, as is the mock-heroic tone which characterized the frontier single-mindedness and brashness of Henry Monk. But Ward's tale has few of those literary touches which spring Mark Twain loose from his coterie of humorous friends and associates to launch him into orbit with the greats of American *belles-lettres*. In Ward's rendition there is no sense of narrator, no attempt to use the frame story, with its comments on the teller of the tale, no real attempt to deal in the subtleties which generally differentiate Twain's written yet oral humor from the oral yet written humor of Artemus Ward.

The point is made clear when one turns to *Roughing It* (1872), and to Twain's rendering of the same Greeley tale, a tale well-known in the Nevada Territory in the 1860s and one which Ward might well have heard from Twain himself during the week-long carouse in Virginia City in December, 1863. Writes Twain, relating the story as supposedly told to him by a stage driver.

I can tell you a most laughable thing, indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley went over this road once. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled at Hank Monk and begged him to go easier—said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he was awhile ago. But Hank Monk said, "Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time," and you bet you he did, too, what was left of him.⁴

⁴Mark Twain, *Roughing It* (New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 1959), pp. 137-138; 139-143, *passim*. First published in 1872 by The American publishing Company. All references to *Roughing It* in the text are from this edition.

Clearly, Twain's version of the story is abbreviated, told without any of Ward's details, and told by a vernacular teller. The tale has more of a drawl to it, and the "head through the roof of the stage" and the "what was left of him" conclusion heighten the drama of the "Keep your seat, Horace" punchline. Even this brief rendering seems, at least on paper, a better rendering than Ward's tale.

But Twain is not finished, and in his additional treatment of the tale we see clearly what Bernard DeVoto meant when he claimed that the chief difference between Twain and Ward was that Twain had the ability to borrow an inspiration and improve upon it. Thus Twain devotes nearly a whole chapter to the tale. After the above recounting, Twain relates how his persona hears the exact tale, repeated word for word, from a Denver man, from a calvary sergeant, from a Mormon preacher, and, finally, from a "poor wanderer who had lain down to die." The wanderer is revived and determines to show his thanks by remarking, "I can tell you a most laughable thing indeed. . . ." Twain promptly stifles the story in a marvelous, hyperbolic denunciation:

Suffering stranger, proceed at your peril. You see in me the melancholy wreck of a once stalwart and magnificent manhood. What has brought me to this? That thing which you are about to tell. Gradually, but surely, that tiresome old anecdote has sapped my strength, undermined my constitution, withered my life. Pity my helplessness. Spare me only just this once, and tell me about poor George Washington and his little hatchet for a change. (pp. 141-142)

Even then Twain is not finished. He adds, "We were saved. But not so the invalid. In trying to retain the anecdote in his system he strained himself and died in our arms." In a soaring conclusion, Twain then comments that he had heard "that deathless incident four hundred and eighty-one or eighty-two times." He insists that most men of letters, ancient and modern, real and imaginary, have utilized the same anecdote, and he adds that "I have heard that it is in the Talmud. I have been told that it is employed in the inquisition in Rome; and I now learn with regret that it is going to be set to music." The real grandeur of the Pacific Coast, he adds, is not the redwood trees of Yosemite, but, after all, "Hank Monk and his adventure with Horace Greeley." (p. 143)

Twain's four-fold repetition of the story, his exaggeration

of the effects on the wanderer when he is forbidden his telling, his hyperbole about the numerous repetitions he has endured demonstrate Samuel Clemens' genius triumphing dramatically over the performing brilliance of Charles Farrer Browne, just as DeVoto claims.

ARTEMUS WARD'S INFLUENCE ON MARK TWAIN

So Bernard DeVoto, a major American critic and devotee of Mark Twain, was right when he praised Twain's superiority as *the* humorist of the American nineteenth century. But when DeVoto, in his landmark defense of Twain in *Mark Twain's America* (1932), concludes his too-brief dismissal of Artemus Ward's influence on Twain by saying that the pair's "methods and their effects were antipathetic," he is wrong. And when he adds that "Their minds were disparate, their intentions antagonistic, their methods incommensurable,"⁵ he is wrong again. In fact DeVoto's criticism, motivated primarily by Van Wyck Brooks' and others' attacks on Mark Twain, is often guilty of too much heat in defense of Twain, of feeling he must enhance Twain's reputation at any cost, in this case at the cost of Ward's already diminished reputation.

Since DeVoto made his vigorous declaration in 1932, few have ventured to contradict the results of his "conscientious study." Nevertheless, looking at Twain and Ward's treatment of Mormonism reveals that, in Twain's early writing at least, their minds and methods were not disparate; their intentions were not antagonistic. Working out of the same tradition, both of them saw Mormonism as a popular, humorous topic capable of yielding a great deal of low-grade ore, which they had the ability to mine effectively. Though Twain was clearly the native genius who was fast becoming an exciting writer, and though Artemus Ward was an exciting lecturer who had little respect for the written word, Twain's written yet oral humor and Ward's oral yet written humor were often similar. Moreover, in treating the Mormons at least, Twain's genius was often bested by Ward's brilliance.

Twain confessed that he had been influenced by Artemus Ward. Indeed, as Paul Fatout notes, Twain wrote and delivered a popular though condescending lecture on Ward in

⁵Bernard DeVoto, *Mark Twain's America* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1932) pp. 219, 221. Further references to DeVoto in the text are from this edition.

which he used Ward's life and humor for a pegboard on "which to hang jokes by Ward and by Mark Twain." So heavily dependent was Twain upon Ward's earlier lectures and humor that he "once introduced himself as Charles F. Clemens," and one reporter called Twain's lecture on Ward "Mark Ward on Artemus Twain."⁶ Furthermore, in his essay "How to Tell a Story," Twain acknowledges his admiration for Ward as a master lecturer, story teller, humorist, and master of the pause, that literary device so central to Twain's own writing and lecturing. And Twain's platform manner capitalized on the same deadpan seriousness, the pregnant pauses, folk logic and related absurdities, exaggerations, and not-so-innocent belch-in-the-parlor irreverences which made Ward immensely popular in the United States and England.

A significant area of Ward's influence on Twain is seen in their similar yet disparate handlings of Mormon materials. When Twain began writing *Innocents at Home*, which was to become *Roughing It*, his two-day experience among the Mormons was already over ten years old, and even later when he came to write the Mormon chapters as part of his overland journey, he wrote to his brother Orion "Do you remember any of the scenes, names, incidents or adventures of the coach trip?—for I remember next to nothing about the matter,"⁷ and asked Orion to jot down some notes of reminiscence.

At the same time he had become familiar with Ward's then published lecture on the Mormons; and he knew of his late friend's enormous success with the lecture. He was aware of the literary potential of humorous jabs at what Artemus Ward had called "Bigamy, Trigamy, and Brighamism" (p. 515), was aware of the tide of anti-Mormonism which had emerged as a kind of popular anti-semitism in a country which delighted in attacking Irish-Catholics, Catholics in general, Masons, Mormons, and scandal-ridden administrations. It was natural, then that in writing the Mormon chapters in *Roughing It* Twain would turn to Ward's lectures and commentary on life among the Mormons—and he did.

Certainly in Ward's Mormon material, written shortly after his month-long stay among the Saints, Twain recognized a

⁶Paul Fatout, *Mark Twain on the Lecture Circuit* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960), p. 152. Fatout gives a number of instances of Ward's influences on Twain's lecturing.

⁷Quoted in Henry Nash Smith's introduction to *Roughing It*, p. xiii.

freshness and interest which his own general inattentiveness and youthful nonchalance had prevented him from enjoying on his visit to Salt Lake City in 1862. Seizing the potential of Mormons as the target of humorous barbs, Ward had written a fictitious but wildly farcical account of a visit to Brigham Young which was published in the 1 November 1860 *Vanity Fair*. In that sketch he struck the pose he would take in 1864, when he wrote his popular lecture, "Artemus Ward Among the Mormons," following his real visit to the Saints.⁸ In 1860 he writes, for example, that it takes Young "six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house." After several fantastic experiences among a lot of "femaile Mormonesses," Ward "girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabited by as theavin & on-principled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globe." (p. 76)

This farcical jab at Brigham Young and his followers would return to haunt Ward, for in January 1864, he visited Great Salt Lake City, despite joshing warnings by Gentile friends that the Danites would get him. The Danites didn't get him, but the "Mountain Fever," a variety of typhoid fever, nearly did. On the evening following a real visit to President Young, Ward was felled with an attack of fever which nearly

⁸In October, 1863, Ward, with E. P. Hingston as his manager, began a lecture tour of the Far West. It was a successful and important tour. He lectured to thousands in San Francisco and other West Coast communities, then moved inland to lecture to the miner circuit. At Virginia City, Ward struck up a friendship with Mark Twain. Later, Ward was influential in getting Twain's "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" published in a New York newspaper. At the conclusion of the mining circuit lectures Ward flipped a twenty dollar gold piece, exclaiming, "If it comes down eagle we'll go to the Mormons." It did and they did. Somewhat uncomfortable about the "Destroying Angels," Ward became even more uncomfortable when at one way station he asked a pretty Mormon wife, who said she was from Kirtland, Ohio, if she knew "a crazy old rascal there of the name of Martin Harris." "I did," the girl replied; "he was my father." In Salt Lake City, Ward registered at the Salt Lake House, where they were hosted by James Townsend, the landlord. In his illness, Ward was attended by Dr. Jonathan H. Williamson, post surgeon at Camp Douglas, but was so gravely ill that Hingston began making arrangements for transporting the body back home. Mrs. Townsend, James' second polygamous wife, cared for Ward, as did Mrs. Battershall, an elderly Englishwoman. Ward recovered and finally delivered his lecture on "Babes in the Woods" to the Mormons, on 8 February 1864. The Salt Lake Theater was packed, but receipts were only \$490.00, for many prominent Saints were admitted free. Returning to New York, Ward wrote his Mormon lecture, toured the East and the South, with two tours in New York. He left on 2 June 1866 for England, lecturing there until 23 January 1867. He became ill with tuberculosis, failed steadily, and died at Southampton on 6 March 1867, at thirty-four.

killed him, weakened as he was by excesses. Ironically, Ward, who had been reminded by Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse that Young had Ward's book in his library and that the humorist "ought not to have made ridicule of our Church," was nursed back to health by Mormon Relief Society women, and inquired after daily by Stenhouse who was sent by Brigham Young with gifts of wine and fruit. Ward would write to Twain on 21 January 1864, that "the saints have been wonderfully kind to me. I could not have been better or more tenderly nursed at home. God bless them all." (p. 158)

Ward's blessing on behalf of the Saints was short-lived, for even as Ward and his manager, E. P. Hingston, left Salt Lake City by sleigh, Ward countered Hingston's suggestion that Mormonism was a blend of Swedenborgianism and Mohammedanism with a terse "Petticoatism and plunder." Ward returned to New York, penned his Mormon lecture and his notes and essays on his stay among the Saints, and commissioned panorama to be painted about life among the polygamists, an idea which was to prove popular and make Ward the first humorist on the circuit to utilize the popular panorama device to illustrate his lectures. But, most important, Ward, unlike Twain, was able to utilize his firsthand experiences in a fresh and vivid way; the difference such freshness made in the treatment of the Mormon material is significant.

TWAIN AND WARD ON BRIGHAM YOUNG AND POLYGAMY

Artemus Ward's handling of the Mormons, in *Artemus Ward (His Travels) Among the Mormons*, in *Artemus Ward, His Lecture*, in *Artemus Ward: His Book*, and in *Essays and Sketches*, is much fresher than is Twain's in Chapters 13-16 of *Roughing It*. A study of these materials demonstrates the incisive freshness of Ward's material as opposed to the often strained nature of Twain's humor regarding the Book of Mormon (which he had apparently not read⁹). Such a study demonstrates as well that Artemus Ward, while not a genius or even a very good writer, was capable of brilliant humor and rich imagination. It also reveals Ward as a man from whom Twain, contrary to DeVoto's claim, took some important lessons. At no place is this so clear as in the Mormon

⁹See Richard H. Cracroft, "The Gentle Blasphemer: Mark Twain, Holy Scripture, and the Book of Mormon," *BYU Studies*, XI (Winter 1971), 119-140.

materials, and, more particularly, in their treatments of Brigham Young and polygamy.

Mark Twain's treatment of Brigham Young is generally disappointing. Most of his lines about the Mormon Prophet fall flat, as does his strained and irrelevant passage about Brigham Young patting Twain on the head and asking Twain's brother "Ah—your child, I presume? Boy or girl?" (p. 97)

Twain's best humor regarding Young occurs in the long recitation by a Gentile named Johnson concerning Young's difficulties with his wives. In the mock Exaggeration-of-my-Plight treatment already established by Artemus Ward, Twain has Brigham Young recite his woes: the breastpin given to his favorite which will have to be duplicated with every wife, costing him thousands of dollars; the money spent on papa's watches; the money spent on bedsteads—which Young attempts to regain by converting seventy-two bedsteads into one bedstead seven feet long and ninety-six feet wide; the resultant problem, of course, that the breathing of the slumbering wives caused the walls of the bedroom to suck in and push out. Brigham Young concludes this section with a remarkable piece of advice in which he urges Johnson not "to encumber yourself with a large family. . . . In a small family . . . only, you will find that comfort and peace of mind which are the best at last of the blessings this world is able to afford us. . . . *Take my word for it, ten or eleven wives is all you need—never go over it.*" (p. 108; italics added)

Ward is better than Twain on Brigham Young. In Ward one finds the origin of the Sage-Counsel-to-a-Young-man-from-an-Old-Polygamist which Twain uses. In a solemn (fictional) interview with Ward, Brigham Young says, "Artemus, my boy, you don't know how often a man marries against his will. Let me recite one case out of a hundred that has happened to myself." He then recites *his* woes: how he approached a family from Hoboken comprised of four lovely daughters, a mother, and two grandmothers, one with teeth, the other without. "I took," confesses Brigham, "a fancy to the youngest of the girls, and proposed." After reflection the girl replies that "I can't think of marrying you without you marry my three sisters as well." Brigham tells Ward that he agreed and approached their mother for consent. "No objections to your marrying my four girls," says she, "but you'll have to take me as well." After reflection, Young consents and goes

to the two grandmothers for their approval and receives a similar response. Young finally agrees, writes Ward, "to swallow the two old venerable antiques as a sort of sauce to the other five." (p. 517)

The same story recurs in Ward's work. On seeing one Mormon polygamist, Ward writes the man's marital history of his nuptials with several sisters, their mother and their grandmothers, and he concludes:

The family were in indigent circumstances, and they could not but congratulate themselves on securing a wealthy husband. It seemed to affect the grandmother deeply; for the first words she said on reaching her new home, were, "Now, thank God! I shall have my gruel reg'lar!" (p. 236)

Twain renders the same story, apparently heavily influenced by Ward, but he treats it briefly, cursorily, and with little imagination, though it is still funny. Twain writes how it is interesting to sit among the Gentiles and hear them tell how,

. . . some portly old frog of an elder, or a bishop, marries a girl—likes her, marries her sister—likes her, marries another sister—likes her, takes another—likes her, marries her mother—likes her, marries her father, grandfather, great grandfather, and comes back hungry and asks for more. (p. 102)

But while Johnson the Gentile is, in Twain, fascinated with Brigham Young's domestic arrangement, Ward is even more concerned. After quips about how "in Utah all the pretty girls mostly marry Young," or that Brigham "loves not wisely—but two hundred well," Ward ladles in such tidbits as the menu at the Young home which is comprised mostly of delicacies such as "Matrimonial Stews," Brigham's Lambs," "Domestic Broils," "Little Deers," with a choice for dessert of "Apples of Discord" or "Mormon Sweet-Hearts." (p. 144) He fusses at several places about Brigham's clothesline, noting that "I undertook to count their long stockings on the clothesline in [Young's] back-yard one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than half an hour. It made me dizzy." (p. 236)

Ward's mock concern for Young's domestic confusions continues in another piece of advice from Young to Ward, again prefiguring Twain's treatment of Young's work about papa's watches and teething rings. Ward has Brigham complain to him that though he had recently married again "he says he

shall stop now." All he wants, claims Ward, on the authority of the Mormon Prophet, "is to live in peace for the remainder of his days—and have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family." But, Ward worries, "if *all* his family soothe his dying pillow—he'll have to go out-doors to die." (pp. 377-378) These and other such absurdities as Ward's showing a picture of Young surrounded by manifold wives and multiple children and adding drolly, "Ah, what is a home without a family," remind the attentive reader very much of Mark Twain, but also remind him that Ward predates Twain's treatment of the Mormons by nearly ten years and that Twain never wrote so well about Brigham Young.

Mark Twain's best Mormon humor occurs when he confesses, mockingly, that he had proposed to write the usual expose of polygamy—until he saw the Mormon women. Then, he soars:

I was touched. My heart was wiser than my head. It warmed toward these poor, ungainly, and pathetically homely creatures, and as I turned to hide the generous moisture in my eyes, I said, "No—the man that marries one of them has done an act of Christian charity which entitles him to the kindly applause of mankind, not their censure—and the man that marries sixty of them has done a deed of open-handed generosity so sublime that the nations should stand uncovered in his presence and worship in silence. (p. 101)

This is probably the best literary and humorous moment in Twain's three Mormon chapters, and its humor, like charity, never faileth.

Unfortunately, however, the few really successful moments in the Mormon segments of *Roughing It* are offset by the dreary and too frequently non-humorous attempts to convert the Book of Mormon into literary wealth. Twain, who prefigures his own rather feeble attempts to do the same thing in *Christian Science* (1907), with Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health*, finds himself in the dilemma of having to explain the book's contents before he can make fun of it—and the attempt falls flat, despite a few good lines. Again, Twain may have got the idea from Ward, who publishes in his book the whole Section 132 of The Book of Doctrine and Covenants, commenting: "The Book of Mormon is ponderous, but gloomy, and at times incoherent [he hadn't read it either]. . . .

But the Revelation of Joseph Smith in regards to the absorbing question of plurality or polygamy may be of sufficient interest to reproduce here." (p. 237) Twain had not read the Book of Mormon with anything like attention or concentration¹⁰—and it seems Ward was likewise guilty, but it was Ward who wisely overcame the temptation to use the book and Twain who stumbled into transgression.

In fact, it is Ward who again and again demonstrates a better sense of humor and audience, in regard to the Mormon materials at least, than Twain. Whether commenting that Heber C. Kimball, counselor to President Young, had "one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives" (p. 378), or refusing Kimball's supposed offer of a turn on the dance floor with one of his wives, "a thing," Ward wrote, which makes "a Mormon ball more spicy than a Gentile one" (p. 235), or noting irreverently that Heber C. Kimball will "wear the Mormon belt when Brigham leaves the ring," Ward demonstrates a keen sense of the incongruity between Mormon life and mainstream American life, and he capitalizes on his sensitivity.

He capitalizes especially on the Poor-Gentile-in-the-Midst-of-the-Harem accounts, and delights in relating a farce of how he fought off seventeen Mormon widows, and was forced to refuse their proffered hand. When they responded with "O—cruel man! This is too much—oh! too much," he parries with "I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined." (p. 380) And to another group of imploring widows who cry that he must not "dash . . . the cup of happiness from [his] life," he retorts that "I have no objection to a cup, but I cannot stand an entire hogshead." (p. 515) And again he shows his sense of the humorous incongruity of Mormon polygamy amidst gentile monogamy when he relates how an irate Saint and his twenty-four wives left the Salt Lake Theater during a romantic play, *The Lady of Lyons*, because the polygamist patriarch couldn't stand to "see a play where a man made such a cussed fuss over *one* woman." (p. 222)

A final example will suffice in demonstrating Ward's ability to render the Mormon situation humorously. In a *Mormon Romance*—*Reginald Gloverson*, a fractured sketch in the condensed novels tradition of Bret Harte, Ward describes the

¹⁰Ibid.

parting of Reginald, a Mormon mule-skinner, from his wives, prior to his trip East. Says Reginald to his assembled lovelies:

I know that every night as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy with your wine-red lips—far more delicious though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not Dearestists?" (p. 280)

He departs, dies, and causes consternation—especially as his wives are left to debate their relative positions behind the bier—a debate they resolve by walking twenty abreast. Two years later a young Mormon already blessed with twenty-five wives proposes to the group and is accepted, whereupon he says, "we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines. . . . 'Twenty-one souls with a single thought, Twenty-one hearts that beat as one.' " Concludes Ward, in a mock confusion and illogic worthy of Twain:

Does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact show that however many there may be of a young widow woman—or rather, does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see. (p. 284)

CONCLUSION: ARTEMUS WARD'S SIGNIFICANCE

If writing about Mormons was confusing to Ward's intellect, it was because writing in general was a thing he professed to dislike. He saw himself as a humorous lecturer who disliked freezing his humor in print—he needed a living and lively audience and he was confident in his ability to enliven them. Yet he was, after all, experienced with the pen. He had served as a contributor and editor on B. P. Shillaber's (Mrs. Partington) *Carpet Bag*, as an editor for several papers, including the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, as a contributor to *Vanity Fair* and London's prestigious *Punch*. In reality, then, his writ-

ing background was similar to Twain's when Twain began to write *Roughing It*. Naturally we might conjecture on Ward's future, had he lived—on whether he would have become, given time and desire, a writer, or whether he would have followed into oblivion the other humorists who quickly blossomed then faded from the scene. His collected works seem to demonstrate that, despite his protestations, he was moving, as would Twain, toward writing as a profession. Still, lacking the South and the River and the vernacular and Twain's genius as the basis for his form and content, Ward may never have succeeded as anything but the "genial showman" he was at his untimely death.

But, as I have attempted to demonstrate, Artemus Ward's work, though rough, should not lightly be dismissed, as it so often has been. His prose and his lecture about Mormons show that his methods and effects were not antipathetic to those of Twain. There are striking similarities. While some of those similarities have sprung from a shared tradition, it appears that, in the Mormon material at least, Twain was strongly influenced by his erstwhile friend. At least he was much more influenced than Bernard DeVoto would claim (whose desire to pontificate led sometimes to careless generalizations) when he wrote that Ward's influence amounted to no more than "fifty words in [Twain's] collected works." (p. 221)

Clearly, Twain's was the greater fictional imagination, and, as the Horace Greeley story demonstrates, Twain's imagination was staggeringly fertile and his prose generally more effective than Ward's, but it does not detract from Twain's safe reputation to add that, in the use of the Mormon materials, which he may well have seen as belonging to his late friend Artemus Ward, Twain seems intimidated and unsatisfying, and, in most places, the lesser artist of the two.

Melville Landon, better known as Eli Perkins, may have overstated when he called his friend Artemus Ward the "father of American humor,"¹¹ but at least it is time to reconsider Ward's role as a solid influence on the life and art of Mark Twain. It is time to reconsider DeVoto's dismissal of Ward, based as it seems to have been on some fear for Twain's repu-

¹¹Landon, *Eli Perkins: Thirty Years of Wit* (New York: Cassell Publishing Co., 1891), p. 168.

tation. It is time to credit Ward's minor but significant role¹² as an often brilliant and imaginative humorist who not only showed Mark Twain some of the tricks of the writing and lecturing game, but on occasion even bested him. It is, finally, time to look more closely at Ward's (and Twain's) account of the Mormons—at the myths and falsehoods which Ward and Twain knowingly perpetuated about the often misunderstood doctrines of an oft-maligned Church, at the insights their portraits give into late nineteenth century American and British attitudes and misconceptions about the life and culture and doctrines of the Latter-day Saints.

¹²For further bibliographical information on Ward, see Don C. Seitz, *Artemus Ward: A Biography and Bibliography* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1919); James C. Austin, *Artemus Ward* (New York: Twayne Publications Inc., 1964). Several important articles have been written on Ward, including Stanley T. Williams' "Artemus the Delicious," *Virginia Quarterly Review*, XXVIII (1952), 214-227.

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