

Among little known and obscure source material utilized in *Joseph Smith's New England Heritage* is the original manuscript of the Lucy Smith history. This document has not heretofore been cited in Mormon scholarship, except as reflected in later versions of Lucy's history — notably the Coray manuscript and the version published by Orson Pratt in England in 1853 under the title, *Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith the Prophet*. Handwriting of the original manuscript identifies it as a Lucy Smith holograph. This manuscript provides added insight to the Smith family and Mormon beginnings that was either passed over in the Coray edition or added by Lucy in revision. The reader may compare the preliminary manuscript with the *Biographical Sketches* version of Lucy's history in the parallel presentation of Lovisa Mack's healing in chapter four.

In conclusion, *Joseph Smith's New England Heritage* is a valuable study of the lives of Joseph Smith's grandparents that broadly illuminates the immediate environment that produced the Mormon prophet. If Dr. Anderson's presentation of the heroic side of his subject's lives seems to obscure any failings, the book nevertheless offers a serious alternative to the image of Joseph Smith and his immediate ancestors that has been portrayed by his critics.

New Acts of Poetry

MARY L. BRADFORD

Spaces in the Sage. By Emma Lou Thayne. Salt Lake City: Parliament Press, 1971. 60 pp. \$2.95.

What You Feel, I Share. By Dennis Drake. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1971. 54 pp. \$2.95.

Speak to Me. By Christie Lund Coles. Salt Lake City: Press Publishing, 1971. 64 pp. \$2.98.

the lost, the found. By Gale Tampico Boyd. Salt Lake City: Studio West, 1971. 77 pp.

More and more acts of poetry are being committed by Mormons these days. Before me are four volumes attesting to a variety of interests and a variety in printing and format. I am happy to report that the best of these, *Spaces in the Sage*, appears under a new imprint "Parliament Press," tastefully done at Bookcraft, inaugurating what I hope is a trend dedicated to the publishing of good things for their own sake.

What You Feel, I Share, printed by Bookcraft, has an attractive typeface, but is marred by unnecessary illustrations. *Speak to Me*, by Christie Lund Coles, a poet who has been publishing in Church magazines for many years, would be better without the awkward pen and ink drawings. This brings up the question: do poems need pictures? I would give a resounding "No" if books like *Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle** weren't so satisfying. *the lost, the found* (in lower case) seems to be a successful meshing of poetry and photography, although the poems are not always as good as the pictures. This paperback book is apparently published at the behest of the photographer, Brian Record.

So much for printing; now to poetry. Dennis Drake is most successful when he forgets his beliefs and concentrates on deeply felt emotion or imagery. This short poem seems to be completely realized (and the beliefs come through too):

*Anthology for children (and adults) by Dunning / Lueders / Smith, Lothrop, 1967.

YEAR SUPPLY

Preparation will not erase for me the fear of famine:
 I have a ravening lust for life, deserved or not.
 Be sure that one poor man will never crave
 Secure and shallow comforts of a grave.
 I wish no quicker end to come
 Than must, and I am dumb
 To think of a red moon
 Or towers of smoke
 That Jesus come.

Other poems are marred, however, by trite lines like "If you are light, God, I want to be like you." This ends a poem which begins promisingly as a Laser beam. Some lines seem obvious: "No knowledge is free for the asking / It presumes preparation / assigns obligation." "A Girl is like a Fawn" has trite images like "Spring-young, a girl is like a fawn / in danger situations" and slack descriptions like "half-frightened, half-curious" and "ripeness, beauty, life." This young poet needs practice and pruning. The talent is there, but he gives in easily.

Christie Lund Coles doesn't try hard enough either. Her first poem "Speak to Me" (previously printed in *Dialogue*) shows what she can do when she really feels herself into another life. But turn the page and the rewards are trite, derivative lines: "There must be silence / Silence to review the path taken / and those we must still trod / There . . . must be meditation to renew our faith in God." I didn't think anyone would dare to rhyme *God* and *trod* anymore!

"It Is Over Now" is a delicate evocation of lost love: "It is over now, I am past the place / where the world was hollowed in your embrace." And there is a nice irony in "Artist:" "In a distant city / they exhibited his pictures / called them good art / said he was giving / immortality / to the town and people / whose houses he painted / to make a living." Mrs. Coles has the poet's soul. She perhaps has not been perservering enough to push for the final image, the best of all possible words.

Gale Tampico Boyd is in love with words. Her world is swirling with adjectives, most of them clouding the poet's vision like the insects she describes as "the dainty-winged darlings / become blats of bitter bastings / and the splays of glucky green / and pus yellow / somehow taint the taste of my / preterminal potato chips."

She experiments with typography, sometimes making arrangements out of poems. Many of the poems tend to disappear, however, in the pyrotechnics. She is not preachy, though, which I find refreshing.

There is a fun-loving grace to "Crumpled Foil" in which the poet uses an old piece of foil as a mirror: "I pull a shining sheet of swishing foil / and crumple it / and then unrumple it / and spread it full of wrinkles on the floor / and gaze in it / (to see my face in it) . . ." I think we can do without "shining" and "swishing."

There is a touch of Joyce in "Lola:" "All falldeerallish kiss was she / Flanibulously gay — / A sensuabulous young thing / Like a rosybis in May." And a little poem called "One Dollar Room" has a satisfying grittiness to it: