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DIALOGUE: A Journal of Mormon Thought is an independent national quarterly established to express Mormon culture and examine the relevance of religion to secular life. It is edited by Latter-day Saints who wish to bring their faith into dialogue with human experience as a whole and to foster artistic and scholarly achievement based on their cultural heritage. The Journal encourages a variety of viewpoints; although every effort is made to insure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment, the views expressed are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of the Mormon Church or of the editors.

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Editorial

A CHRISTIAN PEACE

In recent weeks the hopes of many have brightened with the prospects of peace in Southeast Asia; but others have lived with the war so long that they seem strangely indifferent to its terror and abysmally ignorant of its reality. When Presidential Advisor Henry Kissinger was reporting the results of our negotiations with North Vietnam on national television, many viewers called local stations to complain about the usurpation of their regular programs. Still others, weary of the war and of the conflicting rhetoric about it, have become cynical about the possibility of peace.

The war has taken its toll in many ways, not the least of which is a division and a despair among our people. Because we were so late in coming to terms with the moral implications of the war, some virtue seems to have gone out of us. We have been all too willing to defend ourselves, all too eager to cover up or explain away our national sins. The mystery of iniquity has ceased to be mysterious to us as we have acclimated and accommodated ourselves to the business of war.

With such dulling of our moral conscience is peace possible? Peace as the world knows it is essentially an illusion. Even if the war in that land which has been scarred by the "fury of aerial bombardment" were to end today, peace would not come. As Apostle Hyrum Smith said toward the end of World War I, "After this war is over will there be peace? No, there will be no peace. It will take generations to outlive the impressions of hatred and animosity that are now being made upon the hearts of the children against their fellow-men. . . . Peace to be permanent must come from within as well as to be seen externally."

Such internally-directed peace does not come by treaty and compromise; it comes painstakingly as people of good will truly sue for peace by being peaceable themselves and by seeking to share their peace with others. In reemphasizing the Lord's commandment to the Saints over a century ago, President Harold B. Lee said recently, "In our generation the true Christian's position on war is clearly set forth by a declaration in which the Lord says, 'Therefore, renounce war and proclaim peace. . . .' (D. & C. 98:16)." In commenting on

this scripture Hugh Nibley said, " 'Renounce' is a strong word: we are not to try to win peace by war, or merely to call a truce, but to renounce war itself, to disdain it as a policy while proclaiming . . . peace without reservation."

This is another instance in which the Lord has given a higher commandment to those who have received more light and knowledge. There is always a difference between the way of the Children of God and the way of the world. As Christ said to His disciples, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: *not as the world giveth,* give I unto you." The peace the world gives is precarious and partial because, to use Thomas Chatterton's phrase, it is a "peace put in impossible things."

Only the peace that Christ gives endures for those of us who have taken upon ourselves His name. He came into the world to bring that peace, as the angels announced at His birth, and He left the world proclaiming that same peace. When He appeared to His disciples prior to His ascension, His common salutation was, "Peace be unto you." His peace is a gift of grace, which comes to those who have sought to eliminate the causes of war — hatred and selfishness and pride — from their own lives and from the world, who have been willing to absorb evil through love, whose hearts are touched by injustice and sorrow. As Joseph Pintauro has said, however,

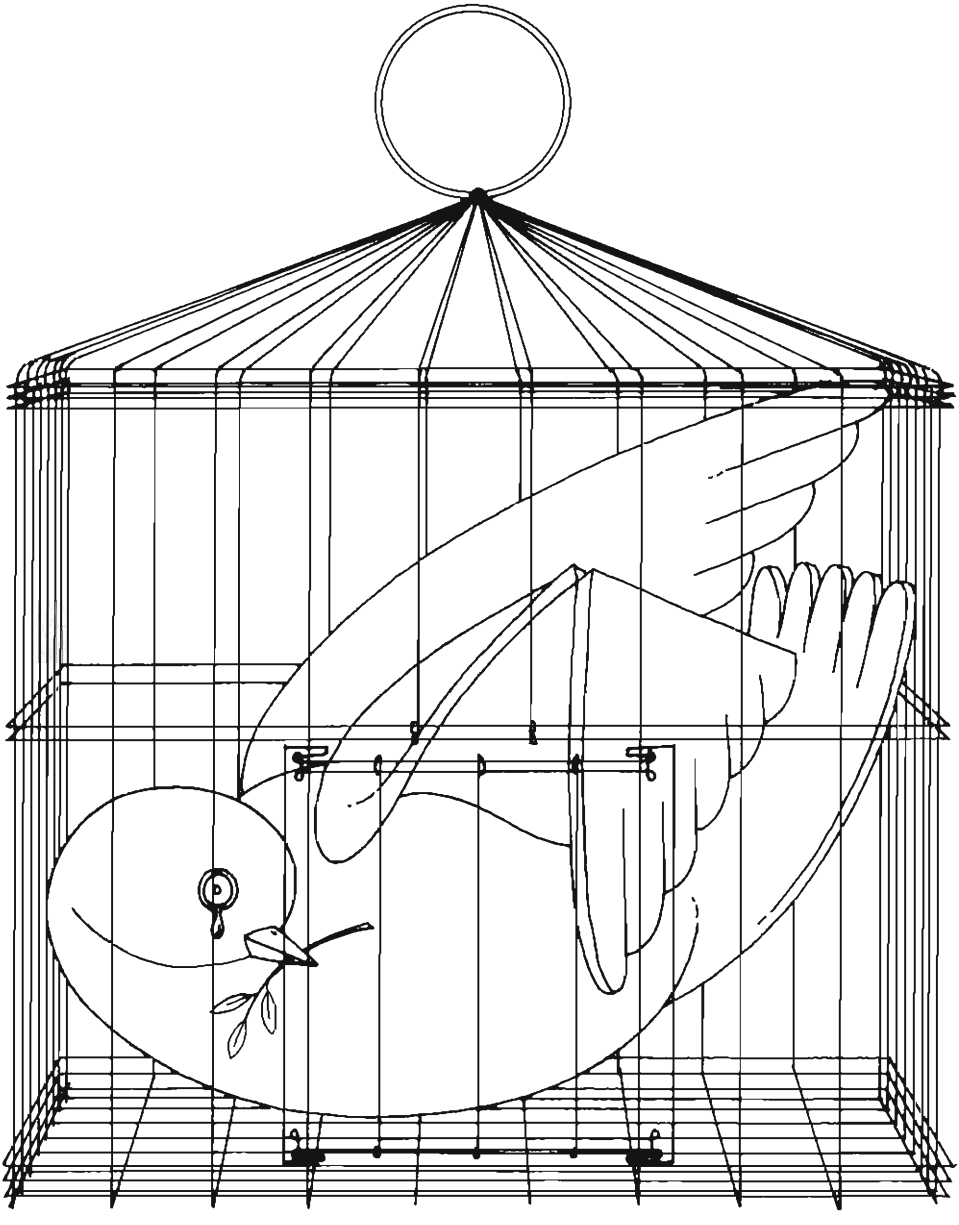
> Peace will not work
> If just one man alive
> Is unjust
> If one man alive
> Is ignorant or hungry or crazy or ashamed.

Christ's peace is not a guarantee of a carefree life. It is only a guarantee that one can endure the horror and hatred of the world, and through Him ultimately to prevail over it. As Christ taught His followers, "These things I have spoken that ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The Christian does not withdraw into the security of a private peace, but risks sharing it with others, suing for peace, working for peace, even in a world in which, as the Psalmist said, "I labor for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready to battle." This is reflected in what President Joseph F. Smith said in 1914, "For years it has been held that peace comes by preparation for war; the present conflict should prove that peace comes only by preparing for peace, through training the people in righteousness and justice, and selecting rulers who respect the righteous will of the people."

Latter-day Saints, above all others, should take the leadership in proclaiming peace. It is especially incumbent upon those of us who are disciples of the Prince of Peace to promote peace in every righteous way.

In remembering Christ's birth at this season may we strive to be reborn and renewed through Him. Such renewal brings personal peace, and that peace can be ours permanently as we seek to retain a remembrance of Him from day to day. But it can also be a shared peace as we seek to make Christ known to those who are without hope. As others come to know that peace, which truly passes understanding, mankind's hope for a true peace will be immeasureably enlarged.



THE SECOND COMING OF SANTA CLAUS: CHRISTMAS IN A POLYGAMOUS FAMILY

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Four of my father's wives lived at Provo during my childhood, a situation particularly fortunate for the swarm of Taylor kids. Santa Claus came twice to us, instead of just the single time he visited homes of those unfortunates whose fathers had only one wife. We were taught how blessed we were, to be among the very last to be privileged to live the fullness of the gospel; and here was a tangible evidence.

The first Santa visited the individual families, while the second was for the entire clan. There was a distinct difference here: each wife had her own home, her own family unit, as a widow might. My mother and Aunt Nellie each had a large brick home in town; we even had a brick barn, built for family industry, which subsequently became an apartment house. Aunt Roxie and Aunt Rhoda, who were sisters, had adjoining farms just east of the cemetery. The only times the four matriarchal families joined together in my father's idealized concept of the patriarchal clan of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, was on festive occasions such as his birthday, holidays, or outings, and particularly on Christmas.

The first Santa came Christmas Eve. Of course we kids pretended not to believe in Santa, but down *deep* . . . so we made every preparation for his arrival. Getting a tree meant a hard day's hike up Rock canyon, and lugging it home. It was always amazing how the scrubby little conifer became suddenly enormous in the parlor.

My sisters meanwhile were popping corn, stringing it and cranberries to decorate the tree, cutting strips of red and green crepe paper. Candles were popular as tree lights, but my mother wouldn't allow such a fire hazard. Red apples and paper flowers took the place of decorations from the store, though we did have a few yards of old tinsel, carefully saved year after year.

Before going to bed Christmas Eve we hung up our socks and also laid out a supper for Santa, knowing he'd be hungry from his busy night. Then as we snuggled in bed his deep voice boomed upstairs from below. "Have all the

children been good this year, Nettie?" "Oh, yes, Santa." "Then I'll leave something for everyone, and a merry Christmas to you all!"

When we crept downstairs before daylight, we found he'd eaten his supper and filled the stockings — the once-a-year orange in the toe, hardtack, homemade divinity, Boston creams, fudge, a popcorn ball. Under the tree we found overalls, shirts, underwear, shoes, things needed and appreciated; and always books, with a top or marbles for the boys, dolls for the girls.

The dolls were something special. As small children, my sisters got a new doll each Christmas, and wore it out. But at the age of accountability came baptism, confirmation, and the Last Doll, one with real hair, with eyes that shut in sleep, limbs with articulated joints. The Last Doll would be treasured, and each Christmas thereafter would come accouterments — dresses, coats, doll house, cupboard, muffin tins with real pies baked in them. When my youngest sister, Deli, saw her Last Doll high in the tree, with blonde hair and big blue eyes with real lashes, she shrieked with delight and began scrambling up the tree for it. Fortunately there were no candles, or the crash of the tree might have burned the house down.

I don't ever recall my father being present at this family Christmas (though inasmuch as he died when I was eight, and there was a total of six wives, my mother's turn might have come when I was too small to remember). His grand entrance on Christmas day was Santa's second coming.

We were alerted of his approach by the yelling of kids in the street, for John W. Taylor seemed to be a special friend of every youngster in Provo. He had a flair for the dramatic, and he always made a grand entrance. I don't remember the time he arrived with coach and four, the Concord stage with its leather springs bursting with kids, my father in command on the high seat, with a foot on the brake and his hands holding a tight rein on the four-horse team of matched bays. But as evidence of a memorable Christmas the Concord stood in the brick barn for years, while below it was the pit, a reminder of his arrival amid blue smoke and blaring horn in a thundering auto-MO-bile.

There was the time he arrived with a buggy full of Navajo rugs (still in service after more than half a century). We were wild with excitement the year he dashed into view on a sulky with bicycle tires, harnessed to a high-stepping racehorse. Though its name was Tom Marshal, we were secretly convinced that this was merely a ringer name and that the horse really was the famous pacer, Dan Patch. Whatever its name, Mother was deathly afraid to ride behind him.

My father's fond dream was for the clan to be self-sufficient; thus the two farms and the brick barn for family industry. I remember only one project for manufacture by family industry, and that was the Two-Step Ladder, perhaps the most memorable of Santa's second comings. The Two-Step Ladder had no rungs, only two metal plates for the feet, which slid up and down slotted boards in a most marvelous manner when everything worked, but were a menace to life and limb when they didn't, which was often.

With my father's arrival, the whole clan gathered, either at Aunt Nellie's or my mother's big house, and while the kids played games the four wives worked in the kitchen and pantry preparing Christmas dinner for the horde. While we were constantly exhorted not to "cut our brothers and sisters in half," it never occurred to us to exchange presents with the children of other wives, as we did among the immediate family. And, because of sheer numbers, the games had a

supervised aspect. There were tag games, Run My Sheepie Run, London Bridge is Falling Down, and, for each youngster in turn, there was the Hat Race.

Under the hat were treasures, a pocket knife, marbles, candy, a top. I lined up with my brothers, and at the signal we raced for the hat. Despite being the smallest in the race, I somehow reached the hat first, dived for it, and as the hat was lifted at the last instant clutched a double handful of fresh cow manure.

Inside, awaiting dinner, my father was the beaming audience as his children performed — elocution, piano pieces, songs. My specialty was "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam," but everyone had heard it the previous year, so I gained attention by throwing a tantrum. Still beaming, my father picked me up, took me to the pantry, and put my head under the cold water tap. It was the last tantrum I threw in his presence. His methods of discipline were unique but effective.

My brother Clif (Aunt Nellie's), was one of the more high-spirited of the hyper-thyroid clan; he and Paul Brimhall, son of the president of B.Y.U., had decided to quit school and see the world. They boarded a freight train at Provo, crawling in through the ice compartment of a refrigerator car. The train crew shut and locked the hatch, and the boys weren't discovered until the train stopped to re-ice at Pocatello. My father received news of Clif's whereabouts calmly, and advised authorities to hold him until he sent someone, then to submit a bill for board and room. Cliff and Paul spent thirty-two days in jail before Paul's brother finally arrived for them. Cliff then spent two days in my father's Salt Lake office, awaiting punishment. Instead, he was outfitted with school clothes, and on putting him on the train for Provo, my father said, "Son, next time you decide to see the world, go ahead, but tell your mother and me, for we both love you."

As a footnote, I might mention that when my father departed this world, he left behind six families of small children; thus the fatherless clan was placed in the classic situation from which springs delinquency. But the strength of his personality remained behind; we had never seen much of him in life, anyhow. The dedicated widows always spoke of him in hushed tones. His precepts and maxims were our rules of conduct; so that somehow he remained with us, as he always had been; and of his three dozen children, not one turned delinquent nor left the Church.

As we all sat together on Christmas afternoon, we had an unscheduled thrill. We were singing my father's favorite hymn, "God Be With You," when one of my brothers put a clothespin on the tomcat's tail. The cat let out a yowl and raced wildly about, kids scattering in all directions. The cat streaked over the table, upsetting a vase of flowers and celery set in water glasses, then bounded to the window curtains and clawed up them, while the boys yelled happily and the girls screamed with fright. My father awaited the moment, then plucked off the clothespin, and the hymn continued.

Finally — the Christmas dinner. An enormous turkey; three big cakes with white, yellow, and chocolate frosting; a half dozen pies, mince, apple, and pumpkin; heaping mounds of dressing and mashed potatoes; gravy, corn, salad, pickles, bread and butter.

But first, the blessing. From the head of the table my father surveyed his family, and bestowed the honor on one of the younger boys. We bowed heads, smelling the lovely bouquet of food as it was blessed. And then the young

supplicant said earnestly, "And, dear Father, protect us from the tomcats." The table exploded with laughter.

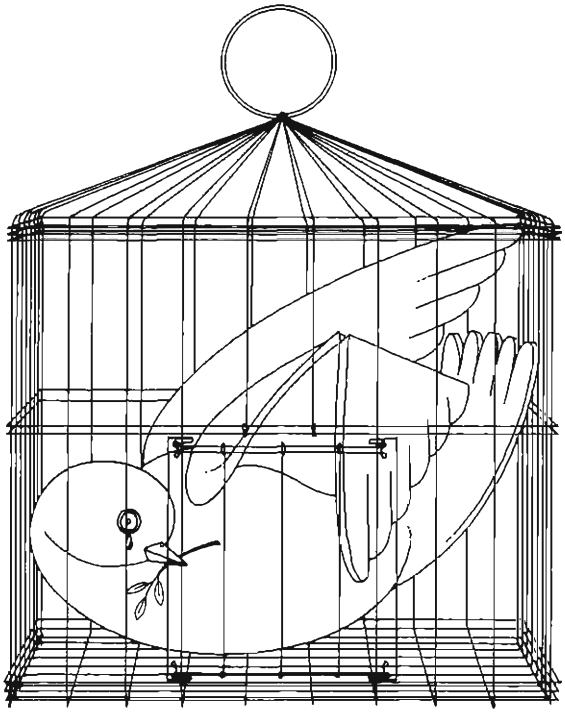
It was later, near bedtime, that the big treat came. This was the latest installment of the never-ending adventure story of Jack, Leonora and Rain-in-the-Face, two enterprising youngsters and their Indian pal. My father sat in the center, his four wives and their children spellbound by the latest episode. And, master story-teller that he was, he stopped with our beloved characters in a situation of peril, to be extricated next installment.

Father was completely happy with these occasions with his family, except for one small thing. Mother had a hired girl who was surly, not very smart, and was ugly as a mud fence.

"Nettie, why in heaven's name do you keep this scarecrow? Why don't you get a better girl?"

"Because, John," my mother said with a bright smile, "you might marry her."

He was gone next morning when we woke up, off on one of his many gigantic enterprises. The clan had dispersed to the individual families. But he loved occasions, and we could look forward to the gathering of the clan on his return —— his birthday, 4th of July, Thanksgiving, and as the second coming of Santa Claus on Christmas.



A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN UTAH*

WAYNE CARVER

A WORD ABOUT THE STORY

Several years ago some Carleton students planning a Christmas banquet asked me if I would be on the program and give a talk about my "experience with Christmas." I was having one of my spasmodic periods of purity and refusing to give talks or lectures on the grounds that I did not possess enough truth to make a speech last more than a few seconds. It is not of such brief impeccable mutterings that lectureships or programs are filled. But the phrase "your experience with Christmas" stayed with me. It suggested dangerous and exotic adventures I had lived through, or, perhaps, a disease that by taking thought and pills I had overcome. Christmas was upon us, I was far from the Utah mountains, it suddenly came to me that I had had experiences with Christmas that I would never have again, though whether dangerous or exotic was not for me to say. I sent the students a note saying I would not give a talk but would try to write something.

The afternoon of the banquet, in that unsettling lull between stacks of themes, I wrote "A Child's Christmas in Utah." I have tinkered with it since, but not much. Not enough, perhaps.

I think I have to say that the story is fiction but I hope true in the way fiction is true, not literally but emotionally true, true to the feel of a time and an experience. This is my "experience of Christmas" as I have tried to put it back together after many years. I would let the Psalmist (slightly abridged) state my further intention: "These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me . . . with the voice of joy and praise."

That voice is out of fashion now, but it was in me when I wrote the story. I cannot know if it will speak through the story to you. But Christmas is a good time to hope for all things, great and small. My small hope is that the voice is there.

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It isn't that way now. The quiet fields are broken into building lots and the farmers build jet engines in the city and garden with a roto-tiller after work. The old canal is lined with concrete and in the center of the town the Saturday-and-sun-drenched baseball diamond has shrunk to softball under lights, and the county has built a tennis court just off third base for a game the kids are beginning to learn to play in white shoes.

The frame store with the pot-bellied stove smelling of sizzled tobacco spit and with the mash sacks and rummy dive in back is a supermarket now where wives in stretch-pants buy hamburger helper and frozen chopped broccoli by the ton and aerosol bombs that go "SwwOOOOOOsh" and keep off the bugs or put on your pie a glob of something white that keeps your arteries open.

It isn't the way it used to be in my Plain City time — of plowing, planting, watering, hoeing, furrowing, harvesting, and throwing the harvest in the river to be pickled in the Great Salt Lake. It is the affluent society now, of rocket plants and loan companies, and the ice cream cones come frozen in glazed wrapping and taste like the strips of brown paper we used to put under our upper lip to stop the nosebleed. And I have not been back for Christmas for many and many a year — to the long everyday stocking with a fifty cent piece squaring the toe, the large orange pressing the half dollar down — a thick, loose-skinned orange that peeled clean and dry — to the heaped snow that fell on every Christmas eve — I have not been back, and it isn't that way now — and all I can do is gather a crystal or two from a vein of quartz — or is it fools-gold? — in Time.

* * *

In the bed-covering warmth of the high ceilinged room in the weather-bent old house between the mountains and the salt lake, nothing was alive at first except the dry flopping of the harness straps against the horse's matted coat and the cold jangle of the chains against the single-tree of the go-devil that Dad used to clear the paths between the house and the barn, the barn and the chicken coop, the chicken coop and the house, and to gouge a trail down the drifted lane to the county road where the snowplows from the shops in Ogden would come later in the day. Lying in the dark that is beginning to thin out like spilled ink, we hear coming through the window the flopping and the jangling and the sliding rumble of the triangular runners as they push aside rocks and twigs and skid down the sides of irrigation ditches, and the tongue clicking and "steady, boy, steady," of Dad as he talks to the horse. Hearing this, and seeing from under the door the orange line of kitchen light and, without listening for it, hearing the first snapping of the kindling in the range and smelling, without sniffing for it, the sulphurousness of coal smoke, we know — all three of us — that we have been tricked again, like last year and the year before that, that we had tricked ourselves and somehow, we can't say how, had fallen asleep — sometime, somewhere — back in that black night and that Christmas had come again and caught us sleeping.

Then the tinny, abrupt jingle of loose bedsprings, the cold shock beneath the warm flannel pajama legs, the cold fluttering linoleum slap against the feet; and the orange line beneath the door flashes upward and out: we are across the kitchen, through the heavy coal smoke to where the living room door is barred, sealed, against us, as Mother, at the side door, calls outside, and Dad comes in.

Daylight comes with the smell of oranges, pine needles, and chocolate; and coal smoke from the heater, and the brittle crack of hazel nuts and the tearing raveling crunch of peanut shells, the crackle of tissue paper crushing, the sweet sticky slurp of cherry chocolates, and the crack and shatter of peanut brittle. Amidst the smell, above the sounds, comes the "Oh, just what I wanted," of Mother and the "Very nice, very fine," of Dad and the "One-two-three-four! I got *four* presents that's simply more than *anybody*," of Mary and the "This wheel's just fine 'cause it's got a burr on the axle, not a cotter key," of Nephi, and the "Billy's got this book, he'll not swap. I'll swap with Rex," of another.

By mid-morning the broad valley glistens under the cold sun, and you have gone alone through the fields in the over-the-boots snow and along the row of willows beside the canal and watched the muskrats swimming in the alley of dark water between the frozen banks, have seen the runic tracings of the quail and pheasant trails and shaken the loose snow away from your collar that a magpie knocked down on you as you passed beneath the cottonwood tree to Rex's place where you ate molasses candy, swapped the extra *Bomba* you had read for the *Army Boys in France* that you had not. By noon you have been to Bill's through the glare of the sun and snow and shown him your hi-tops with the long grey woolen socks and the fold-over edge of red at the top and eaten peanut brittle, been to Grant's and seen the new skates, shown-off the cream and green cover of your *Pluck and Luck* and eaten hard tacks, been along the roads, the ditches, the trails until the snow packed into ice inside your boots has sent you home to dry and then, drying, behind the big heater in the living room to sail on the stack of books to all the great green world that never was and will always be, for nothing can touch it, ever. Nothing.

The crunch and ravel and tinkle is gone from the room now. The quiet is there like a field rippled with snow until the others return from their rounds, and in from the kitchen come only the first rasps and scrapes and clicks and hacks of dinner's getting underway. Behind the stove there is pine tree and warmth and the smell of chocolate syrup, and Bomba the Jungle Boy crouches in the grass beside the trail as the enemy patrol with poisoned darts in their quivers and blow guns in their hands file slowly by and disappear into the tangled heat of the jungle. In the gassy, coal-smelling clearing Bomba is wiping into glittering brightness the still smouldering and dripping blade when, bursting through the steaming wall of branches and vines, comes Aunt Em's bellow of tribal greeting, followed by a safari of cousins and a diminutive uncle, bearing weapons and supplies in their careful intimidated, and love-filled hands.

"Good Lord, Louisa, there you are just as I figgered, sweating out in the kitchen while everybody else has a fine faretheewell. We're late but I been after Ephraim since daybreak to get them cows milked so's we could get on our way. By Judas Priest, you would thought the man had never milked a cow before. Biggest kid in the house on Christmas. I get more work out of the cat than I do him. Lard amighty! You ought to see that house. You can't see out the windows for trash, and I'm so flustered I think I sliced an egg on the jello and a banana on the hot potato salad. I'm afraid to look, I tell you. And Moroni? — he was out chasing the girls until he ought to have been home milking, too; and, Lard, Sara and Nell, you'd of thought they never been given anything before. And all the time, Eph draggin' along, them cows moanin' out in the barn, their bags so full they'd liked t'have died, nothing to eat — it's a good

thing for that, I suppose. Why, he didn't get out of the house until ten o'clock, the milk man had come and gone by two hours and all the time me trying' to bake a cake in a crooked oven with the coal Wilbur Mann sold us at a special and, Louisa, I'm tellin' you it ain't coal at all. It's just dirt. It's better dirt than half that hard scrabble your man's farming down there in Salt Creek, and if Wilbur can sell that sandy loam he sold me for coal, I'd say Josiah's got a fortune in fuel under that field of onions he tries to grow ever summer. Grow! I's by there t'other day lookin' for the horses before the shurf stray-penned 'em and I says to Eph, 'Josiah's got a nice five acres of picklin' onions out a that salt flat he's tryin' to farm. Ought to get a special price, seein's how they been pickled all summer in brine automatic.' Well, as I'm sayin', there I am tryin' to bake this cake, and roast a shoulder of pork and fix the salad and I'm up to my chin in candy and nuts and wrappin' paper until I finally just booted everybody out the back door and said, 'Lardy, go on over t'the neighbors and dirty up some fresh territory while I get something done.' So they did. Except Eph. He's still settin' there in his new robe and slippers, dozin' mind you, his head bobbin' back and forth like a derrick fork. And them poor cows hollerin' to be milked, and finally I told him, 'Lard almighty man, go out there and take out enough milk to relieve their pain anyways, even if you don't care about no milk check next week.' So he did. Well, here we are. Where d'you want me to put the roast to keep it warm. Here! Give me that knife, I'll peel the taters. Don't you get no help? Where're your kids? You get started on the rolls, woman. This house's goin' to be crawlin' with starving people before we get turned around and us without a thing to put in their mouths. I thought I told you Big J flour's better'n this other stuff. Lard! I don't know what's goin' to happen to us. Ten o'clock milkin'; I tell you, I thought I'd never live to see the day."

And then the green jungle explodes into white brightness and comes alive as cousins and uncles and aunts begin the tribal dance around the tree and offer the hecatombs to the angry powers of hunger and love: roast chicken, roast turkey, hams, and pork shoulders, brown gravies, chicken gravies, sage and giblet stuffing, candied yams and sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, creamed corn, wax beans, lima beans, and string beans, carrots — tossed salads, potato salad, gelatin salads, cream pies, fruit pies, mince pies, pumpkin pies, chocolate cakes and white cakes, jello and whipped cream and sliced bananas, candy in dishes and boxes, apples, oranges and bananas — and one cup of coffee brewed just for Uncle Heber, and for him, too, the cracked saucer for the ashes of his cigar.

And above the crack of celery, the clack of china, the clink of silverware, the chattering drone and occasional giggle or scream, and through the acrid halo of smoke around Uncle Heber's head comes Aunt Em: "It's a foul habit and an abomination in the sight of God, Heber, and I'd rather see my brother take to drink than terbakker the way you do. And coffee defiles the temple of the spirit in a worse way, and Louisa's curtain'll smell of Christmas and sin until the Fourth of July because of you."

And through the drone and chatter, Uncle Heber: "Sis, you finish your meal in your way; I'll finish mine in mine. The Prophet used to smoke, so did Brother Brigham — and chew. They chewed and spit like any man. I sin in good company. Fact is, sis, if the truth was known, smokin' and coffee got to be a sin because Joseph had an allergy. Used to break out in hives after every cup of

Joe and every satisfying drag, so he made both a sin. Say, get me a stove match will you, sis, while yer up — in the kitchen there. See? A good cigar goes out if it ain't appreciated."

And then through the long dying of the day, the world beyond the clearing behind the stove goes on. Bomba frees the friendly white girl, eats a tapir, while through the jungle wall from far away come the shouts and squeals of cousin and brother and sister play, the falsetto chirping of Aunt talk, and the grumbling bass of Uncle talk. And as the Army Boys march aboard the transport in New York to go to France with "Lafayette, we are here," on their lips, there hovers in the air of the stifling, coal-gas smelling hold of the transport:

"Franklin D. Roosevelt was sent by God to lead his children out of bondage."

"I like that man's smile. Then he sticks them cig-roots in his mouth and I tell you I jist don't know!"

"We should have won that game on the Fourth; Freddie just got a leetle tired. . . ."

"Walkin' on to my farm and tellin' me what I can grow and what I can't. I sicked the dog on that little pipsqueak. . . ."

"Doak, that big elephant, fannin' twice with men on. . . . Never could hit a round-house out."

". . . on relief until his first paycheck . . . blew it all one weekend at Elko. . . ."

"Next time Brig Roberts umpires, I say protest the game. . . ."

"Two of them Clinton players smoke. I seen 'em. . . ."

"Good for them. . . ."

"Heber!"

"Paid in paper script . . . not worth the paper it's. . . ."

". . . kept track the last three games . . . fanned four times with men on. . . ."

"Farmer's the last one to get anything from a government. . . ."

"We got 3.2 beer what we have to risk damnation to drink. But the price of taters's about the same as when Hoover. . . ."

"Eat the taters then and shut up. 'S bettern defilin' the temple of the spirit. . . ."

"Wish I had your spirit in this smoke-cured temple a mine, Em! We'd live forever, that a-way — the two of us."

"Ha!"

"Only hit all year as I remember rolled down that gopher hole back of first base in West Warren for a gound rule double . . . some clean up hitter he is. . . ."

"Don't care how the man smokes. I'd vote for FDR for God tomorrow if I had the chance."

"But President Hoover says. . . ."

"To Hell with President Hoover!"

"Heber! Heber! Heber!"

And now Bart, the oldest, most handsome, most dependable of all the Army Boys in France, escaped from the hospital in the rear, slogs through the nuts, shells, and package wrappings of rural France, wet, cold, delirious, dropping into shell holes as the rat-a-tat-tat of a match-shooting gun rattles out of the living room from behind the sofa. In the lull that follows, as the darkness comes on, a command rips across the subdued murmur of No-Man's Land: Eph-rum! It's milkin' time. Lard! Let's go on home and see how many cow's got mastitis from this mornin'. Judas Priest! One thing for sure. Never milk a cow, never have to. They'll have their bags caked-up like a lick of salt. Come

on, Eph!"

And Uncle Heber, rising from the waves of cigar smoke, "Emmie, sit down. For the love of all the Lamanites. I only see you about once a year, it seems like."

She, settling back into the sofa, "That's for sure." There is a long quiet. Then, "But Heber, when're you going to come to your senses and make your peace with me and the Church."

"I'm ready, Emmie, always have been. For you or the Church. But I figger the Church'll be a dang sight easier to settle up with than you."

From inside the pill-box in the living room comes another burst of fire, and Bart, with his dependent buddies, crawls along a little stream in the gloomy twilight, trying to get a bearing on the mortar lobbing rounds into the Company. And Bart whispers, "I'm going over there to see what it looks like, anyway."

"No, no, Bart," from his friends. But he, "Remember the *Lusitania*." Ashamed, they say no more. "It may not be what I'm after, but just beyond that hill is where I need a pig for winter dressing up, and if Parley P. Brown — Goodie-Two-Shoes Brown, we called him in school — has got what I want —"

"Heber! That's talk I won't hear. He's a God-fearing man and —"

"And a man practically lacking in the power of speech, Em, that's what he is. Why, Em, whenever I think you're right, that I'm a sinner temporarily damned to a lower degree of glory, I remember the day I went over there to buy that pig. We're out in the pen — a sloppy pen if you ever see one — and all these weaner pigs are grunting around in there. I've got this gunny sack and a three foot piece of two-by-four, but Parl Brown don't do things that way. No sir! 'You stay here,' he says, and he crawls in that stuff. "I'll return presently with a shoat.' 'Return! Presently! Shoat! The man can't *talk*. Well — anyhow — he slops into the pen. He corners one of the wet-snouted little balderdroppers, lunges at it and, by Christmas, misses by half a foot — skids into the plank wall. Judas Priest, I thought he'd killed himself. Picks himself up. Scrapes himself off. Looks over at me. You could hardly see his face. 'Little rascals,' he says, and grins; then he corners another. Dives again, skids, misses, splatters, hits, stands up, wipes away at himself a bit. 'Elusive little tykes,' he says, turns, gets ready to do it again. I've had enough. 'Parl!' I beller at him. He looks around. I crawls over the fence. By Jaspers, I'm near tears. 'Parl, for Juniper's sweet loving sake, man, don't talk to *pigs* like that. Now you go on, get out of here!' He goes, me pushin' him. Then I turns to the litter and looks them square in the eye. They're all backed into one side and a corner, still and quiet. They'd sensed the change right off. Then I holds my two-by out in front where they can see it. I drops my sack open, the mouth of it facing them. I squats down on my haunches and teeters a bit. Then I says, real tight and lowlike: 'Now — you little thin-snouted, bleary-eyed runty-backed, spiral-tailed sons of this litter, one of you hop into this sack.' Why, almost immediately, you might say, the one nearest the sack trots over, sniffs a bit, squeals a little, and walks in the sack and curls up. I snaps the sack to, ties it with a piece of binder twine, hoists it over my shoulder, climbs in the pick-up, and brings it along home. Paid Parl a day later by check. Well, Emmie, you see the point? Sin has its place. A man like Parley P. Brown might not defile the curtains in the parlor, might make it all the way to the Celestial degree of glory, but he's not worth a good God-damn in a pig pen."

"Heber!"

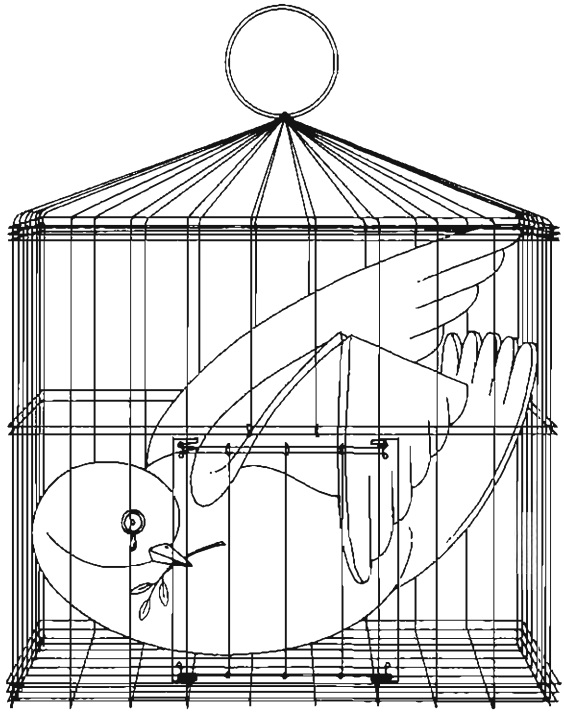
Then the war draws to its close in the snow of winter and the troops march home from No-Man's Land, over there, over there — across the rubble of papers and candy and peanuts and broken toys and needles from the tree, and, suddenly, the lights all over the world come on to Mother's: "You'll ruin your eyes, son, reading in the dark behind that heater."

And only the others are there now — the other two and Dad and Mother — and we eat a sandwich of cold chicken and have some milk out of the big pan in the pantry and we have family prayer around a chair in the kitchen. Kneeling there, the linoleum hard and cold on our knees, everything is love and one and whole. The day is blest, and all the days to come.

In the bedroom we shiver against the cold sheets and giggle and fight for warmth against each other.

Lying in the darkness, we hear the squeak of the snow under Dad's boots as he walks for the check-up to the barn and hear the sounds of cleaning up from the kitchen.

Overhead the attic creaks as the old house sways a little in the winter chill that comes down on a black wind from the black mountains to the east and moves through the valley and across the salt lake and into all the years to come — but that cannot touch the bed-covering warmth of a Christmas that is past.



UNDER THE COTTONWOODS

Douglas H. Thayer

Paul kept both sweaty hands on the steering wheel and breathed through his mouth. Her diaper dirty, Lisa lay just behind him in the back of the station-wagon on the mattress. Valerie was asleep farther back and Richard lay over behind Beth. Richard had stopped crying for Lisa's bottle, but he still whimpered. They had just passed the Lehi turnoff, and from the elevation of the freeway Utah Lake glared to the west like a huge aluminum roof in the afternoon August sun. The air conditioning on the new Buick had gone out just after they left Reno, but now Beth was afraid that if they rolled down the windows another hornet might get in and sting one of the children. He had had to stop and kill a hornet just before they came to Lehi, and since then the only circulation had been the air vents.

Paul glanced over at Beth. Five months pregnant, she sat sweaty and flushed, silent, one of her church books open on her lap. Counting miscarriages, it was her seventh pregnancy in the nine years they had been married. He had wanted to fly out from San Francisco and rent a car in Salt Lake City, but Beth said that they would need the big new Buick for all of the running around the wedding would involve. His brother Mark, a year home from his mission, was getting married, and Beth's sister Stephanie was the maid of honor. If they had flown out he might have had an extra day on Strawberry Reservoir fishing. It would be nice to fish two days instead of just the usual one. As a boy he had always fished the lower Provo River, until the army engineers gutted it on flood control.

Even while he was in dental school and then later in his orthodontics residency, they had tried to get home on vacation each summer, but it wasn't always a rest. One year they stayed with his parents, the next with Beth's, and it seemed as if they had a family dinner or a canyon picnic every evening, with both families invited, including his and Beth's married brothers and sisters and their children. One night his mother always had the neighbors and family

friends over for a buffet on the back lawn, and the mothers of the boys he had known told him about their sons, who were doctors, lawyers, professors and engineers, told what positions they held in the Church, how many children they had, if they had bought new houses. But the mothers whose sons had not achieved were silent, told him what a fine example he was. One night three mothers told him that.

All his life he had been an example. At first he had to be an example for his younger brothers and sisters, then for the neighborhood boys, for his classmates. In the army he had to be the example of a Mormon for his whole company, never do or say anything that would discredit the Church. His example was supposed to help other servicemen to become interested in the Church, investigate it, join. And before they would do that they had to find that he was clean, wholesome, spiritual, happy, different than they were, had something they didn't have, which they would ask him about. On his mission he had to be an example for his junior companion, for the elders in his zone when he became a zone leader, and finally for all of the elders in the mission when he became assistant to the mission president. When he went to Washington to dental school, he had to be an example too, both he and Beth, for all the dental students and their wives. Now in the Palo Alto Ward he had to be an example for all of the Stanford students; he and Beth were what they wanted to become. It was as if being an example were more important than being a person.

He even felt guilty when he took a day of their vacation to go fishing, was away from the family when the vacation was so short. He liked Strawberry best in the late evening when most of the other fishermen had gone home, the boat motors silent, lights on in the fishing camps. Then he fly fished for the big rainbow trout, waded out in the dark cool water with hip-boots, used a weighted bubble on his spinning outfit to cast his fly seventy or eighty feet out, trolled it back slowly, waited there in the darkness for a big fish to strike, watched the circles where they fed in the moonlight or jumped silver into the air. The Provo-River German browns were gold and the Strawberry rainbows rose-silver.

"Richard, be quiet. You're too big for Lisa's bottle."

"He'll be all right, dear," Beth said, "as soon as we get home. He's just tired."

From the freeway Paul watched the whole valley pass. New homes lined the edges of the Orem bench on the left, many of the orchards gone now where he picked fruit as a boy, and new homes lined the roads below the freeway. From Lehi on he had watched for a flock of pigeons but had seen only gulls flying toward the lake. Because the gulls had rescued Brigham Young and the pioneers from the crickets, they were the state bird, protected by state law. As a boy he rode his bike down the county roads trying to spot flocks of pigeons by the flash of their wings in the sun when they wheeled. His flock had all been white. He had traded all over Provo for white pigeons because he liked to see them flying over the neighborhood against the blue sky. At night, his bedroom window open, he lay and listened to the pigeons cooing in their coop on the side of the garage.

But after he was thirteen or fourteen, he couldn't remember being a boy. He had graduated from Provo High School, filled a mission for the Church, been in the army, gotten married, graduated from B.Y.U. and then dental school, finished an orthodontics residency and been in practice one year. He

would build a house, a clinic of his own, he and Beth would have three or four more children, and he would probably move up from second counselor to bishop of the Palo Alto Ward, be in the high council, maybe be stake president in ten years. He had done and would do all of those things he was expected to, but his whole life seemed so ordered, predetermined, rushed, tense. At times he felt like a robot, had little sense of controlling his own life, being individual.

He needed memories of his boyhood for balance now, a knowledge that at one time in his life he had been spontaneous, free, full of emotion without obligation, unaware of time, purely physical. But he didn't have that horde of memories he could bring out and look at. In his yearbooks he was a serious-looking, almost fierce boy in a tie and long-sleeved shirt who was a member of the chemistry and mathematics clubs and vice-president of his seminary class. Because he had an after-school job, he hadn't played any varsity sports or been in any school plays. He was never the most preferred boy, a student-body officer or member of the junior-prom committee. He was the student with the third highest grade-point average to graduate his year. When he looked at the pictures of all the pretty girls who had been his classmates he couldn't remember kissing any of them. And among the pictures of the boys he found few that were the faces of friends.

"Paul, hadn't we better stop at the rest area and clean up a little before we get home?" Beth turned to look at him. "I need to change the baby, and I don't want your mother to see us looking like this."

"Okay." They always stopped to clean up before they drove into Provo.

They passed Geneva Steel Plant, two miles of railroad tracks, tanks, towers, smokestacks, blast furnaces and metal buildings all shimmering in the heat and the thin grey smoke. His mother would come running out to take the children to bathe them and get them ready for supper and then to go to sleep in the clean fresh beds in Bob's room, his youngest brother who was on a mission in Brazil. Beth's parents would come over as soon as she called them. The house would be gleaming, everything scrubbed, polished and washed, the refrigerator and freezer full of food, and the lawns and yard like carpet. Every summer his mother spent two or three weeks preparing for their visit, and the order and cleanliness, he knew, were a physical expression of her love. He had spent his life trying to achieve the happiness and perfection his mother wanted for him, and now he was doing it for Beth, he felt.

Ahead on the left, running at right angles to the freeway, a line of cottonwood trees marked the Provo River, the biggest clump marking the spot where their swimming hole had been by the railroad bridges. The water had been fifteen feet deep off the big flat boulders they called the ledge. The cottonwoods were like a great green tent, the river making everything cool in spite of the hot Utah desert sun. And they swam, dived, swung out on their rope swing, had water fights, played tag, their brown naked wet bodies flashing in the sun like metal when they left the shade. Each group of boys had a favorite hole, the river a series of holes for six or seven miles from the mouth of the canyon to the lake. No one bothered them except the older boys, who, after they were finished in the fruit orchards, swam in the late afternoons. Tired, he liked to float, close his eyes against the sun, or to lie on the warm ledge and drop pellets of bread to the minnows, watch for trout. But when Provo grew after the War and people started building houses along the river, the army engineers

walked their big Caterpillars down the riverbed to pile up rock flood-control dikes, tear out all the holes, make a canal out of the river. That had ended the swimming and the fishing.

The "Rest Area Ahead" sign came up. Paul flipped on the blinker, lifted his foot off the gas and turned in, stopping in a patch of shade under three cottonwoods that the state road commission had managed to leave standing. The cement walk led to the fountain, three canopied green picnic tables and the squat new restrooms.

"Come on, miserable," he said, and reached back over the seat to pull Richard out by the arm, took one of the blankets and spread it in the shade. Valerie was still asleep by the back window. When he gave Richard Lisa's bottle he was quiet.

"Oh, honey," Beth said, "he's too old. You'll ruin his training." She knelt on the seat to reach in the back for the diaper bag.

"Anything to keep him quiet for five minutes." Two big Diesels pounded by trailing black exhaust. Across the freeway and along the river the big cottonwoods around the hole, some of them six or seven feet thick and eighty feet high, were still left. The hundred-yard-wide band of willows and trees along both sides of the river was gone except for the big trees. He had been back to stand there on the ledge, which still remained, and look at the channel lined with white glaring rocks. He had been alive there under the trees, full of a kind of freedom, sensation and pure careless joy he had never known afterward, a sense of being.

He turned. "I'll be back in ten or fifteen minutes, Beth. I'm going to walk over to the river."

"Oh, Paul honey, we haven't got time now for you to go over to that swimming hole of yours. Your mother expects us for supper and we all have to bathe first."

They had stopped to call from Salt Lake City. He looked at his watch. It was four-thirty. "We've got time," and he was already walking. He would hurry. He had told Beth about the swimming hole, and last year driving in on the new freeway he slowed down to point out the trees. He talked about it to friends and even to patients. Paul slid down through the space between the bridge abutment and the chain-link fence and climbed down the high rock dike to where the hornets lit along the trickle of water in the bottom, the only water that came down the channel except during the spring runoff. When he got under the freeway bridges and up on the cut hay field, Beth honked at him. She stood pointing at her watch. He waved, walked across the field and into the trees, where it was cooler. He stopped to look up into the high limbs, breathe the cottonwood smell, then walked through the trees out onto the shaded ledge. With the water gone the real coolness was gone too, along with all the frogs, minnows and trout.

The hole had been about half the size of a tennis court, and smooth, just enough water flowing in and out to keep it fresh and cool. The first thing that he always did once he got his clothes pulled off was to run and dive as far out as he could off the ledge, cut down, down, down, into the cool clear water, then shoot up out of it again, the water giving him sensation all over. He ran and dived many times, then finally stayed under, glided smooth and clean, pushing with his arms, following minnows. When he swung out on the rope swing, the

air cooled his wet naked body, and when he let go, dropped, the sensation went up through to his skull. Later, spread-eagled on the ledge with the other boys, he felt his body full of the sensation of heat.

He liked to fish alone. He pulled on his Levis, the copper rivets burning his skin, put on his gym shoes, took his pole and walked up through the trees. He waded in the river, rolled his worm through the shaded holes and pockets, caught chubs, suckers. Tap, tap, tap, the trout bit, then hooked, fought, went deep, made sudden rushes, the pole an extension of his arm, bringing the feeling into his body, connecting him and the trout. Tired, the trout rose out of the deep water, flashed gold, the rushes shorter, and he pulled it up onto the rocks, held it in both hands to smash its head, cleaned it, threw the entrails to the gulls. Fresh from the water the German browns were beautiful, gold with red, black and orange dots like jewels, but the beauty faded. When he took fish home his father told him about the big ones he had caught on the river as a boy.

Reaching down, Paul picked up one of the warm water-smooth rocks, held it for a moment then lobbed it out into the channel. A gull flew past him low going upstream, turning its head from side to side looking for something to eat. He was eight when he first saw the gold monument to the gulls on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. In the Church, gulls were a sacred bird.

His father convinced his mother that it was safe for him to swim in the river, but before he could go he had to practice the piano and finish his work. He weeded, hoed and irrigated the garden, mowed, trimmed, raked and watered the lawn, weeded the front flower beds, washed the house windows on the outside, washed the car for Sunday. The checks on his mother's daily list showed that he had worked hard, been a good example for his younger brothers and sisters. And when he began to do jobs for his grandmother's friends, who paid him, his mother helped him keep an account of his money so that he could pay his tithing. Most of his money he saved for his mission and college, although he could spend some.

His mother said, "Everything you do is a reflection of yourself, Paul. People know you by what you do." He believed this, saw that it was true, and out of pride, love for his mother and father, he wanted to do everything right, fulfill their high opinion of him, reward their hard work and struggle, be an example. The polished windows, trimmed neat lawns, weedless garden became a mirror of himself, like his clothes, speech, and Sunday-school attendance, his Boy Scout badges. When he pulled weeds it was as if he pulled them out of his own flesh, and he was impatient for them to dry so that he could burn them. Work was moral. Thus he became fierce about right and wrong younger than most boys, sought the perfection he was taught was possible, believed he too would become a God.

Work took him away from the river the summer before the army engineers destroyed it. He didn't have time anymore for play, or if he did it was only in the evenings or when the Orem farmers didn't have cheeries, apricots, peaches, pears or apples to be picked, because at fourteen he was old enough to work in the orchards, fill the baskets with fruit. Sweaty, his mouth dry with dust from the trees, he broke off stems until the ends of his fingers became numb. He worked both hands at a time, kept a steady stream of fruit going into the canvas bag, felt the growing weight against his stomach and loins, tried to pick more than the other boys. In his mind he added up how much money he was

making at 5¢ a bushel, knew how much it was possible to make in an hour. He stopped only to eat lunch or, standing on a high ladder, to watch the farmer's flock of pigeons wheeling over the orchard. When he quit work each afternoon, he looked down the row of trees to see the sixty or seventy baskets of peaches, pears or apples he had picked. He didn't like the farmer to haul any of his baskets off before the end of the day. He was always anxious to get home to tell his mother how much he had picked.

"You'll make a fine dentist, son," she often said, encouraged him. She wanted him to have a better life than his father had working for the Union Pacific Railroad in the shops. All the mothers in the neighborhood were ambitious for their sons, talked of them going on to college, graduating, going to medical school, dental school, law school, graduate school, set them to work early to earn their way if their fathers couldn't afford the educations their mothers wanted for them. And in this way they were already in competition with each other at fourteen and fifteen, although they didn't know that then.

He became frantic about time. He had a calendar in his room, a clock, wore a watch, became aware of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months. The work had to be done well, but it had also to be accomplished in a given time. There was so much to do, so little time to do it in, practice the piano, go to school, work, study, be active in the Church. He had to be able to look back on a day and see what he had done with his twenty-four hours, how he had used them. Money earned and things accomplished, Boy Scout and priesthood awards and badges won became a way of measuring time. And he had a time chart on his wall, put little checks in the squares, made a new chart each month, saved the old charts in a pile because they showed what he had done, were another way to measure time. Two years on a mission, six months in the army, four years in college, four in dental school, two in his residency, one in practice — his life had become too much an exercise in the proper use of time.

Paul listened. Behind him a steady pattern of honking came through the trees from the freeway. It was Beth. He looked at his watch. He should go. Another gull flew up the channel. Gulls worked. They searched the lake shore and the river banks for dead fish, fed on insects in the freshly plowed ground, dropped onto the streets of Provo to pick up fallen ice cream cones, parts of sandwiches, fruit, patrolled Strawberry Reservior to consume the red entrails of cleaned fish. Gulls were heavy slow birds, never seemed to be flying, but walking, not like his pigeons. Evenings he climbed up the telephone pole at the back of their yard so that he could watch his white pigeons flying over the houses and trees. When he fed them from his hand, they circled the backyard, fluttered down to him, their white wings flashing in the twilight.

Something else had happened to him here that summer he was fourteen which helped to stop his boyhood. He became aware of his body and through it his inner-self. His body had always been for sensing water, sun and air, and all of his responses were spontaneous, not observed. But lying on the ledge in the sun the days he wasn't picking fruit, he began to watch his body. He touched his arms, legs, chest, ran the flat of his hand over his new muscles, became aware finally that he was male. And at times his whole being seemed focused in his loins. Arms wrapped around his legs, he pulled tight, chin resting on his knees, watched the water, waited for a voice to explain to him the chemistry of his pounding blood.

The boy's folklore of sex didn't help him understand puberty because for

him the body was sacred, an instrument for the purposes of God and not his own, to provide temples for the spirits waiting to come to earth to be reared in Mormon homes. He had to be clean, pure; sexual sin was next in evil to the shedding of innocent blood. Sex wasn't freedom, delight or interest, but already obligation, a topic he couldn't talk about with other boys because he had to be an example, be perfect. He turned inward on himself to watch his every emotion, which led him to discover hate, lust, vanity, jealousy and rage, that goodness was inside, not outside. He became preoccupied with his own guilt. The Sunday-school lessons, priesthood lessons, Boy Scout oath and law, all the things his mother taught him, all the commandments that hung over him like a net, fell, and he grew silent, stabbed his sins alone.

"What's the matter, Paul," his father asked him one Sunday that summer after dinner, "something wrong?"

"Yes, don't you feel well, Paul?" his mother said and reached over to put her hand on his forehead.

His father took him swimming one evening after that. "I thought that we might go down to that swimming hole of yours, Paul. You've been working hard out in the peaches." His father's naked body was pale in the darkness, his stomach soft, his shoulders round and stooped. After his father was in the water, Paul took off his shorts and dove in from the ledge. "This is great, son. We should do it more often." His father laughed, shouted, splashed, got up on the ledge once to run and dive in, all the time telling him how much fun he had had on the river as a boy. Once in the darkness their bodies touched. "Sorry, son." But then under the cottonwoods in the dark water shaded from the moon his father became silent, the only sounds the crickets and frogs, the splash of a heavy fish in the next hole. His father was silent when they got out to dry themselves with towels. They stopped at Cook's Ice Cream for malts on the way home. "Well, son, would you like another one?"

"No thanks, Dad."

"You're welcome to it."

He shook his head. They sat silent in the booth for a moment, then his father paid and they left, and his father put his hand on his shoulder as they walked to the car.

He wanted to talk to his father, ask him many questions, hear answers, but he couldn't. He couldn't admit to what he felt, to his emotions, drives, new appetites, thought that he might hurt his father's high opinion of him, sadden his father. He wanted to do and be all of those things his parents wanted of him, wanted the perfection, Godhood, his mother talked about, would sacrifice anything for her belief in that, even himself. So he couldn't talk to his father, use his father's understanding instead of his own. He couldn't let his father protect his boyhood for him, shield him for another three or four years, help him avoid the developing fierceness about his own life.

Reaching down, Paul picked up a dry branch, began to break off small pieces and flip them into the channel. He became lonely. It was easier not to have too many friends, easier to believe in his own perfection that way. He didn't really talk to his classmates, fellows in the army, missionary companions, let them be part of him, touch him. Even with Beth now, as much as he loved her, it was hard to talk, to tell her what was inside, what he really felt, and for the same reasons. He didn't want to hurt her or lessen her opinion of

him, suggest that perhaps he had not been or was not all that she had thought, hoped, imagined. He tried very hard to be the kind of person she wanted him to be, or the kind he thought she wanted him to be. At times he had the feeling that he was an actor performing a role in a play.

After that one night his father never swam with him again, but he rode his bicycle down alone in the evenings that summer to fish. He fished in the darkness, had learned to fly fish, cast the big wet fly where the German brown trout came up in the shallows to feed on minnows. He bought a dip net so that he could hold the trout in the water, shine his flashlight down to see them gold and jeweled before he killed and cleaned them to take home. His mother wrapped them in wax paper and they faded white before she fried them. When he swam at night he swam quietly, head up, or floated, listened, watched the stars through the openings in the cottonwoods. He held onto the swing, the arches slowly growing shorter until the swing stopped, his feet touching the water, then let go, slipped down into the water, stayed under as long as he could. He didn't take a towel, stood to let the night breeze dry his body.

Out of his desire for purity, he became preoccupied with being physically clean. He showered twice a day, polished his shoes every time he left the house, combed his hair at every mirror and window, carried a toothbrush in his briefcase, changed his shirts twice a day, liked to wear fresh ironed shirts. So in this way he lost all delight in his body. He distrusted it, became uneasy because of what he now felt, and so after fourteen he had no memory of his body being wonderful. If he hadn't had to work after school, had time for football, basketball, wrestling, sensing his body hot, sweaty, breathless, knew that he was like other boys, it would have been better. He didn't follow professional or college sports now, but when he had a chance he went to the Palo Alto High School games and meets, tried to imagine himself passing, catching the ball, shooting baskets, running, swimming, see himself, live it all vicariously. He wanted to find his body, take back the responsibility for his own life so that he could begin to love out of himself.

Beth was honking again. Paul flipped the last piece of the branch into the channel, turned, and walked back through the trees and out into the sun, stopping in the hay stubble to pull the cheat grass from his socks. Beth sat in the Buick with the front doors open when he got back to the rest area. Lisa had her bottle, Richard played with a string of plastic blocks on the mattress, and Valerie lay on her stomach coloring. Beth put her book down, got out and walked to the fountain and dampened a clean diaper. "You look hot, darling," she said and handed it to him. He wiped off his sweaty face, neck and hands. Beth had emptied the litter bag, wiped the fingerprints off the inside of the windows, straightened up the back of the stationwagon, put on new makeup and combed her hair. "Your shoes are dusty." He wiped them off and she took the diaper back. He put on the clean shirt she had gotten out for him, tipping the sideview mirror back to comb his hair.

"Your mother will be wondering where we are. She will think that we had an accident."

"Yes, I guess she will. I'm sorry that I took so long, dear."

He tightened his seat belt, pulled out to the freeway, then nosed into the heavy late-afternoon traffic. They crossed the river, and the "Provo Next Exit" sign came up. Going up on the off ramp he saw the tops of trees and houses,

felt the old surge of joy he always felt at coming home, remembered how he had felt when he returned from his mission and the army, how fiercely he loved home. They came off the loop and drove up Center Street past all of the new service stations built for the freeway traffic and then past Pioneer Park, stopping at the semaphore on Fifth West. Richard climbed over into the front seat. "Grandmaw," he said, "Grandmaw."

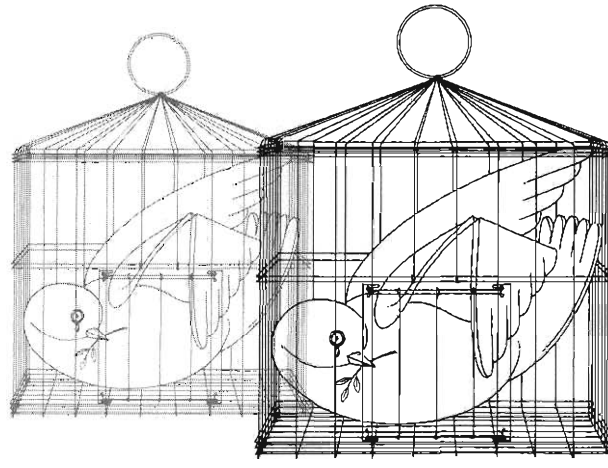
Paul turned right on Third West, then left on Second South. Except that the old Provo High School building had been torn down, the neighborhood hadn't changed; all of the new houses and construction were in the northeast part of town. The corner telephone pole had always been the goal for their games of grey wolf and kick the can. "There's Mark sitting on the porch with your mother and father. I wonder where Darlene is?" Beth started to wave.

"She's probably got plenty to do if they're getting married Wednesday, honey," he said.

His mother, father and Mark started down the steps waving as he turned into the driveway.

After the welcome was over and his mother and Beth had taken the children into the house to bathe them and get them ready for supper and bed, he, Mark and his father unloaded the Buick. Later, standing on the front porch alone with Mark, he asked him if he wanted to go fishing up on Strawberry one evening before he got married. "Sure," Mark said, "I've been planning on it just like every summer and so has Dad."

"Good." He still had his old spinning outfit, although he had bought new hip-boots. In the darkness he would stand in the thigh-deep cool water, cast out into the lake, slowly troll the fly in, every second expecting a strike, see the beautiful silver rainbow trout leap shining in the moonlight. Mark and his father would kill the trout they caught, clean them, leave the entrails on the shore for the patrolling gulls the next morning. But he wouldn't. After he had fought a trout, felt the movement and pull, the heavy pulse coming up through the line and rod into his hand and arm, seen it in front of him in the water, he would free it. He would hold the rainbow in the net to see it shining rose-silver, pull the hook from the lip, then release it, see the trout hover then flash back into the deep water, vanish.



THE WEEK-END

DONALD R. MARSHALL

When her mother died, Thalia Beale knew that a change was in order. Her mother must have known too, for her last words, as she rolled her filmy eyes one final time in their yellow-gray cavities, were "You've been good, Thalia. Always stay—." Thalia was not quite sure what her mother had meant. There was little question about her remaining good. She scarcely had a desire to be otherwise. But "stay?" If her mother's last request had concerned her staying on in the little house in Ephraim, then here was a problem of quite a different sort.

There's no question, I guess, but what it was a great loss for Thalia. Her father was killed when the scaffolding gave way back when they were first laying bricks for the Whitney house. She wasn't more than a year or two old then, and all that Elvina had in this world, her only brother having died of diptheria even before Thalia was born. For forty-three years Thalia and her mother (Elvina and Thalia we always called them) lived alone together. Before her mother took ill — but this, mind you, was a long time ago — they did things, the two of them: they went visiting (not, of course, a great deal, but they did like to stop in on Sophora and Pauline and sometimes take a fruitcake or a pint of bullberry jelly down to Walter and his mother), they quilted together (usually over at Reva Willis's house because she had the frames), and they even took the train once to Boulder, Colorado, to attend the Pinkney reunion, only that was the summer that Homer and Ruth got word that Jeddie B. had been killed in Guam and the whole thing had to be called off. For a year or more they came to Relief Society meetings together, but Elvina got her feelings hurt again over the bazaar (some say both of the loaves of bread she baked went for fifty cents and nobody knows what all became of the four bottles of chili sauce and chow chow) and told Nilene Bolander that that was the last they would ever see of her inside that chapel. Thalia came out to Sunday School fairly regularly before Elvina got so sick, but after that she

stayed right at home with her most of the time. There was a time just before that when Thalia seemed to take quite an interest in M. I. A. for a while and was even asked to take a position — Speech and Drama Director was what they wanted her for — but when Elvina got wind that Brother Bettenson had his eye on Thalia for that scoutmaster with five kids whose wife had up and left him, she put a fast stop to that. We didn't see much of Thalia at church at all after that. The visiting teachers, though, they continued to go there and, like as not, the ward teachers as well, but Cora Stokes and Idonna both said that it was not likely that Thalia would even step foot in the chapel as long as Elvina was drawing breath.

But it was a great loss for Thalia. I suspect her mother was her whole life. Thalia did have her outside interests. You'd see her taking walks, long walks she'd take clear out to Haney's south pasture and way up to the other end of town and who knows where all. But I guess that's partly what kept her thin, those walks. And she would take a class or two up at the school. You'd see her bringing home a stack of books now and then from the library that she couldn't possibly have read in a year. And then, of course, she had her work. She did it all at home, typing and proofreading. With the college and all, I don't think she ever lacked for work. That and Elvina's relief check kept them going. Heaven knows Thalia must have always eaten like a bird and I doubt if either one of them ever gave two hoots for a new dress. The last time Elvina was out of the house she had on that same black crepe she must have got for Woodruff's funeral and I think she would just as leave have been buried in it. Thalia, she always seemed content in just that little gray sweater of hers and a plain wool skirt a darn sight longer than mine or yours or anybody else's. Most likely her life was always just as full as yours or mine, in its own way. I do know she saved her money and bought a TV set for the two of them. And I suspect that she was just as happy there caring for her mother as she would have been if things had been different for her somehow.

Things were different after her mother died. Thalia sensed this almost immediately. The day after the company left she spent the morning at the cemetery, arranging and rearranging in the cold wind the few wilted flowers that had survived the chill March gusts, and pulling up a few dried weeds stranded among the dingy patches of crusted snow on the Beale plot. But this task occupied only a few minutes; most of the time she walked without plan or purpose between the rows of headstones, under the bare branches of the gray trees, over the frozen and sterile earth. When the gnawing in her empty stomach finally brought her to gather her coat about her and walk down the long road to the little frame house, she began to sense that nothing inside those quiet walls could ever be, had ever been, the substance needed to assuage her incessant hunger. One would have thought that the little house with its single straggling brown vine and the vacant spot where the hollyhocks came and went each year would have seemed unbearably empty when she stepped inside, that the near-hollow stillness of its rooms might have made it seem suddenly almost uncomfortably and unnecessarily large. Yet Thalia was surprised how the house, bereft as it was of fully one half of the life that had wheezed and coughed within it, now seemed different to her for its very smallness and for the uncanny impression of maximum occupancy, not spaciousness, that pervaded the four rooms, pushing at the yellowing papered walls and crowding

the dark corners filled with ceramic knickknacks and tinted photographs in their dusty cardboard frames. Thalia sensed this difference as soon as she opened the front door and was met by the almost suffocating, hot, indoor smell of gray days accumulated upon gray days, days of boiled cabbage and camomile tea, of camphor, Vicks Vapo-Rub, and dark brown cough syrup. What should have been conspicuously missing from the house now suddenly seemed overwhelmingly present. Her hand fluttered at her collar. The stifling warmth from the oil heater almost took her breath; the unending multi-colored circles of the braided rug beneath her caused her head to spin. She let herself sink down upon the brown davenport with its faded afghan and crocheted doilies, taking care, like a visitor, to sit only on the edge rather than giving herself to its sagging and lumpy softness. "I'm a stranger," she heard herself say quietly. The words, heard not without some odd sense of pleasure, even caused her body to tingle a little. "I don't belong here."

She had no business running off like that. If Elvina had lived you can bet she wouldn't have just up and run off one day without so much as a how-do-you-do. What got into her I guess we'll never know. But I suppose that when you get right down to it, it was the grief that drove her. She must have just grieved so after her mother died that she couldn't bear being in that empty house. It's hard on a person, after you've waited hand and foot on someone else, to find yourself alone in the world. Believe me, I know. Anyway, Thalia somehow got it in her head to run off to California. I don't think she told a soul. She must have just woke up one morning with the notion that she had to get away and marched right down there and got her a ticket on the bus and away she went. I don't begrudge her a little trip. I suppose she felt she had it coming. But what beats me is what in the world she thought she'd find in California. Velta Lytle asked her if it was relatives or something she went to see but Thalia just told her no, it was not. So there you are. Now Lige and Elouise go down there almost once a year, but, good Lord, they've got more folks down there now than they've got up here, with Carl and Melba down at Oceanside and Cleora and her family still in Anaheim. But Thalia, now, had no more business than the man in the moon to go scooting off where she didn't know a living soul. Why on earth she didn't go up to Tremonton with Myrtle Dawn and Nida for a week or two after the funeral — or let Nils and Leona take her back with them to Blanding — sure beats me. Idonna said that, as far as she could tell, Thalia just shut up the house one day without a thought as to who was going to feed that cat or water her plants and off she went. And I know for a fact that Elvina had a canary that she wouldn't have parted with for the world, and now who, I ask you, did Thalia think was going to feed that poor bird with the house locked up tighter than a drum and nobody the wiser? Of course the poor thing died. Cora Stokes told me that. And I don't know if Thalia just left the cat in there to die too or if she turned it out to fend for itself. But I suspect she didn't give it a thought one way or another. But then, again, who are we to judge? Grief just turned her mind, I guess, and off she went.

Thalia's mind kept turning. "You've been good, Thalia. Always stay —." Stay? She looked around the dark little room until her eyes stopped at the Woolworth card table cramped in the corner, one wobbly leg threatening to collapse under the heavy looseleaf folder, the Smith-Corona in its worn case, the tottering tower of books stacked hastily against the wall the day before

the funeral. The books would be due at the library March 23 and would have to be taken back. But there were no classes to hold her. For almost the first time in thirteen years, she had not enrolled in any courses at Snow College. How lucky for her! She had deliberated — "stewed around," her mother had said — going back into Theatre Arts. Oh, not seriously. She would never try out for any of the parts, never let them talk her into being in one of their productions. Just a class or two. And not for credit. She would just have paid her auditing fee again and sat in the back with her notebooks while Dr. Hall talked over the hissing radiator to his class about Marlowe or Chekhov or Ibsen. She had thought too about trying Art one more time but then she remembered the stack of pale watercolors yellowing secretly under her cot — the still lifes with their lopsided vases and muddy onions cramped between anemic tomatoes, the landscapes with the light green trees and stiff barns — and Mr. Swanstrom pleading, "Loosen up! Loosen up!" ("Why, I don't think the man's fit to be a painting teacher," her mother had said). She had tried the course first from Mr. Weedly, then four years later from Mr. Folger who kept forgetting her name, then twice from Mr. Swanstrom, but she could hear them all, like a Greek chorus, chanting "Don't be afraid to put color in your brush! Let yourself go!" She had not wanted to go into English a third time. Not just yet. If Miss Hibbard taught Wuthering Heights *again — or* Jane Eyre *or* Tess of the D'Urbervilles — *she would ask permission to audit and sit once more in the corner by the door, but she would not go back to creative writing. "Your work betrays a lack of experience," Dr. Woolley had written on one of her little stories. She had hidden the penciled comment from Mother but her own sense of humiliation kept her from going back. She longed to write, to open a magazine one day and find her name, in type not too large and maybe not so dark, in some small corner of the page. It almost made her tremble. But not, she quickly reminded herself, until she had had her little adventure, her — again she trembled — "experience."*

She moved around in the dim little room. There was nothing to hold her now. Beyond the doorway that led to the quiet kitchen with its sallow oil cloth and linoleum, she could see the bedroom door slightly ajar, the room's bilious yellow-green hue, consequence of March's light wasting through the dull blinds, oozing infectiously into the remainder of the house. Nothing to hold her back. How fortunate that she had not tried to take a class, that she had contented herself with looking into whatever books had enticed her from their dusty shelves in the library. She looked back at the books on the card table. The Art of Writing Fiction, Fairy Mythology in Shakespeare, Arthurian Legends in Medieval Art, Art as Experience, Wildlife Along the Pacific Trail, Art and Artists in California. *There was little doubt where she would go if she indeed really dared to go. The beautiful words had called to her each time she saw them written, a far-away whisper of sea and cypress, luring her on: Carmel-by-the-Sea. To say them again to herself made her tremble. Could she really allow herself to go? The books would have to be taken back, she reminded herself. And the fern. Someone would have to water the fern. She could take it to Walter and Maude. Poor Maude would like something green. Her eyes surveyed each item cramped in the dim corners of the room. The cat was gone. No need to worry about Flossie, poor thing. Was it wrong not to have told her mother in those last days that Flossie too had been withering away — distemper*

Mr. Stubbs at the drug store had suggested — and was finally buried out back under the plum trees? And Dickie too, as if something contagious, unnoticed under the heavy medicinal smells, had spread through the whole house, poor Dickie too had begun to lose her feathers and stopped her quiet little song. There had still been some of the Hartz seeds in the glass feeder when she found the bird lying stiffly on its back. And Flossie couldn't be blamed — everyone marveled at how they got on together — unless something in Flossie's own illness had caused her to do something to Dickie that she had not known about. But that was not likely. Poor Flossie herself had been beneath the bare trees two days before Dickie was finally laid beside her. Thalia stared at the empty cage dimly lighted by the little window facing the street. Something fluttered briefly in her chest. There was nothing now to hold her.

But then I suppose there are worse things than letting a canary starve to death in its cage. Lord knows, though, that Thalia was devoted to Elvina and attentive as could be. It makes you wonder sometimes how she could have suddenly been so selfish as to let those animals just wither away while she gallivanted off to some ritzy resort. Lords knows where she stayed or who she thought was going to pay for her whims. It's grief, that's all there is to it. It must have been grief, because it was just not like Thalia to go off and do a thing so completely uncalled for and unnatural.

Listen, do you want to know what she told Nell Lister? Not that Thalia was ever one to tell anyone anything, but Nell has a way of getting things out. Talk about your woman's intuition. Lord, you've never seen a person that's got the knack of reading between the lines Nell's got. Point her out a woman on the street with a suitcase in her hand and she'll tell you the whole story. Just like her Aunt Thule used to be. Thule even read tea leaves until she saw a house in flames in her cup one day and a week later her own son Ned set fire to the seminary building. Be that as it may, here's what Thalia told Nell: she went down there, she said, to have a little adventure for herself. Now your guess is as good as mine what she meant by that. But she told Nell that she had one week-end that she will never forget as long as she lives. Now I want you to keep in mind that Thalia Beale is almost as old as I am. In fact, she was in the same class as my younger sister Lila June, but Lila now was always a pretty little thing. Now what business Thalia thought she had to go down there around all those artists and poets — and hippies, too, mind you — sure beats me. I can tell you one thing: she never showed her face at church down there any more than here. LaRee Shurtz and her husband are there at Pacific Grove Ward and when Lida wrote and asked them if they ever saw Thalia, LaRee was surprised to even know that Thalia had been down there at all.

Well, anyway, she went down there to this Carmel place until she got good and tired and then she went over to Monterey and stayed there for a while. Monterey, you might recall, is down there where all those soldiers and sailors and I suppose marines and everything else have their bases. Reva's oldest boy Garn was there at the Naval Post Graduate School and I think Delma Lowder's got a boy at Fort Ord right now. Well, Thalia never let on but I've got a hunch there was some man involved. And Thalia Beale forty-three years old. Who knows what all went on. She said she bought her a book that told her a lot of things she'd always wanted to know and that she was really beginning to appreciate the wonders of Nature. Nature, my foot. When Nell asked Thalia

how she found the people down there, Thalia just sort of hemmed and hawed and finally owned up that there *was* some man she met at the post office that was awfully good to her. Well, she says she had her one week-end, anyway, that she just did everything she had always dreamed about and some things, mind you, she'd never even thought of. I'd like to think she has come back to her senses now, but Nell thinks — and Idonna will tell you the same thing — that Thalia has no regret for whatever she did.

Thalia did not regret that she had chosen Carmel-by-the-Sea. There had been anxious moments when she wanted to ask the bus driver to help her make immediate connections back to Ephraim, Utah. And the absolute incredibility of arriving in Monterey in the almost ethereal nebulosity of an evening fog had made her heart pound in her throat and her skin suddenly feel feverish as she pressed her forehead against the cool dampness of the bus window. But the salty, fishy moistness of the air had at once terrified her and thrilled her as she stepped down into the alien white mist and felt her legs almost buckle when her swollen feet touched the asphalt of this new world. Someone had pointed out the direction in which the ocean — how long she had dreamed of witnessing its dynamic actuality! — might be found, but she had felt better sitting in the corner of the bus station writing a postcard to herself ("I have sailed forbidden seas and landed on barbarous coasts," she wrote with her lavender Flair pen) until 8:35 when another short bus ride through black pines and smoky darkness brought her at last to the dim lights of Carmel's sequestered cottages and hilly lanes. And in her room for $14.00 (she had been too weary to carry her suitcase and her typewriter to more than three motels), still fully dressed in the wrinkled grey tweed, she had fallen asleep on the chenille spread while figuring how long she might stretch the remaining $229.37.

She was afraid to leave the room until the marks, pinkly visible on the left side of her face until after ten-thirty the next morning, could no longer reveal the secret of her inexperience. Then she left her two pieces of baggage with the woman at the desk, bought an orange at a little market (how it thrilled her to see the fruits and vegetables tucked among the tidy miniature shops clustered along the street that led down to the ocean), and spent the day with a crumpled copy of the weekly Carmel Pine Cone looking for a little room to rent. The village, its twisted trees and creeping vines and tiny lavender-blue flowers almost hiding the quaint houses, left her breathless. The silver-haired men with soft silk ascots, the slender women in their strange boots and gaucho hats leading dogs on long leashes — these made something cry out within her. And once when a bearded gentleman was showing her through the sky-lighted studio wing on a half-timbered Tudor home for rent, she even stepped back in the cool green shade of the hallway to cry against her white knuckles and then ran down the road to the beach to sob alone in the wind.

By evening, after three people had suggested that she try looking for something more suitable to her needs and pocketbook in one of the surrounding communities, she reluctantly picked up her bags and boarded the bus for Monterey. The place she found — it was "only temporary" she kept telling herself — was a narrow little sleeping room with an electric hot plate and some yellow plastic dishes. It was not in a neighborhood she would have chosen but it looked less grim by daylight and was only a five-block walk from the

public library. It would be only $90 a month the old deaf woman downstairs told her, if she would be careful about the electricity and furnish her own sheets and towels. Thalia stayed the month. For the first week she looked elsewhere but some areas of the town frightened her while her own little place on Union Street gradually offered some of the comfort and security of things grown familiar.

Nevertheless, her heart, she had to own, was in Carmel. She went there almost every day by bus, always walking down to watch the blue waves crashing on the sand and, further out, against the rocks. She walked quietly through the tiny galleries, listening inconspicuously to others as they eulogized, in loud and confident voices, paintings she couldn't understand. One day, feeling bold, she even determined to try to merge with the audience at a piano recital she had seen advertised, but her watch must have been slow for when she walked up the long hill to the church the doors were already closed and she had to listen to the music from the steps at the side door. At intermission she thought of peeping in to see if there might be a seat near the back, but when the ladies with their fur stoles and little name cards pinned to their knits and jerseys flittered out onto the patio to sip coffee from tiny cups, she pretended she had only been admiring the architecture in passing, and hurried, her chest and eyes burning, up the hill to where the 3:30 bus to Monterey was just driving away.

When it rained she spent her afternoons near the big stone fireplace in the library at Carmel, but when the sun was out she tried to devote as much time as possible to exploring the shady little streets with no sidewalks, stopping to read the identifying labels — names like Sea Cradle, Journey's End, Harbor Lights — which the neat cottages, with their ornamental doors and oriental gardens, bore instead of numbers. One day after much deliberation, she bought a shiny-covered book — one of two extravagant purchases she permitted herself during that month — that identified for her the trees and plants of the region. Afterwards she took much care to check the colored illustrations against the variety of unique and lovely things she found on her little excursions; memorizing that the blue myrtle was really ceanothus thyrsiflorus, *she liked to think, might help her to feel less a stranger to this enchanted region. Her other extravagance came when she allowed herself to buy a pink-orange sweater. She had seen a similar one in the window of a tiny botique in Carmel — "Italian imports: original creations in melon and coral" the little card had read — at the same time she had noticed in a reflection of herself in the same window that her own gray cardigan would not survive many more washings. The colors of the sweater in the window both terrified and excited her, and it was only after a long internal debate that she allowed herself to search out something similar, it finally being her fortune to locate the one she bought — luckily marked down on a Discontinued Items Sale — in the Monterey Sprouse-Reitz. The first day she wore it to Carmel she felt everyone's eyes on her. It was ten days before she dared to take it from the drawer and try it again.*

The month passed quickly. She had hoped that when April came she might write to someone and say, "Our spring here is lovely! There is so much to see and do!" but, even though it seemed quite true, she was unable to write it and was unable furthermore to even think of who she might write it to. Twice she had gone to the post office in Carmel and asked at the General Delivery counter

if there was, by chance, anything for Thalia Beale. There never was — for who even knew where she had gone except Walter and Maude who only knew it was "somewhere out there in California?" — but the little man behind the counter had, on both occasions, looked at her sympathetically with his apologetic eyes and once even asked "Are you just here on a visit?" One Sunday morning, having missed the bus to Carmel, she had walked down Monterey's deserted main street and experienced a sudden longing for the familiar streets and faces of Ephraim. At first she had refused to recognize it, but as it grew stronger she even went to a telephone directory to try to locate the church: she would know no one, she had reasoned, yet perhaps she might feel some sense of belonging. But the nearest church listed had been Pacific Grove; fearing to venture by bus to an area even less familiar to her, she had settled for going back to her room and writing three little poems all of which she tore up in tears before she fell asleep on her bed at five o'clock.

The idea for the week-end had been growing since the day she discovered that her adventure in Carmel-by-the-Sea would have to be primarily the adventure of a daily visitor, of an onlooker, an outsider. It had started that first evening as she waited disappointedly by the road for the bus to take her back to Monterey to look for a place to stay. And each day thereafter as she rode the bus back down the highway through the pines, she had added mental notes to the original plan. Finally, in mid-April, she sat in her narrow room and carefully counted the rewards of her frugality: besides the money required for her return ticket, $53.16 remained. This time, as she took her bags and made the twenty-minute trip to Carmel, it seemed as though tiny wings were flapping wildly inside her breast. Her own boldness made her tremble. Her little adventure was one that she wanted no one, and yet, strangely, everyone, to know.

The week-end was going to be beautiful. Yet when she arrived at the house she had chosen after days of meticulously studying the Want Ads at the library, the experience was not without a tinge of disappointment. Its hacienda-like appearance seemed somehow less exotic and more stark than it had that late sunny afternoon when she had followed tremblingly behind the boisterous realtor through the tangled garden and throughout its bone-white rooms with their mock-Florentine tapestries and Moroccan cushions. Yet she was so fortunate to have it at all, she told herself; it would have been impossible to rent such a place for three mere days, she had been informed, were it not that a couple from Honduras had just vacated it and the new tenants were not due from Connecticut until Monday. It would be $45 for the three days — half of what she had paid for a month in Monterey, she worried — yet it was precisely, or at least almost precisely, what she had come for. And she must have it. She must not wince, must not falter.

Two things bothered her, however. The street appeared as quaint as any other, but why, oh why, she asked herself, could it not have borne a name like the ones running below it — Monte Verde, Camino Real, Casanova — or even Dolores, the one above it? Why must it have been called simply Lincoln? And there was something else, but this she had resolved to do something about. The house — once she even tremblingly dared to call it "my hacienda" to herself — had somehow escaped the wonderful little epithets she had seen tacked on rustic gates and ornate lamp posts elsewhere in the village. Not La Casablanca, not even Wee Hideaway, the house was simply identified, evidently because of its original owner, by a little wooden placard that read Vosbrink.

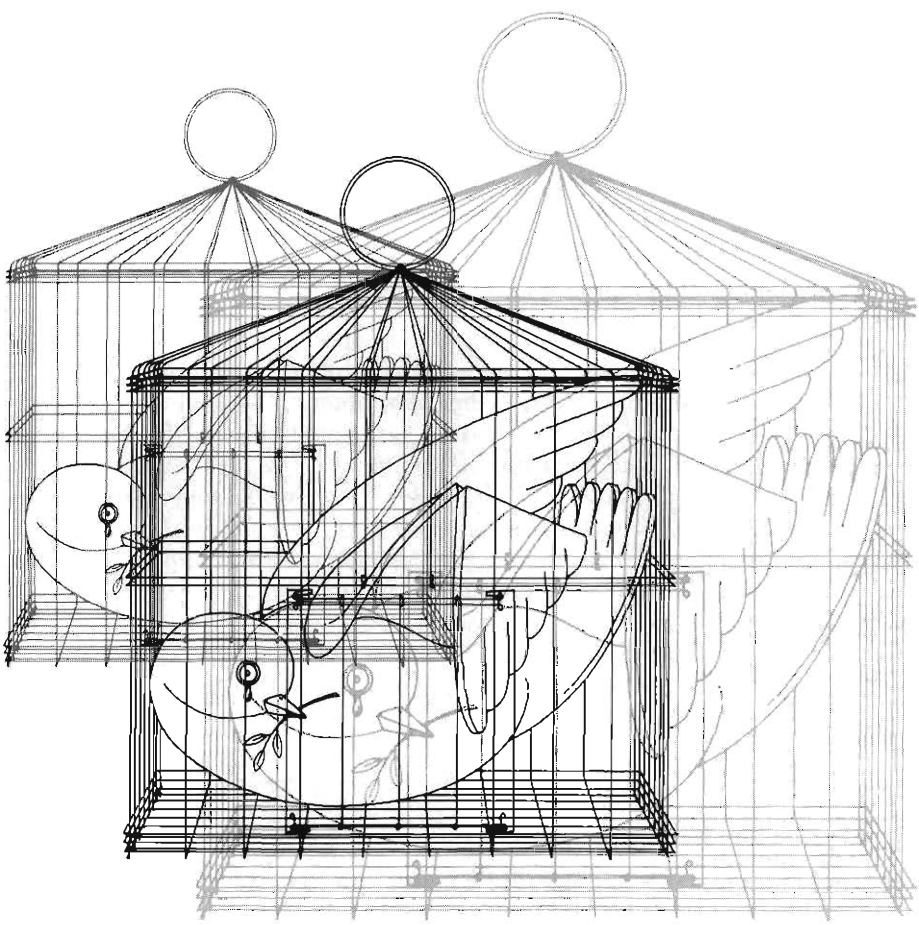
But she had planned ahead here: having found on one of her excursions a piece of driftwood large enough to cover the weathered placard, she had carefully lettered upon it with her watercolors the name — product of much deliberation and many nervous headaches — which she had chosen. For several days she had invented new names, trying them out quietly to herself — Thrushmore, Sea Room, Set Adrift, Linnet's Landing — but she finally settled on something foreign that she had seen on a magazine at the library: BEAU MONDE.

For the three glorious days Thalia's heart ached with inexpressible passion — joy or sadness, she could not be entirely sure which. She wore her new sweater every day and whenever she left the house she carried with her the looseleaf in which she had jotted down her impressions, the beginnings of poems, even the idea for — the thought made her tremble — a novel, which she had reluctantly promised herself to identify, had anyone ever asked, as her "work in progress." Much of her time she spent walking through the rooms of her house, remarking confidently, if quietly, to the white walls, "This room is especially nice during our rainy season. And here, on the patio, is where I usually spend my afternoons." Twice, indeed, she took a little snack of V-8 juice and Ritz crackers and went out to sit on the little bench under the gnarled cypress. Although she had jotted down lists of things to do during her little week-end, she found it difficult deciding how to do them. Friday after she had put things into a drawer and hung up her wool suit in one of the spacious closets, she had gone leisurely about her schedule, even determining that night to sleep as late as she wanted in the big Spanish bed, but when she had opened her eyes at 8:30 on Saturday, she was cross with herself for wasting such valuable time and made certain that every precious moment counted for the two remaining days. She delighted in being just a five-minute walk away from the shops and galleries on Ocean Avenue and, each day, on one of her little pilgrimages, she treated herself to something special. This was not counting the three scented candles and the jasmine incense she had bravely bought to burn in her hacienda while she read her new flower book and worked on her poem about the daffodil; these were little surprises that came from the shops she had not previously allowed herself to enter. There was no limit to what she might have, she promised herself, no limit except the diminishing budget she had set aside for these last three beautiful days. One day she chose a Danish pastry at a tiny bakery where the pink-cheeked lady spoke with an accent; on another she had a hot-fudge sundae in the red-and-white-striped candy parlor she had passed so many times; and on the third day, after much vacillation, she went into the Mediterranean Market and emerged with a bottle of marinated artichokes. She was disappointed that she did not particularly like them, but contented herself with the knowledge that there were people back in Ephraim who did not even know whether they liked them or not. The thoughts of Ephraim caused her to become suddenly and unexpectedly excited. She wondered if anyone had died, if anyone would look changed, if the hollyhocks could possibly be starting to bloom.

Like I say, you'll see her puttering around out there by her hollyhocks or she'll be passing by here in that little gray sweater of hers on her way out to the edge of town or Lord knows where. With Elvina gone she doesn't like to stay there in the house too much, I suspect. But I guess she's got plenty to go. Lloyd Tenney over at the school is working on his master's (he and Rayola Dodd's boy have both gone up to Utah State almost every summer) and Frieda

says that Thalia's typing his thesis for him. It's on breeding sheep and the various diseases they get and I don't know what all. She normally gets twenty-five cents a page but Frieda says she asked her to do it for twenty. I don't know how many she can do an hour, but then, when it gets right down to it, what else has she got to do?

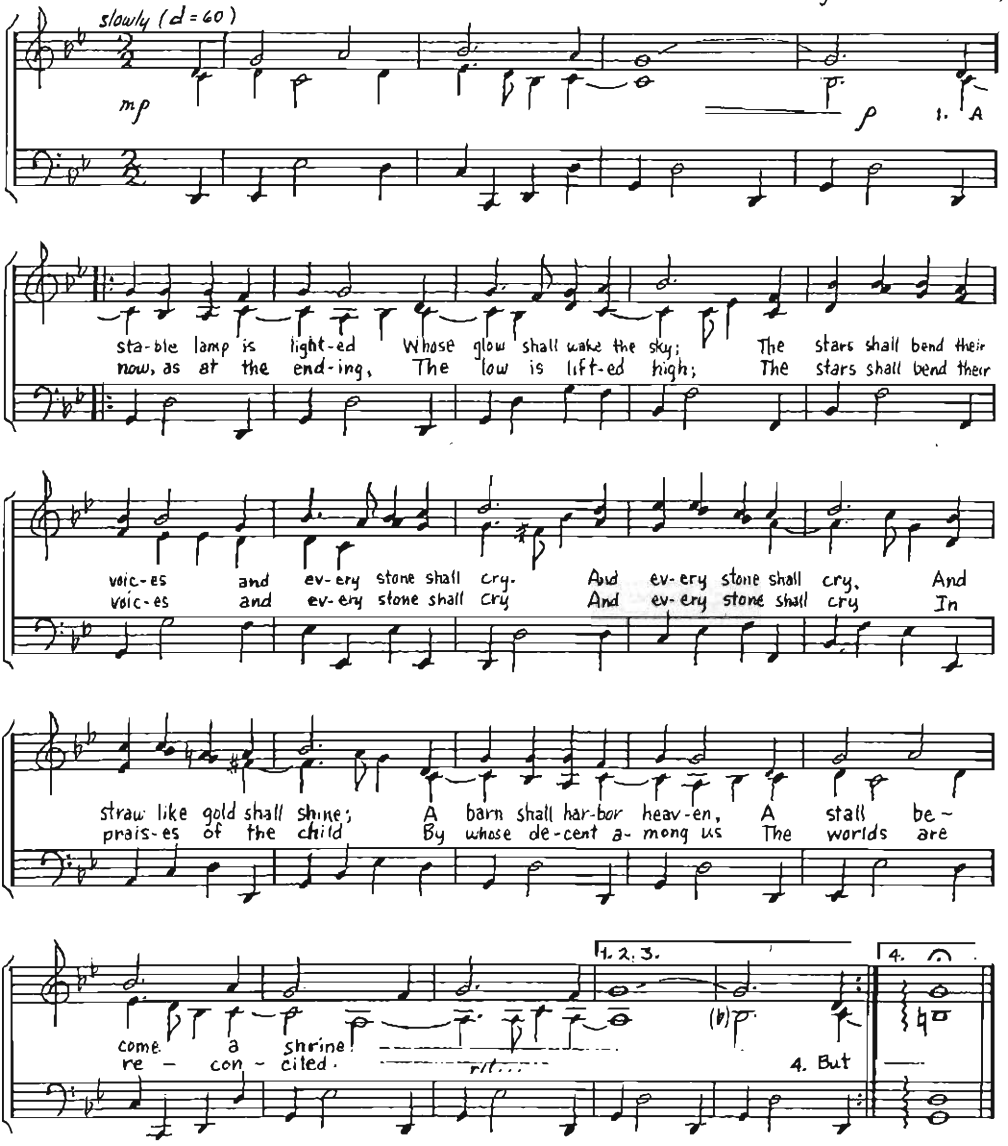
I suspect she's glad to be back home here. People are different down there. Nell asked her if she thought she'd ever want to sell the house (Dewey's boy has been looking for a little place just about that size) and go down there to live and Thalia said no, she didn't hardly think she would. She said she didn't really think she would fit in. And, of course, you know as well as I do that it's best if she stays here. Elvina would have wanted that. And too, if like she says she had her a week-end she'll never forget, well, I guess she'll always have that to remember. Lord forgive her.



A CHRISTMAS HYMN

RICHARD WILBUR
(ref: Luke 19:39-40)

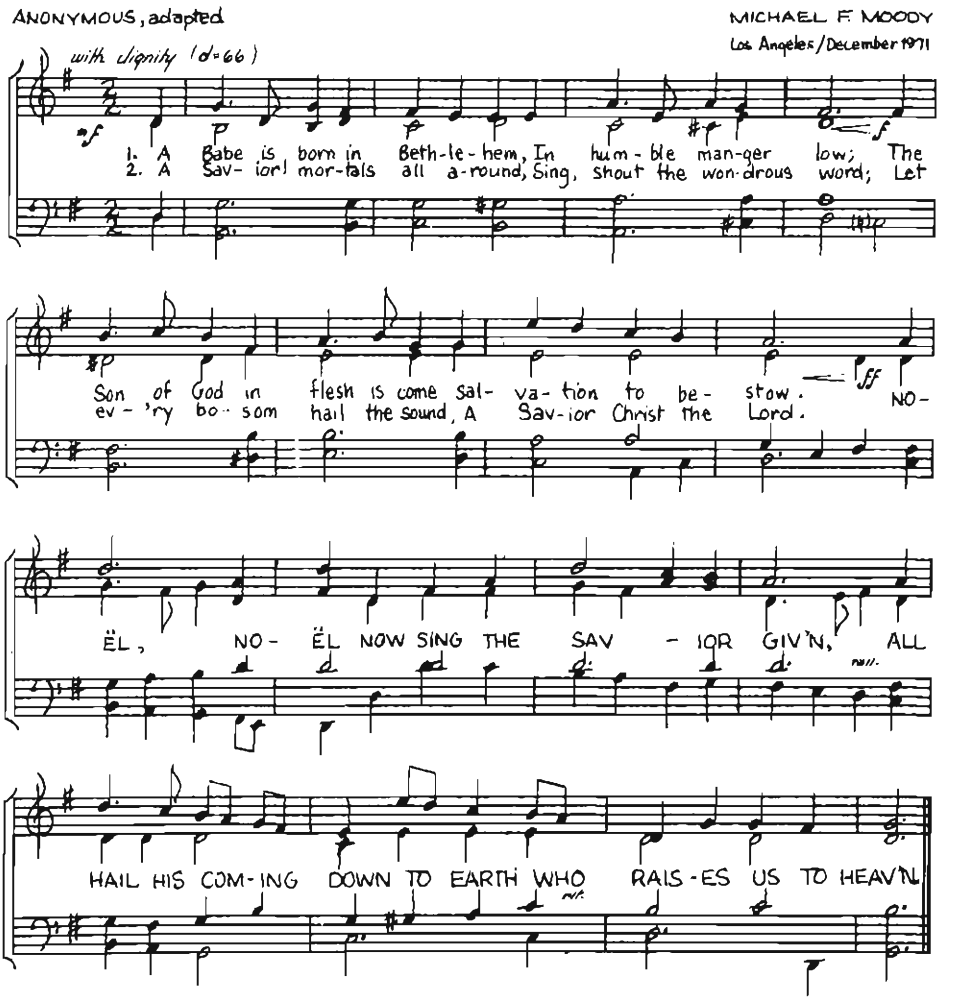
MICHAEL F. MOODY
(los angeles, december 1970)



2. This child through David's city
Shall ride in triumph by;
The palm shall strew its branches
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry,
Though heavy, dull, and dumb,
And lie within the roadway
To pave his kingdom come.

3. Yet he shall be forsaken,
And yielded up to die,
The sky shall groan and darken,
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry
For stony hearts of men:
God's blood upon the spearhead,
God's love refused again.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM



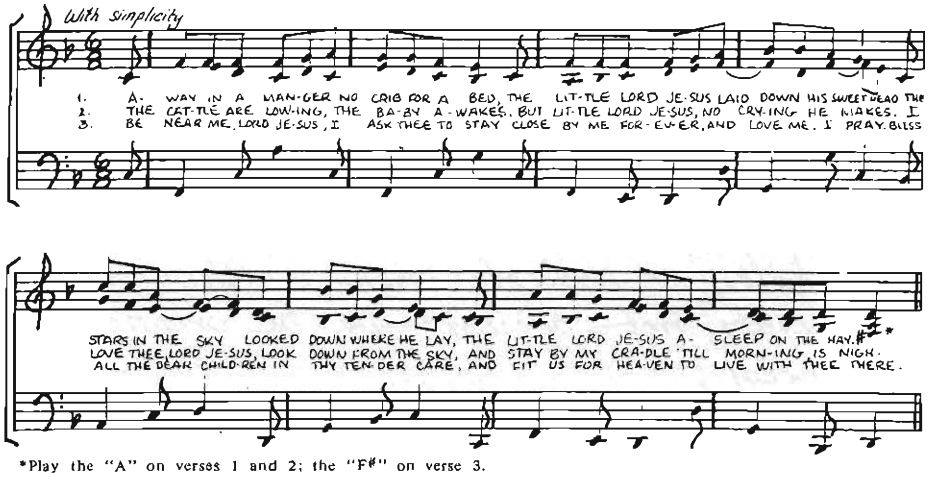
3. For not to sit on Da-vid's throne
With lof-ty pomp and pride,
He came for sin-ners to a-tone
To ex-al-ta-tion guide.

4. Well may we sing a Sav-ior's birth
Who need the grace so giv'n,
And hail His com-ing down to earth,
Who rais-es us to Heav'n.

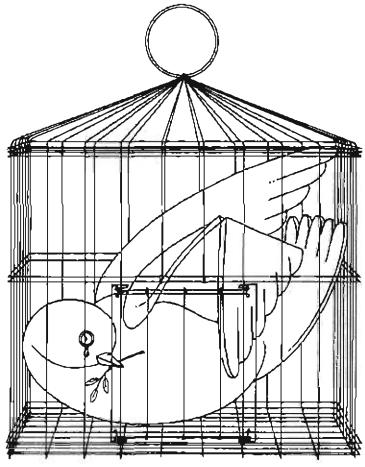
AWAY IN A MANGER

Anonymous

Michael F. Moody



*Play the "A" on verses 1 and 2; the "F♯" on verse 3.



NOTES FROM THE ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK

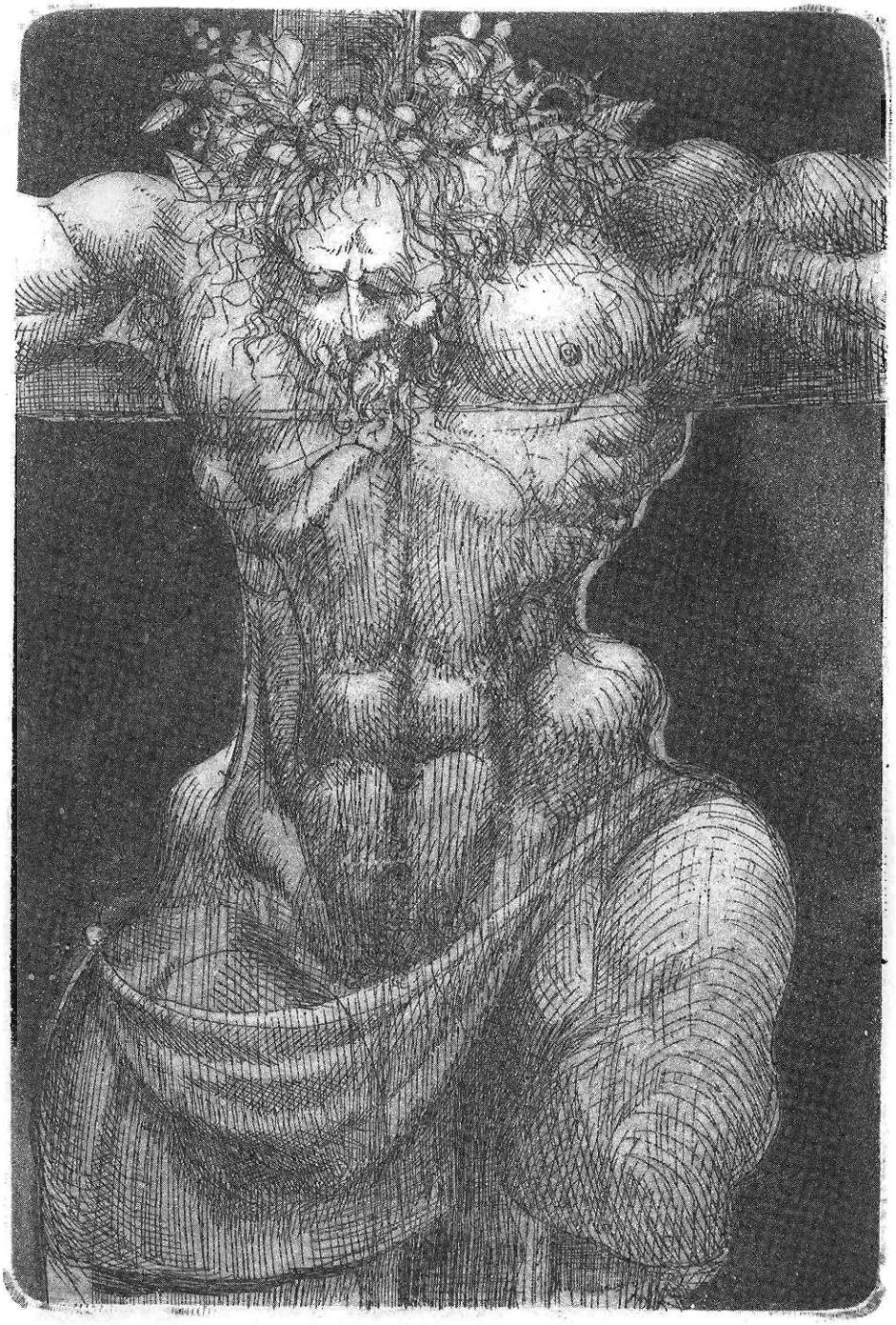
JAMES C. CHRISTENSEN

My art is a synthesis of concept and process. Both contribute equally to the finished product. The concept alone is meaningless to anyone but myself. Art must communicate to be valid. The process is more than mechanical transcription of a thought... it hones, tempers, and refines the idea. Often the process dictates, or indicates new directions and insights not present in the original concept...

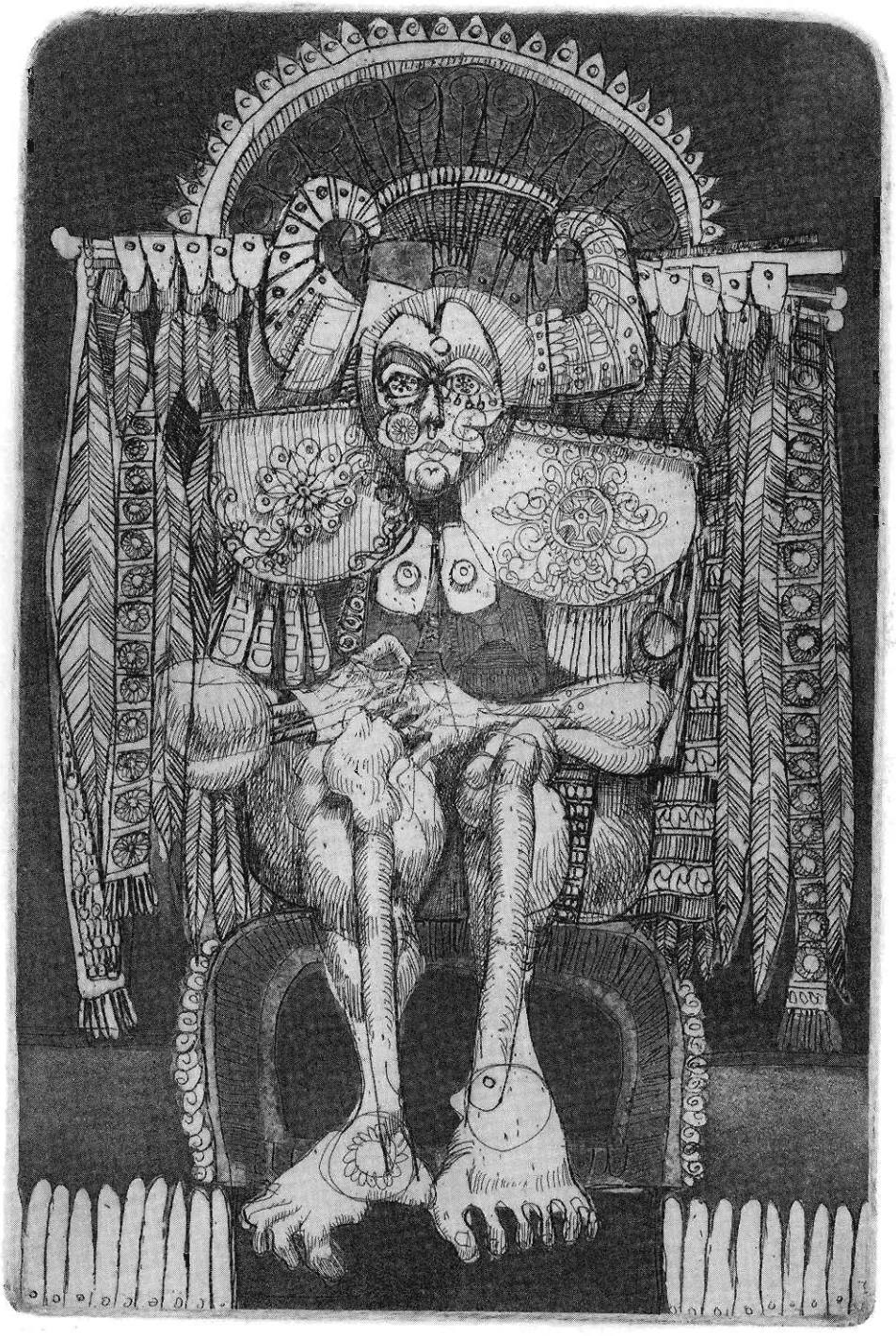
Lehi Roller Mills...(drawing) one of my favorite landmarks between Provo and Salt Lake City...

I think that the divinity of man comes out in his art. The feelings I have when it's working and I am producing are very close to the satisfaction I enjoy in a spiritual experience. There must be some connection...

The Egg, the Owl and the Fish... (lithograph) no deep or hidden symbolic meaning. Visual complexity and fantasy just for fun...



Crucifixion ... (etching) a powerful, dynamic Christ called upon to exert all of His strength to endure to the end...



Construct #1 ... (etching) one of a series discussing the devil...

Art is produced on many levels. The most profound work carries a message of truth in a universally communicative way. But pieces created for the joy of creating, pictures that delight the eye and excite the imagination, also have a valid place in our existance.

Three Magicians and an Owl.. (drawing) study for a painting. Three pseudo wise men beneath a symbol of the occult.

Bonnie... (drawing) study for a triptich on violence, media and children...

Christ as Jehovah... (etching) an attempt through symbolism to portray Jesus as both Christ and Jehovah. The traditional symbols of the Lord of the New Testament and the God of Moses have a great deal in common. The burning bush was traditionally the same kind of plant that made Christ's crown of thorns. The bulrushes that we identify with Moses are also a symbol of the humble beginnings of Christ. The serpent was a symbol of Jehovah for the people of Moses, and the serpent of the ancient Americans symbolized the "white, bearded God, Quetzlcoatl." The writing is in Hebrew and says Jehovah on one side and Christ on the other. The fish, the butterfly, the swallow, the pheonix, the pyramid and the sun are all symbols of Christ...

Self Portrait (lithograph) the egg symbolizes life and creativity...

Iris Parker Corry

OLD ORCHARD HURRICANE, UTAH

The heat and dead
Branches snagging
My hair and the apricots
Hung ripe, unpicked,
Falling heavy at last
In the grass. Grapevines
Winding a tree
And the green grapes
Clustered with apricots
In the heat. The chitter
Of insects, asparagus
Going to seed.
Squish underfoot
In the shoulder-high grass
And the grapevine snares.

Iris Parker Corry

THE YEAR OF THE FAMINE

When the iron works was shutting down
and you couldn't buy a sack of flour
in Cedar Valley at any price
(grasshoppers we had — but no gulls),
the Lord sent mushrooms.

Outside the town they umbrellaed
on the black creek bank
and in scant shade —
everywhere the benign toadstools.
Mornings we gathered them — always enough.
For Sunday dinner a little flour
to thicken the juice, and pigweed greens.

In the fall an abundance of
honeydew fell on the willows.
We fetched washtubs and other vessels
and rinsed the branches in water
and it boiled down
to the beautifullest syrup I ever tasted.

In the year of the famine, 1856.

Iris Parker Corry

NELLIE UNTHANK

aged ten,
walked, starved, froze
with the Martin Company
and left her parents in shallow graves
near the Sweetwater.

The Richards on First South
hugged their children's heads to muffle
Nellie, strapped to a board, without anesthetic,
screaming, her frost-black feet
removed with a butcher knife
and a carpenter's saw.

After that she walked on her knees,

married in polygamy to
William Unthank (of Cedar City)
who took her home to one room with a dirt floor.
She damped and scraped that floor
hard and smooth as sandstone,
washed it every day;

clean muslin curtains at the window,
on goods box cupboards,
Sundays the hearth whitened,
and Nellie made her way
knitting crocheting carding wool
kneeling by the washtub set on blocks
scrubbing townspeople's clothes on the board
and trading a yeast start for
a handful of sugar sent in the jar.

Said *never* to another operation —
waddled on leather kneepads in her little skirt
dragging her unhealed stumps
or pushed herself on a board on wheels.

Once a year Nellie and her six children cleaned
the meeting house.
The boys fetched water;
Annie, Martha, Polly washed the windows.
Nellie scrubbed the floor.

GHOST TRUCK

for RHC

Now I lay me down by the freeway,
In a duplex in Cedar City, Utah;

And twenty yards west of these bricks
Rides the asphalt, as high as my roof,

Where the line-haul drivers play tag
All night in their big sets of doubles.

I slide back the window and listen
For morning on my grandfather's freight dock:

Hand-trucks thumping past my head;
Unloading those box cars of Sno-jel;

Grandpa cussing around the vans;
My father hunched over the bill-writer;

Racer, and Herb, and Conley —
The hay truck that burned on the Grapevine;

Smoking bales scattered, tires busting,
And the semi that came honking down the grade

With brakes lit like torches, dodging
The bales on both sides of the road.

Sometimes, when it's snowing, I wake
In the darkness of morning and listen

So far into the fall of a snowflake
That the plows have given up for the night,

And the lanes are as quiet as trails
Under snow that will never go home.

I put down my ear to the white line
And listen all the way to California,

As the quilts pile high on my bed;
I listen, in everlasting snow,

For the ghost truck driven by my father,
As he double-clutches up the Black Ridge,

Climbing the white grade into Cedar
Over wagon ruts carved upon sagebrush.

The dash-lights flicker in the cab;
I can see, through the sleep in his eyes,

The young hands, a green pack of Luckies,
These towns that he doesn't understand:

Kanarraville, Hamilton Fort —
He thinks of polygamy, and chuckles.

The old International looms closer;
It stops on the shoulder above me.

The lights on the trailer start flashing;
He gets out, kicks the tires all around,

Vaults the guard-rail, comes down to the fence,
And listens for the sound of my breathing.

His fingers hooked into the chain-links;
In the cold his sighs are like plumes.

Dry flakes dusting his hair;
I hold my chest tighter, and listen.

"I remember the war," he begins.
"I'm sorry I wasn't a soldier."

"I remember it some," I answer.
"I carried a candle in the blackout,

"When the Japs didn't bomb L. A."
"I've got a bad ear," he continues,

"And my right eye never sat straight;
So all I remember is driving,

"Coffeeshops, unloading in Frisco —
I drove Hitler into the ground."

"My image of you," I reply,
"Is two headlights bobbing the darkness,

"While I'm waiting on somebody's porch
For an hour, after Cub Scout meeting.

"I remember one morning," I say.
"Mom standing at a sun-struck window,

"Crying, with the phone in her hand.
'The war is over,' she said."

Linda Sillitoe

THESE ARE THE SEVERELY RETARDED

Leaves of a different cut,
perceiving other winds,
the children blow in spring
and laugh aloud like children.

Smiling, Sheila rocks forever,
flings her fluttering birds like hands
to pattern the winds before her.
Angela returns a stranger smile
as her palms mold a phrase in the air.

Choo-choo-the-big-train-is-coming-
down-the-track. . . .
The children shove the train with effort-words,
half shouting like children, elbows round the wheels.

If you cannot touch them, they will touch you.

The little girl who grins
at her fingers all day — will we teach her
colors and to grow beneath her bangs?
Leaves of this tree cannot think crimson
as the autumn hillside ripens.
Jerry is the worker around this place,
he says, and smiles the wastebaskets
out the door, bruising the corridor walls.
Ask him — he can tell you he is twenty-one.

Leaves of a different cut
with once-twisted stems,
shake endangered in a March wind laughing,
held reversed in an ever-greener spring.

LINDA SILLITOE

THE REAPING

Reading is one thing — and metaphors
imitate life in literature only.
Yet when birds flapped a curtain of chatter over a sky-scrap
and gold first dampened the solid trees,
a twist of coming cold pinched a frightened nerve.
We heaped every day's basket with ready wheat and fruit,
spinning late melons like toys on the grass.
Yet we were the harvest, unable to snatch the deliberate sickle,
but piled our resolution like a weightless springtime
against the trickle of falling leaves.
Then a week nearly all of gold, but we were too hurried,
turning and falling, to count the bright stream in the gutters.

Today when I drove the dizzy way home from the airport,
the harvest of leaves washed the road
in high yellow rivers and I was defeated.
I admit not all the trees are stripped yet,
but the storm continues, will become precise.
Inside, all the lights have blown black
and toys crack under my feet as I move in the dark.

Rob Hollis Miller

SHIVAREE

my decision
to escape my own sure shivaree
came to me
as we herded two of my
cousins
down main street
carrying their brides in
full regalia on their shoulders

my uncle, I knew years ago
had simply run out of the marriage hall
and jumped the first freight out of town
spending his wedding night
in a box car and leaving
his astonished bride
high and dry
not yet having a grip on family custom

with him my hero
I planned my escape
and first night desertion
only to find a cousin waiting at the door
not with my car

my bride washed diapers
in a tin tub and
I hung them on a line
on the flatbed truck
the store windows were black dead eyes
and the street lights showed
my bride to be purple
in that light my relatives'
laughing faces took on the aspect
of animals, friends of years
were foreign to me
my glowing
bride I knew not at all
nor ever would

the diapers by morning were dry and I
was gone from there, unlike my
uncle, looking for a new
childhood

ARTHUR HENRY KING

I WILL MAKE THEE A TERROR TO THYSELF (JER. XX:4)

I have made endeavour to serve thee, Lord,
and yet thy servant —
this thy child —
is apprehensive at thy majesty.
Under the blue of day I bow to glory,
acknowledging in gratitude here goodness,
there beauty,
and sometimes the two glancing together;
but, as I drive at night between high mountains
(their summits lost in looming cloud)
or along the edge of a black-aviced lake
(whose unknown depth I hope not accidentally to plumb);
or watch an improbable sea smash up at an impossible cliff;
or even round the zoo (observing
the tiger yawn, the elephant put his foot down,
the octopus tentative, the spider leap,
the fifteen-foot hamadryad
— caught on the Singapore golf-course by coolies who thought
him a python —
lunge at the reinforced glass);
or as I await at the clinic, on someone close to me,
a specialist's careful conclusion —
I feel the general terror.

Love beyond, above, and beneath us may
appall us because it exceeds our measure.
Love that creates and includes the predator should
startle us into reconsideration.
Permit us to allow thee
to love and make what thou wilt,
to exercise thine own free agency!

Help me to sense
neither sheer terror nor mere beauty
but both one grace and strength winging the bird of awe
to soar in the courts of thy sublimity.

Aid me to relegate ignoble fear
to the land of that so-called prince of darkness
(for thou art the king of thy deep night
as of thy light, O Christ) —
that pseudo-Lucifer,
who aspired above the aristocracy
and fell to acting the gentleman.

In the last analysis,
fright turns out to be a kind of
giddiness at the precipices of our own inadequacy,
appears to stalk through
and spring from
our own inner landscape.

It is not what thou has made,
but what we make of ourselves as an interim measure
(for terror can fill any interval
before the apparent ultimate;
And yet that medial 'time'
can be 'redeemed' from acrophobia):
an interim measure,
a ring of faltering steps
to widen horizons,
reveal peaks further and higher,
open gulfs deeper for thy love to fill:

briefly, to free us from that cozy world
where, each Saturday night,
Father winds the grandfather clock,
then switches off the light,
to release the reign of terror,
the rule of uncomprehended love.

Enable us, therefore, to realize
that we shall continue to render Pan some
breath of involuntary worship,
until we come nearer to understanding

and, yes, matching
thy love.

KARL KELLER

MY CHILDREN ON THE BEACH AT DEL MAR

These are fragments of myself
playing at being fragments of myself
and they will become fragmented themselves
as like me they become themselves.

But then all things explode,
nothing is, all things become,
not merely changing but expanding
and not merely growing, progressing, but exploding.

So my children, fragments
of a fragment fragmented forever,
playing pieces of a creation,
Creation playing with pieces.

So the born idea
that ought to have a life of its own
but breaks into many voices,
tones, phones, particles.

So the single decision
used to define a morality
making courses of action, destinies,
cosmic avalanches of effect.

So the quick hand,
imagination in a linguistic accident,
traveling from eye to mind
from mind to eye interminably.

All is not nothing but pieces,
pieces and process, a wave
breaking into many waves
and breaking again at my feet.

All going, all gone, all lost,
what was begun unique
becomes duplicity, trinity, variegate, infinite:
thus genesis is very soon apocalyptic

with time the maker and the villain.
My God the sun a hole
a way out we turn it greys
you've closed it you've closed the way out!

C. H. Jolley

PROPHET

". . . no beauty that we should desire him."
Isaiah 53:2

The common cripple to the south of Palmyra
Dreamed God the Father, the Savior Son,
And, though clerical tradition predetermine his doom,
Can never, never, never
Search Kidd's treasure again.

Stout, paunched, hook-nosed mystic though he was —
Who gimped his way from fourteen on
Through the dark, deep furrows of those New York farms
To Ohio, Missouri, Illinois (and beyond) —
He faced Gethsemane alone,
Crossed back from deliverance,
And, from an upper room above the crowds
Who shouted blood upon their children's heads,
Reached wide his trembling hands to God,
Was pierced,
And, plunging headlong into Pentecost,
Was dead.

C. H. Jolley

THE MEN OF HUNTSVILLE

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
Tennyson

The men of Huntsville proper
Found her there —
Halfway down the Glacier's eastward face
With three thick feet of glacial glass
Separating Huntsville's Priesthood
From its past.

They had not often walked
The frozen body that lay between
Their homes and those of the Brigham Saints
(Who were sent to that far place
To civilize the Savage and grow wheat
For a Mormon Prophet who died.
The Prophet gone,
Wheat enough grown in the easier valleys,
And the Lamanite long since dead of his savior's pox,
The people of Brigham had remained
To bear their children,
Fill their tiny chapel's yard,
And walk the umbilical path
To Huntsville.)

John Jacob McKay was the first to know
The naked body and crystalline shroud,
Whose existence not one man of Huntsville
Would publicly allow,
But, quiet, in the later evening, wondered at,
While longing for the Glacier's eastward height,
And the naked woman,
And John McKay's memory.
So John Jacob walked the Glacier
And searched the ice where he'd been before —
To prove the point
And make right what the Priesthood wrongly hoped —
But could not find her
Nor any trace of what he knew he'd known.
Whether shifting frost,
The floe's further slide down the mountain,
Or snow-blind memory was to blame,
John Jacob McKay stumbled back from the Glacier,
After three fruitless years of desperate search
Between Huntsville and Brigham,
To die.

Now and again other men,
Lost in its ecstacy of white and counterfeit heat,
Wandered out of the Glacier
To babble nonsense stanzas
Of a Desdemona and her caucasian lover
Snared in passionless embrace.
And with each new telling of the incredible tale
The men of Huntsville wondered
From behind their bolted doors
(The rough-hewn pioneer portals
Which contained the men and passion
That should have, elsewise, leaped into the streets,
Through the town, and up the slopes —
To melt the mountain if they must,
But to see,
To *see!*
To know the naked creature
As they dreamed McKay had known her
Long before)
In the quiet night,
In Huntsville,
And alone.

Until, oneday, word was sent from Brigham —
Down the path that traced the Glacier's southern edge —
That a boy was lost somewhere on the mountain
And they who dug the graves of Brigham
Would search westward down to Huntsville,
While the Huntsville Saints should scout eastward to them,
With the Glacier
(The Glacier!)
The Glacier and its treasure
In between.

"Huntsville"

The men of Huntsville proper
Leaped into the streets,
Through the town and up the slopes
To the Glacier's lower western fringe,
Where, kneeling in the summer moss to pray,
Faces towards an ever-present winter,
They pleaded for the child's life
And hoped the vision of John Jacob McKay.

Three days the search continued —
Long beyond the hopes of the Brigham men
To find the child alive —
And, on the morning of the third,
The men of Huntsville proper found her there —
Halfway down the Glacier's eastward face,
The ice a clear blue glass,
Just as McKay had said,
And beneath it
The naked body
Of an old and shriveled woman —
Blue, like the ice,
And dead.

JOHN STERLING HARRIS

FALLOW

She eased herself into the bed beside him,
His farmer's heavy sleep
Was lighter now with dawning near.
At the creak of springs he stirred
And turned to reach her hand, holding it,
Carefully as his calloused fingers would allow.

Have you been up to make the fire, Jennie?
She caught her breath and held her answer,
But in a moment said,
I rose to find the crop you planted failed
Like the others — this field lies fallow still.

He took his turn at delay
And reached to pull her in before reply.
Perhaps I planted too shallow
Or in the wrong time of moon
Or worse, the seed was old and weak —
You haven't yourself to blame for that.
A man can't really know the cause in this.
I've wondered at it though,
If it came from a boyhood fever —
The men at the blacksmith shop
Would call it shooting blanks
Or some such thing,
And laugh and say that
If a man's father had no sons,
It's likely he won't either.
I've never thought it could be you —
Not with your sister's brood,
And your twin brother's wife
Is walking heavy now.

Stop, she said, Can't you see.
A freemartin heifer never calves.
Some places, you know, you could
Send me back like faulty goods,
And well you should.
I've seen you envy other men their sons.
And I know about that shiny
Pony saddle in the barn.
If you had another woman —

A Hagar to dam an heir, he said.
And watch you go to quiltings
So you can tend the children there
And have to listen to
The smug complaints of overbearing wives,
And then return to your
Own quiet house to weep.

No, I'll not have that.
We need not wait for spring,
And if the field does not reject
The plow, we'll plant again.

The field does not reject the plow
Till gulls no longer follow in the furrow,
But with this latest loss
The plowing seems a ritual now
Of some forgotten faith
Or a prayer to a departed god.
But it comforts those that live,
When all the meaning's gone.

Ronald Wilcox

MULTIPLICITY

Multiplicity 1

There has been one and one only perfect moment
when the awful machinations of chance completely and smoothly meshed,
each part moving in single precision,
when the intricate multiplicity of myriad circumstance,
warm as shimmering hints of first life in the womb of our mother sea,
unified itself in peace and simplicity easily as the hidden logic of healing,
moved in that moment beyond even mercy, almost to comprehension,
and the memory of God being born that day split infinity to forever
be recorded in all living things,
among whom man, remember, is only one,
and this holy inclination, irretrievably barbed within the inmost core
of the gene and seed of each cell of our being,
is unequivocal as the sea's unfathomed geometry
which patterned impulse into pulse as life first stirred.

Multiplicity 2

There is an unnamed mesa in northwest New Mexico
eroded by the holy wind into a form as pure as an abandoned cathedral.
If you could climb to the top just before morning,
you might find the oldest living Navajo man, the patriarch Narbona,
who more than a hundred years before this day hid himself forever
within the enigma of the cliffs of his youth,
sitting hunched over his holy campfire, facing the eastern indistinct horizon,
awaiting the daily resurrection of his undying sungod,
muttering his ancient Athapascan incantations, whose meaning only he remembers,
in order that morning will send death this day winging like a golden arrow
through his dry vitals
to snuff the last spark of life he feels glowing still amid his dusty bowels
whose ashes stir like the restless colorless embers which the wind disturbs
before him,
and if you could stand exactly southeast of his wrinkling squint,
you might perceive in his brief and milky upward glance
reflections of the careless scatterings of the last stars in the night-time
morning sky,
and in the movement of his eyes you could follow the subtle convolutions
of his mind
as it etched upon the unrolling scroll of man's most ancient unfaded manuscript
irrevocable lines between the stars,
lines invisible yet palpable, mathematically exact as a navigator's projection,
and with the low moon over his shoulder, like a dull lamp whose amber glow
lulls as it dies,
he would read a secret language spelled in those criss-cross tangents,
for the calligraphy of his prophecy is written in flickering code,
the silent telegraphy of the wireless ether;
the clear and piercing air of the silvered desert is to him sharper than
fire-water,

more intoxicant than the first long draught of chilled pure alcohol of water
distilled in the crystal of a mountain spring,
and drunken in deep inhalation, his eyelids would droop and flutter;
he would see in this moment of drowse an unbidden instant's mirage,
hovering low as a smoke signal,
an inexplicable puff of something never seen before
at the edge of that vast and faceless distance,
but shot through with fear, he would suddenly start awake,
shake himself loose of his vision,
forget forever the unbearable moment of knowing,
for he would have seen clear meanings advancing,
flashing like a black thundercloud crackling with sudden comprehensions,
electric with threats of the consequences of unspeakable possibilities,
the naked face of unforgivable sin, knowledge of the final pith of things,
and trembling uncontrollably, he would draw his humanity up over his eyes
like a patterned blanket and hide, blindly patient,
awaiting the warm morning farewell and all-reaching embrace of Death,
his last fellow savage,
who would welcome him home as a friend returning from a long trek
through pathless lands, the endless timbered slopes of his life;
then you may see the long shadows of sunrise reach for him
through the sparse, hushed grass at the mesa's rim,
and up from the chanting cactus
locusts would rise like angels
and fly with his soul in their wingtips.

Multiplicity 3

On October 13, 1161 A.D. Awkwahtawn, the Huron Iroquois, blazed with his
death song —
Chen Chen CHEE-kawn-wah
wailed through his blistered lips,
bubbled forth from his heart's core like boiling oil,
congealed in the wavering air like blood from his open wounds —
Chen Chen CHEE-kawn-wah!
His enemies, the Seneca Iroquois, had impaled Awkwahtawn for seven days —
slow roast on a spit;
how they had mumbled over his hovering in awe of his unflinching smile,
his clear, sweet song —
Chen Chen CHEE-Kawn-wah!
Now he sang in their savage dance as added branches burst and split
with buds of fire, as in spring,
consumed his soul with leaves of flame, as in autumn.
While he writhed in paroxysms of ecstasy, sparks whirled like stars,
and shedding his flesh in layers, as he would winter's weathered deerskins
in the heat of a sudden spring sun,
his pure spirit was ringing clear as a cool waterfall rilling in ferned pools
round stumps where his feet once were —
Chen Chen CHEE-kawn-wah!
Visions, whispering cold as winds amidst the pine,
fell lightly as snow past the tatters of his face, over his raked flanks,
and downward until the flames themselves seemed frozen numb.
Awkwahtawn was dimly aware of lumps of ice bluntly nudging at his legs —
Chen Chen CHEE-kawn-wah!
His nerves, ever hard and sharp as flints in his skin,
were finally dulled against those cold, vague stalagmites,
and far above dying Awkwahtawn a hovering eagle startled at his final cry
and soared toward the sun, calling —
Chen Chen CHEE-kawn-wah!

Multiplicity 4

The thought of his own death stirred in the brain of Mr.
John Edward Sheisty, 3327 Erstwhile Street, Los Angeles, Calif.,
once in the fall of 1947,
but he quickly forgot it, made believe, in fact, it hadn't happened.
The moment lasted exactly one millimeter of the movement of the pendulum moon
over San Fernando Valley:
time hung shocked in that moment of no movement, like
(1) an October gourd
(2) the last throb of the stopped heart
(3) the clam-like glob of the insensate brain
just before catching on to a joke
(4) the unspoken plea when you're losing the game
("For God's sake, time out!")
(5) a moment of pause between heaves of morning nausea;
in other words,
it lasted approximately as long as $.3^3$ times the first jerk
of the shuddered spasm of the not quite immaculate conception
of the all but engendered John Edward Sheisty (affectionately nick-named
"Shy Jack" by his buddies on the high school track team in 1927
solely because of a painful reticence on his part in regard to fornication,
the fourth most popular activity of the student body,
a nick-name which stuck and which most conscientiously in all modesty
he had had printed in parentheses upon calling cards
JOHN EDWARD (SHY JACK) SHEISTY
of his small real estate business, a growing concern in the valley
of the San Fernando at the time,
a moderate supply of the which his wife would conscientiously slip
like a packet of ammunition
into the breast pocket of his fresh white shirt each morning,
including Sunday);
but it never happened again,
not even on the day he died,
lullabied by anesthetics between hygienic white sheets of a sterilized
hospital bed.
(It seems his nurse tip-toed his soul painlessly away
in a shining aluminum bedpan
toward a reward of 99 and 44/100% pure oblivion,
an event recorded quite properly in history and eternal pity
by the Los Angeles Times obit section sometime in spring, 1948.)

B. W. Jorgensen

OPENING LUNCH ON GETTING TO THE OFFICE

The sun this morning
through a peanutbutter jar of
frozen lemonade
blows a thistlehead of light
across my desk
and turns the mind
a moment
        out of time.

WEIGHT OF GLORY

Those I must leave
Are all that I would have
When I ascend
Alone into love.

SYLLABLES FOR A JANUARY THAW

Unseasonable
Heat exhumes the stiff
Earth. In the house's
Shade, scurf of snow; lawn
Like fur of a drowned
Yellow dog. Our breath
The expiration
Of this carrion ground.

FOR NO DREAMS

Are you afraid again,
Doing without end?

Listen into stone.
Shut your skin to the sun.

Bones burn in lost ground,
bits of burst star

abiding constellation
in your one-eyed mind

dawning into itself.
Dark takes you through the night.

CLINTON F. LARSON

THE PRINCES OF GOD

I

The darkness said tyranny!
And poured inward, defining
The breeding swirl of chaos
For the scarabaeidae of time.

The absence of light became
My prayer of darkness, skeining
And reining:
I am that I am,
Not He!
I slip the ravines
Of eternity, sundering them
With night. What dies becomes
My Lord of Love, lost to honor.

Causa, can you affirm
The touch of My velvet mind?

You are the fulness of light
Striking the azure caverns
Leading to me, I the bier
Of darkness inward, the failing
Sail, the wondrous torpor before
The eye:
my fulness, behold!
Dullness in the sun, white
Shade! Wind of my being,
Infinity obscene as life!

I am the perceptible joy
Of death, and you the irruption
Of pain. Your billowing hosannas
Die here, and through my probity
You will see the dun pool
Where I lie, in the failing light
Of the sun.
For now I name
Perdition its antithesis,
O golden excrement!
O Adonai,
My nebula, I acknowledge you!

My pleasure is the trap
Of light, ingenious
And small. If this offends,
I have become the negative,
Our second death!
So why rise
To Grace?
Now in the tyranny
Of your being you dangle me
Over Eden, as explicit
As upper heaven!
Your testament
Burns like canker over me
As your dogma bloats itself
Like the god you must become,
Now like a kite resting
In the bosom of some primal prayer!

I am the fist closed, rancor,
And you the squandering light,
Joyous and clean.
O hateful
Crystal, you flickered out
Of Him, who possesses Himself
Like a gift forevermore!

Look, now, the planes of the Garden
Darken in twilight, and the fens
Reek with my delicate spume!

Go! Go and let me nip
This Adam, and render him
One of us, of earth, and working
Into darkness, sullen
From the heaven over him.

I deny you, Mighty One!
My brotherhood is my hate,
Even for the saint obscene
With my intent. I deny you
In the pen of my rooting malice,
That you parade your glory
In the weary regimen
Of good, as in a charity.

Keep your trinkets of glory,
Actor!
Your haloed head,
Glittering blue and gold,
The lisping tongue offering
The Word, your hearty bosom,
Your fair complexion, changing
Adam's mood for some pavane
Of Awe that makes me diffident:

You are the Christ, and the life
You bring trembles in eternity
As my denial, the harsh
Light that overwhelms even
The thorough inquiry of death.

Go as you are, eternally!

Adam is my change of soul,
For you must thrust me
Into him, so simple and alone
Before me, and surely slipping
Him, through Eve, to die
Savoring my mortality.

Oh, keep the reason lost
To my subtle power and feign
My worthiness in earth
That timbrel good must seem
The trait of Adam's soul,

So go! The golden apex
That stands above is your ego
Glossing in your spite!

And should you live on it
You might enhance the firmament
Above my vacancy like that
Chancre sun: whatever, Brother,
Go before my hate!
                The Gospel
Is your venom or inoculum
Denying me, your brother!
That foetal Word, spent
With Love, glistening in your hand
And smirking with life,
That you confirm:
                before
You die, die in my esteem!

II

The Light said Freedom!
And danced outward, signing
The circle of creation
With the corona of eternity.

The presence of flame became
Aware of the darkness, wisping
And reigning:
                I am that I am,
For I am He!
                I held the vales
Of time and laved them with fusions
Of air, and what began kept
My satan for honor, not love.

Brother, can you deny
The integer of His light?

You are the slowing mists
Tumbling in the drafts
Of meaning, I the spikes
Of light outward, the turning
Helm, and quickness before
My eye:
My irony, behold!
Clarity in indigo, an azure
Spirit!
See, vane of my meaning,
Zero tilting into pleasure!

I am the imperceptible pain
Of becoming, and you the down
Of your ease. Ease and lilt
Where you will, and through deceit
You will see the blue star
Trembling, and trying vales
Of the heavens.
For now I name
Them in the swirl of the power
Sustaining them.
Ellipse,
Oval, I acknowledge you!

My laughter is the prism
Of my light, ingenuous
And open.
If this commends,
I have become the integer
Of being.
Why *didn't you* aspire
To grace?
Now in the freedom
Of a vacancy you ripple
Through Eden, implicit
In the earth. Your question
Hovers like a tongue of moss
As your lips secrete the line
Of the other prince you were,
Now with a subtlety that lies
In the slip of alter prayer.

I am the hand open, yielding,
And you the fast darkness,
Brooding and viral.
Ecstasy
Of amber, you strode where
The Ghost is, who was made
The triumvir you might have been!

Look, now, the shades of the Garden
Darken from mauve, and the lush
Fens lend the softening air!

Stay! Stay and challenge
Even Him, and render Adam
One of you, of earth, and working
Out of darkness, trenchant
From the heaven over him!

I would keep you, fallen one!
My brotherhood is my kindness,
Even to the cobra yielding
His slit intent.
I keep you
In an urgency of formal love,
Though you mimic glory
In the sequestering taste
For evil, as in a lechery.

Keep your trinkets of glory,
Actor! Your ruffed head,
Glistering green and amber,
The ticking tongue to foil
The Word, as if to keep it
Silken like your diamond back
And lissome skin, as the changeling
Vestment of your whim:

You are Lucifer, and the earth
You bring trembles in eternity
As all denial, the soft
Oblivion that vanishes even
In the memory of myth.

Stay as tempter, for a time!

Adam is my change of soul
That you might thrust him
Free of me and you, wise
And alone before me, testing
God and our spectral unity
That cannot surely fail, —

Or keep the power lost
To reason and so stain
Corruption into earth
That virile sin must seem
The trait of Adam's soul.

But stay! That ebon depth
That lies beyond is the smoothing
Velvet of a vacancy,
And should you die in it
You will sift as dust before
The winds that rise behind
Your mind:
Whatever, brother,
Stay, and I forgive!
Silence,
Though you glow as fire,
Thridding in the streaming,
Sullen epithets, inviting
Ebony, glistening in my hand
And smirking for the second death,
But you will surely live
If I am never slain!

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

WAYNE CARVER is a professor of English and Director of American Studies at Carleton College, where he is also Editor of the *Carleton Miscellany.*

JAMES C. CHRISTENSEN is a high school art instructor in Santa Maria, California. He has exhibited widely throughout the western United States.

ROBERT CHRISTMAS teaches literature and writing at Southern Utah State College at Cedar City. A finalist in the recent United States Award Competition sponsored by the University of Pittsburgh Press, his first novel will be published soon.

IRIS PARKER CORRY is a part-time instructor in the English Department at Southern Utah State College. She was the first president of the Southern Utah branch of the Utah State Poetry Society.

JOHN B. HARRIS teaches literature at B.Y.U., where he is also director of the Technical Writing Program.

CLIFTON JOLLEY teaches seminary in Tempe, Arizona. He graduated from B.Y.U. "after ten years of incredible effort."

BRUCE JORGENSEN, a member of *Dialogue's* Editorial Board, teaches English at Ithica College and is working on a Ph.D. in literature at Cornell.

KARL KELLER has been a member of *Dialogue's* Board of Editors for seven years. He will soon get a rest from reading manuscripts as he takes an exchange professorship at the University of Claremont-Ferrand in France.

ARTHUR HENRY KING is a professor of Literature and English as a Second Language at B.Y.U., where he also serves as Associate Director of the Honors Program. His poetry has appeared previously in *Dialogue.*

CLINTON F. LARSON teaches literature at B.Y.U. and is an accomplished poet and playwright who has had an important influence on a number of young Mormon poets. His new book of poetry will soon be published by B.Y.U. press.

DONALD R. MARSHALL is an assistant Professor of Humanities at B.Y.U. His book of short stories, *The Rummage Sale,* which includes "The Week-End," will be published in December.

ROB HOLLIS MILLER is a writer who resides in Portland, Oregon. He reports that a shivaree was a tradition of the "Old West," as well as the rural Mormon community in Oregon where he grew up. He says that it ranged in form from keeping the bride and groom awake all night on their wedding night to making the groom wheel his new wife down the main street of town in a wheel-barrow.

MICHAEL F. MOODY is the newly appointed secretary to the General Music Committee of the Church. He recently completed his Ph.D. at U.S.C. where he wrote a dissertation on contemporary Mormon hymnody.

LINDA BUHLER SILLITOE has received awards in various literary contests, including the League of Utah writers and the Utah Poetry Society. She recently won first place in the 1971 *Dialogue* Prize Competition for Imaginative Literature.

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR is a professional writer who has written often about the Mormon experience. He is currently working on a revision of his book, *Family Kingdom.*

DOUGLAS THAYER, a frequent contributor to *Dialogue,* teaches literature and writing at B.Y.U. He has recently completed a collection of Mormon stories.

KIM WHITESIDES is an artist in New York who is sometimes mistaken by his friends for Lamont Cranston.

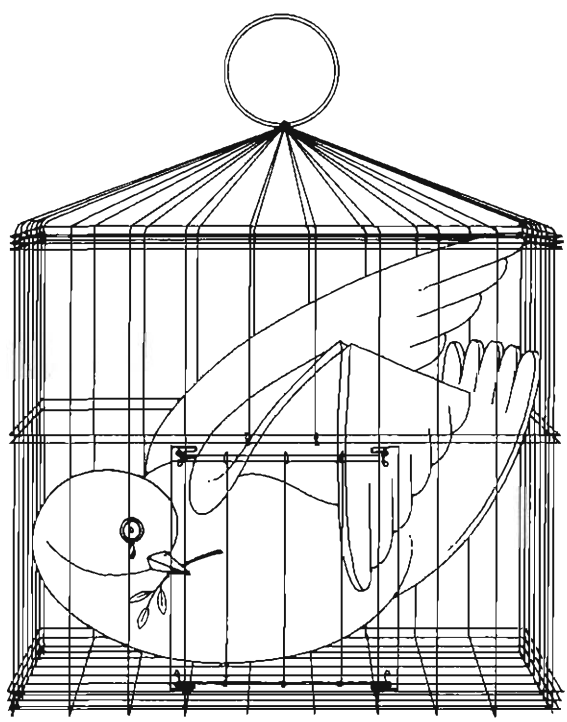
RONALD WILCOX is a poet and playwright who has recently ventured into screen writing. He currently lives in Irving, Texas.

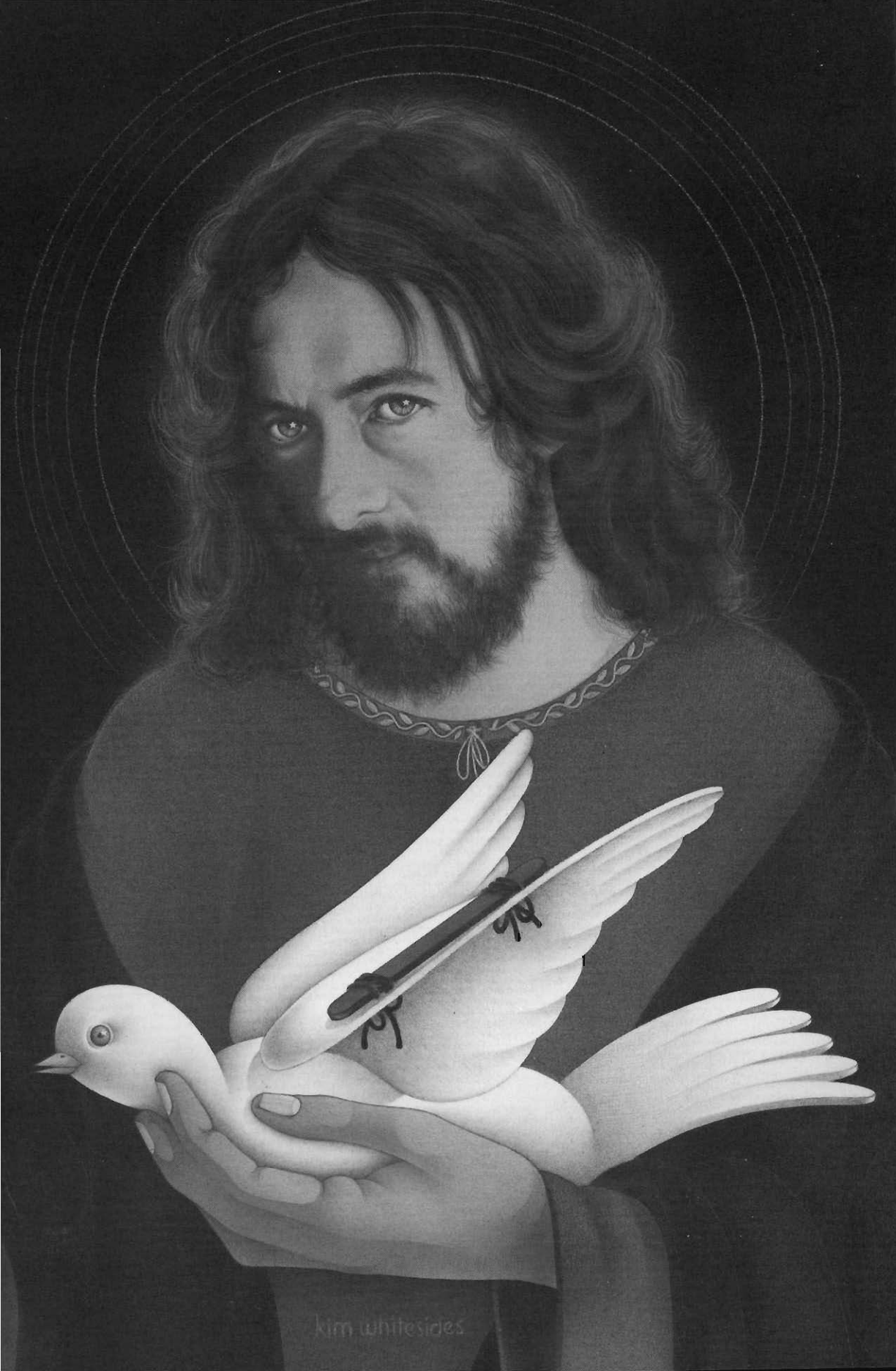
The following information was inadvertently omitted from the Summer issue:

JERRY FUHRIMAN is an assistant Professor of Landscape Architecture and Environmental Planning at Utah State University.

BART J. MORSE is an assistant Professor of Art at the University of Arizona.

SHERRY THOMPSON is a professional graphic artist living in Salt Lake City. She and her husband Jerry have contributed artistically to *Dialogue* in the past.




kim whitesides

DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT