There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley
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EDITOR’S NOTE

Because of the import of the message in the following articles, we interrupt the series, “The Way of the Church,” to present some significant material concerning the Book of Mormon. “The Way of the Church” series will be continued in later issues.

Since Homer, Ovid, and Xenophon, once the daily fare for schoolboys, are now sealed books to many, Dr. Nibley finds it advisable to spell out his story in the form of dialogue between typical academicians. We doubt if anyone can read carefully and thoughtfully the following articles without acquiring new convictions regarding the Book of Mormon. We further believe that anyone who will read the material in the sources indicated and discussed will find the impact of the evidence irresistible.

So you really think there were Jaredites,” said Professor F. with a slightly skeptical expression and another pull at his blackened briar. He hated smoking but his profession and institution required tweeds and a pipe unequivocally as they prescribed the lounging attitude and intellectual drawl with which he confronted his visitor.

“So you really think there were Jaredites. Well, well, and what makes you think so now? Of course I read all your letters, but you seem to be worked up over something new.”

“It is new,” said the visitor, “and yet it is very old. It is the epic milieu that makes me think there were Jaredites.”

“Epic milieu? Epic milieu? What on earth is that?” queried the man of learning. For an answer, Mr. Blank (a good enough name for the other man) went to the large bookcase against the wall. After a minute of exploration in which he refused help from his host, he returned to his chair blowing the dust from an Oxford text of Homer.

“Do you remember any of this,” he asked, “or shall I refresh your memory?”

“About what? A mere thousand pages of hexameters?”

“I mean about these people,” said Blank, solemnly holding the book (Munro’s elegant India paper edition), “their wars and their journeys, their intrigues and quarrels, their food, clothes, diversions—what they chose to do and how they chose to do it.”

“Well,” said F., scratching his head thoughtfully, “I still have a fair general idea of what the Homeric world was like...”

“That is a good expression, Homeric world. Homer has given us a whole world from the past, complete with all the trappings. But now it would appear that that is more than a poet’s world of fancy: it is the actual milieu in which epic poetry took its rise.”

“You mean there really was such a world as Homer describes?”

“Apparently there was. Your question, incidentally, is basic to the solution of the Homeric question itself.”

“Ah, yes,” said the professor trying desperately to remember something about it, “the Homeric question.”

“There is hardly a branch of literary criticism or historical analysis, including the higher criticism of the Bible, Blank rejoined, “that did not take its rise in the Homeric question.”

“Indeed,” replied his host.

“The Homeric question itself is simply, How did these poems come to exist?” Blank tapped the volume impressively, “Did a creative genius make them up out of thin air or are the scenes and characters depicted taken from life? What do you think? Was there ever an Achaean host? Did it assault a real city of Troy? Did such heroes as Achilles and Hector ever live?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” muttered the professor, thoughtfully stroking his chin, “but then there was Schliemann and all that. I dare say there are ways of finding out. By the way, what has this to do with the Jaredites? And you still haven’t told me what the epic milieu is.”

“Hand me the big Webster, will you? Thanks. Ah, here it is, the full definition (copyright G. & C. Merriam and Co., 1924): milieu: medium, environment. A milieu is an environment, a complete environment taken with all its own roots and origins; and the epic milieu is the real world in which the events described in epic poems are supposed to have taken place: it is that world and not the poet’s imagination which furnishes him with his characters and images. Everyone agrees today that the epic milieu described by Homer was a real one.”

“And now you can tell me where the Jaredites come into this,” said F. “With pleasure. The Jaredites have a milieu, too. If there is a Homeric world that vanished thousands of years ago, so also there is a Jaredite world. And if the reality of the one can actually be proved over this great gulf of time, why cannot the other?”

“I’ll tell you why. Because the archaeological problem is a totally different one. Whereas every student...”

“Excuse me if I interrupt, but the problem is not an archaeological one.”

“Oh, come now!”

“I mean it. Students of the classics never ignore physical remains, of course...”

“Are you joking?”

“. . . but it so happens that the epic milieu has been most successfully investigated from another angle entirely. I see you subscribe to the AJA (American Journal of Archaeology). That is convenient. Where is that big issue that was devoted entirely to Homer? The year 1948, I think it was. Yes, here it is. You should have read this account of Robert Wood. He was quite a bigwig in his day—Under Secretary of State to Lord Granville, in fact. Over a hundred years before Schliemann went to look for Troy, this man with his friends walked all over the terrain where Homer’s heroes are supposed to have fought and fled; and then he chartered fishing boats and traced ‘the routes of the heroes homeward bound from Troy,’ it says here. From this he became convinced and was able to convince some others that the stories in Homer had at least a real geographical background...”

“And you think you can do that...”

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with the Jaredites?” the professor interposed.

“Of course not. No one has ever identified a single Nephite artifact, let alone a Jaredite ruin! But that is not our problem at all, nor was it Wood’s solution to the Homeric question. It was only important as a preliminary step, in fact.”

“So what did our Mr. Wood do next?”

“Next he went to Syria, and there came upon ‘a type of community strangely remote from the world of contemporary scholarship,’ but it was a real world, just the same. You know how many travel classics have given substance to the mysterious Bedouin world since Wood’s day. Well, Robert Wood’s critical eye detected the same ‘combination in the Arab traits of savagery and chivalry which also characterizes the heroes of the Iliad.’ Was that just a coincidence, he asked himself, or could the ways of the modern Arabs be used to check; of all things, the authority of Homer?”

“Lehi in the Desert stuff, eh?”

“You might say. Anyway, Wood thought there was a connection and, as the book says, he ‘intended to write a detailed work in which similarities of the cultures exhibited in the Old Testament, In Homer, and in the Near East of his own day should be collected, and prove that the “Heroic Age” is a real and recurrent type in human society . . . and that Homer’s picture of that of Greece is reliable.’”

“And did our man succeed?”

“Unfortunately he died before he could carry out the project, but he did publish an essay on the nature of epic poetry that made a big impression on the Germans. That was the time, you know, when the German romantics were busy reconstituting the wonderful misty world of woods and crags from which they fondly supposed their own national epic poetry took its rise. In England Bishop Percy was hot on the trail of another epic milieu. Two years before Wood’s essay appeared he brought out the first edition of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry…”

“It’s right behind you,” said the professor, “third shelf from the top.”

“Thank you. Note the acknowledgment to ‘the late elegant Mr. Shentone,’ who really started the thing. Here in the introductory essay (Sec. ii) Percy says that the ancient minstrels ‘had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, to not know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves.’ Note how he goes to the heart of the thing: as a historical source for ‘particular incidents and events’ these old poems may not be worth a bean, but the sort of thing they describe, the things that happen recurrently, familiar scenes, and accepted patterns of behavior may be reliably reported and carefully confirmed in their verses. In other words, it is possible to detect in the early English ballads just such a genuine cultural milieu as one discovers in Homer.”

“And where does that get us?”

“To our next point, which is that one not only finds genuine epic milieux (how do you pronounce a final ‘x’ by the way?) looming behind one ancient literature after another, but also when you compare those different milieux they are all the same!”

“Do you mean to tell me that Bishop Percy’s English Heroic Age or epic milieu, or whatever you call it, is exactly like Homer’s—two thousand years earlier?”

“That is what I am coming to. For a long time the Germans, for example, insisted that they had a very private epic world of their own. But Schneider, the leader in the field, has shown how they gradually came to recognize that the epic world described in their poems was exactly like that depicted in the epics of other nations: so they finally came to the conclusion that epic poetry in general is not the product of a national spirit or a poet’s fancy but before everything else of the Voelkerwanderungszeit—the time of the Great Migrations.”

“So the Teutons were like the Greeks. That’s not too surprising.”

“But it is only the beginning. At the turn of the century Hugo Winckler in that old classic “Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testa-

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test—I see you have it here—wrote as follows:

We now know that the tides of people, such as the Germans at the beginning of the "Middle Ages," (these are the "Great Migrations" we just referred to), the Islamic expansion, the Turkish-Tatar-Mongol movements, etc., were not anything extraordinary, and that the history of the ancient world is likewise composed of a continuous chain of such migrations... .

"He is pointing out here a fact that is now being appreciated every day, namely, that the great migrations were by no means confined to one period of the world's history, but have been a recurrent event, involving all of Europe and Asia, throughout historic times."

"But if it is these great migrations that produce epics, shouldn't there be a lot more epic poems than there are?"

"A natural, if hasty, conclusion. A more correct deduction would be that epic literature should be much vaster not than it is but than we have hitherto supposed it to be. Actually investigations now going on are showing that for lo, these many years, the scholars have had all sorts of epic material lying around under their noses without knowing what it was."

"Are you serious?"

"Actually it has only been since the 1930's that the real nature and scope of the epic world has begun to be appreciated. It was the studies of H. Munro Chadwick and Milman Parry in our own generation that first showed the real nature of the epic. Back to our A/JA—here you have it:"

Poetry is heroic only because it is created by a people who are living in a certain way, and so have a certain outlook on life, and our understanding of the heroic will come only as we learn what that way of living is and grasp that outlook. We find, for example, that cattle-lifting is a common theme in the ancient European poetries, but it is found there because of no law of poetry, but because these people happen to live in a way which led them to the stealing of cattle on the one hand and the practice of poetry on the other. The heroic element in early poetry is not a problem of lore, but one of anthropology and history, and the students of heroic poetry have done a very great deal in showing how the social background is mirrored in poetry... .

"No matter when and where it is produced, genuine epic poetry can be only the product of a particular way of life, and that way of life is our epic or heroic milieu—it furnishes the ideas and images reflected in the poems."

"A very majestic concept, this epic background of the oldest literature. But must you find it everywhere?"

"Of course not, but where do we find it, we are beginning to know where we stand."

"And who, pray, are we?"

"You know what I mean. But there are experts in quite a number of fields who are finding the fact of a world-wide heroic age of great service in helping them interpret their materials. In many cases it is, in fact, decisive, and I think it will prove decisive in the case of the Jaredites."

"How about a concrete example?"

"That, of course, is what I wanted you to ask. I love concrete examples. Well, here is Professor Samuel Kramer, writing in this same useful volume of the A/JA... ."

"He's an orientalist, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is our top Sumerian scholar, and in his archaeological capacity he is the director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. And here he tells us that our epic milieu provides the only possible means yet devised of reconstructing the history of the earliest Sumerians."

"Wait a minute! When you say our epic milieu, do you mean Homer and the Northmen?"

"Exactly. It is the epic literature of those people that enables him to interpret the new Sumerian evidence."

"What is this new evidence?"

"Kramer says it is contained in the fragments of nine epic poems, which indicate 'that early in their history the Sumerians had passed through a cultural stage now commonly known as a heroic age. . . . Once the existence of a Sumerian heroic age had been determined, it was possible to adduce its cultural pattern and historical background on analogy with such long-known heroic ages as those of the Greek, Indian, and Teutonic peoples.' He feels that the reality of the epic milieu has actually permitted a reinterpretation of the earliest history of Mesopotamia which may prove closer to the truth than those suggested hitherto."

"What about his archaeological activities?"

"They are out. Fortunately enough (he writes here), this new evidence has nothing to do with the highly ambiguous material remains of prehistoric Mesopotamia. It is of a purely literary and historical character."

"Dear me, that is something! And he actually thinks that Greek, Indian, and Teutonic heroic ages can explain doings of the first Sumerians?"

"They go farther than that; he says they furnish the key 'to the early history . . . of the ancient Near East as a whole.'"

"Including the Jaredites, eh? But your book of Ether is no epic poem."

"That remains to be seen—what it was, that is, before Moroni got through with it remains to be seen. But please remember that epic writing does not always take the same form by any means; but it does always talk about the same things. And those are the very things the book of Ether talks about. In all essentials it is an epic production."

"Which, as you say, remains to be seen," replied the professor.

"Of course it remains to be seen. Three things in particular remain to be seen: (one) Is the epic milieu old enough, and is its reality well enough established and defined to provide a valid test for the book of Ether? (two) Is the epic milieu truly and unmistakably related in the book of Ether? (three) Can it be faked? You will realize that much depends on the last question, which we haven't even mentioned until now."

"You insist on talking about the epic milieu as if there were only one. Aren't there really as many of them as there are epic literatures?"

"Like gold, it is the same wherever you find it, the same ancient effects always following the same causes. It is true that one can establish actual historical ties between various epic cultures—even between some that appear very far removed from each other. But whatever its cause, it is the fact of uniformity that justifies one in speaking of the epic milieu as a single phenomenon. It is not a case of coincidences between vague and general aspects of various cultures or between quaint and striking bits of such detail as dress and behavior; what we have is an elaborate and thorough-going identity of practices and institutions, always found together in the same imposing complex."

"It would take an awful lot of work to prove that," the professor observed.

"And an awful lot of work has gone (Continued on page 58)"
A NOTE FROM NORA

(Concluded from preceding page)

He walked down the stairs slowly. It was pretty silly the way his mother had to rush around after his dad. Did he really want Nora to be that way? Perhaps she had gone to town and missed a bus. Or something might have happened to her. She might have a good excuse and he had not even given her a chance.

Don hurried to the vase and pulled out the note. Thankful that Nora had not read it, he tore it into bits and flung them into the fireplace. Then he went to the kitchen and found potato salad and cold meat and pie in the icebox.

Don was eating rhubarb pie when Nora rushed in. "I'm sorry to be late, darling," she said. "I know how you hate your dinner to be late."

He hugged her. "I was sort of worried about you," he said. "But it's all right now. Don't think you have to rush home like my mother always does."

"You forgive me then?" she asked.

"Honey, I'll show you how much," he said. "Follow me."

He went to the living room, took the vase from the mantle and smashed it on the hearth. "There," he said, "from now on we'll do our scrapping like other people."

"Do we have to scrap?" she smiled. Don barely heard her because he was stooping to pick up a piece of blue paper from the hearth. "What's this?"

"You haven't read it?" she said.

She stood waiting while he unfolded the paper and read, "Dear Don. Your mother is sick, so I've gone to get dinner for your dad. I'll be home as soon as I can. Sorry your dinner will be late, but try to love me anyway. I love you. Nora."

Don took her in his arms. "I'm a heel," he said. "And now I've broken the vase just when you have started writing such nice notes."

"I'd rather tell you," she said.

"And I'd rather hear you," he said.

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into proving it. "Chadwick's your man for that."

"How did he do it?"

"He set three corpses of epic poetry or literature (it wasn't all poetry) side by side. Here, let me show you. . . ."

The tireless Blank scouted through the shelves and took down a Beowulf, Finnur Jonsson's edition of Egil's Saga, and an elegantly bound little volume of the Dun Cow.

"Very weak in the Celtic department," he commented, nodding at the latter item as he set the three books up on the desk beside the Homer, "but then most people are in this country—a crime and scandal, too, since half the population has Celtic blood. Translation, too—can't really use translations, you know; romantic balderdash for the most part, nineteenth-century romanticism and Victorian preconceptions warp every line; miss all the main points, to say nothing of the fine points. However, this will have to do for now. Behold!"

He pointed to the books standing in a row. "There they stand four of them side by side, four out of a possible hundred, selected at random, mind you, written in different parts of the world, with a full two thousand years between the oldest and youngest of them—and yet they are as alike as peas in a pod!"

"You exaggerate, as usual," was the professor's comment.

"On the contrary, anyone who reads them side by side is quite bowled over by the resemblances, which rarely come to the attention of one who reads them separately and far apart, and—I can guarantee you this—never come to the attention of one who never reads them at all! How many people do you suppose ever get around to comparing the originals of even half a dozen epics?"

"You know the answer to that. Somewhere between one and three maybe?"

"Apparently nobody did until Chadwick came along. Though he compared just three epic literatures, he gave them a good going over—he was a professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford, you know—and he was able to show just how detailed and fundamental the resemblances really were. Then he turned to the non-literary sources in each case—the histories, chronicles, genealogies, physical remains, etc., and easily showed that they described or depicted the same world that the poets told about. Not only did the three epic literatures tell the same story, but also in each case that story was seen to have a background in solid fact."

"Three aren't so many," the professor intoned.

"A great truth! But three points are enough to establish a curve on a graph. That curve represents a law, one might say, and of course the more points we can fix the more certain we will be of our curve and of the law it represents. Dozens of other epic points have been determined or identified since Chadwick's original three, and all fall quite close to the original line. Thus when Dr. Kramer found evidence that would put his proto-

Sumerians smack on Chadwick's curve, he did not hesitate to project his limited information along the lines of a general law." Mr. Blank fortified the first curve with another chalk line and then read from the book:

"Once the existence of a Sumerian Heroic Age had been determined,—that was the little 'x' we drew on the line—it was possible to aduce its cultural pattern and historic background on analogy with . . . long known heroic ages,—they were represented by the first curve." Kramer gives credit to Chadwick for establishing the original curve: "It is largely to the credit of . . . Chadwick that it is now generally realized that the so-called heroic ages which we come upon from time to time and from place to place in the history of civilization are not mere figments of the literary imagination, but represent very real and very significant social phenomena."

"Has anyone else used the curve?" Professor F. asked.

"You may have heard of the very recent decipherment of all but twenty of the eighty-eight mysterious symbols of the so-called Mianon Script. B. Some 4000 tablets written in that script now await interpretation, and to date Chadwick's heroic age has been a most useful guide in reconstructing the world those tablets are talking about."

"How does that work?"

"Once the heroic situation is established, the researcher knows what to look for—he is reassured when he is on the track and admonished when things don't ring true. Professor Nilsson uses Chadwick in the same way, working in this area. Then in

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quite another cultural area, Cyrus Gordon has recently detected in the heroic age or epic milieu a sure guide to restoring the historical and cultural background of Abraham and his people, whose true nature, he believes, has escaped the scholars. He gives full credit to Chadwick as his guide.

“And now, my dear sir,” said the professor, “if this discussion is to continue, as you seem determined it shall, would you be so kind as to tell me how I can recognize your epic milieu when I see it?”

“Always willing to oblige. By a fortunate coincidence I happened to bring Chadwick with me. We can go through it and list some of the stock characteristics of heroic ages on the blackboard.” He took a fat book from his briefcase; it was bristling with page markers. “To begin with,” he said, picking out the most conspicuously marked passage and reading didactically, “The heroic age coincides with the period of upheaval... the period generally known as the age of National Migrations.” That is point one. Kramer here says much the same thing:

... the factors primarily responsible for the more characteristic features of the... heroic ages are two. In the first place these heroic ages coincide with a period of national migrations, a Volkerwehrungenzeit. Secondly—and this is by far the more significant factor—these peoples... had come in contact with a civilized power in the process of disintegration.

“It is too bad that we have no word in our language that remotely resembles the rich and succulent Volkerwehrungenzeit. Our ‘Swarming Time,’ ‘Migration of peoples,’ ‘National Migrations’ and all that are weak and unsatisfying.”

“Yes,” F. agreed, “it’s a chocolate-coated word all right. Just what does it mean?”

“A Volkerwehrungenzeit is one of those periods of vast and compulsory nomadism that from time to time fill the whole world with commotion. A tremendously important historical phenomenon, and of course the most significant of all the hundred-and-one different types and degrees of nomadism. Most nomads aren’t good at keeping records, but a good old Volkerwehrungen is such a titanic event involving such masses of people that it can’t very well keep out of the record: the reports come from both sides—the victims describe in chronicles of woe how the barbarians move

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in on them, while the invaders glorify the same exploits in epic song. At any rate real epic poetry always describes conditions prevailing in times of world upheaval and mass migration.”

“You can chalk that up as one point for ether,” the professor conceded.

“And a rather neat one,” Blank replied. “The book gets off to a flying start. But let’s leave Ether out of this until we get a clear image of

This we can count on....

Richard L. Evans

This season somehow turns our thoughts to the theme of things that we can count on. Some things we cannot always count on. But the things we can count on are so great, so solid, so satisfying, that even a brief and incomplete inventory of them fills our hearts with an overflowing greatness of gratitude. We can count on the ever-recurring seasons which come with wondrous regularity to bring each year a time for plowing and planting (if we will), and a time for harvest. We can count on the heavens’ being kept in their course, as the Maker and Administrator of all that is, “... hath given a law unto all things, by which they move in their times and their seasons.”

We can count on the purposefulness of life—for the Father of us all, who made us in his image, has filled it full of everlasting promise and purpose. We can count on justice. Sometimes we see much seeming injustice, but “There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven... upon which all blessings are predicated”—a law of compensation which is inviolate, and while we sometimes become impatient and discouraged, and even maybe sometimes a bit bitter, yet judgment and injustice and compensation are always and forever inevitable. This we can count on. Some things are fleeting. There is nothing of this world’s tangibles that we can take with us. No one who ever owned an empire, and no one who ever owned a single acre, could count on keeping it beyond the quickly passing days we live within this life. Of all the great and mighty, of all the humble and lowly, all they ever had claim to, has passed to someone else when they have passed, except what they are inside themselves, except their own personal permanence. But as to truth and intelligence and ultimate judgment and justice, and love and mercy, and the peace that comes with sincere repentance, and the healing process of time, and the permanent perpetuation of personality and of limitless possibilities and progress, and provision that the Lord God has made that we may live forever with our loved ones—these we can count on. And despite the uncertainties, despite the disappointments (despite all we wish we had, and all we wish we didn’t have)—our hearts are filled to overflowing for all that is ours, for all that God has given, for things that are and things that are to be—for the sweet and simple things of every day, and for the timeless and eternal things that we can count on.

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the epic milieu by itself. Then we can make comparisons if we want to."

"Then let's get on to point number two," said Professor F.

(To be continued)

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Doctor Urges Warning to the Young

(London Times, August 1, 1955)

The advance in the prevalence of cancer of the lung is described as "particularly disquieting" by Dr. A. C. T. Perkins, medical officer of health for Middlesex, in his report for 1954 on public health in the county.

The report states that deaths from cancer during the year totalled 4,431, representing 20.9 percent of all deaths. Of the total, 1,007 were cases of cancer of the lung, an increase of 13 percent on the previous year's figures.

Commenting on this, Dr. Perkins says: "It is now fairly generally recognized that excessive smoking is, at the least, a major predisposing factor in the aetiology (etiology) of cancer of the lung. It is, perhaps, less appreciated that there is considerable evidence to suggest that the deleterious effects of heavy smoking may not become manifest until many years later, even though there may have been relative abstention from tobacco during the intervening period. Every effort should be made, therefore, to bring home to young people the disadvantages, alike on physiological and economic grounds, of smoking."

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There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley

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that is point one of what makes a heroic age. Now consider the second characteristic,” Blank drew a figure 2 on the board and read from Chadwick. “Feeling for nationality,” says our guide, (Chadwick, p. 94) ’is of no account in heroic poetry and saga. Love of home and the duty of defending it are of course recognized, but the interest . . . is always concentrated upon the doings or experiences of individuals.” Kramer describes the situation succinctly:

Now the most characteristic feature of all our heroic ages is this: they represent a rather barbaric cultural stage in the life of a people which has come far indeed from the primitive but has not yet attained the maturity and stability of a civilized society. Its dominant element is a rather numerous military class . . . to whom the underlying bulk of the population counts for very little. It is these knightly aristocrats who have freed themselves from the tribal obligations and ideas which govern the more primitive peoples. At the same time they have developed no true national organization and are inspired by little if any national feeling; their success and failure depend upon the personal prowess of their leaders and kings whom they follow . . . but from whom they are ready to drift away if these tend to turn too peaceful or become ungenerous in their rewards.12

“Looks like a whole list of points for Ether,” the professor observed, and Mr. Blank modestly confessed that it was a remarkably good description of the very conditions described in Ether and pointed out by him in a minor tract on the world of the Jaredites. “But isn’t it remarkable,” he added, “that this complex and peculiar—we might almost say freakish—state of things turns up complete in epic literature wherever we find it?”

“There is one slip though,” said the professor. “Kramer says these are people who have ‘not yet attained the maturity and stability of a civilized society,’ and yet your Jaredites are supposed to have had everything that belongs to a very sophisticated world, including a library.”

“Well, what does Kramer or anybody know about any of these people before their migrations started? Only this, that something in every case forced them to move; if they come onto the stage rather shabbily equipped, it is not because they began life that way but because something happened that made them pull up stakes in a hurry and clear out with just enough stuff for a forced march. Remember, these people are not habitual nomads—they are moving because they have to, and in every case they are looking for lands to settle in. They have been forcibly evicted from their old homes and grazing lands. Now it is granted that these people wherever they go find civilization in the process of disintegration” to quote Kramer—it is a time of world calamity. What reason have we therefore to doubt that it was the disintegration of their own less stable civilization that forced them to move in the first place? If they move in on a world in collapse, you can be perfectly sure that they left one behind as well—otherwise they would never have migrated.”13

“Any evidence for that?”

“The epics are full of it. The mere fact that our heroes do not enjoy what they are doing but want to get the business over with and settle down as soon as possible should be indication enough. Most epic poems are in mood little more than a protracted agony. Remember what Goethe says about the Iliad? That it teaches us just one thing: ‘that life on this earth is a hell.’ But note what Kramer says here: these people have all ‘freed themselves from . . . tribal obligations.’ That means the breaking up of old orders and the cracking of old molds. These people have seen their traditional social order collapse, and with it all sense of security. The heroic mood is one of sheer desperation, as E. V. Gordon points out. Do you have him? Good: ‘. . . a good resistance against overpowering odds was made the characteristic situation of heroic literature . . . the gods themselves knew that they would in the end be overwhelmed by the evil powers, but they were prepared to resist to the last. Every religious-minded man of the heathen age believed that he existed for the sake of that hopeless cause . . . and so on.’ That is not, I submit, a permanent, stable, or even tolerable state of things. And what about their military organization? Do you remember how things went in the counsils of the chiefs in Homer?”

“I seem to recall,” the professor shut his eyes, “glorious Agamemnon and godlike Achilles going at each other like a couple of alley cats . . .”

“Exactly. And that is typical. You have a loose military hierarchy, a very mixed army thrown together in a forced campaign of survival under chieftains who quarrel ferociously among themselves and are always trying to decide who outranks whom. It is a tense and unpleasant situation from start to finish, with everybody’s nerves strained to the breaking point and all the people running around and asking, ‘Who’s in charge around here?’ I ask you, can this chaotic organization in which no one is sure of his place possibly be the result of orderly growth, settled tradition, or careful planning? It is a desperate makeshift that pleases nobody. As Achilles says right at the outset, the whole thing wasn’t his idea, and he has left much better things behind. So had the lady Andromache left a happy world behind—in ashes . . . The Jaredites didn’t travel light, but still they never regarded their own civilization as anything but a pale reflection of the original article they had to leave behind.”

“Let’s get on to our third point,” said the professor.

“Which is, that epic is concerned not only with individuals but also primarily with individuals who are princes: the cast of characters, we are told, ‘consists almost wholly of princes and their military followers.’ (P. 64.) Among these ‘there is usually one character whose adventures form the chief subject of interest.’” (P. 78.)

“That, I suppose, is why the whole thing is called heroic—centers around a hero?”

“Yes, in every epic there are heroes and also the hero.”

“A sort of superman.”

“He is always mortal and human, and he always occupies a position of subordination, taking orders from a relatively colorless king or commander. He has almost superhuman, but never supernatural, strength, and yet from time to time he receives
supernatural aid. Altogether a strange and impressive figure!” (Chadwick, chap. V.)

“You will forgive me,” said the professor, “if I suggest that you have been describing the brother of Jared to the life.”

“His overwhelming importance is understandable if one considers that during actual migration the complete preponderance of one strong character is a necessity. Have you seen C. S. Coon’s new opus? I have it here, by the way. Here at the beginning he gives us an interesting picture of the human race living for at least ninety percent of its lifetime on earth as wandering hunters; I must admit it is strictly in the H. G. Wells tradition, but anyway he imagines that these ‘hunters lived in bands of from two to twenty or so families, all usually related to each other. In each band, while families were independent, the leadership was vested in one man in his prime, distinguished for his skill at providing meat, in preventing and settling quarrels, and in conducting foreign affairs. . . .’” If there is anything to that, then the organization of the epic migrations was simply a reversion to normal ways of life. Be that as it may; the portrait of the brother of Jared as a great primal hero and migration leader is a very striking one—remember that the book of Ether as it comes to us is supposed to have been composed from traditions and materials handed down for thousands of years.”

“In a way,” mused the professor, “it is rather remarkable that the only really heroic figures in the Book of Mormon are found in Ether. Lehi, Nephi, King Benjamin, and the others were certainly great men, but after all they were normal human beings in trying situations. With Ether it is different—you get some positively real heroes in the legendary sense—überlebensgross, the Germans would say: the outsized images of real people, like statues of heroic size.”

“And yet,” his friend added, locating another passage in Chadwick, “there is this interesting thing about them. Chadwick notes that even though the most ferocious and even depraved characters occupy the stage of epic, ‘there is no character who appears uniformly in an unfavorable light.’ (P. 82.) You will find that also true of the Jaredite monsters—one can’t help feeling a touch of admiration and sympathy even for Shiz and Coriantum, and the licentious tyrants like Noah and Riplakish are not real patrons of the arts but have also a touch of real magnificence. Chadwick rings the bell here: ‘The behavior of the heroes often strikes their reader as childish or brutal.’” (P. 77.)

“No comment necessary,” said F. in their dealings with one another,” the other continued to read, “‘a dignified and fastidious tone . . . prevails,’ even between bitter rivals, that is.” (P. 78.)

“Rules of chivalry and all that.”

“Yes, as is well-known, the rules and the cult of chivalry originated with these people. Fighting was strictly according to the book, with formal challenges and exchange of messengers. When one hero submits to another, his followers are spared. Fighting ceases formally at sundown, with no funny stuff during the night . . . .”

“Do you seriously think those old boys actually kept the rules? I seem to remember Achilles and Ajax flying off the handle.”

“And do you remember how Achilles was slapped down for it by his divine mother? And how when Ajax sobered up he was so humiliatated by what he had done that he committed suicide? Of course they break the rules, but the rules are there. ‘Yet, strangely enough,’ says Chadwick, ‘even the greatest heroes sometimes win their most notable triumphs by means which appear to us unfair.’” (P. 86.)

“That sounds like a prize understatement.”

“Our heroes fight a lot. I think Gordon is right when he says that the idea that they loved fighting is wrong—they fought only when and because they had to.”

“Which was most of the time, it would seem.”

“Yes, Chadwick writes, ‘Warfare is an essential rather than an accessory of heroic life.’ (P. 95.) And that leads to our next point: that the scene of action in the epics is confined exclusively to the battlefield, the court, the hunt, or some place of adventure—usually a wilderness.” (P. 79.)

“Aha! You say wilderness to put me in mind of Ether. But I guess it’s fair game.”

“No, I am thinking of certain key epics in which the wilderness is the normal background. Of course there is Siegfried, vibrating between the woods and the court—I dare say Wagner’s heroic world of caves and forests was not at all papier-maché. But bring Ether into it if you must; I will make no objection. In fact the next point almost compels you to think of it: ‘Fighting is apt to take the form of single combats between leading heroes.’ (P. 95.) Offhand I would say that that is certainly the best-known aspect of epic story.”

“And quite well known in Joseph Smith’s day,” the professor commented.

“For which reason,” the other countered, “it is all the more necessary to distinguish between mere eye-catching episodes and the complete epic milieu, which was definitely not known in the Prophet’s day.”

“But after all, he could have read Homer or Robin Hood, or something.”

“Homer, yes. But Robin Hood isn’t epic. You would be surprised how few epic texts had appeared in print. Homer, in fact, was the only real writer available—people thought Dante, and Camoens, and Virgil were epics, of course, but that only shows how little anyone understood what epic was. While I was still in high school scholars firmly believed that epic poetry was ‘deep-browed Homer’s desmesne,’ the product of poetic imagination pure and simple whether of a

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great individual genius or the spontaneous expression of Volksgeist. In that belief many native souls in the past have undertaken to compose genuine epic poems of their own—with alarming results."

"But what was the scientific view?"

"Until recently it was the universal consensus of the experts that epic poetry had its origin in nature myths, and that the heroes were really faded sun-gods. Some die-hards still believe it."

"But what about Bishop Percy and other eighteenth-century scholars?"

"In every case they were students of national literatures pure and simple. Even Robert Wood's comparisons were meant to cast light on Homer only—mere footnotes to the text. The world view, which is the very essence of the epic milieu had to wait until our own day."

"Let's get back on the track. What comes next?"

"That heroic societies are held together entirely by oaths. The oath is the one social tie from top to bottom, and so the whole heroic world is a constant ferment of secret oaths and combinations. The oaths are strictly personal affairs between individuals, and need I say that the violation of an oath was considered the one unforgivable crime? (Pp. 77, 88.) In this rough society the cardinal virtues are courage, loyalty, and generosity. (P. 74.) The courage is strictly physical—bravery in the field; the 'loyalty is purely personal.' Chadwick says, 'It involves the duty of vengeance, as well as protection.' (P. 74.) As to generosity, it is always a matter of policy—the generosity of a chief to his followers, a princely bribe, with the admitted intent of buying and binding supporters by gifts."

"Ethere all over again," said the professor."

"We were going to keep Éther out of this for the present," his friend replied. "but anyway it is further significant that all this generosity is paid for by systematic plunder and organized raids. Chadwick says:

"Plunder is a necessity for the hero who wishes to maintain an active force of armed followers . . . plundering raids appear to be a characteristic feature of the heroic age everywhere—indeed, we may say, an essential feature. The booty derived therefrom enabled active and ambitious princes to attract to themselves and to maintain large bodies of followers, without which they were at the mercy of their neighbors. (P. 85.)"

"If I do say it myself, that reads like an excerpt from The World of the Jaredites. Chadwick even mentions that the normal trophies of heroic enterprise 'consist usually of the accoutrements or heads of foes . . . valued as evidence of . . . prowess.' (Pp. 94 f. 92 f.) This is not true of heroic ages everywhere, but it holds in a surprising number of cases—especially with the northern Europeans and Asiatics. The most coveted forms of wealth among these people—objects lovingly and lengthily described in almost all epic poems—are weapons, horses, wagons, jewels, woven stuff, and damals, the latter usually bought with so and so many head of cattle. It is all portable wealth—the stuff normally prized and cultivated by nomads. (Pp. 440 ff.) And, as you recall from the opening lines of Beowulf, the epic people are always heaping up and dispensing wealth: the economy of plunder requires a brisk turnover."

"But you said these people are only reluctant and temporary nomads."

"Yes, in every case they dream of settling down as soon as they can. But even after they have grabbed themselves lands and pinned them down with castles and strong places, they continue a semi-nomadic existence—a merry round of feudal wars and abominations."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"The period of migrations is followed immediately by what Chadwick calls the saga time. It is a jockeying for power among the great houses. The great house is the center of everything. Who came right after the epic and elegiac poets when you were reading Greek?"

"The tragedies, of course."

"And you will recall that Aristotle says the tragedies deal with the doings of the great houses because they are 'naturally tragic.' They certainly were a mess: sordid struggles for power, maniacal hatreds, bestial murders—and all within the household. 'The history of the family,' writes Chadwick of a typical cycle of horrors, 'is indeed little more than a catalogue of the crimes committed by one member against another.' (P. 184.) Everything is on a personal level, and invariably the antagonists are relatives, with women taking a leading part in the dirty work. (Pp. 90-91.) To make it even more like Ether's world after the migration, abominations abound: 'Stories of incest and malicious serving up to a guest at a banquet of his own children occur with surprising frequency. (P. 185.) This sort of thing leads in turn to plots and alliances that culminate in wars of extermination, in which not only whole houses but also entire nations are wiped out. All that is left behind is the strange and tragic figure of 'the lone survivor.'" (P. 106.)"

"That's one I never heard of," said Professor F.

"And yet it occurs with surprising frequency in the epic world."

"You can tell me about him later." The professor surveyed his watch. "I suppose we could go on all night getting things out of Mr. Chadwick."

"We could indeed. But before we break it up, let me point out just a few more things. There is the overwhelming predominance of cattle in every heroic picture; there is the prominence of feasting and drinking—and they always eat and drink the same heroic fare: bread, beer, and beef. They feast each other at great exchange banquets, that lead to some famous quarrels."

"Of course, a subject peasant population is always found in the background. And in the center of every epic looms some mighty and fabulous fortified place, a combination castle, fort, and city like Camelot or Troy. In keeping with the chivalrous pattern we find everywhere the overpowering influence of some great lady, to whom all owe ultimate allegiance, indeed as Chadwick notes, an older substratum of matriarchy is often apparent. Some authorities insist today that the concept of romantic marriage is found only in the epic milieu—completely out of place in other societies. The epic people habitually live in tents, yet they are always building mighty cities as well as sacking them: that paradox can be easily explained . . ."

"But not now," the professor pleaded hastily."

"Since these people are migrants to begin with." Blank began stuffing things back into his briefcase, "everybody rides on chariots and wagons in the early epics, the heroes on horse- (Continued on page 108)
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back in the later ones. Well, so it goes. We have an unmistakable pattern: I think there is no more chance of confusing the epic milieu with anything else than there is of confusing a Sioux warrior with a European peasant."

"Oh, I begin to see where you are going," the professor conceded, rising, "but it's my opinion that you still have a long way to go."

"I'll admit we have got in deeper than I thought we would. But now, that you have led me on so far, don't you think we should see this thing through?"

"Not tonight," said Professor F. with a touch of panic—there was no telling what Blank would do once he got started.

"Certainly not. In fact, with the limited resources we have here we could not go much farther anyway. How about getting together next Tuesday night in Dr. Schwulst's office?"

"Why there?"

"Because I think he can give us some help, aside from having the only Egyptian collection between here and Puffer Lake."

"That stuff is over my head..."

"Which is exactly why we are going to surprise Dr. Schwulst next Tuesday. He works late, you know. He'll be delighted—pathetically eager to oblige anyone who's interested."

"You are a menace to society," said Professor F. at the door, "but Tuesday it is. Eight o'clock at 315 Gohira Hall."

(To be continued)

BIBLIOGRAPHY


YOUNG FARMER WITH FIRST LAND

By Anselm Armour

He doesn't seem now to walk at all
Being a farmer-young and pine-tree tall,
But rather lifts up his Hermes-heels
With ease that the new-winged always feels
As he measures off his land with pride
And sees much more in the countryside
Than possible to ten acres girth—
But then this man has just bought the earth!
got your note," said Professor Schwulst as the three settled down in the magnificent litter of the big room under the eaves of Old Gohira, "but you must explain to me more fully just what it is you want to know."

"It was Blank's idea," F. explained.

"I think he wants to show me that the earliest Egyptians were just like some friends of his called Jaredites."

"Not at all," his friend interposed hastily. "It is not Jaredites we are looking for tonight. I simply want to show this skeptical fellow, my dear Dr. Schwulst, that the epic milieu is as old as history itself. You know, sir, how the heroic age is being used by a lot of investigators today to help them reconstruct a plausible picture of the world."

Schwulst nodded benevolently.

"Well," Blank continued, "we want to know if that goes for Egypt."

"You mean, whether the Egyptians start out, like the Greeks and the Germans, with an heroic age?" Schwulst inquired. It was a matter of debate among students whether his accent was as thick as his glasses; no matter what language he discoursed in—and as an orientalist he had to know many—he always managed to make it sound like his native Estonian.

"That's it exactly," the other replied. "We have already taken in Chadwick's views, but his evidence is from the Greeks, Teutons, and Celts. What we want to know now is whether the heroic stuff goes for really old civilizations. Kramer thinks Chadwick's picture fits the earliest Sumerians like a glove, but as yet he hasn't gone into any particulars. It leaves us rather up in the air. What about the Egyptians, for example? Is there a genuine epic literature in Egyptian?"

"There are a number of important pieces that have always been called epics," said Schwulst, scratching his head in thought. "There is Isis and the Name of Re, for example, or the Myth of the Sun's Eye, or the Revolt against Re, or the famous story of Isis and Osiris—yes, there are epics in Egyptian."

"Where do they come in the literature," F. asked. "That is, at what period were they composed?"

"At every period and at no period," was the enigmatic reply. "They are prehistoric."

"I always thought that if you had a written record you were ipso facto in historic times. Isn't 'prehistoric records' a contradiction of terms?"

"Not necessarily. Egyptian literature is like a fruitcake or a stew: The minute you look at it you can see that it is a lot of stuff mixed up together; and if you look carefully, you can pick out many of the ingredients. If, for example, you were to select with great care all the pieces of carrot in a stew, you could with diligence actually reassemble the vegetables in the very shape and form they had before they were cut up. Now from the very first scholars have thought they could recognize certain distinctive elements in Egyptian literature, and as a rule the older the elements, the more easily recognized. If all the ingredients that look alike are taken out and fitted together, they give us some very convincing patterns of prehistoric history and culture. Today the Germans are busy reconstructing dramatic and ritual texts that may be centuries older than the first dynasty of Egypt. For almost a hundred years the epic or heroic element in the Egyptian tradition has been recognized as among the oldest."

"Most gratifying," murmured Blank. "Just how does the story begin?"

"As far back as we can go, Egypt has always been a land not of one but of two essentially conflicting cultures." Dr. Schwulst took from the crowded shelves that lined his office a volume with the familiar black-and-gold binding of Walter Otto's Handbuch. "This is Hermann Kees' standard work on the economy of Egypt. He tells here how one always finds in Egypt the herdsmen with their long hair and coarse clothes, living in tents, shunning the social life of the towns, and viewed by the rest of the population with a mixture of contempt and misgiving. Like the professional hunters, Kees says, these herdsmen lived in a world of their own, retaining 'something of the old independence of the nomad.'"

"That sounds as if all Egyptians were once nomads," F. observed.

"Well, you have to migrate to get into Egypt, as Maspero noted long ago. And it is now known that the Egyptians were certainly not indigeneous; their earliest civilization seems to have appeared only a very short time before the full glory of the dynasties."

"No evolution at all?" F. was dubious.

"If there were any, it did not take place in Egypt. I was just reading something that T. E. Peet wrote thirty-two years ago: 'One of the most remarkable phenomena of Egypt is the fact that as far as we know the land goes at present there is a complete break between the paleolithic and the predynastic, the latter appearing quite suddenly with a ready-made civilization, including possibly..."
as 'nothing more than a hunting camp or temporary encampment.' Yet those people were certainly farmers, and what is more, they made wonderful pottery—and pottery making is a sedentary art. The same combination of nomadism and farming characterizes the Badarian, the first real civilization of Egypt. Miss Baumgartel says here: 'We cannot even say whether the Badarians were already sedentary in the Nile valley, or whether they were still nomads. . . . cultivating their little patch of grain in one place one season and in another the next.' The trouble is that migrating people can be very highly civilized and yet carry relatively little of the furniture of civilization with them—take the Pilgrim Fathers, for example, or some of your western pioneers. Wave after wave of humanity enters Egypt as nomads and ends up as farmers, but the nomads are always there. Kees writes, for example: 'The half-savage farmer of the marshes was classed by the Egyptians with the skinny herdsman of the nomadizing tribes.' Well, which was he, farmer or nomad? Is it like that all over the Near East?"

Professor Schuwlst began a violent rummaging among the papers and journals stacked on the big table and presently emerged with a document. "Here in this new survey on the beginnings of history Waechter tells us that 'with the drying up of the Near East, people were forced to give up nomadic life; the period of wandering was over,' he says, with the founding of the first agricultural towns—Jarmo, Jericho, Hassuna, and the rest—since the hunting and food-gathering economy was becoming inadequate." "Meaning that nobody ever wandered any more?" F. queried.

"No. It simply means that the time when everybody wandered was over. Lots of hunters and nomads survived, as they do to this day. And so, at Hassuna for example, you get hunting, grazing, and farming, side by side." "Rather versatile people for primitives, weren't they?" F. remarked.

"Not necessarily. One of the things that has been discovered of recent years is the high degree of specialization in human society as far back as the record goes." To this day varied and conflicting economies meet and mingle in the Near East, and now as always such contacts almost invariably mean trouble."

"But the great conflict is between nomads and farmers?" Blank asked.

written about this polarization; he says it is apparent in the very first civilization, that of Nakada I, where one finds a settled farming population with patriarchal traditions living side by side with later-comers whose culture was nomadic and patriarchal." "That certainly sets the stage for a heroic age," Professor Blank noted with satisfaction.

"Otto goes so far as to suggest that the well-known struggle between the kingdoms of the north and south in Egypt, the red and the white, was not fought along geographical lines primarily but was actually a conflict of cultures, with the nomads victorious, forcing the farmers to adopt their stricter political order." "Most gratifying," Blank observed. "Those are the very words I used in an article five years ago. But granted the stage is set for a heroic age, does the show go on?"

"Oh, most decidedly," Dr. Schuwlst replied. "As V. Gordon Childe writes in his latest book, the story of the Pharaohs begins with 'definite hints in the archaeological record of warfare for the acquisition of cattle, booty, or land.' Isn't that your heroic tradition? There is never any doubt as to the role that Pharaoh plays. As Kees notes here, though Egypt was a land of farmers, the ruling class always kept themselves markedly aloof from the interests of agriculture and from the agrarian point of view. Except on brief ritual occasions, the kings fancy themselves only as warriors, hunters, and cattle-raisers. In the early days Egypt presented what Kees calls 'an astonishing contrast to the intensively cultivated land of later times, being really a vast cattle range, with only scattered cultivation. The raising of cattle, especially of beef, was the backbone of the economy,' and the greatest event in the land, from which all other events were dated, was the census of the cattle. Of course fields must be tilled and due attention paid to the old rites of the soil, yet they are hardly mentioned in the Pyramid Texts, where the cattle and the wild-bull parade before us on every page." "What are the Pyramid Texts?" F. queried, "Are they epics?"

"The Pyramid Texts," said Professor Schuwlst, slapping the two big volumes of Sethe on the table, "were found carved on the walls of the pyramid tombs of the kings of the fifth and sixth dynasties. That means (Continued on following page) 

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that the texts themselves—here are some photographs of them—that is, these actual writings, must be older than 2175 B.C. at the latest. But many if not all of them must have been very ancient when they were copied out by the royal stoncutters—even if they are not as old as our editor here thinks they are. Here, you might find this helpful; it is almost a literal translation of Seth's translation." He handed the first volume of Professor Mercer's new work to Dr. F., who read aloud from the first page: "... the oldest large body of written material in the world." This is what we want. Does this tell about our hero-kings?"

"It certainly does," Schwulst replied, pointing out passages in Seth (which we designate, as Mercer does, by Seth's numbers). "Here, for example, the king boasts of his vast herds of cattle and the way he increases them by wide and venture-some raids. At the same time he is no less proud of his prowess as a huntsman. The most significant monuments of predynastic Egypt are the remarkable hunting palettes that show us what the royal hunt was like—a huge affair with great enclosures or parks into which the wild animals were driven. The oldest monument of Egyptian writing, the famous palette of Narmer, depicts such an enclosure. The special hunting and grazing country was the Delta: 'During the Old Kingdom the Delta was still a place to which noblemen went for big game, and whither they sent their herds of large cattle for pasture.' It seems to have been reserved for the purpose."

("A Jaredite custom, by the way," Blank reminded his friend in an undertone.)

"Even in the thoroughly sedentary predynastic civilization 'hunting was still one of the main resources,' as is clear from the surviving pictures and implements. The royal weapon was the bow, in which the king was instructed by the gods Horus and Seth, the traditional first kings of Egypt, in person, and it was firmly believed that no one but the Pharaoh was mighty enough to draw the royal bow—a clear indication of the original qualifications for kingship and the type of culture the kings represented. That is a familiar motif in heroic literature, by the way." The earliest of all Egyptian gods, male and female, were hunters, and their emblems were arrows. The Egyptians always designated other nations by the types of bow they used, and their conventional description of the human race is 'the Nine Bows.'"

"But a heroic age requires not merely hunters but invaders. Do you have them?"

"Most of all," said the Professor, "a classic text for that would be the so-called 'Cannibal Hymn.' Faulkner has made a special study of it so we can follow him, if I can find him. . . . A king of the fifth dynasty, Unis or Wenis by name, here describes himself storming heaven in the role of the great invader. The imagery he uses is obviously not invented. 'We here see him,' says Faulkner, 'as a mighty hunter, slaying and devouring the gods as food,' and the whole thing is transferred to heaven but follows a very convincing earthly pattern. As the scene opens, we find ourselves in a time of great natural upheavals and worldwide social disorders . . . ."

"'A Volkswanderungszelt,'" cried F. "It looks like it. Listen to the opening lines: 'The sky pours water, the stars are darkened, the Bows (the inhabitants of the earth) rush about, the bones of the Earth-gods tremble. . . . Man and nature in confusion; the Egyptians often refer to their god Re coming into Egypt with blasts of the north wind. At such a time this primordial king, 'the bull of heaven,' comes on the scene; and he too seems to have been driven by necessity, for he is described as one who suffered want and decided to live on the being of every god.' Having perforce taken things in his own hands, this terrible invader is 'the Grasper of the top-knot,' who slayeth and beheads all other lords, who lassos his opponents, who exterminates all who oppose him. His messengers go before him in all directions, demanding instant submission, ordering all to serve him 'who has made himself mighty in his place: N. (the king) layeth hold on command, eternity is brought to him and knowledge is placed at his feet. Shout for joy to N.: he that won the horizon.' (Pyr. 306c-307c.) 'The lion-helmet of N. is on his head, his terror on both sides of him, his magic preceding him! . . . (Pyr. 940b-c.) All belongs to N., the Marshes of Reeds, the Horite regions, the regions of Set—all belongs to N.' (Pyr. 943a-c.) There is a great deal more to this effect in the texts."

"Then the authority of Pharaoh really rested on violence?"

"In practice it did, but in theory the Pharaohs are constantly protesting their legitimacy, their divine calling, their lawful descent, and so forth. They protest so much, in fact, that anyone would guess that something is wrong. All these elaborate and conflicting legends and legal and doctrinal fictions are aimed at clearing Pharaoh's claim to rule. The famous justification of Osiris goes back to the founder of the line whose claim to the kingdom must be ritually examined, and is never satisfactorily cleared up. Anthes has recently published a study of the formula ma'hrē, which means that a king's right to rule has been formally cleared with the prehistoric court of Heliopolis. It is obvious that Pharaoh worried a great deal about his divine authority."

". . . blessed with the blessings of the earth, and with the blessings of wisdom, but cursed as pertaining to the Priesthood." Blank quoted, to the puzzlement of his friends.

"But if the first Pharaoh comes as an invader," said F., "who are the people he moves in on?"

"Obviously the remnants or descendants of earlier invaders. You will remember that Otto said the patriarchal nomads subdued matriarchal farmers. However that may be, the earliest invasion seems to have been led by a woman, who found the land empty and under water when she got there."

"The annual flood, eh?" F. suggested.

"That is doubtful. Most investigators today think the land was under water the year round when the earliest settlers got there. The first villages are all well up on the banks in what is now desert, not down in the valley itself. Here, for example, is a text in which the first king is described as 'inundating the land after it had come out of the ocean; it is N. who pulled up the papyrus; it is N. who reconciled the two lands; it is N. with whom his mother, the great wild cow, will be united.' (Pyr. 388 a-c.) This dependence on his mother of the first king, who here

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clears out the papyrus thickets and makes the land arable, is a very conspicuous feature of the texts.”

“"The cow-lady was Hathor, wasn’t she?”

“The lady has a way of changing names. In the Book of the Dead, which is the best commentary on the Pyramid Texts, she comes ‘cutting off the heads of the heads of the rebels in her name of Tepahet,’ but she settles down in the name of Hathor lady of red water, and is perfumed in the name of Neith.”

For all her names, the lady who settled Egypt is to this day a mysterious figure.

“What makes you say she settled Egypt?” Blank asked with interest.

“She is the star of the first Egyptian epic ever identified. That is the story of the Destruction of Mankind or the Revolt against Re—it goes by various names. It was found many years ago inscribed on the walls of the tomb of Seth I, and a few years later in the tomb of Ramses III.”

“They were rather famous kings, weren’t they?” Blank asked. “The story must have had considerable prestige.”

“Yes, it appears to have been a very ancient tradition, among the high arcana reserved for royal tombs. This is the sort of thing that was kept from profane eyes: the inside story, so to speak, of the settling of Egypt.”

Professor Schwulst unfolded a large lithographic reproduction of the texts and began to explain them.

“The story begins with the great god, ‘the god who exists by himself,’ summoning to his presence those he calls ‘the fathers and mothers who existed with me when I was still in Nun,’ that is, the timeless pre-existence. They all come and prostrate themselves and ask why they have been summoned. Naville, who discovered the text, rightly observes that the scene is drawn from real life, a glimpse of a pre-dynastic court-scene: ‘Re,’ he writes here, ‘is no more the world-creating divinity with the ram’s head sitting on his ship; he is a king, a Jupiter, who has long been ruling over men and gods and who gives orders to his father and his relatives’—typically feudal, and, if you will, heroic. That is seen in Re’s response: he says the human race has revolted against him, and he wants their advice as to what should be done

(Continued on following page)
and water, which reminds one of Hathor’s title of Lady of the Red Water. Next, however, Re sends for his messengers in great haste and commands the bringing of a great propitiatory offering to a universal assembly at Heliopolis. There are offerings of fruits and more blood and water, and Re, pleased with the offering, raises his hand and swears that he will never destroy humanity again; at the same time he orders all the land to be flooded with water. . . .”

“That looks like a contamination of motives,” Blank observed, “. . . the flood story backwards.”

“Egyptian texts are full of contamination, confusion, and paradox from the very first. Notice this text here: everywhere you see the formula ky j.t written in red ink; that means that another version or explanation of a passage is being given. As the Greek writers often observed, the Egyptian priests themselves disagreed about every point of their tradition. So don’t think for a moment that this is the old authentic version of what happened, or even what the Egyptians believed about it. The old stuff is imbedded in the text, all right but you have to dig it out: remember what we said about the stew or the fruitcake,”

“But what happens after the flood?” Blank asked.

“It was then that the lady went to settle the land.”

(To be continued)

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8Prof. Schwults is recalling a good general survey of the whole picture given by Stuart Piggott, Prehistoric India (Penguin Books, 1950), pp. 42-65.

9For the latest treatment of primitive specialization, see the first five chapters of C. S. Coon, The Story of Man (N.Y.: Knopf, 1954).


12Ibid., p. 452.

13What Blank had written was “. . . widely-ranging tribes of the steppes . . . coerced the unwilling tillers of the soil to cooperate in bringing forth the great state.” in Western Political Quarterly II (1949), p. 329.

14Childe, New Light, p. 18.

15Kees, op. cit., p. 18.
The title, “Temple of the Five Rooms.”

The first paragraph of the article follows:

“One of the biggest tourist attractions in California is a Mormon temple. Each day this week, some 5,000 to 8,000 visitors are walking through the new Los Angeles Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to see the largest and most magnificent of the ten Mormon temples in the world. On February 18 the temple will be closed to repair the carpets and wipe out the finger smudges left by this invasion. After its dedication on March 11, the temple may be visited only by Mormons in good standing . . .”

The Los Angeles Herald Express, in its issue of Monday, December 19, devoted some 140 column inches to the temple and the Church, using pictures of President McKay, President and Sister Bowring, a model of the baptismal font, the first public tour of the temple, a lovely picture of the temple itself, a story written by veteran newsman, Edward Prendergast. Parts of the article are reproduced here. It is felt that the descriptions and interpretations of a writer

(Continued on following page)
In the morning, the Egyptian text reads, 'the goddess arrived and found all the land under water; her countenance was joyous; she drank deeply and was satiated. But she perceived no human beings.' Plainly this is the situation that the first immigrants would have found. Only Re greeted her to the new land, saying 'Come in peace, gracious Lady.' Then he established the New Year's rite of the priestesses of Amon-Ra, which all the people celebrated, but especially the women, every year forever after to commemorate the event. From other sources we know that the lady's son was Horus, the first Pharaoh.

"Are there any other indications that the royal line began with a woman?" asked Blank, greatly interested.

"Sethe, here in his Urgersichte, has treated the subject at length. According to him the key to the whole matter is the bee and the red Dsrt-crown: the bee, he believes, is the sign of the Lady Neith—whom we have seen identified with Hathor—called 'the Ruling Lady of the Universe,' says that this figure must go back to a 'prehistoric rule of women in Egypt.' Now the discovery thirty-five years ago of a perfect representation of the bee-crown on a prehistoric jar from Nakada was taken as an indication that the great shrine of Koptos, right across the river from Nakada, which is only a cemetery, may have been the original capital of the lady. That was the shrine of Min, the oldest god of Egypt, who later became Ammon, and whose symbol was an arrow, as was Neith's." Wainwright has shown that Neith was the prehistoric lady of Koptos.232

"And where does the bee come in?" F. asked perplexed.

"The kings of Egypt actually bore the title of 'the bee,' but only, according to Sethe, after they had usurped the authority of the Lady Neith. He suggests that the lady's name is actually the title N.t given to the prehistoric red crown, though it is usually called the Dsrt-crown."233

"Is it specifically the possession of the Dsrt-crown that makes the king eligible to call himself 'the Bee?'" Blank asked with great emphasis.

"That is what Sethe maintains," the Orientalist answered, "he finds it 'tempting' as he says, to attribute the formal title of Queen-bees' to the ladies who first ruled Egypt.24 But more recently others have given a different explanation. They say it was the invading heroes who brought the bee symbol with them, uniting it with the red crown and other props of the Lady of Koptos when they found her ruling the country on arrival."253

"I would prefer that interpretation," said Blank, to Professor Schwulst's surprise, "since I have already surmised that the bee belonged to the migrants."

Professor Schwulst, who knew nothing about the Jaredites and their honeybee, called Deseret, continued his discourse: "Sethe further points out that 'bee' in Egyptian, being a feminine noun, cannot suit with a king as its original possessor, and that the sedge-and-bee title of the Pharaohs does not designate them as actually being bees but rather as 'belonging to the Bee,' or 'descended from the Bee.'"252 He gives evidence, moreover, that both Geb, the father of the gods, and Osiris, were guilty of usurping the bee-crown of the Lady, as they usurped her throne. He finds it significant that the title h.b.t 'belonging to the bee' and the Dsrt-crown always go together as symbols of rule, being associated as such in prehistoric times, when the royal shrine was both 'the House of the Bee' and 'the House of the Dsrt-crown.' It was, he says, specifically in his capacity of 'he who belongs to the bee' that the ruler of the proto-kingdom of Buto wore the Dsrt-crown."256

"Whatever is behind this," Blank interposed with an air of suppressed excitement, "four things definitely go together at the beginning of Egypt's history: the Bee; the Dsrt-crown; the derivation of Pharaoh's authority from a woman; and the identification of that woman with the lady of Koptos, from which or whom Egypt may have got its name."

"Eh?" said Schwulst, somewhat surprised by the fervor as well as the novelty of the last remark.

If you will excuse me, I have done a little research of my own on the subject. Phythian-Adams has argued, as you may know, that Egypt gets its name not from Kmt, 'the black' as is traditionally maintained, but from Koptos which, as you have suggested, is the oldest shrine and capital of Egypt.27 Isn't it quite common in ancient times for countries to take the same names as their capitals—Rome, Babylon, Misr itself, to say nothing of Mexico?"

"It is common enough," the Professor observed, "but what are you getting at?"

"One more question: cannot that name also be the name of a person?"

"Many ancient cities are named after persons—hundreds of them, in fact—but only when that person is the founder of the city."

"Exactly. It is agreed today that..."
The Red Crown (Dust Crown) is clearly depicted on a prehistoric potsherd from Nakada, thus placing it among the oldest known symbols of royalty. It is the crown of the Lady Neith and is often substituted for the sign of the bee. "Journal of Egyptian Archaeology," Vol. 9, Plate XX (After Wainwright).

the daughter of Ham, and it was after the manner of the government of Ham, which was patriarchal. (Abr. 1:23-25.)

"What have the Chaldeans got to do with it, I would like to know?" F. asked with a depreciating snort.

It was Schwulst who answered: "A few years ago the Chaldeans would have discredited the whole passage, but not today. There are very reputable Egyptologists who believe that in the beginning Egypt and Mesopotamia were parts of one empire and ruled by one man. The ties between Egypt and Babylonia are better substantiated every day, as in this recent article of Miss Kantor's. Quite recently Vyechl has argued on linguistic grounds that the Hamites entered Egypt from the East when Egypt was already peopled by a numerous and dense population of the white race who spoke a Semitic language. Even the students of prehistory now hold that all the prehistoric cultures of Egypt represent successive waves of people speaking dialects of the same Semitic language. And now we are being told that the language of the ancient Libyans, which everyone has always believed to represent a prehistoric native African or Berber element in Egyptian, is practically identical with Akkadian, of all things." "Isn't Akkadian the Semitic language of Mesopotamia?" F. inquired.

"Yes," was the reply. "A few years ago it was called Chaldean. So everywhere we turn the racial and linguistic ties between the Egyptians and the 'Chaldeans' are being tightened. The cattle and the grains of the earliest Egyptians are now believed definitely to have originated in western Asia, and the earliest coronation ceremony that meets us in Egypt is found likewise in Mesopotamia, though neither version is derived from the other."

"Where do they come from then?"

"No one knows. Here is a scholar who tells us that the original home of the Nakada people (your Egyptian predynasties) was far from that of the Sumerians of Mesopotamia, but where that may have been still remains to be discovered." Here is an indication of how things were stirring in the early days of Egypt: Before the First Dynasty Asiatic visitors came to Egypt. At the founding of the dynasty, however, they came in numbers, bringing a high civilization; they were relatives of the people who spread to Cyprus and the Aegean. After that, according to this authority, . . . a new and highly competent people came to Egypt. These folk were quickly followed by yet another band of people who imposed their civilization on the Egyptians in the Fourth Dynasty, only to be followed by several other groups in 'a great and long-drawn-out infiltration.' And the same waves that bring these people into Egypt, moving outward in a circle like ripples in a pond from some mysterious center of disturbance in the north, were at the same time bringing ever new invaders into Mesopotamia. The graves in the so-called Royal Cemetery of Ur of the Chaldees show remarkable resemblance to the first-dynasty graves of Egypt—those 'nomad mounds' that Ricke talks about. And the prehistoric cult of Heliopolis shows many signs of Asiatic, specifically Semitic, origin."

"My head is swimming," said F. "Let's get back to Pharaoh and the epic milieu."

"The Pharaoh of the Pyramid Texts is always on the move: 'O Way of Horus, prepare thy tent for the king,' (Pyr. 363)—that is typical; Pharaoh spends his days on the road and his nights in tents. When like the sun he has completed his day's journey, 'the Great Ones in the north side of heaven lay for him the fire,' and they 'cook for him a meal in his evening cooking-pots.' (Pyr. 405a-c, 403b.) There is a cry of 'come and get it,' so to speak: 'his chef prepares a meal for him; the king runs, his herdsmen run.' (Pyr. 1113a-b.)"

"Sounds like old times on the range," F. commented.

"You are not so far wrong at that," the Professor replied. "These people are driving cattle, with Pharaoh himself usually described as 'the great wild bull.' Take this for example: 'Greetings to thee, ox of the oxen, when thou makest the ascension (the whole things is here transferred to the king at his funeral). O ye milk cows, ye nurse cows there, go around him . . .' (Pyr. 549-550c.) He is adorned with the horns of Re, his apron on him is like Hathor . . . (Pyr. 546a-b.) One thinks of the famous Apis bulls, and indeed, in Pyramid Text 286, the king catches the sacred Apis with a lasso. Of course in his travels Pharaoh is most often compared with the sun, like whom he moves over all the earth, inspecting his domains in a course which is one eternal round: 'Behold, thou art great and round like the Great Round'; behold, thou art bent around, and art round like the 'Circle which encircles the nsw.t (the universe); behold thou art round and great like the 'Great Circle which sets.' (Pyr. 628a-c.)"
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(Continued from page 245)

“Wasn’t that circle, which was
both the sun and the course of the
sun called by the Egyptians shenw?”
Blank asked.

“Indeed it was,” the Professor an-
swered. “In the earliest times it was
represented by a circle which later
became the cartouche, which is drawn
around the name of every Pharaoh.
This is what Gardiner says about it:
‘The Egyptians called the cartouche
shwy from a verb-stem shwy ‘encir-
cle,’ and it seems not unlikely that the
idea was to represent the king as
ruler of all ‘that which is encircled
by the sun,’ a frequently expressed
notion. 15 The shwy root is no doubt
the same as the universal Semitic
root for ‘year.’ At any rate, the
Pharaoh goes about exploring the
world, and every beautiful place
where the sun goes, he finds the king
already there before him. (Pyr.
919c.) In the evening a tent is pre-
pared for him when he stops to spend
the night in his favorite places. (Pyr.
2100a-c.) He sets boundaries to the
nations; he approaches the sea; he
advances from one nome to the next
and makes sure that all roads are
secure for him to travel. He even
makes expeditions across the water:
‘when he traverses the foaming sea,
destroying the walls of Shu.’ (Pyr.
1121b.) ‘Thou will not be resisted
at any place where thou goest; thy
foot will not be hindered at any
place thou desirlest to be.’ (Pyr. 625c-
d.) The worst thing that can hap-
pen to a great chieflain is not to be
able to travel. Thus when Re over-
comes a rival, he says to him: ‘Ret-
reat into thy place, thy roads be
impeded, thy paths stopped up, be
confined in thy place of yesterday!’
And thus pronounces the curse on
him: ‘His blows are decreed; he may
not make his courses on this earth
according to his will.’ His touring is
at an end, but Pharaoh’s world In-
spection never ceases: ‘... he comes
again; he goes, he comes with Re.
His houses are visited by him. The
king seizes Kas (spirits or people);
he frees Kas; he covers up evil; he
abolishes evil; he spends the day; he
spends the night,’ and then he is on
his way again: ‘Nothing opposes his
foot; nothing restrains his heart.’
(Pyr. 310c-311d.) This last is not
only a good description of a royal
progress but also explains the pur-
pose of such, which is to correct ill

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
doing and put the realm in order, redressing injuries, and punishing upstarts. Here also we see the great antiquity of the religious institution of the Parousia of 'Coming of the Lord,' who lets his countenance shine first on one community and then on another. Deissmann saw that source of the Christian Parousia doctrine in Hellenistic Egypt, but here we see that it is far older than that.²⁹ When the king or the great lord visited a district, everybody enjoyed a holiday; all were on their good behavior and received gifts and donatives from the lord. You can readily see how the figure lent itself to the expression of Jewish and Christian religious ideas."

"It is 'heroic' also," Blank volunteered. "Who is the great arch-type of all your wandering heroes and benefactors of the human race? It is Hercules with his twelve labors—and surely I don't have to remind you of his identification with the sun passing through the twelve houses of the zodiac. It is a very ancient idea; you will find it at home among the Persians, Babylonians, Chinese, or Teutons. Read Bernhard Schweitzer's book on the subject."

"Now that you mention that, there are some interesting descriptions of the royal and solar progress in the Book of the Dead here; for example, when Re visits each of the twelve shrines of the gods, their doors fly open, and he brings them joy, 'and when he has passed, the doors close again, and the gods inside lament and bewail his departure.'³⁰ That certainly sounds like an authentic Parousia; and so does this old hymn: 'When thou travellest, thou are acclaimed by us; life springs up to us out of thy nothingness... Proclaimed mightily art thou in thy circuit.'³¹

"Do you really think Pharaoh spent most of his time traveling?"

"It would seem that way. You may recall the magnificent bedroom set of Queen Hetep-Heres, the mother of the king who built the great pyramids: It is all camp furniture—everything light, portable, and hooked together. It is the same with other royal furniture, like that of King Tutankhamen. Many Egyptian kings are definitely known to have been Asiatic invaders, and some scholars suspect that many a 'native' king had very little Egyptian blood indeed: by their portraits, their names, their behavior, the arms and customs, (Continued on following page)
There Were Jaredites

(Continued from preceding page)

their friends and alliances, the bitter opposition to them of the nationalist party led by the priests, by their ideas of empire and their taste in dress and weapons, these Pharaohs betray an Asiatic and a heroic tradition right down to the last dynasties." From the story of Sinuhe, written about 2000 B.C., we can see how easily the people of the desert and the steppe could overrun Egypt the minute a government lost its grip. One doesn’t have to imagine that—there is a whole corpus of Egyptian literature that tells about it—the so-called Lamentation literature."

"So we never lack the stuff of heroic literature?"

"Never. All this touring and inspecting was not a royal pleasure trip. It is the familiar system of keeping control over conquered lands."

"Do you mean that Pharaoh’s subjects didn’t like him?"

"At first he had to be tough. He kept runners, messengers, and spies at work night and day reporting to him any signs of disaffection. (Pyr. 400b-402c.) He was the super administrator: ‘his abomination is to sleep; he hates to be tired.’ He visited his places with a whip in his hand and a sceptre on his arm, and all fell on their faces in submission. The war was over and now came the occupation: ‘The messengers of the blue-eyed Horus go; his runners hasten to tell him who is lifting up his arm in the East...’ (Pyr. 253a-d.) Any sign of disaffection is immediately reported. ‘Pay attention to Geb, says this interesting text. ‘If thou payest not attention to him, his branding-iron which is over thy head will pay attention to thee!’ (Pyr. 675a-b.) That is certainly grim enough, and there are many like it: Anyone who earns his frown of disapproval will be instantly put to death, ‘his head will not be attached.’ " (Pyr. 682d-e.)

"But you cannot found a permanent order on violence,” F. protested, “and the Egyptian society was the most stable in history.”

"Once he has won the day, Pharaoh settles down to govern—exactly as many an usurping king did in historic times. ‘The agitations cease after they have seen N. dawn- ing,’ the ‘Cannibal Hymn’ says, (Pyr. 393c-394a.) Now he becomes the (Continued on page 256)
THERE WERE JAREDITES

(Continued from page 254)
civilizing subordinate of his divine father, whose authority and approval he claims for all he does; he is 'the goer and the comer who reports his activities to his father; he desires to be justified in what he has done. . . . He puts an end to battle; he punishes revolt. He goes forth as the protector of truth.' (Pyr. 316a-d, 319a-b.) By this beneficent activity he wins the natives over: 'Those who were furious [now] busy themselves for him. . . . (Pyr. 319c.) O gods of the South, North, West, and East, respect N.,

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GIVING AND TAKING COUNSEL
AND CORRECTION

Richard L. Evans

SOMETIMES THERE comes a cleavage between people who should be close to one another—because of inability either to give or to take counsel and criticism and correction kindly. Parents and children are often estranged because of this problem of giving and receiving counsel and correction. It isn’t always easy to balance authority with love, with the kind of love that is strong and tender. When children and parents feel that they don’t understand others, but do prettify well understand. They understand many things. They understand causes and consequences—and the need for correction—even if they can’t always make counsel and correction completely palatable to all concerned. Learning to give criticism and correction as they should be given, and to take them as they should be taken, is one of the greatest lessons of life—and one of the most essential, because there aren’t any perfect people, and because we all need counsel and criticism and correction. We all make mistakes, and we all need to learn about apology and repentance. And the child or the adult who thinks he is above counsel and correction, above apology and repentance, has an inescapable lesson to learn. Parents have an obligation to give counsel and correction—and children (and adults and all of us) have an obligation to take criticism and correction when we have made mistakes—and to apologize and repent—and then to go on to improve, without ranking resentment. Parents and children are often in need to keep close to one another—and not withhold confidences and not shut off communication. There is no happiness or peace in living in injured silence, and there is no safety in supposing oneself to be above counsel and correction. God help us in our homes—and elsewhere also—to give and to keep confidences, and to give and to take constructive counsel and correction—"reproving betimes with sharpness . . . and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy, . . ."

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 5, 1956

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There Were Jaredites

(Continued from page 256)

fear him... you who might have come to N. as an adversary, come to him now as a friend... (Pyr. 322a) he will bring truth with him.' (Pyr. 323c.) Our Pharaoh, you see, is a shrewd politician. He claims to be the son of Geb, the old native god of the Egyptians, and to be acting under his express orders. He now 'judges as a god after he has listened as a prince.' (Pyr. 347b.) Instead of pre-empting authority, he 'summons the gods for the four regions to be brought to him, so that they may take the report of him to Re and speak favorable word about him to Horus who inhabits the horizon.' (Pyr. 348a-c.) He calls great local assemblies and takes a general census of the population (Pyr. 615c). He makes himself accessible to all, declaring that it would be as bad to deny 'the coming of men to the king, the son of god,' as it would be to bar his own access to the assembly of the gods. (Pyr. 1438b-c.) He is pleased when men come to him of their own accord: 'to thee come the wise and the understanding...,' and they freely invite him to visit them in turn: 'Thou art invited to the southern 'Ir.t palace; to the come [those of] the full northern 'Ir.t palace with a salutation.' The world now gladly recognizes his authority: 'Thousands serve him; hundreds make offering to him. A certificate as of a mighty great one is given to him by Sah, father of the gods....'

(To be continued)

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dIbid., p. 69.

eBaumgarten, Prehist. Eg, pp. 44-46.

fSethe, op. cit., pp. 64, 68ff.


jThus Zyhlar, cited by Baumgarten, op. cit., p. 48.


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"Bauernhaupt, op. cit., p. 49; Moret, op. cit., p. 190.

"Bauernhaupt, loc. cit.


"Moret, op. cit., pp. 12, 201.

"Thus Pyr. 210a-c: "O, N., Horus has wove his tent over thy head; Set has stretched out thy canopy; he enclosed, O father, by the divine tent thou art brought there in thy beloved places."" (Lev. 26: 116.)


"Budge, Papyrus of Ani, I, 152.

"Budge, in Archæologia 52, 460.

"The theme is developed by Moret, Hist. Orientale, II, 502ff.

"See National Geographic, 1925.

High Adventure
(Continued from page 243)

was in the last stages of repair—and some not repaired.

Colonel Cooke rode forth on his horse. His army uniform was well-kept, well-brushed, in violent contrast to the ragged men under his command. He did not seem to notice their wretched appearance. With pride his eyes swept the ranks—each company drawn up into a semblance of order behind its captain. His lieutenants, as an escort to him, sat their horses easily. Their fresh-scrubbed, newly shaved faces shone, and their uniforms matched that of their leader.

To the notes of the bugle playing "To the Colors," the flag was raised on the liberty pole—forty feet above the earth—high as a four-story building—its Stars and Stripes brilliant against the clear California sky!

The colonel cleared his throat. He read his last order:

"The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding congratulates the Battalion on their safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific Ocean and the conclusion of their march of over two thousand miles.

"History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half"
There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Facsimile No. 1 from the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price.

iv EGYPT VISITED

This business of running from castle to castle for week-end visits is certainly in the heroic tradition," Blank observed.

"That was recognized long ago," said Schwulst; "the first Egyptologist called the system feudal. Even in its details it seems to come right out of Homer." There is the same tremendous feasting on bread, beer, and quivering chine of beef 'Arise, O N., be seated before a thousand loaves, a thousand mugs of beer; the roast... from the slaughter-bench, the rth-bread from the broad hall... Thou art come... among spirits mighty in his domains, protected by the Ennead in the house of the great prince." (Pyr. 214b-215b.)

"Positively Germanic," Professor F. murmured, "even including the holy Nine."

"And notice that the menu is identical with that found according to Chadwick in all his epic societies," Blank added, "regardless of differences of climate and geography."

"Here is another," said Schwulst. "... great lord of food in Heliopolis, mayest thou give bread to N., beer to N.... refresh the slaughter-bench of N." (Pyr. 695b-ff.) And this: 'O Wr-ra-f, cup-bearer of Horus, chief of the dining-pavilion (or tent) of Re, chef (or cook) to Ptah, give generously to N.; N. eats as much as thou givest, a generous portion of his meat!' (Pyr. 560a-c; 566a-c.) Even so would a Medieval baron instruct his seneschal to regale a noble guest?

Hospitality is the first law of any heroic society. What could be more Homeric, for example, than the greeting of the noble traveler at the palace porch by a princess of the house, who sees to it that the proper jars of bath water are provided for the weary guest? Or the way in which that guest, after being bathed and perfumed, is clothed in a fine garment and seated in a place of honor? (Pyr. 1180b-1182d.) Or the way he is formally received in the great hall: the big double doors swing open to the honored visitor and all the household—especially the young ladies, who seem, as in Homer, to be a traditional greeting committee—utter formal but cheery greetings of 'Come in peace,' while the lady of the house comes forward smiling and takes both his hands or leads him on her arm into the room (Pyr. 1343c-1345f), or else the great lord himself 'takes hold of thine arm, after Seker, chief of the Pdw-sh, has purified thee, and conducts thee to thy throne.' (Pyr. 1472a-1477d; 654a-657e; 1291a-1293a; 1279d-e, etc.). As the formal act of acceptance into the family, the guest is 'raised up' and told to sit and eat." (Pyr. 1356a-1357b.)

"Right out of the seventh book of the Odyssey!" cried F. with delight.

"And the sixth of the Iliad," Blank appended. "Do you remember where Glaucus and Diomed tell how their ancestors used to visit each other's castles, and recall the story of Bellerophon's romantic wanderings? Do we have anything in Egypt like the system of feudal alliances described in the Bellerophon story, Professor Schwulst?"

"Indeed we do," the other replied. "The whole society is a system of such alliances between great houses—personal and family ties. A network of busy messengers carrying invitations, letters of recommendation, complaints, and felicitations, keeps the great houses in constant touch with each other. All important people are bound by ties of blood and spend a good deal of time paying formal visits to one another's palaces. In this aristocratic circle one must be accepted; one cannot force or bribe one's way into a great house: 'Disown..."
not N., O god; for thou knowest him and he knows thee. . . . N. is not come of himself. It is a messenger who has come to him (with an invitation) . . . the palace of the Great cannot ward him off. . . . Behold, therefore, N. has attained the heights of heaven.' (Pyr. 327a-ff.) Here the social pattern is transferred to heavenly realms, but everywhere the earthly counterpart shows through: the messengers of thy father are come for thee. . . . go thy course, purify thyself . . . that thou mayest be at the side of the god; that thou mayest leave thy house to thy son. . . .' (Pyr. 136b-ff.) To be accepted is to be a full-fledged member of the household: 'Horus has grown fond of thee; he cannot part from thee . . . thou hast united thyself with those of his body (i.e., the family), they have loved thee. . . . Geb has noted thy character; he has put thee in thy place. Geb has brought to thee thy two sisters, to thy side. . . . Horus has caused the gods to unite with thee, to fraternize with thee in thy name of 'He of the two snwt-palaces. . . .' (Pyr. 576c-577d.) To be identified with this or that palace is to be a made man, for you have the whole house to back you against your enemies (Pyr. 648d-650a); if you can call yourself 'one of the royal castle,' you can count on 'the children of Horus' to fight your battles. (Pyr. 640b; 643b-c; 651b-653d.) The head of the house orders his people to respect whom he respects: 'Children of Horus, put yourselves under this Osiris N., let there be none among you who shall withdraw. Carry him.' (Pyr. 1338b-c.)

"That 'withdrawing' business interests me," said Blank, thinking of many passages in Ether. "Is there evidence that people withdrew their support from a lord and went over to another?"

"Lots of it. Like all feudal societies, this one was chronically unstable; great houses bid competitively for followers and beg their people to stay with them." (Pyr. 645c-647d.) There is constant mention of broken allegiances and bloody feuding. Take this warning, for example: 'Any god who puts out his arm (menacingly) . . . when H. calls to thee on behalf of his person . . . he shall have no bread; he shall have no cake among his brothers, the gods; he shall send no message . . . the double doors shall not be opened for him. . . .' (Pyr. 484a-485c.) Note the feeling of tension and jealousy.

"A strange penalty," F. commented.

"It withholds the things that every gentleman desires: . . . cake, shade, baths, a leg of meat, and to have the earth hoed for him." (Pyr. 1322-3.)

"Just like Homer's Phaeacians!" Blank laughed. "The model citizens of the heroic age! They never farmed, either."

"There is farming going on all around, as in the heroic world everywhere, but important people take no part in it. The gentleman is depicted in his tomb as inspecting the activities of his field workers, but he never touches a tool. On the other hand, he proudly takes the lead in the hunt and the roundup. A noble wants a good word spoken to the king on his behalf 'to cause food to grow for his dining-pavilion on earth'—it is done for him, not by him. The king himself, on his endless progress, deigns to notice the harvest in passing, but he keeps moving: 'The earth has been hoed for thee, the wedn.t offering has been made for thee; as thou goest on thy way whereon the gods go, turn thou and see this offering. . . ."' (Pyr. 817a-818a.)

"So the Egyptian lords behave as normal heroes."

"In every particular. The single combat figures conspicuously and, exactly as in other heroic societies, follows strict rules of chivalry. Every great chief must be ready at all times to defend his rank and his honor: 'He accepts ('takes on') his opponent and stands up, the great chief in his great kingdom,' to defend his claim to dominion (Pyr. 202a-203b); the challenger boasts of his superior skill in accepted epic style: 'He came against thee; he said he would kill thee. He has not killed thee; it is thou who wilt kill him. Thou holdest thine own against him, as the surviving bull of the wild bulls.' (Pyr. 944a-c.) In the correct epic tradition, when one hero is bested by another, his followers give up the fight: 'His followers have noticed thee how thy strength is greater than his so that they dare not resist thee.' (Pyr. 588b-c.) Actually the classic prototype of all heroic combats is Egyptian: the fight between the brothers Set and Osiris (or Horus in some versions) for the possession of the kingdom. Since liegeman and lord were bound by solemn oaths of mutual support, one combat leads to another: 'I have killed for thee him who killed thee as a wild bull,' boasts one hero, avenging his lord as Horus did his father Osiris. (Pyr. 1544b-ff.) 'Thoth has seized thine enemy for thee; so that he be headed with his followers; there is not one whom he has spared.' (Pyr. 635c-d.) You can see how these oaths and alliances lead to wars of extermination: 'Horus has caused Thoth to bring thine enemy to thee; he has placed thee upon his back, so that he dare not resist thee. Sit down on him . . . for thou art mightier than he; do evil to him. . . ."' (Pyr. 651b-ff.) It is not a pretty picture, but it is a convincing one."
There Were Jaredites

(Continued from preceding page)

“And a very Jaredish one,” said Blank, “but didn’t king-worship put Pharaoh above the storm, so to speak?”

“Far from it! From the earliest times the king had to share his power with others, both because they wanted it and because he needed their help in the administration of far-flung domains. Recently Professor Helck has called attention in the very earliest monument of Egyptian writing, the famous palette of Narmer, to a figure wearing among other things a garment of skins, the unmistakable badge, according to Helck, of royal priesthood and authority; since this person is not the king, it is argued, he is one to whom royal authority has been delegated. In the beginning, Dr. Helck says, ‘. . . only the King may give orders, by virtue of his power to rule all things as the highest Weltgott,’ that is, he alone holds all priesthood and kingship. Therefore, anyone to whom his power was loaned enjoyed unique authority, mightier than other princes, and all through the old kingdom the great lords strove to acquire that power for themselves.”

“How could they get it?” Blank asked.

“Through a peculiar ordinance which is the subject of Helck’s remarkable study, called ‘Rp’t on the Throne of Geb.’”

“The study or the ordinance?”

“Both. Geb ‘represents the primal ancestor from whom the King receives his testament,’ and from whom all authority is ultimately derived, while ‘Rp’t designates the son of the King who receives his father’s testament as successor to his throne and who seizes the rule.’ In prehistoric tradition Horus is the Rp’t of Osiris, and in the earliest times of all Geb himself was the Rp’t of Atum.” But this was not originally a father-son relationship, but rather an ordinance of adoption. Helck believes the title Rp’t was at first the designation of the substitute king in the Sed-festival, and from that at a later time was derived, apparently at the beginning of the third dynasty, the idea of the King’s son as Rp’t, who in particular assignments could give royal commands as the King’s substitute (Stellvertreter).”

“Then really there is no succession at all,” said F. puzzled.

“This business of identity is hard for us to understand, but it was basic with the Egyptians. In the Book of the Dead the deceased who has his resurrection assured becomes thereby not merely like Osiris he is Osiris. In the case of Rp’t on the throne, for example, that person ‘cannot possibly be portrayed,’ according to Helck, because the only person who can possibly sit on the throne is the king himself, therefore ‘in his place the King himself must be depicted, who of course mounts the throne as his own successor.” So really you were not far wrong when you said there was no succession at all in our sense of the word: the Rp’t is the king’s self: anybody else would be a usurper. There is one thing that bothers Helck a good deal, and that is that the Rp’t authority seems to come strictly through the female line. He finds it hard to believe that Pharaoh should always have had his authority through women, and yet there is no evidence that it was otherwise.

“Wasn’t it the title of nehky, ‘The Two Ladies’ that gave the king his authority after all?” asked Blank.

“Yes, that was his indispensable title to rule. According to Gardiner that title ‘displays the king as identified in his own person with the two principal goddesses of the period immediately preceding Dyn. I . . .’ Though the Rp’t was a man, the office itself was the ‘his-power’ which belongs strictly to women.”

“I find this most significant,” said Mr. Blank. “How would you represent Pharaoh allowing someone else to sit on his throne and enjoy his authority after the manner of Geb?”

“One might answer that from a number of coronation scenes. Bonnet’s article on Egyptian coronations says that the king is depicted ‘sometimes standing, sometimes sitting on the throne, sometimes kneeling before it.’ Lepsius has a beautiful reproduction of the newly crowned Pharaoh seated on a throne immediately below that of Atum and identical with it. In many ways the artists have succeeded in conveying with clarity and majesty the idea of the identity of the king on his throne with the god on his. ‘Thou dost what Osiris does,’ says a Pyramid text, ‘because thou art he who is on his throne.’”

“Here is a picture,” said Blank, producing with considerable nervousness a battered Pearl of Great Price opened to Facsimile No. 3 in the book of Abraham, “which some claim to represent a man who is not Pharaoh that makes him a Rp’t, I suppose—sitting on the royal throne ‘by politeness of the king,’ and bearing the emblems of royal authority. Pharaoh and his son, the rightful Rp’t, are standing by and instructing one of their princely subjects to show obedience to the man on the throne.”

Schwulst took the picture and looked at it hard. “He is wearing the Atef crown,” he said, “the oldest and holiest of Pharaoh’s many crowns.” The two big feathers on it are emblems of spirit and truth, the symbols of Shu, the oldest and most ‘spiritual’ of the gods, and of Maat, who is truth itself. The Heqa-sceptre he is holding is indeed ‘the scepter of justice and judgment,’ that Osiris must always hold when he sits in judgment. The throne itself is strictly in order, and so is the lotus flower before the throne, signifying, as it often does, that this takes place in Egypt. Is this a recent explanation?”

“It is a century and a quarter old,” said Blank.

“It is rather quaint,” Professor F. commented. “Any fool can see, for example, that the figures called Pharaoh and his son are women.”

“Yes,” Mr. Blank countered, “a myopic moron could see that, and that is why it is so remarkable. It is plainly intentional: when a Pharaoh dressed like a woman and had himself depicted as one ‘he by his woman’s body honored his god, the mother who had brought forth all the universe.’” A Roman emperor adopting Egyptian customs had him-

(Continued on page 334)
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1 3/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 egg
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1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup sugar

Chocolate pieces (or chocolate chips)
Boiled, whole peanuts

1/4 cup peanut butter

1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar

3 tablespoons granulated sugar

1/4 teaspoon grated orange rind

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Cream together thoroughly the shortening, peanut butter, brown sugar, and honey. Beat in egg. Stir in dry ingredients until blended. Form into 1-inch balls; insert 1 chocolate piece or 1 peanut meat into center of each ball and reshape. Combine granulated sugar with orange rind and roll “balls” in this mixture. Place balls 2 inches apart on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a 375°F. (moderate) oven 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned and cracked. Cool on cake racks.

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**ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BOOK OF MORMON**

*(Concluded from page 332)*

means “the place where all go to worship the gods.”

As I visited the various archaeological sites and museums, everywhere I looked I saw temples, pyramids, pottery, representations of men, and numerous other things, decorated with feathers of the “sacred quetzal, or bird of paradise,” and serpents, as well as serpent heads, all symbolizing Quetzalcoatl or Jesus Christ. These

*[Archaeology in Mexico Today, op. cit., pp. 12-13.]*

had been made by master artists in murals, stone work, wood carvings, and clay. I marveled to learn that through many pagan generations following the close of the Book of Mormon period to the present time the American Indians had carefully, accurately, and artistically—although in a degenerated and adulterated form—in their quetzal-serpent symbols fulfilled the words of Jesus Christ wherein he declared that “... all things bear record of me.”

*(The End)*

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**THERE WERE JAREDITES**

*(Continued from page 310)*

self represented as the mother-goddess, "a combination that strikes the modern mind (including your own) as ridiculous, but that is not so alien from ancient sentiment or unfamiliar in the speculation of the mystics and gnostics, the latter of Egyptian origin, you need hardly be reminded." The confusing of the sexes in royal ceremonies is a highly characteristic Egyptian usage. Bear in mind now that in their capacity as rightful heirs to the throne, Pharaoh and his son were completely identified with the "Two Ladies," who are never absent from a coronation scene, no matter who else is missing. What was the expression Professor Schwultz just quoted from Gardiner? The king was "identified in his own person" with the "two ladies." Here you have it very plainly.

"But isn’t this simply the well-known Egyptian judgment scene?” F. protested, "the one found so often in burial texts?"

"If you want to call a ‘typical’ scene one from which the most essential elements have been removed and to which conspicuous but totally unfamiliar figures have been added, you might have a case," Blank countered.

"But you can find these figures in any collection of Egyptian drawings—all of them... . . ."

"That is the key to the whole business, I believe. What we have here are conventional figures in an unconventional order. They were obviously drawn by an Egyptian; even the bad engraving cannot conceal the authentic and inimitable Egyptian style; but it was an Egyptian laboring to tell an unfamiliar story using the conventional figures that he had been trained to draw. I can best illustrate my thesis by another picture from the same book." He turned to Facsimile No. 1. "What do you see here?"

"Obviously an embalmer at work," said F. jauntily. But Professor Schwultz shook his head.

"There is something wrong here. As has often been observed, the canons or rules of Egyptian drawing are extremely strict and formal. They specialized in funeral pictures in which there was a proper way to depict every little thing; but this is a highly unconventional scene, though I must admit with Mr. Blank that it was surely drawn by an Egyptian. I am trying to figure out what is wrong."

Blank tried to be helpful: "You will agree that the only way an Egyptian artist could draw was by setting down stock figures he had learned by heart. Now suppose someone asked such an artist to draw a completely original scene. What would he do? He would simply arrange the familiar figures of his repertoire in a new and unusual composition, and that is exactly what we have here. Turn this picture on its side, and Dr. Schwultz will immediately recognize what the man on the couch is doing."

"He is praying," the other answered without hesitation. "He is in the proper and conventional attitude of adoration—right foot thrust forward and hands raised before the face—that is the correct depicting of supplication, no doubt about it."

"So the artist was instructed to"

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**THE IMPROVEMENT ERA**
THERE WERE JAREDITES

(Continued from page 334)

... take his seat on the great throne which the gods made... the gods of the horizon will come to him on their faces, and the imperishable stars bowing down...

(From Pyr. 1154b-1155c, 1335b-c.)(Remember that Joseph to whom the stars bowed down was also an Egyptian ruler!) The throne itself is a thing of wonder, made all of copper or of iron. (Pyr. 1992c-2012a.)


"If you think so listen to this: 'Open the double doors, that thou mayest stand at their head... they enter, they are smitten with fear; they depart, they lift up their heads. thy brother stands beside thee, thy relatives stand beside thee.' (Pyr. 255a-255b."

"Isn't that right out of Ibn Batuta? And when the king raises his hand, they must all stand up, 'and if N. lowers his hand towards them, they sit down,' and when he calls for a thousand they hasten to prostrate themselves before him. (Pyr. 1563a-c.) He sits upon that firm throne, whose knobs are lions, whose feet are the hoofs of the great wild bull... "A prince of all princes this is," they say of him; and they appoint N. among the gods." (Pyr. 1124a-1124c.) There is a great deal more in the same vein, and though the imagery may be adapted to a funerary context, it is plainly drawn from observations of real court life.

"In other words, a real and tangible 'epic milieu' behind the imagery?"

"Yes, such court scenes abound in the epics. They are not only real but also typically heroic."

"Would you say that the conflict between men and serpents so often mentioned in the Egyptian texts goes back to real events," Blank asked suddenly, "or is it symbolic?"

"No need to be symbolic about it," Schuwalt replied, opening an Egyptian handbook to the part on snakes and reading from it: "For the protection of human life, the Egyptians had to wage a constant war on snakes and serpents." But what is your idea on the subject? You have brought some notes which you want to put into the record. Let's have them."

"Well," said Blank with suppressed enthusiasm, "I have long suspected that there was a great plague of serpents in the days of the first

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There Were Jaredites

(Continued from page 336)

Pharaohs, and the circumstances described in the Egyptian records are so very much like those reported in Ether that I am going to ask you to listen to the two descriptions and judge for yourselves. Here are the pertinent passages from the Mormon record. Early in their history, after only half a dozen or so kings had reigned over them there came a time of

...great dearth upon the land, and the inhabitants began to be destroyed exceeding fast, because of the dearth, for there was no rain upon the face of the earth.

And there came forth poisonous serpents also upon the face of the land, and did poison many people. And it came to pass that their flocks began to flee before the poisonous serpents, towards the land southward,

...[and] there were many of them which did perish by the way; nevertheless, there were some which fled into the land southward. (Ether 9:30-32.)

Do you get the picture? A great drought, a southward movement of cattle to better pastures, people and cattle both plagued by serpents! Some of the cattle get through to the 'land southward,' apparently a region where tropical rains could be relied on, but a great distance away, since most of them never made it. It was the 'dearth' incidentally, that destroyed the people, not the serpents. The animals were looking for grass, of course, and the people followed them: '...the people did follow the course of the beasts, and did devour the carcasses of them which fell by the way, until they had devoured them all.' (Ibid., 9:34.) After that, it says, the serpents 'pursued them no more,' but they did present a definite barrier to the southern migration of the people, who were able to return to something like a normal economy when it finally rained, 'and there began to be fruit in the north countries, and in all the countries round about.' (Ibid., 9:35.) Still it was not until over two hundred years later that 'the poisonous serpents were destroyed' and the people could go into the land southward. That means, of course, that this was no local or temporary condition. It was more than a few miles of snake-infested desert that kept a whole nation out of the lush south country for two centuries and more. In its years of isolation the land southward had become a paradise for game, and it had

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
always been favorite grazing land for the herds. (Ibid., 10:19.) We are told that in the days of King Lib, ‘who became a great hunter,’ ‘the poisonous serpents were destroyed,’ and the south country was opened up—but not to settlement: ‘... they did preserve the land southward for a wilderness, to get game. And the whole face of the land northward was covered with inhabitants.’ (Ibid., 10:21.) Moreover they built a great city by the narrow neck of land, by the place where the sea divides the land,’ (Ibid., 10:20)—divides it into north and south, that is, for there were no cities in the southland proper. All this activity seems to have been part of a great period of expansion and settlement in the days of Lib.”

(To be continued)

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The late Egyptian story of Petubastis called “The Fight for the Rights of Ammon,” read so much like a typical Indo-European epic that Pieper was frankly suspicious twenty-five years ago, though no evidence has been found to prove that it was not of native Egyptian origin; see M. Pieper, Die aegyptische Literatur (Wildpark-Potsdam, 1927), pp. 90-92.

Re appears from the beginning “in his high castle with a court whose splendor reflects the glory of the courts of earthly kings, and transplant to heaven the life of a king of the Old Kingdom, with its archives, messengers, ceremonies, and the rest,” thus S. Schott, Mythenbildung, pp. 17-18.

Egyptian population is described by classical writers as composed of three classes only: priests, warriors, and artisans—with never a mention of farmers; thus Plato, Timaeus III, 22a; Diodorus, Bibl., I; 74. The peasants are tied to the soil and belong to whoever owns it; cf. J. Breasted, Ancient Records, I, 285 (No. 630). In a few Pyramid Texts (e.g., 422), Pharaoh fills the ground ritually, but these pieces stand out sharply from the rest in style and content.


Ibid., 430 f. It should be noted that some Egyptologists, notably Moret, have identified Aton with Adam.

Ibid., pp. 418 f.


Helck, op. cit., pp. 433, 430.

Ibid., 430.

Ibid., pp. 422-5, 433.

Gardiner, op. cit., p. 73; cf. Moret, op. cit., I, 185.

Helck, op. cit., pp. 424 f.

Hans Bonnet, Reallexikon der aegyptischen Religionsgeschichte (Berlin: De Gruyter, 1952), p. 397.

Ibid., p. 399, fig. 102.

Pyr. Text., 625a; cf. 622a-625d.

Bonnet, op. cit., p. 57.

Ibid., pp. 683 f, 432.

As the papyrus symbolizes Lower Egypt and the sedge (shem) Upper Egypt, the lotus represents the whole land, as on a

(Continued on following page)

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There Were Jaredites

(Continued from preceding page)

throne-scene in the Papyrus of Hunefer, where a lotus, springing up before the throne, exactly as in Plate iii of the Book of Abraham, supports the gods of the Four Regions; reproduced in Budge, Papyrus of Ani, I, 241, fig. 1.

C. H. V. Sutherland, “The Historical Evidence of Greek and Roman Coins,” in Greece and Rome IX (No. 26, 1940), pp. 73ff.


“Schwulst is probably thinking of the Nectanebos tale and the Pseudo-Callisthenes and some Oriental accounts of the wooing of Olympia, or even of A. B. Cook, Zeus, (Cambridge, 1925).”


Hyrum’s Prophecy

(Continued from page 307)

baptized about two hundred of the “cold, dead members of the Church,” and brought many of them to Nauvoo. Even so, “several families who were not strong in the faith remained,” in the words of one non-Mormon resident.8

While the Saints were engaged in building the Kirtland Temple, the township may well have held the largest population in northern Ohio. Even after the main exodus, the census of 1840 gives the population of Kirtland township as 1,778. But Kirtland township was dying. It continued its downward trend for many years. In 1890 it claimed only 909 people, fewer than before the Saints first arrived. Actually only in recent years has the township regained a substantial part of the population it claimed when it was the cradle of the Church. The census of 1950 reported a population of 2,663.

Kirtland at one time held promise of business and industrial growth, but it was not to be. In this it shared the fate of Lake County of which it is part. Lake County at one time supported a substantial iron industry, but after the Civil War the area did not develop industrially as did other regions of northeastern Ohio. As one writer put it, “A dozen ghost-town sites testify to a great change in the county’s pattern of life. Long ago these were important places: Madison Dock, once a prosperous ship-build-
There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

V EGYPT REVISITED

N ow let me take you to Egypt, and first of all recall what has already been said tonight, that from the earliest times the Delta country was preserved both for grazing and for a wilderness to get game, with Pharaoh himself as the Mighty Hunter. After rain had fallen on the land and the serpents had become cowardly, the great Menes, the first in the line of historical Pharaohs, built a great city by the narrow neck of land—only in this case it was the narrow valley passage right at the base of the Delta, at the spot which at that time ‘divided the land’ between the Land Northward and the Land Southward. Before the city could be built, it was necessary to drain vast tracts of land to the north, which were still uninhabitable marshes. The city itself was known as ‘The Balance of the Lands,’ and the ‘City of the White Wall’ because it controlled all passage between the two lands and barred or permitted access from the one to the other. The founder of another great dynasty at a later date built just such an establishment at the other end of Egypt, calling it ‘The Gate of the North,’ since it blocked off the southern empire. The classical distinction between the Land Northward and the Land Southward, which first meets us with great persistence in the Book of Mormon, was more than a geographical convenience for the Egyptians; it was a ritual dichotomy in which the Two Lands theme, the red and the white, was carried out with great thoroughness at all times. Eberhard Otto has recently written on the subject. The philologist Ludwig Karst has argued that the Egyptian word for the Land Northward, which everyone knows is Mekhi, is the same as Mexico, which has the same meaning. Of course we don’t have to go along with speculation like that, but I do maintain that some aspects of Egyptian life and history demonstrate that just such things as described in Ether could have been on the earth."

“Meaning such things as plagues of serpents?” Professor F. asked. “You just now said something about Egyptian serpents ‘becoming cowardly.’ What is the story?”

“That is what I was getting to. If Menes is the first historical king, the first legendary king and the leader of the great migration into Egypt was certainly Horus. He was always remembered, among his other exploits, for having overcome the serpents. ‘Horus was an ox-herd when he trod on . . . ’ Here the old fragment breaks off, but hundreds of representations of Horus treading on serpents and crocodiles enable us to complete it. It ends as a typical charm against serpents: ‘O let the beast, O desert, glide away.’ (Pyr. 244b, 245b.) Remembering from Ether how ‘their flocks began to flee before the poisonous serpents,’ it is significant, I think, that Horus fights the serpents as an ox-herd; here is a passage recalling the struggle: ‘The bull is fallen because of the sdh-serpent; the sdh-serpent is fallen because of the bull. Fall, glide away . . . ’ (Pyr. 430a-b.) Those last words mark it as another charm against snakes; though the Egyptians used many ingenious devices to exterminate snakes, the commonest protections against them was the incantation or charm, of which innumerable examples have been found; they often refer to the war of Horus on the serpents. In the Pyramid Texts it is the flame-serpent who withholds bread—drought, heat, famine, and serpents go together, as in Ether’s account. ‘Be thou watered,
O desert, water not sand. Say: The serpent which came forth from the earth is fallen; the flame which came forth from Nun is fallen. Fall; glide away.’ (Pyr. 236a-237b.) That charm seeks to banish drought and snakes in a single operation, as does this: ‘O Sosha-w, rain, that the serpent may become cowardly . . . .’ (Pyr. 426c.)

The most potent medicine against serpents is the image of Horus treading on snakes and crocodiles, holding snakes in one hand and a lion and a scorpion in the other—always by their tails, for he is not their patron but their enemy.”

“But doesn’t the water-loving crocodile come in for as much punishment as the flame-serpent?” F. asked.

“That, I believe, is a clear indication that there was a regular campaign against serpents because there certainly had to be against the crocodiles. In places where they swarm, they are to this day a menace to settlers. The Book of the Dead describes the crocodile god as ‘ravening, dangerous, dwelling in the place of terror, to whom bowings and prostrations are made in Letopolis,’ those being originally acts of appeasement rather than worship. Here is a vivid little episode from an old epic wherein a goddess says, ‘I advance alone, I go around among the bushes. A very great crocodile is after thy son.’ That was no mere symbolism. When Cleomenes was sent by Alexander to be the first governor of Egypt, his son was eaten by a crocodile, and the priests had to pay a terrific fine.

The snakes, crocodiles, lions, and scorpions that Horus overpowers are all the dangerous creatures that prowl in the bush and along the clearings. Here is a typical charm: ‘Repulsed is thy crocodile. . . . Thy soul is cut in pieces, thy vertebrae severed. . . . The Horus children are for smashing thee—destroyed art thou at the time of their coming. Back! Back! Retreat! . . . Horus makes thy crocodile go back . . . the Children of Horus put their spears into thee.’

“That plainly says that the reptiles were destroyed by the Horus children ‘at the time of their coming,’” Schuwlist observed. “I think you are right—there seems to have been a definite large-scale operation. It reminded me of a snake episode in the story of the lady and the settlement of Egypt—the one I told you about earlier. Here it is: Re charges Geb to go down in haste and take charge of the serpents on the earth who fear and obey him, and then you will go to the place of my father Nun,’ he instructs him, ‘and say to him: Watch carefully the reptiles of the land and the water . . . . Then follows a charm against snakes.”

“There must have been quite a to-do,” said Mr. Blank. “One text describes the king and the serpent as hitting each other while the centipede was smitten by the householder, and the householder was smitten by the centipede. (Pyr. 425a-c.) And this looks like a fight to the finish: ‘Who is it who will remain?’ Says the text, describing a fight between the king’s champion and the serpent, ‘It is the King who will remain!’” (Pyr. 438c.)

“And who, pray, is the king’s champion?” F. inquired.

“In this case it is a lynx who springs on the neck of the serpent when he raises it to strike and gives him a bad mauling. The early classical writers report that the Egyptian priests attributed the singular holiness of the cat, the hawk, and the ibis, to the fact that they are the natural enemies of snakes and the allies of the children of Horus in overcoming them.” And speaking of snakes who hedge up the way, there are many accounts of how Alexander almost failed to reach the Oasis of Ammon because of the serpents that hindered passage across the desert. In the Book of the Dead, the road between this world and the next is supposed to be blocked by serpents which the soul can only pass with special guidance and protection. In one place three serpents hedge up the way of Re himself, whereupon the local gods, who are the equivalent of the local inhabitants, join him in a campaign of extermination in which they smash the heads of the snakes and pronounce charms over them, so that Afu-Re can finally get by.”

“Here we have some lively descriptions of community snake hunts, with special attention to the setting of fires in the brush and marsh—which points to a very early date: ‘The eye of Horus devours thee, the mighty fire leads it on, the eye of Re prevails over thee, the flame devours thee . . . back with you! You are cut to bits, your life is scorched, your name is buried . . . get back! Go away! You are cut to pieces, you are ground up. Apepi . . . The fire eats thee; it cuts thy soul,’ and so forth.” Apepi, or Apopi, was the great snake who kept Horus and Re from occupying the Delta: He is always represented as a huge serpent. One of the best-known of all Egyptian classics is the overthrow of Apopi: there is talk of torches, of hacking and mangling, smashing of backbones, and the rest— . . . they burn thee upon thy folds, the flame eats into thee. . . . Set his spear on thy head. Their flame of fire comes forth against thee; fall back, retreat from the flames of fire coming forth from their mouths! O falling one, wriggler, retreating enemy of Ra, thou art fallen at this moment . . . Carried off are thy remains; thou art beat up, cut up, slaughtered, thy crocodile is destroyed . . . thou art pierced, overthrown, thou mayest never again come forth from thy hole forever and ever.”

“It seems clear that fire is being definitely used as a weapon on a large scale to make the land habitable. The mention of torches proves that, and then all the clapping and beating and sanitary disposal of remains—really quite convincing,” This from Professor Schuwlist.

“And there is no shortage of material on the subject. Listen to this: ‘Thou art fettered and beaten by tough beaters. . . . Thy crocodile is turned back. . . . Great fire comes

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There Were Jaredites

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forth against thee; its flame is deadly to thy soul, the words of power to thy body, thy spirit. The mistress of fire prevails over thee, hooks flame into thy soul; it makes an end of thee." And this: "... fire therefore is upon all thy ways. Pethi does evil to thee, she flames, the great fire, lady of slaughter, mistress of the spark, she removes thy flesh, she injures thy soul; the flame burns thee up." And this: "Fire comes forth roasting you, frizzling it frizzles you. ... It bites you in the name of Set. Retreat! Go back ye Seba! ..."

"Enough!" cried F., throwing up his hand. "We get the idea."

"But the ironical thing is that after all that fuss, it was the coming of the rain with the north wind that put down the serpents—made them cowardly" as the saying went. "The breezes of the North winds blow, and at the voice of the thunder-cloud roaring, the serpents pass away to the east." So the serpents were destroyed, and the land was settled, and the king forever after wore the Uracis serpent on his brow, to strike deadly terror into his enemies: "The heat of the flaming breath of his uracis serpent is like that of the Rnu-ut-t serpent on his forehead. N. has put fear in their heart making massacre among them." (Pyr. 302a-d.) Note the combination of heat, drought, serpents, and massacre. The uracis serpent was a life-sized and frighteningly realistic reproduction of the most poisonous serpent known, all ready to strike—it was supposed to paralyze the beholder with fear. The Pyramid Texts tell us that its purpose was not only to terrify human enemies, but especially to outface and outfight real serpents—it is the insignia of the first Pharaoh in his capacity of destroyer of the serpents." (Pyr. 238a-b; 244a-b; 442a-c; 443a-c; 444a, etc.)

"Well, well," said F., rising and stretching, "I guess we do have an epic world or something very much like it, in earliest Egypt."

"Even in the agrarian state of the old kingdom," Dr. Schwulst added, "all the elements are there. Of course we are still far from knowing just what things were like—it is so easy to reconstruct vivid and convincing pictures in the imagination, eking them out with archaeological
bits here and there, only to find some day that we have been hopelessly wrong on all the main points. The whole idea of a nomadic or 'epic' element in Egyptian culture is a new one, though it is getting more attention all the time."

"Wouldn’t you agree," Blank asked, "that no one one hundred and twenty years ago thought it would be like this?"

"No one dreamed of such a thing fifty years ago," was the reply.

"But where has this got us?" Professor F. asked as he put on his coat.

"Just one important step along the way," said Blank, "and the next step should take us to Mesopotamia."

"I thought we had already agreed," said his friend, "the Babylonian origins were Heroic."

"But we haven’t said why yet," Schwulst reminded him, "and it would be a shame to overlook all that beautiful Sumerian epic poetry. There’s much more of it, you know, than you’ll ever find in Egypt. How about a week from Friday?"

(To be continued)

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3. The theme has been treated by Moret, op. cit., I, 185-7.
5. Lud. Karst, *Origines Mediterraneeae*, p. 286, who also insists that the Proto-Sumerian capital of Mammenh is identical in name with Egyptian Memphis=Mammiis.
7. E. A. W. Budge, *Poppy of Ani*, Pl. 27, Ch. 88.
12. Cicero, *De nat. deor*. c, 36, says the Ibis actually ridded Egypt of a pest of serpents; cf. Budge, op. cit., pp. 578f. Mr. Blank has many other notes on the subject, which he can’t find at the moment: a great deal about cats and snake killers.
15. Budge, in *Archaeologia* 52, 519.
17. Ibid., p. 516.
18. Ibid., p. 518.
19. Ibid., pp. 569ff.
20. Ibid., pp. 523ff.
21. Ibid., pp. 603f, 507.

JUNE 1956
There Were Jaredites
The Babylonian Background

by Dr. Hugh Nibley
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

TWO weeks later the three friends met again in Dr. Schwulst’s office.
No orientalist worthy of the name confines his studies to one culture, and Schwulst was as good at Babylonian as he was at Egyptian. Grate-
ful for a captive audience, he had prepared for the event by piling the
texts of a dozen Mesopotamian epics on his table. And now working
rapidly through the pile from top to bottom, he virtually monopolized the
rest of the evening. The reader must always bear in mind that what we
have here is merely academic chitchat, a setting forth of issues and areas
of investigation without any attempt to exhaust anything.

“It has been maintained,” Professor Schwulst began in his best lecture
manner, “that Babylonia is actually the home of all epic literature, and
that ‘the true forerunners of the Iliad and the Divine Comedy were not
Genesis and Exodus but the legends of Etana and Gilgamesh.’ Epic stuff
is always breaking out in Babylonian texts, even in the ritual literature.
The great New Year’s hymn called the Enuma Elish, for example, is ‘a mix-
ture of heroic epic and dogmatic poetry . . .’ So in order not to be
here all night, let us just look at the purest and oldest epics.

“Here, gentlemen, is the epic poem of Enmerkar and the Lord of Aratta.
In it, the first of these two great lords sends a message to the other demand-
ing his homage, only to receive the haughty answer that the Lord En-
merkar is not the vassal of the Lord of Aratta. A showdown follows, and
Enmerkar is beaten, but the victor allows him to continue to remain in
power in Uruk as his liegeman. But later Enmerkar refuses tribute to his
new lord because Aratta’s overlord, one Ensuukhesdanna, has spoken
disrespectfully of a certain great lady to whom Enmerkar has always owed
fealty. ‘Do you follow?’

“No,” said F.

“It doesn’t make much difference,” the professor laughed, “because there
are conflicting interpretations of the story. I merely give this to you to
show you that we begin with the complicated system of feudal alliances
which is characteristic of heroic ages everywhere. Aratta’s lord is de-
scribed as sitting grandly enthroned and unassailable secure in his splen-
did mountain castle; and ‘the Lady of heroes’ sits in an exalted castle that
shines like the sun.” Aratta declares that he is ‘the properly appointed and
sole Ruler of the Steppes, there is none like him!’ and he sends out
great mule trains moving to flu-
tune music and bearing rich gifts ‘as a bait’ to increase his power by buy-
ing support. A messenger comes to him from another great lord to beg
humbly for the privilege of buying building materials from him, for his
mountains produce timber, stone, and metals; the messenger comes before
the great lord with fear and tremb-
bling. This is the lord of Aratta’s message to the lord of Uruk (often
called the oldest city in the world): ‘Say to Uruk’s king, he must submit
to me, he must pay me feudal dues and services . . . then he may con-
tinue to live in his Ishtar temple while I live in mine.’ Note that both these
men are vassals of the great lady. If Enmerkar submits, he will be al-
lowed ‘to shine as Lord of the city, as Prince of the City, as Lord of the
Storm, as Prince in the Storm, as the Lord who rages, as the Prince who
rages.’

“Those are certainly not the epi-
thets of peaceful peasant magistrates,” Blank observed.

“Not at all,” said Schwulst, “and all this is thoroughly typical. En-
merkar thus challenges his rival: ‘Since you do not respect my lady, I
will destroy your house.’ As in all heroic ages, the center of everything is
the great house; and these great houses are proud and touchy about their
honor and constantly trying to overreach each other. Moreover, they are all related by ties of blood and bound by terrible oaths to each
other. In this case when the lord of Aratta is beaten in turn, his subjects
promptly and loyally submit to the victor, whom they hail as having
proved his superiority by winning ‘the jewel of heaven,’ that is, the prefer-
ce of the Lady Ishtar over his rival.”

“How medieval it all sounds,” mused F.—“the castles, the chal-
enges, the faithful messengers, the vassals, and oaths, the cult of the lady . . .”

“With echoes of the Pyramid Texts,” Blank added.

“Even more like the Pyramid Texts
is the constant Sumerian harping on
the nature of gods, heroes, and kings
as invaders and cattle raiders. The
king is ‘the exalted bull, glorious is
thy name to the ends of heaven . . .
twin brother of the lord of the divine
or of heaven and earth, Father Iskur,
lord that ridest the storm, thy name
is to the ends of heaven . . . thy
name covereth the land . . .’”

“Right out of the cannibal hymn!”
Blank cried, and the Professor con-
tinued:

“. . . the exalted herdsman, I am
the holy cow (confusing genders
in the best Egyptian fashion) and the
woman who beareth issue.” The
king is ‘the righteous herdsman,’ but no
gentle shepherd; he claims to rule the
world by force and demands submis-
sion of his inhabitants; he sends his
arrow-messengers out to exercise
vigilance and control, and he himself
moves about from place to place with
his warlike host: ‘Let thy good Utuk-
ku proceed me on my way, let thy
good Lmassu travel along with me
as I travel.’ On the famous stele of
the vultures, Ningirsu is hailed as
‘Lord of the crown of abundance,
beast of prey from the steppes!’ Refer-
tion to the sun and his course and
to the horizons, ‘the ends of heaven’
are common: ‘From the rising sun
to the setting sun I have subdued
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THEY WERE JAREDITES

who is the beloved of Ninni.14 Or again, Dungi, the mighty man of Ur . . . serves his lord Ningirsu, who in turn is 'the mighty warrior of Enlil.'15 In this hierarchy of allegiance you will always find the heroic combination of personal loyalty and warlike valor. As in Egypt, the favored one is accepted into the noble house, given all the due marks of recognitions, and provided with an adequate income.16

"High life in high places all over again," F. observed. "What about the feasts?"

"The Epic of Nergal and Erishkegal will tell you all about them," said the professor, opening the appropriate text. The story opens as the gods meet for one of their usual high feasts; they send a messenger to Lady Erishkegal, a strong-minded damsel who from her grim castle rules the largest but most distant domains of all the family. Since she never leaves her castle to visit the other gods, the messenger is instructed to invite her to send one of her own people to fetch a portion for her from the festive board. Well, when the lady’s runner duly arrived and entered the banquet hall to get the promised portion, the merry gods made him the butt of their joking. When she heard of this disrespect shown her emissary, the great lady flew into a passion and demanded the life of the individual who had dared treat her messenger so lightly: it was an insult to a grand dame, and it was not to be borne. The injured messenger was asked to identify the culprit, but again the gods treated the whole matter as a huge joke and got him hopelessly confused. That was the last straw: Lady Erishkegal denied henceforward all access to the water of life that flowed only in her underworld palace, and she built mighty walls around it to see that none of the gods got through to it. This meant death for all, and it was urgent for some hero to deliver the race of gods from their predicament. That hero was the youthful Nergal, son of Ea, the chief of the gods. With a band of fourteen trusted retainers he entered the castle by a ruse, surprised the lady, and threatened to cut off her head, whereupon she offered him her hand in marriage and ‘kingship over the wide Netherworld,’ along with the Tablets of Wisdom by which he could rule over the universe."17

"Shades of a dozen fairy-tales!" cried F. "I thought all that stuff was strictly European—King Arthur, and all that."

"It is," said Blank, "and it is classical, too, because it is right out of the epic milieu: the feasting and rollicking heroes having fun at their elder sister’s expense, the constant sending of messengers back and forth with invitations, challenges, and complaints, the visiting of each other’s castles, the offended fairy who spoils the party, or if you will, the sinister lady in her dark castle, the young romantic hero with his adventurous band who makes his point with the fatal lady exactly as Odysseus does with Circe. This is certainly no peasant culture, but the ways of great lords and ladies."

Dr. Schuwalt took another text from the pile before him. "The Epic of Irra," he said, "is more of the same. Like the Pyramid Texts, it tells of the invasion and pacification of the land, and it is very old. But the most remarkable thing about it is the fact that it seems to have been composed and sung by a minstrel who went from castle to castle exactly like the minstrels of the middle ages! It divides society into ‘gods, kings, warrior, bards, and scholars,’ with never a mention of the poor peasant:

"May the god who honors this song accumulate riches in his storehouse. . . . May the king who makes my name (the poet’s) famous rule as far as the four rings of the earth. May the warrior (or noble—heba) who recites the praise of my valor find no match in battle. The bard who sings it shall not die in a shiptu, may his words be pleasing to kings and nobles."

Could you ask for a more ‘heroic’ statement of values than that?"18

"What is a shiptu?" Blank asked.

"When there was treason or rebellion against a great lord instead of punishing individuals, the rulers would take revenge on whole communities; such mass punishment was called a shiptu. It reflects a rather desperate state of things."

"No love lost between the princes and their subjects, eh?"

"Rebellion, underground opposition, and savage reprisals are the order of the day. Here is a king who says that his god ‘pays no heed to the afflictions of the common peo-

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
A scholarly attempt by the Reverend Thomas Brown to depict a vessel which is both an "ark" or box and a boat. The solution of the problem is given in the book of Ether and confined by early Babylonian accounts.

ple.' And when one great lord curses another he says: 'May the people of his city, having risen in rebellion, strike him down in the midst of his city.' The lords have their 'watchers' busy everywhere. Here is an epic poem which furnishes a good commentary on the way things were run. It is called the Epic of Ninib, and according to its editor must have been composed soon after the subjugation of, and victory over, all those mountains which yielded the several stones here mentioned. The high lord sits down to call the roll of his followers and reward them for their services by giving them lands and domains. 'Dolerite! he cries, calling up one—and that reminds one of the 'mentioning of the name' the 'calling forth' and the honoring in high places that we read of in so many Sumerian and Egyptian texts—Dolerite, of course, is a stone, but as the editor observes, 'actions and deeds like these are not those of stones but of living persons.' The chief speaks warmly in Dolerite's praise: 'thou who in my battles forever hast been a hero ... who during rebellions hast proclaimed 'the lord, he alone a hero is! ... I the lord will greatly adorn thee, the arm of my heroism.' He calls him his right-hand man who has remained true when others rebelled, and adorns him with rich presents. Rough, feudal times indeed; the king is called 'The royal lord, the fearfulness of whose storm is awe-inspiring....' To another supporter he says: 'Eliel stone! wise one, overpowerer of the mountain, thou with my awe inspiring fear shalt be clothed ... in the conflict of weapons, warrior, thou who killest, gloriously shall be adorned ... the people shall gladness look upon thee and reverence thee....' This epic gives us also the point of view of the underdog: 'When ravaging enemies as if with darkness the land with destruction had filled ... when the pick and shovel they had made us carry, when but taxes they had made to be our reward (or wages).... Further comment on the social order is unnecessary.'

"So Babylonian civilization was not the normal outgrowth of a primitive hoe-culture?" F. asked.

"The common description of Mesopotamia as a river valley is liable to give rise to images of its inhabitants as a race of villagers and truck gardeners. Somebody raised the vegetables, to be sure, but it was not the people who counted. A rereading of Hugo Winckler's classic essay on the essentially nomadic nature of Babylonian civilization at all times should correct such notions, as Kramer's work is doing at present. Recently Dela- porte has described the population of the valley as 'sedentary inhabitants of the towns and nomads encamped along the fringe of the desert.' But as in Egypt there was a constant going and coming between the two. After all from the beginning the important people of Sumer belonged to two classes, the military and the merchants—the priests were merely secretaries of a campaigning and acquisitive priest-king who kept the home office and watched over things generally. Now what Winckler pointed out and others have now confirmed is that a prehistoric net of merchant communications of vast extent actually involved the whole ancient world in a sort of chronic nomadism. The goods were not passed from hand to hand, farm to farm, village to village, as was once thought, but from the remotest times were actually carried immense distances by caravan and ship for specific purposes of trade. 'It is a fundamental error,' Winckler writes, 'to think of the non-sedentary tribes of the ancient East as unaffected by the civilized point of view and way of life. We must abandon entirely, for example, the concept that the Arabs live and lived in a world of their own. ... The Bedouins still move among ancient cities that preserve to this day the plan and skyline of Babylonian towns—showing how completely at home they were in the Babylonian world.' On the other hand, he reminds us, it is equally false to imagine the ancient city dwellers as stay-at-homes. The ancient Babylonians always pictured their gods as engaged in two main activities, 1) tending cattle, and 2) riding about in wagons. Recently Oppenheim has pointed to the existence of migrant scholars in Mesopotamia in the earliest times, and many have noted that at all times Asia has been overrun with pilgrims, scholars, missionaries—that is, religious as well as commercial and

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military travelers, who fondly believe that they are imitating the wandering ways of the gods in the beginning as they move from shrine to shrine."126

"Like the wandering Gilgamesh?" Blank asked.

"Thank you for getting us back to the subject so tactfully. The Gilgamesh Epic as you know is the greatest Babylonian epic, but it is full of ritual and not so conspicuously 'heroic' as many others. Still, Gilgamesh is undeniably identical with the prototype of all knight-errants and migrating heroes following the course of the sun—Schweitzer, Farwell, Cook, and others have shown that he is our own Herakles."

"I mention this epic with a purpose," said Blank. "Everybody knows how in his wanderings the hero Gilgamesh visited Ut-Napishtim, the Babylonian Noah, who told him the story of the flood."

"The original story of the flood, by the way," F. commented with devastating emphasis. But Professor Schwulst shook his head.

"For forty years," he said, "scholars were convinced that the Babylonian flood story found by Layard in the library of Assurbinipal at Nineveh was just what you say—the original version of the Genesis flood story. But they were very wrong. Many of the texts found in that seventh-century library contained statements to the effect that they were merely copies of much older originals reposing in a far older temple library at Nippur. When the University of Pennsylvania finally got around to digging at Nippur, they immediately discovered a version of the flood story some fifteen hundred years older than the Assurbanipal text, and this Nippur version 'differs fundamentally from the two Nineveh versions, and agrees most remarkably with the Biblical story in very essential details both as to contents and language.'27 For a generation the educated had proclaimed in loud and strident voices that the Nineveh finds had debunked the flood story once for all, but when the later discoveries debunked them in turn, everyone was expected to preserve a polite silence. I cannot blame you for leaping to conclusions, my friend, since all the experts did the same."28

In the next issue Professor Blank places side by side two descriptions of a remarkable type of boat; the one from the book of Ether, the other from Professor Hilprecht's study of the "ark" as depicted in three versions of the Babylonian flood story to which the author adds a fourth text (No. xvi in Gadd's Reader).

(To be continued)

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1 Peet, Compar. Study of the Lit. of Egypt, Palest. and Mesop., p. 26. Whether Prof. Schwulst was quoting from memory or reading from the text cannot be determined at the present time.


4 Ibid., pp. 265, 268; the whole text is translated on pp. 275-280.

5 Ibid., pp. 271-3.

6 C. J. Gadd, A Sumerian Reading book (Oxford, 1924), p. 145. Rather than loading our notes with references to texts we have never read, we shall lean heavily on Gadd and Deimel for our illustrations.


8 Ibid., p. 159; cf. Gadd, op. cit., p. 147 "... let the lightning, thy messenger, go before thee. ...". References to the kings as shepherds and herdsmen are extremely numerous, cf. Deimel pp. 243, 246, 243, 144, 151, etc., Gadd, pp. 55, 109, 111.

9 Deimel, op. cit., p. 143; he is also "the lion of the Desert," ib., p. 324.

10 Gadd, op. cit., p. 105; entirely indistinguishable from the Pyramid Texts is the Sumerian Hymn to the Sun, No. xxi in Gadd, pp. 148-9; it is the most perfect literary parallel imaginable.

11 Deimel, op. cit., p. 278; Gadd, op. cit., pp. 65, 71.


13 Deimel, op. cit., p. 133.

14 Ibid., pp. 234f.


17 Deimel, op. cit., p. 316.

18 Ibid., p. 238. Exactly like the conqueror in the Pyramid Texts, the Sumerian lord "lets no sleep come to his eye," (ib., 161); he is "the one with the far-seeing eye." (Id., 162). In the Enuma Elish the four eyes and four ears of Marduk tell him all that goes on in the four directions (Labat, op. cit., p. 30, n. 43).

(Continued on page 516)
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There Were Jaredites
(Continued from page 514)

"Hugo Radau, Nin-ib the Determiner of Fates, according to the Great Sumerian Epic Lugal-e Ug... etc., (Univ. of Penna., 1910), p. 28.
"Hindo, pp. 27, 36.
"Hindo, pp. 42, 44, 48, 52.
"Hindo, p. 24, where the king appears as the 'Savior' of his people from bondage, (p. 26).


Bruno Meissner, Die Babylonisch-Assyrische Literatur (Wildpark-Potsdam, 1927), pp. 34ff.


Hilprecht, op. cit., p. 61.

As recently as our own decade the journalist M. Ceram could say of the Assurbanian version in his immensely popular book Gods, Graves, and Scholars (N. Y.: Knopf, 1952), p. 278, "Impossible to question the fact that the primal version of the Biblical legend of the Deluge had been found." Nothing could be further from the truth!

Missionary Spirit Dominates Era Campaign
(Continued from page 507)
totals to duplicate their superior accomplishment of last year. Many of their branches—even entire districts—qualified for the Hall of Fame.

Southern States Mission again, as it has for many years, led all missions in total subscriptions. The only Church unit to send in more subscriptions was South Los Angeles. This is even more outstanding in light of recent divisions and reorganizations within the mission.

Moapa Stake, with a membership of fewer than 2,000, had the honor of placing second in percent among stakes and third in the entire Church. The New England Mission and South Los Angeles Stake were the only units with a higher percent. The stake Era director for Moapa reported that as far as she knew there were
The Babylonian Background

II

With your permission I would like to place side by side before you two descriptions of a remarkable type of boat; the one is from the book of Ether, the other from Professor Hilprecht's study of the 'ark' as depicted in three versions of the Babylonian flood story, to which we add a fourth text (No. xvi in Gadd's Reader). First let me present a list of some dozen peculiar features of a Jaredite ship in the words and roughly in the order in which they are given in the second and sixth chapters of Ether:

"First, they were built 'after the manner of barges which ye have hitherto built.' (Ether 2:16.) That is, except in some particulars these boats were not a new design but followed an established and familiar pattern—these really were such boats.
"Second, they were built 'according to the instructions of the Lord.' (2:16.)
"Third, . . . they were exceeding tight, even that they would hold water like unto a dish; and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish; and the sides thereof were tight like unto a dish; . . . (2:17.)
"Fourth, . . . and the ends thereof were peaked. . . . (2:17.)
"Fifth, . . . and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish. . . . (2:17.)
"Sixth, . . . and the length thereof was the length of a tree.' (2:17) 'And they were small, and they were light upon the water, even like unto the lightness of a fowl upon the water.' (2:16.) It is quite plain from this emphasis that the usual type of vessel in those days was some sort of raft, designed simply to float, not to keep out water.
"Seventh, . . . and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish.' (2:17.)
"Eighth, 'And the Lord said . . . thou shalt make a hole in the top, and also in the bottom; and when thou shalt suffer for air thou shalt unstop the hole and receive air. And if . . . the water come in . . . ye shall stop the hole, that ye may not perish in the flood.' (2:17.)
"Ninth, . . . ye shall be as a whale in the midst of the sea; for the mountain waves shall dash upon you. . . . (2:24.)
"Tenth, . . . the Lord caused stones to shine in the darkness, to give light unto men, women, and children, that they might not cross the great waters in the darkness.' (6:13.)
"Eleventh, . . . their flocks and herds, and whatsoever beast or animal or fowl that they should carry with them . . . got aboard of their vessels or barges, . . . (6:4.)
"Twelfth, . . . the Lord caused that there should be a furious wind . . . (6:5.) . . . they were tossed upon the waves of the sea before the wind.' (6:5.) ' . . . the wind did never cease to blow . . . and thus they were driven before the wind.' (6:8.) "Thirteenth, . . . they were many times buried in the depths of the sea. . . . (6:6.) . . . when they were buried in the deep there was no water that could hurt them, their vessels being fight like unto a dish, and also they were tight like unto the ark of Noah . . . . (6:7.) . . . and no monster of the sea could break them, neither whale that could mar them. . . . (6:10.) (See Ether 2 and 6.)

Now with all this in mind, let us go through our thirteen points again, in the same order, but this time with reference to the Babylonian descriptions of the magur boat that Ut-Napishtim built to survive the flood. Throughout we shall confine ourselves to quoting Hilprecht verbatim, lest we be suspected of stretching a point here and there. Each feature in the following list corresponds to something designated by the same number in the Ether list.29

"One, 'This class of boats (we are quoting Hilprecht), according to the Nippur version (the oldest), (were) in use before the Deluge.' In historic times the archaic craft was preserved only in ritual, the gods 'in their boats . . . visiting each other in their temples during certain festivals . . . the Babylonian canals, serving as means of communication for the magur boats of the gods between their various temples at certain festival days . . . Billebeck and Delitzsch show that a certain class of boats really had such a shape.'

"Two, 'In all three versions of the Deluge Story Ut-napishtim receives special instructions concerning the structure of the roof or deck of the boat.' The manner in which he received the revelation is interesting: the will of father Anu, the Lord of Heaven, was transmitted to the hero through a screen or partition made of matting, a kikis, as was ritually used in temples. In the Sumerian version given by Gadd the command is: 'By the wall at my side stand . . . By the wall a word will I speak to thee . . . My pure one, my wise one, by our hand a deluge (shall be caused),' etc.

"Three, there was of course a solid part, strong enough to carry a heavy freight and to resist the force of the waves and the storm.'

"Four, 'Jensen explains MA-TU as a "deluge boat," . . . adding, that when seen from the side it probably resembled the crescent moon.' Moreover, the representations of the sea-going vessels of the Tyrians and the Sidonians . . . show that a certain class of boats really had such a shape.'

"Five, ' . . . the principal distinguishing feature of a magur boat (was) . . . the roof or deck of the boat . . . We notice that in the Babylonian version great stress is laid on the preparation of a proper "roof" or "cover" . . . "Cover it with strong deck," (Nippur Version, II, 9.) . . . with a deck as strong as the earth" or "let its deck be strong like the vault of heaven above."' (Second Nineveh Version, lts. 25.)

"Six, 'the lines containing a brief statement concerning the measures of the ark' have been effaced in the Nippur version. The First Nineveh text says simply: 'Its measures be in proportion, its width and length shall correspond.' Since only one ark was built, as against eight Jaredite vessels, one would hardly expect the dimensions to be the same.

"Seven, 'Furthermore in the First Nineveh Version the boat . . . has a door to be shut during the storm flood.' The various names for the boat 'designate "a boat which can be closed by a door," i.e., practically a "house-boat," expressed in the Hebrew story by an Egyptian loanword, Te'ah, "ark" originally meaning "box, chest, coffin," an essential part of which is its "cover" or "lid."'

"Eight, . . . the boat has . . . a door to be shut during the storm flood and at least one "air-hole" or "window" (nappashu, II 136.).

"Nine, 'The vessel built by Ut-napishtim being such a "house boat" or magur, this word could subsequently also be rendered ideographically by MA-TU, a "deluge boat" A magur boat, then is a "house boat" in which gods, men and beasts can live comfortably, fully protected against the waves washing overboard, the driving rain from above and against the inclemencies of wind and weather.'

"Ten, . . . Sin's magur boat is called "A bright house" (esh azag), in which at times he dwells, as other Babylonian gods . . . do in their boats, when visiting each other in their temples . . . The Moon god himself is represented as living in a bright magur boat through the midst of heaven.'

"Eleven, in a magur boat 'men and beasts live comfortably . . . Nineveh 2:Ut-napishtim is to take 'domestic animals of the field, with wild beasts of the field, as many as eat grass.' Herrmann has recently observed that we are to think of the earliest ships as transports for cattle. The Nippur version mentions 'the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven.'

"Twelve, 'The Storm-winds with exceeding terror, all of them together raced along the deluge, the mighty tempest (?), raged with them . . . and the mighty ship over the great waters the storm-wind had tossed
“Nothing is more remarkable in my opinion,” said Blank, “than the specific statement of Ether that the submarine nature of his ships made them ‘like unto the ark of Noah,’ since that aspect of the ark has never been rightly understood.”

“That is quite right,” Dr. Schuwulst volunteered. “Ancient, medieval, and modern Bible illustrators have made it perfectly clear that they have not the remotest idea what the real ark was like. The window and the door are the only peculiarities mentioned in the brief three verses in Genesis. (6:14-16.) Old pictures depict the ark either as nothing but a big box or chest or as a regular boat: attempts to combine the two forms lead to comical combinations that show plainly enough how inadequate information has been on the subject. I think it is remarkable that the word for window in the Babylonian texts, nappashu, means literally breather or ventilator. This is also the interpretation in Ether, whereas the window in the ark is called a tohar in Genesis, that is a shiner or illuminator.”

**The Shining Stones**

Which do you think is the older version?” F. asked, “the air hole or the skylight?”

“That would be hard to say,” was the reply, “since both are found in the Babylonian texts. As a matter of fact, the rabbis could never agree as to just what the isohar was.”

“What did they say it was?”

“Some said it was a window, but others maintained it was some kind of luminous object by which Noah could tell night from day.”

“Why would he need a gadget to tell night from day?” Blank asked with interest.

“Because according to some, the ark was completely covered over like a tightly shut box, and according to others, it was under the water a good deal of the time.”

“Hold on!” said F. with a laugh. “Aren’t we getting mixed up with Mr. Jared’s ships?”

“And why not?” Blank replied.

“Ether himself says the two types of ship followed the same model.”

“As a matter of fact,” said Professor Schuwulst half to himself, “there may be something to that. Now that I think of it, that luminous object in the ark was supposed to have been some sort of shining stone.”

“So that’s the source of your Jaredite story!” F. cried with satisfaction.

“Not at all,” the Professor rejoined. “The Ether version I believe is a much fuller one than that of the rabbinical tradition and contains some very archaic and significant material that is not found in the other. It has been many years ago, but I am almost sure I once saw some important studies on the shining stones.”

“I wish you could remember where it was,” said Blank. “I long ago gave up hope of finding a parallel to the story anywhere, nor have I ever found anyone either here or abroad who could give me the slightest help on it. This episode in the book of Ether has caused so much sarcastic comment that I have been determined to get to the bottom of it. I must admit it does seem a bit fantastic.”

“In the study of ancient things,” the Professor intoned with uplifted finger, “it is just the fantastic and incongruous which opens the door to discovery—never forget that. In scholarship as in science, every paradox and anomaly is really a broad hint that new knowledge is awaiting us if we will only go after it. Now as to these shining stones, I seem to remember some rather ambitious comparative studies on the subject, inspired by the Sumerian epic material—the Gilgamesh story, that was it!”

“Do you mean that the shining (Continued on page 602)
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There Were Jaredites

(Continued from page 567)

stone episode is found in the Gilgamesh epic?” Blank asked with surprise.

“No, no! At least not directly. I distinctly remember that there were Greek, Sanskrit, and Syrian versions of the story as well as Babylonian.”

Dr. Schwulst frowned in concentration, not a little annoyed that his vaunted memory should have betrayed him if only for the moment. Then turning with a gesture of impatience to his friends: “If you gentlemen will give me just a few hours, I am sure I can run this thing down.”

“Oh, don’t bother,” F. said, but it was the wrong thing to say.

“What do you mean ‘Don’t bother’?”

A thing like this is not to be lightly brushed aside. The story of stones that shine is too strange and rare a thing to let go unexamined. What are we doing here if we are not curious about such things—helping lazy young people to get bread-and-butter degrees maybe? So now I am going to bother myself about this little matter, and if you men care to come back tomorrow perhaps I will have some information for you.”

(To be continued)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The quotations in the list when not otherwise designated are all from Hilprecht, op. cit., pp. 52-55.

Contenu, Le Deluge, pp. 84 ff.

The Family’s Night Home

(Continued from page 563)

“I know,” Mama shook her head, “she collects things like a dark corner. But be patient; there’ll be day of reckoning, and she’ll be taught a lesson. The Lord doesn’t permit joy in ill-gotten gains for long.”

I smiled smugly. “Well, I have ‘em, and I’m going to keep ‘em,” I told myself. “Unless—unless Yolanda might go up and sneak them back while I wasn’t around.” I resolved to go upstairs immediately and put them safely in my pocket.

I opened the door and stepped into the kitchen.

“How you fed the lambs?” Mama asked, knowing I was there without even turning her head.

“No, but I will, just as soon as I go upstairs a minute.” I hurried past and up to my room. Taking the sachet and perfume and earrings, I wrapped them carefully in the blue lace handkerchief. Then with a triumphant smile I tucked them into my pocket and slid down the banister.

They were still discussing me. “I ought to take those things away from her,” Yolanda said threateningly.

I clamped, pretending not to hear. “Kin I take some sugar lumps to the lambs?” I wheedled, as though I didn’t plan to eat some myself.

“I suppose so,” Mama reached into the sugar jar, “but don’t eat more than one yourself.”

The twin lambs teetered on their wobbly legs like novices on stilts, fairly shivering with eagerness as I approached with their bottles. The ground was still muddy from the rain, and I nearly skated off the rail as I climbed over.

“Here Bumpkin and Pumpkin,” I laughed as they clambered anxiously. “I brought you a sugar lump.” I reached in my pocket to pull them out, but to my dismay a corner of the lace handkerchief caught in my closed fist, and out it came, too, spilling its contents into the mud.

The perfume bottle struck a rock and splattered its enticing fragrance over the lambs, and before I could collect my wits to snatch the other bobbles, Bumpkin and Pumpkin had pranced them into the ooze.

Gone! My whole fortune wiped out in a single moment! All, that is, save the blue lace handkerchief! Having lost faith in my pocket, I held that in my teeth as I finished feeding the lambs.

I knew I hadn’t better go to the house with mud all over me, so I stopped to wash at the pump. I hung the handkerchief carefully on the hitching post so it wouldn’t get splashed, solicits as a hen with only one chick.

Up until now I hadn’t considered the Lord and his day of reckoning in this misfortune, but as I bent over the pump there was a whistling sound, and I looked up to see a whirlwind dipping and swaying over the ground.

I watched fascinated as it picked
There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley

BRIIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

The Shining Stones—Continued

Twenty-four hours later the orien-
talist received his two friends with
beaming benevolence and a table
piled with old texts and a number of
bound periodicals.

“Well, sirs,” he began as they sat
down around the table, “I have
something for you! Not much, of
course—that would take some time—but
enough. Let us begin by con-
sidering the Jewish sources that wor-
rried us yesterday, going from the
latest to the earliest. The Midrash
Rabbah tells us that the various con-
fllicting opinions of the rabbis as to
the true nature of the tsobar, the light
in the ark, simply demonstrates the
fact that none of them knew what
it was.31 Rabbi Akiba ben Kahmana,
for example, says it means a skylight,
while R. Levi says it was a precious
stone. R. Phineas, quoted by R. Levi,
explains that ‘during the whole
twelve months that Noah was in the
Ark he did not require the light of
the sun by day or the moon by night,
but he had a polished gem which he
hung up: when it was dim he knew
that it was day, and when it shone
he knew it was night.’ To illustrate
this odd arrangement, Rabbi Huna
tells a story: ‘Once we were taking
refuge from (Roman) troops in the
caves of Tiberias. We had lamps
with us: when they were dim we
knew that it was day, and when they
shone brightly we knew that it was
night.’ The reference to hiding
from the Romans shows that this tra-
tition is at least two thousand years
old. But all such stories seem to go
back to a single source, a brief no-
tice in the Jerusalmi or Palestinian
Talmud, which reports that Noah
was able to distinguish day from night
by certain precious stones he possessed,
which became dim by day and shone
forth by night.32

‘Is it not quite conceivable,’” F.
interposed, “that anyone might em-
broider these accounts into the Jared-
ite story?”

“There is no limit to the embroi-
dery that can be put on a tale, I sup-
pose, but it so happens that the pecu-
uliar elaboration of the story in
Ether follows other and much fuller
and older versions—far older, in fact,
than anything in the Talmud. And
none of those versions was known
when I was a boy. That is what
makes me wonder. What is more, it
seems to me quite unthinkable that
anyone writing the Book of Mormon
at that time either exploited the Jew-
ish sources or knew about them.”

“Why unthinkable?” F. asked.
“Well, first with regard to using
the material, you can be sure that
anyone who had access to this old
Jewish stuff, whether at first or sec-
ond hand, had a gold mine of use-
ful information at his disposal. Yet
he never makes use of any of it with
the exception of this one little note.
Along with that, the chances of any-
one coming across this item seems in-
fininitely remote when one considers
where it is found, namely, in the
Palestinian Talmud.”

“What is so inaccessible about the
Palestinian Talmud?”

“Everything. One might have been
reading sometime in the Babylonian
Talmud, but in the Jerusalem Tal-
mud? Never!—only eminent rabbis
ever read or cite it.33 Do you see
these four modest volumes? They
represent all the printed editions of
the Palestinian Talmud that have ever
appeared! Two of them came out
after 1860, and could not have been
used by the author of Ether; the other
two are the Bomberg edition of 1523
and 1524 which as you see contains
no commentary, and the Cracow edi-
tion of 1609, with a very short com-
mentary on the margin.”

“How about translations?” Blank
inquired.

“Even worse. In 1781 a small sec-
tion was translated into German—it
was not the section in which our
story occurs, by the way—and there
was nothing after that until the Ger-
man translation of 1880. Schwab’s
French translation done between 1871
and 1890 is the best known; Schwab
also undertook an English version in
1886 but only completed the begin-
ning of it. But no translation was
available in any modern language in
1830, and who could read the origi-
nal?34 Who can read it today? It is
in the difficult West Aramaic dialect
—not the East Aramaic of the Baby-
lonian Talmud, which is close to
modern Hebrew—and so many of the
words are technical that nobody
knows what they mean anyway.35 It
is much smaller and is considered
much duller than the Babylonian
Talmud—and who reads that? Right
now Professor Zeitlin is loudly pro-
claiming that the host of scholars at
work on the Dead Sea Scrolls are
one and all unqualified to read
medieval Hebrew—which means that
he is about the only man in America
who can! The scholars and ministers
who studied Hebrew in America in
1830’s knew rabbinical Hebrew no
better than they do today; their whole
interest was in the Old Testament,
and if any of them ever looked into
the Talmud, you can be sure it was
not the Jerushalmi. Then too we
must not overlook the fact that the
Jewish accounts do not say that Noah
used the gems for illumination, but
only to distinguish day from night.”

“That seems like a strange quib-
ble,” said F.

“Yet all the sources insist on it. They
never come out and say that
Noah used the stones for lamps, but
only that he used them to tell day
from night. That no doubt seems
strange to you, but it happened to be
a subject of considerable concern and
discussion among the ancient doctors,
both Jewish and Moslem. They had
a good deal to say about distinguish-
ing when it was day and when night
by such ingenious methods as hang-
ing up a black and a white thread
side by side or by distinguishing cer-
tain forms or objects of certain size
and certain shape. You see in their
way of thinking it is extremely im-
portant for ritual reasons to know
when it is night and when it is day.
There was a whole branch of divine
science devoted to the subject, and
this naturally was the aspect of the
shining stones that would interest any
rabbī—not the problem of illumination. I can assure you that only a rabbī would ever have read this passage in America a hundred years ago. Apart from all this, it is quite plain to me that the account in Ether was not taken from the Jewish sources. As I said, it is much nearer to a far more ancient source of recent discovery; for example, your book of Ether says that the brother of Jared made transparent stones by ‘moltening’ them out of rock—the word is perfectly good English, by the way, though archaic. Where do you think he got the idea?”

“I have read the book to oblige Blank here,” said F. “As I recall, the Lord is supposed to have told him what to do.”

“Nothing of the sort!” cried Blank. “In building his ships there were three problems which the brother of Jared recognized as insoluble by conventional means, namely the problem of navigation under condition of perpetual storm with overcast skies, the problem of ventilation, and the problem of lighting. (Ether 2:19.) As to the last of these, the Lord told him that the usual methods of lighting by windows and fire would not do—the wording of Ether 2:23 makes it quite clear that those were the ordinary methods used. But instead of solving the Jaredites’ problem for them by giving them a light on the spot or telling them how to make one, the Lord put the brother of Jared entirely on his own by retorting to his question, ‘. . . Lord, wilt thou suffer that we shall cross this great water in darkness?’ with another question: ‘What will ye that I should do that ye may have light in your vessels? . . .’” (Ether 2:22, 25.)

“And being thus thrown back on his own resources, what would the great man do?” Schwulst asked with a smile. “He would do what he had done before—follow the example of Noah. So he proceeded to cast some clear transparent stones in the hope that they might be made to shine in the dark.”

“Did Noah do that?” F. asked with astonishment.

“That is the part I am now coming to, if you will have a little patience. First of all, then, the brother of Jared made some transparent stones by ‘moltening’ them out of rock, a process requiring a very high temperature indeed. Now the oldest writings of India, reporting her oldest traditions, have a good deal to say about a particular stone that shines in the dark; such a stone, we are told, can be produced only by subjecting a stone or the heart of a person who died of poison to terrific heat—it must in fact be kept in an exceedingly hot fire for no less than nine years! This would turn it to a perfectly clear, transparent crystal, we are told, and this crystal would illuminate even the deepest darkness and sometimes shine as brightly as the sun.”

Meyer and Printz have traced this strange belief from India to China and the West, where it is mentioned by some of the most celebrated scholars of the Middle Ages. It was even believed in Europe that the Holy Grail was such a jewel and of such fiery power that the phoenix bird cremated itself in its heat and was thus reborn, for among other things the stone had the power of regeneration.”

“And what,” said F., “has that to do with the shining stones of the ark?”

“A great deal, if you will follow me. The stone was known to the Greeks and hence to the Middle Ages as the Pyrophilos or ‘Friend of Fire,’ and is most fully described in the Indian sources which say it was a perfectly transparent crystal and also went by the name of ‘Moonfriend’ and Jalalanta or ‘that which causes the waters to part.’ For among all its marvelous properties, such as protecting its bearer from poisons, lightning, fire, and enemies, its most particular power and virtue was that it enabled its possessor to pass unharmed through the depths of the waters.”

“Dear me!” Blank interrupted. “That is surely something of a coincidence: a transparent stone formed with fierce heat that shines in the dark and guides and preserves its owner beneath the waves! Where do you think the Indians got all that?”

“That has been the subject of considerable search,” Schwulst replied. “and it is quite clear that the tradition did not originate in India, though it may have been brought there at a very early time by an offspring of the same Indo-European people to whom the story has been traced far to the north. But it has been so traced only by following a trail that led to the earliest Babylonian accounts of guess what—the deluge! Later writers quote a letter from the philosopher Aesclapius to the Emperor Augustus, in which he describes the Pyrophilos as the heart of a poisoned man turned into stone by nine years in the furnace; he also says that Alexander the Great possessed such a stone, which he carried in his belt, but that once while he was bathing he laid the belt aside, and a serpent stole the stone and vomited it into the Euphrates.”

Aristotle tells the same story three hundred years earlier, and other Greek writers know of it many years before Alexander was born. In these older versions the stone is interchangeable with the plant of life—it was a life-giving stone, as the case of the phoenix shows—or the ‘medicine of immortality.’ In this form the story is identical with the prehistoric Sumerian tale of Gilgamesh and the plant of life, as many scholars were prompt to recognize as soon as the latter was published towards the end of the nineteenth century. Printz points out that this relationship illustrates both the immense span of time over which traditions can survive and the degree to which they can become distorted in the process of transmission and still preserve clearly recognizable traits. This story, in fact, seems to go back to that pre-Sumerian epic milieu that Kramer talks about. In the oldest Babylonian version only one person can tell the hero how and where to get the plant of life, and that person is Ut-napishtim, the Babylonian Noah. He it was who had possessed the plant of life which from the earliest times seems to be confused with a shining stone.”

“Where do we find the stone?”

“In the west—in Syria. There we find a most interesting series of ritual texts which for fulness and detail are hardly to be matched anywhere. The actual documents cover a full two thousand years, and the things they deal with are far older, as a little comparative study will show. Through all that period they tell essentially the same story, the now well-known ‘Year-Drama’ in which the death and resurrection of the (Continued on following page)
There Were Jaredites

“We may also recall,” Blank commented, “that the magur-boat of the Sumerian Noah was compared with the moon, not only because it was crescent-shaped and wandered through space for twelve months, but especially because it was illuminated by a miraculous light.”

“Then couldn’t the whole story of a miraculously illuminated ark have come down from an original moon-cult?” F. demanded.

“A boat may remind anyone of the moon after it is built,” Blank replied, “but the moon cannot have supplied the model for any workable boat. The moon is always there for all to see, but one can only compare it with a boat after one has seen not only the moon but boats as well. You can see from that that our whole story must start with a boat. You know as well as I do that the oldest graves and the oldest temples in the world contain beautiful and accurate boat-models and sometimes full-sized boats. Whatever the symbolism may be, they are always real boats or scale models of such. Today the experts are playing around a good deal with the idea that these boats refer to some great primal migration, for which the ark of Noah is the archetype. Granted the boat theme, the ancients were free to add any ritual or mythological frills that caught their fancy, the most obvious being the moon motif which every poet discovers independently. But the whole thing began with a real boat, not with the ‘nature myths’ that were once so popular with scholars but have now been so completely discredited.”

“On that point,” said Professor Schwult, “we must insist that the Babylonian coloring of this and many other tales of great antiquity does not imply for a moment that the story itself has a Babylonian origin. Take the Greek stories of Deucalion’s flood, for example: They go back to prehistoric times and to sources far older than any Bible manuscripts we possess. Yet no one ever suggests that the deluge story originated with the Greeks. Why not? Simply because the Greek versions of the story have been known all along and did not need to be dug up by archaeologists. If they had first been discovered in the nineteenth century, you can be sure they would have been instantly hailed as debunking the Bible! But let us return to our Syrian stone.

“Jirku has pointed out that the moon cult of Syria goes back to prehistoric times, so that what Lucian is describing is of great age—albeit overlaid, as such old traditions always are, by all sorts of mythologized and rationalized explanations. Macrobius, for example, says the image of the Lady was crowned with an arrangement designed to represent a sunburst of rays ‘which symbolize the way in which Mother Earth is made to bring forth life by the fructifying rays sent from above.’ In his day the stone was not working, apparently, but the crown on the image was designed to look as if it emitted a life-giving light.”

Carl Clemen believes that the report that one of the jewels that adorned the image of the Goddess actually shone in the dark is ‘naturally an impossibility.”

“Do you think there actually could have been such a stone?” F. asked.

“I think you will find in Athanasius Kirchner that the ancients were familiar with the properties of such fluorescent stones as barite, which will shine for some time in the dark after exposure to the sunlight or after being placed near a fire. The question would require some looking into, but it is notable that all sources describe the shining stones only as part-time illuminators: they seem to fade out completely during the day. But after all what we are dealing with here is not scientific or historic fact, but literary and legendary coincidence, which can be just as instructive in its way. Here, for example, Stocks points out that the image of the ark at the great Syrian shrine was represented by an altar with a burning fire on it which seemed to be floating on a lake so that the devout could only gain access to it by swimming.”

“A sort of baptism, eh?” said F. with a laugh.

“It is not so fantastic, at that,” Schwult replied. “Remember, we have in things like this a great wealth and intermingling of typology—one thing is the type of another. In the earliest times the shining stone was confused with the plant of life, as we have seen; and we have just noted that Macrobius describes the light of the lady’s crown as life-giving.”

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Servicemen in West Germany

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for nearly all to attend meetings throughout the mission area. A great help can be rendered by those desiring someone to be reached within the mission if they will send the necessary information to the West German Mission, Frankfurt am Main, Bettinastrasse, 55, Germany. This has been done many times with heartwarming results. The closeness and love felt within the groups are very deep, and many who have never before felt the need of the Church find here a great spiritual awakening.

In connection with the above program, an intensified drive for all group leaders to write the bishops and quorums of men not receiving Church publications has been begun. Group leaders are furnished form letters and information for this purpose. The importance of these to the men cannot be over-stressed. Many times they stand between the man and his succumbing to the great pressures of the world around him, and they serve as excellent missionary aids. At the present, only from ten to twenty percent of the men are receiving this support.

With many fine accomplishments behind it and many high objectives before it, the “Modern Mormon Battalion” marches on.

The strength it exhibits is best described by LDS Chaplain Theodore Curtis, Jr. Asked to speak to the Protestant chaplains on ways they could improve their “Protestant Men of the Chapel” program for lay personnel participation, Chaplain Curtis cited the activity being done among the LDS groups, and pointed out: “Wherever you have two LDS men come together, you have a ‘Men of the Chapel’ organization. Their program does not require pushing by monthly banquets with distinguished speakers. In fact, we have to get out of the way to keep from being run over.”

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“I remember,” said Blank, “that in the Book of Mormon Lehi had something like the equivalent of Jared’s shining stone, and that was the Liahona. And we are told very plainly that there was a ‘type in this thing’” (Alma 37:39-46.)
“That is thoroughly characteristic of oriental thinking,” Dr. Schwults observed. “In a recent study on the Urism and Thummim, Schoneveld has emphasized the idea the Urism does get its name from the root Or-, which means light and does imply that it was some sort of shining stone; it was the chief jewel of the twelve gems on the ephod of the high priest, which were nothing less than ‘the symbol of God’s presence.’ According to Schoneveld, these stones were not introduced by Moses, ‘but were already known in the times before the institution of the high priest’s ritual clothing.’ It has also recently been shown that the peculiar endings of the names Urism and Thummim are not Hebrew plurals at all, but much older plurals.”

“Strange how everything points to another people,” Blank observed.

“Yes, Lucian already gives us a hint when he says that the Deucalion or Noah revered at the Syrian shrine was not a Greek or Oriental but a Scythian—an Indo-European from the north.”

“Where did the Sumerians come from,” asked F., “if they brought their culture and legends with them into Mesopotamia?”

“No question has been more debated than that one,” was the reply, “but as of today we can do no better than to follow Speiser, who has sought the original home of the Sumerians long and diligently, and now concludes (where is that note?): the Sumerians arrived at the head of the Persian Gulf . . . from the east, probably by sea, although their original home . . . has to be sought beyond the Iranian province,’ that is, away off in the middle of Asia somewhere—Speiser offers three suggestions: Transcaucasia, Transcaspia, and Parthisia.”

“Then who knows what may lie behind all this?” cried the perplexed F.

“One thing is certain: it is a world we dream not of. If the story of Jared’s boats is not a true one, it is certainly a supremely clever tale, incredibly ingenious to have come from anyone in 1830.”

“Let us sum up this business of the shining stones as it stands,” Blank suggested.

“A good idea,” replied the Orientalist, “especially since I have led you on such a tortuous way. Well then, (Continued on following page)
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first we found, tucked away in the corner of an old, obscure, and completely neglected Jewish writing a very brief passage that suggested, along with alternatives, that Noah had shining jewels or stones in the ark, which he used for telling stories from day rather than as illumination. That is all the Jews tell us, so far as I can find out, and it is not much. Next we found some traditions about the forming of shining stones by a heat process, and noted that the world-wide dispersion of those traditions indicated their great antiquity. We found then that the shining stone thus produced everywhere went by the same name and was thought to possess the same marvelous properties and powers, the most remarkable of which was its power to enable its owner to pass through the depths of the water. Next it was easy to identify this stone with the very stone that Alexander the Great lost in the Euphrates in an episode which many scholars were quick to identify with a central occurrence in the Gilgamesh epic: the loss of the plant of Life which had once belonged to Ur-napishtim, the Babylonian Noah, who alone could tell the hero Gilgamesh where and how to obtain it. Then we turned to the most renowned survival of a cult of Noah in the ancient world and found that the most remarkable cult object at that shrine was a wonderful stone that shone in the dark—Lucian actually claims to have seen it in operation...

"A monument to human gullibility," F. interposed.

"You miss the point entirely," Blank countered. "This stuff does not rely on its historical accuracy for its significance."

"What would you say was significant about it, then?"

"For one thing it illustrates beautifully a thing we are now pointing out with increasing insistence, namely, that the wild, exotic, unbridled oriental imagination we hear so much about simply does not exist. Where, for example, could you find a more complete and total lack of creative imagination? The same old motifs occur over and over again for thousands of years, the only changes being the accretions of equally unoriginal local stuff and the inevitable inaccuracies of transmission. Of originality not a spark! Always the same thing over and over again."

"In other words, the wild excesses of the oriental fancy are themselves largely an invention of the wild excesses of western fancy!" Schwalb laughed.

"I think that is extremely important, for it shows that when we get a theme like the shining stones, we can be sure that it is not the product of some imaginative village storyteller but began either as a real event or by some unique and forgotten act of general literary creation."

"As a matter of fact," Schwalb commented, "it has been shown time and again that your village storyteller is one of the most reliable depositories of archaic lore, which he preserves intact through the centuries: No one could be less guilty of imagining things!"

"But what if the Ether story is only literary creation?" asked F.

"That makes no difference to its value as evidence," for the question is not, 'How did the author of that book know about those events?' but simply 'How could he possibly have known anything about those stories?' Remember, the key to the whole thing was the Gilgamesh epic which was not discovered until long after many editions of the Book of Mormon had appeared; without that source all the other materials from East and West remain quite meaningless. But as soon as students had access to that work they began pointing out borrowings and connections on every side, all pointing to a common origin. Knowing nothing, though, about the book of Ether, the scholars have obligingly demonstrated, among other things, that the wonderful Pyrophilus which has all the properties of Jared's stones is to be found ultimately in the possession of Noah. Of those same stones the Talmud preserves a dim but unmistakable memory, a mere hint from which the details in Ether could never have been reconstructed, but none-the-less a witness which puts a final stamp of authenticity on the old story. More than that I cannot tell you now."

(To be continued)

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"Ibid., citing Midr. Rab. XXXI, 11.

"Loc. cit.

"Talmud Jerushalmi, Pesachim 1, i, Schwab Trsl., Paris, 1882, V 2, cited by E. Mangeot, in F. Vigouroux, Dictionnaire de la Bible (Paris, 1894), I, 923. Mangeot's own reflection is that "it is ridiculous to say with Rabbi Ahia-ben-Zeira that in the midst of darkness of the Ark Noah could distinguish day from night by the aid of pearls and precious stones, whose luster grew pale by day and shone forth by night."


"Ibid., p. 92.

"The Babylonian Talmud, "so rich in dialectical subtleties, and so full of technicalities and elliptical expressions, that the translator almost insurmountable difficulties..." It would sometimes require a whole volume of commentary to supplement the translation of a single chapter of the original... This explains why the various attempts at translating the whole of the Babylonian Talmud have been a failure, so that as yet only comparatively few Masechetoth of this Talmud have been translated, and these translations are in many cases not intelligible enough to be fully understood by the reader who is not yet familiar with the original text and with the spirit of the Talmud."

"Ibid., pp. 89-90. Yet this Talmud is far simpler and, infinitely better known than the Palestinian Talmud!

"The old Indian literature is full of this theme," according to J. J. Meyer, "Das unverbrinnbare Herz und der Edelstein Pyrophilus," Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft, 86 (1932), p. 97. Though many jewels have been suggested as the original shining stone—sapphire, sapphire, etc., the favored candidate in Indian lore is the ruby, called the sun stone because of its fiery nature."

"Regardless of the original substance, it was the hardening and purifying action of fire that achieved the miraculous transformation: it was believed that even hailstones, clear crystalline pellets, could be used to create jewels by fire!"

"Ibid., pp. 95-97. The result was always a clear crystal, ibid., p. 99.


"Printz, op. cit., p. 196 ff. quotes relevant passages from Albertus Magnus, Thomas Cantimpratensis, Conrad of Meigenberg, Vincent of Beauvais, and others, all of whom give slightly varying versions.

"The Aristotelian passage is lost, though it is referred to as a source by later writers and quoted by an unnamed fourteenth century writer in a passage reproduced by Printz, op. cit., p. 197. An earlier version than the Alexander story is given by a Scholiast to a lost play of Sophocles, in A. Nauck, Tragicorum Graecorum Fragmenta, 2nd Ed., (Leipzig, 1889), p. 209.

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"It is called a pharmakon agerasia or "specific against old age" in the fragment cited in the preceding note; see below, n. 46.

4P. Jensen, Assyrisch-babylonische Mythen und Epen, in Kellinschriften Bibliothek (Berlin, 1901), VI, 230-3. Lines 282 ff. from the XI Tablet of the Gilgamesh epic will illustrate the remarkable commingling of familiar motifs in this very ancient epic.

I will disclose, O Gilgamesh, a hidden thing and . . . tell it to you. That plant is like a thorn in the field. Its thorn will pierce thy hand like a thorny vine; it will pierce through thy hand. When thy hands grasp that plant, thou canst return again to thy land. When Gilgamesh heard this, he opened the . . . He tied heavy stones on his feet, and they dragged him down into the ocean (and he found the plant). He cut the heavy stones loose, and a second one he cast down to his side.

Then Gilgamesh (on the way home) saw a pool of water, which was cold, and he went down into it and washed himself with water. A serpent smelled the fragrance of the plant, came up . . . and took the plant away. Then when he came back he mocked and taunted (Gilgamesh), and Gilgamesh sat himself down and wept . . .

Though the stones on the feet are the key to the story, according to Pritz, identifying the plant of life definitely with the shining stone Pyrophilos, which Alexander lost in the same way, even the casual reader will note in this brief excerpt various striking parallels to the story of man's fall.

6H. Stocks, in Beiträge zu ältesten Sprachen, IV, 12.

6Lucian, De Syriaco Dea, 12-13. Stocks, op. cit., IV, 7-8, noting that Lucian's flood story is neither Babylonian nor Greek. He maintains, p. 10, that Lucian rightly refers to Deskallon, the local Noah, as a Scythian. Gilgamesh's friend and double Humbaba is obviously the Kombabas whose legend Lucian here recounts: it is a version of the sacrifice and resurrection motif.


6Ibid., c. 32.

6A. Jirku, "Der Kult des Mondgottes im alten Palästina-Syrien," Zschr. d. Dt. Mgl. Ges. 100 (1931), 222-4, showing that the cult was prominent both at Ras Shamra and Jericho in very ancient times. The prominence of Kombabas alone at the Syrian shrine is enough to guarantee the great age of its rites.

6Macrobius, cited in Stocks, op. cit., p. 15.

6C. Clemen, Ludwigs Schrift über die syrische Göttin, Heth 3/4, 1938, of Der Alte Orient, No. 37, p. 42.

6Stocks, op. cit., p. 6.

6J. Schoneveld, in Orientalia Neerlandica, P. 222.


6Supra, note 48.

6E. A. Speiser, in Hebrew Union College Annual, 23, p. 355.
Epic Milieu in the Old Testament

HAVING CONSIDERED Egypt and Mesopotamia, the friends moved by inexorable degrees into the epic worlds of Ugarit and the Hurrians, the Hittites, the Phoenicians, the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Celts, the Germans and Scandinavians, the Slavs, and the heroic cultures of the late Middle Ages, which take their cue from the Arabs and Persians, from whom also come the heroic traditions of modern nations. In some of these areas Professor F. and his friend Blank had the advantage of Schuwlist himself, and insisted on prolonging the discussions to such lengths that it is impossible to follow them here. Although we must pass by many heroic epics and ages for want of space to do them justice, some of the newer finds are so significant for the study of the book of Ether that we must give them at least a passing glance on our way back to the Jaredites.

First of all, there is a surprising new development involving the patriarchs of the Old Testament. Recent studies on Abraham have emphasized that great patriarch’s dual role as a chief of wandering nomads on the one hand and a highly educated representative of the great and sophisticated civilizations of Babylonia and Egypt on the other. The discovery that Abraham lived in a house as well as a tent came as a great surprise in the 1930s: “We had been accustomed to think of Abraham as a simple dweller in tents,” writes Sir Leonard Woolley, “and find him a possible occupant of a sophisticated brick house in a city.” This is a reminder that the tent life and city life, far from being mutually exclusive, normally go together in heroic ages. And to follow Cyrus Gordon, Abraham’s age was certainly a heroic one.

“Abraham was of Mesopotamian origin,” writes Gordon, “and his son and grandson married girls from their kin in Mitanni. At the same time, Egyptian blood was in the Patriarchal household. . . . The Patriarchal Hebrews enjoyed the ideal spot and the ideal time to fall heir to the rich and varied heritage of the ancient Near East; when Egypt and Babylon were nearly spent, the pastoral and seminomadic purity of Patriarchal life saved the Hebrews from the decadence of that cosmopolitan age.” The age in question, according to Gordon, was the Amarna period, “the pivotal era of the ancient Near East. In it were blended the civilizations of Mesopotamia, Anatolia, Canaan, Caphtor and Egypt.” He thus places Abraham a full six hundred years later than conventional scholarship dates him. But the earlier period, circa 2000 B.C., was also a typical heroic age like the Amarna period, a time when the whole ancient world was overrun by great mixed hordes under the leadership of chieftains who drove horse-drawn chariots, had formidable new weapons, and bore Aryan, that is Indo-European, names. Both ages were typical migration times, times of world upheaval and collapse of great civilizations. A scholar who places Abraham in the earlier period tells us that his father Terah belonged to “a motley and mobile population,” moving among the cities of Mesopotamia,” and asserts that “it would not be surprising to discover at Mari (a city in northern Mesopotamia) a record of Terah’s request of Zirrimil for permission to pass through his territories”

“Motley” societies, we should note, are not the product of long evolution or stable conditions. Such are only the result of the throwing together of enforced migrants in a time of crisis. The hosts that conquered and occupied both Egypt and Mesopotamia in the early second millennium, and the People of the Sea and their relatives who struck again in the fourteenth century B.C., were such mixed hordes. Abraham has close family ties with the great contemporary “heroic” civilization of the Hurrians, but what puts the genuine heroic stamp on his doings, according to Gordon, is first of all the authentic saga character of the patriarchal biblical narrative. Certain things in those narratives, such as romantic marriage and contests between brothers, are found only in heroic literature and heroic ages. “Just as the social institutions of the narratives are paralleled in Nuzu, the literary motifs of the narratives are paralleled often and plainly enough in the legends of Ugarit.” Now the Nuzu texts referred to have a Hurrian background, while the Ugaritic texts, though ritual and liturgical in nature, are full of genuine epic material.

Thus in the Ugaritic story of Baal we find that hero passionately declaring: “Whether king or commoner be invested with sovereignty over the land, Respects I will not send to the God Mot, nor greetings to II’s beloved, the hero!” This is the old story of the great lord who refuses to pay respects to another great lord lest it look like submission. Meanwhile the position of his bitter rival Mot is clear. “He meditates in his inwards: ‘I alone am he who will rule over the gods, Yea, command gods and men, even dominate the multitudes of the earth.’” This statement followed a vain attempt to seize Baal’s throne of dominion on the cedar mountain. In threatening terms the world is told to submit to Mot: “at the feet of Mot bow and fall, prostrate yourselves and honor him!” He has a magnificent golden throne made for him and a golden bowl, objects which from their description are like those which have been unearthed at Tepe Gawra, according to our editor, and go back to the middle of the fourth millennium B.C., which may be almost in Jaredite times. Next there is a penalty mentioned against the hero who smote “Lotan, the writhing serpent, Didst destroy the crooked serpent the accursed one of seven heads.” Again this puts us in mind of the many archaic Mesopotamian seals depicting the hero fighting with a flaming serpent. What is the origin of the Hydra, the seven-headed serpent, whose heads only multiply as fast as they are cut off? The only thing to suggest it in actual experience is the attempt to cut down pestiferous creatures that have one hopelessly outnumbered. It seemed to the pio-

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neers that every cricket killed only made way for seven more. Whenever one looks in the early epics there is the same clear and vivid memory of a great plague of serpents, of which the book of Ether gives us the fullest and best description.

Next our Baal epic reports a great assembly of the gods on Hmry, which Gordon identifies with Mt. Hermon. This assembly is often mentioned in the Jewish apocryphal writings as the assembly of the Fallen Ones that took place on Mt. Hermon after the flood. There we are told they founded a world-order which was in imitation and opposition to God’s order, but which succeeded in oppressing the human race by its false authority. These apocryphal writings have always been thought to be mere fantasies, the medieval inventions of overwrought oriental imaginations, but the Ras Shamra fragments now vindicate their antiquity. In the end, according to the latter, “all the gods finally go and submit to Mot who is the Devil, in the city of Mt. Hermon (Hmry), while Aliyan Baal also submits to the haughty and glorious Mot.” This submission is by messenger, as in the other heroic tales we have considered.

In the light of these newly found epic texts, our whole idea of Hebrew beginnings must be changed. “The magnificent structure of Old Testament higher criticisms is not to be brushed aside,” writes Gordon, “but its individual results can no longer be accepted unless they square with the Hebrew text as we can now understand it in the light of parallel literatures from the pagan forerunners and contemporaries of the Hebrews, in Bible lands.” If men have missed the point of Ether entirely, so have they missed the point of the patriarchal narratives of the Bible. Both sources now take us back to the same heroic world.

Of particular interest to students of the Jaredites and the epic milieu is the very recently discovered Phoenician inscription of Karatepe, dated variously between 800 and 725 B.C. The inscription was ordered by King Azitawaddu, who behaves “after the manner of the Assyrians,” though his people are the Dananians. “I restored the Dananians,” he boasts. “I extended the land of the Plain of Adana from the rising of the sun unto its setting... I established peace with every King... and I builted fortresses in all the remotest borders, in the places in which there were lawless fellows, chiefs of robber bands, none of whom had been submissive to the house of Mushi.” It is the old familiar story, including the classification of all who refuse submission to Shiz or Coriantum as outlaws:

I, Azitawaddu, placed them beneath my feet (i.e., the robber bands), and I built fortresses in those places so that the Dananians might inhabit them... and I humbled mighty lands in the west... I brought them down; I settled them at my extreme borders in the east.”

He sets up a center of control for all his conquests and gives it his own name: “I built this city, and I determined (its) name Azitawaddiya, because Ba’al and Rephesh of the he-goats they made me to build it... that it might be a bulwark for the Plain of Adana and for the House of Mupshu... So I have built this city, named it Azitawaddiya, and enthroned the son of Ba’al and instituted sacrifices.” Note that the city does not grow up gradually, but is founded by the great chief, as Jaredite cities were, and given his name. “And this city shall possess grain and wine, and this people whose children shall dwell [here] shall possess cattle and sheep and grain and wine... and they shall be exceedingly mighty, and they shall serve exceedingly well unto Azitawaddu and to the House of Mupshu for the sake of Ba’al and the gods.”

A clearer exposition of the system and purpose of city founding as we explained it in The World of the Jaredites could not be asked. But what rings the heroic note in our inscription is the magic name of “the

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House of Mopshu.” For this Mopshu is none other than the Mopsus who figures so largely in the Greek heroic legends that “scientific” scholarship has always believed to be nature myths.

“In our text,” writes the editor, “we thus have a tangible approach to this hero of Greek saga, who, born of Manto, the daughter of Teiresias, came to Cilicia before the fall of Troy.”

In southeast Asia Minor the legendary Mopsus built three famous cities, and here in a tangible inscription we find a descendant of his building and dedicating another city, and a very real one. The German critical method long since decided that the idea of heroes building cities (a very conspicuous theme in the book of Ether) was purely mythological fancy, since cities, like everything else, were required by the prevailing scientific theory to be the product of a slow and gradual evolution.

But to return to our Ugaritic texts of five hundred years earlier. In them “the currents of the Semitic and Indo-European worlds crossed. The Semitic cultural elements . . . included a strong admixture from Mesopotamia. The Indo-European elements embraced the Hittite and especially the Minoan.”

Since those words were written, we have learned that the Minoans were our cousins the Greeks. All the great races and cultures of antiquity seem here to be mixed up together in an heroic “swarming-time.” And the figures of the Old Testament are in it with the rest:

The importance of the epic tradition underlying prose biblical history down to David’s reign, though long surmised, is first beginning to take concrete shape. . . . We are now able to see that an epic approach (if not an actual epic stage) underlying our prose accounts has affected the content of presolomonic Hebrew history.

In the composition of this history Gordon finds “a distinctive epic attitude,” which gives priority in the histories to those things which would “be included in the epic repertoire . . . events of epic allure,” which enjoys a conspicuous place in the pre-Solomonic histories.

THE HITTITES AND OTHERS

Until the 1920’s all that was known about the Hittites was that Abraham had dealings with them. Now we know them as the oldest representatives of our Indo-European languages and customs and a people quite as ancient as the Egyptians or Babylonians. Their society was remarkably heroic. The king lived in a state of constant migration, in the summer going forth on his sacred mission of conquering and subduing the world, in the winter moving from city to city in a sacred progress which was regarded as a single protracted festal called the nuntariashash. The king was the ruler of the world, the ever-victorious conqueror who moved forward in the thunder; yet his office was elective “as among the Anglo-Saxons and other Germanic peoples.”

As a result, Hittite history begins with the grim rivalry between two kings who have been nominated by competing groups of great lords, “and the subsequent history of the kingdom is fraught with revolts and rebellions on the part of the king’s kinsmen.” It is the old Jaredite story all over again!

The Hittite kings, like the Jaredites, exchanged messengers and letters with rivals whom they challenged to personal combat and whose followers they tried to “draw off.” Thus the greatest Hittite ruler writes to his equally great Hurrian rival: “The people of Kizzuwatna are Hittite cattle and have chosen their stable; they have deserted the Hurrian and gone over to My Majesty.” Among the Hittites “the king’s kinsmen, called the ‘Great Family,’ enjoyed special privileges, which they constantly abused.”

The usual things happened: when a Hittite king was actually taking Babylon about 1600 B.C., his son the crown prince was leading a conspiracy of princes against him at home; the unilineal son was banished but his youthful successor was murdered upon returning home from a campaign by his brother-in-law. This set off “a sorry period of palace murders and intrigues . . . which lasted for several generations and reduced the kingdom to a condition little short of anarchy.”

In one letter we read of a noble who came as a fugitive to the Hittite king from the oppression of the great lord Attarissiyas (identified by Forrer with the Greek hero Atreus). The Hittite king bestowed a dukedom on his noble suiplicant and saved him when the Lord Attarissiyas tracked him down and attacked him in his mountain domain. And what did our noble do to show his gratitude? He joined forces with the terrible Attarissiyas and raided the lands of his Hittite benefactor?

What could ever bind such men to allegiance? Ties of marriage (all the great Hittite houses were intermarried), and especially oaths! The oath is almost an obsession with the Hittites. Every vassal swore to be eternally faithful to his lord and to support him against all his enemies, and every year the eternal oath of fealty was renewed (just to play safe) along with a formal payment of tribute. Anyone who failed in his oath and tribute was brought to the palace and kept in dignified imprisonment there, for in theory no noble could be put to death, being himself a free agent.

Nobody else in the state was free, all others existing simply to serve and support the nobles. Workers were bound to the land and could not marry outside the estate on which they lived. "The Hittite state was the creation of an exclusive caste superimposed on the indigenous population of the country." We read of a king who punished a perjurer by taking his sword from his side and making him a farmer.

With intriguing princes all about, revolution was always just around the corner, and the king was actually the leader of an army of occupation. We are told that the first Hittite king, after subduing the whole land, sent his sons "each to every part of the land . . . and governed the land, and the great cities of the land were assigned to them." The empire was a mesh of fortified cities, these cities actually being but permanent fortified camps to which the king would summon all his vassals to take the oath to him before setting out on the spring campaign.

Each city controlled the very active business and commercial life of the empire (for the Hittites were great businessmen) through its "city messengers," and special commissioners. The more important centers had in each a prince and a palace, the palace, being both temple, fortress, and "a transmission and control center for the passage of wares." So let us not imagine that there was anything

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"primitive" about the civilization of the Hittites: it was rich, sophisticated, mobile, restless, brutal, acquisitive, energetic, and military, in all of which the reader will scarcely need to be reminded of the Jaredites.

From various letters of the Hittites we learn that their great houses had extensive political, economic, and family ties with the lords of the Ahhiyawa to the west. It is pretty certain by now that these were none other than Homer's Achaeans. And so we are back to Chadwick: Since Homer furnishes the yardstick by which other heroic ages are measured, there is not much point in demonstrating that Homer's world is heroic. Yet since we are dealing with the beginning of things, it is not amiss to point out that in those passages of Homer which are admittedly most archaic we have to do with a world identical with the epic milieu of the earliest Egyptians and Sumerians.

The Apollo of the opening scenes of the Iliad is not the shining youth of the classical tradition but a grim war lord of the steppes, who comes from the far northeast, the land of the Hyperboreans, sweeping like a storm wind across the plain in a shower of arrows—"and his coming was like the coming of night!" "Hear me, Silver-bow," cries his priest in supplication, "thou who travellest the rounds to Chryses (one of his many castles or shrines), and who rulest mightily in Killa and Tenedos, O Smintes (another title): if ever I drove peace offerings to thy shrine or burned fat roasts of mutton and beef at thy feasts, grant me now what I ask: make those Danaeans pay for my tears with your arrows!" For all the world this is the typical appeal of the Hittite or Hurrian vassal to his lord. And when Apollo responds, he crouches at a distance from the Greek camp like an Indian fighter and from his invisible position pours poisoned arrows into the camp, apparently from nowhere: he is a typical scourge of the plains. And so is father Zeus, Nephelegerites, "the god of the cumulo-nimbus," who always moves with the thunder. The thunder is the sound of his chariot, and "all the higher divinities of the Greeks have a chariot and pair ascribed to them."

He comes as a conqueror and settles down as a

(Continued on following page)

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There Were Jaredites

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tyrant: “You rule now,” Prometheus
reminds him through his haughty
messenger, “and as new conquerors
think to live at ease in your new
castle. But have I not seen two such
tyrants fall already? You can take
it from me that number three who

On—or over the edge

Richard L. Evans

SOME TWENTY CENTURIES OR SO AGO Epictetus gave us these
very modern-sounding sentences: “It needs but a little
to overthrow and destroy everything—just a slight aberration
from reason. For the helmsman to wreck his vessel, he does
not need the same resources as he needs to save it: If he
turn it but a little too far to the wind, he is lost; yes, and
if he do it not deliberately but from mere want of attention,
he is lost all the same. It is very much the same in life, if
you doze but a little, all that you have amassed up till now
leaves you. Keep awake then, and watch your impressions:
It is no trifle you have in keeping, but self-respect, honour,
constancy, a quiet mind, untouched by distress. . .” These
sentences suggest several facets of a subject which could be
successively considered. But at least one phase of it we
should like to turn to for a moment or two today: Often
seemingly, there are only slight differences between success
and failure, between solvency and insolvency, between safety
and sorrow. We say “seemingly slight” but the differences
in results are in fact by no means “slight,” but gravely seri-
ous. Consider for a moment just the matter of physical
motion: In driving down the highway, or in any physical
movement, sometimes two feet, or one foot, or even the frac-
tion of an inch is the margin between safety and sorrow.
Either we hit—or we don’t hit. Either we keep the wheels
on or over the edge. Either we keep on the safe side of the
shoulder or center line—or we don’t keep on the safe side.
And if two feet, or one foot, or even an inch is the margin
of safety, may we unforgettably never forget this shocking
but elementary reminder: that a speed of 60 miles an hour
means moving 88 feet in a single second! And even at half
the 60 mile mark—even 30 miles an hour—means moving
44 feet in a single second! And with movements of many
feet in a single second, life comes pretty close, all the time,
to being on the brink. And only a little inattention, only
a little dozing at the wheel, only a little dulling of the senses,
only a little “aberration from reason,” as Epictetus observed—
only a little—may be the difference between wholeness and
permanent impairment—or between life and death! There
is no time for inattention, no time for carelessness or thought-
lessness, or for senses that are less than fully alert, even for
a fractional instant. So much for the physical side of the
subject. Admittedly it is shocking and sobering. In matters
of physical motion, as well as in many other matters, men
cannot become careless in conduct without the ever imminent
possibility of paying a very high price.

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Discourses of Epictetus, Book IV, Chapter 3.
lords it now is not only the worst of the lot, but his rule is going to be the shortest."

Aristotle says the tragic poets concentrated on the doings of a few great houses from the heroic age because their affairs were "naturally tragic," were real history, "handed down by tradition," no matter how freely the poets may have dealt with details. The plays of Aeschylus show us the sordid and murderous clash of wills and ambitions in the great princely families after the conquest. The dreadful things that go on in the castle on the hill have always held excitement for the rest of us—they are the great stuff of literature. History is no less the child of the heroic age, and the writing of it down to our own times has been in the strictly heroic tradition, with "princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

Next the friends spent an evening with Professor Sindh and heard about the prehistoric society of those Indo-Iranian invaders who followed their cousins into central Asia and spread abroad with great rapidity about 2000 B.C. The Yashts are the ancient books which describe their way of life as it was in the beginning: "The Yashts are saturated with the spirit of chivalry; in them "we find ourselves in the Epic Age of the ancient Iranians." There is the king at the head of his victorious migrating host, slaying the great snake and finding water. His royal successor is the "perfect Chief: whose face looks over all the seven Karshvares of the earth; who is swift amongst the swift, liberal amongst the liberal, strong amongst the strong, a chief of assembly amongst the chiefs of assemblies; increase-giving, fatness-giving, cattle-giving, sovereignty-giving. . ." Like Mithra, he is "the King, Ruler, and Chief-inspector of the entire world." He is "he of the ten thousand spies, the powerful, all-knowing, undeceivable god . . . who drives along in his high-wheeled chariot." He was the chief herdsman and the chief hunter of the realm, and all who would not fight him must submit to him. Yet his relatives, the great nobles, were always plotting to get the throne from him, even as Cyrus drew off the retainers of King Cyaxares who cried: "You are now great and glorious, thanks to my retainers! I would rather go down under the earth than

(Continued on following page)

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be seen weak... But you are on top now, and my own followers are in a position to control me."18 Even so "Mazda, the divine hero, took from the Daevas both riches and welfare, both fatness and flocks, both weal and glory. Then Mithra seized that Glory... the second time the Glory departed from Yim... Then Threataon seized that Glory... who killed the snake Svara."19 "From whom shall I take away, without his thinking of it, the awful sovereignty," cries Mithra, "... who fells down heads... who orders chastisement and his order is done at once."20 He is "the lord of the wide pastures... strong, sleepless, and ever awake. To whom the chiefs of the nations offer up sacrifices, as they go to the field against the havocing host... with the fiend-smiting wind."21 All his liege men are bound to him by awful oaths, and whoever breaks his oath loses his eyes and ears, and "Mithra sends the heads rolling of those who break fealty to him, and destroys their houses."22 The Jaredite oath of fealty, it will be recalled, was by one's head. Yet if a king overlooked a threat to his honor or challenge to his power, such defaulting would be interpreted as a confession of weakness and would absolve his followers from their oaths to him while binding them to his adversary.23 Therefore the king's business was to wage single combat with his enemies. But before attacking any enemy the king would send him a formal message inviting him to submit to Mazda and become his subject.24 The Persian court, with the great throne in its center, was skillfully stage-managed and furnished the model of European courts and cathedrals.25

According to the Iranians, the very first man was also the first king, the killer of serpents, followed immediately by eight rulers bearing the title of kawt, and these, says Christensen, "were purely human figures whose deeds... have absolutely no mythical character."26 "Those men are kings of kingdoms," says the Yasht, "that are rich in horses, with large trappings, with snorting horses, and sounding chariots, flashing swords, rich in aliments and in stores of food;... they have houses that stand well laid up, rich in cattle..."
they have ladies that wait for them... and slim-waisted, tall daughters with long fingers... hoards of silver and gold brought together from distant regions; and garments of splendid make."53 In the castle, "where whole herds of cattle and hosts of men are at home, there is high feasting and stout portions for everyone."54 This chivalrous stock, the cultural and spiritual ancestors of the knighthood of Europe, went the usual way of "despotism tempered by dethronement and assassination."54 These are just a few high points of the earliest Indo-European civilization, but they are enough to indicate that we have here no exception to the general rule of a genuine epic background.

It has recently been claimed that the very first waves of migrants into Egypt spoke Semitic languages, which have been spoken there without interruption to the present day.55 The Ammorites, Canaanites, Phoenicians, Hebrews, Babylonians, and Assyrians were all Semitic speaking, and this has been taken to indicate a common homeland for all of them in the "Arab cradle." Scholars have long held the opinion that there are two main sources and centers of migration in the Old World, two areas from which, from time to time, waves of invaders move out in all directions to inundate the peripheral areas and revitalize the ancient sedentary civilizations of those areas with fresh blood. The two centers are Central Asia and the Arabian Desert. Significantly enough, Hrozny finds the key to the earliest of all world migrations to be the good Jaredite word Kish, the distribution of which indicates to this great philologist the spreading of all civilization at one time from a single center, perhaps in west-central Asia, north or east of the Caspian, or what we have always called "Jaredite country."56 Both regions are potential dust bowls supporting large sedentary populations of herdsmen, hunters, and farmers. It does not take a violent cataclysm of nature to send these people forth in all directions in a desperate search for grass; Just a few abnormally dry years and the dispersion is on, snowballing as it goes and overrunning the richer and safer civilizations of the periphery. Abraham went to Egypt because he had to: "There was corn in Egypt," and

(Continued on following page)

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the marginal subsistence for his flocks and herds had been wiped out.

Let us remember that Robert Wood first became aware of the genuine heroic milieu behind the writings of Homer when he visited the Beduins of the desert, who reminded him also of the patriarchs of Israel. Here we are in the cradle and source of heroic culture; this is the permanent epic milieu; these people are always on the march and always fighting; they are full-time heroes, experts and specialists in conquest, as their phenomenal record of victory shows. It would be hard to say whether the Central Asians or the Arabs are best at the game; for our purpose the most interesting thing is that they represent the most essential element in the culture of the Jaredites and the Nephites, respectively.

The story of Rome begins, according to Livy, with the entrance on the scene of a band of migrants, led by the hero Aeneas, “looking for a place to settle down” (quaerentem sedes). At his first stop he expelled the natives and built a city, named after his wife. His grandsons Romulus and Remus lived by hunting, robbing, and cattle-raiding, and their suckling by a wolf was the result of their having been hidden in the woods to escape the plans of a great lord and relative who was determined to keep the rule in his branch of the family. They gathered about them a robber band, not a community of pious farmers, and after killing his brother, Romulus founded a city named after himself to become a shrine and center of dominion. All this, says Livy, was simply following the custom of other great cattle-driving heroes and rustlers—all of them bad men and adventurers. Ancus Martius, the third king of Rome, captured the city of the Latins and transplanted “the entire Roman multitude to it,” in the best Asiatic manner, turning their old lands back to grazing and agriculture. Exactly in the middle of his new city overlooking the forum, he built a grim castle, “a dungeon to discourage any rising insolence.”

Forever after, Rome remains a world of jails, and the history of the kings is typically heroic and utterly full of abominations. Fighting was formally and chivalrously conducted, the winners driving off the cattle of the losers. Sometimes a great lord, accompanied by a huge army of retainers, would go over from one camp to another and be received with recognition of rank and a suitable grant of land. When a people went back on their oath to Rome, their princes were beheaded, their walls torn down, and their fields sold. The kings would distribute all the loot among their followers as a reward for their allegiance. From the time of Sulla, according to Sallust, the great houses “all took to plundering each other, betrayals, coveting each other’s houses and lands . . . it is all a story of parricides, sacrilege, and what not” as when, for example, a great lord could make his retainers drink blood in swearing to him awful oaths to participate in his crimes. Coming down to the time of the empire we read how the emperor “shall hurl his spear beyond the stars, and his course shall lie

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A moonlight night;
Bride and a groom and
A dream held tight.
Mother and dad and
A son—and then
Granny and gramp
And around again.

OCTOBER 1956

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"OUR OWN PEOPLE"

Of all the epic cultures the three friends considered in their long book-filled discussions, the most involved and interesting were those having to do with our own ancestors. True, their records do not go back to the third and fourth millennia B.C.; yet they are closely related in race and language to people whose records do go back that far; for example, the Hittites and Hurrians seem to be most closely related to the Celts, whose truly epic civilization and heroic literature Chadwick has examined at length.

That scholar, however, is interested in giving us only the evidence found in the Celtic writings; a thousand years earlier classical writers describe the same Celtic heroic culture in far more clear and objective terms. One needs only recall the once familiar pictures from Caesar's Gallic Wars: Here we find great nations on the move, princely messengers of great houses constantly coming and going with propositions and challenges; betrayals, plots, coalitions, and conjurations are the order of the day; vast masses of humanity with all their furniture and arms piled on lumbering wagons pour through the passes of the mountains and inundate the plains.

For the classical writers the Celts are the people who are constantly moving about in their painted wagons. In prehistoric times the Latin language borrowed from the Celts a vocabulary "drawn chiefly from the following semantic categories: riding, driving, warfare, clothing, and social hierarchy: common Roman words for serf, and our own word ambassador (Ger. Amb: official office) are taken from the Celts." It was strictly a heroic vocabulary. The greatest of all Celtic heroes, King Arthur, built up his body of knightly followers by gifts and grants, and "was so prodigal of his bounties that he began to run short of things to distribute among the huge multitude of knights that came to him."  

At least a century before Arthur, a classical writer recounts an ancient tale of how one hero rode among all the tribes of Gaul scattering gifts with such lavish hand that people followed his wagon everywhere and elected him king of all the tribes. Since generosity had to unite with prowess in war and noble blood to make kings, it is not surprising that the Celtic mythological cycles are full of horrible deeds of bloodshed and intrigues among the great houses. The most interesting thing about these cycles is the way each great house or nation is completely exterminated—with the exception of one survivor—by the next great house or nation, and so on. One of these lone survivors wandered through the world for fifty years, living on memories, "as in a fever dream." These wars of extermination were carried out with ritual formality.

Thus when the Tuatha De Danaan refused to halve all Ireland with the Fir Bolg, their hero formally challenged the strongest of the Fir Bolg to meet him in single combat, while the two armies met at Mag Tured and agreed to spend one hundred days preparing for battle. For the battle "it was agreed that there should be no general engagement but that an equal number of warriors should go out and fight each day!" Among all the Celts we meet the story of the two brothers who fight a duel in which the winner becomes sole ruler of the land. The king-hero of the Celts is a "curious mixture of cruelty and paternity."

A good king would "do what the men of Brygwin held best, giving of food and drink to everyone who came..." while a bad king "makes a progress 'round Ireland, demanding the wives and treasures of his hosts," who are honor bound to receive him since, like Arthur's knights, they have all taken mighty oaths to the king. We have the picture from Joinville of St. Louis as king, going about from place to place in royal progress and sitting under the oak, at which time anyone could approach him as he righted wrongs and chastened the wicked. As in other heroic societies, the queen was independent and had her own palace, which exactly paralleled the king's in all its appointments and arrangements.

In numerous legends that tell how successive waves of invaders come to the islands, the invaders are always described as coming from the Great Plain to the East, the Land of the Living, and laying oppressive tribute on the inhabitants of the lands—the descendants of earlier invaders, demanding a tribute of everything including children, to be paid on the night of Samhain feast: two-thirds of all their produce had to be carried yearly to Mag Cetne, the great shrine at the exact center of the earth. The king "gave privilege of refuge, i.e., sanctuary, to the roads... leading to the cities and temples," and especially to the royal person, as in Persia. In legend the royal establishment is described as a great and fabulous tower that has contact with the other world. The great Merlin describes the taking over of the land in terms that might have been taken right out of the Pyramid Texts, when he tells how under "the favor of the Thunderer... the seats of the blessed shall be renewed throughout the lands, and shepherds shall be set in places befitting." It all seems to be right out of the Egyptian or Babylonian epics, and indeed scholars have long since and often pointed out the extremely close resemblances between the Celtic epic literature, especially the Grail saga, and the Babylonian and Egyptian legends and rituals.

Who as a child has not stood between two mirrors and seen his image repeated with perfect accuracy but diminishing brightness into green and mysterious depths where "nothing is but what is not"? The eerie and disturbing quality of such an experience is the nearest thing to what one feels in reading the Germanic epics and the Norse sagas. Most
sagas of the North must be interpreted on a number of different time levels at once. The minstrels of what the Germans call the "High" Middle Ages, themselves living in the completely heroic world of courts and camps, sang the deeds of Richard and Tassileather in romantic times gone by. But Tassileather had led the charge at Hastings as he "with a loud voice, animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland." Charlemagne and Roland in turn, like the heroes of the saga time that followed them, had listened to the hero tales not of their own age but of a totally different age of migration 500 years earlier.

But the Germanic heroic tradition does not even begin with Attila and Ermanrich, for there is evidence of a still older Frankish heroic tradition, and a Gothic one before that, while the oldest of the Scandinavian sagas emphatically refers everything back to Troy! Every time our northern ancestors have found themselves living under heroic conditions of migration and world upheaval, they have revived an authentic heroic literature, but always they have taken as their subject not the deeds of their own age but some preceding migration-time. But the heroic songs of those earlier times went back to still other migrations, and so on. Hence the bedazzling impression of duplication and repetition and the sense of being lost in a maze of time or a hall of mirrors.

Let us go back to the earliest of the old Norse texts, the prose Edda, and take a look at Othin, the great prototype of the first kings. He comes with the storm, especially in a terrible wind, and whatever his spear or rod is pointed at is instantly dedicated to destruction; he is the arch-"Einherja"—the great destroyer; he is the "Sig-fadhir," ever-victorious, who having subdued the land builds his castle, Sigrun, the victory fort, where he can sit in a high tower on his high seat, the Hliðskialf, and through a special window survey all that goes on in the earth. At the slightest sign of disaffection his arrows dart forth to overcome the most distant opposition in an instant. His rule was won by force and is maintained by force, as Loki once reminded the gods when in their cups at a great feast he challenged the lot as usurpers and invaders.

Othin is in legend the Wild Huntsman, who leads the terrible host through the sky. The peasantry dread him as a warrior and a wanderer in the earth; sometimes he comes traveling in disguise to spy out the land, coming in a great raincoat and floppy hat with a staff and a patch over his eye—for he has literally given his right eye for knowledge and power. As the god of runes he brings writing with him, and magic, and hidden knowledge, and autocratic rule.

"There is something eerie and treacherous" about him, we are told, that suggests "the autocratic daring adventurer." The people do not love him: he is their father and their ruler, but just the same they dread him—"they are afraid of his intellectual superiority and aristocratic daring." No popular oath or prayer of the many that have survived is ever dedicated to him: The common people dread and avoid him.

When Othin enters the land as an invader, he finds Thor, Frey, and Njord already in occupation: They invaded earlier, and have now settled down to become homebodies and popular gods. But a closer examination has shown that originally they all did exactly as Othin is doing. Tyr, for example, goes back to an Indo-European expansion time at least a thousand years before Othin’s day. "As Zio he is identical with Zeus as director of wars." His sign, like Othin’s, was the spear, and "if Getic, Scythian and Gothic traditions meet anywhere, "it is in the worship of his spear, which led the prehistoric migrants as the staff of Moses once led Israel."

The fascinating and frightening figure of Othin, that reminds us so strongly of the prehistoric kings of Egypt and Babylonia of whom we have said so much, is no invention of scaldic fancy, however. There actually were such men, and one of them was Attila the Hun, the hero of half the Germanic epics and the villain of the other half. For the Franks, Attila is the treacherous tyrant, "pure ‘Asiatic,’" while "for the Bavarians and Ostrogoths he is the model of the benevolent protector." The earliest German epics go back to a time when Attila "collected the children of princes from the lands of all the lords and kept them as hostages at his court, from which they were always trying to escape." This romantic theme was more than poets’ fancy: the Roman ambassador Priscus who visited the court of Attila had a good deal to say about these hostages.

As to the sordid and bloody affairs between the princely houses, Schneider says, "There is nothing fictitious about this wickedness; it makes the thoroughly convincing impression of having been actually experienced. . . . the Asiatic tyranny is real." And another authority writes: "We believe that the actual experiences of the Heroic Age often enough found expression in the tragic view of life (Weltbild). Much noble blood was shed, brave nations vanished without a trace after performing mighty deeds, the foundations of great empires collapsed, the noble had to perish and the base to triumph."

Even the fabulous story of Siegfried and Brunhilda, we are told, "could come right out of a typical Merovingian chronicle, in which the deadly hatreds among the royal ladies, the slaying of each other’s vassals, treacherous ambushes on the hunts, and so forth, are so richly attested." It is not history, indeed, but it is "a snapshot of the real contemporary world of the Franks." And way back in Tacitus we still find it: the inherited feuds between the great houses, the riotous banquets, the fighting, gambling, and bloody vows.

Since the writer has read sagas at least once a week for thirty years, he is sorely tempted to exploit the vastness of this neglected field. But since with the progress of education the comic book has superseded all other books, we must be content to present the epic world of but one representative saga. It is the Thiririki-saga of Bern, a truly gigantic piece and "a great storehouse of Germanic legend, though in a new style imitated from French romance, but recording old tradition . . . ." The great hero of this saga is not Theodorie the Goth, as we might expect, but Attila. And it is the real historical Attila. In the Thiririki-saga, Europe is described as an appendage of Asia—and that (Continued on page 857)
President Don Carlos Brown, Jr., sustained as president of the San Fernando Stake, with Elders James E. Craddock and Robert L. Baird as counselors. The stake now consists of Sherman Oaks, Van Nuys, Van Nuys Second, Van Nuys Third, Pacoima, San Fernando, San Fernando Second wards, and Newhall Branch. The stake membership is now 4,884.

Elders Spencer W. Kimball and LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve effected these changes.

President Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of the Seventy dedicated the remodeled and enlarged chapel of the Colton Ward, North Idaho Falls (Idaho) Stake.

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is exactly how Jordanes, a Goth who witnessed the events of the time, described it.26

Attila sets up his statth, or administration center, in Susam (Soest) and there receives a constant stream of embassies from the whole earth, while he sends his messengers abroad to proclaim and execute his will. (Ch. 47, 48.) Priscus, who actually visited the court of Attila on the Steppes, describes it as a wood-and-tent city, dominated by the huge pulisade and buildings of the central palace—all of wood.27 Likewise our saga (Ch. 252) tells us that the great castles of the time were all of wood. In the royal economy the amount of stuff that changes hands in the form of gifts is enormous: it is acquired on great raids—primarily cattle raids. (Ch. 51.) Attila is the soul of generosity, but he has his motives: “To win a man over to him he would give him clothing, weapons, and a horse.” (Ch. 145.) “He took cattle and wealth away from his enemies and gave it to his friends” (Ch. 181) is a formula that might have been taken right out of the Avesta.

In return his friends were bound to him by terrible oaths. (Ch. 241.) Before a knight could “ride,” that is, go forth alone on an adventure, he had to receive royal permission after first explaining exactly where he was going and what he was going to do; and on his return his first duty was to go immediately to the royal castle and report. (Ch. 149.) Gifts were proportionate to the value of services rendered, and could even include the

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classic bestowal of the hand of the
king's daughter with half the king-
dom as dowry. (Ch. 159.)

(To be continued)

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Continued

In the Thithriks-saga, Attila’s admirers admit quite frankly that it was his intention to conquer the world (Ch. 145); he cultivated the myth that no one could resist him (Ch. 225), and to paralyze all opposition practised a policy of deliberate Schrecklichkeit, as did his rivals. (Ch. 51.) When he decided on an expedition, he would summon all his followers and address them from a wooden tower, exactly as the Roman emperors and the Hittite kings used to do. The Book of Mormon students will think instantly of certain Jaredite and Nephite parallels.

The conquest was not fitful but planned and systematic, closely following the procedure attributed to Othinn in the prose Edda: in every newly occupied land a stath or administration center was set up, a castle built, and a trusted relative of the king, usually a son, left in charge. The saga makes it very clear that these heroes made no distinction at all between hunting and warfare; and when they were not doing the one or the other, they could be found refreshing themselves at their endless veitza, the reciprocal banquets they would give for each other in their castles. (Ch. 56.) All the nobles of Europe and Asia were invited to Ermanrich’s great veitza, where he gave out gilt and purple robes, gold, rings, and treasurers, exactly as an eyewitness tells us the Emperor Justinian did when he entertained the Hunnish chiefs while striving his best to adopt their customs.28

Of kings in general the saga tells us that they must be rich in cattle, good riders, and generous givers of wealth. (Ch. 45.) For this last a king must needs be acquisitive and shrewd (afli oc hug). (Ch. 182.) The great chiefs themselves were skilful traders and businessmen—to that gift in no small degree they owed their power. The torg or market was under their special protection (Chs. 80, 263-4), the horse fair being especially important (Ch. 83); and in the saga we see the caravans of merchants moving between Europe and Asia exactly as they had done in the earliest heroic ages. (Ch. 125.) The proper business of a king is to raid other kings’ lands, take as many borgir (castles, strong places) as possible (Ch. 46, 141), and return with lots and lots of cattle. (Ch. 8.) Brides were bought with cattle, as in Homer, and to refuse an offer of marriage was a fatal insult: “If you do not give Attila your daughter to wife,” says his messenger to a great king, “he will do damage to your domains.” (Ch. 50.)

When Osantrix became convinced that Attila was out to conquer the world, “he gathered together against him all the people of his realm, and no people could stand against them to whatsoever land they came.” (Ch. 147.) As the two kings squared off for a war of extermination in the best Jaredite fashion, their affairs were regulated with great formality: the proper challenging letters were duly exchanged and the summoning of the two armies was carried out with ritual decorum. (Ch. 282.) When such armies met, each king would set up his landtiold or royal pavilion opposite the other and challenge his rival to a duel. (Chs. 52, 195ff.)

These single combats between kings were common, and formal rules of chivalry were observed, such as “no striking under the shield.” The heroes would fight all day long until evening, then retire to their tents for the night, and renew the contest next morning. (Chs. 133, 200, 201, 204, 275.) On one occasion the kings were so worked up that they went on fighting even after dark, and kept it up until both fainted from loss of blood. (Ch. 200.) The defeated king in such a combat was either beheaded by the victor or fell on his face before him, swearing awful oaths of submission. (Ch. 54.) A regular tribute of cattle was demanded by the victor. (Ch. 248.)

As in other heroic cultures, it is very important for a noble “that all men may hear his name.” (Ch. 137.) It must be spoken of in the great houses and be known at all the places where he stopped for the night, receiving hospitality from his own class, family, and order, with a proper formal exchange of credentials and identification. (Chs. 106, 110.) The knight traveled with his coat of arms and badge of nobility on full display, so that it might be recognized by friend and foe at a distance. (Chs. 108, 173ff.)

They wore Asiatic dress, the trousers and armor invented by the riders of the steppes. (Ch. 97.) The castles in the saga are most interesting: they are great wooden structures (Ch. 252) used primarily as gisting places—overnight stations and military strong points. (Chs. 244, 63f, 104.) The castle was a necessity in a world of robber bands, individual outlaws, and adventurers (Chs. 104, 118); yet they as much as anything were responsible for the existence of such classes of people, for their primary purpose was to serve as headquarters for the exploitation of both farmers and merchants. (Ch. 118.)

In the Thithriks-saga the great houses like the kings themselves, are always attempting to draw off each other’s supporters. (Ch. 125.) The burning of each other’s castles, as in Froissart, amounts almost to a formality. (Ch. 89.) To put a rival out of the running and yet spare his life by the expedient of mutilation was common (Ch. 86), as was the custom of rival lords keeping each other “in strong iron” (Ch. 152) after having obtained control of the rival’s person by some such neat device as a breach of hospitality. (Ch. 62.)

Occasionally some adventurer, having been dispossessed or too poor to own a castle, would seek out some wild region, some forest tract, where he would gather his followers for a series of raids to build up his power. (Ch. 53.) In battle and when gathering or rallying his forces the chief himself would carry his banner. (Ch. 271.) Every retainer swore not to return from the battle until the king did: The king must be by the rules of the game the last to die. (Ch. 283-4.) And by the same rules his proper...

28Procopius, Aneodot., VIII, 5, 9, 13f.
opponent had to be a rival king whom, as we have seen, he would challenge to single combat.

The Thithriks-saga was first published in 1853. No English translation has appeared, and so far as we know, it has never been translated into any other language.

The Book of Ether as an Epic

"So now we come back to the Jaredites!" cried Blank one evening a year after the three friends had begun their discussions.

"It has been a most interesting trip," F. conceded, "but I wonder if it was really necessary to go so far. Twenty-two epics is quite a workout."

"I think it was necessary," Professor Schwulst said thoughtfully. "When we are dealing with non-mathematical subjects, it is hard to know at what point we can say a thing has been proved. The only way we can be sure is by overproving it."

"And there is more to it than that," Blank added. "Who, for example, authorized Chadwick or anyone else to decide just what things are to be taken as the true hallmarks of epic poetry? How do we know that his list is anything but his own idea? Only by reading the epics ourselves. Each one is an organic whole, and not to be broken down arbitrarily into Leitmotivus. Far more important than any statistical checking of recurrent themes is the impression each epic makes as a whole. And that impression can only be learned if you read each masterpiece from beginning to end."

"So it looks as if your most powerful tool for proving the book of Ether is one that nobody can use!" F. observed with a smile.

"Well almost nobody," Blank conceded. "But since we three have gone so far, may I suggest as our last undertaking that we read the book of Ether once more—not as an epic, for it has been divested of its epic form, but as a rich depository of epic materials?"

"What do you mean," said F., "divested of its epic form?"

"Our editor, Moroni, admits the damage," Blank replied. "He says that the men of his day were conspicuously lacking in the peculiar literary gifts of those who wrote the original book of Ether: 'Behold, thou hast not made us mighty in writing like unto the brother of Jared,' he says, 'for thou madest him that the things which he wrote were mighty even as thou art, unto the overpowering of man to read them.' (Ether 12:24.) This applies not only to the case of two men, however, but also to the gifts of the two civilizations as a whole: '... Lord thou hast made us mighty in word by faith, but thou hast not made us mighty in writing; for thou hast made all this people that they could speak much ... and thou hast made us that we could write but little ... wherewithal, when we write we behold our weakness, and stumble because of the placing of our words; ...'" (Ibid., 12:23-25.)

As Matthew Arnold has shown in his wonderful essay on the translation of Homer (the greatest work of literary criticism in the English language, according to Housman), the most remarkable thing about a true epic is the way in which it surpasses all other literature in power and directness, a peculiar force and impact that renders a real epic impossible to imitate or translate. Only a real epic milieu can produce it. All other writing is pale, devious, laborious, and ineffective by comparison.

Moroni in editing Ether is keenly aware of his inability to do justice to the writing before him. It just can't be done, he says, and he is right. He plainly tells us that the original Ether is a type of composition unfamiliar to the Nepnhites, "who like ourselves obviously had no true epic literature."

"Why do you say 'true' epic?" F. asked.

"Because there have been so many false ones," Schwulst volunteered. "Let us remember that clever writers in every age have tried their best to produce epic poetry. Since everybody always thought such poetry was simply the product of literary genius, no one could see any good reason why a literary genius of sufficient determination could not produce an epic. So Virgil, Dante, Camoens, Longfellow, Apollonius Rhodius, Tegner, Tennyson, and Milton, to name only a few, burned barrels of midnight oil in the production of what they fondly thought was true epic poetry. And you know the answer: No matter how great the poet or how noble his verse, the artificiality of his work is instantly apparent. There is something completely lacking in every case, but until our own generation nobody knew what it was. It is simply that real epics tell the truth. We can thank Milman Parry for showing us that 'a genuine epic can only be the product of a genuine epic milieu.'"

"In other words," Blank concluded, "epic literature cannot be faked."

"Perhaps with what is known today about the epic milieu a better job might be done. It shouldn't be too hard now, for the great 'literary' epics are not merely off the track in their epic details and off-pitch in the epic idiom; they are, every one of them, incredibly misinformed, crude, and clumsy—childishly so. They are often great poetry, but as faithful pictures of the worlds they mean to depict they are commonly misinformed. The best scholar of the would-be epic writers was Sir Walter Scott; yet who does not know today that his works are monuments of inaccuracy? The reason for this fatal defect in all their works is that none of these great men was aware of the fundamental difference between a real epic and every other type of writing. A real epic describes a real world, while they insisted on describing imaginary ones."

"Yet," said F., "the author of the Book of Mormon seems to have been aware of that difference—he must have been, to make Moroni say the things he did."

"And since Moroni has taken the liberty to change the language and form of the Jaredite record," Schwulst added, "I am afraid our source can no longer be read as an epic."

"It must have been tremendous," said Blank with a sigh, "unto the overpowering of man to read it. And all we have now is Moroni's brief summary, made from a translation and interlaid with his own notes and comments. That means that all that is left to us is the gist of the epic material. . . ."

"Still that should be enough for a thorough testing," said Professor Schwulst. "There are forty pages of it, and some of them are amazingly compact. So let us now go back again to Chadwick's list, and this time see how it fits the book of Ether."

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A n excellent idea,” said Blank, taking his briefcase as he had done on the night of his first meeting with F. “Let us begin at the beginning.

Ether starts out on the keynote of all epics, the two factors which according to Kramer are ‘primarily responsible for the more characteristic features of the... heroic ages,’ namely, the scattering and wandering of the peoples and the disintegration of world civilization.26 And here we have it: ‘...Jared came forth with his brother... at the time the Lord... swore in his wrath that they should be scattered upon all the face of the earth; and... the people were scattered.’ (Ether 1:3.) They went forth with their flocks and herds, friends, and families (1:41), all alike torn up by the roots and driven out of the land (1:38), but still hoping, like every heroic people, to become a ‘great nation’ and equal or surpass all others.” (1:43.)

“Philip de Comines gives us an interesting commentary on that last point,” F. interrupted, “when he tells us that by the laws of chivalry it is the solemn duty of every nation and monarch to become greater than all others—a rule which makes war the natural state of things. A state of chronic warfare was thus the heritage of the Middle Ages from the times of migration.”27

“Strictly in keeping with the epic tradition,” Blank continued, “the history of the Jaredites is presented in the form of a royal genealogy: the book of Ether is in fact simply a running commentary on a genealogy, with Moroni doing most of the commenting. The story opens with a long list of royal names, and all that follows is a continuation and expansion of that list. In dealing with its heroes, many of whom are ‘oversized’ figures either for good or for evil in the best heroic manner, the book of Ether scrupulously observes the rule that in the true epic ‘there is no character who appears uniformly in an unfavorable light.’ Who was the worst of the Jaredites—Akish? Rip-lakish? Coriantum? Shiz? No matter which one you pick you will find yourself as much inclined to pity as to hate him; nor can you deny a grudging admiration for the ferocious and abandoned heroism of these terrible warriors who, though they know they are doomed, continue, like Milton’s Lucifer, to shout defiance and pursue one another with fierce and unremitting energy to the end.”

The behavior of the heroes in the epics is “often childish and brutal,” as we have seen, and even the noblest of them is not beneath gaining an advantage by some underhanded trick. The career of Akish in the eighth to tenth chapters of Ether is a perfect illustration of this, although others are just as bad. On the other hand, in true epic “a dignified and fastidious tone” prevails in the dealings of these men with each other, and strict rules of chivalry are observed, especially in war and duels. So we are told in Ether how Shiz and Coriantum pitch formal camps and “invite” each other’s armies forth to combat by regulated trumpet blasts (14:28), exchange letters in an attempt to avoid needless bloodshed (15:4-5, 18), and rest at night without out attempting to attack each other, fighting only at the proper and agreed times (15:8, 21-26.) As in all epics, including Ether, “the waging of war is not incidental but essential to the heroic way of life.” A great chief gains “power over all the land” only after he has “gained power over many cities,” and “burned many cities.” (14:17) in the best Homeric fashion.

Again, as in all true epics, every scene in the book of Ether takes place either on the battlefield (as in chapters 13 to 15), in the court (as in the tales of intrigue, chs. 7 to 12), or in the wilderness, where hunting and hiding play almost as conspicuous a part as fighting. (Ether 2:6-7; 3:3; 14:4,7; 10:21.) Fighting takes the proper heroic form of the single combat between heroes, with the personal feud as its motive, the contest being conducted by the established rules of chivalry. This is well illustrated in the career of Corintum, who was wounded in a single combat with his rival Shared, whom he dispatched (13:27-31); then he fought hand to hand with Gilead (14:3-8), and next with Lib (14:12-16). Finally he met his bitterest rival, Shiz, in a number of face-to-face combats. (14:30, 15:30.) Since in heroic ages one becomes a leader by proving his prowess in open competition, personal rivalry and ambition are the ordinary and accepted motives for war and need no excuse. Throughout our Jaredite history the perennial source of strife and bloodshed is the purely personal rivalry between great leaders, and so it is in all epic literature.

Jaredite society, like every other heroic society, is a feudal organization bound together by an elaborate system of oaths. This is indispensable to the survival of the society in which the followers of a chief are a free ranging, mounted nobility, always on the loose and free to serve anyone they choose. The oath is the only possible control over such men. We are clearly told in the book of Ether that the terrible oaths and conjurations behind every ambitious project for power and gain were imported directly from the Old World. (8:9, 15-18, 22ff; 9:5, 26ff, 10:33; 11:7, 15, 22; 14:8, etc.) At the same time, loyalty must be bought with a price. To attract and hold followers every great lord must be generous with his gifts and promises. In Ether loyalty is bought by “cunning words” (8:2) and by gifts. (9:10ff; 10:10.) By such means in heroic societies great chiefs attempt to “draw off” each other’s supporters. This is a commonplace in the book of Ether. (7:14, 15; 9:11; 10:32.) Gangs were quickly formed and dissolved, and each regarded itself as an independent society whose own aggrandizement was the only law, “every man with his band fighting for that which he desired.” (13:25.) Even an unpopular prophet could seek and find personal safety under the protection of a great chief (11:2), and an unpopular leader...
could be liquidated by an uprising, no matter what his claim to the throne, "and his descendants... driven out of the land." (10:8.)

To defray the expenses of lavish and necessary gift-giving, the lords of all heroic ages engage in a systematic and perfectly honorable business of plunder and exaction. It is their prerogative to try to grab whatever does not belong to them already, and that includes the seizure and holding of one another's persons for ransom. The Jaredite brothers, Shez and Riplakish, show us this free competitive economy in action: Shez was well on the way to taking the kingdom away from his father, thanks to his "exceeding riches," when those same riches got him killed by a robber. (10:2-3.) Riplakish paid for his royal magnificence by oppressive taxation and extortion, which resulted in getting him, too, assassinated. (10:5-8.) Everyone grabbed what he could, and nothing was safe (14:11), with every strong man leading his own gang to plunder. (13:25-26.) As to the retaining of each other's persons in honorable captivity, nothing is more characteristic of heroic ages or more familiar to the readers of Ether. (7:7; 8:3-4; 10:4; 15; 30:31; 11:9, 19, 18, 23.)

The feudal contract on which every heroic society is based is before all else a mutual obligation of fief and overlord to avenge wrongs done to the other. The book of Ether is full of this. The sons of Omer, for example, "were exceedingly angry" against Jared for stealing their father's throne, and "did raise an army" and force him to give it back again. (8:2-6.) In the same way "the sons of Coriantumr... did beat Shared, and did obtain the kingdom again unto their father," (13:24) in whose interest they "fought much and bled much." (15:19.) But this same Coriantumr had to reckon with equal devotion when it was directed against himself at a time when the brother of Lib "had sworn to avenge himself... of the blood of his brother" (14:24), whom Coriantumr had killed in single combat during a battle. (14:16.) Blood vengeance is obviously the rule in this as in other heroic societies, where it touches off those long tragic feuds that make up so much of the epic literature, especially of the "saga period." The fights in Ether are nearly all family feuds, sordid quarrels between warring kings, ambitious sons, and avenging brothers (8:2ff, 5ff; 7:4; 13-16; 8:9ff, 12; 10:3-4; 11:4; etc.), though typically Asiatic complications, must have been introduced by polygamy, an institution reported quite casually by Ether (14:2) and thoroughly typical of the early heroic periods. The worst plot of all in Ether is engineered by a woman, who employs as her "do-it-yourself" guide to the art of murder certain books of the ancients brought over from the Old World. (8:9-10.) As we have seen, nothing is more typical of the post-heroic saga times of settling down after the migrations than these terrible women and their criminal ambitions—the Greek tragedies like the Norse sagas are full of them, and they are not lacking in any heroic literature. (Chadwick, pp. 90ff.) When Chadwick describes a typical epic cycle as "little more than a catalogue of the crimes committed by one member [of the ruling family] against another," and further describes those crimes as particularly horrible in nature, we need not apologize for the book of Ether, either for neglecting or overdoing that sort of thing.

Relatively early in Jaredite history a war of extermination took place, leaving only thirty survivors "and they who fled with the house of Omer." (9:12.) A general war of all against all in the Asiatic manner nearly wiped out the race again "in the days of Shiblon" (11:7), and "utter destruction" was promised by the prophets unless the people changed their ways. (11:20.) Finally, in the last great war, the destruction was systematic and thorough, the people laboring under what the Greeks called the spell of Ate, as if they were determined, no matter what happened, to accomplish their own annihilation. (14:19-25.) The whole population was cut down to fifty-nine souls (15:25), and these slew each other in the best heroic fashion, leaving the two kings as the last survivors. This is not a fantastic coincidence at all. We have seen that the common and established rule of heroic warfare demanded that the king be the last survivor in any conflict. Since the entire host had taken a solemn oath to die in defense of his person, in theory the king had to be the last to go, and in practice he sometimes actually was. The only way to get around that sometimes inconvenient rule was by another rule which dissolved the nation automatically on the death of the king, as if all had been destroyed with him. In such cases all the former subjects of a king would automatically become the subjects of his conqueror.

"But there is one thing that puzzles me," said F. when the friends were together for the last time. "Where is the archaeological record for all this?"

"I am glad you asked that," Blank replied. "People are prone to expect any civilization described in the records as great and mighty to leave behind majestic ruins. The mighty piles of Egypt and Babylon have fooled us into thinking that the greatness or even the existence of a civilization is to be judged by its physical remains. Nothing could be further from the truth. The greatness of a civilization consists in its institutions, and as Professor Coon has recently observed, 'institutions leave no easily detected archaeological remains.' This has led even the experts to overlook the importance and sometimes the existence of heroic or epic worlds."

"Or rather," Professor Schwultz amended, "it led them for many years to assume that there was no alternative in early history between complete savagery or sedentary life in farms and cities. Actually the ancients were committed to neither type of life. But because farmers and city-dwellers leave remains behind them while the nomads do not, they have always received the credit for coming first. As Professor Childre observes here: 'The nature of the archaeological evidence is liable to favor this view unduly; herdsmen living in tents and using bone tools and leather vessels leave few remains behind them,' and so wherever the remains of the first civilization turn up it is a hundred-to-one chance that they will have been left by townspeople or cultivators, who thus get all the credit for founding civilization. Actually a little reflection will show that they cannot have come first, and today scholars are agreed in describing the first

(Continued on page 41)
ings, temporal and spiritual, which are the gifts of God. Why not obtain them in the appointed way: by honoring, receiving, and respecting the priesthood, so that all that your Father hath shall be given unto you. Can you ask more? Remember that without the ordinances and the authority of the priesthood, "the power of godliness is not manifest unto men in the flesh."

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civilizations in heroic terms rather than agricultural ones. Nilsson warns his fellow archaeologists that they are wasting their time looking for remains from the genuinely heroic—that is, the migration time, of the Greeks:

"... no archaeological record is preserved," he says. ... Some archaeologists have tried to find the ceramics of the invading Greeks. I greatly fear that even this hope is liable to be disappointed, for migrating and nomadic tribes do not use vessels of a material which is likely to be broken, as will be proved by a survey of the vessels used by modern nomadic tribes. This was a period of great importance and activity, and of a really high civilization, yet it has left us no remains at all."

"Isn't that rather unusual?" F. asked.

"On the contrary," Schwulst replied, "it is the rule when we are dealing with heroic ages and peoples. Like the early farmers, such people, even though their culture and their practices may be very ancient, 'rarely remain long enough at one site to produce a mound.'"

(To be concluded)

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The highest compliment Phillip de Comines can pay his master, Louis XI of France, is that "as for peace, he could hardly endure the thought of it." Memoirs, Book 1, Ch. x.
A. Goetze, Hethiter, Churriter, und Assyter (1936), p. 130. A number of examples of this have been given in the course of these articles.

JANUARY 1957

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FOR BETTER LIVING

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"GOD GRANTS LIBERTY ONLY TO THOSE WHO LOVE IT, AND ARE ALWAYS READY TO GUARD AND DEFEND IT." Daniel Webster
There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

"That is what Chadwick says here," Schwults volunteered, "... Archaeological evidence demonstrates the existence of the conditions required by a heroic story at a given place and time, though it can supply no names, unless writing is found." And unless, we might add, that writing can be read. Without that, all we can hope for is a general indication of the type of thing indicated—nothing specific. The classic illustration of that is, of course, Schliemann's discovery of Troy. Today every schoolboy knows that the city which Schliemann identified as Homer's Troy was not Homer's Troy; what is not often realized is that no city in the mound of Hissarlik has been identified as Troy, and that to this day the ruins of Hissarlik are still properly referred to by archaeologists as 'the presumed site of Troy.' Yet Homer has described the city of Troy at far greater length and in far more detail than the Book of Mormon describes any city. In view of that, can we hope for any better luck in America?

"The main trouble seems to be that these people did not build of stone. In all the epics we have mentioned, the great castles are specifically or indirectly shown to have been built of wood. Even the few stone edifices which have survived, such as the first royal tombs of Egypt, display, as Ricke notes, the nomadic nature of their builders, every detail of their construction being in careful imitation of the wooden beams and boards and the matting walls and hangings of the original models. This is equally true of the palaces, as well as the tombs of heroic royalty, whether in Egypt, Persia, or Babylon: they are all faithful reproductions of wood and cloth originals. Again, the few surviving temples of Greece are naturally of stone, yet they still preserve in marble all the meticulous details of the boards, logs, pegs, and joinings of the normal Greek temple, which was of wood. But for a few monumental exceptions, the ancients (save in the Near East) seem almost never to have built of stone; but since those exceptions were the only buildings to survive, they have given the world the impression that the ancients never built of anything but stone! Pliny, like St. Jerome, even claims that it is immoral to build of stone, and certainly before his day there was very little stone building in Rome. Of course, where there is no wood, that is another problem. In the Near East we know from many sources that the timber shortage was acute in early times: there they had to build of stone. But consider Europe in contrast. Scandinavian bogs have brought forth an abundance of articles in metal, leather, wool, and wood that show the presence of a high, even brilliant, civilization, while the records tell of most wonderful cities and castles, such as the fabulous Jomsborg; yet no traces of those castles and cities have been found save earthen mounds and embankments. The Welsh tales are full of mighty castles, yet long and careful search failed to reveal a single stone ruin older than the time of the invader Edward I, who brought the fashion of stone castles to Britain from the Near East, where he had been crusading.

"An official account of Roman cities from the time of Justinian enumerates five hundred imperial strongholds, and yet, while the stone temples and amphitheatres built at the same time and the same places still survive, not a scrap of one of those castles has ever been found. The explanation is obvious: until the end of the Middle Ages, stone building was almost entirely unknown in Europe. An ambassador of that same Justinian to the court of Attila describes the great imperial city and huge castle of that mighty conqueror as being all of wood."

"But surely there were some great heroic structures of stone!" cried F. "Think of Troy and Mycenae!"

"The mighty Cyclopean works of the Mycenean and Hittite fortress-palace complexes are the exception that proves the rule," Schwults replied, "for Cyclopean masonry is decidedly not a style of construction employed by people long accustomed..."
written records constantly refer to Helopolis as the religious and political center of everything through long centuries; yet generations of the most exhaustive searching failed so completely to turn up so much as a single button or bead to show where Helopolis had stood that until the very recent discovery of a predynastic cemetery on the spot, some of the foremost investigators, such as Miss Baumgarter, insisted with fervor and conviction that there never had been such a place, though the written documents are full of it! I could give you scores of other examples just like that."

"Wouldn't you say," asked Blank, "that the most significant thing about the Jaredite cities is not that they were great, many, or mighty, but that they were built up all at once, instead of gradually evolving? Here, for example, we read that Coriantum 'did build many mighty cities,' (Ether 9:23) and later Shez 'did build up many cities upon the face of the land' as the people moved out and 'began again to spread over all the face of the land.' (10:4) Morianton, a descendant of Shez, not only gained power over many cities (10:9), but he also 'built up many cities' (10:12) in restoring land after a total collapse and revival; just so, after a great slumber and revival, the people under King Lib 'built a great city by the narrow neck of land,' (10:20), just as we have seen that the first Pharaoh did upon establishing a new order in Egypt. Also we find that cities could vanish as quickly as they arose, as when Shiz 'did overthrow many cities . . . and he did burn the cities.' (14:17.) Now granted that there may be cities on the earth which have grown up on the evolutionary pattern of hut-to-hamlet-to-village-town, and so forth, it must be admitted that our book of Ether cities were not of that kind. They are definitely of the 'heroic' variety, which are now known to have arisen and perished all over the ancient world, but which leave only a very drab and undramatic type of ruins if they leave any at all."

"Professor Nilsson has given us a good description of the type of thing that went on," Dr. Schwultz observed as he sought out a passage:

"For the great expeditions through which the Greeks founded colonies far away and went so far eastwards cannot have been disconnected raids of small roving bands but must needs have been backed by some power, even if it was a loose feudal organization. The seat of this power was Mycenae, at least in the beginning of the Late Mycenaean age, when a great building activity set in and a large palace, the great ring wall with the Lion Gate, the Grave Circle, and the statuette of tholos tombs were erected."10

"There you have it: the invaders spread into new lands and take them over, but they do it systematically, their movements being controlled and directed from a main center, where a magnificent complex of headquarters buildings, so to speak, is erected. This is what we have found everywhere in our discussions."

"But is it safe to generalize about the ancient world as a whole?" F. asked somewhat dubiously.

"It is the thing that all the leading men are doing today," Schaeffer contended, "and they seem to know what they are about. The best over-all picture to date is that which is at present being presented by Claude Schaeffer, the eminent excavator of Ras Shamra-Ugarit, that ancient center at which all the cultural and ethnic lines of the ancient East came together. Schaeffer carefully compared and correlated the archaeological findings at all the main centers of ancient civilization, from Asia Minor to the heart of Asia (as far as available materials would allow), and came up with most significant and consistent pictures. Six times between 2400 and 1200 B.C., he discovers, all the principal centers of the ancient world were destroyed, and each time they all went up in flames and down in earthquake ruins together! Earthquake, famine, plague, and weather were to be blame for this series of world-wide catastrophes, according to Schaeffer, who puts most of the blame on earthquakes. After each of these major world-collapses, we find a sharp diminution in population, while people everywhere revert to a nomadic way of life and great invading hordes of mixed racial and linguistic stocks sweep down from the more sorely afflicted areas to the more fortunate ones—the terror they bring with them being actually less than that which they are leaving behind. Of the first of
Free Milk, Butter and Eggs—For You!

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free by tearing open the carton or widening the spout before discarding. But the real free soap comes from using a rubber spatula for a quick scraping of your dishes before you put them into the water. By pre-
removing much of the food and grease you cut your kitchen soap needs in half.
As the Scots say, “Many a muckle makes a mickle.” If you don’t value free groceries for yourself, think of the joy you’ll bring by donating the two extra CARE packages a year on what you could save by a little extra kitchen attention.

There Were Jaredites
(Continued from page 95)
these calamity-driven waves of humanity Schaeffer writes: “Perhaps the vast movement of peoples which accompanied it was led by a warlike element which, thanks to the superiority of its arms and its physical vigor, was able in spite of numerical inferiority to extend its conquests over vast areas of Western Asia.”

“In other words,” said Blank, “Schaeffer, using purely nonliterary evidence, begins his history with a typical heroic migration, exactly as Kramer does using ‘purely literary evidence’ while deliberately avoiding the archaeological remains.”

“. . . and exactly as Hrozny does using neither archaeological nor literary evidence, but purely linguistic indications!” F. added.

“It is remarkable how all the types of evidence are beginning to fuse into a single image of the past,” Dr. Schuwist observed, “and such a different image from what it used to be! Instead of a long and gradual upward evolution we find repeated regressions as well as advances, and there is no guarantee at all that the regressions even in the aggregate are less considerable than the advances! Those setbacks, as Schaeffer is at great pains to point out, are the result of forces totally beyond human control. ‘Compared with the scope of these general crises,’ he says, ‘the ex-

A Christmas of Contrasts
Richard L. Evans

We cannot but be aware that this is a Christmas of contrasts. No doubt all Christmases have had their contrasts. And there is no doubt also that the same forces that have always opposed the plans and purposes of the Christ, the Prince of Peace, still oppose those plans and purposes. And the gospel that gives man his free agency, his right of choice, is sharply seen in contrast to oppression and coercion, and the enslaving of men’s minds. One would think that the world would have learned, for there never was a good way of life that was founded on fear or on force. Both have been tried many times before—both fear and force—sometimes subtly, and sometimes with complete and brutal abandon. But they never succeed in subduing a people permanently or in establishing permanent peace—for there is in man an inner awareness of his own eternal nature, an awareness that will always emerge no matter who seeks to enslave the minds or souls of men. And when all brutality and arrogance and evil have spent themselves, there will re-

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace.”

His peace and promises are unto all who repent and conform to the principles of Jesus the Christ, the Prince of Peace. May God bless us every one.

“John 16:33.

“Spoken Word” FRom TEMPLE SQUARE PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, DECEMBER 23, 1956 Copyright 1956
the case of iron, for instance. Here Schaeffer writes:

"A most curious and intriguing phenomenon would seem to be the disappearance of this metal after its first utilization at the end of the Old Bronze period, and its apparently total eclipse during the entire Middle Bronze. It seems to have been rediscovered anew in the course of the Late Bronze period and, to judge by all the evidence, in the very same region—in Asia Minor."

Here we have an important step in human history that has to happen all over again!"

"And when you have that," said F., "how do you know that it has not happened and unhappened already dozens of times before?"

"You don't," answered Schwulst. "You must not suppose, for example, that the first of Schaeffer's great world calamities with its accompanying heroic migrations was the first occurrence of such an event. Long ago the philologists were able to trace with certainty 'migrations of people for which there is not the slightest archaeological evidence,' and these carry the pattern back and back to the earliest migration of all when, according to the dean of all living philologists, the forefathers of all the languages and cultures of the world scattered in all directions from a single point searching desperately after grass for their cattle."

"We can sum it all up, then," said Blank, "with the safe and conservative observation, that whatever the particulars may be, it is certain that we now have a totally new setting in which to study the book of Ether, a background of whose existence nobody thirty years ago would have dreamed; and the history of the Jaredites fits into that background as if it were made for it. Who can claim that this is merely a happy accident? Consider the new materials, the scope, and detail of the epic sources, now being read with a new understanding and a new sense of reality: place them beside the compact and powerful history of Ether, presenting all the salient features of heroic times of migration and the ages of feuding that follow, committing nothing vital and including nothing conflicting or trivial—you will at once recognize that there is small room here for luck or chance. Men once denied categorically that Atreus or Arthur or Mopsus or even Moses ever lived, but now we know they were wrong: there

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There Were Jaredates

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was an Achaean host just as surely as there was a Hebrew host of the Exodus, and the very tests that prove it to be so can now be applied fully and rigorously to show that there were Jaredates.

(The end)

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[...]

Perfect Thought-Models

(Concluded from page 113)

too is generally manifested in an untidy home.

Good is more natural and more powerful than evil. Only a few muscles come into use in a smile; but a frown involves a strain on many muscles. We should stamp upon our hearts thoughts of humility, courtesy, truth, love, and integrity in order to carve a helpful, noble life. As the sculptor turns to his model in order to perfect his work, so must we turn constantly from the imperfect and elusive ideals of the material life in order to mould and chisel a beautiful, spiritual life. In Galatians we read: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law," (Gal. 5:22-23.)

The poet Longfellow expressed the importance of perfect thought-models in the following verse:

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand With our lives uncarved before us Waiting the hour when at God's command Our life dream passes o'er us. If we carve it then on the yielding stone With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauty shall be our own — Our lives that angel-vision."

CARPENTER

By Lori Petri

It has a lightsome, airy sound, Although connoting sawnewed strength: Hitting the buoyancy and bound Of wood released from a tree's taut length; Suggesting fragrant shaving curls Tossed off to the drone of a giant bee, As if from heads of carefree girls That, dry as-dry, no one can see; And one who built a house was right With faith the centuries cannot dim, But pleaded that small children might Be suffered to come unto Him.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA