

JESSICA LEAVENGOOD

2352 HENRY LOUISA STREET

*Editor's Note*

The photographs on the following pages and on our cover are by Jessica Leavengood, a recent graduate of the University of Iowa's undergraduate program in photography. For this series, she took pictures of her great-grandparents' Iowa farmhouse. She writes:

42 *Growing up, I was very fortunate to have an abundance of relatives surrounding me. All of my grandparents, some of my great-grandparents, and even a few of my great-great-grandparents were still living. As a result, some of my grandparents changed the usual "Grandpa" and "Grandma" monikers to names that were easier for all of the grandchildren to pronounce and remember. Rather than "Great-Great-Grandma," my two great-great-grandmothers were known as "Gram" and "Grandma 2," and one set of my great-grandparents became "Grandpa and Grandma on the Farm." Grandpa and Grandma on the Farm's tiny white farmhouse with the big, blue, cluttered back porch was always an adventure to visit.*

*As I grew older, Grandpa and Grandma on the Farm became "Great-Grandpa Huston and Great-Grandma Bea," and their farmhouse became just a small part of who they were in my mind. That is until just recently, when I visited their house for the first time since their deaths and found that it still remains exactly as they left it—even though it has been almost three years since my great-grandmother passed away.*

*As a photographer, I have always been intrigued by indoor spaces—especially personal spaces—as oftentimes they become portraits of the people who occupy them. This series of photographs is my rendering of a portrait of my great-grandparents, as the tiny white farmhouse with the blue back porch helps me recall countless wonderful memories of my "Grandpa and Grandma on the Farm." Maybe this house holds the same power for others in my family, as no one has found the motivation—or perhaps the desire—to clean it out.*



“Back Porch,” 2009  
Pigmented Inkjet Print, 11 x 17 in.



"Kitchen Bulletin Board," 2009  
Pigmented Inkjet Print, 11 x 17 in.



“Farm Clock,” 2009  
Pigmented Inkjet Print, 11 x 17 in.



“Refrigerator,” 2009  
Pigmented Inkjet Print, 11 x 17 in.

MEGAN GRUMBLING

*Samuel Brannan, 1819 (Saco, Maine)–1889 (Escondido, California): Speculator in citrus, geysers, Mexico, destiny, the big Rush*

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*America is, in a sense, the inability to think of gold metaphorically.*

—John Fowles

## CHRISTENED

*Anchored off Oahu, July 1846, a month from California:  
En route from New York Harbor, Brannan has presided over baptisms.*

The guy's bestowed  
upon them oceans. *Oceans!* Think of that,  
how sheer a trick, how wide a sweep of wrist  
rinses the deck. I swear the shaggy cad's  
won over everything—the Smiths, their ship  
of quarreling Mormons, yielding seas, the salt-  
sweet favor of the luckyborn—and brims  
a gleam half gold, half goad, oracular,  
a master of trajectory itself.  
*I christen thee*, he boomed once, twice, pronounced  
*Pacific Horner* and *Atlantic Cade*—  
such sovereign scenes to dream up as he doused  
them, deigned his claim, as it was Brannan called  
to do the naming, naturally, in those drear months  
of fro and pitch, the petty porthole squalls  
from tarts and prudes all the damn way around  
the Horn. Wise-ass and savior, grace and gall  
ensured him favored, chosen, asked  
for—this guy's got a racket on the vast  
gestures, guffaws, cigars, tall crackerjack