

BYU STUDIES, HOW SHE IS

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A Voice For the Community of LDS Scholars

People are always asking me how I like working at *BYU Studies*. I say:

- It's not as good as playing softball behind the Meadow Ward meetinghouse.
- It's not as bad as leprosy, hog cholera, or stepping on a nail in the barnyard.
- It's not as good as drinking chocolate milk and reading *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar* on a long afternoon in the summertime.

That's what I would like to say. What I really say is that work is, after all, work, and it is a mercy when any work has its moments—as work at *BYU Studies* certainly does.

Some of those moments are bad moments:

“Could you tell me whatever happened to that article I submitted to you in 1968 I think it was?”

- It fell down behind the stove.
- It was seized in a Correlation Committee *blitzkrieg*.
- Rats ate it.

That's what I would like to say. What I really say is that it is out to a reader right now. What I don't say is that the reader was lost off the coast of the Philippines in the Spanish-American War.

“But why *can't* you use my article on ‘Chiasmus in the *Nauvoo Expositor*’?”

- Three graduate interns have already perished of ennui while trying to read it.
- Too long.
- Too short.
- Too much jam on page three.

That's what I would like to say. What I really say is, “We have three special issues coming up. Why don't you send it to *Dialogue*?”

But through it all I am restrained from throwing my typewriter through the window by the fact that I have no window. Also, by the fact that *BYU Studies* has its good moments as well. Such as . . .

- When we get an envelope in the mail from Stan Kimball with SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: THESE ARE POSITIVELY, DEFINITELY, AND PERHAPS THE LAST OF THE CHANGES typed on the outside, and on the inside a manuscript that looks like *The Rape of the Sabine Women*.
- When I'm proofreading a set of galleys, and I read: “At the peak of this agricultural stagnation and business acceleration, the dark daks of economic depression descended.”

LAURA WADLEY is the assistant editor of *BYU Studies*.

- The realization, finally, that a scholarly journal has its own aesthetic: black ink on thick cream paper. Author, title, place of publication, publisher, date of publication, page number. And that when a fine mind, a good heart, and an unfailing faith unite in impeccable *order* on that cream-colored page, that is lovely and fine.

Did you like "Beyond Politics," "Liberating Form," "The Meaning of Christ," "Joseph Knight's Recollection of Early Mormon History," "The Old Philosopher"? I read them before you did and helped set them on the page. And when I cut the plastic wrap on the first copy of a new issue, that's a good day.

That's what I want to say. And that's what I do say.

