

stabilities in their texts, and who can't predict the ways that readers will re-construct them.

In the end, Bush argues that her authors construct texts intentionally in conversation with Mormonism, patriarchal culture, gender expectations, truth, and, above all, authority, not with selfhood or language. Bush's interest, then, is rhetorical, lying more with the construction of narrative than the construction of identity, a fine approach, but one that leaves the most captivating questions of the evolving genre of autobiography unexplored. Scratch the surface of these narratives, and Bush finds, not a postmodern autobiographical subject in construction, but a modernist self, a fully realized person who stands up to authority to name herself someone apart from the obedient body of Mormonism.

With one notable exception. Wynetta Willis Martin's *Black Mormon Tells Her Story* is problematic on so many levels that I find it to be Bush's most courageous chapter for the academic transgressions she commits with her own assumptions. In this, her longest chapter, Bush lets the text do work that its author cannot claim. As a result, "the real story of racism in the Mormon Church inevitably leaks out" (135) as Martin writes what is essentially an apologia for that racism. Here language and identity escape the autobiographer's grasp, and Bush allows that the text can do work that the intentional author could never have intended.

Full disclosure: I know Laura Bush. I like Laura Bush. In graduate school fifteen years ago, I was impressed with her seriousness and her formidable intellect. I see that seriousness and intellect still at work in *Faithful Transgressions*. Despite its few flaws—the unexplored theoretical promise of its genre, the places where it reads like an unreconstructed dissertation—it is an important book. It works from a (largely unstated) premise that the tensions revealed in faithful transgressions can be breached, that Mormonism, as Laurel Thatcher Ulrich famously claimed, is more flexible and feminism larger than we have imagined. It takes Mormon women and the all-too-often silent choices of their lives seriously. This book allows Bush to construct a larger model of Mormon narrative and identity than Mormon culture has yet produced, a model many women, even faithful transgressors, can live with.

Sinamon Twist

Linda Hoffman Kimball, *The Marketing of "Sister B"* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 2002), 160 pp.

Reviewed by Mary Ellen Robertson, Claremont Graduate School M.A. in women's studies in religion

Mild-mannered Mormon housewife uses her background in chemistry and family science to whip up a batch of tantalizing cinnamon fragrance as a last-minute party favor for a visiting teaching luncheon. Little did Donna Brooks realize how quickly her creation would propel her out of Rottingham, Massachusetts, and into the spotlight.

Donna's concoction captures the attention of a New York-based marketer attending the luncheon with a former roommate. Lucy Hobbes believes the cinnamon-scented oil has potential and urges Donna to "talk business" with her later. After a dinner meeting with Lucy and promoter Gloria Hewett, Donna signs on; and her new contacts set the marketing machine in motion.

Donna has a substantial cheering section—populated by her devoted and supportive husband, Hank, her mercurial teenage daughter Stephanie, mischief-making sons Simon, Nate, and Ben, and her ever-present best friend from the ward, Margo Cabot. Also along for the ride: Donna's new visiting teaching companion, Juliet Benton; Big Apple marketing's photographer Lois Wheaton; and the sonorous stake public affairs representative, Meredith Monson, who encourages Donna to use her entrepreneurial opportunities to promote the Church.

Although the marketing process seems straightforward, Donna is in for a few surprises. She signs contracts without reading the fine print and is shocked to discover what Gloria has in mind for the print advertising: barely clad models pushing her fragrance now dubbed *Sinnamon*. Donna pitches a fit and enlists the help of a lawyer recommended by Sister Monson. Inspired by Donna's impassioned reaction, Gloria suggests they use *her* in the ad campaign. While Donna can't change the name of the product, her wholesome image and spunk are certainly a more palatable alternative than what the New York folks had in mind.

Donna's inner "lioness" surfaces again at her first photo shoot. Makeup artists and hair stylists revamp her homespun appearance, but her wardrobe becomes an issue when the snooty wardrobe designer insists Donna strip on the spot and put on the outfit he's picked out:

"Look—Rico, is it?" Donna said in a steely, no-nonsense tone. "You're going to have to leave now if you want me to try these on."

Rico looked dumbfounded. "Get over it, honey," he said. "I'm not here for my jollies. There's not time to tiptoe around."

"You listen to me, honey," Donna barked back. "No way am I going to drop my trousers in front of you." She could feel her lioness surging. "There is some stuff about my clothing that you wouldn't get, and I'm not in a mood to go into it with you. You can forget the tank top, too. Get me something with sleeves."

"Unacceptable," said Rico fiercely.

"Unacceptable or not, I *do not* wear tank tops and I am not going to

discuss it with you." . . . When it comes to privacy and clothing—and garments—she was not going to be bullied by some little tyrant. (54-55)

Though Donna feels a little guilty for dispatching Rico harshly, she also feels appreciated for her lioness-like ability to stand up for herself. It's an attribute that serves her well during the frenzied pre-Christmas marketing campaign for Sinnamon. As the pace increases, so do the stressors. Donna wonders whether the time spent away from her family is worth the rewards of bringing her product—evocative of home and hearth—to the masses.

Even when the cost to her orderly, predictable life seems perilously high, Donna faces her challenges with a sometimes-ferocious grace. Sinnamon gives her a wild ride for a few months; then Donna is altogether happy to step back into the normalcy of after-school snacks, managing her brood, and keeping household entropy in check. Even the task of cooking dinner for the family takes on unanticipated allure when compared to her hectic cross-country promotional tour.

Donna's handlers recognize and capitalize on her "Everywoman" qualities. It's part of what sells. Yet there are moments when Donna's lack of finesse shines through the veneer. Though she can be strong, Donna also vacillates and second-guesses herself—and is especially sensitive to the criticisms coming from members of her ward and negative feedback from her own children. It's strange that Donna can take on the New York publicity machine and emerge victorious again and again, yet she deflates so completely over her teenage daughter's assessment of her appearance. She seems to take to heart Stephanie's comment: "When it comes to image, Mom, you can't trust your own instincts!" (34-35)

Donna also abdicates responsibility for knowing the contents of the contracts she's signed and tunes out when her lawyer tries to explain the details to her. She bounces between "what do I know about this" green and feeling as if she can easily navigate the public sphere. She is talented and accomplished and has dimension to her life, so where does the tendency to recoil from her own abilities come from? Perhaps this bothers me because I can relate to it a little *too* well.

Donna's world is populated with some colorful characters. The people in Donna's ward are probably the most recognizable of the "types." There is a Mormon couple transplanted to the East Coast for graduate school; the wife frets about putting her daughter in preschool (the horror!) and counts down the days until she can move back to her beloved Pocatello. Donna has a crusty, inactive woman on her visiting teaching route and her companion is a single woman with a Ph.D. (As Donna notes, Ph.D. and single woman are often synonymous in Mormon culture.)

Meredith Monson, the stake public relations director, proves a delicious foil and a perpetual fly in the ointment of Donna's adventures. Sister Monson has something of a Jane Austen tang to her—she's the boorish guest oblivious to the myriad ways she transgresses social and even spiritual proprieties. Every time she