

to retch silently. The library hid me, and guarded me. My superiors were always understanding, but one day when I returned from sick leave (again), the second-in-command called me to his private office. "Oh, Oh," I thought, "this is the sack at last." But he smiled sympathetically. "Got the morning sickness, eh? Well, keep the tummy full!" Whereupon he gave me an assignment which he said was more in keeping with my training: some research in the main reading room.

A cohort of mine from Utah worked next door as secretary to foreign lawyers who were dealing in exciting stuff behind the Iron Curtain. These men, lined up in the hall west of ours, were all exotic and older, with degrees in several languages. Whenever I passed through, they made what I was sure were ribald remarks in Romanian. My friend and I were on the elevator with some of these men one day, when one, a man who looked pitifully elderly and broken to my eye, coughed consumptively and complained that he couldn't seem to clear up his chest condition. Said I jocularly, "What you need is an old-fashioned mustard plaster."

"What's that?"

I explained that it was an old Utah remedy. "Why not show me?" he said, and since he lived in the same apartment complex, I agreed to come over that night with a mustard plaster.

It was a mark of our innocence that my husband did not even ask where I was going as I departed the apartment at ten P.M. carrying my supplies and took the elevator to the tenth floor in the adjoining building. The lawyer opened the door, bowed elegantly in his pajamas, and locked the door behind me. I saw an apartment like ours except that he could see the Washington Monument. He clicked off the lights that I might have a better view, and

before I could mix up my mustard, had encircled me in his skinny arms, and grazed my cheek with a kiss.

I dropped my supplies and leaped backward. He was in no condition to engage me if unwilling, and I spoke sharply: "Get over on that bed and lie down. I came here to put a mustard plaster on you, and I'm going to do it." He lay back wordlessly, baring his concave chest, while I quickly spread the dull yellow stuff over a cloth I had cut in the shape of a vest. I slapped the cloth on his chest, covered it with another, insulated the whole mess with a large piece of brown paper, and buttoned his pajama top. Without further instructions, I made for the door.

He stopped me as I was leaving. Holding his plaster close, he jerked a yellow rose from a vase on a table and thrust it at me. "Please accept this," he said, coughing. "I have never met a woman like you in my whole life."

He fell back on his bed, and I let myself out, rose in hand. (What burning passions did he feel for me afterward?)

Hadn't anyone ever told me that young women, even married ones, do not visit bachelors, even elderly ones, in their apartments at night, and that elderly bachelors do not usually have mustard plasters on their minds?

Years later in a brief reunion with the friend who had worked with the lawyers, she told me of her encounter with Mr. Mustard Plaster. A single girl at the time, she had taken a drive with him one Sunday afternoon. Afterward he had invited her to his apartment to share the view. She had leapt out of his embrace with the words, "Please, I'm a Mormon!" And had added: "Besides, this is Sunday!" His laughter haunts her yet, along with the nickname he gave her: "The Never On Sunday Girl."

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

The Little Man Who Isn't There

Samuel W. Taylor

As I was going up the stair,
I met a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today,
I wish, I wish he'd go away.

Mormons might find particular interest in the recent defeat by the California legislature of a bill that would have repealed all laws against sexual relationships by con-

senting adults. Only an impassioned stand by a coterie of legislators from that stronghold of rectitude commonly known as Rafferty Country prevented its passage, as members of this group with Bibles opened thundered denunciation of the abominations of Sodom and Gomorrah. Proponents of the defeated bill remained confident, however, of its eventual passage in future sessions, and predicted that similar legislation will within a few years prevail throughout most of the nation.

There are several straws in the wind. More and more people are coming to believe that the primary function of police work is to maintain law and order, not enforce morality. Debate on the bill brought out the fact that in the city of Long Beach twenty-five percent of the police force was detailed to peekhole duty at public latrines, instead of out coping with crimes of violence. In the current onrush of permissive morality, guys and dolls are emerging from the closet, not only frankly admitting to being gays and lesbians but banding together to fight for their rights. Throughout the nation restrictions against birth control information have been swept away. Who would have dreamed, ten years ago, that the impregnable entrenched opposition to abortion could ever crumble?

"The times they are a-changing." Do you remember, not too long ago, when a film called "The Moon is Blue" was denied the production code seal because its heroine uttered the awful line, "I am a virgin"? What shocking language! Today the explicit bedroom scene is virtually obligatory, and in pear-shaped tones the lovely young thing, dressed in absolutely nothing at all, utters language typical of an army barracks. Best-selling authors are now writing sex books that formerly would have circulated under the counter. Instead of saying, "I love you," the swain of today with a four-letter word invites his beloved to hop into bed. That, alas, is the new romance. The only unutterable words today are "good taste."

As we all know, the L.D.S. Church is most firmly opposed to the new permissiveness. In areas which it can control, such as productions on its stages and conduct at the B.Y.U. campus, it prohibits styles in hair and dress typical of those who espouse the breakdown of taboos. This is as it should be. Certainly morality is the proper concern of a church, just as law and order is of the police.

Yet among all the brouhaha I wonder if the Saints in general realize what the potential repeal of sex laws might mean to them personally, and the predicament in which it might place the Church? Certainly members in good standing would be totally disinterested in the new freedom as it pertains to homosexuality, to group love in communes, to wife-swapping and promiscuous "swinging."

However, have you thought what it could mean when the new permissiveness repeals laws against plural marriage?

Section 132 is still in our *Doctrine and Covenants*. Polygamy is still part of our doctrine. The practice was discontinued for one reason, and one reason only: it had been declared illegal. In issuing the Manifesto, President Wilford Woodruff said,

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted in Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, . . . I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land.

We should remember that the Manifesto came only after the Church had fought with its every resource for a period of twenty-eight years against federal legislation prohibiting polygamy. The church appeal to higher courts was based on the first amendment to the constitution, which forbade Congress to infringe upon religious freedom. Legally, plural marriage wasn't a crime *malum en se* — bad of itself because of injury to others, such as arson, murder, or robbery — but was *malum prohibitum*, a crime only because of law against it. Polygamy injured nobody; the Gentiles simply imposed their own moral code upon the Mormon marriage relationship.

The Church capitulated after a heroic struggle. When the Supreme Court upheld anti-polygamy legislation in 1879, the Church chose to obey the law of God in defiance of the law of man for a period of eleven years, before issuing the Manifesto in 1890. Inasmuch as my grandfather, John Taylor, led this rebellion to the day of his death — he died on the underground with a price on his head, refusing to compromise — I feel close to the gallant stand against hopeless odds.

And I wonder what today's Mormons would do if the repeal of sex laws swept away the only reason for not obeying Sec-

tion 132? Would we, or would we not, embrace the awful responsibilities undertaken by the pioneers?

While my crystal ball license has expired, I suspect that regardless of Section 132 the Saints would put up a ferocious fight against legislation that would result in the right to practice polygamy. My guess is that if

the repeal of sex laws should sweep the country, Utah and a few states of what H. L. Mencken called the Bible Belt would stand firm in clinging to stringent anti-polygamy legislation. And that strange sound you would hear would be John Taylor and other pioneer prophets whirling in their graves.

FAITH AND REASON

The Logic of the Gospel

Lowell L. Bennion

There are those who delight in pitting faith against reason and who thereby disparage thinking in order to exalt religion. They even find scriptural justification for taking this stance in the writings of Paul, particularly in the early chapters of First Corinthians. The apostle knew from experience that the learned Greeks in Athens were not disposed to believe his account of the resurrected Christ. It was hence easy for him to declare that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

When one depreciates the thinking of men, he may also unwittingly demean thinking within religion itself and run the risk of practicing a form of religion that is a mixture of feeling, tradition, recollection, hearsay, and opinion — a kind of conglomerate with limited substance and structure.

Let me hasten to say that I do not disparage faith. Religion deals with the unknown, with super-empirical reality, with ultimate questions which, in good part, transcend experience and logic. It must, therefore, go beyond knowledge in its quest for meaning and the ideal. Nor do I deny Paul's statement "that the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." Revelation is more than man's thinking; it is the Spirit of God working on and through the mind of man.

Granted all of that, this does not mean that a religious person must set aside reason, close his eyes to thought, and cease being rational when he practices his religion. Thinking is fruitful not only in science, philosophy, art, and everyday life; it is equally so within religion itself. The Gospel

of Jesus Christ is more than feeling, more than hope, more than faith. It is also built upon ideas. It has an inner logic that infers a use of the mind in order for one to understand and appreciate it. My purpose in this essay is to illustrate this assertion.

JESUS' INTELLECTUAL EMPHASIS

The teachings of Jesus reveal a person of faith, a mystic in the finest sense of the word, who spoke of the ultimate, His God, in the most trustful words, a person also of deep feeling and sensitivity. But they also bear witness to a lucid, brilliant mind. His parables are profound and artistic; his proverbs meaty, pithy, and insightful; his questions and answers incisive. His ideas hang together, support each other, show consistency; and form configurations of meaning not unlike the coherence one finds in philosophy and science, howbeit of a different kind.

His major appeal to men is that they should love one another. His life and teachings are wholly consistent with this emphasis: "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; "Judge not that ye be not judged"; "Blessed are the merciful" and "the peacemakers"; "He that would save his life, shall lose it"; "If a man ask thee to go one mile, go with him twain"; "Forgive seventy times seven." In fact everything in the Law and the Prophets hangs on this principle of love.

The second moral virtue Jesus stressed and exemplified is integrity. This ideal embraces all of the moral virtues of the Gospel which are not preempted by love,