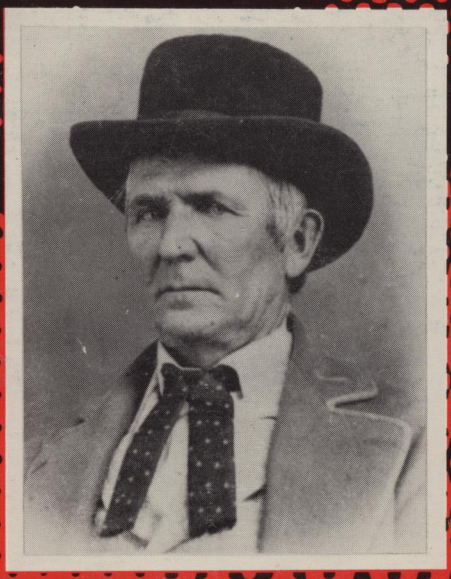
DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE: A Journal of Mormon Thought is an independent national quarterly established to express Mormon culture and examine the relevance of religion to secular life. It is edited by Latter-day Saints who wish to bring their faith into dialogue with human experience as a whole and to foster artistic and scholarly achievement based on their cultural heritage. The Journal encourages a variety of viewpoints; although every effort is made to insure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment, the views expressed are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of the Mormon Church or of the editors.

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THE COVER

The massacre of a group of immigrants at Mountain Meadows in 1857 is an important episode in Mormon history (discussed in the conversation with Juanita Brooks in this issue). The fact that the Mormons who committed this atrocity tried to cover it up by blaming it on the Indians, by pacts of secrecy and finally by making John D. Lee a scapegoat has echoes in recent American history. David Willardson's cover—using images of John D. Lee and the American Indian—is rich in symbolic and suggestive meaning—about stereotypes, scapegoats and secrecy; it also suggests that these are matters about which it is good to have a dialogue.

Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought is published quarterly. Subscription rate in the United States is $20 per year; single copies, $5. Subscription Department, 900 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90024. *Dialogue* welcomes articles, essays, poetry, fiction, notes and comments, and art work. Manuscripts should be sent in triplicate to the Editor, accompanied by return postage.

Letters to the Editor

an important precedent

In the discussion following Lester Bush's enlightening study on the enigmatic origin of the Church's denial of the priesthood to Blacks, no one, it seems, seriously considered the possibility of a change in Church policy. Debate on this issue always seems to center on the inspiration or lack of inspiration which led to this dilemma. It seems that those who consider the doctrine to have its origins in man's prejudice don't anticipate a policy change because of a dogmatic Church membership, which membership, in turn, believes there can be no change in policy because it would signify that God is not the same today and yesterday or because it would imply that our revelation is fallible.

By contrast with the early days of the Restoration the membership at large relies upon precedent and clings to tradition almost with xenophobia. There is an important precedent, for those who seek precedents, on Church policy change with regard to racial separation, which gives me hope that, as we have revelation, we may soon see a resolution of this question.

The conflict within our latter-day Church is not unlike a factiousness which threatened the primitive Church. The Jewish tradition of discrimination against non-Jews, to which even Christ adhered, was in conflict with the last mandate which Christ gave his apostles: to teach all nations. Chapters ten and eleven of Acts record the revelation which reversed Church policy regarding the gentiles. After the vision Peter concluded:

> Ye know that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. (10:28) . . . Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. (10:34, 35) . . . Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift (the gift of the Holy Ghost) as he did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; what was I, that I could withstand God? (11:17)

Most interesting is the reaction of the brethren who, in an attitude of criticism, called Peter to account for having baptized gentiles:

> When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentence unto life. (11:18)

While I have no gnostic insight into God's designs I believe it possible that a change in Church policy may occur regardless of our discussions of the validity of the present policy. Moreover, such a change would not, in my opinion, cast doubt on the actuality of latter-day revelation, but would confirm it.

D. Marc Haws

science and religion

Congratulations on such an excellent issue [Science and Religion]. Although it didn't answer all my questions on the subject it did stimulate my thinking in some new directions, and I'm always grateful whenever that happens.

I especially enjoyed the interviews with Henry Eyring and the three anonymous scientists. You provide a valuable service by publishing honest, candid dialogues such as these. I look forward to reading the other interviews you promise to publish.

Ann Croft
Ogden, Utah

Your Science and Religion issue is one of the best issues of any magazine I have ever read. Having edited a few magazines myself, I think you deserve to suspend your humility for a moment and take some downright egotistical satisfaction in your accomplishment, all the more so in that "Science and Religion," outstanding as it is among magazines in general, is but a pinnacle in the lofty *Dialogue* range.

Now to a matter of substance in Science and Mormonism. Your contributors ably combined to persuade me that Mormonism is better constituted than most other revealed faiths to avoid conflict with scientific findings. Reading Duane E. Jeffrey on the issue of evolution, in fact, I was mystified as to why resistance should have cropped up among some prominent Mormons. But could the attack on evolution be a case of displacement? Could the real source of frustration be the scientifically accepted view of the archaeology of the Americas?

Maybe some day you will find contributors who will face this issue. I would be fascinated to read what Sterling M. McMurrin, for example, thinks would happen to the

doxic structure of Mormonism as a whole if Joseph Smith's archaeology were not taken literally. I would also like to see an assessment by some respected archaeologist of how strongly his discipline's evidence challenges the account given by Joseph Smith.

The results of such studies might not all be comforting, but many Mormons have to deal with this issue from time to time whether they like it or not, and they would surely be helped by having some solid information on the subject.

James Martin
New York City

We are currently contemplating a special issue on the objective evidence for the Book of Mormon. It will attempt to make a case for the Book of Mormon based on archaeological, anthropological, linguistic and cultural evidence.—Ed.

I wish to thank you for publishing the interview with Henry Eyring. I have long been an admirer of Dr. Eyring and have always appreciated his ability to reconcile his professional and spiritual lives.

I was especially pleased to have a first hand report of his statement on *Dialogue* to the Church magazine committee. I had heard the anecdote earlier, but it was nice to get it straight from the source. It is interesting to speculate the extent to which *Dialogue* has had an influence on the Church magazines. (The *New Era* recently contained a brief discussion on homosexuality—that couldn't have been possible I don't believe without *Dialogue's* pioneering effort.) I'm sure no one would officially admit to such an influence, but I am equally sure that there has been one. If nothing else *Dialogue* has demonstrated the value of having an open and honest publication.

John D. Moyle
Salt Lake City

Please no more interviews with persons who "must" remain anonymous. If they have something to say, let them say it "openly and honestly" and sign it.

The interview with Henry Eyring was delightful.

Richard Moore
Reno, Nevada

It was interesting to read the dialogues on science and religion in your last issue. I was, however, disturbed by the fact that three of the interviews were anonymous. I regret this because some scientists are more thoughtful and perceptive than others. Under the cloak of anonymity how is the reader to know whether the scientists you selected were simply hacks or first-rate scholars? My greater regret was that such anonymity was probably necessary in order to get candor. It is too bad that the Mormon Church does not encourage loyal opposition.

O. Boyd Mathias
Callison College
University of the Pacific
Stockton, California

The interviews came to us from Professor Parker and Mr. Miller as anonymous. The anonymity was requested by the individuals being interviewed.—Ed.

The Science/Religion issue was excellent—and coming from a more or less professional critic of the merger I hope that is taken as a compliment. The introduction by Farmer was intriguing with its suggestion of future topics—indeed, the whole issue sparked thoughts about related matters in the field. The opening article by Haglund was balanced par excellence. On seeing the cover I was afraid the usual unhealthy laziness and sterile and inhuman close-mindedness would prevail in the usual orthodox liberal intellectual way—but this was totally untrue. One could only wish for more of the same. There was, however, still the "over educated" moderation about the issue that doesn't allow a great deal of the healthy radicalism that helps us view the central issues with clarity by defining the limits. Nibley, perhaps, is the greatest example of the "relevant scholar" and one who is not smug about science of any kind—indeed, he understands that in unorthodoxy is light. Just two brief comments on specifics:

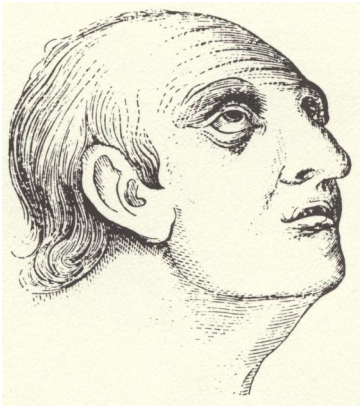
Ethics is often slighted when discussing science, yet to me this is a major issue. Most of the objections to "scientism" are ethical and for those interested in science not to consider ethics as really a central area of conflict in the discussion of science and religion is to ignore the real fire.

The population problem relative to food is solvable, primarily with guidance from the scriptures: elimination of non-food crops and adoption of a non-meat diet. India, for example, is cited as a country whose food problem is unsolvable, when actually, it feeds most of its peanut crop (a complete protein as revealed by recent research) to animals and exports high-protein seed meal to other countries. Many other things could be said relative to this topic but this should spark some thinking.

Finally, I would highly recommend a good dose of the critical literature on science, specifically that of C. S. Lewis, Andrew Weil's *The Natural Mind*, and Theodore Roszak's

The Making of a Counter-Culture and *Where the Wasteland Ends.* These books, like *Dialogue,* are only necessary intellectual exercises while we choose to remain in "civilization." But as many young people have discovered, such games are no longer needed to sustain the inner life when one returns to a natural way of life.

Scott S. Smith
Los Angeles



is dialogue sexist?

The following letter, addressed to the Editor, was received recently from Laurel T. Ulrich, co-editor of the special women's issue of Dialogue *and a member of* Dialogue's *Board of Editors.*

Dear Bob:
I sat down today with a stack of *Dialogues* and did a little counting. Perhaps you'd like to know what I discovered. Excluding the famous pink issue (the special women's issue) only seven of the 158 full-length articles and essays published in the last eight years were by women. Three out of 12 short stories, 15 out of 67 poems or groups of poems were written by women, a somewhat more respectable showing.

Yet only 24 of 140 book reviews had female authors. Many of these were of the "short note" variety, and 16 were on specifically "feminine" topics—children's books, Rodney Turner's theology, etc. Thus Cherry Silver, despite a Ph.D. from Harvard, appeared in the literature issue only as a reviewer of the Relief Society anthology.

Equally revealing were the art credits. Women were listed in only eight of the 30 issues.

Even more disturbing, the ratio seems to have remained remarkably constant. Nor does the distribution of personnel seem to have changed. It may even have gotten worse. Of the 62 names on the inside cover of the first issue, 22 were female. In the most recent issue, there are 11 out of 46.

I'm sure you would like to change this as much as I. Where shall we begin?

Laurel T. Ulrich
Durham, New Hampshire

Robert Rees responds

Dear Laurel:
I've always been a little suspicious of statistics; your letter makes me even more so. Statistics seldom tell the truth and they never tell the whole truth. For example, you point out that there are fewer women on the *Dialogue* staff now (11 out of 46) than in the beginning (22 out of 62). What your figures don't reveal is that of those original 22, all but three held minor positions (editorial assistants, publication assistants, etc.). Even though *Dialogue's* staffing pattern has changed, we can make a comparison between the top staffs then and now. In the beginning, only Frances Menlove held a significant decision-making position and there were only two women out of 22 members of the Board of Editors. Now three of the five associate editors are women and the Editorial Board is almost one-third women. Within the next month at least one woman will be added to the Executive Committee. Thus, women are more involved in the operation of *Dialogue* than ever before.

Also, by eliminating the women's issue (which had only three male contributors) you distort the figures considerably. A total of 29 women were published in that issue.

What is more significant about the women's issue is that all my attempts to get you and Claudia as editors of that issue to be more outspoken for women's rights in the Church were unsuccessful. Frankly, I am still somewhat disappointed that the issue was not bolder and more far reaching in its attempts to speak to the serious problems of sexism within Mormonism. Your approach and tone may have been more practical and realistic, but personally I would have liked a little more boldness.

That is, by the way, the same objection I have to the first issue of *Exponent II*—it seems to be trying so hard not to offend that it comes off as pretty bland. Incidentally, I'll gladly compare *Dialogue's* gender statistics with those of *Exponent II,* which doesn't have *one* male on its staff and didn't have one male contributor to its first issue. (Perhaps you will argue that conscious sexism is preferable to what you might consider unconscious sexism.)

I honestly believe that the Letters to the

Editor and Notes and Comments sections of *Dialogue* contain the most significant discussion of women's rights of any publication among the Mormons. That ought to be more important than the number of women we have published.

Were you to examine *Dialogue's* correspondence files you would find numerous invitations to women asking them to submit something to our pages. Also, I have made a number of personal invitations to women. So what we are talking about here, I think, is something far more serious than one journal's failure to give equal space to women. Until the past few years there have been very few women doing research and writing on the kinds of subjects *Dialogue* concerns itself with, including women's rights. This is due in the main, I believe, to the fact that our culture has tenaciously held to outmoded ideas of women's roles and domain, including the pervasive idea that women are not to speak out on matters of doctrine and substance but only on matters of homemaking and child rearing. That more women are rejecting these concepts is a hopeful sign.

I personally feel that the problem of women's rights in the Church is one of the most significant problems facing Mormonism today. As editor I have tried to give space to an open and intelligent discussion of this problem. As I said in my letter to you of October 28, 1971: "It seems very clear to me that women are treated as second-class citizens in the Church today and I am interested in exploring both the reasons why this is so and what can be done to change it." But your statistics do show that for whatever reasons women aren't contributing to *Dialogue* as we hoped they would. Therefore, I am taking the following affirmative action steps:

1. I am asking you to be an Associate Editor of *Dialogue* with the essential responsibility of securing more feminine voices;

2. I am sending a letter to the *Dialogue* staff asking their efforts in recruiting women contributors;

3. I will redouble my efforts to get women to write for *Dialogue*. If you or any of *Dialogue's* or *Exponent II's* readers know of women who have something significant to say I would be pleased to know of them.

I have no doubt but that with this concerted effort we can remedy the statistical imbalance you note in your letter. What is more significant, however, is that we may play some part in helping women to achieve the equal status the Restored Gospel of Christ promises them.

exponent one, exponent two

Thank you for calling our attention to the publication of *Exponent II*. The sisters of Boston are to be congratulated for their imagination and courage in publishing a journal for Mormon women. I found the entire contents fascinating (a word I don't feel comfortable using anymore—thanks to Helen Andelin) and have shared my copy with many friends (including a few non-threatened males). Mormon Women have made a beginning and it's exhilarating. Right on sisters!

Susan Smith Maddox
Burbank, California

I was interested in your announcement of the publication of *Exponent II*. Quite by coincidence a friend sent a copy just as I had finished reading a number of early issues of the original *Exponent* for an article I am preparing on the women's movement in nineteenth century Utah. What a contrast! *Exponent II* is timid and tentative where its namesake is forthright and assertive. The difference is due to the fact that nineteenth century Mormon women didn't question either their rights or their independence (both of which were hard earned) and contemporary Mormon women seem uncertain of both. The history that spans these two publications has to be among the most intriguing in the annals of women's studies.

Cynthia Crowell
San Francisco, California

eve and adam's parenthetical aside

In my reading of late I have noticed that when writers and scholars want to go right on ignoring women's rights, but can't afford to appear imperceptive, they will do what Brothers Parker and Miller did in their introduction to "Dialogues on Science and Religion." In praising the people they interviewed, they dispose of women in a parenthetical aside: "(unfortunately, none were women)."

You bet that's unfortunate! And inexcusable! They claim to have interviewed "several well-established LDS academicians located at various institutions of higher education in the United States." Couldn't they rake up even one woman? They say they tried to get a "cross section of possible areas." Tried, but failed.

Please, brothers, get busy and interview some women. If you don't know any, I could probably arrange an introduction.

Mary L. Bradford
Arlington, Virginia

See the interview with Juanita Brooks in this issue.—Ed.

faith, hope and . . .

On receiving your new subscription rate schedule I was struck with the fear that at $20 a year there may be too many readers fall away to allow this fine journal to continue publication. Whatever the situation with others, *Dialogue* has not outlived its usefulness to me and I am happy to send my $20 in faith and hope that *Dialogue* will continue to exist as a vital influence in my life.

Milo Hendricks
Salt Lake City

dialogue in south africa

It was delightful and stimulating to receive the most recent issue of *Dialogue*. I am grateful for the chance to find in its pages an opportunity to expand my awareness and challenge my notions of the nature of my faith and my dedication to the gospel. In line with my (albeit poorly embodied) commitment to this conscientious self-examination and growth, I wish to purchase a copy of each back issue. I hope these are still available since it takes a long time for an issue to make the trip I made a few months ago to share my love of the Lord and His for me with my South African brothers and sisters.

I am sorry to hear that your (our) financial situation is such that it is, but I guess it gives me a good opportunity to live the law of sacrifice. As long as I can take care of my basic needs I hope to give whatever else I have to support worthwhile institutions and projects, especially those which help me understand and develop my faith and sensitivity as *Dialogue* does.

If there is any service I can perform for you or any of your associates in my current location, I would be anxious to do it. You would probably be surprised by the thinking of the South African members (and nonmembers) on the race problem in the Church. It could be revealing in terms of seeing our "practice" through the eyes of a society with a sense of morality similar to that in which the practice was developed.

Elder Kim McCall
South African Mission
Johannesburg

war and peace

In the compass of a few pages Douglas Thayer ("The Clinic") captures the horror and insanity of the Viet-Nam war more effectively than all the news reports, articles and books I have read on the subject. Thayer poignantly portrays the nightmarish evil that haunts Steve's vision as well as the hypocrisy and provincialism that prevent him from comprehending that evil. It is artistically as well as morally appropriate that the story ends ambiguously.

Clay Green
Chicago, Illinois

israel, israel . . .

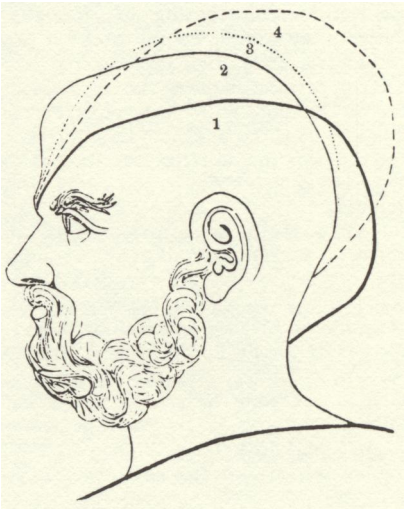
Please tell all my friends that I have migrated to Israel and that I invite them to come to this beautiful country. Here prophecy is being fulfilled. Indeed Israel itself is fulfillment of prophecy. Every Latter-Day Saint who comes over helps to fulfill Ezekiel, Chapter 37. Read the entire chapter carefully. It is a unified prophecy, full of awesome and beautiful things, some that have already come about, and most still to be—through the foundations are being laid. The Book of Mormon is being translated into Hebrew; we are compiling an LDS Hebrew hymnbook; the Joseph Smith Story is being printed in the national tongue; and the Mount of Olives will soon have a plaque with Orson Hyde's prayer in both languages.

You can come and be a part of this.

Shalom,

Benjamin Urrutia
Ulpán
Kibbutz 'Ein Ha-Shophet

P.S.: For inquiries about the Jerusalem Branch, write David Galbraith, Box 19604, Jerusalem, Israel.



onward christian soldiers

During our Army career (my husband is a Regular Army officer), we have been stationed in various branches and wards in various

countries and states. Usually these tours are spiritually uplifting, learning experiences. On occasion, though, we have a tour that finds our testimonies stagnating.

During these difficult times, *Dialogue* has proven to be invaluable to us. Not only does it reassure us that the Church in general is running smoothly and stably, but the articles in *Dialogue* have kept us on our spiritual toes, making us think and sharpening our minds. We are eternally grateful.

Please know that all your efforts are needed and appreciated. I honestly don't know if I'd have made it these past two years without you.

Barbara (Mrs. C. K.) Jackson
Ft. Bragg, North Carolina

hair

While sitting in Priesthood today I noticed that the hair styles of the missionaries were starkly different from those of everyone else, including the newly baptized members, other members of the quorum, the quorum presidency (who wore moustaches), and even some visiting Councilmen (full hair in the back, sideburns). The missionaries, of course, were clean shaven, sideburns above the middle of the ear when even existent, hair high cropped in the back. The fact is that this enforced grooming style is wholly out of date and there is no realistic reason to continue the practice of the previous generation. It is just as secular to copy the dress and grooming pattern of conservative businessmen as that of younger people (within limits in both directions, of course). Furthermore, most everyone knows someone who doesn't have the same grooming style but who is just as good as we think we are. Thus, stereotypes have long been broken, and for the un-Christian diehards who insist on judging others, and influencing others to judge, by outward appearance, I say let them wallow in their opinions until they get some light. To encourage judgment, as we do with artificial dress standards for missionaries and Church campuses, clearly goes against gospel ideas on both freedom and judging others. And I doubt that there is any benefit in trying to keep sideburns and hair in the back ridiculously high cropped. Of course moderation is needed. I'll bet that BYU wouldn't get any fewer donations and the Church wouldn't win any fewer converts if they became realistic about today's dress and hair standards. In fact, I believe that a trial run would reveal that we have been hindering our image and work too long: we have actually been driving young people away from the Church by projecting a totally out of date image that suggests prejudice and materialism, and by harrassing those individuals who deem it their right to let the God-planted strands go beyond the middle of the ear!

Scott S. Smith
Los Angeles

True dialogue is the conversation of minds . . . to raise the relevant questions and to give reasons which will stand up under further question is to engage in dialogue. Without such dialogue, justice fails, freedom withers, peace is broken, and even public order collapses. Dialogue, therefore, is not a mere ornament of a democracy but a matter of life and death.

STRINGFELLOW BARR

RIDING HERD:
A Conversation with Juanita Brooks

DAVIS BITTON AND MAUREEN URSENBACH

Elsewhere in this issue Robert Flanders speaks of the New Mormon History as having begun in 1945 with the publication of Fawn Brodie's No Man Knows My History. *While Brodie's book is certainly pivotal, an argument could be made that the new history really began some twenty years earlier when a young woman from Southern Utah began her careful and courageous investigation into one of the darkest and most secret episodes in Mormon History—the massacre at Mountain Meadows in 1857.*

Juanita Brooks' The Mountain Meadows Massacre *is a landmark in the unfolding of Mormon history because it marks the first time that Mormons began to look at their past with true objectivity. Brooks surpasses Brodie in her careful reconstruction of the past. Her work is guided by one essential motive—to find and tell the truth. As she says in the preface to* Mountain Meadows, *"This study is not designed either to smear or to clear any individual; its purpose is to present the truth. I feel sure that nothing but the truth can be good enough for the church to which I belong."*

Not everyone shared this dedication to the truth, however, and in spite of her belief that she was doing the Church a service by the publication of her book, many considered her an apostate and an enemy to the Church. But she quietly and faithfully continued her work and, as the bibliography at the end of this interview shows, has made a major contribution to the history of the West. It is, we are grateful to say, a contribution that is still going on.

When Dialogue *began publishing nine years ago Juanita Brooks was one of our strongest supporters. A letter which she wrote to us in the beginning exemplifies not only the spirit of what her life stands for but to some extent what* Dialogue *itself has attempted to reflect. We reproduce it here as a fitting introduction to her discussion of her life and work:*

> My statement regarding my father's idea of "riding herd" is, like most analogies, subject to question because any analogy is bound to be faulty in some respects. But for whatever it is worth, here it is:
>
> My father early recognized my tendency to question, to disagree, to refuse to take many of the Old Testament stories at face value. I could not admire Jacob's ethics in stealing his brother's birthright; I did not believe that the wind from tin horns would blow down the walls of Jericho, but insisted that they "fell" figuratively when the guards panicked and ran; if bears came out and devoured the children who called Elijah "old bald-pate," I didn't think God sent them, etc., etc.
>
> One day Dad said to me, "My girl, if you follow this tendency to criticize, I'm afraid you will talk yourself out of the Church. I'd hate to see you do that. I'm a cowboy, and I've learned that if I ride *in* the herd, I am lost—totally helpless. One who rides counter to it is trampled and killed. One who only trails behind means little, because he leaves all responsibility to others. It is the cowboy who rides the edge of the herd, who sings and calls and makes himself heard who helps direct the course. Happy sounds are generally better than cursing, but there are times when he must maybe swear a little and swing a whip or lariat to round in a stray or turn the leaders. So don't lose yourself, and don't ride away and desert the outfit. Ride the edge of the herd and be alert, but know your directions, and call out loud and clear. Chances are, you won't make any difference, but on the other hand, you just might."

Dialogue: Your background seems to have been anything but ordinary. What memories of your early childhood in Bunkerville, your schooling, for example, stand out in your mind?

Brooks: There was the year they put me out of school. Mr. Gubler wouldn't have me in the sixth grade, because I looked like I had TB or something. When I met him years after, when I was teaching debating, he said, "Oh, are you still alive? I didn't think you'd last that year out, you were so little and so sallow, you know." Anyway, they took me in at school on Monday morning and put me out the same day. But Tuesday morning I got up and found a pony—my father had gone out and bought it early. It was a beautiful dappled blue mare, with a flaxen mane and tail. Not a little kid's pony; a good sized little horse. And she was mine; he gave

her to me because I couldn't go to school, because I was supposed to be out of doors.

Well, the first morning, I took the cows down to the pasture and back, and rode around, but you can't stay on a horse all day with nothing to do. Wednesday morning I got on the pony again, and took the cows to the lower pasture. And then I thought, I'll go up by the upper field and check on my calf, Latitude. We had this wicked old cow, you know, that was so mean, that my father always said, "You just give her plenty of latitude." So we named her calf Latitude. So looking for Latitude that morning I went up through the town and past the graveyard and on into the fields and up to the upper field—there was some dry stock in there—but she wasn't there. Then I saw on the river bed, quite a ways up, some cattle just standing on a little island, so I started out to see if she was there. I went on the road to Mesquite to the bridge, then turned off on a trail among some high willows. Suddenly I came head on with a big man on a big horse. He was a stranger to me. He had a five gallon hat and a fine mount, a large man with goodly trappings. He looked at me as if I were a ghost. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" he asked. Here I was, barefoot, bare headed, and bareback on my horse. "Don't you know," he went on, "that if you had an accident your body could lay here for years and your parents would never know where you were?" And I said, "Well, I'm going over to those cattle there on that island to see if Latitude is over there." Well he said, "Why aren't you in school? A kid like you ought to be in school." Of course, that got to me, and I started to cry. I said I wanted to go to school, but they wouldn't let me. "I like school," I said, "but they won't have me." "Well, I'll be damned," he said. And the next morning I was in school.

Not in Mr. Gubler's school. He still wouldn't have me. But in Grandma Cox's. She had quite a room full, even without me. But they put in one desk, right on the front of the outside row, and I sat there. She never called on me all during the year; I'd been through it all the year before. I didn't blame her. She had third, fourth, and fifth grades, and some students that really needed help, and I didn't.

So I read. Just brought a book, *Under the Lilacs*, or whatever I wanted to, and read all day. She was the one that stressed memorizing. Memorize, memorize. Don't paraphrase. If Shakespeare said it, it's good enough; you don't need to change it. She had programs, and in one I thought I'd participate, give a poem. I found one in a farm magazine:

> The spacious firmament on high
> With all the blue ethereal sky
> And spangled heavens, the shining frame
> His great omnipotence proclaim.

So I gave it. Show off! "Well that's very nice, very nice, Juanita," she said, "but the Psalm says it so much better. You go home and you turn to Psalm 19: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.' " So I went home and found it and memorized it.

Dialogue: That sounds like a good learning experience.

Brooks: That was, I think, the best year I had in school.

Dialogue: Any other memories of your childhood in Bunkerville?

Brooks: My childhood was very primitive in some ways. There were no cars, until 1916 or 1917. When the first car came to Bunkerville, the school stampeded. The kids went out the windows and doors and we lined the street; they had to let the whole school out that afternoon.

Dialogue: What was the town like?

Brooks: The town was made first of adobe houses. They had their own kind of adobe mill, to make the "dobies." And after two or three years they burned brick right there in Bunkerville and put up red brick houses. And somebody, a painter, would come and paint flowers on your ceiling and decorate your house. They got really quite fancy.

The townspeople held some things in common. My father had a partnership in the community threshing machine. And we made molasses. He made his own molasses; he thought his was better than anybody else's.

And wine. The wine was good. They thought, because they made it, it didn't have any alcohol in it. But it did. I had my own experience.

Dialogue: With wine?

Brooks: With drinking. One day I was up to my Grandma Hafen's helping her with the washing and I got this little bit of stomach cramp. It didn't amount to much, but Grandma sensed it, so she said, "I'll get you a little sweet wine." She always made some wine every year. She brought me out a glass, quite a small glass, diluted, with a little sugar. She gave it to me to drink, and I was instantly strengthened. I was so strengthened I was drunk. And I said, "Oh, when I get to be old and a drunkard, I'll tell everybody that I had my first taste of wine from my little Swiss grandmother." And she cried and went to my father and he set me up and he said, "Now look. There's some that can take it, and there's some that can't. And you're one that can't. When you get in places where they have it, don't make a scene or preach a sermon.But don't drink any of the wine. You're smart enough that you can take a cup and trail around then accidentally spill it in a potted plant or a toilet." So I knew that I had just better behave.

Dialogue: Your first marriage was to Ernest Pulsipher, was it not? Will you tell something of that?

Brooks: Ernest lived only a year after we were married. He had a cancer of the lymph gland, a little lump on his neck about the size of a kernel of wheat that gave him a stiff neck. There was no inflamation; there was nothing, only a little kernel there. And we didn't know, and the doctor didn't know. He went up to St. George and had his tonsils out, and that made it worse. To look at him, he was in pretty good flesh, and his color wasn't bad. But he evidently was in much more pain than he let on, than anybody else knew. But when we went to St. George to be married —Ern had given me my ring in April—he went to Doctor McGregor first. I had a school offer open in Bunkerville where I could have gone back and taught school

and not married Ern just then. And we wondered seriously if I ought not to do this. But I loved Ern, and we had planned on it. And so he went up and saw Dr. McGregor, and Ern told him, "I'm a sick man." But you see, I didn't realize it because he didn't groan, he didn't fuss; however it hurt, he didn't show it to me. "You're here to get married," Dr. McGregor said, "so go ahead and get married." So we did, and two days later, Ern went in and the doctor could see immediately that it was malignant.

Dialogue: Did you go back to Bunkerville then?

Brooks: Ernest didn't go home at all. He went straight from St. George to Salt Lake. I went home without a husband. I thought I'd take that school and teach a while, but I couldn't stay home.

Dialogue: So you joined him in Salt Lake. That must have been a mixed blessing, to be there together.

Brooks: One experience seems so incredible that I can hardly believe it myself. We were living at the home of a cousin of Ernest's, way up in the Ensign Ward somewhere, up across from the State Capitol. Ernest was really in a lot of pain; he was having a lot at that time. The family had gone away for Thanksgiving vacation, and we were there alone. I knew not a person, not anybody to call. A knock came to the door. I answered it and a man said, "Is there trouble in this house?" "Yes," I said. "Come in." He didn't have to look twice to see as he came in—Ernest was on a bed just across the room. He asked me if I'd like to have him administered to, and I said, "Yes, oh yes, yes." I got the oil, and he gave Ernest a blessing. He was relieved, and sank into sleep.

The man stayed there a while, and we talked. He didn't tell me his name, or if he told me, I forgot it. I didn't write it. He said he came from below Twenty-seventh South, and that he had felt impressed to catch a bus, and he came up Main Street to wherever the bus changed and got on another bus. And then he had to walk a block and a half to where we were. He'd never seen me, but he was directed to this place. He wasn't a large man; he was kind of a spare man, more slender. And he had a heavy, heavy kind of iron grey hair that he had parted in the middle, but he wasn't an old man. He'd lost the sight of one eye. He was a convert; very very wonderful. He was full of the spirit, and after his blessing, Ern went to sleep and slept all night long, the first night's sleep he'd had in a long time. This man was very real; he wasn't any apparition. He was flesh and blood. And I never saw him again, and I never heard of him again. I don't know why I didn't keep a better record.

Dialogue: How do you explain the man's knowing to come to you?

Brooks: I thought at the time, how wonderful, how wonderful. Could he be one of the three Nephites? I wondered. But the three Nephites would surely have had both eyes. And he seemed so earthy. He looked more like a farmer, like just a com-

mon everyday type of man. I think there must be an explanation, but I didn't have it then and I don't have it now.

Dialogue: Perhaps this fits into your rubric of "sunbursts," those moments of enlightenment you have told about before.

Brooks: When you know, and you know that you know, but you don't know how you know.

Dialogue: Have you had experiences like that yourself?

Brooks: Ernest and I were engaged—we had got engaged after the Christmas holidays—he had gone up and had his tonsils out. Across the street lived Warren and Leila Hardy. They had two lovely little children, and she was pregnant again, but she was having bad trouble with her tooth. We had no dentist, but Brother Abbott had a pair of forceps, so she asked him to pull this tooth for her. It was hard, and he dragged her around the place, and she had a heart attack and died, from having this tooth pulled. I played the organ for the funeral, and after the funeral Lew Pulsipher came over and said, "Ernie's home. He just got in early this afternoon, but I think he'd like it if you could ride over." And so I didn't go to the cemetery. I went and got my pony and rode over. It was just dusk, early twilight, when I rode up to the place. I'm sure he didn't see me coming, and he wouldn't have heard the horse—I just rode it up and put the reins over the hitching post, knocked, and went in. He was lying down. I went and sat beside him, and he raised up, put his arm around me, and kissed me. He lay back; he was miserable. I moved into the big rocking chair. After just a few minutes he said, "You know I had the strangest thing happen. Just before you opened the door—you couldn't have been farther than the gate—I saw you in this chair. You were sitting right there, just like you are now, and you were holding a whiteheaded baby boy in your arms. And something said to me, 'One year from today this will be yours.' " So we took that as an answer to our question. I had a chance to teach and was not ready to be married, and he didn't want to tie me up, either, unless he felt better than he did. But we thought this was the answer. So we got ready. We had decided before to be married at the time that they had their fall fair and fruit festival in early September, but he wasn't well enough, so we waited until October before we were married.

Dialogue: And then there was the long time in Salt Lake City seeing the doctors?

Brooks: They told him, "We will not deceive you, and we will not take your money. But the most you can hope for is six to nine months." Well, I had no idea when I became pregnant until after a few months. We had come back to the farm by then. Early in September, about the ninth or tenth, I said that maybe it was time to get over home to have the baby. I hadn't written down the date, but I remembered it was the day of Leila Hardy's burial that Ern said about "a year from today." Just as we arrived at our gate, Warren was coming right down the street, so I asked, "Warren, when did Leila die?" "Well," he said, "she died on the twenty-fifth of September and was buried on the twenty-seventh of September." I didn't say anything more to him, but I said to Ern, "We're over here two weeks

early." So we had supper with the folks, and stayed overnight, and went back. We came back again on the right day, and the baby was born. The clock was fast, and I had a long, agonizing ordeal. The midwife said three minutes after twelve, so they put his name on the records as born on the twenty-eighth, but it was really the twenty-seventh.

Dialogue: Not everyone would take such intuitions so seriously.

Brooks: My father taught me to. When my little horse was stolen, and I was having a tantrum over it, crying my heart out about it, and I said to my father, "I knew I should have taken her home"—he had said to leave the horse in the pasture —"and then see what happened!" And he said to me, "My child, when you have that kind of feeling, don't you let me or anybody else stand in your way. You follow that. You pay attention." He thought that was very important.

Dialogue: Did you often depend on intuition in other things in your life?

Brooks: I had a little boy in my school put a bee down a little girl's back. This boy came to school, out of nowhere, his mother dead, his father remarried. He hadn't been there long. He was a large kid for his age, and his father said that he belonged in the third grade. So I put him in third, but he was bigger than any other boy in the class. And I noticed after a while that he'd been doing the fourth grade arithmetic. One afternoon, just as we were ready to dismiss for outside, he reached for little Rhodella Abbott—she had a big gorgeous head of red hair, you know, with braids coming down her back—and pulled her dress. Instantly she jumped and shrieked. I ran and stuck my hand down her neck and pulled out a long bee. She was screaming when I opened her dress and got the stinger out, so I said, "You go across the street to Mary Ellen's, and she'll put some soda on it, or something." So she went outside, and so did everybody else, and left us alone, the boy and me. I was so blasted mad that I couldn't contain myself, so I got the eraser and I started erasing the boards. I erased them just as hard as I could, and as fast, to try to unwind a little bit. All I could hear was the girl screaming all the way across the street.

After a little while I came over to him, and I heard myself say, "Charley, how would you like to be promoted to the fourth grade?" I had no intention of doing what I did. But I said, "You go get that seat there, and bring it over into the fourth grade side." Well, he didn't know what to think of that. But he worked hard, and graduated out of the fourth grade that year. His family moved away, and I didn't see him after that. But many years later, coming back from St. George, I inquired about him: his son was a bishop, they said, and had a good family. That was once when I was pulled away from what I would normally do.

Dialogue: Another "sunburst"? But let's move on a bit further in your life. You went to Columbia for your master's degree, did you not? How did that come about?

Brooks: After we had graduated from high school in Bunkerville they told us that if there were as many as five high school graduates who would be interested in taking a teacher's training course they would supply a teacher, and graduates

would be guaranteed positions there in Nevada. Miss Connell came out from Columbia University to teach. I was in the first class. She gave us a review of the common branches, and a big book on the philosophy of learning. It was a college level thing. She was preparing us to teach in one-room schools, and giving us techniques and a lot of busy work and just general help. She was from New York, and she was so lonely in Bunkerville.

Dialogue: She was not a Mormon?

Brooks: She was not a Mormon, and didn't care to be. She was a rather small, perky little woman. She had a long braid that went around her head like a coronet. I loved her. I admired her so that in later years, when I was teaching at Dixie College. . . It was in the spring—and I'll tell you why I know it was in the spring: I had been out gathering squaw-bush gum, and I had come to faculty meeting with a lot of it in my mouth! Anyway, at that meeting the president said they had set up a plan whereby the teacher who would like to go on and gain a higher degree could have a year off at half pay. They offered it first to those that had been there longest, but one had a large family, and another a sick wife, and so on. I was scared to death somebody would take it before he got to me. Finally he looked

at me, and I said, "Don't look at me; I'd take it so quick you wouldn't know about it." "Would you really?" he said. And I said, "Indeed I would!" That would give me $85 a month to live on.

Dialogue: What about little Ernest? Since your husband had died, you had him to look after.

Brooks: I couldn't take him, of course. He was eight years old, so he stayed with my mother. You see, I taught school there in Bunkerville the first year after Ernie died, so she had tended him a great deal. That was earlier, when they called Charity on a mission. I had offered to support her, if she'd give me half the blessing. It's the only time in my life that I was counted as a part tithe-payer. My check then was $120 a month. I sent her $40. And then I paid tithing on my remaining $80. Then I paid Mother for tending the baby. When I got through, I didn't have much, you see, even to buy shoes. Well, when I went to settle tithing, the bishop said I had it all wrong, that I should have paid my tithing on my total income. "Well," I said, "I'll argue it out with you in front of St. Peter." "You'll go down on the records," he said, "as a part tithe-payer." And I said, "So be it."

Dialogue: Then later you went on leave from Dixie College to Columbia for your master's degree. What memories remain of that experience?

Brooks: I rode east on the train, the Flyer. I was so afraid of it, the first time I saw it, that I said, "Someday I'll ride that thing to the end of the line!" So many, many people said, "Why go way off there? Why not go to the University of Utah?" But I'd always wanted to see the Statue of Liberty and the places in the East. More than the degree, it seems, was just getting out of the desert.

There were five of us girls in the same program, one an older school teacher, one Quaker, a Mormon, and two girls, I don't know what religion, from the South. They were wealthy girls. One was the one who bought a car to match her gloves. Her boyfriend had given her a pair of kind of dark, plum-colored purple gloves. She had a car, but the gloves didn't match, so she traded until she got a car to match her gloves.

Dialogue: What about the school itself? Was the course of study difficult?

Brooks: They called us all in and told us how they did things: You stay and study with us here. Just do whatever you please. Take classes, or don't take classes; just pass the exams.

Dialogue: Did they all pass?

Brooks: No, only the Quaker and the Mormon of our group.

Dialogue: I presume you returned to Dixie when you finished.

Brooks: Yes, I came back. They gave me a $200 a year raise.

Dialogue: Did you have other responsibilities at Dixie than just teaching English?

Brooks: I was made Dean of Women when I got back from Columbia, I didn't know exactly what Dean of Women meant, except that girls came to talk to you. But about Thanksgiving time, early enough so that I had not had time to get real well acquainted with all my students, a little girl came to me in tears. They were having a program put on by the senior class; she had been participating in a dance, or singing, or whatever, and she'd left her coat in the ladies' rest room with a twenty dollar bill just in the pocket. She was going at noon to buy a coat, and now the money was gone. And of course, it meant so very much to her. So I set about right there, and deduced that no boy had taken this; the girls had it out of the ladies' rest room. Then I got on the phone and called two ladies' clothing stores in town, wherever I thought a girl might want to go to spend this money. And I said, "If anybody comes in your store to spend a twenty dollar bill, I wish you'd report to me immediately." Having done that, I went back to meet my afternoon class. It was a class in English literature, as I remember, and after they had all filed in and I had a full room, there, the second seat up, a girl slipped in just before it was time to open the class. As she sat down it said to me, "There's your $20." I went through the class. I had them write some little thing I cooked up so I could go down past her desk without seeming to go just to her, you see. So everybody wrote. I started to walk to the back to pick up the papers, and as I picked hers up, I said, "I wish you'd call in and visit me, as soon as you can this afternoon." I knew this was her last class.

I had just a small office, not very much in it. In she came and sat down. She was a beautiful girl, a nice, sweet girl, and I said, "Do you have any idea why I called you in here?" She said, "No, I haven't." "Well," I said, "you took the twenty dollars out of a girl's pocket during the assembly this morning, and I wanted to give you an opportunity to give it to me." "Mrs. Pulsipher," she said, "what makes you think I'm a thief?" I said, "No, you're not a thief. I know you're not a thief. But you took the money. And you won't know what to do with it. You won't know how to explain it to your parents. You can't spend it—I've notified every store in town. We all sometimes do things, but if you will just give it to me, I will hand it back to her and your name will never be mentioned as long as I live and as long as you live, unless you tell it." She sat for a minute, and handed me the money.

After she'd gone, I just went all apart. I had a horrible, horrible thought: suppose I'd been wrong. What would I have, what could I have done if I had told her to her face that she'd taken that money, and she hadn't done it? It would have been a load too heavy to bear. But it was like that, just so clear.

Dialolgue: Another "sunburst"?

Brooks: I don't know what. I wish I knew. I don't have any explanation.

Dialogue: Just somehow you knew.

Brooks: Something, something, somebody near, somebody. And it's never failed me.

Dialogue: It was while you were teaching at Dixie College that you met and married Will Brooks, wasn't it? Did you love him from the start?

Brooks: Oh heavens, no. I said I wouldn't have him. I'd been married. I didn't want any more marriage. I wouldn't have him.

Dialogue: How did he finally win you?

Brooks: Oh, he just knew he would, I guess. He didn't want people to know he was courting me, though. I lived on the hill, and he never took me through the town; he'd pick me up on the hill, then go up over the high road.

Dialogue: Your description of life with him in "I Married a Family," which appeared in an earlier issue of *Dialogue*, shows him to be supportive of you in your writing. Was that always so?

Brooks: Not many men would be like Will Brooks.

Dialogue: What did he do?

Brooks: What did he do? He'd say to me, "Look you've no business fooling with laundry. There's plenty in the world who would just be glad to do that washing. Here's a girl who wants to work her way through school. Bring her in. Let her do this kind of work. You stay at what you're doing." He never complained. He was so pleased and so proud that I would do it, that I could do it.

Dialogue: What did he think when the *Mountain Meadows Massacre* was badly received in some quarters?

Brooks: Will was such a sweet man. He didn't get embittered. And still in a way he did. He was a high priest; he'd been in a bishopric down in San Juan County; he'd been in the bishopric under two bishops in St. George; he'd been superintendent of Sunday Schools for years. He contributed to everything. But after the book, he was never asked to do anything. He was never asked to offer a prayer, never asked to participate in anything, never answered a question in class. The Sunday before he died, the very last Sunday, we had a new man come into town, take over the high priests quorum, and he called on Will to speak, just to the quorum. I was glad he did, because he unburdened. He told them that this was the first time in seven years that he had been called upon to do anything at all. And of course I hadn't been either. I went to Sunday School part of the time; he went every time. They let him collect money for the scouts; he could do that. And his ward teaching families begged for him to visit them, so he continued with his ward teaching. But those are the only two activities he had after the book came out.

Dialogue: What about your activity in the Church? Had you been active up to that time?

Brooks: Oh, I had been stake president of Relief Society for seven years. And on the MIA board before that all the time.

Dialogue: After the book appeared, were you called to any other position?

Brooks: No.

Dialogue: Do you figure it's because of the book?

Brooks: Oh, I don't know. I think it isn't like it was when it first came out.

Dialogue: What led up to your publishing career? How did you get started writing in the first place?

Brooks: It had to do with Nels Anderson when he lived there in St. George. You know his story. He was a kid, about fourteen or fifteen, too young to be away from home, riding the freights. They kicked him off out by the desert in the middle of nowhere. He gathered himself up and looked around and saw some green over here, and some green over there. It was the Wood ranch and the Terry ranch. They took the boy in and between them they kept him. They paid him enough so that he came in to St. George and went to school. He graduated from Dixie College, and then came and graduated from BYU. He was baptised, I think more as a matter of ceremony; it didn't change him.

Anyway, it was Nels that got me started on the diary collecting. He was involved in Roosevelt's brain trust and the ERA (Emergency Relief Administration), and when he came back here he could see the number of women without any visible means of support. He had me write to Dr. Dorothy Nyswander here in Salt Lake City and they set up a women's project in which women could go off with their pads and interview the old people. Then the women would write up their interviews and bring in the manuscripts. They also brought anything in the shape of a written record, so I started copying in the front bedroom of my home, diaries and such.

Dialogue: Was it hard getting people to cooperate with the project?

Brooks: That depends. Once we went, Vivian Leavitt from over to Santa Clara and I. She had a car and could drive, and I put in the gas. I had word there were some diaries in this home, and she needed to make a survey to send in her report. We came to the Virgin River, but it was too high and she didn't dare drive her car in. I wasn't about to come this far and not go on, so I sat down and took off my stockings and got my big purse, and held my dress. The water didn't come up only to my knees. Vivian saw that I got across, so she came, and we dried our feet and put on our shoes and went into this home. Vivian got the things for her report, and after she finished the woman looked at me, and said, "Now who did you say you was?" I said, "I'm Juanita Brooks. I'm the wife of Sheriff Brooks." "Well," she said, "why didn't you say that in the first place? The wife of Sheriff Brooks can have anything in the world I've got."

Dialogue: But how did the diaries and Nels Anderson get you started writing?

Brooks: He lived through the block and approached our house through the back yard, right through his back door to my back door. He was the most unconven-

tional mortal you ever saw. Half the time he'd come a-walking in my back door without knocking. He was working on this book, *Desert Saints*. He asked me if I would write a chapter in his book on polygamy, telling about my two grandfathers, Grandfather Leavitt and Grandfather Hafen in Santa Clara. So I hurried and wrote it; got the statistics, like how many children of each wife, and how many infant deaths, the number who went on missions, the number who were in jail. And wrote. I thought that was what he wanted, so I gave it to him. But he sent it back. He didn't like it. "You do it over again," he said, "in a more interesting, conversational style. Then send it to me." I was more than a little squelched. But I could see, too, that it was not very interesting. So I undertook to put some clothes on it, reworked it as best I could. In the meantime he had gone back east. He stopped at the post office to say goodbye to Will, and wrote his address on a card which Will put in the pocket of his white shirt, and forgot to tell me about it. By the time it had run through the Maytag washer and wringer, I couldn't read it. And the story was all written down, ready for something. So I took a long shot and mailed it to *Harpers*. And I got very prompt acceptance, to my surprise. I think the title was new: "A Close-up of Mormon Polygamy."

Dialogue: Was that the first story you sold?

Brooks: Yes. And when I got the acceptance, we were guessing how much they'd pay me. "If they give me less than $25, I'll send it back," I said. I got $150. So I started writing for *Harpers* again. Frederick Lewis Allen was the editor. He was very kind to me. On my next piece he wrote me a very nice rejection note. Then he assigned me to do a little study of the wartime housing projects, these villages that had grown up around the government installations, the military, a trailor house camp down on Provo Bench. So I did. I tried. I rode down on the bus and spent a lot of time in the towns and visited with the people. I sent it in, and had no response for a long time.When it was returned they said that Frederick Lewis Allen had been away and the thing hadn't come to their attention, and they were no longer interested anyway. So I didn't write any more for them.

Dialogue: Did you write for anyone else, then?

Brooks: I had written one story for a sporting magazine. It was a story about a deer and Wayne Gardner. He's famous. Anyway, he was out hunting, and he was hunting for one deer. All the cowboys knew this deer; they called him Old Granddaddy. He was a big, big old deer, and Gardner wanted the antlers. He lay where the animal drank; lay in wait for it, and shot it. The animal fell, and Gardner was so sure of himself, he dropped his gun and ran to cut its throat. It jumped up: he'd only just grazed an antler. His fight with that great big buck was something to tell. It was a life and death struggle for the man and the animal, the man trying to engineer the thing to where he could get back to get hold of his knife. It was quite a story, and I had it, I thought, very well written up. I mailed it in, but I didn't get any answer. No acceptance. No acknowledgement. I wrote to the editor, and someone answered and said, "Sorry, we seem to have lost it." Well, it appeared in their September issue the next year, under the title "It Can't Happen Here." And except for the change in name, it was exactly what I had written. It was my story.

Dialogue: You mean they didn't put it under your name?

Brooks: No, it was under someone else's name. But I didn't know then that authors had any recourse. I was in St. George, in the midst of a family, and I had no money and nobody to tell me that I might do anything about it. So that kind of killed my writing for a while.

Dialogue: So Nels Anderson encouraged you early in your writing. What other significant contributors to western writing have you known? You knew Dale Morgan quite well, didn't you?

Brooks: Well, I think besides his mother, Dale Morgan had as good a communication with me as he did with anybody.

Dialogue: How did you converse? He was deaf, wasn't he?

Brooks: He could lip read, mostly. And he'd talk in a metallic voice, clearly but without expression. We got him to speak once, just to a close little group. He stood there, behind my chair, and I had a black pencil, and a time or two I'd write, "Fine," you see, and then I'd put a word, maybe two, to suggest that he discuss something that I knew he knew.

Once he wrote me and asked me to meet him at Cedar City. He was driving his own car then. He'd ask me to be sure to listen to all the sounds. When we came to some creeks, he asked, "Does the water make a sound?" We were following the old Mormon trail, you know, and got some pictures. There wasn't much grass then; quite a difference between then and earlier. If you read the diaries of the fellows who crossed here in 1852 and 1853, they had herds of thousands and good brush right up to their bellies. And the Mountain Meadows, they said, would support thousands of cattle indefinitely.

Dialogue: So you and Dale Morgan communicated on such things.

Brooks: We kept up a steady correspondence when he was in the East. He said once that our last three letters had crossed in the mails, and if we were to check his time and my time, I was writing to him the same time that he was writing to me.

Dialogue: Have you kept those letters?

Brooks: The University of Utah has them. I still think he was one of our best historical writers. He was small, but he had a brilliant mind.

Dialogue: Was he LDS?

Brooks: He was grandson of Orson Pratt. He went in swimming or something when he was sixteen, got meningitis and nearly died. When the fever broke, he was deaf. That was when he was a boy. When he died I felt really lost. I didn't even know he was sick.

Dialogue: What about some of your own writings? How did you come to write the *Mountain Meadows Massacre?*

Brooks: I had gone through the high school in Bunkerville and the normal training course there and taught school my first year in Bunkerville, teaching the third and fourth grades. And then Mr. Kelly transferred me to Mesquite, where the teacher had had a little trouble the year before. It was a larger school. It had about forty-five students in two smaller rooms with aisles so narrow that some boy that wore his father's shoes to school all winter couldn't engineer them up the aisle. It was again the third and fourth grade. I went to church the Sunday before the school began and saw Brother Nephi Johnson, the patriarch, and as I was attracted to him, I went and made myself acquainted and visited with him. He had a long beard, you know, and big sharp, sharp brown eyes, and he didn't have this vacant look old people get so many times. You felt like he still had all his marbles. And so one afternoon I was at church and he was there too, and my cousin Donetta Leavitt came and said the crowd was going after meeting on a hayride down to the melons, you know, to get melons (she didn't say *steal* melons, you know, just *get* them, wherever we found them) and would I like to go along. And I said, "Yes, but I don't think I should go along in this outfit." I only had one Sunday go-to-meeting outfit, and I wasn't going to get on a hayride in it. So I said, "Well look, I'll run down and change and hurry back, and if I don't, you

go ahead." So I hurried home and took off my go-to-meeting dress, and put on a serge skirt and a pongee middy with a red tie and some walking shoes that I could stomp around among the vines in, and started back. I lived due west from the church about two blocks, and as I came up about half way, I met Brother Johnson, coming along with his cane, picking along, and I said, "Hi, Brother Johnson," and he held out the cane in front of me and stopped me, like the Ancient Mariner, and he held me with his steely eye, and he said, "I want to give you a patriarchal blessing." I didn't know he was a patriarch before. I said, "Well, Brother Johnson, I've never had a patriarchal blessing and I would like one, sometime." And he said, "I want to give you a patriarchal blessing, *now*!" And then he said, "Right across the street is Walter Hughes' home. His daughter Afton is my scribe. I work there, and my book is there, and we'll go there now." So we went. The house was wide open—the houses were never locked. So we went in and I climbed up on some chairs and got down this big book, the official book, and I wrote my blessing as he gave it.

Spring came on, and just a while before school was to close, he came to my schoolroom during the last period of the day. Everybody was working, each child was working at a drawing or something. So here he comes, tapping up the aisle with his cane and all the children stared—you know how they are—and he waved his cane and said, "Go right on, go right on. Don't pay any attention to me. I'm just going to sit up here a minute." And he went and sat at my desk. At closing time I dismissed the children and went over to see what he wanted. He told me that he wanted me to do some writing for him. "My eyes have witnessed things that my tongue has never uttered, and before I die I want it written down. And I want you to do it."

I've lamented and scolded myself all my life for this next fifteen minutes. Fool that I was, why didn't I get a pencil and say, "Now let's go ahead, Brother Johnson"? But instead, I said, "Well, Brother Johnson, this is Tuesday night and it's Mutual (I was in the Mutual presidency, and I had a few things that I needed to do), but I'd like to do this for you. I'd like to do your life. You know, take some time, a full day, a Saturday when we could sit down and really write it, and I'll do it. I'd like to do it, I want to do it. I will do it." So he was comforted and I went on my merry way, and I think that's about the night I got my little sparkler on my third finger, left. Anyway, I was involved in getting myself engaged. It was right on the end of school, only a few days, and I went back to Bunkerville, back home. I've forgotten what the occasion was, but Lew Pulsipher came over for something. He made a point to come down to our house—he was Maggie's husband, and Maggie was the only living child that Brother Johnson had in that area, and he lived with her. Lew came and said, "Brother Johnson is down and it looks like he's not going to get up again. And he's worried in his mind, he keeps calling for you. He doesn't know your name; he calls you 'the little school teacher,' and he tosses and mumbles and calls for you repeatedly. If you could, I'd surely appreciate it if you'd come over." So before sunrise the next morning, I was over there—I had my own pony. I came to the place just as they were having breakfast. The brethren from the Seventies quorum, the two brethren that had stayed with him the last half of the night, were having breakfast. Lew went in with me and Maggie went to her father and roused him and got his attention and said, "Father the little school teacher is here, she's come to see you." I sat down by him and got

hold of his hand. He recognized me and I leaned over and kissed him and talked to him, reassured him. It seemed to pacify him. But you see, I was too late, I guess. He settled down, but pretty soon he moved. I thought he died. His eyes rolled back in his head, and his jaw dropped down open, and he wasn't breathing, and his hands relaxed on mine. So I jumped up and called Maggie and she came in quickly, and shook him, patted him, talked to him a little bit, and then he caught his breath and the life processes went on. I went outside. My uncle, my father's older brother met me; he was very cross with me. He got hold of my arm and said, "What's the matter with you? Haven't you got any sense? Haven't you got any nerve? Why couldn't you sit still and let that old man die? He's been trying to die. He's ninety-three, you know, and it'd have been a kindness. And now he'll linger and linger. If this happens again, you just hang onto your shoelaces and wait. Sit quietly and don't move and wait and wait and wait. And then come in and say, 'He's gone.' Nobody wants to call him back."

So he lived then about two days. I stayed right there until he died. But he never had a period when he was lucid enough to tell me what he had wanted to tell me.

Dialogue: What made you connect Brother Johnson with the *Mountain Meadows Massacre* book?

Brooks: Because Brother Johnson was on the ground at the massacre.

Dialogue: How did you know that?

Brooks: I didn't know it until after he was gone and it was too late. As a girl I didn't know; I was like you. I was never taught Mountain Meadows massacre. I went through all of the Sunday School classes and all of the religion classes and the massacre was never mentioned except as a horrible massacre in which the Indians participated. But they didn't even mention John D. Lee. They just skimmed over the massacre itself. We could go through our teachings and read about the successful colonizations and the horrid ones and the floods, and all of these things, but never, never anything about the massacre.

Dialogue: Brother Johnson never intimated while he was alive that he had. . .

Brooks: No, I didn't have any idea what he wanted to say. When he said his eyes had beheld things that his tongue had never uttered, I didn't even know there had been a massacre.

Dialogue: But when you found out that there was a massacre, when you were gathering the diaries and the women working with you were reporting back this kind of thing, why did you feel so compelled to write this story yourself? Did you kind of feel an obligation?

Brooks: Oh, yes. I had told him I would. I told the old man, I promised him, you see, on that day when he came to my school; I said to him, "Oh yes, I will do it, Brother Johnson."

Dialogue: The writing of the book was your fulfillment of the promise to Brother Johnson?

Brooks: I felt that. But I'll tell you, after Ern died, I went with the baby, little Ernest, to stay a little while at the Truman ranch on the Mogotsu Creek in the hopes of getting out of that heat at Bunkerville. The family was going over to Enterprise to celebrate the Twenty-fourth of July. We traveled in a covered wagon from the ranch on the creek up and across the Mountain Meadows, the whole distance of the place where the massacre had occurred. I went over the road, in a wagon, and you know how you measure it step by step by step. And I thought to myself, "If ever any more than two men met at this place at any time, they had to come by appointment. Somebody had to send them. It's too far, too far from anybody, the most lonely, lonely place you could imagine, with miles and miles everywhere before there was a settlement. And I was remembering that it was the Mountain Meadows massacre that was troubling this old man. I could see that if the Mormon men came, they came because they were sent, and they came in a group; they didn't come by accident. If Nephi Johnson was there, he was sent there. If Dudley Leavitt was there, he was sent there. It would be three days travel for him. He'd have no reason to go unless he were sent. And so that's where I began with the *Mountain Meadows Massacre*.

I worked it through, oh, a long time before I submitted it. And then I wouldn't ever have had it but for my good friend Wally Stegner who pushed through the deal. The publications committee at Stanford all voted to publish it before they realized what it was. And then they wrote and asked me if I did not want to withdraw; encouraged me not to publish it; said, "Don't you know this may cost you your membership in your Church?" Then I answered that I had written it to be printed, and they had signed to print it. Right after that Miss Lee came in the picture.

Dialogue: Ettie Lee?

Brooks: Ettie Lee, yes. I knew she had homes for unwed mothers, homes for alcoholics, homes of different kinds, and boys' ranches started. She wrote me a letter. She said, "Who are you, and what business are you about, writing about my grandfather?" Then she said, "If you would, the next time you come, call me, and I'll send a limousine for you."

Dialogue: Where was she?

Brooks: She was in Los Angeles, and I was out at the Huntington Library [in San Marino, California] then. Anyway, I went, and Miss Lee was converted. She wrote a check for $3,350 for an advance order of 1,000 *Mountain Meadows Massacre* books. And then they had to print that many to fill her order, and having printed that many, they printed a small, first edition, maybe three thousand. I don't know. But that was what brought it onto the market.

Dialogue: Well, now, this book...

Brooks: This book branded me as an apostate.

Dialogue: Why do you think that was? It's not an attack on the Church.

Brooks: I know. But it's an open discussion of it, and it hadn't been done before.

Dialogue: Do you feel personally that the book has harmed the Church in any way?

Brooks: I hope not. I didn't want to harm the Church. I think always the truth is better.

Dialogue: What about your other, more recent books? The diaries of John D. Lee and Hosea Stout and Thomas D. Brown?

Brooks: Dale Morgan suggested the Hosea Stout one. And I found the Thomas D. Brown one by accident, when I was at the Historian's Office. I saw this bookcase, and on the back was "Diary of the Southern Indian Mission, Thomas D. Brown." Southern Indian Mission, I said to myself, that's Dudley Leavitt's mission. That's Jacob Hamblin's mission, and that's a mission I already know about. So I took it out and you know, that's what it was. Handwritten copy, I believe it was. Nice,

you know. Perfectly punctuated and capitalized and all that. Anyway, I read into it enough to see that here are things I hadn't seen before—the Indian burial, the Indian doctor, Indian wedding. So when Dale Morgan was appointed to go in there to work, I wrote him a note and told him to watch for the Thomas D. Brown diary and try to find the original, if he could, which he did. And he copied it during his noon period. He'd eat a sandwich and then he'd get it down and for one hour he typed. Then he'd put it back where it was, and he'd go on to the routine of his work in the afternoon. This was a sneaking, wicked thing to do, wasn't it. But he did it, and in the end we had it. He made a carbon which he gave to me.

Dialogue: Do you feel especially close to any of these men after working so long with their diaries?

Brooks: I feel like I know them, almost as much as if I'd have lived with them. They wrote so frankly and so fully.

Dialogue: Of the books that you've done, if your whole reputation had to rest on one of them, which one would it be? Which is your favorite out of all your books?

Brooks: I think *Mountain Meadows* had the biggest impact on me. But I felt better about the John D. Lee biography.

Dialogue: What are you working on now?

Brooks: Dale Morgan used to say I was working on seven projects all at once. I can't work at seven. But I can work at more than one. I must live through this autobiography, this *Quicksand and Cactus.* I'm not going to live to be as old as my mother. I'll give out before she will, I think. She'll live to be a hundred!

Dialogue: How old is she now?

Brooks: She's ninety-six, just twenty years older than I am. I'm seventy-six. I can remember when I thought that was a very ripe old age. Sometimes I think I'm not going to last this thing out. I've been well all my life, but now lately when I make a batch of "patience,"—that's a special candy that you have to stir all the time—my arm will just ache all night, until I have to get up and rub the darn thing. But it's just that I've spoiled my family with this special candy.

Dialogue: You said that your most significant book remains the *Mountain Meadows Massacre.* What would be your most significant contribution to date other than that?

Brooks: I think maybe the best thing that I have done is the collection of these diaries, the collection in Washington, D. C. I think that after I'm gone, when whatever I've done is appraised, that will be the most valuable. Except for my children, if they turn out well. . .

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Some Reflections on the New Mormon History

ROBERT FLANDERS

In the last quarter-century a significantly different understanding of the Latter-day Saint past has begun to emerge in a series of books, journal articles, oral addresses at various conferences, and more informally, in a dialogue that has continued among the devotees of the inquiry. This significantly different understanding has been called the "New Mormon History." It differs from the "Old Mormon History" principally in a shift of interest and emphasis from polemics, from attacking or defending assumptions of faith. It is a shift from an evangelical towards a humanistic interest. As the Mormon historian Richard Bushman put it, it is "a quest for identity rather than a quest for authority."

Historical studies embrace the most extensive, intensive, and well-matured of the scholarly endeavors which have the Restoration as their subject. The paucity of critical writings in the various fields of theology and philosophy is by comparison especially striking. The phenomenon is understandable however. Mormonism as a religious culture is and always has been based very heavily upon a complex of histories—the histories of biblical peoples and of subsequent Judaeo-Christian histories; the histories of pre-Columbian Americans; and especially the religious and secular histories of the United States. Finally the histories of the Latter-day Saints themselves and of Joseph Smith, the most important Mormon, have been crucial to all Latter-day Saint self-perceptions and to the images which they have attempted to present to the world. Of all these pasts, the most accessible to writers are those that are most recent. The Great Revival of 1800, the world of Joseph Smith and his generation, the religious environment of the time, the First Vision, the writing of the Book of Mormon, Kirtland, Nauvoo, Utah of 1857,

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1869, and 1890, etc., are not irretrievably lost in the mists of time and myth. Students are blessed (and sometimes cursed) with an abundance of written records carefully preserved. It has been and continues to be inevitable that almost everyone with an interest in the religion of the Latter-day Saints shall read—and sometimes write—Mormon history. The generalization may be reversed—historians of Mormonism have shared an interest in and often a dedication to religious concerns (never did an author profess greater indifference to religion and betray greater interest in the subject than Fawn Brodie in *No Man Knows My History*). So Mormon studies have tended to be historical studies of Mormons themselves. The New Mormon History is based in religious concerns, but is at the same time different from and a necessary precursor to critical religious studies yet to be written.

The practitioners of the Old Mormon History usually had a clear-cut position on Mormonism, either for or against, and tended to divide into two types: Defenders of the Faith (whatever their faith might be) and Yellow Journalists. With few exceptions, non-Mormon practitioners were anti-Mormon, and, likewise, with few exceptions, Mormons were pro-Mormon. Ex-Mormons often became anti-Mormon. The New Mormon History, on the other hand, exhibits different characteristics in both practice and practitioners. Most of the new historians are professionals whose work exhibits critical-analytical techniques. Many are Latter-day Saints in background or persuasion, but their work seems influenced by their literary or their historical training as much as or perhaps more than by their religious training. Their point of view might be described generally as interested, sympathetic detachment. One senses a shift in mood, too, from Victorian romantic sentimentality to a more realistic and tragic sense of the past.[1] The fact that some of the New Mormon Historians are not Latter-day Saints is an exception which proves the rule. In sum, the New Mormon History is a modern history, informed by modern trends of thought, not only in history, but in other humanistic and scientific disciplines as well, including philosophy, social psychology, economics, and religious studies.

There is a temptation at this point to indulge a favorite pastime of historians and discuss the historiography of the New Mormon History—that is, the history of its development. For the sake of concision in my primary purpose I will forego that exercise.[2] Suffice it to say that the trend under discussion is one in which the 1945 publication of Fawn M. Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* was a landmark. Certainly not all of the work published earlier should be called "Old History," and neither is the reverse true. However, Brodie's famous and influential biography of Joseph Smith clearly exemplifies both Old and New, and so is a transitional work. A new era dawned with her book. All subsequent serious studies of early Mormonism have necessarily had Brodie as a referent point.[3]

A generation later, it is useful to analyze some of the implications of the New Mormon History for Latter-day Saints whom it has already touched during that time, as well as some possible future implications for them.[4] The following discussion of these implications is divided into three topics:

1. The New History as an existential history.
2. The New History as a political history.
3. The New History as an ecumenical history.

1. The New History as an existential history:

Although the new historians are not necessarily existentialist in their philosophy, there does appear in the New Mormon History a tendency for which the word "existential" is the most descriptive. Existentialism, briefly, is an attitude which protests against views of the world and against policies of action in which individual human beings are regarded as the helpless playthings of historical forces, or as wholly at the mercy of the operation of natural processes. It emphasizes the dignity and uniqueness of individual human personality against the claims and demands of monolithic social systems such as the church or the state. So the existential situation of man is often described in existentialist writing as a series of agonizing moral choices to be faced by people privately and alone. These choices appear as dilemmas where the possible consequences are hidden from view and may be equivocal at best.

By contrast, in the Old Mormon History life is inclined to be depicted as a morality play, where moral choices are simply between good or evil, right or wrong. The choices divide the cast of characters into White Hats and Black Hats. The Old Historians are seldom comfortable until everyone in the cast is settled on one side or the other. Furthermore, for pro-Mormon Old Historians, individuals win esteem not necessarily for the dignity and humanity with which they confront the dilemmas of the Mormon experience, but for their piety, their orthodoxy, and the ardor of their fealty to the Church's leaders. In reality, the first generation of Latter-day Saints included many persons whose hearts were melted by the Prophet's evangel, but whose heads were skeptical of some of his policies. Their anguish, unless finally resolved in favor of a "sure testimony," was likely to cause them to be ignored by the Old Historians who desired to marshall a panoply of faithful witnesses, and to consign doubters to the side of the enemy or to oblivion. (A number of names spring to mind in this regard: Oliver Cowdery, Warren Parrish, John Corrill, Thomas B. Marsh, John and David Whitmer, and William Law). A special terminology exists in the Old History to describe their experience: they "break" with the church, and are subsequently "apostates" who often cease to exist in the history. As an RLDS I was fascinated in my student days to learn of this exercise, because in the Old Mormon History of the Utah church, the Reorganization and its generations of people have no existence and are not only unaccounted for, but, by definition, cannot be accounted for. The Reorganized Church developed its own version of the same phenomenon, in which the vast majority of Latter-day Saints drop from serious consideration after 1844, and, with their archvillainous leader, Brigham Young, become stereotypical scapegoats.

In the old *anti*-Mormon History the Church was a tyranny, and individuals within it were of little interest (top leaders excepted) until they "escaped" and "exposed" Mormonism. Ex-Mormons who escaped to the East, like ex-Communists who escaped to the West a century later, were expected to write books detailing the horrors of their experience. They also were expected to reinforce rather than to alter significantly the existing stereotypes about the tyranny from which they had fled.

The New Mormon History, by contrast, is interested in more than the narrowly sectarian experience of Latter-day Saints. More aware of and sympathetic toward the ambivalences of the human condition, it tends to be more patient with the "slow of heart." There are fewer apostates, fewer Mormon dupes and villians, at

least in the traditional sense of these terms. A "break with the Church" is just as likely to be interpreted as a political, economic, psychological, or cultural phenomenon as it is a moral or spiritual failure on the one hand, or as an escape on the other. The New History is rediscovering the lost people of the Mormon past—the ubiquitous dissenters, and the "Churches of the Mormon Dispersion," as Dale Morgan called the splinter groups. There is even new interest in "enemies" of the Church, who, instead of being simply explained as the Devil's tools, are now imputed with human characteristics, their actions described, and their motives analyzed. The New History senses the multiple influences which play upon individual and group decisions, and so it fashions a more humane, less doctrinaire history. The New History understands that the shortcoming of the Old History was not so much that the answers it gave were necessarily false, but that the questions it asked were often faulty, or at least incomplete.

In short, the New Mormon History is an existential history because it perceives the Latter-day Saint experience as a species of history not unrelated to other human species of history—of persons and groups acting and interacting in process, in time, in space, in culture. Latter-day Saint history in its early generations becomes an American history, a nineteenth century history, a protestant-revivalist-restorationist history, a corporate history, a nationalistic history, a white, predominately middle-class history, a Mid-west and Far-west history. Therefore almost necessarily it becomes a political history. So to the second point.

2. *The New History as a political history:*

At the outset, Joseph Smith's movement was essentially a kind of special religious revival, containing restorationist, associational, and millenarian elements. It was no ordinary revival to be sure, nor was Smith an ordinary revivalist. I use such a description to emphasize the *religious* character of the movement and of Smith's religious role at the beginning. It was to this new *religion* that the majority of first generation Mormons were converted.

However, as the policies of the Kingdom of God began to unfold in practice and in doctrine, the movement and Smith's role in it gained a political dimension with consequences which were both unanticipated and objectionable to some Mormon converts. This new politico-religious mix was evident in Missouri almost from the beginning of settlement in 1831, in Ohio at least from the mid 1830's, and in Illinois from 1840. In each case the Mormon corporation sought to influence, and if possible to dominate the local power structure in regions which it colonized; and finally to enlarge the parameters of its political action to include the state. In the "imperial" phase after 1842, the parameters were raised to the national and international level.

The character of this political activity I have called "utopian politics" or "apocalyptic politics."[5] The coining of such strange terms requires an explanation, for utopian or apocalyptic conditions imply the absence of politics, or the struggle over power, from the historical process. It is just such a peculiar—one might even say bizarre—incongruity which marked Mormon politics. In practice, the Mormon political process was characterized by a unique and potent blend of the following: a rapid increase in local or regional Mormon population densities through conversions and "the gathering," a superior corporate organization with the operation of a pyramidal authority structure, a superior group discipline, a high degree of

cultural homogeneity, a superior quality of internal communications, and sometimes a more rapid rate of economic development based on greater talent, motivation, and pooling of capital. Underlying these was a set of powerfully held faith assumptions centering around the notion that God was actively engaged in the Work and would bring it to pass in apocalyptic fashion if necessary. "Men have a form of Godliness," Mormons reminded themselves and others, "but deny the power thereof."

Nevertheless, everywhere the early Mormon political enterprises ultimately failed. They failed in part because the leaders, especially Joseph Smith, exercised unwise judgment, and because the methods and objectives of Mormon politics were so radical—even revolutionary—that defection by Mormons from the enterprise were endemic and disruptive. But the greatest cause for failure before the move West was due to the fact that the locals would not suffer the Mormons to succeed. Gentiles responded to what they defined as the "Mormon insurrection" with brutal, crushing, lethal overkill in the same way that they responded to black or Indian insurrections.

I mentioned that the political dimension of Mormonism was, in effect, an unpleasant surprise for many Mormons. I do not mean to imply that political Mormonism was a *sub rosa*, or underground movement, cloaked in the guise of a religion, although this was a charge frequently levelled both at Smith and at Young after him. The doctrine of the political Kingdom of God, including the notion of the union of church and state under the hegemony of the Mormon priesthood, was explicit well before Smith's death. However, events moved so fast, the many-faceted character of the Mormon experience was so engrossing, and the very excitement and drama of the whole was so engaging, that the implications I have described might well have been missed by individual Mormons until they were deeply involved in the enterprise.

Furthermore, most Mormons were so captivated by Smith as a charismatic personality that they found it difficult to make a calculated assessment of his policies. (It is difficult for adherents of any radical reform movement to know how literally they should interpret the rhetoric of leadership. They assume that rhetoric to be exaggerated; but how much, and in what areas? In the end, Smith demonstrated that he had not greatly exaggerated his intentions).

In any event, the successive failure of the various early Mormon corporate enterprises through internal division, and through what amounts to counter-revolutionary Gentile vigilante actions, was a double shock to Mormons. First, they suffered real and personal losses through lootings, burnings, and drivings. Second, they suffered from the realization that some of their faith assumptions about an apocalyptic Kingdom Triumphant might be faulty. The different ways in which Mormons reacted to these twin shocks were crucial determinants of the peculiar character of all subsequent Latter-day Saint sects.

One reaction was dissent from the doctrines of the Political Kingdom. Some Mormons gradually began to reject the notion of a literal, political Kingdom of God. The Reorganized Church was the first large-scale expression of that rejection; but the descendants of Brigham Young's followers also abandoned the political kingdom ideal around the turn of the century. Finally, all surviving Mormons accepted some version of the standard American denominational settlement between church and state, which includes the understanding that churches abstain

from politics. The common acceptance of this settlement by church managers and members alike is what tends to make American churches traditionally conservative in politics as well as in social and economic spheres. The Restoration Movement, which began by rebelling against that settlement, finally joined it. For Latter-day Saints, "apocalyptic politics" changed to "survival politics," which meant, in effect, the politics of accommodation.

It is ironic that Latter-day Saints have not only rejected the Political Kingdom, but by successive acts of group forgetfulness, have erased the matter from the traditions that they understand to be their history. Most Latter-day Saints know little or nothing of the political kingdom idea, and have not even heard of the Council of Fifty. In 1966, Klaus Hansen, writing of Nauvoo as prototypical of the Mormon political kingdom, said, "In many ways Nauvoo was less the prototype of the [Mormon] future than was the Mormonism of those who rejected all the city stood for. Today, kingdom building is frowned upon not only in Independence, but in Salt Lake City as well."[6]

The New Mormon History has rediscovered the political dimension of early Mormonism. That dimension is now a main subject of at least three books (Leonard Arrington's *Great Basin Kingdom*, my *Nauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi*, and Klaus Hansen's *Quest for Empire: The Political Kingdom of God and the Council of Fifty in Mormon History*), and numerous essays. Consequently, Latter-day Saints might well re-examine the bases of their self-identity, inasmuch as it is now clear that Mormonism was shaped early in a crucible of political conflict, rather than one of religious persecution alone. Equally important is the task of re-examining the terminology and ideology of the doctrine of the Kingdom, which was in the first generation both literal and political.

3. The New History as an ecumenical history:

Joseph Smith intended that the moral and spiritual chaos of the world in the nineteenth century should be resolved and replaced by one faith, one God, one church-state, in preparation for the Second Coming. That intention embodied a radical ecumenism to match in breadth and scope the secular and profane vision of Smith's contemporary, Karl Marx. By another of the many ironies of Mormon history, Smith's movement was nevertheless characterized by the tendency of members to split off and go their own way, a tendency brought about by an antinomian disposition within Mormonism which was difficult to control. This centrifugal tendency was a constant embarrassment and a real weakness which Smith inveighed against with only partial success. He became almost paranoid about dissenters; and indeed, it was the great schism of 1844 that led indirectly to his death.[7] That tragic event precipitated a succession crisis which brought the greatest fragmentation of all, a fragmentation which has continued to the present. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has done its best to ignore and even deny the existence of any devotees of the Restoration movement who are not in its own fellowship, while the Reorganized Church has achieved its traditional identity by the affirmation, "we are not Mormons." In short, the modern self-identities of most Latter-day Saints are based in part upon discrete sectarian polarities growing out of an historical fragmentation. But sectarian grounds alone are inadequate for religious and cultural self-identity. Indeed, in the world of the late twentieth century, all narrow self-definitions, whether sectarian, ideological,

national, racial, or whatever, need to be superseded by more humane, more ecumenical self-definitions. The New Mormon History suggests the possibility that the sectarian self-identities with which Latter-day Saints of whatever denominations have had to live, may become less exclusive and more inclusive. The New History urges upon the Saints the fact that all people of the Restoration Movement have had a common past despite themselves. Saints have survived and endured even if they have done so separately. If an LDS asks an RLDS (or vice versa) "Is your religious history legitimate?" the proper answer should be, "My religious history is authentic." Which is, of course, an answer to a different question. Like all peoples who have a rich heritage but suffer from cultural isolation or estrangement, Latter-day Saints need to discover authentic pasts other than their own. The New Mormon History is more diverse than the old, but also more inclusive. All Mormons are there. So are non-Mormons and ex-Mormons. As a final generalization, the New History attests that there is a common Mormon history, that all Latter-day Saints share it, and that it is indeed authentic.

Late one night several years ago, a new LDS friend asked me, as a consequence of several hours of conversation about our common faith, "Do you think the two churches will ever unite?" My answer then was equivocal; but now, with some additional understanding perhaps, I would answer that they will not and probably cannot, given the fact that each rests upon the same institutional foundation of Joseph Smith's doctrine of an exclusive authority structure. The question, "Will the churches unite?" should be superseded now by a different question: "Will each accept the other's history, as well as the common history, and be informed by it?"

There is another dimension of the New History as an ecumenical history. Not only do Latter-day Saints have the framework within which to understand their past as an existential history rather than as a branch of dogmatics and polemics, but interested people who are not Latter-day Saints and who do not share Mormon faith assumptions also have the opportunity to discover Mormon history as a legitimate rather than an aberrant phenomenon in American culture. As a result of these two developments, a kind of new middle ground has been created between those with and those without LDS faith assumptions, with the accompanying possibility of communication between them that does not have to struggle with the *a priori* issue of the legitimacy of the faith assumptions. Such middle ground is created when mutual interest in the existential history of the Latter-day Saints replaces mutual anxiety over dogma. Additionally it has provided a new location where "marginal" Latter-day Saints, who hold some faith assumptions but reject others, or who are attached to Mormon societies or social networks but not to the religion *per se*, can share in the dialogue about the significance of the Mormon experience. The New History may enable such people to discover a more comfortable and acceptable definition of their situation *vis a vis* both Mormons and non-Mormons.

There is no doubt that the most profound dialogue now occurring between LDS and RLDS people goes on among those who are the readers and writers of the New Mormon History (including a few non-Mormons). The dialogue is about history, but it is also very importantly about religion. It is a discussion of religious experience; but the dialogue has become a religious experience of Christian fellowship in its own right. The Spring 1974 meeting of the Mormon History Association in

Nauvoo was a memorable experience of probing, of sharing, of fellowship, of love. It was for many people both a culmination and a commencement. At the closing fellowship service, one participant said simply, "I walked at dawn today with my friends in the streets of Nauvoo. I thank God for my friends, and I thank God for the streets of Nauvoo." So the dialogue proceeds in the classic manner of modern ecumenism. Viewed in the traditional sectarian frame, this New History dialogue is a threat to sectarian boundaries. The threat is real. At the same time the tendency is a conservative one—its ultimate purpose is to recover, to preserve, and to augment the Faith of the Fathers. It lays the groundwork for a fourth history—a religious history.

History is one of civilization's most important service enterprises. The ends which it serves shift according to the shifting values of people. The New Mormon History is a response to such shifting values. Latter-day Saints, like many people of different faiths and persuasions, increasingly seek the services of a history that will aid them in ending their isolation; a history that will help dissolve arcane enmities and offer their children a tradition which is less parochial, less tribal, more humane, more universal. Here is the real meaning of the New History as an ecumenical history. It does not suggest that people of good will should not differ, but rather that people of good will should seek a mature understanding of their differences and of their commonwealth.

[1]My juxtaposition of the concepts of the romantic and the realistic is probably understandable; the use of the concept of the tragic in the same context may be less clear. I tend to follow the meaning suggested by Alfred North Whitehead: "The essense of dramatic tragedy . . . resides in the remorseless working of things. . . . This inevitableness of destiny can only be illustrated in terms of human life by incidents which involve unhappiness. For it is only by them that the futility of escape can be made evident. . . ." *Science and the Modern World* (New York, 1948), p. 17. A tragic sense of history may but does not necessarily imply a fatalistic sense.

[2]I refer readers who may be unfamiliar with the trends and emphases in historical writing discussed here to *BYU Studies* and to *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought.* In their pages the New History has been exemplified in many articles, and described and discussed in numerous reviews, critiques, symposia, etc. *Courage: A Journal of History, Thought, and Action,* published privately by and for the RLDS community, contains similar useful information. For professionals and other readers who may quarrel with my facile division of Mormon historical writing into over-simplified dichotomies of "Old" and "New," and with my definitions of them, I plead *nolo contendre.* If my essay is defensible, I would wish the defense to rest upon general philosophical grounds, and not upon an attempt to argue, for example, the exact place of Hubert Howe Bancroft, Brigham Henry Roberts, or even Fawn Brodie in my scheme of things. An historiographical analysis would show the dichotomy to be anything but simple.

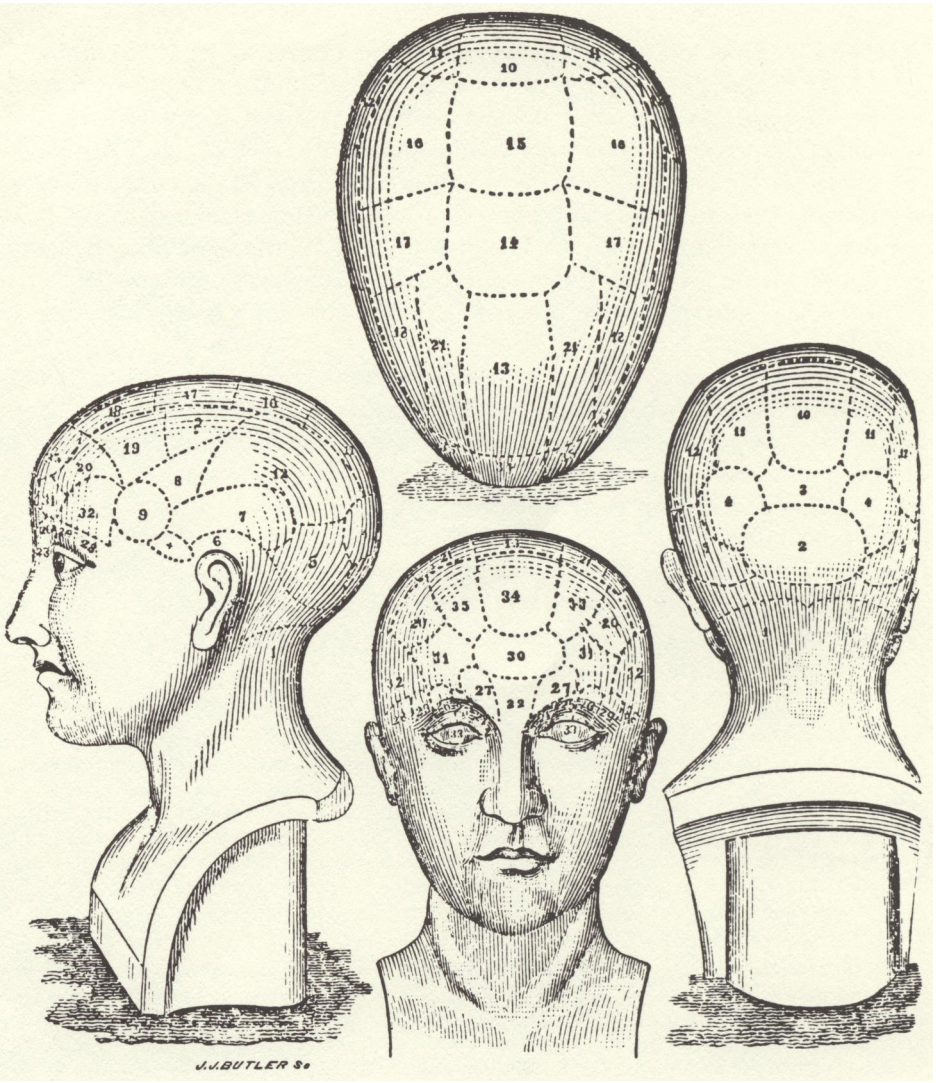
[3]See Marvin S. Hill, "Secular or Sectarian History? A Critique of *No Man Knows My History*," *Church History,* 43 (March, 1974), 78-96, for an important discussion, not only of Brodie, but of many large issues in Mormon religious history.

[4]My analysis owes much to the analyses of others who have addressed this subject in various ways, most frequently in the pages of *Dialogue.* I am indebted for example to Richard Bushman, Leonard Arrington, Klaus Hansen, Jan Shipps, Davis Bitton, and Marvin Hill, to name a few.

[5]See Flanders, "The Kingdom of God in Illinois: Politics in Utopia," *Dialogue,* 5 (Spring, 1970), 26-36.

[6]"The World and the Prophet," *Dialogue,* 1 (Summer, 1966), 107.

[7]Again ironically those schismatics claimed that it was Smith himself who was out of control, unrestrained by law or morality.



NAMES OF THE PHRENOLOGICAL ORGANS,

REFERRING TO THE FIGURES INDICATING THEIR RELATIVE POSITIONS.

AFFECTIVE.

1. *Propensities.*

1 Amativeness.
2 Philoprogenitiveness.
3 Concentrativeness.
4 Adhesiveness.
5 Combativeness.
6 Destructiveness.
† Alimentiveness.
7 Secretiveness.
8 Acquisitiveness.
9 Constructiveness.

2. *Sentiments.*

10 Self-esteem.
11 Love of Approbation.
12 Cautiousness.
13 Benevolence.
14 Veneration.
15 Firmness.
16 Conscientiousness.
17 Hope.
18 Wonder.
19 Ideality.
? Unascertained.
20 Wit or Mirthfulness.
21 Imitation.

INTELLECTUAL.

1. *Perceptive.*

22 Individuality.
23 Form.
24 Size.
25 Weight.
26 Colouring.
27 Locality.
28 Number.
29 Order.
30 Eventuality.
31 Time.
32 Tune.
33 Language.

2. *Reflective.*

34 Comparison.
35 Causality.

PHRENOLOGY AMONG THE MORMONS

DAVIS BITTON AND GARY L. BUNKER

On 2 July 1842 the Nauvoo *Wasp* contained a letter from A. Crane, M.S., professor of phrenology, alluding to the "large number of persons in different places" who wished to know "the phrenological development of Joseph Smith's head." Having examined the Prophet and obtained his permission to publish the results, Crane gave his analysis under the usual phrenological categories. The Prophet rated high in Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Approbativeness, and Self-esteem; in other words, he was "passionately fond of the company of the other sex," exhibited "strong parental affection" and "ambition for distinction," and possessed "highmindedness, independence, self-confidence, dignity (and) aspiration for greatness." Besides being printed in the newspapers this chart was copied in the Prophet's "history" with this comment: "I give the foregoing a place in my history for the gratification of the curious, and not for respect to Phrenology."[1]

Phrenology was still a fairly new thing in America. The founders of phrenology in Europe, starting at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century, were Franz Joseph Gall (1758-1828) and J. G. Spurzheim. The movement had spread to the British Isles and during the 1820s and 1830s to the United States. The chief architect of the phrenological movement in the United States of the century were the "phrenological Fowlers": Orson Fowler, Lorenzo Niles Fowler, their sister Charlotte, and a brother-in-law Samuel Wells. More than anyone else the Fowlers made phrenology a rage for several decades, so that "to be phrenologized was a perfectly routine, even fashionable thing to do. . . ."[2]

More than a few Mormons participated in the new enthusiasm at least to the extent of obtaining phrenographs. On 14 January 1840, Joseph Smith had obtained an examination at Philadelphia from Alfred Woodward, M.D., who filled out one chart on "measurements of the head" and one rating the Prophet's faculties.[3] A comparison of the 1840 and 1842 readings reveals differences as well as similarities:

	Woodward	Crane
Amativeness (love between the sexes)	16	11
Philoprogenitiveness (parental love)	16	9
Inhabitiveness (love of home)	15	5
Adhesiveness (friendship)	15	8
Combativeness (resistance, defense)	12	10
Mirthfulness (wit, fun)	15	10
Acquisitiveness (accumulation)	12	9
Imitation (copying)	12	5

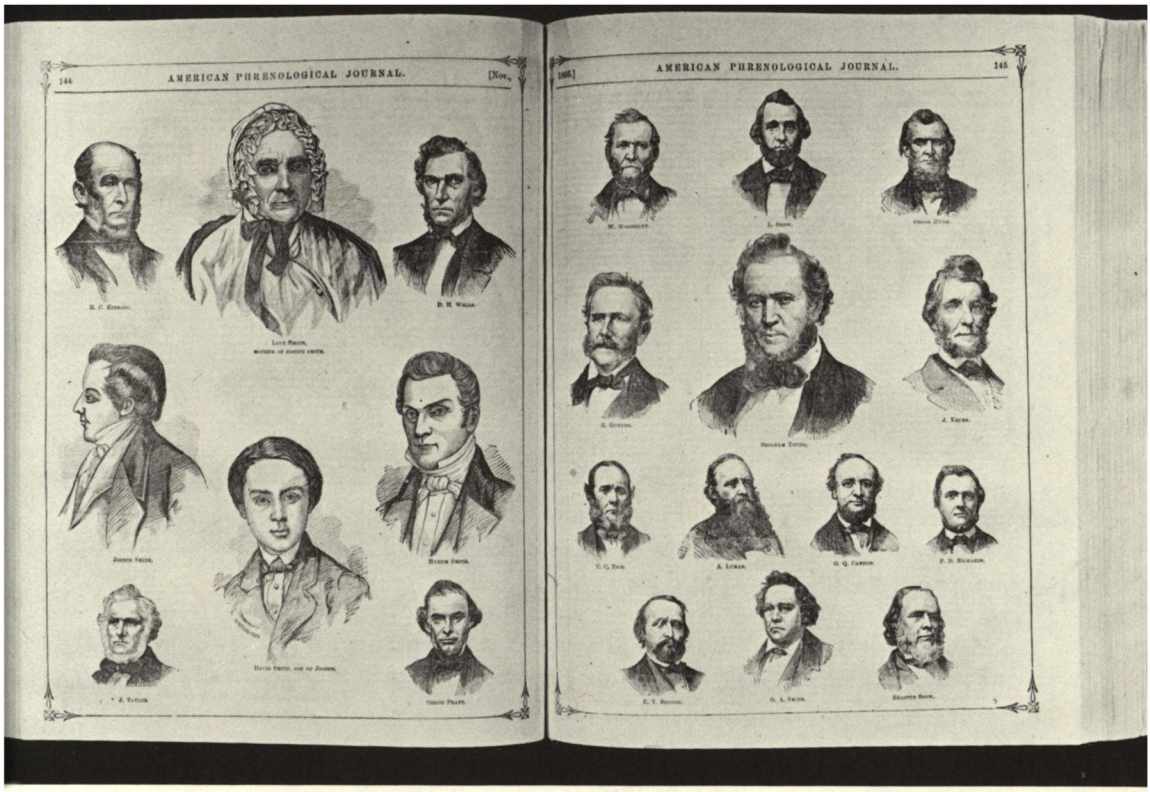
The Crane rating is on a scale of 12, whereas the Woodward rating is apparently on a scale of 20. The inconsistency between the two may help to explain the Prophet's reserved attitude in 1842. Nevertheless, he was willing to submit to another examination in October, 1843. As recorded in his history, "Dr. Turner, a phrenologist came in. I gratified his curiosity for about an hour by allowing him to examine my head."[4]

During these same years other Mormon leaders obtained phrenological examinations. The Nauvoo phrenologist Dr. Crane examined Willard Richards, Brigham Young, and others.[5] On June 24, 1842 Wilford Woodruff recorded in his journal: "I called upon Mr. A. Crane M.D., professor of Phrenology, who accompanied me to my house and examined my head and the heads of my family and gave us a chart of each head."[6] In the fall of 1843, when several Mormon apostles were in Boston, they called at the Fowler studio and obtained readings.[7] And it appears that Hyrum Smith was examined sometime before his death on 27 June 1844.[8]

In 1845 a young convert to Mormonism, James H. Monroe, was showing more than a little enthusiasm for phrenology. Employed as a school teacher for the children of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and other prominent citizens, Monroe wrote in his diary on 25 April:

> My time was spent, when not occupied with my school, in reading Fowler's Phrenology, a very valuable work in my estimation, and containing much information of especial benefit to me in my present capacity, as it enables me to form a better opinion of the tastes, feelings, and powers of my little protiges [sic] and thereby suggests the proper mode of education, and tells me which faculties are necessary to be cultivated. I think I must make out a chart of their heads with a description of their character as shown by the development of their organs, and then concoct a plan for their education in accordance with those principles.[9]

He did just that, at least for some of his students. On 29 April he finished a chart of young Joseph's head, "which admitted to be correct by his mother." About the same time he observed that William W. Major, the artist, had well developed faculties of Constructiveness, Color, and the perceptive organs in general. In John Taylor he noticed large organs of Ideality, Mirth, Weight, and Combativeness.



Famous Mormons discussed in the American Phrenological Journal

"This enables him to write poetry and combat[iveness] enables him to sit a horse well and makes him fearless in breaking colts, &c. I noticed the heads of individuals very much now, and hope I shall continue the practice as I expect to make it applicable in all my business." A few days later he was examining the heads of Oliver Huntington (large organs of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Amativeness) and John Huntington (large organs of Firmness and Constructiveness). Monroe was determined to live in accordance with phrenological principles." As he said, he was "fully satisfied of the truth of the science."

James J. Strang, who became head of a splinter group after the death of Joseph Smith, showed some interest in phrenology. The first issue of Strang's newspaper, *The Northern Islander*, printed his own phrenology in detail. And one of his best advertisers was the firm of Fowler and Wells, for whom he listed and described upwards of twenty titles in the final issue of the *Islander*.[10]

That interest in phrenology crossed the plains with the Mormons is indicated by a letter written in late 1852 by a Mrs. L. G. W. in Salt Lake City. "The Phrenological Journal," she said, "has taught me how to govern and instruct my children, how to know a good person from a bad one, and is a never ending source of reflection, knowledge, and happiness. Large charts of heads hung up in a convenient place in a house for children to look at, soon interest them and by degrees they acquire a knowledge of the science." She went on to say that the books she had purchased from the Fowler and Wells "Book room" were of "great value" in Utah. She regretted that she had not brought more of them.[11]

In 1869-70 the recently reorganized Female Relief Society of the Fifteenth Ward in Salt Lake City included reading and study as part of its program. One of the

most popular sources of reading material, according to the minutes in the Church Archives, was the *Phrenological Journal.* Although this periodical had reading material on various topics, such as an article on the duty of parents to their daughters which the Relief Society ladies read, their willingness to draw from it indicates a general feeling of friendly interest in phrenology and associated subjects. And in the remoteness of Utah's Dixie, Martha C. Cox, thirsty for reading matter, borrowed a few books from James McCarty. She added in her journal, "I also read Fowler's Phrenological Journal which, with the N. Y. Tribune was always found on McCarty's table poor as he was."[12]

Not only were Mormon interested in phrenology; phrenologists were also interested in the Mormons. The Fowlers and others included the Mormon areas in their itinerary, something they would not have done had there been no clientele among the Saints. Furthermore, the periodicals published by the phrenologists included comments on the Mormons. These articles were not always friendly. In 1857, for example, a lengthy article based largely on John Hyde's *Mormonism—Its Leaders and Designs* expressed the same distaste for Mormon practices as found among the American bourgeoisie in general. The editors did add the following comments:

> The portrait of Joe Smith indicates an excellent constitution, good practical talent, but not great originality. The base of his brain was large, and his passions naturally strong. Self-Esteem and Firmness were large; hence he had a strong will and great pride and desire to be his own master, and to take the lead of others. Cautiousness was not large, but Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness were marked traits. His credulity was strong, but his Conscientiousness decidedly weak.
>
> Brigham Young had a large head and a splendid intellect. His Constructiveness, joined with intellect, gives excellent power of combination and administrative capacity. He appears to have large Spirituality, which gives credulity, enthusiasm, and romantic spirit and possibly he half believes his own superstitious teachings. . . . His large body, abundant vitality and nervous power give him magnetism which he possesses in so high a degree.[13]

There is no unrestrained admiration here, obviously, but the phrenologists, who apparently had seen engravings of the Mormon leaders, did admit that they possessed some positive qualities.

One of the contact points between Utah and the Eastern phrenologists was the Salt Lake City firm of Ottinger and Savage, in whose bookstore the various publications of the Fowler-Wells publishing house were sold. Reciprocally, Ottinger and Savage provided some paintings and photographs that were admired by the phrenologists. In 1869 Samuel Wells published the phrenograph and biography of Ottinger.[14] Following one of several excursions to the West, during which he called upon his friends George Ottinger and Charles Savage, Wells wrote that he had "examined the heads of hundreds of the representative men and women of the Mormons."[15]

In 1871 Wells received a photograph of Brigham Young from Charles Savage. Wells remembered that he had met Young and "taken his measure" years before and proceeded to comment on Brother Brigham's phrenological characteristics. Some of the most interesting observations from this fairly lengthy article are as follows.

> Though born with the spirit of a captain, he is not arrogant, over-dignified, or at all distant, but rather easy, familiar, and quite approachable. . . . He will be kindly to friends, family, and young, and indeed to all his household and people; but for every dollar expended in behalf of any person, he will exact its return with interest.

> . . . He has large Ideality, Sublimity, Imitation, and Mirthfulness; and he is a natural orator, a wit, an actor, and he may be said to be a perfect mimic. . . . As to the number of his wives or children we know nothing except by hearsay, but we have every reason to believe that Brigham Young is today less sensual in his habits than many who profess to live lives of "single blessedness."
>
> In almost any position in life, such an organization—with such a temperament—would make itself felt, and would become a power within itself. . . . God will hold him accountable for the right use of a full measure of talents. . . . He may be a saint—he is probably a sinner—but he is neither a fool nor a madman.[16]

Although Wells carefully refrained from endorsing Mormonism or plural marriage, it is obvious that he admired Brigham Young.

Wells may have been influenced toward a positive evaluation of the Mormon leaders by Edward Tullidge, who contributed several articles to the *Phrenological Journal.* He was writing such articles at least as early as 1867. In a letter to Brigham Young, Tullidge describes the visit in company with Apostle Orson Pratt to the Fowler studio in New York City on 13 May 1867:

> The Office was quite in commotion at the presence of a Mormon Apostle, and as a privilege both the principal phrenologist and the proprietor, Mr. Wells, had to lay hands on brother Orson's head, one after the other, not hearing each other, and then brother Pratt to their amusement and friendly feeling expressed a desire to do the same for them at some future time.[17]

Tullidge went on to mention Pratt's prayers that the editors would "accept my articles in the exposition of God's work and truth, . . ."

It was probably Tullidge who in 1871 supplied the periodical with an article evaluating the leaders of the Godbeite movement in Utah. Elias L. T. Harrison was described as having a forehead "massive with Causality, and Comparison very large." Cautiousness and Conscientiousness were said to be the largest organs in the head of Henry W. Lawrence, "which is decidedly the head of the practical and enterprising man. . . ."[18] Although Tullidge had been excommunicated along with other followers of the New Movement, he remained friendly. As his later writings demonstrate, he retained more than a little admiration for Brigham Young and other leaders. Since he was in touch with the editors of the phrenological periodicals, he was for several years probably the main channel by which information about the Mormons was conveyed to these journals and their readers.[19]

A real burst of phrenological excitement occurred in Utah in the year 1872. In late January Professor McDonald of Scotland was giving lectures on the subject at the Tabernacle. At the lectures he drew "very large audiences" and in giving individual examinations he did a "rushing business." Finishing his series in Salt Lake City, McDonald left for Provo.[20]

Just after McDonald's departure, the city buzzed with excitement at the arrival of the greatest of them all, Orson S. Fowler. Besides lecturing on phrenology itself, Fowler gave lectures on such subjects as "Female Health and Beauty Restored," "Love, Courtship and Matrimony," and "Manhood; its Strength, Impairment and Restoration." This entire series was repeated once for a "ladies only" audience.

There was some skepticism expressed and some good-natured raillery directed at Fowler. It was a standard part of his lecture, it seems, to call for someone from the audience to be examined publicly. When the professor asked for two people in

his opening Salt Lake City lecture, there were "loud calls" for James B. McKean, the militant anti-Mormon judge. McKean steadfastly refused. Bishop Edwin D. Woolley assented "good humoredly" and ascended the stand. Then the audience called for E. L. T. Harrison, editor and publisher of the anti-Mormon *Salt Lake Tribune*, who agreed from "a sense of public duty." The two victims were seated facing the audience, "the bishop's face wrinkled with smiles, and Mr. Harrison looking as serious as if the axillary revolution of the earth was on the point of being reversed." Fowler analyzed both men, concluding with a dramatic comparison. As the *Salt Lake Daily Herald* described the scene:

> With his left hand on the caput of the bishop and his right on that of Mr. H., he thus comparatively commented, beginning on the left and alternating: This character is centriputal, that centrifugal; this is a circle, that a triangle, this will obstinately keep in the rut of the old road, that hankers after cross roads and new cuts; this orthodox, that heretical; and so on, continuing the contrast in almost all of the prominent characteristics, and making the two gentlemen in every respect the antipodes of the two Dromios.[21]

The *Salt Lake Tribune*, Harrison's newspaper, was not impressed with Fowler's performance. It reported that the examinations "disgusted very many of the audience" and that "any new beginner could have done better."[22]

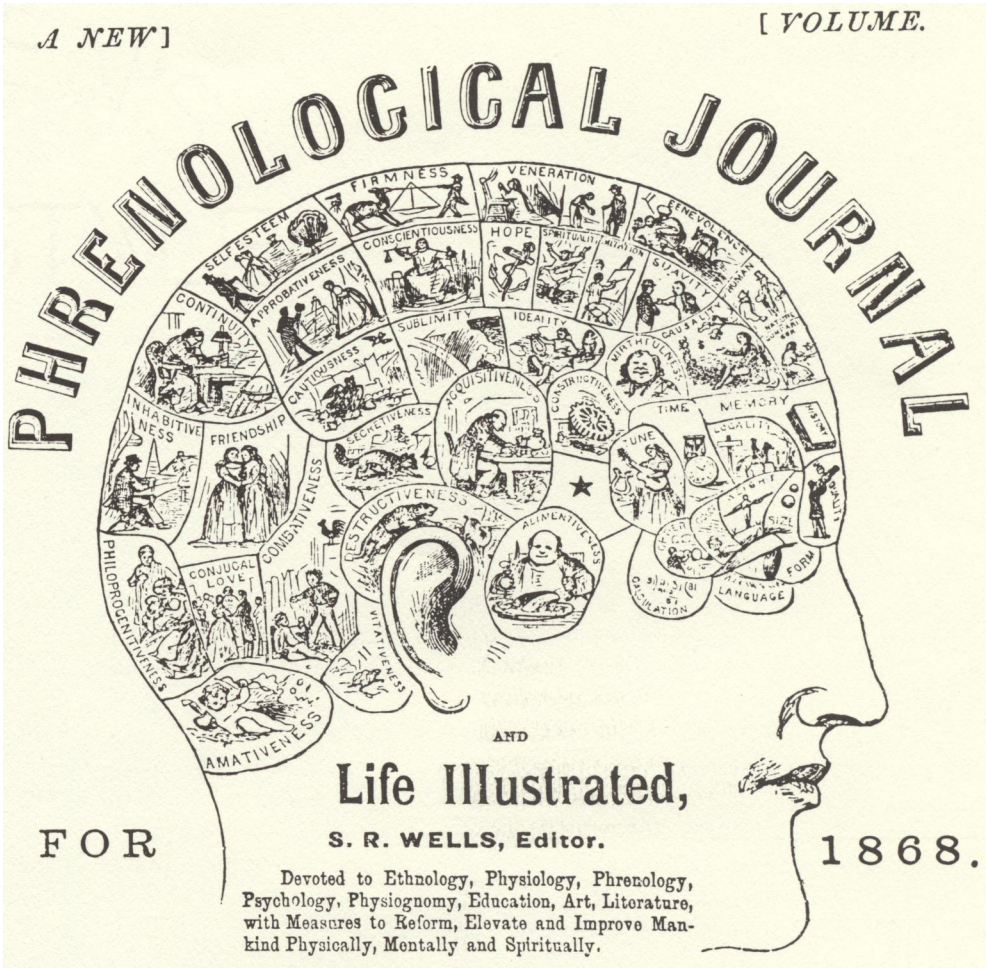
Typical of the humorous ridicule to which Fowler and his phrenology was subjected was the story of the lady who asked him to examine her baby and tell what professions he was suited for. The professor felt that infant's head and said, "Madam, I find the organ of benevolence enormously developed. It is as prominent as a pigeon's egg. Train up the child to give alms to the poor. He will someday be President of the society for the prevention of indigence to the starving. Madam, my fee is ten dollars." She paid the fee, took the child home, applied both thumbs to the organ of benevolence and "squeezed it until the depression would have held a walnut." The child grew up and, as the story concluded, "for twelve years has supported his parents by stealing."[23] Even the report of this story, however, was softened by the statement: "Professor Fowler's reputation is so firmly established that poking such fun at him can't hurt it." In general, the reaction of the *Deseret News* and the *Salt Lake Daily Herald* was friendly, open-minded, and positive. And the reports seem agreed that attendance at the lectures was consistently large and enthusiastic.[24]

A large part of Fowler's activity on such tours was in giving private examinations; in fact, the lectures served the purpose of "druming up" business. The newspaper advertisements reminded Utah readers that he was available for consultation by individuals or small groups at the Townsend House.

One of Fowler's stated reasons for coming to Utah in 1872 was to find out whether the mental health and physical development of the children of polygamists were as high as those of monogamous families. When asked to state his conclusions, he showed a characteristic ability to avoid offending either his Mormon hosts or the larger American public: he hadn't seen enough to draw final conclusions; the children of polygamists were not inferior; this should not be understood as taking a position either for or against polygamy.[25]

Fowler was interested to discover the Mormons' organ of veneration to be highly developed. The *Tribune* responded as follows:

> The Professor the other evening told the public that he found in the Mormon head the



organ of veneration largely developed. Of course he has. Mormon theocracy and obedience to the Priesthood without asking any questions is founded upon this same organ of veneration. . . . We would sooner "bet" on the small venerative bump than on the large, for the bump No. 7 bring forth Books of Mormon and theocracies and perpetuates delusions.[26]

In late 1881, Orson Fowler's itinerary brought him back to Utah. On 11 December, one of Utah's most ambitious young men, James H. Moyle, later a prominent lawyer and political leader, obtained a reading, borrowing two dollars to make up the five dollar fee. Here is what Moyle wrote in his journal:

As soon as he placed his hands on my head he said you should be a leader among men, told me in conclusion that nothing but success was before me. Said I was not conceited but was very far advanced in approbativeness. Said I should marry [a] wife that is rather stingy as I did not know how to keep money as I was extremely benevolent, one who

> would always say Yes! Yes! . . . Said I had immense brain measuring 23 1/6 inches. That I was a perfect steam engine, had wonderful vital force. Never stop[p]ed until I had thoroughly mastered any subject taken in hand. Was not satisfied with doing as well as others. Wanted to [do] more than anybody else. Said I would make a good clergyman. . . . Said I would make a good teacher, or politician or lawyer which he gives as preference if I natural[l]y leaned that way. . . . Advised me to eat less to be smarter.[27]

During the next few days young Moyle attended three different lectures by Fowler and bought one of the Fowler books. It is intriguing to speculate as to how much the examination influenced him in his choice of a career, for he did go on to study law and later entered politics.

Fowler returned again in 1884. Among those he examined in 1884 was William S. Godbe, one of the leaders of the Godbeite schism since 1869. Fowler said:

> He has very positive characteristics. His positiveness is calculated to make him a great many enemies, and a great many friends. His enemies hate him to death, his friends love him correspondingly. He is a two-edged sword, a divider among the people. . . . He must be fighting something all the time. . . . Everything he feels and thinks must burst out like a young volcano. He cannot see anything he thinks wrong without pitching into it and holding on. . . . He is as stubborn as a mule and must not be driven or he will become more obstinate than before.

When a voice from the audience asked about his spirituality, Fowler responded that his spiritual proclivities were strong but "unlike those of others." When Godbe asked about his conscientiousness, the professor, never at a loss for words, replied, "Your motives are substantially correct; I don't say that all your actions are."[28]

Examples could be multiplied. Mormons who received phrenological readings between 1840 and 1891 included Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Willard Richards, Brigham Young, George A. Smith, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John E. Page, Alfred Cordon, Elias Smith, James J. Strang, Matthias Cowley, James Bunting, James S. Brown, Joseph C. Rich, George Reynolds, Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich, N. V. Jones, George Q. Cannon, O. S. Clawson, E. L. T. Harrison, Edwin D. Woolley, Christopher Layton, Christopher M. Layton, William Blood, Jesse N. Smith, Sanford Porter, Andrew Jensen, Elizabeth Williams, John D. Lee, Orson F. Whitney, Franklin S. Richards, J. B. Toronto, James H. Moyle, William S. Godbe, William Spry, Daniel Wells, and Abraham H. Cannon. Some of these had more than one delineation.[29] Undoubtedly many others visited phrenological studios, but even with these names there is clear enough indication that many Mormons felt perfectly free to investigate what phrenology had to offer.

It would be a mistake to make too much of these contacts, which may have been about the same response as that of Americans in other parts of the country. But it is clear, at least, that there was no obvious incompatibility between Mormonism and phrenology. To understand why these Mormons might have been attracted to phrenology it will be necessary to review some of the assumptions and enthusiasms of phrenology during the nineteenth century.

The proponents of phrenology considered their work to be scientific—an effort to study mind, personality, and character objectively, quantitatively. Some of its assumptions were that mental phenomena have causes that can be determined; that anatomical and physiological characteristics have influence upon mental be-

havior; and that the mind is not unitary but is dependent upon localized functions of the brain. It is easy to see, perhaps, that such an approach to the study of human personality seemed an improvement over the highly impressionistic, subjective approaches of the past.[30] Moreover, as a recent writer has pointed out, "It was the first system that permitted detailed analysis of the human brain without the inconvenience of autopsy."[31] Since development of a particular area of the brain would manifest itself in a slight expansion of the cranium at that point, feeling and measuring bumps would provide an objective analysis of the person's strengths and weaknesses. Or so it was believed.

It might be thought that phrenology was deterministic, one's character being inevitably determined by his physiology. But in fact there was a strong "self-improvement" strain, based on the assumption that faculties could be consciously developed through exercise. The notion of original sin, or anything like it, was quite foreign to the phrenologists, who accepted the notion of individual responsibility. In Fowler's phrenological treatises each faculty is discussed in terms of the following categories: very large, large, full, average, moderate, small, and very small. One whose bumps had been measured could thus read a description of his own score on each faculty. But importantly each chapter concludes with specific advice under the headings "to cultivate" and "to restrain," indicating that something could be done in the direction of improvement. The consistency of such assumptions with the Mormon thrust toward individual progress and self-perfection is obvious; although the advice given by phrenologists was not the only approach to improving oneself, it was specific, supposedly scientific, and quite consistent with Mormon morality. In practice, a phrenologist proceeded from the assumption that men were potentially good, potentially perfectable, and not borne down by the weight of original sin. Mormonism would find such ideas congenial.

Recognition of an interrelationship between the physical and the mental or spiritual led phrenologists to encourage the pursuit of health. Exercise was encouraged; simple wholesome foods were recommended; tobacco, tea, coffee, and alcoholic beverages were condemned. While such interests, exposed by the phrenologists in their lectures and periodicals, overlapped with other health movements of the age, it is obvious that early Mormons could readily agree with many of the recommendations. In a way, it might seem, the restored gospel and modern science were leading to the same conclusion.

The phrenologists were highly critical of medicine as it was practiced. In addition to simple "natural" foods and exercise they recommended various forms of hydropathy, the use of water to effect cures. Drinking of water, warm or cold, and the use of different kinds of sprays, washes, and baths were recommended. Some of these enthusiasms were shared by the followers of Samuel A. Thompson's system of botanic medicine. Again it should be obvious that Mormons, with their hostility to the established medical profession, their preference for spiritual administration and hydropathy, and their receptivity to some of the Thomsonian precepts, would find a large area of agreement with the phrenologists.[32]

Interested in racial types, the phrenologists found a correlation between physical characteristics and traits of personality. Showing an incredible willingness to generalize, they lumped men within each race together under certain traits. One phrenologist, for example, explained the reluctance of the Indians to accept Christianity on the basis of the size and shape of their brains.[33] Physical characteristics in

the final analysis were the consequence of moral choice, a naturalistic interpretation that is perhaps not far from the racial assumptions found in the Book of Mormon.[34]

Finally, consider the way in which phrenology was treated by the orthodox Christian clergy. Although individual clergymen were sympathetic and occasionally even enthusiastic, the basic attitude was one of condemnation, as the Christian clergy denounced what they considered to be the atheism, materialism, and determinism of the phrenologists. To some extent the charges were valid although they were generally exaggerated and without real understanding. The phrenologists did not readily accept an immaterial reality, and in fact one branch of the movement was avowedly materialistic. Others accepted the point of view expressed by Edward Hitchcock: "It is as easy to see how an immaterial soul should act through a hundred organs as through one."[35] This was close to the ridicule of "immaterial reality" by Orson Pratt and other Mormon leaders. Since both the Mormons and the phrenologists were scorned by the more respectable spokesmen of the Christian clergy, they had something in common. Actually the phrenologists were not atheists. Most of them agreed with Orson Fowler's admiration of early, Biblical Christianity while they attacked the creeds and ceremonies of modern Christianity, which they saw as apostate.

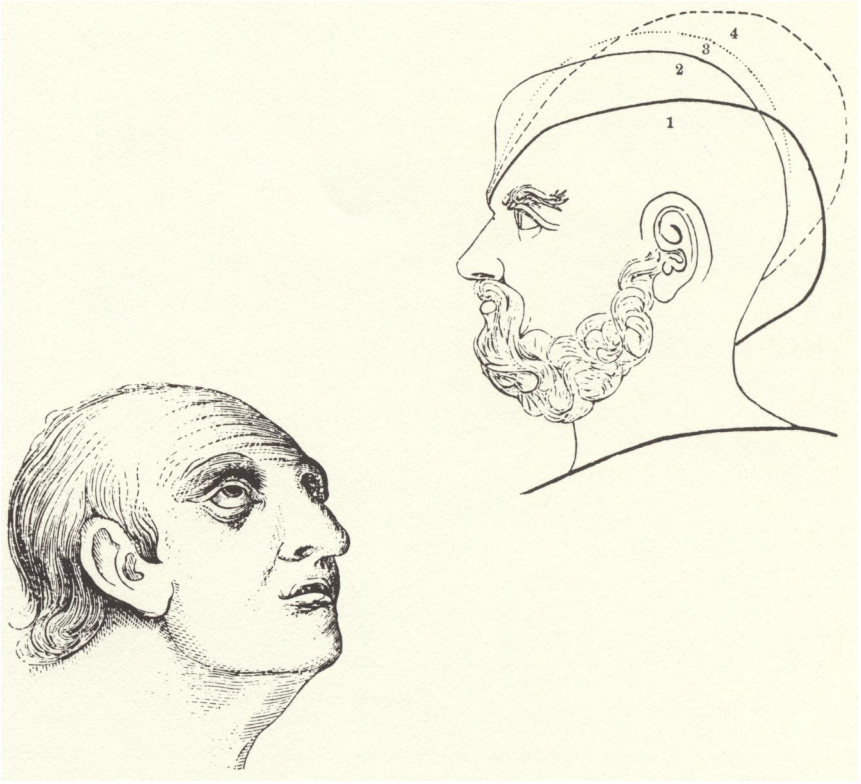
In short, while Mormons could be attracted to phrenology by the same curiosity experienced by other Americans, they had in addition certain theological affinities, circumstantial alignments, and common opponents that help to explain the attraction. There seemed nothing in the way of an obvious incompatibility and at least suggestions of a complementary relationship.

In addition to these several affinities, phrenology offered one great attraction to Mormons through the nineteenth century. At a time when they were denounced and caricaturized by the press, when their public image was pitifully negative, here were men of national renown who treated them politely, recognized intelligence and strong character in their leaders, and were remarkably "nonjudgmental" in their comments on Mormon society. When the crusaders were making sweeping claims to the effect that polygamy resulted in inferior, handicapped children, for example, Orson Fowler's claim that the Mormon children were normal must have been most welcome.[36] Inclinations to condemn phrenology must certainly have been tempered by the recognition that this science was valuable in promoting a relatively positive image of Mormonism.

Having recognized that more than a few Mormons showed some interest in phrenology and that the phrenologists had at least some interest in the Mormon leaders, we should recognize that as early as the Nauvoo period some Mormons were more than a little skeptical. In late 1841 a warning was printed in the *Times and Seasons* about Dr. William Campbell, alias Samuel Rogers, "a professed phrenologist." This man was a member of the Church who had "got in debt as much as possible, until the latter part of November, when he borrowed a horse and some guns under the pretext of going a hunting, and left the country."[37] This statement is hard to evaluate because financial irresponsibility was ample reason for condemnation. Two years later, on 6 May 1843, Joseph Smith had an interview with an unidentified lecturer on mesmerism and phrenology. His "history" notes briefly: "Objected to his performing in the city."[38] On another occasion he challenged a believer in phrenology to prove the idea of localized functions of the

brain.[39] These various brief encounters fall short of an outright condemnation, and the Prophet, as already noted, was willing to submit to examinations for the sake of "curiosity." In 1843, Brigham Young described his visit to the Fowler studio in these words:

> At the request and expense of Elder L. R. Foster, I visited Mr. O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, at Marlborough Chapel, with Elders Kimball, Woodruff and Geo. A. Smith. He examined our heads and gave us charts. After giving me a very good chart for $1, I will give him a chart gratis. My opinion of him is, that he is just as nigh being an idiot as a man can be, and have any sense left to pass through the world decently; and it appeared to me that the cause of his success was the amount of impudence and self-importance he possessed, and the high opinion he entertained of his own abilities.[40]



In the Nauvoo *Neighbor* of 14 May 1845 we read the following:

> Mr. McLeake has been feeling some of the heads at Nauvoo; nothing yet has been discovered more than is common to the heads of other cities, only that the Navooans have large bumps of patience and wisdom.
>
> Mr. McLeake has a touch of measuring the geography of the head as a carpenter would

> a barn, and then calculates the various appointments; and he calculates some things about right.[41]

This in the spirit of fun, not an angry rejection.

In William Smith's newspaper the *Wasp* (Volume 1, No. 3) there is a description of Thomas Sharpe, leader of the anti-Mormon forces at Warsaw:

> Tom Sharp's snout is said to be in the exact proportion of seven to one compared with his intellectual faculties, having upon its convex surface fourteen well developed bumps.

These bumps signified fourteen traits, the fist among them being "Anti-Mormonitiveness." Another take-off, reminiscent of Melville's phrenology of a whale in *Moby Dick*.

A more serious answer to the claims of phrenology was advanced in the *Millennial Star* in 1864 by an Elder George Sims. His "Remarks on Phrenology" point out the tentativeness of any supposed scientific knowledge; the difficulty of interpreting the "bumps" satisfactorily; the Mormon belief that blood had at least as much to do with character traits as did the brain or the shape of the head; and that the faculties were not so important as the use to which they were put, a point with which the phrenologists would have readily agreed. An editorial note by George Q. Cannon reiterates some of the same points: the difficulty of correct interpretation, the importance of the Spirit of God, the impossibility of accepting phrenology as "a perfect science." But these strong reservations did not stop Cannon from admitting, "We do believe there is some truth in phrenology."[42]

Six years later, during the excitement aroused by the visit of Orson Fowler to Utah, Cannon was less than enthusiastic, to judge by his remarks before the school of the Prophets, as paraphrased by the secretary: "Elder G. Q. Cannon said as there was several Phrenogical [sic] Lectures going to be delivered in the city, he would just say that he did not believe much in that science, and hoped the Elders would not patronize them, especially in having charts of their own characters taken. Several once prominent members of the church have had their charts taken, and it seemed to puff them up so that they eventually apostatized, A. Lyman, W. Shearman, &c."[43] This statement again seems to fall just short of a rejection of phrenology as such.

Interest continued among the Mormons, as indicated by various entries in diaries during the closing decades of the century. In 1876 a lecture on phrenology was given in the 8th Ward in Salt Lake City.[44] A few years later, in 1883, the Presiding Bishopric took notice as follows:

> Enquiry was made of the standing and character of a Mr. Cederstrom who is going the rounds of the Mutual Improvement Associations, lecturing on the subject of phrenology and the testimony of Bro. Mortensen was that he was not a member of the church, having been cut off by Bp E D Woolley in the 13th Ward many years ago.[45]

Still, there is no indication here of condemnation of phrenology as such.

It is apparent that over the years the Mormons had received conflicting signals from their leaders. On the one hand there were the various indications of skepticism and even statements coming close to condemnation of the phrenologists. But on the other hand prominent Mormons, including some general authorities, continued to obtain delineations. Moreover, there were scattered references to phrenology that did not take a stand one way or the other but at least appeared friendly.

"We must learn to look ahead and live in anticipation, or as the phrenologists say, we must cultivate the bump of hope," said the *Times and Seasons* in 1845.[46] "As the phrenologists say"—such passing allusions occurred elsewhere.[47] And in some writings, especially those of Hannah T. King, the phrenological terms and assumptions appeared quite naturally.[48] It is not surprising if Mormons felt that phrenology had implicit institutional support. More accurately it enjoyed a suspension of judgment.

Toward the turn of the century two returned missionaries, Nephi Y. Schofield and John T. Miller, invested their energy in the study of phrenology. Schofield graduated at the top of his class from the Fowler-Wells sponsored American Institute of Phrenology. By so doing, he was designated a Fellow of the A.I.P. in October of 1896.[49] The following summer John T. Miller "graduated as a first-class Scientific Phrenologist" from the Haddock Institute of Phrenology in San Francisco.

Soon Schofield began to apply his newly acquired skills. The *Phrenological Journal* of March 1897 reported: "The readers of the Salt Lake City Herald are being favored with character sketches of the leaders in that city, written by Nephi Y. Schofield, F.A.I.P., and well done they are too."[50] He must have been extremely pleased when President Wilford Woodruff consented to a personal examination. President Woodruff's phrenograph was written on 28 February 1897 and appeared later in the *Phrenological Journal*.[51] In the tradition of Fowler and Wells, Schofield did not confine his efforts to phrenological examinations. He submitted a scholarly paper to the New York Phrenological Conference and the paper was published in June of 1898.[52] The same issue contained a phrenological delineation of John T. Miller written by the editor, Jessie A. Fowler.[53]

When John T. Miller returned from his training in San Francisco he and Schofield opened an office in Salt Lake City. They advertised that one could get a phrenological examination as cheaply as a pair of shoes ($3.00). By November of 1898 Schofield wrote: "[I] am doing all the professional work that I can find time to devote to it, and in connection with Prof. Miller of Provo, Utah [I] am making a specialty of interesting and converting the school teachers and the educational classes of the State to Phrenology, and with encouraging success."[54]

Anti-Mormons had occasionally used phrenology to attack Mormonism and its leaders. In 1902 Schofield found a different revelation from the principles of phrenology: ". . . science demonstrates clearly and conclusively that he [Joseph Smith] was not an imposter."[55] But the most important event of 1902 for phrenology among the Mormons was the publication of a Western version of the *Phrenological Journal—The Character Builder*, destined to continue until the 1940's. Miller and Schofield were the prime movers. These two Mormon phrenologists made successful inroads of acceptance, if not conversion, to phrenology within the educational community. The early issues of *The Character Builder* contained phrenological descriptions of the general superintendent of LDS Church Schools (Dr. J. M. Tanner), the superintendent of Salt Lake City Schools (D. H. Christensen), the president of Latter-day Saints University (Joshua Hughes Paul), the state superintendent of public instruction (A. C. Nelson), and other educational figures.[56]

The Human Culture Company was incorporated in November of 1903 with Miller as President and Schofield as Vice-President. The corporation was estab-

lished to promote lectures, correspondence courses, summer schools and the sale of phrenological material. Among the prominent stockholders were Mr. Franklin S. Richards, the philanthropist Jesse Knight, the State Treasurer J. D. Dixon, the attorney Henry Lund, and "some of the leading educators of the Intermountain West." By 1905 Miller and Schofield were "sending out about 60,000 copies of *The Character Builder* a year, besides several thousand books on human culture." This must have been a circulation of about 5,000 per issue.

The Character Builder enjoyed some official Church support. In 1906 and 1907 the First Presidency sent copies to "a few hundred missionaries." The Salt Lake Stake sent $108.35 in contributions. Miller summarized some of his success as follows:

> Hundreds of stake and ward officers have testified to the importance of our lectures and the work of the Character Builder, and have aided with money, time and influence. A number of Bishops and Stake Presidents have invested $10 each. During five years $40,000 worth of character building literature has been circulated and thousands of our best crop—boys and girls—have been led to purer thinking and nobler living. Our work fits into all organizations; requests for lectures come to us from parents' classes; religion classes; M. I. associations; elders and seventies' quorums; lesser priesthood and relief societies. In visiting the wards to give lectures we frequently hear bishops and other workers say that no work is more needed than this.[57]

It should be observed, however, that Miller was attempting to raise money and was obviously concerned about the possibility that the venture would collapse. Furthermore, phrenology was not mentioned specifically in the letter; typically it came across in indirect and diluted form or in the phrenographs printed in the magazine.

Nephi Schofield dropped out of sight, perhaps due to differences with Miller, perhaps due to his duties as credit manager at Z.C.M.I., which started in 1914.[58] The same year Miller moved to Los Angeles. But some Mormon support continued. On a lecture tour through Oregon and Idaho in the summer of 1918, Miller was invited to speak at two quarterly stake conferences and his lectures were arranged by the presidencies of the Raft River, Curlew, Blackfoot, Bannock, and Oneida Stakes.[59] Miller's phrenological articles appeared in Church periodicals in 1910, 1912, 1919, and 1929.[60] The October 1927 *Character Builder* was devoted to the "phrenologist" Karl G. Maeser. Maeser had used the language of phrenology in his book *School and Fireside* (1898), and Miller did not forget it.[61]

Among those whose phrenological readings were published between 1903 and 1918 were Orson F. Whitney, Lulu Green Richards, F. W. Openshaw, Zina D. H. Young (from a photograph), Mrs. F. S. Richards, Charles R. Savage, Dr. John R. Park, President J. T. Kingsbury, Evan Stephens, and (from a photograph) Eliza R. Snow.[62] Phrenology was still clearly associated with some prominent and respectable Mormons.

The 1930s and 1940s must have been difficult years for the committed Mormon phrenologist. More adequate scientific explanations of human behavior were being put forth, and modern psychology was being introduced into the academic institutions of Mormon country. Full of frustration, John T. Miller wrote in 1938 to Apostle Reed Smoot, a member of the Brigham Young University board of trustees.[63] Desperately trying to benefit from the reputation of Karl G. Maeser, the great educator, Miller wrote, "I think the time is ripe to begin a revival of Dr.

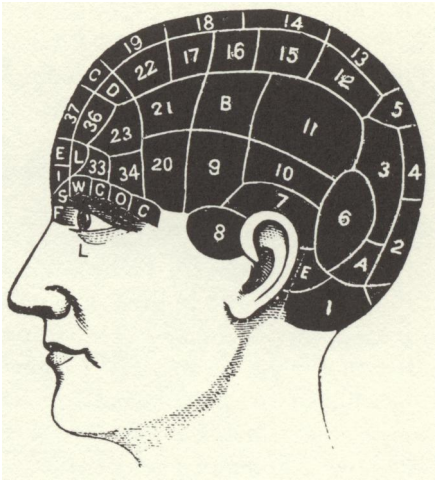
Maeser's work. . . . The BYU should lead the world in such a revival but they have nobody trained to teach that science." Miller saw himself as defending "the true science of mind that has been lost to the world" from "the vicious behaviorism of Dr. [John B.] Watson." To this end he had given lectures at BYU, where he had received a cordial reception except for one "young psychologist" (Prof. Wilford Poulson). Miller wrote to Apostle Rudger Clawson, who presented the letter to the Council of Twelve. The Twelve then referred the matter to the First Presidency with a recommendation that the question be investigated. Miller noted that David O. McKay admired his "fearlessness" and added that John A. Widtsoe was "very friendly" to his work. Then Miller appealed to Smoot: "You having been a student of Dr. Maeser . . . are the logical man to lead in a movement that will revive the spiritual education of Brother Maeser. . . ."

But the proposed phrenological revival did not get off the ground. There was no room for phrenology in the respectable departments of psychology, and neither Apostle Smoot nor any other leader was apparently disposed to take up the banner Miller was trying to pass on. The death knell of phrenology among the Mormons was sounded in November 1940, when *The Character Builder* under the heading "Phrenology Outlawed" sadly noted: "The old city governments in the cities of the Angels and Saints made it a crime to use the true science of life." The crowning blow was the *Deseret News's* refusal to print Miller's rebuttal.[64]

If phrenology was ultimately treated mainly as a curiosity by most Mormons, this was due largely to the adequacy of Mormonism as a theology and a religion. The Mormon leaders, those who might claim to be spokesmen, always refrained from fully embracing the "science." Individuals who were more enthusiastic were on their own, so to speak, taking their own chances. As long as there seemed to be some scientific support for the assumptions of phrenology, it could appeal to individual Mormons, but by the early twentieth century it was losing whatever respectability it once seemed to have. It is an indication of self-confidence and internal adequacy that, with respect to phrenology at least, Mormonism had never gone overboard.

It may be worth noting that some of the appeals of phrenology were already supplied by Mormonism in other ways. The thrust for self-improvement and education were already present in Mormon thought and did not require phrenological underpinnings. Those who sought examinations were interested in their personal characteristics, aptitudes, and potentialities. The phrenological reading seemed to offer a combination of fortune-telling and vocational aptitude test under the guise of scientific objectivity. It was personalized, based as it was on a careful examination and measurement of one's head. A highly personal message was the expected result. But Mormonism already had something that accomplished much of the same purpose—the blessing from a patriarch, who would place his hands on one's head and pronounce words referring to past lineage, present status, and future possibilities, not on the basis of scientific measurement but by divine guidance. In experimental terms, however, the results were quite similar. The blessing was highly personal, was trusted in, and served as a guide and an inspiration. Obviously, those having faith in this whole process would find the patriarchal blessing at least as reliable as the phrenological examination. Without question far more Mormons obtained patriarchal blessings, copied them in their journals or otherwise cherished them, than obtained readings from phrenologists.

For a few years, then, phrenology aroused interest among some Mormons as it did among other Americans. A few Mormons were enthusiastic and found a complementary relationship between their religion and this pseudo-science. Most benefits of phrenology were already available to Mormons on other grounds, however, and with the fading of phrenology's scientific responsibility it lost its appeal. The refusal of Mormon leaders to subscribe to causes and movements such as phrenology could have its disadvantages at times, for they could seem to be unreceptive to the science and progressive causes of their day. But in the final analysis such a reserved attitude prevented the Mormon religion from becoming too closely linked with fads and temporary enthusiasms and was a source of strength.



[1]Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* 6 vols., (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1949), 5:52-55. We have quoted above from the handwritten version in the Church Archives. The published version contains slight editorial alterations in brackets, as follows: "I give the foregoing a place in my history for the gratification of the curious, and not for [any] respect [I entertain for] phrenology."

[2]John W. Davies, *Phrenology Fad and Science: A 19th Century American Crusade* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1955), p. 37. See also Madeleine B. Stern, *Heads and Headlines—The Phrenological Fowlers* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1971), pp. 17, 62, 134.

[3]Alfred Woodward file, Archives of the Historical Department of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (hereafter referred to simply as Church Archives). This file contains three handwritten versions of the Woodward phrenograph: the original charts of Woodward, a copy by Philo Dibble, and a copy found in the papers of John Taylor. The "faculties" are denominated according to the standard phrenological usage of the time. For definitions see any early book on the subject, as, for example, O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *Phrenology: A Practical Guide to Your Head* (Reprint, New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1969).

[4]Smith, *History of the Church*, 6:56. Inconsistency between readings was one of the factors arousing Mark Twain's skepticism. "I am aware that the prejudice should have been directed against Fowler instead of against the art; but I am human and that is not the way that prejudices act. . . ." Neider (ed.), *The Autobiography of Mark Twain*, 64ff.

[5]*The Wasp*, 9 July 1842 (Willard Richards); 16 July 1842 (Brigham Young). These readings can be found printed in Smith, *History of the Church* 5:58-60 and in E. J. Watson, ed., *Manuscript History of Brigham Young* (Salt Lake City, 1968), pp. 118-20.

[6]Wilford Woodruff Journal, Church Archives. Volume and page numbers are not supplied in journal references where the date of entry is adequate as a means of locating the passage.

[7]Who called on the Fowler studio for an examination on 20 September 1843? There is a slight discrepancy in the sources. All agree that Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and George A. Smith were among the number. A letter from George A. Smith dated 19 September (Church Archives) says that Orson Hyde and John E. Page were also there. Joseph Smith's history, compiled by his scribes, does not mention Page but does mention Orson Pratt. (Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* [Salt Lake City, 1950], 6:37). Brigham Young's history omits mention of Hyde, Page, and Pratt but mentions Wilford Woodruff. E. J. Watson (ed.), *Manuscript History of Brigham Young*, pp. 150-51. Wilford Woodruff says that "the Twelve" called at the Fowler studio, probably meaning those of the Twelve who

were in Boston at the time. Woodruff Journal, Church Archives. Perhaps there were several visits; the examination of George A. Smith as found in the Church Archives is dated 14 September 1843.

[8]"Though the Editor never examined the head of Joe Smith, he has minutely examined, and will sometime lay before his readers, the developments, phrenological and physiological[,] of Hyrum Smith, which unquestionably were strongly allied to those of Joe except less strongly marked." *American Phrenological Journal*, 7 (1845), 298. (Hereafter *APJ*.)

[9]James M. Monroe Diary, MSS 343, Coe Collection, Beineke Library, Yale University. Juanita Brooks has assembled some biographical information on Monroe in *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout, 1844-1861*, 2 vols. (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1964), 1:12n.

[10]Strang's phrenology was published in the first issue of the *Northern Islander*. For excerpts from this document, a remarkably perceptive evaluation of Strang, see Robert P. Weeks, "For His Was the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory . . . Briefly," *American Heritage*, 21 (June 1970), 4.

[11]*APJ*, 17 (1853), 47.

[12]Martha C. Cox Journal, holograph, pp. 83-84, Church Archives.

[13]*APJ*, 37 (1857), pp. 58-62, 112.

[14]*APJ*, 49 (March 1869), 109-110, as quoted in Madeleine B. Stern, "A Rocky Mountain Book Store: Savage and Ottinger of Utah," *Brigham Young University Studies*, 9 (Winter 1969), 144-54.

[15]*APJ*, 51 (January 1871), pp. 44-45.

[16]*The Illustrated Annuals of Phrenology and Physiognomy* (New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher, 1871), pp. 38-40.

[17]Edward Tullidge to Brigham Young, 14 May 1867, Brigham Young Papers, Church Archives.

[18]*APJ*, 51 (July 1871).

[19]Tullidge was in communication with E. L. Davenport of the office of the *Phrenological Journal*. Tullidge to Davenport, 9 May 1871, photocopy of holograph, Church Archives.

[20]*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, 27 January 1872. We are indebted to Noel Barton for calling our attention to material on the 1872 visit of Orson Fowler.

[21]*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, 31 January 1872.

[22]*Salt Lake Tribune*, 30 January 1872.

[23]*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, 6 February 1872. Poking fun at phrenology was a national pastime. Oliver Wendell Holmes described a visit to the studio of "Bumpus and Crane" and had great fun with the outlandish phrenological terminology. Even funnier is Mark Twain's description of how one phrenological bump would almost inevitably be neutralized by its opposite and how the examiner, to his great surprise, found Twain's head to contain a cavity in one place instead of an expected bump. "He startled me by saying that the cavity represented the total absence of the sense of humor!" Stern, *Heads and Headlines*, pp. 131-33, 183-85. However, as Stern demonstrates, both Holmes and Twain were quite capable of taking phrenology seriously.

[24]*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, 6 February 1872. "He has drawn very large audiences during the entire course" (*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, 27 January 1872). The lecture "was attended by a very large audience" (*Deseret Evening News*, 15 February 1872).

[25]*Deseret News Weekly*, 7 February 1872. For a later, equally cautious, statement by Fowler on this same question, see the *Territorial Enquirer*, 13 June 1884.

[26]*Salt Lake Tribune*, 31 January 1872. Cf. the suggestion that Fowler should examine the heads of the Mormon leaders in a public demonstration. "If the celebrated Fowler got into Brigham's head, he would find another Mormon problem. He would discover large causality, comparison, humor, agreeableness, human nature, benevolence, veneration, spirituality, hope, no *organic* lack of conscientiousness, small self-esteem and strong social sympathies; and what the deuce Fowler could manage to do with this group of organs we don't know, unless he overbalanced them with large destructiveness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness, will power, ambition, tremendous jaws, eagle nose and a lion mouth that could bite a head off." *Salt Lake Tribune*, 30 January 1872.

[27]James H. Moyle Journal, Church Archives.

[28]*Deseret Evening News*, 4 June 1884.

[29]Specific dates and documentation for these phrenological examinations have been arranged in tabular form. The authors of this article will appreciate hearing of additional specific examples.

[30]Davies, Chapter 1.

[31]Andrew E. Norman introduction to reprint of O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *Phrenology: A Practical Guide to Your Head* (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1969), p. vi.

[32]For a few indications of hydropathy among the Mormons see Ogden Kraut, *A Brief History of Rebaptism* (Dugway, Utah: n.d.), pp. 8-10.

[33]Davies, pp. 154-56.

[34]Not only do the "curses" experienced by the Lamanites in the Book of Mormon fall into this category, but the whole Mormon effort to relate human races to supposed actions in the pre-existent state asserts physical consequences to moral choices.

[35]Davies, p. 151.

[36]J. H. Beadle, for example, saw the deleterious effects of polygamy in the "strange dullness of moral perception, a general ignorance and apparently inherited tendency to vice" on the part of the Mormon children. Quoted in Kimball Young, *Isn't One Wife Enough?* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1954), p. 24.

[37]*Times and Seasons*, 3 (December 1841), 638.

[38]Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City, 1950), 5:383. The following words in the handwritten version were crossed out and not included in the published version: "thought we had been imposed upon enough by such kind of things." History of Joseph Smith, Church Archives.

[39]Joseph Smith, *History*, 6:56.

[40]E. J. Watson, ed., *Manuscript History of Brigham Young*, pp. 150-51.

[41]This was P. S. McLeake, whose phrenology of Elias Smith is available (photostatic copy) at the Western Americana collection, Marriott Library, University of Utah. According to James M. Monroe, McLeake "says he is going to be baptized and settle here [in Nauvoo]." Monroe Diary, 13 May 1845.

[42]*Millennial Star*, 26 (1864), 451-54. The editorial addendum can be ascribed to George Q. Cannon on the basis of internal evidence, p. 454.

[43]Minutes of the School of the Prophets, 20 January 1872, Church Archives.

[44]Salt Lake Stake Deacons Quorum Minutes, 1873-77, entry for 11 April 1876, p. 182. #1809, Church Archives. Olof Cedarstrom (or Oluf Cederstrom), the "widely known professor of phrenology," died at age eighty in Lehi in 1908. Deseret News, 1 May 1908 and 5 May 1908. He seems to have immigrated to the United States in 1857. Emigration Records of the Scandinavian Mission, 1854-63, p. 50. He did not come to Utah until 1863. Perhaps it was during this intervening period that he learned phrenology. On 7 September 1864 an Oif [?] Cedarstrom was fined for giving whiskey to the Indians. Journal History, 7 September 1864. We are indebted to Richard Jensen, research associated of the Historical Department of the Church, for these details.

[45]Presiding Bishopric Meeting with Bishops and Lesser Priesthood Minutes, 1879-1884, Church Archives.

[46]*Times and Seasons*, 6 (1845), 981.

[47]*Times and Seasons*, 5 (1844), 468; *Woman's Exponent*, 10 (1882), 147.

[48]Hannah T. King's "portraits" are in *Woman's Exponent*, 8 (1879), 67, 75, 83, 91, 102-03.

[49]*API*, 103 (January 1897), 49.

[50]*API*, 103 (March 1897), 144.

[51]*API*, 106 (December 1898), 193-95.

[52]*API*, 105 (June 1898), 183-86.

[53]*API*, 105 (June 1898), 181-83.

[54]*API*, 106 (November 1898), 169.

[55]*The Juvenile Instructor*, 37 (1902), 261.

[56]*The Character Builder*, 4 (May 1903), 13-16; 4 (October 1903), 195-97; 4 (January 1904), 314-16; 5 (August 1904), 107-09.

[57]John T. Miller letter, 15 November 1907, BYU Archives.

[58]Obituary in *Salt Lake Tribune*, 29 July 1940.

[59]"The Editor's Lecture Tour," *The Character Builder*, 31 (1918), 306-08.

[60]"Marriage Adaptations," *Young Woman's Journal*, 21 (1910), 98; "The Mirror of the Mind," *Young Woman's Journal*, 23 (1912), 547-49; "Character Analysis of President Brigham Young," *Young Woman's Journal*, 30 (1919), 330-32; "Character of President Brigham Young," *Improvement Era*, 32 (June 1929), 639-41.

[61]Karl G. Maeser, *School and Fireside* (Provo, Utah, 1898), pp. 14, 314.

[62]*The Character Builder*, vols. 3-5, 18, 24, 30-31.

[63]John T. Miller to Reed Smoot, 26 August 1938, John T. Miller file, University Archives, Brigham Young University.

[64]*The Character Builder*, 48 (November 1940), 25.

What the world expects of Christians is that Christians should speak out and that they should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt could rise in the simplest man; that they should get away from abstractions and confront the blood-stained face that history has taken on today. The grouping we need is grouping of men resolved to speak out clearly and pay up personally.

—Camus

FROM THE PULPIT

Lowell L. Bennion

Three Loyalties in Religion

Being religious can mean many different things—like going to church, reading scripture, believing in God, keeping the commandments. In fact religion embraces so much that one needs to cast his own religious beliefs and feelings into some kind of mold or framework that will bring simplicity out of complexity and order out of miscellaneity.

There is more than one acceptable way to integrate one's religious living into a meaningful whole. Tonight I wish to do so in terms of three basic loyalties. One reason for my choice is that the religious life means commitment and so it appears logical to think of it in terms of loyalties. I shall speak in personal terms; I cannot speak for you since I am not sure you share these same commitments in the order in which I do, or at all.

My first, central, and highest loyalty is to persons, both mortal and divine. Nothing else in religion, on earth, or in the universe is quite as important. Nothing matters ultimately except what happens to persons and relationships between persons.

Many experiences and ideas have led me to this conviction, including religion itself. Nothing inspires me more than the view of creation depicted in the first chapter of Moses (verse 39) in which the prophet is given a glimpse of some of the creations of God through the Son and is told that "worlds without number have I created." Moses pressed his Creator to tell him the meaning of his endless, ongoing creations. Finally, the now well-known answer came: "For behold this is my work and glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

It would seem that "eternal" in this context has a qualitative connotation, meaning God-like, even as it does in the Gospel of John, wherein Christ said, "This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." The very work of Deity is to bring man—all men—to a greater realization of the life which God knows, to help men increase in integrity, love, freedom, and creativity, to achieve the full measure of their creation as sons of God. If this is the divine purpose, why should it not become yours and mine, if we are to do His will and love God with all our hearts, minds and souls?

The Hebrew prophets have taught me in unforgettable language to care above all else for what happens to persons. In the days of Amos, ancient Israel was doing many things in the name of religion—keeping the sabbath and the new moon, offering sacrifices, uttering prayers, remembering their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But they had forgotten one thing—God's concern for man. To paraphrase Amos, they were at ease in Zion, playing musical instruments, drinking wine out of bowls, stretching themselves in idle luxury as the chosen of God, but "they were not grieved for the affliction of Joseph." They gave no thought to the widow, the orphan, the poor, those who were "hurting," except to sell them into slavery for the price of a pair of shoes or to take advantage of them in the court by bribes and deception.

Among the prophets Micah defined religion most beautifully when he asked and then answered his own question:

> Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God? (Not, he continues, with sacrifices and rivers of oil and human sacrifice, for) . . . He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, *but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.* (Micah 6:6-8)

Here Micah is defining religion in terms of personal relationships between man and man (do justly and love mercy) and between man and God (walk humbly).

You are familiar with the Savior's concern for persons. He had, I believe, two supreme loyalties—to his Father and to his fellowmen. He began his ministry by quoting from Isaiah:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. . .

Follow the Christ through the Gospels and you will see how closely he kept to his original charge. "He went about doing good." Even "sinners drew near unto him." He sought out those who needed him, fed their hunger and stilled their thirst. Even the sacred law—the sabbath—in his eyes was made for man. "Is it lawful . . . to do good, or to do evil, to save life, or to destroy it?" was the question that guided his actions.

Christ was as humane and man-centered as any humanist in His concern for person, but He also loved God and shared with Him His love for man.

And so my loyalty to persons includes man, every man I hope, but also deity—the Father and the Son. They too are persons. I don't know that they need my direct adoration and affection, but it is my simple faith that they suffer when men suffer and rejoice when men have cause to rejoice. So in a modest way, but with all my heart, I would diminish their suffering and enhance their joy.

My second loyalty in religion is to the principles of the Gospel—to faith, repentance, justice, freedom, the Beatitudes, love and its many expressions—empathy, mercy, and forgiveness. These have my loyalty because I have seen what they do for persons, how they help men to be whole, hopeful, self-controlled and generous; how they refine and enrich human relationships and increase peace and good will among men.

I have seen these principles work in the lives of converts, countless students and friends. There was the young man who confessed that he had committed every sin in the book: stealing, adultery, drunkedness and hypocrisy. Then I saw him find faith in Christ and overcome greed and lust and regain self-respect, a self-respect chastened by "the furnace of affliction," mellowed and meek but not without strength and joy. There comes to mind also a young woman, single and alone, who was once steeped in fear and self-pity. I heard her say, "I used to be afraid of life and of myself, but I am no more. I can love and serve others. I have found joy in following the Master."

Gospel-principles do not excite me in the abstract. They have meaning only in the life of the individual and in his relationship to fellowman and Deity. And so my second loyalty is intimately related to the first.

This too, I have learned from Jesus. He was not committed to the law as an end, but used it to serve life. His entire mission was geared to human needs; he taught repentance not to the righteous but to sinners, gave hope to the poor, the healing power of faith to the afflicted, and forgiveness to sinners. Gospel principles and human need were inseparable in his mind.

To be a disciple of Christ one doesn't have to always be turning the other cheek. Christ knocked over the tables of money changers, called Herod, "that old fox," and told Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He called principles into play to affect change in human life and behavior, including honesty and moral courage. We too can use gospel-principles in business, in politics, in the courthouse and in the classroom. There are those appropriate to every real situation.

My third loyalty in religion is to the Church. I place it third, not because it is unimportant, but because, in my judgment, it is instrumental to the other two loyalties already discussed. In the language of Paul, Christ

> gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; . . . for the perfecting of the saints . . . till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ: that we . . . speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things. (Ephesians 4:11-15)

The Church is not an end to be served, but an instrument through which together we may serve God and man. It is a fellowship, called and ordained of the Lord, blessed and empowered from on high, to inculcate the principles and spirit of the gospel into the lives of men.

I am grateful to the Church, for within its fold I have begun to learn and experience the meaning of the gospel. There I have found a choice fellowship with co-believers; through it I have received faith, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the priesthood, and rich opportunities of service and worship.

But again, one cannot serve the Church fruitfully without prior loyalties to God

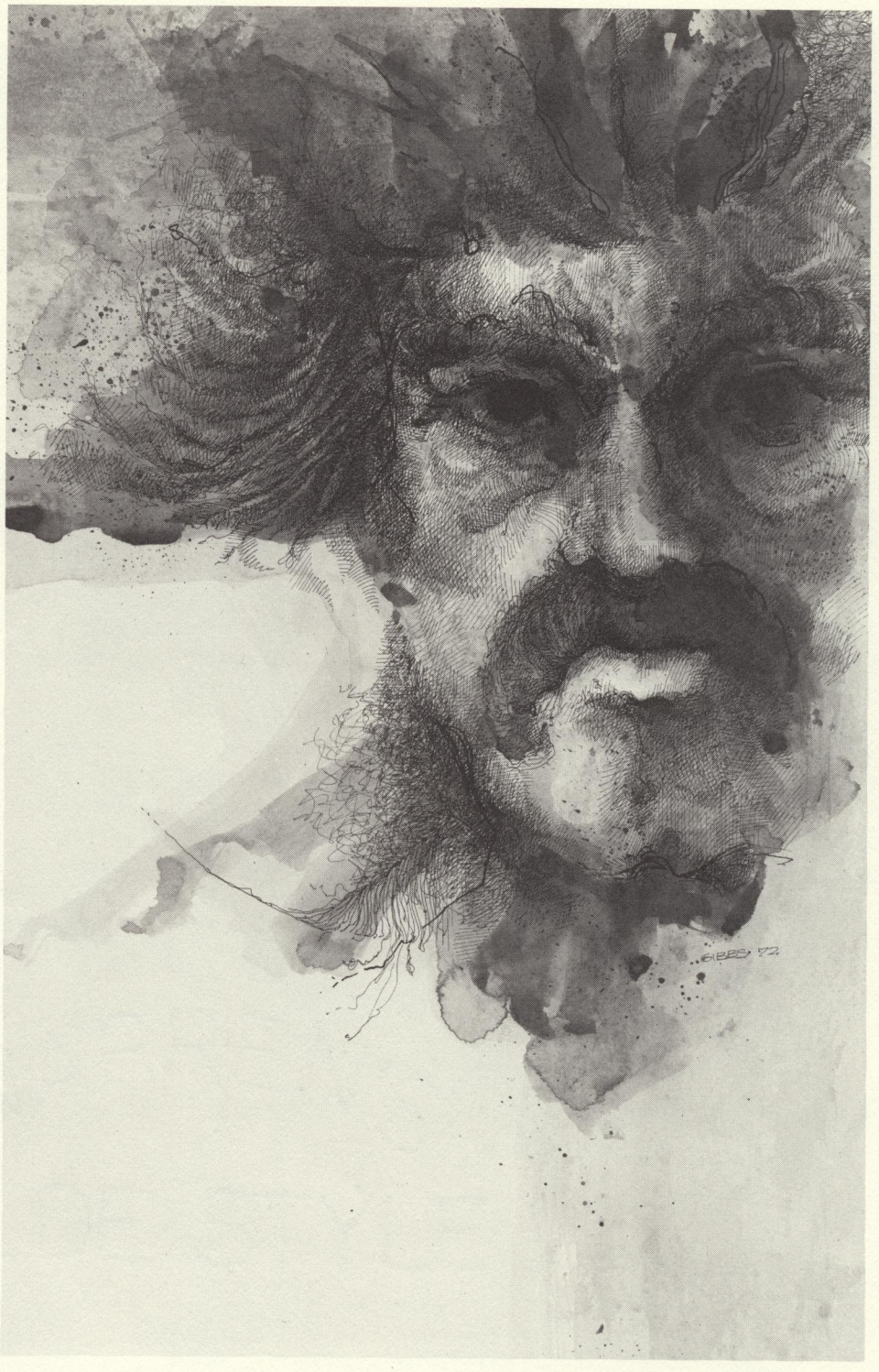
and man. I once asked a group of church-workers: "What is your goal in your position in the Church?" A coach of an M-Men basketball team answered: "To win the stake, and if possible the Church championship." I asked, "Is this your first and highest purpose as coach?" He replied, "Yes." How idolatrous! With such a goal one might lie, cheat, play unfair and ignore the inner life of any or every boy on the squad. Even in basketball, one's first commitment ought to be to boys and his second to principles of fair play, brotherhood, honest effort. Winning should only be a means to human ends.

There is always the danger in organized religion that institutional ends become the goals of religion. Meetings may be held as ends in themselves, missionary work measured in terms of baptismal quotas, and welfare projects evaluated in quantitative terms. When this happens, the religious life becomes idolatrous—serving false gods instead of God and His children. Whenever institutional goals are placed first, persons become means to these ends and integrity and love become secondary if not forgotten.

Years ago I learned of a scout master who—eager to have 100 percent of his boys advanced on honor night—promised the only one who had not earned an award that he would let him pass his test the following week, if he would only show up for honors on the award night. Fortunately, the boy refused to go along with his scout master.

A thing like this may happen because the Church, though called of God, is made up of men like you and me among whom "many are called but few are chosen," and our human interests and ambitions becloud our vision of God's work and glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.

Yes, I have three basic loyalties in religion: *to persons, to gospel principles,* and *to the Church.* They are not in conflict with one another, but blend beautifully even as the moon, stars, and open sky, *if* I remember all three and serve them in proper conjunction with the others. I pray that we may always remember these commitments in the name of one who did, even Jesus Christ, Amen.



Self Portrait

Guest Artist

Randy Gibbs

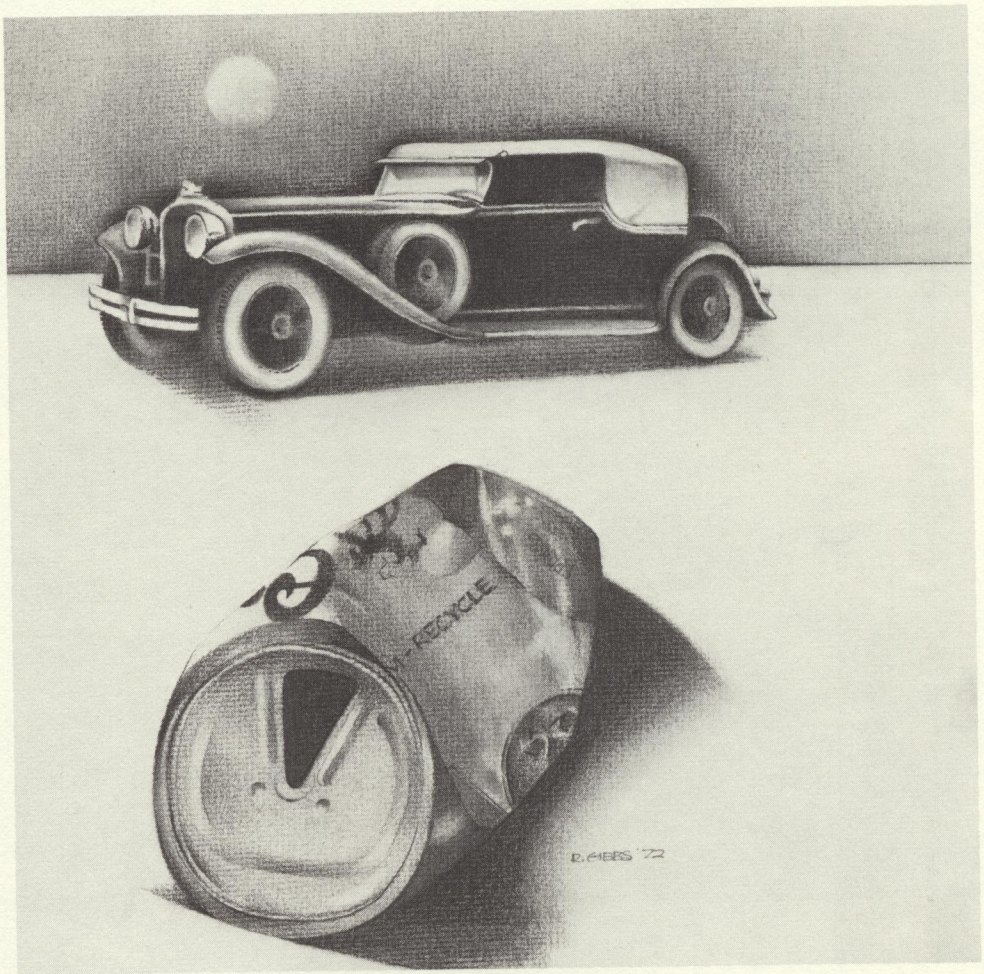
Although every artist is influenced by other artists each prides himself on someday achieving a unique style, a trade-mark of his creativity. My art has been influenced significantly by two artists, Peter Milton, a Pennsylvania-born printmaker, and James Christensen, a California artist. Though still in its formative stages my own style is converging toward a point, a point which encompasses images and symbolic figures of the Victorian era (a period dominant in the history of our Church). The combining of my art with the synthesis of those images which I find thought-provoking and admirable has produced a spiritual dimension which I have only recently realized.

I find myself thoroughly involved in each print, drawing or painting — its conception, symbolization, execution and underlying metaphysical message. I have especially noticed this in my more recent work, such as "New York: Rock Island Halo Boy."

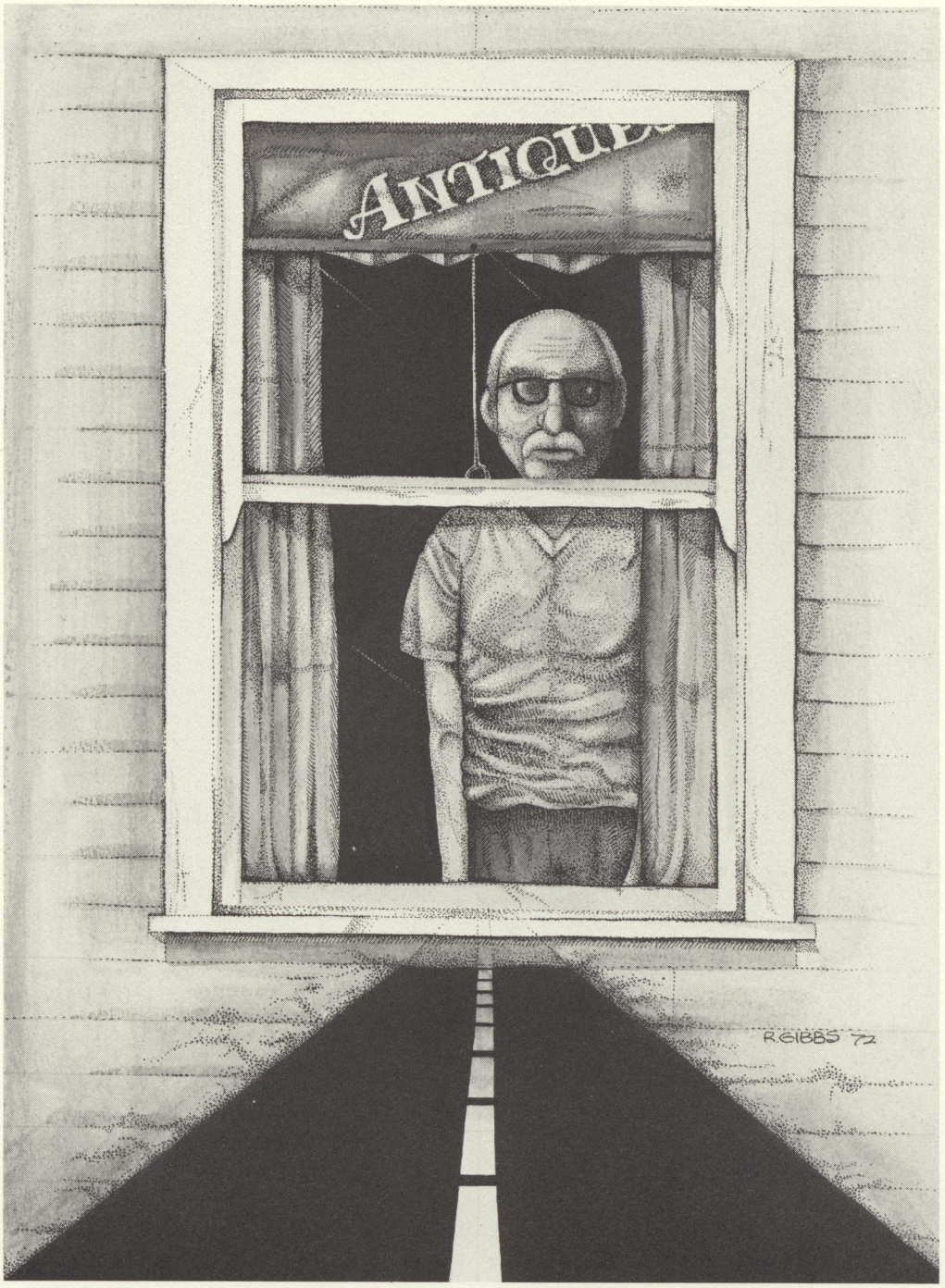
I believe a work of art must be a total experience. In other words, it must have a profound message to stimulate deeper more involved thought. Without something to say an artist is exercising his creativity in vain. For me, art is many things, but foremost it is a way of expressing joy of Diety and of the experiences of creating.

Baseline (drawing) — a late well worn Victorian house conveniently torn down to accommodate a public park. It retained a mysterious quality to the end.

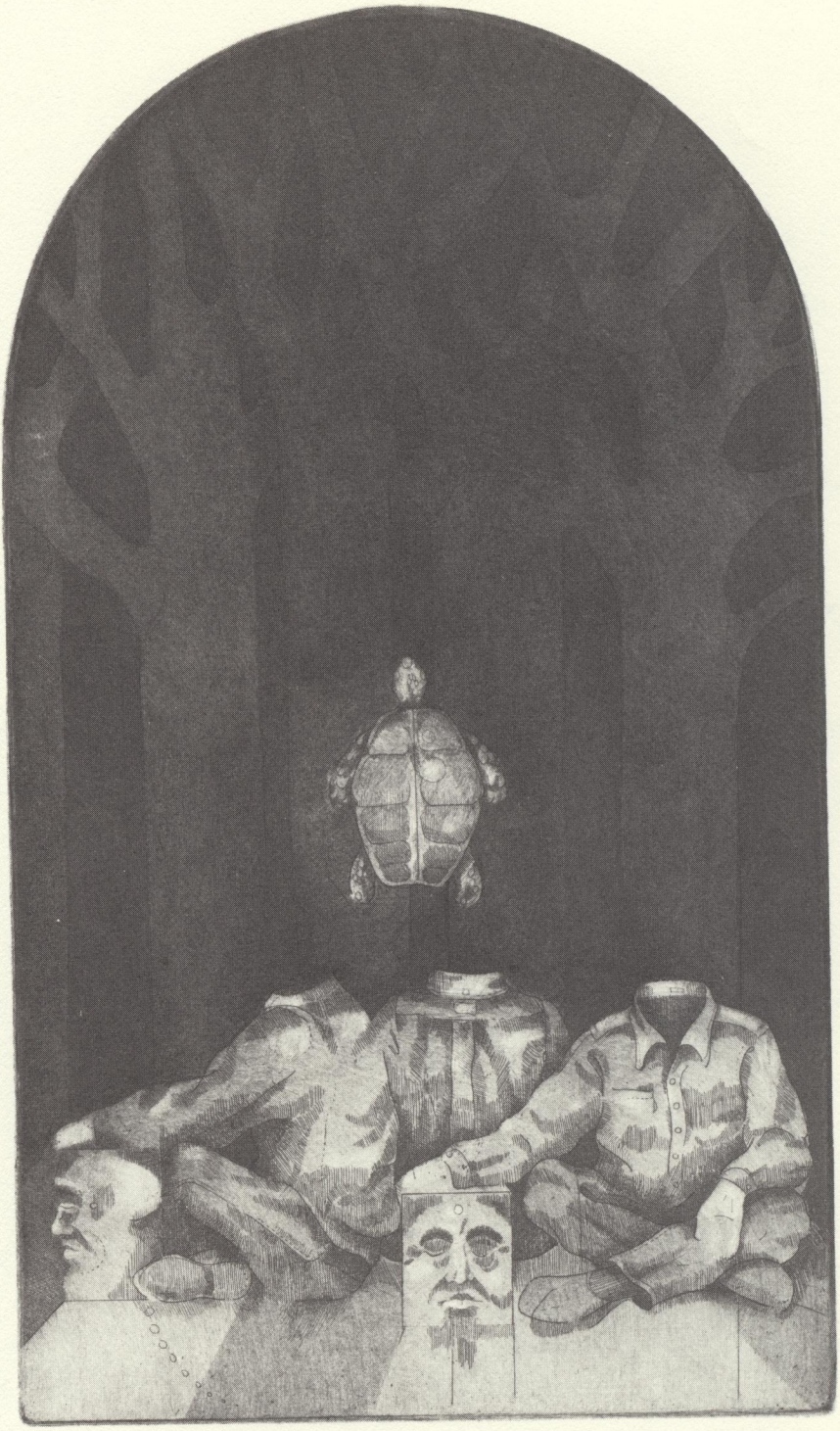
My ability to create visual images for myself and others has always been of great importance to me. The more involved I become in my art the more I recognize the spiritual and emotional aspects involved in its process. As a visual symbolization of my inner beliefs, my art has become a testimony expressed on paper.



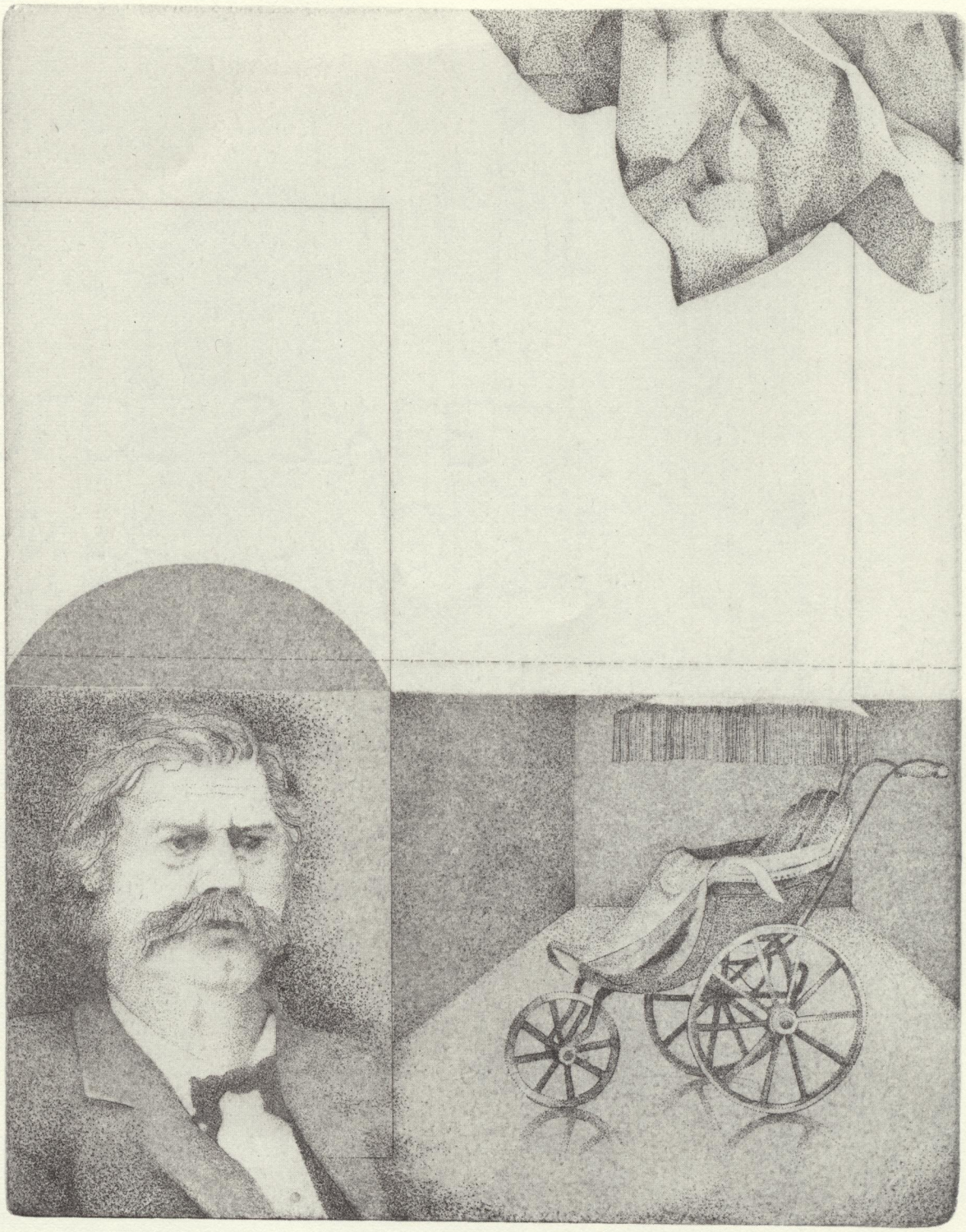
The Car and the Can (drawing) A comment on the things people keep and the things they throw away — a statement on quality.



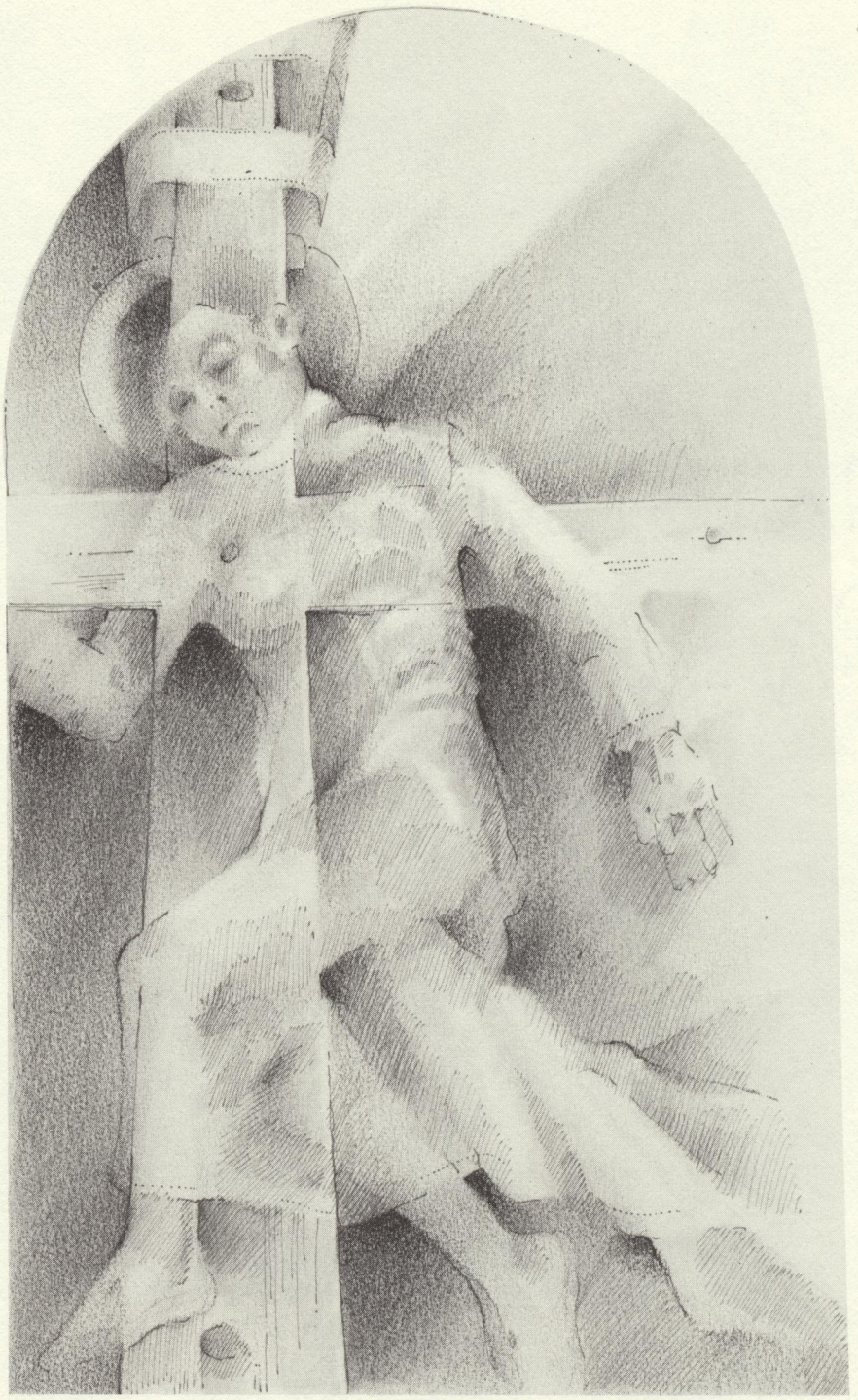
Antiques — a statement on the ramifications of progress and the fate of "growing old". Done prior to "Baseline" with the same feelings in mind.



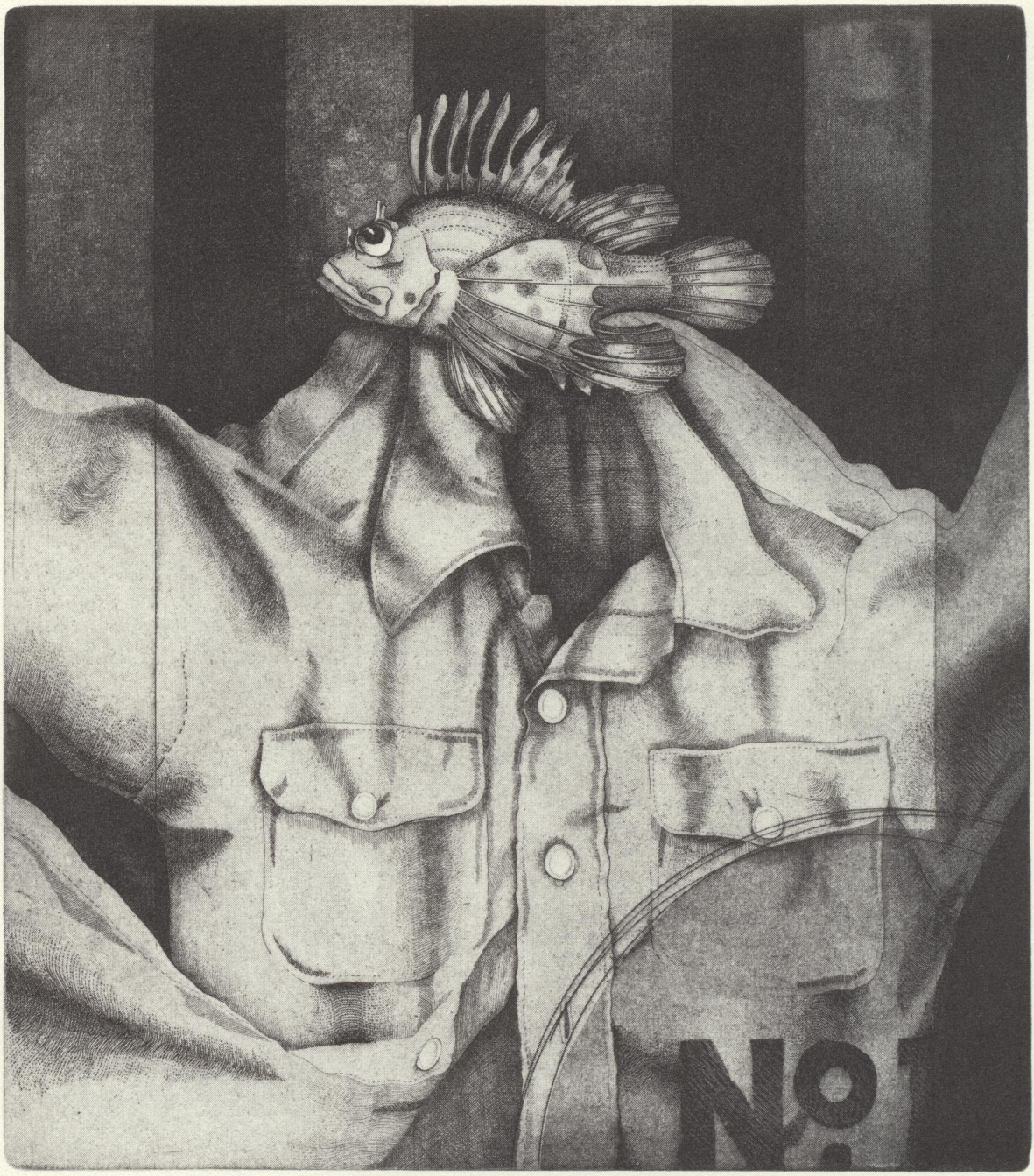
Heritage No. 2 — stirred by the repercussions of the Heritage Art Festival, my goal was to depict a very small crowd of individuals, and their immediate attitudes.



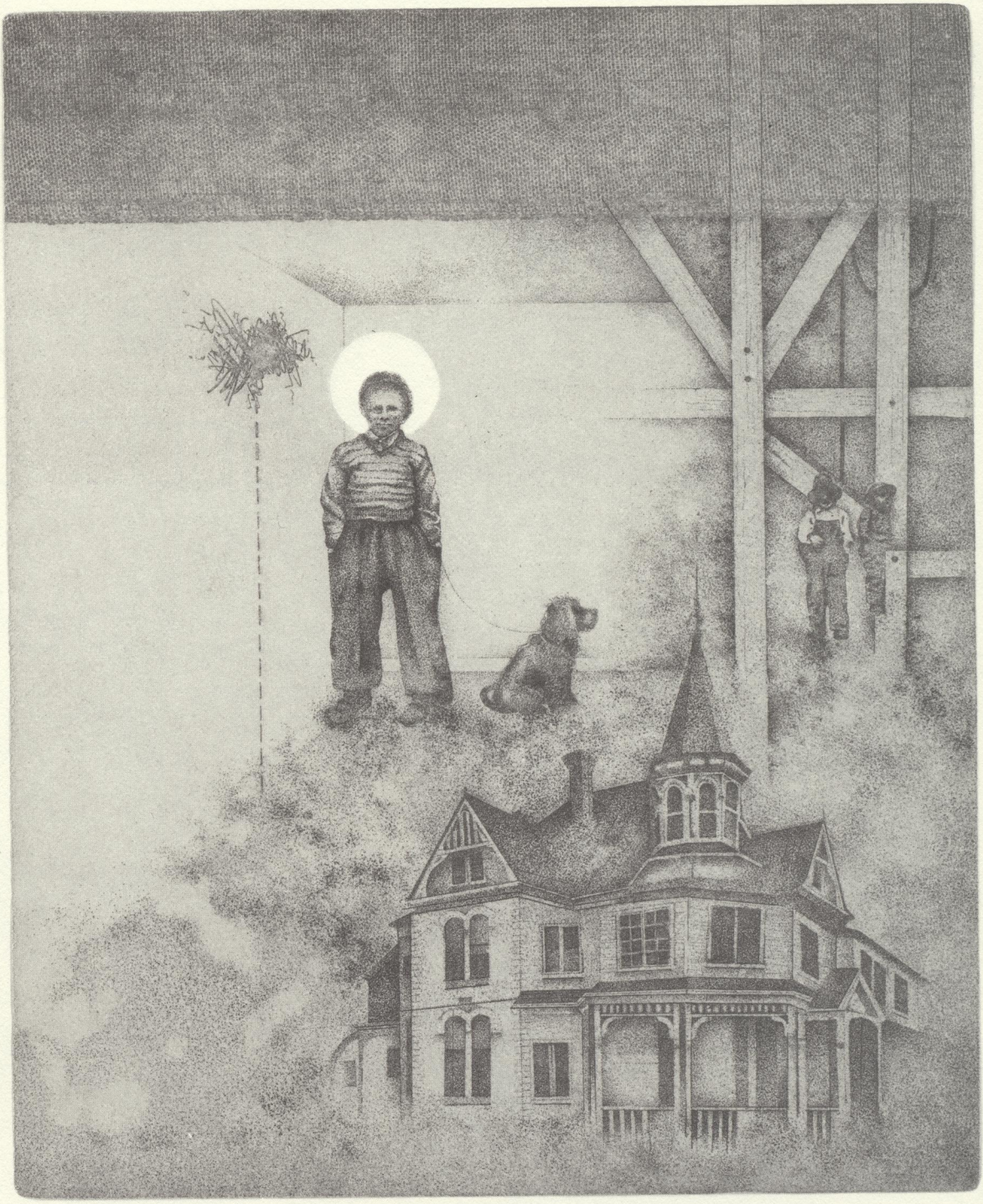
The Poet: A Tribute (etching) In 1972 I became close friends with the poet, Clifton Holt Jolley. This piece is dedicated to him and the modern day poet in general.



Heritage — graphic interpretation of the poem "Heritage" by Clifton Holt Jolley.



The Clothiers Wall (etching) An attempt to suggest in symbolic form, the trials which Christ was called on to bear.



New York: Rock Island Halo Boy (etching) contains analogies to Christ's betrayal, crucifixion and resurrection.

Clifton H. Jolley

Mr. Bojangles

Bojangles so much burdens me
With his memory
That I am often caught, mid syllable,
As he stitches back the grey fields of my brain—
Hems my seldom freedom
With the snipping clip and canter
Of his heels
And toe-down spin that pins me to his pain.

> "I read in the *Daily Herald*
> That some negras east of here
> Went wild and killed . . ."

The impossibly mad and running rhythms of your soul
Were all you needed then.
How many butlers had you played?
How many times the fool?
How many county fairs
The accolade of time must count you for?

Beneath the door
I see your shadow skipping, skipping, skipping
Along the light
And wonder that those years pursuing
Brought you little further on or more
Than they pursued against the night.

But we are free men now, then, old man.
Our names are James, and George, and Mister,
Who see you from a wall bestride the years
As you flicker . . .
As you flicker . . .
As you flicker . . .

* * *

Shirley Temple has grown from plump to fat,
And old Bojangles,
Sole worn through behind the tap,
From black to Black.

Steven Goldsberry

Workings

An old Indian lives in the lemon orchard.
His age bewilders the thorns,
his body is rich as brasswork.
He will kill you many times before
the year is out. You will know this each time.

And the soapworks of your flesh
will hang like long scrolls
from the tree limbs of his orchard.
Wind and water will change the color
and the texture of your skin.
By now you will have forgotten Chicago.

Steven Goldsberry

Colors in Idaho

In October old Michael died,
out of grace and three weeks gone before
we found him, stark white
in that black oak bed of his.
It was cold in his cabin;
the winter started there.

Since then only the cabinets
above the stove seem warm,
where pilot lights burn all night
like single blue leaves.

This land, where movement
is only shadow, is weak testimony now.
Somewhere in the valley there are houses.
The wind is full of wolves.

Dark stallions, singing like cold wires
in the night, can't be seen from
the fences, even when the field
is full of snow.

Stephen Gould

Zenith Landing

Zenith
at noon. Back
stairs wearing away
nails driven through the frame
across the landing in the sun

a biting fly rests on the wall.
Cloud bursts flood
the storm drains, later in the day. Amen
in the surf. In

the shadow cone
fix nadir and its sun. Along
this line the fluent coast

creates each shape again
Breathe in o son of man

you do not need to leave

the desert streets.

Stephen Gould

To the Desert's Eye

When
night set and in spite
of the wind
we made camp on a low knoll
sheltering only leeward of a crop of stone.
Dry heat lingered
at the corners of the eyes
the fibers of vision out of weeks gone
twined like the gnarl of greasewood.
The fire lodged
behind the retina. Like desert's echo
in the Masoretic text the broad wind came full circle
the circuit closed all arks
at once, electric
trees tapseeking root in stone
guttating cloud.

Great birds of light flew out of my mouth

We'd come forever
had forever left to go
sat bolt still with stones
indrawn breath paused

collapsed balloonsilk tents

about to speak.

Mary L. Bradford

Holy Thursday

Patient nuns
cowel-toweled
await annointing.

Fasting novices
under hot winds
hold Vogue prayer-books.

As Hannah hovers
near her shorn offering
her sacrificial lamb,

the hostess brings the challice
Filled with coffee, tea or coke.

Arthur Henry King

September the First, 1969.

Man grows old at any time, not simply in the Autumn.
In the tropics, we do not recognize seasons:
death is hardly a growth, but accident, catastrophe,
sudden disease, or mere insufficiency;
the green and brown remain for the most part as they are,
and species may leaf, bloom, fruit or fade
at the same time, side by side.

In England, the seasons are blurred by weather—
the weather here persisting
as a cross-pattern of seasons in little;
so that we pass from life through death to resurrection
in a day or part of one, our process always before us.
We cannot readily tell the first of January—
it might be November, March,
or even, sometimes, early April;
but we do know
within a sennight or so,
when harvest will be at an end;
and trees that leaf in May are barely left in October.

In Sweden, it is easier to remember your age:
you enter a Dalecarlian Church
on a bright-twigged, May Sunday morning
to come out under an avenue of already opened buds;
and a Norrland August
with apricot birches against an evergreen background
leaves you in no doubt.

For the Elburz or the Wasatch
—half a world apart and most of history,
  they look much alike—
snow and thaw have an appointed programme:
I have noted date, height, and encroachment or retreat.
The Himálayan flanks are embroidered with climates and seasons,
through which, with increasing risk, you clamber up
to a sort of wintry liberation
—or possession—
at an ecstatically disappointing summit:
below, the wrinkled limbs of the world; above
a usual sun-and-air illusion of blue,
or by night
the customary dust of tinsel and a make-believe medal
—a tarnished button that has lost its fastener—
left scattered—for how many thousand million years?
their estimate grows longer every decade—
on the bottom of an otherwise empty drawer
in an inconceivable tallboy
  in an unimaginable attic
    in a house
      (change the scale, but not the metaphor—
        if it were not so, He would have told us)
of many mansions.

  Even when thinking of death we are hardly concerned
with absolute zero, the speed of light, or extremes
of large and small where shape and meaning seem
to vanish;
we prefer to envision a temperate, seasoned landscape
of growth, decay, and resurrection,
  visited at times by the Gods and their candid angels,

and fit—on return to its pristine state—
for the life to come as well as this present existence.
It is true that, in such a landscape,
a man may grow old at any time; but in Autumn,
carting the crop or ploughing up the stubble,
he feels himself young with labour and rejoices
—like Constable
in his picture of the stag, the memorial stone
and the turning beech leaves—
at the emptiness,
dryness,
and lightness
of the final approach.

But this is the first day of the year—
the Church's year, the Father's,
the year of His chosen people.
(It also happens to be Labor Day.)
The burden of the winter corn has been cleared away,
the rest of the harvest is gathering,
and the implication on the Janus face
of the grain-or-plain chequerboard
is comfortingly platitudinous: in the end, fulfilment;
in the beginning, space.

September space: a middle-aged heavy
moves light and youthful at the thought of death
and its initiation
certainly not into rest, the reverse of virtue,
but into the second Paternal gift
consequent upon that first and principal talent of *caritas:*
hard, fresh work.

REVIEWS

Edited by Edward Geary

The western land is the precipice of experience, shelving
From the continent into the sea, where weather begins....
—CLINTON F. LARSON, *"Crossing"*

On the Precipice: Three Mormon Poets

Barbed Wire: Poetry and Photographs of the West. By John Sterling Harris; photographs by L. Douglas Hill. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974. 73 pp. $5.95.

Counterpoint: A Book of Poems. By Clinton F. Larson. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1973. 111 pp. $6.95.

Until Another Day for Butterflies. By Emma Lou Thayne. Salt Lake City: Parliament Publishers, 1973. 63 pp. $3.50.

All three of these poets claim, explicitly or implicitly, to be "western," and it is unlikely that anyone will challenge the claim. Their poems reflect the western landscape, or, more specifically, the Great Basin landscape with its wide barren valleys and sudden precipitous mountains, its sagebrush and juniper and quaking aspen, its snowbanks and mountain thunderstorms and rushing streams. It is a dramatic and sometimes violent setting, and the human events in these poems are also often abrupt and elemental. The poets are Utah natives and lifelong members of the Church. If their poems are western, are they also Mormon? That is, do they possess distinctive qualities of subject matter or form which set them apart from the work of other mid-twentieth century poets of western America and identify them as the product of Mormon culture? This is a difficult question to answer. All three writers have some poems dealing with Mormon subjects. John S. Harris writes of a village society peopled by mischievous Jack Mormons, water-stealing high councilmen, and eccentric farmers who give their domestic animals a name and a blessing. Only a Mormon, I suppose, could feel the full force of the ironies in "Progress," about the demolition of a pioneer meetinghouse:

> The officials point with pride
> To the bright glass replacement up the street,
> Praise the classrooms,
> The long carpeted hallways
> And the tall aluminum steeple
> That has no bell;
> They walk with relief over the old site
> With its fearsome past all hauled away
> And talk with the service station man
> About his plans.

Mrs. Thayne also writes of a distinctive Mormon society, the east side of Salt Lake City a generation ago. There is little of Mormon society—or indeed any

human society—in the poems of Clinton Larson, but "A Letter from Israel Whiton, 1851" is one of the most powerful evocations of Mormon pioneer experience I have ever encountered, deserving to rank with Wallace Stegner's account of the handcart companies.

However, the fact that one can mention Stegner and Larson together points up the difficulty in defining Mormon literature, for Stegner is not a Mormon writer though he has written about Mormon life. On the other hand, the poets under consideration here have many poems which do not explicitly treat Mormon experience. What then, if anything, makes them Mormon poets? If we are to answer this question, we must look, I think, for the center of each writer's vision, for the fundamental assumptions, the outlook upon life, the tensions and resolutions that inform the poems.

For example, Emma Lou Thayne's poems cover a wide range of topics and suggest a wide variety of moods, from ski-soaring to old age to "Faces Under the Dryer at Robert Steur's College of Beauty"; from nostalgia for childhood experience to convalescent depression to the kinetic joy of "Hitting a Ball—Square." However, there is not merely a range of attitudes; there is also a recurrent tension. On the one hand, life is "The Beautiful Complexity," a rich and delightful *melange* of activity and sensation. Mrs. Thayne celebrates the rewards of life intensely lived, of boating and skiing and running barefoot in the rain. But she also gives us some memorable reminders of the reality of pain and loss, an unlovely complexity. There is the old woman in "Ninety-five" whose life is so completely a thing of the past that "No one knows my name":

> See my boxes full of boxes.
> Open them enough
> And here I am:
> Too far away for anyone
> To call me Katherine.

There are the lost classmates in "Reunion—Class of '41." And there is the unsettling question at the end of "Lucy, Mummy: Pueblo, Female, Age 33":

> What pain so smashed itself
> Across your mouth? Fright never stayed like that,
> Nor even agony. What got you, grimaced
> Ghost, that you can leave your sawed-off teeth in me?

Mrs. Thayne's poems reflect a peculiarly Mormon tension between faith and skepticism and a personal tension between active and reflective modes of existence. Perhaps the most revealing poem is "Sunday School Picture," a reminiscence of the old Highland Park Ward which once "housed/ the biggest Sunday School the Church has ever/ let exist." Here a photograph becomes a symbol of the sense of inner division:

> In the picture
> that President Heber J. Grant had them take
> that auspicious day (three shots overlapping)
> I came out twice, being on the edge of two of them,

and Mother always said that would guarantee me
two chances at perfection, but I being seven
at the time figured so? and went on becoming
two people instead.

The poem proceeds to develop that image of a divided self which most reflective Mormons must have felt at times, as exemplified in getting the giggles

when we sang
You-hoo unto Jesus and had to leave all the time
hunching up the searing aisle acting like
we had the nosebleed. . . .

or in reciting

a two-and-a-half minute ordeal
that my mother knew I knew on Why I Want
To Be Baptized,
which I didn't. . . .

But the poem also works its way through a sense of the conflict and loss and struggle of existence to an authentic and satisfying resolution:

Sometimes I look
at that thousand-peopled picture when I'm sorting
things and marvel a lot, and even otherwise, I find
myself saying, Highland Park Ward, my roller skates
still rattle down your dented driveway, and
my absent waiting is sometimes done against
the brown bannisters below the Garden of Gethsemane
in your raised entry,
and mostly, your organ
churns under its outside loft across the filled
fields where our short-cuts are long buried
in old foundations,
and like the green-grained oak
of your chapel doors, it closes with gentle right
my separateness and gathers my wandering
double selves together.

Clinton Larson invites consideration as a Mormon poet when he declares in a Prologue that *Counterpoint* "presents the drama of a world that, despite the presence of sin, has the promise of receiving the glory of paradise; and it hopes to show that the world's inhabitants are in the hands of their creator, who offers them the eternal life of the spirit." However, the casual reader—perhaps even the attentive reader—may not find this claim altogether borne out in the poems. Actually, Larson's imagination runs strongly to meaningless violence. Examples of poems in *Counterpoint* which demonstrate this are "Seven-tenths of a Second" and "Arab Insurrection: A Memoir." So does "Stringing Wire," an excellent poem

and a good example of Larson's approach. The poem describes the process of stringing barbed wire on a fence with a precision which implies a universe of order and beauty. The barbs "sprinkle light in the laden air." The fence posts are "erect as virtue." There are only subtle hints of the menace existing beneath the calm surface of life: then a sudden eruption of terror:

> Fed into the lever, the wire strings and tightens,
> Singing and tuning to a universal *ing*
> Rising in the register of purpose,
> To straighten in the air and brandish barbs
> Like threat in the eyes of frenzy.
> Smooth a crimp and cinch with a lever,
> Holding the wire in a reticent glove that must be firm.
> But as you absently note the sun over twilight time
> It loosens, the wire rustles and whips,
> Twisting in its surgery, bits of glove and flesh
> In a slight spray of terror and infirmity:
> Coiled before, and tight as a cobra yielding.

There is very little reassurance of "the eternal life of the spirit" in such a poem as this. But in one sense, at least, "Stringing Wire" is a spiritual poem. It is as though the wire had a spirit and will of its own. The fugitive doctrine that everything—even inanimate objects—possesses a spirit of its own finds its fullest expression in the poetry of Clinton Larson. He hears the thunder roaring *Tetragrammaton* and sees the divine radiance over Dead Horse Point or in the flames of a bonfire. An orchard, a stream, cactus, wildflowers: everything is spiritual to Larson. But equally everything is sensuous. So intense, indeed, is his response to sensory experience—especially to the visual and tactile senses—that he seems at times to have almost a religion of the senses. This sensuous spirituality, if I may call it that, is evident in such a poem as "Felled Tree":

> A twinge up there, continuous and running
> Like a wire of light, and a hand turns
> Against what is not there, to feel bark sunning
> In blue! Where was the tree? Now it spurns
> The breeze, and the strange day of ferns
>
> Suspends the spiraling light up there, candling
> Its glow like a firefly brightening
> And becoming a spectral God. Handling
> The shapes of light, the wavering and lightening
> Gossamer of limbs dies, a ghost whitening
>
> Against the empyreal blue and black.
> Shifting, leaves like the passing of sea
> Waving shoreward or like sequins that tack,
> Strewn in light, it is the lyrical issue to free
> The soul of vision into the holiest see,
> A tree shaped for the swifting call to thrive
> In the gloss and reaching, rounding: tree! tree!

This seems to me clearly a religious poem, but is it a Mormon poem, or pantheistic, or animistic?

One virtue of Larson's dramatic poems is that they do not leave us in this uncertainty. The human situation provides a firmer point of reference. That is why I consider "A Letter from Israel Whiton, 1851" (originally published in *Dialogue*) the most significant poem in this volume. The poem's meaning develops from an interesting counterpoint between the understated, ungrammatical, and inarticulate language of Whiton's letter to his mother and the richness of his unspoken perceptions:

> *We took in Sister Snow and her little boy*
> *To carry through to the valley for 75 dollars,*
> *When we got about 300 miles she died*
> *With the Cholery. Her husband was to the gold*
> *Minds and was a coming to meet her to the vally*
> *In the fall, but I heard from him; he has been sick*
> *In the Sutters' gold minds and has not come yet.*
> *By having Sister Snows things in my wagon*
> *I had to by another yoke of oxen when I got*
> *To Fort Carny where I got my cattle, because*
> *She was foot sore and could not go, for 55 dollars.*
>
> The oxen before me, I watch the rhythm of the wagons
> Tipping and heaving, and the finite dust
> Settles in our wake, paling the sage on either
> Side, and after. I am the measure of that journey,
> Never to return, and here where the soundless sky
> Drifts from the still clouds, and where it goes
> I see the quiet periods of stars and the sleek
> Heaven of that other certainty . . .
>
> *It was very bad for Eliza to have sickness*
> *And death in her wagon on such a journey.*

The poem reaches its climax in the reader's discovery of what Israel Whiton cannot bring himself to write to his mother—or even admit to himself: that his wife Eliza is dead as a result of the hardships of the journey and he is alone in the Salt Lake Valley. Now his intended destination has become but another way station on a longer and more arduous journey.

> But Eliza is still as I write, and I must only
> Listen. I, Israel Whiton of the Salt Lake Valley,
> Write this letter to you, Mother, from the canyons
> And the butte above my land; it is a leaf
> From the spring before we came, as both you and Eliza
> Know, unanswerable except in the signs that come,
> That I cannot seek. So I give it to the wind. . . .

This is a Mormon poem and a very fine one.

John S. Harris's first volume of poetry includes a wide variety of poems, from

the "Canticles" which are devotional exercises employing Old Testament imagery and the rhythms of the King James Bible, to "Notes on Infantry Weapons" which reflect the author's ambivalent enthusiasm for guns. At the core of his vision, however, he too seems to be hanging on the precipice, suspended between a faith in the ultimate rightness of things and an awareness of the multitude of wrongnesses in the world we inhabit. Again and again in these poems we find a man or woman alone, confronting something incomprehensible and menacing. Here, for example, is "Daddy Long Legs":

I cannot tolerate a spider—
A black widow's sudden rush
And the menacing gait
Of the hairy tarantula
Send chills through glass.

But the foolish daddy long legs
Is a different kind of thing—
With his silly little pill
Of a body in common brown
And ungainly, skinny legs,
He slowly bumbles his way
And I sympathize
With his incompetence.

But once I opened the door
Of a dark cellar and saw
Daddy long legs covering a wall—
A thousand tiny bodies
And a maze of slender legs,

Each spider touching
The legs of his neighbor
And undulating
Up and down in unison
And steady dreadful rhythm
Of courting or worship or
Something man does not know—
I chilled and closed the door.

The modulation of tone is effective here, from the light-hearted opening with its combination of self-deprecation and an appeal to common experience, through the comical picture of the daddy long legs and the bond of identification with the creature's incompetence (for isn't there a kind of incompetence, an inability to deal with life, in our aversion to creeping, crawling things?), to the appalling experience recounted at the end. The first half of this poem is the sort of thing that would delight a child, but as a whole it is no child's poem. It is an encounter with the otherness of nature, a challenge to the Romantic (and popular Mormon) notion that all things were made for man. The speaker saves himself by shutting the door on the inhuman vision and, I suspect, by telling the story. If Harris's poems deal

with the fact of human isolation, they also suggest the necessity of human fellowship, going so far as to speculate that God created man because

> His universe was too lonely for his virtue
> With only stars to receive his selflessness
> And empty void to feel an overflowing love.

But fellowship is not achieved merely by human association. Typically in these poems the individual's isolation is not dispelled but strangely intensified by relationships with other people. Harris's characters have difficulty communicating with one another. At worst, as in "The Gate" and "The Unhobbled Mare," they cannot communicate at all, and conversation becomes a form of combat, a fencing with *double-entendre*. At best, as in the very moving "Fallow," there is a curious inarticulateness as the husband and wife assume self-conscious roles and discuss their infertility in roundabout terms. Communication, when it does succeed, takes place by gesture, and even speech becomes gesture as the characters use a highly metaphorical language. Perhaps the prototypical Harris character is the old sheepherder who climbs to the summit of a desert mountain:

> He tried to say a profound word,
> But there was no one there to listen,
> Even if he could have said it.

And so he makes a symbolic gesture instead, building a cairn of rocks to which other solitary climbers, in later years, "Have climbed and stared and known and added stones." This is a parable of the human condition: fellowship exists but is dispersed. The voice in the poems is a voice reaching out to the reader for understanding, since there is seldom anyone in the world of the poem who understands.

The encounters in Harris's poems often have sexual elements, and this has led to some problems. "The Unhobbled Mare" (published in *Dialogue*, III, no. 4, Winter 1968) was omitted from this volume because some administrators at Brigham Young University found it distasteful, and "Fallow" narrowly escaped the same fate. Clinton Larson has been faced with similar problems on occasion. It is unfortunate that these narrow attitudes persist, for in other respects the BYU Press has become a highly professional operation, with editorial and design standards that are a far cry from the ones Karl Keller took to task in these pages in his 1968 review of Clinton Larson's *The Lord of Experience*. There is a good deal of loose talk at Brigham Young University about the emergence of "a great Mormon literature" and of Mormon writers to rival Goethe and Dante and Shakespeare. It is ironic that if a Mormon Dante or Shakespeare did happen to come along his works could not be published without bowdlerization by the BYU Press.

It is also ironic that Harris's most shocking poems escaped censorship, apparently because the censors did not understand them. For example, "First Spring Ride" tells of a lonely woman, filled with an inexplicable restlessness in early spring, who tempts her winter-wild horse into coming near enough that she can vault onto his back. She clings there for a ride which is described in increasingly obvious sexual terms:

He wheels and rears
Then bolts across the field
While I, with only mane to hold,
Grip his withers with my thighs
And gasp at wind
In thrill and fright
of power in his motion.

Four times around the field,
Each time with two long
Leaps across a broad canal,
While I cling to the gather
And release of his muscled back
And feel his sweat
Against my clasping thighs.

At ride's end both speaker and steed are "spent" and "wondering," and so is the reader who wonders if we now have a Mormon D. H. Lawrence.

These poems have much more to offer than mere titillation, however. "The Gate," which is also pervaded by sexual imagery, is an exploration of loneliness and possessiveness. It is about a jealous brother who refuses to allow his sister to move into town from their isolated ranch, claiming that he needs her to keep house for him and—more revealingly—that he wants to keep her safe from "all those men" in town. He seems to be in control of things, but he is perplexed because he keeps finding the barbed wire gate to the ranch open.

I'll have to lock it up, he said,
Before our breeding stock
Gets out and strays away.

Breeding stock indeed! And the girl's response:

Yes, she said, it's always easier
To let the gate down
Than close it up again. . . .

The reader has the ironic pleasure of seeing the possessive brother thwarted without his knowledge, but there is a deeper note in the poem too. The girl says,

This empty house and empty land
Oppress me so
I feel a prisoner here
Inside your fences,
And a woman can't live this way.

It is the note of desperate loneliness again. How many women—and men—in the West and elsewhere have echoed that cry? It is of course not a complaint peculiar to Mormons, but these poems, like most good poetry, are finally valuable chiefly for the insights they offer into our common experience as humans living in the world.

Judah Among the Ephriamites

Samuel W. Taylor

History of the Jews in Utah and Idaho, by Juanita Brooks; Wwestern Epics, Salt Lake City; 1973; 252 pp; $7.95.

This might well be the most difficult book Juanita Brooks ever undertook. Consider the formidable problems: Though Mrs. Brooks is the scholar's scholar of Mormonism, what can she do about the fact that the Jews had no significant part in the pioneer history of the Great Basin?

As late as 1854, when the Saints had been in Utah seven years, had built Salt Lake City in the desert and were actively colonizing the Intermountain area, there were at this time exactly two Jews in the entire Territory. Subsequently, when virtually every Mormon village had a neighborhood store operated by a Jew, these merchants were transient residents. Because of the strongly pro-Mormon curriculum of Utah schools, Jewish families either had to send their children outside for education or, as the young people approached adolescence, move away.

Thus Mrs. Brooks was faced with the task of telling the story of Mormon country through Jewish eyes, when during the pioneer period Jews were hard to find, while Jewish converts could be counted on the fingers of one hand. A formidable task indeed for the historian; but Mrs. Brooks has done her usual amazingly competent job of research to cope with it.

It was a Jew, Abraham Jonas, Grand Master of Masons in Illinois, who came to Nauvoo to install a lodge there on March 15, 1842. And after the death of Joseph Smith,

> Governor Thomas Ford selected Mr. Jonas to persuade the Mormons not to retaliate. Mr. Jonas' appeal was so effective that the Mormon audience responded with a hearty "Amen."

In Utah, the festering trouble between the Saints and the U. S. Government was brought to a head as the result of a game of cards between a Jewish convert named Levi Abrams (known as "Abraham the Jew") and Judge W. W. Drummond, a bitterly anti-Mormon Federal appointee. The judge lost his money to the Jew, and sent his colored servant to horsewhip Abrams, who in turn swore out a warrant against Drummond. The judge was apprehended by an armed posse,

> arrested and brought a prisoner to his own court, where he was subjected to ridicule and embarrassment. . . . It was such tactics as this that gave justification to Judge Drummond's bitterness and desire for revenge.

Drummond's report to Washington triggered off the Utah War of 1857. The forces set in motion by the altercation over the card game

> grew into such power that they affected the lives of twenty-five hundred soldiers and most of the people of Utah.

An anecdote typifying Jewish canniness concerns Louis Kolitz, who ran a candy store on Main Street. Bishop Nibley sold him a load of sugar at one cent a pound, reason for the bargain price being that it had been tainted with kerosene. Kolitz soon asked Nibley if any more was available. Surprised, Nibley asked, "What did you do with the first load?"

"Made it into cough drops. They went like hot cakes."

For those with an especial interest in Mormon history, the book provides nuggets:

—When ZCMI was formed, the only two non-LDS firms purchased for incorporation into the cooperative were owned by Jews.

—The LDS Church contributed $650 toward the erection of the first synagogue in Utah.

—The pioneer Mormons adopted the Jewish custom of seating men and women on opposite sides of the aisle in church.

—There was a Jewish colonization project in the Sevier Valley. Though it failed, out of it came the highly successful Utah Egg and Poultry Association.

—A Jewish governor of Utah, Simon Bamberger, was the first chief executive of the state to occupy the present Capitol building.

Mrs. Brooks touches rather lightly on an interesting aspect of pioneer attitudes —the extremely strong Hebraic aspect of Mormonism at that time. In his *Women of Mormondom*, published in the last year of Brigham Young's life, Edward W. Tullidge could state boldly:

> The first covenant was made with Abraham and the patriarchs *in the East*. The greater and the everlasting covenant will restore the kingdom to Israel. That covenant has been made *in the West*, with these veritable children of Abraham. God has raised up children unto Abraham to fulfill the promises made to him. This is Mormonism. . . .
>
> Mark this august wonder of the age; the Mormons build not temples to the name of Jesus, but to the name of Jehovah—not to the Son, but to the Father.
>
> The Hebrew symbol is not the cross, but the sceptre. The Hebrews know nothing of the cross. It is the symbol of heathenism, whence Rome received her signs and her worship. Rome adopted the cross and she has borne it as her mark. . . .
>
> The reign of Messiah! Temples to the Most High God! The sceptre, not the cross!

An inherent problem of Mrs. Brooks' book is that a Mormon is writing about the Jewish culture. Despite her glittering credentials in her own field, she cannot overcome this handicap any more than have qualified Jewish writers who have attempted to tell the Mormon story. We learn in the Foreword that she abandoned the project after a negative reaction by Jewish sponsors to the first eight chapters, then after several years returned to rewrite and finish it. Mrs. Brooks' struggles are evident in the completed work. In attempting to get the "proper Jewish flavor" pleasing to the sponsors, her treatment of the Hebrew culture is strangely similar to the idealized image of the Mormons projected by the Church Information Service.

Recently Received

Ina Coolbrith: Librarian and Laureate of California. By Josephine DeWitt Rhodehamel and Raymund Francis Wood. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1973. 531 pp., $11.95.

This is an overly-long and somewhat labored biography of a very interesting woman. Ina Coolbrith was born Josephine Donna Smith, the daughter of Joseph Smith's youngest brother, Don Carlos. She later adopted her mother's maiden name and out of respect for a promise to her step-father kept her true parentage

a closely guarded secret. In California as a young woman, she survived a brief and disastrous marriage, began writing rather sentimental poetry, and became a prominent member of the San Francisco literary circle in the 1860's which included, among others, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Ambrose Bierce. Later she became a librarian in Oakland and San Francisco and eventually the grand old lady of California letters, the state's official poet laureate.

The Hungry Journey. By Gordon Allred. Salt Lake City: Hawkes Publishing, Inc., 1973. 146 pp., $2.50.

A story based on the experiences of Johannes Overdiek, a Mormon member of the Dutch Underground, during the last part of World War II.

Prophets I Have Known. By Joseph Anderson. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1973. 248 pp., $4.95.

An anecdotal and laudatory book by the man who served for fifty years as secretary to the First Presidency. In his Preface Elder Anderson says he was reluctant to write this book for fear of betraying confidences. He has succeeded very well in avoiding this danger, but on the other hand has added little to our knowledge of the personal lives of Church leaders from Heber J. Grant to Harold B. Lee. This is an inside account of modern Church history which manages to tell us nothing we could not have seen from outside.

On the Ragged Edge: The Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt. By Juanita Brooks. Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1973. 175 pp., $5.00.

A new edition of Juanita Brooks's biography of her grandfather, a Dixie pioneer. First published thirty years ago, this is still one of the more readable examples of family history.

The goal of Dialogue's *book review section is to enable readers to keep abreast of current publications of particular interest to Mormons. We especially welcome review suggestions of books which are not aimed primarily at the LDS audience but which deal with issues that should concern thoughtful members of the Church. We are interested in three kinds of reviews: 1) brief informative notes indicating the availability of a book and giving a concise report of its contents; 2) analytical reviews of about 750-1500 words; and 3) review essays, of no set length, either dealing with two or more related books or exploring in some depth a single work of unusual importance.*

Please send suggestions of books to be reviewed or of possible reviewers to Edward Geary, 3563 North Sue Circle, Provo, Utah 84601.

AMONG THE MORMONS

A Survey of Current Literature

Edited by Ralph W. Hansen

The literary description of the act of love is . . . obscene in Orem [Utah].
BEVERLY JACOBSON, *Publishers' Weekly, June 24, 1974*

Utah has achieved the dubious distinction of making the pages of the prestigious organ of America's publication industry, *Publishers' Weekly*. To some the publicity achieved in the article "Bookstore Perishes in Wake of Utah Obscenity Legislation" represents a disheartening step into further denial of free agency. To others it represents a heartening step in the direction of rooting out the devil all around us. To this writer, raised in the "banned in Boston" era, book censorship simply means redoubled efforts by young people to obtain the forbidden fruit. In true Western style Orem's law establishes a "bounty system, allowing the complainant to receive one-third of all monies collected in fines in such cases." Will Hollywood be able to make a movie based on this plot in 1984?

The Mormon History Association's choice for the best book on Mormon history published in 1973 is Charles S. Peterson's *Take Up Your Mission*. Lester Bush, "Mormonism's Negro Doctrine: An Historical Overview," *Dialogue*, and Eugene E. Campbell, "Brigham Young's Outer Cordon," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, won awards as the best articles. According to the June *MHA Newsletter*, "Special citations were awarded to Bill Russell, editor of *Courage*, to Andrew Karl Larson, for long time service and for his book *Erastus Snow*, and to Alma Blair for contributions to Mormon History and for the innovative use of films in its teachings." The Mormon History Association also announced the forthcoming publication of a new journal, *The Journal of Mormon History*.

The subject of this issue's bibliography is theses and dissertations of Mormon interest. As in the past theses are more rigidly selected than dissertations due to the quantity involved. Thus, dissertations are included if they deal with Utah in general but theses must relate to Mormons. The list below was compiled from 1973 and 1974 commencement programs of Utah's degree granting institutions but excludes the 1974 University of Utah commencement list which was not compiled at press time.

SELECTED DISSERTATIONS AND THESES OF MORMON INTEREST

DISSERTATIONS

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Bowen, Mack J. "Use of the OPI and 16PF Personality Inventories for Identification and Selection of Prospective Teachers for the Seminary and Institute System of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Brigham Young University, 1973.

Burton, Marshall Taylor. "A Recommended Organizational Structure Defining Major Staff and Line Positions for the Department of Seminaries and Institutes of Religion of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Castleton, Don Bernard. "An Evaluation of the Administration of the LDS Institute Choral Music Program and a Manual of Recommendations for Continued and Increased Effectiveness." Brigham Young University, 1974.

Clark, Donald D. "The Mathematical Competencies of Elementary Teachers in Selected Utah School Districts." Brigham Young University, 1974.

Cottrell, Ralph Layton, Jr. "Factors Related to Teacher Turnover in the Seminaries and Institutes of Religion of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." University of Southern California, 1971.

Hill, Marvin S. "The Role of Christian Primitivism in the Origin and Development of the Mormon Kingdom, 1830-1844." University of Chicago, 1968.

Hill, Sheril Vaughn and Joseph Carl Muren. "The Impact of College Attendance Upon the Religious Beliefs, Practices, and Attitudes of California Latter-day Saint College Students." University of Southern California, 1970.

Hinton, Wayne Kendall. "A Biographical History of Mahonri M. Young, A Western American Artist." Brigham Young University, 1974.

Hon, Jeanne Elizabeth. "A Follow-Up Study of Doctoral Graduates of Education, Brigham Young University from 1961 through 1971." Brigham Young University, 1973.

Howell, Varon Leroy. "Common Behavioral Incidents of Elementary Principals in Three Wasatch Front School Districts that Affect Staff Morale." Brigham Young University, 1974.

Jenson, Glen Orvil. "Antecedents and Consequences of Non-Marriage in a Select Mormon Population." Utah State University, 1974.

Jeppson, Joseph Horne. "The Secularization of the University of Utah to 1920." University of California, 1973.

Johnson, Martin Alder. "A Comparison of Mormon and Non-Mormon Ethnic Attitudes." Brigham Young University, 1973.

Jones, Gerald E. "Concern for Animals as Manifest in Five American Churches, Bible Christian, Shaker, Latter-day Saint, Christian Scientist, and Seventh Day Adventist." Brigham Young University, 1972.

Loosle, Gordon Scott. "The Function of the Utah State School Office with Local School Districts in Advancing Educational Improvement." Brigham Young University, 1974.

Lowe, Jay R. "A Study of the General Conferences of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1830-1901." Brigham Young University, 1972.

Luke, Kenneth O. "Nauvoo, Illinois, Since the Exodus of the Mormons, 1846-1973." St. Louis University, 1973.

Lund, John Lewis. "An Application of the Flanders System of Interaction Analysis to the Non-released Time Seminary Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to Determine the Affective Skills of Non-Professional Teachers." Brigham Young University, 1972.

Lundahl, Craig Raymond. "Labor Force Projections for the State of Utah, 1970-2000." Utah State University, 1973.

McConkie, Joseph Fielding. "Geographic Factors in Relation to In-Service Needs of LDS Seminary and Institute Personnel." Brigham Young University, 1973.

Mahmoudi, Kooros Mohit. "Net Migration as a Factor Affecting Metropolitan Growth in Utah: 1950 to 1970." Utah State University, 1973.

Perry, David Earl. "The Relevance and Effectiveness of Four *Book of Mormon* Prophets and Their Teachings." Brigham Young University, 1974.

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Wilcox, Linda Kay Player. "Early Modern Historians of Ecclesiastical Financial Institutions: A Case Study Approach." University of Utah, 1973.
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HONORS PAPERS

Rich, Ralph Kent. "The Idea Behind the San Bernardino Colony." Honors Degree of Bachelor of Arts, University of Utah, 1966.

Among the manuscripts recently acquired at the Marriott Library, University of Utah, are the following:

Joseph E. Johnson

Mrs. J. H. Johnson has added to the Library's collection on Joseph E. Johnson (1817-1882), pioneer, merchant, journalist, and printer. The new material deals with Joseph E. Johnson, his son Charles E. Johnson (photographer and pharmacist), and other family members, and includes correspondence (1853-1923), social invitations, publications by family members, financial and legal documents, and printed advertisements—including an 1852 broadside advertising a "grand exhibition of wild Indians." Material previously received included Joseph E. Johnson's diaries and journals for 1850, 1852, 1860, 1870, 1873, and 1876, and a brief autobiography of Charles E. Johnson.

William H. Smart

William B. Smart, of the *Deseret News*, has recently contributed diaries (1886-1898) of his grandfather William H. Smart (1862-1937) to be added to those previously given to Special Collections. These diaries tell of Smart's visit to England to obtain genealogies, teaching activities at Brigham Young College, attendance at Cornell University with a tour of eastern schools, marriage, mission to Turkey (with letterbook), and call to the Eastern States Mission. The diaries previously received (1898-1937) cover the time Mr. Smart served as president of the Wasatch, Uintah, Duchesne, and Roosevelt stakes; grew livestock; helped organize the Herber Mercantile Company; was president of the Wasatch Wave Publishing Company; served as a director of the Utah State National Bank; helped organize the Roosevelt Realty Company, Roosevelt Mercantile Company, and the Salt Lake Knitting Works; and was the organizer and publisher of the Duschesne Record Publishing Company.

Richard W. Young
One of the first Utahns graduated from West Point, Richard W. Young was made adjutant general for Utah and served as commander of Utah's expeditionary force in the Philippines during the Spanish American War. At the conclusion of the fighting, he became president of the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court of the Philippines and later the Commanding Officer of the 65th Brigade that served in World War I. His son, Richard W. Young, Jr., has recently given the Library a number of his father's letters, military papers, publications, and newsclippings; a diary (1882-83) of Mrs. Richard W. Young and her accounts of trips to Europe (1911), Manila (1928), and Bermuda; and Louis P. Murray's research notes, correspondence, military materials, and typescripts of Richard W. Young's letters which he compiled for a master's thesis on Richard W. Young at the University of Utah in 1959. Materials previously received for this collection consist of Richard W. Young's diary (1877-78, 1882), the diary of his son Richard W. Young, Jr., while on an L.D.S. mission in England (1909-11), a collection of speeches by Brigham Young, some of which apparently have never been published, and other correspondence and reminiscences.

The following materials were received in Theatre

Franklin Ramussen.
A native of Fillmore, Utah, where he has performed, directed, and written for local church and community theater, Franklin Rasmussen has also toured with the Moroni Olsen Players, appeared in Hollywood movies, and directed in Australia and New Zealand. He has given the Library copies of his plays, photographs, drawings of stage settings, and a copy of a master's thesis on his career by Derek Springs, Brigham Young University, 1971.

Stanley and Allien Russon.
Having participated in local theater for over thirty years, Stanley Russon and his wife Allien have deposited scrapbooks of their activities, containing newsclippings, programs, photographs, and some correspondence. Theatrical productions of the University of Utah and the Mutual Improvement Association of the L.D.S. Church are particularly in evidence.

Joseph H. Williams.
After touring with the Moroni Olsen Players and organizing theatrical groups in Australia and New Zealand, Joseph H. Williams became manager of Kingsbury Hall at the University of Utah in 1931. He has given the Library theater newsclippings, programs, and photographs.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

LOWELL L. BENNION, formerly director of the Institute of Religion at the University of Utah and the University of Arizona and a Professor of Sociology at the University of Utah, is now Executive Director of the Salt Lake Area Community Services Council.

DAVIS BITTON has made several contributions to *Dialogue*, most recently as book review editor. Active in the Mormon History Association, of which he has served as president, he has completed a guide to Mormon diaries and autobiographies, soon to be published.

After a brief respite MARY BRADFORD rejoins *Dialogue's* staff—as an associate editor. A widely published author, she confesses, "My deepest desire is to write a book—any book—on any subject, but would prefer it to be poetry or Mormon biography. (I also have secret tendencies toward the short story—a form I really admire.)" Her article on the Washington, D. C. Saints appeared in the September *Ensign*.

GARY BUNKER is an associate professor of Psychology at BYU where he specializes in intergroup relations. His work is scheduled to appear in forthcoming issues of the *Review of Religious Research* and the *Ensign*.

ROBERT FLANDERS is chairman of the History Department at Southwest Missouri State University at Springfield. He helped organize and was the first president of the John Whitmer Historical Association—a group which "promotes interest in Latter-day Saint history and culture among those primarily (but not exclusively) of RLDS association."

EDWARD GEARY has been associated with *Dialogue* from its inception, serving in a variety of capacities. He is currently book review editor. He teaches literature and writing at BYU, where he is also at work on a study of critical theories of the realistic movement.

RANDY GIBBS is working toward a B.F.A. in printmaking at Arizona State University at Tempe. He hopes to teach the printmaking media on the college level. His art has appeared in a number of shows, including one at the Phoenix Art Museum.

STEVEN GOLDSBERRY teaches literature and English as a Second Language at BYU-Hawaii.

STEPHEN GOULD holds a Master's degree in English from the University of Utah. His poetry has appeared in *Epos*, *Concours* and previously in *Dialogue*. He believes that "poetry explores emergent unrealized implications of the capacity to speak."

CLIFTON HOLT JOLLEY teaches at the Cypress (California) Institute of Religion. He says he is "his mother's son, Marcia's husband, father to several children and an elder's quorum president—all of which insists on his writing poetry and reading cereal boxes."

ARTHUR HENRY KING teaches literature and English as a Second Language at BYU, where he also serves as co-director of the Honors Program. His essays and poems have appeared in numerous publications including the *Ensign, The New Era, BYU Studies* and *Dialogue*. He believes that "in our time the poem must contain its own criticism."

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR is perhaps best known for his widely popular *Family Kingdom*, an account of life in a polygamous Mormon Family. A revised and enlarged edition of *Family Kingdom* will soon be published by Western Epics (Sam Weller's Zion Book Store in Salt Lake City). Samuel Taylor resides in Redwood City, California, where he is, among other things, "resident curmudgeon of the Redwood City Ward elder's quorum."

MAUREEN URSENBACH holds a doctorate in Comparative Literature from the University of Utah. She works as an editor in the Church's Historical Department and is currently at work on two books on Eliza R. Snow and a collection of diaries of Mormon women.

DAVID WILLARDSON has illustrated album covers for most of the major recording companies. Currently he is working on a new Smoky The Bear for the National Forest Service.

JOE S. WIXOM holds an M.F.A. from the University of Utah where he now teaches drawing in the School of Continuing Education. His art has been exhibited in a number of shows and is found in private collections from New York to San Francisco. Some of his work is published in *Drawings and Paintings of J. S. Wixom* (1972).

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