



DIALOGUE

BOARD OF EDITORS

RICHARD L. BUSHMAN, *History, Boston University*
DAVIS BITTON, *History, University of Utah*
LESTER BUSH, JR., *Medicine and History, Washington, D.C.*
JAMES CLAYTON, *History, University of Utah*
ELIZABETH FLETCHER CROOK, *Foreign Relations, Alexandria, Virginia*
JAMES FARMER, *Science, Brigham Young University*
ROBERT FLANDERS, *History, Southwest Missouri State College*
KATHRYN HANSEN SHIRTS, *Religion, Harvard Divinity School*
MICHAEL R. HARRIS, *History, Marlborough School, Los Angeles*
DONALD B. HOLSINGER, *Comparative Education, University of Chicago*
BRUCE W. JORGENSEN, *Literature, Brigham Young University*
LOUIS MIDGLEY, *Political Philosophy, Brigham Young University*
KENT O. ROBSON, *Philosophy, Utah State University*
JAN SHIPPS, *History, Indiana University*
JAN L. TYLER, *Women's Studies, Brigham Young University*
LAUREL THATCHER ULRICH, *Literature, Durham, New Hampshire*

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR

ROBERT A. REES

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRAN ANDERSEN, *Los Angeles, California*
MARY L. BRADFORD, *Arlington, Virginia*
EDWARD GEARY, *Provo, Utah*
MAUREEN DERRICK KEELER, *Los Angeles, California*
GORDON C. THOMASSON, *Ithaca, New York*

BOOK REVIEW EDITOR: Edward Geary, *Brigham Young University*
AMONG THE MORMONS EDITOR: Ralph Hansen, *Stanford University*
PERSONAL VOICES EDITOR: Eugene England
ART EDITORS: Gary Collins, *Salt Lake City*; David Willardson, *Los Angeles*
ASSISTANT EDITORS: Gary P. Gillum, Luana Gilstrap, Kay Linebeck,
Frederick G. Williams, Dennis Youkstetter
BUSINESS MANAGER: Thomas M. Andersen
MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT: Richard F. Mittleman
ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY: Linda Smithana

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.



CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

THE POSSIBILITIES OF DIALOGUE	<i>Robert A. Rees</i>	4
-------------------------------	-----------------------	---

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		7
-----------------------	--	---

ARTICLES AND ESSAYS

LETTERS OF BELIEF		9
-------------------	--	---

SEERS, SAVANTS AND EVOLUTION: A CONTINUING DIALOGUE		
	<i>Stephen and Kathy Snow</i>	21
	<i>Dow Woodward</i>	23
	<i>Norm L. Eatough</i>	26
	<i>Duane E. Jeffrey</i>	29

SACRAMENT OF TERROR: VIOLENCE IN THE POETRY OF CLINTON F. LARSEN	<i>Thomas D. Schwartz</i>	39
---	---------------------------	----

FROM THE PULPIT

SPIRITUAL EMPIRICISM	<i>Stephen L. Tanner</i>	49
----------------------	--------------------------	----

POETRY

WAITING FOR LIGHTNING	<i>Linda Sillitoe</i>	55
-----------------------	-----------------------	----

PERSONAL VOICES

BLESSING THE CHEVROLET	<i>Eugene England</i>	57
DISORDER AND EARLY JOY	<i>Edward Geary</i>	60
A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN	<i>Laurel Thatcher Ulrich</i>	63
THE DILEMMA OF TWO WORLDS: A PERSONAL VIEW	<i>Elizabeth Fletcher Crook</i>	66

Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought is published by the Dialogue Foundation. Editorial Office and Subscription Department, 1081 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90024. Dialogue has no official connection with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or with any college or university. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California. Printed by Anderson, Ritchie and Simon, Los Angeles. Contents copyright © 1975 by the Dialogue Foundation.

REVIEWS	<i>Edited by Edward Geary</i>
JESUS AND THE GOSPELS IN RECENT LITERATURE: A BRIEF SKETCH	<i>S. Kent Brown</i> 71
LIVING ROOM: A PERSONAL REVIEW/ESSAY	<i>Garth N. Jones</i> 73
<i>Population Resources and the Future of Non-Malthusian Perspectives</i> , ed. Howard M. Bahr, Bruce A. Chadwick, and Darwin L. Thomas	
COME, COME, YE SAINTS	<i>P.A.M. Taylor</i> 77
<i>Manchester Mormons: The Journal of William Clayton, 1840-1842</i> , edited by James B. Allen and Thomas G. Alexander	
NIGHTFALL AT FAR WEST	<i>Samuel W. Taylor</i> 79
<i>Other Drums</i> by Ruth Louise Partridge	
RECENTLY RECEIVED	80
AMONG THE MORMONS	<i>Edited by Ralph Hansen</i> 82
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	87
ART CREDITS	
Cover: JOE HEINER	
Illustrations	
JOE HEINER	9
MICHAEL SCHWAB	21
VICTOR BICKMORE	42, 44, 45
BRIAN ZICK	54

ABOUT THE COVER

Through combining photography and illustration Joe Heiner attempts to capture the dynamic exchange involved in a religious dialogue between two friends (see "Letters of Belief" in this issue).

Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought is published quarterly. Subscription rate in the United States is \$20 per year; single copies, \$5. Subscription Department, 1081 Westwood Blvd., 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.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF DIALOGUE

ROBERT A. REES

*"The most important thing about a man
is what he thinks; the next important,
his contact — giving and taking —
with the thoughts of others."*

—HUGH NIBLEY

In a remarkable essay entitled "Beyond Politics" in a recent issue of *BYU Studies*, Hugh Nibley makes an exciting observation: God not only desires a free discussion with men, He encourages it. Further, it is an essential part of His *modus operandi* for our return to His presence. In his own translation of John 1:1, Nibley illustrates how indispensable this concept was to the very order of things: "In the beginning was the *Logos* [counsel, discussion], and the *Logos* was in the presence of God, and all things were done according to it . . ."

Nibley then points out that Satan was not cast out of Heaven for disagreeing with God, but for refusing to continue in a free discussion and examination of ideas and resorting to violence in an attempt to get his own way and enforce his ideas on others. Nibley contrasts Satan with such prophets as Abraham and Enoch who entered into a vigorous dialogue with God over things they did not understand or thought unfair. He says, "God did not hold it against these men that they questioned him, but loved them for it: it was because they were the friends of men, even at what they thought was the terrible risk of offending Him, that they became the friends of God."

It is clear from the Scriptures that God not only invites our free discussion with Him ("Come let us reason together," He says), but expects us to enter into free discussion with one another, especially on those subjects which are of ultimate concern to us.

It was in the belief that such discussion was vital to Mormonism that *Dialogue* was established in 1966. As Wesley Johnson said in his introductory editorial in the first issue, one of the purposes of *Dialogue* was "to help Mormons and their neighbors develop understanding and concern for each other through an exchange of ideas; and perhaps most important of all, to help Mormons develop their identity, uniqueness, and sense of purpose by expressing their spiritual heritage and moral vision to the community of man."

Dialogue is committed to the belief that where people have an opportunity freely to enter into discussion with one another, where ideas can be presented and challenged without fear of reprisals or intimidation, where brothers and sisters as well as friends and neighbors can talk and listen to one another, not only is there a greater opportunity for increased understanding, but for new discovery. Such dialogue has the possibility of expanding our minds and spirits, of *enlightening* us.

To be fearful of such dialogue is to be fearful of ourselves, and yet it is clear that many in the Mormon community have such fear. A good illustration of this fact was the experience we had with the special issue of *Dialogue* dealing with Mor-

monism's Negro doctrine (Spring 1973), which included Lester Bush's important historical study. When we were planning that issue there were those who felt that the material to be included in it should not be published. One prominent Mormon scholar remarked that while the material was factual, it would be better if people did not know of it. Some warned that there could be dire personal consequences for those of us involved in the editing and management of *Dialogue* if we proceeded with publication.

The issue was handled, we feel, openly and responsibly. Prior to publication Bush showed his article to two general authorities, discussed it with them and told them of his plans to submit it to *Dialogue*. In addition, he furnished them and the Church Historian's office with a compilation of all his research and background material. Mormon historians who saw the article in draft form praised its thoroughness and objectivity. The fact that it shared the Mormon History Association's prize for the best article published in 1973 (as well as *Dialogue's* first prize for Social Literature) speaks well of its soundness.

We did not print Bush's article because we agreed or disagreed with it, but because we felt it was an extremely important piece of historical research on a subject of great moment. Due to the controversial nature of the subject matter and in keeping with our general editorial philosophy, we invited three scholars to respond to Bush. The exchange is, we feel, the most significant discussion of this subject in the history of the Church.

The effect of our publishing this exchange was to clarify many points of misunderstanding and dispel much of the myth that has circulated in the Church regarding the Negro doctrine, and, further, to put the discussion of this subject on a more rational (and hopefully more spiritual) level. Hugh Nibley, who was one of the respondents to Bush, defended the discussion in these words: "Though the mind of the Lord is confirmed by an imponderable feeling, one is required, before asking the Lord and receiving that feeling, to exercise his own wits to the fullest, so that there must be place for the fullest discussion and explanation in the light of the Scriptures or any other relevant information."

We rehearse all this here because it illustrates *Dialogue's* *raison d'être*. We are committed to the proposition that by reasoning together we have nothing to lose and much to gain, that where free discussion abounds truth will be better served. *Dialogue* exists as a forum with *possibilities* for enlightenment. Those possibilities are enhanced when there is an unconstrained climate for expression and exchange of ideas and feelings. We are committed to the belief that one of the chief responsibilities of the gift of free agency is that we use our minds and spirits to search for and embrace truth. This involves *responsibly* questioning, exploring and challenging—ourselves, each other, and, perhaps at times, even God.

Letters to the Editor

narrowing the gap

Thank you for your notification of the need to renew my subscription to *Dialogue*. Over the years I have enjoyed the opportunity to keep some sort of contact, however tenuous, with the Mormon academic/intellectual community. My work with the Foreign Service of the United States takes me to many farflung areas where I do not have the benefit of daily, stimulating contact with others of similar background and training. To be sure, in the countries where I have served—Japan, Viet Nam, and Brazil—there are many dedicated members of the Church, without whose companionship life abroad would be dreary indeed. I quite frankly miss the companionship and intellectual support afforded by a Mormon academic community, no matter how small it may be at a particular institution (there were not many at Yale but the quality made up for the lack of quantity). *Dialogue* helps fill the gap in my life and prevents it from becoming an ever-widening chasm. I only wish that my responsibilities to my job, my family and my ward would leave me sufficient time to contribute to the journal.

Kirby L. Smith
Washington D.C.

in the wake of watergate

Eugene England tells us that there are some "special questions" which we Mormons should ask ourselves in the wake of Watergate.

The first is, "Were we (and are we) guilty of greater reverence for authority than for truth?" I should hope so! Where would we be as a people if we allowed a well-intentioned compromise or two to distract us?

England asks another question: "Given our great faith in Constitutional government and our natural optimism, why have we been willing to fall into the cynicism of other Americans following the Watergate exposures?" Some Church members became cynical, no doubt. But not those of us in tune enough to see the larger picture—the scheming of Nelson Rockefeller and the World Trade Center; the insidious, undermining efforts of a demonic press to brain-wash us all. The truth is that Richard Nixon is *innocent*. His daughter Julie swears it. And President Ford, after looking into all the facts, gave President Nixon a full pardon. If we don't accept that pardon with all our hearts, then we're guilty of disrespect for law, authority, and the Constitution. It's as simple as that.

Rustin Kaufmann
Rexburg, Idaho

In his article on Mormons and Watergate, Eugene England argues that Mormons as a group "have always been quite taken with Nixon." It seems that England's friends considered even the mention of McGovern's name to be "an irreligious act." Even when the Senate Watergate Hearings progressed, England "found Mormons generally sticking with the President." Finally, when Mormons had to face the facts, they rationalized its importance—"even if Nixon was guilty, what he did was not very serious" or was only "what every president and politician has done." Of course, England presents no evidence that "Mormons generally" felt this way. Could it be that his Utah or Mormon friends represent a very limited view? My own experience is quite different. Some of my friends and relatives in Utah whom I had considered conservative Republicans actually came down harder on Nixon than I did. And they had no trouble believing the facts as they unfolded. Moreover, political polls published by Salt Lake City newspapers indicated very early that Utahns were overwhelmingly disgusted and disturbed at both Watergate and Nixon. In short, England has not viewed the problem in a scholarly way at all. Therefore, I cannot accept his argument that Mormons must share responsibility for Watergate. ("But we are ALL involved, at least potentially, in this failure.") Unhappily, I find his article filled with hyperbole and without sound evidence. If an issue devoted to Watergate was necessary, why didn't the editors seek out someone who knew whereof he spoke, such as Wayne Owens? Owens' experience as a member of the House Judiciary Committee at a crucial time would have been valuable from a Mormon perspective.

Dennis L. Lythgoe
Abington, Mass.

Thank you for the timely issue of *Dialogue* on Mormons and Watergate. One of the most difficult and complex issues facing those of us who try to relate our religion to our secular lives is the question of the role, if any, of religious morality in politics and public life. Many of us watched in awful fascination as the revelations of Watergate revealed the labyrinth of lies and deception constructed by one who piously intoned all the virtues of religion and morality. It was almost enough to give religion a bad name!

While the restored gospel does not supply us true answers to the public policy questions raised by our complex life in America in the second half of the twentieth century, it hopefully provides us a context and a network of values

against which we can measure our responses to these questions. *Dialogue* has once again focused attention on this *process* and in doing so has performed its essential service.

Robert Maxwell
Las Vegas, Nevada

hanging by a thread

I wonder about the use of the Orson Hyde quote at the beginning of Eugene England's Watergate essay: "It is said that brother Joseph in his lifetime declared that the Elders of this Church should step forth at a particular time when the Constitution should be in danger, and rescue it, and save it."

England ends the quote there, but Brother Hyde continued, "This may be so; but I do not recollect that he said exactly so. I believe he said something like this—that the time would come when the Constitution and the country would be in danger of an overthrow; and said he, If the Constitution be saved at all, it will be by the Elders of this Church. I believe this is about the language, as nearly as I can recollect it" (*JD*, 6:152).

Brother Hyde's memory *may* have been unduly influenced by the approach of 2,000 federal troops dispatched to put down "the Mormon rebellion." Nevertheless, it seems unfair to use the first sentence as a proof-text for a popular notion when Brother Hyde was, at the time, firmly convinced that the constitution "has served and fulfilled its purpose . . . The Almighty looks down from heaven and sees it impossible to save the Constitution, to perpetuate it, and cleanse and purify it; for the wickedness of the people is determined to sweep it out of the way" (*ibid*, p. 153).

Like ancient Israel, we are so easily lulled into the bondage of the oblivious by "guarantor" statements—authentic or supposed—like "Save the Constitution," "Never be led astray," "the only true church," "God's chosen people," etc. I hope as both Saints and Americans, Mormons have not entirely lost the sense of corporate responsibility for the tragedies of the past ten years. And for all its enriching, may *Dialogue* never lose sight of priestly and prophetic functions—especially, in this case, the awareness of prophetic judgment omitted in the Orson Hyde quote.

Scott Kenney
Berkeley, California

b. h. roberts and politics

I was pleased to read D. Craig Mikkelsen's account of the political career of Elder B. H. Roberts. Roberts' independence in the face of political and Church pressure is refreshing, especially to those of us who occasionally find ourselves being pressured by local Church authorities to support a particular candidate or

piece of legislation that we cannot in good conscience support. The only thing more impressive than Roberts' independence was his willingness to submit to the authority of the Church even though he felt he had done no wrong. Some might interpret his action as cowardice, but to someone convinced of the ultimate destiny of the Kingdom of God, there was no alternative. It is only unfortunate that some are forced to make a decision between loyalty to conscience and loyalty to Church.

Mortimer Crosby
San Jose, California

The article on B. H. Roberts shows the extent to which some politicians will go to use the Church to achieve their ends, and the extent to which some Church leaders will go to use politics for the same purpose. Religion and politics make strange bedfellows, especially in a Church where one finds so many rightwing conservatives.

Recently in our ward the Bishop attempted to coerce ward members into supporting an ill-conceived piece of legislation that would have removed all news racks from the city of Los Angeles. The hidden object of the legislation was to prevent the purveyors of pornography from using the news vending machines. In their enthusiasm to abolish pornographic tabloids certain Mormons would have removed all news stands, thereby instituting a kind of censorship that was far more dangerous to my mind than the possible ill effects of pornography. It took considerable courage to resist these efforts, especially since many considered such resistance tantamount to endorsing pornography. It is encouraging to have a model in B. H. Roberts.

John J. Flanders
Los Angeles, California

uttered or unexpressed

In the spring of 1975, after the State of Utah (where free agency is basic doctrine) defeated the Equal Rights Amendment, a thoughtful and troubled Mormon woman completed her preparatory meditation and knelt privately to pray.

In the Mormon tradition of intimate prayer, the woman soon fervently called out for the first time, "Mother in Heaven. I believe you may exist. Are you there? We know the Father and the Son, but why have you not revealed yourself?"

And a wondrous voice clearly answered, "Good daughter. Until this time, no one asked. The men have not thought to ask."

And from a steadily increasing, brilliant light, the approaching voice went on, "Listen closely, choice daughter. There is much to learn."

Teddie Wood Porter
Riverside, California

I was shocked to read Laurel Thatcher Ulrich's short piece in the most recent issue of *Dialogue*. She states that the priesthood is "blatantly and intransigently sexist" and that therefore the priesthood gives her no pain. She says she feels no urge to struggle to attain it. But the entire tone of her note suggests she is yearning to have the power which the priesthood represents and resents the fact that she cannot get it in spite of being perhaps better qualified in terms of "spiritual gifts" than many males who have it.

While I do not question Sister Ulrich's spiritual gifts, she seems to have missed a point fundamental to the order of the Kingdom. The male has the right by blood to preside over the female in righteous dominion. It is the female's and uphold the male who presides in righteousness. The sooner Sister Ulrich and other sisters in the Church come to accept this fundamental principle, the happier they will be.

Betty Norton
Sunnyvale, California

leap of faith

I found Carlos Whiting's article on "A Rational Approach to Mormonism" very interesting since I too followed the rational approach in coming to terms with Mormonism. Like Whiting I found such an approach helpful, though ultimately wanting, because as close as a rational approach can bring one to ultimate truth, it cannot help one make the leap of faith. Whiting demonstrates what I believe: that we must use our minds and our hearts in finding religious truth.

Samuel S. Georges
Seattle, Washington

LETTERS OF BELIEF: An Exchange of Thoughts and Feelings About the Mormon Faith



JOE HEINER

The following manuscript, submitted to Dialogue anonymously, is an exchange of letters between two friends, one of whom has left the Church and one of whom remains active in it. We print them here in the belief that they constitute an open and honest exchange about what it means to be Mormon from widely divergent viewpoints.

Dear S——,

You might think it funny that I can't remember for the life of me what I had to eat the other day with you at Chez Françoise. As soon as we got on the subject of what I believe and what I don't, it took all my concentration to find the right words for a defense against your attack on my new feelings. The conversation tasted good from that point on, I think, but I couldn't tell you if the food did.

It's not that I was afraid of being found out to have moved substantially away from what I think you thought I have believed: I am not a hypocrite. What concerned me more at the time—and still does—is that we would discover that our mutual feelings for each other lay *only* in common religious commitments, and not in any other common bonds outside the Church. Whether I show it or not, I prize my few friends so highly that I worry what my heterodoxy might do to scare them away. Perhaps it is a foolish fear. It may simply be a risk I have to take, putting friendships like ours to a test this way.

I hope you realize that it is something brave for me to move away from Church orthodoxy. I grew up in the Church, surrounded by the Church, saturated by the Church, was caught up enthusiastically in the work and ideals of the Church for years, and, what's more important, have accomplished what I have in large measure *because* of the Church. It determined most of my directions. It still is the whole life of my folks; my wife and kids hold to it both joyfully and somewhat desperately; my friends are, for the most part, identified closely with it or see *me* identified with it. So the "No in Thunder!" that I have been saying to all of it the past few years has baffled them, I sense, but has given me, I hope they realize, better feelings toward many things than I have had in a good long time, even when I don't know how to describe those feelings or know how to account for them. I welcome my new liberation, I hope *you* realize, even when the object of opprobrium for it.

I simply do not find what people around me have been calling "religion" all my life very important any more. Certainly not very interesting any more. As Huck Finn says when he is pressed to go back to "sivilization": "I been there before." There now seems a whole new world ahead of me. I find I am not afraid of it.

Naturally enough, such an announcement to such a pleasant friend as you over dinner—and the resulting debate—is enough to cause a person to forget his dinner in the interest of his soul—or rather, soullessness. I am only afraid that I did not find a good enough way for telling my gratitude for your taking the day off so that we could eat and talk.

I was sorry, however, that you tried to lay the old liberal bit on me about change of scene making change of heart possible. I used to believe that, too: the strength of one's faith is dependent on the strength of faith in the religious lives of people around you. But I've gone well beyond that one. I used to think that people made a difference. But they don't. I've lived in quite a number of places in the country, in the world, and found most members of the Church about equally disappointing. Which led to my illusion—and it's still *your* illusion, I fear—that if it were only possible to witness just the right examples of intelligent and kindly church living, surely a person could believe forever. But the "by their fruits" argument is about as rotten as most.

Disaffection begins not at the point of other people's lives (who, after all, can presume to know anyone else's motives or needs or hopes?) but on the issue of the social dynamics of the Church. It has become fairly evident to me that, in the main,

religion is a rather easy thing to concoct; that the Church was, in the main, a rather easy thing to construct; that it is maintained and held to largely for the sake of ease. Anybody can do it; there is little to it. It is simply no challenge: *it requires so little!* The standards of the Church turn out, upon reflection, to be really quite low—little quality of mind, little quality of talent, little quality to a person's busy-ness. It really requires very little. Commitment, involvement, and activity have become substitutes for quality. Blind faith, sincerity, and loyalty are really very easy virtues; anyone can manage them as soon as he has a minimum of safe conviction in something, in *anything*. Mormonism is the easy way to travel. The more difficult virtues of intellectuality, creativity, skill, knowledge, and substantiality are scoffed at.

I know you would rather argue with me the historical and scriptural claims of the Church. But I think I have heard most of them (and even *made* most of them myself when a missionary and bishop and at many other times) and find them to be self-serving rationalizations, for the most part, rather than arguable claims to truth and reality. As you should know, faith cannot be argued—and neither can loss of faith in faith. The Church turns out to be embarrassingly derivative; its uniqueness lies only in its pompous claim to uniqueness. Over dinner—hang you!—you wanted to sell me the evidence behind it all, but I had already looked at those bits and pieces and found them cold and insubstantial. And as I tried to say, there is no warmth at that level of things. What interests me more is the social dynamics of the Church: the society it makes is indeed a clean, safe, pleasant, hope-filled place, as you were eager to get me to admit, but it is also mindless, artless, anti-humanistic, simplistically nationalistic, crudely authoritarian, uninteresting. So I demur.

If I am unclear in all this, I assume you will write to tell me so. A bridge between us has fallen down and I am simply trying to put in some pilings up the river a little ways further on. Mind you, I am by no means asking you to come over to my side of the river. I am only hoping to indicate that I'm over here on this side waving, *not* drowning.

Best wishes,
L——

Dear L——,

My apologies for having obscured the delectableness of your meal at Chez François by probing into your beliefs perhaps a little too vigorously. I don't remember what you had either, but my frog's legs were delicious, although they may have accounted for my jumping from point to point so quickly all evening and keeping you on the defensive. Actually, I love a good discussion, although I am perhaps a bit too zealous when it comes to religious discussions. I am afraid I still have too much of that missionary enthusiasm that wants to convert the world and defend the Word against all comers.

But it is also a reflection of my *concern* for you that I am interested in what you believe and in convincing you of what I believe. Not that my feelings for you hinge on these things; of course not. They rest on the respect I have for you as a person: a scholar, a poet, a teacher, a father, a friend. It is *because* of my friendship that I press you to defend your unorthodox ideas, your new-found heresy.

I would be less than honest if I didn't tell you that I am saddened by your estrangement from the Church. I do realize that it is brave of you to move away from Church orthodoxy, but I fear that you do not realize that it's just as brave for me to continue embracing it. Why? Because I see the same things wrong that you do, receive the same kinds of hurts, experience the same frustrations. I understand your "No! in Thunder," and I believe it is sincere, but there is also something to saying "yes." Remember that Stevens says that under every no lies a passion for yes, and I am interested in that yes, that "Yes! in Thunder" if you will, and I think therein lies the difference between us: you deny the Church and the life of the Church because you see things that are wrong, things that are contrary to the Spirit, to the Gospel, to our deepest feelings, and your "No!" to these things becomes a "No!" to the Church. I say "No!" to these same things but "Yes!" to the Church, not because I also see those things that are in accord with the Spirit, with the Gospel, and with my deepest feelings, which I do, but because I can't escape the revelations of the Spirit. Remember, L—, if the Church isn't perfect neither are we. The Church tolerates our imperfections (most of them) and we should tolerate the Church's (most of them). But it takes a certain amount of humility to do that, and humility is not the carpet bag the Sayers of Nay usually carry.

You argue with my contention that me in the Church is easier if there are people in it with whom one feels compatible. You say that people don't make a difference, but if they don't, what does? You say that you have lived in many places in the country and the world and found Mormons equally disappointing. Isn't this just another way of saying you have found *people* equally disappointing? People, including you and me, are at times disappointing and I confess that I am often not intellectually, socially or culturally compatible with many Mormons, but then I am not with many people. The difference is that in the Church I do feel spiritually compatible with more of them than I imagine I'm going to. In priesthood meeting the other morning, for example, I was deeply touched by a brother who is as unlike me as you can imagine. He has alternately bored and frustrated me for months, but on this occasion he touched me deeply by telling about his childhood in an orphanage in which he felt estranged from the world, and how his conversion to the Church gave him a sense of belonging and brotherhood. His testimony of Christ was simple and eloquent and as he bore it all of us in that room felt as Ishmael feels with his hands in the jar of spermacetti—united in brotherhood, purged of our differences, even if only for a few moments. Granted, such experiences don't happen often, but they do happen, and the Church helps make them possible.

It is partly a faith in such possibilities that keeps me going back to Church. I am not often touched, and some of that may be my fault, but I am touched often enough to be willing to endure the problems for that possibility. Where else can one go for such joys?

You say that your disaffection hangs on the issue of the social dynamics of the Church and that it would be fairly easy to concoct a religion and construct the Church. Although I suspect you are baiting me here, I'll take the bait, just in case you aren't. It might be fairly easy to concoct a religion, but you know nothing of Joseph Smith's life if you say that Mormonism was easy to concoct and the Church easy to construct. In an era when, as Lowell said, "Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel," when religious experiments and new churches were as ephemeral as May flies, he fashioned something substantial. And I contend that it has lasted for over a hundred and forty years not because it

was easy, but because it was *hard*. And when you say that the Church really requires very little, I wonder what Church you're talking about.

You unfairly stack the cards against the Church in your argument: "Blind faith, sincerity, and loyalty are really very easy virtues; anyone can manage them" Perhaps, but these are not the main virtues of the Church. Try faith, humility, sacrifice, love. Not only are they the real virtues of the Church, but they are damned hard virtues to cultivate. More difficult than your virtues of "intellectuality, creativity, skill (whatever that is), knowledge, and substantiality (whatever that is)." The discipline of the Gospel has never been an easy thing for me; and life in the Church has not been easy either.

If the Church is, as you say, a "clean, safe, pleasant, hope-filled" place, that's more than one can say for other places. You say it is also "mindless, artless, anti-humanistic, simplistically nationalistic, crudely authoritarian, uninteresting." Let's say, for the sake of argument, that all of that is true. What if it is also true that Peter, James and John really did lay their hands on Joseph's head? What if John the Baptist did stand on the banks of the Susquehanna? What if Joseph really did see Christ in the temple at Kirtland?

I guess what I am saying is that the Church can be imperfect and even wrong at times and still be the True Church. Christ doesn't like its imperfections any more than you or I do, but if He can tolerate them until He helps us to improve the Church, can't we? It has, after all, brought us out of darkness. And that is no small task.

I think it is important to keep a distinction between the Gospel and the Church and your letter obscures that difference. The Gospel *is* true: as a philosophy, a way of life, it offers us more than anything else. As Peter said to Jesus, "Master, if thou hast not the words of eternal life, where shall we go?" The Church, on the other hand, is imperfect. It is the best instrument the Lord has, given our agency, to effect His purposes. If it is at times inefficient, backward, repressive, it is also at times instructive, progressive and liberating. The Church is like *us*: sometimes the Gospel works through us and sometimes it doesn't. I'll go one step further: the Church *is* us; it is no better or no worse than we are (and that includes *you* and me), for the Church is what we make it. That's why I think it takes as much courage to stay *in* the Church as to leave it. I have said to far too many friends I'm afraid that if they leave the Church they diminish the chances of the Church changing, becoming better. If everyone who sees what's wrong with the Church deserts it, where will the Church's conscience be? Perhaps part of the problem is that we forget that the Church exists not only that we might be touched, but that we might touch. And when we touch others through the Church and its programs we see more clearly what the Church's function is and how its potential can be realized.

If this is starting to sound vaguely like a testimony, forgive me. On second thought, let it be a testimony, for I truly believe in the Church. I would convince you anew (for you felt this at one time) that there is in the Church life, meaning, joy. Not always, but sometimes. But one has to look for it with more than one's mind; it takes more than brightness to see the goodness of the Church.

You say you are trying to build a bridge between us. Let me help you build the bridge; perhaps if we do it together we can at least meet in the middle for a more intimate dialogue and won't have to do as much shouting as we have done in these first letters.

Affectionately,
S---

Dear S——,

Though I didn't intend that we should end up having a debate between us by letter, I was glad you wrote that what I said has some impact. We seem to want each other on the defensive in our widely diverging positions of belief yet recognize the conviction (even the security) that lies behind the direction of each other. Our bridges are definitely on different sides of the river, maybe even on different rivers.

I hope you recognize, however, what your letter reveals: like a good Mormon, you give an easy answer to the problems I raised; you take the easy way out; you use religion to make it easy for yourself to exist intellectually and emotionally. Your answers to the questions I raised in my letter to you seem neither out far nor in deep. No criticism of you personally; religion does that to a person.

To call your convictions "revelations of the Spirit," for example, is to do no more than what anyone does who has got something he wants to believe in. He works up gooseflesh, lymph flow, and cheery eyes over it, and then christens it The Truth. Anyone can come up with "revelations of the Spirit." Ask around and you find that practically everybody has got some kind of "revelation of the Spirit" for some fool thing he wants to believe in. It is very easy. It proves nothing.

To cite the imperfections of the Church and the distinction between Church and gospel as sufficient support to keep one's chin up in the face of certain embarrassments and reservations about what goes on from time to time in the Church is also an easy rationalization. I've gone through that phase, too, and it doesn't satisfy for very long. As with a bum car, you soon learn that the imperfections are gross and permanent fixtures on the model. The Church-gospel distinction is an especially phony way of separating off those things you disapprove of from those that please you. Beware of the whitewash on a malignant whale, Melville warned. I certainly don't look for perfection in anything, much less in religion, but I find it humorous when someone can't see how the blighted flower on a plant might come from rot at the root.

To tell examples of how the Church has touched individual lives is also neither here nor there, for hundreds of causes have touched hundreds of lives in hundreds of ways, and one more excited person proves nothing. If lives are touched, it proves nothing; it happens every day somewhere. Curiously the argument simply gives license to those untouched to do without. I could very easily declare to you that I have been "touched" to do very nicely without the Church. Such sentimentality is curiously weak and sounds strange coming from someone like you holding to the Church as an institution having backbone and authority. If the Church touches you then it is good, and if it doesn't then it is not: this position may justify your clinging to the Church (you are touched) and it just as easily justifies my divergence from it (I am not touched). When I wrote you earlier that people do not make a difference in the color of my faith but the theology does, I wasn't saying I am indifferent to people (I find I now care a great deal *more* than ever before, though in different ways) but the relations in the Church (what you call "being touched") cannot ultimately decide truth for you. Hard thinking about basic ideas might do it, perhaps, but not raising examples of the little thrills of this or that experience or contact.

What I am saying—and saying poorly, I guess—is that though I know you are sincere in what you say in your letter, it is pretty trite stuff. It has been said for centuries and doesn't hold water any more. At least not for me. Sacrifice for a concocted cause is an *easy* virtue; there is no risk, adventure, or renewal in it, nothing

to create: KuKluxers and Nazis do it as easily as Mormons. Faith in miracles and visions and authority is not fulfilling either, but decapitating; anyone can do it with his eyes—or his mind!—closed; there is no daring, manhood, or even effort in it; there is really nothing to do. Nor is the issue of the touched life very convincing: my observation is that those who chase enthusiastically after each thing that thrills them have lives that are in a hell of a mess—some pinched and narrow beyond belief and others chaotic beyond tolerance. How easy it is to forget to think before jumping!

My argument is, I guess, that the Church is an easy life for a lot of people and so attractive to them—an easy place for racists to go on being racists, an easy place for nonthinkers to go on being nonthinkers, an easy place for the fearful to go on fearing such imponderables as death and life and selfhood all their lives; in other words, an easy place for *not* doing much of anything for or about oneself—its claims to the contrary.

When you give me such easy, derivative answers as those in your letter, genial as they are, you simply remind me of the impression I have gotten over the last twenty years—that the Church is blatantly derivative itself. It is an easy and odd-fitting copy of other things. Not much original went into its making. Not much thought goes into sustaining it. It's a misnomer to ever refer to a Restoration. Take a big slice of 1830 America, add a dash of about 1907, put a little makeup over the scandals which started it off, put it in a business suit in the suburbs, and you have got Mormonism. It doesn't take much searching to find almost all of the principles and practices of the gospel/Church in other places. Joseph Smith—and most of the Church's leaders since him—was not original but a thief. Brought together, the stolen fragments almost do make a coherence, but it is a piece of arrogance to think that nobody ever thought of these things before that are now called Mormonism. By this I don't mean that I admit the Church derives from the Bible, but I am arguing that it is a cooptation. I can't admire that—even when a great deal of piety, devotion, and joyful energy goes into its maintenance and promotion. I do not like being manipulated by bad thinking, trite logic, stolen goods.

But my tone here may suggest that I think you—and millions of others—have been duped. I have no enthusiasm for such a charge. I only wish to try to find a way of declaring forcefully that I have discovered what I once held to blindly as the truth to be pretty much illusion and have discovered in another kind of life something more organic to my own nature, my own interests, my own needs, my own desires, my own fulfillment. That, for me, is a breakthrough. If I do not yet know what the light *is*, I am at least out of the darkness.

I would be delighted if you wrote again soon, even if religion is again the motivation and the subject. Best wishes,

L---

Dear L---

I've let your last letter sit on my desk for number of months now trying to decide whether to answer it or not. At first its tone distressed me—still does in fact—and I

was both too hurt and too angry to write. I felt that if what your letter reflected was all you saw in my attempt to communicate my deepest self to you then perhaps meaningful communication between us was impossible.

Your attempt to reduce the joy and beauty of my experiences of the spirit to “gooseflesh, lymph flow, and cheery eyes” reminds me of a prose summary of *Paradise Lost*—you catch the external signs but none of the grandeur or inner essence.

I have been thinking since receiving your letter as to how I could answer you. Seeing a performance of *King Lear* last night gave me courage to try. I found myself at times weeping for Lear, for mankind’s treacherous and tenuous hold on a world cracking open from within and without. Lear communicates a truth so stark and powerful that I am changed—not alone in gooseflesh, which subsides, or lymph flow, which stops, or cheery eyes, which clear up, but inside (as our friend Emily Dickinson would say, “internal differences/Where the meanings are”), in the *heart*, in the *spirit*. The sad thing is that I know you feel that same way about *Lear* but no longer do about Nephi or Alma or Enoch.

The analogy to *Lear* breaks down, of course, as all analogies do: there is a difference between what I experience at seeing *Lear* and what I experience in reading the fifth chapter of Alma or seventh of Moses. The difference, if I am correct, is that Shakespeare reveals a general truth about the nature of tragedy and the human condition, while the Holy Ghost reveals that which is most meaningful to the human soul—the specific truth of salvation, by which alone we may understand tragedy. That difference is emphasized by Yeats’ lines from “Lapis Lazuli”:

Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages
And all the drop-scenes drop at once
Upon a hundred thousand stages,
It [i.e., tragedy] cannot change by an inch or an ounce.

But in the context of the Christian gospel it *can* change. Not that we escape tragedy ultimately (the burden of that remains even with God), but that it does not necessarily have ultimate effect on our souls.

You call my answers to the problems you raise “easy” and shallow and accuse me of using religion to make it easy for myself to exist intellectually and emotionally. It shows how far you have strayed that you can make such a charge so *easily*. To begin with, it isn’t easy, as I stressed in my first letter. In fact, there is nothing easy about it unless one blindly accepts (or rejects!) everything and escapes to the cloister of one’s mind (or mindlessness as you say). To stay in the Church or out of it mindlessly or spiritlessly is easy, but to stay in and be on the cutting edge where faith and reason contend is damned hard. Enoch didn’t find it easy, Alma found it a harrowing experience and Joseph Smith describes it as exhausting. My own experience confirms this. It is *you* who have taken the easy way out, for by discarding faith and relying solely on intellectualism (you keep asking for “proof” and say that “hard thinking” may “ultimately decide truth”) you have removed yourself from the real conflicts. When you discard and disregard the life of the Spirit as easily as you do you’re no better than those Mormons you criticize for being mindless. Taking such a stand allows you to dismiss the real heart of the gospel experience as “little thrills.” It may be clever, but it is not fair and, I suspect, not really honest.

Nor is it fair to say that the Church is “an easy place for racists to go on being racists, etc.” So is the university, the government, the social club—any place is easy if you choose it to be. But if one attempts to live by gospel precepts and to grow “from light to light,” one cannot escape the responsibility of changing one’s life, of eliminating racism, or fear or lust or what it is that keeps us from a perfect union with Christ.

It amazes me that a scholar of your fairness and objectivity can be so unfair and unobjective when it comes to the Church. When you call the doctrines of the Church trite and the Church itself derivative (“it is an easy and odd-fitting copy of other things”), you reveal that you don’t even *know* the Church or its doctrines. It is an easy thing for such writers as Fawn Brodie to make such charges because they see some similarities and see things in Mormonism that were a product of Joseph Smith’s time, but to call the profound body of truths and concepts he revealed derivative or trite is to admit to almost total ignorance of their character. Where does one find all of those things in the Book of Mormon in American society in 1820? As Marcus Bach said a number of years ago, “No Vermont schoolboy wrote this book, and no Presbyterian preacher tinkered with these pages.”

That one can find elements of Mormonism elsewhere is nothing to the point. What Joseph Smith did with the restoration of truth in framing it into a coherent body of doctrine and a philosophy of life was remarkable. What other religious philosophy fashioned in the cauldron of religious fires in Western New York has endured into the twentieth century with such vitality? Why? Because it is trite? derivative? incoherent?—no, because it is *true*!

The problem, as I see it, is that you want the Church to be in your image (how telling is your last paragraph with the total focus on yourself—“*my own nature, my own interests, my own needs, my own desires, my own fulfillment*”)—to have your values and reflect your visions. And I confess that I find that idea attractive myself, but the Church cannot be that and remain the place where disparate disciples come together for communion. The world has too many churches created in the image of one person and one indication of Joseph Smith’s faithfulness is that he didn’t create the Church of Joseph Smith.

I suspect that what you see in the Church is a reflection of yourself. Like Ahab’s dubloon it mirrors our true selves. Starbuck, Pip, Queequeg, Ahab—all see themselves in it, but the dubloon is always the same—round, pure gold and full of symbols. Whose reality of the white whale do we accept—Ahab’s or Ishmaels? Whose reality of the Church—yours or mine?

While I can understand some of your quarrels with the Church, I can’t accept your total vision of it. Remember, L——, I have never attempted to whitewash the Church. Like you, I also see its weaknesses and limitations (and in fact am a part of them), but unlike you I see its genius, its divinity, its truth—not only see, but experience these things. For example, just this past week I had a marvelous experience with a young woman to whom I have been teaching the gospel for the past several months. She is a very bright and perceptive person, completing a Ph.D. in psychology. Unlike you, she was convinced by the *logic* of Mormonism, but didn’t want to be baptized without having the inner conviction. On this particular night my companion and I both bore our testimonies to her. Suddenly she began to weep; after finally gaining control of herself she testified that she too had received that witness and wished to be baptized. I can’t really express the joy we all felt as we embraced one another and wept together.

It would be easy to explain all this away, I am sure, or to put it down as “little thrills,” but in the center of my being I know that after resisting and doubting and offering all the reasons that psychologists offer to explain away these things, the revelation of the Holy Ghost convinced her that the message of the Restoration was true. Such experiences have happened frequently during the past year since I have been a stake missionary. I have seen countless lives not merely touched but changed, renewed with a new sense of meaning and joy.

But I see the Church working in numerous other ways as well. I see the genius of the Church almost every day—as _____ comes home from MIA with an understanding of faith beyond what I have been able to teach her, as _____ fasts for the first time and learns something about sacrifice, as _____ conducts a family home evening and develops leadership, as I am finally able to activate a family I have been home teaching for months.

You say that “if lives are touched, it proves nothing”; what it does prove is that lives are touched. No one has ever claimed that the Church is the only place that this happens, but you must admit that it does happen here and, I suspect, with a greater frequency and to a greater degree than anywhere else. I am aware that this cannot, as you say, ultimately decide truth for me, but it certainly confirms the truth that I already have. And touched lives prove a lot more than hard thinking about basic ideas.

The fact is, I value hard thinking about basic ideas, and at no point could be accused of coping out intellectually. I still ask the hard questions (of myself, the Church and God) and challenge and examine. I still have doubts and am proud of it, because they are honest doubts. And I still see and speak out against the narrowness, dogmatism, fear, hate and hurt that I see in the Church—because I feel the gospel gives me a moral imperative to do so. And all this makes my life in the Church at times uncomfortable.

Why do I do this? Because I am held umbilically by that skien of revelation that threads itself through my mind and heart. I cannot escape that revelation. It is there and my integrity will not allow me to explain it away or cover it with my sins. I sometimes have wished that I didn’t know, for there is at times an anguish and burden in such knowledge. (As Gerontion says, “After such knowledge, what forgiveness?”) But there is also joy and peace beyond the telling of it.

Such knowledge does not make me feel superior to you; it does make me feel sad that you have lost it. For to partake of the fruit of tree which Father Lehi saw in his vision, that fruit which is most joyous to the soul, is to immediately wish everyone to share in the partaking. That is the consummate experience of our lives, I am convinced, for it is the revelation of God’s love to us.

You might feel insulted that I would want to fast and pray for you, but it is a sincere manifestation of my caring that I wish to do so. I know you have been hurt by the Church, but those wounds can only ultimately be healed in the Church, not out of it. There is a balm in Gilead, L——, and it will help heal those hurts. Please come back and try again.

Your brother,

S——

P.S. I may not be completely out of the darkness, but I *know* what the light is.

Dear S——,

My life is happier now than it has ever been before, and so I don't like having to fight with you any more over the issue of whether I should be in or out of the Church. My new life may look tragic to you (you say you have the Holy Ghost to help you see it that way), but it sure as hell doesn't *feel* tragic. It feels good.

You were always one of my brighter, tougher, happier friends, and so I feel bad if what I have written stings. It was not so intended, and simply proves I don't write with the tone I would like to. I do not wish to be negative about something that is precious to *you*, but only wish to try to assure you that my direction is, *for me*, a good one. I only wish you could *accept* my difference!

There is no use quarreling over who has the tougher life — you, fighting to keep your faith strong, or me, happily lost in a world where nothing is very sure but everything is possible. We both obviously take great pride in working hard at whatever will get us through the night (no doubt the Puritan in us) and thinking hard about whatever might satisfy our minds and hearts (no doubt the academic in us). Religion I find divisive (Jesus: "I come to bring the sword") and so in spite of our mutual sympathies we quarrel.

If I find the Gospel intellectually unsatisfying, it does not mean (as you charge) that I don't know its "profundities" very well. You forget that I have been there for over thirty years and that for a good long stretch of those thirty years read little besides the theology of the Church. And I tell you again: it's thin, man, it's really thin! To be sure, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and many others worked hard to fashion a coherent religion out of thousands of fragments of religion coming down to them from the Christian (and especially the New England) centuries before them, but there is just one flaw in their whole scheme: *they forgot to make it interesting!* That Mormonism survived into the twentieth century does not mean it is true, but only that it was *pushed*. I am surprised that you would try to sell me that tired spiel again when you know yourself it won't work.

You make a good point when you say that the Church is a good place "where disparate disciples [can] come together for communion" — except for that word "disparate." You would be more accurate, it seems to me, if you said it was a place where *sames* commune, where types work hard at becoming stereotypes, where everybody is *everybody*. But I say unto you: viva la difference! I refuse to be God's rubber stamp. I have to be free to dance my own dance.

You are wrong to say I want the Church to be in my own image. I only want my own image to be in my own image. The Church has no room for *me*! Your story about moving the young woman to weep over the Gospel seems to me a little sick; why couldn't you have tried to move her to laugh? Maybe manipulation is really what religion is all about anyway. Dancing is a different kind of life. At least you get to move around a little!

Your pity for a life like mine now lived outside the purview of what you call Revelation is unnecessary. The gesture is grand but really not very satisfying to either of us ultimately. You know me to be a truther very much like yourself and so I would hope for your friendly appreciation rather than your perplexity and condescension. I cannot be converted by mellow arrogance. So you have had a Revelation Of What Is True: a testimony of a testimony of a testimony doesn't say anything. Really anybody can do that!

If you already "*know* what the light is," as you claim, then you eliminate the

need for our friendship: I apparently can't enlighten you on anything unless I agree with you first: our friendship apparently could only diminish the light you have: we apparently have nowhere to go together. Revelation thus kills.

I've gotten too serious on these pages — though not hurt or angry at all, and certainly not self-satisfied. What I really wanted to tell you — and this will have to take the place of a testimony — is that for the first time in my life I feel really alive. Can you beat that?

Best,
L——

Dear L——,

From your last letter it is evident (as I guess it has been all along) that you and I are talking past each other. Our separate world views give us such differing perspectives that it is hard for us to appreciate where the other is. I see you as having abandoned (for whatever reasons I don't really know) the faith of your fathers, as denying the validity of experiences you had as a missionary and later as a bishop, of having thrown over the sacred for the secular. I'm afraid that the river between us is still unbridged — and perhaps unbridgeable. The reason for that as I see it is essentially epistemological — I accept spiritual revelation as a valid way of knowing and you do not. You seem in no frame of mind to consider that the Holy Ghost might reveal truth to us, and, as I said before, I cannot honestly escape the fact that He does. Therefore, I am willing to accept the Church's imperfections and you are not.

I find the Church vital and exciting; you find it uninspired and uninteresting. (Again, Ahab's doubloon.) You find religion divisive; I find it unifying — it is that which compells me to reach toward you in spite of the widening gap between us. Contrary to your assertion, my knowledge of the light does not eliminate the need for our friendship, nor does it mean that you cannot enlighten me. I said I knew what the light was, I didn't say I had all the light. Nor do I feel you diminish my light. Since Christ is the source of that light, only I can diminish it. And withdrawing from those who differ from me would surely do so.

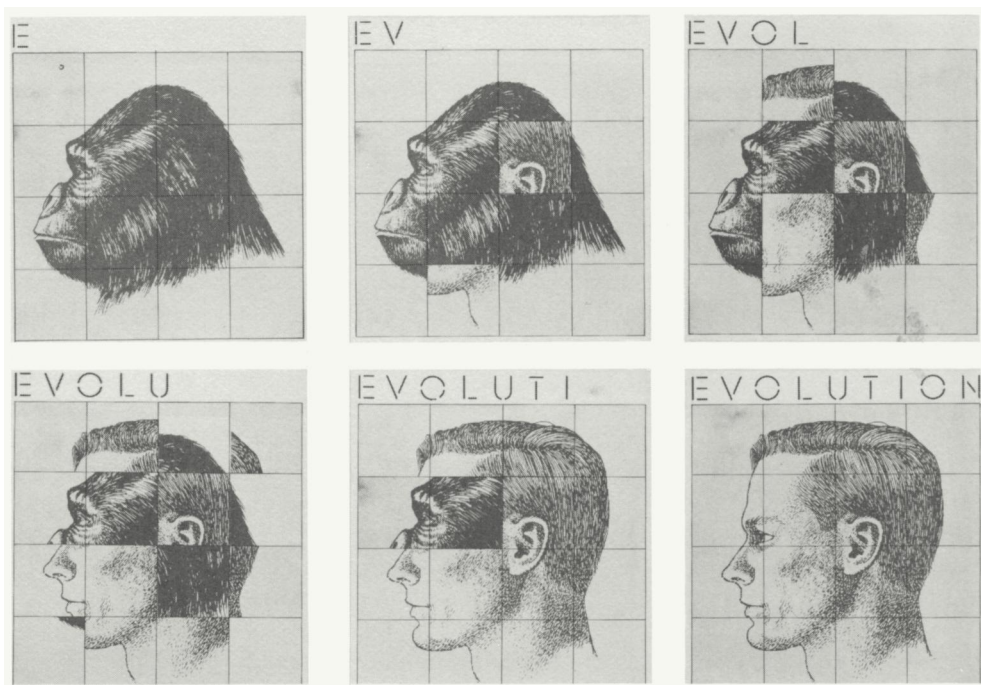
You say that you are alive for the first time and happier than you have ever been before. That may be true, but your letters reveal an anger and bitterness about the Church that seem to belie such happiness. You seem to have an intense need at the present moment to *disbelieve*, to strike out against the Church, to put down those who believe. I am truly sorry for whatever hurt you may have felt that makes you respond so.

It is true that you are free to dance your own dance — that is God's gift to you, although you don't seem to recognize it as such. I too dance my own *danse russe* (and "who shall say I am not/the happy genius of my own household?"), but I also dance before the Lord and clap my hands and make a joyful noise unto Him, because Christ is truly the Lord of the Dance.

I follow Christ and dance with Him because, in Alma's words, I have "felt to sing the song of redeeming love." It is because of that song in my heart that I remain concerned about you. That concern is rooted, not as you suggest in feelings of condescension or arrogance, but in the deepest feelings of brotherhood.

When you are ready to talk again, I'll be listening.

S——



Seers, Savants and Evolution: A Continuing Dialogue

STEPHEN & KATHY SNOW
DOW WOODWARD
NORMAN L. EATONGH
DUANE E. JEFFREY

Duane E. Jeffrey's article in the Science and Religion issue of Dialogue, "Seers, Savants and Evolution: The Uncomfortable Interface," has provoked a good deal of response, a response that suggests that in some ways the interface is indeed uncomfortable. While some responses have been published in the "Letters to the Editor" section of the past two issues, we have reserved space here for three more substantial reactions to Jeffrey's article—by Stephen and Kathy Snow, Dow Woodward and Norman L. Eatough—and for Jeffrey's response to the issues they raise. Dialogue feels that such exchanges are part of the continual "sifting and winnowing" by which we can, along with other processes, find the truth. We welcome other readers to participate in the dialogue.

Duane Jeffrey is to be thanked for his article, "Seers, Savants and Evolution: The Uncomfortable Interface." It is an excellent summary of the history of thought on evolution in the Church. To illustrate its power, it made us very carefully reconsider our own anti-evolution bias and again perceive evolution as a possibility. However, as he himself stated, "For statements on Church doctrine, we are traditionally referred to the four Standard Works," and it is perhaps unfortunate that he limited himself to official and semi-official statements of this dispensation and did not deal with certain of the scriptural references which are often used to refute evolution. We, for instance, would have loved to know how B. H. Roberts explained 2 Nephi 2:22-23 in defending pre-Adamites. We have yet to hear a convincing pro-evolution discussion which takes the scriptures into account instead of laying them aside until all the evidence is in. It is not until a scientist makes such a convincing case that those for whom the scriptures take precedence when conflicts arise will be persuaded. (Hopefully we will not have to wait for the publication of Roberts' treatise.) Until such time, members on either side of the controversy should be willing to accept the fact that those who believe in evolution can still be valiant members of the Church and that those who do not now believe in it are not intellectually blighted.

After the sophisticated view of science in Richard F. Haglund Jr.'s "Science and Religion: A Symbiosis," Jeffrey's somewhat simplistic view of science was rather surprising. Compare Haglund's skepticism of scientific "truth": "In the final analysis, it is apparently the metaphysical incompleteness of physics which prevents the erection of a comprehensive, self-consistent model of the universe. And this should make us skeptical of claims for both comprehensiveness and logical consistency in any other science, because physics deals with the simplest models and has the most formal mathematical structure of all the sciences," with Jeffrey's "anyone who chooses to ignore the subject [of evolutionary processes] surely jeopardizes the development of an accurate view of the world around him." We would not advocate that one ignore evolution, but Jeffrey does seem to exhibit the tendency common among biologists to make science into Reality where physicists (as Haglund also demonstrates) have given up the attempt.

It is true that some evolutionary processes do occur; no one has ever denied that to our knowledge. The question lies indeed in the extent to which they have operated in the history of the world. Evolutionists would have us believe that this admittedly well-documented and widely-accepted theory *is* the way things *were*. What is too often forgotten is that a theory inevitably determines the types of questions which are asked and therefore the kinds of evidence collected. As Thomas Kuhn puts it in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*: "Those [phenomena] that will not fit the box are often not seen at all." The First Presidency, as Jeffrey fully documents, has been more circumspect than either side in the present conflict in admitting evolution as one of the possibilities of creation. Perhaps we should not even discount Orson Pratt's literal reading of the scriptural accounts of special creation as lightly as has been customary. After all, if "cloning" (replication of an individual from a somatic cell) is now possible for men, why could God not perform some similar operation to produce Adam, then Eve from his rib (!) then breathing into them "the breath of life," the part scientists have not yet managed?

This adds another mechanism to the three the First Presidency outlines: evolution, transplantation or procreation. Whichever of these was actually used, however, no one need settle on any single one of the four to see God working rationally through laws. Jeffrey cites the personal experience of many who found

that belief in evolution can produce "a deepening of religious sentiment and spirituality due to the recognition that God is a God of law, of order, of rational behavior, rather than a diety of mystery, of transcendent and capricious whims." This has been one of the standard ploys of pro-evolutionists who accuse non-believers of postulating a capricious or whimsical God. Any of these four mechanisms would be in perfect accord with law and be in no way arbitrary. In fact, we might do well to leave the door open for other possibilities. We cannot limit God to the laws *we know*.

Wherever the Truth lies, Jeffrey's article is a start on the right path. He has finally laid aside the polemic which has characterized virtually all writing on evolution in the Church, although his bias is immediately clear and could be offensive to some. Perhaps we can finally sit down to a dialogue.

STEPHEN & KATHY SNOW
Pfullendorf, West Germany

I would like to make some observations about some of the comments made by participants in your special Science and Religion issue. Much of what was stated in the major article by Duane Jeffrey is reasonable and would be difficult to dispute; I enjoyed the article. However, it doesn't go far enough and it comes across as if he were an apologist for the Church. He speaks of the many religionists who have had opinions about science and religion without any knowledge of modern science; hence they develop arguments and provide insights that are based on limited information and are reminiscent of the polemics of Darwin's era. The question I am raising is why rationalize current knowledge and facts of genetics and evolution with either ancient scripture or what early leaders of the Church thought about the subject? It is obvious that neither group thought profoundly about the subject in terms of current knowledge. To take a scientific subject that is understood to a large degree on the basis of insights possible only in the last fifty years and compare it with statements of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young or the Bible on the same subject matter, treated in vague terms at best, seems patently absurd to me. There is no reason to believe that these men should have understood the biological nature of man. We can point to non-religionists of the same eras who made similarly vague but generally "in the right direction" statements on the subject. By the same token we can find many statements by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young on the subject of science—biology—evolution—the nature of man—that on the basis of current knowledge are as misguided as the quoted comments appear to be perceptive.

What ancient or modern religionists thought about science is a matter of historical and/or esthetic interest—yet the majority of the members of the Church use this as their sole source of information about science—biology—evolution. Having only conversed with Duane Jeffrey on one occasion, my guess is that his true feelings are grossly toned down, but regardless of how he thinks, my own feeling is that some of the "known" biology needs to be said much more forcefully and documented by data much more completely.

After all, more has been learned about the biology of man in the last twenty years than in all the previous history of man. It is now known the form in which genetic information is stored and how it is dispensed. The mechanism of mutation is well understood as well as the way these molecular mechanisms are translated into the phenotypes we observe. The mechanism of genetic disease is understood and can be controlled in many cases. The technology of transmitting genes from one species to

a different species is now possible—genetic engineering is no longer science fiction but a reality if man only knew an intelligent way to use it. The molecular mechanisms necessary to explain the process of evolution are known. How with all this detailed information can one be preoccupied with what anyone prior to 50 years ago said about the subject? How many times in the history of man will it be necessary to demonstrate that religionists have never had any meaningful insight into the biological nature of man and that whenever this has become blatantly obvious, some of them simply change their stance a little to compensate and promptly restate their authoritarian position as dogmatically as before, knowing once again, they presume, more than anyone else about the subject. (“Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction,” Pascal.) (“Some people are more sure of what they think than others are of what they know” Descarte.) Henry Eyring stated it well in his typically pleasant underplayed, low-keyed tone describing his conversation with Joseph Fielding Smith, “I have read your books and know your point of view and understand that is how it looks to you. It just looks a little different to me.”

In his discussion of “spirit” or vital force Jeffrey simply states the rather official position of the Church regarding that doctrine without any evaluation of that position. There are certainly valid logical grounds for criticism of the generally accepted position that all forms of life have a spirit in the same sense that man has a spirit. The doctrine on the one hand would have us believe that we are sons and daughters of God in a spiritual sense, i.e., our spirits are the spirit children of God and in that sense he is our Father. It would have us believe that having spirit children is a lofty position granted only to a small group who obtain exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom. All others including some very good people will not have the power of spiritual increase. These spirit children of God and his wife (?) we are led to believe are analogous to ourselves and our relationship to our mortal parents. Yet we are asked to believe that mosquitos have a spirit in the same sense—i.e., that God created it—or perhaps the closer analogy would be a mosquito God who creates it. If it is “our” God who created our spirits by “eternal increase” then does it not seem strange that our spiritual parents would be giving birth to mosquitos as well—not to mention rabbits, kangaroos and penguins? Does it not also seem strange that now that man can create life (defined by a self-replicating biological system) in a test tube or clone a frog from a single somatic cell or produce mutants artificially that do not morphologically resemble any already existing form of life—that these new creatures, that are to some degree man’s handywork, would have or need “spirit”? Is there a ready made spirit waiting for any sort of theoretical organism that man chooses to produce by mutational or genetic manipulations?

Perhaps spirit means what Brigham Young speaks of when he says the earth has a spirit—a spiritual creation. This can be interpreted to mean that the spiritual creation represents God’s preknowledge of existence rather than that a tangible spirit substance exists. But now I fall into the trap of trying to explain statements that may have no meaning at all in the context of current knowledge. If I create a self-replicating virus by enzymatic or organic synthesis of the DNA, my knowledge of the properties and behavior of that DNA in the environment of a host cell—i.e., that it will replicate and produce many new viruses from it—does not suggest in any way the need for spiritual substance to sustain that replicative biological system. So what I am really saying is that if Brigham Young had nothing terribly perceptive (compared to modern knowledge) to say about evolution and biology as we now

understand it, why would we expect him to know any more about the things we still don't understand? Simply because science has nothing yet to say? This is a deception that has been used for centuries—to speak authoritatively about the things that no one understands, implying that somehow God gave you insight that no one else has. If no one can prove you wrong, there is very little risk in dogmatic speculation. Translated into what happens in science itself, the subjects least well experimentally unraveled produce the most emotional dogmatic defenses.

Although I have not understood the rationale behind the idea of interviews with anonymous scientists I would like to speak to a point or two from the comments of the biological scientist. He talks about God releasing or holding back information from us as if nothing we do has any influence on how much we know or can learn. He makes it sound almost as deleterious and sterile as our educational systems that brainwash us into thinking that we can't learn unless we take a class and have an authority figure lecture to us on the subject. But he goes on to explain that the reason God withheld information in earlier times was "that they couldn't handle it." Is he by any chance trying to tell us that we have since then learned how to handle it? We certainly know how to use it to wage war, to exploit and deplete the world's resources, to pollute the air and water, to use it to support theological arguments when it helps our cause and to discard it when it doesn't, or revert to Aristotelian science when we can't cope with the reality of what is known today. So when he says, "If we are not supposed to know how to do this, we are not going to learn it," I say, "I'm not surprised that you want to remain anonymous." It is hard for me to visualize what coping less would mean. We have overpopulated the planet—many starve, others suffer from overpopulation in other ways. We develop capitalistic enterprises based on the concept of greed rather than united order type enterprises in which loss of ownership leaves no place for greed. We develop class structure—elitism—in which a privileged few enjoy the bulk of the resources at the expense of those who are exploited. The people within the Church do everything possible to chase away anyone who learns to think independently and only an occasional Henry Eyring type is able to stay with it, presumably because he has enough self-confidence and understanding of the authoritarian regimentation toward conformity that he can say, "Isn't it interesting that we think and interpret differently?" and is not threatened by it. If God will allow us to get ourselves in the mess we find ourselves in today, why would he want to stop us from learning anything we are capable of learning?

My major point is that in so much discussion about the subject science and religion, why is there such a paucity of science—and the little bit that is mentioned is ancient history?

If the readers of *Dialogue* really want to understand the interface between biology and religion, they ought to be exposed to the realities of some of the relevant biology (I'm assuming that they know most of the relevant religion). For example, to trace the evolution of the structure of a protein such as cytochrome c or hemoglobin gives a perspective about the process of evolution, as well as the reality of it that can never be approached by trite polemics and quotations from men who didn't know the difference between a protein and a jellyfish. Is the idea of *Dialogue* participants to really lay it out and see it as it is or to continue to be apologists for the Church as well as for past Church leaders?

DOW WOODWARD
Stanford, California

One of my pet peeves in the Church is the incessant willingness of some Mormons to change facts and adulterate history to serve current beliefs and practices. It is most distressing to see a competent scientist like Duane Jeffrey adopt these tactics. His willingness to compromise Church history to reach a conclusion that the Church has not taken a stand against his pet scientific dogma has an all too familiar tone. Readers of *Dialogue* were entitled to more than a selected rehash of quotes on creation and evolution to reach the dubious conclusion that no stand has been taken.

Jeffrey follows familiar biological orthodoxy in affirming his belief in evolution by natural selection based on a few isolated "proofs." The tiresome ploy of equating obvious and uncontested changes within "kinds" to "affirmative resolution" of the generalized theory of evolution by natural selection has been used for years. Evolution involves an increase in information content of DNA, but natural selection involves only the elimination of error or modification of information.

Evolutionists are still arguing the merits of natural selection versus genetic drift or random walk mechanisms. Biomolecular evolution is still speculation but it necessarily forms the "genesis" of evolution by natural selection. It is misleading to imply that evolution by natural selection has "long since been resolved affirmatively." "The truth," said Aristotle, "is like a barn door—nobody who throws at it can miss it entirely, but nobody can hit it all at once."

Mormonism is unique among religions in its head-on collision with the theory of evolution by natural selection. We cannot get off as easily as other religions by just reinterpreting or discarding Genesis 1 & 2. We also have modern revelation on the subject. After all, Joseph Smith revised Genesis and pronounced it correct without changing the creation account. He repeated the same account in Abraham, in Moses, and in the temple ceremony. This story of the creation is basic to our Plan of Salvation and irreconcilable with the theory of evolution by natural selection.

As with all Mormon apologists, Jeffrey has swept the basic questions under the rug in a deluge of half-truths and even admits selecting references which reinforce his thesis that there is no Church position on evolution. His display of circular reasoning is better than most. After quoting passages from nearly every Church president supporting the Genesis creation theory, including the 1909 official proclamation by President Smith and the 1925 reiteration by President Grant, he concludes the Church has taken no official position on evolution. When unable to support his conclusions with evidence he resorts to the unprofessional presentation of secret sources which cannot be revealed (reference 54).

Why are we afraid to attack the real issues? I saw no attempt to deal with the problem of fitting the spiritual creation into the evolutionary sequence. Did spirits evolve like flesh according to natural selection? Did spiritual evolution take place before or contemporary with mortal life? Was the spiritual creation engineered according to the natural selection needs of a telestial environment? Or, are we to discard the concept of the spiritual creation along with Genesis 1 & 2?

Joseph Smith said, "We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression." The Plan of Salvation is built around the concept of the Fall. Lehi and Alma teach there was no death before the fall, but evolution by natural selection is based on a long history of life and death before the first man. According to Brigham Young the fall of Adam and the process of death are intimately mingled. Evolution by natural selection would have us reinterpret the Fall, but without the Fall, as Joseph Fielding Smith points out, the atonement was un-

necessary; so the missions of Adam and Christ are inseparable. If there was no fall there was no need for an atonement and therefore no need for Christ—and where does that leave Christianity? If evolution as Jeffrey describes it is real, there is need for a drastic reinterpretation of the Plan of Salvation as we now know it. Basic principles of the gospel and evolution by natural selection are incompatible. It is misleading to infer otherwise as Jeffrey does.

The evolutionistic reinterpretation of Genesis 1 & 2 might be acceptable if that were the only record. However, when the same account is repeated in the modern scriptures of Moses and Abraham, upheld by the Doctrine and Covenants and the temple ceremony with literal interpretations supported by every President of the Church—to say no stand has been taken is incorrect. To imply that God used the process of evolution by natural selection as His method of creation without considering the implications is superficial. This makes God a liar, taking credit for things He did not do. Man is left devoid of a divine origin, no longer the offspring of God. Scientists who think God started with a one-celled animal or a strand of DNA or amino acids and let it evolve by natural selection into a being of His likeness postulate natural selection with a predestined end product. This leaves probability out of the process and strikes at the very foundation of the theory.

I read with amusement Jeffrey's statement, "We assert immediately that, among mortals, only the President of the Church can articulate a Church position—on anything." This has interesting implications since Brigham Young successfully "articulated" the position of Church president at a time when we had no president and no "articulation" should have been possible. Somewhat of a paradox I would say. I'll bet Sidney Rigdon and Joseph's sons would have been interested in Jeffrey's hypothesis.

Let's take a closer look at what the Church presidents have said about the method of creation. In addition to the modern scriptural accounts reinforcing the Genesis story, Joseph Smith said, "For it is a decree of the Lord that every tree, plant and herb bearing seed should bring forth of its kind, and cannot come forth after any other law or principle" (*DHC*, 4:555). Jeffrey does not accept this as a position statement because the word "specie" is not used. Seems like biologists who cannot agree among themselves as to what constitutes a specie should be the last to criticize the use of "kind" by the uneducated before 1859. In 1860 Brigham Young took care of this objection when he stated, "Every species is true to its kind." Jeffrey still doesn't accept this as nonevolutionary, inferring Brigham is ambiguous in his meaning of "species," but reading the statement in context shows Young was emphatic in what he meant—species (*JD*, 8:30).

John Taylor left no doubt about his position on evolution. In *Mediation and Atonement*, published while he was president, he stated, in a quote omitted from Jeffrey's article, "These principles do not change, as represented by evolutionists of the Darwinian school, but the primitive organisms of all living beings exist in the same form as when they first received their impress from their Maker. . . . It would be impossible to take the tissue of the lower, or, indeed, of any order of fishes, and make of them an ox, a bird, or a man . . ." (p. 164). President Taylor goes on to warn against interpreting limited changes within the species to imply general evolution, totally refuting the argument Jeffrey is attempting to make. No wonder Jeffrey did not include this quote. It would be like saying the sun does not shine while looking at it to interpret this other than a decisive denunciation of Darwinian evolution.

Wilford Woodruff seems to be talking directly to Jeffrey when he states, "Infidelity prevails throughout the world; very few, either priests or people, believe in a literal fulfilment of the Bible. They have a theory, but as to believing in a real fulfilment of prophecy, or that the Lord meant what he said and said what he meant, that is out of the question—very few believe it" (*Journal History*, Jan. 1, 1871). Lorenzo Snow was the only Presidential advocate of evolution. His "As man is, God once was, and as God is, man may become" is certainly evolutionary, but it is a process of celestial selection not natural selection.

Under the presidency of Joseph F. Smith the official proclamation of November 1909 was issued. The heart of the proclamation states, "It is held by some that Adam was not the first man upon this earth, and that the original human being was a development from lower orders of the animal creation. These, however, are the theories of men. The word of the Lord declares that Adam was 'the first man of all men' (Moses 1:34) and we are therefore duty bound to regard him as the primal parent of our race." Jeffrey wonders, "Did the article really constitute an authoritative pronouncement against evolution as a possibility for the origin of man's body?" In 1925 Heber J. Grant reiterated the 1909 proclamation (*Era*, 28:1090).

The views of Joseph Fielding Smith should be enough to convince anyone that a president of the Church has articulated a position against evolution. His book *Man, His Origin and Destiny* contains over 500 pages dedicated to showing evolution as "the doctrine of the devil." In spite of Jeffrey's alleged controversy between Talmage and Smith over the book, David O. McKay certainly did not refute the work and it is well recognized that Smith stood his ground after becoming President.

Even biologists agree repetition is the key to truth, but how often does revelation have to be repeated to be true? How many Church presidents have to condemn evolution before it becomes a Church position? There are none so blind as those who will not see. The Church position is unmistakable: evolution is not acceptable and the reasons have been stated. This position and the facts of evolution (not necessarily the theory of natural selection) are incompatible and irreconcilable. This is, indeed, a problem. Too bad Jeffrey was not willing to face it. Jeffrey's conclusion that "the critical message is not what method was used in creation, but that God was responsible for creation" shows a naive disregard for the serious implications of evolution for the validity of the Plan of Salvation. Apologists like Jeffrey who would sweep problems under the rug by asserting the Church has not spoken and pretend no problem exists only delay the inevitable results. We cannot remain like an ostrich with its head in the sand. The rift is too deep and basic to ignore. As Joseph Fielding Smith prophetically said, "There is a conflict existing between revealed truth coming from the Lord to his chosen servants and the false doctrines advocated by men of science. There is also a conflict between false religion and truth revealed through scientific investigation. The time will come when nothing will remain except truth" (*Man, His Origin and Destiny*, p.1). Science marches on, and if evolutionists can get their story together into a unified theory the truth will be obvious, but even then the Church will go on undisturbed. Mormons have shown they will believe what they want to believe regardless of the facts.

NORMAN L. EATOUGH
San Luis Obispo, California

Duane E. Jeffrey responds

It is at once evident, I think, that my article ("Seers, Savants, and Evolution . . .," hereinafter "SSE") was introductory only; no attempt whatever was made at formal synthesis of evolution and religion. Nor will it be made for some time (at least by me; others have manuscripts already finished). First must come a staking-out of boundaries of inquiry, and those boundaries are far less fixed than what we have traditionally been led to believe. We will do well to explore them very closely before we venture further. This response, however, attempts primarily to outline some of the areas which must eventually be traversed.

I shall try to distill out the points raised in the three preceding letters, and respond to them under specific collective headings. Unfortunately, this format loses some individuality but seems unavoidably appropriate under the circumstances.

Selection and Use of Source Materials.

As charged by Mr. Eatough, I did indeed "select" my sources. My "selection" was to take everything I could find of a direct nature that came from members of the First Presidency. I pointed out ("SSE," pp. 42-43) the reasons therefor, which should be obvious. But of the authoritative First Presidency statements, it is Eatough, not I, who is "selecting." For example, Mr. Eatough elevates the 1909 statement (and his assessment thereof) to the status of eternal truth—choosing to ignore the 1910 editorial, the 1911 editorials, and the 1931 pronouncement. What do these mean, if he is correct? Further, he asserts that the 1925 statement by Heber J. Grant *et al.* reiterates that of 1909. As pointed out in my article (p.63) the Grant administration excerpted directly from the 1909 statement right up to Mr. Eatough's "heart of the proclamation"—and then conspicuously skipped it! Why, if his position is correct? Can Mr. Eatough give us a cogent, rational, and honorable explanation for *all* these actions and statements, if his hypothesis is correct? Rather, his interpretation would appear to make the brethren guilty of duplicity. I have proposed an interpretation that fits the available collection of data; Mr. Eatough's—though not extensively developed—finds consistency only by ignoring most of it, as has been done by others for years. Further, the historical review developed in the article indicates that Mormonism has maintained, albeit with difficulty, a position from which to develop the synthesis of truth so long given lip service. Mr. Eatough's position would stifle all that, and lead us directly into the 19th-Century Christian traditions that have been known for decades to be so wanting and impotent.

If, as charged, my article is a "rehash," can it be pointed out where any of the 1910-and-following items have been quoted or even acknowledged in any other general publication since their original expression? The pre-1910 materials may be a bit of a rehash (though they were for the first time put into historical context), but the remainder, the critical material, is a resurrection of information long ignored or slighted.

Scriptural Analysis and Prophetic Commentary.

The Snows, in asking for a more thorough discussion of scripture, and Eatough in criticizing me for not affirming a literal interpretation thereof, hit upon topics of critical importance. Especially so because most aspects thereof are badly (and often deliberately) abused in our general Church communication. I speak of two tightly interwoven subjects; scriptural interpretation, and reliability and interpretation of discourse by latter-day prophets.

I think any honest person must admit that the creation scriptures, and many

others, *have* to be “interpreted”; their literal reading does not even begin to tell a coherent and internally consistent story. I do not set myself up as an assertive and definitive interpreter of scripture, and a review of the interpretations offered by LDS authorities over the years would be far too voluminous for an article like either “SSE” or this present discussion. For example, one should try sometime to distill from our prophetic commentary which scriptures refer to a physical creation and which to a spiritual.

The problem here is a two-fold one. First, zeal in preaching has produced a tendency to leap too quickly in scriptural interpretations, to define them too tightly and defend them too hotly. Secondly, there exists throughout the Church structure, from persons in high and low authority (and from authors and spokesmen, with no particular authority), a teaching to the effect that “the brethern never err,” certainly not on anything “of significance.” Over the years, this tendency and doctrine have cost us dearly; the doctrine is totally unsustainable. On all of the above issues (and many others), no matter which interpretation one may accept, one is forced to reject at least *some* teachings of *some* prophets. The pain in that process stems purely from the erroneous doctrine of prophetic infallibility. Even Joseph Smith, whom we traditionally view as closest of all in his intimacy with God, openly rejected the idea. Others of his successors have done likewise (cf. “SSE,” fn. 6). We must internalize the validity of that rejection; the doctrine of prophetic infallibility is foreign to Mormonism.

Quoting general authorities, then, on either their own statements or on specific interpretations of scripture, is by itself not fully meaningful unless carefully placed in the context of their specific times, concerns, and experiences, and with all other available related statements and data for the time.

Further, as students of critical gospel subjects, we must become better versed on the processes by which such interpretations are made and how they become ingrained in our “theology.” The Snows are correct in pointing out that a simplistic view of science will not be successful, and I think they will agree that an overly simplistic view of religion is equally dangerous. In-depth studies of all the above passages and topics (and others) are needed. Only when such studies are made and the findings recognized can we move with legitimacy to the more derived issues. Such analyses will take courage; our literature both published and otherwise is sprinkled with unfortunate incidents regarding persons who tried to call our attention to such problems. Consequently, most attempts lie mouldering on university thesis shelves or in private filing cabinets. But the studies must be made and publicized, for until we can honestly face our past, we cannot hone our tools with which to effectually face the challenge of our future.

I hope it is obvious that I am not suggesting that we disregard either scripture or prophetic commentary—I am instead pleading for incisive, analytical, and in-depth study thereof, for only thereby can the really legitimate material be identified and applied. But let us discontinue the practice of doing injustice and dishonor by forcing such sources to sustain meanings beyond their capacity; their vitality and message must not be further compromised by the exploitative treatment they have so often suffered. And, to acknowledge the direct question, I shall have to delay an answer as to how B. H. Roberts used II Nephi 2:22-23. I reiterate (as in “SSE,” fn. 86), that one must not infer that Roberts’ text is an argument for organic evolution *per se*; the situation is far more complex than that. I must here suffice with the observation that formal arrangements were made some time ago, with other

authors, for a fitting announcement of the Roberts' manuscript to the Church proper; it will be available for qualified study.

A "Church Stand" on Evolution.

Mr. Eatough asserts that I reach a "dubious conclusion" that the Church has no stand on evolution. I am faulted for the "unprofessional presentation of secret sources." It may be that Mr. Eatough is trying to "smoke out" such references, and I would not blame him at all if this is the case. I sincerely, almost despairingly, wish that they could be made public, but I am under obligation to say no more than I have said on that particular point. No professional who has ever done in-depth research in Mormonism will need any further explanation; my dilemma is an all-too-common one. Accepting such is just part of the price of research in many fields.

The charge applies most strongly to fn. 54 in "SSE." The same problem concerns fn. 95. Here, however, the situation is a bit less sensitive and I shall—albeit hesitantly—attempt to partly indulge Mr. Eatough's curiosity. Fn. 95, and the words in quotes regarding it in the text, p. 67, should have been ample warning that I am not just bluffing. I *can* support my "dubious conclusion." I refer first to documents from the administration of President McKay, during which Joseph Fielding Smith's book *Man, His Origin and Destiny* was published, and the entire question of science and religion came to its highest recent head. (There are enough of these responses, amazingly alike and often even verbatim in many critical phrases and paragraphs, that no individual person need conclude that he can identify any particular statement as being uniquely from *his* letter, etc. I am concerned lest erroneous identifications be made.)

First, from an interview conducted with President McKay by persons meticulous for detail, and recorded immediately afterward, quoting the President: "We do not know enough of the facts to take a definite position on evolution, but the concept is certainly not incompatible with faith. After all, the process of creation is going on continuously." Again, regarding *Man His Origin and Destiny*, "President McKay said that the book has *not* been approved by the Church; we are authorized to quote him on that. The work represents the opinions of one man on the Scriptures. Brother Smith's views have long been known. Striking the desk for emphasis, President McKay repeated that the book is *not* the authoritative position of the Church." From letters asking precisely if Brother Smith's book represented a Church view or position: "... this book [*Man . . .*] is not an approved publication of the Church. The author alone is responsible for the theories therein expressed." Again, "... the book . . . [*Man . . .*] expresses the views of the author, for which he assumes full responsibility. The book was not published, approved, or authorized by the Church. . . ."

On occasion the inquirer was sent the 1909 statement as representing "... the position of the Church upon the subject of the origin of man" but specifically warned that "... the Church has made no official statement on the subject of evolution," thus evidencing recognition of a clean distinction between the two subjects which is often lost. The responses repeatedly avowed that the Church has not taken a position, and often the 1931 Talmage paper, as published by the Church, was included. These statements, together with the First Presidency editorials and materials discussed in "SSE," make it clear that no official position exists.

Let me not be misunderstood. The letters do *not* promulgate evolution. They point out that revelation is the ultimate source of truth, though openly averring that revelation has not given answer to the issue (see the 1910 editorial, "SSE," p. 61,

among others, for an early expression of that same concept, and from the same administration, Joseph F. Smith's, which Mr. Eatough claims had previously and unequivocally settled the matter). The letters (and other data) indicate that the entire subject of evolution is unresolved; that it is a subject of continuing modification in academic circles; that it is not feasible for the First Presidency to make public statements which would be applicable to future developments as well as current positions (a point that directly relates to our earlier remarks about keeping things in their historical context); that until either revelation or science can resolve the problem with absoluteness no statement will be made, and that conflicts should be dealt with by "suspending judgment" for as long as necessary until the complete truth is obtained. If my conclusion is indeed dubious, I'm afraid it must be argued with a President of the Church, not with me. Nor is President McKay alone; similar responses on the evolution issue were made by succeeding administrations. But I have given enough already to make the point. The record reveals that the problem is an uncomfortable one; it is also unresolved.

Incidentally, while on the subject of *Man His Origin and Destiny*, my article nowhere even intimates, as I am charged, of a Talmage-Smith controversy over the book. Indeed, p. 65 clearly states that the book was not even written until after Talmage's death. If the sentence somehow refers to the Roberts/Smith altercation which occurred before the book was ever written, how can that be said to apply to the book, or called "alleged," since one has to ignore (among many other available documents) a seven-page statement by the First Presidency on the matter!

Evolution and the Atonement.

Mr. Eatough represents that evolution (he does not qualify it; it appears that he means *any* form of it, fully-theistic or otherwise) negates the atonement. I have heard this assertion many times over the years; but for the first time I can now openly query the writer: *why*? Please reflect very carefully on what the atonement is and does, and then tell me why. But I serve warning in advance: the usual arguments given in LDS literature are not firmly based. Be very *very* careful of your steps; that originally solid-looking footing turns rapidly to a morass of quicksand.

"Fixity" of Species.

I must confess to a certain admiration for Mr. Eatough's bravery in being so sure just what evolution is, what biologists agree on, what conclusions necessarily follow from specific propositions, etc. Especially is he brave since he is venturing well beyond his expertise, a point unmistakably flagged for everyone by his consistent use of the word "specie." Whatever the term may mean elsewhere, it has no position whatever in the vocabulary of biology, where it serves only to trip up those who are speaking without really having done their homework. The biological term is *species*, both singular and plural, and even Brigham Young used it correctly, though Mr. Eatough did not copy his quote thereon accurately enough to show that. And while we're on the subject, can anyone really explain, in meaningful biological terms, just what the Brigham Young quote does mean? Is it "species true to *species*," or "species true to *kind*, i.e., family or order or something at that general level?" The differences are profound.

Mr. Eatough apparently insists on a fixity of species, and cites John Taylor to forever resolve the question. In his haste to demonstrate his own respect for President Taylor, Eatough seems not to realize that it is out of similar respect that I did not play that quote more heavily than I did. For, despite Eatough's implications, I

did recognize Pres. Taylor's position as articulated in *Mediation and Atonement* (cf. "SSE," p. 58), and gave a more complete reference to it than Eatough does ("SSE," fn. 61)—but why set the President up just to knock him down? ("SSE," fn. 6 again.) The fact is that species *do* change, and it is not a question that is dependent on what any particular person says about it. As President Taylor put it in the excellent quotes with which "SSE" closes, let us "probe things to the bottom"; I am sure he would glory in the exercise.

Species change. Even most of the ardent modern anti-evolutionists admit that fact. Indeed, some of them now go so far as to claim that they have been insisting so all along! It is a very popular argument of current anti-evolutionary Christian writers to acknowledge that species change, "but *that* is not really evolution"! We shan't debate that point here; the present question being forced upon me is simply: do species change? As stated, the answer is yes! There are hundreds or even thousands of examples, which are convincing by their sheer mass even if one is not quite convinced in individual cases (the time-factor associated with the necessary observations in nature complicates *some* cases). There are many cases that are unequivocal, and obviously only one is necessary to establish the point. The simplest (though by no means the only) demonstration probably rests with allopolyploidy. This is a system whereby very rare and sterile hybrids between two different species (or even genera) undergo a doubling of chromosome number which gives them total fertility with themselves but sterility with the original parents, and often very different form etc., therefrom as well. This process is a common one both in the laboratory and in nature—many examples are known. And when one finds two putative parent species in nature with an apparent derived polyploid species, takes the proposed parental ones into the greenhouse, artificially induces a polyploid hybrid which is indistinguishable from, and totally fertile with the putative derived species in nature (thus duplicating a natural process), one has got something more than just a hunch that the process works! Are these really species, reliably? Yes they are; I know of no person well-versed in the phenomenon who would even think of arguing otherwise, not even anti-evolutionist geneticists.

A classic exercise in this regard is to take *any* non-circular definition of species one can contrive, which can be practicably applied to living things—and one will find numerous examples that transgress the definitions. By any testable definition ever proposed, species are observed to change! (The one definition whose challenge cannot be breached, of course, is the circular one: a species is that bounded unit in biology whose limits cannot change or be transcended. Some readers may wish to pursue that one; it has interesting implications). An example of polyploidy, before we leave it? The first one done artificially, though not necessarily the best, is *Raphanobrassica*, a species produced from a forced hybrid between radish and cabbage. It has been with us now since 1928, and there are myriads more known; evidence indicates that over one-third of the flowering plants and more than two-thirds of the grasses are polyploids, even polyploids of polyploids! Readers who wish to pursue such subjects further should consult *Chromosomal Evolution in Higher Plants*, by G. L. Stebbins (1971), or *Animal Cytology and Evolution*, by M. J. D. White (1973), though many other fine documentaries exist as well.

Species *do* change. That question *has* been "affirmatively resolved"—and that is *all* for which I claimed affirmative resolution. Please re-read p. 41 of my article; it can hardly be more clear. The significance of species change for the *rest* of evolutionary thought can still be discussed, but the fact is that species change is demonstrated. Being demonstrable, we should accept the demonstration "with joy"

(First Presidency). Being the active intellect that he was, I suspect that John Taylor would rejoice in it.

Adaptation, Design, and Attributes of Nature's Creative Deity.

The Snows make a critical point in relation to my comments regarding capriciousness in the characteristics sometimes attributed to Deity. I did not mean to use this as a "ploy"; I am sorry if the statement lends itself to that interpretation. But I do mean, definitely, what I said. I speak, of course, from the backgrounds within which I have studied and teach. Unfortunately (and here I must gently correct the Snows) there *are* people, and they are not at all rare, who *do* deny that *any* form of evolutionary processes occur, who sincerely feel that if they admit the validity of even one tiny piece of evolutionary biology, they will have permitted into their religious values the tip of a wedge which cannot be stopped and which they view with near horror. (We have Church writings which bolster that belief!) Every semester I meet a number of students who are very uncomfortable with the development of pesticide resistance in mosquitoes, warfarin resistance in rats, etc. Though some person will assert that these incontrovertible developments via mutation and selection have nothing at all to do with real evolution, still these trivialities cause considerable discomfort to many of our people. It is a deeply sincere position. And what do such persons offer as an alternative to explain the incredible adaptation visible in nature? Design—pure, thorough, and simple. As before, I make no attempt to pursue that question in depth (cf. "SSE," p. 44, and fn. 10). The Snows appear cognizant of the limitations of the position, and specifically circumvent it; from their point of reference the word "capricious" is quite probably inapplicable. But I doubt that theirs is the prevailing belief in the Church; even our current Family Home Evening manual comes dangerously close to falling into the trap. For trap it is, and an old one. Indeed, it was right on this issue that Darwin the clergy-candidate got his start on wondering about species—and, interestingly, his response provides an excellent case-example of the very kind of thing Brigham Young was extolling (in his quote, p. 49, fn. 36, "SSE"). Under those intense concepts of design, capriciousness is really a very *mild* word, even an understatement. Sociology and history, for starters, readily establish the point, without even beginning to invoke the detail of biology. It is the posit of intense design that bestows such problems, of course, and it was to that that my remarks were directed. I infer that the Snows find capriciousness in God to be intensely repugnant; I share their disdain. It seems time, then, that we eschew those peripheral doctrines which inescapably confer it on Him. Nature's adhering to a design by a benevolent being may well exist, but the concept seems to be not defensible on the level at which it is so often claimed.

Summary Response to Eatough.

Eatough's proposals have further errors which cannot be left unrecognized. It is not true, for example, that "evolution involves an increase in the information content of DNA," at least not in the sense of his generalization. Among other examples, the whole world of parasites demands that we do better than this. The comments on natural selection and mutation are completely incorrect. Even if one chooses doggedly to ignore the ponderous demonstrations that mutation *can* produce new genetic information, and that natural selection *can* select affirmatively for it, from the realm of genetic response by organisms to man's ever-changing pesticides, antibiotics, etc., one cannot ignore the recent experiments which have localized and studied the chemistry of the gene mutations, the altered

protein product produced thereby, and the brand-new chemical (informational) capability conferred as a result, and for which affirmative selection is observed. (This is still consonant with my earlier comments on information increase.) Mutation *can* produce new information, both in quality and in quantity; nature *can* select for it, and does. (The above examples are not cited as examples of species change; that question has been independently resolved.) The prospects of genetic engineering about which Eatough expresses interest are all part and parcel of one integrated bag of genetic tricks whose prospects are beginning to frighten even Nobel Laureate scientists—the imminent genetic revolution is just now beginning to sizzle—and the whole demonstrable bag runs directly counter to Eatough's assertions.

Eatough could not be more correct that the implications of this entire discussion run very deep, far beyond the subject itself. It is precisely that which makes it all so critical; we indeed cannot afford to keep our heads in the sand. Open discussion must be developed. In the first footnote of my article, referring to the first use of the word in the text, I indicated clearly what definition I was putting on the word "evolution." Rather than taking note of that, and of the evident and plentiful contraindications throughout the article, Eatough seems to feel that if I show any sensitivity at all to *any* form of evolution, I am thereby a fellow-traveller with, and a brazen champion of, the extreme anti-religious element, that I am demanding total and unconditional religious capitulation. That is his inference, not my implication, and totally contrary to the entire message of my article. Contrary to his assertion, I did *not* spell out any specific view of evolution in the entire article; other reviewers have rightly noted that point. I am a biologist, yes; a geneticist, yes, and I have access to all the flexibility of data interpretation that exists in those fields, but in *this* arena I am not bound by many of their limitations. The game we are playing in this search for truth is one of synthesis, not one contrived of extreme religionists on one hand and extreme anti-religionists on the other, each shouting epithets but never listening.

I deeply hope that Eatough and others will participate in this dialogue, for there is much that needs to be aired, and he has yet available to him a good many avenues which can be pursued for profitable discussion. But let us get honestly down to

Reliability.

The Snows, in their short, insightful, and sensitive letter make one further point, which relates directly to Dr. Woodward's remarks as well. This has to do with "sophistication" in science, and indeed in all other mental and spiritual activity as well. What, really, is the "level of reliability" for both mental judgments and for action?

I am not unaware of the lack of deep comprehensiveness and all-encompassing consistency in biology. Those who think it is all "cut-and dried" should address themselves to C. H. Waddington's series *Towards a Theoretical Biology*, among others. This deals only with the formal data of biology; there is more as well. The Snows quote Kuhn on items that "will not fit the box." Among a spectrum of other such commentators, Fort referred to such things as "the damned," "those things which science has forgotten." And one indeed finds them, ranging all the way from the really solid and *currently* inexplicable observations through items of progressively lesser documentation to those of sheer fantasy. We must be careful to distinguish, however, between observations that merely do not "fit" and those which are genuinely of sufficient weight and merit to force an overthrow of complete

scientific positions. I know of none regarding the fundamentals of biology that have such weight, and I do make it a point to keep current on literature that claims such.

And how does one work the mass of available data and claims down into one nice **wieldy package**? Not by dogmatism, from either science or religion—there is far more here than any version of either position can meaningfully explain. But that of course does not excuse us from the attempt, even though it does serve notice that we had better recheck our fundamentals and widen our sights. For religion too (and that includes, perhaps particularly, Mormonism) has rendered itself able to ask only certain kinds of questions, and look at only restricted kinds of data. Indeed, we have a whole coterie of commentators in the Church today who spend their time re-defining theological words so that they *need not* look for any unwanted data. Note that, next time you encounter a labored explanation of the meaning of *faith*, or *truth*, or *knowledge*, or *gathering*, or any number of others. I think I needn't give specific references to such; they are evident enough in our popular literature once one is alerted to the problem.

It seems clear, however, that the Snows fall into a category error in expecting that my comments regarding biology should subscribe in all points to the sophistication they see in Haglund. Sophistication in science can be both legitimate and blatantly otherwise. For one thing, I am not aware (though I have seen at least some of the arguments) that anyone has independently demonstrated that "formal mathematical structure" is the touchstone by which one must measure "reality." But beyond that: sophistication in discussing, say, the *nature* of light or matter is eminently appropriate; I confess to being less impressed with those who carry such sophistication to the questions of whether there *is* light or matter. Most people, it seems to me, just ignore the sophistication on such subjects and *use* light and matter to their benefit. I ask no more than that. For there *are* things in evolutionary biology which are just as straightforward as one's seeing light or perceiving matter, and it is these which underlie Woodward's response. Trying to avoid them by ultra-sophistication is to divorce oneself from the ability to do *anything* worthwhile or useful at all. I am saying, then, that though there are indeed areas of biology wherein high sophistication is appropriate, there are others (other categories) in which it is a travesty.

A type of category error appears to crop up again, in the Snows' letter, in the postulation of four possible mechanisms for the origin of man — they add cloning to the three indicated in the 1910 editorial. (Cloning, so far as I am aware, was first proposed in this vein in LDS literature by Frank Salisbury, in his *Truth By Reason and by Revelation*, 1965). Any of these four mechanisms would be perfectly in accord with law, the Snows affirm—and indicate that any of these would satisfy "God working rationally through laws." That, of course, depends totally on definitions—however subjective the term "rationally" may be, it certainly cannot be rigorously applied to laws *beyond* what we know. When we make that kind of leap for the actions of God, He becomes *arational* or *suprarational* (*not irrational*!). And, lest there be further misunderstanding of the term, my comments quoted by the Snows as to God evincing "rational behavior" must be understood in the latter sense; while I would not begin to claim that we can understand all of God's direct actions—indeed I assert that we cannot even *identify* them all—I do maintain that it is folly to characterize Him in such a way that He becomes duplicitous and/or irrational. And that is precisely what he becomes with virtually all of the anti-evolution arguments with which I am familiar. For, invoking a critical point not heavily made by the

Snows, *whatever* method "God used" must eventually square with all the "factual" data (and here again we needn't burden ourselves with excess sophistication—let us keep such where it is appropriate). And when we adopt such a test (comprehensiveness of explanation, etc.) the superiority (n.b., I do not say "absolute truth,") of hypotheses which propose that *some form* of theistic evolution was involved becomes quickly apparent; the others, so far as I have observed, place God in an untenable position. For example, it seems to me quite reliable to "believe" that fossils exist. Their *interpretation* may well merit discussion; it seems to me that their legitimacy as remnants of previously-living organisms really does not. Evolutionary biology, of course, makes an attempt—a very good one—to explain them. Among others, one prominent anti-evolutionary commentator of high LDS rank had another explanation: "Well, of course we know that Satan just put those things there to deceive us." I cannot but wonder if persons who postulate this idea fully realize how widespread fossils are. They are found through and through virtually every major land mass known—if Satan really made all that, who then is the Creator of the earth? If nature indeed testifies of diety (a long-standing and still-in-vogue theological injunction), of which "diety" does it thus testify? And what is its testimony? For if the hypothesis be accepted, then God is a party to this by allowing such a monumental hoax, and indeed we have conferred on Him duplicity of truly staggering proportions! A witness of *that* sort, it appears to me, God can well do without.

The above is not an extreme example; only an illustrative one susceptible to rather ready analysis. While I doubt the Snows would invoke it, I have met many LDS who do. Other proposals run into similar problems, and it requires far more than just sophistication to countenance them. Of the proposed four basic types of mechanisms for the origin of man's physical body, I think that a "rational" and comprehensive analysis will leave no question that, for sheer superiority of data-explanation, proposals which encompass *some form* of evolutionary mechanism are far ahead of their competitors.

There is another consideration that seems to bear on the entire issue of how much—and at what levels—sophistication is appropriate in the whole broad field of evolutionary biology and its associated disciplines. Though the historical heat and perpetualness of the subject indicates otherwise, there are those who insist that, after all the discussion is over, the "evolution debate" is all a matter of academic interest only—that it makes no difference at all at which point on the spectrum of belief one casts his personal vote. I think that a moment's reflection will indicate that the matter is far more important than that. Among numerous possible justifications, one in particular seems especially critical. At the risk of appearing in the guise of a crusader rather than a dispassionate academic, let me address a relationship that many readers will not have seen, and which some may even wish to see defended. It is referred to by Woodward, and centers around the fact that our world is faced with many deep problems, not the least of which are a host of biological ones. We need not go beyond those of food-production; including wildlife as a food-resource, exploitation of the sea, agribusiness, breeding of new food strains and species, control or management of predators and insects, population curves of both man and his food-species, etc. It should be conceded by all but the willfully refractory that we must come to grips with the biology of these problems; indeed it is thought by some to be already too late to stave off human suffering on a scale not before seen. And therein, to me, is the tragedy. In the face of such impending suffering, and such opportunity for service, too many of our people turn a deaf ear, of-

fering such glib statements as, "We can always grow more; it is just a matter of more fertilizer," or, "There is enough and some to spare" pure and simple, or, "We don't need to concern ourselves about such things; Christ and the millennium will be here tomorrow and take care of all those people." We seem to have lost sight of President Lee's exhortation on that latter score, echoing President Woodruff: "The millennium may indeed come tomorrow, but I am still planting cherry trees." And what has all this to do with the evolution discussion? Put simply and bluntly: the mechanisms which must be used to resolve the food problems, etc., are the very ones at the heart of the matter regarding evolution, and many of our people willfully insist that they do not exist. Only those mechanisms give us the tools we need for management of our practical (temporal, as separate from spiritual) response to those challenges. Our wheats (and indeed much of the rest of our grocery list) are polyploids, both the ones we currently use and many of the new ones with which we are experimenting. Their productivity and nutritional values have been enhanced by the production of new mutations, and careful selecting therefor. We could not begin to feed the number of people we do with the wheat used by the Egyptians, for example. Nor can we feed the world tomorrow without further diligent application of those same principles. One may argue "evolution" all day, but we cannot afford to flout the evolutionary mechanisms which we *do* "know" (I shan't get into the etymology of that word). As indicated earlier, however much physicists and others may discuss uncertainty, predictability, etc.,—or even the precise nature of light, few persons really argue *whether* light exists, they just use it. And on precisely that same level, we must recognize the validity of, and necessity for, the management philosophy and expertise that comes from what some call "evolutionary biology"; to enumerate, that mutation as a phenomenon *does* exist and produce legitimate and valuable new genetic information, that population size and structure in biological organisms *do* have consequences, that selection is an operative principle of importance, both domestically and in nature, etc.

Some may feel this equation needs further discussion. I am perfectly willing to do that, but I would hope that such discussion will not impede our addressing the more serious and immediate aspects thereof. We have already been negligent as a people, to our discredit, for too long.

The Snows, of course, do not fit into the category I have just described. I have merely used their very legitimate query as the springboard to point up some of the real immediacy of the entire discussion; it is not a matter of mere academics or neatness of doctrine. I thoroughly anticipate that there will be those who will score me deeply for making the equation I have; who will accuse me of cheap sloganeering, throwing up straw-men, alarmism, etc. I am confident that the validity of my associations can be amply sustained. But regardless of the present resolution of that point, I am more than willing to place final judgment thereon on our grandchildren. We certainly will need to wait no longer than that.

In the meantime, one would hope for increased study and discussion of the many questions evoked in these exchanges. Virtually all our modern problems seem to require resolutions that invoke both technological (scientific, if you will) and "moral" (religious, etc.) responses. The bases for such response must be clearly identified and firmly grounded. It is high time we get to work.

Sacrament of Terror: Violence in the Poetry of Clinton F. Larsen

THOMAS D. SCHWARTZ

Dr. Clinton F. Larson has been acclaimed as a Mormon poet, even as the first Mormon poet. In his review of *The Lord of Experience* Professor John B. Harris seems to have represented many of the Mormon intelligentsia in celebrating Larson's contribution to the Mormon Church. "For the first time," he wrote, "Latter-day Saints can point to a volume of verse and say to the literary world, 'We too have a poet, an artist of skill, knowledge, power, and depth.'"¹ Karl Keller, reviewing the same volume, spoke of it as providing the starting point for a Mormon literature. "It is not only refreshing to read Mormon poetry of such quality as Larson's," he observed, "it is about time we had some to read."² And Marden Clark, introducing his own explication of Larson's "The Conversions of God," rejoiced in the fact that a Mormon poem actually required explication, and explained that the "poem must be understood first as a Mormon poem, i.e., a poem growing out of the Mormon tradition and theology and defining Mormon concepts from the Mormon standpoint."³

Larson himself has acknowledged the recognition and has assumed the unofficial position of poet laureate of Mormonism. Although there are some who would consider the title rather dubious, all seem to agree that Larson deserves whatever glory such a title brings.

In their excitement over the reality of a Mormon who is also a fine writer, however, Mormon critics have exaggerated the significance of Larson's religious background and have done a disservice both to Larson and to the much needed criticism of his work. For Clinton F. Larson is not simply a Mormon with a poet's voice. Like the God of his poems, he is a "creator of titanic opposites," a man whose orthodox optimism conflicts with his private pessimism. His poetry reflects the tension between the reassurance guaranteed by religious precept and the uncertainty inherent in human percept.

The orthodox Mormon believes that "Man is that he might have joy," and a self-conscious joy seems to glow from Larson's religious poetic structure. How-

ever, the foundation of this fictive house to the Lord is weak and unstable because of the poet's

prescience, the prescience of death
That dresses the tongue with lye and felt
Or stalks along the parapets and towers,
Invisible and lithe, astride the world;
The instant scream, the black and gaping circle
Sinking through the marrow of the spine.⁴

For Larson death is not the mother of beauty but of horror, a horror which forces him from the terrible present of meaningless violence into the soothing heroic past and into the paradisiacal future. The abandoned present, however, rejects the poet's gilded structure of glorified past and hopeful future, and intrudes into his religious orientation as an "instant scream" that mocks religious assurance. This intrusive vision of the present, with its authentic and immediate glimpses of unbearable violence, may well constitute Larson's finest poetic statement, not simply in the record of genuine despair, but in the record of the forces which both generate and erode religious faith.

There is a strain of formal optimism throughout Larson's plays and religious poetry. His prophets and heroes seem to be filled with a calculated religious assurance. There is a convincing sense of humble gratitude in Larson's address to the divine father in "The Conversions of God":

Yahweh, you are bound by me, for I, naive
And in your image, am he whom you made.

You invest the air above me, yet would range abroad
And spoil heaven for my joy. . . . (LE, 127)

Larson, for whom happiness is one with assurance, finds his joy in the concept of eternity: "You are the resurrection whose craft is power, Whose reason is love, the recessional wonder" (LE, 127). This optimism springs from hope and the hope is pitted against the terror of present experience. Present life is enriched by means of the future. One of Larson's favorite images is that of a man (e.g., *Coriantumr*, *Moroni*) taking refuge in the future while his present world is collapsing.

Where Larson turns to the future for hope, he turns to the past for examples of spirituality. Although Larson has attempted to make poetic use of his Mormon experience, he has never written a contemporary play, or celebrated in verse a living church or a living prophet. He has dramatized the life of Joseph Smith in *The Prophet*; and has, in *The Mantle of the Prophet*, presented a dramatized account of the first major crisis in Church history, the succession to leadership following the assassination of Joseph Smith. These events, occurring between 1830 and 1844, are the most recent events he treats in Mormon history. Usually he has turned his attention further back, to the prophets and heroic stalwarts of antiquity. The titles of his plays suggest his interests: *Saul of Tarsus*, *Mary of Nazareth*, *The Brother of Jared*, *Nephi*, *Coriantumr*, and *Moroni*.

In a conversation with this author, Dr. Larson indicated that his reluctance to

write a Mormon contemporary play arises from his love of grandeur, of the heroic and of eloquence. He suggested that it would be ludicrous to have a contemporary Mormon speaking poetically. "The poet has to guard himself," he observed, "against being caught up in these prosaic times." Trying to make something of the present, he suggested would be like "pitting oneself against a mammoth."

To find models for eternity, Larson, the poet of religious precept, often moves away from the mammoth of the present, the "sordid real," into the idealized past of scripture. Yet Larson, the poet of human percept, just as often condemns that very tendency to avoid the reality of present experience:

It has never been the spirit of prophets and poets to deny the existence of the world that we know, with its beauty and ugliness, its good and evil. They have never been so cynical as to imply that man cannot get along in it and cannot be saved in it, but, on the contrary, they have stipulated that withdrawal from it merely indicates psychological sickness, at worst belle indifférence.⁵

Nonetheless in his religious poems Larson has so vigorously spurned the commonplace, ordinary world of today that this statement is consistently violated.

When Larson discusses spirituality in the present, there is a persistent sensation of loss. His emphasis on these diminished times reflects his inability to relate his sense of religious grandeur to present reality. Present holiness, for Larson, is explained in terms of hypocrisy, as in "Concordance for Poets," where

The man of holiness
Privy with God, touches of doctrine here and there
Like the flecks of stone under grime, the gild
Of which sparkles with an ancient devotion:
He is awry as piety shoring faith, the whited
Ash spending itself in flames of discourse before
A rationale or the blue conservatrix of time
Who stills in her sorrow. Tears against the time.⁶

Here Larson's humor leans into rancor with the play on *privy*. The man of holiness is not only related in private (as he sees it) to God, but meets God in the privy, dealing in the irrelevant, focusing on religious excrement. The man of holiness also lacks an integral sense of religion, that which would give his beliefs coherence and unity. His religious ideas are as flecks scattered randomly. The damning attribute of the man of holiness, however, is his piety. Because his piety presumes to bolster faith, his faith is kept docile, impotent. His disingenuous piety grieves the elemental goodness of nature, "the blue conservatrix of time/Who stills in her sorrow."

The Lord of Experience (1968) contains two short poems, "The Professional Christian" and "Total Sunday," dealing with contemporary Christian types: the professional Christian, echoing the Zoramites on their Rameumptom, who drones, "Behold how Jesus fills my soul" and the Christian who maintains "the refuge total Sunday / In lieu of total consecration" (*LE*, 42, 40). For Larson the present has been stripped of all but these counterfeits of spirituality.

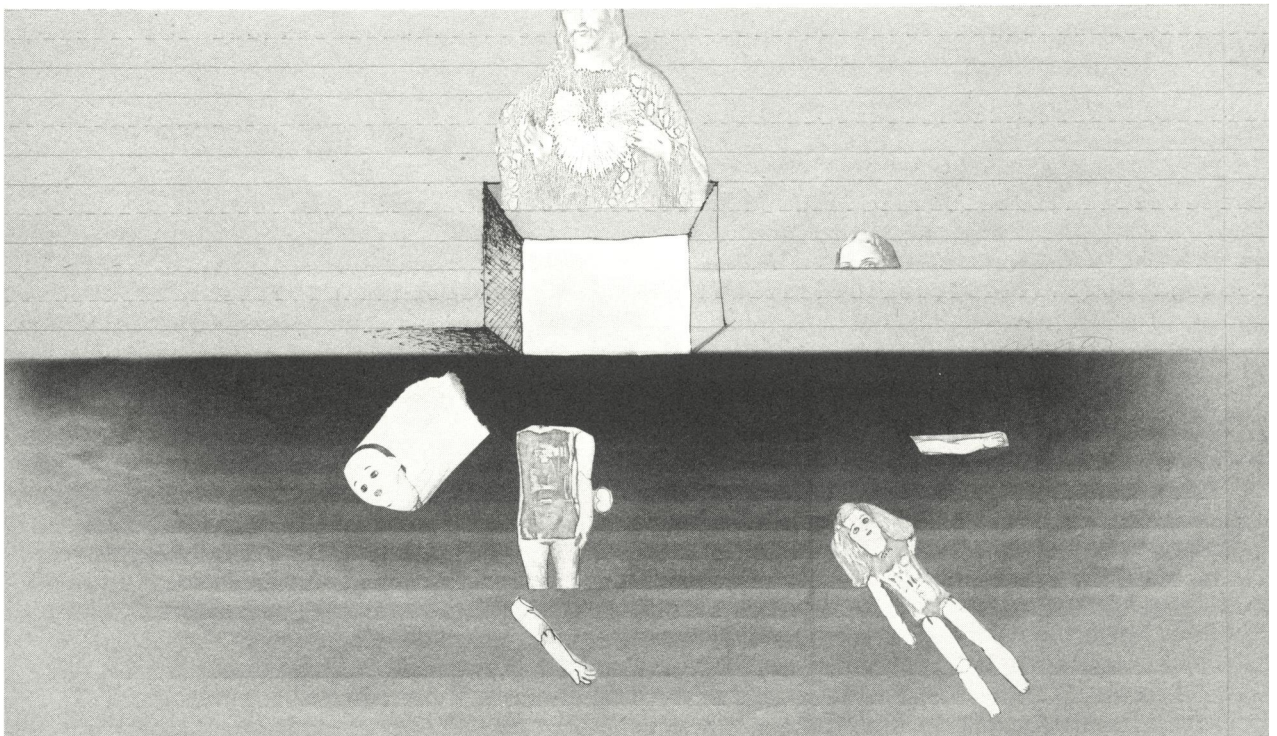
Such spiritual sterility is also indicated in "As if The Lord were Speaking," in which Larson assumes the divine voice and speaks to the children of the present:

My children, have you come to me for rest?
 You have swept the firmament with your hair,
 You have garnered garbage with soft hands,
 You have wept in nurseries for a talisman,
 You have hawked matches for a holy ghost,
 And you have acquired the messiahs
 Of gilt art and intellection
 To your stages, doors, and podia. (LE, 55)

Referring to his people as children, the Lord chides them for their adolescence, and for their “emulation of creative elves,” and asks, “Why should my spirit rest in you?” Modern man is too paltry to contain the spirit of the Lord.

To heighten the image of diminished religious vitality in modern man Larson often refers to man as a toy (the plaything of the Lord) which has been abandoned by its creator. This is most dramatically suggested in “The Visit,” in which the narrator returns to the earth after a long absence. He has returned to discover the disintegration of Athens and Israel, “the kingdoms of purple and gold” representing man’s intellectual and spiritual tradition:

I sit among the toys
 Of the departed young:
 I listen to the voice of light in the window,
 But it drones in the marrow of dolls strewn and unsewn.
 Hooks and eyes, drums, bolts and sticks,
 Wheels, knots, cloth, and string
 Tumble in my hands,
 And the wastes they came to
 Shrink the image of man to what they are.
 The statuary God prevails,
 But all his toys are broken. (LE, 6)



This sense of loss in the present, not unique to Larson, was central to Eliot and has been a frequent component in twentieth century religious poetry. But what is relatively unique in Larson's poetry is the overwhelming sense of man's vulnerability, the awareness of impending violence, which haunts Larson's world of present experience. Violence and persecution in Larson's historical religious plays leads to the spiritual growth of the hero. As Marden Clark has suggested of the two plays, *Coriantumr* and *Moroni*, the emphasis is not on the "undeserved suffering and evil in the universe," but on the "regenerative effects of suffering."⁷

Even when the violence is not regenerative, it allows the prophet of former days the chance to seal his testimony in blood. But, as Larson perceives, the days of such sealings are over. Violence in his poetry of present experience is casual and without regenerative effects. Today the Mormon general authority, stake president, or bishop is a successful businessman respected by the community. The Church itself is deliberately unobtrusive. Persecution and death, the supreme tests, are no longer feasible. The modern saint who walks with community leaders and corporate executives can no longer say, with Rachel in *Saul of Tarsus* as she holds up her chains, "This is the mark of my covenant."⁸ Violence, no longer an assumed factor in the growth of the individual, and no longer the supreme test of faith, is reduced to a mockery of faith. It occurs willy-nilly, striking without reason, without motive, serving no other purpose than the crippling of the individual psyche. Larson traces such psychic damage in two of his most disturbing poems, "Homestead in Idaho" and "Arab Insurrection: A Memoir."

In "Homestead in Idaho" Larson focuses on the basic tension between man's lofty values and his frangible bonds with life, between his religious premises and present reality. Solomon and Geneva have decided to homestead in Idaho. Because they do not have the money to plant in the spring, Geneva persuades her husband to go back to Tamarack to work for the winter while she stays to care for the children and hold their claim to the land. She has ample provisions but Solomon is reluctant to go. Geneva assures him:

Go back, Solomon. By spring, we'll have a start,
Then a barn by those trees, cows grazing there,
And a house like we've wanted, beside a stream. (LE, 70)

Solomon acquiesces to the power of her imploring eyes and leaves for Tamarack. He works throughout autumn and winter and in the spring returns with provisions and an array of shoes and ribbons, small gifts of affection, symbols of the absurd dreams with which man faces the present. There is no smoke from the chimney as he nears the cabin. When he enters, he finds the lifeless bodies of his wife and children.

The poem is narrated by a man who has himself thought of homesteading in Idaho and who meets Solomon in a bar where Solomon is sitting alone, folding and unfolding a newspaper clipping, presumably an account of the death of his wife and children. The second section begins with an expansive statement concerning Solomon and Geneva's aspirations for their new land. Then the details of the tragedy are pieced together. Geneva had gone to the shed, where she had been struck by a rattlesnake. In attempting to bleed the poison out, she hurriedly

gashed the knife too far into the wound and then was unable to stop the bleeding. Crying that her babies must not starve and pleading for forgiveness, she shot her two daughters who were sleeping together in the crib.

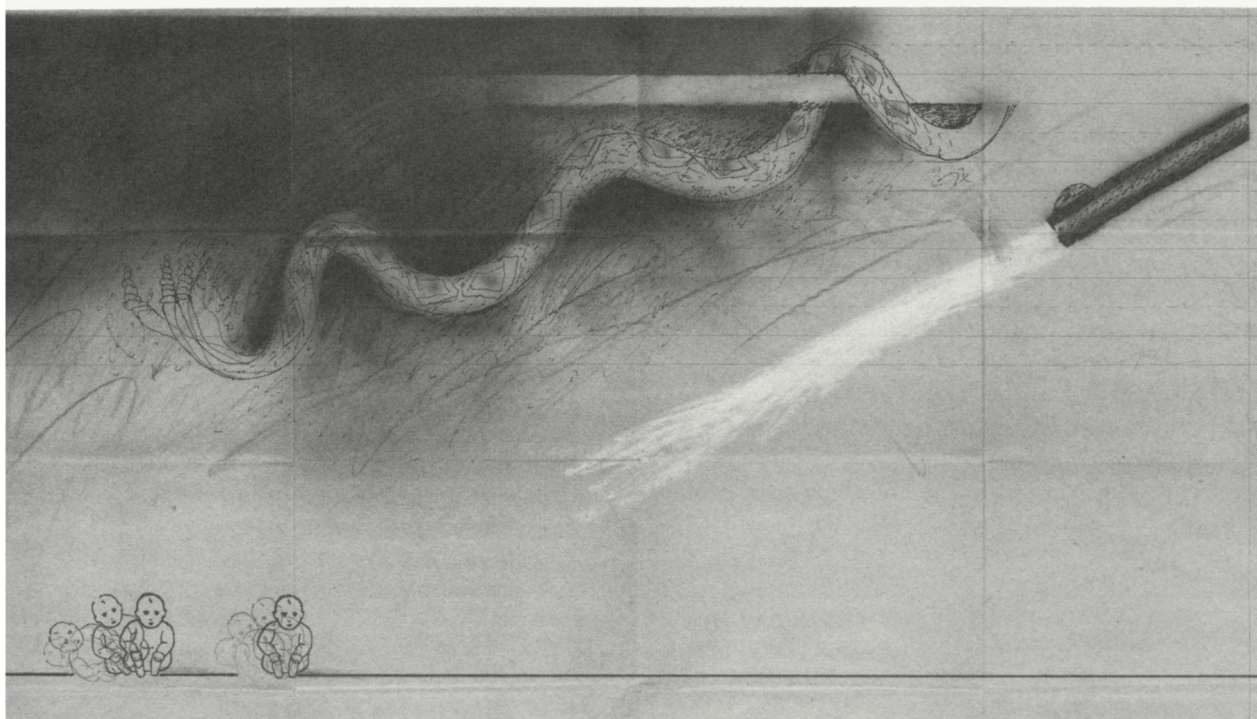
The poem is cruelly ironic, with the absurd undercutting of aspiration by casual violence forcefully dramatized. Human aspiration and resolve are no match for the impersonal powers which confront them.

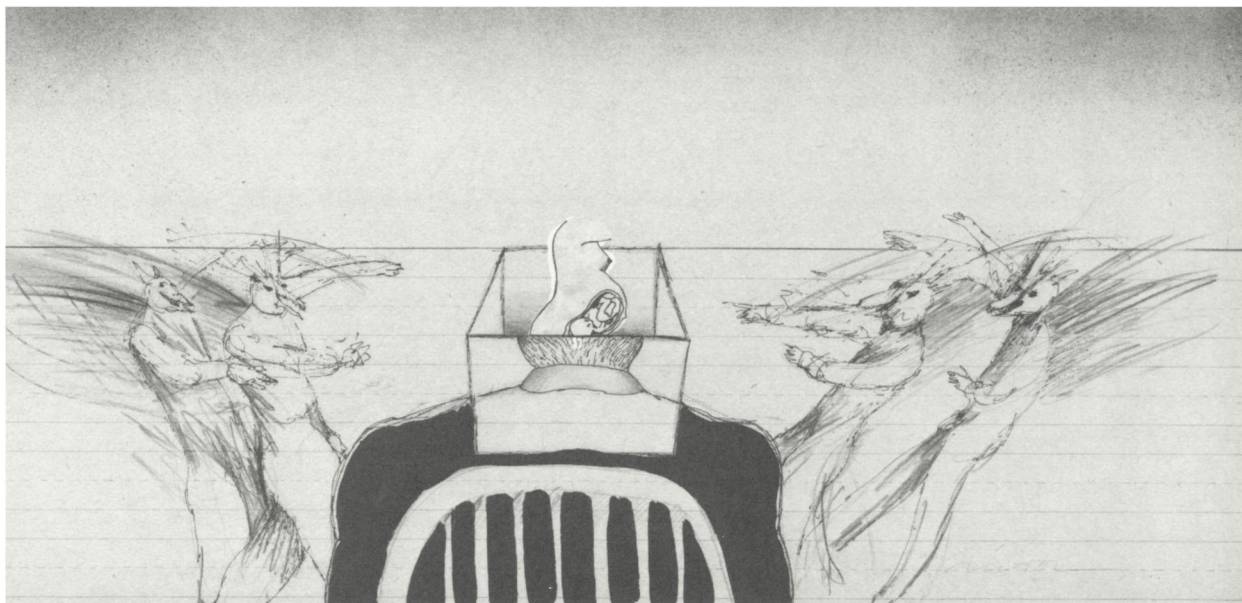
The future
Declined from that day and would not rest,
But as a bole of pain grew into that tower
Of resolve and broke it easily, sacred
As a sacrifice. (*LE*, 72)

Psychically damaged, Solomon is reduced to the tropistic action of folding and unfolding the newspaper clipping, as his pain seeks release in the nervous motion of fingers.

"Arab Insurrection: A Memoir," another poem which reflects Larson's vision of contemporary violence leading to psychic destruction, was based on an experience related to Dr. Larson in the spring of 1971.⁹ According to the story Mormon missionaries had been introducing an elderly French couple to Mormonism. The couple lived in a boarding house which presented a large porch to the street. As the missionaries entered the house they noticed a young man on the porch sitting in a rocking chair. After several visits they asked the couple about the man and were informed that he was their son, who had been living in Algiers during the Arab uprising. During one of the attacks, the Arabs caught his pregnant wife, butchered her in the street, took out her unborn child and filled her with stones. And, according to the old couple, their son had never spoken since.

Shortly after hearing this grim narration, Larson wrote the poem. The brutality of the present is horrifyingly reflected in the image of the unborn child replaced in the womb by stones. Once more the violence is measured by its own meaninglessness. Larson is careful to preserve the senselessness of the murder.





Like a brown wind, they sweep against her, dismembering
 Her fingers before him, spurt of blood tempering
 Their steel. In a flourish of will, they stare
 At him, but turn to her to split and pare
 Her like a gourd, the foetus bloody and fair
 In their hands, slowly appearing. In a luminescence
 Of day, he rocks stonily, seeing, his sense
 Failing, gathering and picking, in a prescience
 Of death, pictures in the air. They fill
 Her with the stones they threw and kneel to kill
 Her veins that pulse in dust

There is no hint of ideological purpose or racial hatred as a motivation for the killing. The poet leaves the young man, reliving that moment of psychic destruction.

... as they will
 Him as he is, rocking in a chair, their whim
 Always before him, endlessly wavering and dim.
 (*Counterpoint*, 77)

Larson's poem, "Seven Tenths of a Second," concerning an automobile accident, likewise displays an absence of social criticism. There is no suggestion in the poem that the driver was speeding, or negligent, or that the car was unsafe. No information at all is given as to the cause of the accident. The facts are presented by a seemingly neutral narrator who limits himself to the split second breakdown of the violent event. The only logic is that of the concatenation of violent moments. There is no moralizing about what should be done. Whatever the poem may be, it is not a cry for safer roads and drivers, but once more an observation of man's puniness in a universe of titanic powers.

The poem presents the disaster matter-of-factly, in a world where things happen casually, consistent with the corresponding insignificance of life. The poet imagines the driver noting the "casual limit of an illusion," and later seeing the trunk

come up "as a casual mantle sloping in." Then, addressing the driver, the poet observes that "the structures near you Break you easily." Death is never a close battle, for man has only his fragility to resist the forces which assail him. At the moment of impact the driver is pressed forward by an illusion of speed; then his knees snap, his legs are sheared at the groin, and his trunk, now described as a crate, is impaled on the steering column.

Casual violence is also evident in "Murder," set in Ogden Canyon, Utah; the account of a man being tortured and finally flung from a cliff to his death. Once more there is no mention of motive. The torturers show no emotion other than that which accompanies their laughter. The incident is translated into its psychic impact, this time on the poet himself, who has read of the killing in the newspaper and now flees from the memory:

What memory is this I cannot touch
Lying etched in newsprint, sudden print
The stacked lingual cordage, pyre and such
Combustible as fear in the heavy sprint
Of meaning. (*LE*, 49)

For Larson, this life, unromanticized by the past or future, is always "combustible as fear." In the violent poetry of the present Larson abandons the Mormon concept of the efficacy of prayer and offers a vision of a deaf heaven, a heaven no longer responsive to man's cries. The image of a man "wailing God unto the cliff" as he falls to his death, reflects the extent to which Larson's awful perceptions have eroded his religious confidence.

In *Third Nephi* Larson demonstrates what he sees as the historical resolution to violence. Laceus, in despair at the violence and chaos of life, shouts:

Is there anyone out there who cares at all
About us? O God, O God, what is the end
Of this slow and casual sacrament of terror? (*Mantle*, 272)

These words are followed by the appearance of Jesus Christ, who stands in the air above the people and explains to Laceus in words more sonorous than persuasive, why He, Christ, had to die on the cross. This resolution, provided by a literal *deus ex machina*, is conspicuously absent from Larson's violent poetry of the present. In "Arab Insurrection: A Memoir," there is no God or angel who comes from the sky to restore the lives of a wife and her unborn child, or to explain to the husband how this experience can and will lead to spiritual growth. The only vision for the husband is the constant image of mutilated dreams.

Nor is there a remedy in "Homestead in Idaho," but only the pathetic folding and unfolding of the newspaper clipping. Nor is there resolution in "Murder" except for death, the cessation of agony, and in "Crematorium," Larson's poem of the Nazi extermination camps where death provides release from "the riot of hunger" (*LE*, 43).

Such poems testify (if at all) to a God who refuses to help, a God who chooses to ignore the sacrament of terror. This impotent and indifferent God is at odds with the traditional Mormon God, the loving father who is so concerned with

his creations that he sees the fall of the sparrow and often interferes in the affairs of men in order to save his preferred children.

Occasionally Larson's religious ambivalence is so severe that the indifferent god turns into a malevolent god. In the poem, "Execution" (*LE*, 88-89), an account of a pheasant hunt, the hunter stalks his prey:

The bluish glint, deistic hollow charm
Transfixing prey before their sudden flight
Into the gulf of death.

He shoots a pheasant, but is angered by one of his dogs who is not quite fast enough, and he levels the barrel of the gun at her:

Not quick to run
Not quite alert to game, nor to a whim,
But chosen she, the muscular and slim,
Whose life had piqued the nostrils of a god.

The second dog watches the first dog dying, and

Fathoms the intent of him before
Thought merciful, but now suspect, malign.

The idea of a god, thought gentle, turning to rage, is a frequent ingredient of Larson's apocalyptic poetry. In the poem "Advent" (*LE*, 5), "The table is set for the gentle god," and the guests wait for Him "who comes like the breath on a veil." But instead

Out of the East the breath is fire!
Who comes with temblor, sound of hurricane?
Who rages on the portico?
Who claps his vengeful steel on stone?

In "The Machine Press," Larson's poem about a press operator who slips on oil and has his thumbs and index fingers pressed "paper thin," the poet describes the descending forge of the press as being "careful as God with the impress of pain" (*LE*, 56).

Larson's voice, though strong and significant, is, thus, far from being the collective voice of Mormonism. As long as he is pressured (both internally and externally) into being the spokesman for literate Mormons, he will be straining against the vision within, continually trying to sound as if the Lord were speaking rather than Clinton F. Larson. Even Robert Pack Browning, a non-Mormon reviewing *The Lord of Experience*, measures Larson's achievement by the yardstick of Mormon theology. He complains that

though Larson offers an inordinate number of poems on funerals, mortuaries, graveyards, the dying, and the dead (on a quick count I find 28), there are none surprisingly that could be firmly characterized as treating death in terms of the unique eschatological doctrines that are so central a feature of Mormon life and belief.¹⁰

Arguing that Larson has been intimidated by his mentors, mainly T. S. Eliot, Browning invites Larson to forget them and "begin to write the poems of Clinton F. Larson, twentieth century Mormon of Provo, Utah."

What Browning and his Mormon counterparts do not see, and what should be clear after an examination of Larson's poetry of violence, is that Larson's human voice is incapable of treating death in the way in which Mormon theology demands. The positive religious precepts celebrated in Larson's poetry do not reflect his deepest channels of feeling and insight, do not illuminate his most desperate questions and fears. On the contrary, Larson's feelings and questions are reflected in those disturbing poems of violence which reveal a human vision.

When Larson writes as a Mormon poet, his own voice is camouflaged. And yet that intrusive human voice will keep Larson from being popular with his own people, or from being the true poet laureate of Mormonism. In reality the widely read Carol Lynn Pearson is closer to being the Church poet than Larson. This is not because she is a better poet. She is not. But she reflects, better than Larson, the surface values of Mormonism. She reflects the dominant tendencies of the group—an unquestioned optimism, a pragmatism which spurns Larson's baroque language in favor of the simple and direct, and a capacity to be thrilled by oversimplified solutions, by moral dilemmas resolved in rhymed couplets.

If Larson could turn his attention away from those literate Mormons who are concerned about the establishment of a Mormon literary tradition and have conjured up a vision of Larson ushering in a renaissance of orthodox Mormon art, if he could turn from these and from the dogmas of precept and raise his own now muted voice, the voice of percept, he could produce a more significant poetry than he has thus far. It would not be the poetry of a god, nor of a church, but the genuine poetry of a single man engaged in the process of making sense out of his own human experience.

¹John B. Harris, "New Edition of Larson Poetry Delights Critic With Quality," *Provo Herald*, Feb. 10, 1969, p. 12.

²Karl Keller, "A Pilgrimage of Awe," *Dialogue*, 3 (Spring 1968), 112.

³Marden J. Clark, "Internal Theology," *Utah Academy Proceedings*, 41 (1964), 188.

⁴Clinton F. Larson, *The Lord of Experience* (Salt Lake City: Promised Land Pub., 1968), p. 90. Hereafter, *LE*.

⁵Clinton F. Larson, "The Commitment To Analogical Truth" (paper distributed privately), p. 3.

⁶Clinton F. Larson, *Counterpoint: A Book of Poems* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1973), p. 72. Hereafter, *Counterpoint*.

⁷Clinton F. Larson, *Coriantumr and Moroni* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1961), p. 7.

⁸Clinton F. Larson, *The Mantle of the Prophet and Other Plays* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1966), p. 324. Hereafter, *Mantle*.

⁹I feel a justifiable proprietary interest in this poem as I am responsible for bringing the original account to the attention of Dr. Larson. In the spring of 1971 Dr. Larson asked me to talk to his contemporary literature class about existentialist philosophy. While trying to portray the impact of war on the European mind, I told this story which had been related to me by the missionary in the story.

¹⁰Robert Pack Browning [Review of *The Lord of Experience*], *Western American Literature*, 4 (Summer 1969), 143.

Spiritual Empiricism

STEPHEN L. TANNER

What is the most important ingredient of religious conviction? This question, whether consciously posed or not, is a fundamental one for anyone who has tried to cultivate religious faith. We admire men and women of faith who demonstrate a serene confidence that God lives and life has meaning, who face misfortune with equanimity and manifest the reality of their faith by a willingness to work and sacrifice for the good of others. Witnessing the example of such people must sooner or later cause us to wonder about the foundation upon which the strongest and most stable testimonies are built. Latter-day Saints are also inclined to wonder, at one time or another, how their testimonies differ from those of the millions of devout Christians and non-Christians outside the Church. Is it a matter of quality or degree? Is it simply a matter of what one believes, or is it the *way* he believes—the reasons why he believes? These are not easy questions, and I do not presume to answer them completely. But on the basis of my own religious experience as a member of the Church, along with the ideas of others that I have found relevant to my experience, I wish to describe a principle that may go a long way in helping to answer these questions.

John Henry Evans, in his biography of Joseph Smith, says that man cannot learn religious truth through scholarship alone—it comes through experience. I suppose we all know this, but it is easy to forget, particularly for those of us involved in education either as students or teachers. Evans asserts that one of the Prophet Joseph's important contributions was bringing the experimental method to religion. Scholars, with all their learning, have not been able to make spiritual truths clear and meaningful. Joseph Smith taught that religious truth can be objectively verified. A man need only go to the Lord having faith in Him and His willingness to

communicate with man, and he can receive a testimony of any particular truth. This is essentially an empirical process, not so very dissimilar from the empirical methods of science. The differences are not to be found in the essential nature of the processes, but in the complexity and subtlety of the perceiving and interpreting instruments. Something comparable to logic and empirical demonstration operates within the soul or spirit of man despite the fact we little understand the process. In other words, there is an empiricism of the spirit, a way whereby man can *experience* (this is what the Greek word *empeirikos* meant) a relationship with God. This empiricism, which might be called "spiritual empiricism," differs from the experimental methods of the physical and social sciences primarily in the role played by the bodily senses, that role being merely subsidiary in the former but primary in the latter.

What I have termed spiritual empiricism is a distinguishing characteristic of the Latter-day Saint faith, which has a marked common-sense, practical strain to it, deriving partly from the Church being organized on the American frontier by men with simple New England backgrounds. But this principle has been a part of the gospel in all ages. It is clearly implied in Christ's admonition, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:17). Job demanded reasons and arguments and proofs from his friends and from God, but was reconciled in his faith not because he received them—quite the contrary. The Lord, rather than answering his questions, overwhelmed him with additional ones even more perplexing. His final confession of faith resulted not from knowledge based on discursive logic, but from a direct, inner, personal encounter with the Lord. The book of *Ecclesiastes* teaches a similar lesson. According to man's reasoning and observation, and the Preacher was adept at both, human life is vain and devoid of meaning; yet underlying the probing cynicism of this book is a simple faith in God, directly felt rather than reasoned, which makes all of man's reasoning and observation ultimately beside the point.

Both *Job* and *Ecclesiastes* point out the inexorable law of our being: we are intellectually impotent and morally responsible. It is spiritual empiricism that leads us out of this dilemma. As Karl Jung remarked, "It is not ethical principles, however lofty, or creeds, however orthodox, that lay the foundation for the freedom and autonomy of the individual, but simply and solely the empirical awareness, the incontrovertible experience of an intensely personal, reciprocal relationship between man and an extramundane authority which acts as a counterpoise to the 'world' and its 'reason.'" Such an awareness is not to be acquired by the usual kinds of arguments and demonstrations, for, as James Russell Lowell pointed out, "No two men have ever argued together without at least agreeing in this, that something more than proof is required to produce conviction, and that a logic which is capable of grinding the stubbornest facts to powder (as every man's *own* logic always is) is powerless against so delicate a structure as the brain. Do what we will, we cannot contrive to bring together the yawning edges of proof and belief, to weld them into one . . . Demonstration may lead us to the very gate of heaven, but there she makes a civil bow, and leaves us to make our way back again to Faith, who has the key." And where is Faith to be found? Lowell says, "Faith was never found in the bottom of a crucible, nor peace arrived at by analysis or synthesis." It is not to be found in ordinary scientific empiricism, but in a more subtle and personal empiricism of the spirit.

It is often the case that members of the Church with the deepest conviction, the

profoundest faith, find it most difficult to present striking or original reasons or demonstrations for why they believe as they do. If they provide evidence at all, it is usually the simplest doctrines of the Church and not intricate logical arguments or subtle insights into the mysteries of man's relationship with God. Perhaps G. K. Chesterton provided a key for understanding this situation when he said, "It is very hard for a man to defend anything of which he is entirely convinced. It is comparatively easy when he is only partially convinced because he has found this or that proof of the thing, and he can expound it. But a man is not really convinced of a philosophic theory when he finds that something proves it. He is only really convinced when he finds that everything proves it. And the more converging reasons he finds pointing to this conviction, the more bewildered he is if asked suddenly to sum them up."

Let no one understand my line of reasoning so far as an expression of simple anti-intellectualism. As a teacher and scholar I have a deep respect for rational thinking and an abiding love for intellectual argument, but in the area of one's religious life they must be put in proper perspective. The misuse of them in spiritual matters can be a disservice to discursive logic as well as to religious truth.

Contention in church classes often results from two errors: too much confidence in rational argument, on one hand, and too much fear and suspicion of it on the other. Both are failures of understanding spiritual empiricism. More humility is needed on both sides. It is painful to think how many times I have seen the familiar battle lines drawn. On one side is the person enamored by rational argument who has discovered the destructive joys of critical thinking; he has consummate skill in pointing out hypocrisy and logical inconsistency, but feels little responsibility for the very important practical task of rebuilding after error has been demolished. He is often bright, but has not yet attained the genuine wisdom that recognizes human frailty, acknowledges the limitations of human reason, and attempts to cope with these conditions. This is the kind of person Pope might have had in mind when he said "a little learning is a dangerous thing." For critical thinking that is merely negative is only a half-way house, to be appreciated as marking half the distance to our destination, but not to be mistaken for it. On the other side is the person who values the security which the Gospel provides but refuses to earn it by study and thought. It is enough for him to accept passively the adage that the Gospel comprehends all truth. This excuses him from the effort of laboring for that truth himself. He feels it is in the safe keeping of the General Authorities and he need not concern himself with a strict accounting of it. But without such personal effort and struggling he can never be genuinely secure in his faith. This is why he feels so alarmed and personally threatened at any hint of doctrinal non-conformity. Usually he does not know the doctrine well enough to discern between reasonable difference of opinion and heresy and is therefore made uncomfortable by any hint of disagreement.

We must never become too glib about truth. It is not so easy to come by through rational thinking as some suppose; neither is it so simple and complete in the Restored Gospel as some suppose. The Russian philosopher-theologian Nicholas Berdyaev asserted that "Truth is not given in a ready-made and finished form, not even the Truth of revelation. No revelation whatever ought to lay claim to finality and completeness, it goes on to the end of the world." If this smacks of "the doctrines and precepts of men," then hear it from a prophet—Brigham Young: "... I do not even believe that there is a single revelation, among the ones God has

given to the Church, that is perfect in its fullness. The revelations of God contain correct doctrine and principle, so far as they go; but it is impossible for the poor, weak, low . . . inhabitants of the earth to receive a revelation from the Almighty in all its perfection. He has to speak to us in a manner to meet the extent of our capacities The laws that the Lord has given are not fully perfect, because the people could not receive them in their perfect fullness; but they can receive a little here and a little there" This statement is worth pondering because it reflects a balance that is sometimes lost sight of in the Church: a recognition of the limits of human reason conjoined with a recognition that religious truth is profound and extends beyond the limits of simplistic formulations.

I mentioned that the plight of man is to be intellectually impotent and morally responsible. We need to face this and realize that our intellects will never be entirely satisfied. Thomas Arnold was right in noting that "The unbeliever makes the greatest moral sacrifice to obtain partial satisfaction to his intellect: a believer insures the greatest moral perfection, with partial satisfaction to his intellect also; entire satisfaction to the intellect is, and can be, attained by neither." The implication of this idea is that some questions will always remain unanswered. The rationalist is wrong to consider this a fatal weakness in the believer's position; and the believer is wrong in either refusing to acknowledge the lack of such answers or ingeniously filling in the gaps with conjectures. Brigham Young, in his common-sense way, got to the bottom of the matter when he said, "Our doctrine is right—there is no deception in it Still, when we meddle with that which we know nothing about, we are apt to fall into error and differ; but we have so much which we do know, and think about and talk about, that we have no time to speculate about that which we do not know. We know that God lives." Note this last sentence which is a summary of all that we know—at once so little and so much. Through an empirical awareness we know that God lives, and the reasoning and argument and speculation come afterward and are of secondary importance. The mysteries diminish in importance in proportion to the increase of our empirical awareness of our reciprocal relationship with God. Thomas Hobbes said, "For it is with the mysteries of our religion as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure, but, chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." I find it not the least bit intellectually dishonest to "swallow whole" some doctrines not entirely understood, because, on the one hand, one must not overrate his intellect, and on the other, in affairs of religion spiritual empiricism must take precedence over scientific empiricism.

I remember as a college student, being in the first heady stages of encountering exciting new ideas and feeling the thrill of analytical thinking, attending a fireside at which Dr. Henry Eyring was the speaker. I expected this prominent scientist to initiate me into the mysteries of the relationship between science and religion. After torturing my brain with fascinating yet bewildering questions, I anticipated getting some answers at last. But in this expectation I was disappointed. Dr. Eyring presented a firm but simple testimony, based on the simplest kinds of personal experience from his daily life. Not even in the question and answer period was he enticed into the kind of metaphysical speculation I was looking for. It was not until some years later that I fully understood and appreciated Dr. Eyring's message. He had come to learn an important truth: the simple personal assurance that God has unobtrusively answered our prayers and guided us in the most commonplace of our affairs counts more in building faith than the most brilliant and ingenious rational

argument. Coleridge understood this principle when, exasperated with the constant cry for rational demonstration of religious truth, he said, "*Evidences of Christianity!* I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the *want* of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of his need of it; and you may safely trust it to its own Evidence." Both the scientist and the poet-philosopher knew that faith, at bottom, is a personal, empirical awareness to the effect that there is a purposive agent behind the phenomena of the world corresponding to the immediate sense of purpose in the individual conscience. And this awareness holds priority over rationalism—even the rationalism which supports and articulates it.

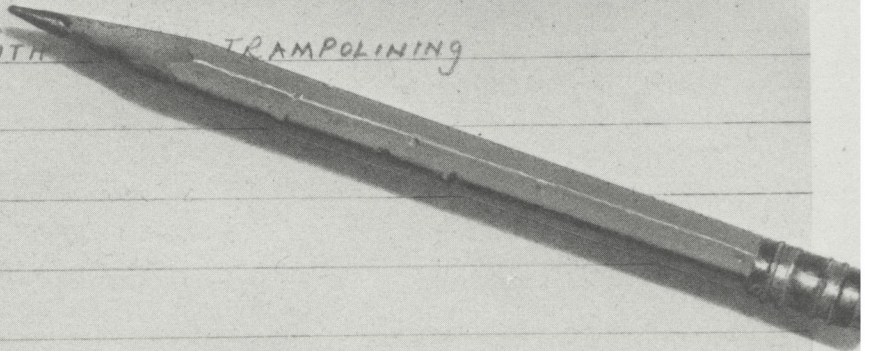
Perhaps we would be more reconciled to the fact that religious truth will never give complete satisfaction to the actively inquiring intellect if we keep in mind that this lack of satisfaction is not only necessary but beneficial. God does not withhold certain knowledge from us without good reason. Carlyle said of the existence of God: "It could not be intellectually more evident without becoming morally less effective; without counteracting its own end by sacrificing the *life* of faith to the cold mechanism of a worthless because compulsory assent." The contemporary religious philosopher, John Hick, makes the same point, adding an emphasis on the value of personal experience—the kind of empirical awareness I have been trying to delineate:

For if God were to disclose himself to us in the coercive manner in which our physical environment obtrudes itself we should be dwarfed to nothingness by the infinite power thus irresistibly breaking open the privacy of our souls. Further, we should be spiritually blinded by God's perfect holiness and paralyzed by his infinite energy; for "the human kind cannot bear very much reality." Such a direct, unmediated confrontation breaking in upon us and shattering the frail autonomy of our finite nature would leave no ground for a free human response of trust, self-commitment, and obedience. There could be no call for a man to venture upon a dawning consciousness of God's reality, and thus receive this consciousness as an authentic part of his own personal experience precisely because it has not been injected into him or clamped upon him by magisterial exercise of divine omnipotence.

I suspect that one of the things that makes us a peculiar people is the principle of spiritual empiricism, even though this principle is not perfectly understood by all members of the Church. It is not a principle unique to us, for it operates in the life of any person of genuine faith. Perhaps it is connected with the light of Christ which we believe is inborn in all men. But in our Church it is given special emphasis and applicability. It underlies the prophet Alma's discourse on faith (Alma 32) and the promise in Moroni 10 and is the essence of our missionary approach. It is manifested each month in our testimony meetings. It is the fundamental source of our growth and vitality as a church: more people "experiment" themselves into faith than are reasoned into it; their testimonies come more from experiencing how the Gospel changes their lives on a very practical level than from intellectually witnessing how neatly the doctrines fit together.

Nothing of what I have said should be taken as depreciation of the role of the intellect in learning religious truth. God gave us our remarkable intellects to be exercised in the area of religion as well as in the areas of science, philosophy, politics, the arts, etc. But with every gift comes the responsibility for its proper use, and the key for applying intellect properly to spiritual questions is humility. A humility that will hold intellect in check long enough for the process of spiritual empiricism to register its subtle but absolutely essential data is probably the most important ingredient of vital and enduring religious conviction.

~~I have never~~
~~before~~
AGAIN I AM the child hunched INTO a tense ball
IN bed ON CHRISTMAS MORNING,
BREATHLESS WITH TRAMPOLINING



LINDA SILLITOE

Waiting for Lightning

Again I am the child hunched into a tense ball
in bed on Christmas morning,
breathless with frogs trampolining
my stomach, for the house to wake,
the curtained French doors to break
open on a storybook scene—and the Doll—
sensing the texture of crisp, golden hair
on my cheek where my own lank brown
slides, want thumping like a snake down
my throat; knowing the year has been hard,
estimating price, perceiving Santa, God,
and significant prayers, convinced the doll won't be there
shining with open arms beneath the miraculous tree;
yet my child's hope insists it must be,
adding farfetched possibilities
this way and the other, summing
opposite results in the torture of waiting.
That longing shook other mornings until I grew to be

adult, which means: you don't desperately want
what you're not able, yourself, to get.
Yet, longing, I stand shivering and wet
beneath this enormous willow,
taking part in a violent summer downpour,
swallowing cool air like a tranquilizer as flowers flaunt
and shimmy fertile blooms, earth freshens. Trying
to trust in the inertia of living cells, I'm again
a throat-hurting, soul-scheming ten
yearning for a silky head beneath my chin.
Then let thunder be my voice in this barbarous din
berating the specters of hell! the rains be my prayer, crying
persistently to heaven, million-tongued, as my own
sticks on helpless teeth, silently counting
signals and signs (for lightning stays wild), adding
the unlikelihoods this way and that
of my willow toppling, leaf-steaming and sizzling flat
pierced by an off-chance, afraid in my heart that it can,
it can.

PERSONAL VOICES

Blessing the Chevrolet

EUGENE ENGLAND

... For a moment Abijah felt stunned; in this, his first real emergency, he had almost forgotten God!

He turned to Brother Tuckett.

Clory, sitting on a boulder near-by, wondered at the sudden purpose in Brother Tuckett's movements. What were they going to do? And then she saw Brother Tuckett appear with the bottle of consecrated sweet oil. She heard Lon say, 'You be "Mouth," Brother Abijah,' and the full significance of the scene burst upon her. Why, they were preparing for 'the laying on of hands'! For Abijah would have to be 'Mouth' since he held the higher priesthood! She sat up in horror. Administering to an ox!

She saw Melancthon Tuckett rub the oil between the animal's red ears and then both he and Abijah rest their hands, one over the other, on its head.

'We unitedly lay our hands upon thy head, O ox... this oil which has been dedicated and consecrated and set apart for the healing of the sick in the household of faith...'

Bewilderedly Clory grasped the fact that this prayer had all the earnest supplication of the ceremony performed for any ailing human being.

... Clory watched him calmly speak to the ox. Opening its eyes, it stared at the men with its gentle, liquid gaze. She was not greatly surprised when it scrambled to its feet.

Maurine Whipple, *The Giant Joshua*

At various times I have heard and read, with mild curiosity, of the anointing of animals by the power of the priesthood in pioneer times, but it wasn't until I found myself with my own hands placed in blessing on the hood of my Chevrolet that I really felt what that experience meant to those early Saints, who depended on their animals, as we do our cars, for quite crucial things.

One evening last fall, Charlotte and I drove about sixty miles to visit a young couple in our branch, converts of a few years who had slipped into inactivity and growing doubt but were now trying to rebuild their faith. We had supper and a good visit and gave a blessing to their new daughter who had been ill for some time with a vague disorder that kept her crying severely for long stretches. When we tried to return home the car would not start. We managed to push it to the only garage in that small town just before it closed and were told that the trouble was apparently a broken timing gear which would take about two days to order and install. Our young friends lent us their car to drive to our home and bring back when we came for ours. When I phoned to check two days later I was told that the timing gear was installed but for some reason the car would not start; I drove over anyway and tried to help, but as the afternoon wore on and we tried all kinds of variations of the timing apparatus, plugs, etc., we could only get an occasional rough chug and some backfiring. The mechanic finally said he was afraid he would have to tear out the new timing gear and check it, which would take well into the next day. But I had to be back home to conduct an important Branch meeting that night, and when my

anxiety reached a certain point, I found that it was quite natural, while the mechanic was helping at the gas pumps out front, to literally place my hands on the car and give it a blessing, explaining to the Lord that I was about His work, that my branch needed me, and I needed some extraordinary help to get there. The mechanic came back, made another adjustment, and half-heartedly tried the starter again for the hundredth time. So help me, I was not even surprised when, after a few mild growls, the engine started. The mechanic was incredulous and insisted on a test drive before he would let me go; after a few miles the engine was still running quite rough but he agreed that I could probably get home and then have it tuned up some more later—and I was off. It was only on the long ride back that I became properly aware of what had happened, was amazed, and gave thanks.

I have had many occasions to bless my wife and my children and have not been surprised to see them healed, against all the odds, or relax from pain into peace or sleep under my very hands. And on a couple of occasions when we had car trouble during our many trips back to Utah from California or Minnesota they have suggested that we pray for help and it has seemed to come. I now remember, while on a little used Nevada back road in early spring, driving onto the shoulder to look at some flowers, finding myself stuck in hub deep mud, and after a family prayer, inexplicably making it back up on the pavement. And a number of times, following such a prayer, we have limped across hundreds of miles of desert or a nighttime of closed stations with leaking radiators or worn bearings or something else that should have stopped us. But those things have occurred in fairly naturalistic ways that I sort of took for granted—as nice experiences for my children but nothing miraculous—and haven't thought much about until recently, when I started blessing my Chevrolet.

At Christmas this year we visited our folks in Utah and on our way home noticed there was a certain nagging mushiness when we tried to accelerate and also that a noisy muffler was getting louder. Crossing South Dakota on a Saturday afternoon we found few mechanics available, but finally one took time to look at the car and found a dirty fuel filter, which he replaced, and a loose tailpipe connection, which he tightened and wired together so it couldn't work loose again. When the car still had no pickup—in fact, seemed worse—he took a look at the mileage (84,000) and cheerfully declared that the transmission was probably going (\$400), but I could probably make it home. We started out again but found that now we couldn't get up over 40 miles an hour on the level, could barely make it over those infinitesimal variations in the landscape they call hills in South Dakota, and were getting about three miles per gallon. I calculated that even if things didn't get worse it would take us well into Sunday to get home and we would probably run out of money for gas before then or stall on one of the (comparative) mountains of Minnesota. And if things *did* get worse, we could be marooned on the South Dakota prairie (fairly dangerous in January) or at best stuck in some motel until Monday when someone might be able to put in a new transmission—except that we couldn't pay for it.

Suddenly I found myself gripping the wheel with a special intensity and giving the car a blessing again. I told the Lord that my family was in danger and that our Branch needed us the next day and it was time once more for some special help. I felt impressed to take the next exit, which led us to a town some distance from the freeway, and without any surprise felt directed to a certain station. The owner looked things over, disconnected a vacuum tube, and had me drive off for a test. There was no change and I went back disappointed and for the first time surprised.

But the station owner greeted me with a grin and said, "I'll bet I know what the problem is; I heard it as you drove off." He put the car on the hoist and soon found out he was right. Disconnecting the tailpipe at the place the previous mechanic had wired it, he pushed a hose down it and found that the inner wall had collapsed almost shut. He explained that my Chevrolet was from one of those few years when they had experimented with double-walled tailpipes. Sometimes, in the extremes of heat and cold of the upper Midwest that inner wall collapses, shutting off the exhaust and producing symptoms much like a bad transmission or an engine that needs overhauling. In fact, the reason he recognized the problem for what it was is that a friend of his had, just the month before, wasted \$500 on his engine before he discovered that he had this very problem. The only reason I had been getting any power was because the pressure had forced the tailpipe connection loose so that the exhaust could escape there; and when the previous mechanic had wired that so it couldn't force open, the engine's power was shut down. I found myself quite calm, without surprise, as he told me these things, without anxiety when he was unable to locate a new tailpipe at that late hour on Saturday but then barely caught one supply house in time to get a length of some flexible pipe and some clamps and managed to cut out the curved section where the collapse was and clamp in the flex-pipe securely enough for us to get home.

I do not understand fully why or how the Lord does these things—though I know He does. In fact, if I think about it much, there are difficulties: How about our free agency and our need to learn to solve our own problems and be maturely independent—not like infants always asking for help? How fit all this with the Lord's assurances that He makes His sun and rain to come down equally on all His children—the just and the unjust? How about all that suffering, apparently uninterrupted by God, in the Sub-Sahara famine, Southeast Asia's constant bloodshed, the animal-like packs of deserted children in South American cities, the emotional destruction during slow death in American nursing homes? Couldn't God have veered the typhoon that killed thousands in Bangladesh or the earthquake that killed thousands in Iran as well as guide the mechanic to straighten out the timing on my Chev or me to someone who could cure my car? I don't know. Perhaps it has something to do with God *guiding people* rather than interfering with nature; perhaps it has something to do with His being asked in faith and for reasons that have to do with His most important purposes, which aren't just keeping people alive but saving their souls. Yet He seems mysteriously selective about helping there as well. And of course, even when He does clearly respond it isn't always the way we want or expect. In that almost too painfully moving autobiographical account, "The Death of a Son" by Carole Hansen, that appeared in *Dialogue* (Autumn 1967), we were powerfully reminded that God, in response to a priesthood blessing, can give assurance and peace, even to the point of being misunderstood—and then eventually can give conviction of His care and the child's ultimate welfare—*without* giving what parents emotionally want most, the child's life. Again, I don't know why or how.

All I really know is that I continue to ask blessings and to see them given. Last week our Branch held a special fast and had a prayer session for the four-year-old daughter of some friends of one of our members: she had to come from Colorado for extremely dangerous heart surgery at the Mayo Clinic to correct a congenital defect. The parents had lived with the specter of losing this child for four years as she grew into a poignantly frail elfin joy while they waited for her to be old enough

to risk the operation, and they had fasted each week over the past months as the time grew close. They had been told the chances were about 50-50, but somehow none of us was surprised when the last exploratory catheterization at the Clinic revealed the condition less serious than had been supposed and when (after an anointing by her father and a local Rochester Branch brother) the operation went extremely well and she was up and skittering around after only a few days in intensive care. Last fall I felt moved to give a special blessing to a dear and extremely capable friend who was suffering anxiety and self-reproach under the pressure of his professional responsibilities and the possibility of failing his family and himself by not meeting them, and I had no doubt that the Lord would bless him with the measure of self-confidence he needed to succeed, as He did. And yesterday a faithful, long-suffering father and I were suddenly called out of our Sunday School preparation meeting to find his child in the chapel having a severe seizure. (She has had a condition from birth that causes a reaction, at entirely unpredictable moments.) As the father took her in his arms and held her jaw so she wouldn't bite her tongue, I placed my hands on her head and through the power of the priesthood rebuked the uncontrolled shaking of her entire body. As I continued to stroke her head, the shaking quickly quieted, and then we carried her to the car to be taken home to rest and I returned to explain to those who had been present what had happened and to ask their prayers for her.

The opportunities, the needs, come often, and the Lord's response forms a bright thread in the texture of gospel living. But I don't fully understand why or how. I only know that I continue to ask—and to acknowledge the Lord's hand in all things.

Disorder and Early Joy

EDWARD GEARY

A few months ago, the First Presidency issued a letter to be read in Sacrament Meetings encouraging Church members to tidy up their homes and yards. It is an old story. Brigham Young preached the same message up and down the settlements. "Were I now to go into one of your houses," he declared, "perhaps I should hear the mistress inquiring for the dishcloth; but Sal does not know where it is: the last she saw of it little Abraham or Joe was playing with it out-doors. Where is the milk-pail? Turned bottom-side up on the hog-pen." A generation later, J. Golden Kimball complained that in "our beautiful Utah" one might get the impression that "nearly everybody is slipshod; barns, houses, out-buildings are fast going to ruin. The front yards are weed-grown; the fences down and hid by weeds; no flowers, no lawns, no vegetable gardens, no family orchards, or if there is, the trees are old, sickly, and neglected." He went on to say, "No greater blessing can come to this people than a thorough and general cleaning of homes and surroundings." But such exhortations have availed little, at least in Utah. (Idaho may be a little better. I cannot comment on the Mormon towns in Arizona, but Owen Wister once reported a sermon by old Bishop Thatcher whose main theme was that swill should be fed to the pigs, not dumped in the dooryard.)

To grow up in rural Utah is to inherit a tradition of unpainted outbuildings, tumbled-down fences, and superannuated farm implements: a world held together with bailing wire. According to a friend who has returned to the state after some years in the Midwest, a true Utahan cannot be perfectly happy unless he has an old Buick rusting away in the pasture. In my memory it wasn't a Buick but a 1923 Dodge with wooden-spoked wheels, decaying gently under an apricot tree beside my grandfather's tool shed. (The *new* Dodge was a 1934 model which served until 1949 when the steering wheel came off in my grandmother's hands while she was driving downtown and Grandfather bought a new Plymouth.) The side-curtains had disappeared long ago, and chickens sometimes laid eggs in a corner of the back seat where the cotton poked through the brittle fabric, but it was still a fine car, with its adjustable windshield and its thick steering wheel and the spark advance lever that could be moved back and forth. It was a fine car, but there were even finer things in Grandfather's barnyard: an old threshing machine with hatches that opened up revealing wonderful spaces to crawl into, and, best of all, the steam engine which had once powered the thresher. The steam engine was a monstrous thing with a long boiler and a high smokestack, all thick with rust. It was hard work to climb up the huge, cleated iron wheels, but when you got to the operator's perch it was all worth while, to be able to look down at the world and have before you such an abundance of valves and gauges. There was nothing more to wish for except that, somehow, it might be possible to fire up the boiler once more: not to set the monster into lurching motion (that was too much even to dream of) but to pull the whistle-cord, as my father had pulled it when he was a boy, and hear the shriek, the wail, the long sound break the stillness of the country air.

The old Dodge, the threshing machine, and the steam engine all became casualties of the Second World War, gathered up with the rest of the really good stuff in the scrap-iron drives of 1942-43. Their loss brought the war much closer to home than the newsreels that we saw each Thursday night at the Ward Budget picture show, closer even (to me at six years old) than the funerals with flag-draped caskets. Of the big things that remained, the binder was probably the best, with its high seat and its levers that could raise things or lower them and mesh or unmesh gears. But it was a poor substitute for a steam engine.

Fortunately there were consolations. There was the town dump on a piece of dry flat ground above the canal. No one in our town had heard of sanitary land-fill then, and so whatever anyone wanted to get rid of was simply hauled or dragged to the dump and left there. Except for the dead animals, which made for some olfactory unpleasantness, the dump was a delight to all the senses, with shards of broken glass glittering all colors in the sunlight and with bulky shapes of inexhaustible variety: bathtubs, washtubs, cookstoves, a brass bucket that had been discarded for no apparent reason but a small hole in the bottom, and derelict car bodies too far gone even for the scrap-iron drives. I remember one that rested on its firewall with the rear end high in the air, as though it had been driven literally into the ground. There were wonderful tactile sensations at the dump: the smoothness of a lump of glass dug out of the ashes of a fire; the grainy texture of the rust on an old dishpan. And there were the sounds: the wind whistling across the chimney-hole of an old stove; all of the thumps and thunks and plinks that rewarded the throwing of a rock at any of a thousand targets.

The trouble with a dump, though, is that it is all refuse. Its treasures are somehow devalued by the fact that they have been thrown away, that somebody

didn't want them anymore. There is an important distinction to be made here. The town dump was full of trash. Some people's yards and sheds were trashy too, but not Grandfather's. He considered himself and was considered by his neighbors to be an orderly man. If he wanted to get rid of something, if he thought it was useless, he took it to the dump. Consequently, the stuff which remained had never been discarded, just *put* someplace in the expectation that it might come in handy someday. It was a world of yet unrealized possibility, a vast reservoir of potential awaiting a creative use. And so, for example, when Grandfather wanted to make me a toy threshing machine (this was after the real one had been taken away) he had but to step into the toolshed to find conveniently at hand an old powder box, various-sized pulleys, and a bit of copper tubing to fashion into a crank for operating power. It was like having a year's supply of every good thing imaginable.

There were so many, many things in that toolshed. Before I was born, Grandfather had operated a general store, in addition to his farm, and so besides the branding irons and bits of harness and half-empty cans of neatsfoot oil, there were fixtures and other odds and ends from the store: sturdy oak cases with glass tops and fronts and sliding wooden doors at the back; a rack with a mirror on it and the words "J & P Coats" embossed in gold; one chest containing dozens of tiny drawers in which could be found interesting things of all descriptions—bunches of white paper tags hanging from loops of string, thin folders of Bull Durham cigarette papers, unused salesbooks with "Geary Mercantile, Where the Dollar Gets Its Value" printed at the top of each page. One case had once held powdered ginger root, and the pungent odor remained for us to draw in at each breath as we played. Years later I walked past the open door of a Chinese grocery in San Francisco and caught the unexpected aroma of ginger. Instantly the vision of that toolshed rose before me. I could feel the damp earth floor. I could see the slanting beams of light where the sun shone through cracks high in the walls and illuminated a column of dust motes. Most of all, I could see the things: poled in corners, hung on walls, tucked into nooks here and there, protruding from the dark recesses beneath the attached granary: so many things, and each of them just the sort of thing that might come in handy someday.

I don't know how Grandfather accumulated it all in a single lifetime. It is clear to me, now that I've completed more than half of my three score and ten, that I will never match his collection: not with a house in suburbia and a bishop who keeps reminding me that the Brethren want us to take pride in our homes and a wife who grew up in a military family where one's possessions had to be limited to what could be packed in a single AWOL bag and whose idea of unnecessary belongings is anything that hasn't been used in the last week. Some men cherish the secret dream of escaping to a South Seas island teeming with brown-limbed maidens. Others hope to retire at fifty and spend the golden years playing shuffleboard at Leisure World. But I am looking for an old farmstead somewhere in a forgotten corner of Utah. The house isn't important, but I want a sway-backed barn that has never known a coat of paint (except perhaps for a faded sign on the side extolling the virtues of Scowcroft's Never-rip Overalls). I want an old granary with a set of deer's antlers over the door. I want an apricot tree and a yellow transparent apple and a few hollyhocks growing at random in the yard. I want to find a place whose inhabitants never threw anything away that might come in handy someday. There will be a broken harrow next to the pigpen, a lop-sided grindstone leaning against the

coalshed, a broken gate held together with bailing wire, and maybe—just maybe—a huge, thickly-rusted steam engine standing in quiet dignity out past the chicken coop.

A Little Bit Of Heaven

LAUREL THATCHER ULRICH

My Grandpa Thatcher told two kinds of stories—real life tales of the Old West and Bible stories. I sat politely through the latter so as not to hurt his feelings, but what I really wanted to hear when I pulled a hassock to his knee was how he almost drowned in the mill race when he was three, how he got caught once filling his pant legs with candy from the old ZCMI in Logan, how he baited his hook with squirrel tails and caught more fish than his horse could carry, how he survived a snow storm while tending sheep above Gentile Valley, how he got away from the U.S. Marshall on his twenty-first birthday and voted despite the anti-polygamy laws. To my mind, Grandpa's life had the wonder and rightness of scripture. I didn't care about David or Daniel.

Once in awhile, despite all my cousin and I could do, Grandpa would switch to the Bible. He would begin with a story from the Old Testament or a parable, then he would grow intense, plant one gnarled hand on the knee of each of us, and looking intently through the spiraling circles of his thick glasses, begin to quote whole passages from memory. Cataracts had left him nearly blind. He could just make out the day's headlines with the magnifying glass he kept on the radio beside his chair. Unable to read the scriptures any longer, he would call up whole pages memorized fifty or sixty years before. I was convinced he knew all four standard works by heart. I can still hear him reciting Malachi:

But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap.

I felt scalded but somehow cleansed by those words. Even now I think of Grandpa first and Handel second when I hear that passage. I'm still not sure what fuller's soap is, but as a child I knew it had something to do with the way the veins stood out high and dark on Grandpa's mottled hands.

I disagreed with Grandpa but once. That was a day he ended his scriptural excursion with a description of heaven. "The whole earth will be resurrected and will become as a sea of glass," he said. I don't remember the exact words. He may have quoted from Revelation or from section 130 of the Doctrine & Covenants, but I will never forget the effect of the image. "But I wouldn't want to live on a sea of glass," I said firmly. Grandpa looked surprised and a little amused. "It will be beautiful. Like crystal. We will have everything we want; all we will have to do is pluck nourishment from the air." That did it. Here was a man who at ninety still relished "a little vinegar gravy" with his fish and wanted his stewing hens "good and fat" talking about plucking his nourishment from the air. I could see there was no point in arguing, but I had no intention of going to such a slick and glassy hereafter.

His "sea of glass" has come to mean something quite different to me now, but the skepticism I felt at Grandpa's knee has not left me. The scriptures tell us so little about the hereafter and what they tell us is so often figurative, that it seems futile to draw hard conclusions. I believe there is a heaven and I have faith that the best things in human experience foreshadow it, but beyond that I'm not willing to go. I am often surprised at the convictions of others. Not too long ago, I heard an earnest young sister stand in testimony meeting and say that she couldn't let another week go by knowing that her husband, the ward clerk, was writing down the names of those who had spoken and that her name was missing. "When I come to the day of judgment and Christ opens that record and asks why five months went by without my bearing my testimony, I won't know what to say." It must be comforting to ward clerks, whose job is tedious and often thankless, to believe that their minutes will survive the refiner's fire and the fuller's soap to be shelved in the heavens. But it's not very comforting to me. My testimonies are usually silent ones. I always thought they'd been heard.

Then take the matter of the eternal family circle. When we gather around the fire for family home evening on Monday nights in the celestial realm, will we be children of our parents or parents of our children? If both, won't that circle continue in an unbroken spiral from Adam to the last child of the millenium and thus cease to be a "family" in the private and exclusive sense? "Brother" and "Sister" will be more meaningful titles in such a setting than either "parent" or "child." It is easy to be sentimental about Mormon theology. Starry-eyed young parents look down on their newly blessed babe and want that precious relationship to continue forever. Grandparents look at a family portrait taken on their Golden Wedding anniversary and project the cherished image into the hereafter. I hope that at least some of these hopes are realized. I would like to be with Grandpa again, yet if I am ever ushered into the Celestial Kingdom, I'm not sure I'll be able to find him. In heaven he will not be a gnarled old man, nor will I be a little girl. As two adults, what will we say to each other on that sea of glass?

A friend of mine thinks the celestial kingdom will be largely devoted to reproduction. The husband and wife relationship will endure, as the scriptures say, and it will be polygamous. This is because one wife will not be sufficient to people the new earth which each exalted male priesthood bearer will inherit. "Reproduction will take place just as it does on this earth," she says quite calmly "Therefore, there is no other way." I admire her composure, especially since she is happily and monogamously married and has no intention of adding to her merely middlesized Mormon family. I know a lot of people who share her view, translating "eternal increase" into the celestial sphere quite literally. They may be right, yet if like begets like why does one need an exalted *physical* body to give birth to spirits? It's a puzzle.

The story is told of Charles Eliot Norton, renowned Harvard medievalist, who approached the pearly gates only to recoil in horror: "How gauche, how overdone, how Renaissance!" Each of us envisions heaven according to our own dreams. As we were driving along the capital beltway after our tour of the Washington Temple, I asked my husband and children how they pictured the celestial kingdom. My second son said he didn't know, but he hoped it had a library. My husband said he thought it would be much like this life; he didn't think there would be any sitting around and he planned on doing some engineering. An older son said he hoped it looked like the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Our daughter, who had

looked closely at the floral arrangements in the temple, said she hoped all the flowers would be real. Somebody else said they thought Heaven was a place where you could have a ten-speed bike without a padlock. I suppose few ordinary mortals are capable of imagining the divine. Most of us furnish our dreams of heaven with treasures laid up on earth.

I can understand how the pioneers of Utah could banish Adam and Eve into a world of sagebrush and endless sky, picturing the plan of salvation as it unfolds in the Salt Lake Temple as a progression from a wild and terrifying natural environment to an increasingly refined, sheltered, and luxuriously chandeliered heaven. The new temples are more efficient than the old, having departed from the pioneer floor plan in order to process more names, yet they still cling to that frontier image of heaven, a symbolic environment which has less meaning in a day when every suburban shopping center sells velvet cushions. I am waiting for the Church architect to discover section 130. Glass is at least as scriptural as marble. The celestial room of the Washington Temple, for example, might have opened into the tops of the trees with wide vistas of woods and sky. Rain and snow and changing seasons would have been no problem. The Mormon universe is not static.

As an apprentice historian I sometimes wonder about my own future in a realm of "glass and fire, where all things for their glory are manifest, past, present, and future," but I can't help hoping. The prophet tells us that:

This earth, in its sanctified and immortal state, will be made like unto crystal and will be a Urim and Thummim to the inhabitants who dwell thereon, whereby all things pertaining to an inferior kingdom, or all kingdoms of a lower order, will be manifest to those who dwell on it.

Grandpa's sea of glass may be a Gypsy ball or a heavenly video screen revealing without effort all that has been and all that will be. But then again, it may be more like his magnifying glass, a simple tool for enlarging the vision of the one who holds it. The Urim and Thummim metaphor is enticing, for on earth its powers were available only when the prophet exerted his own. Perhaps that heavenly crystal is only a larger historical perspective, giving us the distance between ourselves and our own experience which will allow us to give it form and meaning. I hope so. If in heaven I can come to know and love Grandpa in childhood, in maturity, and in age, that will be reward enough.

The Dilemma of Two Worlds: A Personal View

ELIZABETH FLETCHER CROOK

I really did not start out from age twelve to get a Ph.D. In fact, when I applied to college, I was seriously thinking of majoring in modern dance. I guess the turning point came when I decided to apply for the Smith College Junior Year In Geneva. This was a very "Seven Sisters" Program and I think they accepted me from Brigham Young University through sheer astonishment. I still remember sitting in the Hotel de Russie library reading a piece about British entry into the Common Market. Suddenly a feeling came over me which I can only describe as love—real emotional love. I was captivated, fascinated, enchanted by the entire field of international relations.

However, my inherent dichotomy showed itself during this same trip. I remember standing in front of a small art gallery, my attention caught by a splendid primitive sketch of a man, woman and child, cupped into an egg shape, woman nursing her babe, man looking protectively on. I returned the next day with my small savings and bought the sketch on the spot. There it was—my dichotomy—I loved both babies and international relations!

For the first few years of married life, I felt little conflict between my responsibilities as wife and mother and my own need for intellectual challenge and growth. In fact, my "Nevada-farmer-turned-scholar" husband put my degree-seeking above his for several years. We were able to find a comfortable niche at a girls' boarding school outside Boston. I taught for two years while he attended classes, then we simply switched. I finished up my classwork, while he taught the high school seniors introductory economics and political science.

As I look back on that period of struggle and sacrifice, I am impressed by the satisfaction we felt as we helped each other, alternating teaching, child-care, and thesis-writing. We had a joy which came from doing something out of the ordinary, but we did not realize to what degree we shared the best of two, almost mutually exclusive worlds.

Now that we have "joined" society, with my husband slipping into the role of bread-winner with an eight hour a day job and myself home with four small children, I realize how much we both have given up. I stress the word "both," for I feel strongly that a man misses as much as a woman by being confined to the traditional roles assigned by society. The exclusive role of breadwinner for the father and child-rearer for the mother inhibit, to one degree or another, the complete development of individual potential.

Each of these two worlds has possibilities for personality growth. As for the woman's role, I have no doubt that great personal growth comes from caring for children. The experiences of putting the interests of children before one's own and the need to submerge one's desires for the good of the family both tend to encourage altruism. In addition, because one of the main functions of motherhood is the teaching of moral principle, mainly by example, a mother constantly needs to reevaluate her own principles and behavior. There is a great built-in incentive to be the best person she can, as she senses her children using her as a model.

A man's world, for the most part, necessitates personal ambition and drive, a

need for success, sometimes at the expense of others. It is his role to act in his own interests, not to submerge them. He has little opportunity to share the spontaneous joy of his children as the world unfolds around them. He has less chance to evaluate his behavior in moral terms and the demands of his workday world create more possibility for spiritual neglect.

A woman's world also appears to offer greater freedom of choice in terms of timing and schedule. There are duties, to be sure, many of them arduous and time-consuming. There are activities which must be performed at the moment. Children's baths, bedtime and meals cannot be put off indefinitely, but there is a natural rhythm to these demands. One does not have to feel guilty about leaving the house to take a picnic in the woods. A man's work used to be bound to the demands of nature and the seasons, but there is an artificiality to the eight (and too often ten and twelve) hour day. A man must put in his time, laboring or supervising, although sometimes inspiration may come at midnight or the need to walk through the woods at 2 p.m.

Finally, a woman's life tends to promote healthier relationships between herself and her "peers"—other mothers. Although there might be some competition when it comes to decorating houses, putting on dinners, or comparing notes on children, women live for the most part in a cooperative world. My husband has remarked several times that he has formed few truly close friendships since he left the mission field. This is not an accident, as friendships develop best in a cooperative, giving atmosphere. A woman often has the experience of helping out a sick neighbor with her children, or taking a casserole to a new family in the neighborhood. I have helped and been helped many times since I entered the world of motherhood with the concomitant feelings of warmth and gratitude. Indeed women far from parents and relatives must depend on each other for many of the emergencies which the bearing and rearing of small children bring.

On the other hand, a man's world can bring, if he is in a professional or academic calling, great intellectual growth. The mind becomes acute and verbal ability improves. The abilities to cut into false argument, to scrutinize evidence, to effectively present a case, increase. A woman, unless she makes a special effort, has little of this mental growth. There is the challenge of raising children, but it is more of an intuitive, emotional, and spiritual challenge than an intellectual one. In addition, much of her day is taken up with routine tasks—dishes, bed-making, clothes-washing—which give a sense of accomplishment, but require little mental effort. True, there is an administrative and organizational ability required, but as Norman Mailer discovered, after caring for his five children for six weeks, it is not enough. In his essay "The Prisoner of Sex" (*Harpers*, March 1971), he says:

(I) could immerse (my) self in the unintriguing subtleties of the thousand acts of order and timing which make the difference between efficient and catastrophic keeping of house—could do all this for year after year and never write another word, be content, honorably fatigued, empty of doubt about (my) worth, free of dread, all credit deposited to (my) moral foundations, but in no uncertainty that *the most interesting part of [my] mind and heart was condemned to dry on the vine.*

In addition, a man's world, while limiting freedom in terms of scheduling, gives much greater freedom in choice of occupation and consequent development of individual talents. A man can be a musician, an architect, a plumber, a sociologist, all according to his individual preferences and abilities.

In contrast, a woman's daily activity is similar whether she has talent and training in the fields of art, chemistry, law or archeology. At best, she can pursue her in-

terest only part-time, and often even this becomes impossible as unmade beds and dirty dishes threaten to multiply. True, certain activities are compatible with home-making—music, interior design, sewing, cooking, even horticulture—all certainly enrich the home and give many women joy and satisfaction. But there are those of us who cannot sew and who cause flowers to wilt more often than grow, and yet who have a real interest in international affairs or chemistry, or a gift for writing poetry. The feeling of frustration is enhanced if we have pursued long hours of study, know that our ability is comparable with others, and have tasted the thrill of accomplishment through contribution in our chosen field. Yet we can feel our skills decline as we are unable to do research, write, experiment, or carry on activities in our fields.

What happens to a woman or any individual who is unable to develop her talents to any extent? Very often she develops feelings of passivity or unworthiness. Later on, a woman might become too dependent on the accomplishments of her husband and children and find herself leading a vicarious, rather than a productive, life. There is also the rather unfortunate matter of financial reimbursement. It is significant that a man gets paid for his contribution to society while a woman does not. As a result, it is hard for a woman to value herself or her accomplishments to the same extent that her salary-earning husband is valued. On the other hand, it seems unfair for the man to bear the total weight for earning the family living.

This, then, is the dilemma of the two worlds. The woman has more opportunity for emotional and perhaps spiritual growth, the man for intellectual growth. What can be done to bring these two worlds together, to allow more husbands and wives to share the opportunities for growth contained in each sphere?

Church activity accomplishes this in many respects. For the man, it gives opportunity for cooperative relationships. There is, for example, the feeling of closeness which comes from activity in a bishopric or even from a day's work on the stake farm. The Church also offers the chance to subsume one's interests in the needs of others. In addition, the content of many meetings gives a man a chance to review moral principles in relation to his own life. Thus he receives constant exhortations to improve himself and his relationship with others. This offsets forces in the world which pull him toward compromise and mediocrity.

But the Church does *not* help in escaping the organizational demands of the modern technological world. There are meetings our men must attend, perhaps when they need most to escape from the tedium of sitting and listening. How often my husband has remarked that, when growing up on the farm, he looked forward to Sunday as a complete change from the week's activities. Now he finds that while the content of the day reflects a worthwhile change from his week's work, the form remains the same—sitting in a meeting, listening or talking, taking notes, making appointments, etc.

In addition, when the Church takes a man out of the house for the number of activities which a leadership position demands, the responsibility for small children falls even more heavily on the wife. Thus the reverse of what needs to occur actually happens. The husband does not spend time with children and the wife does not get her "time away" for pursuit of intellectually stimulating activities. This situation might be ameliorated as the children get older and the husband's absence does not automatically mean greater home responsibility for the wife. But for the family with small children, a big church job for the husband means the loss of precious moments of time alone for the wife.

The Church also offers women an important balance to their life's activities. Through it comes a certain amount of intellectual stimulation, for example, in the teaching functions and in some of the Relief Society lessons. There also comes the opportunity for development of organizational skills through the administration of the various auxiliaries. Some talents are developed—music, drama, art, in particular. But for those of us whose interests lie in chemistry or political science, Church activity, *per se*, generally does not help, and by taking up valuable time, may actually hinder the development of these abilities. (There are of course, many other reasons for Church activity. The development of one's own talents may actually be far down the list in importance.)

Thus, for some (indeed perhaps most) individuals, the Church might successfully fill the developmental lacks inherent in the dichotomy of two worlds. But there are those of us who feel the need for greater participation in the "other world." What possible solution can be found for us?

My husband and I have tried a variety of arrangements to allow each of us participation in the other's world. These have ranged from complete role reversal, when I worked full-time while my husband stayed home with house and child and took classes in the evening, to the present situation where I am at home with our four small children while my husband is gone constantly with job and Church activities. Both arrangements are far from ideal, as far as we are concerned. I see too much of the children, my husband not enough. I hardly write an intelligible sentence from day to day, while he comes home utterly exhausted after 8-10 hours of pure research.

The best arrangements we have found are flexible part-time arrangements such as we had when we were going to school and teaching, sharing house-keeping and child-rearing functions. I remember feeling like the mistress of two wonderful worlds as I left the humdrum of dishes and washing to walk into the meditative atmosphere of a graduate school library. At the same time, it was relaxing beyond measure to return from an overheated seminar discussion to sorting clothes or reading a child's story. Strangely enough, I think my husband really enjoyed his time at home. Our kitchen has never been so organized, nor the children so happy as when he has had a part-time responsibility for the home.

However (as we have been told again and again), present society is not set up for such flexible arrangements. We have felt that perhaps only in a university setting could we share both worlds. We could, of course, leave the children with a full-time sitter while we both worked, but neither of us feel the family's full potential (children included) would be served by this arrangement.

Thus, the great challenge in many marriages of today, ours included, is to balance the demands and responsibilities of earning a living and rearing children while maximizing the opportunities for individual growth.

There is no set pattern for achieving the ideal balance. Rather, it depends upon each individual couple, their age, family size, their ability and training, and their degree of flexibility with regard to traditional roles. In the Church, most women choose the home. On the outside, many more women are choosing a career. Some of us, however, have tried to travel both roads. I still am trying, to some extent. But I am terribly fearful that much grass has grown on the academic road. Ten years ago, I took on teaching those high school seniors without a second thought. Now I am worried about the prospects of returning to the same endeavor. Will this sophisticated generation deride me as a housewife out of place trying to explain

fluctuations in foreign exchange rates? It seems an eternity since someone called me "Doctor" instead of "Mrs.," "Sister," or "Mom." If a choice has to be made, I think I made the right one. Of all the appellations, "Doctor" is probably the least significant. But I feel real anguish when I ask, "Why does a choice have to be made?" "Why does a woman have to feel so torn between two worlds, each good in its own way?"

I worry greatly when some Church leaders indicate that the traditional role separation between men and women is divinely sanctioned. I can readily understand a concern for children left without adequate parental love and concern. Often the "working mother" signifies exactly this situation. However, I do not want to be locked in the home. I also, most emphatically, do not want my husband to be locked out of the home! I still deeply believe that the crucial test for each family unit is the degree to which it promotes the perfection of its members. What I see lacking in so many marriages is a true realization of the limitations under which the other partner is operating. Instead of sensitive understanding and teamwork which can go so far to mitigate the handicaps imposed by the "two worlds," there is a tendency for each to go his or her separate way—for the man to spend long hours at his job (Church included) and for the woman to struggle alone with the children. Surely Church leaders can recognize that this situation is far from ideal. Why can there not be more acknowledgement by them, then, that great personal growth can occur and the responsibilities of child-rearing and bread-earning made easier, if there is a true sharing of roles within the family unit?

Jesus and the Gospels in Recent Literature: a Brief Sketch

S. KENT BROWN

"No one is any longer in the position to write a life of Jesus," begins Günther Bornkamm in his own reconstruction of Jesus' life and thought.¹ Such a categorical statement may be discouraging to the Latter-day Saint who—his interest aroused by the gospel doctrine course of study—turns to modern non-LDS Bible scholarship to learn more about the Savior's life and times. Bornkamm ascribes this state of affairs to the "devoted prodigious" efforts of New Testament scholars, in particular German scholars, whose research, he says, has freed not only the study of the gospels but also the gospels themselves "from all embellishment by dogma and doctrine." Bornkamm, along with many other scholars of the New Testament, assumes that the original stories about Jesus have been added to and expanded during a period of oral transmission before they were written down in the four gospels. Thus, to recover any semblance of the real story of Jesus underneath layers of tradition is a task beset with difficulties. Indeed, if one appropriates Bornkamm's position he must finally admit that almost nothing can be known of the man Jesus: the real story of the Jesus of history has been almost totally obscured by tradition which was shaped by the earliest Church's faith in the glorified exalted Christ.²

For many, including myself, this stance is far too radical. Bornkamm and his colleagues, particularly the students of Rudolf Bultmann, are open to criticism regarding both their method³ and the theological presuppositions which underlie their method, and their radically skeptical posture has been challenged repeatedly, especially by British and American scholars.⁴

Despite my reservations as to Bornkamm's approach, however, I think he has put his finger squarely on the reason for the recent dearth of attempts to reconstruct the life of Jesus. It was Albert Schweitzer's 1906 work, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*,⁵ which pronounced the "funeral oration" on such attempts. Schweitzer demonstrated the glaring inadequacies in the research of the nineteenth century on the life of Jesus.⁶ And in light of this critique, few then ventured to write an account of Jesus' life and thought. Instead, the intervening decades have witnessed a shift to investigations of the individual gospels. These studies have focused attention primarily on the features distinctive to each gospel writer's portrayal of the life and ministry of Jesus.

Among the numerous studies on the gospels, there are, I believe, a few which may be especially appropriate for Latter-day Saints beginning to explore the world of Bible scholarship, since they are reasonably sound without demanding the technical background required to wade through more specialized and thorough works. One of the better commentary series for laymen is the Daily Study Bible.⁷ William Barclay provides a clear and fairly sensitive commentary which is based on his own translation of the gospel texts. Another is the Cambridge Bible Commentary, published by Cambridge University Press and based on the translation of the New English Bible. The commentary on each gospel is done by a different British scholar.⁸ The stated purpose of this series is to provide the lay person with a very basic introduction to the gospels. A third series is the Pelican Gospel Commentaries,

based on the Revised Standard Version and available in paperback from Penguin Books.⁹ These commentaries are directed slightly more towards the specialist than the other two series mentioned above. One feature which may be somewhat offensive to Latter-day Saint readers is the fairly consistent appeal to the canons of higher criticism in the Pelican series. Of these, however, I have personally found the commentaries by John Marsh on John and by George B. Caird on Luke often profound, full of insight, and written from the viewpoint of one who believes Jesus to be the Christ.

For a person who can spend more time and energy studying the gospels, I would recommend three volumes. The first is William F. Albright's work on Matthew.¹⁰ Albright brings to this very Jewish gospel a wealth of knowledge of both the Old Testament and the ancient Near East, and his commentary and notes on Matthew are among the most comprehensive ever written. His ability to illuminate the early background of Jewish customs and practices makes his commentary especially valuable. A second work is Leon Morris's *The Gospel According to John*.¹¹ Morris's commentary exhibits a scholarly caution and care from an outlook of faith which is refreshing when one compares it with some of the more radical and skeptical approaches to John's gospel. Probably the most thorough commentary on the fourth gospel in English is *The Gospel According to John* by Raymond E. Brown.¹² Like Morris, Brown approaches his task with great care. His study is one of the first to take account of the Dead Sea Scrolls and the light which that discovery sheds on the world of Jesus and John, the gospel writer. For this reason alone, his work possesses great value.

For those who still want to read a life of Jesus (and I do not share Bornkamm's great skepticism about attempts to reconstruct the Savior's life), I am happy to recommend the three most important sources used by James E. Talmage for his *Jesus the Christ*. They are Cunningham Geikie's *Life and Words of Christ*,¹³ Frederic W. Farrar's *The Life of Christ*,¹⁴ and Alfred Edersheim's *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*.¹⁵ Although each of these monumental works has its own special strengths, I am impressed most by the work of Edersheim. A Jew who was converted to Christianity, he sketches a clear portrait of the Jewish world in which Jesus lived. Even though numerous significant archaeological discoveries have been made and important scholarly strides taken since Edersheim wrote, the value of his work for the Jewish atmosphere of the gospels has not appreciably diminished.¹⁶

¹*Jesus of Nazareth* (New York: Harper & Row, 1960), p. 13. This is a translation by Irene and Fraser McLuskey of the third edition (1959) of *Jesus von Nazareth*, first published in 1956 by W. Kohlhammer Verlag, Stuttgart.

²See Bornkamm's introductory essay, "Faith and History in the Gospels," pp. 13-26. In a modest sense, this should not be all that surprising since the gospel writers themselves tell us that only *after* Jesus' resurrection and exaltation did the disciples understand fully the significance of many things Jesus said and did. See, for instance, Luke 24:8; John 2:22; 12:16; 13:7.

³Bultmann and his associates have been deeply influenced by a short study done by Axel Olrik, "Gesetze der Volksdichtung," *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum*, vol. 51, 1909, pp. 1-12. Olrik concluded that there are certain "laws" operative in the transmission of stories, especially in an oral state. Although Olrik brought together examples from European folk stories to illustrate his point, the same kind of "laws" are not clearly evident in the gospel writings as Bultmann would have us believe. See Bultmann's *The History of the Synoptic Tradition* (second edition, New York: Harper & Row, 1968), pp. 179ff.

⁴One of the best overviews of this kind of approach is Harvey K. McArthur's "From the Historical Jesus to Christology," *Interpretation*, 23 (1969), 190-206. Among the theological tenets of the radical

position are (a) there is nothing in the gospels or their immediate sources which was written by an eyewitness; (b) anything with specifically Jewish flavor or (c) Christian tendencies must be secondary. McArthur notes a number of studies which argue for eyewitness accounts in Matthew and/or John and for accounts deriving from Peter in Mark's gospel. Among them are T. W. Manson, *Studies in the Gospels and Epistles* (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1962), pp. 28-45, 65-87; Donald Guthrie, *The New Testament: Its Background, Growth and Content* (London: Tyndale Press, 1965); M. C. Tenney, *The New Testament: A Survey* (Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1953); E. J. Goodspeed, *Matthew: Apostle and Evangelist* (Philadelphia: John C. Winston, 1959); R. V. G. Tasker, *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* (Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1961).

⁵(New York: Macmillan, 1961). This is a reprint of a translation done in 1910 by W. Montgomery from the first German edition (1906) of *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*.

⁶Even though Schweitzer displayed penetrating criticism in dealing with earlier lives of Jesus, his own reconstruction was very artificial: the best portrait of the Jesus of history derives from a combination of Mark's gospel and chapters 10 and 11 from Matthew's gospel.

⁷William Barclay, *The Gospel of Matthew* (2 vols., 1959); *The Gospel of Mark* (second edition, 1956); *The Gospel of Luke* (1956); *The Gospel of John* (2 volumes, second edition, 1956). The Daily Study Bible is published by Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

⁸Aubrey Wm. Argyle, *The Gospel According to Matthew* (1963); Charles F. D. Moule, *The Gospel According to Mark* (1965); Ernest John Tinsley, *The Gospel According to Luke* (1965); Archibald M. Hunter, *The Gospel According to John* (1965).

⁹John C. Fenton, *The Gospel of St. Matthew* (1963); Dennis E. Nineham, *The Gospel of St. Mark* (1963); George B. Caird, *The Gospel of St. Luke* (fourth reprint, 1972); John Marsh, *The Gospel of St. John* (1968).

¹⁰William F. Albright and C. S. Mann, *Matthew* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1971). This volume is one in the Anchor Bible series of commentaries.

¹¹(Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1971). This work is part of the New International Critical Commentary on the New Testament and is based on the 1901 translation of the American Standard Version.

¹²(Two volumes, Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1966 and 1970). Like Albright's book, Brown's work forms part of the Anchor Bible series of commentaries.

¹³(Two volumes, New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1879).

¹⁴(Two volumes, Albany, N.Y.: R. Wendel, 1875; the second edition appeared in one volume, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1893.)

¹⁵(Two volumes, Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1962). Edersheim's work was originally printed in 1883.

¹⁶The major flaw of Edersheim's study concerns his rather free use of Rabbinical materials from a period much later than Jesus for illuminating Jewish life in the first century A.D.

Living Room: A Personal Review/Essay

GARTH N. JONES

In scholarly terms I cannot improve on Kenneth E. Boulding's superb review of *Population Resources and the Future* (*Dialogue*, 8 [Autumn/Winter 1973], 159-163). However, I feel that I can face the issue more squarely and with more deep concern than he could. I am a born Mormon. I doubt that I would have been a Mormon otherwise, but nevertheless I've never renounced my faith nor do I intend to do so. I am proud of my Mormon heritage, but this does not preclude my questioning within my cultural upbringing about the world, or worlds, in which I live.

I wish that I could accept the basic premises advanced by the editors and writers of *Population Resources* that the world is not faced with a serious population question, that there is no need to curtail population growth, that the major need is to change only living styles and establish new distribution patterns. I admire the faith expressed in the first paragraph of the Introduction—that man, through continual processes of enlightenment, can control his future. That is much like the faith I held back in 1956 when I went abroad, as one of several thousand Americans, to par-

ticipate in translating the great idealism of President Truman's Point Four program into reality. After years of mostly failures in this line of thought and work, my idealism weakened, but I was not yet willing to accept defeat. Perhaps, I thought, I had absorbed too much of the Asian philosophy of fatalism (of which, incidentally, there is a strong infusion in Mormon thought as well). I took stock of the situation in 1969 as a Senior Scholar at the Institute of Advanced Projects located at the East-West Center in Hawaii. A year of quiet reading and study, a marvelous intellectual tonic, renewed my faith in man's ability to cope and control his destiny, and off I went again for another "crack" at the impossible. To me, the American Dream still remained a World Dream.

I was greatly alarmed at that time, as well as now, about the accelerating deterioration of the world environment, and especially the growing food-population gap. I was critical of the United States' foreign assistance policy, which in an article I caustically summed up as "If you cannot feed them, you kill them." In other words, the simplistic approach of increasing food production through the means of so-called miracle seeds (popularly and appropriately called the Green Revolution) and population control through the means of so-called miracle birth control technologies (pills and IUD's), popularly and appropriately called family planning, was doomed to failure—and fail it did. (See my "Failure in Technical Assistance Abroad in Public Administration," *Journal of Comparative Administration*, 2 [May 1970], 3-51.)

I decided that the best way to get at the world problem of food shortages was by working on the food production and not the population reduction side. I believed—and I still do—that the management of water was the key to increased food production. My renewed faith, however, was very short-lived, three years at the most. What shattered my faith in this approach was a trip around the world in 1970, one of many, but this one was different because I saw more starvation than I ever want to see again. There were just too many people, increasing at too rapid a rate. I need not recount here the stupendous data to this effect except to note that the sum total of new mouths each year is in the neighborhood of seventy or seventy-five million.

I came to the conclusion then that population control, at least to the extent of controlling the alarming rate of population growth, is urgently needed if we are to avoid human disaster beyond anything yet experienced in history. As if by a call from the "High and Mighty," I was invited in October 1972 to head a high-level team to study the population problem and particularly to prepare background papers on the administration of population/family planning programs for the forthcoming United Nations World Population Conference, to be held in August 1974 at Bucharest, Romania. This was being hailed as the first authentic international conference ever held on the population question and as an event to mark the climax of the World Population Year. The hope was that this world forum would examine honestly and openly the population question and come up with realistic solutions. But by December 1973 it was clear that there would be no room for discussions or solutions—only for confrontations.

The Conference produced nothing more than a spectacular display of verbal fireworks. The representatives from the two countries with the world's largest populations, India and China, made it abundantly clear that they had no intention of curbing their population growth. They claimed that neo-Malthusian thinking was nothing more than a clandestine plot of a few affluent (namely Western) countries to preserve their position of economic advantage. Taking a line similar to that of the

editors of *Population Resources and the Future*, they insisted that the basic problem was simply redistribution of wealth and opportunities.

One-third of the world is now either Chinese or Indian. At the turn of the century it could be one-half. The world may soon be caught in a major racial struggle for survival.

Since January 1974, I have withdrawn entirely from any effort associated with international development programs. I regard it as a hopeless activity. I am taking seriously the admonition of Church leaders to store one or more year's supply of foodstuffs. Over two-thirds of the world is now hungry, and this proportion will steadily, if not dramatically, increase. I accept the often-quoted statistic that the world's food supplies are now adequate for less than thirty days. We have been warned by our prophets that famine will soon appear at our doors and that we should be prepared. I strongly believe in their warnings.

This makes it all the more difficult for me to understand or accept the emphasis on breeding to the limit which is so often encountered in the Church. I find it rather perplexing, if not ironic, that much of the Mormon rationale—so skilfully articulated in this book—for large families is similar to that expressed consciously or unconsciously in those regions of the world now suffering the most from unbridled population growth. In times of socio-economic uncertainty, the family, and particularly the large extended-type family, may be the best social means for individual survival, but paradoxically it is also this institution which stifles economic development (a subject too complex to discuss here). Knowing this, my only consolation in reading this book is that there are only three million or so Mormons in the world and their social performance in producing large families does not contribute very much to the total problem.

Nevertheless, there still remains a moral question, as Professor Boulding pointed out in his review. He noted, although not in these words, that what is good for an individual is not necessarily good for a group and what is good for a group is not necessarily good for a society. Mormons, in this age of declining resources, gain group advantages at the expense of the larger society. Boulding so states and I so believe.

To Professors Bahr, Chadwick, and Thomas, along with the contributors to their book, I issue this challenge: put your philosophy and theories to work in your own backyard. The small valleys nestled along the Wasatch Front represent a microcosm of the problem at hand. Each time I return to Utah (and I've been doing this for nigh on to twenty years now), I grow more distressed about the future of the good life in these lovely valleys. I feel confident that Brigham Young would weep if he could see the desecration taking place in the "Land of Zion." Where have gone the lovely fruit orchards, the undulating grass lands, the clean air, and the lovely compact hamlets? The ugly urban sprawl has erased much that was unique and beautiful in pioneer Zion. Greedy subdividers are busily at work carving out little quarter-acre ranchettes for single-dwelling families with three or more children. My concern is where will the next generation get their ranchettes? Traditionally, Utah has solved its population problems through out-migration. The educated young, much like the proverbial lemmings, march off to new lands, and in the past this has usually meant Southern California. But such opportunities are now being rapidly closed off. These lands are also largely filled up. What will happen when the Wasatch Front population is redoubled and then redoubled again?

In response some say that the day of the single dwelling on its own plot of land is over. I tend to agree, and so do the editors of this book, I believe. But can we agree

that this represents human progress? I have lived in such conditions in New York City, in a small cave in a gigantic mountain. I don't like "cliff-dwelling" living. Thus I find disturbing the editors' claims that the United States and other regions of the world can support much higher population densities. The editors quote from Otto Fredrich on page eight: "England and Germany prosper even though they have a population density greater than that of India. And the Japanese are demonstrating that the world's most thickly populated nation may also become its richest." This was obviously written before the current energy crisis. Japan could be an ecological disaster. England has serious economic problems. Germany admittedly progresses, though less easily than before. But a good many people, including myself, do not wish to live in conditions of high population density as found in many regions of the world. We practice what we believe by keeping our procreation levels low, and we rightfully feel put upon under the present institutional arrangements by those who wish to procreate to a higher level. I had two children and reared another child. This is a sufficient number to maintain a tolerable level of population growth. Why should I bear any of the social costs for those couples who wish to procreate beyond this number at home or abroad?

Nevertheless, the present institutional and social systems discriminate against me and other who share the same opinion. We do not like this but can do little about it. This is a political reality that probably will not change in my lifetime. I can only try to escape such an environment, which in a way is what I did by coming to Alaska. Alaska is the United States' last frontier and I believe its last hope. The state's frontier is not to be found in its vast exploitable resources but rather in its chance of developing a unique set of social institutions and living style. I warmly embrace the state's "sourdough" socio-economic-political philosophy: Keep the "outsiders" out and the population small. Let no man see the smoke stack of another person's house. Live in harmony with God's creation and beauty; all life is sacred and has its place. It is a wonderful sight to look across a broad, virgin valley and watch the bull moose graze, the furtive wolf amble across the river bottom, and the golden eagle soar high in the heavens. Four hundred thousand people have a playground one-fifth the size of the south forty-eight, and the air is sweet and pure. I hope that it stays this way and does not become "people-polluted."

But Alaska will probably get caught up in the same maelstrom as the south forty-eight, as the entire world. My only solace then will be, "Well, I did have a good life for a brief span of time." My feelings nevertheless will be pretty much the same as those of Sam in Vardis Fisher's *Mountain Man*. But this time there will be no opportunity to witness the stream of immigrants and then turn and head "straight north, back into the valleys and mountains." Those days will have vanished, and in my opinion the world will be much poorer.

Come, Come, Ye Saints

P.A.M. TAYLOR

Manchester Mormons: The Journal of William Clayton, 1840 to 1842. Edited by James B. Allen and Thomas G. Alexander. Santa Barbara and Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith Inc. 1974. 248 pp. \$8.95.

Personal narratives of religious history and emigration have always been too few, commonly because ordinary people seldom undertake systematic writing. Mormons, however, were enjoined to record their experiences and great numbers of

them did so; and it is gratifying to learn that Clayton's is the first of a series of such journals to be printed.

William Clayton was never one of the Mormon Church's high command. Nor was he, like Parley P. Pratt, a writer of consistent originality and force. His *Latter-day Saints' Emigrants' Guide* demonstrates his capacity to be useful; his well-known journal of the Pioneer Company shows him writing clearly and straightforwardly; only rarely, as in a hymn, or his description of Brigham Young's rebuke to the Pioneers for conduct unworthy of Saints, does he show power, even eloquence. He was a very early English convert, a man of above-average though not commanding intelligence, who presided over one of the Church's earliest English branches. He took part in the first year's migration of Mormon converts. The route he took to Nauvoo differed in several respects from those commonly followed, and differed even more markedly from those followed towards Utah in later years. All this makes the present journal valuable, for it supplements the descriptions of the British Mission given by Young, Pratt, Kimball and Woodruff, and the more or less official reports in *Millennial Star*.

Rather more than two-thirds of the journal treats eight months of Clayton's work in Manchester. It becomes clear how missionaries were supported: Clayton received lodging from members, and meals, drink, fruit, clothing, and money in sixpences and shillings, in lieu of any regular stipend. He was endlessly busy, travelling, preaching, baptising, arguing with Methodists and socialists, deliberating on members' marriage problems, raising funds for the sick and praying over and anointing them, writing letters for the illiterate. Members could be quarrelsome and obstinate; some of them buttressed their attitudes with appeals to scripture or claims to personal revelation; and in the face of all this, Clayton strove to maintain Church authority and unity. He writes a long report of a difficult council meeting, gives the titles of his sermons, often mentions members' speaking in tongues, describes interruptions of services by hostile elements. He received a formal blessing from Wilford Woodruff, who with other members of the Twelve reached England in this year. He helped Heber C. Kimball with his journal (did he not do the same during the pioneer journey?). He kept the minutes of a conference at Preston. In the final third of the journal we see Clayton's preparations for emigration, his journey to Liverpool, and his five-week Atlantic crossing. He testifies to the severity of seasickness, the filthy habits of the converts, the readiness of the master to take offence and to speak of mutiny and irons, the willingness of certain women to "make very free" with sailors and cabin passengers. He records services held on board, the deaths of children, and arrival at New York. Thence he and his party travelled by steamboat up the Hudson, then by boat more than a week on the Erie Canal, then by steam again from Buffalo to Chicago through the Great Lakes. From Chicago the journey involved a hundred miles by wagon, and finally five days by improvised sailing-boat to Nauvoo. A few pages follow on Clayton's early life in Iowa, down to his appointment, in February 1842, as secretary to Joseph Smith.

The summary may serve to convince readers of the journal's worth. Since, however, it is to be the first of a series, it is important for a reviewer to comment at some length on editorial methods and standards.

The book's format is small, and the placing of notes, in smaller type, after each journal entry makes for a crowded page; yet it may be defended as making possible the very modest price. There is a satisfactory index. An appendix lists people men-

tioned in the journal, ordinary Manchester Mormons as well as Church leaders. Three editorial practices call for praise: scriptural references are identified; English places are described, by the use of a multi-volume topographical dictionary published in the middle of the nineteenth century and containing population figures from the census of 1841; journal entries for several episodes are supplemented by quotations from Clayton's letters to his superiors. The Introduction is workmanlike, on the origin of the British Mission, the condition of Manchester's population in a period of industrial depression, Clayton's family and some of the people around him. Little can be discovered, however, about the precise occupations or living-standards of Manchester's Mormons; and the editors, after using Faucher's descriptions of the city, quote, rather rashly, the occupations I long ago worked out for Mormon *emigrants* over a long period of time. Total membership consisted also of people who later deserted the Church, or were excommunicated, or were too poor to move to America; so the economic balance may have been different. Inevitably there is a degree of repetition between Introduction, notes and Appendix. A few points are laboured excessively: the casual attitude in 1840 towards the Word of Wisdom, in Clayton's numerous glasses of beer; the filling of the lower priesthood ranks with adults, which of course was inevitable at a time when all members were converts and not born into Mormon families; and small differences of practice in anointing the sick. Two identifications are missed, Altrincham and Runcorn on p. 151; Salford would not commonly be called a suburb of Manchester (note 65) though it is a town immediately contiguous; in note 84 "Buty" is surely a misprint for "Bury"; and the index misspells "Dukinfield." The entry of 10 October 1840 should have the word "foremast"; and all notes in the book misspell "millennium." I am sure that there was no continuity through two centuries down to the Ranters discussed in note 106. The term was commonly applied to the Primitive Methodists, then, at the end of the nineteenth century, became merely a colloquial expression for any sect distasteful to the speaker and melodramatic in evangelical style. One identification, in note 185, I am sure is wrong. The journal's text, with its reference to the arrival of a doctor, anchoring between two islands, and then an hour's sail to New York Harbor, points to a stop at the Narrows, with the buildings observed the quarantine station on Staten Island. The map at the end is inaccurate in two respects. Although the rivers in New York State are marked, the emigrants' route appears to go across country rather than by the Hudson and the Erie Canal. From Chicago, their route follows a river which must represent a confused combination of two separate streams.

Three other points are worth making. The editors lean rather far in putting the most favorable construction upon Clayton's relations with Alice Hardman and Sarah Crooks: the remark at the top of p. 119 is indeed ambiguous; but editors of the more famous diaries of Pepys and Byrd would have made a very different assumption, and fairly similar words are used on pp. 179-80 about the erring women on board ship. The quotations from Clayton's letters to Church leaders, involving as they do several references to collections of papers in Utah, point to the need for some description of such sources, their place in the archives, and their accessibility to scholars. The final note, however, must be one of warm approval. In a single small book we now have one more excellent description of an Atlantic crossing under sail. We have a detailed record of the narrow world of early English converts, with all its poverty, enthusiasm, loyalty and contentiousness. Above all we have the story, even if unclear at a few points, of one man's attempt, in that problem-filled

society and separated from his own family, to do his duty as the local leader of his Church.

Nightfall at Far West

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Other Drums. By Ruth Louise Partridge. Provo, Utah: Privately Published, 1974 (195 E. 4th North, Provo, Utah 84601). 377 pp., \$7.00.

As first written, this was an "I've got a secret" manuscript, of the type which causes my blood pressure to rise alarmingly. The secret was that while it was a novel about Edward Partridge, first bishop of the Church, the author had changed the family name. Thus, while the author knew that this actually was important regional literature—something so scarce in our literary wasteland—who else could know, and who, not knowing, could care?

I don't know how many manuscripts based on Mormon people I've seen by authors who have destroyed the validity of their work by concealing identities of the characters. When I point out the necessity of using actual names, the authors cry, "But I *couldn't* use the names of *real people!*" And so their manuscripts, and their private secrets, end up in trunks.

Other Drums had sufficient merit to win the first prize of \$1000 awarded by the Utah Institute of Fine Arts for best novel manuscript of 1967, despite the "secret" handicap and the additional drawback of a slow beginning. (Here, incidentally, is another characteristic of too many unpublished manuscripts—the author doesn't really tell, as quickly as possible, what the story is *about*; but until the reader knows this, he has no interest in events.) Then began the discouraging task of trying to find a publisher who would risk offering the book to the public, who wouldn't know the secret.

Now at last the novel, in revised form, is in print. It is clearly about Edward Partridge, and it begins in the first chapter and carries right on to the end. I am personally rather high on *Other Drums*, both for its merits and because regional novels of the Mormon genre are scarce as hen's teeth, and I wish we had a thousand more.

Some of the best parts of the book are in the early chapters, concerning Edward Partridge's conversion and ensuing travail. A prosperous hat manufacturer, he sacrificed business, wealth, and home to be temporal leader of the Saints in Missouri—a position for which he felt entirely inadequate and unprepared, despite Joseph Smith's complete confidence in him. Then there is the story of the wife, Lydia, taking her flock of five small daughters through frontier country hundreds of eventful miles to join her husband. The episode of being marooned in a Negro hovel enroute is unforgettable.

The strain of persecution undermined Edward's health, causing an untimely death. The widowed Lydia and her brood went through the hardships of expulsion from Missouri. Then later, at Nauvoo, Lydia saw two of her daughters become plural wives of the prophet. The book ends with the martyrdom at Carthage Jail.

If *Other Drums* has flaws, they spring from the tendency to accept historical stereotypes: devout Saints are without flaw; apostates have no redeeming qualities,

and never speak the truth; Gentile opponents are pukes and Philistines; Church leaders are infallible paragons. This attitude is reflected in the dialogue. All Mormons speak perfect English, regardless of national origin and limited education. (If this is so, it certainly is a testimony to the miracle of baptism.) On the other hand, the typical Missouri puke talks some of the thickest po'-white-trash dialect ever committed to paper. (I was anxiously awaiting the conversion of just one of them, to see what it did to his language, but the author didn't provide an example.)

But all quibbling aside, I will say that while Ruth Louise Partridge worked thirty years on this book, it is worth the effort.

Recently Received

To Utah with the Dragoons, and Glimpses of Life in Arizona and California, 1858-1859. Edited by Harold D. Langley. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1974. xvi + 230 pp. \$8.50.

"That Young's career in Utah should be arrested, no one will deny: none will attempt to apologize for his crimes and those of his fanatical followers. The cause of morality demands the extermination of this nest of adulterers, and no further time should be wasted in attempts at compromise or windy discussion. It were useless to attempt their reformation—the only missionaries that can make headway with them are such as wield the sabre and the musket." So wrote a young private in the U.S. Army Second Dragoons from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, on May 28, 1858, in the first of twenty-five letters (or perhaps twenty-four, since one seems of doubtful authenticity) which he sent back home to the Philadelphia *Daily Evening Bulletin*. The letters, written on the march from Fort Leavenworth to Camp Floyd, Utah Territory, and later from Los Angeles and Arizona, have been edited by Harold D. Langley, Associate Curator of the National Museum of History and Technology at the Smithsonian Institution, and published in the University of Utah series Publications in the American West.

Although "Utah" (the pen-name used by the unidentified dragoon) began by expressing the standard anti-Mormon view in the standard political rhetoric of the time, his tone soon changed. Even at the outset, his anti-Mormon remarks are balanced by his unflattering comments on the Army and the Buchanan administration. Although he thought the Mormons should be dealt with, he did not believe that either the officers or the men of the Army were "fit champions of order and morality." In support of this judgment, he quoted from what he claimed was a morning report of Company A, Second Dragoons: "Privates in confinement 49; charges—stealing 11; drunkenness and disorderly conduct 23; gambling 7; attempt to rob 4; attempt to desert 3; attempt to murder 1 . . . Total strength of this company 53." It is hardly necessary for the editor to state, as he does, that "The original of this report has not been located . . ." Clearly, we are in the realm of American humor. "Utah" was a printer before he joined the Army, and at times he makes us think of another young printer who came to prominence a few years later under the pen-name "Mark Twain." He has the irreverence, the sharp eye for incongruity, and the flair for outrageous exaggeration of the frontier humorist. He even anticipates Twain's assessment of Mormon women. Out of nearly a hundred and fifty whom he met in an immigrant train, "there was not one among them who would

not come under the head of—well, ugly is an unpleasant term to apply to the fair sex, but I must tell the truth. At home I know at least a dozen fair damsels whom I would have no objection to bring under the Mormon doctrine; but if these I met are a specimen of Mormon beauty, one is more than I want.”

“Utah’s” opinion of the Army did not improve as he marched westward, but his opinion of the Mormons did. He found the women of Utah “much superior” to those he met on the plains, and the men were “as well dressed and tidy as any well-to-do farmer in our own State.” He had a high regard for the Mormon bishop/brickmason with whom he worked as a hod carrier in building Camp Floyd. He also showed some admiration for Brigham Young, especially President Young’s habit of giving more attention to the soldiers than to their officers. “Utah’s” report of the prospects for the territory is glowing with praise for the beauty of the landscape and the productiveness of the soil: a corrective (if we still need correction) to the popular notion that the pioneers came into a barren wilderness.

“Utah” did not remain in Utah for long, however. He claimed to have been wounded in a fight with Indians and discharged from the Army in December, 1858, or January, 1859. It appears more likely to me that he joined the great tide of deserters and made his way to California in search of new opportunities. It is interesting to see how his attitude toward the Mormons changed once again in his later letters, after he was robbed of most of his belongings in Fillmore. The letters written from California and Arizona are generally less interesting than the ones written on the way to Utah, but the description of Los Angeles is amusing: “The town is quiet and orderly, but the inhabitants possess very little energy or enterprise.”

AMONG THE MORMONS

A Survey of Current Literature

Edited by Ralph W. Hansen

*A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy if then some soul can say,
"I live because he has passed my way."*

ROLLIN JOHN WELLS

"GROWING OLD," Stanza 5.

The materials reviewed in this bibliography are books—new and reprint—published since the last book list appeared in the Autumn/Winter 1973 issue of *Dialogue*. This is a selected listing excluding some of the publications well advertised in Church publications or available through ward "bookstores." The selection is made solely upon the editor's discretion and subject to his foibles.

One item not included but meriting consideration is an as yet unpublished manuscript by Robert Kane, Wayne Spencer and Barry Rigby titled "Birth Control Attitudes and Practices in Mormonville." Apparently copies may be acquired from Dr. Robert L. Kane, Dept. of Community and Family Medicine, University of Utah, College of Medicine, 50 North Medical Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

SELECTED WORKS OF MORMON INTEREST

American West Center. *Working Papers Toward a History of the Spanish-Speaking People of Utah*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Mexican-American Documentation Project, University of Utah, 1973. \$3.00.

Andrus, Hyrum L. *They Knew the Prophet*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Bookcraft, 1974. \$4.50.

———. *What is Zion?* Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1973. Joseph Smith Lecture Series, 1972-73.

Arrington, Leonard J. *Charles C. Rich, Mormon General and Western Frontiersman*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974. \$7.50.

———, and Thomas G. Alexander. *A Dependent Commonwealth: Utah's Economy from Statehood to the Great Depression*, edited by Dean May. Provo, Utah: Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, Brigham Young University, 1974.

Bensen, Ezra Taft. *God, Family, Country; Our Three Great Loyalties*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book Company, 1974.

Bitton, Davis. *Wit and Whimsy in Mormon History*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book Company, 1974. \$1.95.

Brough, R. Clayton and Phillip T. Brammer. *A Study of Some Economic, Residential, and Perceptual Characteristics of Brigham Young University Professors*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University, Department of Geography, 1974.

Burton, Alma P. *Revelation: God's Communication With Man*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974.

Cairncross, John. *After Polygamy Was Made a Sin: The Social History of Christian Polygamy*. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1974. £4.25.

- Clayton, William. *William Clayton's Journal; A Daily Record of the Journey of the Original Company of "Mormon" Pioneers from Nauvoo, Illinois, to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake*. Dallas, Texas: S. K. Taylor Publishing Company, 1974. Reprint of the Salt Lake City, Deseret News, 1921 edition. Publisher's address: 6639 Country Club Circle, Dallas, Texas 75214.
- Culmsee, Carlton: *Utah's Black Hawk War; Lore and Reminiscences of Participants*. Logan, Utah: Utah State University Press (Western Text Society), 1973. \$5.00.
- Day, E. M. and Moses Nebo Noah [pseud.]. *Where Clouds and Mountains Meet*. N.p., 1973. \$1.00 Mormon poetry.
- Dixon, Madoline C. *Peteetneet Town; A History of Payson, Utah*. Payson, Utah: Payson Chronicle, 1974. \$15.68.
- Draughton, Wallace R. *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in North Carolina*. Durham, N.C.: James L. Bennett, \$10.00. Available from Bishop James L. Bennett, 2804 Coventry Road, Durham, N.C. 27707.
- Eliason, Joyce. *Fresh Meat/Warm Weather*. New York: Harper & Row, 1974. \$6.95. A novel about a girl whose background is Utah's Mormonism.
- Eriksen, Ephraim E. *The Psychological and Ethical Aspects of Mormon Group Life*. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1974.
- Gelfand, D. E. and R. D. Leen, editors. *Ethnic Conflicts and Power: A Cross-National Perspective*. New York: John Wiley, 1973. Examines the position of Blacks, Haitians, Mormons and Chinese in the U.S.
- Grover, Dorys C. *A Solitary Voice: Vardis Fisher*. New York: Revisionist Press, 1973
- . *Vardis Fisher: The Novelist as Poet*. New York: Revisionist Press, 1973.
- Harris, John Sterling and L. Douglas Hill. *Barbed Wire*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974. \$5.95.
- Heston, Tim and Lynn England. *The Patterns of Conflict in a Utah County*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Institute of Genealogical Studies, 1972.
- Huffaker, Clair. *One Time, I Saw Morning Come Home*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1974. \$8.95. Talks about his childhood in the 30's in Utah.
- Hunter, John Francis. *The Gay Insider, U.S.A.* New York: Stonehill Publishing Company, 1972. \$3.95. Chapters on homosexuals among the Mormons in Utah and Idaho.
- Jesse, Dean. *Letters of Brigham Young to His Sons*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book Company, 19th .. \$9.95.
- Jones, James Albert, comp. *A Story of the Settling of Huntington, Utah; Featuring Historical Facts, Part of Biographies, Maps*. East Carbon City, Utah: James A. Jones, 1974. \$6.50. Second Printing. Contains some histories of people who once resided in Provo, American Fork, Springville, Spanish Fork and Payson.
- Kane, Elizabeth Dennistoun Wood. *Twelve Mormon Homes Visited in Succession on a Journey Through Utah to Arizona*. Dallas, Texas: S.K. Taylor Publishing Company, 1973. Photo reprint of 1874 edition.
- Kirban, Salem. *Mormonism; Doctrines of Devils No. 2, Exposing the Cults of Our Day*. Chicago: Moody Press, 1973. Moody is a religious publishing house.
- Landau, Elliott D. *Today's Family*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book Company, 1975. \$3.95.
- Langley, Harold D. *To Utah with the Dragoons; and Glimpses of Life in Arizona and California, 1858-1859*. Salt Lake City, Utah: University of Utah Press, 1973.
- Levy, Robert I. *Tahitians; Mind and Experience in the Society Islands*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1973. \$12.50. Contains numerous references to Mormon missionaries and Tahitian members.
- McMurrin, Sterling M. *The Philosophical Foundations of Mormon Theology*. Salt Lake City, Utah: University of Utah Press, 1974. Enlarged and revised second edition.
- McNiff, William John. *Heaven on Earth; A Planned Mormon Society*. New York: AMS Press, 1974. \$14.00. Reprint of 1940 edition.
- Mauss, Armand Lind. *Mormonism and Minorities*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974.
- Miller, Marilyn McMeen and John Clifton Moffitt. *Provo: A Story of People in Motion*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974.
- Mitchell, Sydney and Evan T. Peterson. *A Longitudinal Study of Factors Associated with Divorce Among Mormons*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Institute of Genealogical Studies, 1972.
- Noall, Clair. *Guardians of the Earth: Utah's Pioneer Midwives and Women Doctors*. Bountiful, Utah: Horizon Publishers, 1974. \$4.95.
- . *Surely the Night*. Salt Lake City, Utah: University of Utah Press, 1973. \$6.00. Novel of a Mormon family.
- Peterson, Charles S. *Look to the Mountains; The La Sal National Forest and Southeastern Utah*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1975.
- Pitcher, Brian L. *Residency Differentials in Mormon Fertility*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Institute of Genealogical Studies, 1972.
- Reid, Agnes Just. *Letters of Long Ago*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, 1973. \$9.50. Distributed by University of Utah Press.
- Reimann, Paul Emil. *Plural Marriage Limited*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Utah Printing Company, 1974.

- Rice, Eva A. and Loretta C. *Footprints of Ira Rice*. Logan, Utah: Utah State University, 1973. Rice was a settler in Cache Valley and, later, Utah's Dixie.
- Smoot, Mary Ellen and Marilyn Sheriff. *The City In-between: History and Reflections of Centerville, Utah*. Centerville, Utah: Mary Ellen Smoot and Marilyn Sheriff, 1974. Prepublication price \$15.68. Available from "The City In-Between" c/o Mary Ellen Smoot, 1735 North Main, Centerville, Utah 84014, or Marilyn Sheriff, 1772 North Main, Centerville, Utah 84014.
- Stearn, Jess. *The Search for a Soul: Taylor Caldwell's Psychic Lives*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1973. \$7.95. Janet Taylor Caldwell, in former lives, knew about Moroni and the gold plates, as well as early Mormonism.
- Tanner, Annie Atkin. *My Shining Valley*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1973. Wife of Vasco Tanner of Brigham Young University faculty.
- Tanner, Annie Clarke. *A Mormon Mother, An Autobiography*. Salt Lake City, Utah; Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, 1973. \$10.00. Distributed by University of Utah Press.
- Utah Foundation. *State and Local Government in Utah*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Utah Foundation, 1973. \$4.00.
- Vernon, Glenn M., ed. *Measuring Mormonism*. \$1.50 per volume. Available from Association for the Study of Religion, Inc., 3646 East 3580 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109. To be published annually.
- . *Research on Mormonism*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Glenn M. Vernon, 1974. \$8.00. Order from Dr. Glenn M. Vernon, Dept. of Sociology, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.
- Walters, Jean Ann. *A Study of Executions in Utah*. Orem, Utah: Psychological Research Associates, 1973. Order from the author, c/o Psychological Research Associates, 1031 South 150 West, Orem, Utah 84057.
- Wilcox, Pearl G. *The Saints of the Reorganization in Missouri*. Independence, Mo.: Independence Press, 1974.
- Wyatt, Clair L. *Some That Trouble You: Sub-cultures in Mormonism*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Bookcraft, 1974. \$2.95.
- Zaretsky, Irving I. and Mark P. Leone (eds). *Religious Movements in Contemporary America*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1974. \$25.00. Discusses Mormon Church.

POTPOURRI

Among the manuscripts recently acquired at the Lee Library, Brigham Young University, are the following, as reported by Dennis Rowley, Curator, Manuscripts Division at the Lee Library.

BRIMHALL, GEORGE H. (1852-1932). *Day Book, 1879-1883. 1 volume.*
Day Book of President of Brigham Young University, 1903-1921, containing accounts of tuition paid by Brimhall's students while he was a teacher in Spanish Fork, Utah.

EDMONDS, CLYDE (1890-1974). *Papers, 1911-1955. 2.5 ft.*
Papers of prominent Utah poultry expert and member of the first Welfare Committee of the LDS Church. Includes correspondence, diaries, scrapbooks, newspaper clippings, and office files.

GIBSON, WALTER MURRAY (1817-1888). *Diaries, 1886-1887. 2 volumes.*
Two holograph diaries of the prime minister of Hawaii, 1882-1887, and noted Mormon apostate. Edited and published in 1973.

HART, CHARLES HENRY (1866-1934). *Papers, 1851-1931. 5 in.*
Papers of a Utah lawmaker and president of First Council of the Seventy of the LDS Church, 1906-1934, including correspondence, newspaper clippings, and 25 diaries relating to Church emigration stations in New York, written in Pitman shorthand.

HESS, MARGARET STEED (1884-), collector. *Pioneer histories, 1811-1844. 5 in.*

Reminiscences of 99 early pioneers and residents of Davis County, Utah, and their descendants, including genealogies of most. Cataloged.

KNIGHT, JESSE (1845-1921) AND AMANDA (1851-1932). Papers, 1856-1944. 2.5 in.

Additions to the papers of the founder of Raymond, Canada, and President of Knight Investment Co. industries, and his wife. Includes correspondence, literary manuscripts, certificates, biographies, and memorabilia.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS. Papers, 1835-1859. 2.5 in.

Legal documents and correspondence originating in or pertaining to this Latter-day Saint community, including documents signed by Joseph Smith, Isaac Galland, and other prominent figures of LDS Church history.

OLSEN, ALBINADI (1865-1931). Diaries, 1895-1897. 3 volumes.

LDS Samoan missionary diaries of the great-grandfather of Dallin Oaks, President of Brigham Young University, including a photograph and a letter. Originals and typescripts.

OVERLAND DIARIES, 1849-1879. 16 volumes.

Sixteen diaries in holograph or duplicate form, describing journeys to the Pacific Coast by early pioneers. Some include biographies, genealogies, photographs, and inventories of supplies.

PARK, HAMILTON GRAY (1826-1912). Papers, 1865-1908. 1.25 ft.

Correspondence, diaries, notebooks, pamphlets, and memorabilia of Brigham Young's business manager, and president of the LDS Scotch Mission.

SALT LAKE STOCK EXCHANGE. Records, 1952-1973. 14 ft.

Reports, financial records and correspondence pertaining to various western corporations.

SAVAGE, CHARLES ROSCOE (1832-1909). Diaries and Photographs, 1855-1909. 10 in.

52 diaries and one document case of portraits, landscapes and scenes from the collection of an early Salt Lake City, Utah, photographer.

SMITH, JESSE N. (1834-1906). Papers, 1834-1906, 1918, 1970. 5 in.

Papers of early Utah and Arizona pioneer, colonizer, lawmaker, and Scandinavian Mission president of the LDS Church, including autobiography-journal, correspondence, genealogies, and certificates. Cataloged.

SMITH, SAMUEL HARRISON (1808-1844). Diary, 1831-1833. SMITH, SAMUEL HARRISON BAILEY (1838-1914). Diary, 1838-1863. 1 roll. 35 mm.
Microfilm of diaries kept by brother of Joseph Smith, one of the 8 Witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and his son, an early Utah pioneer.

TALMAGE, JAMES E. (1862-1933). Journals, 1879-1933. 30 volumes; 3 rolls, 35 mm.

Originals and microfilm copies of the journals of Utah educator, scientist, author, and apostle of the LDS Church.

TAYLOR, JOHN (1808-1887). Diary, 1882-1884. 1 item.

Photocopy of diary containing revelations purported to have been given by the third President of the LDS Church, in the handwriting of his daughter Anne Taylor Hyde.

WATKINS, ARTHUR V. (1886-1973). Papers, 1948-1969. 12 ft.

Additions to the papers of weekly newspaper publisher and U.S. Senator from Utah, including correspondence, legislative files, and records of the McCarthy censure hearings of 1954.

WHITNEY, ORSON F. (1855-1931). Papers, 1874-1931. 1.5 ft.

Papers of Utah author, educator, orator, historian, and apostle of the LDS Church, including correspondence, literary manuscripts, clippings, reprints, family and genealogical information. Cataloged.

Among the manuscripts recently acquired at the Marriott Library, University of Utah, are the following, as reported by Sharon Pugsley, Manuscripts Librarian at the Marriott Library.

Anne Marie Fox Felt (1900-1974), 2.5 ft.

Mrs. Felt taught in the Salt Lake and Granite school districts, founded the Kiwanis-Felt Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and was a member of the LDS Sunday School General Board. While completing her Master's degree in education (received 1972), she wrote a "History of Kindergartens in Utah during the Pioneering Period, 1874-1898." This history is included in her papers along with other historical materials on this subject, such as the original minute book of the Utah State Kindergarten (1895-1896), biographies of early pioneers in Utah's kindergarten movement, newsclippings, and research notes. Also included are records of the Utah State Association for Childhood Education, records of the Kiwanis-Felt Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and some personal items.

Ammon Hennacy (1893-1970), 2.5 ft.

Ammon Hennacy described himself as a "Christian-anarchist-pacifist" and "one-man revolution." After retiring as associate editor of *The Catholic Worker* in 1961, he moved to Salt Lake City, where he founded the Joe Hill House of Hospitality for transients and continued his war protests and refusal to pay income tax and social security. His papers include six scrapbooks, correspondence, autobiographical and biographical sketches, publications, and miscellaneous materials.

Edward Hunter (1793-1883), 1 ft.

Papers recently added to the collection of Edward Hunter, third Presiding Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, contain correspondence, documents relating to the Perpetual Emigration Fund, deeds, surveys, and account books.

Lowry Nelson (1893-), 3 ft.

Among rural sociologist Lowry Nelson's varied contributions have been those of professor and administrator at Brigham Young University (1921-1934), administrator with the Federal Emergency Relief Administration in rural rehabilitation (1934-1936), U.S. member, Permanent Agricultural Committee of the International Labor Organization (1936-1951), and professor at the University of Minnesota (1937-1958). His papers received include diaries (1935-1962, mostly of travel and research in foreign countries); correspondence (1911-1974, mostly concerning Brigham Young University, University of Utah, and Mormonism and the Negro); research, publications, autobiography, and personal items.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Few people have made as valuable a contribution to *Dialogue* as two recently released members of the Executive Committee — Kent Lloyd and Kendall Price. Both were associated with *Dialogue* from the beginning as members of the original Board of Editors, and when *Dialogue* moved to Los Angeles both played a significant role in establishing a sound editorial and financial base for the journal's operation. The press of business in their recently established Center for Educational Leadership prevents them from serving longer on the Executive Committee. They will be sorely missed.

VICTOR BICKMORE is a free-lance illustrator in Los Angeles, who keeps trying to convince his friends (like the Art Editor of *Dialogue*) that free-lance doesn't mean *free* art.

S. KENT BROWN is a member of the Institute for Ancient Studies at BYU and a Corresponding Member of the Institute for Antiquity and Christianity in Claremont, California. His translation of "The Apocalypse of Peter" appeared in a recent issue of *BYU Studies*.

ELIZABETH FLETCHER CROOK holds a Ph.D. in International Relations from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. She presently resides in Hong Kong with her family and is engaged in research on the Chinese family structure.

EUGENE ENGLAND teaches literature at St. Olaf's College in Northfield, Minnesota. Recently he delivered the annual Phi Kappa Phi awards lecture at BYU.

EDWARD GEARY, *Dialogue's* Book Review Editor, recently received a grant to study in England.

JOE HEINER was inspired to become an artist by his seventh-grade art teacher, Joe Wixom (who did the drawings of Juanita Brooks in the Spring 1974 issue of *Dialogue*). The cover for this issue is a collaborative effort between teacher and pupil — Wixom did the photograph of the Angel Moroni to which Heiner added his own photographic and illustrative skills.

DUANE E. JEFFREY is currently a visiting professor at the University of Hawaii, where he is doing research in Genetics. He will soon return to BYU, where he teaches Zoology.

GARTH N. JONES is head of the Division of Business, Economics and Public Administration at the University of Alaska. A widely published scholar, he is currently conducting research on the impact of energy on agricultural production and the impact of accelerated energy exploitation on local communities.

ROBERT A. REES, the Editor of *Dialogue*, recently returned from a trip to Hollywood where he posed for the cover of this issue of *Dialogue*.

MICHAEL SCHWAB has studied at the school of Visual Arts in New York City and at the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles. Currently he is a free-lance illustrator in Los Angeles.

THOMAS D. SCHWARTZ recently won the Lilly Bess Campbell award in graduate English studies at UCLA, where he is writing a dissertation on the religious influences on Mark Twain.

LINDA BUHLER SILLITOE is a homemaker and mother of two young children. Her poetry has appeared in *Contemporaria*, *Dialogue*, the *Ensign* and *A Believing People*, a new anthology of Mormon literature.

STEPHEN L. TANNER, Associate Professor and Director of Graduate Programs in English at the University of Idaho, is currently in Brazil serving as a Fulbright Senior lecturer in American Literature.

P.A.M. TAYLOR is Reader in American Studies at the University of Hull, England. He is the author of several books and articles including *Expectations Westward: The Mormons and the Emigration of Their British Converts* (1965) and *The Distant Magnet: European Emigration to the U.S.A.* (1971).

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR is currently at work on a three volume history of John Taylor. A revised edition of his popular *Family Kingdom* has just been published by Western Epics.

LAUREL THATCHER ULRICH is a founding editor of *Exponent II* and a member of *Dialogue's* Board of Editors. She is currently pursuing a Ph.D. in American History at the University of New Hampshire.

BRIAN ZICK makes pictures, eats hamburgers and likes to watch Diana Rigg on re-runs of "The Avengers."

